

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

JANUARY
1907



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII.

No. 3

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THE February number of *The Canadian Magazine* will contain an unusually interesting article from the pen of Goldwin Smith, entitled "The Stage of Former Days." Dr. Smith has long been attracted by the evolution of the stage, and in his younger days was an inveterate theatre-goer. The article will be illustrated with reproductions of rare engravings, giving the features of players whose names and triumphs are now remembered by very few, such as Edmund Kean, Ristori, Rachel, Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), Wigan, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Phelps and Tietiens. There will also be a full-page illustration of Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, which was a favorite place of amusement during the early half of last century. ¶ The number will contain also some splendidly illustrated articles, and short stories by some of the best Canadian writers. ❧ ❧ ❧

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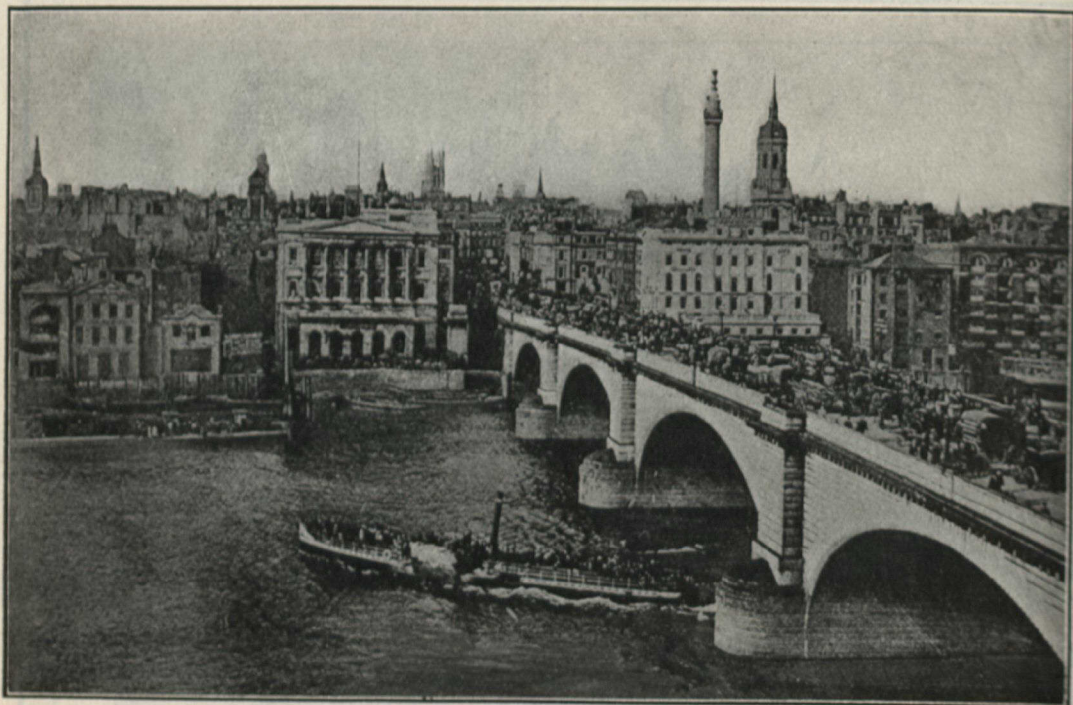
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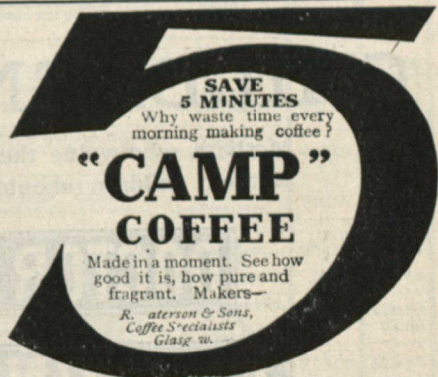
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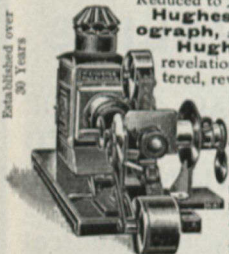
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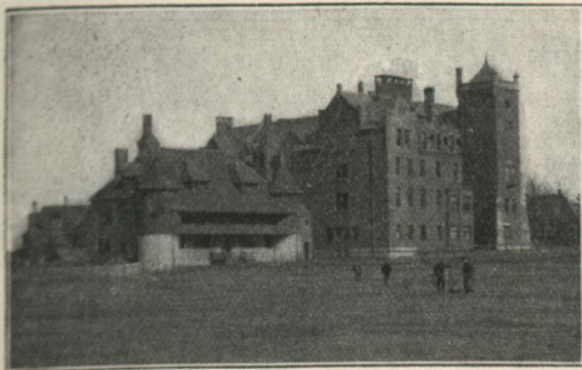
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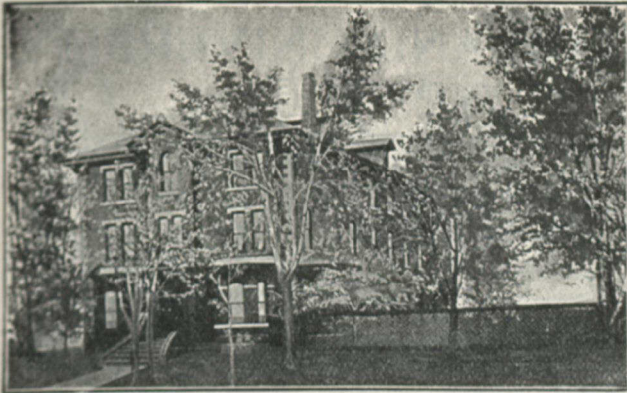


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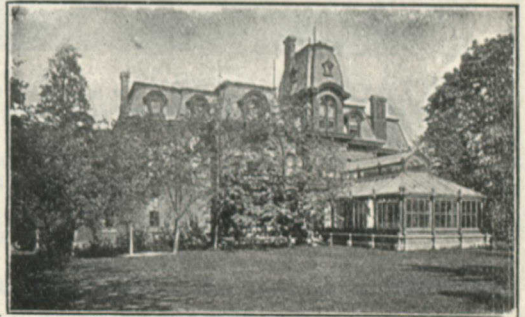
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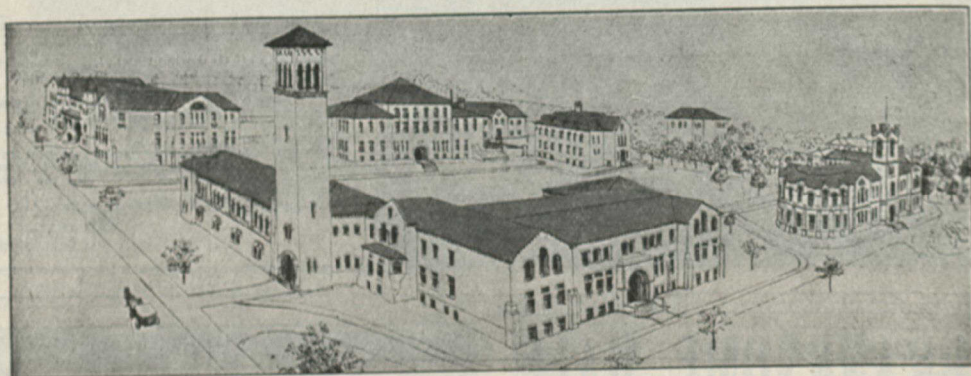


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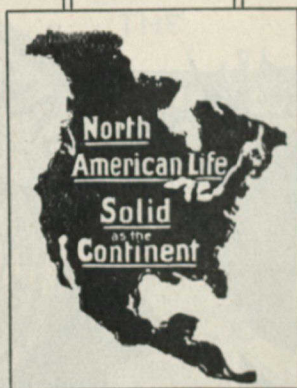
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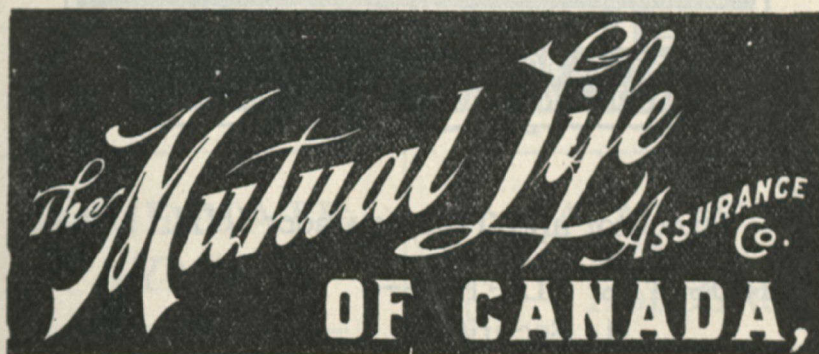
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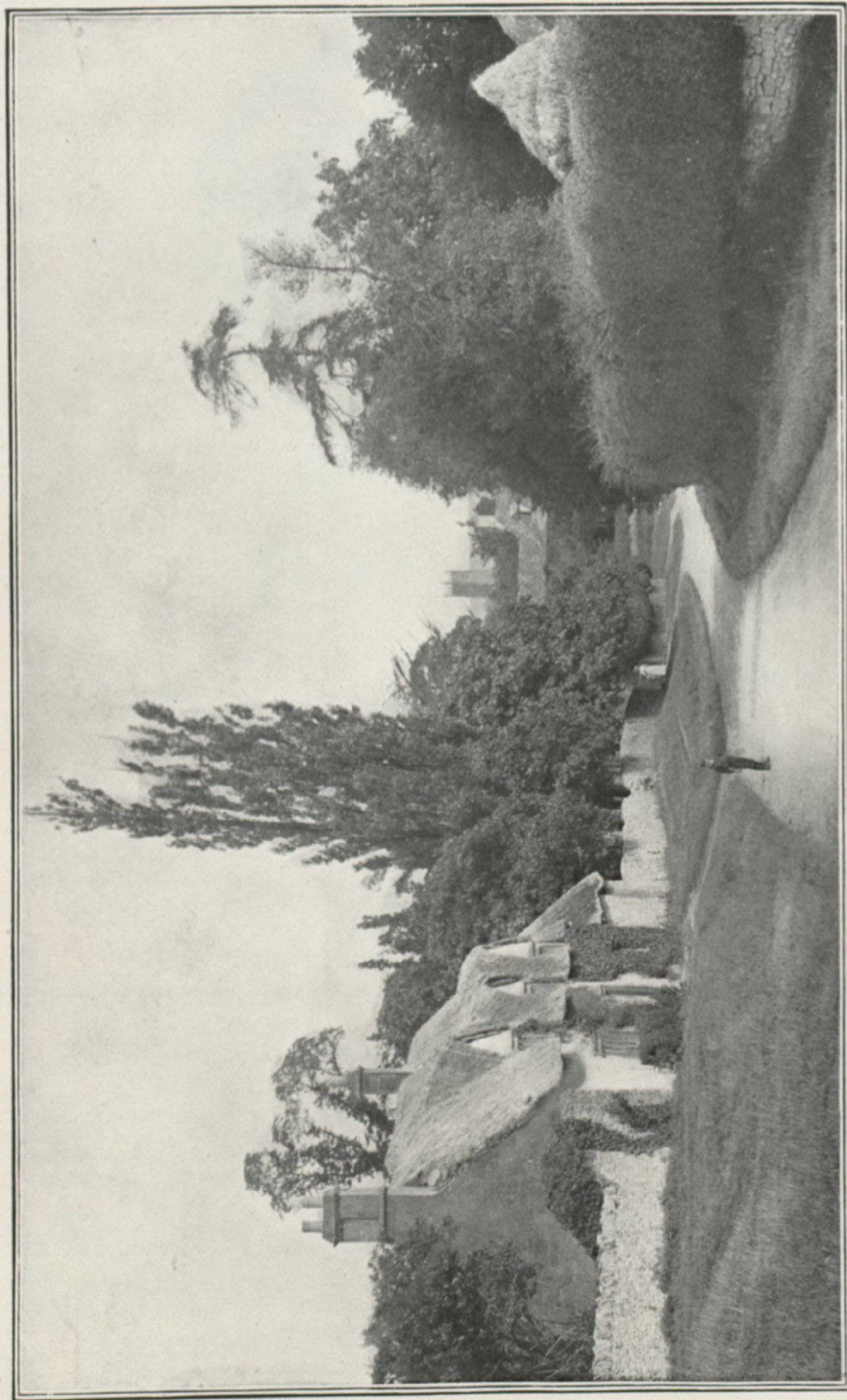
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"THE KING'S HIGHWAY"
Westington, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, England

For article, see page 212

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No. 3



The Turning of the Glass

IT has come once more to the turning of the glass. The sand is all but spent, and the days of the old year are as chaff in the wake of the wind. By the gray light in the western shack, at the heaped tables of the rich, within the great places of exchange, and even amongst those who go out upon the high seas, men will give pause. For it is the time of reckoning, and sober thought must go to the balance against mirth and merrymaking. It is the supreme hour of resolution. May the trend of worship be not towards the god of gold. May men not overlean towards the side of materialism. May there be reverence for simple things, for the young babe in the cradle and the old man nearing the valley. May the milk of human kindness and the good hand of common sympathy go forth to the natal feast. Then might the New Year dawn bright, and people the world over could repeat with the poet:

"Turn again the wasted glass,
Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the swallow's nest."

Newton MacTavish



AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY IN ENGLAND

The King's Highway

By JANE LAVENDER



HERE is the Britisher in all the world who has not felt the tingle of his own importance as he walks forth on the King's Highway? And yet few perhaps ever stop to think of the glamour of romance, the great pageants of history, the traces of chivalry and the dignity of age that are connected with this ancient and honourable institution. In these days of rapidly advancing democracy the vagabond may follow or precede the footsteps of the monarch, and the humblest cart in the whole countryside has an equal right with the most elaborate equipage in the realm. How often you hear the warning: "Remember, you are on the King's Highway." But it does not matter how many miles you have travelled, or how many years you have lived

in lands that are new, if you would see the King's Highway in all its primitive beauty on the one hand, and in all its majestic splendour on the other hand, you must come to the old land. There is a direct divisional line—stone paved, dusty enough, treeless—which separates modern rows of houses or modern rows of shops, and has no greater beauty in the British Isles than anywhere else; and there are districts in even smiling England where a village street is bleak and a country road is rough. But, as I recall that initial glimpse of the suburbs of towns and of British country generally, there it appeared, the King's Highway—a broad and level track with well-paved footpaths, a wide sweep of firm earth curving through a valley, a gleaming streak of yellow-white skirting a hillside,

a splendid enclosure between safe, stone walls, an alluring thing, winding among green hedges and over little rills and under branching trees, on through a very garden land, quite from the southern seaports up to Gretna Green; a road continuing indeed, a Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever, all the way up to Edinburgh Town.

Maybe you have slightly outgrown the idea that only three great reasons attract tourists to England, particularly to London—to see the King with his crown on, to visit Madame Tussand's, and to go to the Zoo. But a primary glimpse of the gold and the white and the scarlet at the gates of Whitehall, and you have the sensation of a beginner learning to read living, not printed, history. You deliberately stop a friend or a street officer and ask, "What are these?" just because you wish to hear him say, "Those are the Horse Guards," and to answer, "Oh! are they?"

Perhaps any one crossing for a first time from the West rather expects to plunge into the differences of the older civilisations; even an English street is going to be at once a strange and attractive thing.

But all Atlantic ships do not come to port at London City and in broad daylight. You stop perhaps at Liverpool, and drive to a hotel when it is almost dusk, thinking only of how similar are the evening streets of everywhere—patches of shade and areas of brilliance, the flickering of lights set up on lamp-posts, and a flashing past of high and shining trams.

However, just this itself, the English tram, is not quite familiar, not exactly our own street car. There is an air of difference as about the coal-scuttle and the window blind, and a few other furnishings of the pleasant room allotted for rest and sleep; so that at the sound of morning traffic you awake, interested to view things generally and to look from the window at the day-lit street

It is strange not to think of it at night, this deck or upper story, which is the different thing from the electric car. These places on top appear to be popular. Down there on the roadway are hurrying women and girls of the masses, probably. Each has an apron and a shawl; no one has a hat; and how does the one with the loaded basket balance it on her head? How did she lift it up



ROTTEN ROW, LONDON



ROADWAY IN EVESHAM, WORCESTER, ENGLAND

there? There are long rows of very flat-looking houses over that way; here, a monument, and another partly in sight at the top of the square, and splendid groups those massive brown buildings opposite.

Thus, a few people and a few things at close hand, a bit of life or action centred at some spot, a glimpse through a window, and the stranger, any day, anywhere, gathers some first impression. He may hardly say to himself or others, this is acquaintance with a country or a folk; but isn't it the conviction with most of us that first impressions are frequently characteristic things?

It was just in glimpses from a railway carriage window that the ordinary British thoroughfare began to interest, for instance, me; and a bit of glamour that was ever attached must have truly belonged to what was seen. Quite practical acquaintance since has not dispelled the conclusions of first sight.

When I reached Edinburgh it was clear that here were stones to walk upon, even cobble stones; for it was in Castle Street that cars and cabs finally left me standing, with, alack! my face turned not to Edinburgh's storied mount of

green and grey, but toward some fifty circling white-washed steps between one doorway at the ground and another at the house-top. But, up and rested, down and out again by-and-by, and there was Castle Rock against the sky; and after a step or two along the cobbled way it was but a choice whether to walk through that upper street, whose every intersection has a monument to some maker of history or of fame, or directly forward to the galleries and

the statues, the green gardens and the magnificent vistas of the city's chief highway.

Now, the ubiquitous tram traverses Princes Street, and there are disagreeable people who intimate that the folk who do not come and see Edinburgh soon will find themselves whizzed through even the Wynds off the Canongate in a narrow-gauge "electric" of some kind; but the month of June and glorious weather, or perhaps just blind prejudice (my ancestors were Scotch), make me almost like to meet a Princes Street tram. There was a feeling of relative safety as to crossing a public street, and of relative comfort as to the getting into or out of a public conveyance, which even yet comes like balm at any comparison of the smoke-begrimed monster of Paris or the whirring racer of London, and this, at least for one season, clean, roomy, gentle-moving Edinburgh car.

One smaller and British city held a rival favourite—Chester, whose little, new tramcar was in keeping with its quaint streets, and altogether dignified and delightful in freedom from a load of outside advertisements, and in quiet colouring and furnishing within.

The King's Highway—a way made or

arranged by order of the King, or because a king would travel through! How certainly when in Edinburgh you first walk down from Castle Hill to Holyrood; or, in London, walk by way of Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, or go around to the Tower; or, when at Chester, at Warwick, at Winchester, you pass under such ancient gateways as yet span the city roads—how certainly your thoughts turn to historic pageants, progresses, processions, to the reasons joyful or tragic why these occurred, and to the civic blessing or the civic bane associated therewith.

Perhaps the only preventive to much questioning aloud, is that which keeps you also still in the cathedrals—guide-books can touch but the margins of the story. Old-world roads and walks and passages mean history and literature at every turn, and it is a long and varied chapter that of royal streets and ways.

Way, mainroad, avenue, suited to the uses, the ceremonies, the pleasures

of a kingdom or a king! Drive through the Long Walk at Windsor, or even through any central avenue of a London park; seat yourself on a bank at Calton Hill; walk from Warwick to Kenilworth, or out and along such coast roads as you may readily discover in Ireland, in Wales, or anywhere around the British Isles—then try the adjectives you require to fit the splendour there revealed.

This is exactly one matter that impresses at least a Western visitor, the sense of length, width, space, atmosphere, found in some strip of landscape, the while he is being politely assured that greatness, so far as the world of outdoors is concerned, belongs to his particular country, because on the map it is so big.

A highway for the King, yet the road or public highway belonging also to the people; the course or thoroughfare open to all passengers; the way kept free, public, safe for everyone—for the King



"THE GREAT DIVIDE"



PARISH CHURCH, CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, AND OLD THATCHED CIDER MILL (NOW USED AS DWELLING)

and for the citizen, for the citizen and the stranger, for you and for me.

They tell you to-day in Italy that the wayfarer has no longer any cause to fear the brigand, and that the picturesque carabineers of the villages and the towns are also trustworthy soldiers watching everywhere the interests and the safety of the people. You walk about and do get along there very happily indeed. Yet, what assurance the average stranger on the London streets seems at once to have in the governing power of the guardians of these streets; and how seldom the tourist from anywhere questions of dangers to his purse or to his scrip when walking along the banks of the Avon or the Isis or the Dee.

Oh, the hedge-bordered lanes, the tree-fringed roads of peaceful Britain!

"You tak' the high road, and I'll tak'
the low,
And I'll be in Scotland afore thee."

It may be the virtual gipsy of more southern climes who sings:

"Homeless, ragged, and tanned,
Under the sunlit sky;
Who so free in the land,
Who so contented as I?"

But let the vagabond mood seize your soul some summer day and you'll find that Britain's Isles are very fair fields to wander in; and that the wayfarer there—if not just a lawless tramp—may sing if he care to:

"Ride past, my proud Lord and your Lady
so gay;
I, too, share the sunshine, and all you
survey;
I'm as happy, as free, on the King's High-
way."

The pedestrian expects a few things to keep a holiday in any land from being idyllic, and does not complain when he cannot here, for instance, leap a fence and wander through quiet country woods and fields quite as in the new world; but, he is disappointed, perhaps, that he can be importuned as freely here as anywhere to buy at least shoe laces and postal cards and posies of wild flowers, if he but seat

himself one minute by the wayside or gaze a trifle too earnestly at things notable to view. But here is this world the mania for speed seldom permits even the private motor-car to pass along at a pace meaning a modicum of discomfort to those travelling otherwise; and all sorts and types of things called modern aids to travel threaten to infest (not adorn) the most retired and lovely of the country roads, rivers and lanes of this whole conservative kingdom.

Therefore, come soon you who would have the enchantment of walking around at all, and of being directed, and of being lost in your first "old country" village.

Bewitching places some of these villages still! How the roads curve and circle between the high garden walls!

Are there, indeed, any British towns, outside of some one or two, where the streets do cross each other at right angles? And what fascination to be told over again, after having already tried and failed, "Go straight on, just a wee bit, just as straight as you can go," and again to find the road immediately forming into a loop, or splitting into the letter Y so that, however pronounced his bump of location, no newcomer can by any manner of means conclude which is the way that does "go on."

Where would I drop you, practical citizen of the West, if I might, into these Islands of the Sea?

Into just which village of streets and lanes and interesting by-ways?

There is one built on a Welsh hillside, another on an Irish lough; there are some up in the far north, and several in the east, the Midlands and the south.

If told, would you go quietly and walk around a little and find enjoyment—that is, not take all your motor-cars?

For a few sojourners and wayfarers will regret when every bit of rural Britain disappears, and no longer the budding artist shall be seen picturing sea sands white as those o' Aberdour, orange as those of Ryde, nor the youthful poet found addressing sonnets to those cottages that whitewashed, pinkwashed, thatch-roofed and tiled are still the typical spots along the country highways.

On the Old Country thoroughfares are the Old Country people. What if writers who write for the papers have used all the themes over and over again, and you read that folk the world around now-a-days dress and look alike, a sort of perennial interest remains, a something new for every new tourist in the actual meeting with residents of any other country whatever than his own; and therefore there is for each stranger a something that has never yet all been told him, and that he sees afresh with his own eyes in *The London Bus Driver*, *The Metropolitan Police*, *The Huckster of Cheapside*, *The Fisherman of the Dee*, *The Country Squire*, *The Citizen on the Pavement*, *The Rider in the Row*.

And finally there is yet to be found—for with the passing of the horse this goes too—there is yet on the British street the British vehicle, the mere list of its names seems to set a Westerner comparing highway customs and habits: his car, cab, coupé, spring-waggon, carriage (single or double), buckboard, buggy, and light "rig" in general, contrasted with hackney, hansom, brake, brougham, and all that array of cart or two-wheeled private "runabout" which culminates in the little hollow cubical box, with the bolted door behind. Tell me the district of provincial or rural England without this latter and favourite conveyance, this "rig" as noticeable to the eye of the tourist as the Irish jaunting-car?

But have you ever found out its name? Ask and the reply will be, "What do you mean? My *Governess-Car*? *Pony-trap*? *Gig*?" for the Englishman never seems to have a name for it himself, for this odd little two-wheeled box, into whose rectangular depths the citizen of any shire will drop, two-thirds out of sight, and persist to the rest of the world that the vehicle doesn't look funny.

Altogether there are reasons why some of us, Britain's friends or kinsmen, care to cross an ocean to see her genial face just quite at home, her houses and her gardens as these are; to view, in pleasant fact, scenes of city and of country that have often been described—to live a little while, or linger, on the King's Highway.



STATUE OF STRATHCONA HORSE TO BE ERECTED AT MONTREAL
WITH PORTRAIT OF THE SCULPTOR, G. W. HILL

Canadian Artists Abroad

By *WILLIAM H. INGRAM*



IN any criticism of art and artists it is always advisable to state what you consider the essential factors in a good painting, so that the lay mind can see immediately how you arrive at certain judgments. Thus, with premises clearly set out, there should be no difficulty at all for critic and layman alike to reach the same conclusions.

That being the case, may I say that according to the best French critics there are in reality only two things in a painting: value and colour? Without the first the work could not be called a drawing.

It could be called only a daub, or splotches of colour, squeezed wantonly out of a tube. As for the second factor, colour, so many questions arise out of its use that it would be far easier to develop its meaning as we go along.

It may be sufficient for us now to say that a picture is exquisitely coloured, if it is warm or cold, or if the law of complementary colours is well observed. In other words, if we mix yellow and red we get orange, which in turn imparts that feeling so well described as "warmth." Contrarily, if we use blue the resultant feeling is one of a decidedly lower tem-

perature. Green and violet, the complementary colours of red and yellow, if mixed with blue also produce the same effect. Thus in every composition of colour there should always be this harmony and equilibrium.

Carrying this idea further, we can safely conclude that in studies of outdoor life, if the lights are warm, the shadows are cold, and vice versa for views of interiors. It is from this standpoint that I intend to consider Canadian art.

Before doing so, however, I must revert again to the first factor, value, which is the degree of intensity of light from the object lighting to the thing illuminated. Naturally, the greater the distance between these objects the deeper will be the shadow. Values, then, are the various plays of light and shadow; the latter, by the way, always retaining its transparency.

In stating the above facts, I feel that I must make some apology, because to the initiated they will savour not a little of kindergarten methods. But, knowing as I do how many musical and art critics are turned out in modern commercial life, these explanations may not be entirely inane.

To realise this one has only to walk into an ordinary gallery and listen for a brief moment or two to the adjectives bandied about by the learned. Tone,



THE BEACH, ST. MALO—PAINTING BY MORRICE

touch, atmosphere, technique, interpretation, and tens of other words are used with an assurance that to the neophyte is not only bewildering but appalling.

That James W. Morrice, a Canadian painter who is now in Paris, has already done something is an established fact. Born forty-two years ago in Montreal, the son of David Morrice, he received his early education in the University of Toronto, where he was graduated, and in due course he entered Osgoode Hall. It would



PUBLIC GARDEN, VENICE—PAINTING BY MORRICE

seem, however, that the life in the old 'Varsity "residence," together with his natural liking for the artistic, called him away from the musty tomes of law. For some years after he could

be found studying art in England, where his surroundings were more in keeping with his profession. Leaving England, he drifted to Paris, the great art centre of the world, which ever since has been the guiding star of his life's work.

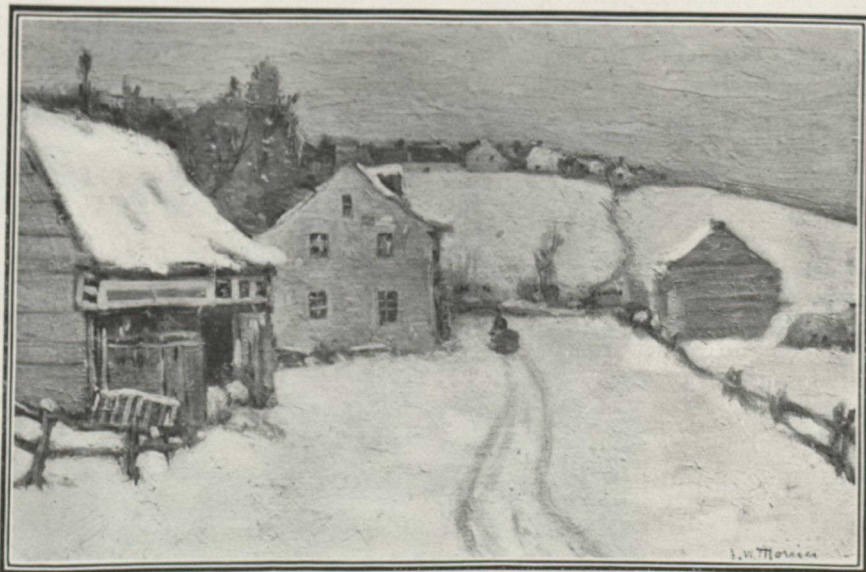
He is a peculiar fellow, is Morrice, in more ways than one, but in none more so than in his sensitiveness to personal estimates. In his art, however, he is quite at home, and thus ready and willing to discuss what, to him, is a labour of love. His progress in that is indeed an interesting study, because one can gradually trace his emancipation from a parochial stand-



A QUEBEC PASTORAL—PAINTING BY MORRICE

den, Venice," now in the possession of Mr. E. B. Greenshields, of Montreal, amply illustrates this. In this picture Mr. Morrice is evidently influenced by the work of Corot, which certainly cannot be said of his "*Quai des Grands Augustins, Paris*." A comparison of the trees amply proves this. In the scene on the *quai* he definitely joins the impressionist school, and his later work only tends to accentuate his conversion. Both works, however, are excellent examples of the schools to which he has adhered.

But it is to his earlier efforts, perhaps, that Canadians are more akin. In his



A FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE—PAINTING BY MORRICE

(Ste. Anne de Beaupré)

studies around Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, the various plays of light and shadow are exceedingly subtle. One unconsciously feels the atmosphere inhaled by the little school children as they plod dutifully on to that village in New France where shrines are not unknown and beliefs are always simple. Follow the same little ones up the hill to the church beyond the way, and then look back upon the road as it winds tortuously through the snow.

Yes, Morrice has drawn better than he knew.

The lights are warm, even if the shadows are cold.

I must now come to the recognition of Morrice, wherein play the various lights and shadows. In doing so I make no comment. If the French Government has seen fit to buy his winter scene on the "*Quai des Grands Augustins*," for the *Palais du Luxembourg*, which is reserved for the work of the great modern painters, any criticism from me would be not only uncalled for but decidedly in bad taste. Let it be sufficient to show a reproduction, as well as one of "The Beach, Paramé," which is now in the Philadelphia Museum. In both, one notices the intensely human touch blotted in an unusually effective atmosphere.

And now for a recent work which combines the characteristics of them all; one which is a composite painting, as it were, of the efforts of James W. Morrice. As the eye sweeps over the narrow stretches of sand which fringe the ancient town of St. Malo, memory takes us back in fancy to an episode in Canadian history worthy of interpretation by a Canadian artist. Who knows but that Morrice will essay the task some day, and that, too, for the Government of Canada? If he

should, rest assured that the result will be well worthy of his effort.

But that is for the future to decide.

Meantime let us look after the present, and in doing so see how Canadian art is represented in the person of George William Hill, who has just finished his monument to the Strathcona Horse, for Montreal. To the good people of Montreal this seemingly long delayed statue in memory of the fallen Canadian heroes of the South African War will arrive at a most opportune time. For it will show that in the days of her prosperity Canada

is not unmindful of the obligation placed upon her when the existence of the Empire was in danger. It will be at the same time a fitting monument to one of Canada's grand old men, the Empire Builder, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. It will also be no mean addition to Canadian art.

From a purely personal standpoint the individuality of George William Hill may not be interesting, but, associated as it is with one of Canada's

foremost sculptors, the question as to who he is remains a pertinent question.

The son of a marble dealer, one of the people of old Quebec, young Hill learned his "*métier*" under the directing care of his father, who probably saw in the son only a clever artisan. But the apprentice lad had higher dreams than that. He dreamed of other heights to climb, and in one of those ascents of fancy won the prize in an architectural competition. George William Hill thereupon left the ranks of the workmen, though continuing to remain in those of the workers. For the next few years he resided in Montreal, busily engaged upon some designs for a number of notable residences. Then,



LE QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS, PARIS



PANEL, STRATHCONA HORSE MONUMENT—BY HILL

feeling he had gone as far as he could there, he left for Paris, where, inspired by the work of the great masters, he hoped to come into his own. Success has undoubtedly attended him.

Upon returning home Mr. Hill was engaged to design the Strathcona monument, the success of which can easily be seen in the accompanying cliché. As there was, however, no art bronze factory in Canada, he was compelled to leave for Paris again, where, almost within a stone's throw of the Panthéon, he opened his atelier. And now the equestrian statue commemorating Strathcona's Horse is finally completed. The enlarging machines have traced its surface for the last time. The large bronze is an accomplished fact.

As it looms up in the open, the story upon which the monument is based is plainly legible, so

that even those who run may read.

A Strathcona Scout has been out reconnoitring. An unexpected cannon shot from the Boers has caused his horse to rear up in fear and trembling. The statue portrays the brave soldier reining in the frightened steed, as he himself gazes keenly in the direction of the hidden enemy. The ensemble effect is most dramatic. The clean, sinuous lines of the horse stand out in marked contrast to

the rugged, dusty appearance of the man. The sculptor has moulded faithfully to life his masterpiece for posterity. Montreal need have no qualms about the reception of this work.

In James W. Morrice and George William Hill Canada has two most worthy representatives of the two most noble arts—painting and sculpture.



PANEL, STRATHCONA HORSE MONUMENT—BY HILL



MRS. EDDY AS SHE APPEARED ABOUT A QUARTER-CENTURY AGO, WHEN SHE BEGAN THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOVEMENT

The Mother of Christian Science

AN APPRECIATION

By ADELAIDE P. FITCH

MRS. MARY BAKER GLOVER EDDY, or "Mother Eddy," as her followers call her, is a much-talked-of individual just now. Almost every day sets afloat some extraordinary tale concerning her, the latest rumour being that she no longer exists. Her disciples refute this report, stoutly maintaining that in spite of her eighty-five

years, she is as much alive as ever; indeed, there are those who seem to believe that their spiritual mother is endowed with *perpetual* life, and will continue to inhabit her earthly tabernacle until the end of time and all things. Furthermore, say they, the author of "Science and Health," with key to the Scriptures, the medium through which Christian Science obtained its introduc-

tion to the world, is not content to sit in the chimney corner with idly-folded hands, and ruminates on the successive triumphs and rapid growth of the society of which she enjoys the distinction of being founder; on the contrary her active brain is ever employed in solving the difficult problems which confront Christian Science, or composing helpful pastoral letters to the various churches or members of her flock. Thus this servant labours as assiduously in her allotment of earth's vineyard as in the day when Christian Science was in its infancy, and stretching out its arms for recognition.

Without descending to the level of gossip, I shall merely repeat a few harmless incidents relating to Mrs. Eddy, which have recently come to my knowledge, and as they are practically true, the customary grain of salt will not be required. Concord, Mass., is Mrs. Eddy's abiding place, but she does not mingle with her townspeople, and is not seen by them except when taking her daily drive. The doors of her mansion swing open to none but the favoured few—but could we obtain an entrance we would find the house full of precious gifts, presented by doting worshippers of many climes. The drawing-room is the sanctuary wherein are placed the treasures her soul most dearly loves. Upon the walls of this room hang the portraits of her three departed husbands. In gazing at these pictures one cannot but wonder if a large measure of Mrs. Eddy's fame may not be attributed to their inspiration and virile influence.

One summer afternoon, not long ago, a friend of mine in passing Mrs. Eddy's house, observed stationed at certain fixed spots on her lawn ordinary bushel baskets. Curiosity prompted him to linger, in order to discover for what purpose they were so placed. He had not long to wait. Ere he had time to pronounce his own name, one devotee after another stepped up from a gathering crowd and dropped into the baskets a bank note of greater or less value. By judicious questioning my friend learned that the money thus raised was to help swell some Christian Science Church fund.

In an incredibly brief period the baskets were literally overflowing with greenbacks,

requiring forcible pressing down to accommodate others. Thus the shower of money descended until a halt was called. Two bushels of bank notes reaped in a single afternoon is a harvest not to be despised.

Mrs. Eddy is no bloodless saint, floating in the upper regions and subsisting on air. She too yields to hard facts, or bows to passing fancies, and while frowning upon the so-called claims of mortal mind, circumstances compel her to submit to the very claims she so strenuously disclaims. She is a firm believer in the gospel of beauty, is always attractively gowned, and dwells in an atmosphere of refinement, luxury and comfort. She is in all respects a womanly woman, responding to the same heart-longings and desires that attach themselves to the rest of woman-kind, whatever may be their environment. She hungers, thirsts, satisfies the cravings of her palate with good food and drink, enjoying to the full the little pleasures of life, the milk and honey of material existence. She will never, if she can possibly avoid it, permit her face to be seen except by her closest intimates, or those of her own household. When driving, a trusty parasol completely screens her visage from peering eyes.

One festival day a deputation of two hundred Christian Scientists called upon their "mother" in a solid body to pay their respects and receive her blessing. Stepping out upon the balcony, her favourite rostrum, she addressed a few words of welcome to the expectant throng on the lawn below, her face all the while concealed behind the omnipresent parasol. She then withdrew after the manner of angel visitants in general; all that was seen of the "Sage of Concord" on that occasion was the back of her head.

Mrs. Eddy is nearing the end of life. She cannot, if she would, remain here much longer. As far as the general world knows no successor to her has yet been appointed; whether the society whose every action has always depended upon her guiding word will crumble away without it, or whether another will be raised to take Mrs. Eddy's place and continue to sow the seed and gather the grain, is a question which time and circumstances will solve.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

I.—THE CONSEQUENCES OF WORRY

“He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.”—Prov. xv: 15.

“The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.”—*Paradise Lost*.



THE supreme and unique character of the mind of man is self-consciousness. This it is which, as Hamlet says, makes him a being of “such large discourse looking before and after.” If he loses it, he ceases to be human. Thus, at bottom, the cause of worry is life; its cure is death. To live is to care, and therefore necessarily, at times, to live is to worry. But the end of life is happiness, whether for self or for others, and therefore worry, fear and care, though inevitable, are in direct opposition to the end for which we live. For what do they count in human life?

The two quotations, one ancient and one modern, which I have placed at the head of this chapter, indicate clearly enough what must necessarily be the case—that the importance of the mind and of the manner in which it looks upon life has been recognised by the wise of all ages. Before we attempt to classify the various states of mind which we are to study; before we consider whether there is any worry that may be called normal and necessary, or study the worry that is the product of disease or ill-health, or the worry of which disease is a product, let us first ask ourselves what this fact of worry signifies in human life in our own age and civilisation.

I have called it the disease of the age. This is by no means to assert that worry is not, when widely defined, a disease of every age. But if we consider the psychological condition—self-consciousness—upon which the possibility of worry depends, we shall see that, as

evolution advances, as man becomes more civilised and more thoughtful, as he comes to live less in the present, more in the past, and yet more in the future, as his nervous system undergoes a higher organisation, becomes more delicate and sensitive—in a word, as man becomes more self-conscious and therefore more human, so he becomes more liable to that disease of the mind which is certainly unique in this respect, that, alone of all human diseases, there is no analogy to it whatever in the case of any of the lower animals.

Every access of civilisation increases the importance of this malady. Printing must have multiplied it a hundred-fold; cities, with their pace and their competition and their foul air, have done the like—and we are all becoming citified, if not civilised to-day. I write not for the easy-going bucolic who, happy fellow, takes no thought for the morrow, realising that sufficient unto the day are the evil and the good thereof; nor do I write for any other whom the swirling tide of the evolutionary struggle has passed by, to lead a quiet life—quiet but insignificant for the future of the race—far from the madding crowd. I write for those to whom the struggle for existence is a stern necessity—those who have others dependent upon them; those who fear forty and grey hair and death and consumption and cancer; and, beyond all these, “the dread of something after death.” And I submit that worry is pre-eminently the disease of this age and of this civilisation, and perhaps of the English-speaking race in particular.

We do well to be “strenuous”; we do well to “strive and agonise”; we do well to know the discontent that is divine, that precious seed of insurrection, of which all progress is the fruit. We do well to think of the morrow. Far be it from me to suggest that we should emu-

late the modern Spaniard or Greek or Italian. To renounce the struggle for life is not really to live, but to vegetate. But we must pay the price—and indeed we are doing so.

Year by year, worry and fear and fretting increase the percentage of deaths that are self-inflicted—surely the most appalling of all comments upon any civilisation. Year by year, men and women show their need for psychic help by the invention of new religions, every one of which, in so far as it brings peace and content of mind, has a serious claim upon the respect of the philosopher. Year by year, we seem more steadily to lose our fathers' faith that "underneath are the Everlasting Arms." And we turn to Christian Science and the Higher Thought and Psycho-Therapeutics and Occultism and Materialism, or to sheer Epicureanism ("Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die")—to arms that are shortened and weak and temporal.

Meanwhile, all experts tell us that the struggle for existence is becoming too severe, and is telling upon the mind of the race. In olden days men fought with their muscles or their teeth, directly and indirectly. The prizes of life and survival went to him who had the strongest teeth and the most vigorous digestion, or to him who was the fleetest or wiriest. Those who were beaten in such competition had indeed to do without the lion's share. But a beaten muscle is merely beaten: it is as good as it was, and probably better.

Not so with the beaten mind. Infinitely higher in organisation—or rather in the organisation of the nervous system on which it depends—the beaten mind is much more than beaten: it tends to undergo vital injury. Unlike a muscle, it can recognise or brood over its own loss or disgrace. "In ten years," says a prophet of evil, "the hospitals will be on the rates." He is a Cassandra, I fear—whose prophecies came true. Yet the death rate from the filth diseases falls every year. Thank goodness our wise fathers wisely worried over sanitation. *Every condition, however, which eliminates the physical in the struggle for existence merely increases the importance of*

the psychical; for there is no discharge in that war. Hence, the more we control infectious diseases and the like, the greater is the strain which we throw upon those psychical instruments with which the struggle for life is now waged. In olden days some could not stand the physical strain; they had to work long hours for poor gain and early graves. Nowadays many cannot stand the psychical strain. They are injured partly by fatigue, partly by worry. *It is a proved and accented physiological truth that the adult is much more gravely injured by worry than by fatigue.* Hence our nerve doctors are kept busy. Hence the incessant discovery of new nervous diseases.

Of these, two explanations are possible. One is, that observers in the past were not acute and skillful enough to detect them. But this is on the face of it incredible. Men of the stamp of Sydenham had trained powers of clinical observation which probably no physician of the present day can rival. On the contrary, it is generally admitted that the introduction of new (and immensely important) methods into medicine, such as all those which depend upon the discovery of microbes, has gravely tended to lessen our skill in clinical observation. The only reasonable explanation of these new nervous diseases is that they *are* new. I believe that on this point Dr. Max Nordau is undoubtedly correct. Their victims represent the consequences to society and to the individual of the increasing strain to which the nervous organisation of men is now subjected. And I repeat that the general truth, long recognised by wise men, that nothing kills so surely as care, has now received physiological confirmation. These patients are not the victims of over-work as such. I very much question whether mere mental over-work ever killed or injured anybody. Amid the chaos of error and fallacy which embodies the popular conception of insanity—as of all other subjects—we may find a fairly definite impression that mental "over-work" is the cause of much insanity and premature decay. Now let me assert, as dogmatically as words will permit, that

this is the most arrant nonsense, unsupported by facts or logic. The case is simply not so. Do you beg to differ? Well, look up any text-book on insanity, or neurology, or make arrangements for studying the facts of asylums; thereafter you will agree with what is not an individual opinion of mine, but a simple statement of scientific truth. Brain-work—as such—never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work plus worry has killed thousands; brain-work plus worry plus insomnia many thousands more; but if the brain-work had been omitted the impure air or the worry and the consequent loss of sleep would have had just the same result. If you are prepared to believe a simple assertion that you hear or read this year, pray believe me, for this is a matter of personal, national and planetary consequence, as we shall see.

I have passed from nervous disease, as ordinarily understood, to insanity, but surely it scarcely needs to be said at this time of day that the transition is merely from one part of the same subject to another. Mental disease, in a word, is physical disease or nervous disease, and there is no mental disease that is not. If obscure paralysis and losses of muscular control or muscular co-ordination are increasing, so also, it must unfortunately be admitted, are diseases of the mind as that term is usually understood. For some years I have tried to do my share in attempting to relieve the public mind on this score. To infer that insanity was increasing, merely because the number of the certified insane was increasing, and increasing out of proportion to the national increase of the population, was a worthless argument. A great measure of the apparent increase of insanity is only apparent—due to the fact that a larger proportion of the insane are nowadays certified as such and treated in asylums or homes. This results partly from increased public confidence in such places, partly from the increase in all varieties of accommodation. But, even when these considerations are fully allowed for, it appears to be certain that insanity is increasing

amongst us. Recent articles on this subject in the *Times* have drawn very necessary attention to this subject. How, then, are we to account for the "growth of insanity"? And even if it be not growing, it is by universal admission pre-eminently a disease of civilisation, and is already formidable enough in all conscience.

Unquestionably we must recognise that insanity is in no small measure a consequence or symptom of what I have called the disease of the age. But, without emphasising the obvious, I would pass on to consider those many causes of mental disorder which are not commonly looked upon or treated as cases of insanity. The medical profession knows these as "borderland cases." They exhibit neither sanity nor insanity as these terms are generally understood, but furnish living instances of the absurd fallacy which leads us to imagine that men can be classified, like cheeses, into this brand and that. Between complete sanity and complete insanity there are all conceivable stages, and of all such stages many instances everywhere—whereas probably of complete sanity or complete insanity it would be difficult to find ten specimens in as many years. The most that can be said of many of us is, as Stevenson puts it, "Every man has a sane spot somewhere." The recognition of these borderland cases and of the problem which they present is urgently required by society; that their number is increasing, and rapidly, I suppose no one would dream of questioning. Without any desire to magnify my office or to seek for simple but false explanations, I am willing to assert that worry, directly and indirectly, plays an enormous and constantly increasing part in the production of these cases.

Very commonly worry acts indirectly. The unfortunate seeks to drown his care in drink, to stifle it with morphia or to transmute it with cocaine. A noteworthy fact of the day is the lamentable increase of self-drugging, not only amongst men but also amongst women—the mothers of the race that is to be. Alcohol and morphia and cocaine, sulphonal, trional, and even paraldehyde; these and many other drugs are now readily—

far too readily—accessible for the relief of worry and of that sleeplessness which, as a symptom of worry and as a link in the chain of lamentable events to which worry leads, must hereafter be carefully dealt with. These are friends of the falsest, one and all, as none know better than their victims. Hence borderland cases, misery, suicide and death incalculable. There are no causes of worry so potent as foolish means for relieving it.

As the belief in dogmatic religion undergoes that decline which, whether for good or for evil, is unquestionably characteristic of our time, the importance of worry increases. A recent writer has shown how the increase in suicide is correlated with religious belief and disbelief. In European countries the proportion of suicide is least where the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches prevail, and highest amongst the Protestants. The number in Paris, as compared with those in all France, is enormous—"the irreligious city in a partially religious country. Italy and Spain are examples of less suicide in countries where Roman Catholicism yet holds her own, but Italy has begun to think, while Spain remains priest-trammelled, and, therefore, the Italian average is twice as high. Germany and Switzerland, having very high numbers, may indicate the mental unrest in countries where two religions clash.

"Protestantism—a term here inclusive of Lutheran, Calvinist, and other forms— invariably has a high number as compared with Greek and Roman Catholic churches; this probably points to the dark and hopeless Calvinistic principle of predestination, and also to the need of guidance in mental disquietude, the divine touch of human sympathy, of which every soul at some time is in need, being met, more or less well, by the system of confession."*

But the increase of suicide is merely the most complete and important result of the decline of dogmatic religion as an antidote to worry. Many lives are blighted by doubt or sorrow or fear for which, 500 years ago, the Church would have

provided a remedy. Hence it is unquestionably true that the consequences of worry, both as an individual and a social phenomenon, become more apparent as men tend to pass further and further from beliefs and practices—such as private and family prayer—against which worry has been powerless to prevail in times past.

The consequences of worry in relation to ordinary physical disease are familiar to every physician. Not a few non-infectious diseases are known which seem frequently to be predisposed to by worry. Amongst these are gout, diabetes, and a certain form of goitre. My friend Dr. Schofield is of opinion that worry about cancer, in any particular site, may actually determine its occurrence there; but personally I am unable to share this opinion.

Directly we turn, however, to infectious diseases, the facts are seen to be evident and indisputable. All kinds of infection which depend upon lowering of the standard of general health are unquestionably predisposed to by worry. We know now that in the case of such a disease as consumption the microbe is encountered by every one. Those pass on unscathed who can resist it. That the bodily resistance is definitely affected by the state of mind—and notably, in the case of nurses and doctors, for instance, by the fear of infection—no one who is acquainted with the facts can for a moment question. In other words, worry about disease is a predisposing cause of disease, and so is worry about anything whatever. It is the repeated lesson of experience that, other things being equal, infectious disease tends to seize upon those who fear it and to pass over those who keep their flag flying. The nurse or doctor or relative who knows that the disease is infectious, and who has always feared its name, does, in point of fact, more frequently succumb than he or she who takes no thought for self at all.

As a direct cause of the kinds of nervous disease which we call functional, worry is, of course, all important. Many people cannot sleep because they worry about their inability to sleep. The more vigorously such persons set themselves to

*Miss C. F. Yonge, in the *International Journal Ethics*.

coax sleep—meanwhile becoming more apprehensive of failure—the more likely does failure become. The case is notoriously the same with nervous dyspepsia. Indeed, any part or function of one's body is apt to become disordered if we pay it too much attention. The higher part of the nervous system, that which is associated with consciousness, is wise when it leaves the lower levels to do their own business in their own way.

Hysteria in all its many forms seems to be increasing, and worry is one of its most potent causes. The patient has lost his or her power of volition. As Sir James Paget puts it: "The patient says I cannot; her friends say she will not; the truth is she cannot will." In other words, she has lost her self-confidence. But space does not at present avail for considering, at this moment, the value of self-confidence as an attribute of self-consciousness. Suffice it to observe that worry and self-confidence cannot co-exist.

If proof of the power of the mind in relation to hysteria and all forms of functional nervous disease be desired, the mere progress of Christian Science will provide it. Christian Science, which we must afterwards discuss, is increasing and is even threatening, as Mark Twain declares, to become the dominant religion, because it meets a real need. It teaches that to worry and to fear must be attributed all the ills that flesh is heir to. And this is true of such an amazing proportion of these ills that Christian Science cures them. The religion that has this kind of survival value will survive, and is quite independent of the good luck which, I for one, wish it. That the thing must be purged of quackery and of the lies with which it abounds is certainly true, but this must not blind us to a recognition of the great truth which, however unworthily Christian Science enshrines it, assuredly is as true as it was nineteen hundred years ago, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." That there is or may be a true religion, though I am a professed student of science, I do assuredly believe. Such a true religion will recognise, as religion ever has recognised with less or greater admixture of falsity, that faith is a supreme power.

The relations of religion and worry are most singular and striking. The true religion and the truths perceived by present and past religions are cures of worry and preventives of its consequences. On the other hand, many religions have been causes of worry, laying stress upon the sinfulness of sin, of the doctrine of future punishment, and immeasurably increasing the fear of death.

Human life is worth living, not in virtue of great discoveries or empires or banking accounts, or armies or navies or cities. "Only in the consciousness of individuals is the worth of life experienced." It may do for the ants and the bees to achieve mere social efficiency, but this, as such, is nothing in the eyes of self-conscious man. In the words of the Declaration of Independence, "Every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When one dares to mention happiness as the end of life, foolish people commonly speak as if one were thinking of race-courses or low music-halls, or wine, or worse. But the word happiness, as used in the Bible and other classics, has no such low meaning. There is no human end but happiness, high or low. Its one absolute negation is neither poverty nor ill-health nor material failure, nor yet starvation—"he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast." The one absolute negation of happiness is worry or discontent. A prosperous society, consisting of strenuous, worried business men who have no time to play with their children or listen to great music or gaze upon the noble face of the sky or commune with the soul from which we have quoted, and of which another poet, Wordsworth, said that it was "like a star and dwelt apart"—such a society may be as efficient as a beehive, as large as London, and as wealthy, but it stultifies its own ends, and would be better not at all. "Better is an handful with quietness than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit."

Such, in brief, are the main consequences of worry which, in a word, is the negation of all that makes life worth living. As I believe that life is worth living, or may be, I propose to consider the matter further hereafter.

(The Second Article of this Series will Appear in the February Canadian Magazine)

The Grim Irony of Luck

By PERCEVAL GIBBON



THROUGHOUT the brief afternoon, from the time that the troops opened fire on the people till the cold night of Russian winter smothered the fighting, Pavel had nurtured a fanatic enthusiasm. He was of the fair breed that is by instinct law-abiding, a youth of the slow Gothic stem, long-suffering and thorough, and it needed the barricades in the streets, the doors torn out, the sledges overturned, the songs and the shouting, to fire him to the point of fighting against the livery of authority. The taint of rebellion that ran like a quick flame through the universities of Russia had furnished him only with a creed and a bundle of phrases—it needed action to inform him with faith.

He stood, panting and blinking, at the mouth of an alley, into which he had been forced when a sally of Cossacks drove a lane through the mob. He was realising the day's work, driving his dazed brain back to its normal processes. His right hand was tingling, and he peered at it in the shadow of the alley—the crutch of it was black and burned with the back-spit of his cheap revolver. Half the buttons were gone from his student's uniform, and his cap was missing too.

He laughed suddenly at the contrast of his small troubles with those of the men and women whose bodies lay at that moment huddled about the streets. There were some not a dozen feet from him. The Cossacks had passed that way and the dragoons, slashing feverishly at a mob which, for once, fought back. There had been some saddles emptied, Pavel remembered, with a return of exultation. He had seen one officer's fair head very clearly over the sights of his revolver, and it had been a good, thrilling, clean shot.

It was at this moment that he heard the voice, whining with a querulous note, very like the whimper of a chained

dog. It came from among those still citizens who lay in the road, stark black against the snow. Pavel reconnoitred. From a far quarter beyond the houses there was yet the noise of war, the distant clatter of shod hoofs on cobbles, shots and screams, but this road was clear. He adjusted his revolver in his side pocket to be handy if he needed it, and moved over towards the voice. He stepped gingerly over a dead woman, who sprawled with hands that clutched at the snow, and found his man. It was very dark, for the street lamps were all broken, and at first he could only see that the man, throttling his groans to a whine, was struggling to rise on his elbow. Dead bodies were all around.

"Have courage, brother," said Pavel, kneeling beside him.

The wounded man gasped an oath and fell back on the snow.

It was some quality in the voice, perhaps, or possibly a mere precaution, that drove the student to lean closer and look well. He made out a white, aquiline face, no older than his own, but it was not this that held him. The shoulder-straps on the long coat were of heavy gold, a broad scabbard was slung from the belt. It was a soldier, this groaner; more, it was an officer. Pavel started back sharply, divided between instinctive terror and honest hatred. He could never have told which was the stronger. He was staring dumbly at the man on the ground, and then he realised, with another start and a strange shrinking, that the man was smiling.

"I cannot hurt you," he heard, in a voice which still ran chill with easy contempt. "Just now I am harmless. So have courage yourself."

It tailed off into a groan. Pavel could see well enough now, and he watched the handsome face knit in a spasm of agony.

"Where are you hit?" he asked, as he began to recover himself.

"Neck," snapped the other. It was

odd to note the sharp irritation that armed the weak voice—like the threshing of a boxed snake.

"Get a doctor," he continued, "or go and tell my sergeant. I shall die if I lie here."

Pavel was squatting back on his heels, and he shook his head decisively.

"No," he said calmly. "I will help you if I can do it at no danger to myself, but I will not show myself to-night either to a doctor or your sergeant. Do you not see I am—I am——"

"Ah! you are one of them!" The young officer turned his head with an effort and looked up at him. "Perhaps it was you that shot me, eh?"

Pavel nodded. "Perhaps," he answered.

"Well," said the other, "if you leave me here as I am you will have killed me—and not in open fight. Does that appeal to you at all? It will be a murder. But possibly you do not draw the line at murder? You gentlemen of the barricades are not troubled with scruples, I believe."

"Now, look here," said Pavel. "When you call us murderers you lie. If you think that men who see the light——"

The other interrupted acidly:

"Oh, look round you, man!" he cried feebly, but with spirit enough. Pavel stared, but there was compulsion in the mere tone, and he looked about uncomprehendingly. There was nought but the naked snow on the empty street, the dark houses, and the unresentful bodies of the dead.

"Well?" demanded the wounded man, "is that a theatre for your speechifying? Can you do nothing but babble on such a night as this? By the Lord, I don't wonder some of you are hard to convince! Such stupidity! Oh, my neck!"

He groaned frankly, withholding none of the torment that racked him, and his extremity stirred Pavel to aid. His head was clear enough. He would not invite scorn with talk. He could do something to serve the moment's need.

"Listen!" he said. "You can have no doctor, or I should hang to-morrow. Don't trouble to offer your word. I shouldn't take it. But I can take you to a room and a bed, if you wish. What

comes after must arrange itself. The alternative is to lie here—and freeze. Which will you have?"

"How will you take me?" asked the officer.

Pavel rose to his feet and bent over him. "Like this," he said, and lifted him easily. The wounded man bit on a cry of pain, and suddenly his slender body became limp in the student's arms. He had fainted.

It was not far to the room. None accosted them on the way. The dead and the maimed were commonplaces of the street in those days, and, for certain reasons of which Pavel was aware, the door of the house was unwatched by a *dvornik*. He laid his burden on the bed and dragged off his boots. As he got ready the brandy to restore him he took a good look at his captive.

The wounded man was very young. Pavel saw his boyishness with a wise pity, not reflecting that he himself lacked a month or two of twenty-one. He wore the uniform of an officer of dragoons, beautifully laced, and his spurs were obvious silver. There was a foppishness in the tunic's cut that somehow was not ridiculous. The clear-cut young face, obtruding caste and high-breeding in every line, was such that luxury seemed appropriate to its setting. As the brandy stung his throat the eyes opened. He came from his swoon to all his faculties at one step. He surveyed the poor little room with its coarse furnishings lonely amid its bareness, with a kind of complacent amusement.

"Whose room is this?" he asked presently.

Pavel put the brandy on the table, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"It was the room of one Stepan Duraf," he replied. "He was cut down by your dragoons this afternoon, so none will know that you lie in his bed."

"But the *dvornik*?" asked the officer. For a *dvornik* watches every door in Russia—he is the policeman on each threshold.

"The *dvornik* also died," explained Pavel. "Stepan shot him at two o'clock. So, you see, I am safe."

The wounded man smiled. "I sup-

pose you won't tell me your name?" he suggested.

"Naturally not," answered the student. "I am taking risks enough as it is. What is yours?"

"If you will get my cigarette case out, there are cards in it."

Pavel complied.

"Thanks!" continued the other. "Here you are then."

Pavel carried the pasteboard over to the lamp. "Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he read aloud. He looked over to the officer.

"I never met a Prince before," he said simply.

The Prince laughed. "The introduction is not complete," he said. "It is one-sided. It is like being presented to a royalty. You hear your own name but never that of the High Mightiness. You might be the Tsar. And, do you know, I think my wound is thawed. It's bleeding."

Pavel came over to him quickly. "If I were the Tsar, I suppose you'd simply have to bleed," he said. "As it is, I can probably do something."

He worked with bandages over the hideous wound in the neck, while the Prince groaned and strove to still his shuddering.

"Nasty place to be hit—the neck," he said faintly, when the thing was done. "There are all kinds of arteries in it and such things, and the bullet's still there, somewhere. I say," he continued, in a tone of anxiety and remonstrance, "couldn't you manage to get a doctor here somehow?"

Pavel shook his head. "You ask too much," he said. "You don't understand the matter. You're a Prince, and walk where you please. I'm not."

He was fumbling in a little cupboard as he spoke, and now he turned with some black bread in his hand.

"This should have been Stepan's supper," he remarked. "It will serve for us. Stepan would never have grudged it. He was a good sort. Will you have some?"

The Prince refused. "Well," said Pavel, "I will, at any rate. This and

the brandy and a dice-box—there was nothing else in the cupboard."

He sat down on the bed again and commenced to eat.

"Dice?" queried the Prince.

"Yes," said Pavel. "Stepan was fond of the dice. Last night he threw three casts, his left hand against his right, for the dvornik's life. The right hand won. Thus he shifted his responsibility."

He went on eating. The Prince watched him, and a sparkle, as of hope or fun or malice, lit his eyes.

"You think the responsibility was really shifted?" he asked at length.

"Why not?" said Pavel. "Here was a life at stake, and God looking on. Do sparrows fall by chance? Why, then, should the dice or the dvornik fall fortuitously?"

"Well," said the Prince, deliberately, "I will play you for my life. Your responsibility is not less than your friend's. Do you also shift it?"

Pavel ceased eating. "I don't understand you," he said.

"Look at it sensibly," urged the Prince. His voice was already stronger. "I am shot in an ugly place, and I think I am going to die of it. At this moment I am all athrill with a fever. The bullet is lodged inside, in a nest of vital parts. It needs a doctor to pull me through—it needs a doctor *now*. It may be that I ought to die—that I belong where you and your fellows have tried to send me. And, then, it is as likely that you are wrong. Who is to judge? Will you take such an authority?"

Pavel heard him in a grave silence, and, as he stopped, nodded. "I see," he said. "What is to be the arrangement?"

"This," answered the Prince, with a slow flush of excitement reddening his face. "Three throws apiece, aces to count as seven each. If I win, you go out at once and bring me either a doctor or my sergeant. If I lose, you do as you please—stay here and let things take care of themselves. Fetch the dice and throw first."

Pavel sat for some seconds in thought. "It is fair," he said and brought the dice-box. He placed it on the pillow while

he wheeled the table to the bedside, and then propped the Prince's shoulders with a folded coat so that he might see the results.

He took the box, rattled it, and, with an expert turn of the wrist, strewed the three bone cubes forth. Five, five, six—sixteen in all. He pushed the six aside, and collected the two fives into the box. Again he threw, and the Prince craned in his bandages.

"What is it? What is it?" he was crying.

Pavel pushed the cubes nearer to him with his forefinger. A six again and a four. The student picked up the four for the final cast, and threw at once. A six again—eighteen in all.

"That will be hard to beat," said the Prince, in a voice of dead calm. "You must throw for me, my friend. This leaning forward hurts me."

Pavel threw, and two sixes and a deuce were the result.

"Leave the sixes," said the Prince, and Pavel threw again with one dice. It was scarcely better—a trey.

"What shall I pick up for the last throw?" he asked. He was quite calm. This was a thing he understood.

"Pick them all up," commanded the Prince. "Throw them all. Let the luck speak at the top of its voice or not at all. Throw me three aces."

Pavel swept up the cubes, rattled them well, and spilled them out on the table. The Prince was lying back looking at the ceiling, and Pavel stood without speaking.

"What is it?" asked the wounded man at last.

"Three aces," said Pavel quietly, "and I hang."

He turned to the door at once, and the Prince lay watching him as he went, with a face of calm, unemotional interest. His heavy feet descended the stairs, and once they hesitated. The Prince, listening, smiled. But they went on.

Pavel walked steadily through the still streets, tracking the troops by ear. He found the dragoons bivouacked about their fires in the square before the Governor's palace, asked for the sergeant,

delivered his message, and was then arrested. He was held for an hour or two among the soldiers, who offered him vodka and stared not unkindly at this live enemy. Then, when the guard was changed, he was marched off and regularly lodged in the gaol. He had company enough there, for the net had been filled to bursting, and the great stone corridors were crowded with men from whom the fever of rebellion had leaked forth, giving place to the anguish of fear and repentance.

"Where did they catch you?" he was asked, as he was thrust in among them.

"In the company of Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he answered.

"The gambler?" queried someone. "The young man who lost a million roubles in two nights?"

"I believe so," said Pavel. "In fact, I feel sure of it. But his luck has changed."

He abode in the gaol for twelve weeks. He learned what only a Russian gaol in time of trouble can teach—and that is not to be written in a story. From time to time, batches of the prisoners were taken away. They had been tried in their absence, sentenced behind their backs, and now had to face the music. None came back. Pavel had little curiosity about his own fate. He knew he should achieve it soon enough. There were dice in the room, and he played day and night till he lost his boots and had nothing further to stake. Then one day a warder thrust in a head and called him by name.

"Only one," wondered the others. "What is the idea? Are they going to burn men alive that they call them one at a time?"

Pavel was led across the courtyard, and as he went he looked hard at the sky. But there was no platoon awaiting him, no gallows black against the snow-clouds. He was conducted into the Governor's room, and there, sitting limp in a chair, but smart and imperturbable yet, was Prince Constantine.

The Prince nodded to him. "They dug it out, you see," he said. "You were not a minute too soon. I don't

know why, seeing it was fair play, but I have been feeling sorry for you."

"I have been wondering how you were," said Pavel.

The Prince smiled. "More," he went on, "I have done what I could for you. You know your sentence is to the mines?"

"I didn't know," said Pavel. He paled at the thought of it.

"Yes," continued the other. "The mines, but I didn't like the idea. I have not much influence in these matters, but I have arranged it that you will not go

to the mines. You will be shot. It's not so bad, is it? And you certainly paid up like a gentleman."

Pavel bowed to him. "Thank you," he answered heartily. "Thank you. You certainly win like a gentleman."

The Prince rose carefully from his chair, and held out his hand.

"We are well matched for a game," he said. "Good-bye, and better luck next time."

Pavel grinned. He saw the joke, and took the hand cordially.

The Four Winds

BY SPENCER FREER

WIND of the south, wind from the southland kind,
 Blow soft and low from out the southern night,
 And kiss the flowers, slumbering so light,
 They are thy lovers, beauty all enshrined.
 Oh, springtime wind!

Wind of the west, wind of fair sky and plain,
 Blow clear and cool across the heated land,
 Thine air is tempered by the Mountain Hand;
 And welcome is thy breath to waving grain.
 Blow, summer wind!

Wind of the east, wind of the change and sleet,
 Which traileth winter in the weird refrain,
 And bringeth up the storm-cloud and the rain.
 The last lone blackbird dieth at thy feet.
 Oh, autumn wind!

Wind of the north, wind of the northern sky,
 Blow chill and cold across the waste of snow,
 Across the prairie land where coyotes go;
 The wild geese scent thee and they southward fly.
 Blow, winter wind!

Canada's Place in the Empire

By A. E. McPHILLIPS



THE growth of the British Empire, made up as it is of the British Isles, Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas, has been phenomenal. That which has tended most to the enlargement of its bounds has been the adventurous spirit of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races, so well combined in the march of progress, ever reaching out for new fields of conquest. Wherever the flag has been raised there has been established freedom of personal liberty, protection to property and Christian civilisation. In the upbuilding of this world-wide zone of government, the British Empire has now within its confines, not only millions of people, but distinct nationalities. Unquestionably, national unity and strength has its mainspring in sentiment and tradition. At times it is hurtled about that soon will be seen the dismemberment of this aggregation of nations. Those who know best do not hesitate to deny, and with emphasis, that there is any well-defined sentiment that makes for separation. This, however, brings us to the point that I desire to make; that is, there must be an awakening and a realisation that the Dominions beyond the Seas must have some voice in the large affairs—questions of imperial importance. It is inconceivable that any subsidiary place is to be taken or always imposed upon the peoples that for a time, perhaps, were doomed to be at the outposts of the Empire.

The question is, How best can the change be brought about and at an early date? Take Canada's position to-day with a population of six millions. Ten years hence will see ten millions; and in a quarter of a century it is not improbable that the figure will be twenty millions. Population alone is not to circumscribe national aspirations (witness the national prominence, prestige and power of the people of the United States when the population did not approach that of

Canada to-day). It cannot be expected that the genius and laudable ambition of the Canadian people will be forever dwarfed and made secondary to that of the British subjects who reside in Great Britain and Ireland. This is a matter that must be grappled with. The large questions of empire must come for settlement before the representatives of the whole empire; and it is for the statesmen of the day to devise the means to accomplish that great end.

It is my opinion that there should be legislative bodies for England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which would give complete self-government, covering the scope of legislation that we have in Canada and similar legislative bodies throughout the Empire. This being accomplished, there would follow an Imperial Parliament made up of elected representatives from all self-governing parts of the Empire; and this truly Imperial Parliament would deal with all those great questions of Imperial import, commerce, treaties, peace, war and the like. Until something of this character obtains there will always be danger of dismemberment. It is not in the order of things that the present self-governing nations which make up the Empire will always be contented as things are now. It cannot be gainsaid that to-day the Canadian passing along the Strand does not hold the same position, nor is he the same factor in the affairs of the Empire, as the London citizen. This should not be. The British subject beyond the Seas should have equality of position and equality of opportunity in all matters appertaining to the Imperial Government. Some will say that this view is visionary and cannot become an accomplished fact. I do not think it impracticable. It must be and is the only reasonable consummation of the forces that are now making for the consolidation of the Empire. In so far as trade relationship is concerned to-day with a policy of protection, we find Chamberlain the cynosure of all colonial

eyes; and it is but a part of the whole movement which must come and must be struggled with. Ireland has rather forced the question that I have here discussed; and the situation there will go far to solve the problem, as, undoubtedly home rule will soon become a *fait accompli*. The Unionist Terrorists, with their cry that home rule means separation, have got their quietus. Mr. James Bryce, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking to his constituents in South Aberdeen, said: "The Irish people ought to get a far larger share of the management of their affairs to produce confidence in the law and make them feel that the Government of Ireland was their Government in the same sense as the British Government was the Government of the British people." That could be safely, moderately and temperately done, and it was for that he was going to Ireland.

Then we have Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, in his address to the electors of Haddingtonshire (East Lothian), saying: "Under any system of government, the Irish people can only be ruled, if attention be paid to their own wishes, and these wishes be allowed to prevail in matters which do not touch the integrity of the Empire. Such a policy involves progressive development of the policy of devolution begun by Mr. Gerald Balfour and by Mr. Wyndham. The spirit and ideal of such a policy is home rule. For home rule means the bringing of the system of Irish Government into harmony with the wishes of the Irish people."

There is no doubt that in the granting of home rule to Ireland questions will come up for consideration that will make towards a better conception of the Government of the Empire and for a wider range of responsibility in matters of Imperial import.

What a Parliament of Parliaments that would be at St. Stephen's, made up of representatives from all parts of the Empire, for there should be the meeting-place; and with the ease and celerity of transportation present in these days no difficulties of distance stand in the way. In this connection it is somewhat pertinent to the matter under review to recall the words of Edmund Burke: "My poor opinion is that the closest connection between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the well-being, I had almost said to the very being, of the two kingdoms. For that purpose I humbly conceive that the whole of the superior, and what I should call Imperial politics, ought to have its residence here (London); and that Ireland, locally, civilly, and commercially independent, ought, politically, to look up to Great Britain in all matters of peace or of war (A Letter on the Affairs of Ireland, 1797).

Canada should, of course, not yield up any of her present constitutional powers. If anything, she should even have these powers extended; but, certainly, Canada should, as should all other self-governing nations within the Empire, have a voice in Imperial politics and in what should be a truly Imperial Parliament. Nothing short of this would satisfy the genius of the Canadian people.

The New Year

BY INGLIS MORSE

SLOWLY from the steeple, near,
 I hear the midnight bell—the breaking year;
 A signal that the old has passed
 And given place at last—
 E'er yet the wings are furled—
 To youth that cheers the world.

Education in Canada

By W. FRANK HATHEWAY



EDUCATION means a drawing out of the faculties and so evolving their powers that students will become the very best men and women.

We need to be actors, and doers and thinkers, not mere imitators and followers. The average intelligence can learn more quickly by acting, doing and seeing things done than merely by hearing the details of how things are done. The education needed for the engineer, the architect, the mason, the pattern-maker, the farmer, the miner, the eighty-five per cent. of every country's population should be provided mainly by manual training schools, technical, agricultural, and mining schools. Germany and Austria woke to their importance in 1860, with the result that German manufacturers are competing in Great Britain to the anxiety of British statesmen.

In Canada we are lamentably behind the Austrian and the German. These countries, although they keep up enormous armies, think it also wise to spend about three dollars a head for education, much of which is expended by the state directly for technical and agricultural schools. It is estimated that thirty thousand young persons in Canada have paid fees to a Pennsylvania correspondence school since 1900, at a cost of over \$1,000,000. This money was paid into a United States school in the hope of getting that very education which our own Government should establish in every Province. Scores of young men leave Canada every year to enter the splendidly equipped technical schools and colleges of the United States, and become experts in mining, engineering, etc. The fees go to United States teachers and the cost of living to United States people. The sad feature of this is that it gradually turns the clever Canadian boy into an active United States expert and inclines him to think of Canada as a *pleasant memory*. I admire the policy

claimed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and often expressed in his speeches. It is essentially Canadian in its demand that "transportation lines must run on Canadian soil," and that the "trade of Canada shall flow only through Canadian ports."

I ask him to search through the British North America Act and see what there is to prevent the central Government taking some thought of the educational future of the Canadian, so that the farmer, the miner, the engineer and the mechanic will have his manual training school and his technical and agricultural college to fit him for the life contest. Spend fewer millions in the militia department, and through a minister of education spend proportionally in each Province millions more in technical education. Instead of our people spending their thousands in United States correspondence schools, let the central Government aid each Province to provide technical high schools to which the youth might flock.

Canada, however, shows small inclination to establish herself on the firm ground of thorough education. A young country of six millions which has no enemy, which needs no defence, only a fairly strong militia police, is turning the people away from education and embarking on a policy of defence, as if war were knocking at our gates. Little Switzerland, which spends three dollars a head for education, has to have an army and forts, but why should we need them? The Arctic zone on the north bars out the Russian bear. The Monroe Doctrine makes us safe on the Pacific and Atlantic. Our neighbours to the south are our friends. We have no lands to conquer, and do not need warships. We have no enemy to repel and do not need more forts. We *do* need the ordinary active militia such as we had in 1890 to 1900 to act as police. Externally we are safe and protected. Our expansion must be internal. We need farmers, miners and mechanics, and we need good ones who take pride in their work and who

are skilled. These are more than militia or navy, or traders or professions. These are the makers of wealth. They fashion and form the raw material of the field, the mine and the forest into those commodities which make up our export trade. Let our rulers spend money lavishly for the education of these and their children. These are the Adamsses and the workers in brass, and they demand education, not education for the physician, the lawyer, or the clergyman, who are but the chips thrown up to the high level of the tide-drift on the shores of labour's ocean; not the education of languages and of the past history of effete monarchies with all their Wars of the Roses, the Tudors, the Stuarts; not that education which deals with dead sovereigns and dead languages, but a live, solvent education of the world around us, the natural world, the chemistry of the earth, the physics of what we feel and the mathematics of what we see. This mechanic, this industrial force, this worker stands like the German trumpeter. The blast he blows comes from knowledge of an abused past. His trumpet-note shall tumble down the walls of prejudice to make way for the new Canadian Technical Colleges. He cries aloud, "In all Canada there is not one Technical College or Institute, and only one Technical High School, and that is maintained by the city of Toronto. Take then," he says, "from the millions we pay in duties for militia cost, for judges and parliamentary salaries, take millions each year and establish a national system of education whereby we may have technical schools and agricultural colleges, so that we could keep our youth at home and equip them at all points to compete in Europe against the skill of the industrial classes of the United States."

That is what labour, selfish, active, eager labour says to the rulers and spenders of Canada's yearly revenue of eighty millions of dollars. There is, however, a much higher ground than the mere trade success on which the industrial forces of Canada should demand more education. Our teaching has in the past been too formal, too much to memorise, and too little upon the development of

the child's thought. We are awake to this error, but in our enthusiasm may run the danger of developing all towards the technical in the useful arts, forgetting that the plough came after earth and her beautiful forms were created, forgetting that beauty existed long before utility was known, that beauty is the special need of the soul, whereas utility is for the needs of the body. Plato, who knew much, says "that children should have such a plan of teaching that they may learn without compulsion." Centuries before Froebel or Pestalozzi, he said: "Do not force boys to their learning, but train them by amusement, so that you can better be able to discern the direction of each one's genius."

In this kindergarten, this manual training, we must give precedence to the beauty of nature, for by that we develop the highest Canadian. We must be more than skilled artificers, miners and farmers. By this skill we may compete for trade, which provides the body with food, clothing and comforts. In this we are only a little higher than the animals. That is what they seek—food, comforts, shelter. That in man which demands music, painting and poetry is the soul reaching out for beauty. This desire, this reaching out, demands the study of nature, from which comes all art, both the useful and the finer arts. The trees beyond the field must be to us more than timber for ships, or cords of wood to burn; they must in their beauty express the power that created the life in the germ from which they sprang. The white vein of quartz in which our eager eyes see a thin line of gold or lead, must not be only the gold or lead, but shall show us the laws that rent these hills, channelled these valleys, and poured that white quartz through the coarse granite. The unerring flight of the wild geese returning to the marshes of the Hudson Bay and James Bay must not mean only the shipload of provisions and furs sent by the Hudson's Bay Company every August to the British market; it must also make us wonder at the intelligence that guides for thousands of miles the fleet-winged loon and wild goose as they move northward in spring. Thus the bird, mountain, tree, river and lake speak

to us at last, as the higher education tells us of the power that makes and unmakes. It takes not away from the skill of the farmer to feel tenderly towards the daisy and the clover that his scythe has to sweep into rows behind him. He is a better Canadian if he permits his scythe to pass by unscathed the fringed beauty of the purple orchid as its perfume tells him of its presence in the damper soil. That miner is a higher Canadian who, as he searches for his outcrop, stands a minute in admiration of the purple amethyst or the stalactite hollowed by natural law. He is a higher Canadian who sees in the rapid flight of the kingfisher, joy at its swift motion and pity for its frightened note, who feels in the sweet breath of the arbutus in April, or in the last fragrance of the ferns in October, a visible sign of the spirit of God brooding over the smallest of His creatures in their awakening and in their death. This is the education of the spirit of beauty, the soul, which, as it belongs to the eternal and is eternal, understands the message that Nature has in leaf and flower, in wave-crest and in mountain-peak. It is the revealing of this spirit which forms part of the duty of the higher education,

and when our Governments carry out deeply these esthetics in a national system of education, then will our fine arts and our useful arts unite in producing the only sure foundation for the highest national education.

"Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar," and a nation that loses its civility, its love, its heart in the amassing of wealth has lost at the same time reverence for its institutions and love for its natural surroundings. And these, too, are largely the basis of true patriotism. Such a nation loses the power to make songs for the people, and when a nation forsakes poetry and music it has stopped the channels that held it to God, it has cut the ties that bound it to the spirit. Then come the days when Satan walks forth and advises that the world is only for a few, that all men are not to have equal opportunities, that one great class will always be the slave of one small class. Thus may it not be with Canada, but let the higher education so inform her new life that the splendid promise of her Saxon-Gallic people will be fulfilled in a way worthy of this new century and worthy of the Saxons and Celts from whom we have descended.

Ethics of the Farm

WHEN I have, say, a thousand bushels of beans to sell, and my neighbours have enough among them to affect the market, I know just exactly what to do when a buyer comes along with a price that is not high enough to suit me. I sell him a hundred bushels, and mildly hint that he tell the neighbours I have sold. Of course, we are all eager for a higher price, but example is just about as big a thing in the country nowadays as it is in the city. The neighbours sell, and their beans go off the market. Again the buyer comes around, and now he must pay my price or get no beans. And the beauty of it is, he can afford to pay me more, because I set the fashion for him in the first place. Besides that, he knows that he is raising the price only for me and only because he needs the beans to finish a carload.

Of course, my neighbours and I are on friendly terms with one another. We exchange visits, play cards together, and are generally sociable. But above all things, and at all times, we are looking out for Number One. I am not an exception.

Farmer John

The Cattle Country .

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON

(Tekahionwake)

UP the dusk-enfolded prairie,
Foot-falls soft and sly,
Velvet cushioned, wild and wary ;
Then—the coyote's cry.

Rush of hoofs and roar and rattle ;
Beasts of blood and breed—
Twenty thousand frightened cattle ;
Then—the wild stampede.

Pliant lasso, circling wider,
With the frenzied flight ;
Loping horse and cursing rider
Plunging through the night.

Rim of dawn the darkness losing,
Trail of blackened loam,
Perfume of the sage brush oozing
On the air like foam.

Foot-hills to the Rockies lifting,
Brown, and blue, and green ;
Warm Alberta sunlight drifting
Over leagues between.

That's the country of the ranges,
Plain, and prairie-land ;
And the God who never changes
Holds it in His hand.

His New Chance

By MABEL BURKHOLDER.



O the strained sight of Mariette the figure on horseback toiling slowly down the gorge road gradually grew smaller. Although in the clear mountain air that bathed Eagles' Nest Cliff the vivid colours of his trappings were still easily discerned, the girl knew that her father must be fifteen miles away. Dreamily she watched him, clutching ever more tightly the mysterious packet he had placed in her hand at parting. Now he had reached the bottom of the canyon and was lost at the bridge where the shadows lay thick; but eventually he reappeared on the other side, and went crawling painfully up the opposite slope.

"Father doesn't seem to see the danger of treading the gorge alone by night," she mused, as she finally lost him in the silent dusk. "Perhaps, as he says, there is no danger"; and her laugh rang out like a silvery chime, as the new thought struck her. "What a joke if someone would waylay him, when the treasure is all here!"

Eagles' Nest, the most impregnable fastness in the Rockies, was supposed to be known only to Mariette and her father, and was reached by the secret path familiar only to the faithful feet of old Buck.

The girl glanced up affectionately at the frowning walls that crowned the jagged head of the cliff. The pile had probably once been a monks' abode, erected in the impenetrable solitudes by some intrepid religious enthusiast, but long abandoned for a more favourable and sheltered spot. It was in ruins utterly, and from a distance appeared like a ragged projection of rock, showing no signs of the life that lately infested it. No better spot could be imagined for concealing treasure, and that is the use Mariette's father was putting it to; for he had discovered, in the valley below, a monk's treasure, which would bring him a fortune in the cities, could he only

collect it all and get it safely past highwaymen and other scoundrels interested in the problem of living without working.

The girl retreated into her little room and opened the roll which her hand tightly clutched. There on a bed of decayed velvet lay three diamonds, whose value she could only vaguely estimate. She turned them to the light, and the vivid blue leapt up gleefully after the darkness of years. She was dropping them one by one into the little bag where more of their kind reposed darkly, when, moved by a sudden impulse, and wholly contrary to her father's directions, she took the bag and thrust all its precious burden into her bosom, hooking her dress over it.

"For what concealment does that box afford," she muttered, "being the most conspicuous object in this bare little room to a robber—should one ever succeed in finding our retreat?"

A strange new fear fastened on her out of the darkness.

"This being left alone is playing on my nerves," she thought, starting nervously at the creaking of a board. "I wish we could get the stuff to El Paso. But," going to what she called her front window and gazing down the sheer face of the cliff now silvered in the moonlight, "I am as safe here as I would be in the heavens I so nearly touch. My home by day is only a rock, as my light by night is only a star."

Nevertheless, in spite of this immunity from harm, which she had proved to her entire satisfaction, Mariette took down the little revolver and thrust it into her petticoat pocket.

"Trusty little friend," she said, patting it, "come with me into that drear old kitchen while I gather up my dishes."

Did the floor creak again? Oh! she was becoming absurdly womanish, she who had ever been her father's "man." She picked up her lamp, humming unconcernedly, but stopped on the threshold as suddenly as if a sword had been flashed

in her face. There in the outer dimness sat—a man, a real man, a big man—a—a *black* man, with his legs comfortably propped up on a chair, and his head meditatively thrown back on her favourite cushion. At sight of the apparition with the bright light, he gave a start that nearly threw him off his chair.

"Confound you!" he cried sharply. "What are you doing here?"

"It might be more to the point to ask what are *you* doing here?" she replied, trying to steady her voice, which seemed to her like the thin edge of sound.

He stretched lazily. "I only dropped in for a bite of supper, ma'am," he said, with due meekness.

"I'm sure you're welcome to what you see," she responded, indicating the remains of her father's supper. He sat up without further invitation, and, while she tremblingly set before him what her meagre store afforded, she was studying him minutely from behind.

He was not black. What had seemed to her the marks of foreign birth in the uncertain light was a sunbrowned skin and a shock of carelessly kept black hair, but the man was, without doubt, a native of America. He wore the gay shirt and scarf of the Spanish herdsmen, and buckskin breeches that had seen hard service in the saddle. His whole makeup was one of gay grace, the queerest mixture of ruffianly politeness that ever tormented the world. To Mariette, those great, restless, brown eyes seemed strangely familiar, and she searched her mind to catch the memory connected with that face somewhere in the dim past, but it eluded her.

After eating heartily, he pushed back his chair and came toward her. She had risen also, and he had no difficulty in hearing the sharp hiss of her frightened breath.

"Confound it!" he cried again, grinding his heel savagely. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"You climbed the Eagles' Nest to get your supper from a deserted ruin, did you?"

"I was told the house was empty. I didn't expect to have to deal with a woman."

"You ought to be thankful I am not a man to throw you over the cliff for your impudence."

"I am not glad though," he responded dubiously.

"I don't know but what I'll do it myself, woman though I am"; and she whisked the revolver from her skirt. "Now leave!"

"Come, come, don't be rash," he said calmly, thrusting his hands into his pockets, a movement calculated to bring to light the shining barrel of a murderous weapon at his belt. "And pray don't be nervous. I hate nervousness in anyone. You act as if you might be concealing something, some precious treasure. By the way, there is a treasure here, isn't there?"

Involuntarily she grabbed her throat to see if it was safe, and he laughed dryly.

"Never mind, ma'am," he chuckled. "I don't want to see it—at least not now."

He struck a match on the heel of his boot and proceeded to light his pipe. "Hoping you don't object, ma'am."

It was that hateful, long-drawn "ma'am" that supplied to Mariette the missing link in a long chain of memories. She recognised him.

"You are—you are—you—"

"Yes, I am," he laughed, pleasantly.

"Black Duff!"

He acknowledged the title by a sweeping bow that was characteristic of him.

"In more respectful terms, Mr. Dufferin Biack, at your service." His grace would have charmed any admirer of manly beauty, as he stood so provokingly cool before her, but Mariette was not thinking of grace. She was in a puny rage at his invulnerableness.

"At least," he said sadly, "they used to call me that when I wore these."

Mariette looked and discovered on his blouse the scarlet and gold colours of the University of Denver. A college-trained brigand! But that was only one of the odd contrasts about him.

"Come, come," he said banteringly, as she shuddered; "you'll have to stiffen up if you are going to throw me over the cliff."

She closed her eyes to shut out his horrid image, while her quivering form swayed and would have fallen but for the chair against which she leaned. She had no show

of courage, no bluffs, in the hated presence of Black Duff. The useless weapon slipped through her fingers, and it seemed she must fall on her knees and implore her life at the hands of the most daring and merciless brigand of the south.

"You poor little thing!" he said not unkindly. "This is a real mean scare I'm giving you. Open your eyes. Holy Smoke! It's little Mariette!"

She gave a dry sob. Was the fiend omniscient? Where had he learned her name? She wondered if he had squeezed it out of her as he had the hiding place of her treasure.

"You are thinking of the place where we last met," he said slowly, the smouldering fires of a tender memory lighting up his magnificent eyes.

Both their minds had, indeed, jumped back to that day in the dim past. It was market day in El Paso. The native women, gay in their blue and red skirts, cried their luscious wares to the passers-by. Darkies sang at the wharves of the river, and heavily laden mules came leisurely down the mountain roads. Suddenly the crowd divides, for a guard strides through, dragging a dusty prisoner, foot-sore and faint from hunger. He is only a boy with great wild, passionate eyes, and a quivering mouth that cannot look stolid in crime, but the whisper goes from mouth to mouth that it is, indeed, the notorious Black Duff, driven from his mountain fastnesses by the hand of justice.

"You were there with your father," he murmured, and his mouth still quivered, though the years had hardened it. "I remember how you sobbed when they gave me the lash in the market-place. 'Father! Father!' you cried; 'those men have made some mistake! He is not a criminal. He looks as if he had a conscience that would kill him if he did wrong.' How the crowd laughed! 'Hush Mariette,' your father said (you see I have kept the name); 'it is, indeed, Black Duff, the most infamous robber in the south. Conscience indeed! But you were not convinced, and when your father's back was turned you gave me a cluster of grapes from your basket—great luscious grapes which tasted like a heavenly feast. I bowed and kissed the hand that gave

them—they say I was never lacking in gallantry—and then your father dragged you back into the crowd as if a leper had touched you. Two weeks later, you and all the world heard that Black Duff had broken loose and had gone to the mountains again. Ha! it is a gay life."

A laugh and a frown chased each other over his dark, expressive face, for, while his lips smiled, his eyes never left off looking sad.

"Strange," he continued half-reluctantly, as one who tells against his will, "how straight you struck it about the conscience. I have one that nearly kills me at times. Like to see it?"

He tore open his shirt and exposed the gleaming, untanned skin of the shoulder. The light fell on a short, jagged scar, with the white bone shining under the drawn skin. Mariette shuddered, but gazed in horrified fascination.

"Why do you call it your conscience? Does it remind you of something?"

"Remind me? Oh, yes, it does that!"

"Does it hurt?"

"It stings occasionally, as consciences will." He buttoned his collar and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well! shall not a man pay for his sins?"

She gazed at him in awestruck silence that coaxed his confidence. She was not trembling any more, but seemed to be listening with all her senses.

"You see it was my first attempt, and that is why I remember it. Gracious, how much has happened since, that I cannot remember! It occurred to me while I was wearing these," and he touched the colours of which he seemed so proud; "as a result my chum was put out of business just three weeks before his graduation."

"Put out of business?" she murmured.

"Killed, ma'am, killed," he explained with dark emphasis. "They got me away. A new country, a new chance, they argued. So I thought then, but now I know that no new chance comes to the man who has taken away the chance of another."

He lapsed into a long silence, broken occasionally by a deep sigh.

In her intense interest, Mariette had leaned forward until almost double, allowing the treasure bag to slip loose with

unfastened mouth. It is safe to say that both had forgotten its existence, until the tinkle of a tiny jewel on the floor brought them back to the subject in hand. Into the farthest corner it took its zigzag way. Black Duff followed and rescued it, balanced it on his fingers admiringly, and returned it to her.

"As far as I am concerned," he said gently, "you are quite safe. I will not touch your treasure—little Mariette."

"Oh, then you are going now?" she said simply. All at once she discovered that she was no longer afraid of him, any more than if a mighty cannon that had been pointed at her had been turned to face the other way. It would be darker and colder on the mountain when the brilliancy of his presence was removed.

"Yes, I am going," he replied. "Come with me to the edge of the cliff. Come see me off."

The moon was above the summit of the hills and its light filled the sombre canyon with weird witchery. Far, far below, moving uneasily among the spiny cactus growth of the valley were three specks, which must be men. He pointed to them.

"What are they doing?" she whispered.

"Keeping guard till I get back," he replied. "That is Shorty and Gus and Big Job, the California Smasher. They are impatient. Listen."

"I hear only the hoot of the owls in the cliffs," she answered.

"That is our call."

"Are they coming up?"

"Not if they can help it. It is too hazardous. But if I am not back by midnight, they will come. You see, ma'am, I didn't expect to find anyone home on the cliff, and calculated all I'd have to do was to get the box. I knew all about it from your boy Bill. There, don't plan to have his blood—he didn't mean to tell."

She thought of her own weakness in revealing the treasure, and was silent.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in childish faith.

"I am going down to them to try to trump up a story about not being able to find the path, getting lost, rolling over the cliffs, anything in fact to gain time.

Maybe your father and his boy will return sooner than you thought."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by—little Mariette."

She put her hand in his and discovered that it was cold and clammy.

"You are breaking faith with your gang. You—you think they will kill you, I believe."

"I think Big Job will kill anyone who deceives him, and I am going to deceive him and keep him deceived all night."

"Oh! is there no other way? Let's stay here and deal with them as they come up."

"I would rather deal with them by stratagem than muscle," he replied. "I am willing to do your bidding, ma'am; but, consider, I am only one to three."

"Two to three," she corrected proudly.

"You? You are only a woman."

Mariette was nettled. "And therefore make up in wit what I lose in muscle."

"No, my way is best." He was over the edge of the cliff.

"Men's ways generally are. You are going straight to your death."

"Likely," he said obstinately.

"Then go," she muttered under her breath, and he went.

Mariette lay flat on the ground with her face over the cliff.

"Say!" she called. "Say, Mr.—er—Mr. Black!"

He turned at once and looked up. The moon struck his pale face set with grim purpose.

"Don't go away like that," she pleaded.

"Like what?"

"Angry."

His face cleared at once.

"If you see they are really going to kill you," she planned, "confess the truth, and I will give you the treasure for them."

"Never!" he cried, stamping his foot.

"There, he is angry again," she pouted.

"Never," he said again, but the tone was very different.

"I will save him yet, the handsome dare-devil," she cried, springing up, wild with thought. "A woman's wit, which he despises, shall save him, and herself, and the treasure—save the whole situation, in fact."

She picked up the gun, and when he emerged into the full moonlight she took deliberate aim. It was beautifully done. Instantaneously with the report the man dropped in a limp heap across the path.

The specks among the cacti moved to and fro uneasily. It was past midnight and Black Duff had not returned. At times they disappeared, only to reappear on higher ground. They were coming up. Steadily, painfully they climbed, seeking always to cover their movements behind huge rocks, until they came into the open space where the limp body lay, making a gruesome warning to trespassers. They stopped behind a rock, looking anon furtively up to the top, and held a parley. The Eagles' Nest gleamed with subdued, expectant lights, as if its eyes fairly bulged with eagerness to sight the foe. "We are betrayed," they agreed. "The house is guarded. Bill has repented after all—so much the worse for Bill. Black Duff is wounded in the back while fleeing. Judge the magnitude of the danger that would make Black Duff run." And though they kicked his body and called him a coward not one of them dared venture across the open space where he had met his fate. By common consent, they wound down the hill as painfully as they had come, concealing every movement until they reappeared on the plain below.

Then—then a wild figure sprang to the edge of the cliff, dropped over, and by leaps and bounds came to her bleeding victim. She put her ear to his heart, wiped the blood that oozed from his lips, and deftly from her apron made a bandage for the shoulder wound.

"Oh, my hero, my hero," she moaned. "Cursed be that fatal shot! Cursed be woman's wit that has no strength to carry out her plan. Do you not see that I did it for the best? To save you and me? I have saved my self and the worthless treasure—but you—you! Don't look at me with that glassy stare. I tell you I did it for the best!"

All night she watched over the head that lay in her lap, the head that no one else in all the world would have mourned to see in the dust, the head that was worth five thousand dollars in El Paso. She

watched the moon set thick and red in the west, and the stars fade before the approach of day. When the sun's broad face smiled above the mountains, the sufferer stirred for the first time and opened his eyes.

"You are crying," he said vaguely, with a feeble attempt to brush away her tears. Then reason came back, and he remembered how he had fallen across the path.

"You little vixen, you tried to kill me!" he panted.

"No, no, no!" she cried, covering his mouth. "Don't you see how I have saved the situation? We are all safe."

"Woman's wit," his fevered lips muttered admiringly. "But why didn't you tell me about this open space, where we might have picked them off one by one as they came up? I had overlooked it."

"I was trying to tell you, but you persisted in your own way."

"You might have made me understand," he said with the petulance of extreme weakness.

"I was afraid," began Mariette, and her cheeks became rosy. "I was afraid, if you stayed up on top, you—you mightn't get wounded."

He nestled his head into a more comfortable position. "You put a bullet into me so I shouldn't get off with the gang again, but to all appearances be dead to the world and to them."

"Ye-es."

He sighed contentedly. "Well, we'll hope this won't be better for four or five weeks. By the way, where is it? I'm numb all over."


"You are wounded exactly on the spot of the old scar," she told him. "Your conscience is gone—that old conscience that was always reminding you of things. From this time forth, you will have a new conscience that will remind you of a noble deed."

The hard lines fell away from his sensitive, womanish lips. The sun shone on his bronzed face, kindling upon it a boyish newness of hope. "Oh, see the sun!" he whispered as the light leapt up the cliffs. "I shall see a new day."

"And, please God, a new chance," she said, solemnly lifting her brow to the morning.

The Other Side of the Fence

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

OMEONE has come to live on the other side of the fence," announced Elizabeth at the breakfast table. "Dear me!" said Uncle Edward. "Does the personage occupy the whole fence or only part of it?"

Miss Adams, pouring out the coffee, looked up.

"How you tease the child, Edward," she remarked with a fond glance in the direction of Elizabeth. "Bothersome little thing!" she thought.

Uncle Edward smiled across the table.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Elizabeth, impatiently. Then with a palpable effort to be polite: "It's just a way Uncle and I have. He understands what I mean, and I understand what he means, and neither of us ever means very much anyway—not at breakfast. It is what is called light conversation."

"Something in the nature of a breakfast food," explained Uncle Edward gravely—"predigested. Elizabeth and I, according to Miss Corelli, must belong to the same circle of whatdoyoucallums; we understand each other by electricity."

Miss Adams' smile lost a little of its sweetness. It was really most annoying, the fuss Edward made over that ugly little niece of his—a saucy, uncomfortable child with eyes like gimlets. Still, it would never do to protest—not yet.

"How nice!" she murmured, a trifle vaguely. "Is it one lump or two, Teddy?"

Edward Norton looked up, wonderment, patient and unflattering, written broadly on his face. Miss Adams' eyes were modestly busy with the sugar bowl. It came to him with a little shock that she was blushing.

"Oh, excuse me!" she murmured. "Being so much with Mabel, it comes so naturally."

"Mother hardly ever calls him Teddy." Elizabeth's voice was shrill with jealous indignation. "He doesn't like even me

to call him that, since a year, because—"Betty!"

"Because—oh, just because," finished Elizabeth, applying herself to her toast.

But Miss Adams' quick black eyes, though modestly busy with the sugar bowl, had not lost the look which passed across the table, nor her ears missed the low exclamation. It was really insufferable.

"A good reason," she remarked dryly. "Evidently one of those understood only by—electricity."

Again Elizabeth came gallantly to the rescue. "As a matter of fact," said she, "I guess there is not any reason, except that it sounds kiddish."

Miss Adams, of large, if unprofitable, experience in the ways of men, knew that it never pays to be cross. She raised her eyebrows prettily at Uncle Edward.

"Children talk so much," she said plaintively. "There used to be a very proper rule about being seen and not heard."

"It sounds familiar," agreed Uncle Edward.

"Ever hear about that rule, Betty?"

"I never talk when I'm not wanted to," stiffly, "if that's what you mean. Shall I stop now?"

Uncle Edward waved his hand in a courteous negative. "On the contrary," said he. Miss Adams frowned.

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, "I knew you were dying to know who has come to live on the other side of the fence."

"I am," admitted Uncle Edward, eagerly. "Hurry up. I don't want to die with two eggs and a slice of toast still before me. Who is it?"

"Give you three guesses."

"Let's see! Old Mr. Merrion come back to live?"

"Wrong. He's dead."

"Old Mrs. Merrion come back to live?"

"Wrong again. She's dead."

"Well, then, old Mr. and Mrs. Merrion come back together to live—ghosts!"

Elizabeth eyed him with suspicion. "Are you quite sure you don't know?" she asked. "The person has been here three days, perhaps you have met h—the person?"

"If he had he would most certainly have mentioned it." Miss Adams' tones were full of the utmost trust and confidence. Uncle Edward fidgeted. Elizabeth grinned.

"Would he?" she asked skeptically. "Anyway there's no harm in telling. It is old Mr. Merrion's niece who has come, and I think it's horrid. She's sure to go poking around. She'll find out all my nice places and I'll never be able to make believe they belong to me any more. I shouldn't be surprised if she claims my Ali Baba cave just because it happens to be on her side of the fence—see if she doesn't!"

"Merrion, Merrion," said Miss Adams thoughtfully; "if it is Miss Gertrude Merrion to whom Elizabeth refers, Edward, you could not have a more charming neighbour. She is the greatest living woman authority on religions—other peoples' religion. I mean, of course, heathen peoples. I once heard her give a paper on Buddhism. I was quite taken with her. Not at all good-looking, you know; at least I never could see it, and not very young, but so intellectual. You will like her immensely. I remember the Hon. D'Arcy Malloy saying afterwards that she was simply tremendous."

"Tremendous!" said Uncle Edward a little sharply. "Why, she is—at least I don't see how a child of Rodger Merrion could possibly be tremendous."

Miss Adams placidly sipped her coffee. "I presume he meant the paper on Buddhism," she said coldly. "Personally, I believe Miss Merrion is rather slight."

"That's better." Uncle Edward rose from the table a little hurriedly. "I like slight people."

Miss Adams smiled. She also admired slight people.

"Not when they're thin as sticks, though," commented Elizabeth.

Miss Adams, to whose carefully preserved figure an enemy might possibly have applied the word *skinny*, exercised

a truly Spartan self-control and continued to address Uncle Edward archly:

"Oh! you don't have to *admire* her, you know."

Elizabeth saw the archness and rebelled inwardly. Aloud she said innocently: "Oh! there's no danger of that. Uncle Edward doesn't admire girls any more since——"

"Betty!"

"What were you going to say, Elizabeth?" Miss Adams' voice was very smooth and gently persuasive, but Elizabeth, knowing the look upon her uncle's face and considering discretion the better part of valour, had already followed his retreating figure from the room.

Left alone, Miss Adams sat idly, frowning a little and crumbling her bread with nervous fingers. Gradually, however, the frown smoothed itself out and with a sigh of relief, as if her meditations had been comforting, she arose, smiling cheerfully.

"He simply couldn't stand Buddhism," said Miss Adams to the coffee cups.

Meanwhile Elizabeth, outside, had slipped a repentant hand into an unresponsive one.

"Uncle!"

No answer.

"I say, Uncle, shouldn't I have said that?"

"Said what, Elizabeth?"

"Why that—what I didn't say, you know?"

"Oh, that! I don't know. I was afraid you were going to refer to my private affairs. If I was wrong, I beg your pardon."

"No, I guess you weren't wrong," regretfully. "I was going to say, 'Since you stopped being engaged to Kitty Ferrers.' I suppose you might call that a private affair."

"Well, yes, rather private, I think."

"I'm sorry then. But when Miss Adams looked at you so—so—oh, so flirty——" Elizabeth paused, as one who is unable to find further words, and together they walked in silence to the orchard gate.

"Betty," said Edward Norton at last, "I think I ought to correct a misapprehen-

sion. Your partiality for me is apt to prejudice you. As a matter of fact, Miss Adams did not look at me in the—er—manner you describe.”

“Didn’t she?”

“Miss Adams, being such an old chum of your mother, naturally looks upon you as—well, as a near relative, you know?”

“What kind of relative?” asked Elizabeth.

“And I look upon her in the same light, in the same light entirely. I do not like to see a spirit of jealousy in you, Elizabeth, and now that this little misapprehension is removed I hope to see an improvement in your manners—they need it.”

Elizabeth reflected. “And why,” asked she softly, “why didn’t you remove this misapprehension before—say three days ago?”

“Well, you see, it is only lately that I—”

“Began to consider the question of the near relationship of Miss Adams,” finished Elizabeth. “I see. But oh, Uncle, I don’t think I’ll like the new one any better if she reads papers of Buddhism!”

“Elizabeth!”

“Oh! you needn’t; you didn’t tell me. I just guessed—electricity, you know.”



Elizabeth was now a panther, creeping stealthily through the underbrush toward the river, ready to spring and seize upon her prey when it came to drink. Though the prey, in this instance, was only an old grey cat, the utmost caution was necessary, for old Timothy had become so used to being a prey that his hearing had developed an acuteness almost abnormal. But to-day, although the panther crept with absolute noiselessness, it was still not within springing distance when the prey arose and walked slowly but determinedly away. The panther crouched. She knew what that meant—Human Beings were approaching.

“I will show you all the very best places for fish,” said one Human Being, persuasively. The panther frowned, it was Uncle Edward’s voice.

“Oh! thanks,” answered the Other Human Being, doubtfully. “But really, you know, I think perhaps—you see

I’ve known you such a very short time, Mr. Norton.”

The panther peaked through the bushes. The Other Human Being wore a blue shirt-waist suit and a shady hat. The panther had never seen either of these before. “It must be the other side of the fence,” decided she. “Oh, how I wish Miss Adams would come along!”

“Yes, but I seem to have known you for ages,” Uncle Edward’s voice went on. From what the panther could see, he seemed to be addressing himself to the shady hat. “You see, Miss Merrion, when a lady is more or less in the eyes of the public—”

“Public!”

“Well, not public, exactly. But I can’t feel like an acquaintance of three days. After having heard you give your remarkable paper of Buddhism I felt that I—that I—”

“You must have felt very strangely indeed,” interrupted Miss Merrion kindly. “So you heard me give that paper? Let me see, it was at—where was it, Mr. Norton?”

Quite carelessly the shady hat had turned itself so that he could observe nothing but an interesting bow at the back, but the panther, watching, saw a delightfully fresh and youthful face with dancing eyes and lips that were trying hard to keep from smiling. “Oh!” said the panther, “and Miss Adams said the other day she couldn’t see it!”

“It was, let me see,” said Mr. Norton, hesitatingly—“well really now, I’m not quite sure. Awfully treacherous thing, memory. Now, though the place escapes me, I can quite well recollect Hon. D’Arcy Malloy saying afterward that it was simply tremendous.”

The shady hat turned round again. Miss Merrion’s face was sweetly serious.

“How kind!” she smiled. “The Hon. D’Arcy always makes such luminous remarks, they are apt to dazzle one. But do I understand that you are interested in Buddhism, Mr. Norton? You have studied the subject?”

“Oh, awfully! But as I was saying, I really believe you will find me indispensable in your fishing. My little niece

knows this stream by heart, and if you will let me come with you I can show you some splendid pools."

The panther writhed. "Oh!" she whispered, "the mean thing, the traitor! He'll tell her about my Ala Baba cave next!"

"If I could be sure you would talk about an improving subject," said Miss Merrion thoughtfully.

"I assure you——"

"Well then, perhaps. I am so pleased that you know all about Buddhism. So few people do. I should so much like to know your opinion of it, from a religious standpoint, say, or a Socialistic standpoint, or a political standpoint, and from any other standpoint that happens to occur to you."

"They don't," said Uncle Edward, helplessly.

"Don't what?"

"Occur to me. That is—er—you see the whole thing is so tremendous. It's just as that Malloy chap said, it is tremendous, you know."

Miss Merrion sighed. "Indeed, I feel it as deeply as you do," she said, gently. "Still," she went on, evenly, "I would so much like to know what you think of it as a whole."

"Shall I put your worm on?" The tone was so humble that Uncle Edward might almost have been the worm himself.

"Thank you. I admit that I do not manage worms successfully. But you were going to tell me how you looked upon Buddhism as a whole."

"Oh, well!" desperately, "as a whole I expect there are some pretty decent points about it, don't you think?"

Miss Merrion raised her pretty eyebrows slightly.

"Decent points! Oh, I suppose you mean that Buddhism does contain some ideas which are essential truths and without which no religion could be built up? I see. Now, what do you——"

"Hush! s—s—sch! Now then, put her there, no, no, a little to the left. Right. Now then hang on to him! Oh, look out, let me help you! Got him? Slowly now; there he is!"

"Oh, what a beauty! Did you ever

catch as big a one as that, Mr. Norton?" Miss Merrion's tone was ecstatic.

"Never!" said Mr. Norton, eagerly.

"Did your niece? The one who knows the river so well?"

"Certainly not."

The listening panther fairly wriggled with rage. "Oh, if Miss Adams would only come!" she breathed. And then, because things like this do happen right along, Miss Adams did come.

"Oh—Edward," said a smooth voice which could belong to but one lady. "I thought you were running into town on business this morning."

"Just returned," cheerfully. "Miss Merrion—Miss Adams; but, of course, you ladies have met before."

"Never before, I think." Miss Adams' tone was chilly.

"Oh, no, never!" If Miss Adams' tone was cold, Miss Merrion was frigid.

"I remember meeting your charming and talented sister once," went on Miss Adams. "I had the privilege of hearing her paper on Buddhism. It was a remarkable paper. I remember hearing the Hon. D'Arcy Malloy speak of it afterward. He said it was——"

"Tremendous," finished Miss Merrion sweetly. "Mr. Norton, too, has just been telling me how much he enjoyed that paper!"

"Edward! Why, I was not aware that he was present."

"Oh, but he was, only he took me for my sister. Do you think me like her, Miss Adams?"

"Not at all," slightly.

"Oh!" with a sigh of relief, "I am so glad. Esther looks so learned, she frightens people. Now, I am quite harmless. I never wrote but one paper in my life, and that was at school on "The Cat as a Domestic Animal," so I don't consider myself learned, you know. Mr. Norton has been terrifying me by his display of profound knowledge."

"Oh!" Miss Adams' tone was not encouraging.

"I was giving a fishing lesson—er—just a few hints, you know," explained Edward hastily. "You may perceive that we have caught a fish."

"We!" said Miss Merrion, sharply.

"Do I understand that you claim a share of that fish?"

"You could hardly divide it," remarked Miss Adams kindly. "It is so very small; not bad, though, for one who is taking lessons."

"Oh, but I don't think it's small!" said the proud fisher. "It's quite large. Mr. Norton says he never caught one as large himself."

"Does he?" If looks could kill, it is terrifying to think of what might have happened to Uncle Edward. "Then some of the stories I have heard him tell—however, I must not interrupt the lesson. Good morning, Edward. Miss Merrion, I will do myself the pleasure of calling soon. Good morning."

The culprits stood spellbound until the last flutter of the indignant lady's dress had disappeared. Then they both sighed. I can't explain just why, because people sigh from such different causes.

"Gracious!" said Miss Merrion, when she had collected herself. "Who is she?"

"Chum of Mabel's, my sister-in-law; she is staying with us at present. In fact she is almost an institution here. Acts rather as if she owned the place, doesn't she?"

"If you might be considered as going with the place, she does."

"You are unkind. I assure you, I am quite ownerless. Often I have tried to even give myself away, but no one seemed to be looking for snaps. Once, I grieve to say, I was returned with thanks."

"Ah! any reason?"

"More material on hand that could be conveniently used for matrimonial purposes."

"I suppose you—felt quite badly?"

"Y-es. I did then. Lately I have begun to wonder if I were not reserved for better things."

"The study of Buddhism, perhaps—"

"Oh, Miss Merrion, please! You wouldn't tread upon a worm, would you? Not a humbled and helpless worm like me?"

"I don't know. If I were a Buddhist worm I might, or a worm that told dreadful fibs."

Uncle Edward began to reel in his line.

Dejection showed plainly in every line of his handsome countenance. The watching panther was disgusted. "He thinks she's mad," moaned she. "Oh! isn't a man silly?"

"I suppose," Uncle Edward's tone was dogged, "I suppose I may as well go along. It's evident that you won't play with me any more, Miss Merrion. And yet I did it for the best. It is always when I am doing things for the best, that I put my foot in them. It is exceedingly discouraging to a man of high principles."

"You would call it high principles, I suppose, to say that you remembered me reading that paper?"

"I hold that it was an extreme case, in which the means were justified by the end."

"And the end was?"

"The end was—may I tell you what the end was—Dorothy?"

"You may not, Mr. Norton. I am compelled to remind you that you have known me just three days.

"You don't need to remind me. I will never forget those three days. Are you angry? Do you think I had better go home?"

"Perhaps you had."

"Do you think I had?"

"I'm—afraid so."

"Very well, I go. But to-morrow I return."

"I can't help that."

"And the next day."

"I can't prevent you, of course."

"And the day after, and every day after, right on to the end."

Dorothy threw little stones into the water, and said nothing. Uncle Edward began to disjoint his rod.

"Don't you want to know *what* end?" he asked persuasively.

Dorothy threw another stone and followed it critically with her eye. "Did you see that stone skip?" asked she.

"Don't you?" he persisted.

"When I read a book I never look at the last chapter."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Not even when you get there?"

Dorothy stopped throwing stones. Her

face was now quite hidden by the shady hat.

"Oh, when I get there, naturally!"

"Then don't you think," said Uncle Edward, taking in a firm clasp the little sun-burnt hand, searching aimlessly for stones, "don't you really think that a man would be a fool if he didn't try to hurry up the last chapter—Dolly?"

"Don't!" cried she, starting up, crimson and trembling. "Oh, please don't! I want time, I want to be sure, I—please let me go, now."

"I don't suppose I'm supposed to listen to this," thought the panther miserably. "I never dreamed they were going to be so silly! He's dropped her hand; what's she waiting for?"

But the liberated lady did not make good her escape. Instead of flying she even came a little nearer and giving him

a glance, half entreating and wholly beautiful, she whispered: "It has been such a lovely story, I want to be quite, quite sure that the ending will be a happy one!"

Then, swiftly eluding his outstretched arms, she vanished into the wood.

And the panther, as she crept stealthily away to seek once more her prey, mused sorrowfully, and perhaps a trifle scornfully, upon the unaccountable ways and manners of human beings. Yet deep in the panther's heart there lurked a very unpantherlike determination, which might have been interpreted in words somewhat after this manner.

"When I grow up I will have a shady hat, and goldy hair and eyes that look like the sky in the fishing pools, and—oh, dear, I'm afraid Uncle Edward will be awful old then!"



At Christmastide

BY HELEN BAPTIE LOUGH

AT Christmastide, what matter if the trees
 Stand gaunt and leafless, and the early snows
 In ragged drifts, wind-scattered here and there,
 But make the dull, brown fields more dull and brown,
 And flowers sleep as though to never wake?
 The old world dreams of holier things, and all
 The hearts of men—hard though they be and cold—
 Throb with a mightier joy than summer flowers
 Or spring's full-flowing brooks could ever bring,
 Because the God of heaven and earth and sea
 Deigned to send down, in His surpassing love,
 That mightiest gift of Fatherhood divine,
 His own begotten Son at Christmastide.



SILLERY IN THE EARLY DAYS

From an Old Print

An Old-Time Novel

“The History of Emily Montague”

REVIEWED BY IDA BURWASH



It is not surprising that this old-fashioned book is now seldom seen. Judged from the standpoint of letters its story has little to commend it, though in its day it ran to two editions—one, published in London in 1769, the other in Dublin in 1786, in four thin volumes.

Yet the book has a certain interest—chiefly perhaps in the fact that it stands to-day the first attempt to reflect the social life of Canada in the days of English rule. In the first of those transfer days Frances Brooke, the writer of the book, came to Quebec, where her husband was chaplain of a regiment. According to the fashion of the time, in the year 1769, the preface of her novel is addressed “To His Excellency Guy Carleton, Esq., Governor and Commander in Chief of His Majesty’s Province of Quebec, etc., etc.”

As an author Mrs. Brooke was not a

novice. She had already written an opera which was produced at Covent Garden and a novel, “Lady Julia Mandeville,” which was widely read in England. In London she was somewhat of a personage, a *familiar* of the famous “Blue-Stocking Club,” and an associate of such distinguished wits as Johnson and Garrick. She kept her footing too in the world of art, for in connection with Mary Anne Yates, a noted actress, she was colessee of the Haymarket Opera House, and in the studio of her friend, Miss Reid, she mingled with the celebrities of her day. There she encountered Fanny Burney, whose novel “Evelina” was soon to take the London world by storm. Shy Fanny as yet had not ventured into print, but if her greeting to Mrs. Brooke was timid, her opinion of that authoress was boldly confided to her Diary. As usual on returning home that evening, down went her live impressions. “Mrs. Brooke is short and fat and squints,” she scribbled, “but

she has the art of showing agreeable ugliness. She is very well bred and expresses herself with modesty upon all subjects, which in an authoress, a woman of known understanding, is extremely pleasing." So much for the woman.

For the writer there is unfortunately less to be said. Mrs. Brooke had a rare opportunity. The life of a New World vivid in its contrasts lay open to her view. Daily, men and women of different races and nations went their ways beside her within the walls of old Quebec. A pen-picture, even of the surface life about her, would have been a precious heritage to-day. The old Chateau St. Louis must have been the background of fascinating scenes. A description of its quaint interior, or of the odd mixture of Old World pomp and New World circumstance that doubtless marked its state receptions—an account, indeed, of any of its functions would have been invaluable to the story-writer of a later date, a treasure to the modern student struggling to recover a true impression of the past. But the great novelist, like the poet, is born, not made. With all her chances, Mrs. Brooke but grazed the surface. Not a word descriptive of the city did she leave. Not a social event is detailed. She had not the power to create a single character. Yet weak though her book may be, we owe her something for the effort—something for the fact that behind the "plot" there still flit glimpses of a Canada of long gone days. They are fleeting glimpses, it is true; but "he," says the wise man of old, "who having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on." Having fairly laid our hands then on this old book, a glance at its fading pages may not be amiss.

The outline of the story briefly runs as follows:

To ease his mother's embarrassments at home, Ned Rivers, a young Englishman, takes up a grant of land in the New World, preferring Canada to New York, because "it is wilder and its women are handsomer." At once a favourite in "society," he meets at Montreal the charming Emily, and regardless of her engagement to a

rather vulgar Baronet, Rivers falls in love with her at first sight. Luckily the baronet becomes heir to a fortune and is induced by his scheming mother to put off his marriage for six months. During this interval Rivers and Miss Montague are thrown together at the house of a mutual friend, Miss Arabella Fermor of Quebec. The usual happens in good old-fashioned story-book style. Emily's engagement to Sir George is broken off—to the delight of Arabella, who considers the Baronet "more an antidote to joy than a tall maiden aunt." Rivers woos and wins his Emily, but on the point of marriage is disturbed by news of his mother's illness. Fearful of interfering with her lover's "duty," Emily in a transport of self-sacrifice sails for England. Rivers, frantic, follows in a second ship. Arabella goes later with her father, and the story shifts to England. There all is arranged as in the fairy tales of old. The plot becomes extremely confused, but Emily's unknown father turns up at the right moment to bestow her hand on Rivers. Mrs. Rivers is left a fortune in the nick of time. Arabella marries her Irish Captain Fitz, Lucy Rivers her brother's favourite friend, and in the light of this glittering honeymoon the story ends.

Following a fashion of the day, the tale is told in the form of a series of letters written by these English settlers in Canada to their friends at home.

These letters are written chiefly to the Colonel's sister, Lucy Rivers. Her brother at first gives her his impressions of the country as he sails up the St. Lawrence from the Gulf. He describes "its wildness and loneliness, its solemn silence with no sign of man's occupation," when wrapped in the mystery of primeval woods and hills, it is more than beautiful and rouses in him a sense of the "great sublime."

But gradually overcome by his passion for the pretty but bespoken Emily, his outlook, manlike, takes a pessimistic turn. He grumbles that the glory of the Indian is fallen—that the savage has learned little from the white man but "excess in drinking." Disgusted, he declares the French Canadians are superficial; that gay and fascinating as the

women are, "never on earth has he met females that talk so much and feel so little of love." The nuns, it is true, are gracious and dignified, gentle by birth and breeding—the Ursulines so much so that "he frequently forgets the recluse in the woman of condition"; but, while he is willing "to let the world play the fool in its own way," he is depressed by the sacrifice of so much youth and beauty swallowed up by convents and in gloom watches novice after novice go to her doom.

Luckily for Lucy, she has a gayer correspondent than her love-sick brother. Arabella Fermor, a school friend of the Rivers, had recently joined her father on

forty or fifty "calèches" bearing their burden of pretty women, French and English; the latter wrapped in loose, floating cloaks of India silk.

The climate is described as all the year round agreeable and healthy, the summers divine, the sun cheering and enlivening, the heat as great as that of Italy or Southern France, without the damp of England. And then, as now, this glorious summer was made the most of. Then, as now, picnic parties visited the lovely scenes in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The exquisite Falls of Montmorenci and the wild charm of the Natural Steppes cast a keen a spell on beauty-loving natures a



AN OLD-FASHIONED CALÈCHE

his charming property at Sillery. The letters she sends to Lucy are full of chatter of Quebec and its surroundings. To the English girl in the midst of London fogs the English girl in Canada writes delightedly of the clear skies, the brilliant Northern Lights and the glorious moonlight of the West. Though the sun is hotter than in England, it is tempered by breezes and the evenings are deliciously beautiful and cheerful, particularly when the flashing fireflies, like a thousand stars, shed their delicate splendour on trees and grass. The modern Quebecker will smile as she reads that on such evenings it was a common sight to see on the Ste. Foye Road (then the Hyde Park of Canada)

hundred and forty years ago as they do to-day. Arabella writes in transports of admiration "of the wild grace of the Montmorenci River, deep and beautiful, bursting its way through the stupendous rock—of its magnificent walls crowned with noblest woods, its gayest flowers, its little inlet streams gushing through a thousand grottos, suggesting the haunts of the Nereids, and of its little island set in mid-stream, like the home of the river-goddess herself, beyond which the rapids rival in beauty even the cascade." This in itself, she writes, "is worth crossing the Atlantic to see."

To describe the beauty of autumn she can find nothing more expressive than the

Canadian phrase "superbe et magnifique." In November, however, she is surprised to see "windows being pasted up," particularly as both Indians and beavers have prophesied a milder winter. But when December arrives with emphasis, the beaver's falsity is insult heaped on injury, for the snow lies six feet deep on the ground, rising above the windows so that they have literally to be "dug out" every morning.

The Canadian girl of to-day carries her summer with her through the depths of winter. Dressed in the flimsiest of garments as she floats about her furnace-heated, flower-decorated rooms, she doubtless has her own opinion of the "good old days of her ancestors." She may even hug that opinion to herself with an inward chuckle as she reads of Arabella, shivering and distinctly cross, trying to write in an atmosphere where the ink freezes on her pen; where wine freezes beside the stove and brandy thickens like oil; and where the largest wood-fire in the chimney does not throw the heat a quarter of a yard."

But Arabella had her compensations.

If there were days when she ruefully gazed at the snowy path down the hill to the farm—down whose turnings on summer days past she had gleefully watched "her beaux serpentine"—at least on every Thursday there were the Governor's Assemblies, when into the Assembly Chamber the little beauty swept surrounded by a troop of her encircling "beaux"; and at the State Ball in the Governor's Palace, she writes to her friend, "at least three-quarters of the guests were men."

Nor were cariole-drives despised by this saucy beauty—when "weather or no," wrapped in buffalo robes and snug in peaked scarlet hood lined with sables, quite the prettiest hood in the country, winning for its wearer from the "military" the name of Little Red Riding Hood—the little coquette was off at a pace of twenty miles an hour, skimming over the beaten snow and finding the inevitable "upset" not the least exhilarating part of the "experience." Even in weeks when the cold was too severe for any outing, in the old house at Sillery the days were scarcely dull. There was little chance for moping with Emily Montague and Colonel Rivers and Arabella and her Irish Captain

Fitzgerald playing shuttlecock all morning to keep their frozen blood in action, and livening up their evenings by "playing at cards—playing the fool—making love and making moral reflections." Among the latter, Arabella in a very chilly moment "reflects" on those stupid enthusiasts who talk of a "new Athens near the Pole," being firmly convinced that "Genius can never exist in Canada," where the faculties lie benumbed six months in the year." She is also illumined by the possibility that Pygmalion's statue was after all "only a frozen woman thawed by a sudden warm day."

The colonial fashion of receiving gentlemen on New Year's Day meets with her heartiest approval. That the gentlemen of the city should call in person to wish their friends and hostesses the Compliments of the Season was a graceful attention. A later writer states that on such occasions the ladies were greeted by their visitors with a "chaste and holy salute." When it is remembered that this was a time when tea was twenty-five shillings a pound, and wine twelve shillings a dozen, the modern hostess may have her doubts as to the peculiar grace of this ancient custom.

While Arabella dashes off her quips to Lucy, her father corresponds with a noble Earl. To his lordship he writes sedately: "The system of the French is military not commercial. Every peasant is a soldier, every *seigneur* an officer; all serve without pay, and their lands are practically free. The habitants are tall, robust and indolent, loving war and hating labour; brave, hardy and alert in the field, but indolent at home like the savages whose ways they quickly take to. But though ignorant and stupid they have a strong sense of honour, and are vain and look on France as the only civilised country in the whole world. Yet they have an aversion to French troops, but idolise Montcalm, for whom even his enemies wept."

Montmorenci has its charms for Captain Fermor too. In winter, as he stands below the fall, on the "glassy level" of the frozen river, he is dazzled by the colours as the sunlight strikes the ridges of the ice. He describes the scene in its wild mag-

nificence as one of grandeur, variety and enchantment.

"Quebec," he confides to his friend, "ranks as a third or fourth rate English country town; where there is much hospitality, but little society—where there are cards, scandal, dancing and good cheer, but where the politics are as difficult to understand as the Germanic System."

This correspondence is short and ends with the following unique suggestion:

"Your Lordship's idea in regard to Protestant convents here on the footing of the one we visited together at Ham-
burgh is extremely well worth the consideration of those whom it may concern, especially if the Romish ones are abolished, as will most probably be the case. The *noblesse* have numerous families, and if there are no convents they will be at a loss where to educate their daughters, as well as how to dispose of those who do not marry at a reasonable time, and the convenience they find in both respects from these houses is one strong motive to them to continue in their ancient religion.

"I would wish only the daughters of the *seigneurs* to become nuns, obliged on taking the vow of obedience to prove their *noblesse* for three generations, which would secure them respect and limit them. They would take the vow of obedience but not of celibacy, with power as at Ham-
burgh of going out to marry, but only for that, and as at Hamburgh even the Abbess should have power to resign."

Before the scene shifts from Canada, however, we have Arabella's farewell to the spot she prefers above all others in the world except London—her farewell to gay Quebec where "the beaux were six to one," where she drank chocolate with the General in town, and syllabub with her friends in the woods of Sillery; her farewell to "the sweetest country in the world, where she danced twenty-seven dances at the Governor's Ball on Thursday." To Montmorenci she hurries again, where "for the last time," she writes to Lucy, "I visited every grotto in its lovely banks, kissed every flower, raised a votive altar on the little island, poured a libation of wine to the river-goddess; and, in short,

did everything it becomes a good heathen to do."

Every age has its exaggerations. To the visitor, fleeing from the modern park, the blare of the merry-go-round, and the cruel advertisement of the zoo, this picture of whimsical Arabella saying a romantic farewell to grove and stream in the wild silence of the gorge has its enviable points.

Then comes an impression of the Bic of a hundred and forty years ago, jotted down in passing. "At Bic," she continues, "we landed to pick raspberries, just in view of shores wildly majestic, the south water just trembling to the breeze, the ship with all her streamers out, floating on the tide, with a few scattered houses seen among the trees in the distance."

Finally, we have a last glance at the lively scribe just as she disappears from western shores, for in August the ship lies becalmed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Here," she writes once more, "we fished under the Magdalen Islands in a dimpled sea and dancing sunbeams, the fish playing on the surface of the water, while in the distance rose the Magdalens, fenced in by their walls of rock."

Here the connection of the story with Canada is dropped. If the impression it leaves is slight, it is not displeasing—this passing glimpse of an old New World, of Montmorenci in its first wild grace, as of the majesty of the St. Lawrence in its lonely and unpeopled days! This glimpse of first winters when the snows lay deep on isolated farms—when houses were bare of luxuries, yet had a grace of their own as we see them still in the light of their pine-wood fires blazing up the rough chimneys and in the warmth of the welcome they so graciously included! This glimpse too of amusements simple in style yet keenly enjoyed, and of that first rubbing together of the edges of French and English natures, each at the moment incapable of understanding the other's point of view. Best of all, perhaps, to the present day Canadian is the suggestion of the growth even then of the settler's love for the home of his adoption—for "Canada the sweetest country in the world."



LEAVING CAMP FOR THE DAY'S WORK

Patriotic Military Training

By *LT.-COL. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT*



SHALL try to consider military service purely from the point of view of a patriotic citizen of the British Empire, and indeed limited to the exigencies of our North American situation. In our people at large there is a phlegmatism with regard to our Canadian militia which is appalling when we think that the very existence of our country may depend on the basis of our military organisation as largely as upon the spirit of our people; and that the former may be moulded to influence the latter.

It may readily be answered that the reason such a small number of representatives of the people take any part in parliamentary discussions of the militia, or why so few persons in the country at large even write or speak on questions affecting it, is because these things are

held to be purely technical and professional. The average citizen thinks that they should be left to the comparatively small circle of men who are at the moment taking an active part in the militia itself.

The technical or professional side of the matter is not what I aspire to treat of in this article, but rather of other considerations which should be apparent to every patriotic citizen. And I hope that I can put them plainly as grave matters, which, instead of being merely of academic interest, will appeal to every intelligent man and woman in Canada as primary duties to the country. Take as preliminary considerations: What is the object of our military force? Do we need a military organisation in Canada?

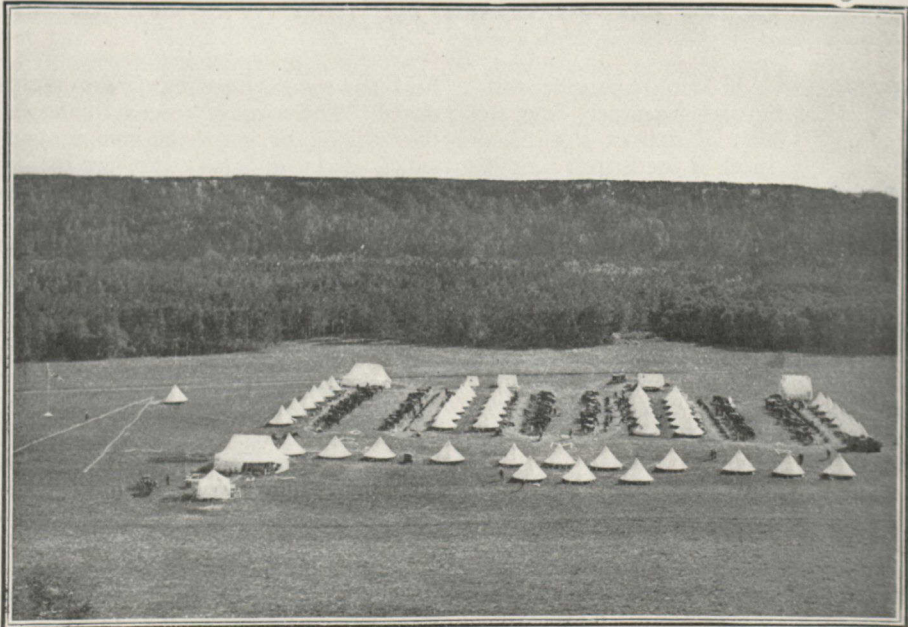
Taking the object into consideration, what should be the form of our military organisation? If it is necessary to give

every able-bodied citizen some training to fit him to defend his country, then how will it affect the individual, the community at large, and the British Empire?

With these preliminary matters in view we first ask the question, What is the object of our militia? Is it a paid army kept by the rest of the community to defend them against attack from foreign foes, or is it a species of constabulary like our North-West Mounted Police or the Irish Constabulary, but in this instance maintained to act against strikers, or to prevent riots? An answer to the first question might reasonably be that the militia, as it exists, is so helplessly inadequate when considered as a force which could defend the country, that some sympathy must arise for the people at large who do not take it seriously. Then, on the other hand, if it is viewed as an organisation whose object is chiefly to enforce law and order when called upon, we are amazed that we require such a large and expensive constabulary in the heart of Canada; and the question immediately arises whether, having this object in view, it could not be remodelled on vastly simpler and less expensive lines.

When we look back and consider the history of the militia, with which is inseparably linked the history of our country, we find what, at all events, was the intention of our forefathers as to the object of the militia, and we are also brought face to face with the consideration of the second question, "Do we need a military organisation in Canada?"

In 1812-13-14, for three long eventful years, the handful of people in Canada withstood the armed force of the growing nation to the south of us and bravely repelled thirteen invasions of that vastly more numerous people. After that was all over these brave men decided on a form of national defence, in the light of the practical experience obtained by them in their three years' successful death-struggle for their country and their flag. The plan they decided upon is the same plan that has been adopted by every country in the world save England in her "magnificent isolation" and the United States in her North Americanism and vast numerical strength. The plan our forefathers deemed essential to the safety of Canada was that of the Boers, of the Swiss, of the Japanese (though less drastic), and with the same



1906 CAMP, CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES, ALBERTA



C.M.R. CAMP—TROTTING DRILL

patriotic fundament of home defence that underlies the extreme rendering given by Germany, France, Italy and Russia, to the only possible system for a brave and patriotic people.

Our forefathers therefore determined to provide for again defending their country if it should be necessary; and as they reasonably held it to be "an every man's job," they framed laws which compelled every able-bodied citizen who was not a criminal to turn out under arms once a year while in the prime of life.

But unfortunately in Canada in that day there was inequality in the rendering of an otherwise perfect system.

In Ontario it was necessary to turn out but on a single day; in Nova Scotia during the five days' training provided for in that province much useful work was done, while in Quebec three muster days were exacted at different times. Naturally anything like efficiency was out of the question in Ontario, and after the union of Upper and Lower Canada, the Acts of 1845 and 1855, instead of strengthening the weak spots in a na-

tional patriotic military system inaugurated the voluntary standing army system of England, which all recent enactments have been following and emphasising ever since.

We have drifted somewhat away from a direct answer to our question. Evidently our forefathers thought a militia organisation necessary. Their view of its object undoubtedly was to repel invasion from the south should the great nation there at any time make up its mind to repeat the attempts of a century ago.

Though the original design of our militia has been lost sight of, though we are not working on the lines thought necessary by our forefathers, and though we have so far drifted away from them as to have made the inadequacy of our system for the defence of the country so apparent that the average business man does not take the present militia seriously, yet with all that the heart of the people is true as steel; they believe that the object of our militia should be the defence of Canada to the death, and that we do need a military organisation.

I cannot give a better example in support of this than to allude to the splendid feeling of loyalty whenever a county council is appealed to in support of Canadian defence organisations.

It is not many years since I approached more than one county council and laid before them the matter of the struggles and difficulties in connection with keeping up our volunteer militia. I put the question to them somewhat in this wise: If for any reason they believed the defence of Canada so hopeless as to be waste of energy in attempting, or undesirable for any other reason, the matter could end there; but if they believed we should, and would, put up the fight that our forefathers did in 1812-14, then the county should play its part in giving countenance and aid made necessary under our present military organisation. Though it is usual to have party feeling shown in almost everything in our Canadian administrative bodies, I have yet to see a want of unanimity in a county council on this question. Conservatives and Liberals alike vote solidly to a man in favour of

the principle of the defence of Canada and a willingness to give any reasonable aid on their part to necessary and well-conducted military organisations. I will say this, that instances have arisen where the behaviour of some loafers who have "gone out to camp" for the money they could get out of it, has shocked county councils and caused withdrawals of assistance. These men care as little for the work or the regiment they enroll in, as for the patriotic object of the training, and do grave wrong to the militia in the eyes of many worthy men and women among the farms and villages of our country. There are many county councils whose recognition of their duty to their country is a gem in the diadem of Canada, but I am never tired in instancing the sterling loyalty and patriotic devotion of the good old counties of York and Peel, as examples of the stuff of which the county councils are made.

This brings us to the consideration of the third question. Taking the object of our militia to be for the defence



C.M.R. CAMP—DISMOUNTED FOR THE FIRING LINE



C.M.R. CAMP—THE HORSE LINE

of Canada and not a police force, what then should be the form of its military organisation? In any ordinary everyday affair, when people wish to feel sure that they will have a safe opinion—or as safe as we can get anything in this life—they turn to those who have had experience in the particular matter concerned. It would be expected, therefore, we would obtain the best practical view as to the most satisfactory form of military organisation to ensure the safety of Canada, from the men who have taken part in actual operations carried on with that object in view.

This naturally takes us back again to those giants of 1812, whose plan of military organisation I have touched upon. The original plan mapped out by these men, from their practical experience, was that every male citizen, physically fit and not a criminal, should be liable for military service between the ages of eighteen and sixty. They also were of the opinion that an untrained, undisciplined mob, not knowing one end of a rifle from the other, was undesirable; they therefore provided by law that all

should be compelled to acquire some experience in military organisation and the use of arms. As has been pointed out, all the provinces in Canada at that time adopted this principle, but, unfortunately for the general success of the plan, it appears to have been carried out in a very slipshod manner and it soon degenerated into a voluntary turnout, those who cared to be present at muster answering their names. It is even said that often an adjournment to the nearest public house constituted the dismissal. A system such as that must soon fall into disrepute, which was the case in this instance. This system is what is known as universal service or conscription. It is in reality a form of patriotic service in that it provides a national organisation, whereby all loyal citizens can co-operate in the defence of their hearths and homes.

There is another form of military service which reached its acme in the "mercenaries" of the middle ages. In this class the consideration for service is not on the basis of patriotic devotion, but for so much money paid for services.

To-day in Canada the regulating fac-

tor in our militia, outside of those city corps which do not draw pay, is the amount of money that will induce a man to give his service to the state.

I do not say for one moment that in time of danger a very large proportion of the populace would not be willing and anxious to fly to arms in defence of the country. But on the one hand there are not arms to which they could fly, and on the other hand absolutely untrained men, with strange and untried arms, would be of little use in an emergency, such as the invasion of Canada. The thing to be considered is the best *actual* form of military organisation for times of peace as well as for times of war. It is inconceivable that there ought to be two different systems, one for peace and one for war, as we now have them; so that, virtually, it comes down to the question of the choice of the two—the patriotic form laid down by our forefathers or the dollar basis on which we are now working.

Two considerations of considerable moment present themselves with reference to the latter:

Can we afford to keep a paid soldiery of sufficient numbers to do the fighting for the rest of the people? Are we rich enough, are we debased enough to have to rely on such a system for our defence and, indeed, if such a national luxury is to be continued, is it a possible system from another point of view, namely, the successful defence of the country?

Therein lies the gist of the whole matter. The fact that the "levee en masse" clauses still exist in the Militia Act—the dead-letter part of the Act—is the best answer. The clauses say plainly that *existing conditions are not supposed to defend Canada*, but that in case of real national emergency every man would be called upon to bear arms.

Accepting the fact that the defence of Canada is "an every man's job," then it follows that as trained men are better than ignorant men, it would be altogether advisable to have the "levee en masse" clauses in the Militia Act a live principle, instead of a dead letter, and that we should have some form of patriotic service in Canada whereby every

sound man in the country should have sufficient training to be able effectively to take his place in the line of defence of his country.

This now brings me to the fourth question I undertook to consider at the start: If it is necessary to give every able-bodied citizen some training to fit him to defend his country, then how will it affect the individual, the community at large and the British Empire? It would be mere theory to say that a certain amount of military training, engendering system, discipline and obedience, is good for any man. That, added to the intelligence resulting from our excellent school system and the individual resourcefulness coming from effort to overcome natural conditions in a new country, the results of military training become a distinct asset to the country. And again, that the underlying spirit of loyalty, and probable co-operative basis of training, must have a distinct bearing on the unity and power of the whole British Empire.

We can, however, do better than merely theorise. We can look for example to such countries as Japan and Switzerland for results. Perhaps Japan demands more time and attention to patriotic training at the hands of her citizens than Canada would deem necessary, though the compulsory service in Japan is lighter than in most European countries, and is designed to interfere as little as possible with business. Of course, every school in Japan is under a military system, and from the time a male child can think at all the magnificently unselfish ideal of dying for his country, as the highest distinction that can come to a man, is the goal set for him. The development of individual intelligence, respect to superiors and implicit obedience—the outcome of this intelligence—coupled with the abasement of self, in devotion to emperor and country, has made Japan one of the most ideal communities of people in the world. In this latter case I am only able to point to results and to what has been told me by persons who have recently been enquiring into the reason of these results in Japan.

But in the case of Switzerland we for-

tunately have the opinions of men who have summarised statistical information from the result of fifty-two years' experience of the system in their own country. Col. Camille Favre is one of these. He gave a lecture in June, 1903, before the National Service League in London. The Duke of Wellington, President of the League, alluded to the lecturer as "the distinguished Swiss military writer and historian." The lecture is published in pamphlet form, with a preface written by the noble duke which concludes as follows: "In the belief that the Swiss militia system presents a sound model on which we may form an adequate and efficient home defence force, 'A Nation in Arms,' without laying undue burdens upon the people, without harmful interference with industry, and without departing from those traditions of civic freedom which we share with the Helvetian Republic, I commend these pages to the thoughtful considerations of my countrymen."

The first thought, by way of digression, that at once arises to the mind of any Canadian is, What on earth does England need the Swiss system for, cut off as she is from all the world by one of the choppiest and most disagreeable parts of the storm-ridden North Atlantic ocean? The second thought is that there must, however, really be something in it if regular organisations to promote patriotic service exist in England, headed by such men as the Duke of Wellington, and that we recollect having read extracts from speeches of Lord Roberts advocating these principles. And, finally, a third thought must creep up in our minds, to the effect that if, indeed, there is any real need for the Swiss system of patriotic service, as against the Canadian "dollar" system, in sea-girt England, the matter instantly becomes of burning interest to every Canadian who realises that the only bulwarks that exist for 3,000 miles between ourselves and a powerful race with another flag are the loyal hearts and unarmed, untrained hands of a sturdy, fast-growing branch of the British race.

Among his opening remarks Col. Favre

says: "If we wish to discover the foundation of the Swiss army, itself identical with the Swiss nation, we must seek it in her past history. It is her history that has created the military spirit and the national traditions, which, after the lapse of centuries, form the basis of our military system as it stands to-day. The memory of the great deeds of our forefathers remains graven on the hearts of the people, and is kept alive by festivals and public commemorations, which it is customary to hold on the anniversaries of the great battles of the middle ages. It is remarkable that these celebrations do not provoke any resentment on the part of the descendants of the vanquished, and that, in spite of diversity of language and of race, the sentiment of national unity is a dominating force."

One point that Col. Favre brings out very strongly is the great improvement in the class of the Swiss soldiery since the adoption of their patriotic service. In connection with this he says: "In the old days, two centuries ago, armies were the scum of the population. By the beginning of last century things had begun to improve; but since the adoption of compulsory universal service, which has drawn into the ranks every able-bodied man of the nation, the personnel has undergone a very considerable change." Of the necessity of the system to the community he says: "But whatever the future may have in store for us, one thing is quite certain, namely, that if we wish to counteract the evils inherent in a democracy by a system of national discipline, we must make a beginning either at the school-boy's desk or on the parade ground. In no other way can a nation be taught self-control."

In this connection it is not impossible to imagine the day coming when Canadians may pray to be delivered from a bureaucracy more intolerant than any known form of aristocracy.

Col. Favre sums up the whole experience of the fifty-two years' trial of patriotic system in Switzerland, coupled with his personal knowledge of it, in the following conclusions: "*Judging, then, from the experiences of Switzerland we*

may safely say that compulsory service, besides being intrinsically sound and right, is beneficial to the country as a whole and to the individual man. It is right that in a country which calls itself free every citizen should make a personal contribution towards the defence of his home. It is not right that this sacred duty should be left to those who make soldiering their profession, or to those who, actuated by the loftiest motives, are prepared of their own free will to devote a large part of their time and money to the cause. If the material and moral advantages of education are to be realised to the full, it becomes imperative that every man should fully understand the meaning of the words duty, obedience, discipline and self-sacrifice in time of war. And not only from the moral standpoint is military service thoroughly sound, but also for purely physical reasons. We must take what stand we can against the physical degeneration which is one of the inevitable consequences of modern civilisation. Finally, it is well that all classes of men, brought together by the common duty of military service, should mix freely with each other. Many false notions will be dissipated, many lifelong friendships will be formed. If, indeed, we feel any misgivings lest some of the younger men pick up bad habits from their town-bred comrades, it should be perfectly easy, by the exercise of some judgment, to refuse admission to those who do not appear to offer a sufficient guarantee of good behaviour." (In the case of Japan, as many more men every year are liable for service than they can afford to train, the foregoing principle is brought much into use. Thus it is a mark of honour to be chosen in that country.)

"But now you will ask, What are the

drawbacks to universal service? In the first place, the personal inconvenience to the civil population. But, as I have endeavoured to show you, this inconvenience is in reality a blessing in disguise, and confers great benefits upon the nation as a whole. By developing the character, and giving a certain stability, the sum total of the moral and material energy of the country is largely increased. The second drawback is the risk inseparable from all human efforts. It might prove a failure (Col. Favre was speaking in England), but if a country were unable to produce a satisfactory army by this means, it would simply mean that *the moral stamina of the people had so far degenerated that they refused to make the sacrifice necessary for national safety.* A national army is, for good or evil, the national barometer. If the army does not prosper, it means that the country despairs of itself. Is it not well worth while, then, making an effort towards its salvation?"

To those who have read thus far, the deduction will be very clear that the popular prejudices, which undoubtedly exist, against what people have in their minds as "conscription" are due entirely to misunderstanding. Anything can be overdone. The most sacred subjects can be misrepresented and misused. Where the training of men to make them fit to defend their firesides takes the form of years of service, the thing is overdone, is unnecessary, and is a burden. But where a form of national patriotic service can be carried on somewhat as in Switzerland, it becomes a benefit to the individual and to the community in many ways, and might easily be the means of defeating the ends of some powerful aggressive nation who could otherwise tear down our flag and conquer our country.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER



THE GIRL FROM GEORGIA



W. A. FRASER

A Sequel to
"THE GLOVE STAKES"



RAEBURN, the astute, the cool-nerved, the boyish-faced plunger that scorched the betting-ring with a playful smile on his lips, was sauntering through Lincoln Park so early that the birds peeped at him inquiringly. It was quite too early for a well-dressed human. But that was Raeburn's way of life; he kept as clean physically and morally as he could, envired by doubtful associations as he was. The horses and the dollars he considered clean; but where others faced the bottle or the cards, he roosted early and rose early.

Just now he was turning over in his mind the matter of Pibroch's presence at the Woodlawn races. A slight mystery over a horse had a charm for Raeburn's grappling mind. Mystery meant a projected coup; and in every coup, with its necessarily limited elect, was room and chance for a master hand.

Suddenly the student was reached from his deep retrospective study of Pibroch's races in the past by a woman's cry and the haphazard clatter of iron-shod hoofs. A dozen paces away a girl dangled, foot in stirrup, from a blood-bay horse, that, half held by the clutched rein, head drawn to chest, struggled to break into a frenzied race of death.

Raeburn, man of quick decision, lithe and strong as a panther, sprang forward and, as the animal's head came up with the loosened rein, slipped his fingers through the ring of the snaffle, and swung his weight against the bay's shoulder. Then commenced a fierce struggle for mastery between the frightened horse and the cool, strong, determined man. Once Raeburn was lifted clear off his feet; then he had the bay's

head down against his chest, and his fingers closed over the wide-spread nostrils till the struggling creature choked for breath. The man was dragged twenty feet; then the horse was brought to his knees, his lungs strangled by the clutch on the nostrils. But he was up, and they still fought—always in a circle to the left, that kept the cutting ironed hoofs clear of the girl. A crumpled sheet of brown paper, tortured by a scurrying wind, crackled insanely against the white-stockinged legs of the horse. This was the inanimate fiend that had caused the trouble. A sudden gust whisked the paper to the grassed sward fifty feet away, and the bay, held in that strong grasp, cried inwardly: "Master!" and stood still, trembling like a leaf.

With his left hand still on the snaffle, Raeburn cautiously stretched his right till he reached the stirrup; with a wrench he slipped the girl's foot from its holding-iron, and swung the horse clear. Then, as he turned, his eyes opened wide with astonishment, and involuntarily he exclaimed: "By Jove, you're plucky!"

The girl was on her feet. "I'm not hurt," she said simply, "thanks to you, sir; you've saved my life."

"Nothing of the sort. I—I——"

"Yes, you did; I saw it all; you did just the cleverest thing—you know about horses."

The girl had big brown eyes, and there was a soft Southern drawl in her voice.

"Are you hurt? Shall I get you a cab?" Raeburn interrupted the girl's flow of gratitude.

"I'll ride Redskin, thank you; I'm not hurt."

"But——"

"Oh, nothing will happen! It wasn't his fault; I was careless—I fancy I was dreaming. The paper startled him—he's been a race-horse, and has nerves—he jumped, and I fell; that's all."

Raeburn held his hand to his knee, and from it the girl vaulted lightly to the saddle. There was a half invitation in the brown eyes, and Raeburn walked along beside the still restive horse, saying: "This is my way, too. Redskin does look as though he might gallop some with those powerful quarters. Do you race him?"

"Oh, no; he belongs to Jack—" The girl hesitated, and the man, shooting an upward glance, saw that her face was rose-blushed, also that the features, well chiselled, were good to look upon, and the brown eyes swimmingly full of unknowing.

"Jack is your brother?"

"No; he's a—a friend."

"Does 'Jack' race Redskin? Is he a racing man? I'm interested because I—well, I see a good deal of racing, one way or another."

"No, I don't think he knows much about it—he does sometimes." The girl hesitated, looked at her companion, then brushed the horse's black mane with her riding-crop, as though she were debating something.

"Well," continued Raeburn, "you must tell him not to bet on the horses. Tell *Jack*"—he showed his even, white teeth in a smile—"tell him it's a foolish, losing game. You see, I know about this thing, and—and—well, I like pluck."

"He's not going to bet after to-day."

"Why 'after to-day'?"

"He's going to make a lot of money; a friend's horse is going to win, and after to-day we—I mean, Jack is not going to bet again. Do you bet on horses? You do? You saved my life—I'd like to show you that I'm grateful—if I told you the horse's name, you could bet, and make a lot of money, too, couldn't you?"

"Please don't—stop, you mustn't." Raeburn raised his hand warningly. Too late! It was out.

"Pibroch is the horse's name." The girlish lips threw the words at him al-

most defiantly—certainly with ingenuous naïveté.

The man flushed guiltily. He had stolen a stable secret. But what an extraordinary coincidence—telepathic, to say the least of it; the very horse that had occupied his thoughts when the girl's frightened cry had rung in his ears.

"Have I done anything dreadful?" she queried. "You look shocked."

"No—that is—well, you mustn't betray Jack's secrets. But a woman that can keep a secret is—well, dangerous."

"I'm sorry; but you saved my life, Mr.—?"

"Raeburn, Miss —?"

"Brooks." The girl smiled. She had pulled the bay to a stand. She pointed to a many-gabled house with her riding-crop, and continued: "I'm living with my aunt. My real home is in Georgia. Will you be at the place where they race to-day? I want Jack to meet you—to thank you."

"And to tell me about Pibroch, eh? Yes, I'll look for you at the course. I'm glad you escaped so well." He lifted his hat, and the girl reached down her small, gloved hand. Raeburn just touched the finger-tips, as Redskin, still nervous, lunged sideways.

A smile conquered Raeburn's strenuous attempts at suppression, and wrinkled his lips as he turned away. It was too droll, this grotesque idea of his receiving a tip from a girl who spoke of the race-course as "the place where they race." There was a sweetness about the simple, direct expression of gratitude; the sublime faith in Jack's certainty of winning a lot of money and then swearing off. The whole thing flitted through Raeburn's experienced mind like a dream of stepping off Broadway into a pasture-field where maids in white poke bonnets milked quiescent cows.

"So Pibroch's due to-day," he muttered as, his hotel now the definite object of attainment, he swung along loose-limbed. "I must find out who really has the horse here."

He drew from his pocket a book of race entries.

"Mr. Bender's Pibroch. I guess Mr. Bender is from No-Man's-Land—the

man in the moon. It's a hundred to one Pibroch is running for the books. And if I'm a judge, the big brown eyes of the girl from Georgia will swim fuller of tears than laughter after Jack's plunge on Pibroch. Highland doesn't make any mistakes, and he warned me in New York that Pibroch had been sold to a short-card gang. I'm going to break up that play just for fun—and for the sake of that girl from Georgia."

For an hour Raeburn trailed the name of Bender through Woodlawn, in and out of hotels, and a couple of saloons where were hand-books, without coming upon the slightest trace of a corporate body labelled Bender. Leading questions, diplomatically put, threw no light upon the ownership of Pibroch. In all Woodlawn nobody evinced the slightest interest in the horse. Nothing of his quality had leaked.

Chafing at the complete stillness of this thing that should have clinked a little in some link of its chain, Raeburn, his eyes lowered in concentrated thought as he walked, almost fell over a little man.

"Pardon—by Jove! you, Paddy?"

It was Paddy Boone, the jockey; and Paddy owed the full success of his upcoming to the man who, because of that, had privilege to ask: "What are you riding to-day, Paddy?"

"Nothing in the first race, sir; in the second, the Lincoln Handicap, I ride Pibroch."

"Pibroch!"

No wonder Raeburn reiterated the name with an emphasis of surprise. Woodlawn seemed full of Pibrochs—just the name; but here, surely, would be tangibility. And if Boone had the mount, the horse must be out to win. There wasn't money enough in the full coffers of the bookies to bribe Paddy Boone—he knew that. Besides, when the owner put up one of the best jockeys in America, he must mean winning.

"Who's the owner?" Raeburn asked.

"Mr. Bender, sir."

"Who's Bender? Never heard of him."

"I don't know. I never heard of him before yesterday."

"Who engaged you?"

"A man named Cusick. He's manager for Bender."

"Cusick—Bart Cusick! Paddy, that man is the whole gamut; he's—did he make any break? Did he—well, suggest any funny business?"

"Not on your life, Mr. Raeburn! Do you think I'd take the mount if——"

"No, I know you wouldn't, Paddy; they must be going to win."

"I think it's a sure thing, sir. I think you can bet the full limit on Pibroch. I know he's well, for I see him do a sweating gallop with his clothes on, and he was pullin' the boy out of the saddle. And you know what the horse was like early in the season, sir, down on the Metropolitan tracks. Anyway, Mr. Raeburn, I'll win on him, no matter what they want."

"You stick to that, Paddy. I'll see you before the race."

"So it's Bart Cusick's hand," Raeburn thought. "A sweet friend for Jack! A delightful prospect this for the girl from Georgia. That tumble this morning came near cracking her neck, but it may save her from breaking her heart. Cusick is no philanthropist, and Jack is up against it. But it puzzles me."

Again he visited a couple of hotels, poring studiously over their registers. He smiled when he read in one, "Barton Cusick, New York," and beneath, on the next line, "Fritz Finkle, New York." He noted that their allotted rooms were next each other. "A worthy running-mate, Mr. Cusick! Finkle, book-maker, is about as immoral as Bart Cusick, gentleman tout; and I guess Bender stands for both names. Gallant old Pibroch, you thoroughbred, you've fallen among the forty thieves."

Raeburn took a seat in a recessed corner of the office, and watched over a paper for occult testimony of the connection between the two crooked ones. Presently Cusick and a square-shouldered young man stepped from the elevator; the racing man laid his hand upon the young fellow's shoulder reassuringly, and his face was the picture of sincerity.

"I'll bet that is Jack getting the final

tip that Pibroch is to win," muttered Raeburn; "he looks an easy mark for Cusick."

The young man of easy confidence grasped Cusick's hand gratefully, and, saying something which Raeburn could not hear, nodded his head decisively in parting.

When he had gone, Cusick went out for a minute; but presently he reappeared cheek by jowl with Book-maker Finkle. A satisfied smile hovered about the thick lips of the rich-gorged man of odds, and the tout's face seemed to curve like a hawk's beak as he explained to his confrère in this thief's game how they were to get a thousand easy expense money while they fooled the public.

"That much for mine," Raeburn laughed softly, as he slipped quietly through the door and hurried to his own hotel.

Still, he was puzzled. He knew Cusick's general game, which was to get into the confidence of some man with money and betting tendencies, and steer him on to a loser, sharing the spoil with the book-maker. But they had engaged Boone to ride, and the horse was fit, that meant winning. They had the money to bet themselves if the horse could win, and wouldn't give the tip to any one. Indeed, it was puzzling, even to Raeburn. Also it was altogether lovely, fascinating, this puzzle of many rings that wouldn't come off.

Though Raeburn hurried, he had neglected some matters of his own over this affair of the girl from Georgia; and these personal things—a change of attire, his lunch, and an importunate friend who could not be shaken off—ate into the time that is always swift-fleeting; and he reached the course late, just as its fevered occupants were in the throes of preparing for the first race.

His sharp eyes questioning the lawn for the girl, Raeburn passed twice up and down the grassed floor. Ah! there were the big brown eyes of the girl, and, almost hiding her, were the wide shoulders which now most certainly meant Jack—Mr. Hutton, as the girl introduced him, full of thanks to Raeburn for saving the lady's life.

"Now, tell Mr. Raeburn about Pibroch, Jack."

"Yes, there's no reason why I shouldn't now," Jack laughed, "for my money is on, and at a good price, too."

Raeburn started. "You've bet already? Why, there's no betting on the second race yet?"

"I know that. That's where I get the bulge on the public by knowing something."

"Who told you about Pibroch?"

Jack hesitated. "I promised not to tell any one," he answered; "but—well, you're to know all about it, so—a Mr. Cusick; he manages the stable for the owner, Mr. Bender. They're backing Pibroch away at the pool-rooms in New York, for he's a sure winner."

"Is Cusick an old friend? I have a good reason for asking this."

"No, I met him here—he came to the bank to get large bills for a lot of small ones. He volunteered to do me a good turn for the trouble I took over his little matter."

"Gad! this is a thieves' game," Raeburn grunted.

"A what?"

"Well, this Cusick is a tout, a race thief, and you've bet your money with the man who owns Pibroch. Now, what do you make of that?"

"I—I—don't know."

"Neither do I—quite."

The girl's face was white, her eyes were big with dread.

"Well, he's a crook, I'm sorry to say, and we must see what his game is. How did you bet so early?"

"Cusick said the horse would be backed as soon as the betting on the race commenced, and he could get the book-makers to lay him a better price before the first race. He got me four thousand to one thousand dollars, and the horse will start two-to-one or less."

"Let me see your ticket, please."

Jack drew two betting-tickets from his pocket.

"Ah, I thought so—Finkle & Co. Just stand here," Raeburn commanded. "No, that won't do—go into the club lunch-room, Mr. Hutton, and wait. Don't stir from there, as you value your

thousand. I'll be back before—well, soon."

He almost ran to the paddock. Ah, luck was with him! There was Paddy Boone, looking like a gaudy wasp in a black jacket striped with yellow. Raeburn ran his eye over the throng of people. Cusick was nowhere in sight. He sauntered leisurely up to the jockey, and, speaking in a low tone, said: "Paddy, Finkle owns Pibroch, and Cusick is running fool money into the book on the horse; that means he won't win."

"My God, sir, I won't ride a stiff 'un! I might get ruled off for life. I'll go to the stewards!" There was a wail in the boy's voice.

"No, you won't, Paddy; I'll see you through. Go down to Pibroch's stabling—hurry, I'll wait here—who's in charge?"

"A nigger, Dave Johnson."

"He'll be easy. Find out if they've given Pibroch anything—you can tell. Find out, if you have to promise the nigger five hundred—I'll pay. Hurry! Make an excuse that you've forgot the weight you're to make—anything."

When the boy had gone, Raeburn shifted his position to the gate that led from the paddock to the course stabling, which was but fifty yards away. Twice he looked at his watch—strong tribute to a most unusual nervous interest. Three minutes, five minutes—ah, there was the wasplike jacket coming up the little hill from the stabling hollow.

And the boy's face! When their eyes met, Raeburn slipped into a nearby paddock stall, followed in nervous haste by the jockey.

"It's a ringer, sir," he gasped. "Two of them—"

"What the devil do you mean, Paddy?"

"Do you remember the chestnut horse, Sammy B., sir—he was no good?"

"I don't."

"Well, I do; I rode him. And they're goin' to run Sammy B. to-day as Pibroch."

"Of all the frappé nerve! I see—I understand! And they're putting you up so the public and the stewards will see a strong ride on this horse that can't win; and that's why Cusick is touting the money into Finkle's book."

"Pibroch's there, too, sir; both horses are in No. 12 stable."

"Great Scott! Icicles for nerves!" Raeburn knitted his brows. Was there ever such a puzzle in racing?

"I've got it, Paddy. Do the horses look alike?"

"Their breeders wouldn't know them apart, sir. I wouldn't if I hadn't been lookin' for trouble, and didn't know Sammy B. like my own brother. He used to bore out in running, so he was raced with a pricker on the bit; and I saw the old marks of the brads on the lips of the horse they said was Pibroch down at the stable. Pibroch hasn't got no marks like that, 'cause he runs straight as an arrow. Just then a horse pokes his nose out of the next stall, and I knows it's the real Pibroch. They were both blanketed, sir."

"Good boy, Paddy! I'll skip. Stay here for a little, then get ready. Weigh out for Pibroch—I think you'll ride *him*. If you don't, I'll stop it at the last minute."

The bugle was sounding for the jockeys to mount horses for the first race as Raeburn hurried through the paddock and dove into the lunch-room.

"Here, Mr. Hutton," he said, drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, "here's a thousand dollars. I want you to nail this Cusick—tell him that you want to bet another thousand. Keep him away from the paddock, even if you have to knock him down. It's all right. If it isn't, I'll appeal to the stewards at the last minute. Give me that betting-ticket—you have two—the small one—that's it, four hundred to one hundred dollars."

"I bet that for the lady," Jack said, with an apologetic smile.

"I'm going to use it to make your other bet come off. Get my thousand on sure." Then he was gone, racing through the paddock and down to the stabling. Just in time. A chestnut-headed horse was on the point of being led out of a stall in No. 12.

"Hold on, Johnson," Raeburn cried. "Put Sammy back; we want the other one!"

The eyes of the big negro became large, white-rimmed china alleys.

"What's dat, boss?"

"Finkle has switched. We're out for a killing, see? Here's yours?" Raeburn shoved the ticket, "Four hundred to one hundred dollars, Pibroch," stamped "Finkle & Co.," into the trainer's hands.

"Now shift, quick," he commanded. "Finkle wants Pibroch—there he is in the next stall. Get him out. Something has leaked, and if we run Sammy, we'll get ruled off for life."

The darky hesitated. He knew Raeburn—knew him for a big turf plunger, and that if he were backing Pibroch there would be thousands won; but he was confused, and he was a slow-witted negro.

"Where's de boss, sir?"

"Cusick? He's betting my money in the ring"—which was really quite true. "Hurry up, you're late now. There'll be some of the officials coming down here, first thing we know."

Still in a woolly-brained muddle, the darky ordered the stable-boy to bring out the other horse.

Raeburn waited until the real Pibroch was on his way to the paddock, then he followed. In the paddock he said to Paddy Boone: "This is Pibroch, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep the nigger busy, Paddy. Make him saddle at once." Then he took up his stand close to the stall in which was Pibroch. Cusick might come into the paddock to speak to the trainer—probably would, so Raeburn waited to intercept him. Presently he saw that slick gentleman heading for Pibroch's stall.

Raeburn waited until the tout was close, then he stepped forward and greeted Cusick cordially. The latter was flattered. To be taken notice of by the great plunger was decidedly worth something.

The plunger took Cusick familiarly by the arm and led him away, saying: "Do you know anything about that horse Pibroch? I'd like to have a bet on him—he ought to win—but I heard a whisper that some thieves have got

him here, and I don't know what he's doing. Have you heard anything?"

Strangely enough, they were both actuated by the same governing desire—Raeburn to keep Cusick away from Pibroch and his coloured trainer, and Cusick equally anxious to keep the acute-eyed plunger away from what Cusick supposed to be Sammy B. So, happy in the achievement of their wishes, they sauntered on across the stand lawn and down toward the betting-ring.

"I think Pibroch ought to win," Cusick said. "The owner's backing him—I know that for a fact. I'm backing him myself."

By this they had reached the book-makers' mart.

"Well, I'll pay five hundred on Pibroch and chance it," Raeburn said. "He's three to one, I see."

"There's three and one-half," seven to two," suggested Cusick, pointing with his thumb toward Finkle's book.

"Gad! I'll have five hundred of that," Raeburn declared.

And as he handed up the yellow-backed certificates of gold, Finkle winked solemnly over his head at Cusick, and Cusick winked back; and when Raeburn had departed, the book-maker leaned over to his sheet-writer and said: "God in heaven, Jake! did you ever see such a day for suckers? And, of all men, Jim Raeburn!"

And Raeburn, clinging with tenacity to Cusick, threaded his way through the stunted forest of humans across the lawn to a bench on which sat Hutton and the girl from Georgia, saying: "The horses have gone to the post; let's watch the race from here. Why, Mr. Hutton!" Raeburn cried, holding out his hand to the young man with eagerness; then he winked, and Jack took the hint. "Ah, you know Mr. Cusick? Good! We'll watch this race together. What are you betting on, Hutton? Pibroch? So am I—I've just bet five hundred on him. He'll win—Mr. Cusick says so; it's all right." He nodded cheerfully.

The race was three-quarters of a mile; and over at the six-furlong post, behind the barrier, stretched across the course

like a fish-net, eight horses gyrated and interwove like goats on a sun-warmed rock.

"They've doped that black, Rocket," Raeburn said from beneath his race-glasses; "he's shoved his nose through the barrier twice. He's fair crazy."

"Sammy's quiet——" Cusick, in his unctuous interest forgetting that it was not Finkle beside him, thus far worded his thoughts, breaking off in the dawn of intelligence with a jerk that nearly threw him off the bench.

"Eh? Sammy? There's no Sammy in this race, is there?" and the plunger's placid eyes searched Cusick's face with a disconcerting probe.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Cusick. "I mean the little nigger on Whistler. He's asleep."

Indeed, Pibroch, that Cusick thought was Sammy, was possessed of the unruffled quietude that great horses show at the starting-post. The big chestnut wheeled leisurely under the gentle hands of Paddy Boone, as each line-up was disrupted by the foolish-brained Rocket; and then, as the eight came forward groggily, like an awkward squad of recruits, Pibroch's head would be straight out, his powerful limbs carrying his weight evenly, and his eye on the gossamer thing of restraint that barred him from the joyous battle of speed.

Pibroch's sluggish at the post," Raeburn remarked. "He may get left with that crazy dope-horse breaking up the starts; and if he gets left we're in the soup, Mr. Hutton."

This he backed up with a wink and a little nod, and Jack, guessing at his meaning, said: "Oh, Pibroch won't get left; the starter won't let them away until our horse is in the lead. You've arranged that, haven't you, Mr. Cusick?"

Raeburn could have patted Hutton on the back for this glint of intelligence. Chuckling inwardly, he stared in feigned astonishment and reproof at Cusick. The latter gentleman laughed uneasily, saying: "That's a dangerous joke, Hutton. Mr. Raeburn might think——"

His voice was drowned by a commotion. "They're off! There they go!"

voices cried. There was the rustle of dresses, the clatter of feet, as men and women clambered to stand on the bench seats on the lawn; a vibrant-tongued bell was clattering a warning to the ring; and across the oval field, like a mob of colts that had croached a fence, the eight thoroughbreds were springing to the best of speed and endurance.

Small, strong fingers clutched Raeburn's arm and pulled their owner up to the bench beside him. Turning, he looked into the big brown eyes that were now jet black with the intensity of restrained excitement.

"Will he lose?" she gasped. "He's behind—will that black horse win now?"

Raeburn studied the colour-mottled mass of legs and heads and undulating bodies that was now drawing out segments of itself, lengthening like the body of a writhing serpent, as the fleetier ones breasted into the lead.

"The black?" he muttered. "No, Rocket won't do—he's got a pin-head boy in the saddle." He shot a look at his program. "Apprentice allowance—I thought so—a stable-boy, running the horse off his legs. Don't worry about the black, Miss Georgia; he'll crack up."

"But our horse is behind, and you said——"

But Raeburn's ears were adder's ears; the joy of the struggle across the ellipse of chance, the course, now at the lower turn, crept into his soul, and he raced with the eager, straining thoroughbreds. He was at Paddy Boone's ear with his wise counsel and his admonition. Open-mouthed, the black, unchecked by the brainless babe on his back, burned up his strength in useless speed; raced with the posts of the rail, galloping against himself six lengths beyond the bay, Whistler, and the white-legged Mascot. Close to the rail, with ears pricked, his outstretched muzzle nosing Mascot's quarter, was Pibroch, his boy as still, as motionless, as part of the great chestnut himself.

"That's the trick, Paddy," Raeburn whispered to his glass. "Wait, my boy; you've got all the best of it; don't fight them, Paddy. There comes the black back to you—the dope's effervesced."

At the bottom, broadside on, the racing steeds seemed to lengthen out; optically they grew many feet; their speed magically increased; they crept stride by stride to the black. At the turn into the straight, the line of sight again was a necromancer; the four that raced in front were like one team in a chariot-race; the colours of the jackets blended—they interwove like gay ribbons on a May-pole. Over the watchers was a hush of perplexity. No one knew; no one called in triumph. Even Raeburn, long schooled, waited for a sign. Ah, it was Rocket still in the van! He saw the black horse sway to the rail in his tiring, and blot the gold-yellow of the chestnut like a curtain bars the sunlight. And against the black's flank leaned Whistler; and beyond, hugging Whistler, twinkled the white legs of Mascot.

"Damn that dope-horse! I'd like to shoot him. He's pocketed Pibroch!" Raeburn muttered. "Now, Paddy, good boy, watch for your opening."

He lowered his glasses, and stole a look at the girl's face; then he set his teeth and watched again this thing that was now altogether in the vicarious grasp of chance. It wasn't the trivial thing of a bet won or lost; it was happiness or a long wait for the girl from Georgia that was there in that pocket fashioned by the straggling, useless black.

"They're all riding like devils," Cusick declared—"all but the boy on Pibroch. I'll take my oath he's been got at by some one—he's not making an effort. If Pibroch's beat, it will be the jockey's fault."

Raeburn answered this with a muttered imprecation. Was chance going to throw the race, and all it meant to the girl at his side, into the thieving hands of Finkle and his friends? And the horses were opposite the betting-ring now; ten seconds more of the pocket's hold and it would be too late. Suddenly the black faltered; his boy cut once, twice, with his foolish whip, and as it bit into Rocket's flank, the horse, courage gone, shrank, and curled toward the thing that stung him.

"Pull out, Danny—knee out and let me up!" Paddy's voice was a pleading wail as it filtered between Pibroch's eagerly pricked ears.

To the stable-lad on the drunken black Jockey Boone was a revered idol, and he answered the command. A slight turn of the wrist, a twist in the short-knotted rein, and the weary Rocket leaned in his stride against the bay. Then the watchers on the bench saw the wide-nostriled head of Pibroch creeping up the narrow lane; then the wasp-like jacket of Paddy Boone fluttered beside the blue and crimson of Whistler and Mascot. Now there is full opening; and, like a greyhound slipped from leash, Pibroch comes through with a great pounding, thunderous gallop, and somebody clutching Raeburn's arm sways and cuts foolishly downward in a sudden letting loose of pent-up blood.

"Gad! you were playing for foolishly big stakes," Raeburn whispered, as he eased the girl from his arm; "but you've won, and I'm glad. Remember, no more betting after to-day for Jack. It's a fool's game."





A GROUP OF PARSEE MAIDENS

Characteristic Types of Beauty

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN



THE characteristics of a people are often best judged when you watch how they eat, how they do their work, and how they pray. Perhaps no people in the world are so contented with their lot as the Parsees. It was some time in the seventh century that their descendants were driven out of Persia by the spread of the Mohammedan religion, and they settled in India. Ever since, this race has, like the Jews, clung together with

that Free Masonry that has brought them success wherever they have gone. Today we find amongst them throughout the Indian Empire some of the wealthiest merchants and many of the leading lawyers and doctors. In their good works they are most charitable, most liberal and most devoted. One has only to look at their magnificent homes on Malabar Hill in Bombay, to see their temples of prayer and their charitable institutions, to study the lives of the Parsees. The

Parsee women are, as a race, extremely handsome. One cannot call them beautiful, but their picturesque shawls, which are often of the most delicate colours, show off the jet-black hair and fine features as they drive in their open carriages along the promenade by the sea. Unlike the Indian women they attend European balls and garden parties, and are often to be seen dining at the fashionable hotels, escorted by their husbands and men friends, who wear the curious, shiny-black, Beretta-shaped cardboard hat, and who do not uncover the head even in the presence of royalty. The Parsees neither bury their dead nor burn them, but the naked bodies are laid out on a grating inside a round tower of silence, exposing them to the sun and the birds of prey. As the funeral procession passes through the grounds one sees the vultures assembling on the walls, and in half an hour or so after the body has been deposited nothing is left but the bones, and these fall through the gratings and are washed away to sea. The sun dries up anything that remains. The accompanying picture

shows a group of sisters—a very wealthy family in Bombay. Two of the girls married Englishmen.

It was my good fortune not long ago to stay for a time with a tea planter in Ceylon. In the early morning when the mist was still hanging over the valleys we watched the coolies with their baskets on their backs wending their way to the fields. The day's work had begun. As the pluckers filed past our bungalow I saw, half hidden behind the coloured shawls, faces of girls from Southern India, some with beautiful features and many of them pretty. These women are hired by agents and come over in large parties to the island, and are employed to pick the leaves and trim the tea bushes. They work in the fields until six, spreading out like a line of soldiers when skirmishing through the bush, halting now and then to empty the baskets, which are weighed. Payment is made according to the amount picked, and some girls become so quick at plucking the leaves that at the end of the week there is quite a nice little sum to their accounts.



CHINESE LADIES GOING SHOPPING

These women never mix with the natives of the island, but live in lines of sun-dried brick houses surrounded by a compound fence.

Here, when the work is over, they wash and feed, sitting on their mud floors, often with their children by their sides, eating rice and wheaten cakes. On Sundays they adorn themselves with their picturesque costumes, each one outvying the other in some coloured drapery which hangs gracefully over the shoulders across the well-formed figures. Their arms and ankles are covered with silver and brass bangles and the fingers with rings studded with stones.

In China the roads are rough and narrow, and very few carriages are used, so the Chinese ladies go out shopping in wheelbarrows. In the country there they are wheeled in for miles, and the barrow men, as they are called, wheel their loads over the ruts and stones without upsetting. The ladies seem to enjoy the ride. In summer they wear dainty white costumes. Their feet when children are bound up with white cloth bandages—so tightly that as time goes on the toes almost disappear. Walk-



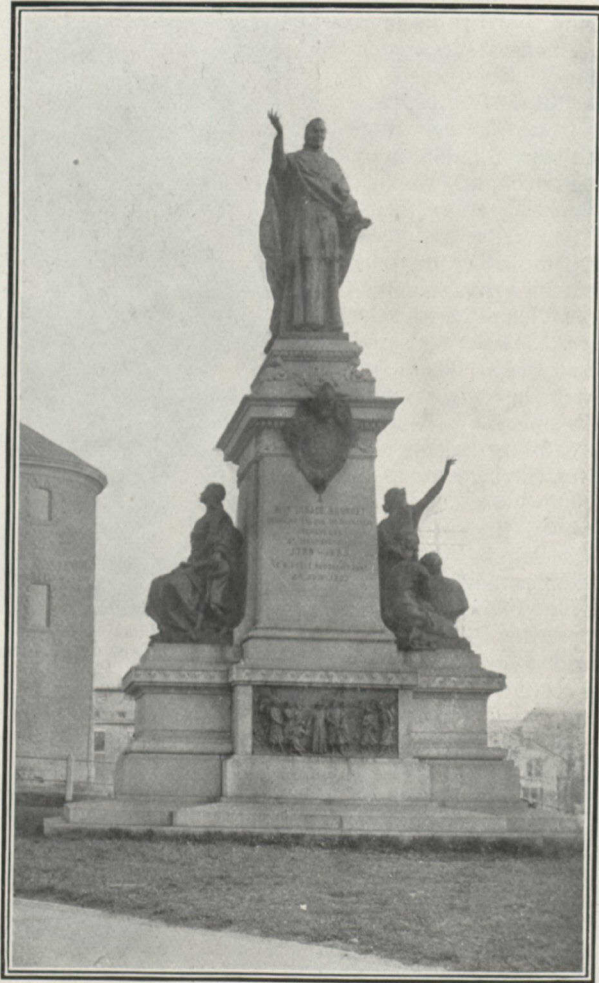
A PRETTY TEA-GATHERER



A MAORI WOMAN

ing on the toes strengthens the hips, and it is a sign of beauty with a woman to have a strong, well-developed figure. The hair is most carefully arranged and caught up at the back with a net, through which long pins are pierced to keep it in order. Chinese women are often quite white and have pretty little faces. They are always spotlessly clean—although not so courtly and well educated as the Japanese, yet they are in society always polite, and they manipulate their chop-sticks in a most delicate manner.

It is predicted in New Zealand that the stalwart Maori race will soon be extinct. According to the latest census there are less than fifty thousand of them in all. Of what might be called the native races of New Zealand, they are easily the brightest and most respected, and unlike most peoples similarly situated they are extremely generous, hospitable, fair-minded and daring to the degree of recklessness. The accompanying photograph shows a good type of Maori womanhood.



Monument to the Late Archbishop Bourget

“LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE”

—Hamlet

A COMPARISON IN ART

Sometimes it is said in a public way that there is no native art in Canada. That seems to be at least not exactly correct. On Dominion Square, Montreal, stand two monuments within speaking distance of each other. One of them is the work of a Canadian sculptor, Hebert. It was erected to keep fresh in the minds of the faithful the work that Archbishop Bourget had done for the Roman Catholic Church in that great



Monument to the Late Sir John A. Macdonald

“AND UPON THIS”

—*Hamlet*

diocese. The other is the work of an old-country sculptor, and was erected by the Sir John A. Macdonald Club, of Montreal, to the memory of “Canada’s Grand Old Man.”

But what a difference there is between these two works of art! It should rather be said, what a difference between the one work of art and the other monument! After looking at the photographs, would any person care to say that Canadians must always go abroad to obtain real art? The answer is obvious.

Randolph Carlyle

Recollections of Joseph Howe

and His Family

By EMILY P. WEAVER

MRS. CATHCART THOMSON, the only surviving daughter of the great Nova Scotian Reformer, having read an article in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* of April, 1905, on "The Haunts and Homes of Joseph Howe," has kindly placed at my disposal several interesting photographs and some not less interesting notes on her father and his family. These are partly from memory, partly from memoranda made by her mother on family affairs. From this latter source comes some at least of the information concerning John Howe, Joseph's father, a fine old Loyalist, of whom his son ever spoke with love and veneration.

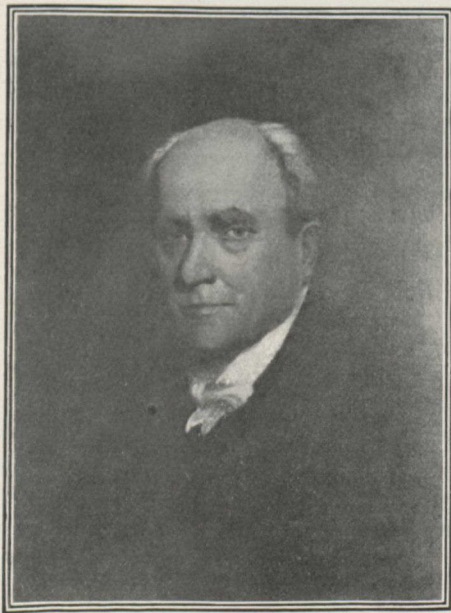
John Howe believed that he could count amongst his ancestors his namesake, the Puritan chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, but was unable to prove this. He was descend-

ed from one of two brothers who left England at the Restoration, and was the only representative "of the Howes who took the British side in the Revolutionary War." At that time he was editor and printer of a Boston newspaper, and was also King's Printer of the *Royal Gazette*. Retiring to Halifax in 1776, he was made King's Printer and Postmaster of Nova Scotia, with the right of appointing subordinate officers for different parts of that (then) huge province, and for Prince Edward Island. He received also, like other Loyalists, a grant of land on the Northwest Arm, "where he put up a kind of bungalow and got over such furniture as he could from Boston."

He married twice. His first wife's children were John, who succeeded him as King's Printer and Postmaster; William, who became Commissary-General; David, who died comparatively young, and a daughter, Mrs. Austen, who was for many years head of a Ladies' School in St. John, N.B. The second wife's children were a daughter, who married and died young, and Joseph Howe.

His case hardly bears out the popular idea that great men owe most of their fine qualities to their mothers, for the second Mrs. Howe does not appear to have been a woman of very marked personality. Her grand-daughter says: "Very little is remembered of Joseph Howe's mother, except that she was a notable New England woman, looking well to the ways of her household." She adds that her son had "the greatest respect for her memory, but more sympathy with his father, whose sermons and other writings he hoped to have leisure to edit and publish"—a leisure that never came.

John Howe was for many years leader of the sect of Sandemanians, known in Scotland as Glassites, and said to believe in community of goods, abstinence from blood and from things strangled, love-feasts, and a weekly celebration of the



JOHN HOWE, FATHER OF JOSEPH
From an Old Painting

Communion. His son, Joseph, did not become a member of this sect, but "was a Churchman, not liking dogma. He was brought up, as he always said, 'on the Bible and Shakespeare,' but in the ethics of the New Testament and the patriotism and trust in God of the Old he was always a believer."

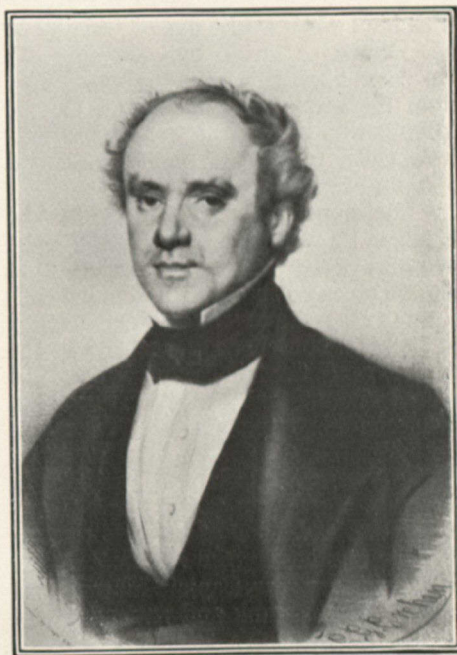
The elder Howe was "a most benevolent and good man." He took a great interest in the Maroons, a body of negroes from Jamaica who, after long defiance of the British authorities, were conquered and transported to Nova Scotia in 1796. They were settled at Preston, a village fourteen miles from Halifax on the opposite side of the harbour. Mr. Howe went out often "to preach to, teach and sympathise with them." In 1800 the Maroons were sent to Sierra Leone, but a few years later, when, during the war of 1812, a number of southern negroes sought refuge with the British troops, Preston again became a coloured settlement; and seemingly Mr. Howe once more took up his work of charity amongst the ignorant and poverty-stricken blacks. Evidently he was not one of those content to say to the destitute: "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," for his wife considered it necessary to protect him against his own charitable impulses, and on these expeditions to Preston took care that he had only money enough for his expenses, and even that she put into the hands of Jerry, his young Irish servant. "The master's way of giving" was "trying in a family where money was none too plentiful." He was on one of these benevolent



LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH HOWE

excursions on the last day of his life, and it was Jerry who found him dead one Sunday morning in his lodging at Preston.

He was a man of good education and of literary tastes, and to him directly his youngest son owed the chief



JOSEPH HOWE AT 45 YEARS
From an Oil Painting

part of his rather desultory education. He could, indeed, make nothing of him as a classical scholar, but the lad, "though healthy and athletic," took kindly to books in general. His sister, a few years older than himself, was his companion and assistant in his studies. When she married an English gentleman in business in Montevideo, her husband promised her young brother "a place in his office and his house." With this hope in view, Joseph was learning Spanish when the dreadful news of his sister's sudden death changed his plan of life.

As "the family had no interest in or perhaps aptitude for mercantile pursuits, nothing seems to have occurred" to Joseph but "to enter his brother John's establishment, where he acquired the manual dexterity which enabled him to boast, years after, that 'he could set types with the best of them.'" Meanwhile he wrote for "literary papers, both in prose and verse, and studied men and manners in the society he met in his brother's house, only going to the 'Arm' from Saturday till Monday." He made himself so useful that his brother "was reluctant to part

with him, when at the age of twenty-one he decided to strike out for himself." He bought the *Nova Scotian* newspaper from the brothers, William and George Young, who afterwards became respectively Chief Justice and Solicitor-General of Nova Scotia.

"The paper did not suffer" in the hands of its young editor. "He (Joseph) had always a great power of attracting to himself able and enthusiastic young men," and at twenty-three "he felt emboldened to propose himself as a husband to the daughter of Captain John Macnab, a retired officer of the Nova Scotia Fencibles, living on his father's estate, Macnab's Island."

Miss Susan Ann Macnab was born in the officers' quarters at St. John's, Newfoundland, and "one of her first remembrances was hearing the *reveille*." After the Peninsular War, Captain Macnab was retired with his rank and pay, and went to live at Macnab's Island, where his father gave him a house and garden. His daughter, then ten or twelve years old, was educated by her mother, and a governess, brought out from Scotland by her uncle, Hon. Peter Macnab, to educate his own daughter. "These young ladies spent some time each winter with relations in Halifax to enjoy some of the gaities, and it was on these occasions Miss Macnab met her future husband."

Her father's "horror and indignation" at Joseph's proposal "were extreme, but the young people knew their own minds; Mr. Howe persisted in making frequent visits to the island; Mrs. Macnab became his friend; and in February, 1828, Captain Macnab brought his wife and daughter to Halifax for fear of bad weather," and the young people were quietly married at the house of a cousin of the Captain's by Archdeacon Willis, of St. Paul's Church. Neither bride nor bridegroom belonged to the Church of England, but at that date the ministers of other Protestant churches were not allowed to perform the wedding ceremony.

Their first home was in Bedford Row, where they lived two years, during which they "lost their first child, and Mrs. Howe her good health." Joseph Howe then bought two houses opposite the

Province Building, and turned them into a comfortable dwelling and printing office. "From the publishing office were sent out many notable books, and in time, it, with the paper, would have been money-making," though in connection with it was a stationer's shop, which "was not a success. The manager did not manage, and it was eventually closed at a loss."

During these years, Howe made many friends for himself and his paper in his own province and in Prince Edward Island, and "his wife always looked back with regret to that time of peace and plenty; and wished often that he had waited," before entering on his political career, "till he was more independent in means and till every liability had been cleared off."

But the great libel trial hurried him into the political arena, and when he became Speaker of the House and Indian Commissioner, he removed to Poplar Grove, "a very handsome house with garden and ice house," in what was then an aristocratic quarter of the town. Howe's next neighbour was Hon. Michael Tobin, the President of the Legislative Council, and the officers' quarters were near by. Opposite the house was a large open field, with a few trees which had given the place its name, and from its windows "there was a lovely view of the harbour and Dartmouth."

When Howe retired from the Government, retrenchment became necessary, and after a brief sojourn in a smaller house in town, he removed to Musquodoboit, "to a lovely place owned by Mr. Annand and his brother. The house was large, on a hill sloping down to the river. . . The farm was worked by others, but Mr. Howe's time was fully occupied." He was absent three months each winter to attend "the House," but when at home was constantly writing for the papers, or using rod or gun, and it was "one of the disappointments of his life" that he never succeeded in shooting a moose.

"Mr. Howe was passionately fond of ballad-singing—the ballads of all countries—and would often interrupt the performer by joining in to show where expression should be given."

Like his father, Howe was a man of

simple habits. He ate "a large breakfast at eight o'clock," then "nothing more till 6.30, except apples or other fruit at one." He was "a great water drinker," taking nothing but that till after dinner, when "he had a few glasses of port in his own room, and a cigar (very large), afterwards coming into the drawing-room for tea at eight o'clock, followed by a rubber." Mrs. Howe was "a splendid whist-player," and thus she and her husband usually won.

When, after the great Liberal victory in 1847, Howe became Premier, he returned to town, and after a few months in a small house on Morris Street, took one with a good garden on a new road facing the common, not too near to neighbours.

The question of education appears to have been a difficult one in the days when Howe's children were growing up. Mrs. Thomson mentions that at one time, the editor of *The Pearl*, who kept a school for boys, gave instruction to herself and her sister, "perhaps to oblige my father, whose ideas of a liberal education for girls were quite in advance of that age." Now, soon after the family returned to Halifax, the ladies of "The Sacred Heart Convent" opened a school for girls, under Madame Peacock, the Lady Superior, "a delightful and clever woman," and Howe entered his daughters on the list of pupils. But their attendance was not for long, for the eldest married in 1851, and the second, "a beautiful and sweet girl, engaged to a young naval officer," died in the following year, "to the lifelong regret of those that loved her."

In 1854 Howe returned to his own house opposite the Province Building, to be near his work, the office of first Commissioner of Railways having been accepted by him. This office "was intended to be permanent," and Howe, thinking "he had seen his life's public aims accomplished," "hoped thus to have a certain income assured, which would enable him to make a provision for his family and old age."

But this was not to be. In a very short space of time, he again took on himself the leadership of his party, and, having offended the Roman Catholics, generally hitherto numbered with his supporters, was defeated at the next general election.

He was now appointed by the British Government Fishery Commissioner for Newfoundland, and removed to a pleasant cottage near Dartmouth. There, after his return from Newfoundland, "he gave the first of those afternoon parties, afterwards so fashionable," attended by "people of all ranks and classes, headed by Admiral Sir J. Hope, who kindly sent blue-jackets to assist with outdoor games."

It was at this time that "the Tories were attempting to pass Confederation, but, against Responsible Government, without an appeal to the people. Mr. Howe had written and spoken in favour of Confederation always, also of some closer political union with the Mother Country, but the country was not ripe for it." Its advocates "were afraid to put it to vote by an election, which Mr. Howe and his friends demanded." At length Howe and a colleague were sent to represent their case to the British government. "In vain. He was told that it must be carried, and was begged to use his influence to keep the peace. . . . He came home to repeat this, but men's minds had been inflamed. A public meeting was called. One gentleman declared that 'the United States would help us,' another that 'it was time the English flag was hauled down from the Government House!' Mr. Howe decided to take his own course. He accepted Confederation with 'better terms' for his own province, entered the Government at Ottawa. . . . and loyally helped to make it a success. Time has shown the wisdom of his decision."

"All these anxieties and exertions had affected his health. His disease (enlargement of the heart) had begun to declare itself," and, at 69, "he felt rest and freedom from responsibility essential." He accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia, and "left Ottawa, to die amongst those he loved best. The end soon came. He passed away after great suffering on the night of June 1st, alone with his devoted wife and youngest son. The others were not sent for," as it was not realised "till too late that his attack was more serious than the pain he often endured without a murmur."

Canthooks and Hearts

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS



ARRY CONKLIN sat on a deal bench and watched with outward calm the flushed, triumphant face of Lou Le Grande as she was whirled away into the midst of the dancers on the arm of Jean Boutellier, the swarthy, red-shirted giant who had so suddenly appeared on the scene as his rival. As the couple reached the middle of the room, Lou tossed him a saucy, defiant look over her shoulder, which made some of the river-drivers who noticed it laugh uproariously. Conklin joined good naturedly in the laugh at his expense, and then leaned back against the wall and watched the merry crowd, which filled the shanty to overflowing. To-morrow the rival gangs would start to bring down the fall drives to Martin's mill, and they were celebrating the occasion by a grand "shakedown."

For a time Conklin got glimpses of the fluffy brown head which graced the most marvellous throat and bust that his eyes had ever rested on, and then as he saw that Lou did not purpose to return his way, he fell to reviewing the strange circumstances of their friendship. Out on a moose hunt in the Quebec woods, he had climbed up a spruce trunk which the wind had toppled over, and, rifle in hand, watched for the big bull moose that was heading down the valley. Although thirty feet above the ground, he was not high enough to see far through the thicket of winter beech about him, to which the dry leaves still clung.

Suddenly the leaves rustled not twenty yards ahead of him, and in an instant his rifle covered the spot. Then something brown slipped past an opening in the branches, and his muscles were just stiffening for the recoil when the same tempting face with its mass of gold-brown hair, which he saw now dimly through a halo of tobacco smoke, appeared directly in line with the sights of his rifle, and with an involuntary cry he jerked up the muzzle

a fraction of an inch as his finger pressed the trigger. In his new position he overbalanced and toppled off the tree trunk. As he fell he heard a woman shriek, and then all was a blank till he opened his eyes in the little room back of where he now sat. He remembered yet the thrill of joy which came to him when he saw the same face bending over him which had filled the last moment of his consciousness.

There was a premonitory scraping of fiddles, a red-faced girl in a yellow waist and with stray locks of hair hanging down the back of her neck in damp strings, stepped before him on the arm of a burly river-driver, and the dancing was resumed. Conklin watched the yellow waist absently for a moment, and then resumed his reverie. Old Joe Le Grande, Lou's father and the boss of the mill, in the absence of a surgeon, had set his broken arm and patched up the ugly gash in the back of his head; and then Lou—willful, perverse, passionate Lou—had nursed him back to health and strength.

Then had come the delightful days when she had sat by the window and sewed, and he had lain and admired the profile of the faultless face against the whitewashed wall, while he told her about his college life, and she had listened with an eagerness that made him want more and more to take her away from her present sordid surroundings and give her the chance in the world which she so richly deserved. In his growing infatuation for her he had put off writing to the captain of his college football team, who doubtless was impatiently awaiting his return, until finally he had become ashamed to write. Luckily his parents were in Europe.

The race between the two gangs of river-drivers to see who would shoot the first log into Martin's mill-pond had begun by a mere chance, but interest in it had steadily grown, until now it was a contest beside which a race between two 'Varsity boat crews dwindled into insignificance.

"Devil" Jean Boutellier and his gang of red-shirted giants worked on Wildcat River, bringing in the logs from Salmon Lake; Dave Maxon's men wore blue shirts and operated on West Branch. Boutellier's men had the reputation of being the hardest set that had ever spun a log. Boutellier himself, whose very look struck terror into the ordinary man, had been in charge of the Wildcat River outfit for six years, and the stories of his heartless discipline were told with bated breath, even among hardened river-men. Before joining Boutellier's gang a candidate was put through a series of tests in river driving which for coolness of head, quickness of decision, strength and agility, would have made the accomplishments of the average football man seem those of a mere child.

But the supreme test, while kept a secret by an oath which no man had ever dared to break, was known to be one of the most heartbreaking and brutal things to which any human being was ever subjected. It always took place at night at some secret rendezvous far up Wildcat River to which the candidate was taken blindfolded, and many a superb specimen of manhood who had come through all the other tests triumphant had been sent down the river after this, a poor, broken-hearted wretch who invariably slunk away from the settlement in disgrace.

Conklin rose and slipped out into the keen frosty air, for it was November. He wanted to get away from the dancers and the fetid air of the shanty to some quiet spot where he could think. It had all been so novel, so extraordinary, that he had never really asked himself the blunt question as to whether or not he loved Lou Le Grande. But the sight of her smiling up into that swarthy giant's face had suddenly revealed the truth to him. His bachelor's degree next spring? His place on the football team? What were they to Lou Le Grande!

Conklin paused in his aimless ramble under a naked sugar-maple, and suddenly remembered that on that very spot he had done the only unmanly thing toward Lou that he could remember. They had paused here in one of their strolls—he had been telling her about commence-

ment exercises—and as the moonlight filtered through the boughs and touched her shining eyes and parted lips he had taken her in his arms in a moment of mad impulse and kissed her in a way that had left her white and trembling. She had remained quite still for a little while, and then, suddenly bursting into tears, had freed herself and run away to the house. The next day she had met him in the old saucy, imperious way, and quite ignored the incident of the night before. But they had never taken another moonlight stroll together.

And was this shaggy black bully the explanation of it all? Well, if he wished to win Lou Le Grande he must put up the fight of his life. For a time Conklin stood lost in thought. "I'll do it!" he said at length, as an idea suddenly occurred to him. With a new light in his clear gray eyes he returned to the shanty and went straight to Dave Maxon, who along with several other men of his own age was seated in a corner discussing the coming contest.

"I've decided to take up with your offer, Mr. Maxon," said Conklin quietly.

"What! go up as a hand along with the boys? Good for you, young man!" exclaimed the squat, massive river-boss, his beady blue eyes almost disappearing in a mass of wrinkles as he rose and slapped Conklin on the back in a way that nearly knocked him off his feet. "I always wanted you from the first time I saw you on a log" (Conklin had been practising for the sheer sport of the thing). "And besides, now's your chance to make a showing over there," he added, glancing in the direction of Lou Le Grande with a kindly twinkle in his eye.

In a few moments the room was buzzing with the news that Conklin was going to join Maxon's gang. "He'll fall in and wilt his collar," said a driver with a freckled face and a shock of bristling hair as red as his shirt. At this deliberate insult to the new member of their gang a low growl ran through the groups of Maxon's men scattered about the room, and for a moment it looked as if the effrontery would be answered for with blood. Just as the strain was reaching the breaking

point Lou left the side of Jean Boutellier, and going quickly over to Conklin, held out her hand.

"I'm so glad you did it!" she said impulsively, giving him a look which Conklin never forgot. "I was beginning to think you were a coward." Then she turned and went over to the fiddlers, asking them to play the "Fisher's Hornpipe."

Men who a moment before had been glaring into each other's eyes, coughed, scraped their feet on the floor, and then looked about them for a partner to the music which was already in full swing. In a flash the truth came home to Conklin. Lou had been secretly despising him for a weakling with not sufficient strength to put up a real fight for her. Raising his eyes, they met those of Jean Boutellier fixed upon him in a curious sort of way, as if to say:

"Well, you may possibly demand my personal attention after all."

With unerring intuition Conklin divined the man's thoughts, and squaring his jaw with its deeply cleft chin, started across the room toward Lou, who still stood alone watching the fiddlers. Boutellier, reading the challenge aright, shoved aside the half-dozen drivers who stood in his way, and the two men reached Lou's side at the same time.

"May I have the pleasure of the last dance," began Conklin. With an angry snort Boutellier pushed past him and offered Lou his arm in a way which was more a command than a suing for her favour.

The fiddlers paused, their arms still crooked and their bows hovering above the strings. The dancers stopped as if by a preconcerted signal, and every pair of eyes in the room was fixed upon the trio.

Lou looked coolly at the big arm thrust out at her, and then said with an air of finality which could not be mistaken: "I don't care to dance any more to-night; but I promise the next dance to the man who shoots the first log into Martin's mill-pond."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Dave Maxon, and at the signal the spectators broke into deafening applause.

II

Barry Conklin, canthook in hand, stood poised beside a pile of logs in the gray frosty night of a November morning. All down the banks of the stream among the frost-whitened bushes, blue-shirted river-drivers stood in the same eager posture as himself. All were awaiting the rifle-shot from Pine Hill on the crest of the divide, which could be heard at the same time by Boutellier's men at Salmon Lake.

Maxon, cool, massive, masterful, stood on a rock in the centre of the stream, trying the strength of a pike-pole and occasionally glancing along the line of blue-shirted figures. In the tense silence a jay called raucously from the top of a white-birch, and at the sound the men started, and one man dropped his canthook. The man next to him ripped out a scathing oath, and then the silence flowed back like a wave.

"Crack!" Before the rifle report had time to echo from the surrounding hills there was a motion among the blue shirts as if a hundred steel springs had been released by the sound, and the next moment there was a thunderous splash as pile after pile of logs went tumbling into the river.

Conklin felt the blood surge to his temples, and laughed as his canthook bit into the big spruce log which was the key to the pile placed in his charge. It was the old mad exultation which he had experienced in his first football game against Toronto University, and he was blind and deaf to the tumult about him till the last log—a spruce with a sweep in it—went flopping over and over and struck the water with a resounding splash. Conklin raised his head for the first time since the shot had reached his ears, and his eyes met the inscrutable gaze of Maxon, who with a skill that seemed little short of magic was turning aside the logs which seemed bent upon clambering upon the ruck on which he stood. Conklin followed the boss's glance down the line, and noted with a thrill of pride that he had been among the first to finish his pile.

Now that the nerve-racking strain of

suspense was over, the men threw themselves into the work with volleys of oaths and an utter scorn of fear that awed Conklin. They ran along twirling logs with death awaiting them if they made one false step, plunged into the dark, seething water through some momentary opening, and starting a log, bounded out again just a second before the two approaching masses rushed together with a grinding crash which would have literally cut them in two had they been delayed a moment.

Fear! Some miracle had cast out fear. They had quite forgotten themselves, and were toiling only for the honour of the West Branch River gang.

"Hullo, there, Conklin! run down to the eddy and keep the logs from piling up in the backwater," roared Maxon, as he drove his pike-pole into the snout of a sixty-foot pine with a vicious thrust which made the monster pause in its mad rush and tremble from end to end. Conklin looked in the direction in which Maxon had jerked his head, and saw that the eddy was on the opposite side of the thrashing mass of demented things supposed to be logs which lay between. Clutching his canthook near the ring, he drew a deep breath and ran out upon the drive. Once, in springing over an open space which suddenly yawned beneath his feet, he looked down, and the experiment nearly cost him his life. The logs seemed to spin round and round him, and the very hills began to rock. Leaping blindly forward, he landed upon the end of a small spruce, which at the sudden impact sank with him to his waist, and rebounding like a cork, would have tossed him into the air, had not the inch-long calks in the soles of his stout shoes held him nailed to the surface. Toppling over among the writhing monsters, he would have been crushed before he could have drowned, had not a passing driver freed his feet with two lightning-like thrusts of a canthook and dragged him out to safety.

"Always light on one foot," the rescuer called as he dashed away.

Standing waist deep among the ice-encrusted bushes at the backwater, Conklin could see the half mile of madly racing logs with blue-shirted drivers darting to

and fro over their shifting surface. The curses, the shouts, the wild tumult of pounding logs and roaring water seemed to set his blood on fire, and he understood for the first time how it was that in battle men lost all sense of fear. Fear! Bah! Fear was only a creature born of idle fancy.

It was nine o'clock, and now that the logs were going well down a long stretch of water with plenty of sheer-dams at the bends to keep them from piling up along the shore, the men gathered about a cook-house which suddenly appeared through the hemlocks round the shoulder of a hill, and each seized a mug of boiling-hot coffee and a "junk" of bread dripping with molasses, which had been prepared for them.

"A bully start, boss. Five minutes ahead of last fall in passing the third beaver dam," said a long, loose-jointed individual named Sanderson, with water spurting out of the slits in the toes of his shoes at every step. Maxon grunted and buried his face in his coffee mug. Before Conklin had fairly begun to eat the rest of the gang had finished.

It was the morning of the third day, and the terrible strain was beginning to tell. Men who had scarcely stopped to eat or sleep since the signal shot from Pine Hill, moved about like somnambulists, breaking jams, keeping watch at shoals, and rolling back stranded logs in a dull, mechanical way which even the biting curses of Maxon, as he moved up and down the river like some terrible grizzly, were powerless to change. The drive had reached Cariboo still-water, and before the herculean task of pike-poling the logs for a solid mile through dead water the men shrank as from a blow. They leaned dejectedly upon their canthooks, their slouch hats drawn low over their eyes. They were bitter, revengeful—toward whom or what they could not have explained.

"Do it, or by the red roaring hell!—" came suddenly over the crest of the hill which separated them from Wildcat River in a voice which resembled the roar of a mad bull. Boutellier's men were almost abreast of them! For one breathless moment Maxon stood on the butt end

of a big spruce that had climbed out upon the shore like a tired dog to rest, and surveyed his gang.

"Men, are we going to let that black-hearted bully beat us?" he demanded, sharply.

"No!" replied Long Sanderson, tossing his greasy slouch hat into the air with a wild whoop that brought a yell of defiance from over the hill.

The yell was returned with a ringing cheer, and then the tremendous task of pike-poling the logs across Cariboo still-water was begun. Unless the job was completed in two hours defeat was inevitable. As Conklin looked at the vast mass which seemed to lie sullen and exhausted after the mad journey which had just been accomplished, he was seized with an idea. Why not keep the middle of the channel open by means of the same wedge-shaped formation which they sometimes used in football to carry the ball down the field? With a bound he crossed the logs and was at Maxon's side explaining his plan. The grizzled old river-driver watched the eager, boyish face narrowly for a time, and then said:

"Young man, I've knocked youngsters into the water before now for wanting to teach me my business." Conklin began to stammer apologies. "Wait!" Maxon commanded, placing a great, wrinkled paw on Conklin's shoulder. "You can try."

With curses that in some inexplicable way were understood by all to be compliments, the men followed Conklin's directions and lashed the tops of three strongly tapering logs together, and with a few blows of an axe brought the blunt snout to a point. A score of men drove their pike-poles into the contrivance and forced it into the mass of logs which filled the channel. To their unbounded delight it worked like magic, and soon a stream of logs, three abreast, was moving steadily along in the wake of the "rooter," as Long Sanderson named Conklin's invention. In an hour and fifteen minutes from the time that the idea had occurred to Conklin the last log leapt over Blueslate Bluff. With a cheer that could be heard above the deafening roar of the waterfall, the steaming drivers seized

Conklin and tossed him three times almost to the tops of the trees.

III

Above the "Witch's Caldron" was a mile of the most exasperating rapids on the whole run. Down this last descent, like hounds on the home stretch, the logs were now leaping in headlong flight. Their ends were all broomed and splintered from days of butting into unyielding rocks; the few strips of bark which the blazers had overlooked had long since been worn away, and each log was now as smooth as a polished pillar. To venture upon them without well-calked shoes meant a sudden plunge into the dark-brown water, and almost certain death.

Conklin stood fascinated. On the logs came. They jostled and hustled each other as if fighting fiercely for first place. Here a log struck its fellow a glancing blow and shot out high and dry upon the shore, only to be hurled back again into the struggle by the watchful drivers; there a big pine that had discovered an open space shot forward over a fall, butted squarely into a rock at the bottom with such force that it turned a complete somersault, its glistening length towering threateningly above the heads of the drivers for a moment, and then falling with a dull crash across a boulder, broke in two in the middle.

Before the wide swirling water which rose from the blow had subsided another pine, three feet through at the butt, came leaping after, landing upon a sharp ridge of slate which rose midstream, and was cleft in two as neatly as if struck by some giant axe. At the narrow places men with canthooks and pike-poles fought desperately to keep an open passage; for if but one log swung crosswise of the channel it meant the whole drive would be wedged into a solid mass which would take hours to set in motion again. The "Witch's Caldron" was now in sight, and already a dozen picked men with pike-poles poised stood waiting at the narrow opening above the falls, where the treacherous water slipped over the precipice in a long, yellow band as smooth as oil. Across the glassy space above the falls the logs came steadily on, quickening their pace

as they neared the place as if gathering speed for the final plunge.

"Look there!" Conklin turned to the man beside him in surprise, and following his glance saw that one of the men had missed his aim at a big spruce coming sideways, and it now lay right across the brink of the chasm, either end fast upon the rocks. A few logs shot over it, two or three wiggled under it, and then the main body began to pile up against it in a wall which mounted higher every moment. For one heart-breaking moment the men stood and looked helplessly at one another, and then Conklin got a glimpse between the branches of Joe Le Grande's cook-house and a flag waving from its top.

Lou was waiting to welcome the victor! Seizing an axe he started to run out upon the jam to cut the key-log in two, but before he had gone three steps Maxon's great paw fastened upon his shoulder and dragged him back.

"You're here to ride the first log down the flume, young man," he said with a twinkle in his eyes. Then he snatched the axe from Conklin's hand and started out himself. He would order no man into such a death trap as that. At the sight of their boss taking such a risk upon himself, which properly belonged to them, a dozen men sprang forward; but Long Sanderson, with one great leap, reached the middle of the log ahead of them all. He turned his back to the wall of logs which towered over him, and spreading wide his feet, swung the glittering axe in a lightning-like sweep. At the first blow the spruce snapped like an overstrung bow and shot Sanderson forward clean over the cliff, where his unflinching luck placed the overhanging branches of a yellow birch within his reach. With a preliminary growl that ended in a roar the mass of logs leapt after him, and the men poured down a narrow path to a point below where they were likely to jam again.

At a signal from Maxon the gate to the flume was opened, and a spruce log forty feet long and two feet in diameter was quickly selected for Conklin's ride. During the brief pause in which the log was being poled across a few rods of still water

the shouts of Boutellier's men came past the end of the ridge. They too were making ready for their giant leader to shoot the flume which ran almost parallel to the one down which Conklin was about to venture.

The two gangs were not more than thirty rods apart now, and as Conklin watched with a sort of horrible fascination his log approaching he heard Boutellier rip out an oath, saw him spring into the water and seizing a log in his arms hurl it out upon the shore with as much apparent ease as if it had been a stick. He evidently had rejected the first log selected for his ride. Conklin's log reached the flume, and seizing his pike-pole in the middle, he sprang squarely upon the back of the monster as it shot past him. Behind him he heard the shout of Boutellier's men, but he dare not even glance to one side to see the position of his rival. As Conklin sped down the plank channel fully fifty feet above the bottom of the rock-strewn ravine which the structure of stout trestle-work followed, a sudden terror seized him, and with it came an almost uncontrollable desire to leap over the side. Then, as the keen autumn air washed him like an endless wave, he got the impression of simply rushing through space, and all fear left him.

He was nearing the mill-pond now, going straight as an arrow and almost as swift. Above the mad rush of the wind in his ears he heard his name go up in a mighty shout. He got a glimpse of Joe Le Grande waving a flag from the top of the mill, saw the crowd sway, and then like a flash the log which he rode shot back from under his feet, and he went flying over the side of the flume. A splash, a great roaring of water in his ears, and after what seemed a small eternity he came to the surface of the deep pool into which his good angel had guided him. Glancing over at the parallel flume he saw a red shirt shoot past him, and the next moment a wild huzzah arose. At the sound the face of Lou Le Grande rose up reproachfully before Conklin. He felt a sudden sense of unbearable shame at the realisation of his failure; and then his thoughts were diverted by the sight of a man mounting the trestle-work above

him. With the agility of a cat the man regained the ground and dashed away toward the mill, Conklin following.

"A wire across the flume!" the man shouted from the top of the dam, and at the word Maxon's men, who at that moment came pouring through a gap, rushed at Boutellier with a chorus of oaths and dragged him from the log on which he still stood near the shore, doffing his slouch hat and bowing to the cheering crowd.

"Put a wire across our flume, did you?"

"To hell with the cowardly cur!"

"Hang him to the beech-tree up on the cliff!" came in quick succession from the infuriated men in blue.

Boutellier fought like a wild beast, denying as long as he had breath the base act of treachery of which he was accused. but he was soon overpowered, and lay helpless upon the sawdust-covered ground. For a moment the men in blue glared at him as if they were tempted to stamp the life out of him on the spot; then with hoots of derision they started to drag him to the top of the cliff. Conklin ran after them, imploring them to listen to reason, but they paid not the slightest heed. Maxon, realising that his men had at last got beyond his control, stood motionless like a weather-beaten block of granite. From the east trail came the shouts of Boutellier's men, who, having to make a long detour in order to reach the mill, were just beginning to appear on the opposite side of the ravine. At the warning the men in blue rushed the helpless giant up the cliff, part of the men attending to the hanging, and the remainder getting ready to receive the red-shirts. Armed with their steel-pointed canthooks, they stood about the brow of the cliff prepared to do deadly execution in case the on-coming gang attempted to rescue their leader.

With a dexterous hitch Long Sanderson lashed Boutellier's hands behind him, cursing him for a cowardly cur as he worked. Boutellier's eyes looked as baleful as a mad bull's, but he maintained a sullen silence. Sanderson slipped a noose over the victim's dishevelled head, tossed the end of the rope over a branch, and as it fell a dozen eager hands seized it.

"Do you want to say your prayers?" demanded the self-appointed executioner, eyeing contemptuously his victim from under his shaggy red brows. Boutellier gave him a look of unutterable scorn, and then the momentary silence was broken by a woman's voice at the base of the cliff, calling imperiously:

"Wait a moment, Sanderson! I have something I want to say." Sanderson wheeled and glared at the intruder, and then as he recognised Lou Le Grande he deferentially doffed his hat.

"I put that wire across the flume; Jean is as innocent as a child," she said, with flushed face and heaving breast. Sanderson stared incredulously for a moment, and then dropped his old hat with an oath.

"Let him go, men!" came in a deep growl from the base of the cliff, where Maxon stood massive, motionless, his great paws resting on the top of his cant-hook. Opening a tobacco-stained clasp-knife, Sanderson cut the cords which bound the man, who had escaped hanging by a hair's breadth, and Boutellier climbed slowly to his feet and shook himself like a shaggy dog fresh from the water. Then his eyes met Lou's, and with a bound he went over the edge of the cliff and reached her side.

"Oh, forgive me, Jean! Say you forgive me! It was a dreadful thing to do; but I was so afraid you would lose!" With something between a groan and a cry Boutellier wound his great arms about the sobbing girl, and drawing her close to him kissed her with rare tenderness. Then, throwing back his massive head with its shaggy hair, he looked out upon the astonished crowd with a light of triumph in his flashing black eyes such as a man knows but once in life.

"Accept my congratulations!" said Conklin, stepping up and offering Boutellier his hand, when the touching little tableau was over. Boutellier looked squarely into Conklin's eyes for a moment, and then seized the proffered hand between both his own and wrung it in silence.

Three hours later the following telegram reached the coach of the McGill football team: "If possible save place on team. Back in week. Conklin."

The Mohawk's Revenge

By THOMAS F. ASTLE



CECILE DE SEVIGNY had been the happiest maiden in all New France, but now an unaccountable foreboding of calamity possessed her. Her father, Monsieur le Marquis de Sevigny, had not found the country to his taste. He was the leader of the brilliant company of nobles who had come with the Marquis de Tracy to Quebec to retrieve lost fortunes or to satisfy a desire for adventure. But Canada was not an Eldorado, and fighting savages was not heroic according to the standards of the courtiers of Louis the Magnificent. Therefore Monsieur was dissatisfied and determined to return to the land of his birth.

The Marquis wished to bid farewell to his friends in a manner worthy of himself, and on the eve of his departure entertained in his residence those of the citizens of Quebec whom he considered worthy of his notice.

Merrily the evening passed. Young nobles vied with the officers of the Carignan Regiment for the favour of the daughters of Old France and of those of New France, the first of the Canadiennes. But around the daughter of the Marquis were most of those gay spirits gathered. No maid in all New France was just like Cecile de Sevigny, none so courted, but alas, not one so inaccessible.

Amid the general gaiety and laughter it was noticed that Cecile was unusually pensive and sad. She danced and sang, and her wit was sharp as ever, but she was not the merry, joyous Cecile of other times.

The aged Marquis de Tracy, most gallant of gentlemen, spoke encouragingly to her.

"How now, pretty one," said he. "Is your heart heavy at being compelled to leave us? Or perhaps," he added jokingly, "you are sad at leaving that little heart behind. There are enough here who would like to detain it."

"Who knows, Monsieur?" answered

Cecile with a far-away look. "This heart of mine may be buried here." She was thinking of Paul and the revengeful Indians.

The music started for the next dance, and a uniformed officer came forward to claim Cecile as his partner, but to his chagrin she excused herself.

"I must be alone a moment," she said. "Monsieur will pardon."

A moment later she passed unnoticed through the dining-hall to a side door leading to the verandah. There she paused a second, but no one was following; then stepped noiselessly to the soft grass at the side of the gravel walk. She passed quickly through the garden to the back of the house; then into a grove of spruce trees which hid from view the maize field beyond. The light of the candles was still dimly outlining her graceful figure when a youth stepped from behind a tree.

"Is it you, Paul?" she asked in a sweet mellow whisper. And for answer she was clasped in strong arms and ardently embraced.

"*C'est moi, chérie.* I was afraid you would not get away. But come behind these bushes, a *coureur de bois* must not be seen with Mad'moiselle Cecile de Sevigny."

"Yes, I am so afraid! I can only stay a moment, Paul. Let us not prolong the pain of parting. Oh! I am so afraid something terrible will happen to you! Those blood-thirsty savages! Would that I could stay to share the danger!"

"Then you are to leave for France tomorrow?" asked the youth hopelessly.

"Yes, Paul, it must be so. Our dream was beautiful, but now all is over."

"Dieu, if there was only some way!" exclaimed Paul. "But it would be madness. If you followed me in my wild life you would not live a month. If I could go to France—but you know why I am banished hence."

"Oh, there is no way, Paul, no way! Our fate is hard, but cannot be resisted."

She threw her arms about his neck and, looking eagerly into his face, said broken-heartedly: "You will always have my love, Paul. I leave my heart with you. When I reach France I will renounce the world and spend the rest of my life praying for you."

"And I," said Paul, "will go back to the forest and seek the death that ever lurks there—what was that?"

They listened. The quick ear of the bushranger had caught some faint sound, but it was not repeated. The girl's heart gave a great thump.

In the dancing-room the merriment increased.

"We must part now, Paul," sobbed the trembling girl. "They will miss me in a

moment, and if they find you here they will kill you. Kiss me, Paul, and end this, for it is killing me. Adieu, adieu! would that it were 'au revoir.'"

Once more she was clasped in his strong arms. For a moment the ecstasy of love—then a feathered figure leapt from the darkness. There was the glint of steel, followed by muffled groans and all of pain and sorrow was gone from the lovers forever.

Swiftly, noiselessly, the Mohawk warrior glided like a snake through the trees and shrubbery, while the straggling moonbeams shone on the nut-brown hair and golden tresses at his belt. He had meted out his revenge.



POINTS OF VIEW

FOREMAN: "Donal' carries twa o' thae pipes."

DUGALD: "Ay, I hae obsairved him a' the forenoon. But ye maun jist remonstrate wi' Donal' yersel'."—*Punch*.

Current Events Abroad.

THE President's Message to Congress covered a wide range, but was not as startlingly radical as some had anticipated. The clause in which Canadians were chiefly interested was that with reference to the sealing industry in the Pribyloff Islands. The President furnished statistics showing the rapid diminution of the seal herds and attributed it to pelagic sealing, or in other words to the catching of the animals at sea. It will be remembered that the whole question was considered by an international court, of which Sir John Thompson was a member, some years ago. The chief decisions of that court were that a close season should be established during the summer months and that hunting should be prohibited within sixty miles of the islands. As Japan was not a party to this convention, the Japanese have ignored these rules, and it is altogether likely that it is the

operations of their hunters that have awakened the President's interest in the matter.

Nevertheless, it is to Great Britain he goes with complaints, although Great Britain has consented to an extension of territorial waters twenty times greater than that recognised by normal international law in any other part of the world. The President seems to desire that Canadians should cease seal-hunting altogether. Last year the value of the Canadian catch was \$322,000. The objection to this traffic is not altogether, we may be sure, because of the number of seals taken, but because it interferes with that monopoly which the Alaska Commercial Company desires to preserve in the business. The company leases the seal islands from the United States, and undoubtedly regards with extreme disfavour

the free hunters whose sales of skins prevent it from regulating prices and exercising the other pleasurable privileges that appertain to monopolies.

It may readily be agreed that the extermination of the seal herds could justly be called an act of vandalism, and if it be shown that pelagic sealing must inevitably lead to that result it should be stopped. But it must be stopped under conditions. The other nations interested will not stop in order that the United States may reap all the benefits. The national treasury derives a handsome revenue from the lease, and the leasing company, once it had



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

—Brooklyn Eagle

a monopoly of the business, could fix its profits to suit itself. What proposition is Uncle Sam prepared to make? The islands should be internationalised and the commerce in skins managed with some eye to the public interest.



Another matter attracting much interest among our neighbours is the trade of the South American countries. Secretary Root journeyed to all the principal Pan-American capitals last summer, but does not appear to have found an immediate solution of the problem of securing a greater share of the trade of these countries for the United States. At present they do not enjoy ten per cent. of it, Great Britain and Germany securing the lion's share. The Secretary now tells his countrymen that they cannot capture their fair proportion of this trade until they can carry on their exchanges in American bottoms. The United States flag, he says, is never seen in the harbours of South America. The remedy he suggests is the Ship Subsidy Bill. Unfortunately, in the middle West the Ship Subsidy Bill is not popular even among Republicans, and Democrats all over the country oppose it with one accord. The Senate passed the bill during the former session, but the House rejected it. A determined effort will be made to get it through at the current session. It will confirm the view that the party in power is tied hand and foot to self-interested cliques of money-makers in the Atlantic coast cities.



In the British Parliament the Education Bill is still the storm-centre. The other day in the House of Lords the Marquis of Lansdowne, leader of the



A LITTLE RECONSTITUTION

THE BISHOPS—"There! he looks quite nice now—his own parents won't know him when we send him back to them."

—*Westminster Gazette*

Opposition in that body, laid down certain principles with regard to the attitude of that House on public measures that have attracted some attention. He expressed his total dissent from the provisions of the Trades Disputes Bill, but said that he would not call upon the peers to throw it out, because it was one of the measures which he recognised as having played a part in the general election. The voters by their ballots had approved of the principle involved in it, and he was not prepared to set his predilections in opposition to that decision.

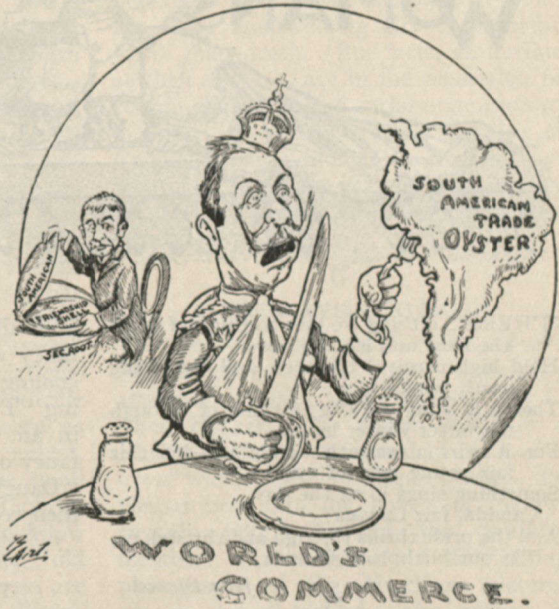


It will, of course, be asked whether the existing educational situation was not equally condemned at the general election. The two prominent topics were undoubtedly Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals and the Unionist educational policy. Mr. Chamberlain and all his followers believe that the success of the Liberals was not so much due to the opposition

to the revival of Protection as hostility to the Unionist solution of the educational problem. That played quite as prominent a part as the question whether a Trades Union could be the subject of legal proceedings for damage caused by the action of its officers. Many will feel that neither the Liberal nor the Unionist solution of the educational question is satisfactory any more than it is satisfactory in Canada. Both here and in the Old Country we must recognise that denominational teaching, however desirable, is impossible in state-aided schools. When that is said, however, it should not exclude the children from gaining an acquaintance with the most important book that comes from the press. The idea of withholding from children a wide knowledge of a book that is imbedded in the history of the country and which tinctures and informs literature in all its branches, is one to which too strong terms of condemnation could scarcely be applied. There is surely a solution that would take away this reproach. A pupil who emerges from the schools without a fairly extensive knowledge of the Old and New Testaments has a large part of his education to complete.

U

Pope Pius X has determined to resist, in a passive way at least, the efforts of the French authorities to separate church and state. The impression created on most fair-minded people is that whatever the merits or demerits of the movement may be, the work is being done in a quite unnecessarily harsh and unfeeling way. A man has a right to dispossess his tenants, but when he exercises that right in an inhumane way public opinion is not slow to express itself. If he turns a helpless woman and a brood of half-clothed children on to the roadside, public condemnation of his conduct almost overbears



THE OYSTER AND THE SHELL

A condition Secretary Root is said to have faced in South America.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

his legal rights. The case in France has some analogy to this. Men have grown grey in the service of the church in France and now, in the midst of the debility of age, they are cast forth to make what provisions they can for the maintenance of life. There is no special hardship in asking the church to depend upon the voluntary offerings of its worshippers in France as in America, but the cruelty arises in the sudden change of conditions without adequate provision for bridging the gulf between the old and the new.

U

What will be the result? Are there enough true sons of the church in France to establish a crusade? Some talk of revolution under a Bourbon or a Bonaparte, but the way revolutions are effected nowadays is at the ballot-box. If there is a majority of the voters of France hostile to the Clemenceau programme they should be able to upset all that is being done at the next election. But the call of the Pope may awake fires that are now smouldering.

John A. Ewan

WOMAN'S SPHERE



THERE'S a thing we love to think of when
the frost and ice and snow
Hold high carnival together, and the biting
north winds blow.
There's a thing we love to think of through
the bitter winter hours,
For it stirs a warmth within us—'tis this
fair young land of ours.
Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada;
And the pride thrills through and through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada.

—Jean Blewett



PRACTICAL PATRIOTS

THE city, on what-used-to-be-called Burlington Bay, deserves the adjective that has become historic. When a Hamiltonian goes to Marathon, he shows the rest of the world a clean pair of heels. When the Hamilton Daughters of the Empire undertake to fight the white plague, the tuberculosis germ or microbe, or whatever it is, simply curls up in consternation. Last May the Governor-General of Canada opened the Mountain Sanatorium, equipped by the chapters of the I.O.D.E., who had worked most successfully under their enthusiastic regent, Mrs. P. D. Crerar. Just before Christmas these Hamilton daughters gave a unique entertainment, "Childhood's Days," which resulted in a handsome sum being expended on winter comforts for the patients at the sanatorium.

As women all over Canada are anxious to receive suggestions for new entertainments, it may be well to describe this delightful affair. Every booth in the Thistle Rink was arranged in illustration of a rhyme or tradition of childhood. Four and twenty blackbirds served the best of substantial fare, green-and-silver fairies dispensed ice-cream, the Queen of Hearts

and all the little Hearts displayed the fancy work, chrysanthemum girls served cooling lemonade, and the most "fetching" Turkish maidens served black coffee in an Oriental corner. There were no fancy or Cobalt prices, and the Hamilton "Daughters" deserved every cent for their commendable cause.



THE TRAIL OF THE SNOB

A CANADIAN newspaper got into all sorts of trouble not long ago and the story of its tribulation provided amusement for the men readers. As all the feminine world knows, the modern daily newspaper usually has a department known as the society column, in which pink teas and noisy weddings are chronicled. Happy is the woman whose name appears "among those present," and thrice happy is she whose *chic* gown and *récherché* boa are deemed worthy of mention! Such columns are usually marked by bad English and worse French, while the men who call them silly slush are not far wrong. However, they are no worse than the page devoted to sport, and if you do not believe me just read a few paragraphs about the "bonspiels" and such trivialities.

But to return to the aforesaid newspaper. Quite without the editor's knowledge, "inadvertently" as the politicians say, a letter signed "Anonyma" found its way into print. The writer expressed herself as disgusted that the name of a certain woman whose husband is connected with "trade" should appear in the social columns of the paper to which the writer addressed herself. The offender's only objectionable feature was her hus-

band's business. After this letter came a deluge of protesting correspondence from democratic citizens who tore the foolish "Anonyma" to shreds. Taking it altogether, the episode is highly humorous, especially when one considers the lady's pen-name. Has "Anonyma" ever studied Greek? We fear that her ancestors had more dollars than culture or she would not have made such a blunder.

A Canadian's house is his castle, and his wife makes out the visiting list. She has a perfect right to invite or exclude as her personal taste may dictate. If "trade" be offensive, let her avoid its associations. But she only exposes herself to ridicule when she indulges in such criticism as that of the complaining correspondent.

In a new country like ours, the small grocer of to-day is the capitalist of to-morrow. It would be edifying to know just what the descendants of the "old families" of one hundred years ago are doing to-day. It would also be edifying to know who "Anonyma's" grandpapa is or was. All this talk about "trade" savours of antiquity in the extreme. John Bull is a shopkeeper, although, as Merri-man tells us, he usually keeps a gun behind the counter. Lord Iveagh and Sir Thomas Lipton go in surprisingly "good" society and are tired, no doubt, of seeing their names among those present. It is not those of gentle birth who assert superiority. It is the new rich who, in the language of "Lady Baltimore," have not "money enough to gild their bristles."



MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENTS

SEVERAL of the Canadian newspapers, among them the *Toronto Globe*, have published editorial warnings against a certain class of advertisements that promises young Canadian girls employment in United States cities. While our newspapers exercise great caution regarding advertisements that seem in any way dubious, it is impossible to obtain absolute safety in advertising matter. It is of the most vital importance that young girls, especially those in villages or the country, should be on their guard regarding offers of employment in Buffalo, Detroit or Chicago. One can hardly

believe in the diabolical depravity that has lured unsuspecting girls into shame worse than death. But facts, as terrible as they are true, are in the possession of certain charitable and social organisations in our cities, and once more the girls of Canada seeking foreign or city employment are urged to make every inquiry before taking steps towards securing the advertised positions.



RUSKIN AND GIRLHOOD

IN the November number of *Scribner's Magazine* is a most interesting article on "Ruskin and Girlhood," by L. Allen Harker. The writer tells how a Ruskin Society was formed in her native town which tried to bring beauty and pleasantness into the homes of the extremely poor. One of the youthful members was in favour of distributing photographs of Fra Angelico's pictures among the distressed. The author of the article wrote to Ruskin complaining that a photograph of Carpaccio's St. Ursula had been received with the scantiest approbation by a bed-ridden old woman. Ruskin said in reply:

"Give the poor whatever pictures you find they like of *nice* things, not of merely pathetic or pompous ones. They're apt to like sick children starving in bed, beggars at street doors, Queen Vic opening Parliament, etc. Give them anything that's simple, cheerful or pious; always, if possible, coloured—never mind how badly. Shall I send you some coloured birds?"

One of the difficulties with a certain class of young women is that they take life too seriously and are everlastingly worrying over their feelings, as if their mental and emotional "states" were of planetary importance. These are the honestly misled young persons who adore fashionable clergymen and run after fake philosophers. Would that they might meet such a wise Mentor as Ruskin proved himself! Here is a bit of advice: "To answer your main question about having a right to be happy, it is not only everybody's right but duty to be so, only to choose the best sort of happiness. And the best sorts are not to be had cheap."

Ruskin, according to the writer, would

never, even to please his pets, pretend either interest or admiration which he did not feel. "And there are perhaps persons who will heartily sympathise with the following sentiments":

"Indeed I'm sorry to have grieved you and A. I knew I should, but couldn't help it. I can't pretend to care for things I don't care for. I *don't* care for babies. Rather have an objection to them. Have no respect for them whatsoever. Like little pigs ever so much better. Here's my little wood woman come down to fetch me my faggots; she's got nine piglets to take care of, and her whole heart is set on them, and I call her Pigwiggina, and inquire for her family very anxiously every day—but you really mustn't expect me to care for inferior beings." Whatever may be thought of Ruskin's preference, whereby the piglet is set above the humanlet, he was a very brave and honest man to write such a letter to an enthusiastic young mother. But he would have been defeated as a candidate for parliamentary honours.

There are many whimsical turns in his letters to the young folks. After a period of severe illness and depression he wrote: "I had great joy and sense of being in my right place to-day in the Turner room, and am going to stay in London till people have been taught that they can't make my skin into gloves yet. . . . I went to the Private View of the old Water Colour yesterday, and there *were* people glad to see me there. Robert Browning among others. And I've been to the British museum and am staying very contentedly within reach of it and some other places. And I'm not going to theatres, and altogether I'm as good just now as I know how to be."



PROFESSORS OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY

IN Canada, as well as in the United States and England, the teaching of domestic economy is becoming a calling for women. Miss Eunice T. Biggs in an article on the subject in an English periodical says: "A cheerful brisk tone prevails among the students, and their unanimous verdict is that the work, though hard, is enjoyable. It is certainly work well

sued to womanly tastes and capabilities; to carry it through, physical activity must be combined with a high degree of mental alertness."



WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON

ACCORDING to an article in the *Grand Magazine*, "the first genuine women's club in London was the Somerville. Established in 1878, it passed through years of change and vicissitudes in its modest premises over a popular tea-shop. It began modestly with a subscription and entrance-fee alike fixed at five shillings. When it took smarter premises in Hanover-square it soon succumbed, and is now only remembered as a pioneer in club history.

"In 1884 the Alexandra Club was founded. Its membership soon reached 900. The qualification was eligibility to attend H.M.'s drawing-rooms.

"In 1887 the University Club came into being, and, as its name denotes, was the meeting-place for students and women who had been at college together. The limit of members was then 300; qualification, a degree at any university or registration as a medical practitioner of the United Kingdom.

"In 1892, Mrs. Massingberd created the Pioneer Club. A woman of ideal aims, she was always ready with a generous purse to keep her creation in the vanguard of progress. The club was, therefore, very progressive, and, though beginning modestly over a perfumer's shop in Regent Street, is now established in a house of its own at No. 5 Grafton Street. Each Pioneer wears a small axe, the club badge, and is known by a number in lieu of her name as a symbol of perfect equality. Female suffrage, anti-vivisection, temperance and vegetarianism appealed to many Pioneers, whilst a number of writers, actresses, and singers have from the first been included in the list of members. The club motto is: 'They say? What say they? Let them say.' Equipped with all these fine phrases, the Pioneers serenely disregarded the sneers of facetious people, who were highly amused that a Temperance Club should provide a smoking room for its members. A further source of amuse-

ment was the evening dress of the Pioneers, a black satin jacket, with a white collar and tie, taking the place of low-necked evening toilettes."

The writer concludes a most entertaining article by asserting: "When women have acquired the sense of comradeship learnt by men in public schools, which they certainly lack, then even men will allow that clubs are as necessary for women as for themselves."



POPULAR ACTORS

ON this continent at least, the stage is more popular with women than with men. Concerts, art exhibitions, and plays are patronised by audiences largely feminine. There may have been few women who deserve to be called "artists" in the creative sense; but the men who write the great novels and dramas, who paint the masterpieces and compose the magnificent operas, would be left with slim audiences were it not for the appreciation of women. However, the stage is a sphere where woman has proved her equality to man, since acting is her very nature. Indeed it may be questioned if an actor has attained the histrionic perfection of Bernhardt or Rachel.

An actor who does not win the approval of women is lost. But there is a certain kind of actor who is sure to appeal to feminine enthusiasm. Of this class are John Drew, Kyrle Bellew, Nat Goodwin and, in a lesser degree, James K. Hackett. They are artists who have brought the drawing-room manner to perfection, and who, while sacrificing no whit of manliness, are graceful and poetic lovers. There is a difference between sentimentality and romance, and many a woman, who is merely and delightfully romantic, is accused of the former silly quality. Anglo-Saxon men are stolid in expression and awkward in gesture, whatever they may be in feeling. Hence the woman who craves polished manners in her admirer turns with quick appreciation to the golden-voiced actor, finding in his speech and gallantry the Ivanhoe, the



MR. NAT GOODWIN

Rudolf Rassendyll or the Cyrano whom she has secretly cherished. Women do not care for crude or lavish expression; what they crave is delicate suggestion, subtle phrase, courtly wooing. What wonder, then, that they turn eagerly to the drama for what they seldom find in real life? Three of these actors who exemplify the gallant qualities have recently been in Canada: the English Kyrle Bellew, the American Nat Goodwin, and our own James K. Hackett.



WOMEN EDITORS

BOTH in West and East the woman journalist is assuming greater responsibility. Miss Clara Hind of the *Manitoba Free Press* has achieved unusual success in the business department, her crop estimates being held in high regard. Miss Annie B. Merrill is doing creditable editorial work on the *Calgary Townsman*, while Miss Isabel Armstrong of London, Ontario, has full charge of the *Echo* and got out this year an extremely handsome holiday number of that enterprising weekly.

Jean Graham

About New Books.

BOOKS BY CANADIAN AUTHORS

TEN noteworthy books of the month are by Canadian authors. They are as follows: "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor, who is now regarded as one of the leading novelists of the day; "The Undertow," by Robert S. Knowles, a rising personality; "Alexander McBain, B.A.," by Adeline M. Teskey, a Welland lady, author also of "The Village Artist"; "The Camerons of Bruce," by R. L. Richardson, author of "Colin of the Ninth Concession"; "The Cornflower and Other Poems," by Jean Blewett; "Songs and Sonnets," by Helena Coleman; "A Song of Empire and Other Poems," by George Frederick Scott; "Preludes: Sonnets and Other Verses," by John Daniel Logan; "Studies in Plant Life," by Catharine Parr Traill; "Cupid and the Candidate," by Mrs. Leeming Carr, of Hamilton.



"THE DOCTOR"

ONE might be almost justified in saying that "The Doctor" (Toronto: The Westminster Company, Limited,) is Ralph Connor's best work. If one were content to stop at the night when Barney entered Dick's bachelor apartments and found his trusted brother and Iola, his sweetheart, in a passionate embrace—if one were content to stop there and read no further, the verdict would likely be that the author had exceeded himself. But it is, perhaps, the best word for the story to say that the reader is not content to stop there. Unfortunately, however, the latter half does not seem to ring true, and the denouement is anything but satisfactory. Maybe it suffers the fate of many so-called purposeful novels, and it is interesting to wonder whether the author has sacrificed the

acclaim of posterity in order to serve what to him appears to be the present and higher duty. "The Doctor" is a well-executed, almost delightful romance up to the end of the fourteenth chapter, but from the fifteenth chapter on there is deterioration. The first chapter takes the reader into sweet rural bypaths in old Ontario, and introduces a charming maiden, with the red of the thistle in her cheek, the perfume of the clover in her hair, and the frankness of truth and the glory of good breeding as the chief mainstays of her character. Margaret Robertson loves and is loved by a neighbour's son, Barney Boyle. Barney has a brother Dick, who is about to return from college, and the three meet at a dance following a barn raising. At the dance unexpectedly appears a young school teacher named Iola, a Southern damsel, possessing a wonderfully seductive voice and a face and form full of sensuousness and alluring beauty. Iola sings and strums upon a guitar and captivates the rude but sensitive Barney. Barney had pledged his word to his mother to "see" Dick through college, but suddenly his eyes are opened, and if Dick is to be a minister he will be a doctor. But Dick is in no way slighted, and a means is provided for both youths to go. Then the scene of action shifts from the country to Toronto, where we find Barney and Dick at college, Margaret in training as a nurse, and Iola cultivating her voice. Margaret loves Barney intensely; Barney loves Iola almost madly; Dick loves Margaret perhaps less passionately, while Iola is ambitious for a "career." Iola conducts herself loosely, if not altogether wantonly, and so drives Barney to Baltimore in despair. While Barney is away, Dick, who has fallen somewhat because of academical chastisement for

heretical leanings, and who has no hope of winning Margaret, cultivates the companionship of Iola. One night the two give way momentarily to a common moral weakening, and are discovered by Barney, who has returned in obedience to his frantic affection for this young woman. Then Barney disappears, and Iola goes abroad to conquer Europe. Dick goes as a missionary to British Columbia, having reconciled the church authorities, and it becomes convenient also to transfer Margaret thither as matron of Kuskinoook hospital. Barney turns up in that western district, where he is medical superintendent for a railway company. Finally a letter is received from Iola, and Barney sets off to visit her in Scotland. He finds her at death's door, she having gone into decline, and after she dies, on the day of his arrival, he returns to the Rockies and falls a victim of appendicitis. Margaret and Dick are present at the last, and Margaret's love of Barney stands the test of years. But the last chapter finds Dick and Margaret, a year later, back in the old bypaths, and when Dick repeats his love story it falls on responsive ears. According to the light of the story Iola was intended for Dick and Margaret for Barney. But "The Doctor" is a purposeful novel, misnamed withal, for Barney Boyle was "The Man" first and "The Doctor" afterwards. Nevertheless word comes from the publishers that already 150,000 copies have been sold.

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"THE UNDERTOW"

THE author of "St. Cuthbert's," which easily proved the best selling Canadian novel of 1906, has produced a new story, "The Undertow" (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company), which surpasses its predecessor in every quality. Indeed, Mr. Knowles in this new novel has done work which has not yet been attempted by any other Canadian writer, and which places him, in the estimation of some critics, beside such workers in the same field as Thomas Hardy, Henry James, and George Meredith. "The Undertow"



MR. ROBERT S. KNOWLES

Whose novel "The Undertow" is arousing a good deal of comment

is an enlargement upon a metaphor. What the strong swimmer most fears is not the rolling billows and the rushing waters, but the hidden undercurrents which tug at him and devour his strength. So is it in life—in the moral and spiritual life. The forces that make for the downfall of the human soul are not those which one can combat in the open; they are the hidden sins that haunt the soul's obscure recesses. This is the theme of Mr. Knowles' novel, and he has worked it out with great power and skill. Since Mr. Knowles seems to have gifts for melodrama, we would suggest that the story be dramatised. Properly staged, it would make an effective presentation of a cardinal truth which the preachers either neglect altogether or handle with doubtful power. We recommend the book strongly. We, however, suggest that in a future edition it would be well for the author to eliminate as much as possible the homely, pathetic element,



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT
Author of "The Cornflower and Other Poems"

dubiously secured by quotations from the Presbyterian Book of Praise.



A TEMPERANCE STORY

"ALEXANDER McBAIN, B.A." (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company) is the story of a promising life ruined because of an inherited weakness for stimulant. A young man of unusual capabilities, enjoying the respect of his community and the love of a charming village maiden, is permitted to go to college owing to the industry and self-sacrifice of a widowed mother. He is a good student, and a good man at heart,

but his inherent tendency towards inebriety finally overcomes his good appreciation of decorum. He falls into indolent and drunken habits. He is discharged from a modest position in the village store, and finally leaves home in a state of penury, from which he fails to recover. Finally, on his way home again in a repentant mood, he is converted at a religious meeting, but whether there was a sufficient change to overcome the desire for drink is not put to the test, because almost immediately afterwards the young man is killed while rescuing a child. That is where the story fails most, although at best it is disappointing, the chief character lacking definiteness and magnetism with the others verging on the commonplace. However, as a temperance story, "Alexander McBain, B.A.," should find a place. It is also a faith-

ful picture of life in the average Ontario village where gossip and wholesomeness compete for first place.



MRS. BLEWETT'S WORK

FEW writers of verse in Canada have a more sympathetic or admiring following than Jean Blewett, whose latest volume, "The Cornflower and Other Poems," has just been issued by William Briggs, Toronto. There is perhaps good reason for that, for Mrs. Blewett has a genius for expressing in a picturesque way the very sentiments that wholesome people like to hear expressed,

of playing in a delicate way upon the very emotions that unvarnished people like to have played upon, and with a confiding, yet artistic aptitude, of drawing inspiration from the well-springs of a common human sympathy. It means a great deal to be able to do that, and no writer who values endurance can afford to ignore it. It is gratifying to read a verse in which there is no philosophic problem to solve, no unseen motive, no harsh, mean treatment, nothing, in fact, to jar the sweet-minded. Such is the work of Jean Blewett, and as such will her work find an abiding place in the affections of her readers.

Note Mrs. Blewett's poetic touch in this extract from "The Highland Shepherd":

"O the hills of purple heather,
And the skies so warm and gray!
O the shimmer of the sea-mist
In the sea-wind far away!
O the calling of the torrent
Sweeping down Ben Vorlick's side,
And my white flocks faring foldward
In the hush of eventide!"



DELIGHTFUL VERSE

RARELY has so delightful a volume of poems been sent out from a Canadian publishing house and by a Canadian author than "Songs and Sonnets," the work of Miss Helena Coleman (Toronto: William Briggs). Apart altogether from the true rhythmic beauty of the verse and the embodiment of lofty conceptions, the letter press and cover design make of the book a pleasing, artistic production. There are in all about one hundred songs and sonnets, and they have in them the ring of genuineness. Many persons, having read from time to time some of this author's verses, written under a *nom de plume*, had wondered who the writer was, and it will be gratifying for them to know that so valuable a collection is now available in book form. Miss Coleman has the rare accomplishment of rich, magnetic expression, while her technique is admirable. Her style is not unlike that of Clinton Scollard, and that is saying

a good deal. Here is an extract from "Indian Summer":

We linger by the crimson vine,
Steeped to the heart with fragrant wine,
And where the rowan-berries shine,
And gentians lift their blue;
We stay to hear the wind that grieves
Among the oak's crisp, russet leaves;
And watch the moving light that weaves
Quaint patterns, peering through.

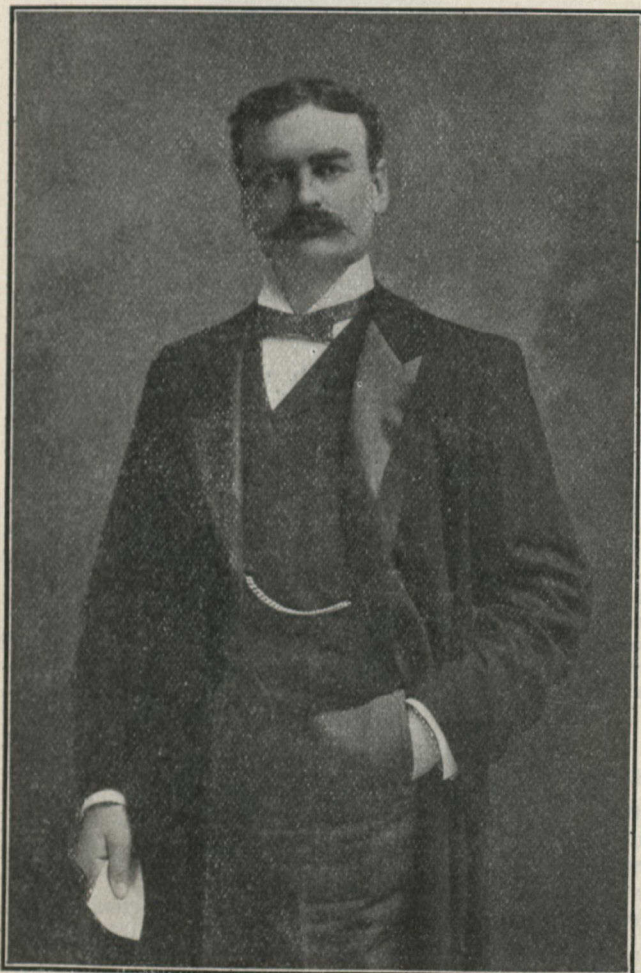


THE KELT IN POETRY

IT is gratifying to see that the verse of John Daniel Logan, which is well known to the magazines, has been collected and published in a neat volume by William Briggs, Toronto, under the title "Preludes: Sonnets and Other Verses," with an epistle in criticism and an essay entitled "The Rhythmical Dummy: A Recipe for Verse-Makers." The volume is not pretentious, but the thoughts contained therein are clothed in chaste English, and there is evidence of a careful study of technique. The "Epistle in Criticism" is addressed to Peter MacLaren MacDonald, and is, we should say, an expression of admiration for the true poetic fire possessed by the Keltic race, and as well an appreciative explanation of the failure of the Canadian Kelt in poetry.

Dr. Logan is a native of Pictou County, Nova Scotia, a young man yet, but one of considerable attainment. He is a Ph.D. of Harvard, and a cultured gentleman of letters. Of his poetic instinct the following sonnet, "The Solitary," will speak:

I lie where oft your rare swart tresses lay
And oft your sweet voice called me in the
night,
But all the slow, blank hours in their flight
Do mock me as I call and vainly pray
That your fond, vivid vision long may stay
In my dear dreams, and with dawning light
Bring realer dreams of days 'mongst vales
bedight
With flowers of Joy when we the winding way
Of Love trod carelessly. Dear Heart, alas!
The lone, long, lingering trail of life must I
Forever unaccompanied take and pass
Forever disinherited by Hate?
O hear me, Heart of mine, O hear my cry:
"Still do I love thee, still do I love and wait."



MR. R. L. RICHARDSON

Whose latest novel "The Camerons of Bruce" has just been issued by William Briggs

MR. RICHARDSON'S NEW NOVEL

ANY book that describes in an interesting, dramatic way the difficulties and hardships that were encountered by our forefathers is worthy of much commendation. Such is the "Camerons of Bruce," the latest work of Mr. R. L. Richardson (Toronto: William Briggs). The story affords the author much opportunity for first-class descriptive work and good character drawing. It deals with the adventures of Lachlan Cameron, a youth of twenty-one, who sets out from

Bruce County to avenge the disinheritation of his lamented father by an uncle who lives among the Indians along the Saskatchewan river. The incidents of this adventure are numerous and full of action. One cannot help wondering how so busy a man as Mr. Richardson could find time to cultivate his taste for fiction. Few journalists in Canada are more widely known than he is, and his latest romance will therefore be read by many with much interest.

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A POLITICAL STORY

IN "Cupid and the Candidate" (Toronto: William Briggs), Mrs. Carr has produced a political story of good action, originality and interest. It is by no means a pretentious volume, but it is written with a light, facile hand, and should have a place with "the clever things." There is in it a generous amount of wholesome humour, and it is perhaps as a humorist that Mrs. Carr most excels. All who read "Cupid and the Candidate" will welcome another book by the same author. The dedication is to Mr. James J. Hill.

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A BOOK FOR NATURE LOVERS

"STUDIES of Plant Life in Canada" (Toronto: William Briggs) is a new and revised edition of a volume issued by Mrs. Traill under the same title some years ago, and which is so well known to those who have been interested in Canadian wild flowers that but little need be said of it here. This new edition

is issued in an attractive form, and besides eight reproductions in colours, there are twelve half-tone engravings from special drawings by Mrs. Agnes D. Chamberlin. It is dedicated to the Countess of Grey, and its object is perhaps best set forth by the author, who says in the preface: "It is not a book for the learned. The aim of the writer is simply to show the real pleasure that may be obtained from a habit of observing what is offered to the eye of the traveller. . . . Even to know the common name of a flower or fern is something added to our stock of knowledge, and inclines us to wish to know something beyond the mere name."



IMPERIAL VERSE

"**A** HYMN of Empire and Other Poems" (Toronto: William Briggs), by Frederick George Scott, is a daintily-bound volume containing more than thirty poems by this Quebec writer. The initial poem is an expression in dignified verse of the true Imperial sentiment, which is filled not only with pride, but with a sense of responsibility. The poems on nature are appreciative of the peculiar ruggedness of Quebec scenery, as well as of the summer aspects as shown in the glancing rivulet. We have not often seen the quatrain in Canadian poetry, and this selection "By the Sea," is such as to make us wish for more examples:

"Ever the strong, salt life, ever the dream,
Ever the pulsing force, the mystery
Of tireless Nature working 'neath the stars,
Her destiny apart from human things."



A BOOK FOR BUSINESS MEN

"**T**HE Making of a Merchant" is an excellent book, particularly for young men starting out on a business career. The author, Harlow N. Higinbotham, was a partner of the late Marshall Field. He is also a well-known financier and President of the World's Columbian Exposition. He should therefore be regarded as an authority in the business world. Indeed, his career has long been watched by merchants all over the country, and he is generally pointed out in the

mercantile world as one of the outstanding successes of the last quarter-century. Undoubtedly his book will have a large sale. It is published by Forbes and Company, Chicago.



NOTES

It is gratifying to note that Bliss Carman has had published (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company) a comprehensive volume of his best poems, under the title "Pipes of Pan." The book is of generous bulk, and contains five works that were issued separately last year under distinctive titles, as follows: "From the Book of Myths," "From the Green Book of the Bards," "Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden," and "From the Book of Valentines." Bliss Carman is regarded as one of the first poets of the day, and no Canadian should be unacquainted with his rare style of expression.

Housekeepers, that is, real housekeepers, and all who contemplate building, occupying or furnishing a house, or, indeed, all who live in at least fair circumstances, should make acquaintance with "The Complete Home," by Clara E. Laughlin (New York: D. Appleton and Company). It is safe to say that wherever this book is read its influence will be very marked, and further, that if its contents were generally known there would be in household arrangement fewer incongruities to shock artistic sensibilities and more recognition of the fitness of things. The volume is so comprehensive that it is impossible to cover its scope in a brief review. There are fourteen chapters and nearly a score of full-page illustrations. It treats of almost everything encountered in a modern household, from the extermination of vermin to the choosing of antique furniture or decorations.

The "History of the Royal North-West Mounted Police," by Captain Ernest J. Chambers (Black Rod), has just been issued, and is an exceedingly interesting and important addition to contemporary historical literature. It is perhaps the only authentic history of this famous corps, and it is therefore exceedingly valuable as a souvenir. It is printed on superior coated

paper, handsomely bound, and contains a profusion of excellent half-tone illustrations. Although the name is not given, it is understood that the publishers are McPhee Brothers and Bayley, an enterprising Montreal concern.

A new volume of John Imrie's poems has just been issued (Toronto: The Imrie Printing Co.). This makes the fifth edition, which puts the output up to 7,500 copies. Mr. Imrie's poems have long been admired by an increasing circle of readers, and they are steadily gaining in appreciation. The new volume is attractively bound in gilt cloth, with gilt decorations.

Ginn and Company, Boston, have published a neat little volume entitled "The Philosophy of Goethe's Faust," by Thomas Hamilton, author of "The Education of the Wage Earners," etc.

"Alcestis and Other Poems" is the title of an attractive little volume by Sara King Wiley (The Macmillan Company of Canada). The book is composed mostly of blank verse of a classical order.

The very title of "The Running Horse Inn" bespeaks a story chock full of romance and chivalry. It is a novel of the Colonial Library series, and written in a clever way by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). All who enjoy real stirring scenes, full of action and not too much tragedy, will take readily to this book. The story deals with exciting incidents rendered possible by the Napoleonic wars which were then agitating Europe. The author has handled his opportunity well, and produced a novel of popular interest.

"Hope: My Wife" is a story by L. G. Moberley (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company), dealing with the problem of an early unhappy marriage, a separation, and a reunion after some years, the husband proposing to his own wife, whom he had failed to recognise.

"Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," by Clifton Johnson (The Macmillan Company of Canada), is a splendid account of travel, incident and folk-lore along the most majestic and interesting rivers on the North American continent. It is very evident that the

author was heart and soul in his work, and what adds greatly to the value and attractiveness of the volume is a list of more than sixty illustrations from actual photographs taken by the author. It is usually the case that persons who write entertainingly and instructively about places of general interest fail to provide backing for their work in the form of convincing illustrations. In this particular case there is an apt combination of author and artist.

The thirty-eighth volume of "The Studio" (44 Leicester Square, London,) is one of the most sumptuous publications that comes to the reviewer during a whole twelvemonth. To give an idea of its immensity, not to speak of its artistic merits, it is only necessary to say that it contains more than six hundred illustrations of the best art of the day and of the highest attainment in reproductive skill. Many of the full-page illustrations are in several colours, producing exceptionally pleasing results. Scarcely anyone is able to keep in touch with the advance of art who is not acquainted with this work.

"The Studio" for November contains 145 illustrations. The feature is a number of reproductions from Alexander Young's collection of C. F. Daubigny's work.

Perhaps no country in the world just now is so attractive for a study ground as Persia, and on that account "Persia, Past and Present," by A. V. W. Jackson, a Columbia University professor (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), is a most acceptable and very timely production. Prof. Jackson is not only an observing, painstaking traveller, but he is also an accomplished writer. The work, therefore, is the result of rare perceptive faculties, following a first-hand study of the subject, and a clear conception of how the best material should be placed before the reader. The book is rendered exceedingly valuable by about two hundred illustrations, mostly reproduced from photographs taken by the author himself.

"The Old Testament in Art," edited by W. Shaw Sparrow (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company), is an extremely

valuable and instructive volume, comprising, as it does, reproductions of the best works of the best painters of religious subjects from the Renaissance down to the most modern schools. The volume is of generous proportions, and there are about two hundred pages, most of which contain full-page reproductions of famous paintings. Many of the photo-gravures are of exceptionally fine quality. Some of the painters whose works are reproduced in an illuminative way are Michelangelo, Raphael, Watts, Rembrandt, Dyce, Burne-Jones, Bonguereau, Holman Hunt and Corot. The interpretations are by such capable critics as Leonce Benedita, Keeper of the Luxembourg, Paris, and Rev. R. J. Campbell, London.

The interest that human nature takes in such occurrences as the escape of a nun from a convent is shown by the discussion that has been aroused in some circles in England over Joseph Hocking's latest novel "The Woman of Babylon" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company). The story centres around the results that follow an adoption of the Roman Catholic faith by the mother of the heroine of the tale, an entrancing young woman, who is induced by a chain of circumstances to enter a convent, where she languishes while her parents and lover search for her, almost in vain. The lover finally discovers and she is released. The conditions and restrictions of convent life afford a difficult subject, and many may therefore question the soundness of some of the incidents.

Eugene Field's well-known "Poems of Childhood" would be dainty morsels for old or young, even if presented on brown wrapping paper, but they are published in a magnificent volume by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, with illustrations by the clever artist, Maxfield Parrish, and form one of the best holiday productions of the season. The volume starts off with "With Trumpet and Drum," and ends with "Over the Hills and Far Away."

The wonder is that Stanley Weyman can produce so many books and yet maintain the snap and go that has made

his name famous. His latest is "Chipping Borough" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), a tale of the stirring times in England during the period of the Reform bill. Lovers of exciting romance and adventure will find this novel well up to Mr. Weyman's high standard.

One of the most acceptable stories of the holiday season for boys is "Brier-Patch Philosophy," by "Peter Rabbit" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company). It is the work of William J. Long, who has won a great reputation as a writer of this entertaining class of literature. While the book is interesting from a purely fanciful standpoint, it contains many philosophical passages, the opinions of Brier-Rabbit, while quaint and original, having, nevertheless, a tinge of wisdom well put.

Rev. J. D. Freeman's "Life on the Uplands," a study of the Twenty-third Psalm from a new point of view, has met with success rare among books of its class. The publisher (William Briggs) reports that the demand for the book was so instant and strong that in less than a week of publication a second edition had to be put on the press.

John Coutts, author of "Man's Organic Constitution," etc., has written a new book entitled "The Divine Inheritance as revealed in the Bible, Man and Nature." It is published by the National Hygienic Company, Limited, London.

The Christmas number of *The Globe* has long been regarded as equal to the best European and United States holiday publications. That is saying a good deal, but it is even more significant when it is supplemented with the statement that the production this year is in advance of all its predecessors. One of the noticeable things about it is the increasing attention that is being given to the artistic treatment of advertising matter, and it is not going too far to say that some of the advertisements are really works of art. Advertising of a high and cultured order is rapidly coming to the front in Canada, and *The Globe* is to be commended for its enterprise in this respect.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

A STEP IN THE MAKING OF LITERATURE

THE unveiling of a monument to the memory of Alexander McLachlan, poet and patriot, at Orangeville last Thanksgiving Day is one more indication that, even in Canada, the admirers of literary genius are becoming sufficiently energetic as to place before the public some enduring mark of their appreciation. It was the second of two events of the kind that took place in this country during 1906. The first was the unveiling of a monument to Cremazie in Place St. Louis, Montreal, by the poet's French-Canadian compatriots. Occasions such as these two are far more significant than most persons would think, for the monuments should play no small part in the

making of a Canadian literature. Some might wonder what a slab of marble or a cast of bronze could do towards the making of literature. Either one might do much. The literature of a country need not be good, but it must be enduring. Indeed, it must have already endured the changing fancies of succeeding generations before it can claim the dignity of a national literature. That is why no person is able to say that we have a Canadian national literature. The making of books in this country does not go back far enough to justify any person to say that this or that work has stood or will stand the test of time. A person might say that some particular writing will live, but that assertion could be at best only a prophecy. And therefore the decision as to whether



SCENE AT UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER McLACHLAN AT ORANGEVILLE

or not Canada has a national literature must be a prerogative of posterity.

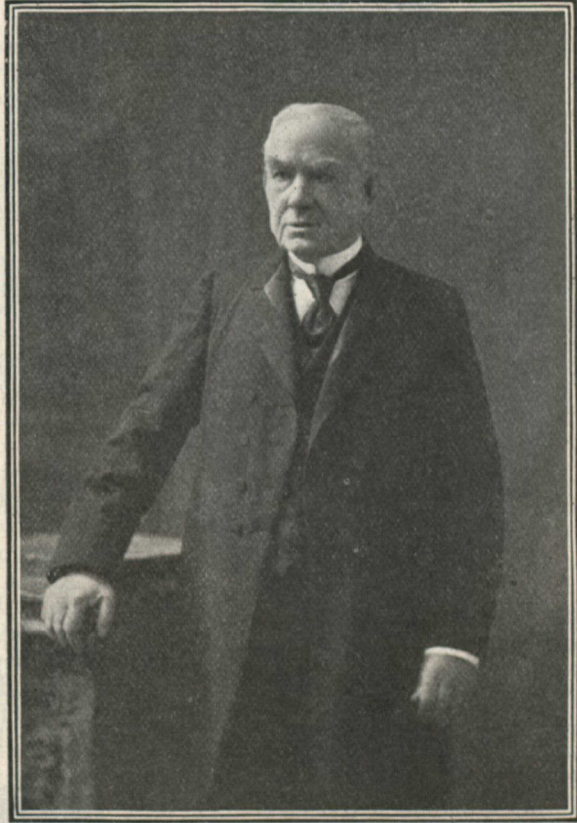
But by building monuments to our writers we can in some measure affect the exercise of that prerogative and cause our opinions to stand even after the passing of many generations. Looking at it from that standpoint, we must regard it as a great and serious privilege, and therefore the building of monuments of this kind should not be undertaken in haste. When posterity sees the monuments, posterity will want to read the writings, be they good or bad. One monument or some other enduring mark of appreciation might cause to live the work of an inferior mind, while the rare touch of genius might pass away in the forgetfulness of succeeding generations. However, scarcely any one would say that an error was made in erecting a monument to either McLachlan or Cremazie. Still, there exists the potency of the thing for either good or evil.

The monument to McLachlan was unveiled by the poet's daughter, Miss Elizabeth McLachlan, and, as may be seen from the photograph (although most of those present are not shown), there was a good attendance. The money to pay for the cost of the memorial was raised by public subscription. The chief orator of the occasion was Joseph C. Clarke, B.A., Principal of Port Elgin High School. The venerable figure with snow-white hair, standing on the platform, is that of Dr. Alexander Hamilton, of Toronto, editor of McLachlan's works. He conducted the proceedings.



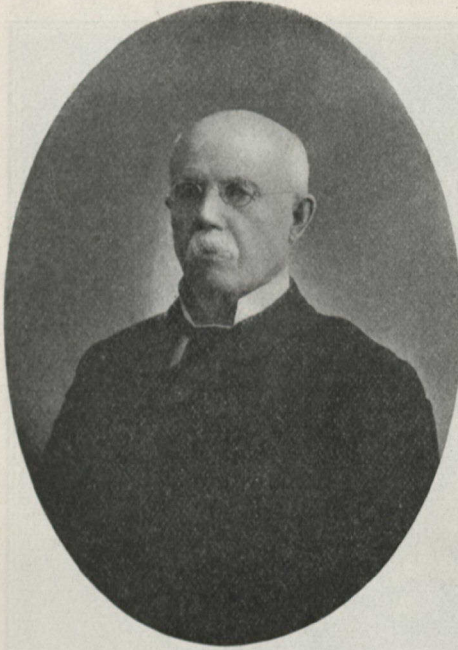
LAST OF THE ANTI-CONFEDERATES

SENATOR W. ROSS contributes the following: "In your issue of April you state "the death of Hon. Alfred Giltin Jones removes the last of the Nova



SENATOR W. ROSS

Scotia Anti-Confederates." This is not correct. Jones was never in the House of Assembly, and there are three of us living, hale and hearty, who were Anti-Confederates, as well as the late Governor Jones: Hon. W. H. Ray, now in the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia; Samuel MacDonnell, the Customs Inspector in the Island of Cape Breton, and the writer, who is in the Senate of the Dominion. Only fifteen Liberals were returned in the election of 1863, and we were all elected in 1867, some of us by acclamation. Sir Charles Tupper, then Dr. Tupper, was the only Confederate returned from Nova Scotia, with the bare majority of sixteen votes. We were by no means opposed to the union of the provinces, but forcing this measure on the electors without an appeal to them, and in this we followed Joseph Howe. You also called the late



SAMUEL MacDONNELL

Governor Jones "Sir," which he might have been entitled to, but he declined the honour offered him by the Prince of Wales during the last visit of Royalty to Halifax. I will be pleased if you make these corrections."



THE BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT PARKER

IN the County of Lennox, about nine miles from Napanee and nestling cosily between two low hills, lies the village of Camden East, the birthplace of one of Canada's most brilliant sons, Sir Gilbert Parker.

Standing on one of the hills you can look down on the peaceful little village, lying on either bank of a most beautiful bit of river and creeping partially up the opposite hill.

"One of those little places that have run
Half way up the hill, beneath the blazing
sun,
And then sat down to rest as if to say,
I'll climb no further upward, come what
may."

The Anglican church, situated at the top of the higher of the two hills, is the most pretentious structure and occupies the

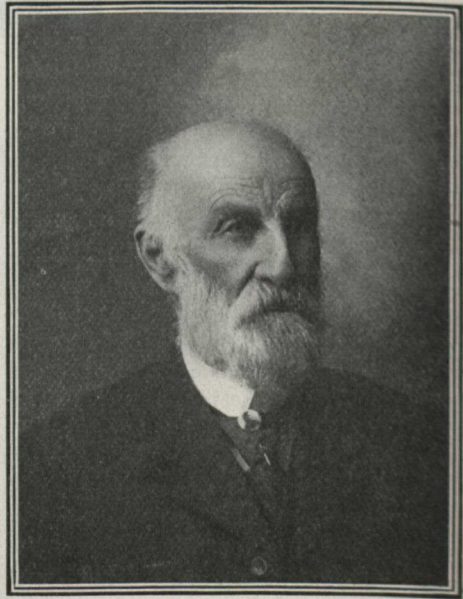
most prominent position in the village, standing like a sentinel among the moss-grown marble slabs that mark the resting places of those asleep in the quiet hill-side churchyard.

At the foot of the hill the river glides smoothly, quietly and lazily in and out among the shadows and nooks of its thickly foliated banks, turning here and there to almost lap the doorstep of some tiny home, or, flowing softly over the flat limestone rocks, makes natural laundries or ideal bathing places for the village children.

Excepting where the old dam, rotten with age, allows the water it pretends to hold back to slip over its broken edges in little cascades of frothy olive-green and yellow-white foam, the river glides noiselessly and with scarcely a ripple to disturb its mirror-like surface—typical in its serenity of the village and its inhabitants.

At the foot of the hill, just below the church, the river is spanned by a picturesque bridge from which, looking either up or down the stream, beautiful bits of scenery delight the artistic eye.

But a few feet from this bridge and almost in the shadow of the church, stands



HON. W. H. RAY

Member Legislative Council of Nova Scotia

the house in which Gilbert Parker was born. It is a low, two-story frame building and, like the best of the village homes, is most unassuming in its appearance. It stands facing the one and only street of which the village boasts and may be said to be "in the business centre," for almost opposite it is the general store and post office, wherein one may post his letters, purchase his dry goods, groceries or hardware, and where the thrifty house-wives, owners of a cow or poultry, may sell their surplus of butter or eggs, or exchange them for other household necessities.

Time passes lightly over the village, and changes take place slowly, and everything in the place is practically just as it was when Gilbert Parker, as he is unceremoniously called there, with other lads of his age, obeyed the summons of the school bell, and, books in hand, ran up the tiny street. The same houses that then stood there are there now, unchanged, and owned by the people who then owned them or by their sons and daughters. Even the furnishing of some of these homes have not been altered a jot.

The blacksmith's shop on the river's bank is the same as when little Gilbert paused on his way to watch the glowing furnace or the shoeing of a neighbour's horse, and the present owner of the shop is a son of the blacksmith Gilbert knew then, and the dear old lady who in those days displayed in her window sundry glass jars containing curly sugar sticks and striped red and white peppermint bull's eyes, still caters to youthful appetites.

In fact, life in that village goes on with such unchangeableness, serenity and simplicity, that one would



BIRTHPLACE OF GILBERT PARKER

imagine the change and haste, and the passions and worries of life had failed to find out the sheltered nook wherein the village lies, or else, having found it, were ashamed to intrude.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had a remarkable appreciation of serenity and quietude of this kind. A sequestered hamlet must have been to him "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Those who dwell in these delightful spots scarcely rise to the occasion of their own importance, when it is discovered that they have given birth of some genius, or that some genius has given birth to them. But that is the way of life.

The Editor



STREET SCENE IN CAMDEN EAST, WHERE GILBERT PARKER WAS BORN



I D L E M O M E N T S

HOW WE BUILT THE CHURCH

FOR the last twelve months I have been occupying the position of chief clerk and floor-walker in a small village store, situated a few miles down the lake road. Here we handle everything from a bottle of cough mixture to a post-mortem certificate. As a rule the certificate follows a dose of the mixture.

One day a customer from a farm down on the second concession came in and asked for half a sheet of fly paper and three cents' worth of toothache gum. She then wanted to know if we gave trading stamps. Two days later a man bought a couple of washtubs. He had heard that the town council were going to do away with the saloon and he wanted to put in a supply against a calamity like that.

I had always been accustomed to think of pay-day as a time for rejoicing. But it is such a long time since the pay-car has switched off on my siding that I am beginning to show signals of distress. My wash has been accumulating at the laundry for the past two months, and I am now reduced to the last shirt. Last week I went up to the "Chinks" to beg a clean shirt for Sunday, but was warded off with "no monee, no shirtee." I am in such straitened circumstances that I have been compelled to forego the pleasure of attending church service. I used to enjoy the singing and the glowing descriptions the preacher gave about the lake of fiery brimstone—he could make it so realistic that your tongue would become dry listening to it. He had the same power when describing a sea voyage. He would

paint on your imagination the waves and storm-tossed vessel so vividly as to almost make you sea-sick. Once a man sitting next me had to get up and make a run for the door. When a fellow is "broke," the most embarrassing part of church service is when the deacons start taking toll with the tinware. They seem to hold the plate in front of you with so meek an expression on their countenances that you are reminded of a patient stepping into the dentist's chair. Five cents is a small enough amount to put on a collection plate, but some people when they get a bad coin passed off on them during the week save it for the offering on Sunday, and then pray that the heathen in far-away lands may be taught to see the error of their ways.

At one time the humblest building in this part of the country was the Methodist church. And the manse adjoining had such a cheerless, sun-baked appearance, that even the wandering hoboes never considered it as being a place for a likely hand-out, and so side-tracked it completely. When the minister first undertook the task of supplying spiritual manna to the flock in this community, he hadn't enough of the national currency to pay bus fare from the station to his new place of abode, which was not his fault. Accordingly, he did the next best thing—walked the four miles with a baby on one arm and his wife's hatbox on the other.

Within the last year all this has changed. The little wooden meeting-house has been supplanted by an expensive, pressed brick edifice. In the old building the preacher's table stood on a level with the seats. Now

the pulpit is elevated half way to the ceiling. On the wall, directly above the minister's head, is the text: "He is risen."

The manse, also, has undergone a transformation, but it is still avoided as much as ever by the tramps, for a bulldog is now chained near the gate with a well-practiced habit of sinking his teeth into the tasty shanks found beneath the trouser legs of the ragged gentry.

The church choir has likewise "caught on." On Sunday all the latest "Parisian" millinery styles are displayed, while seal-skin jackets and mink caperines suggest a run on the bank account of some outraged papa or protesting but helpless husband.

This sudden rise from an obscure gathering of the faithful to an up-to-date congregation is easily accounted for. The new minister soon after his arrival called a meeting of the church dignitaries and their wives. A series of boldly planned "schemes" were suggested and afterwards successfully carried out.

The first event was a misnamed "strawberry and angel cake social." After paying for admission an additional ten cents was charged for checking wraps and headwear. A few steps farther along I was encountered by a well-groomed individual who tried to sell me a small book of poems written by a local poet. I was told that the writer had lately been committed to an asylum, and that the sale of his poetical works was to defray the expense of getting the interior of his cell padded. When I had bought the poems I concluded that the fellow's brain cells were padded enough already. At this time the orchestra, consisting of two violins and a snare drum, were going through the motions of playing "William Tell," with variations. While they were waiting for applause, the minister got up to say how glad he was to see so many people enjoying themselves. He then asked a blessing for the success of the venture, and the conflict was on.

The thing was a failure from the start. Instead of complying with the specified bill of fare, the strawberry crop having failed, they served around gooseberry jam and egg muffins. A young lady was on

the programme to sing a solo, but by a merciful act of Providence she was unable to fulfill her engagement, having spilled a cup of coffee down the front of her dress, which had been white. A talented young artist from Hamilton was to have given a selection on the mouth-organ, but he received a severe cut on the lip from a table knife while trying to eat a piece of muffin. These two sudden but well-timed reverses put an end to the musical part of the programme. A special collection was then taken for the famine fund. Some thought the riot act would be read, and the peaceably inclined departed for their homes.

The next affair was a bazaar, which proved a great success as a money-getter. This was followed by a series of concerts, socials, house solicitations and special exhortations from the pulpit. When a monied member was known to be dying, the minister would swoop down upon the unfortunate, and impress upon his fast fading memory that one more generous donation to the church fund would act as oil for the beacon to light his passage across the dark sea. On the other hand, when the departing one had no worldly wealth to dispose of the minister would say: "Well, John, we are all sorry to see you going. You are passing out of darkness into everlasting light." In this case, it seems, there were no beacons to be kept supplied with oil, which implied that the path he was taking would be well lighted by the fires which seem to allure so many down that way.

So in a short time enough money was raised and the church was erected. The congregation is described as being go-ahead and progressive, while the minister is looked upon as the right man for the position. So he is.

Walter Mills



ALPHONSE AND GASTON OUTDONE

IT was "befo' de wah" in old Virginia, and young "Marse" Martin had just returned from the University. Upon his arrival he was told that "Ünc' Patrick" and Aunt Sallie had plighted their troth, and wished to be married with becoming pomp and ceremony. The snows of



LIGHT ROSES



DARK ROSES

eighty winters had silvered Uncle Patrick's woolly locks, and Aunt Sally was past threescore and ten. So "Marse" Martin thought the occasion might be humorously elaborated. He bestowed upon Uncle Patrick a discarded swallow-tail and got his sisters to bedeck Aunt Sally out with gorgeous bridal array. When the momentous evening arrived Aunt Sally's wrinkled cheeks were veiled in white mosquito netting, and her toothless mouth smiled expansively. After the ceremony

"Marse" Martin turned to the bridegroom and said:

"Unc' Patrick, aren't you going to salute the bride?"

Unc' Patrick bowed with Chesterfieldian grace, as he replied: "Arfter you, Marse Martin, arfter you, Soh!" J.M.B.



A LITTLE TWISTED

A GERMAN resident of a Western Ontario town has gained a local reputation as a fun-maker, owing to his fondness for figures of speech, which in English he often sadly distorts. Once he heard a man refuse to do something because he had "other fish to fry." When an opportunity to use this expression arose, the German said: "I can't do dot ting. I haf to go home and vry some vish." Again when he had a "crow to pick" with an acquaintance, he remarked: "I haf to rub a schickens mit you."



THE SNAIL AND THE RACE-HORSE

DO not revile the patient snail
Because he crawls so very slowly.
As a race-horse he would fail
Without doubt, this creature lowly.

But think of this, and answer true:
Would the race-horse on the track
Than the snail much better do

With his stable on his back.

—F. C. Gordon in *St. Nicholas*

Toronto's Progress—The Advent of the Canadian Northern

By C. PRICE-GREEN

THE opening of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway from Toronto to Parry Sound, and the fact that Toronto becomes the headquarters of this Railway System, is a fitting climax to the history of a century of Toronto's progress; to which a fitting tribute has been paid in the banquet given by the Board of Trade of the City of Toronto to two of those wonderful men, "Canada's nation builders," William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann, on December 14th, 1906.

Just one hundred years ago, this town (then known as little York) numbered a population of 580, who resided in two brick buildings, four block houses, and a scattering of log shacks. So limited were its resources, it appears, from a letter written at the time by the Lieutenant-Governor to the inhabitants, that it was necessary to give six months' notice for them to make provision for the accommodation of the 25 gentlemen composing the Provincial Legislature about to assemble.

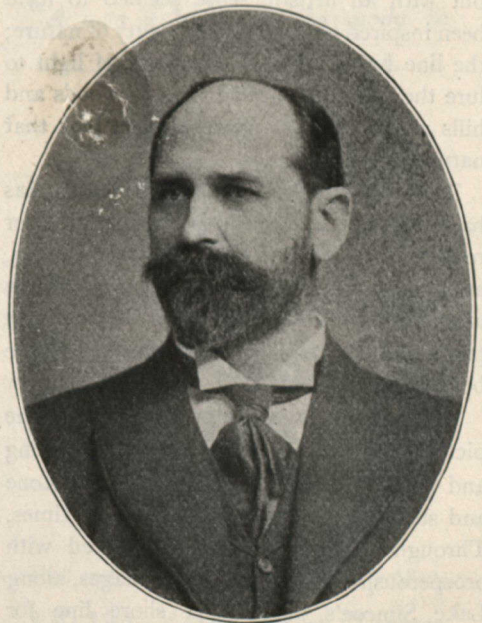
Transportation in and out of the town was over mere trails.

What a wonderful evolution has taken place in just ten times ten years! To-day the population of the City of Toronto is over a quarter of a million, three important railways centre here, with ramifications making connection from all over the continent; steamers ply from the port chartered to carry as large a number of passengers as ocean liners, and palatial hotels provide accommodation for a travelling public coming from the four quarters of the earth.

Toronto is now recognised as the gateway

to the summer paradise of the American continent: that vast country to the north, a natural park of thousands of lakes and streams and tens of thousands of islands, surpassing in beauty a poet's dream or artist's gift to paint; a country of high altitudes, of bracing, rarified atmosphere, surcharged with ozone and laden with the odour of the pine forest; truly the land of enchantment, to which all must return who have once sought entrance.

Through this country runs Mackenzie-Mann's line, the "Canadian Northern Ontario Railway," at present completed from Toronto as far north as Parry Sound; well termed "The Lake Shore Line of the Muskokas"; one of the greatest products of modern en-



WM. MACKENZIE



D. D. MANN

gineering skill. Truly not only have its builders "buildd well," achieving the highest type of railway, mounted with the most palatial equipment evolved by the craftsmen, but with an artistic sense seemed to have been inspired not to mar the beauty of nature; the line being but a silvery shaft of light to lure the traveller onward "to the woods and hills where no tears dim the sweet look that nature wears."

That the allurements of the Muskokas have not all been told, is more than ever realised in a journey by this new approach, as hitherto unknown vistas of beauty one after another delight the eye, a constant panorama, sustaining the interest from the beginning to the end.

The railway passes from Toronto into the picturesque and historic Don Valley, crossing and recrossing the stream, on massive stone and steel structures, no less than nine times. Through a pastoral country covered with prosperous farms and peaceful villages, along Lake Simcoe's magnificent shore line for

nearly twelve miles; by Lake Couchiching; Severn River; Sparrow Lake's bold and broken shore, on the promontories of which are seen pretty cottages of its summer people; then a wild scene of rock and boulder, a lavish touch of nature's pigment midst the evergreen forest; over Ragged Rapids on the Severn River, sixty-five feet above the torrent, we view the water in the gorge—a sight approaching grandeur, the deep water beyond the foam reflecting the colour of the trees, contrasting with the red granite walls which rise perpendicularly from the water's edge—a picture of vivid hue.

At Torrance the first glimpse of Muskoka Lake is obtained. We are now in that entrancing district deriving its name from the great chief of the Hurons, "Musaquodo," meaning "clear sky," a country too well known to need description, and too ravishingly beautiful to be describable. Through Bala Park, the high shore line affords a striking and protracted view of Bala Bay. Cassidy Lake is seen through a tracery of pine and birch trees; then Lake Joseph, which will be the distributing point for that part of the lakes. Now we pass into a "terra incognita," a glinting fairyland of lake and streamlet, one body of water seeming to join another in an endless labyrinth. Portage Lake, Long Lake, First Lake, Otter Lake, Richmond Lake, Lake Churchill, Seguin River, giving rise to the apt term "Lake Shore Line of the Muskokas," now into Parry Sound on the Georgian Bay, through the foothills, getting a panoramic view of the town and part of the harbour.

One realises in such an environment that a new and potent factor has come to life in the transport of travel, which must become increasingly popular, reducing as it does the time between Toronto, the Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay, practically bringing this delightful region at our doors.

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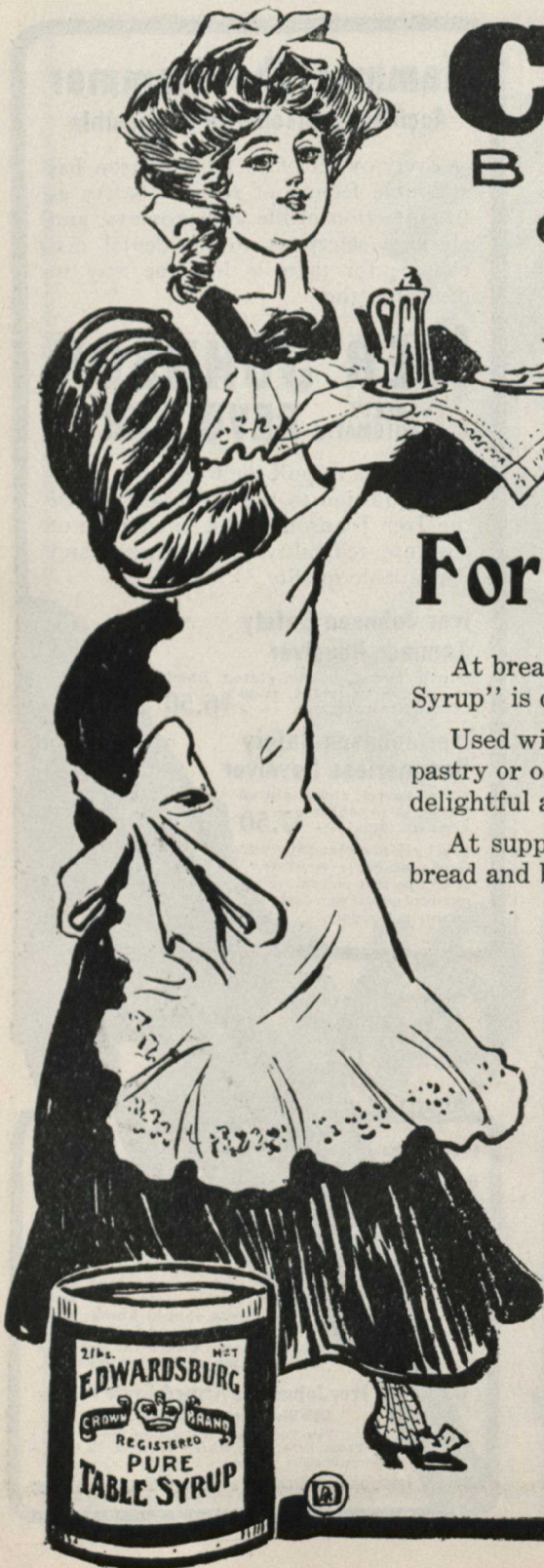
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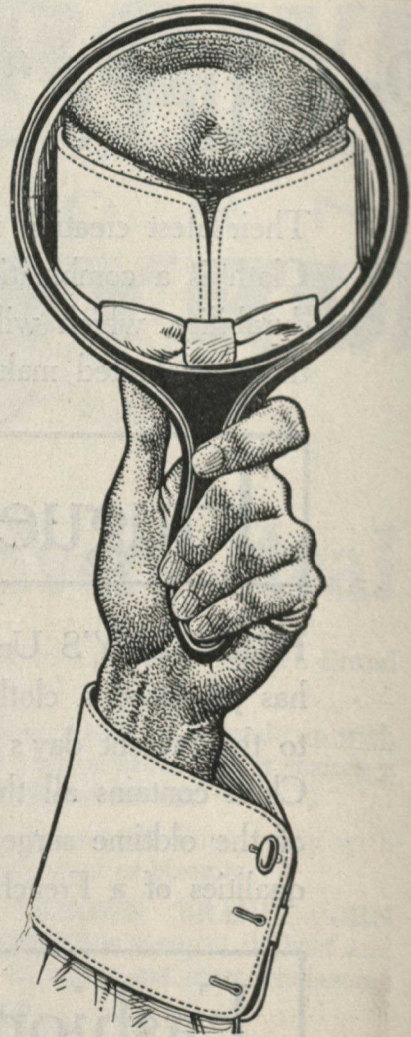
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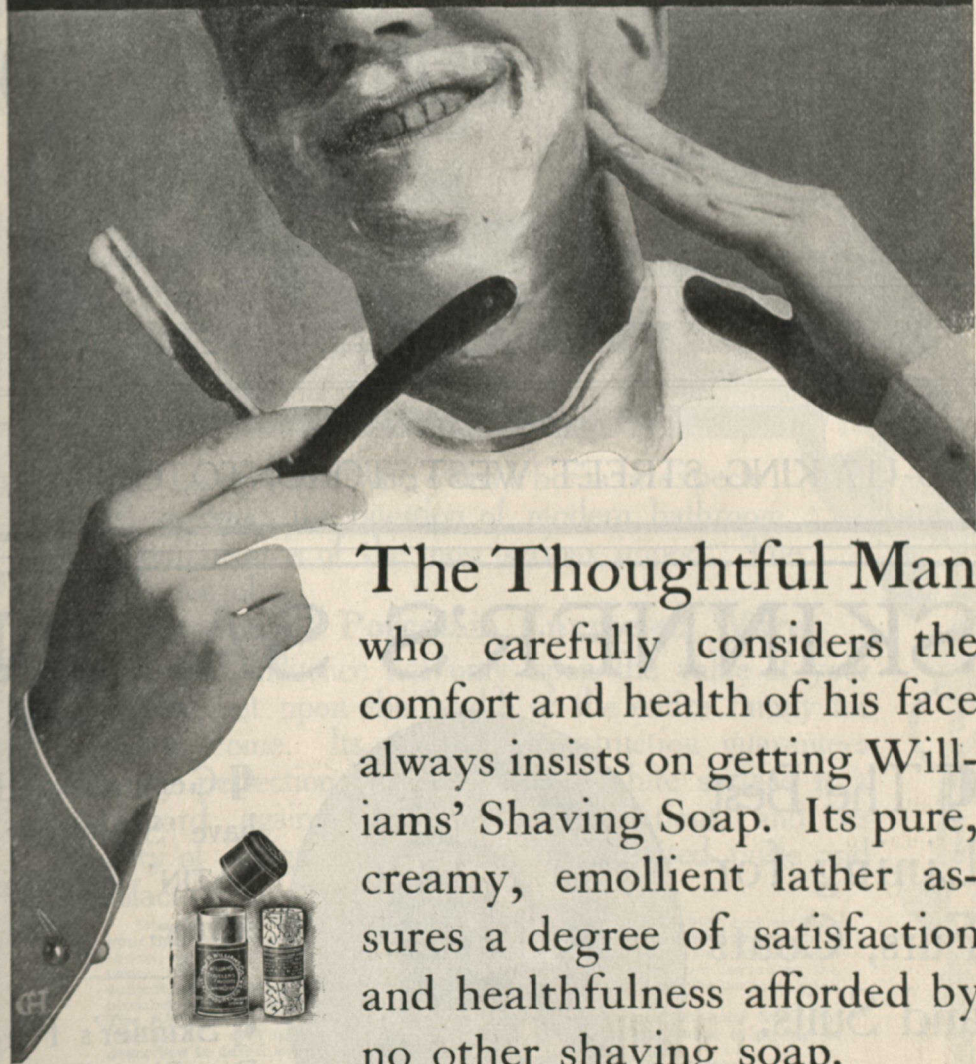
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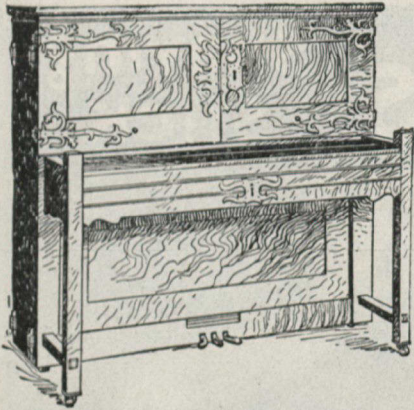
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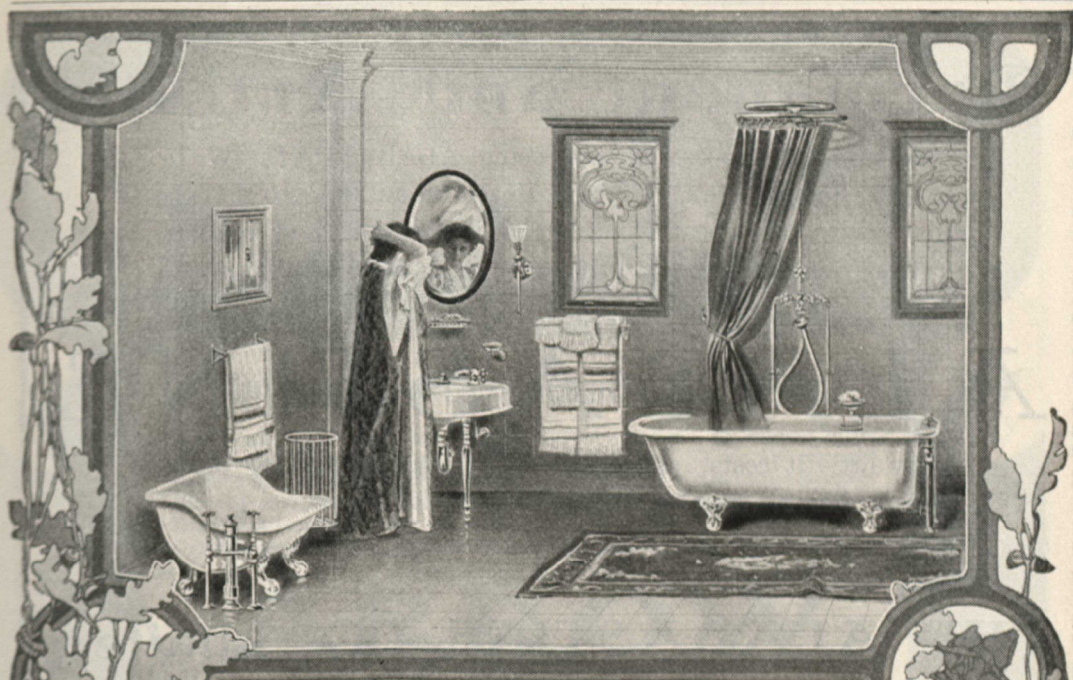
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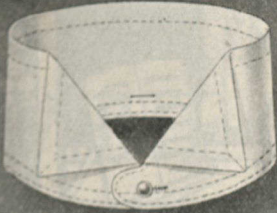
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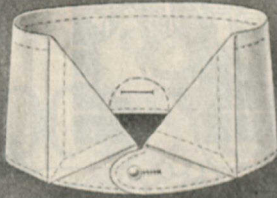
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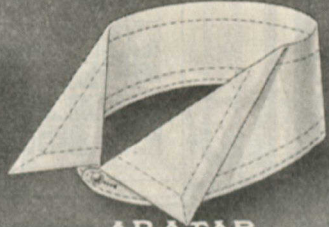
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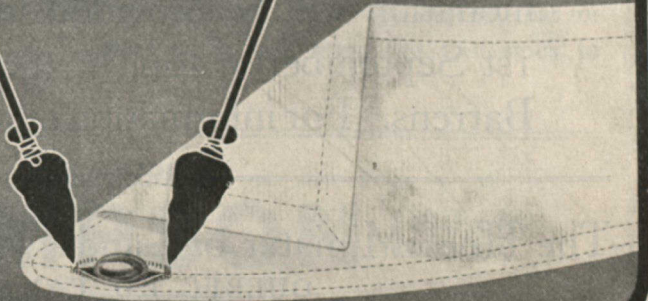
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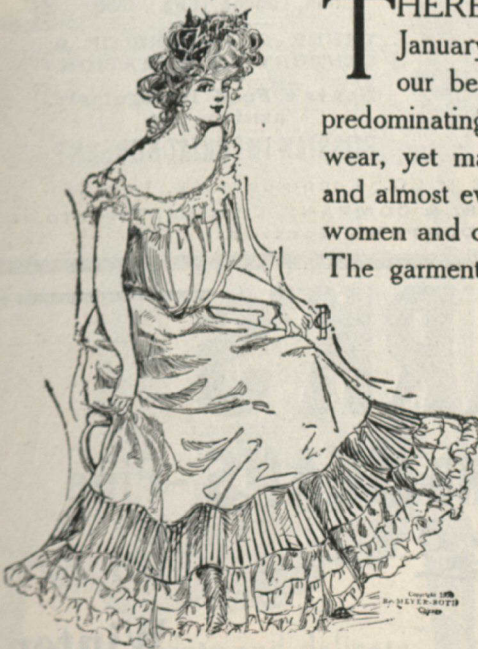
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Honorable John Costigan

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(Signed)

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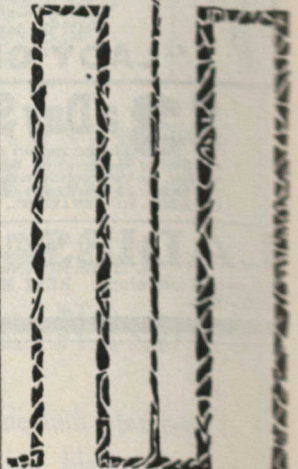
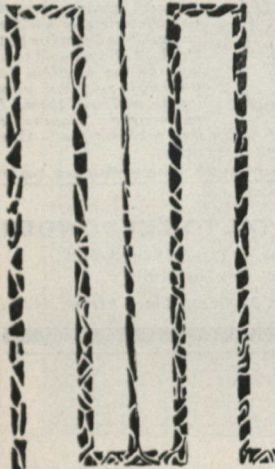
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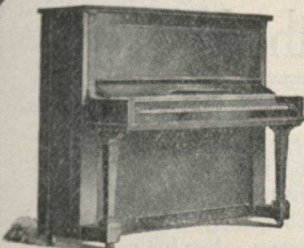
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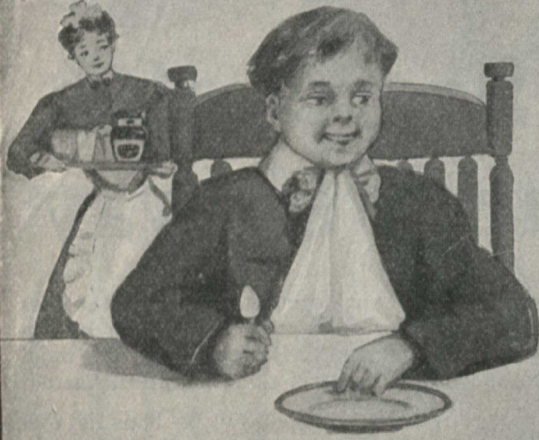


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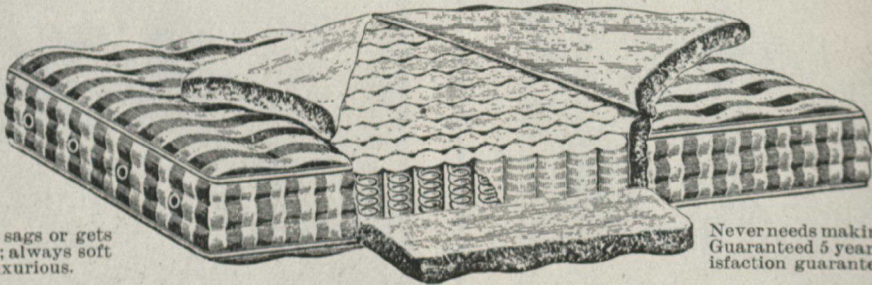
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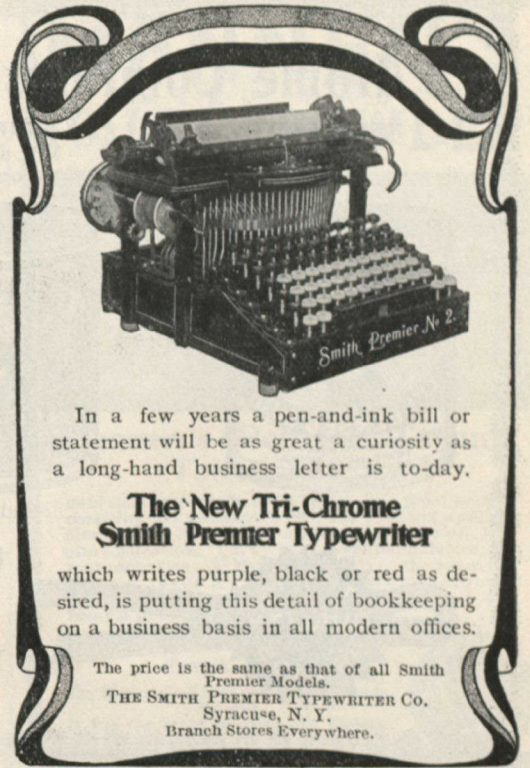
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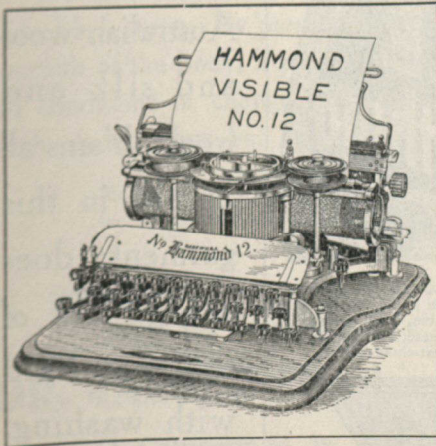
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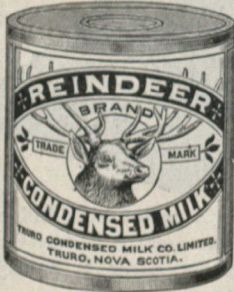
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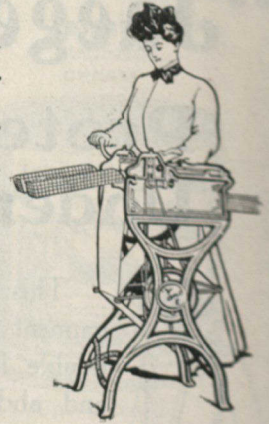
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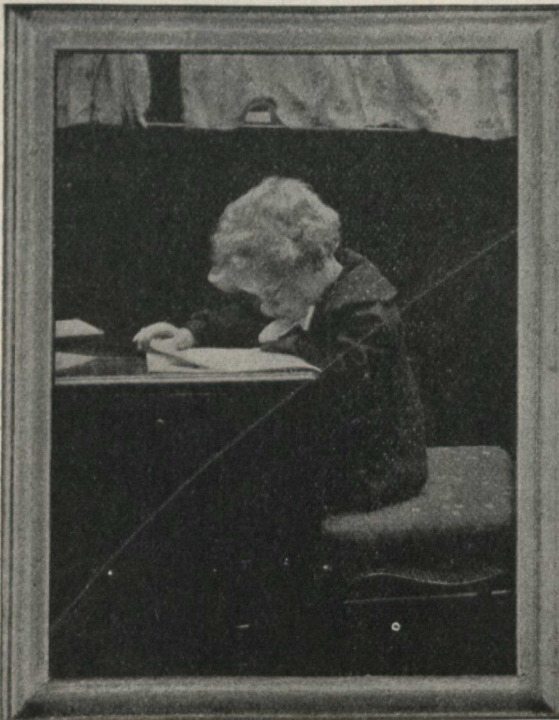
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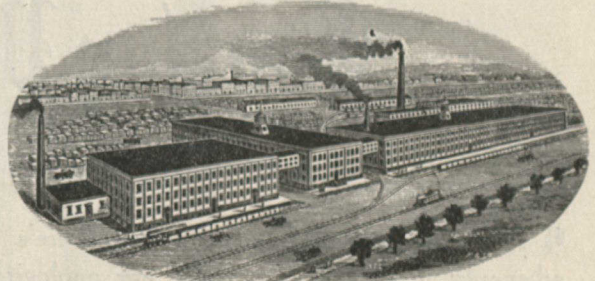
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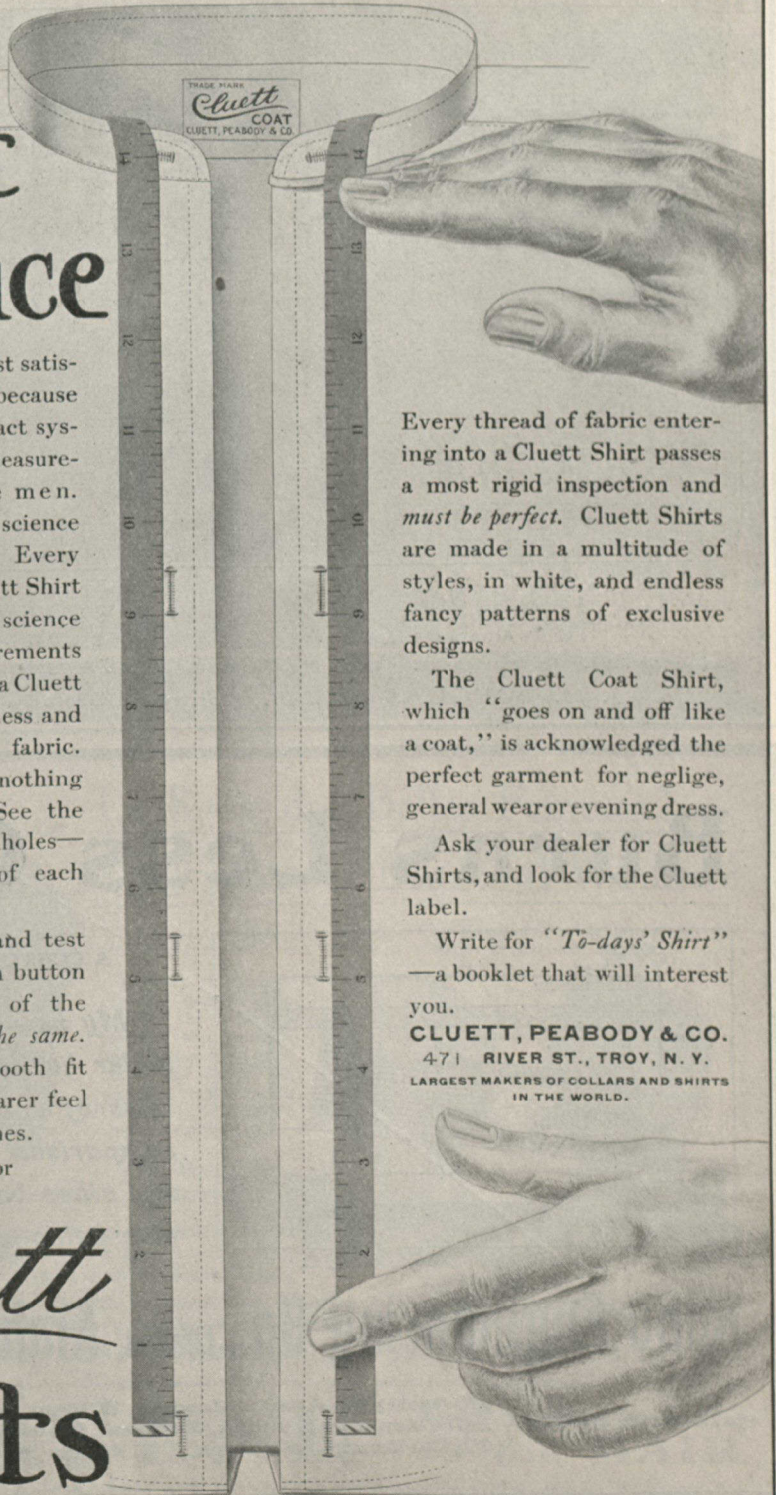
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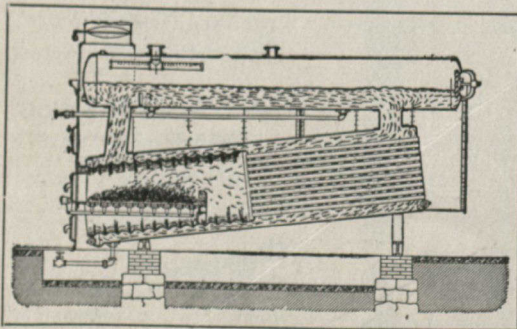
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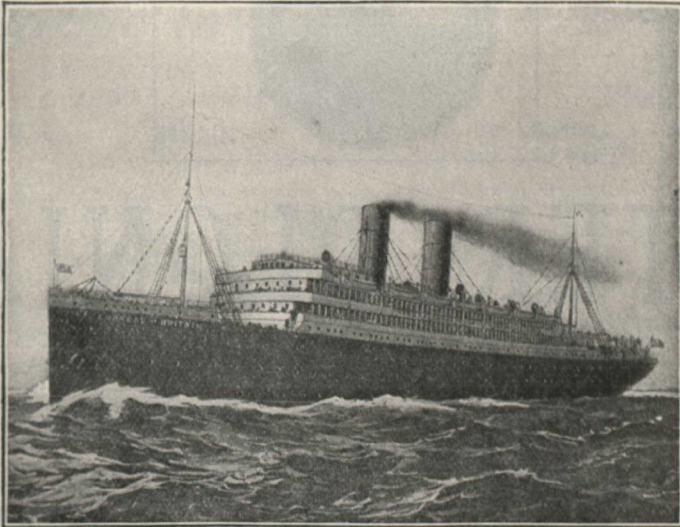
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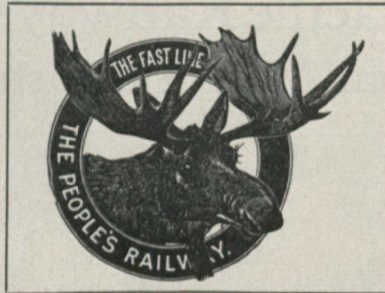
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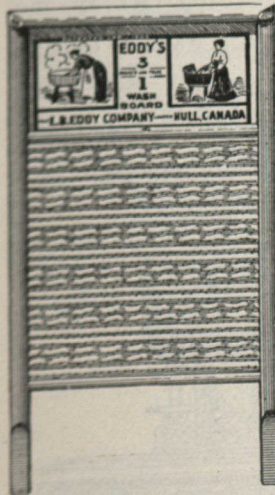
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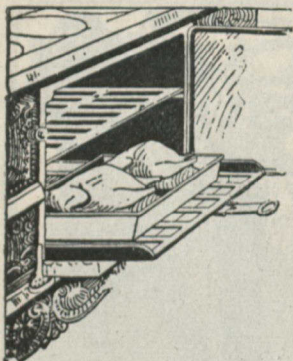
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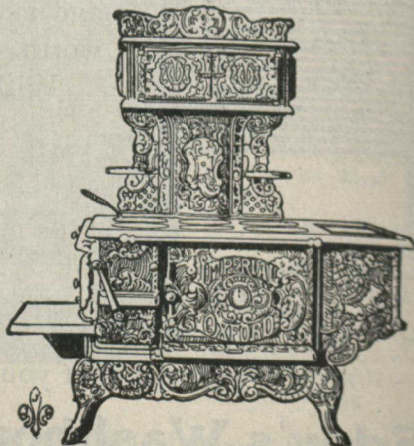
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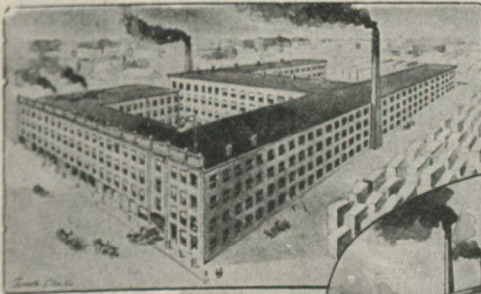
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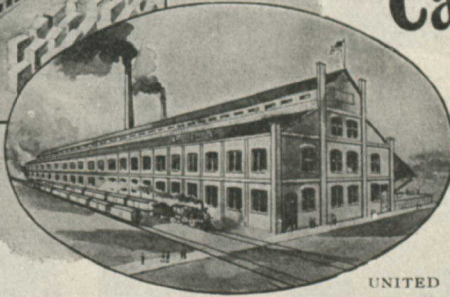
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GUELPH, CANADA



Tooke SPORTING SHIRTS

Are designed to give the greatest freedom of action and general comfort.

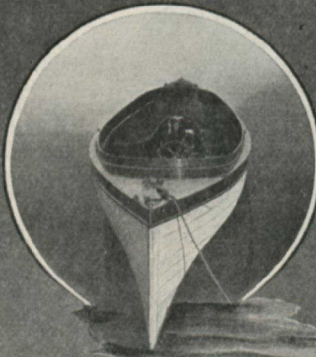
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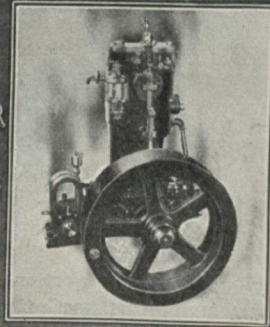
Careful dressers for more than a quarter century have always demanded Tooke Shirts.

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WE MANUFACTURE
GOOD GASOLINE ENGINES
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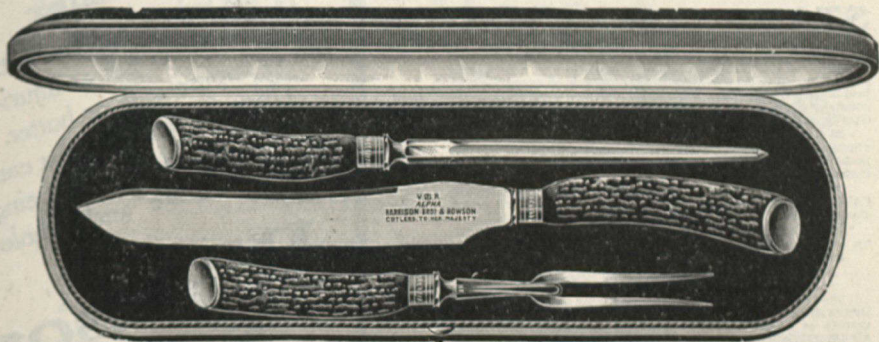


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THE ADAMS LAUNCH AND ENGINE M'FG CO.
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CARVERS IN CASES

Our stock of Cutlery includes the best patterns of the leading

BRITISH MAKERS

Dessert Sets Fish Eaters
Game, Fish, Beef Carvers
Oyster Forks Soup Spoons, etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON, LIMITED, TORONTO

Makes Fat Vanish



We have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment that we decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. **A reduction of 5 pounds a week guaranteed.** No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. **Perfectly harmless.** Easy and quick results. Don't take our word for this; **we will prove it**

to you at our own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write to-day for **Free trial treatment** and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 587 B, 108 Fulton Street, New York City.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

IMPROVED
INTERNATIONAL
HIGH CANDLE POWER LIGHT

REDUCES GAS BILLS
INCREASES LIGHT
OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
GIVES A LIGHT OF MARVELLOUS BRILLIANCY
AND HAS NO EQUAL

NEW PATENT GAS REGULATOR AND BURNER BURNS 90% AIR 10% GAS
ADJUSTMENT NOT AFFECTED BY JAR
SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN REGULATE IT
POSITIVELY NO ESCAPE OF GAS FROM REGULATOR
CANNOT FLASH BACK OR PUFF OUT

FOR SALE
BY ALL DEALERS

See that the box bears this label and that the burner has the name "International" on it. None genuine without.

CONTROLLED

CANADA, UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

THE INTERNATIONAL GAS APPLIANCE CO., Limited

535, 537, 539 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can.



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is an instructive and fascinating pursuit, in which hundreds of thousands of collectors throughout the world find a delightful recreation. A collection is within the reach of everyone, and judiciously bought is a splendid investment, as stamps are constantly increasing in value. Start a collection now by purchasing one of the following packets.

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We Buy Stamps—Send 4c. for illustrated buying list of Canada stamps. All kinds of British Colonials bought.

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Publishers and Stamp Dealers

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about the little things you eat.
Impure salt is just as injurious
as impure milk or butter.
There is one salt you can
always depend upon as being
absolutely pure and whole-
some—

Windsor SALT

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

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THE
Canadian Magazine
TORONTO

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CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY

the same route selected by the United States Government to carry the mail. All the cars on The Pioneer Limited, including standard and compartment sleepers, library-buffet car, dining car and coaches are owned and operated by The St. Paul Road, affording an excellence in service and equipment not obtainable elsewhere. In both the compartment and the standard sleepers the berths are longer, higher and wider than the berths in sleeping cars elsewhere.

A. J. TAYLOR

CANADIAN PASSENGER AGENT
8 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA

Stomach Sufferers Squander Millions

IN SEARCH OF RELIEF

THE world is full of disordered stomachs and 90 per cent. of the money spent upon physicians and drugs goes in an attempt to cure the stomach.

People are made to believe that in order to gain health they must doctor their stomachs and use cathartics. So the doctor gets his fee for the stomach treatment and the druggist for the physic, until the savings of a lifetime are exhausted and yet no cure.

Let's be reasonable.

The sick stomach is in every case the result of over-eating, hurried mastication and improper choice of foods. The mucous lining all the way down the food tract loses its sensitiveness, and when food is forced down the muscles fail to respond. They do not churn the food as they should. The glands no longer give out gastric juice to dissolve the food and render it capable of assimilation. The man has become a dyspeptic.

There is one sure way and only one to bring positive relief. Put into that stomach of yours the very elements that it lacks to get that food into liquid form. It takes pepsin, diastase, golden seal and other ferments to accomplish this. The healthy stomach contains these elements. The dyspeptic stomach lacks part or all of them. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet is made up of just what the dyspeptic stomach lacks—nature's digestives.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not a medicine, not a drug, not a cathartic. They do not cure anybody of anything but Dyspepsia and Indigestion and such ailments as arise from poorly digested food.

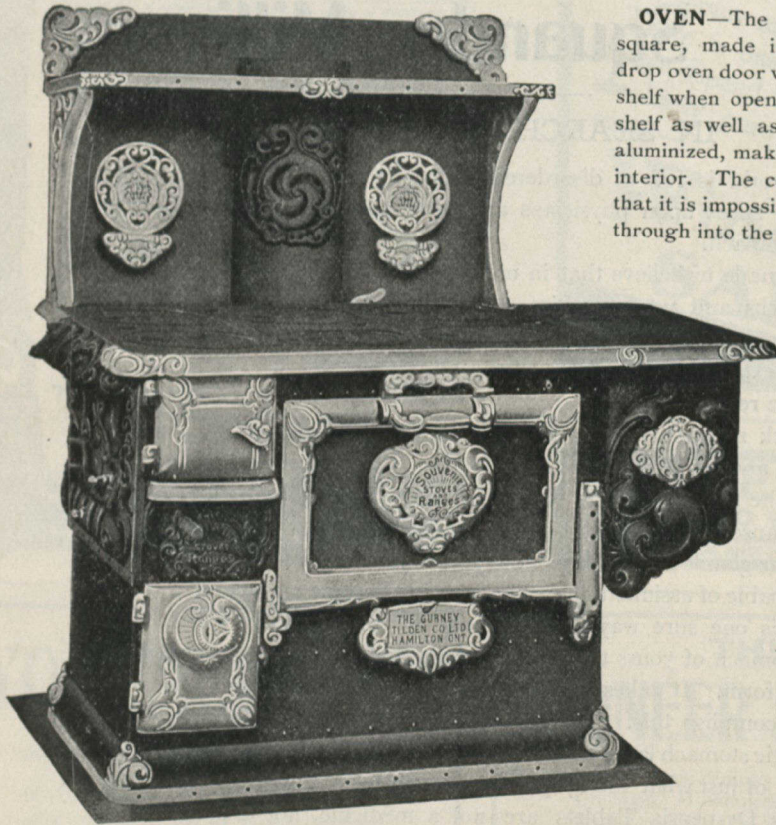
While they digest the food the stomach recuperates. The mucous membrane is coming out of its stupor, the gastric juice is coming to the surface, the muscles are regaining their power. Every organ of the body takes on new life, the skin gains color, and the eyes are no longer tinged with yellow. You live.

Why doctor and why drug yourself? Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will take care of your food while Nature cures you.

Try a box at your druggists, 50 cents. Or, if you prefer a free trial package before buying, send your name and address to-day. F. A. Stuart Co., 68 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Souvenir Steel Plate Range

Here Are Some Points of Interest in Our Newest Steel Range



SUPREME SOUVENIR

"AERATED OVEN" by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular "AERATED" feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

OVEN—The oven is large and square, made in three sizes with drop oven door which forms an oven shelf when open. The inside oven shelf as well as the oven door is aluminized, making a bright, clean interior. The construction is such that it is impossible for ashes to leak through into the oven.

FIRE BOX—The construction of the fire box is such that the parts which are exposed to the fire are made exceptionally strong and simple, and the duplex grates can be taken out and replaced through the side door without disturbing the rest of the fire box.

"AERATED"—This Range, as is the case with all Souvenirs, is fitted with the celebrated

ALL BEST STOVE MEN SELL THIS RANGE

MANUFACTURED BY

The Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited

HAMILTON

MONTREAL

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WESTERN AGENTS

TILDEN, GURNEY & CO., Limited - Winnipeg, Man.

Libby's

(Natural Flavor)

Food Products

Libby's Appetizing Soups

give zest to any dinner by their delicious, piquant flavor.

Made in the spotless Libby kitchens, by the well-known Libby chefs,

Libby's Concentrated Soups

are recognized as the best of the ready-to-serve soups, and include Ox Tail, Chicken, Vegetable, Consomme, Tomato, Mock Turtle and Mullagatawny.

**Ask your grocer for Libby's,
and insist upon Libby's.**

The new 84-page booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives many delightful recipes for luncheons, dinners and evening spreads, that every housewife will appreciate. It is sent free on request.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

IS THE PIANO OF THE PERIOD

that is in my soul." For particulars and literature explaining, apply to THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited OSHAWA, ONT.

WILLIAMS, GREENE & ROME COMPANY, Limited BERLIN, CANADA MANUFACTURERS

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as well as respiration, circulation, thought and feeling, are closely related to the tremendous vital activities going on within the body.

Coffee interferes with the perfect running of Life's Machinery.

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for 10 days. Then note the improved physical poise and mental strength.

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Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened. Take *Scott's Emulsion.*

It builds up and strengthens your entire system.

It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.

All Druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

A Wearing, Sick Headache

is usually the painful penalty of overeating, but is sometimes caused by fatigue, nervousness, or through neglect to be regular in habits. No matter how brought on, Beecham's Pills will bring speedy relief to most severe and obstinate cases. After a dose or two, sick headache entirely

Disappears

because this famous remedy goes directly to the seat of the trouble and passes it out of the system, Beecham's Pills combine certain vegetable properties in exact proportions, which act gently on the stomach, liver and bowels and restore the natural functions of the body. They are as carefully compounded as a doctor's prescription and as standard as a gold dollar. You can relieve sick headache, constipation, indigestion and sleeplessness

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Platts Chlorides