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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XL.

Contents, December, 1912

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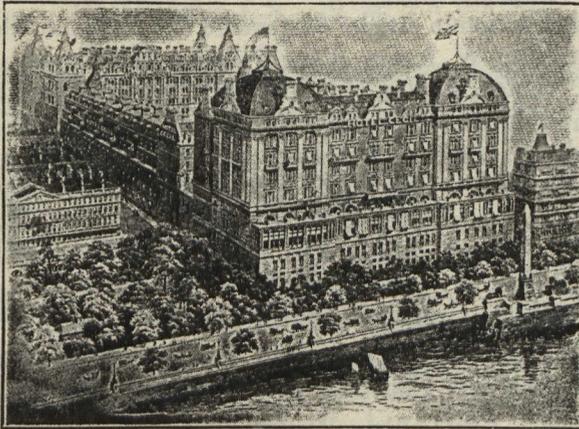
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THE YEAR'S PROMISE

The *Canadian Magazine* during 1913 will continue to print only material that possesses literary, artistic or authoritative value. The same searching analysis and frankness that distinguishes its literary criticisms will apply to everything it contains, whether it be a charcoal drawing or an essay in history. History, particularly Canadian history, will be searched for new impressions and sidelights by such authorities as Professor W. L. Grant of Queen's University; Mr. W. S. Wallace, lecturer in history at the University of Toronto and McMaster University; Miss Janet Carnochan, director of the Museum at Niagara; Mr. F. A. Carman, parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa; Mr. Bernard Muddiman, and others. To the literary history of Canada, a fertile and almost untrodden field, J. D. Logan, Ph.D., an acute critic and scholarly essayist, will contribute a series of studies, all new in subject and treated from fresh points of view. The first of this series—"Canadian Womanhood and Beauty"—will appear in the January number. Dr. Logan will review also the music of the season in Canada.

Travel and descriptive articles of genuine interest and literary value will appear from W. Lacey Amy, Newton MacTavish, Britton B. Cooke, H. Linton Eccles, H. M. Clark, Duncan Armbrust, Ada Macleod, and others. A number of special articles have been promised by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, who has been known hitherto as a poet and novelist. There will be national and sociological articles and studies from such well-known writers as Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, F. A. Acland, M. O. Hammond, Kathleen Blake Coleman ("Kit"), John Boyd, J. V. McAree, Lindsay Crawford, Geraldine Steinmetz, W. A. Craick, Kenneth Douglas.

Already a number of excellent short stories have been secured, and there will be the best Canadian fiction, brilliant sketches, essays and verse from such writers as L. M. Montgomery, Theodore Roberts, Arthur Stringer, Virna Sheard, Margaret Bell, S. A. White, Archie P. McKishnie, Ethelwyn Wetherald, C. Lintern Sibley, Alan Sullivan, Brian Bellasis, Frederick C. Curry, Carroll C. Aikins, George Herbert Clarke.

Mr. John E. Webber will continue his illuminating reviews of the theatrical season in New York.

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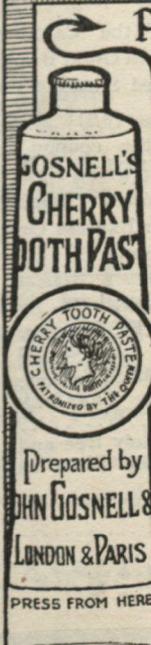
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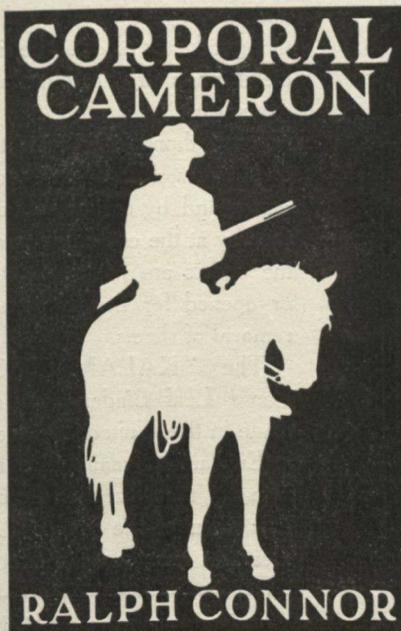
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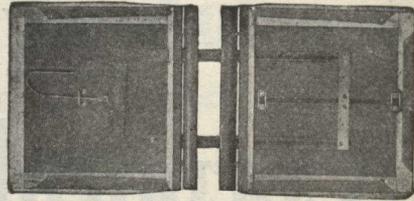


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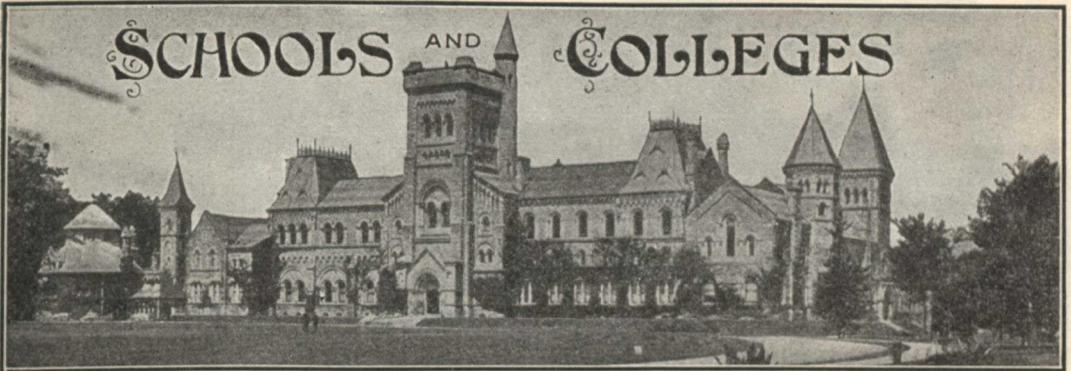
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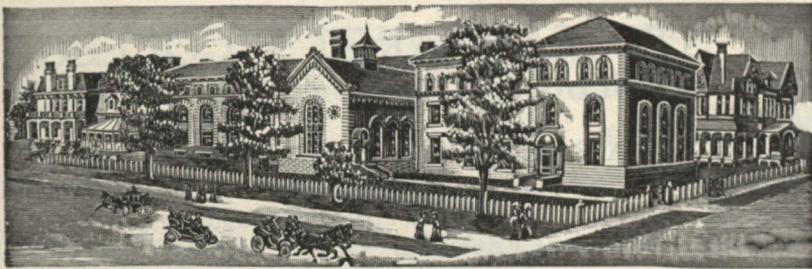
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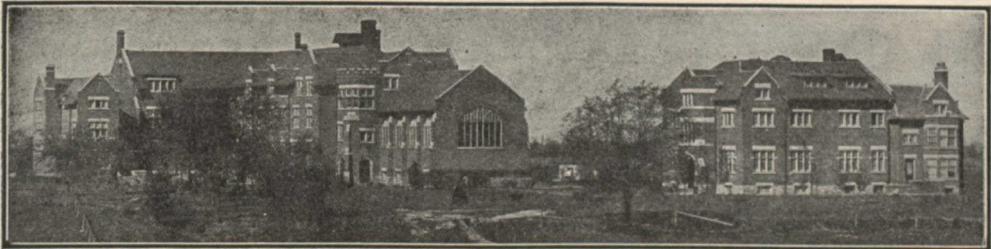
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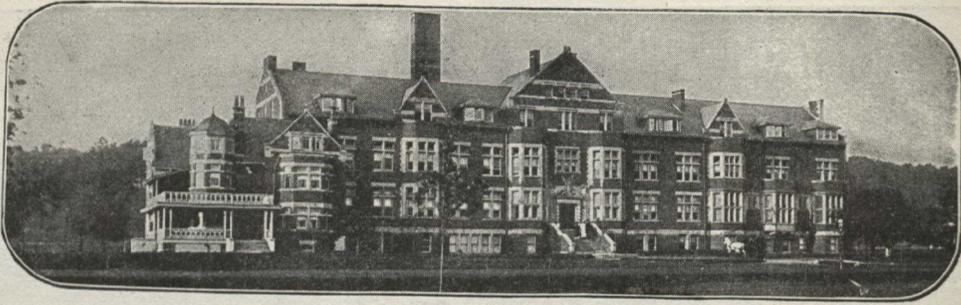
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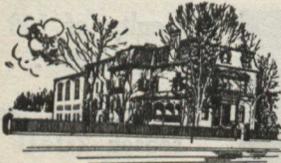


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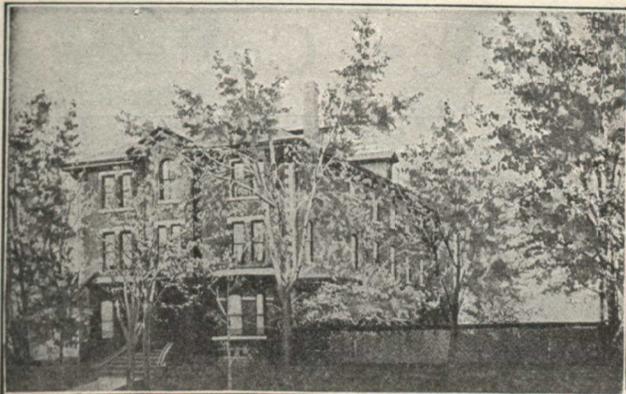
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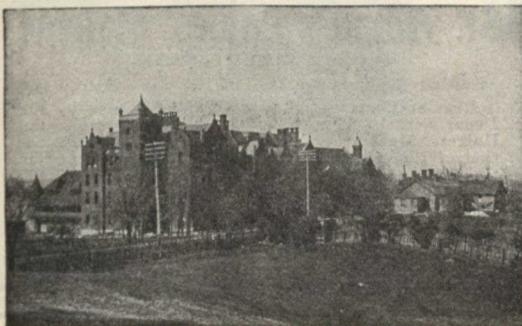
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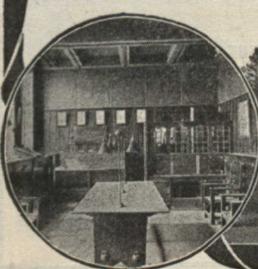
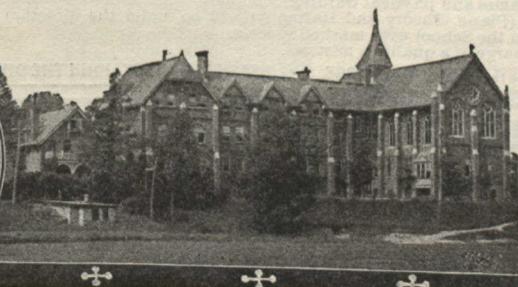
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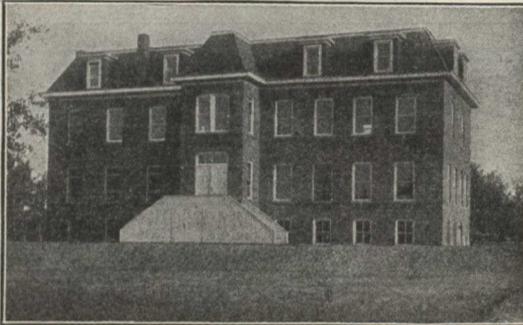
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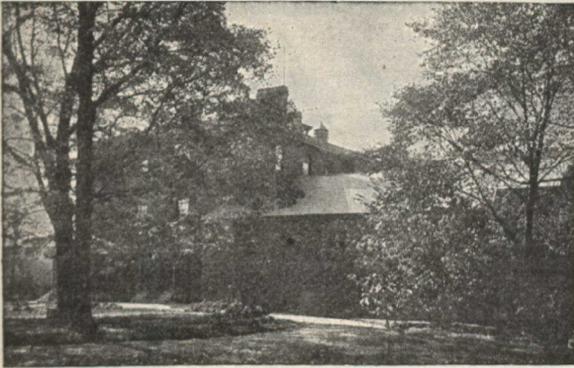
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THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

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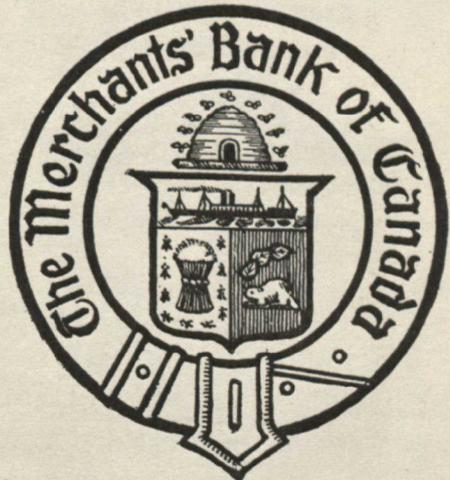
ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto



Paid-up Capital	- -	\$6,700,000
Reserve Funds	- -	5,900,000

186 Branches in Canada.

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General Banking Business.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	138,046.68

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.



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Head Office - HAMILTON, CANADA

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MONEY in hand—or in the Bank—is a Key which will open for you doors of opportunity which remain locked to those without funds. You can save money from your present income by the help of a Savings Account. The balance should soon be \$100; then \$500 and more. You will then be in a position to purchase prosperity.

The Bank of Toronto invites your Savings Account. Your savings will be safe—Interest is added half-yearly.

THE Courtesy and appreciation will be shown you at all times.

BANK OF TORONTO

Is a Strong Institution.

—Capital,	-	-	-	\$5,000,000
—Rest,	-	-	-	6,000,000
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1912

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 Co. of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
 London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE
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The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.

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Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.

Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

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An Investment Yielding Seven Per Cent.

Special Features

Safety, large earning capacity, long established trade connection, privilege of withdrawing investment at end of one year with not less than 7% on 60 day's notice.

Send At Once for Full Particulars.

7%

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This security is backed up by a long established and substantial manufacturing business, embracing a number of the most modern plants in existence, that has always paid dividends and the investor shares in all profits, and dividends are paid twice a year, on 1st June and December.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited
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AGAIN IN 1912

—as in preceding years—the plain evidence of RESULTS proves that the most popular Life Policies in Canada are those of The Great-West Life.

Applications for the year will exceed \$24,000,000. Business in force now exceeds \$81,000,000, protecting over 40,000 Policyholders.

This popularity rests upon a very sound foundation.

Investigate.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
 Head Office - Winnipeg

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office: Toronto

PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

REST \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., D. C. L., LL. D., President

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce by reason of its large number of branches in every Province of Canada with direct representation in London, England, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Oregon, Mexico and St. John's, Newfoundland and with Agents and Correspondents in every part of the world, is able to offer unsurpassed facilities to the travelling public, enabling them to obtain money in the simplest way at any point on their journey the world over. The Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit issued by this Bank overcome the annoying difficulties of obtaining funds abroad, especially in places where identification is difficult.

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BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

CAPITAL PAID UP... \$3,000,000

RESERVE AND UNDI-

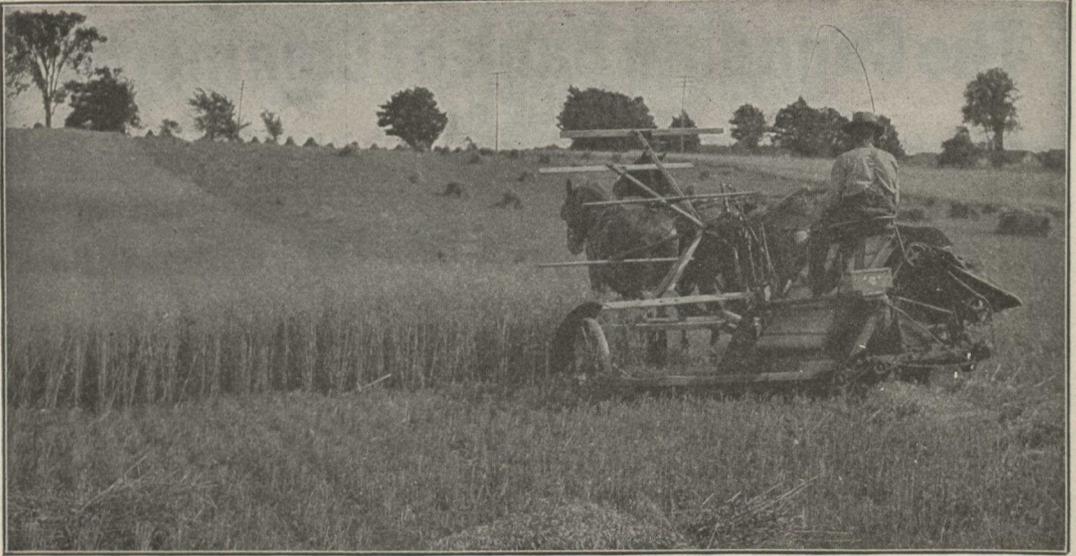
VIDED PROFITS ... 3,500,000

\$6,500,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$45,000,000

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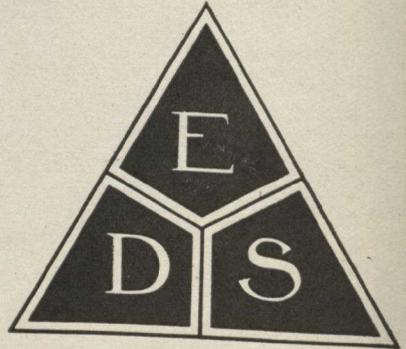
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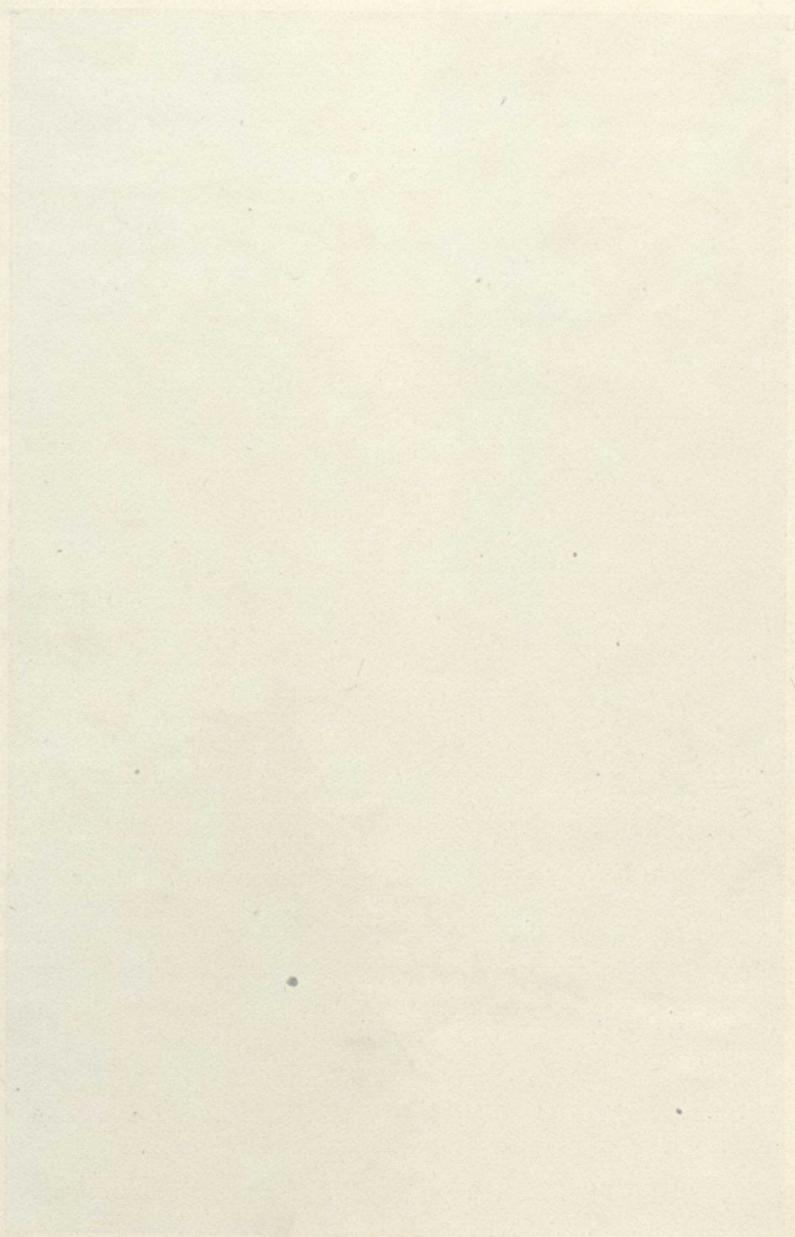


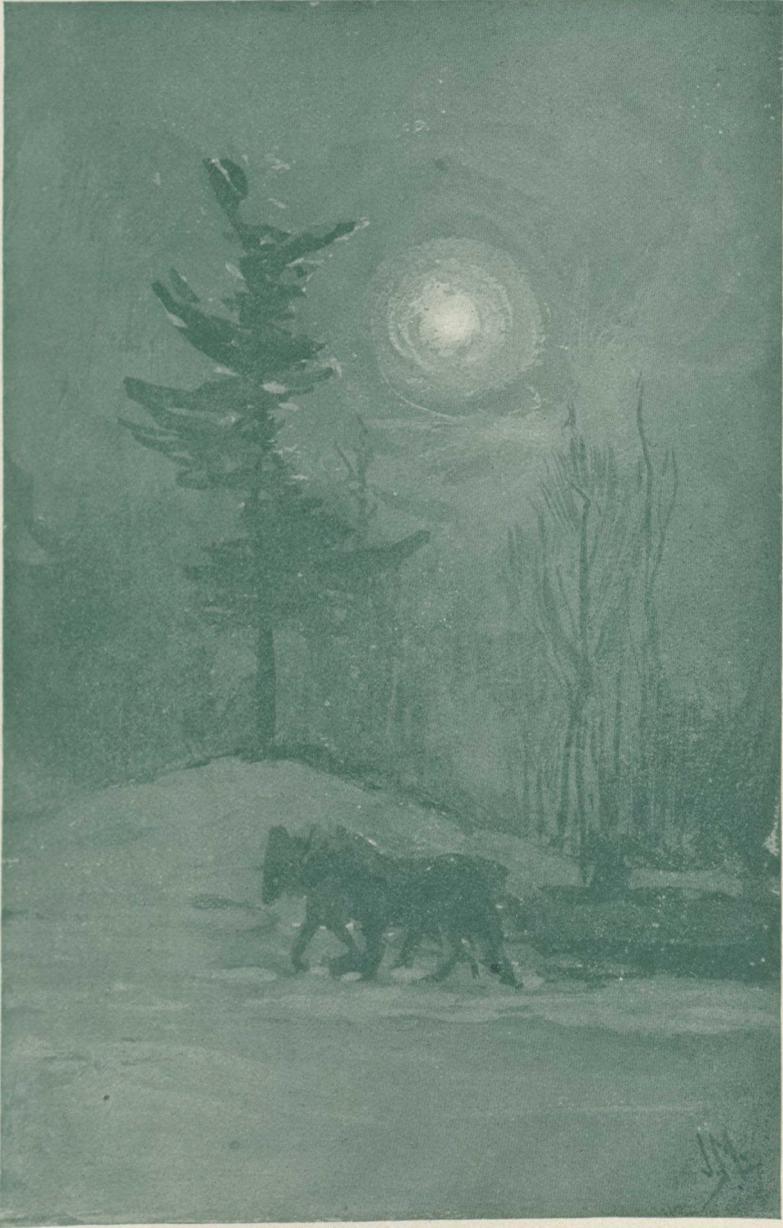
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ARTICLE
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EVERYWHERE



THE
KIND THAT
PLEASES
THE
PEOPLE

MOST PERFECT MADE





Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald

A WINTER NIGHT



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XL

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1912

No. 2

THE GRAY PUP

BY KATHLEEN R. COLEMAN ("KIT")

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR W. PARSONS

"THIS 'ere purp," said Billy Jones, as Walker the Clown stripped off the scarlet jacket and unlaced the little drum of Toby, the trick dog, "This 'ere purp might be any age, for the looks 'o 'im. I 'eard a woman in the parade callin', 'Ain't it a shime for them there circus people to be usin' up the old dorg that way!' Guess she was one o' them there wimmin wot goes into hysterics wen they sees a man 'ittin' a lazy team an' up an' reports 'im. 'Ow old might 'e be, Walker?"

"Just three years," said the clown as the rough-coated gray dog shook himself, then scabbled round in a circle barking crazily. "That breed always looks old. He'd be a prize pup but for the dash of russet on his ears. That shows the touch of mongrel in him."

"'E's all the cleverer for that," said the admiring Bill. "I've 'eard as them there thoroughbreds 'as no brains wotever, be they men or dogs. Say, you're as fond o' the purp as another man'd be of his gal."

"Fonder, maybe," said Walker, as

he whistled the dog to him and went off in the direction of the dressing tent in answer to the call bell for rehearsal. Toby, his bar-sinister ablaze in the sunlight, romped after him.

"Fonder then you are of Rosaly, anyway," said the bareback rider to himself as he watched the clown disappear. ("I'll wager you don't know she's ready to throw herself at your 'ead—but Le Tour does.")

The troupe had just come off parade in the little country town, and the big tent would shortly be ready for the afternoon. The dinner gong had just sounded and the performers were hurrying to their places. It was the first stop of the season of Collyer and Chant's popular three-ring show, and a good house was looked for, as everyone was ready for a bit of fun after the long winter. Walker, though a top-notch in the clown line, was placed after Toby in the posters. The gray pup was a headliner, and one of the biggest drawing cards for the children, who loved to see him leap through blazing hoops and beat the drum in the band

of performing seals. For two years he had been in the "profesh" with his master, and now was billed to appear in his latest feat, being shot from a cannon to a little platform in mid-air, where he was caught by Le Tour, the trapeze artist. Walker had been nervous of late when Toby was thrown up, for he knew the acrobat hated him on account of Rosaly.

The girl was one of the big troupe of bareback riders and the daughter of the wardrobe woman—a very pretty, very decent little girl with a touch of commonness born of the life and its surroundings. Long since her woman's eye had seen beneath the paint and grimacing of Walker. He was not one of them. No one had asked any questions when Walker joined the company seven years before. He asked for work and as they were shorthanded at the moment, was taken on as stake and canvas man. He had worked his way up from sledgehammer to top notch in the clown business, didn't drink too much, kept to himself, and told little beyond that he hailed from across the pond, and was down on his luck. A touch of brogue proclaimed where he came from. And there were stories—all sorts of stories—that he was a bank thief who had had to leave his country, that he emigrated because of some woman, had been a forger, and general crook. What everyone did know was that Walker had somehow acquired the education and manner of a gentleman, that he made few friends, avoided women, was a first-rate hand at his business, and owned the cleverest dog in the trade.

The pup's mother he had rescued from drowning three years before. In a burst of gratitude she had presented him with a family of six, of which Toby was the sole remainder. Finding the dog intelligent, Walker took to teaching him tricks, and it was only when Mrs. Pett, Rosaly's mother, remarked one day that "Toby was a good bit smarter at his job than most others that bum

round here"—that the clown thought of turning the little chap's talent to account. Now the pup was earning a tidy little salary of his own.

The affection between man and dog had grown and strengthened until Walker got almost touchy on the subject. He was a big, loosely-made fellow; not a favourite except with Billy Jones, the little cockney rider, who with half an eye saw that Walker had not been brought up to this sort of life. "The fellow's a gent, all right," he told Le Tour, "I knows one w'en I sees 'im"—at which the thin Frenchman would sneer out an oath or two. But Billy Jones knew. It was only to Toby, however, that Walker revealed his soul. The hard gray coat had felt those tears that in breaking moments are wrung from the soul of a man. And Toby respected his master's confidence. Too, there was a way he had of thrusting his russet head into a man's hand and of lying up close against a man's side that in its way brought comfort.

He was a queer little make-up himself with his deep amber eyes set in a ring of black; his wise gray face, his ears drooping and sensitive like those of an elephant. He was a close friend of Fairy, the biggest elephant, who let him sleep in the straw beneath her feet and in many clumsy ways showed her preference. Above all, Toby loved the circus. He gloried in the parade, where he sat stiffly in his little cart, dressed in a red jacket and laced cap. Around his middle his drum was strapped. He rapped it vigorously from time to time with his forepaws, looking out at the people the while with sad, yellow eyes.

Everyone was good to the dog, especially Rosaly. The caresses she lavished on Toby she could very easily have bestowed on his master, and for one of them Le Tour would have died. Rosaly was a pretty, dark-eyed little thing, graceful and slim, and the envy of all the women—especially Lize, the hard-faced



Drawing by A. W. Parsons

"The affection between man and dog had grown and strengthened until Walker got almost touchy on the subject. It was only to Toby that Walker revealed his soul. And Toby respected his master's confidence. Too, there was a way he had of thrusting his nose into a man's hand."

chariot racer. The men circled round her like flies round a honey-pot, but she only cared—like all women—for the one man who never came near, the man who had long ago outlived all tender emotions of that sort. Walker was polite, that was all, but Rosaly showed her interest a little too plainly. Rosaly had a way of finding Walker when their turn was over—just to pat old Toby, as she said, and give him a bit of candy.

After rehearsal Le Tour was in the dressing tent, doctoring a bruised face he had got while practising a new double jump on a narrow platform.

"Halloa, Toby," he called to the dog, who was sitting beside his master. "Helloa, pup! feelin' pretty chirpy, eh?"

The gray dog looked at him sideways, but made no motion of recognition or cordiality. His "banner" was curled closely round his hind feet without a hint of a wag in it. "Surly cur!" muttered Le Tour, as he mopped his bruises with arnica. "What do you keep such an ill-tempered brute as that about you for, Walker? He don't do much. Any sort of dog'd stand being shot out of a gun, an' as for the swing work—a nigger's yellow dog 'ud do it as well."

Whimsical Walker took his pipe from his mouth slowly—looked into it, tapped it against the side of the trunk, and proceeded to fill it from his pouch. His hand trembled slightly—very slightly. He patted the gray dog softly. He neither looked at nor spoke to Le Tour, as, whistling the dog to him, he left the tent.

The acrobat was in an ugly temper. His bruised face was hurting him.

"A d—d cur, that's what he is," he muttered, "and what's more, his master is another—"

"'Old on there, Smithers," called out Billy Jones, the English bare-back rider, "don't mike a hass of yourself. He's a gentleman and a

quiet chap as most of these 'ere kind of fellers are, but they can 'it out a blamed sight quicker 'n you or me—and w'en they 'its they 'its 'eavy. You take my advice an' leave that 'ere feller an' 'is dawg alone. Wot's the matter with the dawg? 'E's all right."

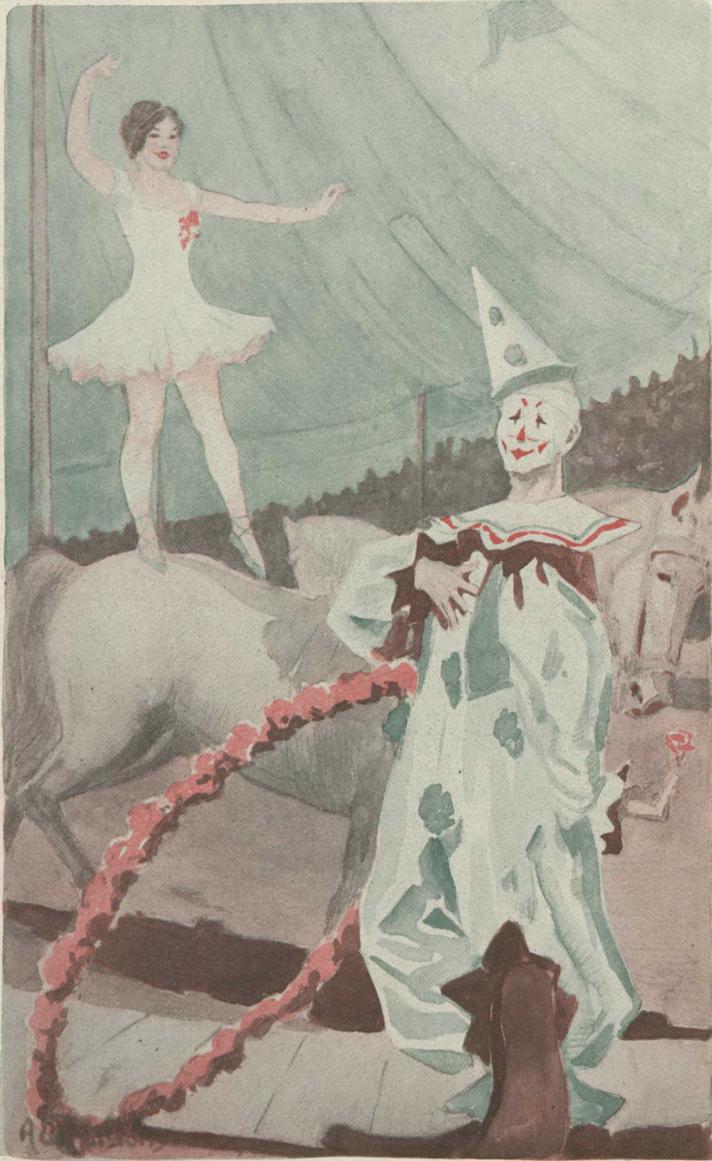
"I tell you again—you blooming Britisher, he's a d—d cad of an Irishman, and his dog's a surly cur."

The Englishman straightened. His frank face flushed a bit as he turned towards Le Tour—but he held his temper well in hand.

"Shut your fice, Smithers," he said quietly, "wot's the good of callin' nimes? Any bloke can do that. W'y don't you do somethink? If yer blood's up, let 'er go. Give the Irishman a charnee."

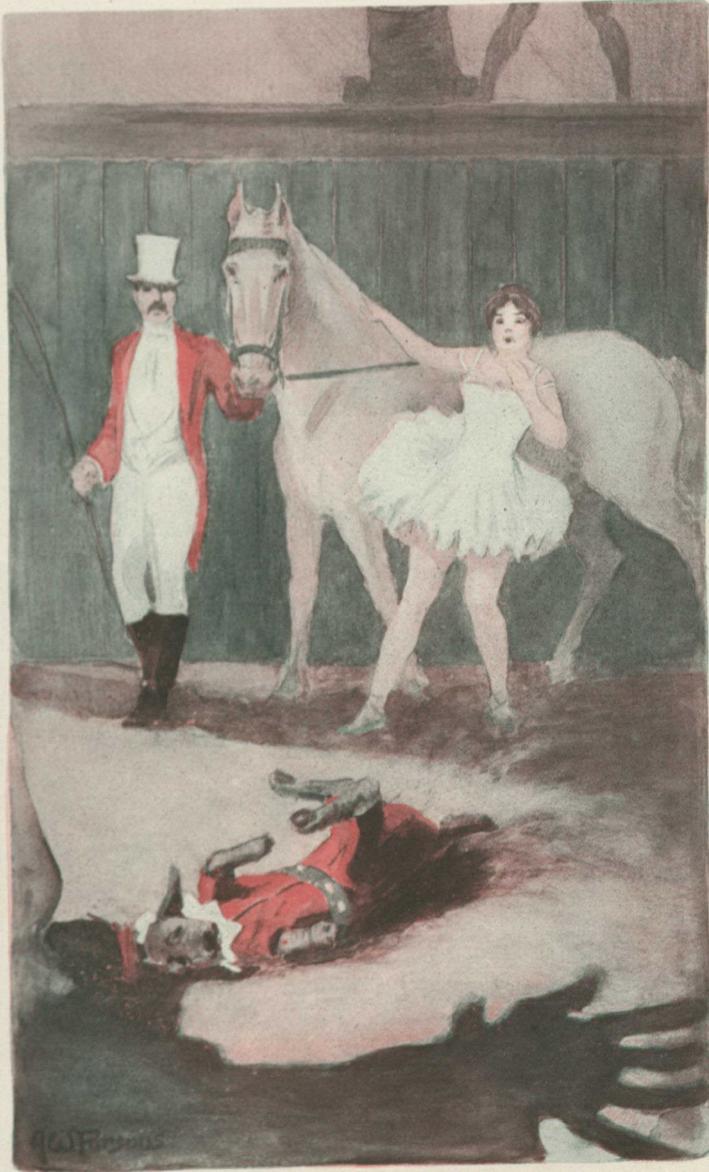
"Jest you wait. I'll give the whole blamed shootin' match a chance when I feel like it," retorted Le Tour viciously.

After dinner Whimsical Walker went swinging along at a great pace with his pipe in his mouth and his hands thrust deep in his pockets. The gray dog bounded joyously before him. They were taking a brisk walk before the afternoon performance. The man wanted a quiet hour to think things over. He was beginning to feel dissatisfied with the life. At first it had done well enough, had helped him to forget the treachery of the woman who had fooled him long ago, but of late the man had yearnings for the life that really belonged to him. He had saved a bit of money, for his salary was fair and he did not spend it in diamonds and wine as did Le Tour and the rest. But it was time for him to break away from it all. A man of forty-two has no business knocking about the sawdust and grimacing at the crowd. Crossing a vacant lot he sat down on a stump and continued his cogitations. Things were taking a rather unpleasant turn at the big camp. There was the little girl. Walker was no



Drawing by A. W. Parsons

"Rosaly, under the glow of the afternoon sunshine, softened and mellowed by the canvas, looked her prettiest. She watched the clown with brilliant eyes. To her this uncouth figure was not whimsy the clown, but a big, clean-shaven athletic, gentlemanly-looking man with a somewhat sad face and graying hair."



Drawing by A. W. Parsons

"The small gray body came hurling down, turned as it fell—and lashed the saw-dust at Walker's feet. A cry went out, and many persons stood up on their seats, and the sound of a child's crying rose shrill. The circus girl slipped from her horse and steadied herself on its shoulder."

cad, but he could hardly help seeing how much more she favoured him than any of the other men. But he could not be churlish when the girl came to him with "Oh, Mr. Walker, please will you let me take Toby for a walk after the dinner hour?" Besides, she was a very pretty girl and Walker was—an Irishman. But he could see how it angered Le Tour. He, Walker, was a bigger man, and if it came to a tussle—Whimsy whistled softly—why, he'd been in a rough and tumble before now and had not played under-dog either.

"There are curs, my puppy dog," he told Toby presently, when that wise gray person abandoned a delirious hunt after a respectable black cat, who at that moment was blinking lazy green eyes down at him from the top of a wall, "there are curs who walk upon two, not four legs, and when such curs lose their temper, and bite and growl without reason, there is only one way to deal with them, and that particular way, my dog, you may see practised on one of our friends presently if he doesn't learn to behave himself. Come, Toby, jump up—it's time we were back in the harness shop, but it won't be for long now, little dog—you and your old master will get away from it all soon."

Things went with a rush that afternoon. Walker was in splendid form and his inimitable baseball act—played alone and in beautiful silence—set the house in good humour with itself. Rosaly, under the glow of the afternoon sunshine, softened and mellowed by the canvas, looked her prettiest. A casual round of applause greeted the pretty girl as she danced into the ring, bowing and throwing kisses to the crowd. Apparently stunned by this apparition of loveliness, the clown took a tiny mirror from his pocket, and was so overcome by his own frightful appearance that he wept aloud, then fell to his capering and tumbling. The girl watched him with brilliant

eyes. To her this uncouth figure was not Whimsy the Clown, but a big, clean-shaven, athletic, gentlemanly-looking man with a somewhat sad face and graying hair.

Up above the ring, Le Tour, the acrobat, was performing on a couple of swings. He was a clever fellow and had the heart of a lion in regard to his work, which was not over the net, as he said he could do better without one. Besides, the public liked the excitement attendant on the chance of a man's breaking his back before their eyes—and so many clever things had been done in the acrobat line of late that people were getting tired of tame turns and needed the element of danger to give them an interest in trapeze work. There were cities where Le Tour was not permitted to work without a net, but this was not one, and whenever he got the chance he took it.

Whimsical Walker was always intensely nervous when the big acrobat did his mid-air somersaults without the net. Not for the man's sake, but for Toby's. From a platform below, the gray dog was shot by a cannon, to the high wooden plateau, where, between turns, Le Tour took breathing spells. It was the acrobat's business to catch the little figure as it came shooting up to him, and afterwards to come down the long rope to the ground with the trick dog on his shoulders. This feature always came off while Whimsy was in the ring, and the clown never failed to fasten anxious eyes on the big gun, and whistle a bar to his comrade when he lighted safely on his perch. To-day, amid the tense silence that always fell when the music ceased and the big drum thrummed heavily, Toby was shot from the cannon's throat and went skimming up to where Le Tour, with outstretched arms, awaited him. A great cheer shook the tent when the dog landed safely. When it subsided a peculiar whistle reached the ears

of Toby—a joyous “Woof!” came in answer.

Rosalyn, as she leaped through the hoop of paper flowers that Whimsy held for her, smiled radiantly at him and threw him a rose from her hair. The clown kissed it and thrust it into the breast of his ridiculous little jacket. The eyes of Le Tour, nearing the ground on his way down the rope, saw the foolish by-play.

At half-past seven that evening Whimsical Walker sat on a camp stool in a corner of the men’s dressing tent making up his clown’s face. He felt stupid and out of sorts. His fine figure looked well in the dull red tights that he wore under the immense green and white clown’s pyjamas which he had not yet donned. The other men were busy putting the finishing touches to their dress, and Whimsy with the dog beside him was comparatively alone in his corner.

“What a fool I look, Toby,” he said as he white-washed his face and neck, and with his paint brush began to make up his ridiculous clown’s mask, which by a funny combination of effects made the lower part of his face appear to laugh while the upper part wept, “and I’m even a greater fool than I look, old dog, which is not saying much for my wisdom at the best of times. Hello! there goes our first summons.” He jumped into the pyjamas, tied on the green, white and red ruffles, adjusted his peaked fool’s cap and slipped on his grotesque scow-shaped shoes. The dog was already dressed in a crimson velvet coat and little flat cap fixed between the ears by wires attached to his collar. Around his middle was strapped a girth of tiny bells, which rang at his every movement.

The clown and his dog stepped into a dark corner immediately behind the parted flap in the canvas. Walker held the dog in his arms till his cue would come, when he would hand him to a boy in attendance, who would take him to the men who

manipulated the cannon. The clown pressed his little comrade closely to him and in the shadow stooped and kissed his rough coat. “You’ve been all through it with me, old chap,” he said a bit brokenly, “and we’ll keep together in the days that are coming—there’s my cue. Here you are, Skinner—catch hold—off with you, Toby.”

A moment later, amid a round of applause, Whimsical Walker was wheeling a large baby carriage containing another clown in a baby’s bonnet around the ring, and pretty Rosalyn was leaping through her rose wreaths with sparkling eyes and laughing lips.

As the time drew near for Toby’s act, Walker grew strangely nervous. Le Tour was already in his place standing on the narrow platform, where he was to catch the dog. His face looked ghastly white all around the vivid dabs of paint. The big tent resounded to the buzz of voices. It hummed like a vast hive. The lights never before seemed to the clown so staring and garish. The people’s faces almost made him dizzy. The smell of sawdust, of horses, of the animals caged outside, mingling with odours of perfume, sickened him. He went through the performance hardly knowing what he was about till he heard the thunder of the big drum as the ring-master stepped forward to announce the sensation of the evening.

The house became silent save for the low confused murmur of voices speaking in undertones. One might almost have heard the champing of horses in the tent outside. Rosalyn’s white horse was held by the ring-master, and its pretty rider sat gazing at Walker. The clown was walking on his hands round the edge of the ring waving huge lanterns attached to his shoes. As the drum ceased thrumming he cast these from him and stood erect and threw an anxious glance at the little plateau on which Le Tour was lying ready to

grasp the dog. Behind the mask of paint the Irishman felt his face whitening. He had an odd feeling about his heart. The girl's eyes never left him.

"Boom!" The big gun belched forth its living charge. Flying up, up, up, went the little crimson-coated trick dog—up to where the man's outstretched hands were waiting. Then—God! what was it! He missed somehow!

The small gray body came hurtling down, turned as it fell—and lashed the saw-dust at Walker's feet.

A cry went out, and many persons stood up on their seats, and the sound of a child's crying rose shrill. The circus girl slipped from her horse and steadied herself against its shoulder.

The clown stood quite still. His ridiculous face was working. Someone, catching sight of it, began to laugh. A couple of men came in with a litter, and gathering the broken body of the dog in its foolish crimson jacket, walked quickly away. The clown made a break after them; the ring-master cracked his whip sharply, and Whimsical Walker began to dance. The house, which had been startled for a moment by the ill-success of the much-advertised trick dog, fell into pleasant laughter at the sight of this poor buffoon capering there with his ridiculous face half laughing, half weeping. The band crashed out again, and Fairy, the biggest elephant, trotted heavily into the ring, bearing the little Jap jugglers on her broad back.

LOVE IS DEAD

By PEREGRINE ACLAND

RING the knell, for Love is dead,
 Stricken by Time's callous hand,
 Ye for whom his shafts were sped,
 Ring the knell, for Love is dead!
 He hath drooped his boyish head
 On cool Lethe's shadowed strand,
 Ring the knell, for Love is dead,
 Stricken by Time's callous hand.



THE FINISHED STORY

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES", "CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA," ETC.

SHE always sat in a corner of the west veranda at the hotel, knitting something white and fluffy, or pink and fluffy, or pale blue and fluffy—always fluffy, at least, and always dainty. Shawls and scarfs and hoods the things were, I believe. When she finished one she gave it to some girl and began another. Every girl at Harbour Light that summer wore some distracting thing that had been fashioned by Miss Sylvia's slim, tireless, white fingers.

She was old, with that beautiful, serene old age which is as beautiful in its way as youth. Her girlhood and womanhood must have been very lovely to have ripened into such a beauty of sixty years. It was a surprise to everyone who heard her called *Miss Sylvia*. She looked so like a woman who ought to have stalwart, grown sons and dimpled little grandchildren.

For the first two days after the arrival at the hotel she sat in her corner alone. After that she was never alone. There was always a circle of young people around her; old folks and middle-aged people would have liked to join it, but Miss Sylvia, while she was gracious to all, let it be distinctly understood that her sympathies were with youth. She sat among the boys and girls, young men and maidens, like a fine white queen. Her dress was always the same and somewhat old-fashioned, but nothing else would have suited her half so well; she wore a lace cap on her snowy hair and a heliotrope

shawl over her black silk shoulders. She knitted continually and talked a good deal, but listened more. We sat around her at all hours of the day and told her everything.

When you were first introduced to her you called her Miss Stanleyman. Her endurance of that was limited to twenty-four hours. Then she begged you to call her Miss Sylvia, and as Miss Sylvia you spoke and thought of her forevermore.

Miss Sylvia liked us all, but I was her favourite. She told us so frankly and let it be understood that when I was talking to her and her heliotrope shawl was allowed to slip under one arm it was a sign that we were not to be interrupted. I was as vain of her favour as any love-lorn suitor whose lady had honoured him, not knowing, as I came to know later, the reason for it.

Although Miss Sylvia had an unlimited capacity for receiving confidences she never gave any. We were all sure that there must be some romance in her life, but our efforts to discover it were unsuccessful. Miss Sylvia parried tentative questions so skilfully that we knew she had something to defend. But one evening, when I had known her a month, as time is reckoned, and long years as affection and understanding are computed, she told me her story—at least, what there was to tell of it. The last chapter was missing.

We were sitting together on the veranda at sunset. Most of the hotel people had gone for a harbour

sail; a few forlorn mortals prowled about the grounds and eyed our corner wistfully, but by the sign of the heliotrope shawl knew it was not for them.

I was reading one of my stories to Miss Sylvia. In my own excuse I must allege that she tempted me to do it. I did not go around with manuscripts under my arm, inflicting them on defenceless females. But Miss Sylvia had discovered that I was a magazine scribbler, and moreover, that I had shut myself up in my room that very morning and perpetrated a short story. Nothing would do but that I read it to her.

It was a rather sad little story. The hero loved the heroine, and she loved him. There was no reason why he should not love her, but there was a reason why he could not marry her. When he found that he loved her he knew that he must go away. But might he not, at least, tell her his love? Might he not, at least, find out for his consolation if she cared for him? There was a struggle; he won, and went away without a word, believing it to be the more manly course. When I began to read Miss Sylvia was knitting, a pale green something this time, of the tender hue of young leaves in May. But after a little her knitting slipped unheeded to her lap and her hands folded idly above it. It was the most subtle compliment I had ever received.

When I turned the last page of the manuscript and looked up, Miss Sylvia's soft brown eyes were full of tears. She lifted her hands, clasped them together and said in an agitated voice:

"Oh, no, no; don't let him go away without telling her—just telling her. Don't let him do it!"

"But, you see, Miss Sylvia," I explained, flattered beyond measure that my characters had seemed so real to her, "that would spoil the story. It would have no reason for existence then. Its *motif* is simply

his mastery over self. He believes it to be the nobler course."

"No, no, it wasn't—if he loved her he should have told her. Think of her shame and humiliation—she loved him, and he went without a word and she could never know he cared for her. Oh, you must change it—you must, indeed! I cannot bear to think of her suffering what I have suffered."

Miss Sylvia broke down and sobbed. To appease her, I promised that I would remodel the story, although I knew that the doing so would leave it absolutely pointless.

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Miss Sylvia, her eyes shining through her tears. "You see, I know it would make her happier—I know it. I'm going to tell you my poor little story to convince you. But you—you must not tell it to any of the others."

"I am sorry you think the admonition necessary," I said reproachfully.

"Oh, I do not, indeed I do not," she hastened to assure me. "I know I can trust you. But it's such a poor little story. You mustn't laugh at it—it is all the romance I had. Years ago—forty years ago—when I was a young girl of twenty, I—learned to care very much for somebody. I met him at a summer resort like this. I was there with my aunt and he was there with his mother, who was delicate. We saw a great deal of each other for a little while. He was—oh, he was like no other man I had ever seen. You remind me of him somehow. That is partly why I like you so much. I noticed the resemblance the first time I saw you. I don't know in just what it consists—in your expression and the way you carry your head, I think. He was not strong—he coughed a good deal. Then one day he went away—suddenly. I had thought he cared for me, but he never said so—just went away. Oh, the shame of it! After a time I heard that he had been ordered to Cali-

fornia for his health. And he died out there the next spring. My heart broke then. I never cared for anybody again—I couldn't. I have always loved him. But it would have been so much easier to bear if I had only known that he loved me—oh, it would have made all the difference in the world. And the sting of it has been there all these years. I can't even permit myself the joy of dwelling on his memory because of the thought that perhaps he did not care."

"He must have cared," I said warmly. "He couldn't have helped it, Miss Sylvia."

Miss Sylvia shook her head with a sad smile.

"I cannot be sure. Sometimes I think he did. But then the doubt creeps back again. I would give almost anything to know that he did—to know that I have not lavished all the love of my life on a man who did not want it. And I never can know, never—I can hope and almost believe, but I can never know. Oh, you don't understand—a man couldn't fully understand what my pain has been over it. You see now why I want you to change the story. I am sorry for that poor girl, but if you only let her know that he really loves her she will not mind all the rest so very much; she will be able to bear the pain of even life-long separation if she only knows."

Miss Sylvia picked up her knitting and went away. As for me, I thought savagely of the dead man she loved and called him a cad, or at best, a fool.

Next day Miss Sylvia was her serene, smiling self once more, and she did not again make any reference to what she had told me. A fortnight later she returned home and I went my way back to the world. During the following winter I wrote several letters to Miss Sylvia and received replies from her. Her letters were very like herself. When I sent her the third-rate magazine contain-

ing my story—nothing but a third-rate magazine would take it in its rewritten form—she wrote to say that she was so glad that I had let the poor girl know.

Early in April I received a letter from an aunt of mine in the country, saying that she intended to sell her place and come to the city to live. She asked me to go out to Sweetwater for a few weeks and assist her in the business of settling up the estate and disposing of such things as she did not wish to take with her.

When I arrived at Sweetwater I found it moist and chill with the sunny moisture and teasing chill of our Canadian springs. They are long and fickle and reluctant, these springs of ours, but, oh, the unnamable charm of them! There was something even in the red buds of the maples at Sweetwater and in the long, smoking stretches of hillside fields that sent a thrill through my veins, finer and subtler than any given by old wine.

A week after my arrival, when we had got the larger affairs pretty well straightened out, Aunt Mary suggested that I had better overhaul Uncle Alan's room.

"The things there have never been meddled with since he died," she said. "In particular, there's an old trunk full of his letters and his papers. It was brought home from California after his death. I've never examined them. I don't suppose there is anything of any importance among them. But I'm not going to carry all that old rubbish to town, so I wish you would look over them and see if there is anything that should be kept. The rest may be burned."

I felt no particular interest in the task. My Uncle Alan Blair was a mere name to me. He was my mother's eldest brother and had died years before I was born. I had heard that he had been very clever and that great things had been expected of him. But I anticipated no pleasure

from exploring musty old letters and papers of forty neglected years.

I went up to Uncle Alan's room at dusk that night. We had been having a day of warm spring rain, but it had cleared away and the bare maple boughs outside the window were strung with glistening drops. The room looked to the north and was always dim by reason of the close-growing Sweetwater pines. A gap had been cut through them to the northwest, and in it I had a glimpse of the sea Uncle Alan had loved, and above it a wondrous sunset sky fleeced over with little clouds, pale and pink and golden and green, that suddenly reminded me of Miss Sylvia and her fluffy knitting. It was with the thought of her in my mind that I lighted a lamp and began the task of grubbing into Uncle Alan's trunkful of papers. Most of these were bundles of yellowed letters, of no present interest, from his family and college friends. There were several college theses and essays, and a lot of loose miscellanea pertaining to boyish school days. I went through the collection rapidly, until at the bottom of the trunk, I came to a small book bound in dark-green leather. It proved to be a sort of journal, and I began to glance over it with a languid interest.

It had been begun in the spring after he had graduated from college. Although suspected only by himself, the disease which was to end his life had already fastened upon him. The entries were those of a doomed man, who, feeling the curse fall on him like a frost, blighting all the fair hopes and promises of life, seeks some help and consolation in the outward self-communing of a journal. There was nothing morbid, nothing unmanly in the record. As I read, I found myself liking Uncle Alan, wishing that he might have lived and been my friend.

His mother had not been well that summer and the doctor ordered her to the seashore. Alan accompanied

her. Here occurred a hiatus in the journal. No leaves had been torn out, but a quire or so of them had apparently become loosened from the threads that held them in place. I found them later on in the trunk, but at the time I passed to the next page. It began abruptly:

"This girl is the sweetest thing that God ever made. I had not known a woman could be so fair and sweet. Her beauty awes me, the purity of her soul shines so clearly through it like an illuminating lamp. I love her with all my power of loving and I am thankful that it is so. It would have been hard to die without having known love. I am glad that it has come to me, even if its price is unspeakable bitterness. A man has not lived for nothing who has known and loved Sylvia Stanleyman.

"I must not seek her love—that is denied me. If I were well and strong I should win it; yes, I believe I could win it, and nothing in the world would prevent me from trying, but, as things are, it would be the part of a coward to try. Yet I cannot resist the delight of being with her, of talking to her, of watching her wonderful face. She is in my thoughts day and night, she dwells in my dreams. O, Sylvia, I love you, my sweet!"

A week later there was another entry:

July Seventeenth.

"I am afraid. To-day I met Sylvia's eyes. In them was a look which at first stirred my heart to its depths with tumultuous delight, and then I remembered. I must spare her that suffering, at whatever cost to myself. I must not let myself dwell on the dangerous sweetness of the thought that her heart is turning to me. What would be the crowning joy to another man could be only added sorrow to me."

Then:

July Eighteenth.

"This morning I took the train to the city. I was determined to know the worst once for all. The time had come when I must. My doctor at home had put me off with vague hopes and perhapses. So I went to a noted physician in the city. I told him I wanted the whole truth—I made him tell it. Stripped of all softening verbiage it is this: I have perhaps eight months or a year to live—no more!

"I had expected it, although not quite so soon. Yet the certainty was none the less bitter. But this is no time for self-

pity. It is of Sylvia I must think now. I shall go away at once, before the sweet fancy which is possibly budding in her virgin heart shall have bloomed into a flower that might poison some of her fair years."

July Ninetenth.

"It is over. I said good-bye to her to-day before others, for I dared not trust myself to see her alone. She looked hurt and startled, as if someone had struck her. But she will soon forget, even if I have not been mistaken in the reading of her eyes. As for me, the bitterness of death is already over in that parting. All that now remains is to play the man to the end."

From further entries in the journal I learned that Alan Blair had returned to Sweetwater and later on had been ordered to California. The entries during his sojourn there were few and far between. In all of them he spoke of Sylvia. Finally, after a long silence, he had written:

"I think the end is not far off now. I am not sorry, for my suffering has been great of late. Last night I was easier. I slept and dreamed that I saw Sylvia. Once or twice I thought that I would arrange to have this book sent to her after my death. But I have decided that it would be unwise. It would only pain her, so I shall destroy it when I feel the time has come.

"It is sunset in this wonderful summer land. At home in Sweetwater it is only early spring as yet, with snow lingering along the edges of the woods. The sunsets there will be creamy-yellow and pale red now. If I could but see them once more! And Sylvia—"

There was a little blot where the pen had fallen. Evidently the end had been nearer than Alan Blair had thought. At least, there were no more entries, and the little green book had not been destroyed. I was glad that it had not been; and I felt glad that it was thus put in my power to write the last chapter of Miss Sylvia's story for her.

As soon as I could leave Sweetwater I went to the city, three hun-

dred miles away, where Miss Sylvia lived. I found her in her library, in her black silk dress and heliotrope shawl, knitting up cream wool, for all the world as if she had just been transplanted from the veranda corner of Harbour Light.

"My dear boy!" she said.

"Do you know why I have come?" I asked.

"I am vain enough to think it was because you wanted to see me," she smiled.

"I did want to see you; but I would have waited until summer if it had not been that I wished to bring you the missing chapter of your story, dear lady."

"I—I—don't understand," said Miss Sylvia, starting slightly.

"I had an uncle, Alan Blair, who died forty years ago in California," I said quietly. "Recently I have had occasion to examine some of his papers. I found a journal among them and I have brought it to you because I think that you have the best right to it."

I dropped the parcel in her lap. She was silent with surprise and bewilderment.

"And now," I added, "I am going away. You won't want to see me or anyone for a while after you have read this book. But I will come up to see you to-morrow."

When I went the next day Miss Sylvia herself met me at the door. She caught my hand and drew me into the hall. Her eyes were softly radiant.

"Oh, you have made me so happy!" she said tremulously. "Oh, you can never know how happy! Nothing hurts now—nothing ever can hurt, because I know he did care."

She laid her face down on my shoulder, as a girl might have nestled to her lover, and I bent and kissed her for Uncle Alan.

THE DREAMER

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"I HAVE a crown of twisted gold
And pearls, like tears, in jasper bowl,
A robe of purple—yet I hold
Nothing to satisfy the soul!

"I have a milk-white slave whose lips
Are like twin rose-leaves softly curled—
And past my shining palace slips
The fairest river in the world!

"Let now my men of magic show
The secret of the mystic rings!
I am weary, and would know
The ultimate desire of kings?

"I'll give my crown of twisted gold,
My pearls I'll give as beggar's dole,
If for one instant I may hold
Something to satisfy the soul!"

Dumb were the priestly lips—afraid!
What answer for the soul had they?
Their mocking hearts held faith a trade,
And sold for favour "yea" and "nay."

The king laid by his useless crown,
Forsook his palace by the stream,
And through the world, and up and down
He wandered—captive of a dream!

The ageless dream for which men die,
And ever seem to die in vain,
The hope of something far and high
To ease the seeking soul of pain!

Men pitied, wondered!—turned aside
To argue in the market place—
All suddenly the Dreamer cried,
"A Star!" and fell upon his face!

The Star of Birth! Beneath that gleam,
New from God's unconsuming fire,
The dazzled Dreamer saw his Dream—
The Wise Man found the World's Desire!

A QUESTION IN ETHICS

BY ANNA MILES OLCOTT

MALTBY pushed the pile of new crisp bills over the small glass square, and watched his customer count them. They meant so little, those ten hundred-dollar bills, to the man who had just received them, and they would have meant so much to Maltby. The customer departed, cheerfully pompous. The teller turned to his books and began to enter a package of checks.

All day he had paid out gold and silver and bills until he was weary with the sight of them. Yet, strange paradox at the present moment, they were the things he most coveted.

By what subtle power did some men accumulate wealth so easily. Everything Dan Beardsley touched turned to gold, though Beardsley was always considered slow at school. Dan might give him a little of that money without missing it, but, no, those rich men piled up their dollars without care whence they came or what good they might do others. To part with them was like losing heart's blood. When a man gave money away now-a-days he took good care the newspapers knew all about it. There was not much the right hand did that the left hand didn't spy out. Maltby had will, courage, brains,—yes, brains,—and he had never seen an opportunity in his life to make money. But if sheer force of will meant anything he would get it yet.

Suddenly he paused, with the last two checks in his hand, and began absently to make straight black marks on the blotter. Then, giving

himself a jerk, he entered the checks, closed the book and, reaching for his hat, walked moodily out into the street.

He hailed a newsboy, bought an evening *Herald* and ran his eye rapidly down the columns of advertisements. Evidently he failed to find what he sought, for, with an impatient gesture, he tossed the paper into a doorway. Upon reaching Broadway, he took a small card from his vest pocket, glanced at it, then swung himself on to a Lexington Avenue car.

At Fifty-first Street he got off, walked back half a block, and halted in front of a common-place brown stone house. Taking the card from his pocket again, he compared the number on it with the number on the house. This was without doubt the place, yet there was no sign on the door. The curtains were pulled down and the outer door closed as though the owners were not at home. Nevertheless he had reason to suspect he might gain admittance. A certain grim determination settled about the corners of his thin lips, as he slowly mounted the steps and pulled the bell vigorously three times. Almost immediately he heard the creaking of hinges. A moment later he disappeared into the house, and the heavy oaken door fell to behind him with a dull thud.

One hour, two, three went by. The afternoon waned into the twilight and the twilight yielded to chilly, starless night. The shivering flames of the street lamps flared fit-

fully in the gathering mist. Passers-by grew less frequent, until only occasionally the footsteps of a belated wayfarer tapped lonely along the damp flagstones. One by one lights shone from the windows of the stolid brown phalanx on either side, shone save from the house with its green curtains pulled down and its outer-door close shut.

Nine o'clock had come and gone fully thirty minutes when that door opened just wide enough to permit Maltby to squeeze through, then closed again instantly as though in fear that he might wish to re-enter.

The young man took off his hat and drank in a deep breath of the cool, wet air, before he ran down the steps. Then, without a backward glance, he walked rapidly down the Avenue.

He had forgotten that he had not tasted a morsel since noon, he had even forgotten the woman whom he loved and who was expecting him at that moment. He was bent upon one thing, and one thing alone.

The next morning found Maltby the teller at his post, a trifle pale and drawn about the eyes, but counting out the crisp green notes with the same unerring rapidity. How different they appeared to him to-day. Yesterday he had envied their possessors, to-day he regarded them with the certainty that many of them would soon be his. Already he revelled in the lust of possession.

During the luncheon hour he mailed a note to the woman who had awaited him in vain the night before. He told her that business of the utmost importance would keep him away from her for the next month, but that every day of his enforced absence she must remember he was working for her. As he dropped the letter into the mail box, a sense of power thrilled through all his limbs. When he saw her again he would be his own master and—theirs.

Never had the teller worked with

such swiftness, such infallible determination. Other men, despairing over unbalanceable balance sheets, day after day with astonishment saw him depart at the earliest hour and knew that he never left with one penny unaccounted for. Could they have seen how he spent the rest of the day their astonishment might have merged into suspicion.

On the way home he always stopped at a certain quiet restaurant and drank a glass of milk. Then he hurried directly to his room, closed and locked the door, and did not open it again until the next morning. Each day the same routine was repeated with the regularity of clockwork.

On Tuesday, the tenth of April, counted hereafter a memorable day in his life, a messenger boy brought five thousand dollars in cash from Dan Beardsley and a confidential tip in regard to the stock market.

That evening Maltby broke the accustomed routine and went to see Grace Clayborne. Two months later they were married, and Maltby considered himself the happiest man in the city.

His investments, he told his wife, had proved successful beyond his most sanguine expectations. At the bank he turned his books over for inspection and resigned his position. Men began to look upon him as a rich man, but had one of them been asked the nature of Maltby's business he could not have answered for the life of him.

Occasionally Maltby was seen in Wall Street, but he was neither a broker nor a speculator. If he bought stock, it was generally sure to rise and net him a comfortable sum. He rarely made use of the stock market, however, when he did it was in a purely legitimate way.

He bought a house up town and with special care furnished an upstairs room for his private study. This room was cut off from the rest of the house by a narrow hallway,

to insure perfect quiet, Maltby explained. But his wife hated the room. She felt it was the one place in the house in which she was not welcome. It engulfed Maltby like the tomb and held him bound, sometimes all night, sometimes for hours during the day.

Once, soon after their marriage, his wife had ventured to knock on the door, and, growing alarmed at receiving no response, had attempted to open it. Suddenly it flew back, and Maltby, trembling visibly and deadly pale, stared at her with haggard eyes.

"You have cost me ten thousand dollars," he muttered hoarsely, and pushing roughly past her seized his hat and rushed from the house.

After that a tiny brass clock on his writing table clicked sharply whenever the hall door was opened and recorded each click on a hidden slip of paper.

Maltby apologised to his wife for his conduct. The explanation he offered was hardly so plausible as might have been expected, but she accepted it without apparent suspicion. He said he had been thinking deeply upon a most important and intricate business matter, and that her interruption came just at the wrong moment. Then he kissed her, promised never to say another cross word to her, and, with manlike superiority, thought the subject closed forever.

She did not tell him that after he left the house, she crept to her room, weak with indignation and fear, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears. She simply accepted the apology in the spirit with which it was offered, and strove bravely to believe every word the man uttered. He loved her. She was sure of that. But instinct warned her that there was a part of his life in which she had no share. From that day the cloud, no greater at first than a man's hand, began to grow.

Maltby's business frequently took

him away from home, sometimes for a day, often for a week, once even as far as San Francisco. Always he returned fagged and hollow-eyed, but in the best of spirits. His return was sure to be followed in a few days by a small express package. The day succeeding the arrival of the package Maltby invariably deposited with his banker a sum of money. He had been known to deposit as much as one hundred thousand dollars.

After one of these business trips a subtle change came over him. For a time he was the Maltby of old, genial, unselfish, sociable. He spent hours in the company of his wife, and seemed unable to do enough for her.

Grace Maltby looked forward to these periods of restful happiness with wistful anxiety. Even they seemed fraught with a mystery she could not fathom. What kind of life was this man, her husband, actually leading, a life of which she was in total ignorance? At times rebellion within her rose so strong that she told herself she could stand the uncertainty no longer, she must demand an explanation. This was nothing more than her just right. Suppose he refused to give it, could she leave him. She dared not answer. Vague, unutterable suspicions haunted her day and night, until she found herself starting at a shadow, or listening with bated breath whenever the door bell rang.

Then would come a week when Maltby spent every night locked in his study, and in the morning emerged looking like a ghost. That the life was telling on him would be evident even to a person less observing than his wife. She ventured to ask him once if he were not working too hard.

"Ah, dear one," he replied, taking her face between his hands, "have patience with me. In five years, perhaps sooner, I shall give up business altogether. Then you and I will start on our real honeymoon over summer seas."

She tried to take him at his word,

tried to rest content. The crisis came sooner than she expected.

"Called away on important business. Can't say when I'll be back. Sorry I haven't time to come up to bid you good-bye," Maltby had telephoned, and now he had been gone more than a week.

All day her nerves had been on the rack. Never before had he failed to write, but this time not one word had she heard from him since that brief message over the wires. Impelled by some inexplicable impulse, she wandered down the hall toward her husband's study. The door was unlocked, just as he always left it. With a sudden twitch of nervous dread, she pushed it open. How frightfully still everything was. The long room wore a dejected and deserted air. The loneliness of it awed her. She crossed to the window and threw it open. A fresh breeze from the river fluttered the papers on the table. The slight rustle of paper caused her to look around, and her eye fell upon Maltby's desk, its pigeon-holes choked with letters.

All at once she was overpowered by the desire to touch something he had touched, to breathe the very air he had breathed, and before she realised what she was doing she was seated before his desk gazing aimlessly at the long row of neatly sorted letters. Somehow she felt unusually near to Maltby at that moment. She could almost feel the touch of his lips upon her cheek, almost hear the sound of his voice in her ear.

A blue envelope stuck halfway out from a package of white ones. She put up her hand to push it in even with the others, but there was something so strangely familiar about the letter that she pulled it out instead. With it came the other letters between which it had been tightly wedged. She smiled as she read the address on the blue envelope. So he kept her letters even now. She placed it on top of the package and gathered all in her hands to thrust back

into the desk. Then, as she declared to Maltby afterwards, not her own will but some all-pervading, irresistible force impelled her to lay them down again and spread them out in a row before her. They were all evidently business letters. She opened one and read:

Dear Maltby,

I send by express this afternoon \$10,000 in bills. You will know for what purpose to use them. Very truly yours,

H. C. Coningsby.

My dear Mr. Maltby:

Certain things have brought to my knowledge the admirable uses to which you have been putting your money. Please accept the \$25,000 I express to you to-day and go on with the good work.

Very truly yours,
Ralph Burnway.

My dear Mr. Maltby:

It is rarely that one sees a man in your position living up to his convictions. Unknown to you I have been watching your efforts in behalf of education and reform. The \$5,000 I send to-day is but a poor expression of my esteem.

Very sincerely yours,
Edgar Fulton.

Mr. Alton Maltby,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Send to-day by Wells and Fargo \$50,000 in notes. Watch out for rise in copper.

Yours truly,
C. B. Higgins.

One after another she read with increasing astonishment. Each letter mentioned money sent to Maltby, in sums varying from \$1,000 to \$100,000. The men who sent it were millionaires. Some names she had not heard. Others were world famous. Keats, the great copper king, had sent \$75,000, while old Murray Claypole, notorious on the Street for his closefistedness, had begged Maltby to accept \$100,000, giving no reason for the request.

The mystery of Maltby's life was deeper than before. All those pigeon-holes were doubtless packed with similar letters. But these were enough. She did not care to read more. The mere thought of what she

had already done horrified her. Leaving the letters scattered on the desk she fled from the room and down-stairs. Almost breathless she reached the library and slammed the door behind her. Then with a cry of terror, she sank upon the floor and buried her face in her hands.

Maltby, a smile of satisfaction upon his lips, stood on the hearth rug warming his hands with his back to the fire.

As he caught sight of his wife's face the smile vanished. He sprang to her side and drawing her up tenderly, put his arms closely about her.

"Why, dear heart, dear heart, what is the matter? Did I frighten you? Forgive me, I thought only to surprise you."

For some minutes she could do nothing but cling to him and sob.

"Come sit down on the couch and tell me what is the matter. You are tired and nervous. I've been a brute to leave you so much alone. But, dear, look up, I shall not leave you again. I have good news for you. I am rich enough to do all I wish the rest of my life. You and I can start on our long, long honeymoon."

She pushed him from her and regarded him with startled, fearful eyes.

"Don't, don't talk to me like that. I must tell you all. I must—I must *know* all. I can't stand this life another day. You'll despise me when I tell you what I've done, but I couldn't help it, I simply couldn't help it. No, don't touch me until you have heard. You didn't write and I was terribly afraid something had happened to you. I thought of you every minute. This afternoon I started to come down here, but something made me go to your study. I have never been there before when you were away, and the room looked so desperately lonely it frightened me. Then I saw your desk and before I knew what I was doing I had pulled out a package of your letters, and, oh! Alton! Alton! I read

more than a dozen of them. I never did such a dishonourable thing before, please believe that I never did it before."

In spite of her resistance he caught her to him again and kissed her hair, her eyes, her throat. "Is that all?" he laughed. "Why, I am glad you read them. On my way home I wished you might read some of those letters before I got back. I've been saving them for you."

"Wished I might read those letters? What have they to do with you and me? I don't understand them; I don't understand you."

"Listen," he said. "I will tell you everything. You have nothing to fear."

He walked away a short distance so that he might watch the effect of his words. It was his turn to be apprehensive.

"The day you promised to marry me, I wanted money, wanted it more than I had ever wanted anything except you. My small salary as teller would not allow me to give you all the luxuries you had been accustomed to in your father's house. You did not know what marrying a poor man would actually mean. Your father did, though, and told me so. From that hour I knew I could never marry you until I was a rich man. And I loved you. Ah, even you do not know how I loved you. Day after day I paid out money to men who could squander a fortune without feeling the loss as much as I would that of five dollars. Why couldn't I make money, too? Then the thought came, if I could not make money in the way they did, why could I not make their brains work for me. Some time before I had received a card from a man who styled himself, 'Metaphysician and Thought Controller.' I hunted him up and found him in a house that he had tried to surround with an air of mystery. I fancy he had never before come in contact with a man so dead in earnest. I drained him dry

of the little knowledge he possessed, paid him \$5, and went home convinced that on his own ground I knew more than he did. That night I commenced my experiments. I began with Dan Beardsley, because I knew him well, knew his habits, his office and sleeping-room. I strove to drive my brain force straight to the root of his, to make him do, apparently of his own accord, what I willed him to do. Each night for three whole weeks I divested my mind of every thought but the thought of him and the command I laid upon him. At the end of that time a messenger brought me \$5,000 and a tip on stocks. I took the money and Dan Beardsley forgot what he had done with it, forgot, in fact, that he had ever possessed it. Such was my command. From that moment I knew my success was assured. These millionaires should share their gains with me. Five millions I set as my limit, and to-morrow morning the one hundred thousand I shall receive will make the five millions complete. I have never drawn a penny from a man who was not a multi-millionaire, and I have never allowed one to send me a check. You have read some of the letters that accompany the money. They are all very much the same. When I had selected a man who should be an unwitting contributor to my fortune, I sought him out and got his face firmly stamped on my memory. I learned all I could about him, and, if possible, I paid a visit to his office. Then I began to send out my brain coil. When I took that trip to San Francisco, I played the Honourable Maurice Gundy for \$100,000 and won. He doesn't know what to do with the millions he gets every year from his gold mines. Old Higgins was the hardest customer I tackled. I worked on that old duffer nearly two months and several times almost gave up in despair, but he ponied up at last to the tune of \$50,000, and a rousing good tip on copper. I made five hundred thousand

on copper that time and it all came out of old Higgins's pocket. The other day I met him on the street and couldn't resist the temptation to have another set-to with him. I thought I'd let him make up the five million, and now I've a letter in my pocket saying the money has been sent. I'm glad I've finished the business, for I couldn't stand the strain much longer. It was wearing me out. Often when I came out of that room up-stairs I was almost too weak to stand. You know now what my life has been—you know more about me than any other living soul knows or ever will know."

He paused, waiting for her to speak, but with hands tightly gripped in her lap she stared at him with horror-stricken eyes.

"Well, don't you approve of me?" he inquired uneasily.

"Do you mean that you have really told me the truth?" She spoke slowly, doubtfully.

"The truth? Why, of course, I have. Every word is as true as gospel."

"Then you are a thief, a common thief! How can I believe it! How can I endure it!" and she threw herself passionately face down on the couch as though to shut out the sight of him.

The words and the gesture cut the man like a whip. He had not regarded himself in this light, and he rebelled at what he considered her injustice.

"Sit up and look at me," he commanded harshly. "I'm not a monster to hide from. You call me a thief. I am no more a thief than any other business man, not half as much so as many. How do men like Burnway and Beardsley succeed in business? By the force of their own personality they make other men believe in them, they bend other wills to their interests. How do politicians and statesmen win their way to popularity and fame? They conquer prejudice and govern the masses by sheer

force of superior mentality. All great leaders have done the same. What others have wrought spontaneously, I planned to do deliberately. I could not compete with these men in their business methods. I had neither desire nor talent to become a political boss—in short, I was too honest. Why do you accuse me of stealing? Instead of condemning me, you ought to be proud of me. By the concentrated impetus of my own brain, by the potentiality of my own will, I have compelled men to send me money of which they have no need and which they will never miss. Would I have been less a thief in your eyes if I had wrung it dollar by dollar from the poor and the unfortunate?"

She put up a hand to stop him.

"No, I am not going to stop until I have had my say. Then you can do as you please. And what harm can you say I have done old Higgins and his kind? I have as much right to use the gift I am born with as a poet, a musician, or a painter. They strive to make money in their way—I, in mine. Instead of calling me ugly names, why don't you ask what I have done with this five million dollars? I have founded scholarships at Yale, Harvard, Vassar and a dozen other colleges; I have given hope to men released from prison without hope; I have sheltered the fatherless; I have pledged the income from four millions to the welfare of my fellow-men. One million I have reserved for you and me. What a glorious life you and I can spend together! Don't you see, now, that I am right?"

Grace Maltby's face was pinched and white, and her voice was unsteady.

"You argue well, Alton, but somehow I can't see it as you do. It seems to me that all this time you have been getting money under false pretences. I don't know anything about metaphysics or thought projection, I

can comprehend only plain everyday facts. As far as I can see, you have given all this money away simply to quiet your own conscience. I'd rather have you poor and feel that every penny you earned was honest gain. You may be a genius, but I'd rather have you an honest man."

Maltby bit his lip and ran his fingers through his hair. Here was a contingency he had failed to reckon upon. He wondered vaguely if the world would look upon him with the eyes of his wife. Perhaps he could convince her yet.

"Go up-stairs," said he kindly, "and dress for dinner. Don't hate me until you have given me time to think over what you have said."

No sooner had his wife left the room, than the man locked the door, pulled down the shades and threw himself back into a deep arm-chair. One more trial and his work would be complete. A shock like the prick of an electric needle warned him that he had accomplished his purpose.

Again Maltby stood with his back to the fire, but this time no smile lifted the corners of his mouth. He was listening tensely to quick steps along the hall. Then the door opened and his wife with outstretched hands came straight toward him. Her face was flushed and happy.

"Alton, dear," she cried, "how stupid I was. You are right, of course. You will do more good in one year with that money than these old dullards would do in a lifetime."

"I knew you would understand," he whispered, putting his arm around her, and drawing her toward the dining-room.

But in Alton Maltby's heart the spirit of unrest took up its abiding place. He entertained no scruples about the money, that troubled him not at all, but he knew he had robbed his wife of her most precious heritage, her independent sense of right and wrong. He had made her like himself.

A DAY IN THE LUXEMBOURG

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES IN OIL BY JOHN RUSSELL

UNLESS we linger here in the cool of the shade and see the panorama unfold before our very eyes, we shall have but a fleeting impression of this great playground in the heart of Paris. It is a great playground, great not only in extent of acres, not only in beauty of garden, but greater still in the contrast that is here shown from the garish gaiety that has defamed Paris the world over.

As you observe, hundreds of pilgrims pass this way with unseeing eyes. They are bent on discovering at Paris the things that they have heard mentioned under the palm, and they do not suspect them here in these Gardens of the Luxembourg. But it is different, I hope, with you and me. You and I have been forewarned, we have stumbled upon the revelation, with no credit to ourselves, in the same manner as one views with wonder the definition of a bit of scenery that hitherto has stood unnoticed.

This revelation came to me, in part at least, when I saw Mr. Russell standing over yonder against the parapet, painting a picture. And when I saw what he was doing, saw his interpretations and delimitations of these beauties, I, too, fell down and worshipped.

Worshipping is an exercise one might well perform in this August

sunshine. For sunshine is the present glory of the Luxembourg. It scatters gold upon the gravel and fine gold upon the playing water in the fountain. It filters down through the leaves and turns to amber the liquids in the long thin glasses that are longer and thinner because of the straws of gold reaching up to eager lips that drain to the dregs. The artist responds to it more than we dare, for we are seeking also as he is seeking, but in a different way, the human side of this panorama, the element that imparts the temper of the scene.

The scene is indeed full of temper, the temper of the French people. The people of France, particularly of Paris, and, more particularly still, of these gardens, are supremely indifferent to their surroundings. They become absorbed in the thing in hand, whether it be a piece of crocheting or a passage at love. Love seems to be established here, and we do not wonder that M. Remy de Gourmont chose this spot for the first sweet nocturnal exchanges between his friend Sandy Rose and the goddess of his imagination.

Goddesses may be passing about on these walks to-day, and by the expression on the face of the young man on the bench with his arm around the *cherie* seated at his side, doubtless he imagines that she is

at least an angel. Imagination is everything, in any case, and I imagine that the French people love to love. I intended to write "live to love." And it makes but little difference, since loving is living and living loving.

Thus we love this young couple in

stone parapet and look down into the expansive laps of the *bonnes femmes* who have formed a sort of sewing-circle under the twitching leaves. The chatter that you overhear is but their contribution to the great medley of sounds. And indeed it is a modest contribution, for when



Painting by John Russell

"SUNSHINE IS THE PRESENT GLORY OF THE LUXEMBOURG"

the youth of their affection. Youth after all is the great period of zest, and we miss it from the soldier and the damsel who sit together in a corner of the terrace. He is not an old soldier, but old enough to keep one eye on his companion and the other on the smart creatures who enliven the facade beneath the encircling terrace.

The terrace is the spot ideal for the spectator. With carved busts of French nobility here and there for contrast, you can lean against the

you hear the band and the almost inextinguishable sounds that accompany the hundreds of children at play, the revellers at the Punch and Judy show, the kites flying, the boats sailing, the football bouncing, the nursemaids perambulating, the diavola throwing, the croquet balls clicking, the sparrows chirping, the pigeons cooing, you begin to realise the soothing effect that sound has when it is modified by other sound and dissipated in great space.

Sound and colour and movement

are the features of these gardens as we court them this August afternoon. Their attack upon the senses is irresistible, and their spell scarcely permits one to think of other things. The gamins with their hoops, the long-eared asses and their carts, black-robed clerics and gaily-clad

ger the credulity of one's readers.

Credulity is a flattery worth cultivating in this age of doubt. All ages are doubtful, but none so much as the one in which one lives. Therefore, you may doubt my word, which is not given on my sole authority, that these Gardens of the Luxem-



Painting by John Russell

"GAMINS WITH THEIR HOOPS"

ladies pass between you and the venerable pile beyond the fountain, and you do not realise that there before you, still standing to-day, is the palace conceived and completed by Marie de Medici. It is now the home of the French Senate—a very grave and dignified structure in the midst of all this abandon. And just to think of it! Therein sate the Directory. Therein was tried Prince Louis Napoleon. Therein—well, one is supposed to know all these things, but it is doubtful whether one does. And in any case it is not well to endan-

bourg do not equal in extent the great parks of London and New York, or even Toronto. They are not dotted with lakes or marked by bridle-paths. They do not provide groves for fallow deer or ponds for the blue heron and timid bittern. Motor cars do not dash through them two or three abreast, and one could not discharge a fowling piece without its being heard at all corners.

Nevertheless, you have here quiet, open stretches of park land, the soft umbrage of great trees, and in spots at least the wild look of nature at her

will. You have an excellent example of early architectural and landscape gardening, and if you have a fancy for achievement in artificial arrangement, you can arouse it here. But whatever arrangement there is, it is as nothing compared with the disarrangement of the human tide

feeling that we are in and of the place, and we laugh at Punch and Judy with the spontaneity that is impossible under the eyes of neighbours at home. Of course, you know that the thing is silly. Still, after all, it is a change. It is a long time since you have seen Punch and Judy. It



Painting by John Russell

"SUNLIGHT FILTERS DOWN THROUGH THE LEAVES"

that ebbs and flows all about you. And in the ebbing and flowing, as already we have observed, deposits are made here and there like crustacea upon the seashore—the nursemaid with her novel, the old woman with her knitting, the painter with his sketch-box. And what are you yourself? A listener. A curious body. An observer of the foibles and fancies of humanity.

Humanity here takes one out of oneself, and, when everything is said and done, we all are but human. Thus we begin to move about with a

must be a quarter of a century. Just think of it! Thousands of miles away in the little old village, in another age, in another world, you last saw these universal antagonists, these sage survivors of Neapolitan comedy. And they have scarcely changed a hair. Red of mien, big-nosed and humpbacked, there they bedevil each other for our amusement, in the same manner as they have been bedevilling each other everywhere, every day. What grotesque fancy! And how we all laugh! As if it has been not always the privilege of man to whack

his wife on the head and then look around to see whether the world is aware of his lordship. It is the same travesty on domestic life as we saw enacted by the waggon showmen in that other world, and it makes us think, as Hamlet thought, that there are more things in heaven and in

turn to the anarchist at my side, exchange smiles with him, and by a slight nod of head, an uplifted eyebrow, or a thrust in the ribs convey to him my appreciation of the scene. If he is a sensible anarchist he will turn to the divine healer next to him and follow my example. In that



Painting by John Russell

"BLACK-ROBED CLERICS AND GAILY-CLAD LADIES"

earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy.

Philosophy there must be in the antics of these ancient buffoons, some homely philosophy that reaches the heart through laughter and brings us all to a common level. For we all are one in this entertainment, childhood and old age alike, and though we may speak a dozen languages we all know when to laugh. And what a hopeless muddle there would be if this simple circumstance did not exist. As it is, when Punch knocks Judy down and sits upon her, I can

manner a wave of sympathy can pass over the entire assemblage, making it one.

Nevertheless, there are things on all hands to distract us and you turn aside to see the grass-cutters at work, looking as if they have just come in from the fields of Normandy. You marvel at their cunning as they draw their flat-bladed scythes across the sward like a barber his razor across the cheek. For, indeed, they actually shave the ground, and it is pleasant to hear, now and then, the sound of their whetting. It is a

sound of husbandry and poetry and unstudied rhythm.

Rhythm! That is the word to express the charm of this place. The whole movement is rhythmic, and you feel yourself coming into unison with it. You are back again at the parapet, leaning listlessly against the

kites hauled down. From the sheltering eaves come the faint twitterings of sparrows, very faint after the earlier blaring of the band. The carved busts along the terrace assume the semblance of reality, and unconsciously one reads the inscriptions engraved in the supports: "La Duch-



Painting by John Russell

"ASSES AND THEIR CARTS"

stones, and watching the play of light upon the fountain. The maid closes her book, sighs deeply, and rises to depart. The sewing-circle is dispersing. The lovers have left the bench and are walking slowly towards the Grand Avenue, happy, we divine, in their very nearness to each other. There is almost a procession of departing perambulators. For the day is waning, and you are content to witness the brilliance and gaiety of the afternoon transform into the grays and gravity of evening.

Evening closes the sketcher's box. The miniature sails are furled, the

esse d'Orleans," "Margaret de Valois," "Margaret de France."

Margaret of France! You wonder whether the carved image really preserves her features. Yet why should you wonder? For what is she now to you? There, above, in the waning light, reposes her bust. You look at it indifferently, perhaps, and it is as nothing to you. For you do not care. She is no more to you than any one of the hundreds who passed this way when the sun shone—hundreds who are now seeking Life in the cafés of the boulevards. Gray dulness has succeeded the gaiety



Painting by John Russell

"THE SEWING-CIRCLE IS DISPERSING"

and colour of their passage through the gardens, making the carved figures look cold and austere. But gloom comes with the falling of night. It

comes to furnish a paradox, for beyond these gates Paris just now is spreading out her ancient trappings of mirth.

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS

WHAT is thy secret, woman beautiful?
 O wanton saint and sacred courtesan,
 Elusive spirit, chary, bountiful,
 So slow of censure and so swift to ban!
 What is the secret of thy destiny,
 The hidden import of thy surging streets,
 And still, white avenues of reverie,
 Thy mocking aspiration that defeats?
 Analysis of all descriptive sense
 But, as the mingled fragrance of strange flowers,
 Dulls the keen thought to careless impotence
 And drags it, fettered, to thy smiling bowers.
 Where all thy ways are dimly veiled about
 With baffling credence, as a priestless shrine,
 And one must love thee with a faith devout
 To guess some secret of that soul of thine?



From the Painting by Raphael

THE MADONNA

BY H. ISABEL GRAHAM

OMARY, mother of our Lord, what sacred sorrow rests
Upon thy pure, seraphic brow? The secret thou hast guessed:
The awful shadow of the cross is flung against the skies,
And portents of dumb agony lie in thy love lit eyes.

THE MAN WHO FOUND OUT

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

PROFESSOR MARK EBOR, the scientist, led a double life, and the only persons who knew it were his assistant, Dr. Laidlaw, and his publishers. But a double-life need not always be a bad one, and, as Dr. Laidlaw and the gratified publishers well knew, the parallel lives of this particular man were equally good, and indefinitely produced would certainly have ended in a heaven somewhere that can suitably contain such strangely opposite characteristics as his remarkable personality combined.

For Mark Ebor, F.R.S., etc., etc., was that unique combination hardly ever met with in actual life, a man of science and a mystic.

As the first, his name stood in the gallery of the great, and as the second—but there came the mystery! For under the pseudonym of "Pilgrim" (the author of that brilliant series of books that appealed to so many), his identity was as well concealed as that of the anonymous writer of the weather reports in a daily newspaper. Thousands read the sanguine, optimistic, stimulating little books that issued annually from the pen of "Pilgrim," and thousands bore their daily burdens better for having read; while the press generally agreed that the author, besides being an incorrigible enthusiast and optimist, was also—a woman; but no one ever succeeded in penetrating the veil of anonymity and discovering that "Pilgrim" and the biologist were one and the same person.

Mark Ebor, as Dr. Laidlaw knew

him in his laboratory, was one man; but Mark Ebor, as he sometimes saw him after work was over, with rapt eyes and ecstatic face, discussing the possibilities of "union with God" and the future of the human race, was quite another.

"I have always held, as you know," he was saying one evening as he sat in the little study beyond the laboratory with his assistant and intimate, "that Vision should play a large part in the life of the awakened man—not to be regarded as infallible, of course, but to be observed and made use of as a guide-post to possibilities—"

"I am aware of your peculiar views, sir," the young doctor put in deferentially, yet with a certain impatience.

"For Visions come from a region of the consciousness where observation and experiment are out of the question," pursued the other with enthusiasm, not noticing the interruption, and, while they should be checked by reason afterwards, they should not be laughed at or ignored. All inspiration, I hold, is of the nature of interior Vision, and all our best knowledge has come—such is my confirmed belief—as a sudden revelation to the brain prepared to receive it—"

"Prepared by hard work first, by concentration, by the closest possible study of ordinary phenomena," Dr. Laidlaw allowed himself to observe sharply.

"Perhaps," sighed the other; "but

by a process, none the less, of spiritual illumination. The best match in the world will not light a candle unless the wick be first suitably prepared."

It was Laidlaw's turn to sigh. He knew so well the impossibility of arguing with his chief when he was in the regions of the mystic, but at the same time the respect he felt for his tremendous attainments was so sincere that he always listened with attention and deference, wondering how far the great man would go and to what end this curious combination of logic and "illumination" would eventually lead him.

"Only last night," continued the elder man, a sort of light coming into his rugged features, "the vision came to me again—the one that has haunted me at intervals ever since my youth, and that will not be denied."

Dr. Laidlaw fidgeted in his chair.

"About the Tablets of the Gods, you mean—and that they lie somewhere hidden in the sands," he said patiently. A sudden gleam of interest came into his face as he turned to catch the professor's reply.

"And that I am to be the one to find them, to decipher them, and to give the great knowledge to the world—"

"Who will not believe," laughed Laidlaw shortly, yet interested in spite of his thinly veiled contempt.

"Because even the keenest minds, in the right sense of the word, are hopelessly—unscientific," replied the other gently, his face positively aglow with the memory of his vision. "Yet what is more likely," he continued after a moment's pause, peering into space with rapt eyes that saw things too wonderful for exact language to describe, "than that there should have been given to man in the first ages of the world some record of the purpose and problem that had been set him to solve? In a word," he cried, fixing his shining eyes upon the face of his perplexed

assistant, "that God's messengers in the far-off ages should have given to his creatures some full statement of the secret of the world, of the secret of the soul, of the meaning of life and death—the explanation of our being here, and to what great end we are destined in the ultimate fullness of things?"

Dr. Laidlaw sat speechless. These outbursts of mystical enthusiasm he had witnessed before. With any other man he would not have listened to a single sentence, but to Professor Ebor, a man of knowledge and profound investigator, he listened with respect, because he regarded this condition as temporary and pathological, and in some sense a reaction from the intense strain of the prolonged mental concentration of many days.

He smiled, with something between sympathy and resignation as he met the other's rapt gaze.

"But you have said, sir, at other times, that you consider the ultimate secrets to be screened from all possible—"

"The *ultimate* secrets, yes," came the unperturbed reply; "but that there lies buried somewhere an indestructible record of the secret meaning of life, originally known to men in the days of their pristine innocence, I am convinced. And, by this strange vision so often vouchsafed to me, I am equally sure that one day it shall be given to me to announce to a weary world this glorious and terrific message."

And he continued at great length and in glowing language to describe the species of vivid dream that had come to him at intervals since earliest childhood, showing in detail how he discovered these very Tablets of the Gods, and proclaimed their splendid contents—whose precise nature was always, however, withheld from him in the vision—to a patient and suffering humanity.

"The *Scrutator*, sir, well described 'Pilgrim' as the Apostle of Hope," said the young doctor gent-

ly, when he had finished; "and now, if that reviewer could hear you speak and realise from what strange depths comes your simple faith—"

The professor held up his hand, and the smile of a little child broke over his face like sunshine in the morning.

"Half the good my books do would be instantly destroyed," he said sadly; "they would say that I wrote with my tongue in my cheek. But wait!" he added significantly; "wait till I find these Tablets of the Gods! Wait till I hold the solutions of the old world-problems in my hands! Wait till the light of this new revelation breaks upon confused humanity, and it wakes to find its bravest hopes justified! Ah, then, my dear Laidlaw—"

He broke off suddenly; but the doctor, cleverly guessing the thought in his mind, caught him up immediately.

"Perhaps this very summer," he said, trying hard to make the suggestion keep pace with honesty; "in your explorations in Assyria—your digging in the remote civilisation of what was once Chaldea, you may find—what you dream of—"

The professor looked up with a delighted smile on his fine old face.

"Perhaps," he murmured softly, "perhaps!"

And the young doctor, thanking the gods of science that his leader's aberrations were of so harmless a character, went home strong in the certitude of his knowledge of externals, proud that he was able to refer all visions to self-suggestion, and wondering complaisantly whether in his old age he might not after all suffer himself from visitations of the very kind that afflicted his respected chief.

And as he got into bed and thought again of his master's rugged face, and finely shaped head, and the deep lines traced by years of work and self-discipline, he turned over on his pillow and fell asleep with a sigh

that was half of wonder, half of regret.

It was in February, nine months later, when Dr. Laidlaw made his way to Charing Cross to meet his chief after his long absence of travel and exploration. The vision about the so-called Tablets of the Gods had meanwhile passed almost entirely from his memory.

There were few people in the train, for the stream of traffic was now running the other way, and he had no difficulty in finding the man he had come to meet. The shock of white hair beneath the low-crowned felt hat was alone enough to distinguish him by easily.

"Here I am at last!" exclaimed the professor, somewhat wearily, clasping his friend's hand as he listened to the young doctor's warm greetings and questions. "Here I am—a little older, and *much* dirtier than when you last saw me!" He glanced down laughingly at his travel-stained garments.

"And *much* wiser," said Laidlaw, with a smile, as he bustled about the platform for porters and gave his chief the latest scientific news.

At last they came down to practical considerations.

"And your luggage—where is that? You must have tons of it, I suppose?" said Laidlaw.

"Hardly anything," Professor Ebor answered. "Nothing, in fact, but what you see."

"Nothing but this hand-bag?" laughed the other, thinking he was joking.

"And a small portmanteau in the van," was the quiet reply. "I have no other luggage."

"You have no other luggage?" repeated Laidlaw, turning sharply to see if he were in earnest.

"Why should I need more?" the professor added simply.

Something in the man's face, or voice, or manner—the doctor hardly knew which—suddenly struck him as strange. There was a change in him,

a change so profound—so little on the surface, that is—that at first he did not become aware of it. For a moment it was as though an utterly alien personality stood before him in that noisy, bustling throng. Here, in all the homely, friendly turmoil of a Charing Cross crowd, a curious feeling of cold passed over his heart, touching his life with icy finger, so that he actually trembled and felt afraid.

He looked up quickly at his friend, his mind working with startled and unwelcome thoughts.

“Only this?” he repeated, indicating the bag. “But where’s all the stuff you went away with? And—have you brought nothing home—no treasures?”

“This is all I have,” the other said briefly. The pale smile that went with the words caused the doctor a second indescribable sensation of uneasiness. Something was very wrong, something was very queer; he wondered now that he had not noticed it sooner.

“The rest follows, of course, by slow freight,” he added tactfully, and as naturally as possible. “But come, sir, you must be tired and in want of food after your long journey. I’ll get a cab at once, and we can see about the other luggage afterwards.”

It seemed to him he hardly knew quite what he was saying; the change in his friend had come upon him so suddenly and now grew upon him more and more distressingly. Yet he could not make out exactly in what it consisted. A terrible suspicion began to take shape in his mind, troubling him dreadfully.

“I am neither very tired, nor in need of food, thank you,” the professor said quietly. “And this is all I have. There is no luggage to follow. I have brought home nothing—nothing but what you see.”

His words conveyed utter finality. They got into a cab, tipped the porter, who had been staring in amaze-

ment at the venerable figure of the scientist, and were conveyed slowly and noisily to the house in the north of London where the laboratory was, the scene of their labours of years.

And the whole way Professor Ebor uttered no word, nor did Dr. Laidlaw find the courage to ask a single question.

It was only late that night, before he took his departure, as the two men were standing before the fire in the study—that study where they had discussed so many problems of vital and absorbing interest—that Dr. Laidlaw at last found strength to come to the point with direct questions. The professor had been giving him a superficial and desultory account of his travels, of his journeys by camel, of his encampments among the mountains and in the desert, and of his explorations among the buried temples, and, deeper, into the waste of the pre-historic sands, when suddenly the doctor came to the desired point with a kind of nervous rush, almost like a frightened boy.

“And you found—” he began stammering, looking hard at the other’s dreadfully altered face, from which every line of hope and cheerfulness seemed to have been obliterated as a sponge wipes the markings from a slate—“you found—”

“I found,” replied the other, in a solemn voice, and it was the voice of the mystic rather than the man of science—“I found what I went to seek. The vision never once failed me. It led me straight to the place like a star in the heavens. I found—the Tablets of the Gods.”

Dr. Laidlaw caught his breath, and steadied himself on the back of a chair. The words fell like particles of ice upon his heart. For the first time the professor had uttered the well-known phrase without the glow of light and wonder in his face that always accompanied it.

“You have—brought them?” he faltered.

"I have brought them home," said the other, in a voice like the ring of iron; "and I have — deciphered them."

Profound despair, the gloom of outer darkness, the dead sound of a hopeless soul freezing in the utter cold of space seemed to fill in the pauses between the brief sentences. A silence followed, during which Dr. Laidlaw saw nothing but the white face before him alternately fade and return. And it was like the face of a dead man.

"They are, alas, indescribable," he heard the voice continue, with its even, metallic ring.

"Indestructible," Laidlaw repeated mechanically, hardly knowing what he was saying, or what to do with his seething thoughts.

Again a silence of several minutes passed, during which, with a creeping cold about his heart, he stood and stared into the eyes of the man he had known and loved so long—aye, and worshipped, too; the man who had first opened his own eyes when they were blind, and had led him to the gates of knowledge, and no little distance along the difficult path beyond; the man who, in another direction, had passed on the strength of his faith into the hearts of thousands of his books.

"I may see them?" he asked at last, in a low voice he hardly recognised as his own. "You will let me know—their message?"

Professor Ebor kept his eyes fixedly upon his assistant's face as he answered, with a smile that was more like the grin of death than a living, human smile.

"When I am gone," he whispered; "when I have passed away. Then you shall find them and read the translation I have made. And then, too, in your turn, you must try, with the latest resources of science at your disposal to aid you, to compass their utter destruction." He paused a moment, and his face grew pale as the face of a corpse. "Until that time,"

he added presently, without looking up, "I must ask you not to refer to the subject again—and to keep my confidence meanwhile—*ab—so—lute—ly.*"

*

A year passed slowly by, and at the end of it Dr. Laidlaw had found it necessary to sever his working connection with his friend and one-time leader. Professor Ebor was no longer the same man. The light had gone out of his life; the laboratory was closed; he no longer put pen to paper or applied his mind to a single problem. In the short space of a few months he had passed from a hale and hearty man of late middle life to the condition of old age—a man collapsed and on the edge of dissolution. Death, it was plain, lay waiting for him in the shadows of any day—and he knew it.

To describe faithfully the nature of this profound alteration in his character and temperament is not easy, but Dr. Laidlaw summed it up to himself in three words: *Loss of Hope*. The splendid mental powers remained indeed undimmed, but the incentive to use them—to use them for the help of others—had gone. The character still held to its fine ascetic and unselfish habits of years, but the far goal to which they had been the leading strings had faded away. The desire for knowledge—knowledge for its own sake—had died, and the passionate hope which hitherto had animated with tireless energy the heart and brain of this splendidly equipped intellect had suffered total eclipse. The central fires had gone out. Nothing was worth doing, thinging, working for. There *was* nothing to work for any longer!

The professor's first step was to recall as many of his books as possible; his second to close his laboratory and stop all research. He gave no explanation, he invited no questions. His whole personality crum-

bled away, so to speak, till his daily life became a mere mechanical procession of clothing the body, feeding the body, keeping it in good health so as to avoid physical discomfort, and, above all, doing nothing that could interfere with sleep. The professor did everything he could to lengthen the hours of sleep, and therefore of forgetfulness.

It was all clear enough to Dr. Laidlaw. A weaker man, he knew, would have sought to lose himself in one form or another of sensual indulgence—sleeping-draughts, drink, the first pleasures that came to hand. Self-destruction would have been the method of a little stronger type; and deliberate evil-doing, poisoning with his awful knowledge all he could, the means of still another kind of man. Mark Ebor was none of these. He held himself under fine control, facing silently and without complaint the terrible facts he honestly believed himself to have been unfortunate enough to discover. Even to his intimate friend and assistant, Dr. Laidlaw, he vouchsafed no word of true explanation or lament. He went straight as a die to the end, knowing well that the end was not very far away.

And death came very quietly one day to him, as he was sitting in the arm-chair of the study, directly facing the doors of the laboratory—the doors that no longer opened. Dr. Laidlaw, by happy chance, was with him at the time, and was just able to reach his side in response to the sudden painful efforts for breath; just in time, too, to catch the murmured words that fell from the pallid lips like a message from the other side of the grave.

“Read them, if you must; and, if you can—destroy. But—but”—his voice sank so low that Dr. Laidlaw only just caught the dying syllables—“but—never, never—give them out to the world.”

And like a gray bundle of dust loosely gathered up in an old gar-

ment the professor sank back into his chair and expired.

But this was only the death of the body. His spirit had died two years before.

*

The estate of the dead man was small and uncomplicated, and Dr. Laidlaw, as sole executor and residuary legatee, had no difficulty in settling it up. A month after the funeral he was sitting alone in his upstairs library, the last sad duties completed, and his mind full of poignant memories and regrets for the loss of a friend he had revered and loved, and to whom his debt was so incalculably great. The last two years, indeed, had been for him terrible. To watch the swift decay of the greatest combination of heart and brain he had ever known, and to realise he was powerless to help, was a source of profound grief to him that would remain to the end of his days.

At the same time an insatiable curiosity possessed him. The study of dementia was, of course, outside his special province as a specialist, but he knew enough of it to understand how small a matter might be the actual cause of how great an illusion, and he had been devoured from the very beginning by a ceaseless and increasing anxiety to know what the professor had found in the sands of “Chaldea,” what these precious Tablets of the Gods might be, and particularly—for this was the real cause that had snapped the man’s sanity and hope—what the inscription was that he had believed to have deciphered thereon.

The curious feature of it all to his own mind was, that whereas his friend had dreamed of finding a message of glorious hope and comfort, he had apparently found (so far as he had found anything intelligible at all, and not invented the whole thing in his dementia) that the secret of the world, and the meaning of life and death, was of so terrible a

nature that it robbed the heart of courage and the soul of hope. What, then, could be the contents of the little brown parcel the professor had bequeathed to him with his pregnant dying sentences?

Actually his hand was trembling as he turned to the writing-table and began slowly to unfasten a small old-fashioned desk on which the small gilt initials "M.E." stood forth as a melancholy memento. He put the key into the lock and half turned it. Then, suddenly, he stopped and looked about him. Was that a sound at the back of the room? It was just as though some one had laughed and then tried to smother the laugh with a cough. A slight shiver ran over him as he stood listening.

"This is absurd," he said aloud; "too absurd for belief—that I should be so nervous! It's the effect of curiosity unduly prolonged." He smiled a little sadly and his eyes wandered to the blue summer sky and the plane trees swaying in the wind below his window. "It's the reaction," he continued. "The curiosity of two years to be quenched in a single moment! The nervous tension, of course, must be considerable."

He turned back to the brown desk and opened it without further delay. His hand was firm now, and he took out the paper parcel that lay inside without a tremour. It was heavy. A moment later there lay on the table before him a couple of weather-worn plaques of gray stone—they looked like stone, although they felt like metal—on which he saw markings of a curious character that might have been the mere tracings of natural forces through the ages, or, equally well, the half-obliterated hieroglyphics cut upon their surface in past centuries by the more or less untutored hand of a common scribe.

He lifted each stone in turn and examined it carefully. It seemed to him that a faint glow of heat passed from the substance into his skin, and

he put them down again suddenly, as with a gesture of uneasiness.

"A very clever, or a very imaginative man," he said to himself, "who could squeeze the secrets of life and death from such broken lines as those!"

Then he turned to a yellow envelope lying beside them in the desk, with the single word on the outside in the writing of the professor—the word *Translation*.

"Now," he thought, taking it up with a sudden violence to conceal his nervousness, "now for the great solution. Now to learn the meaning of the worlds, and why mankind was made, and why discipline is worth while, and sacrifice and pain the true law of advancement."

There was the shadow of a sneer in his voice, and yet something in him shivered at the same time. He held the envelope as though weighing it in his hand, his mind pondering many things. Then curiosity won the day, and he suddenly tore it open with the gesture of an actor who tears open a letter on the stage, knowing there is no real writing inside at all.

A page of finely written script in the late scientist's handwriting lay before him. He read it through from beginning to end, missing no word, uttering each syllable distinctly under his breath as he read.

The pallour of his face grew dreadful as he neared the end. He began to shake all over as with ague. His breath came heavily in gasps. He still gripped the sheet of paper, however, and deliberately, as by an intense effort of will, read it through a second time from beginning to end. And this time, as the last syllable dropped from his lips, the whole face of the man flamed with a sudden and terrible anger. His skin became deep, deep red, and he clenched his teeth. With all the strength of his vigorous soul he was struggling to keep control of himself.

For perhaps five minutes he stood

there beside the table without stirring a muscle. He might have been carved out of stone. His eyes were shut, and only the heaving of the chest betrayed the fact that he was a living being. Then, very quietly—with a *horrible* quietness, in fact—he lit a match and applied it to the sheet of paper he held in his hand. The ashes fell slowly about him, piece by piece, and he blew them from the window-sill into the air, his eyes following them as they floated away on the summer wind that breathed so warmly over the world.

He turned back slowly into the room. Although his actions and movements were absolutely steady and controlled, it was clear that he was on the very edge of violent action. A hurricane might burst upon the still room any moment. His muscles were tense and rigid. Then, suddenly, he whitened, collapsed, and sank backwards into a chair, like a tumbled bundle of inert matter. He had fainted.

In less than half an hour he recovered consciousness and sat up. As before, he made no sound. Not a syllable passed his lips. He rose quietly and looked about the room.

Then he did a curious thing.

Taking a heavy stick from the rack in the corner he approached the mantlepiece, and with a heavy shattering blow he smashed the clock to pieces. The glass fell in shivering atoms.

"Cease your lying voice forever," he said, in a curiously still, even tone. "There is no such thing as *time!*"

He took the watch from his pocket, swung it round several times by the long gold chain, smashed it into smithereens against the wall with a single blow, and then walked into his laboratory next door, and hung its broken body on the bones of the skeleton in the corner of the room.

"Let one damned mockery hang upon another," he said smiling oddly. "*Delusions*, both of you, and cruel as false!"

He slowly moved back to the front room. He stopped opposite the bookcase where stood in a row the "Scriptures of the World," choicely bound and exquisitely printed, the late professor's most treasured possession, and next to them several books signed "Pilgrim."

One by one he took them from the shelf and hurled them through the open window.

"The devil's dreams! The devil's splendid dreams!" he cried, with a horrid laugh.

Presently he stopped from sheer exhaustion. He turned his eyes slowly to the wall opposite, where hung a weird array of Eastern swords and daggers, scimitars and spears, the collections of many journeys. He crossed the room and ran his finger along the edge. His mind seemed to waver.

"No," he muttered presently; "not that way. There are easier and better ways than that.

He took his hat and passed downstairs into the street.

*

It was five o'clock, and the June sun lay hot upon the pavement. He felt the metal door-knob burn the palm of his hand.

"Ah, Laidlaw, this is well met," cried a voice at his elbow; "I was in the act of coming to see you. I've a case that will interest you, and besides, I remembered that you flavoured your tea with orange leaves!—and I admit—"

It was Alexis Stephan, the great hypnotic doctor.

"I've had no tea to-day," Laidlaw said, in a dazed manner after staring for a moment as though the other had struck him in the face. A new idea had entered his mind.

"What's the matter?" asked Dr. Stephan quickly. "Something's wrong with you. It's this sudden heat, or overwork. Come, man, let's go inside."

A sudden light broke upon the face of the younger man, the light of a heaven-sent inspiration. He looked into his friend's face, and told a direct lie.

"Odd," he said, "I myself was just coming to see you. I have something of great importance to test your confidence with. But in *your* house, please," as Stephan urged him towards his own door—"in your house. It's only round the corner, and I—I cannot go back there—to my rooms—till I have told you."

"I'm your patient—for the moment," he added stammeringly as soon as they were seated in the privacy of the hypnotist's sanctum, "and I want—er—"

"My dear Laidlaw," interrupted the other, in that soothing voice of command which had suggested to many a suffering soul that the cure for its pain lay in the powers of its own reawakened will, "I am always at your service, as you know. You have only to tell me what I can do for you, and I will do it." He showed every desire to help him out. His manner was indescribably tactful and direct.

Dr. Laidlaw looked up into his face.

"I surrender my will to you," he said, already calmed by the other's healing presence, "and I want you to treat me hypnotically—er—and at once. I want you to suggest to me"—his voice became very tense—"that I shall forget—forget till I die—everything that has occurred to me during the last two hours; till I die, mind," he added, with solemn emphasis, "till I die."

He floundered and stammered like a frightened boy. Alexis Stephan looked at him fixedly without speaking.

"And further," Laidlaw continued, "I want you to ask me no questions. I wish to forget for ever something I have recently discovered—something so terrible and yet so obvious that I can hardly understand

why it is not patent to every mind in the world—for I have had a moment of absolute *clear vision*—of merciless clairvoyance. But I want no one else in the whole world to know what it is—least of all, old friend, yourself."

He talked in utter confusion, and hardly knew what he was saying. But the pain on his face and the anguish in his voice were an instant passport to the other's heart.

"Nothing is easier," replied Dr. Stephen, after a hesitation so slight that the other probably did not even notice it. "Come into my other room where we shall not be disturbed. I can heal you. Your memory of the last two hours shall be wiped out as though it had never been. You can trust me absolutely."

"I know I can," Laidlaw said simply, as he followed him in.

*

An hour later they passed back into the front room again. The sun was already behind the houses opposite, and the shadows began to gather.

"I went off easily?" Laidlaw asked.

"You were a little obstinate at first. But though you came in like a lion, you went out like a lamb. I let you sleep a bit afterwards."

Dr. Stephen kept his eyes rather steadily upon his friend's face.

"What were you doing by the fire before you came here?" he asked, pausing in a casual tone, as he lit a cigarette and handed the case to his patient.

"I? Let me see. Oh, I know; I was worrying my way through poor old Ebor's papers and things. I'm his executor, you know. Then I got weary and came out for a whiff of air." He spoke lightly and with perfect naturalness. Obviously he was telling the truth. "I prefer specimens to papers," he laughed cheerily.

"I know, I know," said Dr. Stephàn, holding a lighted match for the cigarette. His face wore an expression of content. The experiment had been a complete success. The memory of the last two hours was wiped out utterly. Laidlaw was already chatting gaily and easily about a dozen other things that interested him. Together they went out into the street, and at his door Dr. Stephàn left him with a joke and a wry face that made his friend laugh heartily.

"Don't dine on the professor's old papers by mistake," he cried, as he vanished down the street.

Dr. Laidlaw went up to his study at the top of the house. Half way down he met his housekeeper, Mrs. Fewings. She was flustered and excited, and her face was very red and perspiring.

"There've been burglars here," she cried excitedly, "or something funny! All your things is just any'ow, sir. I found everything all about everywhere!" She was very confused. In this orderly and very precise establishment it was unusual to find a thing out of place.

"Oh, my specimens!" cried the doctor, dashing up the rest of the stairs at top speed. "Have they been touched or—?"

He flew to the door of the laboratory. Mrs. Fewings panted up heavily behind him.

"The labatry ain't been touched," she explained, breathlessly, "but they smashed the libry clock and they've 'ung your gold watch, sir, on the skelinton's hands. And the books that weren't no value they flung out er the window just like so much rubbish. They must have been wild drunk, Dr. Laidlaw, sir!"

The young scientist made a hurried examination of the rooms. Nothing of value was missing. He began to wonder what kind of burglars they were. He looked up sharply at Mrs. Fewings standing in the doorway. For a moment he seemed to cast about in his mind for something.

"Odd," he said at length. "I only left here an hour ago and everything was all right then."

"Was it, sir? Yes, sir." She glanced sharply at him. Her room looked out upon the courtyard, and she must have seen the books come crashing down, and also have heard her master leave the house a few minutes later.

"And what's this rubbish the brutes have left?" he cried, taking up two slabs of worn gray stone, on the writing-table. "Bath brick, or something, I do declare."

He looked very sharply again at the confused and troubled housekeeper.

"Throw them on the dust heap, Mrs. Fewings, and—and let me know if anything is missing in the house, and I will notify the police this evening."

When she left the room he went into the laboratory and took his watch off the skeleton's fingers. His face wore a troubled expression, but after a moment's thought it cleared again. His memory was a complete blank.

"I suppose I left it on the writing-table when I went out to take the air," he said. And there was no one present to contradict him.

He crossed to the window and blew carelessly some ashes of burned paper from the sill, and stood watching them as they floated away lazily over the tops of the trees.

ON THE ROAD TO KEREMEOS

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

ON the road to Keremeos the dust is whitely drifting,
The sun-drugged earth is lying in a shining, shimmering haze,
Where toward the glowing heavens the hills are softly lifting
In the late October days.

As we ride to Keremeos on the four-horse stage,
Oh, the warm wind eager-airy
Bears the aromatic, prairie
Scent of Sage!

On the road to Keremeos the weary eyes are rested,
For the distant hills are painted in the softest colours seen,
Hills of velvet, velvet shadowed, velvet toned, and velvet breasted,
Undertones in gray and green.

As we ride to Keremeos on the four-horse stage,
How the wind, light-footed, vagrant,
Breathes the permeating, fragrant
Scent of Sage!

On the road to Keremeos, our spirits blithely singing,
With the freedom and the freshness and the fragrance of it all,
Through the sand, and through the cactus, the stage is swaying, swing-
ing,
As the purple shadows fall.

As we ride to Keremeos on the four-horse stage,
How the autumn wind that wanders
On the air the sweet scent squanders,
Scent of Sage!

On the road to Keremeos the golden light is failing,
Turning sand and sage to silver, and the green and russet hue
Deepens, disappears in shadows, from the benches in enveiling
Mists of violet and blue,

As we ride to Keremeos on the four-horse stage,
Oh, the night wind awakens, bringing,
Pungent, penetrating, clinging
Scent of Sage!

ADELINA : IMITATOR

BY MADGE MACBETH

AN imaginative aeronaut sailing over Rideau Street at half-past seven in the evening might have likened the scene below to a huge sieve through which human atoms dropped ceaselessly, irregularly; and those who did not drop, moved in solid lines the length of the street—to the east or to the west. They pushed one another, they jostled one another, they dodged and wormed themselves in and out, without seeming to have a destination or a haven of rest.

Naturally, no one dropped through the slush-covered sidewalk and into the sodden earth; they merely slipped from the ranks, as it were, into brilliantly-lighted shops; and those who could afford to luxuriate in true holiday spirit freed from the drag of responsibility—the undecorated tree, the half dozen gaping stockings, the buying of to-morrow's big dinner or the tragic possibility of having no dinner—those atoms of the crowd slipped with light banter into the nickel shows which punctuated the street here and there. For it was Christmas Eve, and some part of the world must be gay!

The wavering glare of electric lights which crawled inch by inch through a thick gray fog lent nothing of a holiday glamour to Adelina as she turned out of Nicholas Street and into the crowd. Although a small, shrivelled child of scarcely ten years, she saw things in their hardest, most material aspect; she had no imagination, no illusions. Standing shivering on the corner, she

resented the fact that girls could laugh and flirt, she hated the fatly-complaisant women who carried well-filled, creaking baskets to the peril of blue noses, which reached no higher than hers, she bitterly scorned the beggars—the men who covered their rags with two signs, one in French and one in English—asking alms. The crowd, the night, everything, in fact, seemed only to bear upon her harder and remind her of the struggle for existence.

Lina walked step by step with the crowd past the somewhat depleted toy display in Ogilvy's window, past the bakery from which issued tantalising hot and sweet smells, past Moreland's shop, where the sight of the fruit made her empty little insides ache, and she clenched her dirty fists, shook the tangled red hair out of her eyes and groaned aloud:

“Christmas! Huh!”

Her story? Oh, it is nothing unusual! Her father, a handsome man of a certain type, had a penchant for the young women of the neighbouring mica factories—young women with pounds of step-hair cosmopolitanly taken from many counters, with near-gold bangles and with piano-legged expanse of anatomy, showing itself between ill-fitting pumps and serrated shirt. Adelina, or Lina, as her mother fondly called her, in response to a feminine trait, secretly admired her father in spite of his brutishness and secretly pitied her mother for that quality of non-resistance that resigned acceptance of ill-treatment and neglect

which may have been the root of all their infelicities.

On days when she was able 'Lina's mother helped Madame Landry with her ironing, and in that way maintained the tiny back room which she and her daughter called home. Their food was bought out of the small change Madame Landry and other neighbourly philanthropists paid 'Lina for delivering bundles of washing. What the father contributed was largely a matter of excitement and suspense; he contributed periodical visits which were not an unalloyed pleasure, for the scant five and ten-cent pieces which formed the mainstay of his family's income usually found their way to his pocket—unless 'Lina, apprised of his coming, arranged to secrete his income successfully.

He had never lived with them since 'Lina could remember. Neighbours commiserated with her mother according to their point of view. Some wagged their heads and said:

"Land sakes! Ain't it a pity that she don't make him stay with her and the kid, anyhow? And him that handsome!"

While others more practically inclined clicked their tongues into their cheeks, saying:

"Goodness knows what that poor critter's done to deserve him! He was home yesterday, and I bet my boots he's took her money off her again!"

But there was no one to prevent his coming.

And he came as often as he thought there was any money to take "off her." Prayers, entreaties, threats were useless. In answer to the first there was derision; to the second there were promises of immediate payment, and to the last there were blows. Trickery sometimes succeeded, and 'Lina was learning that she must find ways of outwitting her father if they would live at all. These ways were not easy to discover.

And all this was bad enough! One can grow accustomed to anything, however, and Adelina had never known a more even existence. But when a visitor intruded upon their domestic infelicities offering gratuitous advice and impractical assistance the child felt that her cup of misery was indeed too full! She could care for her mother, she was learning to outwit her father, but the visitor was a hard proposition!

Pushing her way through a phalanx of boisterous pleasure-seekers, 'Lina found herself in the limelight of a new nickel theatre. A phonograph wailed complainingly, "I'm so tired of violets," and a man with a dark red megaphone exhorted the people to step inside, explaining that the attractions offered here were vastly superior to any in the city; that not only was the "Brigand's Bride" being shown for the first time, but several amateurs had consented to enliven the Christmas Eve by competing for a ten-dollar prize, which would be given absolutely free to the person with the best offering. Could they beat that? Eh? What?

'Lina listened and shivered; she edged closer to the man partly because there was a hint of warmth emanating from the glittering arch of the vestibule and partly because she was pushed in. Some one passing dropped a whole stick of chewing gum and the child pounced upon it like the greedy little animal she was.

"Gee!" she chewed noisily, "Gee, but it's good to get yer pinchers onto somethin'!"

Feeling her crowding against his knees the gentleman lowered his megaphone for an instant and gazed tolerantly into 'Lina's upturned face.

"Got a stunt to do, Bernhardt?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Yep!" lied 'Lina solemnly.

"Go on in, then," said the man pulling her up out of the slush. "Climb on the stage and look round; you'll find the other tragedians hang-

in' about there, too. Step this way, ladies and—"

Chewing hard, 'Lina went through the door and into a dimly-lighted hall. She had seen moving pictures once, and she had heard of amateur night at The Dominion, but the only thing which concerned her at the moment was that the hall was warm and that she had "her pinchers on to somethin'."

She had hardly seated herself before the lights flared up and a girl wearing a scant black costume writhed herself to the piano. Simultaneously a crowd of people entered and 'Lina, fearful lest she would be put out for disobeying instructions, sped swiftly toward the stage. In another moment she found herself behind the white curtain verily a blot upon the grandeur of the other contestants. No one noticed her except to draw away from her; she scowled darkly at the two little girls who stood stiffly beside their mother, listening to her last admonitions; she stuck out a red little tongue at the boy who stood next her and gazed compassionately from his maroon velvet suit to her sodden rags. She bit her lip and blinked back furious tears when a man with one arm addressed her kindly after giving a general greeting to the others as he joined them. He went so far as to ask her what she was going to do. She did not answer. Going to do? She knew she could do nothing, and the thing she most wanted to do was to get out.

As this meant climbing down from the stage and passing before the audience, to say nothing of the megaphone gentleman at the door, 'Lina saw that escape was impossible. What was going to happen to her as a punishment for deception she did not know; for the moment she did not care. The room was warm, and her teeth bit hard into the piece of heaven-sent chewing-gum.

After a long time the Brigand won his Bride and the amateurs were called. Six nervous, self-conscious per-

formers followed one another in turn, encouraged or discouraged by the variously expressed sentiments of the crowd. As the man with one arm was dragged from the stage by a large hook (at the request of the younger members of the audience, who did not seem to have a taste for sentimental ballads) 'Lina felt a horrible nausea creep over her—there was left only one other contestant beside herself!

Should she confess to the manager person who had them all in charge? Or should she try to remember the only "piece" she ever knew, and risk the jeers of the boys and the dreadful hook?

But she forgot her own problems as the only remaining amateur stepped forward. This was a girl who wore a limp lingerie dress over vivid pink; white shoes and pink stockings covered large flat feet and generously turned ankles; pink beads (nine strings) and a wide pink band around her adopted puffs put a beautiful finish to a ravishing vision of elegance—at least in 'Lina's eyes. Great applause greeted her and her bow was all that Maude Adams could have accomplished. Then with that voice which is a draw between a gargle and a badly imitated baritone, the elocutionist announced:

"Lena's Happy Christmas!"

Wide-eyed and trembling, little Adelina listened to the story of her life; she heard about her own mother deserted by her brute of a father—dying for want of food and clothing; she listened to the description of her own valiant struggles in the way of bread winning; she heard the kind neighbours (only with different names) spoken of warmly; but when it came to the Hard Proposition the truth was perverted!

With much adoo the girl paraded her virtues before the silent crowd; she told them how this Friend of the Needy went to the tiny hovel where "Lena" lived, laden with comforts—even luxuries, for the child and her mother; she was called Lady Santa

Claus, and an Angel of Mercy. Every sentence brought to light more gifts she had showered upon the grateful mother and daughter. There were shoes and lovely woolly blankets, there was a load of coal standing at the door this minute, to say nothing of a whole line of grocers', bakers' and butchers' carts!

But the girl lied!

Amid flattering applause expressed more by word of mouth than with the hands, the elocutionist left the stage somewhat self-consciously. Her place before the footlights was instantly taken by a savage little figure fairly shaking with unrestrained rage.

"Taint so!" she screamed wildly. "Don't yer believe it! She was givin' yer a lot of guff! They ain't a thing come to our house—and they won't nothin' come there, nuther!"

"Who left the door open?" asked a humorous youth in the rear of the hall. "Somethin' odd has blown in!"

"Slow music, dearie," suggested someone else. "They say that the cheel-id is in London—"

Oblivious to everything except meting out justice and showing the Hard Proposition in her true colours, 'Lina told her story. With childish abandon she threw her whole soul into the recital of her grievances, mimicking the visitor in her pompousness until the house rocked itself in glee. Many members of the audience recognised that type of slumber from unpleasant experience and enjoyed seeing it held up to ridicule.

One person above all others was interested—one man. He sat in the very front row and did not take his eyes from 'Lina's face, neither did he laugh with the others; he turned a dull, uncomfortable red and occasionally muttered to himself.

"She come to our house only yestiddy," cried the child angrily, "a-pullin' her clothes round her this way." (Furious applause from the audience.) "She pulled ma's blan-

ket off'n our chair with two fingers and set on the corner of it, sniffin'. 'Have ye got the woollen underwear I recommended yit?'" she says to ma. 'Lina threw her shrill voice an octave lower, and the crowd whooped its appreciation. 'No, ma'am,' says ma, skeered like, 'An' the reason?' the woman wants to know, 'I hadn't the price,' whispers ma, coughin'. 'Nonsense!' she says, 'you'r wasteful an' no manager,' says she. 'You should be guided by me. Why, I make experiments on livin' fer two cents a day—an' then there is money left to spend wise, not foolish!'

"Two-fifty fer the kind of combinations she wants us ter git!" shrieked 'Lina, passionately, "An' us a-borry-ing coal from Madame Landry!"

"'The room seems close,' she says next, making faces at us. 'Has it been aired this mornin'? 'It was awful cold,' says ma shiverin' and pointin' to the winder what had rags stuffed in it. 'I thought it'd be warmer—' The woman shakes her head mad-like and grumbles 'taint no use tryin' to help us'n. Then she says:

"'Me good woman, I have brought ye somethin' of great value; I will help ye in spite of yerself.'

The man in the front row shook his head dejectedly and sighed.

"I fergit what she called it," proceeded Adelina rapidly, "but it were notin' but a 'candle what made the cussedest smell you ever smelt! Me an' ma an' even Madame Landry had to clean right out fer the everlasting time! Whew! Take it from me—it was the limit!"

The din in the hall was frightful; everyone appealed with the delightful informality of their class to the next one and compared notes. Did they ever hear of Mis' Farrell? She was one of them wimmen what butted into—

"I bet my shirt it's the one with them glasses hangin' on a chain," said another. "She come to see my brother's wife's sister," said another.

"She had enough papers about feeding children—an', by golly, Maria hadn't no children—"

"Gee, but the kid is sore all right, all right!" sympathetically remarked those who had no experiences to relate to a neighbour.

"A stinkin' candle and some post cards for Christmas!" jeered some one else. "Don't that beat all!"

Part of the audience did not see the situation as it was; they could not know that 'Lina took the previous recitation as a personal reference to her warped and wretched existence, but she made a hit, notwithstanding. All of them enjoyed her imitation of the Hard Proposition—all of them except the one man.

*

She left the building with the whole ten dollars in her dirty little hand, and she left in company with that solemn man whose face was still red and who seemed very unhappy. But 'Lina was too excited to notice trifles. When he spoke to her she looked at him with a scowl.

"Say, would you like a doll, kid?" he asked awkwardly.

"Naw," said practical 'Lina, "I ain't got no time fer messin' around dolls."

"What would you like for Christmas?" asked the man, nonplussed.

"Say, what yer givin' us?" demanded the child with the flattering

suspiciousness of the street.

"I always give some kid a Christmas present," lied the man, easily, "and you might as well be the one this year—that's honest! What'll we start on?"

"Meat!" 'Lina hesitated no longer; no nagging conscience urged her to first cry enough. The two of them staggered back to Nicholas Street bending under the weight of groceries, clothes, blankets and even toys. Madame Landry fairly gasped when she opened the door. Dropping everything on the threshold, 'Lina bounded up the oilcloth-covered stairs to tell her mother the wonderful news. It is a lamentable fact that she neither said "good-night" nor "thank you" to the man who had befriended her, and when her mother tore open sleepy eyes to gaze upon the gifts of the gods, she looked in vain for the agent. He had gone.

"Adelina stood thoughtfully before her newly-covered bed. She had on a warm flannel nightie—she had eaten her fill.

"Say, ma," she said slowly, "he knowed the name of that durned book she give ye—all about the way ter treat yer huz-bun, an' he called that candle the same name she did. An' ma—he knowed jes' the way she done everything! I bet my shirt," she went on, emphasising each word. "I bet my shirt, she's tried some of her dirty work on him! Say, ma, can ye beat it?"



Immigrant Types

Seven pastel portraits of actual immigrants to Canada. Drawn direct from the original subjects by André Lapine. Each one is true to type, and as a group they compose an important physiognomical study.



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE ENGLISHMAN



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE SCOT



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE ROUMANIAN



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE NORWEGIAN



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE GALICIAN



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE HUNGARIAN



Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE RUSSIAN

THE COWING-UNDER OF ALKALI

BY S. A. WHITE

AUTHOR OF "EMPERY", "THE WILDCATTERS", "THE STAMPEDERS", ETC.

"GETTING squeamish, Alkali?" asked the younger desperado tauntingly. "Is them old iron nerves of yours turned pewter? What?"

No answer came from the older man. His feet shifted continually. At intervals he gave a muffled cough and slouched farther into the shelter of the station shed at Clover Bar where the Northern Express would make its last stop between Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton below. Alkali was used to the chaffing of the various pals he had worked with, especially used to Cole Banzard's chaffing. He heeded it not. His mind was focused on the urgent matter at hand. It dwelt in the face of distracting inward thoughts upon the night express from the east.

There was money aboard, easy money and big. A pal who had but barely made his get-away after the Latonia affair was responsible for the information. Too timid as yet because the mounted men marked his moves to take a chance himself, this pal had given the hint to old Alkali, had passed the job to him in consideration of a usurious rake-off. But the rake-off was not Alkali's trouble. Neither was the job itself his trouble. Newest of all pioneer lines the railroad touched the edges of unpeopled places. Truly to be called the Northern, it ran well north of fifty-three. It threaded the outskirts of Saskatchewan and Alberta. It poured hordes of settlers into the Peace River country, across the

Athabasca plains, through all the Mackenzie valley that trends by clay of wondrous fertility to the barren, ice-locked Arctic. Here was the law of progress applied. Here was the inevitable evolution of the land. Yet progress and evolution, Alkali knew, spelled the doom of the Brotherhood of Outlaws. It forced them to obey in fierce literalness the primeval instinct of earth-born creatures to fight and everlastingly fight for existence.

Well, he was a fit man to fight! Old they called him, but he had buried scores half his age. Not in crime, but in endurance, in pioneering, foreloping, feats of the far trails. That was before he had joined the brotherhood, before the first Western railway had beaten him out of his lands down there by Calgary. Fine, full, fat lands they were in his retrospection, ranch lands once, now the basement floors of a metropolis. The railway people had stolen those lands just as deliberately as Adam stole the apple. They worked upon the age-old principle of the strong and the weak. Against a corporation sinewy Alkali had been the weak. He had fallen back at last upon the ancient Western resort of the gun and sent a bullet through the leg of the agent who drove stakes at his door. Then they arrested him. It was his first experience with the mounted. He got seven years for shooting with intent to kill.

A ridiculous accusation, ridiculous at least to those who knew Alkali,

who understood that had he really shot with intent to kill, Alkali's ball would have been found in the agent's heart. But in the accusation and in the sentence was no humour for Alkali. Little by little along with the humour every other saving grace coozed out of him under the grip of the seven callous years. Goden nuggets in the muck of those years were the days his wife came for her scarce visits and brought the little Lorinne, a feminine lump of rosy flesh and dimples, with a voice that crooned undauntedly among the grim cells. But during the seventh year, through illness, the visits were lacking. Lorinne, now a slip of a girl, came alone to sit upon the father's knee to speak of her own and her Aunt's nursing. When there was no news, Alkali paced up and down like a caged animal or throttled railway officials in his dreams. Then one day a month before release Lorinne and Alkali's sister Mona appeared. The fact that Mona was free to come told Alkali the truth even before they could sob out the words.

Alkali walked unconfined again, but a changed man, bitter of speech, fierce of eye, flinty of heart. No compensation for his lands had been forthcoming, so he took the remnant of the savings that for seven years had supported wife and child, and fought his case in courts. Before the railroad had robbed him. Now the lawyers, through many hearings and long delays fleeced him of what the first robbers had left. And finally the judges flimflammed him in decision.

Hellish fires burning in him, Alkali rode north from Calgary the night they threw him down. He had left the little Lorinne with Mona at Fort Saskatchewan. Mona was unmarried, had a home and some land of her own at the Fort, land left her by a rancher uncle. Her fortune was not large, but it was enough for herself, and during a certain period at least the child would occasion no drain on

her resources. As for Alkali, he possessed nothing but a horse, a rifle, and a blanket. Directly or indirectly, the railroads had all the rest. Yes, they had it, but by the gods of the great northland he vowed he would have it back. It was his. If he could not have it with the law, he would have it without the law, beyond the law, in spite of the law. In fighting his case he had had men estimating on the lost property. It was worth five hundred thousand dollars. While he served seven years, it had climbed to that dizzy value. A half-million of his the bigbellied magnates had in their coffers, eh? Good! He would dip into those coffers, dip and dip until he had recovered every cent of that half-million. Then he would depart with his own. It would not be robbery. The railroad people had committed the robbery. His act would be simply that of an honest man putting out his hand and taking that which had been filched from him. These magnates sent currency across the country in cars. Alkali decided he would see to it. On this line or that it did not matter. The farther from the centres of civilisation the better, and the less risk to him! All railroads, Alkali reasoned, were the same, anyway. There were secret amalgamations and things. His lawyers—those cursed thieving lawyers—had told him so. The roads made a pretence of competition, but back of the directorates they divided spoils. It was a gigantic combine, a machine, a trust. It sprung a hold-up from the front. In case of a struggle lawyers slipped close and pilfered from the rear. Henceforth Alkali would hate all lawyers, and most of all Ralph Vanderg, the railroad's leading counsel.

At Battle Canyon in the fall of that same year Alkali's first chance came. This side the Pass the Vancouver Limited had an experience that was read damp from all Western printing presses. Alkali's name was afterwards spoken in awe, and

the East denied that the West had ceased to be wild and woolly. The mounted police galloped hundreds of miles upon false trails and wore out ponies to no purpose, and general bad temper dissembled in the force. And though Alkali was again far north, one of Alkali's friends delivered a package in a secret fashion at Mona's house in Fort Saskatchewan. In the package was a heavy sum and a note that he hoped to see them soon. In which hope he reckoned without the vigilance and tenacity of the mounted. After that initial escapade he found that he could not approach Fort Saskatchewan's precincts at all. Nor could he communicate with Mona and Lorinne. Against that the police had set up a barrier, and they watched always, hoping for Alkali to try to cross it and lay a trail by which they could hound his down. The Government went further and offered for him, dead or alive, a reward of five thousand dollars.

Yet wait and watch as they might, Alkali never crossed the mounted men's paths. The old wolf was wary. Since becoming a hunted thing, the savage instinct of the outlaw revived within him. He was mindful first and foremost and beyond all other things of self-preservation. He circled, but did not traverse, the trap-line.

So through those lonely northern years Alkali's double loss became a triple one. Child-hunger was the canker in his system, the malignant ulcer in his tough, old heart. For thirteen years, except in imagination, he had not seen the face of little Lorinne. This not seeing in the flesh was a bad thing, but the seeing in fancy was worse. No outlaw has any business with imagination. Cole Banzard had none. That was why he could not correctly diagnose Alkali's trouble as they crouched in the shadow of the shed at Clover Bar. Having no power of conjuring visions himself, he failed to comprehend the

man who had. Cole Banzard thought his companion had an attack of nerves, and he understood that such an attack must be shaken off before the night made demands on them. He knew the surest way to do it was to anger Alkali. Accordingly Cole continued to use his trenchant tongue.

"When ye start dragging your pedals round that way and hawking so, I knows as something is wrong," he taunted. "Ye have symptoms of blue funk or—or—a yellow streak."

Old Alkali turned quickly and gripped Cole Banzard's arm with a force that made the younger man utter a gasp of pain.

"There's no yellow in me. And you sure know it, Cole Banzard. Did you ever see me quit? Did I say a word of shirking to-night?"

"No, no, I ain't saying that. Leggo my arm!"

Alkali released the arm, his bronzed, hawk-nosed, face dull and hard in the anæmic glow of the solitary station lamp.

Banzard rubbed the dented flesh. "Ye have a devil of a grip," he growled. "Your fingers is steel and your nails flint, Alkali. Ye need manicuring. One of them girls in the barber shops down to Edmonton."

He chuckled at the idea, but Alkali clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Sounds carry up a damp night like this," he warned. "You don't know who might be around. Just kill your chuckles, Cole."

"Kill your hawk and shift, then. A man'd think ye was some pesky tenderfoot, 'stead of toting all that head-money. Your limbs is narvous, Alkali."

"Tain't nervousness. It's the kid's face, if you must know. The times I see her I sure can't keep still. Unlucky, too, Cole! It's always—"

"Oh, chuck that craziness," Banzard interrupted. "Ye can't see a kid's face when there's none to see. Anyway, she ain't a kid. She's twenty now. Don't mix faces and bad

luck signs in with jobs. Pull together, Alkali. Ye'll fall all apart. It's well to think of the matter to hand, ain't it? Are ye riding the freight as far as the Fort, cutting yon wire, and jumping the express back? Or do ye stay here to give the engineer and fireman sealed orders? Take your choice, Alkali, and take it quick. There's the freight working up Rannel's Cut. Which'll ye do?"

"Go to the Fort, Cole."

"Eh?" Banzard blurted his amazement. It was evident that he was but giving his companion the choice as a mere matter of outlaw etiquette and that Alkali was really expected to stay.

"I'll go to the Fort, Cole," Alkali reasserted. "I've never taken that chance before. But to squelch your talk of yellow streaks I'll take it now. Mind you have the horses right handy here if anything goes wrong."

"But, hold on, Alkali," Banzard protested. "I ain't letting ye risk that. I was joking. I'm meaning you to act here."

"I'm not acting here, Cole. There was a doubt in your system; I'll sure settle that doubt."

And the freight's headlight coming into view, he shook off Cole's detaining hand. He edged away to the trackside, where the rumbling way freight had stopped a minute or two to crash some Clover Bar freight on the platform. Ranchers' goods the stuff seemed, tools, wire fencing, and galvanised sheeting. While the brakemen were thus engaged, Alkali found opportunity to swing upon a flat car. It was an empty ballast car, and the outlaw lay face down upon its gritty bottom till the men sprang aboard and the train coughed its way out into the velvet dark. Then with a sensation approaching comfort he sat upon his haunches. Fort Saskatchewan was but a few miles away, just across the river itself. Its spatter of lights formed a nebulous glow ahead, for a mist was rising in the valley and making a spray like fine

rain. As he was whirled along, Alkali vaguely considered the glow that marked the Fort. Under it was his little Lorinne. In spite of her twenty years she was still his little Lorinne. And not for thirteen years had he been so near her as he would be this night. At the thought of proximity a tremour went through his limbs, and a wild idea was born. He was even on such a misty night as this taking a chance with the mounted. Why not take it to some purpose? Why not creep up in the fog to Mona's house for a glance through the window? Only a glance through the window! For a moment Alkali succumbed to the sweets of temptation, but savage instinct re-rose and condemned such madness. Besides there was Banzard hidden with the horses by Clover Bar, and the express was coming. Such a project was beyond all reason, beyond all possibility.

Across the big bridge the way freight rolled, and as it slowed at the Fort to switch and give right of way to the express, Alkali slipped from the flat car and ran ahead. He made a detour round the station, 'climbed up a telegraph pole beyond, and used a pair of pincers, taken from his pocket, on the wire. At Clover Bar his pal was to perform a similar work. Thus messages could be sent neither way from Fort Saskatchewan, and only south from Edmonton. Messages to the south could do no harm. This was the first step in the affair.

Another detour back and Alkali concealed himself in the dark angle of a freight shed just outside the range of the switch lamps. On the platform of the station in the distance he could dimly see a single passenger, a lady awaiting the Northern flyer. She was pacing impatiently back and forth. Alkali noted that she wore red, and he caught himself foolishly wondering how Lorinne would look in red.

Little time, however, had he to wonder, for the fluty bellow of the

THE COWING-UNDER OF ALKALI

express vibrated through the woolly fog that was now becoming a drizzle. The fast train rolled majestically through the puny sidings, stopped one snappy instant to lift the single passenger, and came on. Alkali darted from the shadow of the shed and leaped upon the steps of the last car. It was a Pullman, and Alkali hoped to crouch undetected within its railed gates. To Cole Banzard he had spoken of this as an unlucky night, but luck seemed with him. The Pullman porter was not in sight. No doubt he was up somewhere in the forward part of the train. The vestibule door was open, and through the glass panels of the partition Alkali could see the long vista of the Pullman. The towelled chairs were full, and the occupants had an unmistakable air of wealth. Yet Alkali's business was not with them. He robbed no man. He exacted payment from a company. He would simply look after these people and hold them in check while Cole Banzard politely requested the engineer and fireman to go with him to the express car and obtain a certain parcel there. Thus Alkali's survey of the Pullman passengers was a dispassionate one. But when his calm eyes ran down the line and rested on the man nearest the door they suddenly flamed with passion.

Ralph Vanderg! The outlaw's teeth snapped together. He barely resisted the impulse to spring inside and crush that sleek, smiling face. The railroad counsel was in the act of swinging about a chair for the use of the lady in red who had just come down the car. Her back was to Alkali, but as she sat down in the proffered seat, he had full sight of her face.

Alkali's leathern countenance paled. His whipcord arms trembled, and under him his legs went suddenly hollow. He stared fixedly upon his Lorinne.

He knew her instantly, although the childish features had blossomed

out in maturer beauty and the childish figure developed into woman's luxuriousness.

There was a rasping sound in the old man's throat, as if alkali dust were choking him, and his frame shook like a cottonwood in the gale. At his heart the child-hunger gnawed till he felt he must cry out to her the great want of his soul. Then as swiftly as emotion moved him came material reaction. His bony, angular form stiffened, and he turned about.

"Nothing doing, Cole," he muttered, as if speaking to his pal. "Nothing doing on the express to-night!"

For the presence of Lorinne had crumbled their well-made plans. Tonight the soul of the father, and not the soul of the outlaw, ruled. While the train slowed for Clover Bar, he would give Cole Banzard a coyote call, the signal to straddle horse and ride. He himself would drop off and do likewise. To Cole's inquiries the reply that railroad detectives were aboard would suffice.

On the point of quitting the vestibule before someone chanced to stroll out and discover him, Alkali took a last, hungry look at Lorinne. Vanderg was speaking as he looked, and his words made the outlaw pause.

"So you got my telegram all right!"

"Yes, or I shouldn't be here."

The sound of her voice, a sound he had missed for thirteen years, thrilled Alkali like harp-chords. He leaned against the bevelled panel of the Pullman and pressed his face to the glass. So close was he to them that if he swung the door, he could reach out and almost touch them. Their speech came distinctly through the silence of the easy-gliding car.

"Well," Vanderg was saying. "I have news for you. That's why I sent the telegram for you to come aboard and meet me on this train. In Winnipeg I conferred with the company officials. They offer compromise."

Lorinne's frown deepened. "Aunt

Mona and I don't want compromise," she snapped. "We want our land or the money for it. That there was a flaw in the title is no reason why the railroad should steal it!"

Like an old charger that scents familiar battle, Alkali pricked up his ears. So the road was at its game again, eh? The thought made him see red again, and he quivered as he listened to the company's tool.

"My dear girl! You use very harsh terms. Although I am extremely sorry, I cannot help but state that the company is quite within its rights. Titles and deeds, you understand, are very important things."

"If the land hadn't lain so close to the Fort and just where the railroad wanted it, do you think there would have been any flaw in the title?" demanded the girl.

"They offer compromise," Vanderg repeated. "Half the sum—"

"We take nothing less than five thousand," interrupted Lorinne. "The land is worth it. It is all we have. Do you want to throw us into the streets?"

"Compromise!" Vanderg persisted. "If you refuse, let me tell you from experience that you will lose your case in the courts there to-morrow."

"To-morrow we'll see," Lorinne declared, rising to her feet with the evident intention of taking a seat in another car.

Her front was bold, but under the boldness old Alkali could tell that she was very near to tears.

Vanderg continued to importune. "My dear girl, consider—consider!"

"No!"

"Then you lose!"

"Maybe! But you'll know there's been a fight"

Old Alkali's bosom glowed. In her he saw his own spirit reincarnated, the spirit that fought from the drop of the hat.

"Still, she'll lose," he figured, his exhilaration giving way to wrath. "I ought to know railroads and Van-

derg. They'll have her lawyers and the judges bought, same as with me. Yes, she'll sure lose. But she said she'd take its value. I'll sure get her that value. That car looks good!"

With a savage movement he kicked open the door of the Pullman, and his two blue Colts looked down the length of the car.

"Put 'em up," he commanded gutturally.

The people put them up—pairs behind pairs of hands with fingers spread like fans. Ralph Vanderg's arms were in the air a little sooner than the others. There were no screams. Alkali had expected one from Lorinne, but at his sudden entrance she had sunk again into her chair, sitting white and still with her small, white hands rigidly upraised.

"Line in the aisle," Alkali ordered sharply. "And Gawd pity the man as makes a false move. Stretch for all that's in you."

Alkali knew they must be nearing the Bar. There was need for rapid action.

"You weazened rat," he cried, singling out a dried-up, under-sized man at the farther end of the aisle, "go through the men's pockets and be thundering quick. Drop the stuff into your hat."

The little man took one look at Alkali in his rough trail garments and sombrero pulled low on his forehead, then he obeyed, Alkali's left-hand weapon followed him as he came down the line, drawing forth a roll of bills here and a pocketbook there, and dropping everything into his fedora. It was with an unholy joy that Alkali saw him peel a heavy roll of yellow bills from Ralph Vanderg. There must have been close to a thousand in that roll. It made the little man's eyes bulge, but he dropped it into the hat right smartly. He had come to the end, and his thin hands shook as he gazed at Alkali with horrible apprehension.

"Good!" grunted Alkali. "You'd make some pal, eh?"

He laid one weapon on a handy chair and put the money in his pocket with the free hand, afterwards grasping the Colt again.

"Sit down," he croaked.

They sat down with glad alacrity.

"Now the one as leaves a seat before I leave the steps will sure get plugged. Savvy?"

He turned to Lorinne.

"I'll trouble you to open the platform door, miss, while I back out."

"I'll open it," chorused a dozen men, thinking to save the girl.

"You'll stay where you are or suicide," growled Alkali. "Come, miss!"

Lorinne did as commanded. Her lips were set tight. Alkali with weapons still in readiness backed out to the door which she was holding open. There he pushed her out on the platform and slammed the door shut. She clasped her fingers, uttering a low cry, and stared in terror at the uncouth figure of the strange outlaw. The tail lamps shed a dull light upon the platform, and through that radius of light the woolly mist hurtled by in streamers of gray, swishing the cheeks of man and girl.

"Here!"

Alkali held the bills out to her.

"Put it in your dress somewhere. No one will know. The road will skin you out of five thousand tomorrow. Here it is back. This pile runs that much anyway."

"No," she refused, and with vehemence. "It's stolen money. I'm not a thief."

She drew herself up proudly. Her eyes were bright, and her breast heaved with mingled excitement and fear.

In chagrin Alkali hammered the Pullman's gates with his fist. You'll not take it?" he appealed despairingly. "Hustle! They're coming."

"No! let me go in!" Lorinne choked on the words, showing the strain she was under.

"But—but what about the—the other?" he stammered, trying to

mention the incident in a vague way. "I know a man as knows your Aunt Mona, and he—he told me how enough money was left with you two to last a lifetime."

"Stolen, too!" flushed Lorinne. "Aunt Mona wouldn't take it. She quietly turned it over to the Government."

"H—!" blurted Alkali.

Behind him sounded footsteps in the vestibule, slow footsteps of men exploring cautiously. Also, the engine whistling long for Clover Bar.

"They're coming," he whispered. "For the last time will you take this—or—or take some I've cached in the hills?"

"For the last time—no!" Lorinne declared.

Unknowingly she sneered in scorn upon the flesh that was of her flesh and blood that was her own.

That sneer hurt Alkali more than any wrong ever inflicted upon him, but he had been under the lash of circumstances too long to whimper over any fresh welt. He bowed his head to the sneer, threw the money on the car steps, and tossed his Colt revolvers after them.

"Then you'll have to take me," he announced grimly. "It's old Alkali with the five thousand on his head. Railroads and Vanderg can't do you out of that."

The train lurched as the brakes went on for Clover Bar. Alkali wound one arm in Lorinne's, as if the girl held him, and raising his other hand to his mouth, sent a shrill coyote call through the misty drizzle.

Even as the men swarmed out of the Pullman vestibule, Cole Banzard, riding his own horse and leading Alkali's, galloped into the light of the tail lamps.

He reined in on the stick gravel. "Come on," he called. "What in thunder—"

"Beat it for the Athabasca," the old outlaw yelled. "They've sure got Alkali!"

MRS. BRADY'S BONNET

BY ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

MRS. Brady was at war with herself and the whole world. And all because Mrs. Flanagan would wear at the Annual Fair next Monday a gorgeous new bonnet.

She was sitting in Mrs. Flannigan's kitchen, and they were apparently the best of friends, but then the great box with the hat in it arrived.

A sudden vicious pride stole into the heart of Mrs. Flannigan and tempted her to play traitor.

"Got any new duds for th' Fair, Mrs. Brady?" she asked innocently, "or be ye thinkin' of warin' what ye have? I always did like that last mantle and the bonnet ye got two year last Christmas twelve-month."

Mrs. Brady had seen the box, but as it was carefully wrapped in brown paper she had absolutely no idea of its contents and took the bait quite readily.

"Dade," said she, with sudden confidence, "'tis me auld bonnet an' dolman I'll be warin'. Things has gone agin John an' me af late. Th' praties has blight an' th' corn ain't well saved. He's not for buyin' anythin' new—leastways not as I knows it, but remembering the nasty little rub regarding the antiquity of her best head gear, "Ye'll be warin' that blue sthraw ye got for Hammond's weddin' nigh on three year next month, I suppose, Nora Flannigan?"

"Well, no," said Mrs. Flannigan, an oily smile overspreading her sleek countenance. "My man he says to me yesterda', 'Nora,' says he,

when we was drivin' past Mooneys, 'just run up,' says he, 'an' buy a smart hat,' says he. 'I'd like ye'd look rale handsome at the comin' Fair.' Fancy me in a hat, Mrs. Brady, why there's only a few month between me and you. Well, I runs up, an' here it be. Fancy me lookin' handsome. Oh! that bets all I ever heard. Throth, some husbands be rale silly about their woman. What do ye think of it, Mrs. Brady? It be rather elligant, ba'nt it?"

A heap of white tissue paper now lay on the ground, and with trembling fingers Mrs. Flannigan brandished before her visitor's gaze the loveliest bonnet she (Mrs. Brady) inwardly thought she even had seen.

The crown was composed of trelis-work of gold, there was a rouche of green silk at one side and a bow of green and black ribbon at the other, while from either side there hung two long tempting strings of rich black velvet.

Mrs. Brady, with a great effort, composed herself.

"It must have cost a power of harrd-earned money," she ventured, "but d'ye think it be a wee bit young mabbe for a woman of your age, Nora Flannigan. Nay! whist now, there be no jealousy in me, nor do I pretend to be younger nor I am. John he says to me (which of course was a lie) 'Mary,' says he, 'is there anythin' what ye wants?' 'No,' says I, unselfish like, for I knowed him was harrd up. Oh! there be some what spends and some what saves—but I'm keepin' ye, ma'm.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty.

"A heap of white tissue paper now lay on the ground, and with trembling fingers Mrs. Flannigan brandished before her visitor's gaze the loveliest bonnet she (Mrs. Brady) inwardly thought she ever had seen."

Looks like wet weather, I be afeared, good-day, ma'm."

With this final salutation she walked away, and very bitter were her thoughts as she ascended the hill and entered the little house her husband called his home.

It was time for the mid-day meal, and John sat in his accustomed place before the fire.

Even as she came in she thought how old and bent he looked, and that aggravated her, since James Flannigan was but fifty-two.

He did not seem to hear her coming, but gazed fixedly into the blazing logs. How white his hair looked! How the veins stood out upon his wrinkled hand!

"John," she called in her shrill voice. But she had to repeat his name thrice ere he turned.

"Where's th' kettle, man? Drat but ye're lazy. Near one, and no water boilin'."

The old man left his seat and without a word proceeded to the other end of the room, where he found the kettle, and, having filled it with water, returned to his seat by the fire.

His wife meanwhile had thrown a newspaper over one end of the table; and, having placed two cups thereon, a loaf of bread, some dripping, and a bowl of sugar, awaited the boiling of the water.

"John."

"Did ye spake, Mary?"

"*Did I spake!* Drat th' man. Yes I did spake—and perhaps ye won't like what I'm goin' to say. It be nearly three year since I had a new bonnet, John Brady. James Flannigan be aafter buyin' Nora a beauty. Some husbands do be proud of showin' off their woman. She's to wear it at th' Fair on Monda'. Now, John, ye wouldn't have Eily's mother to be outdone be Nora Flannigan, would ye?"

Eily's mother! How the thought had buoyed him up all through those weary years, while the woman's sharp tongue and loveless nature grew

harder to bear year by year.

No matter what happened, *she was Eily's mother.*

Yes, the mother of little Eily lying those long nineteen years in her little tiny grave!

How he had loved the child! Even now the very thought of her would bring tears to his old eyes. Her life, her illness, her death were the hoardings of his memory.

Mary and he had waited a long while before Eily came, and then—O God!

The big tears came rolling down his cheeks, it all came back to him so plainly—her prattle, her merry laugh, her sweet, dimpled face, and, after all that—

Mary knew there was no money. He told her so last night. She knew how terrible this year had been, how he had toiled early and late, and yet there was barely what would feed them. But she was Eily's mother, and he must not forget that.

She had turned her back upon him now. He felt so glad she had not seen the tears. He wiped them carefully away ere he spoke.

"Baint that I wouldn't, Mary," said he, taking up the thread of the conversation, "but I can't, woman. Have ye forgot so soon what I told ye last night. This time the month whin th' corn is all in I'll see what I can do, but just now it be harrd to kape th' wolf from th' door."

It was then Mary shamefully lost her temper. For a good quarter of an hour she said all she could say; but by that time John had gone out.

For three days this state of affairs lasted. Then there came a change.

Saturday was market-day at the nearest town. John had to go there on business, to pay his rent, and try to get rid of some of his corn.

The house was very quiet. Mary had gone to a neighbour's funeral.

John ate his frugal meal, yoked the ass, and, getting the corn safely into the cart, prepared for the journey.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty.

"To-morrow would be Sunday, the day he should have gone to see Eily's grave. He would sit now at the end of the garden by the little stream and think a while"

The corn was badly saved; he knew it. How he longed for a good price to-day.

Up in a secret niche above the bed his life's savings lay.

With trembling fingers he searched for the bag and counted out the money.

The price of their funeral! He daren't touch that. What would bury them? The rent! It was impossible to take any of that.

All that remained was just a few shillings, except—. In a dirty piece of cloth very tightly twisted there was a sum of money.

For years that piece of cloth had held precisely this same sum at one particular time.

By stint of tobacco, by an odd job earned, he had managed to gather it up. Twelve silver shillings! How hard the struggle was, only he himself knew!

Nothing but great love could have inspired such a sacrifice; but it meant once a year he saw Eily's grave.

He knew Mary would ridicule and fume at such an absurdity, so the secret had been well kept.

While they lived close to the graveyard he went there every day; but the rent increased, and they had to return to the little cottage they had occupied in their less prosperous days.

He thought his heart would break when he knew they must go so far away, but there was no suitable land nearer.

Then it was he planned this yearly visit. At what a cost! Yet, oh! the pleasure.

It is no exaggeration to say he lived for that day all through the other three hundred and sixty-four. He loved every inch of that little mossy mound. It was so quiet there—nobody ever disturbed him. He could lie down unseen and sob out all his weary grief; and she heard him, he was sure of that, his little Eily *always* heard.

With unseemingly haste he pocketed the twelve silver coins. Upon his patient face there rested a new joyish smile. Eily's mother would have her bonnet. Yes! What ever happened she would have it.

It was only four days since he had completed the sum, all extra work, and he was growing so old, so old.

But next year would come round quickly—why, if the corn sold well he might even be able to go yet. So with a quiet smile he drove off.

Things turned out badly, even worse than he had expected.

The corn was rejected; it would not sell.

There was nothing for it, his savings must go. He had made up his mind—. Eily's mother would. Ah! there in the window was just the thing. What a bonnet! He stood and looked at it admiringly.

Round the front were rows of black beads; a bunch of red berries caught by a diamond crescent ornamented one side; a feather the other; and the strings were of a beautiful vermilion.

John flattened his nose against the window for a full five minutes. Then he boldly entered the shop.

It was the first time he had ever been on such an errand. He felt very confused and shy. Half a dozen young women were busy assorting boxes upon the counter. He raised his old hat and addressed the nearest.

"Good-morra, lass."

An audible titter was the only answer, so he tried again.

"A foine day, thank God."

"Thank God," echoed the young ladies, and tittered louder than ever.

"Look forinst ye," said John in real desperation, "and hand me out yon hot with thim long red streamers. I be longin' to take it home to Mrs. Brady."

One of the young women stepped forward and at once produced the article.

"We call this a toque," said she



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"But where was John? She had taken him rather short. Perhaps she ought to go out and make it up." Eily's mother! She felt ashamed of the thought."

in a very grand voice, "a toque with strings."

"How much, lass?" John was fumbling in the pocket of his coat.

"The price is—let me see, fifteen shillings."

"I have only twelve." The old voice shook. Tears of disappointment were in his eyes.

"Well, let me see." She moved to the farther end of the counter, and, having spoken to an elderly man, returned with a beaming face.

"You can have it for twelve shillings," she said, "as you seem to have taken a fancy to it."

John handed out his money, and received in exchange a large box which he carefully deposited in one corner of the cart.

It was nearly eight before he drove up to the cottage door. The corn had to be unloaded, the ass put up. Then he went inside. Mary was sitting before the fire, her hands resting on her knees.

She did not turn, though John felt sure she knew of his approach.

"Mary, lass" the old voice called, "Mary, I have brought it to thee. Eily's mother must look powerful grand at th' Fair. It be a splendid one, Machree, see—"

With trembling fingers he opened the box.

"It has cost twelve shillings. Do not ask me how I did it, Mary; but there, lass, I have brought it to thee."

With glittering eyes Mary sprang to her feet. The prize she had so longed for was hers at last.

All the paper was gone now. Right up to John's old wrinkled fingers the bonnet rested. But, oh, how soon its downfall!

With a wild spring the woman dashed it to the ground.

"Twelve shillin'! twelve shillin'!" she shrieked in mad fury. "Twelve shillin' for *that!* Do ye be wantin' to make a turkey-cock of me, man, that ye be wastin' twelve shillin' on a red hat like that. Drat

ye! ye're the biggest fool that iver walked th' earth."

For a moment John stared at her in wild amazement; then the truth slowly dawned upon him.

His big feet stepped upon the red strings as he crossed the room; he did not even trouble to pick it up. Something in his head seemed to be swimming round and round and round. It had been such a long tiresome day, and he had eaten nothing since early morning. To-morrow would be Sunday, the day he should have gone to see Eily's grave.

He would sit now at the end of the garden by the little stream, and think a while. . . .

"Hush-a-bye Baby on th' three top,
Whin th' wind blows th' cradle will rock,
Whin th' bough breaks th' cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all—"

It seemed the child was sitting on his knees. "Eily! Eily!" He sobbed. "It be so lonesome! Oh, come back, Machree, an' kiss me worst again."

But no Eily came. Only the big tears kept rolling down his cheeks.

He thought Mary would have been so pleased, and now . . .

The long year stretched away before him . . . He was so old, so old! Could he ever face the long, cold winter? Why it was even growing chill already.

How merrily the water ran! Just the same as when Eily's little brown feet paddled there. He would go down and sit just where she used to play.

*

Mrs. Brady felt uncomfortable. Everything was so quiet. Would she pick up the bonnet? Would she try it on? Nobody was there. After all, perhaps it wasn't quite so bad.

Slowly she lifted it and stood before the glass.

"I needn't have been so quick," she mused. "After all, it bain't so bad. Thim red strings do suit me

powerful. They look awful well tied. Yes," she reflected, "they be wonderful becomin', after all. Them red strings suits me grand. Nora Flannigan 'll get a mighty start."

But where was John? She had taken him rather short. Perhaps she ought to go out and make it up Eily's mother! She felt ashamed of the thought. She would go out and find him now. She wanted to know so badly where the money had come from.

How cold it was! Where could John be?

Down the little garden path she

went, down the worn steps where long ago Eily's baby feet had wandered.

It was growing dark, but what was that down where the water babbled and ran, down where the rushes grew, lying there so still, so still, with the water running over it so very cold?

"John," she called tremulously, "John."

But there was never an answer, never a sound.

Step softly. Clasp your hands. The red strings, Mrs. Brady, will have to come off your bonnet now.

SNOWFALL AT NIGHT

By J. C. M. DUNCAN

FROM the breathless height
 Of the brooding night,
 Flake upon flake of silvery white,
 Over the town,
 Into the street,
 Here at my feet,
 Keep sifting down,
 Like white-winged dreams from the upper deep,
 Through a stilly atmosphere of sleep.

The paths of the night,
 Grow spotless and white,
 The stains of day are hidden from sight,
 While o'er the town,
 Till morning breaks,
 The silvery flakes
 Keep sifting down,
 And make, when the still white night gives way,
 A faultless path for the feet of day.



PART OF THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY

IN GLASTONBURY ABBEY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

("Abbot Henry dug deep and almost despaired, when at the depth of seven feet he found a leaden cross with 'Here Lies King Arthur, The Renown King, In The Isle Of Avalon' in Latin. On digging much lower he found a dug-out oak coffin, with the bones of a very tall man, with many wounds in his skull, and the Queen with golden hair delicately braided, which fell to dust at a touch. The remains of both were buried in the Abbey Church."—Marson's *Glastonbury*.)

FROM Kelt and Gaul and Roman,
From Druid, vanished Dane,
From Kymry and from Saxon Ine,
Its dead cry out again.

The voice of Dunstan whispers,
The tongue of Arthur calls,
And Guinevere lies sleeping still
Beneath its broken walls.

Here Avalon still blossoms
Beyond the mists of Time,
And from the graves of dreamers dead
The Engilsh roses climb—

Those dreamers 'neath its ramparts,
Those hands beneath its silt,
That laid our lordlier walls of life,
The arch of England built!

Here creed with creed once battled,
Here king fought pagan king,
And round the pillars gray with time
The kindlier ivies cling.

But arching o'er their arches,
Behold, the soft blue sky;
And o'er the green of lonely graves
The lark and linnet cry!

Through beechen aisles of silence
The murmuring leaves awake;
And life grown sad with weariness
Forgets the ancient ache.

Yet past the whispering twilight,
The altars touched with gloom,
The valour that was Arthur's still
Outlives the Abbey tomb!

And 'neath the soft green grasses
That in the breezes wave,
The glory that was Guinevere
Still whispers from the grave!

*And as the green leaves mantle
The crumbling arch of time,
So men and all their tangled creeds
Toward God and beauty climb!*

HIS GOOD NAME

BY J. J. BELL

I.

THE great liner was nearing the end of her long voyage. The dawn of another day would see her slowing into port. Dinner in the grand saloon was just over. It had been a merry repast. There had been much hearty laughter, many congratulations and expressions of goodwill. A record passage had made the possibility of Christmas Eve on shore a certainty. Even passengers not homeward bound caught the spirit of the majority and joined in the jubilation of the hour.

The weather was calm and, for the season, unusually mild. A full moon shone from an almost cloudless sky. A score or so of passengers, eschewing the luxurious shelter of music lounge or smoke-room, paced the spacious deck.

Against the rail, in the shadow of a life-boat, a man and woman stood in converse. His bearing was that of a young man, but even in the half light his dark countenance betrayed a harsh melancholy that suggested middle-age at least; however, he was a little over thirty. Her years were less difficult to guess, she had the mouth of a girl and the eyes of a woman; she was slimly though not delicately formed; her face was gentle—gentle in both senses of the word. "In her early twenties," you would have said.

She was regarding him with a somewhat puzzled look. "You say you are eager, yet not glad, to be home, Mr. Garth—"

"I didn't say *home*, Miss Nevis,"

he interrupted; "I said England."

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, a little stiffly, and turned away her eyes.

"Forgive me," he said with compunction, "I was rude—and not for the first time. I sometimes wonder how you have put up with my rudeness and bitterness all these weeks. But, believe me, you are the last person in the world to whom I would willingly be rude or bitter. Only the word *home* is like a sting to me." He sighed and gazed down at the rushing water.

"Ah!" she exclaimed softly, and turned again to him. "How stupid, how unkind I have been, to talk of it so often! I ought to have understood or guessed—"

"How should you? What was I to you but an irritable individual who took undue advantage of your good nature and patience?" He faced her once more. "Miss Nevis, I wish I could tell you what your acquaintance—I daren't use the word friendship—has meant to me since we left Sydney. You knew nothing of me, and yet—"

"You knew nothing of me, Mr. Garth," She smiled faintly. "But are you really such a suspicious character?"

He gave a short laugh. "Possibly you have noticed that I have hardly spoken to anyone on board save yourself?" he said.

"I have sometimes thought more variety in the way of society might be good for you."

"And for yourself?—I am well

aware that I have been monopolising you. You ought not to have permitted it, Miss Nevis," he said with a poor attempt at a bantering tone. "What would you say if I told you now that I am travelling under an assumed name?"

She laughed. "Are you a prince or only a duke, please?"

"You're sure I don't look like a criminal?" He regarded her with grave eyes.

Abruptly the smile left her lips. "Mr. Garth!" she whispered.

"My real name is not Garth, Miss Nevis. It is"—he paused—"it is dishonoured. No use in mentioning it."

She did not shrink from him, but her hand tightened on the rail. "I—I am sorry," she said at last.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. "Did you hear what I said?"

She bowed.

"That my real name was dishonoured?"

She bowed again.

"You are not—disgusted?"

"Why should I be? You did not dishonour it," she returned quietly.

His expression of harsh melancholy almost vanished, his voice was eager as a boy's, as he cried: "You believe that of me? You take me for an honourable man? . . . Ah, but how can you know?"

"I just know," she answered simply.

"God bless your sweet faith," he whispered. "Miss Nevis," he went on in a low tone, "will you let me tell you something of myself and why I am now bound for England?"

Perhaps it was his voice rather than his words that rendered her suddenly shy. She glanced back at the lights of the lounge, saying:

"I'm afraid it's getting late, and I ought to go."

"It is my last opportunity," he pleaded. "Won't you listen for a few minutes?"

She hesitated. Five weeks is a long time on board ship, and this man had been her daily companion. She

could no longer pretend to herself that he was no more than a passing acquaintance, that his affairs were nothing to her.

Once more she leaned her arms on the rail and watched the water brilliant with lights from the port-holes.

"Thank you," he said softly. "I'll put it in as few words as I can." He thought for a moment, then began in a cool, steady voice:

"It is twelve years since I left England in disgrace and much to the relief of my friends. Many a man in my position would have had the police after him, but the man who believed I had injured him was merciful and proud. He even offered me money to get away comfortably. But he could not prevent the story getting abroad. He was my uncle—the rich member of our family—and he had brought me up and taken my cousin and myself into his business. My cousin and I were friendly, but not particularly so. Though we were about the same age, our tastes were very different. My cousin was the old man's favourite, and had a great regard for money; he was in a hurry to be rich. He went too fast, and got into trouble—such trouble that I dare say he did not know what he was doing when—well, I'll spare you the details, Miss Nevis.

. . . An evening came when my cousin and I were summoned before our uncle. He asked whether we could explain certain figures—ugly figures? One of us was responsible. My cousin denied all knowledge. I said nothing at all. Why I acted so, I really could not tell you now. Perhaps I thought then that I was behaving nobly; now I know it to have been sheer idiocy."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl warmly.

The man who called himself Garth shook his head and continued: "My uncle gave me an hour to leave his house. Before the time was up my cousin came to me secretly to implore me to keep silence for one year. He was, he assured me, on the eve of

making a huge fortune, and so certain was he of success that he insisted on my taking his written promise to pay me one-half of all he possessed at the end of twelve months, and to confess the truth to our uncle. I didn't want to have the paper then, but I'm glad I have it now." He tapped his breast. "He has had eleven years' grace, anyway."

"So he has never made any reparation?" she inquired after a pause.

"Our uncle died within the year, deeming me a blackguard. I learned of his death through a newspaper, not from my cousin."

"But at the end of the year?"

"Nothing happened at the end of the year. Nothing has ever happened so far as my cousin is concerned. I grant that for the last ten years he might have experienced difficulty in finding me—had he wanted to do so; but for two years he was aware of my whereabouts."

"Perhaps he did not make his fortune after all," she ventured, wincing at the bitterness in his voice.

"You are charitable, Miss Nevis; but it happens that he inherited our uncle's business and fortune. At the present moment he is enormously wealthy. Some little time ago, ere I decided to make this voyage, I employed a person in London to discover and send me particulars. My cousin is married, has a son, lives in a splendid west-end house, and is noted for his liberality and hospitality. From a cable received at Gibraltar I learned that he gives a large party to-morrow night—"

"Christmas Eve!"

"Christmas Eve, Miss Nevis. I intend to be present."

At the significant tone of his voice she gave a little shiver.

"Are you feeling cold?" he tenderly inquired.

"No; but I must go soon. . . . Have you never reminded your cousin of his promise, Mr. Garth?"

"Never; and I confess that until lately I had no idea of doing so. Per-

haps I hadn't enough time to think about it. But now—" He halted.

"Now?" she echoed.

"Now he has got to clear my name."

"I—I see. But — perhaps — he thinks you are—dead."

"I've no doubt he hopes I am," was the grim reply. "Well," he went on, "I won't boast that I would not touch his money, simply because I happen to have made enough through my own exertions. Otherwise I should be inclined to force the bond. But I must have back my good name." He looked straight into her eyes. "And I never desired it back so strongly as I do now," he whispered passionately.

Her eyes wavered before his and fell. And suddenly a sob escaped her.

"Miss Nevis!" he cried, distressed.

"Oh, I am sorry for you," she said, "but what will this mean to your cousin's wife and child?"

For a moment anger got the better of him. "*His* wife and child! And what if I should desire a wife and—child? . . . Miss Nevis, am I seeking anything more than the barest of justice?"

"Indeed, no. But justice is such an awful, hideous thing when it strikes the innocent along with the guilty. I sometimes think that is the real reason for representing Justice blindfolded and armed with a clumsy sword."

He drew in his breath. "So you would advise me, he said in a strained voice, "to remain under my cloud?"

"I have no right to advise you in anything," she replied with gentle dignity.

He was nettled into saying. "Can you give me any reason why I should not confront my cousin to-morrow night?"

Softly she answered: "To-morrow is Christmas Eve."

"On Easter Eve my cousin allowed me to be cast out."

Her eyes filled. "Poor man," she murmured, "but you have found happiness since. You have not been miserable all the time."

"No, of course not," he admitted sulkily.

"I believe your cousin has."

"I don't. He can't have a conscience."

"Some consciences never seem to make one do the right thing, but they do go on hurting all the same. Please don't think I do not sympathise with you."

Said Garth abruptly: "Why do you defend him—a man you don't even know?"

"I don't defend him. No one could defend him. But I would beg you not to add revenge to your justice. Let Christmas pass before you confront him."

"But that is mere sentiment."

"Even so, the world would be unendurable without it. Oh, Mr. Garth, if you do this thing to-morrow, what of all your Christmas Eves to come, however your name may shine? Will you ever forget the broken man and those who love him?"

"The world is still before him. He retains his wealth. I envy him your sympathy. It is, of course, nothing to you that I remain a wanderer under a false name."

The girl raised her head. "That is not quite fair of you," she said warmly. Then, with a slight inclination—"I must go. Good night—and, lest we do not meet in the rush to-morrow morning, good-bye." She held out her hand.

"Miss Nevis," he whispered rather wildly, hoarsely, "do you *forbid* me to take back my own?"

"Forbid you, Mr. Garth?" a certain haughtiness had crept into her voice. "Of course, I do not forbid you." She drew her hand from his clasp.

"But"—desperately—"is my good name nothing at all to you?" For a moment she hesitated, looking downwards. Her words were audible

and no more; they seemed to come unwillingly—

"I—I'm afraid it is nothing to me."

She was gone, leaving him there, a half-stunned creature. He stared at the gleaming water. . . . What a fool he had been to dream that she might care a little, to imagine that his past or future mattered to her!

. . . . Later the old bitterness got the better of him. There were other women in the world—plenty of other women. His first business was to get back his good name. Then But he knew in his soul that there was no other woman in the world like Sybil Nevis.

II.

Next morning he kept to his stateroom until the ship was alongside the landing stage. He was among the first to disembark. He did not look back, or he might have seen Miss Nevis watching him with sorry, puzzled eyes. Making straight for the special train, he ensconced himself in a "smoker" and opened a newspaper. He was aware that like himself she was bound for London, and until last night he had indulged happy thoughts of the railway journey.

Now, though sitting in the same train, she was all the world away from him. He tried not to think of her, not to speculate on her destination in town, to forget that she had promised to give him her address there. He sought to blot out all his plans for and visions of meeting her in London immediately the ugly business was over and he had an unsullied name to offer her. He attempted to read, but his eyes were incapable of seeing aught but her gentle face and beautiful name against the common paper and printer's ink—*Sybil!*

As he left the train he caught a glimpse of her engaging a porter. Evidently no one had come to meet her. He felt that he ought to offer her his assistance with respect to her

luggage, yet he hurried from the platform and tipped an inspector heavily to have his own belongings sent after him to his hotel. The play was over; the lights were out—what use to take a last peep behind the curtain? Let him forget all the foolish glamour and prepare for the stern business awaiting him a few hours hence. He walked from the station like a man under the influence of a drug.

He scarcely noticed the changes in the traffic of London—the whirling taxi-cabs, the elegant cars, the noisy, vile-smelling buses that would have seemed so strange to him twelve years ago. And he deliberately shut his eyes to the many signs of Christmastide. In the Strand he encountered a man he had known well in the days of his youth. The man half halted, started, flushed, and walked on quickly. Garth went white. Verily, he was not forgotten! It was time he obtained justice!

III.

“Sure this is the house?”

“Yessir. Number 24, you gave.”

“Oh—all right,” Garth paid the driver, and after the cab had gone, stood staring up at the windows of the great house. Nearly all the windows were dark.

“Simmons has given me either the wrong address or the wrong date of the party,” he muttered. “However, it’s easy to make certain.”

He ascended the broad steps and rang the bell. As he did so a clock in the neighbourhood tolled ten.

“If this is his house, and he is out, I’ll wait till he comes in, though it should be Christmas morning,” said Garth to himself.

The door was opened softly by a man-servant.

“Does Mr. Charles Stannard live here?”

“Yes, sir. But—”

“Has he gone out?”

“No, sir,” the man hesitated. “Excuse me, sir, but is it important that

you should see him at this hour?”

“Very important.”

The man invited Garth to enter, and closed the door very quietly.

“I’ll find out whether Mr. Stannard can see you, sir,” he said in a hushed voice, and treading on tip-toe led the way to a room at the back of the spacious hall. The visitor noticed that the house was exceedingly still.

The man showed him into the library and requested his name.

“Garth—Mr. James Garth, of Sydney.”

Left to himself the visitor allowed his gaze to wander about the handsome room. No doubt about it, Charles Stannard was a wealthy man. Yet all his riches would avail him naught against the demand of justice. Already Garth heard him offering half his fortune to save his name, saw him on his knees imploring mercy. All at once he shivered and went nearer to the fire.

A large photograph on the mantel caught his eye—the likeness of a little boy, a singularly beautiful and frank countenance.

“Can that be his son?” he thought sarcastically, and was proceeding to study the young features in detail when the servant returned.

“Do you mind waiting for a little while, sir?” said the man. “It is not possible for me to inform Mr. Stannard until the doctors have gone.”

“Certainly, I’ll wait. Is—is Mr. Stannard ill?”

“No, sir. It is Master Charlie.”

The man’s voice fell to a whisper. “Very ill, sir. We are afraid—” He checked himself. “I will inform Mr. Stannard as soon as possible, sir,” he said, and went out.

For a moment or two Garth gazed at the closed door. Then, as though against his will, he turned again to the photograph. The fine boyish eyes looked into his.

At last, with a stifled exclamation, he moved from the hearth and walked

right across the room. He stopped short at a table laden with parcels of various shapes and sizes, and bearing also a heap of unopened letters. He could not help seeing what was written on the labels and envelopes.

"Master Charlie Stannard"—the name of the little boy who was very ill—his Christmas presents, his Christmas cards. . . .

Garth clenched his hands and turned away. What was it that Miss Nevis had said about justice blindfolded and armed with a clumsy sword? Could justice not strike his enemy so that none other should suffer. If justice must strike now, would it not be better for this little boy who was very ill that he should never get better—never open those parcels and letters? And the little boy's mother—what of her?

He dropped into a chair. His hands relaxed; he bowed his face in them. What was he going to do? Had Miss Nevis been right after all? He wanted his good name, and to obtain it he must ignore what he had called sentiment. Sentiment? Nay, common humanity, his love for a woman, his pity for a child, his very reverence for Christ—all these tender things bade him stay his hand. He could not have both a good name and a good conscience. Which would he choose?

IV.

The clock on the mantel chimed eleven ere he uncovered his face. It was worn with the spiritual struggle, yet something of the harshness of his melancholy had departed. He got up, gave himself an impatient shake, walked over to the hearth and took from his pocket a blank envelope. From the envelope he extracted a soiled sheet of paper. For a brief space he regarded it, weighing its value, as it were, then stooped to place it in the fire.

But the flames were not to have it—from his hand, at least. Struck by a new thought, he rose and carried it to the writing table. There

he spread it out and with a blue pencil taken from the tray he scrawled, "Cancelled" across it. Then he placed it in the envelope, addressed it to "Charles Stannard, Esq." and left it on the blotting-pad.

There was nothing more for him to do but get away as quickly as possible. With that idea in view he crossed to the bell. Ere he could press the button, however, the door opened. He pulled himself together expecting his cousin.

But it was a woman who entered, and at the sight of her his composure gave way.

"Sybil—Miss Nevis!" he cried.

She was very pale, but her voice was fairly steady. "Yes, Mr. Garth." She closed the door soundlessly, and advanced a few paces into the room, halting with her hand on the back of a chair. "I suppose you did not expect to see me here," she said with the ghost of a smile.

For an instant his heart flamed hot against her. "So you knew all the time" he exclaimed.

"It is but a few minutes ago that I was told you were waiting to see my brother-in-law. I have known only since then. On the steamer I did not know your real name." She paused and added: "I would have come at once, but the truth was a great shock to me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, abashed by the gentleness of her speech.

"It was natural to suspect me." Her grip on the chair tightened; she lowered her eyes for a moment, then raised them bravely to meet his. "Mr. Garth," she said, "I am no longer in a position to plead for the man who wronged you. You might reasonably say I was pleading for myself. I cannot expect you to believe that last night I tried to speak for your own sake no less than common humanity's. But now in Christ's name I beg you to delay."

"Don't!" he muttered lower than she could hear.

"—to postpone your act of—justice. Of late Charles has been very unfortunate; he is all but ruined. He and my sister will have to begin life all over again. But, above all, their little son, their only child—"

Garth took a step forward. "Say no more!" he said shakily. "I—I have given it up."

"You have given it up?" She failed to grasp his meaning.

"I found I could do nothing to Charles. I have left the only evidence against him on his table, there. I was going away when you came in. . . . I will go now."

He was just in time to support her and help her to a chair.

"Oh, you good man," she sighed, hiding her face; "you good man!"

He winced. He looked down at her bowed head, his heart in a turmoil, then with a sigh turned and moved over to the window. When she had recovered herself they might, perhaps, part friends, he thought, gazing into the blackness. And there was no sound in the room until a once familiar voice said brokenly—

"Sybil, my dear, don't give way. I've come to tell you that the crisis is past. Charles is going to get better. Alice wants you to—Oh, my God!"

For Garth had slowly wheeled about, and was now facing his cousin. But save by his voice Garth would never have recognised the haggard, worn-out man who clung to the open door.

The last of Garth's hatred flickered out. Perhaps it was not his own spirit alone that guided him as

he went forward with outstretched hand.

"Charles," he said huskily, "I'm glad your boy is going to get better. And it—it's the time of peace and good-will, you know."

Letting go the nervous hand he glanced at the girl. "Good-bye, Miss Nevis, and thank you," he said softly, and left the room.

With all her gentleness Sybil was no conventional weakling. She overtook his fumbling at the outer door.

"Where are you going?" she almost demanded, drying her eyes.

"To consider what can be done for my cousin," he answered shamefacedly; "and to Sydney by the first steamer," he added somewhat harshly.

"The first steamer!" There was that in her voice that made his heart leap.

Yet he replied coldly—

"Would you ask me to stay till the next? Remember this is London and my dishonour is not forgotten. Would you care to be seen with me in London? My good name—"

"It is nothing to me."

"You have said so before."

"Yes. . . . I think you misunderstood me then," she whispered. "I meant that it was nothing compared with—" She broke down.

There was a silence.

"Tell me straight," he said at last, with a great effort, "tell me straight, Sybil Nevis, am I anything at all to you?"

It seemed a very long time till she breathed the word—

"Everything!"



THE DOUBLE DOCTOR

BY PAUL SHEARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FERGUS KYLE

HENRY TRAVERS PEABODY, Doctor of Music and Principal of the Harmony Conservatory of Music, was a mouse-coloured little man, standing about five foot nothing in his gray spats. He had been the founder of the conservatory and was a sort of father to the institution—always to be found some place inside it.

Where he had taken his degree I never found out, but 'twas rumoured that he was the product of some famous college overseas. At any rate, he played the organ with great dignity and power, and as well he instructed the choir in the largest Episcopal church in town. He could converse in his pleasant way, on anything musical, from the ancient composers up to the higher mathematics of counter point and thorough bass. Also, by way of relaxation, he played the clarinet, never in public, of course, but for his own amusement, as he put it—said the sound of it soothed his nerves, and I, for one, don't doubt it.

On my rare visits to his sanctum in the conservatory, he would sometimes unearth the slender black and silver instrument, and produce therefrom music such as a little brook makes skipping over pebbles. He always sat the same way whenever he played, with his legs tucked under, like a snake charmer, and what with his round spectacles, white hair, and long black coat, he made an odd-looking picture.

Everybody in town knew Dr. Peabody, there was a quaint dignity about the little man which marked him out, and also he was possessed of a humour which made friends for him. The community regarded him as a fixture, and so in the spring of nineteen hundred and four we were all rather surprised to hear he intended leaving us. I questioned him about it the next time we met.

"Yes," replied the doctor, after due reflection, "I have decided to take a vacation—to go out West."

"Out West?" I exclaimed.

"Not as a cowboy," smiled the doctor, "but, you see, a relative of mine died—ah—a year ago, and left me a small piece of land, out in Alberta, with a little cottage on it. He also left a Chinese cook, I believe, and," here the doctor smiled, "I was thinking of moving out there and practising the clarinet."

Well, I couldn't think of anything else for a while, but what a time Dr. Peabody would have of it trying to manage a Chinese cook, and what a mess that little cottage would get into. But evidently his mind was made up, for, sure enough, we all went down to the station a week later and saw him off. Quite an impressive little farewell party it was, all the doctor's old pupils were there, and we made speeches and wished him the best possible luck. We helped him on board the train with his trunk and clarinet case and away he went, waving his gray gloves at us through

the window. We felt quite depressed after that. I think nobody expected ever to see the little doctor again, somehow, and he had been such a favourite, as well as a landmark, that we were quite glum about it.

Imagine everybody's surprise, then, about a month later, when Dr. Peabody returned and took up his customary abode at the Harmony Conservatory. We were glad to see him, of course, yet all wondered what had gone askew with his plans. But the doctor was absolutely mum about the whole affair, and so quite a little mystery arose. Some said the Chinese cook, and others, the climate, had been too much for him, but that was as far as we got, for the object of our conjectures would only smile urbane-ly behind his spectacles and change the subject. All manner of things were hinted at before the incident lost interest and was finally dropped, and Doctor Peabody once more fell into line as commander-in-chief of all things musical in our town.

It was not until about two years later, when I was visiting in the West, that I got from the lips of one Sam Collins, cow-puncher, certain facts which seemed to throw some light on Dr. Peabody's little mystery.

It happened that we two were lying rolled up in our blankets beside the embers of a camp fire, at the end of a long day. I was drowsing comfortably, and contemplating the stars in the heavens and Sam was puffing a black pipe and cursing black curses at an attack of lumbago, which he claimed had settled in his left shoulder.

"Ever try rubbing turpentine on it?" I inquired.

"I never did," said Sam, "because I never seen none handy, but I've been advised that it's a right smart remedy for my complaint. Old Doc Peabody told me so and I reckon he knew what he was talkin' about. I sure wish, sometimes, that I had a bottle of it."

"Did you say 'Peabody'?" I asked.

"Yes," said Sam, "Little sandy complected man he was, with white hair, and used to wear storm windows. I knew him the time he stopped a spell in a little shack near ol' man Uston's creek. He was from the East, like yourself. D'you know him, by any chance?"

"I know a Doctor H. T. Peabody from C——," said I, naming the town, "who came out West, I remember, for a while one summer about two years ago."

"That's him," said Sam, "H. T. Peabody; and I'm sure glad for to meet a friend of his; say, he's a wonder, ain't he?"

I admitted that the doctor was remarkable in many ways.

"Ever hear him play that horn of his?"

"The clarinet?" said I. "Yes, often."

Sam puffed at his pipe for a while in silence. "Remarkable he was what he was," he said at length. "I remember the day the narrow-gauge pulled up and dropped him an' his traps off. A bunch of us was at the depot and the sight of him sure took us back a heap. You see, we had been kind of expecting somebody to arrive as it were, on account of a Chinaman bein' employed for a week tidyin' up the ol' shack; but we never expected anything like what the doctor was."

"Well, the Doc stands there blinkin' fer a spell, an' then comes over an' asks, very polite like, could I direct him to the whereabouts of Gus Clooney's cottage—it seems the doctor had been a kin of Gus's."

"Come to settle?" says I.

"Temporarily," says he.

"Well," says I, kind of takin' to the little feller at the start, "I'm glad to know you. My name is Sam Collins."

"Mr. Collins," he replies, "I am Dr. Henry Travers Peabody, an' I'm delighted to meet you."



Drawing by Fergus Kyle

"He always sat in the same way whenever he played"

"An' so I introduces him to the boys, an' they was so plumb tickled with the idea of havin' so much learnin' an' refinement come to settle, that we formed an escort and drove the Doc to his cabin, on the buckboard. All the luggage he'd brought with him was a trunk an' a odd-lookin' black satchel, which he clung to continuous when the buckboard jolted.

"What's in the satchel, doc?" asked Pete Sims.

"Huh," said Foxy Brooks, who had once been East, an' was proud of his information, 'that's the doc's black bag; they all carries 'em. It's full of instruments, ain't it, doc?' An' as the doc says it was, Foxy asks, 'Thinkin' of practisin' in these parts?'

"The doctor looked puzzled fer a minute an' then says he guessed he'd do about two hours a day.

"I reckon," continues Foxy, 'that you-all got lots of patients where you come from?'

"The doc smiles an' says he always studies diligent, which answer seemed a bit ambiguous somehow to me. When we reached Clooney's shack, we helped the doc in with his trunk an' bid him good afternoon, at which he said we had acted very friendly an' courteous, an' he was glad he'd come."

"I had ol' Bert Hipworth as a side partner that summer—'Round Shot Bert' they call him—an' I told him all about the Doc that night after supper. Bert was plumb interested about him.



Drawing by Fergus Kyle

"And so I introduces him to the boys"

"How long did he say he practised?" asked Bert.

"Two hours," says I.

"He must be a real fine doctor," says ol' Bert. 'Practice,' says he 'makes perfect, an' they tell me some o' them young doctors have to practise eight or nine hours. In the East each one o' them puts it up on a brass plate by his front door, just what hours he practises, so's you'll know how good he is. I seen them plates myself when I was in Chicago. I guess Doc Peabody is a real cracker-jack or he'd need fer to practise a lot more than two hours.'

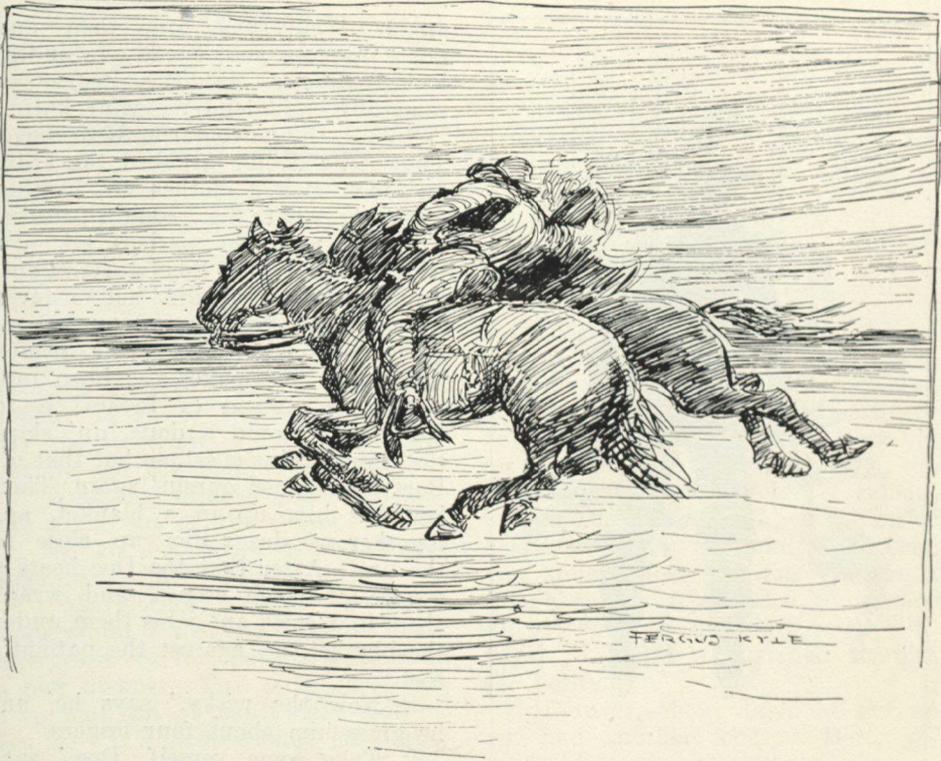
"Well, we none of us saw much of the doctor for a while after that. He seemed to keep to hisself most discreet, an' then one night my partner, Bert, got took bad with a kind of chillin' spell. It had been rainin' fer some days an' I guess Bert had been sleepin' too many nights in wet

clothes. I didn't think nothin' of it at first, an' stuck aroun' in the tent expectin' every little while fer Bert to quit shiverin' an' shakin' and git better. But around about ten o'clock he got real bad. I first noticed it when he remarked, kind of feeble, that he was a deep sea loo-loo-bird an' was growin' pin-feathers on his feet.'

"Hold up, Bert," says I, 'just you lie quiet for a bit. I'm goin' out to git some medical assistance fer you, an' so don't die or throw a fit or nothin' till I come back. I'll not be gone long.'

"And with that I ups an' saddles Bert's an' my ponies, an' rides, like I was in a hurry, over to Doc Peabody's shack.

"It was about three miles and I reins up some out of breath, an' seein' a light in one o' the windows, bangs on the door an' yells.



Drawing by Fergus Kyle

"I reckon he thought he was bein' kidnapped or somethin'"

"That brought the doctor to the door, an' luckily he was dressed.

"'What's up?' says he.

"'Doc,' I says, 'just you jump on that there pony an' come along with me.'

"'Bless my heart!' exclaims the Doc, 'What on earth—?'

"'Explanations,' says I, 'will come later on. There ain't no time just now.'

"'But, my good man, I don't understand! I—'

"'What with havin' a quick temper and thinking of ol' Bert an' the looloo-bird, I grabs my six-shooter an' pokes it under the doctor's nose.

"'Now, Doc,' I says, 'I'll explain later on. You just get your hat an' come along. It's real urgent.'

"'So the Doc gets his hat, an' I sees his queer-lookin' black satchel on a chair inside, an' thinkin' as he

might need it, totes it along. Well, sir, I seen some funny sights in my time, but I think the picture that little doctor made, tryin' to set on Bert's brone an' ridin' hell-to-leather, beats anything I ever seen! I reckon he thought he was bein' kidnapped or somethin', an' he was plumb scared to death. But the Doc was game all right, an' seein' as he couldn't reach the stirrups, he just dug his heels into the pony's floatin' ribs an' hung on—an' every time he went for to fall off, I'd come up close an' give him a hand.

"'When we reached the camp, the Doc was near dead, but I dragged him inside. Ol' Bert hadn't improved none an' was imaginin', in a whispish kind of voice, that he was out ridin' herd.

"'Go to it,' he was sayin, 'ye old moth-eaten bag o' shoe-strings! Stick



Drawing by Fergus Kyle

"I got my orders"

with the bunch, confound yer fleebitten hide!"

"'There,' says I to the Doc. 'There's your patient—'

"The little chap kind o' pulls himself together an' looks worried. 'Why,' says he, 'that man's sick.'

"'I was plumb disgusted 'Sick, hell!' I says. 'He ain't sick. Ol' Bert's had a disappointment in love an' is feelin' bad. Can't you look at his tongue or feel his pulse, or do somethin' to relieve his pain?'

"'Well, the Doc give me a fierce look an' goes over to Bert an' puts his ear down to Bert's chest, an' when he looks up again I got my orders, straight from the shoulder.

"'Light the fire,' says he, 'an' get some hot water, an' fetch me a dry blanket an' a bottle o' whisky, an' a towel. An' have you got any lin-

seed? Well, some bran then—and get a move on you, 'stead of standin' lookin' like a Maiden's Prayer or somethin', and lend me your knife.'

"'Well, things commenced to move. That little doctor grabbed the knife an' took Bert's clothes off, cutting anything what he couldn't untie. Then he rubs the patient all over with a blanket, an' then starts mixin' up a bran mash—boilin' hot. I never see anything like the energy an' sagaciousness what that little doctor possessed. He makes the bran into a poultice, 'stead of feedin' it to Bert, as I would a done, an' slaps the thing on his chest, so hot that ol' Bert commenced cursin' again. Then he rolls him up in a blanket, an' together we drags him up close to the fire. After that the Doc heats a couple of large stones, and wraps them in a cloth an' jams them under the blanket, up against the patient's feet.

"'Now the whisky,' says he, an' he gives him about four fingers.

"'Take some yerself, Doc,' says I. 'You look kind of all in.'

"'But, no, sir, he was too interest-ed in Bert to hear me. Finally the Doc quits fussin' with ol' Bert an' sets down beside him, an' inside of half an hour—dinged if the patient wasn't sleepin' quiet and breathin' even an' natural.

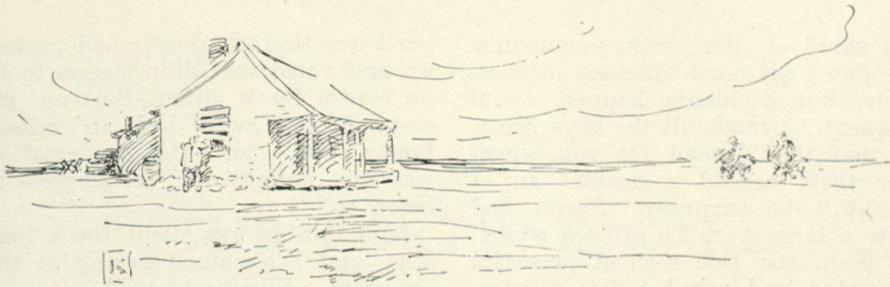
"'We went outside after a while an' set down to get a breath of fresh air. The Doc was luggin' that black case of his.

"'Doctor H. T. Peabody,' says I, 'you're all right, an' the slickest doctor I ever seen work. I hope you'll excuse the way I brought you out here.'

"'Your friend will be all right, I think,' says he. 'But it looks to me as though he'd had a close shave with double pneumonia.'

"'I happens to think of somethin' an' pulls out twenty dollars. 'Your fee,' says I, 'Will this cover it?'

"'Eh?' says the Doc. 'Why, man, I didn't do nothin' but what you



" We found the Chinese cook nailing boards over the windows "

might a' done fer yerself.'

" 'You're the doctor,' says I, 'an' you got t' have a fee, I know that much. If so be this ain't enough, say the word an' I'll go inside an' get the correct amount.'

" 'Well, that kind of seemed to take the gimp out of the doctor; he got all red an' embarrassed, and finally says, lookin' at me queer:

" 'Mr. Collins, perhaps you don't understand, but no doctor ever charges a fee for his first patient in a new district. This is the *first* case I've had, an' I can't take *nothin'* fer it. It's professional etiquette,' says he.

" 'Well, you bet I put my money away quick, and apologized fer the break. To change the subject I says, 'What's inside the black case, doctor? I've always had a hankering after articles scientific an' plausible, an' I ain't never seen the contents of a doctor's bag.'

" 'He opens it up, smilin', and dinged if there wasn't one of them French bugles in it, all fitted up with shiny handles an' doo-dads!

" 'Gosh!' I said, 'I must a' grabbed the wrong box in my hurry. It's a lucky chance ol' Bert didn't need a leg sawed off or somethin'.'

" 'It most assuredly is,' said the Doc.

" 'Can you play that thing?' says I, come surprised that a learned man like him would have such a triflin' contraption about his person.

" 'I think I'll play it now,' says he, 'it quiets my nerves a bit.'

" 'He fitted it together an' played

a tune, awful quiet an' still like, so as not to disturb ol' Bert; an' I jest lay on my back an' listened. Let me tell you I once heard a military band down at the Peg, and also a kid by name of 'Charlie,' that played the piano down at Blink Peters's saloon, but the Doc had 'em all beat. You've heard him play it, you say?—then you know. Jest like the wind in a sleugh swamp it sounded to me—or an ol' hoot-owl at night, away off. Land! I could a' listened to him fer hours.

" 'However, about dawn he got up an' had another look at Bert, an' made him a fresh bran poultice.

" 'Let him rest quiet,' he said, an' marched off home with his black case, nor would he use either Bert's horse nor mine.

" 'Well, sir, Bert Hipworth got clean better in three days. The doctor became real friendly and sociable after that, an' Bert an' me would often ride in an' call on him, evenings. We liked the way he talked, refined an' tutored, I call it, an' sometimes he'd play on that flute of his for us. That's what took ol' Round Shot Bert, he never seemed to git enough of the Doc's pipin'. Said it reminded him of a girl he used to know down at Reo.

" 'That little doctor was certainly awful popular with us, an' we hated to see him go. Left awful sudden, too. I remember the last time we was at his place. I was tellin' him about how I'd been in to town, 'An', Doc,' says I, 'I seen some of the boys, an' I told them about the way

you saved ol' Bert from pneumonia. We don't git much diseases in these parts, but accidents happen awful frequent. I made all the boys promise that they'd send fer you whenever they wanted a doctor; an' I shouldn't be surprised if you had quite a large practice after a while.'

"Well, the Doc seemed powerful interested and asked a lot of questions as to exactly what I'd said. But the next time we rode over to his shack we found the Chinese cook nailin' boards over the windows. All we could find out from the yellow

peril was that the doctor had packed up and vamoosed; didn't seem to be no reason fer it either. Bert an' me certainly felt awful bad, an' missed him a whole lot. His conversation was sure enlightenin' for anyone to listen to.'"

Sam Collins was silent for a long time, and I remained gazing at the big stars. Finally he said:

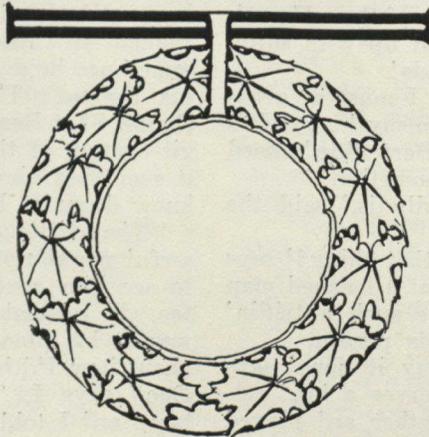
"If so be you run across the little doctor after you go East, give him my regards. An' say—get him to play that tune he calls 'Celeste Idea,' it's a crackerjack"

ANÆSTHESIA

BY ROBERT CARY

THE nurse above the growing ether-fume:
 "Soon you must sleep, and sleeping know no pain."
 Sanguine the great calm surgeon, yet I feign
 Courage, and think upon an early doom.
 Echoing strangely through the oppressive room
 Converse of skilled assistants—a roar!—and wane
 Of speech, a thunderous solitude, a brain
 Submerged, and I—am I beneath the tomb?

Surely no silence could be more supreme
 Than that with which unconscious darkness rings.
 For hours oblivious a heavy dream
 Of Death was mine; I heard the widening wings
 Of cavernous Night; I saw—the wondrous gleam!—
 But it was day's, and my spirit still the Spring's!



THE FORTUNE CAKE

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE SAM IN VOLENDAM," ETC.

ALL morning long I had spent writing and rewriting that letter, and when it was finished it was but a note after all. The explanations filled the wastepaper basket and strewed the floor in fragments, but of what use were explanations? Nothing mattered but the main fact that it could not be.

I sealed the envelope and laid it beside the large packet of letters and the small one containing the ring, and my feeling as I did so was one of intense relief. Perhaps in the years to come I may regret it, but at least this period of indecision had come to an end, and for the first time in weeks I felt really light-hearted.

I picked up my sewing and moved to a rocking-chair beside the window; as I did so the date I had mechanically written at the top of my letter flashed over me—May the sixth, my birthday; I had quite forgotten it, and Lally had yet to come and remind me of the fact. Lally would never forget, for it is her birthday, too, and at five one's natal day is of greater importance than it is at five and twenty.

To Lally I seem so very old that it is difficult to believe that I was once young, and that I can still remember it is marvellous. Once, being pressed for an answer, I confessed to being eighteen, and she looked at me reproachfully and said:

"Oh, Aunt Lally! Eighteen, and not married yet!"

Lally's views on matrimony are

much the same as mine were at the same age, and when I tell her tales of my own childhood, she opens her blue eyes very wide, and says:

"But can you really truly remember when you were five?"

Indeed I can. They say it is a sign of age when we grow retrospective, but on anniversaries one is apt to pass in review the days that are past, and to-day I am reminded of an event that stands out clear in the misty memories of my childhood—my first birthday party. It is not so much the recurrence of the fives, that brings it to my mind, but the fact that twenty years ago my little brain was agitated with the same questions that have been troubling it to-day—before I finally succeeded in writing that letter.

*

When I was five I had a birthday party. The guests were invited for four o'clock, but long before the hour my sister, Clara, in her crisp white frock, was flattening her nose against the window pane. It had taken me somewhat longer to complete my toilet, so lost was I in admiration of my new red stockings, and when I entered the room it was with a self-conscious strut, which earned for me the sisterly epithet of "stuck-up." While I was meditating how best I might retaliate, Clara cried, "Here they come," and rushing to the door dragged in the first of our guests.

The others followed most punctually, and with them came Cousin



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"The candle went out without a flicker"

Kate, who had promised to help us entertain. We were very glad of this, for she knew some beautiful games called "Seetherobbers" and "Nuts-in-may," and the boys never fought when she was playing, and none of the girls said, "That's not the way we play!" When Cousin Kate played with us we never quarrelled, except for the privilege of holding her hand.

One little girl was shy, I remember, and wouldn't join us, but played with my doll's house under the piano, and broke it, too. And a boy in a sailor suit tried to kiss me, but I slapped him, and I cried when he tried to sit next to me at table. I didn't like boys when I was five.

Lally doesn't like them now, and when I tell her that they are not all rough and rude, she philosophically remarks:

"When I gets to be a big lady like you, I'll likes 'em."

Between every game we would run out to see if supper was nearly ready, and at last the door of the dining-room swung open and revealed the shining table to our delighted eyes. Clara was placed at one end of the long table and I at the other, and in the centre was a tall white cake

on which five red candles were burning. They told me it was a fairy fortune cake and must be eaten very carefully, for fortunes, it seemed, were not as digestible as raisins. Hidden in it was a button which represented a large family, (agreeable, I thought, but prosaic); then there was a stick, which signified that you would rule your household, (I did not long for power). The five-cent piece had attractions; I sighed not for the riches it typified, but for the sugar-sticks their material emblem would purchase; the thimble—an old maid—was a thought too horrible to be considered; Clara would be sure to get that; she would like it above all things. I had set my heart on the ring, for I shared Lally's tastes for wedding-bells and bridesmaids.

So absorbed was I in speculating on my probable fortune, that I hardly touched any of the good things set before me until the arrival of the ice cream, when a general sigh of satisfaction spread round the table and I forgot my fortune for a moment in the joy of getting the hard substance pounded into a delectable consistency. Just then the magic cake was taken from its place in the centre of the table and set before



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

“Clara, the sworn spinster, had drawn the little brass ring”

my plate, for it is always the privilege of the birthday girl to cut it, and wish a wish as she blows out a candle. Of course, I wished for the ring, and I blew hard and straight. The candle went out without a flicker. I then put in the knife and cut myself a generous slice. There was a metallic sound as it touched my plate, and I turned it quickly over and saw—the thimble! I stared at it with incredulous eyes. I did not weep, I did not faint—in the really tragic moments of life one seldom does those things—but, *I forgot to eat my ice cream!*

Supper was now over and as the children in their paper caps were leaving the dining-room, I seized the opportunity to ask Clara what she had found in her cake. If she also had discovered a thimble, I reasoned that my lot would not be so lonely, for Clara had always said that when we grew up we should live in a big house together like the Misses Darcy and never get married, but keep a lot of cats and dogs. But, oh, the irony of fate! Clara, the sworn spinster, had drawn the little brass ring. It was too small for her finger and she threw it contemptuously away.

"I shan't marry," she said, "I hate boys, and I don't believe in fortunes, anyway!"

Now, I stood rather in awe of my strong-minded sister, so I didn't say anything, but quietly picked up the discarded ring, which exactly fitted my third finger.

"I shan't marry a boy," I thought, "I shall marry a *man!*"

How it was possible for boys to turn into those wholly delightful personages known as men, was to me as incomprehensible as the transformation of caterpillars into butterflies, but Clara knew and scorned the weakness of the whole sex. I was glad, however, to hear that she did not believe in fortunes, but scepticism was foreign to my nature and the thimble had been a severe blow to my hopes.

After supper the games were resumed with greater enthusiasm, and while we were playing blind man's buff, I saw the boy in the sailor suit trying to kiss Maud, who was a dear little girl, and my best friend. I slapped him again, but Maud, to my surprise, resented the interference.

"Why, you don't *like* it!" I exclaimed in genuine astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "of course I do! I think he's just sweet, and when I grow up and have to get married, I'm going to ask for him."

Strange, how everybody seemed to be considering matrimony that day! Just then the "blind man" rushed towards us, and with shrill screams we fled to opposite corners of the room. I found myself beside Ruth, who was fanning herself on a sofa.

"Ruth," I said, "do you expect to get married some day?"

"Yes," she replied, "I'm going to marry a minister, so he can preach to me at home and I won't have to go to church—it's so stupid! Come on, let's play."

But I would not be diverted from the question of the moment, and I decided that Ruth's argument was foolish, for a clergyman lived opposite to us, and I saw his wife and eight children start out for church regularly every Sunday morning. Besides, lots of men could preach. I had heard my mother say that father could preach better than he could practice, and I was sure he could practice if he tried, for Clara did an hour every day, and she was only eight! Ruth evidently knew nothing about it, so I decided to ask Tom. He wasn't so rough as most boys, since he still wore kilts, and I rightly judged that he would take a sensible view of the matter.

Tom was trying to count some marbles and had evidently never given the important subject of matrimony a thought, for when I propounded the usual question, he stood on one foot and meditatively swung the other to and fro. This seemed



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"Then, it you don't mind, Cousin Jack, I'd like you to marry me"

to give him a good idea, for he planted both feet firmly on the ground and said, with an air of complete decision:

"Yes, when I grow up I'm going to marry my grandpa, and then he'll let me drive the horses all the time."

This seemed to me an excellent plan, but not quite feasible—I didn't know why. I had never thought it possible to marry one's grandfather, and then I suddenly remembered Cousin Jack. He was a being above all others suitable for

the responsible position of husband, and on him I fixed my maiden choice. I set out to find him without delay, for he had said he would come to my party. Although not really a relative, he was a constant visitor at our house, and I thought him so extremely attractive that I had some misgivings lest someone had "asked for him" already.

I opened the library door, and there he was, sitting on the divan beside Cousin Kate. I had heard my parents speaking of them the night before, and this suggested a way of gently leading up to the subject.

"Cousin Jack," I said, "Do you love Cousin Kate?"

"Of course, I do, monkey," he replied laughingly, "Who could help it?"

"I thought so," I said, "because I heard mamma tell papa that she was almost sure you did."

At this they both looked so embarrassed, that a vague fear crept into my heart, and I moved a step nearer Cousin Kate.

"You don't want to marry him, do you?" I asked.

"Of course not," she replied, turning very pink.

"Then, if you don't mind, Cousin Jack, I'd like you to marry me."

"A capital idea," said he, "when shall it be?"

Just then someone called me and said that the children were waiting to say good-bye, so I went and shook hands with them with an air of dignity becoming to a person engaged to be married; and the party was over.

It was quite a blow to my hopes when I was asked to be one of the bridesmaids at Cousin Jack's wedding, instead of filling the more important rôle, and so I learned my first lesson in man's faithlessness.

*

My reveries were interrupted by a sound of merry laughter, and Lally burst into the room—

"It's time to come to my party," she announced, and seized me by the hands "What's this on your finger, a thimble? Take it off and put on your beautiful ring. Perhaps I am going to have a ring, too." She added, "Do you know what I'm going to have at my party? A fairy fortune cake. Do you believe in fortunes?"

"Yes."

"Then so do I."

And together we set off for the party.



THE LAST SANTA

BY MARGARET BELL

ARTHUR must have been awake for more than an hour. His mother had told him that he might see Santa Claus, if he lay awake long enough. He had gone to bed at eight, as usual, and had slept. But he woke suddenly, and sat up in bed. All his toys showed plainly from the corners and on the walls.

From outside his window somewhere, the moon was sending beams across the snow and ragged treetops, right into his little white room. And then Arthur remembered that the next day was Christmas, and was glad. He shivered a little, as he sat up in bed and drew the clothes around him. The white room was very cold, and the curtains on the windows stirred the tiniest bit. Arthur would have reached over and shut out the frosty air, but he was afraid his cough would come. And, anyhow, the doctor had said he must leave his window open. He followed the trail of the moonbeams across the walls. It fell on his old Teddy bear, lying in a ragged heap in the corner. Arthur had not paid much attention to the bear, of late. It was one of his Santa gifts of two years ago. Three or four times, he had thought of giving it to the little boy who left the paper every evening. It seemed strange that the moonbeam should have hunted it out in its corner.

"The moon seems to love you, old Teddy, dear," he thought, "but I don't blame her. For I love you, too. Maybe that is the reason the moon does. For you made me happy a lot of times."

And as he looked at the much-worn thing, he seemed to see a little form with long, white whiskers and a laughing face. And by-and-bye, a whole circle of these figures appeared around it, and Arthur knew the old Teddy bear held many dreams of Santa Claus.

There was a wondrous suit of armour hanging in the room. Arthur had never played with it, very much. His mother said he was not big enough, and it would have to hang on the wall of the little white room, until he grew. Strange that he should have noticed it in the shadows, just then. One might have thought the moonbeams had forgotten it. They danced in all the corners and on all the walls, except the place where the armour hung. Arthur felt a funny, chokey feeling in his throat, when he looked at it, and made a move to get out of bed so that he could put it in the moonlight. But he forgot the open window and the frost, and the cough came.

In a few minutes, he sat up in bed again. There seemed to be something which made him watch the moonbeams playing in the corners. There was one little ray which kept dancing from one toy to another. It paused a moment on the forty tin soldiers lined up in sober rows, it flirted with the Punch and Judy show nodding in the corner, it lay glistening for a long time on the tailless rocking horse.

By and by Arthur closed his eyes, in a kind of half sleep. And he imagined he could see whole rows

of Santa Clauses, dancing and gyrating around the room. They were jolly-faced old fellows, such as he had been accustomed to see in picture books and shop windows. But Arthur did not notice any packs all bulging with toys. They danced around the old playthings in the room. The Punch and Judy, the tin soldiers, the tailless rocking horse. And once or twice Arthur imagined that they spoke to the different toys, all but the coat of armour which hung against the wall where the moonbeams forgot to shine.

One Santa approached the rocking horse and touched the bridle.

"You have done well, little friend," he said. "Remember the rainy day, when Master Arthur got up from the measles? You did not forget yourself, in spite of his peevish words."

And the Santa turned so that Arthur could see his face more plainly. The moonbeams seemed to make his smile more jovial. Another little Santa came up to him, and pointed to the corner where the coat of armour hung. And the smiles faded from their faces, and the first Santa shook his face sadly.

"'Tis a beautiful enough thing, but there seems no strength within it. But we should not judge, for it may be the fault of some other, that it should stand thus away from the radiance of the moon."

And Arthur began to think that the Santas were wise old fellows. He would have liked to speak to them, but he knew he was supposed to be asleep, and they might not like it, if they saw he was awake. So he sat looking through half-closed eyes, wishing the moonbeams would be more kind with the suit of armour. It was true, he had not been so happy with it as with the other toys, but

he felt sorry that they seemed to forget it, and the kind old Santas even.

Presently the door opened, and someone came in, with a huge pack on his back. Arthur's eyes opened wider, and he scarcely breathed, so frightened lest the real Santa would hurry away, if he thought he was looking. He snuggled down amongst the clothes and watched the old fellow come to the foot of the bed. One by one he took the beautiful things from his sack, and filled the little stockings which hung from the railing. They were soon full, and he placed things on the floor.

Arthur felt a sadness come over him. For the bulky figure stood in the centre of the moonlight, and hid the old toys in his shadow.

"I think I love them the best," Arthur said to himself. "For I know them better."

As the little old man opened the door to go out of the room, Arthur tried to call after him. For he thought he recognised the smile which was sent toward the little bed. Through his half-sleep it seemed to be the smile of his father. And yet, the figure was different. Arthur may have been dreaming of his father, he was not quite sure. He could not understand how he looked so much like Santa Claus then, when he was so tall and thin at other times. He would tell him in the morning that Santa in some ways was like him. He did not call out, for the bulky figure did not linger in the doorway. And, besides, the window was open, and his cough came.

One by one, the moonbeams left the toys huddled in an indiscriminate heap of darkness and fell, in a great radiance, on the little pale face which lay, smiling and cold, amongst the pillows.

LA BLANCHISSEUSE DORÉE

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

AS Père Barthélemy turned out of the gusty, dusty street, where the wind had been tugging rudely at his old soutane, and into Mère Bazame's yard, he stepped into peace. Smiling, he flicked the dust off his sleeve with delicate fingers, looking at the tubs under the apple trees, at the little gray shanty, and at the sign over the door. It seemed to him that the tarnished letters were full of little gaping mouths ready to snap at a possible customer. Some penniless student had painted the sign for her long ago, "La Blanchisseuse Dorée" in a fat flourish of gold. "Long ago," said Père Barthélemy with something of a sigh, "when she was not called the White-foot for nothing."

But there she was, toiling at her tubs, and Père Barthélemy knew she needed smiles from him, not sighs.

"The peace of God be upon you, Mère Bazane."

"And upon you, mon père." The little woman looked up from her reverie with a quick smile, and her eyes, in her small weatherbeaten face, were still as blue as wild flax. "It is a beautiful day, mon père."

"Dusty and gusty in the streets."

"Ah, the streets, my father! I am out of them here, and glad to be so. Sometimes a bird comes to the apple trees, and when they are in leaf I look up among their boughs and think I am in my old home again. We had an orchard there."

"A beautiful one, my friend?" Père Barthélemy's keen brown eyes were very soft.

"An orchard is always beautiful, my father."

"That is true. And how is your good husband to-day?"

The accustomed mist of grief dimmed the blue eyes of the Golden Washerwoman. "Ah, my father, he is no better; he will never be better. Ah, the poor child, how he suffers! All last night I was rubbing him with oils. But I mind nothing if I can keep my strength and get him all he needs. He is much younger than I." Her little knotted hands shook upon the side of the tub. "I weep in the night when I think of it. What if I should die first and leave him uncared for?"

Something that might have been admiration rippled over the priest's calm brown face. "I am not old, Mère Bazane. Will you trust me? While I live I will never forget him."

"Ah, mon père!" Her hands shook still more. "That is good, that is of a heavenly kindness. But no one can understand him but I, no one does him justice, no one can guess his sufferings. And he speaks to me with such affection! Only this morning he said, 'Hola! my little old cabbage,' he said, 'make me some good soup!' The brave heart! Will you not see him?"

"I have no time, and I must not hinder you when you are so busy."

"Yes, I am busy, thank the saints. It is a lady's dress, my father, and the work upon it is wonderful." Her fingers sought the fine lace wistfully. "But before it came to me it received, not a washing, but a massacre."

That evening Monsieur le Curé went to see his friend the doctor.

Le Docteur Simon was hard at work among his hollyhocks when Père Barthélemy leaned over the gate. "Ha!" said he, pointing a trowel at his visitor. "I can see where you have been! You have been with our Blanchisseuse Dorée."

"Yes," said the Curé, quietly, "and I have come to ask you—is there anything the matter with that villainous husband of hers?"

"I do not know," said Simon gruffly, making the earth fly like a digging terrier.

"There were bruises on her arm again," said Père Barthélemy slowly. "I have thought much of that matter, my friend."

"So have I." The doctor spoke from a shower of flying earth. "And I will tell you this. The brute will die, if he dies at all, from eating and lying still. Unless by the judgment of God. But that is *your* department."

"Our poor little Golden Washerwoman! How long is she to endure?"

"Till her heart breaks. You have all influence. Why do you not have the brute removed?"

"I have thought much, Simon. And I have thought—I have guessed—that it would not be for her happiness."

"Ha!" said the doctor again, with a look at the curé. "Ha! This Love!"

"Just so, my friend. We cannot meddle with it."

The doctor grunted among his hollyhocks. "Yes, this Love. I have seen many manifestations, many symptoms of it. The heroic symptom has never shown itself so plainly as in the case of our Blanchisseuse Dorée. Name of a name! If I were *you*, my dear, I should never be surprised to see a hale young angel or two helping her with the wringing and half the powers of heaven on guard among her apple trees."

"And there is no hope for her release?"

"Speaking as a doctor, no. As a man"—the doctor was small and of a wicked, elfish humour—"as a man, I am so greatly tempted to tell the pig to drink his liniments some day —"

Père Barthélemy laughed. "He is of my flock, and I say that a long purgatory is his only chance. Well, well! What would she say if she heard us?"

"Those sort of creatures always live long. Perhaps you can tell me why. These slugs are manifold as my good intentions, and will have a like fate. Remember our Blanchisseuse in your prayers."

But for once the doctor was wrong. La Blanchisseuse's husband died quite suddenly, and she was a widow. Upon Père Barthélemy came the weight of her wild grief.

"O, mon père, he is gone, he is gone! Dead before me, and he so much younger! You should have seen him when he came courting me. Such a fine lad, and even then I was plain and hard-favoured. I cannot believe it. O, Mother of Sorrows, give him back to me! I was weak, I was wicked. When he called me sometimes I came slowly. My legs were stiff with the rheumatism, but I should have hastened. And often I fell asleep when I was rubbing him. O, my father, how shall I live without him?"

"She will not live," said the curé. But the doctor said: "Wait. That grief must find healing."

The Golden Washerwoman awoke at last to a sense of other things than her loneliness. She need be the Golden Washerwoman no more. There was the insurance, to meet the dues of which she had striven for years, urged and helped by Père Barthélemy. La Blanchisseuse Dorée was rich, mon Dieu, as rich as any lonely woman need be. My faith, she had money in the bank. Regardez là!

"I will buy mourning," she said, "such mourning as will become my age."

So she bought cheap black materials, and made them up herself after long-forgotten fashion plates of twenty years before. A little monument in grief, veiled in crape, she attended mass and spoke long to the priest who loved her. "She begins to take an interest in her drêsses," said he to his friend the doctor. In the luxury of buying, Mère Bazane found a little comfort.

And presently the crape upon her gowns gave place to black lace, very deep and of a heavy pattern, the like of which had never been seen in the parish. She bought a chain of large jet beads linked with gold. A brooch of black enamel, roped with gold, bore a little blackish portrait of her husband. There was a dreadful mourning ring upon one of her little knotted fingers. The flock of Père Barthélemy wondered and admired.

Upon the day when the old sign, "La Blanchisseuse Dorée," disappeared from above her door, and she herself appeared in penetrating purple ribbons, Monsieur le Curé went to see her.

"The peace of God be upon you, Mère Bazane."

The Golden Washerwoman, smaller and more meagre than ever before, rustled her heavy black draperies upon the floor, and wept upon Père Barthélemy's hand.

"How is it with you, Mère Bazane?"

"Well, well, mon père. The emptiness of the heart is terrible, and the nights are full of a voice that does not call me, that will never call me again. Sometimes I look for my tubs under the trees and for a little I am desolate that I need them no more. And then—"

"And then?"

"Then I go and buy things, my father." She raised brave blue eyes like the eyes of a child. "It helps me to forget, it fills the emptiness, seest thou? I have never bought things before. When I washed the

fine dresses of rich ladies, I used to lay the lace against my hands, because I loved it. It was beautiful. And I had never had anything that was beautiful." She smoothed the deep black flounce of her dress with a little hand that was always tremulous now. "This is beautiful, too, but it has no colour. Colour warms me like a fire, mon père, fills me like a food. Is it a sin?"

"It is no sin, my friend."

"Come, then, and I will show. At first I was afraid. That was a sin, to be afraid of thee."

She went to a little wooden chest and raised the lid. It was as if a rainbow had flashed suddenly into the dark damp room. La Blanchisseuse Dorée laid her tremulous hands upon a silk web of pure colour within and drew it out—pale blue, the colour of spring skies. Upon that she shook a length of rose-coloured satin, damasked in a pattern of butterflies. And then a glow of crimson silk, worked in tiny silver flowers.

"When my mourning is ended," she explained, fondling the gorgeous fabrics feverishly, "I can wear these. Meantime I buy them, my father."

Something nearer tears than laughter took Père Barthélemy by the throat as he thought of the little washerwoman dressed in these silks.

"She will waste all her money," he said anxiously to Le Docteur Simon, "buying these things."

"Let her," answered the doctor, "if it makes her happy."

"It does not make her happy," said Père Barthélemy quietly. He knew his Blanchisseuse Dorée.

As time went on, the Golden Washerwoman broke further from the bounds of decorous mourning. The flock was interested, if a little scandalised. She adopted the royal colour of grief, and upon it played infinite variations in which she trotted to church like an army with banners. The two men who honoured her were troubled.

"If you had not touched wine for thirty years it would not take much to make you drunk," said Le Docteur Simon.

"She is searching feverishly for happiness," said Père Barthélemy.

When Mère Bazane appeared in a purple dress with large white spots the curé was taking a hard-earned rest among the hills. But he heard of it. And on his return he went straight to her house.

As he turned out of the dusty street he saw her under the apple trees, toiling above her old tubs. She was singing as she worked, in a worn, sweet voice, of a fair Isabeau of long ago who walked in her garden. And above her head the leafless apple boughs stretched a gray web of shadows, and the old sign creaked in the wind.

"Mère Bazane!"

"Ah, mon père! Ah, mon père, I need nothing now to complete my happiness. It is by the blessing of God that you are returned. I die of joy."

"But—my dear, you are working again?"

"Ah, my father, there is need!" She spoke as if in triumph, and her blue eyes gleamed among the gentle wrinkles.

"Need? Your money—?"

"Safe in the bank, and there it will stay. Come, my father, and see!" She led him to the open door and pointed within.

Upon the floor sat a fat dark child some three years old. He had pulled the end of the rose-coloured satin out of the chest and wrapped himself in it. He gazed at Mère Bazane and the curé with sullen dark eyes set rather close in a small heavy face.

"See him, the beautiful! He is the orphan of my dear husband's nephew. Now I am so rich, they

have let me take him to bring up. Shall I not be rich for his sake? Mon Dieu, how I will work and save!"

Her voice trembled with her little, knotted, fluttering hands. She moved to draw the silk away. "Give it to me, my angel."

The angel wrapped himself in the rich folds tighter than ever, and screamed harshly, like a fierce bird that has no words. La Blanchisseuse Dorée looked up flushed and panting. "See," she said proudly, "already he wants all the fine things he sees, and fights for them. Is he not clever? Such a determined mind for his age. And he shall have all he wants, the little one. Mon Dieu! how I will wash and bleach. I will never grow tired."

The child, released, wrapped himself again in the soft satin, and resumed his sullen, steady stare. Père Barthélemy stood chilled and silent, seeing the whole tragedy of sacrifice renewed. He saw the small dark thing forever asking, demanding, claiming, La Blanchisseuse forever toiling to supply, until—until she was cast aside like a worn-out husk. He shrank from the child as from a little full-fed vampire.

And then the true thought burst winged from his heart.

"She has her reward already," he thought.

"I shall cut up my dresses to make things for him," said the Golden Washerwoman happily, "and spend no more money, no indeed. He will want it all, all. And he shall have it. Mon Dieu, how I will work."

Père Barthélemy's eyes were dim as he raised his hand and made the sign of the cross. "Of such are the kingdom of heaven," he said softly.

But he did not say them of the child, as the Golden Washerwoman thought.



CHRISTMAS RHYMSTERS

BY DONALD A. FRASER

MOST children are born rhymsters. They take a delight in making little couplets, triplets or quatrains about their companions or the things they see around them. I remember seeing a crowd of small school-children being chased by one of their companions armed with a long switch. They were shouting in sing-song tones:

“Bill, Bill,
From Cedar Hill,
Never works,
And never will.”

When “Bill” got close enough to any one of the youngsters, he dealt him a cut across the legs with the switch, and then made after another. Neither the switcher nor the switchee was at all angry. It was all in the game; but the game would not have been half so enjoyable without the rhyme.

It is in the springtime of year that the poet is supposed to receive a double portion of that divine afflatus that compels him to tune his lyre and sing; and so, I suppose, it is quite natural that those who are in the rosy springtime of life should let their feelings burst forth in metre and melody.

It was getting near the Christmas season, and one day in school I said

quite unexpectedly to the children:

“I want you all to write me some poetry.”

“Oh, Mr. Fraser, we can’t!” was the general chorus.

“Did you ever try?”

“No, sir.”

“Well,” I said, “you never know what you can do till you try. Now I want you to try to write some verses about “Winter,” or “Christmas,” or “Santa Claus,” or any subject you like that is suitable to the Christmas season.”

When I came to collect the attempts, I found that every pupil had tried to write something. Some of the verses were decidedly blank, and in some the metre was not at all steady; but they were all arrayed in lines with a capital letter at the beginning of each line; so that was something.

Most of the verses were about “Winter” and “Christmas,” with a few about “Santa Claus.” Here are a few samples. They are not poetry; perhaps they are not even verse, but do you think you could have done any better when you were ten years of age?

There is a vigour and dash about these lines of Horace’s that are quite worthy of his illustrious namesake of ancient days:



Ho! for Winter, the gladdest time of all
the year;
The time when Christmas comes,
With all its gladness and cheer,
Ho! for Winter, the gladdest time of all
the year.

Ho! for Winter. Now get out the sleigh,
And away we will go sliding over the
bay.
Now for the skates, and wait for all the
other mates,
Ho! for Winter, the gladdest time of all
the year.

Ho! for Winter. See the snowballs go!
See them flying to and fro!
My, how merrily we make them go!
Ho! for Winter with all its gladness and
cheer,
It's the happiest time of all the year.

Little Myrtle, too, seemed even
more fond of "Hos."

Winter time is here.
Ho! Ho! Ho!
I know it won't be drear.
Wo! Ho! Ho!

Ice upon the pond.
Ho! Ho! Ho!
Children skating round.
Wo! Ho! Ho!

Sleighs coming down.
Ho! Ho! Ho!
Snow upon the ground.
Wo! Ho! Ho!

This was Harry's offering:

When Winter comes 'tis very cold,
And all the children feel very bold.
The children feel they'd like to go
Out into the air and play with the snow.

When Winter comes the birds fly away
To a warmer climate, and there they stay
Until it gets warm again,
And then they'll come back again.

Margaret dignified hers by num-
bering the stanzas with Roman num-
erals.

I.

In the Winter-time,
When the snow is on the ground;
I like to sit by the fireside
That keeps us so warm.

II.

December winds that blow so coldly,
Come and rattle the windows so boldly;
Also comes the Santa Claus,
And makes us happy without any cause.

III.

In December comes the Christmas
With its happy times;
Sleigh-riding, and lots of tobogganing,
And the happy chimes.

IV.

We like the Christmas best of all;
Because Christ was born that day.
If we let Him, He will help us,
And lead us the right way.

Roy's metre may not be very good,
but his philosophy is:

Just after the Autumn we wake up one
morn,
To find that the snow is on the ground;
The trees they are leafless, the birds are
all gone,
And the snow is still falling around.

Some people hate Winter, and say it is
cold,
And they're sitting by the fireside in
the warm;
But if you go out bravely, and are feel-
ing very bold,
You'll be warm in spite of snowballs
and of storm.

There is a breath of poetry about
Myra's little verses:

Winter is nigh,
And there's not a bird in the sky.
They have all gone away
For the long Winter days.

The flowers are all sleeping,
And Jack Frost comes creeping,
Makes the ground all white,
White with snow and ice.

The wind is blowing,
And the snow is coming,
And the rain is falling,
And the wind is calling.

The ice days are here,
And the birds have disappeared,
And the Summer days have gone,
And the Wintry days have come.

And the Spring is near,
And the birds are to appear,
And the birds are singing,
And the bells are ringing.

A touch of tragedy seems to hover
near this little bit of Maggie's:

In the Winter's stormy blast,
High the bells are ringing,
Many a ship will never come home
While the waves are roaring.

In the Wintry blast at sea,
Many a ship is lost,
While the waves are tossing inward,
And the sea-gull homeward flies.

Peter is a bit of a wag as you can
tell by his lines. He submitted two
gems:

When Winter comes,
I don't like sums,
I like to play
Out with my slay.

Little Charlie Price,
Fell down and broke the ice,
And lost all his dice;
So he could not play dice very nice.

It would be a poor Winter with-
out a snow-man. So here he is manu-
factured by Willie:

It was a Winter morning,
I did go out that morn,
To make a little snow-man,
Before it got too warm.

And when I made my snow-man,
I went into the house
To get some coal to make his nose,
And then to make his mouth.

Johnny's poem is short, but very
suggestive:

On Christmas day the turkey comes;
The people snuff their nose,
And say: "What's that?"
We eat the turkey. My, it's good!
And crack! Crack! the bon-bons break.

Christmas, with its trees, and pres-
ents, and Santa Claus, formed, of
course, a considerable proportion of
the poetical output. There is quite
a spirit of Christmas-time about
these lines of Marjorie's:

Sing a song of Christmas,
Snow all on the ground,
All the little children,
Running round and round.

Sing a song of Christmas,
All the children merry;
And all the little children
Rosy as a cherry.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Children playing with their toys.
All the little girls,
And all the little boys.

Edith was not the only poet who
scorned the limitations of rhyme:

Christmas bells are ringing
Christmas bells are hung.
Merry Christmas!
Christmas bells are chiming,
Merry Christmas!

Hanging Christmas bells,
Christmas bells are tolling,
Happy Christmas to all.
Merry Christmas!
Christmas bells are chiming
Merry Christmas!

By the suffusion of smiles on Wal-
ter's face, while he was writing his
lines, I felt sure they would have a
humorous cast; nor was I disap-
pointed:



Christmas time is drawing near,
And the turkeys are in fear;
Because they think
Their end is near.

They think they will
Be made in stew,
Or else be stuffed,
And eaten, too.

And all the little children
Will have a jolly meal,
Until their little stomach feels
As if they have ate too big a meal.

Jack is a bit of a joker, too:

Christmas is a jolly time!
In the morning you hear the chimes.
Christmas is a happy time,
For little and big children, too—
And the children eat candies and nuts,
And then they get sick;
Then their mother gives them castor-oil.
Oh, Christmas is a jolly time!

Loda's is short and sweet:

Christmas is coming.
The geese are getting fat;
All for Christmas,
And the scraps for the cat.

Cecil may not be a poet; but he
certainly is a plagiarist:

Christmas is the time in the year
When Santa Claus comes here,
He brings us toys, and all sorts of things,
We are anxious to see what he brings.

We wake up in the morning.
Oh! see the lovely things.
We have a lot of fun
On Christmas Day.

He is very good and funny;
He gives us lots of toys.
He has a round belly,
Like a bowlful of jelly.

Freddy's lines on Santa Claus will
bring the Christmas poems to a close.
They present rather an unusual pic-
ture of Santa:

Great, big, old Santa Claus
Comes Christmas Eve,
And lays his paws
Upon my head,
As I am in bed,
His paws are cold,
So I am told.

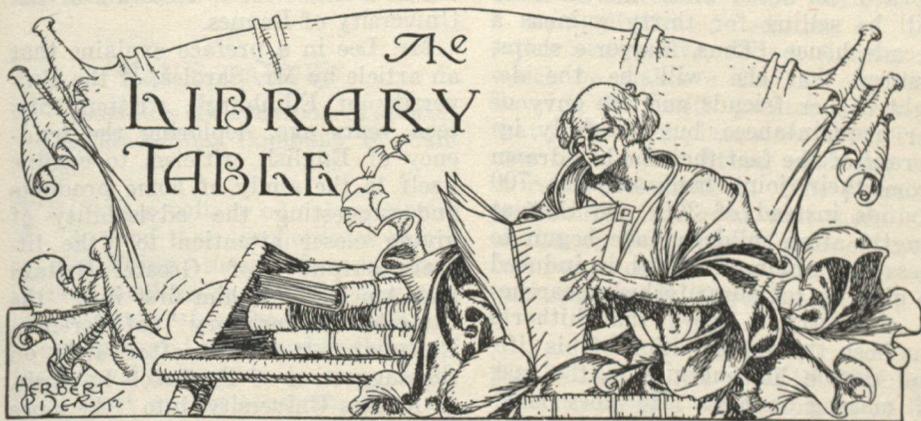
Of course, there is always some
pupil who gives you something dif-
ferent from what was asked for. Eu-
gene was evidently not in tune with
Christmas spirit; but his lines are
too spirited to leave out. So I will
tack them on at the end:

When I went to bed,
My mother hit me on the head.
I thought it would not get well,
Until I danced a jig so swell.

I kept a-dancing all the night,
Until I had to have a fight.
I had a fight with brother Joe,
Until his blood began to flow.

That all these little poets may have
a very happy Christmas, is my very
earnest wish, as I am sure it is yours,
too.





MARRIAGE

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

IN this his latest novel Mr. Wells once again gives justification for being called one of the first of living novelists. "The New Machiavelli" affirmed that classification a couple of years ago, and yet this newer novel is quite different from the story of Remington's struggle between the passion for public life on the one hand and on the other hand the dominating passion for the comrade of his heart. There is in "Marriage" no discussion that could offend the most squeamish, and therefore it is the one big Wells novel, written in the author's prime, that can be read and enjoyed in the family circle. While it is in parts gravely amusing, it is almost from beginning to end of its 529 pages a constant exposition of the little differences and deceits that are permitted day after day in homes that are supposed to be above reproach. Book I. introduces the reader to the Popes, an ordinary middle-class English family, who are passing the summer at Buryhamstreet, and it serves

also as an introduction to the main purpose of the story, a consideration of the married life of Marjorie Pope and Professor Trafford.

There are thousands of girls like Marjorie, for she is pretty, vivacious, clever, adaptable, irresponsible, with a weakness for finery, bargains, and the envy of friends and acquaintances. One is not surprised, therefore, when she jilts Mr. Magnet, a humourist, whose yearly income is 5,000 pounds, and elopes with Trafford, to find that she sets out to show these friends and acquaintances that to marry a professor need not mean that one must give up many of the luxuries and appointments of fairly well-to-do people. She and her husband agree that 300 pounds would be an ample appropriation for the furnishing of their house, which, in anticipation of their circumstances, the husband has already taken at a modest rental in an unfashionable part of the city. But Marjorie is not good at figuring. She buys with taste and some abandonment; indeed, on the principle that when you buy a pair of fine old brass candlesticks it is a pity not to have an old mahogany chest to set them upon; that when

you have a good mantelpiece, it is a pity not to have a good impressionistic painting to set it off, especially when you can get for ten pounds the work of an artist whose merest daub will be selling for thirty guineas a decade hence. Thus, Marjorie shops, assured that she will be the delight of her friends and the envy of her acquaintances, but blissfully ignorant of the fact that she has drawn from their joint bank account 700 pounds instead of 300. So that at length, after children have begun to bless the union, Trafford is induced to give up temporarily his researches in chemistry, a work that hitherto has been the one ambition of his life, and devote his energies to the task of making money. He does make money, but alas! he loses his zest for research, and never again returns to the laboratory. Success at money-making and the consequent social distinctions drive these two almost to the point of separation, but there is hidden in their hearts a genuine and an abundant love for each other, and one infers that a period of isolation from the world, which they suffer together in Labrador, has restored in them a sound estimate of life and that they are returning to London with faith in each other and in good possibilities of mankind.

*

BLISS CARMAN: A STUDY IN CANADIAN POETRY

BY H. D. C. LEES. Buxton, England:
The Buxton Herald.

IT doubtless will come as a surprise to most Canadian readers—even those among them who make some effort to keep in touch with our native literature—to learn that Canada has produced a poet whose work has made such an appeal to an English critic that he has felt himself called upon to make an extended study of it and to present the results of this study in a portly volume of 254 pages. Yet such is the case. The

poet who has had this high honour paid to him is Mr. Bliss Carman; the critic who has studied him is Mr. H. D. C. Lee, and the book was written as a thesis for a doctorate of the University of Rennes.

Mr. Lee in a preface explains that an article by Mr. Sarolea, of the University of Edinburgh, written thirteen years ago, deploring the tendency of English criticism to confine itself to the study of home products and suggesting the advisability of giving closer attention to "the literary output" of Greater Britain and America, led him first into "the little known territory" of French-Canadian letters and, afterwards, on the suggestion of Professor Le Braz, of Rennes University, into "the more fragrant realms" of English-Canadian poetry.

Mr. Lee says he believes his study to be the first of its kind, and such is the case, for, strangely enough to those who have fallen under its charm, there has not until now been even an attempt to estimate Mr. Carman's poetry in all its various, yet ever harmonious aspects and characteristics. Mr. Lee's study is on the whole discriminating, but, while making all due allowance for certain obvious faults in his work, he does not hesitate to proclaim him a "distinctively original poet." Indeed, he goes further, and declares him to be "one of the most original and captivating poets of the present century," and follows up this declaration by saying:

"Bliss Carman is not only a singer of whom the Dominion has every reason to be proud, but one of the most original and captivating poets of the present century. To describe the impression produced by his verse we can find no more appropriate words than those he himself uses in speaking of a rainbird's song: 'It is a strain which pierces to the heart and plays upon the soul. The world is renewed for us. We pass backward a thousand years to the morning of the earth, before care and sorrows were begotten, before ever we bethought ourselves of retrospect and inquiry.'"

A bibliography of Mr. Carman forms one of a number of appendices to Mr. Lee's book, and it may be interesting to mention that it comprises just fifty items.

*

PAN'S GARDEN

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a volume of nature stories so good that one hesitates before so classifying them. Because they involve much more than the ordinary nature story, for they establish between man and the growing things of the vegetable kingdom so close an affinity that one is constrained to believe that trees actually do see and think. This is particularly applicable to the story entitled "The Man Whom the Trees Loved." Here is presented an intense psychological study. A husband and wife live together on the edge of the New Forest in England. The man loves the trees, and he passes much of his time walking amongst them. The woman fancies that they are luring him away from her, and in time her fancy becomes an hallucination. She lives in constant dread of the great trees, and when the wind thunders through them she believes that it is the voice of some monster that is coming closer and closer. The nearness of the forest and her husband's love for it become the great impending tragedy in this woman's life. This is a book for cultured readers. There are decorative drawings by W. Graham Robertson.

*

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

BY RICHARD HENRY DANA. New edition, illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT is seventy-six years since Richard Henry Dana visited the bay of San Francisco, and fifty-three years

since he described in the last chapter of his famous narrative, "Two Years Before the Mast," the great progress in shipping that had taken place down to that time. Now his son, in a new illustrated edition of the father's narrative, adds a chapter in which he makes a further contrast, showing the still greater advances that have taken place since 1859. This new edition is a fitting casement for so remarkable a book. The printing and binding are good, and there is a wealth of illustrations, some of them full-page colour reproductions of paintings by E. Boyd Smith.

*

CAPTIAN F. S. BRERETON has achieved a small library of his own books, and therefore his work is pretty well known. He has made a specialty of writing stories of adventure for boys, and two of his latest which will be popular are "A Boy of the Dominion" and "Kidnapped by Moors." The first gives the varied adventures of a lad who comes to Canada to learn farming and discovers that he has undertaken more than he had anticipated. The other book deals with the thrilling adventures of a millionaire and his son, who go to Tangier and are persecuted by a band of cut-throat robbers. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

*

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Toronto: William Briggs.

THERE is always plenty of reading to be found in George Barr McCutcheon's books. The question is, "Does the average reader of today prefer much reading, or condensed thought?" Most assuredly, George Barr McCutcheon is a favourite author, if he belong to the first class. For he can offer as great a collection of diffuse words and phrases as any writer.

His latest book, "The Hollow of Her Hand," is no exception to this rule. There they are, the overwhelming array of epithets, the "bromides," the melo-dramatic outbursts.

"Into the thick of the storm the motor chugged. Grim and silent, the man at the wheel, ungoggled and tense, sent the whirring thing along swiftly over the trackless village street, and out upon the open country road. The woman closed her eyes and waited."

What an excellent paragraph for a class in adjective drill! One might even forget the bromides and the diffuseness of such a book, with such a plot o'erhanging. There are four hundred and twenty-two pages of it.

At first, we thought McCutcheon was going to annihilate the theory of the relationship between feminines and felines. But the motive turns out to be as treacherous as the ordinary woman is capable of. There are two leading female characters, so it is rather difficult to choose which shall be the heroine. The one who sat in the chugging motor on the trackless country road, was on her way home, after identifying a murdered man as her husband. Suddenly, she comes upon a woman about her own size, "wearing a long brown ulster and a limp, fluttering veil." She knows instinctively, it is the other woman, the woman who has slain her husband. Now, the wife really loved her husband, but she does not blame her rival for stabbing him. So she takes her to her "luxurious apartment" and shields her from the police. Her idea is to have her husband's brother fall in love with his brother's slayer and marry her. Thus will she have her revenge on a family who have always refused to place her on as high a social plane as themselves.

And so on and so on. The book should be dramatised. It would make a wonderful hit in a fourth-rate house of melodrama.

WOMAN IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE author of this volume is a Canadian by birth, a son of Lt.-Col. John Bruce, of Toronto. He has resided for some years in New England and has devoted himself to both historical and psychic research. His former volumes have been concerned chiefly with mental phenomena and have attracted much popular notice, especially the book entitled "Scientific Mental Healing."

To those who have enjoyed Mr. Bruce's graphic yet thorough treatment of subjects generally deemed occult, this latest production is a distinct disappointment. In the first place, Mr. Bruce chooses to confine the term "America" to the United States, thereby ignoring the women who have contributed to the making of Canada and Mexico, to say nothing of Brazil, the Argentine Republic and others. This is a piece of narrow effrontery, and that a Canadian has so erred makes the offence all the more distressing. The book, from beginning to end, is a fulsome laudation of the feminine celebrities of the United States, which is written with little charm of literary style, and with a curious lack of historical proportion.

On the cover of the volume is represented in gold a woman with a hatchet. We are not informed whether this is a Pilgrim Mother or the lamented Carrie Nation, but would judge from the costume that the lady is merely a pioneer. We hope that Mr. Bruce will return to his "adventures in the psychical," in which he has few equals as a popular explorer.

*

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

By HENRY VAN DYKE. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

OF this volume perhaps the tales that will be especially interest-

ing to Canadians are those that have a French-Canadian setting — "The Wedding Ring," "Messengers at the Window," and "The Countersign of the Cradle." The setting for these stories is, as the author tells us, "a chain of little lakes—a necklace of lost jewels—lying in the forest that clothes the blue Laurentian Mountains in the Province of Quebec." The volume contains also a number of "Half-told Tales," which are mostly suggestion, and other stories of varying character, but all happy and optimistic, even if in places sad to the verge of tears. This is a volume of charm also in the illustrations by Charles S. Chapman, Garth Jones, Sigismond de Ivanowski, Paul Julien Meylan, and Blendon Campbell.

*

PHRYNETTE MARRIED

BY MARTHA TROLY-CURTIN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN one recalls the impressions left by Phrynette's life in London, one can scarcely think of her as being married. And indeed one may even read her account of her life when married and still think of her as an unattached, absolutely careless, irresponsible bundle of fanciful femininity. For she displays all the characteristics, the endearments and contradictions of those wilful creatures who go about doing "awful" things and yet who never do anything very wrong or anything that anybody ever fears they will do. What gives Phrynette the opportunity to flirt and plan an elopement and converse racy is the absence of her husband, who has gone on a hunting trip to India, an absence for which Phrynette can see no reasonable excuse. But although the book makes one tremble for this young wife's reputation, one is grati-

fied in discovering that after all she is well able to take care of herself.

*

MY LADY'S GARTER

BY JACQUES FUTRELLE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

STILL another of those tales for which "Raffles" paved the way. The principal ingredients necessitated by this type of story are: an object of great value, a clever gentleman-thief, an almost equally clever detective, and an onlooker who sees most of the chase. In this case the spoil is one of the two historic garters given by Edward the Third to the beautiful Countess of Salisbury. This garter, which is of great beauty and value, has been stolen from the British Museum, and is intended for the private collection of an acquisitive American millionaire. But no sooner is the booty upon American soil than the search for it becomes so hot that the millionaire in question decides to restore his stolen treasure. This he cannot do openly, so it is arranged that he shall leave it in a certain place where it will be "found" by those responsible for restoring it. Here chance, so kind to novelists, steps in and the jewel falls into the hands of "The Hawk," one of those remarkable thieves who never get caught. From this point onward the book is an agreeably exciting series of incidents, of brilliant strategies on the part of the Hawk and equally brilliant blunders on the part of the police. There is a case, too, of mistaken identity, but everything ends pleasantly for all concerned.

*

"STAR-LED TO THE HEIGHTS" is the title of a Christmas story presented in a neat little volume by Dora Farncomb. (London: The Farmers' Advocate Publishing Company.)



THE BEST WAY

"Glad we met you. Old boy Stanley insists on marrying that chorus girl. I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so."

The Family Lawyer—"I know a better plan than that. I'll tell the girl."—*London Opinion*.

*

AWFUL

The president of the university had dark circles under his eyes. His cheek was pallid; his lips were trembling; he wore a haunted expression. Every now and then he turned and glanced apprehensively behind him.

"You look ill," said his wife. "What is wrong, dear?"

"Nothing much," he replied. "But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—" He hesitated and stammered. It was evident that his nervous system was shattered.

"What was the dream?" asked his wife.

"I—I dreamed that the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the freshman examination for—admission!" sighed the president.—*Youth's Companion*.

WICKED, WICKED

"I suppose your wife was more than delighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?" asked Jones of Brown.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a little while first."—*Judge*.

*

TWO OF THEM

His companions bent over him with pitiful earnestness, and stared beseechingly into his waxen features. Again came the flutter of the eyelids, but this time his will mastered approaching death. His lips weakly struggled to execute his last commands, and the friends bent closer to hear the faltering whisper. "I am—gone? Yes—er—I know. Go to Milly. Tell her—er—I died with—her name on—my lips; that I—er—have loved—her—her alone—er—always. And Bessie—tell—er—tell Bessie the same thing."—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

NOTHING DOING.

Two woman's college professors, the professor of English literature and the professor of history, attended a matinee of a Shakespearean production during Christmas week to make "notes" for their lectures for the following year and to compare impressions. When they arrived at the theatre they were dismayed to find that their seats were separated several rows. They realised that their point work would practically be nullified. The history professor, however, noticed that the man sitting next to her seemed to be alone, and after much hesitation she decided to explain matters and ask him if he would take the seat of the literature professor three rows ahead. She was a shy, Southern young woman, but finally, mustering up her courage, she laid her hand on the man's arm and asked gently: "Excuse me, sir; but are you not alone?"

The man grew confused, coughed nervously, and then, putting his hand to his mouth, he whispered to the amazed professor: "Cheese it, kid, my wife is sitting next to me."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

*

FEARFUL

Wife—"Why did you refuse to give that man the rooms?"

Husband—"He looked so ill-tempered, I was afraid I should never summon up courage to raise his rent later on."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

ONLY HIS PAST LIFE TAINTED

"But why does your father object to me?" demanded the humble suitor.

"Because," explained the haughty beauty of proud lineage, "Papa says his ancestors have always been gentlemen of leisure, and you have to work for a living."

"Well, tell him I don't expect to after we are married," replied the humble suitor.—*Philadelphia Record*.



PEACEFUL JOHN BULL!

"England desires no further territory! —Mr. Asquith.
—Ullk (Berlin)

MATCHED

"I would like," said a book-agent to a busy editor, "to call your attention to a little work that I have here."

"Yes?" replied the editor. "Well, let me call your attention to a whole lot of work that I have here."—*Exchange*.

*

PAID BY THE BENEFICIARIES.

Mr. A.—"A more deserving medical man than our friend Richard does not exist. He very frequently accepts no fess from his patients."

Mr. B.—"You don't say so!"

Mr. A.—He generally settles with the heirs."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

NO PITY NEEDED

Pastor—"I was so sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, Doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her."

Doctor—"Don't be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time." — *Fliegende Blaetter*.



THE SPREAD OF THE SEX WAR

THE VICAR (announcing "outing" for mother's meeting.) "We shall assemble at half-past nine, and—er—you may bring your husbands."

CHORUS OF MOTHERS. "Oh, but we want to enjoy ourselves."

—Punch

SQUARING THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Smith walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Helloa, Smith," said Brown, "gone in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with those chocolates and meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the sweets are for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

*

AWFUL

Henry Clews, at a dinner in Newport, said of American traveling:

"It is delightful to travel in America, but I think that American porters handle our luggage a little too roughly.

"Once, at a certain station, I was amazed and pleased to hear a uni-

formed official shout to a burly porter:

"Hi, what are you knockin' them trunks about like that for?"

"The porter had been lifting great trunks above his head and hurling them down on to the floor furiously; but now he stood stock-still in astonishment.

"What's that, boss?" he said.

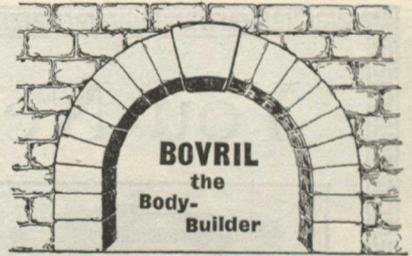
"What do you mean by knockin' trunks about like that?" repeated the official. "Look at the floor, man. Look at the dents you're makin' in the concrete. Don't you know you'll lose your job if you damage the company's property?" — *Epworth Herald*.

*

HIS RECOMMENDATION.

A cook has been going round a station in the south of India with the following "character," and he is somewhat surprised he is not engaged: "Abdul has been my cook for three months; it seems much longer. He leaves on account of ill-health—my ill-health."—*Christian Advocate*.

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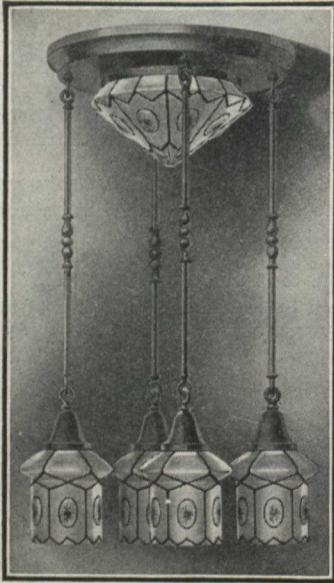
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largely upon
cleanliness; the

daily bath is worth

more than all kinds of
medicine. ¶If you have

never bathed with Fairy
Soap you do not know

the real luxury of bathing.

Fairy Soap

is made in the handy oval cake;
it is twice as handy as the old-

fashioned oblong bar. Fairy Soap
is white and pure—made from high-

est grade materials; it lathers freely,
cleanses thoroughly, soothes and

softens the skin. Fairy Soap
floats; it's always within easy reach.

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for the toilet and

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you would never

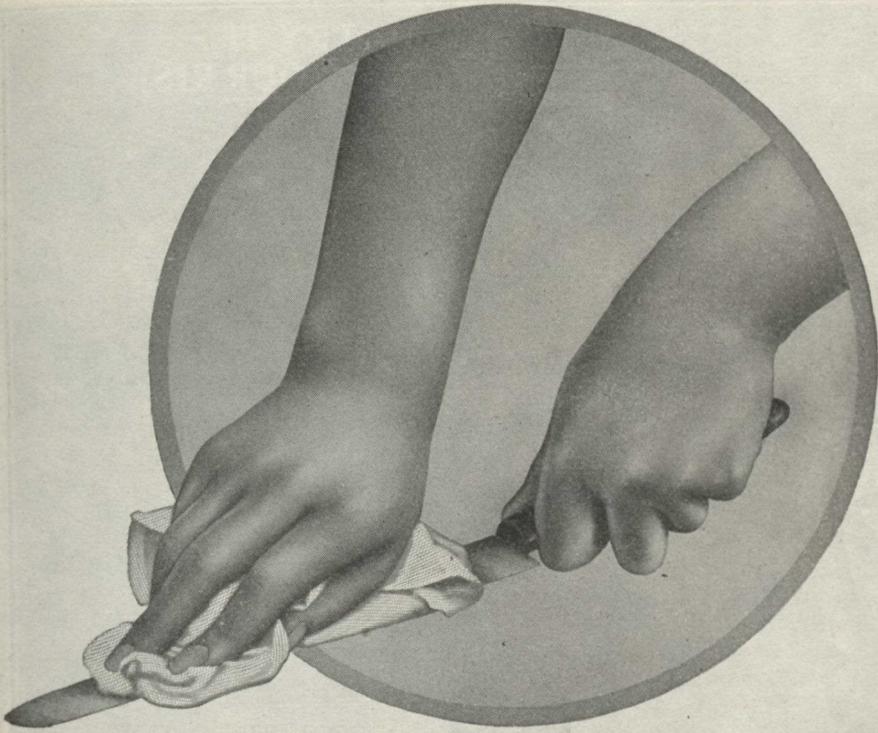
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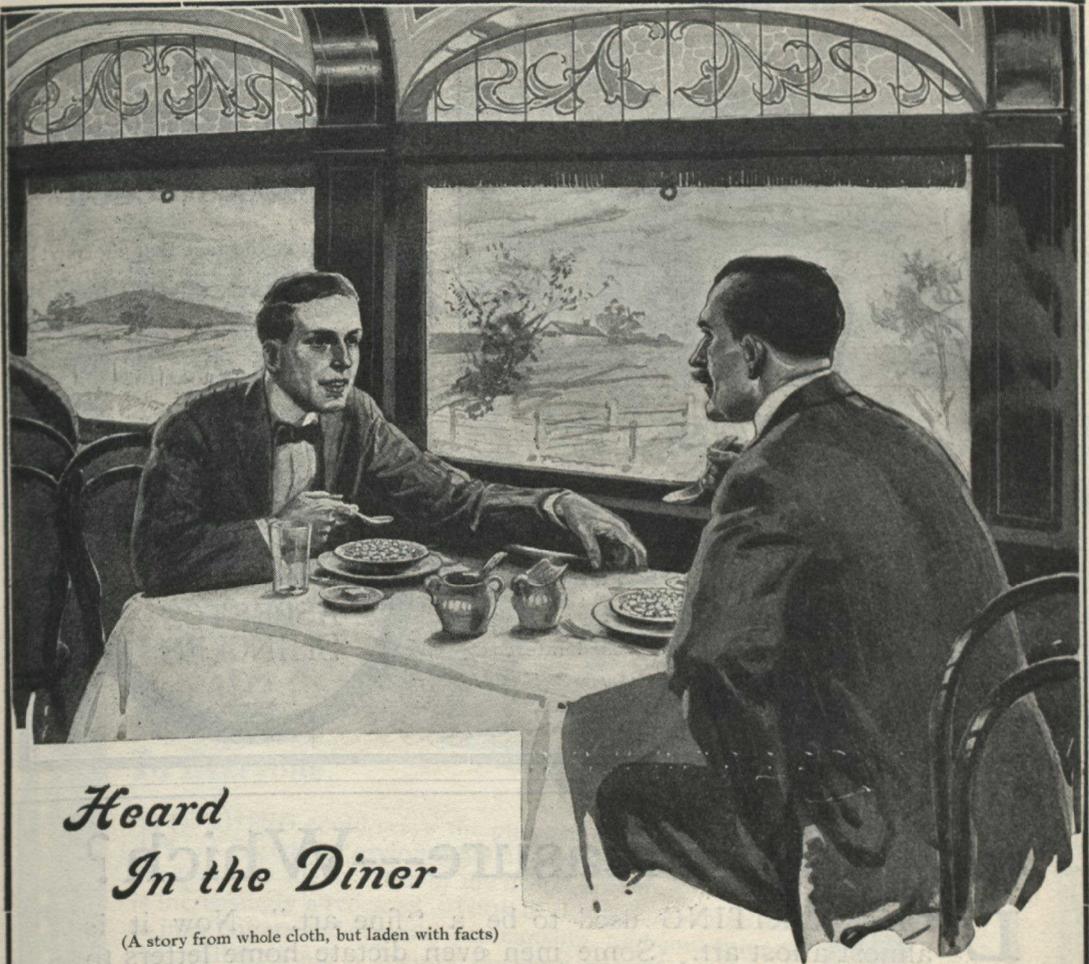
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Heard In the Diner

(A story from whole cloth, but laden with facts)

"The physical director of our Club says most of us overeat—

"That heavy, rich food is not only hard to digest, but dulls the brain and makes the mind logy.

"I hadn't been just right for a while back and it put me thinking, with the result that now my breakfast is generally a bowl of

Post Toasties

served with some rich cream and a sprinkling of sugar—adding a soft-boiled egg and a cup of Instant Postum.

"The flavour of these crisp bits of toasted corn is a real treat, and the clear head and comfortable day which follow such a breakfast are something worth telling about."

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



Where Weather Resistance Are Most Needed

Don't overlook the fact that the part of any building which is most fiercely and most persistently attacked by the elements is the roof. Rain—hail—driving snow—blazing sun—tearing winds—devouring flames—all wreak their utmost energy on the roof.

ASBESTOSLATE CEMENT SHINGLES

offer the best protection against these attacks. Made of two practically indestructible materials, Hydraulic Cement and Asbestos, these shingles are absolutely proof against the destructive agents which so quickly destroy wooden shingles, metal roofing, "ready roofing," and slate.

Asbestolate Cement Shingles make the handsomest, most enduring roofs that money can buy—at a moderate cost.

Made in three soft colors, Slate, Grey and Red. Write today for Booklet C.M.

ASBESTOS MANUFACTURING CO., Limited,
E. T. Bank Building, Montreal Factory at Lachine, Que.



Bore or Pleasure---Which?

LETTER-WRITING used to be a "fine art." Now it is almost a lost art. Some men even dictate home letters to the hotel stenographer.

Letter-writing is a bore---until you find the stationery that turns it into a double pleasure---once for you and again for the lucky recipient.

WOMEN OF TASTE

write their social notes and "thank you" letters on paper that reflects breeding and culture.

IRIS LINEN

is a fine fabric finish of just the right weight and size—boxed to meet the requirements of critical users.

MEN OF CHARACTER

write their own personal letters. They want paper strong of texture, heavy and fine of finish.

CROWN VELLUM

makes of duty a pleasure—substantial, delightful to write on. Adds distinction to any letter.

At your stationers—or from

BARBER-ELLIS LIMITED, Toronto

TORONTO

BRANTFORD

WINNIPEG

The Present *with a* Future

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

**This
Quality
Pen Appeals
To Everyone**

NOTHING could serve the purpose of Christmas giving more acceptably than Waterman's Ideal. It is of the useful sort that is increasingly advocated. Gifts of this pen mean an end to inky fingers and scratchy penmanship, and convenience that will facilitate a friend's business or social writing for years to come. The exclusive success of the Waterman Patents and the care in making the pens are known throughout the civilized world. There is a pen for every member of the family in large and small sizes, plain or handsomely mounted in gold or silver, and with pen points to fit every handwriting; then there is a Safety type for women, and the Self-Filling Waterman's Ideal. Pens are exchangeable after Christmas to suit the hand. Our illustrated folder sent free, will assist you in selecting.

Avoid
Substitutes

In attractive Christmas Boxes.

Your Local Dealer

will assist you in your selection

Safety Type
Plain or Chased
No. 12½ S.
Purse Size
No. 12½ S.
Pocket Size
\$3.00
Either Size Gold
Banded
\$1.00 extra
Also in larger sizes

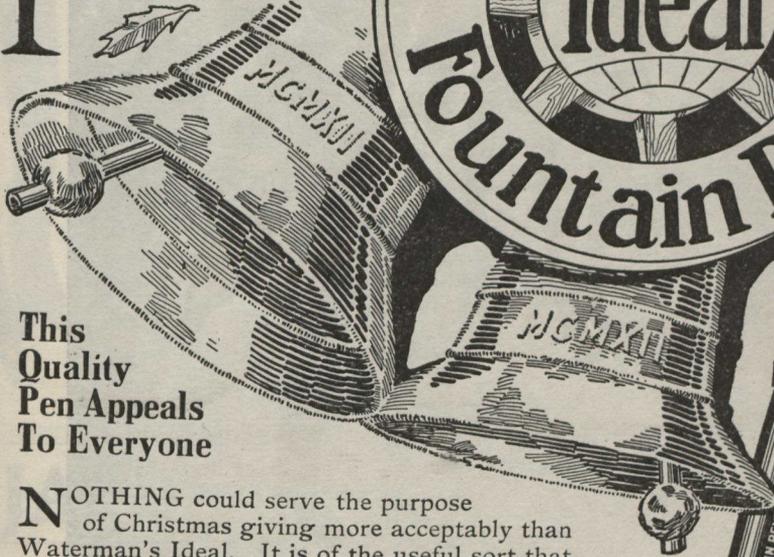
Regular Type
Sterling Silver
No. 412 Fil.
\$5.00
Size larger
No. 413 Fil.
\$7.00
Plain (without
mounting)
No. 12 \$2.50
No. 14 \$4.00
Clip-on-Cap 25c. extra

**Self-Filling
Type**
Gold
Banded
No. 12 S.F.
\$3.50
No. 14 S.F.
\$5.00

Also Plain
No. 12 S.F. \$2.50
Clip-on-Cap extra:
Sterling Silver 50c.

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited
107 Notre Dame St., W. Montreal

24 School St., Boston 115 So. Clark St., Chicago 17 Stockton St., San Francisco
173 Broadway, New York Kingsway, London 6 Rue d'Hanovre, Paris





A Mistaken Idea

Because Fashion-Craft is sold as ready-to-wear—that—the clothes and other materials used are not on a par with those to be found at a first class custom tailor's. ¶ We positively state and can prove that the highest grade woolens made can be bought in any Fashion-Craft Shops in Canada only in greater assortment and at lower prices, than any custom tailor could possibly attempt.

Shops of

We have the "great advantage of buying direct from the best factories in the world in quantities from 50 to 500 yards instead of purchasing 2½ to 10 yards from a wholesale woolen house as an average custom tailor has to do. See the saving in cost of Suit or Overcoat? You get it.

"Fashion-Craft"

22 King St. W. 102 Yonge St.
426 Yonge St., Toronto B
Also at King & Hughson Sts., Hamilton
P. BELLINGER, Proprietor
And at shops of Fashion-Craft
throughout the Dominion



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

For Short or Medium Figures

La Diva Corset No. 718 shown herewith is a Paris design, brought over by our designer on his last trip, the only change being to adapt it to the slightly fuller and stronger forms of Canadian women. (This is why so many imported corsets pinch and hurt).

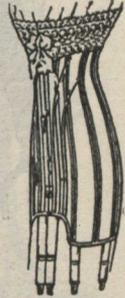
It is ideal for the short or medium figure. This model, when combined with the straight loose fit of the tailored garment, gives the wearer the fashionable effect which is so much sought after by stylishly-dressed women.

This corset is made of French coutil, daintly trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow, and has six suspenders, hook and draw string. It is boned entirely with duplex steel and stopped with silk.

La Diva No. 718 is sold by the best retailers at \$3.00 and it will be found fully equal to any imported corset at \$4.50. Like every other La Diva, this model is fully guaranteed. Other models are sold at from \$3.00 to \$7.00.

THE DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corset



718

JAEGER FOR CHRISTMAS



Is there anything in the limitless catalogue of goods offered for Christmas gifts more suitable, more attractive and more appreciated than one of the following list of Jaeger Pure Wool Goods, which include something suitable for everybody?

Dressing Gowns, Lounge Jackets, Sweaters, Motor Coats, Hoods, Gloves, Waistcoats, Mitts, Mufflers, Fleecy Caps, Slippers, Dainty Garments for Infants, etc.

At any Jaeger Store, or Stores where Jaeger Goods are sold.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **CO. LIMITED**

32 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.
364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Coleman's for Correct Clothes



**The "Short
Pattern" Idea
in Made-to-Measure
Clothes for Men**

BY "short patterns" we mean just enough material for one suit of each. Gives you exclusiveness in dress, and this is a good deal to be preferred to wearing something everybody else is wearing.

—Ask for samples for early winter wear—Scotch tweeds—a suit to your measure in the Coleman style \$25 to \$40.

A post card will bring you our measuring chart, and all information how to order by mail. Mention Canadian Magazine.

COLEMAN'S Ltd.

Canada's Master Tailors

101 King St. W., Toronto, Can.

PEERLESS
BRAND

**Typewriter
RIBBONS
and Carbon
PAPERS**

are the Acme of Quality.

THEY are the product of the choicest raw materials, and the highest grade of workmanship. Business men who use our brands are assured of clean letters, and clear, unsmudged carbon copies. Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

*Samples and booklets
descriptive of Peerless
goods on request.*

Canadian Dept.
**PEERLESS CARBON and
RIBBON Mfg. Company,**
Limited

Toronto, Canada



The
Mark
of
Quality

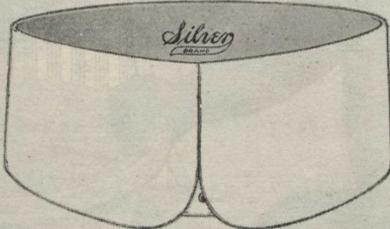


*"When one's neckwear
is correct one
feels well-dressed"*

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—



PEMBROKE



2 3/8 in. 2 3/8 in. 2 in.
PEMBROKE KENSETT CHATHAM

Sheridan realized that one must not only be well-dressed, but feel well-dressed.

The newest collar of today for the well-dressed is the Pembroke. It has the improved buttonhole for the closed-front collar—the LINOCORD "SNAP-ON," which is so worked into the band that it will neither stretch nor break in laundering. Will not spread, pull apart nor slip off the button.

Simple to adjust, the "SNAP-ON" holds the collar together in front and assures the desired straight-closed-front effect *every* time you wear the collar.

The Pembroke (2 3/8 in. high), Kensett (2 3/8 in. high), and Chatham (identical in shape, 2 in. high) is the latest closed-front shape. Ask to see this desirable collar—with the new, strong, practicable "Snap-On" buttonhole in front and LINOCORD buttonhole in back—at your dealer's.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.

SHERIDAN, brilliant playwright, author of "The School for Scandal," had a keen wit—a keen mind. He understood mankind well.

Himself a great dandy in his time, Sheridan truly "held the mirror to nature" when he laid stress on the gain in having one's neck-dress correct.

Today to have yours so, wear

Ide Silver Collars

Have Ample Scarf Space

1/4 Sizes—2 for 25c In Canada 3 for 50c

They have unusual smartness, which they keep throughout a long life.

No collar can retain fit or style if the buttonholes stretch or tear. Ide Silver Collars have LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES that neither stretch nor tear.

Hundreds of impartial laundry tests have proved that IDE SILVER COLLARS last longest and keep their shape best.

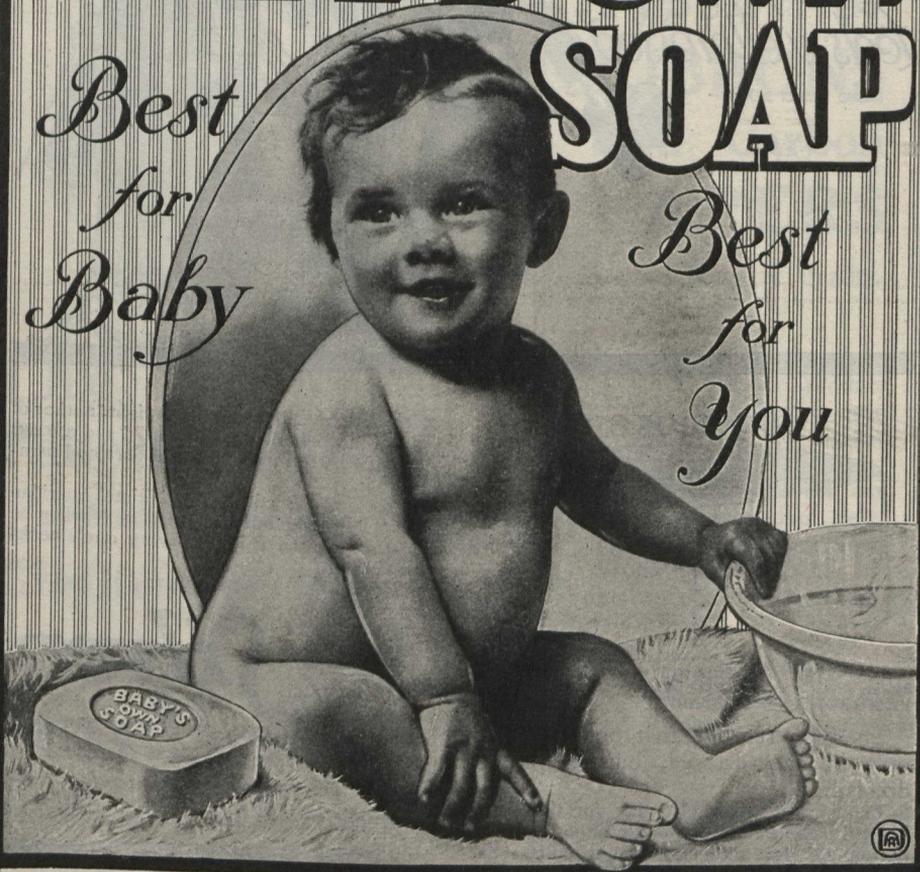
Send for our **STYLE BOOK** and the name of the nearest IDE SILVER COLLAR dealer. A postal will do.

531 River St., TROY, N. Y.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

*Best
for
Baby*

*Best
for
You*



THE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin—help nature along. It assures a soft, white, healthy skin and its use delights both young and old. Baby's Own Soap is for sale almost everywhere.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL



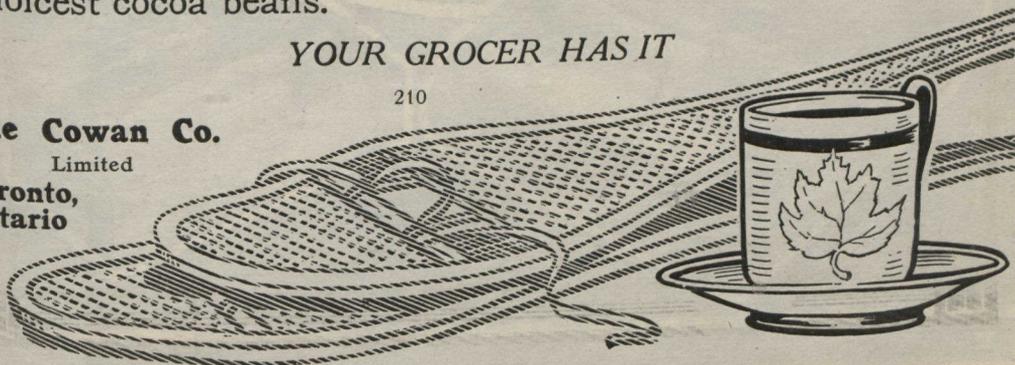
COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

WHEN the fun is over and you're fagged out with your romp in the winter air, Cowan's will make you feel fit. You want something nourishing after an evening's exercise—something that will digest easily—something that will let you sleep well. Cowan's is all that. It is pure cocoa ground from the choicest cocoa beans.

YOUR GROCER HAS IT

210

The Cowan Co.
Limited
Toronto,
Ontario



TRADE  MARK

The Gillette Safety Razor is the one Christmas gift a man is *sure* to welcome. With its sheen of polished metal and rich leather it wins his admiration at first sight, and his appreciation grows with every morning's shave.

The Gillette Safety Razor

- STANDARD SET**, in Plated Metal Case as illustrated below, at the right, with 12 Blades.....\$5.00
- STANDARD SET**, in Morocco Grain, Real Seal or English Pigskin Cases, with 12 blades.....\$5.00 to \$7.50
- POCKET EDITIONS**, in Metal Cases, Silver or Gold Plated or Gunmetal Finished, with 12 blades.....\$5.00 to \$6.00
- POCKET EDITION**, in Black Cowhide, Seal or Pigskin Case, with 12 blades.....\$5.00 to \$6.00
- COMBINATION SET**, in Seal Grain Case, with Razor, 12 Blades, Shaving Brush and Soap, as illustrated.....\$7.50
- COMBINATION SETS**, in Plated Metal, Real Seal and Pigskin Cases, with Silver or Gold Plated Razors and a variety of fittings....\$6.50 to \$50.00

Ask your Jeweler, Druggist or Hardware Dealer to show you the Gillette Sets in these different styles. If by any chance he cannot, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of
Canada, Limited
The New Gillette Building, Montreal





"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE BEST KNOWN TRADE MARK
IN THE WORLD

VICTROLA



THE BEST

IS A GENUINE

XMAS GIFT

VICTOR VICTROLA

Reproduces in your own home the marvellous voices of the world's greatest singers, the martial strains of famous military bands, the exquisite melody of instrumental quartettes, the perfect performances of renowned instrumentalists, or the latest songs of the day by leading comedians.

Enjoyed by every member of the family and a constant never failing source of pleasure and entertainment.

Victrolas are priced within the reach of all (from \$20.00 to \$300.00) and are sold on easy terms as low as \$1.00 a week if desired.

Any "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" dealer in any town in Canada will gladly demonstrate this marvellous musical instrument for you.

Write for free copy of our 300 page Musical Encyclopedia listing over 5000 records and for our beautiful illustrated novel. Use only "His Master's Voice" needles for Victor Records. Double sided records are 90c for the two selections.

BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE COMPANY, LIMITED

Montreal

47 Lenoir Street



The Test of Time

¶ For sixty years tens of thousands of Canadians have been kept warm by "A.R.C." Brand Gloves, mitts, moccasins and sheep-lined coats. The test of time is final and absolute. No fine-spun theories can controvert it.

¶ Year after year our patrons have bought our goods, because they KNOW by experience that the "A.R.C." Brand stands for honest value, commercial integrity, and skilled workmanship.

¶ Our OLD friends need no reminding. The solid merit of "A.R.C." goods insures their continued good-will. It is the thousands of NEW Canadians that we wish to introduce to the comfort and satisfaction of "A.R.C." goods. That they are becoming acquainted with our brand is shown by the fact that we are adding 20,000 sq. feet to our already large factory.

¶ Buy *experience*—not experiments—Demand the time tested "A.R.C." Brand.

¶ We make—Gloves; Mitts; Moccasins; Sheep-lined, Corduroy, Duck and Leather Reversible Coats; Sheep-lined Driving Sox; Working and Outing Shirts.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited
TORONTO

SEND for Hosiery Made with Seventy - Cent Yarn! Guaranteed Six Months 25¢ to 50¢ a Pair



A Million People

men, women and children, are wearing Holeproof Hose! 26,000,000 pairs have been sold on the six-months guarantee! Think how good these hose must be to please so many wearers. Send for six pairs and try them. They save wearing darned hose and they save all the darning.

If any of the six in the box wears out within six months you get a new pair free.

But we don't protect just the heels and toes. Every stitch is guaranteed. If a thread breaks the pair is considered worn out, you get a new pair free.

weights in this 3-ply, soft yarn, but you can get the lightest weights if you want them.

Our Thirteenth Year

This is our thirteenth year with "Holeproof." It now commands the largest sale of any brand of hosiery sold, because of the satisfaction to users. Hose that wear out in two weeks are a bother, no matter how comfortable they may be. "Holeproof," the most comfortable hose in existence, last twelve times as long—guaranteed. Can there be any question between the two kinds?

Send Trial Order Now

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. See what a saving. Note their convenience. You'll never wear common kinds once you know these advantages. They are made for men, women and children. Get list of sizes, colors and prices. Only six pairs of one size in a box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire.

Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
90 Bond Street, London, Canada (381)

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Our Wonderful Yarn

We pay for our yarn an average of seventy cents a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton, the finest yarn that money can buy. Seventy cents is the top market price. We could buy common yarn for thirty cents. But such yarn is 2-ply, heavy and coarse. Ours is 3-ply, light weight and long fibre. We make heavier

Are Your Hose Insured?

Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
90 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$....., for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for.....(state whether for men, women or children). Weight.....(medium or light).
Size.....Color (check the color on list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and size.

Name.....

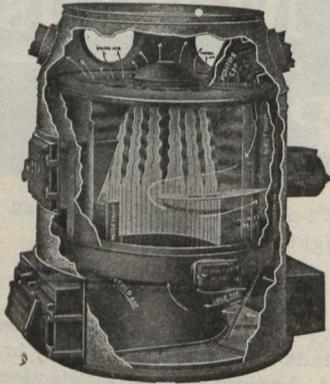
Street.....

City..... Province.....

LIST OF COLORS

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.
For Children—Black and Tan only—med. weight only

Get New Ideas in Heating Your Home



—before you decide upon what Heater.

Modern experts say that the best Heater is the one that heats and ventilates at the same time. There is no other that will do this so satisfactorily as the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

The Kelsey is entirely different from other Heaters in construction and method of warming and distributing air.

Let us show you how.

The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Limited.
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

“A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name “Milton” on it.”

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - **Dept. D.**

MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office

Janes Building.



“For Mother
the Others—
and
Me”

10 cents
everywhere

Taylor's
**INFANTS-DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP**

is made for baby's delicate skin—so is certain to be good for the skin of an adult.

It is delicately perfumed, with a distinctive, lasting fragrance, and packed in individual, dust-proof, sanitary packages, 10c.

Any dealer will supply you with any of the many Taylor-made Toilet Specialties.

112 M

Taylor's Valley Violet Talcum

is delightfully smooth and refreshing. Quickly allays irritation. The perfume has a charm peculiarly its own. 25c. everywhere. **FREE TRIAL**

SAMPLE sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to cover postage. **JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LIMITED, Toronto.**

Oldest and largest Perfumers and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada.



Please send me a Sample of Taylor's Valley Violet Talcum.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....

NOW THEN

TAKE CARE
HOW YOU
MAKE THAT
SOUP.



A jolly good soup is Edward's Soup—but, as you know, even the best of soups can easily be spoilt if you don't make them in the proper way.

This is how to make Edwards' Soup (Brown or Tomato variety):—

Put a pint of cold water in a saucepan, add one packet of Edwards' Desiccated Soup (Brown or Tomato variety), boil for thirty minutes, stir frequently, salt and pepper to taste and—there you are!

EDWARDS'

DESICCATED

SOUPS

5c. PER PACKET

There's no bother of peeling vegetables and cutting up meat. Buy a few packets of Edwards' Soup to-day and—take care how you make that soup!

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

DISTRIBUTERS:

W. G. Patrick & Company, Toronto and Vancouver.
Escott & Harmer, Winnipeg.

Wm. H. Dunn, Montreal.



Brings
Solid
Comfort
to Old
People

THE
PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

All winter long—on the Zero days and the windy, blustering days—the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater gives them real solid comfort.

It saves them many a cold and sickness for it easily warms the rooms not reached by the ordinary heat.

The Perfection Heater is made with nickel trimmings (plain steel or enameled turquoise-blue drums). Ornamental. Inexpensive. Lasts for years. Easily moved from place to place.

At Dealers Everywhere

The IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited
Toronto Montreal St. John Halifax Winnipeg



Gerhard Heintzman Is the Piano for **ENDURANCE**

You are buying your piano for a great many years of service. Only a piano that will endure will satisfy you in the end.

Thousands of owners of Gerhard Heintzman Pianos, who have had them so long and used them so hard that they seem to simply have to write about their lasting qualities.

They see the results but we see the reasons. This piano is built right. Its material and construction are not sacrificed for any consideration whatsoever; it involves the cost of his investment to the owner, but it involves a life-time's reputation to us who have made the

Gerhard Heintzman Canada's Greatest Piano.

Send for our beautiful book describing the piano fully, whether Self-Player, Grand or Upright.

*Your present instrument taken as part
payment at a fair valuation.*

Gerhard Heintzman Limited,

New Salesrooms: 41-43 Queen St. W.,
Opp. City Hall, TORONTO.

New Hamilton Salesrooms, next to Post Office.

The
**DOMINION
PIANO**



*Sold
Direct
from
Factory
to home*

*Over
80,000
sold in
forty
years*

**What do you pay for when
you buy a piano?**

You pay for the piano itself, and for the expense of selling that piano to you. You pay its factory cost and profit, and in the case of many pianos, the additional expenses of costly gifts to artists to secure testimonials, high-salaried salesmen, etc. Surely you realise that these expenses only add to the cost—NOT to the value of the piano.

We save you these "costs that add no value" by selling

**DOMINION
PIANOS, ORGANS AND PLAYER-PIANOS**

direct from our factory to your home, through our local agent where we have one. Thus you avoid paying \$100 to \$150 too much for your piano.

And you get a piano in every way the equal of the world's most expensive makes "DOMINIONS" are built like a "Grand," with an arch plate frame to support the entire playing mechanism, lessen the strain, and preserve the beauty and purity of its tone through long years of use.

80,000 DOMINION owners have profited by our plan of selling. Why not you?

Write to-day for free catalogue. Learn more about these splendid instruments. Let us show you how easy we make it to own one.

The Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Ltd.
FACTORY—BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

YOU only begin to realize the full power of Music to charm and delight when listening to a skilled pianist on a

KARN PIANO



Its wonderful art-tone and incomparable singing qualities make it a favorite with music lovers.

THE KARN PIANO

Has received the endorsement of musical critics throughout the

Dominion. Every instrument fully warranted.

KARN-MORRIS PIANO & ORGAN CO., Limited

Manufacturers of

Karn Upright Pianos Karn Grand Pianos Karn Reed Organs Karn Player Pianos
 Morris Upright Pianos Morris Player Pianos

Karn Pipe Organs built under the personal supervision of Mr. Chas. S. Warren the pioneer organ builder of Canada.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

Head Office, Woodstock, Ont.

Factories at Woodstock and Listowel



Thomas A. Edison announces
his New Cylinder Phonograph Record

The Blue Amberol

The Blue Amberol is a musical and mechanical triumph. Its volume is greater, and its tone is decidedly finer than any other phonograph record you can buy. And it is practically unbreakable and unwearing.

Careless handling will

not injure it, and no amount of playing will cause it to reproduce less perfectly than when new.

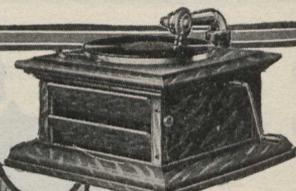


Ask your Edison dealer to play a Blue Amberol Record for you on an Edison Phonograph to-day, or write us for particulars.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., 6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N. J.

25 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C.

A Columbia Grafonola
 will make this Christmas
 last all winter



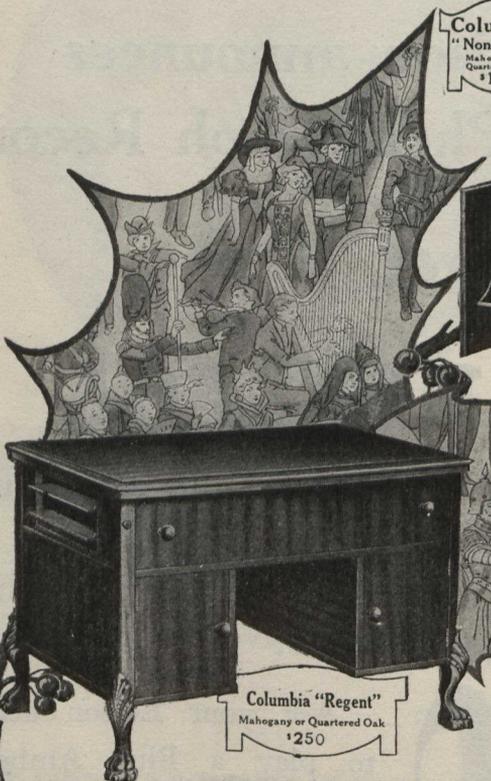
Columbia "Eclipse"
 (Quartered Oak) \$26
 Mahogany \$32.50



Columbia "Regal"
 \$52
 (with record albums \$18 extra)
 Mahogany or Quartered Oak



Columbia "Nonpareil"
 Mahogany or Quartered Oak \$180



Columbia "Regent"
 Mahogany or Quartered Oak \$250



Columbia "Favorite"
 Mahogany or Quartered Oak \$65

the one ideal gift
 for all the family
 for all the year around

Columbia Phonograph Co. Gen'l
 McKinnon Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
Dealers Everywhere

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry, Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Exclusive selling rights granted to dealers where we are not actively represented.

Fifteen years ago two houses were built side by side at Wilmington, N. C. One was finished with Berry Brothers' Varnish; the other with a cheaper make. The Berry Brothers' house is still in first-class condition; the other has been refinished several times.

Five jobs of varnishing were given an outdoors test at Appleton, Wis. Four of them were finished with supposedly good varnishes; one with Berry Brothers'. At the end of eight months the Berry Brothers' job was the only one that showed no sign of wear or deterioration.

A prominent manufacturer wanted to make sure that he had as absolutely fair test in nine different makes of varnish. So he put samples of each in plain glass bottles of uniform style, sealed and numbered. The general manager was the only one to know the key numbers.

Then these varnishes were sent to the finisher and put to severe test. The one that stood out head and shoulders above the rest was Berry Brothers'.

A large office building in Ohio, a short time ago, presented an unusually good opportunity to prove out the difference in varnish quality. The first story was completed a year before the rest of the building. Four different varnishes were used to show which would be this first floor—the result to show competitive test on used on the rest of the building. An ideal test: same conditions, same painters—everything equal, except the varnishes themselves. The result put Berry Brothers' "Liquid Granite" on the rest of the floors a year later—800 gallons of it—purchased because it was best, not on account of what it cost.

Results like these have made Berry Brothers' Varnishes famous the world over.

YOU don't need to experiment with Varnish. Years of good service to millions of users can guide you surely and safely to satisfactory results. It's simply a matter of knowing the Berry Brothers' label well enough to be sure you get it. Tell your architect, your painter, or your dealer that it must be—

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

Send for free book, "Choose Your Varnish Maker."

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Established 1858
WALKERVILLE, ONT.





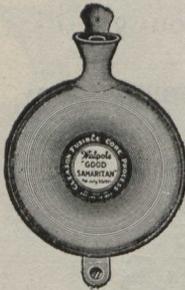
RODGERS' CUTLERY

The aim of cutlery manufacturers is to *become* what "Rodgers" is--the leader in cutlery manufacture, Rodgers' Trade Mark is the hall mark of excellence.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



"How To Keep Healthy in Winter"

Was the subject Dr. A. T. Schofield the well known English Physician lectured upon at the Institute of Hygiene in London, England recently. In it he stated;

"You must be warm in bed if you are to keep fit and to that end a hot water bottle is an excellent thing."

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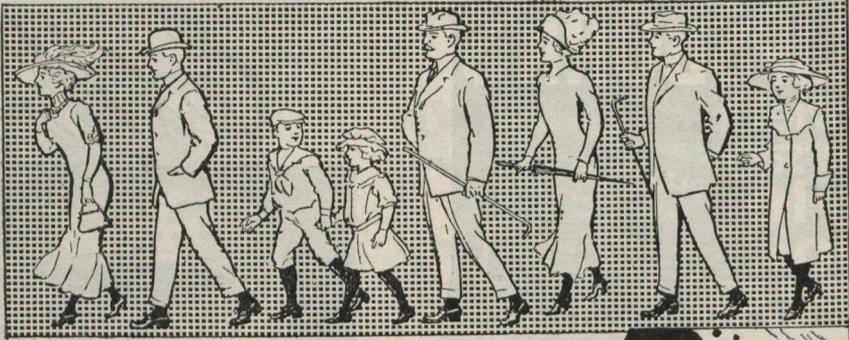
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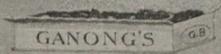
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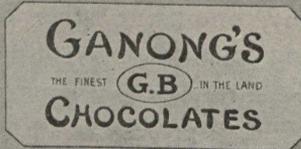
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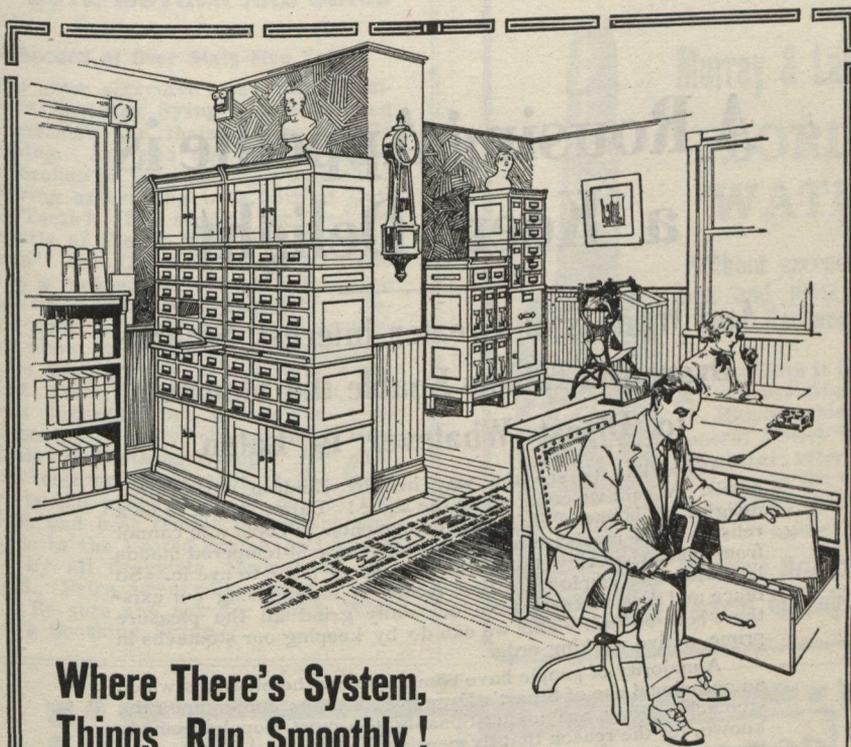
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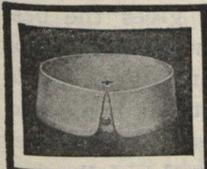
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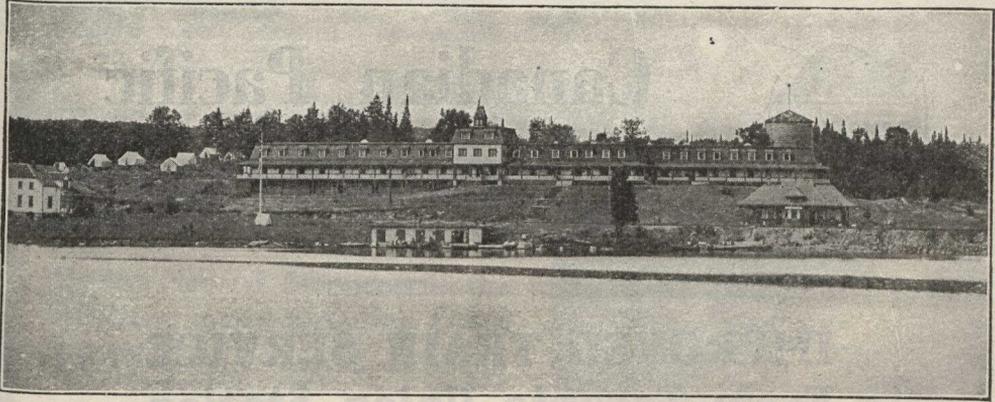


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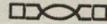
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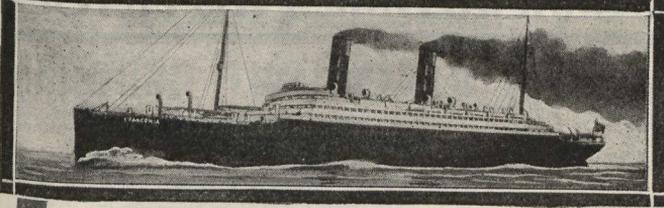
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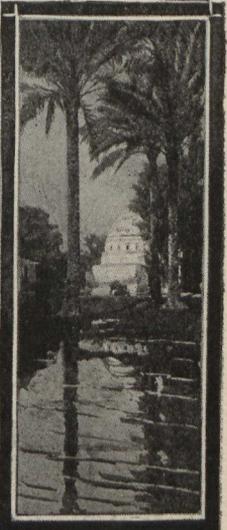
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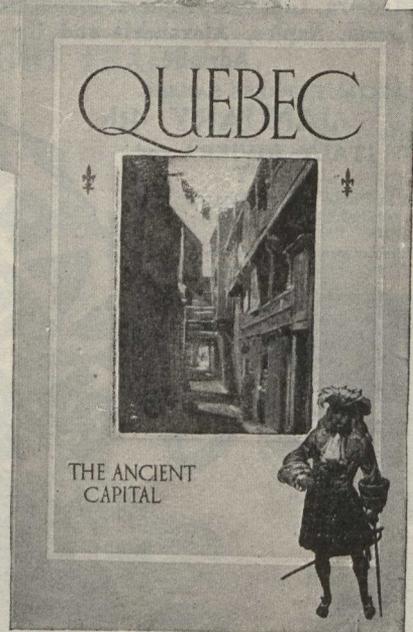
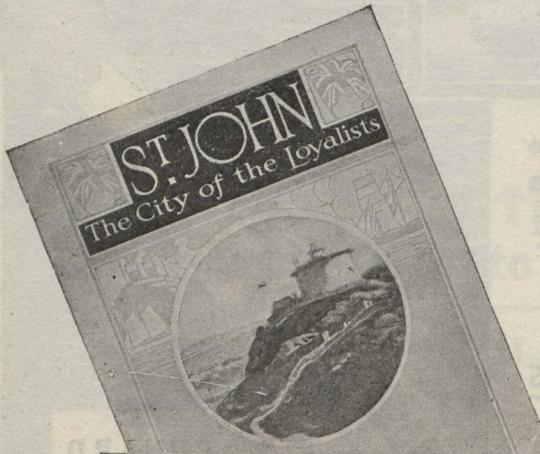
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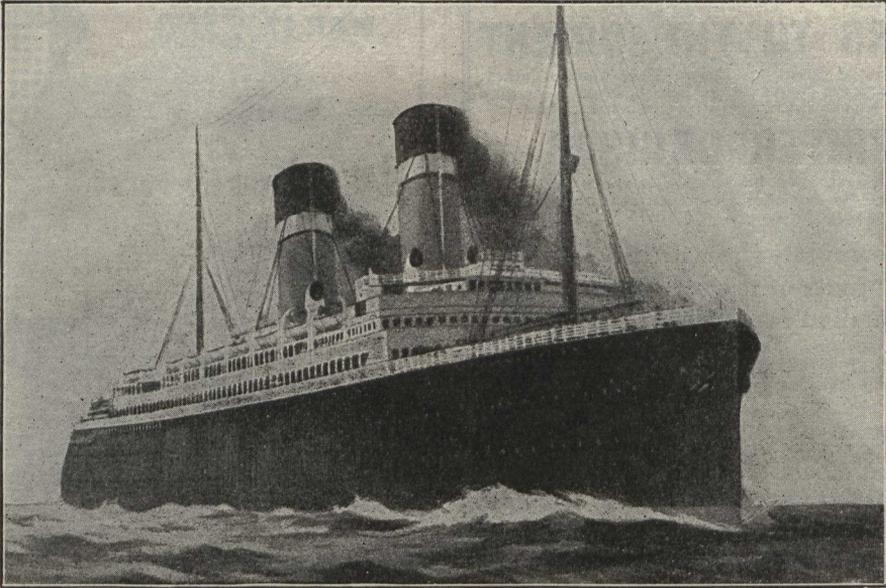
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NOTE: To use the Sparkling package instead of the Acidulated for the above recipe, for the first part use 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice and 1 teaspoonful lemon extract instead of the pure fruit acid. For the other part follow directions in the Acidulated recipe.

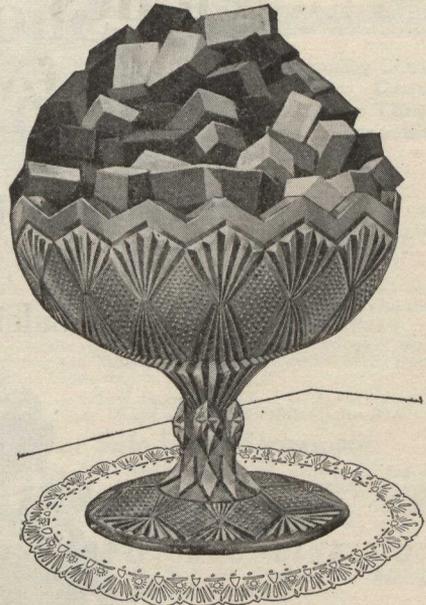
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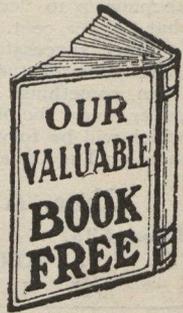
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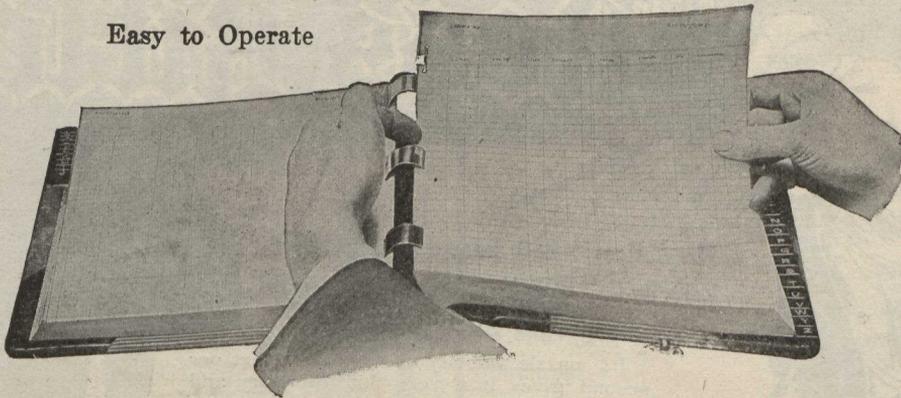
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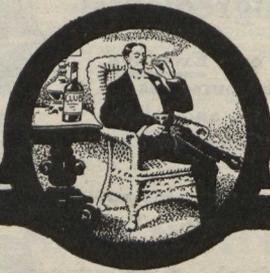
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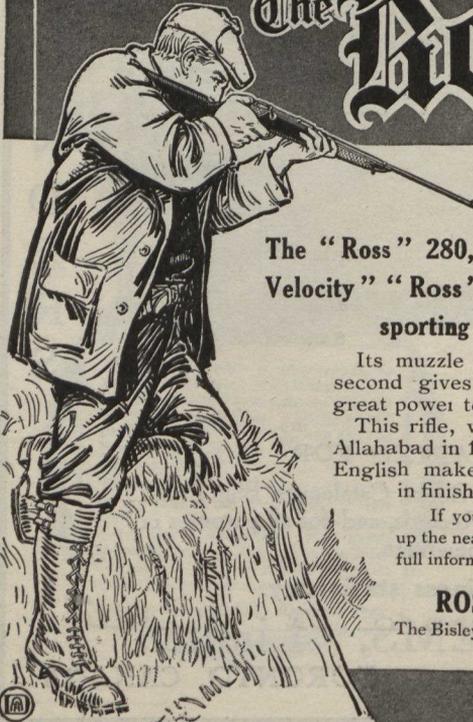
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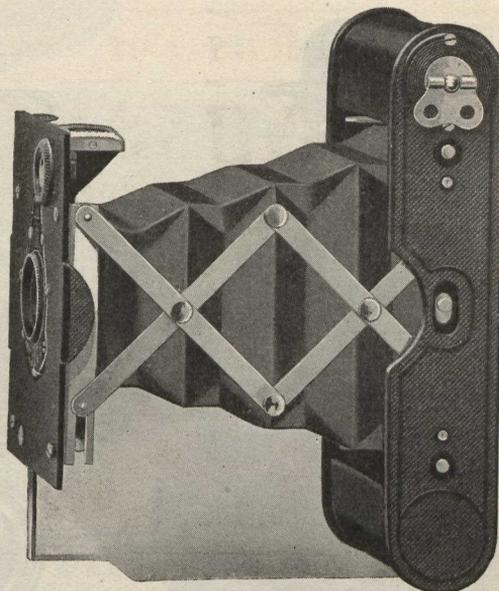
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A miniature Kodak, so capable that it will convince the experienced amateur, so simple that it will appeal to the novice. So flat and smooth and small that it will go readily into a vest pocket, yes, and dainty enough for milady's hand bag.

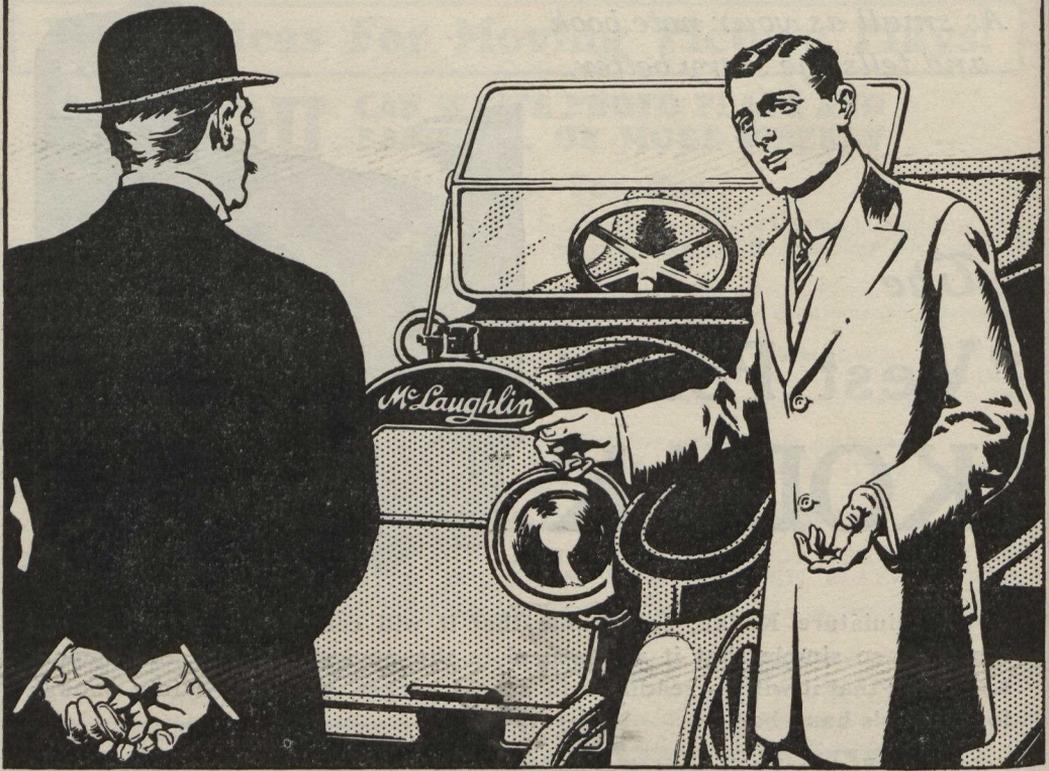
And the Vest Pocket Kodak is efficient. It is small, almost tiny, but the carefully selected meniscus achromatic lens insures good work; the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter with iris diaphragm stops and Auto-time Scale give it a scope and range not found except in the highest grade cameras. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. Having a fixed focus it is always ready for quick work. Has reversible brilliant finder. Made of metal with lustrous black finish. Right in every detail of design and construction. Pictures $1\frac{3}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price \$7.00.

An important feature is that the quality of the work is so fine, the definition of the lens so perfect that enlargements may be easily made to any reasonable size, and at small cost—to post card size ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$) for instance, at 15 cents.



Actual Size,

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.



Farsight in car selection

The measure of your pleasure in motoring depends on the discrimination you use in purchasing your car. Not alone should you investigate the worth of the car itself. You should be particular about the firm that makes the car. Look a little ahead. Ask yourself whether the car you're

about to purchase is likely to have a factory at all behind it six months hence.

There's sure satisfaction in the choice of a McLaughlin Car. Not only are McLaughlin Cars trustworthy in themselves, but they come from a factory that has been producing high-grade cars for five years, and was making high-grade carriages nearly half a century before that—a factory that is the keystone of a big organization, with completely equipped sales depots all over Canada.

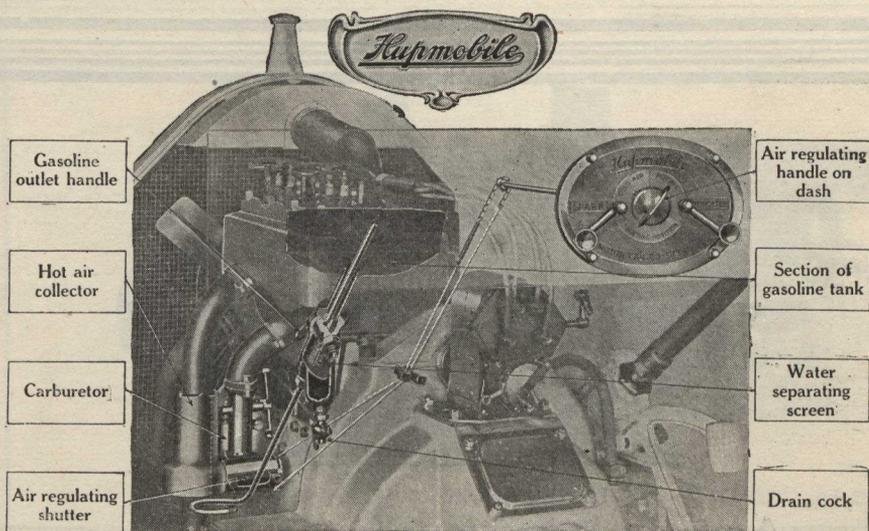
Send for Advance Booklet of our 1913 models.

McLaughlin

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMIT

Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Cor. Richmond and Church Sts.

Other Branches at St. John, Belleville, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Vancouver.



How this Self - Priming Device makes cold-weather starting easy

The Hupmobile gasoline system—pictured above and explained in the text—shows many distinctive features of motoring convenience that are well worth your notice.

Study especially the hot-air control and self-priming device.

By these you are enabled to start your motor in cold weather almost as easily as you do in summer.

This device, together with the direct fuel feed; the gasoline cleansing screen; the emergency supply; go to make a system as complete as engineering skill can accomplish.

We lay stress on it here because it is characteristic of the thoughtful and painstaking skill in designing that is evident in every detail of Hupmobile construction.

It is but one of many instances we can show you to justify our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., Desk C., Windsor, Ont.

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, \$1150
F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights. Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; wheelbase 106 inches; 32 x 3½-inch tires. Standard color, black, Trimming, black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, \$1150 f.o.b. Windsor
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$1125 f.o.b. Windsor
"20" H.P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$850 f.o.b. Windsor

How the Automatic Primer Operates

Gasoline motors need a heavy charge of gasoline to start them in cold weather.

Generally this is obtained by flooding the carburetor. Or, when still more gasoline is needed, by injecting it directly into the cylinders through the relief cocks.

We have done away with both of these troublesome methods by supplying the Hupmobile carburetor with an automatic primer.

The air supply to the carburetor is controlled by a shutter, operated by a handle conveniently placed on the dash.

By turning this handle the quantity and temperature of the air passing through the carburetor can be regulated.

For starting in cold weather the air shutter is nearly closed and a mixture very "rich" in

gasoline is drawn into the cylinders.

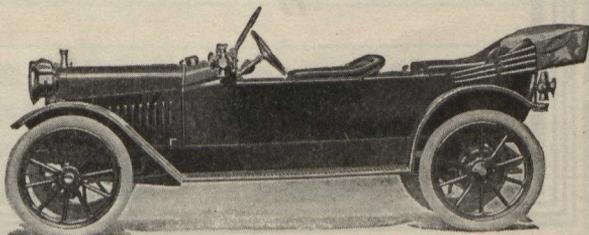
This comes from the carburetor nozzle as a very fine spray, making it easier for the spark to explode than in the car of ordinary priming with liquid gasoline.

All air passing into the carburetor at starting is drawn through the hot air collector and heated by the exhaust pipe, so that the engine gets under way almost as quickly and smoothly as under more favorable weather conditions.

Another advantage of the Hupmobile gasoline supply is the location of the tank under the dash shroud, so that gasoline is positively fed to the carburetor by gravity, whether on the level or hill.

On its way to the carburetor the gasoline passes through a screen so fine that the water and dirt are separated from it.

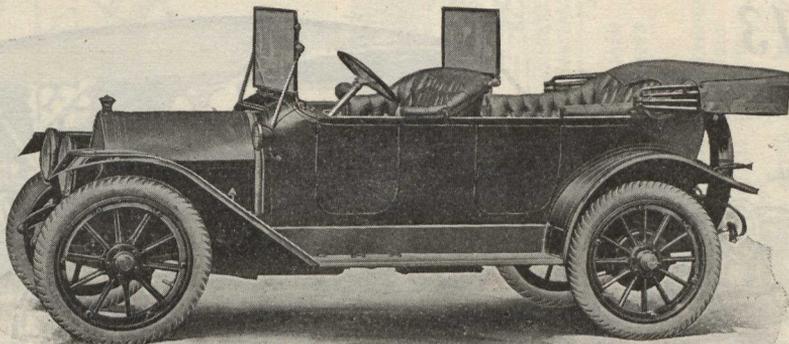
Just below the screen is a valve operated by the gasoline outlet handle, which can be set to keep one gallon of gasoline in reserve for an emergency.





Anyone who has friends has a friend who has a Ford. There are now more than a hundred and sixty thousand Fords in service—and thousands more in transit. Its friends have created for it the unprecedented Ford demand.

Every third car a Ford—and every Ford user a Ford “Booster.” New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—town car \$1000—with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville. Get catalog from Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.



RUSSELL-KNIGHT "28" PASSENGER TOURING MODEL, \$3,250

The Car Without Precedent.

Eighteen months ago when we planned this model, we decided to build a car, anew from the ground up. Tradition, and precedent had no voice in its design. *Every* feature was to be worthy of its *master* feature—the *Silent Knight Engine*. We have succeeded. The result is

The Russell-Knight "28"

Studios attention to every detail; the use of every ounce of power and the elimination of all superfluous weight, has produced a car that establishes ultimate refinement in appearance, comfort, and simplicity in operation.

The Russell-Knight Engine marks a positive advance even upon the motor in the cars of the *other* licensees of the Knight Engine.

Under all conditions the Russell-Knight

Self-Starter is guaranteed to start the engine.

In fact, while other cars *may have some* of the devices that make for efficiency, the Russell-Knight "28" *alone has them all*.

A telephone message to the nearest branch will bring a representative to see you, or an advance descriptive pamphlet will be mailed upon request.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED
WEST TORONTO

Branches at:—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

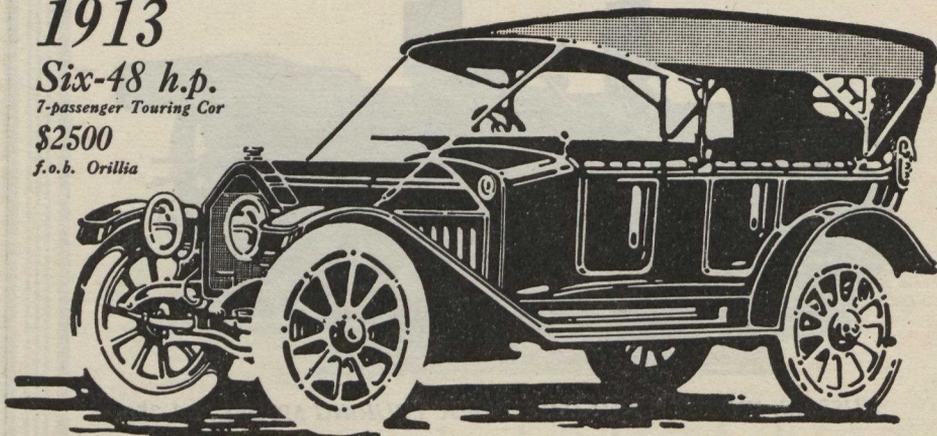
1913

Six-48 h.p.

7-passenger Touring Car

\$2500

f.o.b. Orillia



This new Torpedo-Body "Six" with its deep Turkish upholstering and Gray & Davis electric cranking and lighting system is a step ahead of anything yet offered to the

Canadian buyer for 1913. The big features that spell comfort are there: Large, luxurious tonneau comfort for 7 passengers: Hardly a quiver from the silent, smooth-running engine: Power—more than you need. The details are right, too (see the list). Building in Canada puts this car on the market at a fair price. The 35% saved in duty goes into car value—greater strength of frame—superior construction of axles (front, Timken Roller Bearings; rear, floating type)—exacting inspection and machining of the motor and running parts.

"The Car Ahead"

THE "SIX"

Electric Lighting
Electric Cranking
(both Gray & Davis equipment)
Long Stroke Motor
127-inch wheel-base
36 x 4½ inch Tire
Turkish Cushions
Truffault Hartford
Shock Absorbers
Floating Type Rear Axle
Demountable Rims

Tudhope

THE "FOUR"

Gray & Davis Electric
Lights
Long Stroke Motor
Dual Ignition
Demountable Rims
EXTRA TIRE
carried at rear
Double-drop Frame
115-inch Wheel-base

The same applies to the 1913 "Four." On its specifications, finish and equipment, the \$1,625 Tudhope Four should sell at \$2,200. It has Gray & Davis Electric Light system, full elliptic Vanadium steel springs, large wheels, long wheel-base and a smooth-running powerful motor.

The equipment of all Tudhope Cars is more than usually complete and of the highest quality. Every car has a Speedometer, English Mohair Top, concealed horn, a clear vision windshield and an EXTRA TIRE, RIM and Cover all carried at rear.

Investigate these Canadian Cars. Get the 1913
Tudhope Book and see the special values we offer.

541M

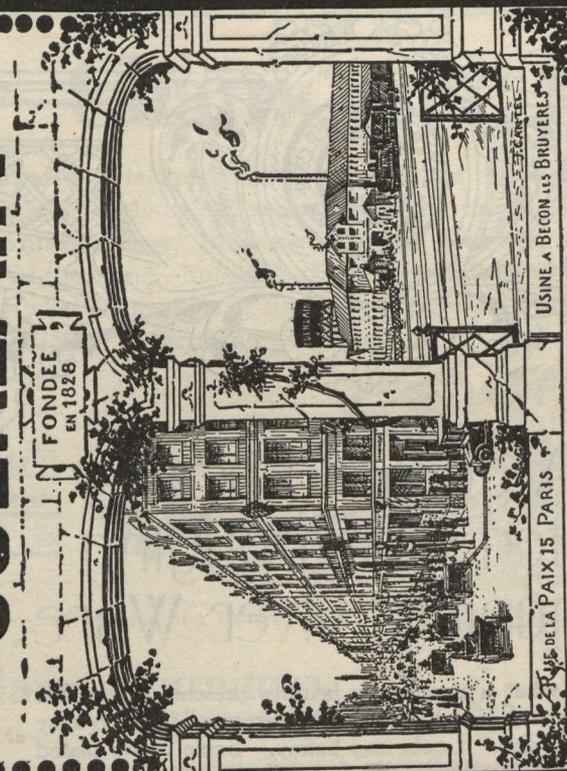
THE TUDHOPE MOTOR CO., LIMITED
ORILLIA CANADA

Branches at Toronto, Ont., Hamilton, Ont., St. John, N.B. Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon,
Calgary, Swift Current, Brandon, Lethbridge, Vancouver.



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With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :

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 Quand vient l'été.
 Rue de la Paix.
 Après l'Ondée.
 Sillage.
 Bon Vieux Temps.
 Jicky.
 Chypre de Paris.
 TSEO-KO.

Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.
 Eau de Cologne Impériale.
 Eau de Toilette Gardénia.
 Eau du Coq.
 Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.
 Crème de fraises.
 Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.
 Poudre Ladies in all Climates.
 Rose du Moulin (*rouge pour le visage*).



The Social Season

Makes heavy demands on evening gowns and other fine costumes, but these garments can always be kept in good condition by means of our improved French Dry Cleaning Methods.

Ask for our New Booklet giving many particulars regarding Cleaning and Dyeing.

PARKERS DYE WORKS, - TORONTO, CAN.

Branches and Agencies in all parts of Canada



A guide to be trusted when buying true quality Silver Ware

IN choosing (what is usually the favorite present) (during the coming Xmas Season), namely "Silverware," it is no easy task to determine. Looks may betray. Some Silver plated Ware is so cleverly finished and (offered) so (temptingly) that its appearance—a beauty which is only skin deep—is often made the only determining factor and the buyer suffers afterwards the inconvenience of seeing it wear off and show its lack of lasting value.

Wisdom says: Let the reputation of the Manufacturer be your protection.

The Beauty of Standard Silver Ware lies not only in the original and artistic designs and reasonable prices but unnoticed at first in the sincere workmanship, the pure hard white metal and the generous deposit of the finest Sterling Silver.

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

A Reputation has been earned by us by upholding the Standard in high-class Silver Plated Ware. The merit of our goods is determined by the increase and continuance of public approval of our policy "The best at a moderate price" and the popularity of our make we judge by the sales of Standard Silver Ware that have reached a height never touched before. Could there be any better proof of the superiority of our make.

We have this year prepared some exceptionally attractive lines such as Casserole Goods, Reproductions of old Sheffield and Old Dutch Designs and it is well worth your while to see them.

EVERY RELIABLE JEWELLER SELLS STANDARD SILVER WARE.

If you cannot get it, write to us, we will assist you.

**ASK FOR IT AND REMEMBER every piece bearing our name is
manufactured and guaranteed by**

Standard Silver Company Ltd.

TORONTO

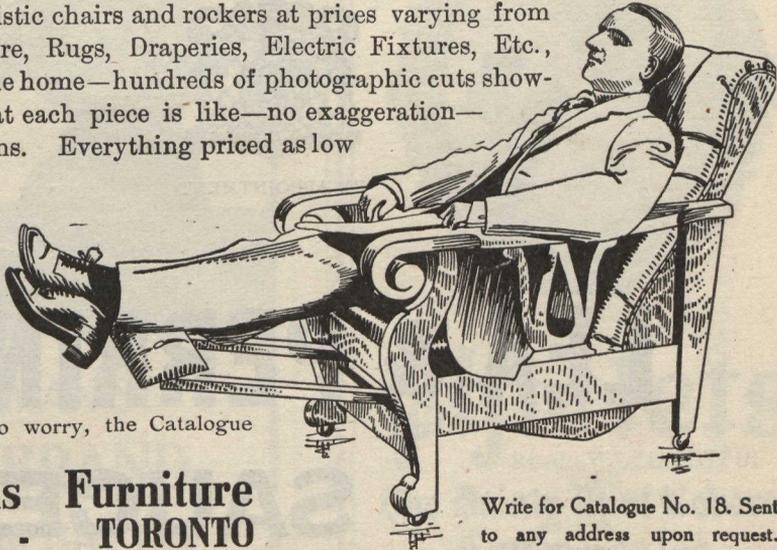
Easy Chairs and Rockers

Our large illustrated Catalogue No. 18 shows a fine collection comfortable and artistic chairs and rockers at prices varying from \$2.95 up. Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Electric Fixtures, Etc., for every room in the home—hundreds of photographic cuts showing you exactly what each piece is like—no exaggeration—no misrepresentations. Everything priced as low as good furnishings can be quoted and

All Priced Freight
Paid to your near-
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Ontario.

No need to figure, no worry, the Catalogue price is all you pay.

The Adams Furniture
Co., Limited - TORONTO



Write for Catalogue No. 18. Sent to any address upon request.

Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count—ask for them at all good dealers.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY Limited
HULL, CANADA. Makers of Toilet Papers.



BY APPOINTMENT

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,
SALAD AND CHEESE

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AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.



**FEARMAN'S
STAR BRAND
HAMS and BACON**

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co., are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.



**F. W. FEARMAN
CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON**



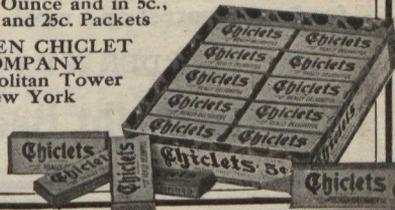
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The Dainty Mint Covered
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Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
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COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
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of coffee by the cereal substitute people, coffee is still the breakfast favorite of millions of sensible people.

Seal Brand
is the finest coffee that can be procured.

PACKED IN ONE AND TWO POUND CANS ONLY

CHASE & SANBORN
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Send me another case of

O'Keefe's

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"The Beer That is Always O.K."

The best health-drink for the whole family. Aids digestion and nourishes the body as it quenches thirst. Relieves fatigue, and invigorates tired nerves and muscles, as it delights the palate.

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is the mildest of stimulating liquid food—the purest and most delicious of beers.

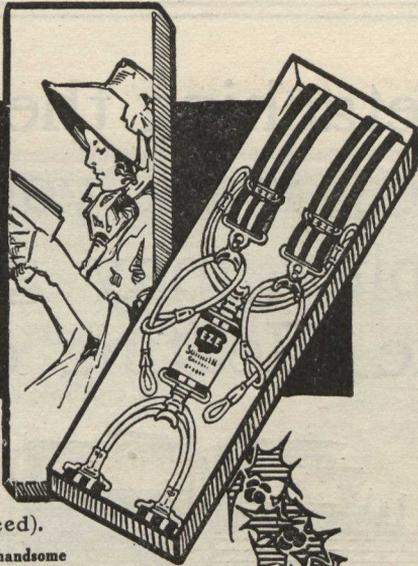
ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR DEALER.

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

O.K.



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Worth of
Usefulness: A
full year's shoulder
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Specially packed in handsome
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(PRONOUNCED EASY)
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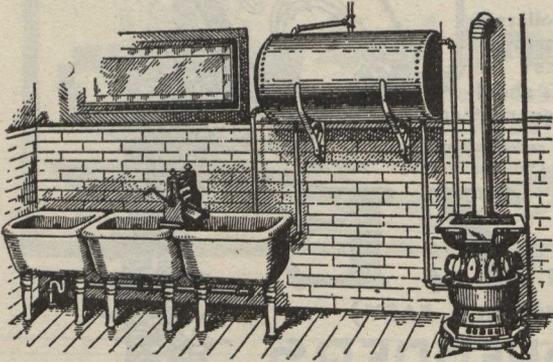
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**WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE
TRY MURINE
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No Smarting—Feels
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Try it for Red, Weak,
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Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded
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Little Giant Hot Water Heater,
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MANY houses cannot be comfortably heated in really cold weather because a too heavy domestic hot water coil rests between the boiler sections and the fire bed, and deadens the first impact of the flame.

Our remedy for this condition is the installation of an improved Little Giant Hot Water Heater.

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TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED

Makers of "Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators.

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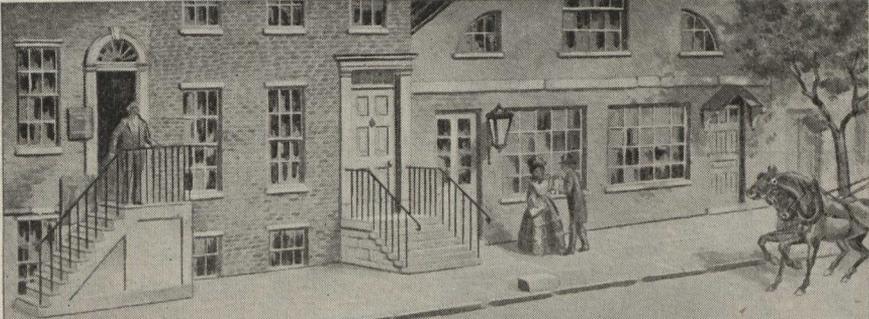
QUEBEC: Mechanics Supply Co.

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No brand of silver-plate has ever achieved the fame or established the wearing-quality reputation of that originated by the Rogers brothers in 1847.

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TRIPLE**

is the mark that assures you genuine worth and beauty in silver-plated spoons, forks, fancy serving pieces, etc.—the heaviest grade of triple-plate—*“Silver Plate that Wears”* backed by the guarantee of the largest makers of silverware.

There is scarcely a town in which dealers cannot supply **1847 ROGERS BROS.** ware in any of the popular patterns; and any dealer can get for you the pattern of your choice if he does not have it in his stock.

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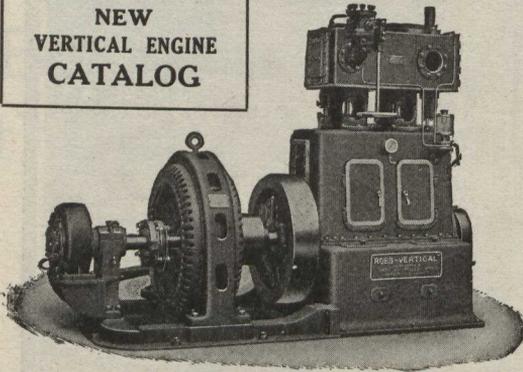
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA



FOR ALL KINDS OF SERVICE REQUIRING THE
BEST AUTOMATIC, HIGH SPEED ENGINES

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Speed just right for direct-con-
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Owners of works formerly of

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BARLEY

If your baby's diges-
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will find "Robin-
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It is Pure. Whole-
some and Conveni-
ent.



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Put
this in
your pipe
and
smoke it!



PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

Here's *happy days tobacco!* Which, in the A B C code, means *the pipe smoke that answers every tobacco question; that settles at double-quick any tobacco argument you or anybody else starts!* On?

And listen! Prince Albert hands out a new deal in flavor, aroma, coolness, sweetness! It's long-burning, holds its fire close, and its ashes are dust-fine. "P. A.'s" *got everything*—yes, sir, everything pipe smokers yearned for since Hector was a pup; *everything but the sting!*

Prince Albert can't bite your tongue!

Just isn't built that way. The sting's cut out by a patented process. For a fact, it's just a XXX-A1 joy smoke! A regular *can-tata* of tobacco symphony! *A good thing to draw to!*

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert tobacco in the tidy 2 oz. tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

"My Winter Suit and My Daughter's Best Dress Cost Me \$2.20"

"I have used Diamond Dyes for years, but I do think I ought to tell you of what I did this fall.

"My daughter is 9 years old and has begun to go to children's parties. I do so want her to be smartly dressed, and she takes a pride in it herself.

"I saw such a pretty, effective child's dress in the _____ Magazine, sent for the pattern, and then looked over my own clothes. I found a cream voile dress that was getting out of style. I ripped this up, dyed it dark blue, bought one yard of white French flannel for 50 cents for the collar, yoke, cuffs, and trimming, and had no trouble in making it exactly like the illustration, and it's the smartest little dress she has ever had.

"For my own extra suit I made over a white serge, dyed it a deep brown, using a _____ pattern, and it certainly is a clever suit. The lining, buttons, and belt and buckle cost me \$1.50, so you see my winter suit and my daughter's dress cost me just \$2.20. The Diamond Dyes cost me 20 cents, and I have half of one package left."

Mrs. L. B. Stone



Made over from a white serge dyed brown

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**.

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



Made over from a cream voile dyed dark blue

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods**.

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk**.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

Just Out—Sent Free—New Edition 1912-1913—Diamond Dye Annual

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc. Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

Big Ben



A crackerjack of a Christmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright and that "worked!" Weren't *they* the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for *your room*—something you could *use all year*—something like *big* people had in *their* rooms. The *sensible* presents appealed to you best when you were a *kid*. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in *useful* things—things that develop *pride* and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to *live up to* and to *live up*

with. Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the *compliment*.

Let *one* thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, *serviceable*, and inspiring clock—*Big Ben*. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack! Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben is a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time *all day* by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute* for ten minutes unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will send him when and wherever you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

The Absurd Man

never changes.

If you are "going down" a little—lack power and vigor to "do things"—your food does not properly supply the need.

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