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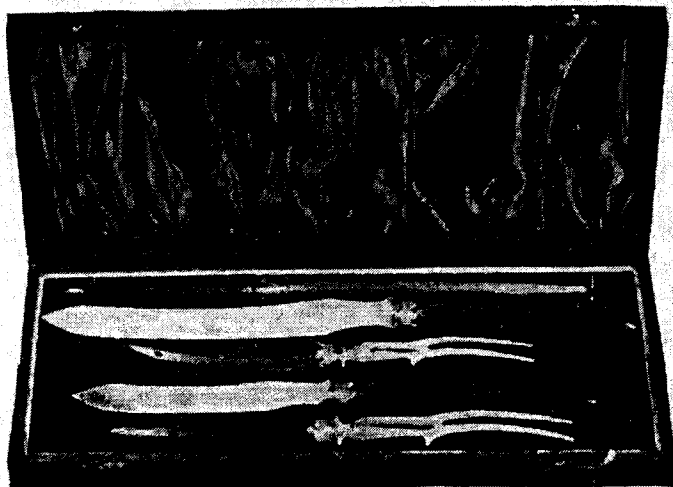
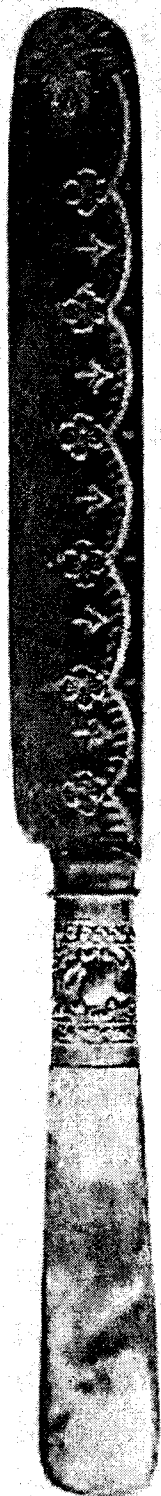
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VOL. IV JANUARY, 1909 NO. 1



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BRAM THOMPSON, M.A.,
Editor-in-Chief.

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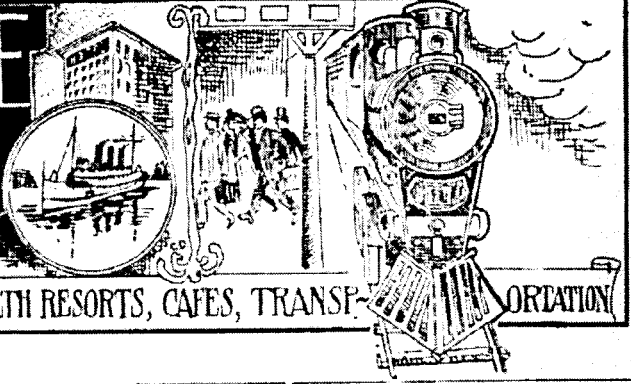
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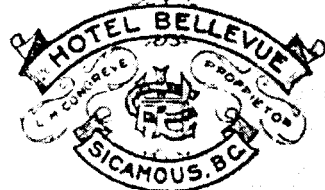
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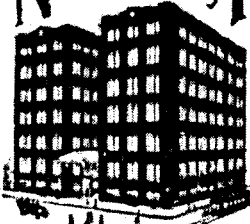
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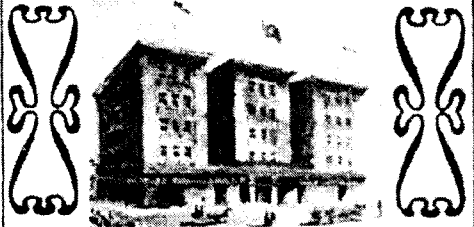
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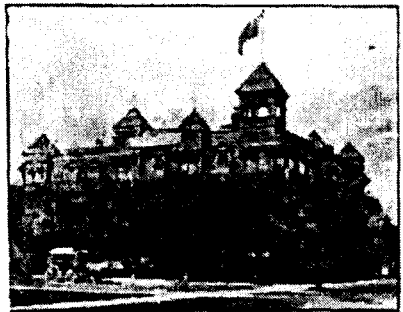
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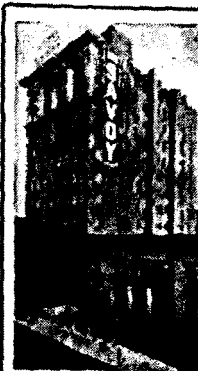
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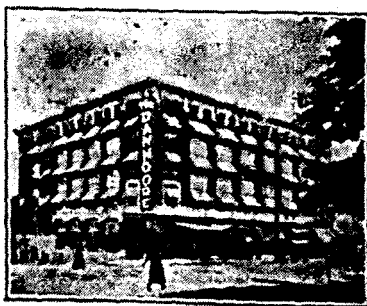
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Publishers' Announcement

With this issue, "Westward Ho!" opens the pages of its fourth volume: an epoch in our magazine life justifying a slight retrospective review, for which the indulgence of the reader is claimed.

The first number of "Westward Ho!" contained fifty-six pages—the present number contains ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE PAGES.

The first issue of "Westward Ho!" reached a local constituency—the present number will cover a field of readers stretching from Mexico on the South to Alaska on the North; from the Westernmost point of British Columbia, through Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, to Ontario, and Quebec on the East; with a by-no-means contemptible sprinkling in Great Britain. The whole of this extra-territorial circulation has been obtained without the aid of canvassers or advertisements—simply from the fact that "Westward Ho!" is the National magazine of Western Canada, breathing the "Spirit of the West" and carrying that Western Spirit and solid Western information into realms outside its immediate constituency. No wonder, the amount of advertising carried by "Westward Ho!" has grown in like ratio.

The first issue of the magazine was sold at a popular price—in spite of the fact that the present issue is double the size of the original issue and other increased costs, "Westward Ho!" is still sold at the popular price of 10c and will be continued at that price; but, we rely on our readers to reciprocate our endeavours by securing new subscribers at every possible opportunity—every subscriber so secured is an incentive to our efforts in building up a truly National Magazine.

SYNOPSIS OF FEBRUARY NUMBER

The series of articles by the Editor on "**THE VITAL PROBLEMS OF CANADA**," which commence in this number, will be continued in February. The announcement of them, contained in the December issue, has itself evoked extensive eulogies; and seeing that the articles do not declare dogmas, but express convictions, Westward Ho! will gladly receive criticisms and expressions of opinion from every side of the subjects treated, and either by way of counter-criticism or by publication, will deal with the views of others; provided that these views are strictly *ad rem* and not *in personam*.

The other new feature of the magazine, "**The Empire of Woman**," will also be continued. Volatile and Versatile as "Valerie Vectis" is when painting scenes in picturesque, pathetic poesy, her articles under this head are evincing a philosophic faculty and synthetical power which everyone will appreciate who reads in the February number her "**Ideal Man**" as a complement of her "**Ideal Woman**" in the January number. In this part of the Magazine she has placed many magnets which are simply irresistible.

FICTION.

"**The Expiation of John Reedham**," by the celebrated writer, Annie S. Swan, becomes more and more enamouring; and in the section for February the social and family cords dis severed by Reedham's disaster are being reknit by fate and fortitude's fantastic finger. Watch the operation!

"**The Patchwork Quilt**," by Mrs. Agnes Lockhart Hughes, graphically portrays the morally debasing influences of money even with the family circle; and illustrates how a contemned Sister in poverty becomes with the acquisition of wealth the object of hypocritical adulation. But the righteous perversity and vindictiveness that lived on the sycophant.

hypocrit-sister for years, and then left the hoarded money to a Public Charity is exquisite irony in which the author seems to excel almost as much as she does in her delightful revelations of the master power of love.

"**The Conjured Melon**"—This tragic story, related by Frank H. Swift, can hardly be classed as fiction, for it gives an Indian version of the slaughter of Whitman, the great Pioneer Missionary of Oregon and Washington, whose deeds are almost as monumental as are the achievements of General Gordon: and the end of both how tragic!

In "**The Last Fight of the Tennessee**" Patrick Vaux gives us a living description of a Naval encounter in the Confederation War of 1862, and the collapse of the Southern Forces. A Canadian Navy, being now a pressing question, this naval story, besides the fact that its scene is only next door, is exceedingly opportune and thought-creating.

"**A DRUG STORY**," by E. M. Eassie, is a comical exposure of the "all-cure-medicine-quack" that infests the centres of population and feeds and fattens on the gullibility both of the ignorant and of those who think they know.

"**LOVE'S CROSS PURPOSES**," by Isabel Bowler,

and

"**THE SHADOW OF A GREAT MISTAKE**," by Isabel Macdonald, are two love romances of the rolling Prairies—the one woven among the bronchos, and the boys and girls of the "rounds up," and the other among the wheat harvests and autumn scenes of Sunny Alberta.

"**ONE GILMPSE OF HIGH LIFE**" exactly expresses by its title what the author, St. John Bradner, beautifully unfolds—a glimpse of high life which excites intense interest, and teaches the lesson that "things are not as they seem."

ARTICLES DESCRIPTIVE AND OTHERWISE.

THE NORTH WEST AND THE LAST WEST receive an even more conspicuous treatment than in the January number for

THE PRAIRIES are described by Blanche E. Holt Murison with that wealth of imagery which metaphorically paints on the mind enduring scenes whose bewildering splendour has heretofore eluded and evaded our utmost efforts to appropriate them.

THE MEMOIRS of the great pioneer discoverer, "Simon Fraser," which have attracted widespread attention, will be concluded by E. O. S. Scholefield.

BUILDERS OF THE WEST have found another compatriot through the medium of the Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, whose remarkably able sketch of "One of Victoria's Pioneers, Ex-Mayor T. W. Carey," is embellished with many reminiscences of Lord and Lady Dufferin; and

THE UNFOLDING WEALTH OF PRAIRIE-LAND is revealed by Dr. D. D. Ross with a precision of thought and phrase which proves that the writer not only depicts realities but is familiar with, and enthusiastic about them.

POETRY.

Nothing stirs the soul of poetry more than patriotism, heroic deeds, the splendours of nature, and the deep, sublimated emotions of the true and pure heart: and

OUR EMPIRE by Ada S. Walker

SUNRISE, and SUNSET by Frank G. Strong

YEARNING by Martha S. Eppanott

are instances of the wide-spread spirit of poetry in this new land of the West.

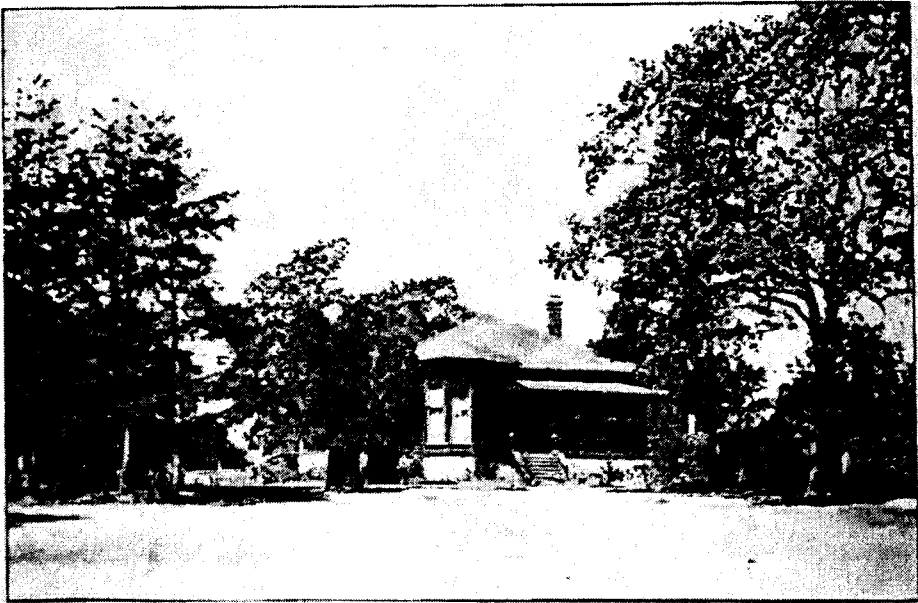
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Russell Sage once said: "Buy gas stock, in which you have confidence, and put it away. Don't worry it and don't let it worry you. A good gas stock is working for you all the time; it will work for you when you can't work for yourself."

If you owned ten shares of the capital stock of the Royal City Gas Improvement Co., your annual dividend would commence at \$200 cash and go on increasing from year to year; the shares would naturally advance in value.

We endorse and recommend shares in the Royal City Gas Improvement Co. as a safe and profitable investment, principally because such eminent gas experts as Roger Polk of St. Louis and W. Thomas, Engineer, of Vancouver, after carefully inspecting local conditions at New Westminster, emphatically state that the enterprise will be a success and pay big profits.

The corporation of the city of New Westminster has seen fit to grant to the Royal City Gas Improvement Co. a broad and perpetual charter, embracing the privileges to manufacture and

sell gas for light, heat and power purposes within the city limits. The people of New Westminster want a more adequate gas supply, which is only possible through the operating of the latest and most up-to-date type of gas plant, equipped with the inclined vertical retort and compound gas producer. Such is the type of plant adopted by the Royal City Gas Improvement Co., and which is fully described in an article on "Improved Methods of Gas Production," by W. Thomas, on another page of this issue.

Mr. Thomas, in his report to the directors of the Company, shows very clearly that the company can pay 20 per cent. dividend from a sale of 100,000 cubic feet of gas per day. As a matter of fact the directors have already received reserve orders for more than 100,000 cubic feet daily from manufacturing concerns in New Westminster. Add to this another 100,000 cubic feet daily, which would represent only a portion of the gas required for domestic purposes, consequently the Company has in sight business which would enable it to pay a greater dividend than 20 per cent. estimated in the report of Engineer Thomas.

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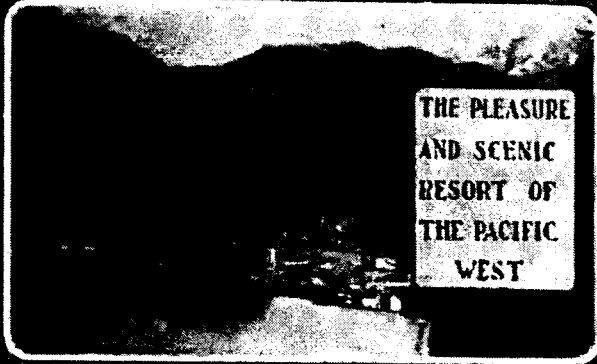
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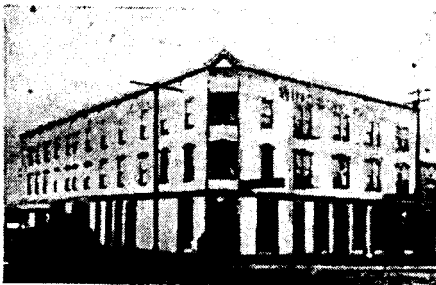
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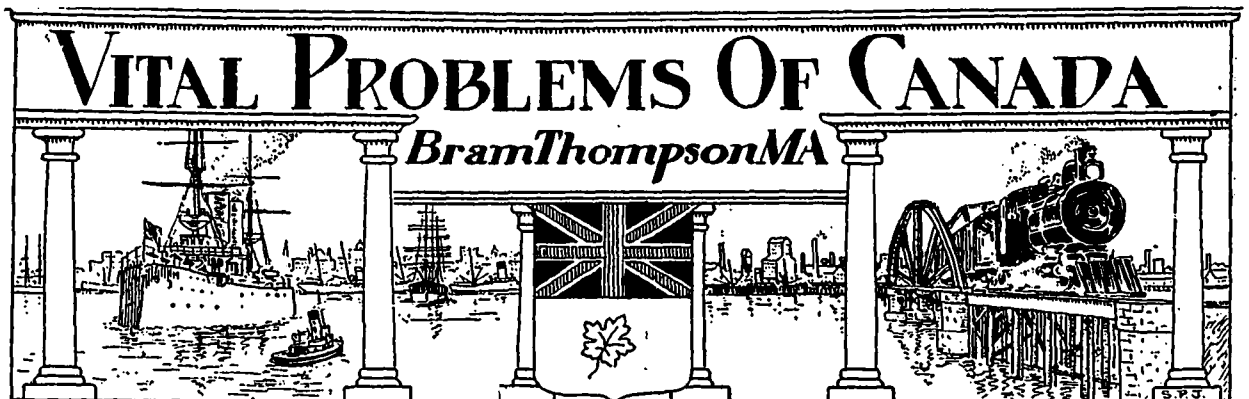
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CANADA AND NATIONHOOD

THE Problems that are rightly called vital to Canada must necessarily be such as are of a fundamental and permanent character. They pertain not only to the base of the national edifice and the superstructure that is rising upon it, but to the people themselves who are to be either the architects of a sublime destiny or iconoclasts of the most glorious ideal of Nationhood, Empire and Liberty that has ever been presented to the World.

The fleeting and ephemeral will *ex necessitate* be eliminated from these articles; and as the love of Canada has produced them, and the ambition to see her discard the toggery of Colonialism for the royal robe of Sovereign Nationhood has inspired them, their aim will be to solve her problems however complex and to make clear her path however devious by the illuminating torch of patriotism. But this patriotic torch, it must be remembered, has a double flame: one to illuminate the way of truth, glory, honour and renown; and the other to wither, scorch and burn, and to convert into smouldering ashes whatsoever would retard the attainment of the Dominion's great destiny or tarnish the name of her people.

These articles will no doubt afford genuine patriots,—real seekers after truth,—consolation, aid, and guidance; but the political vampire had better beware of their long distance range while

the tergiversator whose evasive and elusive expedients continually clog the wheels of progress and jeopardize the integrity of the Country must expect from the author no deflection of the light of Truth. Though it is principles we wish to propound, the integrity and not the dark deeds of men, either in the individual or in a political aggregate, we wish to reveal, yet if some infatuated Mephistopheles should be found clinging with desperate resolve to some infernal project for his own or a party's aggrandisement, it is not our fault or the author's seeking if with the revelation of his scheme, the sensibility of the Country should revolt and deal him the kick of contempt that will consign him to an inglorious oblivion.

CANADA IS THE INHERITOR OF THE CENTURIES.

All that tyranny has lost, all that democracy has won, all that civilization has garnered, all that education has accomplished, and all that the Sword of Right has wrested from the Sword of Might,—are hers, laid at her feet as a bountiful bequest of the Ages.

Nor is this all. Nature has endowed her with a soil prolific, a climate propitious, and in her bosom has hidden away the accumulated treasures of infinite aeons.

She begins her progression where the past has ended; she is unincumbered by, absolutely free from, any *damnosa haereditas* either of overturned dynasties, sub-

verted tyrannies, or perpetuated systems of effete Law or Constitutional Bondage, and unless she is recreant to herself and perfidious to posterity her advance towards the attainment of the ideal in Government and in individual life must be such as no nation heretofore has achieved.

HER PROBLEMS, however, are not lessened or simplified, but rendered more pressing and complex by reason of her phenomenal position. She must still face the questions that confronted other lands though her approach to them is along the Path of Peace and not through Seas of Blood. There is no obstacle before her, no menacing foe, no relentless grasp of a titanic tyrant, and yet she displays a certain dilatoriness in attaining to her full national stature that strangely contrasts with the ardour and frenzied impatience which nerved the arm of her precursors to cut their way to freedom with battle-axe and sword.

We have no desire to arouse within Canada an ultra-military spirit. But at the present time it behoves her to make a strict scrutiny of her environments.

Every nation in the world is her friend. Besides the denizens of the Empire whom for the present we leave out of the reckoning, all nations love her; but it is by no means Platonic Love that animates them. They propitiate her with their varying gifts; they adulate her name; and more than one Political Pedagogue from a foreign land has essayed the task of teaching her the arts of Colonization, internal development, and concentric Government. But "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*" is as true as it was in the days of Troy; and the Canadian people had better beware that history does not, even after long epochs repeat itself, or that some politico-national Iago does not from the bosom of friendship whisper alluring themes into her credulous ear with the ulterior design of subverting her national integrity.

We make no sinister suggestions; but as Canada's position is unique, and the path of her destiny is a path untrodden, she must be her own guide; and her Star, or Pillar of Fire, must not be con-

founded with that which other nations have followed—followed even to glory.

There are men of eminence claiming to be her citizens who boldly advocate her absorption by or amalgamation with, her Southern Neighbour; but her southern neighbour whom these men, and all men, admire did not attain greatness by absorption or amalgamation.

ABSORPTION OR AMALGAMATION—they are both the same—means the escape from national problems; but it no less means the effacement of the Canadian name; and no man that has sounded the depths of Canadian patriotism could ever be deceived into the belief that it would subordinate itself to any power or consent to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage.

CANADA, AN INTEGRAL STATE, MUST BECOME, AND FOR EVER REMAIN, A NATIONAL ENTITY.

NATIONHOOD IS THE CROWNING GLORY OF A FREE PEOPLE.

A NATION is a Sovereign State, a Law unto herself, the supreme mistress of her own domain, and the absolute arbiter of her own destiny. She may vault high in the Empyrean, expand her wings and soar aloft; or she may decline and sink or dwindle and decay.

A PEOPLE on the other hand, no matter how homogeneous, who have not attained to this absolute arbitrariness are at the best in some species of Governmental subordination, and curbed and controlled by forces, powers and authorities extraneous to themselves. They may be a Crown Colony without a voice at all; they may be a Self-governing Colony; or they may be euphemistically designated an Oversea State or even a Sister Nation. It matters little in which of these categories they are classed, they are still devoid of their "crowning glory."

Since first the ennobling names of Nationhood, Fatherland and Motherland, touched the ear and stirred the heart of patriotic devotion the conceptions of Government, and the relationships of States to Peoples, of Nations with Nations, and of Empires to their constituent parts have undergone many changes; and in order to clarify our present ideas it is absolutely essential to specify the old.

ROME was the concatenation of all that is subversive of freedom. Wherever she carried her victorious arm she crushed and pulverized the national life of every subdued people; and out of the debris she constructed the fabric of her Empire.

Nationhood was incompatible with her tyrannic and autocratic sway. *Pari passu* with the expansion of her Empire, Nationhood was extinguished; and as patriotism is a stronger and deeper emotion than pride of empire or loyalty to an exotic executive, Independence became the synonym of freedom and the watchword against Imperial aggression.

Both SPAIN AND ENGLAND, when they inaugurated their colonization policy, were enthralled with the idea of a central Government over a universal domain; and neither of them had any conception of Empire other than that of Imperial Rome. In later times GREAT BRITAIN saw the "inexpediency" of asserting over her colonial possessions anything more than a paternal control. So long as this was passive or merely suggestive, it was tolerated; but soon the paternal and the filial conceptions of it came into antagonism, and almost simultaneously the principle that had been generating for centuries opportunely fructified and yielded the true political philosophy, the definite formula, that "TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION" were eternally linked and formed an integral part of Constitutional Government. The Declaration of Independence of the States of the American Union denoted the triumph of this principle, and demarcated the final revolt against, and severance from, all forms of exotic government and extraneous control.

There was no *via media* for the States of America. Their alternative to Independence was Submission; for Great Britain had not yet grasped the truth which Burke had thundered into her ear, and almost scorched into her brain with an eloquence, a wealth of imagery, and a prescient philosophy that have never been surpassed. But she began to apprehend that truth when submission on her part became inevitable, and after Inde-

pendence had been declared by a people who could easily have been placated.

Since that eventful epoch there has been no retrogression in constitutional thought. The trend has been upward; the clouds have been lifting, until now we are on an untrodden altitude, in the centre of dazzling radiances, where EMPIRE AND NATION appear not only as *consentaneous entities* but as the best *allied guardians of National Liberty*.

But we must clear away some hazes of the Confederation proposals before we gain a complete view of the glorious panorama which this Pisgah height affords to the Canadian people.

The "CONFEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE" assumed considerable proportions in the public mind with the *volte face* of Joseph Chamberlain, and his advocacy of intra-Empire Preferential Tariffs. That was in 1903. Some years before he had become an Imperialist. An episode connected with the Boer War has the honour of imparting this last complexion to his multi-coloured career. It may fittingly be stated now as the recent German coup is still fresh in the public mind. It was this: The erratic and feather-headed Emperor of Germany had telegraphed to President Kruger his congratulations on the rout and capture of the Jameson Raiders; and Chamberlain, then the Colonial Secretary, but not so long before one of the "Peace at any price" Party, had promptly and significantly warned him that, at all cost, foreign interference in a controversy between the United Kingdom and her Colonies would be sternly resented and requited. The Kaiser subsided; and since then Chamberlain has always worn the Imperial badge. But it is only a little more than five years since he became an advocate of Imperial Confederation on a Commercial basis. With what vigour he pushed the idea, we all know, even when the Sun of his Life was rapidly descending to the horizon.

The German Zollverein, and the international Free Trade System of the United States, were the lights he followed. Many of the ideas of his Imperial propaganda had been adumbrated, announced and formu-

lated before, by men like Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Salisbury. Dilke had discussed Confederation upon a military basis, while Beaconsfield and Salisbury had only had vague notions of the growing necessity for a Bond of Union between the Mother Country and her Colonies. But none of them succeeded in propounding a satisfactory scheme, because the Empire to them was only an expanded Great Britain.

Chamberlain's impetuosity to consummate what either he had so long postponed, or had so long regarded as chimerical had one superb and permanent effect,—that of arousing the Empire. But such a transformation as he designed could not be effected by a *coup d'etat*.

Balfour's profound philosophic logic, which has been called "dialectics" for no other reason than that his words and thoughts are deeper than the Superficialities who condemn his real statesmanship, has largely contributed to the lifting of us far beyond Chamberlain's most exalted ideal.

Daniel Webster said of the Constitution of the United States: "It was the child of pressing commercial necessity. There is not an idea in it but trade—Commerce, commerce, commerce is the beginning and end of it." The same might be said of the German Zollverein and the restoration of the Reich; and the same words aptly describe Chamberlain's Confederation Scheme. But we are now as far ahead of that scheme and of its German Prototype as we were behind them when Chamberlain began his momentous campaign.

The truths that he taught, and the principles that he preached, we can never forget and never ignore; but the Pillars upon which the constitution of the Empire now rests are Everlasting Pillars, rising out of the Waters of every Ocean, out of the Core of every Continent, and cemented by Anglo-Saxon, Hibernian Scottish and Gaelic Blood.

NATIONHOOD IS THEIR NAME; and from the PILLAR OF "CANADA A NATION" the loftiest and sublimest of them all, we take our long-deferred survey of our country's destined greatness.

To gauge the perspective we must discard old ideas and devise new definitions for old terminologies.

"EMPIRE" henceforth is the direct antithesis of all that it formerly meant. It is not a Government at all; it is divested of every legislative function; and it becomes the symbol and exponent of a United Voice. So far from being what even notable men of our own generation regarded it, an expanded Great Britain, *it becomes the co-ordination of several Kingdoms whose united strength is its strength and whose united greatness is its greatness.*

"NATIONHOOD WITHIN THE EMPIRE" will henceforth have a peculiar significance, and must be reckoned with in our constitutional nomenclature.

The phrase does not indicate a status or condition conterminous with Independent Nationhood.

"THE NATIONHOOD WITHIN THE EMPIRE" must no doubt in Imperial affairs subject its volition to the preponderant volition of the whole Co-ordinate Powers. But its Independence is not thereby impaired; for cessation from the co-ordination will at all times be an open way, and continuance in it will be a free exercise of its own volition. Besides that, it will not only have its own strength to develop and defend itself, but it will have the co-operative forces of the whole Co-ordinate Powers behind it.

Every "Nation within the Empire" will have the Empire's might; and the most cursory observer can apprehend that the status thus acquired far transcends Independent Nationhood—so far and so vastly supersedes it that the "Independence of Canada" which many men have seductively preached within her own borders, is relegated, as a gaunt, hideous and dead monstrosity, to tenebrous darkness where it is no more likely to be resuscitated than the embalmed carcass of Rameses II is to be resurrected.

It is not within the scope of this article to define the constitution of the Body which will express the predominant voice or preponderant volition of the Empire. But no doubt its basic principle will be that of the population of the individual

entities composing it. And if it be, *what splendour of fame, what illimitable potentialities, what magnificence of Sovereign sway await this country!*

We cannot at this juncture do more than stand on Pisgah's height and look ahead.

Is it a creation of the fancy, or an illusion of the brain, this magnificent transforming panorama that we behold?

Nothing but reality, O Canadian people, is in the vista presented to your view; and did I not believe that your ambition aspired to it, that your manhood was capable of achieving it; were I not persuaded that the throb of conscious strength, and the yearning for self-reliant existence, had already stirred your blood and impelled you to it—impelled you to undertake the *work of constructing your own Pillar of the Empire, and of making your own Land a Nation*,—I would regard you as a people unworthy of the prowess of your Fathers, unworthy of your magnificent heritage, and unworthy of continued participation in the Empire's glory.

But "*Confido et conquiesco*": I believe and am persuaded that Canada, once she comprehends the problem and her relation to it, will not resist the impulse to enter upon her inevitable task and that she will perform it in a manner magnificent and magnanimous.

No doubt there are many who will try to dissuade and delude her—the Egotist, the Self-Complacent, and the Temporizer. The first will assert that Canada has already done enough, and more than her circumstances required; the second will declare himself satisfied with the *status quo*; and the third will aver that the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis lie ahead of any movement towards nationhood.

One and all they are enemies or poltroons.

In proof of the assertion that Canada wants Nationhood, I bring her Population, her Commerce, her Revenue, and her own emphatic claim to the Sovereign

Treaty-making Power, as witnesses whose veracity cannot be impugned.

GREAT BRITAIN CANNOT MAKE CANADA A NATION.

The child grows and expands by virtue of laws and forces within, and not without, himself, until a certain juncture having been reached, he demands recognition as a man and assumes his own responsibilities. And by a parity of principle an adolescent people, when a proper period arrives, assume the rights and responsibilities of Nationhood.

That time has arrived for Canada.

Conclusive and emphatic as this is, the larger and greater question remains, and, when added to the first, it makes the position absolutely overwhelming.

According to the views here propounded, and now recognized by the most advanced Imperial Constitutionals of the day, Confederation of Great Britain with her Colonies being no more than a continuance of the *status quo* is an effete idea.

Unequals can never coalesce on terms of equality; and consequently a National status must exist among the Entities of the Empire before Co-ordination can be effected.

Delay in attaining to that National Status, retards the real Consolidation of the Empire which at present is a figment; or rather it exists only in a sense that is repugnant and detrimental to "the Oversea States" of the British Crown.

To none of these "Oversea States" does the Empire offer such certainties of greatness and power as undoubtedly it would confer upon Canada. Why then does Canada delay it?

Every consideration of Nationhood and international expansion urges her on; and on let her advance "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

We have brought her to the threshold, and she has beheld a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of the Glory that awaits her as a NATION WITHIN THE EMPIRE. The full radiance of its surpassing splendour must be reserved for another day.

Circumventing the Deutchers.

Patrick Vaux.

IN the harbour of one of the North Frisian Islands, lying off Schleswig-Holstein's west coast, the British steamer, "Happy Ann," though with steam up and all cleared for sea, still lay moored chock-a-block alongside the north pier. Her fore-castle, standing in groups sheltered by the funnel-casing from the piercing north-easter, were throwing dark looks at the natives on the pier, and talking angrily amongst themselves. Aft, much lurid and defamatory language had filtered up to the ear of the maritime guard, who was pacing the deck there, his rifle at the slope and sword jangling. He was ignorant of Anglo-Saxon—which was well!"

"You say, Bykett, these Germans are too smart for us," exclaimed her skipper, who had regained some measure of self-restraint. "D—d smart, any-how, in slinging out this arrestment." In his vindictiveness he slapped the portentous document viciously against the cuddy table.

"Yus! Just think of them ketching us as we were moving out," replied the first mate. "Too smart for us. No mistaking that! Punching in the bows of that 'ere Government launch, Tuesday night, means 'eavy damages again' the 'Appy Ann.' No mistaking that. They must 'ave made the wires 'um between 'ere and Kiel to get that arrestment in time."

"Why, in Cain's name, couldn't the loblollies have cleared their Daimler out from under the bows as we came alongside the pier?" grunted the skipper. "Awkward enough, being milked in damages for what one is not responsible for doing, but what about Christmas? Christmas, three days on from now. Eh? Think of spending Merry Christmas in this d—d mud-hole, these Germans are

simple enough to call a harbour—'stead of at home, right and jolly, with the missis and the kids. It sticks in my gizzard, it does."

In derision, the master gave a wave of his arm round the cuddy with its well-worn fixings and rough comfort. In deep disgust, he threw a look pier-ward, where only the interlacing muddy piles and the lower edge of the stringer-beam faced the port holes.

"Well, there ain't any 'elp for it, sir. No mistiking that!"

The cockney first mate rose to go on deck. John B. Vancouver, master mariner, stood up and stretched his lanky body.

"There isn't any help for this bit awkwardness, ye say," said he slowly, "it's like there isn't. I've been in a tight fix before—and with a German gunboat it was, too, the 'Blitz,' when I was a giddy, irresponsible second mate on a British schooner blackberrying for Kanakas; but I wriggled free, and took the old craft with me. I was gotten in a kind of fix, for by rights of the story, the 'Bay of Honduras,' a sailing barque, picked me up off Vancouver as she was beating away for Cape Horn and home; only survivor I was of a boat-load of castaways, father, mother, vessel, unknown. That's how J. B. V. comes by his name; yes, sir, John Bull Vancouver. I tell ye, fixes come naterally to me, and naterally I get out of fixes. But this is one I've never been in before."

"By the time the Deutchers are finished with you, ye'll have bin taught summat, sir," jerked out Bykett, with unusual freedom of tongue, as he gained the companion way. "They have the cinch on you, with this 'ere arrestment aboard; guards a-walking up and down overhead; police cocking their eye at

'er every time they see a head on her bridge or Swabs cleaning the telegraph brasses; and there's that old flat-iron of a gunboat a-lying out in the roads. All like as if waiting for the "Appy Ann" to slip moorings, and try a run for it."

The afternoon was bleak and threatening, with a drab sky overhead, and white tufts of sea breaking down in the near distance. Across the well-boomed watersheds to eastward, over which the flow was fast deepening, winter drift hid the low coast-line of North Germany facing the harbour. As Captain Vancouver stepped out of the companion, a few feathers of snow swirled down and specked the upperworks. With his deep-set eyes resting on the port, into which he had been driven three nights ago through stress of the gale now blowing itself out, he turned amidships.

Along the short north pier, where runs a tramway leading up to the gunpits and garrison among the dunes commanding the sea, behind the port—for this Frisian Island is the base of the North German Maritime Defence—a dredger and two tugs were moored in front of their stores sheds, and fishermen and others lounging about were inquisitively gazing at the Britisher. Upon her, the 'poliz-officeren' had relentlessly fixed their attention. Near by stood the harbour-master, gesticulating at her as he talked with a military officer.

At the south pier, across the harbour which at high-water seems a deep and spacious haven, but at low tide is only a bed of blackish slime, except where dredged deep alongside the piers, some lighters and various coasters with quaint high pitched bows and bluff, squarish sterns were busy with cargoes, and small craft jobbed about in the rising tide-way.

Captain Vancouver paused at the foot of the bridge ladder, he glanced malevolently at the whitewashed houses huddled round the conical-roofed church looking towards the Customs on the quay between the piers. Against the sandhills, that shelter the port in a kind of elbow from all gales save the north-east,

the place looked hideous in its sterility. Along the esplanade facing the east beach great white hotels with shuttered windows, a deserted public-garden commanded by a gorgeous casino, its porticoes and windows boarded, and the many kiosques and cafes protected by planking against the winter, lay awaiting the return of summer visitors.

"By thunders," he growled, stepping up to his bridge, "to spend Christmas here with these sauer-krauters, swigging lager beer, and munching black bread and horse sausages! And me promising the missis and the kids, bless 'em, to be sure and be home for plum-pudding and pie."

"A nice hole to see Christmas in!" he ejaculated laconically to the second mate, who with his elbows propped on the after bridge-rail was staring through his glass away north-west into the offing. There haze obscured the north end of the island with its two lighthouses and great circular beacon.

Robinson took the glass from his eye, and threw a wry look shoreward. He gave a significant shrug of his broad shoulders.

"'Nough to give one the rats, thinkin' of it, sir," he replied, in a voice of disgust, reflecting on his sweetheart and the mistletoe in the dark little lobby at home, and the smell of roast turkey and roast beef coming upstairs, and the jolly company there busily popping corks to celebrate the merry festival. "But that arrestment has tied us up. Taken us aback all standing, sir."

"Yes, the Deutchers have tied us up," assented the skipper.

"One' ud be almost tempted to cut and run for it, sir," continued the second mate in an aggrieved voice, "but they're watching us that close. Hello, sir, here's a sailing craft standing in."

The skipper took the glass, and scrutinised the nearing galliot that with wind and tide in her favour was heading out of the falling haze at some speed for the north pier. A sudden thought caused him to wrinkle his brows; he directed his gaze on the low squat gunboat lying outside in the roadstead, eastward. On board her there were no signs of

activity except the sentry officer on her bridge, the pacing up and down by the near gangway, a few figures passing to and fro along her deck, and the thin wisp of smoke eddying from her funnel.

"I reckon that is the powder craft the harbour-master was jabbering about this morning, Mr. Robinson," he exclaimed, handing back the telescope. "We've got to shift berth to the south pier then, I understand. She moors alongside here."

"Harbour-master, sir, makin' for the gangway. Will they be havin' us winch her across into the fresh berth?"

"I expect so, I expect so," the skipper replied in tones that suggested a fresh grievance.

As he swung round to greet the vociferous "Hafenmeister" the master's eyes met Robinson's, and for a second or two they looked interrogatively at each other—quick with surmise and adventure.

"Umph! Glad to see, Robinson, you're no croaking Cockney like Mr. Bykett. By thunders, wouldn't I like to let these Germans see we're all the Old Blood yet."

"It isn't us, sir, but the harbour-master and the Maritime Defence lot that are responsible for the Daimler getting her bows stoved in," the second mate broke out with resentfully.

"She was where she oughtn't to have been, with us coming inside," assented Vancouver, "or we should have been put into an empty berth. Hark ye to Herr Deutscherman hailing as if we are his goods and chattels!"

"You Englisches schiff, ahoy, da. You vill to shift now, to die sudwärts bruckenpfeiler. . . What! You do not know what I say? To die south pier, I tell you; die same berth there. I vill take you kreuzweise myself, mit your engines. Then you will draw die fires, and remain in die schiff. You are arrestanten. No! No! you cannot land."

Maybe it was the Old Blood, maybe it was the New, that now flushed Vancouver's dark face, and made his lean hands strain on the bridge-rail. That, too, prompted sudden enterprise and desperate bearing.

"I can't land, can't I, eh," he rumbled,

staring down from the end of his bridge at the harbour-master, a sallow, wizened-faced Frisian giant, beetle browed with a bush of grizzled moustache, and a bayonet cut across the bridge of his broad nose. "How d'ye know I want to? Tell some of your hands to slip the wires, and we'll haul all aboard for t'other berth."

With sluggish, indifferent eyes the skipper watched him step down the gangway and gain the pier, but it was with swift, decisive motions Vancouver turned to his engine room, telegraph and wheel. On Robinson's ear came his undertone as he passed; for one moment the officer stared in amazement at him; the next, his feet were on the ladder, and he was hurriedly making for the forecastle.

The master of the "Happy Ann" paused for a minute. Intently he watched the pier hands slouching round the great cast-steel bollards; behind them, the background of sheds and fixings, and the crowd of spectators.

"Haul away, haul away, bow and starn, there."

The order came like the crack of a whip, and his telegraph went twang-twang in the engine-room, the propellor speedily to beat up muddy foam. Before the harbour master and his men could believe their senses, the great wire hawsers were being ravenously picked up by their steam capstan, the looped ends to fall into the water with a heavy splash.

"Danke, danke, meine Herren," roared Vancouver, "I am shifting my berth, but it's to t'other side of the North Sea. You don't catch this Britisher doing Christmas time with you. It's———" But the crash of the maritime guard's rifle as he realised affairs cut short the skipper's vehemence.

With a sharp ping the bullet struck the funnel in front of the bridge, and the skipper's face winced. Hunching his shoulders together as if lessening the target of his tall figure, he bent low over the wheel as he brought the steamer round on her heel for the open. Grunts and yells broke out behind him, on the deck where the boatswain and two sea-

men were in hand-grips with the guard. Above the hubbub on the pier he heard the second mate's voice drawing attention to the harbour-master, who in his desperation and fury had jumped from the pier-head, and landed almost at the cost of his life on the runaway's port quarter.

"Look out there for boarders, lads! Catch him. By G—— he'll be overboard. Clew him up, clew him up. Don't hurt him. Ain't he a plucky un."

Oaths, strange and weird, hurtled through the air. Heads, arms and legs wriggled and heaved about. Fists and knees came into play, and Robinson's nose was dripping all gory.

"Shove 'im down into the cuddy. Secure companion," bawled the skipper, exultation swelling his voice.

But as he laid the steamer on a course for the red and black buoys marking the channel seaward, round the north end of the island, he eyed with trepidation in his glance the gunboat in the roadstead. Already her bridge- semaphore was energetically answering the shore; officers were thronging her bridge; men were swarming up forward; and figures were busy amidships at a cutter there, which the steel derrick was about to lift into the water. Her men Vancouver now saw jumping into her.

"It'll be twelve months' quod for the 'ands, five years for the mates, an' the wessel confiscated," groaned the first mate, who had climbed to the bridge. "Jus' look at that 'ere Kaiser craft. Oh, 'ow bloomin' smart she is; her 'ands jumpin' around, slicker'n fleas. There ain't any comin' over them Deutscher-men."

"Stow your gab, or I'll come over you," rasped the skipper, devouring the "Bremse" with nervous eyes as he handed over the wheel to Bykett till a hand came on the bridge.

Telescope levelled he craned himself over the starboard bridge-rail, and scrutinized the gunboat. Suddenly her derrick stopped lowering the cutter, it began to hoist her in again. The little handful of bluejackets at her forward quickfirer ceased their activities and slowly housed it again under its water-

proof sheeting. A grin of contempt and scorn corrugated the master's high-cheeked features. In the height of triumph he slapped the telescop home.

"There ain't any coming over them Deutscher-men!" he repeated, with more than a trace of derision in his deep voice. "Isn't there? I'll allow, though, I did expect they'd overhaul me. A close thing!"

"An' so they could," the first mate asserted. "They've either summat up their sleeve, sir, or don't like this dirty weather comin' down with the drift. Mayhap, they're relyin' on that crewser of theirs that went out last night, to ketch us outside. She's being wirelessed."

"Looks like she is, don't it," grunted Vancouver, suddenly picking up the glass." If I don't mistake her, here she comes down the fairway, and bringing the fog and snow with her. Oh, blast her!"

"If the dirt comes down a bit faster, we might dodge her," chimed in the second mate, breathless with excitement, as he ogled Seiner Deutscher Majestat's cruiser, and industriously wiped his nose. But the skipper, gloomily eyeing the "Gazelle," shook his head in dissent.

Smartly, too, the warship arrested the "Happy Ann," alas happy no longer. As the two vessels lost way, the Britisher's hands lined her deck rail, and glumly viewed her. But upon the bridge, the skipper faced his situation like a true-born Briton.

"Mr. Robinson, your voice carries well," he jerked out, "ask that band-box looking cratur on the fore bridge what he wants."

"Sieh da!" bawled the German commander, standing to starboard, apart from his officers. "Vas do I vant? Potz tausend, you are cool, you Englischer! You have escaped die law. You are now my arrestanten. You have two men also seized. I send a boat."

Grim was the face of the Britisher's captain, but the gloom was gone from it. He wiped the flakes of falling snow off his eyelashes, and threw an anxiously expectant look at the winter weather coming down ahead.

"I'm taking all the chances in this game," he announced in a dry voice to his Bridge, "and mayhap I'll best them yet. Over with the wheel a bit, and let this old tub wallow in the lift of the rough water. You just wait, my boys!"

Drunkenly the tall-sided merchantman swayed from port to starboard and back again, lurching and heaving about, as the German got away her whaler. But Captain Vancouver contemplated her erratic movements with much satisfaction, which was vastly increased when he marked that the fog was thickening rapidly. In a few minutes it would be enveloping both vessels. When the "Happy Ann" made a ponderous sally at the cruiser's port amidships, an ill-concealed smile of gratification spread over his face.

"Achtung! Achtung!—take care. Potz tausend, where do you come, hey?" bawled the cruiser's commander. "Vorwärts, da! Get out die way, as you say, or you vill into us run."

He ordered his engine-room telegraph "Slow Ahead," but Vancouver in his turn chuckled softly on seeing the "Gazelle" move clear of the steamer's embraces. Peering beneath his hand he scrutinized the nearing whaler from the deck, then glanced again at the snow-shot drift forging down at hand, impenetrable to sight as any London fog.

"Cabbage green!" was his comment on the cruiser's third lieutenant, sitting erect in the sternsheets. "Guess it is the drift that has driven the cruiser in. My luck holds."

As the steamer dipped, the whaler's bow-men made a frantic grab at the "Happy Ann's" accommodation ladder with their boat-hooks. One missed, but the other caught on, just as the steamer gave an upward heave, lifting the man off his feet. Frantically he yelled out, and his mates forward in the whaler gripped him by the legs, and hung on desperately. It was just then that the second mate, intently watching his superior officer, saw his hand go up, and forthwith he also rang the engines to "Slow Ahead."

"Der teufel," snapped the lieutenant, so rambling forward from the stern-

sheets as the steamer began to seethe through the broken water. "Ring off die engines. I teil you, ring off die engines. You vill us schwamp."

"Cast off then," replied Captain Vancouver, who was climbing down the accommodation ladder, "cast off, my son. Who the deuce wants you aboard!"

"Do you hear," the officer cried furiously, hanging on desperately to the slippery rungs as the "Happy Ann" dipped him almost to the chin then hove him high above the weltering sea, "ring off die engines, or I will you make."

"Oh, you would," returned the skipper in an interested voice, "you vill me make, vill you! Cast off, Herr Officier, cast off. The drift is coming down right here. There's your old man tootling for you."

The wrathful eyes of Seiner Deutscher Majestat's officer ate up the Britisher.

"I vill you force," he roared, beginning to ascend. "You schwimm . . . bei Gott, you vill."

He made an upward dash, but Vancouver bent down and clutched at him. Dextrously he threw him wide off the ladder.

"Swim yourself," he bellowed, stung at last into anger.

Instantly the whaler dropped astern to pick up her officer. Again the cruiser moaned out amidst the welling fog. From well astern came the sound, and the skipper gave a grunt of relief as he hurried on the bridge. At full speed ahead the "Happy Ann" charged through the wintry elements, on towards the open North Sea, the fog-bells on the jobbling buoys to port and starboard guiding her. Astern, the "Gazelle's" syren made faint weird noises that mingled with the "Bremse's" still fainter moanings. With every faculty strung alert, Captain Vancouver was taking his vessel homeward.

Yet he had qualms of conscience. But when the second mate came on the bridge at eight bells, he had some information for him that went very far to absolving his uneasy mind.

"Weather is as thick as ever sir," he observed to the master, standing in the lee of the charthouse, the light of which gleaming through the snow-flaked win-

dow dimly illumined Vancouver's worried face. "By-the-bye, sir, the harbour-master and t'other un are keen to know what you intend doing with 'em. The guard wants to skip, 'cause it'll be two years' hard on black munchoo and skilly for letting the steamer skidoo, and the harbour-master, poor devil, is in the deuce of a stew; seems, he is responsible for the Daimler getting her nose stoved in. He don't mind, if he never gets back. They'll be mighty severe on him."

The long laugh of an eased mind escaped Captain Vancouver. He rubbed a circle in the snow clogging the chart-house window, and peered inside at the clock beside the log desk.

Said he in a voice, the cheerfulness of which the pitiless fog and snow could not dispel, "I reckon, this hour three nights on, Mr. Robinson, sees these two Germans sitting in my front parlor with my missis and myself, supping punch and eating mince pies. Foolish having any grudge against them," he added thoughtfully, "they were only doing their dooty."

But the second mate did not hear his last words. Pulling the sou'-wester well down over his brows, he had stepped out of shelter, into the blinding gush of the wintry night along the bridge. "Rolling Home To Merry England" was the chan-ty he hummed.

The Years That Lie Ahead.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Here's to the year that is to be,
And here's to the year that's gone;
Still at the loom of Eternity
Old Time is a-spinning on.
Hither and thither the shuttle flies,
Weaving the vesture before our eyes,
The vesture that we must don.

Every day does the pattern change
To a maze of tangled hues;
Interwoven and twisted and strange,
And not what we would choose.
But we must take what the Weaver weaves,
For naught availeth the heart that grieves;—
We win by the things we lose!

We lose a lot, but we also gain,
And learn with a braver zeal,
To take the Pleasure and bear the Pain,
For what it will best reveal.
The years may take, but the years will give,
While the soul beats out the way to live,
And Time works on at his wheel.

Here's to the year that is to be,
And here's to the year that's sped.
The loom is the loom of Destiny,
But the Spinner guides the thread
And weaves it in—as he stands aloof—
With the lives of men, and the warp and woof
Of the years that lie ahead.

THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY ANNIE'S SWAN



CHAPTER IV.

THE HEIGHTS OF HAMP-STEAD.

THE office boy knocked at the door of Mr. Archibald Currie's private room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir, and Miss Wrede wishes to know if she is to come up."

"No, Baddeley, tell Miss Wrede I shall join her in less than five minutes."

"And please, sir, there's a man wishes to see you very particular. Could you spare him five minutes? No name, sir, but he gave me this."

He handed a small piece of pasteboard to his master, who read both the printed words and the name scribbled on the back.

"Another of Fielden's proteges. I don't think I can see him now, Baddeley. But there, yes, I will! Tell Miss Wrede I am engaged for a few more minutes and that if she prefers to come up she will find Mr. Willett's room empty."

"Yes, sir, and shall I show the party up, the gentleman I mean, sir?"

"Yes, now."

Baddeley went off cheerfully. Everybody was cheerful under that roof. The note was struck by the principal himself each morning, when he appeared spick and span and smiling at his business house. The world could have told you that Archibald Currie had good reason

for cheerfulness, and that he had been an extraordinarily successful man, that he had amassed great wealth, and had most of the gifts that men prize.

But personally he was a singularly lonely man, without ties of the kind which make the chief joy of life. He was estranged, through no fault of his own, from his only brother. They had never, even as boys, been intimate. It was indeed hard to believe that two men so different could have been born of one parentage and shared the same early home-life. Archibald, the elder, was large-hearted, sunny-natured, generous to a fault, combining with the highest business gifts a breadth of view and a benevolent spirit which his brother James continually condemned.

"Archie makes paupers, and adds to the problems of existence," he was fond of saying, and would then launch into condemnation of his brother's indiscriminate charity.

Mr. James Currie did not err in that direction. He distributed no charity whatsoever, but required all he earned for himself and his family.

The astonishing thing, however, was, that the more Archibald gave away, the more money flowed in upon him. He did all sorts of unnecessary and expensive kindnesses. His latest was to adopt as his daughter one Katherine Wrede, the orphan child of a woman they had known in their youth, and who had married disastrously and suffered much. This

latest indiscretion the James Curries condemned very loudly, because they feared that it might divert the channels of their uncle's money from themselves.

Archibald Currie was a very fine-looking man, resembling his brother somewhat in figure and feature, though on a larger scale. The generous largeness of his life seemed to have written themselves all over his personality; his eyes beamed kindness; his beautiful white hair, which gave him at too early an age a singularly benevolent look, framed a face in which there was nothing to repel.

He drew a sheet of paper before him on the desk, and was busy writing when the door opened, and Mr. Charlton was announced.

"In a moment, sir," he said, partly wheeling round, but not taking a good look at the stranger. "Pray take a chair."

It gave the man whom we must henceforth call Charlton the necessary moment for self-recovery. The very fact that the glance bestowed upon him conveyed not the smallest recognition was in itself most reassuring. He looked round the room with interest, and tried to still his nerves, which threatened to get out of hand. Up till now Charlton had not had any occasion to play a part; he was astonished at his own ability to play it. Surely it was the very madness of daring to venture into the presence of this man, noted as much for his shrewd knowledge and judgment of human nature as for his benevolence! It was said in the City that Archibald Currie had never been known to make a mistake in his man.

To pass the bar of judgment, therefore, was to go forth hall-marked to the world.

The risk for Charlton was colossal; only success could justify it. The man whose verdict might decide his whole fate and future signed the letter and rang for it to be taken away.

Then he turned to give courteous attention to the stranger, rising to his feet and standing before the empty fireplace, with his hand folded behind his back. To the day of his death Charlton thought he would remember the pattern of his

clothes, the curiously wrought link of the old-fashioned fob, which dangled from beneath his ample waistcoat, the keenness as well as the kind lines in his deep-set eyes.

"You are a friend of the Vicar of St. Ethelred's?"

"Not exactly a friend, sir—a waif on whom he chanced this morning on the top of an omnibus," replied Charlton, striving to meet Currie's eyes, and succeeding wonderfully.

"You want help? What can I do for you?"

"I am out of work, sir," replied Charlton, quietly. "A post of some kind, however humble in this place, would be at once the saving and making of me."

"You have been in another position," remarked the elder man, easily detecting the educated note, the ease of manner which singled him out from other applicants. "You have been, I could almost swear, an employer of labour yourself?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"It does not seem to come readily to you to use the prefix, 'sir,'" continued Currie in an even, quiet voice. "Is there anything you would wish to tell me of a private nature before we consider how you are to be helped?"

Charlton seemed to struggle a moment with himself.

"Sir, if my own fate only were involved I should speak out freely. I cannot do so. I am here without character or credentials, asking you for the love of God to give me one more chance."

Currie remained silent a full minute, during which he regarded the pleader steadily. There was not the faintest recognition in his look, however, though he felt himself puzzled not so much by a haunting sense of familiarity as by the desire becoming momentarily more insistent to give the desired aid against his better judgment. Something in the pleasant educated voice, in the eager, almost hollow, eyes, appealed. And to sum up, the chance to drag a man back from any pit, was a task after his own heart.

"I have been often disillusioned and taken in," he observed, "and I have even no later than yesterday taken a vow to harden my heart. But you interest me.

You are fully aware what an immense thing you ask from me?"

"I am fully aware of it, sir. No one could be more so, but—but if I live I shall repay, not betray, your trust."

Archibald Currie cleared his throat.

"I am not to ask a single question?"

"I could not answer any of a personal nature," replied Charlton frankly.

"And your very name, I take it, is assumed?"

Charlton made no reply, and again there was a prolonged silence.

Currie thought of all the men he had interviewed in that room, of the specious lies to which he had listened, of the crocodile tears he had witnessed, the false promises of amendment and reform. And he could not remember any appeal which had so powerfully affected him.

Against every warning of his shrewder judgment he determined to trust this man, to fling one more hostage upon the sea of fortune.

"You have been in business?" he inquired briefly. "So much I must know before I can do or promise anything. And as you have come to me I take it that you understand the nature of my business?"

"Yes, sir, I do understand it."

"The only thing I could offer you meanwhile is clerical work of the elementary order, and that merely superfluous, because we happen to be more than usually busy. The impending trouble in South Africa has quickened all the export trade, but your salary would be of the most meagre description."

"So long as it can provide me with food to eat and a decent shelter I shall be grateful for it, sir. It will give me my opportunity."

"Well, I will take you on your own recommendation solely, and perhaps because you come to me by introduction of Mr. Fielden. He and I together have been at the upbuilding of more than one fallen fortune, and helped to restore a few. You can commence here on Monday morning at a salary of twenty-eight shillings a week. Whether you remain will depend on yourself."

A flush, deep, almost painful, over-

spread Charlton's face as he sprang to his feet.

"Sir, I cannot thank you. I hope that my future conduct will be my guarantee of good faith."

Currie faintly smiled.

"I re-echo that hope," but he hesitated a moment and then forced back the question that had sprung to his lips.

He would not put it, because something warned him that the man before him either could not or would not answer it. No, he must today draw a large cheque on the bank of faith, and if it were dishonoured, well, he would not even then be wholly the loser.

Charlton dismissed, passed out; and as he reached the end of the passage which shut off the private room, the swish of silken skirts, the faint perfume of violets greeted him. Immediately he had to stand aside to let a lady pass. He knew who she was, he had heard of Archibald Currie's ward, but he now saw her for the first time. She was beautifully dressed in a gown suitable only for some fete, and which seemed out of place in the bare passages of a city office. She looked at the man standing hat in hand in one of the shadowy corners, and as if the glance interested her, turned to look again. Then the vision disappeared beyond the glass panels at the end and Charlton passed out to the stairs.

"Are you there, Uncle Archie? You said five minutes, and do you know it is nearly half an hour. Mrs. James will be furious."

"Oh, of course, it is the day of the garden party at Fair Lawn, isn't it?" he asked with a facetious smile as he turned to greet the radiant vision invading his privacy and creating a very different atmosphere from that usually found therein. "Why, Katherine, surely this is the height of extravagance!"

"Hush, you naughty man, it will horrify Mrs. James, and Elizabeth and Sophia will bewail your extravagance. But nobody will dare tell them the thing cost two pounds, and that I made it myself!"

She pirouetted on one foot and took up her dainty skirts in her hands to show the delicious frou-frou beneath, and Currie smiled an indulgent smile.

Katherine Wrede had now been four years in the old house in Hyde-park-square, and she was verily the light of his life. He would have lavished his all upon her had she lifted her little finger, but her tastes were simple and her fingers clever, and she spent so little that those who only saw the finished product would have been amazed. There was a secret antagonism between her and the feminine element at Fair Lawn, for which reason she kept them wholly in the dark regarding the actual terms on which she lived in Hyde-park-square. They did not know that the comparatively small sum she spent on her own clothes was more than refunded by the economy and comfort with which she ruled the household. Archibald Currie had never known a home until she came to brighten his with her presence.

At Fair Lawn they were jealous and angry with her, they alternately patronised her and gave her warnings and advice. Katherine Wrede was never at her best there, and went as little as possible. This was a gala day, however, the one garden party of the season, into which Mrs. James paid off all her social engagements to the somebodies and nobodies of Hampstead. After consultation it had been decided that it would be better not to cancel the invitations, though the blow in the city would of course shed a gloom over it for themselves.

"Who was that man I passed just outside the door, uncle?" inquired Katherine Wrede as she took his hat from the cupboard and the brush from the shelf to polish its glossy surface.

Instead of answering her he put a counter question.

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because his face interested me. He is not a common man. He is very good looking to begin with, and there is a whole story in his face."

"I believe that I have been guilty of what my brother James would call another deplorable indiscretion this afternoon."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Have you? Do tell me what it is. You have given a large sum of money

perhaps to that man because his eyes appealed to you. I should have done just the same myself."

"No, my folly did not go quite so far, but I have given him employment without a reference of any kind or any guarantee that he will even serve me honestly. But if I hadn't he might have gone under."

The brightness on her face was arrested by the seriousness of the old man's words. A lovely, still look, which added indescribably to her beauty, because it gave a sudden glimpse of the soul, overspread her face.

"Dear, I am glad you are like that. It must be a splendid thing to be able to give a man his last chance and be willing, that is the greatest of all. So few are willing. Look how you took me from that horrible pension at Bruges! Oh, God knew how much need there was in the world when He made you."

She spoke with such passion that her guardian was at once touched and surprised.

He laid a soothing hand on her shoulder.

Child, you must try to be less intense. You feel things too much, and make too much of every little service rendered, especially to yourself. Wipe those pretty eyes and keep the tears for the real need there is. Now come, and we shall be restored to a normal temperature by the atmosphere on the heights of Hampstead.

Often now they had their little joke, though it was always kindiy, at the expense of the Fair Lawn relatives, with whom neither felt conspicuously at home.

"I don't care for this sort of thing, Katherine," he observed as he took his seat in the carriage beside her. "And James knows I don't, but in the circumstances it is our duty to rally around them. They are feeling this a good deal, and the attendance at the party this afternoon will be a sort of gauge of public opinion."

"I see. Has nothing been heard of poor Mr. Reedham yet?"

"Don't call him poor, Katherine. The man did wrong with his eyes open, and ought to be punished."

"You are not often so severe, Uncle Archie," she remarked in surprise.

"I can be severe when occasion arises. If the man had stuck to his guns and owned up it would have been better for everybody. And nothing can excuse his treatment of his wife. I wish you would go and see her, Katherine, before she leaves Norwood. Perhaps we could go together at the beginning of the week."

"Poor, poor thing; I shall go, certainly. I wonder how she feels about him! But, Uncle Archie, if it was as bad as the papers said, and he would have been committed, that would have been even more painful for his wife and son. I think, were I in her place, I should be glad that he had escaped."

"It was the coward's way out, Katherine," observed Currie, as he laid his hand on the padded morocco, lining the side of the carriage.

"I thought suicide was the coward's way. Is it thought he has done that?"

"Nobody knows. I shouldn't think it likely myself. George Lidgate told me himself that he deliberately gave him eighteen hours' start. They all liked him, Katie, men trusted and liked him, which makes it all the worse. I was talking to a man yesterday, who has lost three thousand by him, and he said he would pay the money twice over to see Reedham reinstated."

"There must have been good in him; great good, then," she said emphatically. "People don't talk like that about a weak, or merely wicked man."

"You may be right, but I feel sore and hard about it. When that sort of thing comes near home, as it does in this case, it alters a man's point of view. We must do our best at Fair Lawn this afternoon to show our sympathy."

"Yes, Uncle," she said obediently, and did not add that he had set her a task. For she knew, though he did not, that the moment she felt herself enveloped by the hostile atmosphere of Fair Lawn, the other side of her nature, not the lovable side, would be up in arms.

They drove by way of Haverstock-hill to the Heath, the air growing purer and rarer as they made the steep ascent. Out there, the dust of the long, dry summer

was not so all-pervading, and some freshness seemed yet to linger in the fine old gardens among the noble trees.

"It is very pleasant up here, Katie, but I have always said I would make no compromise betwixt town and country. One day, perhaps soon, we shall turn our backs wholly on London, and find a real country retreat. Then, when I have cut myself off from the London I love so well, you'll turn and leave me——" he added, with a slightly pensive touch.

"Why should I leave you? There is nothing I should like better than the country, and, believe me, I should never once look back."

"Ah, but you will ride off with a handsomer man?"

"Where is he to be found?" she asked, with a touch of gay banter. "If it is marrying you mean, dearest, I am not a marrying woman."

"That sounds bad for poor Stephen Currie," he said amusedly, and yet with a certain furtive anxiety in his glance. He saw her lip curl.

"I could not, and would not, marry Stephen Currie, Uncle Archibald, if he were the last man in the world."

"That would not be a good hearing for Stephen. He will ask you one of these days, Katie."

He did not add that he had already been sounded on the subject by his brother James, who had been anxious to learn the nature of the settlements to be made on Katherine Wrede in the event of such an alliance coming within the province of actual fact.

"I don't like him, Uncle Archibald. Oh, yes, he has brains of a kind, but all his views are opposed to mine, and his ideas about women are mediaeval. He shall be prevented asking me, Uncle Archibald."

When he did not immediately reply she turned her sweet face towards him anxiously. "It would not disappoint you very much, dearest. I mean you are not keen for me to marry Stephen Currie?"

"I, oh, no, it is a matter of indifference to me. But Stephen is a good boy as far as he goes, and has never cost his parents any anxiety."

"He is made after their pattern," she

said severely. "He will always walk in the appointed path, and do all that is expected of him. You could tell it by the parting in his hair, and the cut of his clothes."

"Hush, my dear, the sarcastic tongue does not become you," he said reprovingly, yet tempering his reproof by an indulgent smile. She asked his pardon immediately, and begged him to remember that she was a Bohemian by nature and upbringing, which pronouncement brought them to the well-appointed gates of Fair Lawn. They were pretentious for a merely suburban residence, towering high and ornate above the young trees planted to flank their buttresses, and they seemed to dwarf the house, visible two hundred yards further on. It was a fine house of its kind, and the lawns surrounding it were soft and fine as continuous attention could make them. They presented an animated appearance that afternoon, with the gay dresses of the ladies, the bright, sun-shades, the red and white stripes of the awnings, while the pleasant strains of the Viennese band filled the summer air.

Mrs. James Currie always did her garden party well, and favoured with fine weather, usually achieved success. She was looking very gracious, and when she saw her brother-in-law's well-appointed carriage draw up where the avenue took a curve for the wider space of the front lawn, she looked gratified. Archibald was always a gracious and acceptable personality, whom everybody was pleased to meet, and even while she secretly disapproved of Katherine Wrede, she also never failed to interest.

She seemed to strike a new note in the suburban crowd. Her frock of flowered muslin simply made, with the big sash about her slender waist, seemed to add to her height, and the big picture hat, with its sweeping black plumes made a most becoming frame for her piquant face. Many looked at her with interest and curiosity, and the son of the house, immaculately attired in his frock coat suit and white waistcoat, and with a gardenia in his buttonhole, hastened forward to receive them.

"How do you do, Archibald?" inquir-

ed Mrs. James, in her well-modulated, conventional voice. "You are a little late; I was afraid you were not coming. Thank you, I am quite well, Miss Wrede. Yes, we have a beautiful day."

Katherine made her little bow, and turned to speak to Elizabeth and Sophia, who were eyeing her with ill-concealed envy and dislike.

Their gowns, made in Bond-street, bore the unmistakable cachet of the West-end, but they were not well worn. To them the simplicity of Katherine Wrede's attire seemed an affront, which made them, in their stiff silk frocks, suddenly feel overdressed. The delicate bloom of lilac scattered over her muslin skirt, the big fichu of old lace, draped about her shoulders with an art they could not copy, annoyed them beyond measure. And she did not wear a single article of jewellery of any kind; the fichu was knotted, and no one could tell how it was kept in its place.

Yet she at once took her place as the most distinguished-looking among the five hundred people present, and many eyes followed her admiringly.

"I say, you're looking stunning, you know," whispered Stephen Currie in her ear, when, after continuous effort, he managed to get a private word with her. "Simply stunning; you knock 'em all into cocked hats the minute you appear on the scene."

"I hope not. I don't see any evidence of it," she said demurely. "Get me an ice, will you?"

"Of course I will, if you promise not to let anybody else have my chair," he said jealously. With a good deal of engineering he had managed to secure a chair by Katherine's side at a convenient distance from the throng. Stephen was honestly and very much in love, though she did not give him credit for it. By the time he returned his chair was occupied by the clergyman of the church the Curries attended, a middle-aged man for whom Katherine had the greatest respect and esteem. He rose, however, when Stephen returned, gathering from his expression that he was *de trop*.

But Katherine begged him to stop.

"I have ever so many things to say to

you, Mr. Cadell," she said gaily. "Did you see Mr. Cruuie and me in the front gallery seat last Sunday night when you preached at Kensington? I want to tell you that it was the best sermon I have heard since I came to London.

"That would be nothing to Uncle Archie's horses," said Stephen quickly, while a gratified expression crossed the clergyman's face. He was not a *persona grata* at Fair Lawn, and in some unaccountable way had missed his mark at Hampstead. Very little appreciation came in his way; therefore the sincere and kind words spoken by Katherine Wrede warmed his heart.

"May I bring my wife to speak to you, Miss Wrede?" he eagerly asked.

"I will come to her, Mr. Cadell," she said, with a ready grace. "It is only right that I should. Just let me finish my ice, will you?"

Someone sauntered up to speak to the clergyman, and Stephen bent over her reproachfully.

"Why are you so disagreeable to me, Katherine? You know I am only here today because you were coming. I loathe this sort of thing."

"Do you? I am sure it is very pleasant," she said quietly.

"And what do you want to go and talk to Mrs. Cadell for? You'll never get away. She'll pin you down for a week with trivialities. I tell you what, the Cadells are the greatest bores I know."

"You don't appreciate them as you ought. I like him sincerely, and I hope he will find his true sphere soon. He certainly hasn't found it in Hampstead."

"Won't you come for a turn round with me now, Katherine? It's really quite pretty at the back of the house, and the roses are out in plenty yet."

"Mr. Cadell may bring his wife to me at any minute, besides I didn't come to walk about with you. I must make myself agreeable to your mother's guests.

That's why people come to garden parties."

"Why wouldn't you see me last Sunday when I called," he persisted.

"I had a headache. No, it wasn't any make-up, I assure you. I never came down all the evening."

"Well. I'll come tomorrow."

"Don't, we have three men already coming to lunch, I shall find them enough." She rose as she spoke, handed him her ice-plate, and began to move across the lawn. She saw that she must put a stop to Stephen's talk, that it was approaching debatable ground. But he did not mean to be put off. Later on he managed by constant shadowing, observed with much piquant interest by many of the guests, and with inward chagrin by his mother, to get her alone again.

"Look here, Katherine, you're not going yet. Uncle Archie is still enjoying himself, and that awful Mrs. Cadell has got him fast in her toils. If I mayn't come to lunch when may I see you? Will you come down to Richmond with me one afternoon and we'll dine at the Star and Garter, and have a run on the river?"

She opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, Stephen, what will you suggest next? No, I certainly can't do that."

"You're tormenting me beyond endurance, Katherine, but you shan't browbeat me altogether. You know what I'm driving at. You will marry me won't you?"

She lowered her sunshade until it came between her face and his eyes, and began to walk rather smartly away, but he kept pace with her.

"I mean to have you, Katherine. You've driven me nearly mad of late. You used to be much kinder to me. Do you hear. I'll come and speak to Uncle Archie about you tomorrow in spite of you."

She laughed a little, and with a bewildering glance over her shoulder flitted away.

(To be continued)

A Bid for Wheat.

Cyril Stackhouse

IT was at Isaac Butler's sale that the scare started. Butler's farm was about four miles from town and as a sale is attended as much for local gossip as for legitimate buying, most of the Evergreen farmers were there. Willson was there, representing the Bank, and it was through him that the news came that "The Prairie Farmers' Elevator" had assigned!

Evergreen is one of the many small, one-horse towns, which lie dotted along the Canadian Pacific in its winding course through the western provinces. Five tall elevators and a few scattered houses lie on one side of the track; and the hotel, the stores, and the three little churches occupy one long main street and a few side streets on the other. Dave Carter was buying for the Prairie Company and it was more on the strength of his personal reputation than on that of the Company itself that the farmers had stored their wheat with him. They had been confidently waiting for a dollar a bushel and never thought but that their wheat would be safe in Dave's hands.

Knowing that George Cheeseman had his whole crop of eight thousand bushels stored there, the banker told him the news first. Now Cheeseman was a good Methodist and as close as a hen on a china egg, so he got the scare all right, forgot his bids and hitching right up hiked for town hot-foot. The news was not slow in travelling, and Jack Leech left his spring-plowing and hit the town about the same time as Cheeseman. His Scotch blood demanded a touch, so he brought along a bottle of rye for company. Ten thousand bushels of wheat were more to him than all the laws of prohibition, so he poured some down Cheeseman's neck, while discussing the problem that faced them. They must act immediately, so they chased round to

the 'phone exchange and kept the rural lines busy looking up Carter and his elevator keys. After half an hour's wild ringing of half the 'phones in the municipality, they heard he was over the track in his implement warehouse. Leech was there first with Cheeseman and a half-dozen others trailing behind.

"What are we to do about it?" he yelled in his strongest accent.

Carter bit the end off a cigar, rolled it between his lips and then sucked it contemplatively for a while. Then he looked at the end of his nose and guessed that cigars generally smoke better lighted. He was a thick set, clean shaven fellow with good nature written all over him.

"I opine it'll rain some before supper," was all he said.

"Come, Dave," Cheeseman said, "what about my wheat?"

Carter looked at him as though he wondered what ailed him.

"Guess it's in bin number twenty-three, far as I know," he answered.

"Then I want it out, right now," Cheeseman snapped.

"Kind of difficult to stow away eight thousand bushels in that buggy of yours," Carter said slowly, "besides it's safer by far with me than in your granary just now."

Cheeseman sidled up to the buyer threateningly.

"Can I have it or not?" he demanded.

Carter gave him a pitying look and lit his cigar.

"Now, George," he said persuasively, "you'll fly off the handle in a minute and then the preacher will put you in his sermon on Sunday for an example. Jest cool off a bit and tell us what's eating you."

Leech saw that his brother in distress

was unequal to the occasion, so he stepped in himself.

"The elevator people have gone up, haven't they?" he asked.

"Sure," smiled Carter, just as if they did it every day for exercise.

"Then they'll get our wheat and we shall have to be satisfied with a dividend that won't pay for seed."

"Likely," Carter smiled again.

"Best thing for us is to get our wheat while we can, ain't it?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. No use standing around doing nothing."

Leech produced his flask and handed it to the buyer.

"Then jest let us have it, Dave, like a good fellow."

Carter saw that the flask was three-quarter full and as he thought the others were better without any more he quietly finished it. Then he wiped his mouth, slowly relit his cigar and smiled in a fatherly manner at the crowd.

"Easy as rolling off a log," he grinned, "Come in and fill your pockets." And with that he wandered off towards the elevator.

Most of the farmers whose wheat was in the elevator had arrived by this time and were eagerly discussing among themselves ways and means of saving their grain. They must organise and bring Carter to reason, so they elected Willson, the banker, as their chairman and wandered over to the bank to find him. Willson and the teller were playing poker in the sitting-room behind the office with one or two others. He took no notice of the visitors but just looked at his hand, opened the pot and drew three.

"Check those three card draws," called the teller and raised him a quarter.

Willson raised him back and froze the others out. The teller looked at his hand and doubtfully raised him again. Willson without hesitation doubled the bet and the teller called him. The teller had a pair of tens to Willson's pair of queens, and the hardware man had frozen out with a pair of kings at the start.

Leech informed Willson for the third time that he was elected chairman of the meeting and sat on the cards and chips to call the meeting to order. The banker

smiled affably and suggested a "smile." The farmers looked willing, so he went into his bedroom at the back and handed out a small keg of rye from under his bed. One drink had to be seconded and by the time they had had a third, the meeting was ready for business. The teller was an Englishman and green, and the three drinks had driven away all care from him. He rose unsteadily.

"I move that we proceed to play Guy Fawkes with the blooming elevator," he stammered.

"Guy Fawkes be sugared," roared Cheeseman, whose righteous head and stomach were unused to three neat drinks in succession, "what about my wheat?"

Willson, however, was hardened and kept his head.

"You can't have it without your storage tickets anyway," he said, then there's your storage to pay, too. Somebody find Dave Carter and I'll talk to him right here."

The buyer was duly found and sauntered in with the smile still on his face. He saw the keg and didn't mind if he did, only the others must drink "success" too. No one objected, so business was postponed for a few minutes. The keg couldn't last out like the widow's curse, however, so business came up again and the buyer gave his advice.

"Now, you see, fellers, it's this way. I can't give up the wheat until you give me your storage tickets, which I guess you've all got in your stockings at home. Now the company have 'phoned me to give up the elevator keys to their agent, who is coming up on number three. That train is due right now and if he gets those keys, bang goes your wheat and some of you will be heeled."

There was a low whistle from down the track, where the train was just passing the mileboard. The crowd groaned.

"Guess them's the cars," he went on, "so we'll meet Mr. Man and see what he is going to do. Come along fellers, we're in for a deuce of a good time."

They followed him sheepishly across the main street to the depot and talked among themselves while the train drew in, slowed up and stopped.

A big, pompous-looking individual

alighted, gave up his grip to the hotel porter and looked up and down the platform. The buyer walked up to him and carefully bit the end off a new cigar and just as carefully lit it. He waited there calmly smoking, for the stranger to speak and the train drew out, westbound.

"Mr. Carter?" the big man enquired, and Dave nodded.

"You buy for the Prairie Farmers' Elevator here, I think?" the big man asked.

"You can stop thinking right now and be sure of it," Carter answered.

"I represent the Western Office of the Company and have been instructed to take over the elevator and its contents from you," the stranger went on; "you received my telephone message, of course?"

"I sure did," answered Carter; "got the keys right here, too."

He jingled the keys in his hand and the Farmers groaned. The big man reached for them.

"Then, if you don't object——?" he began, but Dave transferred them to his coat pocket.

"Not at all," he said; "you're Mr. Straker, I guess?"

The man nodded.

"Got a letter of introduction from the firm, I suppose?" he queried.

The stranger was getting hot.

"I am the firm," he blustered; "I need no introduction."

"That so?" asked Carter, very calmly, "I'm afraid you've missed your guess this time all right. Best thing you can do is to 'phone right down and tell them to send it up to you."

The man grew hotter still.

"Preposterous," he almost shouted, "hand over those keys at once."

Carter took no notice. "If you phone right now, they can have that letter up to you in five hours on the way freight."

The farmers were getting terribly uneasy. Here was Dave, whom they had always trusted, fighting against them. But if he was really against them and their interests, why did he not give up the keys at once? Dave did not keep them guessing long, though.

"Now these farmers can run up home

and get back here with their tickets in less than an hour, most of them, which just gives them about four hours to get out their wheat. I have cars enough here on the track to take all the wheat I've got and they can ship it in their own names and leave the elevator full of wind for the company." He smiled at the farmers and then at the stranger knowingly. "I reckon it'll be a mighty interesting race." And he wandered back to the implement warehouse chewing the stump of his cigar.

Leech and Cheeseman looked at each other and set off for home. They must hustle back with those tickets or all would be lost. Other farmers, who were interested, followed suit.

The stranger saw the uselessness of argument with his buyer and struck for the 'phone exchange and talked for ten minutes at sixty cents a minute at red-hot speed.

Willson went back to the office, discovered another small keg, and proceeded to skin the teller and the hardware man with his pat hands and bluffs with four flushes.

Carter was adjusting a gang-plow and smiling to himself.

* * * * *

Fifty-five minutes later George Cheeseman tore past the cemetery, down the hill, eastwards past the Presbyterian Church and drew up at the drug-store. His horses were heated into a white lather and he hastily hitched the lines round the tie-post and asked for Carter. Dave was still working at the gang-plow. Cheeseman found him, hurriedly endorsed the tickets and told Dave to get a move on. Three minutes later Leech followed him and in another quarter of an hour the town was astir with farmers demanding their wheat. Ikey Butler's sale was totally forgotten. Those not having enough wheat to fill a car of their own, clubbed up with others to do so. Willson and Carter began to organise. Leech being the largest holder, it was decided to fill his cars first; and the whole town, young and old, came out to push the cars to the elevator spouts, shovel the wheat and help in every way. Never was the town so excited. Prohibition

was overlooked and the local constable went out in search of whiskey and such good stuff as might help the workers and speed the work.

No train was due for four hours, the westbound freight being the next, so the station agent left his work and took a shovel also. Willson left the office in charge of his English teller who slept until three o'clock, then closed the bank and insisted on helping to shovel the grain. In two hours the work was well on its way, and to make sure all the grain should be saved men were actually shovelling it out of the bins into wagons at the back. Could they get through in time? That was the question.

Straker was looking on, realising how helpless he was until his letter should come. They were taking away twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat, and he was powerless to stop them.

Suddenly there was a whistle down the track to the east and Straker saw an engine and a caboose coming along and drawing up for orders. The conductor was leaning out of the caboose and waving. There was his letter, which might save some of the wheat for him, anyhow. He boarded the car and tried to grasp hold of the letter, which the man held out to him; but before he could get it, he was grabbed from behind and the letter taken from the conductor. Jumping to his feet, Straker saw that Willson had the letter. The train received orders and sped on westward.

"Give me that letter," Straker demanded.

Willson glanced at the address and carefully placed it in his pocket-book. Straker was for a moment dumbfounded.

"Guess it's near supper time," grinned the stranger, "be sorry for it," he shouted.

"If you don't hand me that letter you'll be the Banker, "Come on and have one on me. Seems quite a time between drinks."

"Curse you, give me that letter or I'll plug you," and the stranger drew out a revolver and covered him.

Willson seemed to take little notice of him, but turned and called the half-drunken constable to his side.

"Here, Jack," he said, "quit that drinking and arrest this man. Can't you see

he is threatening me with his loaded, little son-of-a-gun? Constable do your duty."

Now, though Jack Bores had been constable of the town for over five years, this was the first time he had ever been called upon in his official capacity, so filled with zeal and bad whiskey, he promptly became vigilant. A strong man at any time, the drink had made him doubly strong, so he bore down upon the luckless Straker, dashed the revolver from his hand and took him away.

Evergreen does not boast of a lock-up; and where Jack took his man Willson didn't know or care, so long as the farmers were able to save the wheat. The men were getting tired, so they called off until after supper, and had another meeting when Willson explained what had happened.

Number four eastbound was due in thirty minutes, so they brought out Straker and sat him on the platform and talked to him. Cheeseman, though a good Methodist, had taken some drinks to help him in his shovelling operations, so he forgot his high morals and went back to the language of his ranching days before he found words really befitting the occasion. Leech followed him and in broad Scotch cursed the abject looking man, cursed his near and distant relations, cursed his ancestors, descendants and generations yet unborn, and finally cursed his elevator and personal property. Such invective was never heard between the two seas. Carter, his late employee, stepped up and spoke in the language of Missouri River, most politely and adorned with the indispensable urbane smile. Still it seemed to hurt the big man all the same.

Finally Willson spoke, "Give him those keys, Dave," and Carter threw them at him, "here's your precious letter of introduction, though heaven knows we don't need introducing now, and none of us care to see it anyhow, for we don't care a twopenny cuss who you are or what you are," and he threw the letter down at him, "Now here's number four coming right along and if you don't jump aboard (the hotel man is right here with your grip) you'll get pulled for attempt-

ed murder under the laws of the Dominion of Canada in general and the enactments of the Province of Manitoba in particular; and I may say that we have a pretty slick magistrate here too. You can come right up again tomorrow as soon as we've got all our wheat, and pack up your old chicken-coop of an elevator on a flat-car and take it home for fire-wood."

Number four pulled in and Mr. Straker, followed by his grip, was thrown unceremoniously aboard, his coat torn, his hat dented beyond recognition, and his boots covered with mud. As the cars drew out of the station he had not sufficient energy left to shake his fist at the departing town and its inhabitants. He just sat down on the platform of the parlor car at the rear and sobbed, while the black attendant lifted him up.

As the car passed the banker, Willson

,carefully drew the revolver from his pocket and having ejected the shells, carefully aimed at the half-prostrate Mr. Straker, hitting him in the centre of his vest.

"I've got the shells, old man," called the banker, after him, "because you might want to shoot yourself and then you'd be sorry after you had done it and be angry with me for it."

So the Company lost their game and the farmers bluffed them out of their grain.

Willson returned to find another keg and skin his teller afresh, and Dave went back to tighten up a nut on his gang-plow.

By the morning the elevator was empty and the grain well on its way to Fort William in the names of the farmers themselves.

The Passing of the Year.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

The winds were sighing wearily;
 The chimes began to play;—
 And snow-clad elfs were gathering,
 Along the year's highway.
 The icy mirror on the brook—
 Crashed with an ominous sound.
 And clovers sweet with grasses, slept,
 In frosty fetters, bound.
 A knight in ermine suit, passed by—
 With helmet—snowy-white;
 While low the hooded grasses knelt,
 And said their prayers in fright.
 This gay young princeling, hummed a song—
 And bore a rose of red,
 While gleaming like a sapphire crown,
 Sweet violets wreathed his head.
 Then, when the sunbeams came to earth,
 To warm the ground grown cold,—
 They kissed the frosty elfin sprites,
 And fused their hearts with gold.
 Now, when the fire's ruddy gleam,—
 Within the maple trees,
 And bluebirds pipe a sweet farewell,
 To Autumn's chilling breeze,—
 Just hark,—the knight in ermine dressed,
 Who laughs without a care,
 And dancing down the aisle of Time,—
 Sings,—“Hail, thou glad New Year.”



Charles S. Douglas.

Xenophon.

THE "Builders of the West" is certainly a most alluring theme and it transcends in interest even the "Anabasis" with which the name of my progenitor, the illustrious Athenian Historian, is identified. What was the Expedition of Cyrus against Artaxerxes II compared with the exploits of the Western Pioneers who fought their way not only against myriads of men who opposed their march and against the forces of nature, but also against ignorance which averred that the Conquest of the Prairies was beyond human accomplishment and that the penetration of the Rockies was as quixotic as the establishment of wireless telegraphy with Mars or Saturn?

These Pioneers, however, were animated by a soul and spirit both of curiosity and courage; and they scorned to be deterred by the misanthropic ravings with which their ears were continually dinned. They refused to consult any Oracle, except the oracle of conviction and determination; and the only Star which they followed was one which refracted its light from behind—the Star of Experience.

As quickly as they advanced, step by step as they progressed, that star, constantly gathering new lustre, sent its posterior light in alluring rays before them until the Prairies were traversed; and the Rockies and Selkirks relaxing their

stern forbidding frown, smiled sweetly at the prowess of the Pioneers and revealed to them Vales and Valleys of surpassing richness, Rivers, Lakes and Streams of super-abundant piscatorial wealth, Forests flourishing with the growths of centuries, and Mines which contained inexhaustible stores of all the minerals which have been the quest of mankind ever since history shed its faintest glimmer upon their insatiable aspiration for all that the earth contained.

The Pioneer felt instantly requited by his discovery, for the discovery was the vindication of a mental conception which, until realized, was more poetical than logical. He had his reward; and today he has the reverent admiration of every man and woman in the Dominion whose richness is now the conjoint heritage of a progressive, peace-loving and homogeneous people.

No brighter lustre could adorn his brow, no star in his victorious diadem could gleam with more effulgence, than the beam of Happiness, Contentment and Prosperity which radiates from and through every heart and home in the land which his first white-foot trod amid trials, vicissitudes and dangers which no one knew but his own courageous soul.

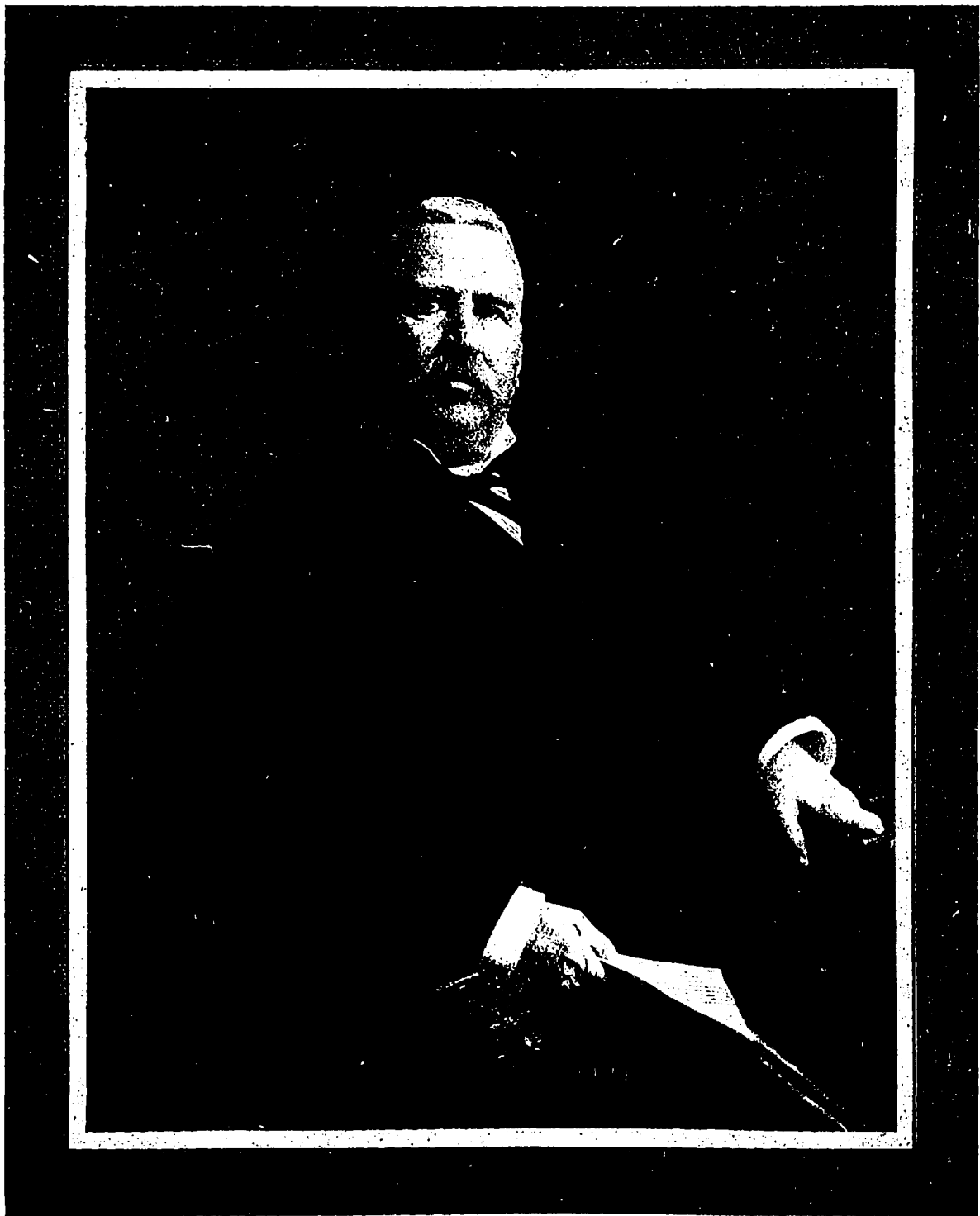
But great as were the deeds of the discovering Pioneers they pale before the marvellous achievements of the men who within the past thirty or forty years have

made CANADA THE IDOL OF THE EMPIRE. I use the word in its noblest sense; for the land to which the appellation is given, is beloved by her own people and admired by the stranger in the remotest ends of the earth.

Intellect—courageous and stupendous intellect—must have allied itself with un-

One Dominion and afterwards a Consolidated Nation.

Patriotism, I have always held, is the creative element of prophetic genius; and both patriotism and prophecy were superlatively demonstrated in the devoted deeds of Love and Loyalty which the men of the Sixties and Seventies and



faltering faith to invest these men with the almost miraculous power of grappling with problems which varied with the varying physical, topographical and climatic phenomena of the vast domain which they were resolved should first be

Eighties performed to advance and consummate the project on which they had set their heart.

Distance which "lends enchantment to the view," always discourages the faint and feeble-hearted; but it served only to

imbue these men with firmer faith in schemes which others decried as the merest erratic transcendentalism.

These men, however, were possessed of hero souls; and they rose to the heights, and expanded to the greatest demands, of their gigantic projects. They stood on an eminence while the herd of their detractors murmured below at their supposed infatuation and extravagance.

There is nothing more entrancing and entertaining than to listen to one of the men who remembers, and participated in, the contests for Confederation and for making the first Steel Belt around the Dominion. How these men even yet in the calm surroundings of business and private life, seem to be transported to another sphere when an inquisitive friend or a prurient interrogator projects a conundrum as to the way in which "the thing was accomplished." "Accomplished!" they will say; "*We did it!*"

I had the pleasure of meeting one of these men recently; and as his face beamed with triumph, I shall not readily forget the force and eloquence of his words. It was MR. C. S. DOUGLAS, the essential type of man described by "*Sana mens in sano corpore.*" He has passed through many phases of life; and though a Scotchman by descent and an American by birth—neither of these is his fault remember—he became in his early boyhood an adopted son of Canada to which he has given his loyalty and love during all the intervening years. This act of adoption is one of the first evidences of that virtue and wisdom which still denote his character.

Lawyers and Journalists have contributed more than all other classes of men to Canadian Statesmanship; and Journalism had the honour of perfecting Mr. Douglas for the great work in which he participated, and which he is still hopeful of seeing far advanced towards accomplishment.

When the fierce conflicts were proceeding as to the construction of the C. P. R. and as to whether the trade of the country should be trended from East to West or deflected from North to South Mr. Douglas was the Editor and proprietor of "The International," a daily

paper in the town of Emerson, Manitoba; and as he sat as Member for Emerson in the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba from 1883 to 1889 he had, in his two-fold capacity of Journalist and Legislator, a double responsibility in formulating, and influence in projecting, the policy which has made Manitoba the prosperous Province that it is today.

The glow of his cheek and the sparkle of his eye—a triumphant sparkle—is still before me as he recounted the arguments, pro and con, in relation to the transcontinental railway proposals. Winnipeg then was only a hamlet, more western towns mere clusters of huts; and even to such Statesmen as Edward Blake, British Columbia was "only a Sea of Mountains." Blake is an Irishman, and therefore his mixed metaphor was in some degree comprehensible to Douglas; but the narrow pessimism, and the blind disbelief in British Columbia which marked many of Blake's utterances, Mr. Douglas has not forgotten, though he is generous enough—victory is the father of generosity—to say they are long since forgiven; for Blake and his friends lived to regret and retract much of what they had said and done in frustration of the project which has so largely contributed to the making of Canada.

We need not wade through the years. Mr. Douglas at least had faith in British Columbia; for he relinquished his publishing business and journalistic work in Manitoba and came straight to Vancouver where he has been ever since.

His old profession had a certain fascination for him; and after coming here more than one proposition and inducement were held out to him to continue in the field.

But feeling that he was destined to be a Vancouverite almost from the birth of the city upward, he parted from journalism and became what he is today—a practical and fervent believer in Vancouver, and in Vancouver's Real Estate.

I thought he had exhausted his enthusiasm and eloquence over the development of the interior; but when he dilated upon British Columbia and especially on Vancouver his thoughts ascended, his outlook widened, and his lan-

guage expanded to cosmopolitan dimensions.

Vancouver he is sure must be the Liverpool of the Pacific—aye the London, Liverpool and Glasgow all in one. The London and Liverpool as a shipping centre, and the Glasgow as a constructor of the magnificent Mercantile Marine which he predicts Canadian Commerce will e'er long require to convey its products over the Globe.

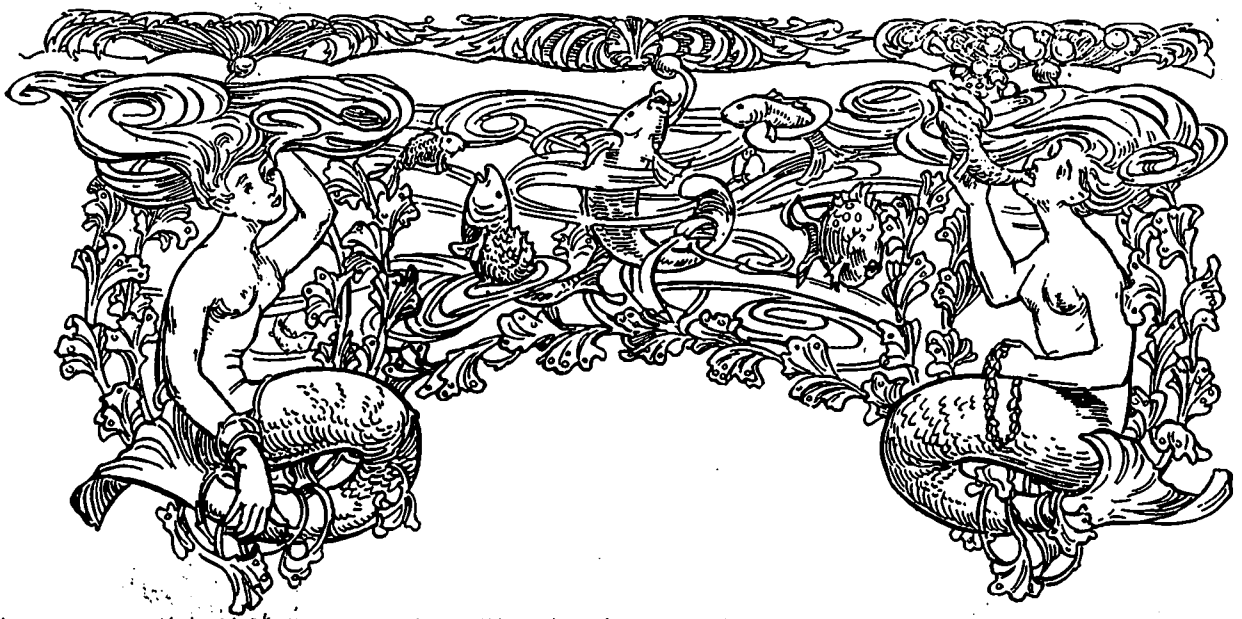
Belief in Vancouver as the greatest Pacific Port and Harbour of the future has brought before Mr. Douglas's mind many pressing problems which must be presently solved or at least projected upon lines of a gradual solution. Some of these are the expropriation of private individuals, and corporations owning and controlling the Foreshore and Riparian Rights; the acquisition by the city of all the Water Fronts; the widening and deepening of False Creek; the construction of a Dry Dock; and the constitution of a Board of Harbour Commissioners with both controlling and constructive powers.

These with several ancillary proposals, seem absolutely indispensable to the future of the Harbour. They are all feasible; and Mr. Douglas has worked out

the financial aspects of them on the basis of a minimum present expenditure in order to secure an ultimate source of enormous revenue to the city.

A Bridge over the Second Narrows is also in his opinion necessary in view of the fact that the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways will, or rather must, make Vancouver their final British Columbia destination. These Railways with the Canadian Pacific will trend the traffic of wheat and oil other products of the Northwest from as far as Moosejaw straight through to Vancouver which Mr. Douglas says will be a cheaper point for Land Transportation and a better point for Ocean Shipment, than even the best of the Eastern Ports.

Mr. Douglas's proposals are huge, but they are, like himself, essentially practical; and it is to be hoped that his succeeding years may see him assuming positions of public influence and importance to enable him to crown a successful business career with valiant achievements for the development and expansion of British Columbia and the elevation and extension of *his Idol and our Ideal City, Vancouver, the Gateway of the West.*







Trapping in Northern Wilds.

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

THE Romance of the Fur Trade! An Empire transferred to "The Company of Adventurers," comprising a galaxy of prismatic courtiers, in return for the annual contribution of a few pelts, fewer promises and fulsome declarations of fervid loyalty. The subject has already been dilated upon by prolific historians, profoundly discussed by generations of statesmen and pondered over by philosophers not directly affected by financial results. Doubtless within a few months the Hudson's Bay Company, with all its picturesque past will cease to exist, to become a powerful commercial concern, trading as well in lands where once roamed myriads of fur-bearing and dividend yielding specimens of animal life.

The North-West Company long ago passed to oblivion; the army of traders, trappers and voyageurs disappearing from the Ottawa, Lakes Superior and

Winnipegosis, seeking spheres for activity far removed from the original posts. "Red River" (the land which excited Lord Selkirk's cupidity) instead of buffalo, beaver, martin, and fox, is now pouring millions of bushels of cereals into the world's granary. "Fort Garry" has indeed dwarfed the prophecies of its founders, Winnipeg, a magnificent city, the Capital of Manitoba, occupying the site where once British and French half-breed and Indian strove for supremacy. Further west the present Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, a vast expanse of prairie extending from the boundaries of Manitoba to foothills of the Rockies, are, as all know, now great farming and stock raising centres. Cities, towns, villages and hamlets cover the buffalo "wallows," hunters and trappers being forced to seek new fields in the Northern and Western confines of the Canadian Territories and the wilds

of British Columbia. The Indian, relentlessly active, slaughtered his best friend, the bison, ultimately becoming a government ward and surrendering his primeval right to the prairie. Like the buffalo, he too is disappearing, but neither so suddenly nor so rapidly, and too often is only in evidence as a treaty-sustained intruder whose glory and reminiscent prowess have crossed the Great Divide. At times the traveller comes across "My Lady of the Snows," whose knotted stick shews that she lived in the grand old days of the Red Man's supremacy. The following was taken from life:



An Old Timer.

The modern Canadian Indian seldom distinguishes himself as an expert trapper, never a considerate or reasonable hunter. He once loved the plains, his dogs or his canoe, but the morrow to him never came. He killed big game with prodigal indifference: today in Saskatchewan and Alberta, he stays upon his reserve, sometimes starts out as a guide or on a hunting expedition. Too often, he is discovered extending moral support to his squaw, haunting railway stations, selling deftly polished cow horns, passengers bearing these off

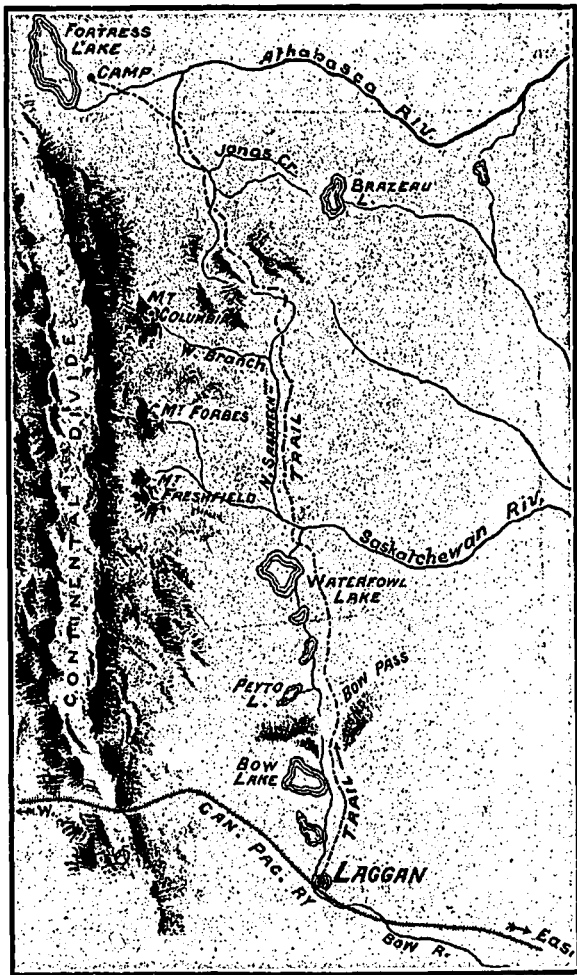
triumphantly as last mementos of the buffalo epoch. It is marvellous how the supply holds out! The man of experience, however, is well aware of the fact that a real bison's horn or head is as difficult to procure as a good buffalo skin or overcoat. Long ago car-loads of horns were gathered from the prairie and conveyed to various phosphate factories, being converted into fertilising powder.

Where Indians hunt big game, they corral and indiscriminately destroy with a relentless avidity commemorative of the "brave" days of old. The British, American, French Canadian and half-breed virtually monopolize hunting and trapping districts at the present time and only in emergent cases are Indian guides brought into requisition. One of these, Jonas Benjamin, and another called Beaver, have both had wide experience as guides. Trapping in the North-West Territories and across the continental Divide has become not only a popular source of amusement for those who can afford to indulge in this sport, but has also become a legitimate industry, many of those prosecuting that arduous occupation, thinking less of the financial profits than of the excitement and independence of their calling. When, twenty-two years ago the first transcontinental train passed from Montreal to Winnipeg and across the prairies, piercing the Rockies and Selkirks, the prospector with pack and pick and "gun"; the tourist in knickerbockers and deer stalkers, the hunter and trapper with paraphernalia common to the mountains,—all experienced the exhilarating novelty of contemplating and conquering what to them seemed a new world. Today, in the recesses of the mountains, charming chalets, Alpine guides, domestic comforts and romantic environment are provided for those inclined to restful methods. In no such civilized retreat does the trapper seek his quarry; he must go where Nature reigns supreme, spurn modern luxuries and accept with equanimity climatic changes, hand to hand encounters with grizzly or black bear, the perils of surmounting glacial obstacles and above all, face the awful solitude, the mystic

quietude of a six months' sojourn in wilds where, mayhap, human foot may never have trodden, trusting in Providence to uncertainties of his romantic existence.

At the head of this article will be found a "snap shot" of William Simpson, who for many years has explored the country and for some time acted as guide in the hunting and trapping grounds between Laggan and the Athabasca river. It may be interesting to accompany Simpson on one of his expeditions during the trapping season.

fish. The trap is placed a little to one side of the opening in the "V" and small stakes, about four inches in length, driven on the outside of the jaws of the trap. This is done to prevent any stray or inquisitive animal stepping into the jaws and springing the trap. The trap is then covered with moss, brambles or grass. Usually, a stick, about two inches long and a quarter of an inch thick, is placed under the pan of the trap, to prevent small animals disturbing it. The prop is green and easily broken or is sometimes bent, to make sure that bruin or wolverine or linx, once in, would be held fast by its own weight. When horse flesh or decomposed fish are not handy, beef is used as bait. A little on one side of the trap and the outside open-



Route Chart.

In ordinary times, late in the Autumn or early in the Spring, upon arriving at a given point, what is called a "pen," is constructed. Two trees, in close proximity—say, seven or eight inches apart,—are selected; then dead logs are procured, each end being forced into the crotch between the two standing trees, the long ends being made in the form of an inverted "V." The bait consists of horse flesh, or failing that, decomposing



In the Trap.

ing of the pan, some dry limbs, about an inch thick and nearly two feet in length are placed; this is done to prevent a bear getting on the outside of the trap, the animals being very careful as to where they place their paws, frequently feeling their way and moving cat-like towards any object attracting their attention. The "pan" is also covered with fine grass, as the quarry is more readily deceived by this process. The log to which the trap is fastened is sound and of good girth. At times the trapped animal remains quiet for considerable time, studying the best means of escape.

The accompanying, is from a photograph taken from life by Mr. Simpson.

On one occasion, arriving at the Saskatchewan, early in the spring, Simpson found that a trapped bear, had, with his hind paws, excavated a hole half his own length, and from that vantage point, raised the trap and pounded it ferociously against a fallen log, the huge paws bristling with formidable steel-like claws. He was soon despatched and added to the winter's trophies.

The traps in general use are Number 5 or 15 Newhouse, mostly manufactured at present, in the United States. They weigh from seventeen to twenty-two pounds. Those considered most tenacious in holding, have no teeth or other indentation or have what is termed the off-set jaw. These latter have teeth, but when closed there is a space of about an inch between the jaws, the teeth dovetailing, leaving a little space for play, preventing the bear lacerating limbs or destroying the fur. The trap is held by a chain eighteen inches long and on the end a six-inch ring, although some trappers substitute a nine-inch ring, and consider the change a great improvement. The chain is then attached to a log about eight feet long—thus enabling the bear to draw it after him through the brush. It is whittled at one end, to permit of the ring being driven over and fitted tightly. The trapper is then ready for business in other directions.

One hundred and fifty miles north of the south branch of the Saskatchewan, big game trapping has hitherto proved fairly remunerative. As has been said, the trapper is beyond modern civilization. For six months in the year he travels on snowshoes, sleeps sometimes in a wolverine or lynx-lined bag and frequently is obliged to depend upon the locality for rations, unless having an appetite for "pemmican." Winter traps are covered by an arch of spruce bows, thus guarding the traps against snowfalls and consequent disability should an animal step upon them. They are set under wide spreading trees, the branches of which shed the snow outside the radius of the traps. This does not apply to the trapping of small game and fur-bearing animals; bear traps are never set, until the spring opens, usually about the first week

in April, continuing until the 15th of June. After that bears shed their coats and possess little marketable value. No animal is more vicious than a trapped lynx. He will tear himself to pieces in a wild effort to regain liberty. For instance, Simpson, visiting his trapping post, on one occasion, found a lynx making frantic movements to withdraw from the trap. He had all but scraped the fur from his left paw and had gnawed with might and main at the stick, which at last succumbed. In a second, the animal was climbing an adjacent tree, but came to earth consequent upon being shot through the head by Simpson's revolver.



Trapped Lynx.

As many hunters know, the lynx is a species of big wild cat, called in the United States "Bob-cat," a much smaller animal. Formerly the Indians gave the lynx the name of Indian Devil; possibly there was reason for it, although the North-West lynx is a cowardly quadruped and it may be that the Congar or Mountain lion had been confounded with the lynx. The former is a nasty customer, hairy but not furry, and, if at all, a very distant member of the lynx family. The wolverine is another fur contributing denizen of North-West wilds. It will steal anything, even a traveller's boots, moccasins or snow-shoes. Cunning, it will undermine a cabin, with the instinct of a trained engineer; it can readily break from a bear trap, is sav-

age when trapped, but never anxious to fight its captor. Hunter's, having "cached" their supplies in the crotches of trees and bound the parcel with ropes, were amazed in the morning to discover that a wolverine had eaten through the ropes and made off with their "grub stake." The wolverine weighs about forty pounds, has a long body and short legs and has been found at times minus one paw, or all his claws off—still doing business as though enjoying full physical vigour. This beast can chew through a trap anchor and the only redeeming feature about him is that his fur is a capital lining for sleeping bags

and even overcoats, the skin being light and well covered. The average "catch" of a trapper during the winter season's work (omitting bear skins—which vary in value and number) is as follows:

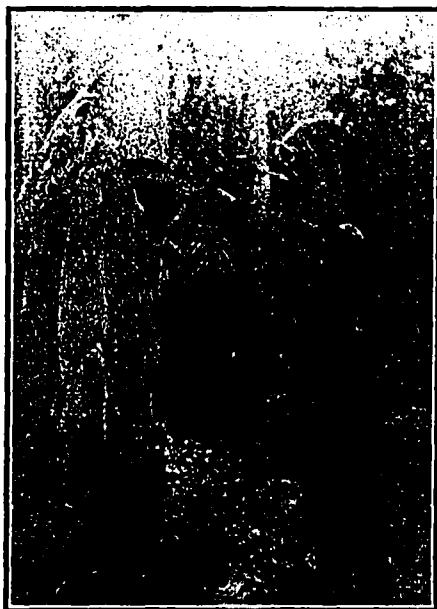
Martin, 50 or 60, value, each. . \$9.00

Lynx, 20, value, each 8.00

Wolverine, 2, value, each 7.00

Fox (red and cross) average,
value, each 7.00

Or about \$700 for a winter's work, and it means hardship, toil and patience. The man possessing courage, endurance and intelligence, sufficient to be a good trapper, should amass a fortune in any other calling of life.



A Season's Catch.

Two Typical Knockers.

Edgar W. Dynes

I STOOD at the foot of First street, Edmonton, Alberta. At my back was a growing, throbbing city that had been my admiration for a day. Before me stretched one of the most beautiful of landscapes. Far below was the mighty Saskatchewan, and far beyond were miles upon miles of picturesque poplar and interspersed willow and hundreds upon hundreds of acres of waving wheat and grain.

What a picture! And I had forgotten the camera.

"It's not *too* bad," said a man at my elbow. "But, then it'll never ripen." A month later, some fields averaged forty bushels to the acre!

"Been here long?" said I too a rather communicative gentleman, whom I met on Jasper avenue a little later in the same day. "Oh, a little while. Five years."

"Seen quite a lot of progress," I com-

mented, conning over in my mind that in the period named Edmonton had grown from a town of five thousand to a city of eighteen thousand. "Yes, considerable," he drawled. "I wish some one had pulled me into a real estate office, when I first came here and made me buy a few lots. But, then it's only a bubble—a frozen country—it'll be deserted in five years." There was the knocker again.

I drove through the country. How I enjoyed it! I had never seen such grain before; I'm not sure that I ever will again. Field after field that would yield thirty to forty bushels.

I stopped a man on horseback to enquire after a certain house. "Splendid crops," I observed, after he had given me the direction. "Oh, fair," he replied. "But, wait till you see a few dry years and the people will leave this country like buffalo before a prairie fire."

"Would I never get clear of this ilk, the pessimist knocker!"

The iron horse was whisking me through one of the most beautiful valleys in British Columbia. On a mountain just above was a mine producing over a thousand tons of copper ore per day; and experts have estimated that it contains ore enough to warrant production at this rate for the next one hundred years. It is even now paying a very good profit.

"Quite a mine," I said to a fellow passenger. "Oh, yes, but it will soon peter out."

Good fortune, I thought; how long did he expect to live? The inevitable knocker.

Fruit and more fruit! Twenty-four boxes on a seven-year-old tree. The big red apple; juicy and luscious—Trees bearing a fair crop three years after planting. Just like the old farm at home, only more fruit and quicker results. I was delighted.

I passed a bunch of loafers on the

street corner. Listen to the croaking comment!

"And they talk about growing fruit in this country. Pugh! These ten-acre fruit ranches will only be a cattle pasture one of these days." My knocker friend again, of course!

But, there is another kind of knocker. He is as different from the knocker I have described as an asp is from an elephant or a bumble bee from a giraffe. He is the knocker who wants to come into and help to develop this magnificent heritage which the other knocker despises.

I like to call him the new knocker. Listen!

He is knocking at the door of Canada today. The wheat grower knocks: he would make fruitful our western plains. The lumberman knocks: he would manufacture our forests into building material. The fruit grower knocks: he would make our fertile valleys to blossom as the rose. The manufacturer knocks: he wants to have a share in the production of our factories and supplying at first hand the wants of the people. All are hopeful, optimistic, conquering men who do things. They are men of will and men of force and are coming from here and there and everywhere by the thousands. Open the door! The new knocker means Canada's growth and crowning glory even within the lives of the present generation.

Thus the optimistic annihilated the pessimistic, and so I have recovered some of the discomfiture engendered by my first experience of the chronic grumbler and grunter.

One knocker offsets the other, effaces him, and transcends him; and soon I trust that Canada will be so busy with the prosperity and industry inaugurated and promoted by the new knocker that there will be neither time to attend to nor place for the pessimistic specimen either in the office or warehouse, on the street or on the farm.

A Cathedral Romance.

Christine Barrett

I HAD received an invitation to a dinner party at the Dean's. I live in a small Cathedral City, where dissipation, even in the mild form of dining out, is rare, so I accepted with alacrity and at once began to ponder over the possibilities of my wardrobe. Parsons' daughters are seldom overburdened with this world's goods, and my choice was that of Hobson's. The important point of costume being rapidly settled, I turned my thoughts to the Dean, and also to a certain nephew of that kind, and reverend old gentleman, whom I had met at various local functions, and I found myself hoping with an earnestness quite out of proportion to the occasion, that he would be at the dinner party.

The much-looked-forward-to night arrived in due time, and I set forth with the dear old Dad, for the Deanery. It was a glorious moon-lit evening, with a suspicion of frost in the still air, and the grand old Cathedral showed towering and majestic against the invisible blue of the sky. Often as Dad and I see it, its beauties are always new to us, and we paused now, and gazed up at its mighty centre tower, with its splendid contrasts of inky shadows, and shining whiteness.

"In all England there is no Cathedral like our's, Dad," I said. "You're right, my dear," he answered, "and the old place is at its best tonight. But come, it is chilly, and I am sure you don't want young Neville to see you with a pink-tipped nose," and he chuckled slyly. "Oh, Dad, do you think it will get red? Come on at once, or we shall be late." And, seizing him by the arm, I hustled the dear old man along at a pace, which I thought, even if it did make my nose red, would at any rate paint my cheeks to match!

We were a little late, and everyone was assembled in the Drawing Room, when we went in. The Dean, a dear, comfortable old bachelor, came forward to greet us. I am rather a favourite of his, so it was some time before he gave me a chance to look about me, and see if his nephew had come to support his uncle in the duties of host. I had not far to look; he was close behind me talking to Dad. The next minute my hand was in his, and, I knew it was going to be a nice dinner party. I forgot all about my nose, I don't think it was very red after all. I only knew that his eyes were grey and tender, and that his hand held mine tightly and long. His greeting was mundane, however. "It is ages since I saw you, but I am to take you in to dinner; so if you aren't very hungry, we will make up for all the conversations we have missed in the last—Oh! ever so long." It was only a fortnight since we had met, but it filled me with an imbecile joy that he should think it long.

Striving, however, to cast a decent veil over my feelings, I answered with flippancy, as I laid my hand on his immaculate broadcloth arm. "I have a hunger that would put the stoutest yokel to shame, and I think not even the most thrilling conversation could harden my heart to the very delicious provender the Dean always places before his guests." "Yes, my uncle is a positive old epicure, isn't he? I am always expecting him to invent some marvellous liqueur, like the monks of old; but it is horrid of you to be hungry, surely no soup ever invented, and no fish ever hooked, could be as interesting to you as my enlightened conversation." "I am not at all sure of that," I answered, as we seated ourselves at the table, "however, you can talk while I eat, and by

the time dessert is put on, I may be able to give a decided opinion." "How can you be so unkind," he murmured, "when I have deserted the great Babylon, at the imminent risk of losing many clients" (he is a lawyer) "simply and solely for the pleasure of taking you in to dinner." "How did you know you would?" I couldn't help asking. "I haven't been nephew to my uncle for 30 years," he replied, "without learning how to get things I want out of him." "So I am a thing!" I murmured rashly. "If you are," he began eagerly, "you are the sweetest thing I know and I want you more than anything else in the world, Maisie dear, will you?" "Mr. Neville, you will join the glad throng, won't you?" cried a loud and cheerful voice from the other side of the table, "or don't you like the interior of Cathedrals by moonlight? Arthur (he had called me Maisie, so I thought I might at any rate think of him as Arthur) muttered something into his serviette, that might have shocked the Dean, had he heard him, and answered after a scarcely perceptible pause, "I shall be delighted to join any glad throng, Mrs. Harvey, but don't quite grasp the plot; what throng? and what interior?" "Why we've been persuading the Dean to take us into the Cathedral after dinner, and see how the moonlight shows up stained glass," said Mrs. Harvey, the cheery Canadian wife of a minor Canon. "I guess it will look just fine, and all those frightful gargoyles and other graven images may look handsome for once, though I doubt even the moon being able to work such a transformation; I wouldn't be left in that place alone all night, not for a million dollars, I guess I should just die with fright. Dean, I shall hitch myself on to you all the time we are in there tonight, and don't you leave me for a moment, or my brain may give way, Freddy," (to her husband across the table) "I guess you can be rear-guard, I shouldn't feel safe with nothing I know of behind me, and you are better than a gargoyle anyhow."

A roar of laughter greeted this wifely remark under cover of which Arthur began, "Maisie, darling"—but again the

shrill Canadian voice stopped him: "Mr. Neville, you're a brave man aren't you? I reckon you look as if it would take more than a carved face to frighten you, so you can watch out the other side of me, then I shall feel fixed." Poor Arthur! he made a desperate effort, but his voice was certainly not very cordial as he answered, "I shall be charmed, Mrs. Harvey. With so many protectors I don't think you can feel very nervous."

I was prevented hearing Mrs. Harvey's reply by a voice on my other side. "Miss Dering, as everyone seems to be choosing partners for this nocturnal church-going, may I offer myself, I am warranted steady, and free from vice." It was one of the senior curates, who had an annoying, and quite unreciprocated affection for me. I had more than once told him that it was so, but he declined to be refused, and stuck to me with a persistency worthy of a burr, or a better cause. "I didn't know people were choosing partners," I said rather snappishly, "it's not a game, and I think the outside of the Cathedral would be much less creepy, and quite as interesting as the inside, in the middle of the night." "Stay outside then, with me," said Mr. Worth, rather diffidently, as if he were expecting a snub, "and we will study astronomy instead of stained glass." "No thanks," I answered brusquely "neither stained glass, nor astronomy interests me much, but of the two, stained glass is the warmest, as one can study it under cover." But my heart sank as I spoke, for I knew that Mr. Worth would exercise his adhesive qualities either in or out of the Cathedral, and I wanted to finish my conversation with Arthur so much. There was no chance of it for the rest of the dinner at any rate for Mrs. Harvey was keeping him employed answering her lively sallies across the table; and once Mr. Worth had got my unwilling attention, I knew him too well to hope he would let it go until the ladies left the dining-room. He must have thought me more than usually snubbing, and absent minded, for I was racking my brain for a plan to rid myself of him in the Cathedral, and despoil Mrs. Harvey of Ar-

thur. But I was ever a poor plotter, and by the time dinner was over, and we ladies alone in the drawing-room, my ideas were still unhatched. I felt embittered towards Mrs. Harvey too, though I will do her the justice to say she seemed quite unaware she was a spoil-sport. She sought me out in the quiet corner where I had established myself, within view of the door, so that Arthur could see me as he came in. "Why, Miss Dering, I guess you are like a possum stowed away here. May I sit down?" She did so without waiting for permission, on the seat that I had hoped would be occupied by another, and manlier form.

"And who is going to protect you in the trip round the Cathedral? Well now, I've left you the pick, so you needn't look so cross; but I guess if I had one glass eye and the other bunged up with a green shade, I could see who it was going to be. Well, I hope he's worth his name, my dear, if you will overlook the horrid pun. Ah, there now, how you blush child! Yes, I saw it all at dinner; that's why I kept young Neville occupied, so he shouldn't spoil the fun. Aren't you grateful to me?" "But, Mrs. Harvey," I began protestingly yet unable to help laughing, as the humour of the situation struck me, "It is not, —I mean I don't—" "Tut, child, don't tell me, I've been there myself, and I just love to help young folks all I can; I'll see you have a good chance tonight, never fear. Ah, here come the men, and Mr. Neville is making straight for this corner, the wretch! I'll fix him": and she was gone like a flash and "fixed" Arthur half way, while I had the unspeakable exasperation of seeing Mr. Worth sink his long person into the depths of Arthur's chair, and beam upon me with a suavity quite undiminished by the sight of my sour countenance.

"The Dean will soon say, "Gentlemen, choose your partners," he began amiably "and then everyone will make a dash for their respective enslavers, so I thought I would save time and trouble by coming here at once." I smiled a grim, embittered smile. "How thoughtful of you, but how do you know that

in the rush which will surely ensue in my direction you will not be overwhelmed, and the prize borne off by some apparent outsider?" "I have no fear," he answered gaily, "An Englishman's house is his castle; possession is nine points of the law; finding's keeping; and so on. No man would dare invade a territory which is so obviously, for the time at least, mine."

I looked round. Alas! he spoke truth. We were almost hidden, save for that view of the door, by tall palms, while a group of statuary (The Dean has a passion for statuary, draped, of course) and a beautifully wrought Chinese screen, added to the impression of concealment, and love-making, which we must inevitably have presented to the rest of the room. Well, I was caught in my own trap, and with a sigh of resignation, I turned to, and made the best of it.

I began to flirt with Mr. Worth, at the imminent risk of his proposing again, but nothing seemed to matter much just then, and I should rather have enjoyed refusing him. He, poor man, was delighted at my change of manner and grew more and more confidential, and to the outward eye, accepted-lover-like. I saw Arthur cast several ferocious glances in our direction, but he was held fast by the fluent tongue of Mrs. Harvey, who doubtless thought her scheme was proceeding admirably, and that I was getting the wished for proposal out of Mr. Worth several times over. At last, when I was getting to a positively hysterical pitch, and should probably have accepted Mr. Worth, if he had screwed up sufficient courage to propose for the third time, the Dean rose, and going to Mrs. Harvey, said, "Now shall we sally forth, and brave the gargoyles? Mrs. Harvey, I think I am your chosen knight on this occasion," and he offered his arm. "Yes, Dean dear," responded she, gaily, "but you are not the only one, there's safety in numbers you know. Mr. Neville, here's my other hand, clamouring for an arm to snuggle into. Hubby dear, get my cloak, and then to your post in the rear-guard. Now, I guess we're fixed.

Her laughing voice trailed away into

the hail,—the Dean and Arthur with her. The other guests paired themselves off, and disappeared in the same direction. Then I rose with a flounce, and looking with sudden wrath at Mr. Worth still stretched indolently in his chair, "I thought you were so anxious to act as my cavalier on this auspicious occasion, yet you don't seem to be burning with excitement now," I said, with some acrimony. "But you didn't want to go at dinner," he said, lazily lifting his eyebrows, "Why not stay here in the warmth with me, instead of going into the cold, though chaste, moonbeams with a crowd. Much better stay where we are Maisie, they'll never miss us." "You pay a great compliment to my social charms as well as your own," I responded tartly. I wasn't going to stay there with him whilst Arthur was stained-glass gazing with Mrs. Harvey. Not I! "I am tired of staying here, besides I have talked to you the whole evening and change is good for us all. Get up and don't look so horribly lazy," and I moved towards the door without waiting for him.

He was by my side directly. "Your wish is my wish," he murmured, arranging my shawl for me with most undesirable tenderness. "You know that, Maisie." "Very well," I said unkindly, "be quick with my shawl, and don't call me Maisie." He said nothing to this, but looked hurt and surprised, as perhaps is not to be wondered at, considering my previous behaviour. I was sorry directly, and slipped my hand through his arm as soon as we got outside, as a mute apology. He took the hand in his, and held it tightly, which was more than I meant, but I said nothing, and let it stay there, only walking with great speed across the close, on pretence of cold.

We went in through the Dean's side door, and I insisted on joining the others, who were in the choir, though Mr. Worth made desperate efforts to detain me in the unpeopled parts. If he had been Arthur he wouldn't have had to exert himself; I should have stayed without any pressure being brought to bear.

The sight of Arthur still pinioned to Mrs. Harvey's side, made me frantic; and I again began to concoct plans to

drag him thence. But the first thing was to lose Mr. Worth. This I found almost impossible, but at last, after many fruitless efforts, I got him entangled with a fat and fluent doctor of divinity, and his equally fleshy and conversational daughter. Then I flew!

I slipped through the west door into the nave, and although somewhat daunted by its vast majestic silence, made positively eery by the moonbeams, I sped down the whole of its tremendous length, nearly to the great west door. Then I sat down in a chair, in the shade of a pillar, and waited. My intention was to wait there for the rest of the party; for I felt sure they would come down the nave, to see the moon through the great rose window; to let Arthur get alongside, and then to calmly join him, and then I felt sure fifty Mrs. Harveys would not keep him!

I sat revolving these thoughts in my head for some time, when suddenly the intense silence of everything struck me. Where were they all? They had left the choir, and must be coming my way now, but I could hear no sound of feet, or whispering voices. A sudden terror shook me. Surely they were not going out by the little side door, which was so far off, right on the other side of the great building! I sprang to my feet, and started down the nave. I had only gone a yard or two when a distant bang took the breath from my lips. I paused in agony. They had gone out and not noticing I was missing, had shut and locked me in. Only a second I stopped; then fear lending wings to my feet, I simply flew towards the side door. Oh! what a long way it seemed; and every second they were getting farther off and I more utterly alone. When I reached the door, panting and trembling, it was close shut and locked. I pulled at it madly, and beat on it with my hands, but with no result;—they were all too far off. I could not hear the slightest sound of their footsteps, though I held my breath to listen. There I was, alone in that awful edifice, and I mightn't be missed for hours, not until Dad wanted to go home. What should I do?

Already the utter silence was begin-

ning to tell on my nerves, and everything looked so weird and strange in the ghastly moonlight. Then a glad thought struck me. Perhaps the great west door was not locked. It might be only bolted on the inside, and I could get out that way. I rushed back as quickly as I had come; and reaching the great door, feverishly pulled back the heavy bars and bolts, and seizing the ponderous handle, turned and pulled with all my strength; but it did not move a jot. It too was locked, and my only chance of getting out gone! I sat down in a chair, with the cold, unsympathetic moon peeping at me through a mullioned window, and cried like a child, from sheer fright.

You may think me very silly and nervous, but I really think most girls in the same situation would have done the same. I cannot explain the immense overpowering emptiness and loneliness of the place.

How long I sat, drenching my handkerchief, and spoiling my complexion, I do not know; but suddenly a horrible feeling, worse than the loneliness, and silence, came over me—a feeling of being watched. I removed the handkerchief from my swollen eyes, and looked around. Nothing but great white pillars, and rows upon rows of empty chairs. Then I looked up, up at the great vault above me. Merciful Heaven! What was that? But before I describe what I saw let me explain that in the Cathedral, there are three great stone galleries, one above the other running along one side of the nave at the top. On great festivals some of the choir are sent up to these galleries, and the effect of their voices floating down from that great altitude, is very sweet and strange. Probably by reason of this custom the galleries are called the Angel Choir.

My terrified glance, in looking up, lighted on the top gallery, and there, full in the path of the moon, and apparently gazing intently down at me, was a face—white, weird, and horrible. I gazed paralyzed with terror for a full half minute. The face did not move, but continued its stony stare in my direction. I felt the hair upon my head beginning to stand up, and the blood in

my veins turning chill, when an overpowering wave of reassurance swept over me. Of course, it was a gargoyle!

I sank back in my chair with a sigh of relief. My muscles relaxed, and my eyes, before almost starting from their sockets, closed. Then swift fear returned. I had never seen a gargoyle or any graven image up there before; and I knew the Cathedral, as a child its mother's face. Had my eyes deceived me? I looked up again; the face had disappeared. I blinked my eyes and again looked. Most certainly there was nothing there now, but the cold, pale moonlight, turning the old grey stone into whitest marble. I stared with breath suspended, and heart thumping. Whatever the thing was, it had gone; and, horrible thought! might be coming nearer every moment.

My eyes dropped to the second gallery. If terror kills, I should have died that moment, for even as I looked, there suddenly appeared the face again, still in the light of the moon, which cast an eery path diagonally across the three galleries. Once more it fixed its full gaze upon me. As I sat shivering and limp with indescribable fear, it disappeared into the shadow. I seemed to see a dim form flit along the gallery a moment, then—nothing.

For a second or two I felt powerless to move. Then the instinct of flight, always great in the feminine breast, overcame even my terror, and I rose and slipped noiselessly into the shadows behind a pillar. From there I fixed my gaze upon the third gallery, for by some instinct I knew the face would appear again there. I found myself repeating again and again in a whisper. "The third time is fatal, the third time is fatal." Then I pulled myself up with a jerk. Was terror depriving me of reason? I felt almost like it, but I must at any cost keep calm, for if this horror I was imprisoned in the Cathedral with, was to assume tangible shape, I must have all my wits about me to evade it.

I pinched one of my arms until under ordinary circumstances I should have shrieked with pain. The present effect, however, was to stop the chattering of

my teeth, and the whirling feeling in my head. I wiped the cold dew from my forehead and hands, then with a desperate calmness, I looked up at the third gallery. What was that? A shadow darker than the ones cast by the moon moved swiftly along the gallery, and then—the face again.

Nearer now, and I could distinguish features and wild, glittering eyes. It leaned over the side, and looked down to the place where I had been sitting. For a moment it gazed, then laid a long white hand on the parapet and leaned over dangerously far, sweeping all the part below lit by the moon with its wild gaze. I could see it well now, and it was a man,—thin and attenuated, apparently by the look of the hand; mad, by the look in the face. My horror was in no wise lessened by the evident fact that he was looking for me. He moved a little further along the gallery, and again leaned over, searching the space below, then straightened himself, and stood a moment as if thinking.

A sound like a laugh smote my ears, and then he disappeared once more into the thick darkness. What in the name of all that was ghastly was going to happen next? Was he coming right down into the nave to look for me? At the thought I turned cold and sick, and leaned against the pillar with shaking limbs. Then a distant sound brought me back to stiff, agonized, attention. Footsteps, hurried and loud, were echoing along the pavement, and drawing every moment nearer. They seemed to beat into my brain, setting every nerve on edge. I gathered up my skirts, even in that moment of terror thanking Providence, and the sparseness of my wardrobe, that they were black, and un-rustling, and stealing from behind my pillar, fled down the shadows past the great locked west door, and into one of the side aisles. My hope was to get to one of the vestries, or some such haven, without being seen, where I could lock myself in.

I stopped to listen again. The ringing footsteps had ceased; but above the heavy beating of my heart I could hear a soft pad-pad, and knew the creature

was coming down the strip of matting laid along the aisles. I had stopped behind a pillar, around which I peered, and saw a figure coming down the middle aisles.

Wild and malevolent it looked—moving in a semi-crouching position, with one hand at its throat, and turning its head from side to side in a restless, hungry way. Which way would he turn when he got to the great west door? Oh! merciful God! which way? If to the left, I might still have time to find a safe hiding place; if to the right—but of that I dared not think.

When he reached the door he stopped and looked from side to side hesitatingly. I was perhaps unwise not to seize the opportunity, and fly at the risk of his hearing me; but I was fascinated, and stood staring like a bird at a snake. Then *he turned to the right*, and came swiftly in my direction.

The spell was broken, and I turned, and ran like a hare. Further down the aisle was a window, through which the moonlight streamed. Across this betraying path I must go. Would the horror behind see me? It was no time for hesitation. I could hear the scudding of feet not far behind me. Across the white stream I flew. A horrible sound behind me told me I was seen. A yell of triumph, ending in a chuckling laugh!

Then began such a ghastly game of hide and seek, as surely, never had been played before. I dodging behind pillars, with panting breath, and bursting heart, and the maniac silently gaining upon me. Finally I reached the iron gates leading into the choir. By some heaven-sent luck one was open, and I burst through, flinging it to behind me. It snicked; and I heard the rattle as the maniac flung himself upon it.

Opening it delayed him a second or two, and I had time to fly between the choir stalls,—the carved angels with their mild, sweet faces looking benignantly down upon me—on through the right hand door; on, past dead brave knights and their illustrious dames—past horrible carved faces of men and

beasts, but none so dreadful to me as the living one behind.

Dear heaven! What a way it seemed! Should I ever reach that little vestry tucked away in a corner, the door of which I knew was never locked? Now my legs were beginning to tremble under me, and my breath to come in choking sobs. I must get there if I died in doing it,—better that than the horror coming behind. I could hear the mad wretch's feet again now, nearing and nearing; and then, just as I thought he must reach me, I heard a door clash, a voice cry "Maisie, Maisie, where are you?" I gave a wild shriek "Arthur," plunged blindly forward a few more steps, and fell into Arthur's arms!

Of what happened then I have a very indistinct and confused recollection. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Worth, Dad, and one or two other men whom I did not know, rushing past me. There was a yell, and a dreadful sound of scuffling; then silence. Then, while I hid my face on Arthur's very starched and uncomfortable shirt-front, I heard one of the strange men say. "We were only just in time, Sir. Nothing could have saved the young lady if once he had got hold of her. He's the most dangerous case of homicidal mania we've got, and as cunning as a fox."

I felt Arthur's arm tighten round me, and safe in that shelter took courage to look up. Someone had lit a flaring gas jet near by, and I saw my waking nightmare stretched upon the pavement, one burly stranger holding his arms, the other sitting stolidly upon his legs. Dad was standing, very pale, looking down upon him, and Mr. Worth, holding his handkerchief to a rapidly blackening eye, was looking with the other at Arthur and me, while various expressions chased each other over the portion of his face still visible.

I moved towards Dad, and held out trembling arms: "Dad, Dad, take me home," I whimpered. The instant I came near him, the maniac became furiously excited, foam broke out upon his lips, and he wrestled and writhed with appalling strength. Arthur and Dad sprang forward and seized me and Mr.

Worth, dropping his handkerchief, flew to the assistance of the keepers, who, burly giants though they were, had great difficulty in subduing the wretched man.

"Better take the young lady away, Sir," gasped one of them. "This ain't no sight for her, and she seems to make him worse." Dad put his arm around me, and hurried me to the door, while Arthur, with a hasty word in my ear, and a tender pressure to my hand, went to help Mr. Worth and the keepers, who were still struggling desperately.

Dad explained things to me as he led me across the Close. The party had not noticed I was missing for some time, but thought I was ensconced behind the palms and statuary with Mr. Worth again, as he too had disappeared (to smoke a pipe in the moonlight, he told me after), and when people, Arthur especially, began to enquire as to my whereabouts, it was yet longer before it dawned upon them I must have been left in the Cathedral. When this struck them, Arthur, Dad and Mr. Worth instantly set forth to liberate me. As they hastened across the close the two keepers met them and informing them that a dangerous lunatic had escaped from the asylum at B——, asked if they were going to the Cathedral, and if so, might they take a look round there, as though it was scarcely probable he could have got in without being discovered, still no stone must remain unturned in searching for him. The rest I knew only too well.

When we reached the warm, lighted Deanery, everyone instantly crowded round us asking questions. Our white, scared faces silenced them however, and I further distinguished myself by sitting down on the nearest chair, and bursting into tears for the second time that night. Dad explained as quickly as he could, and the men immediately rushed out to the Cathedral. Never had they displayed such haste to reach the holy edifice, I feel sure! Then I was taken in hand by Mrs. Harvey and the other married women, and petted and cosseted as if I had been a hurt child. I longed privately for Arthur's shirt front, and Dad's kind voice, but it was

very ungrateful of me, for they all were gentleness and kindness itself.

It seemed ages before we heard the men's voices in the Hall again, sounding muffled, but excited. "By Gad, how he fought, it's no wonder they sent the keepers out by two's to look for him. He would have knocked one galley-west in no time," were the first words we heard as the door opened, and they streamed in "That's a nasty eye you've got, Worth my boy," I heard someone say. "Can't appear at Matins on Sunday, I fear, looks so bad you know." "Yes, it is 'swelling visibly,'" answered the victim; "that fellow must have learned boxing in his sane days, and he hasn't forgotten the art now. But where is Miss Dering? How is she, Mrs. Harvey? Her experience tonight was too horrible to even think of with calmness. By Jove! Miss Dering, most ladies would have fainted a dozen times over by now. Do you mean to say you haven't even gracefully swooned once? Well I call that too bad, here we have all the necessities for a most blood-curdling drama, and you deprive us of one of the greatest essentials. "Please faint at once."

I knew he was babbling on in this way to give me a chance to recover myself, for I was still half hysterical. I gave him a glance as expressive of gratitude as the swollen, and puffy state of my features would permit, and took Dad, who had come up to me, by the arm, "Dad, take me home," I whispered. "Yes, dearie, yes," he answered, "the Dean has ordered his carriage round for you. Worth, would you mind seeing if it is

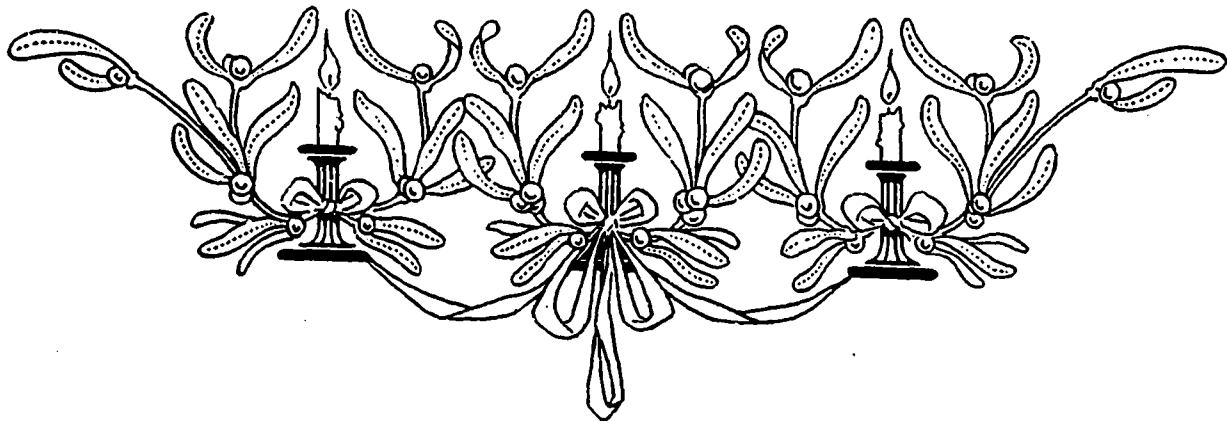
ready yet. The sooner I get this little woman home the better. Her nerves will be all over the place tomorrow." Mr. Worth disappeared, and I was led off by Mrs. Harvey to be wrapped up.

When we came down the carriage was waiting, and after a confused jumble of good-byes, everyone pressing round and all trying to shake my hand at once, I was hustled in by Dad. Just as we were about to start, Arthur fled down the steps bundling on his great coat, and sprang in after us. "I must see you safe home," he said, "you don't mind, Mr. Dering?" "Not a bit my boy, delighted," answered my well-brought-up old Dad, and considerably looked out of the other window, whereupon Arthur instantly took possession of my hand.

The last glimpse I had of Mrs. Harvey she was excitedly pointing after us, and apparently trying to push poor Mr. Worth down the steps. She evidently thought I had got the wrong man again!

Well, she found out her mistake the next day, when she came to ask after me, for Arthur and I managed to finish our interrupted dinner conversation in the drawing-room at home, while Dad was getting cigars out in his study, and it was quite the nicest conversation I have ever had!

So my Cathedral adventure ended happily, though it was long before I got over the effects of that awful night; and even now, when Arthur and I have been married three happy years, the sight of a Cathedral by moonlight turns me cold all over.



A Lake of the West.

Orville Bertly

It lies twixt two smoky mountains
All covered with firs and pines.
Its waters are still, and tranquil,
And its glossy surface shines.
'Tis bordered by drooping willows,
That fall to the water's brink
As if they were searching vaguely
For a cool and soothing drink.
There, where the water is shallow
By the edge, tall rushes grow,
And yonder there comes the murmur
Of a stream's unceasing flow—
A stream that for years and ages
Has emptied into that lake,
Winding its way unweariedly
Through the woods without a break.

At last the stillness is broken
By the flaps of Mallards' wings;
They light on the placid waters,
Sending forth a thousand rings.
There's a splash—a moment's silence;
They've gone to the bottom sand!
They rise again to the surface—
There's a shot from off the strand!
Another—and still another!
They start to the airy height;
There's a quack—a sudden flapping,
And the rest have taken flight.
And the three poor bleeding ducklings,
That fell by the sportsman's gun,
Roll on the trembling waters
That glitter in the sun.

Out over the wid'ning circles
The water-dog wends his way,
And brings at his master's bidding
The spoils of the weary day.
Only a few bleeding Mallards—
Three fowls that are limp and damp!
The hunter smiles as he takes them,
And hurries away to camp.
For a moment there's a rustle
Where the tall green rushes grow;
Then there's nothing but the murmur
Of a stream's unceasing flow—
A stream that for years and ages
Has emptied into that lake,
Winding its way unweariedly
Through the woods without a break.

Under the Northern Lights.

Mabel L. Stuart

IN the smoke-grimed kitchen of the minister's shack a roaring wood fire blazed merrily, casting a moving patchwork of light and shadow over the dingy rafters and blackened walls.

Full in the path of its ruddy glow a girl was seated, leaning forward, chin on hands, staring absently into the flickering flames. She seemed utterly out of place in her comfortless surroundings, like a beautiful cameo in a dull and ugly frame; yet her sweet face expressed such perfect contentment that her old-fashioned name of "Joy" seemed abundantly justified.

It was not without some trepidation that she had come, but a few months before, to keep house for her favorite brother. But the call of the West had come to her with such force, that she had yielded, as have most of us, who have felt that deep, inexplicable longing for the great, new land, with its mysteries and hardships—its glories of success.

Outside on the lonely trail, the white moonshine beat down, pitilessly cold; frosty stars glittered intensely through the clear, biting air, reflected from a myriad diamond-points of snow. Long shadows of majestic pines fell across the clearing, and the moonlit path into the dim recesses of the forest looked ghostly, and uninviting in the utter stillness of the night.

At the edge of the clearing a man's figure appeared, stumbling slowly, and painfully up the gradual incline toward the little homestead. In the shadow of the trees, he stood a moment, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the distant light—then with a cry of thankfulness, staggered forward.

"I'll do it yet," he muttered, "if only I can reach the shack, the minister'll see that the parcel gets to the Head, and

Miss Joy can fix up frozen fingers better than the doctor himself."

He put forth all his strength; nearer and nearer grew the light—only a few steps more; a last desperate effort and he reached the door, falling forward on the steps with a despairing cry, and sinking into blissful oblivion.

The sudden crash brought the inmate of the shack to her feet with a start of surprise. Instantly she divined its cause. It was not the first time that winter that a solitary wayfarer, travelling the lonely trail to Deer's Head, had fallen exhausted at their very door. A moment later, she had the door open, and was bending pitifully over the prostrate figure.

"Poor chap," she murmured, raising the drooping head, "I wonder if he's badly frozen; I must get him in, some way." And straining every muscle, she dragged him over the threshold into the light and warmth of her haven of refuge.

As she unwound the woollen muffler, she gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why it's Long Bob, from the Lumber Camp, and what is this that he is clutching so tightly in his poor, stiff fingers?" Deftly she unclasped the clinging hands, and drew the box out into the light. It bore the simple inscription—"Dr. Jack." Joy understood at once. "The poor soul has snow-shoed all the way to Helton for the medicine," she commented, "It's no wonder he fell exhausted; but I believe he's coming to, now."

The heavy eyelids raised, and the man looked at her vaguely. "That you, Miss Joy?" he whispered, "Is the box all right?" "Yes, Bob, but never mind the box. Your hands are badly frost-bitten; just drink this, and don't think of anything but going to sleep, for the rest of this night."

Bob fixed his eyes anxiously on her

face, "Where's the Minister," he said. "I got ter get that box to the Doctor, this very night; it's anty-something fer the dyptherie, and there's five of the boys dead already up at the Head."

"My brother went over this afternoon, to help the Doctor, but don't worry about the box; I'll take it over myself, as soon as I have made you comfortable. There must be a terrible outbreak at the Head."

"It's fearful, Miss, but Dr. Jack's a white un. He's give his life a dozer times over, fer the lads up at the Mines. But you can't go that long trip alone; 't isn't safe. It's more'n five miles, and the w—. Well, it just isn't safe at nights, Miss."

"I'm the only one to go, Bob, and I'm not in the least afraid. Why, I simply must go. Those poor fellows can't be left to die, with help so near."

"Well, I've been all the way to Halton and back, fer this stuff, since yesterday, and it's fifty mile, easy. I'm just bush-ed; can't go another step."

"I should think not, poor fellow, and I am very thankful that you reached our door, alive. Now you lie still, and rest. Your hands are better already, so I can leave your supper ready, and you can enjoy yourself while I'm gone. As for me—I have my rifle and plenty of warm furs, and can do the trip in no time. What are five miles on a moon-lit night, with a good pair of snow-shoes?"

Bob looked doubtful; but it was the only way, and if she was willing to face the dangerous trail for the sake of the score of sufferers at the mining camp—it was not for him to stop her.

"Well, Miss Joy, you're a hero, and us boys always said so; and if you do this, why they'll call you a saint, fer sure. Never you mind me; I'll be all right, and if you git away while the moon's up, you can make the Head before midnight."

He watched the girl anxiously as she buttoned her fur collar tight around her throat, and strapped her snow-shoes securely to her gaily-moccasined feet. "Your rifle loaded, Miss?" he inquired. "Yes, it's all ready for action," replied the girl, slinging it over her shoulder,

and taking the precious box in her hand. "Now don't be afraid to shoot anything that threatens you. Don't be tender-hearted; it doesn't pay, miles away from a human being, out on the lonely trail. And God bless you, Miss; you're a brick."

* * * * *

"What a bitter night," Joy murmured as she strode unhesitatingly into the dark shadows of the wood. The snow was crisp and fine, and her snow-shoes bore her lightly, and swiftly over the heavy crust. A keen north wind blew icily through the pine branches, and her cheeks tingled in the clear, bracing air. "Oh, the joy of living," she thought; "and yet I may never see Deer's Head; for I know, and Bob knew, that the wolves have been out lately, and though they avoid human beings at most times, they are ravenous this year,—and one never knows."

The long shadows grew denser, and the gloom, deeper, as she tramped further, and further into the forest. Then the trail lay over an open plain, white and empty in its lonely winter sleep. On went Joy, catching her breath at every sound, listening intently for the low, distant wail, which she dreaded each moment to hear.

Never an instant, did she slacken her pace. One mile—two miles, glided by, and yet no sign of life on the desolate plain, or the tangled underbrush. Joy took courage; after all the wolf story had been but an idle tale.

Three miles passed, and her breath came more quickly. The strain of the rapid pace was telling, so she slackened a little, and glanced at her watch; eleven o'clock, and two miles still to go; she was doing splendidly, if only her strength would hold out. She did feel rather tired, she was forced to admit.

Suddenly she stood still. Far away, faint and indistinct, but unmistakable, rose the dreaded sound; a sound which chills the blood, even when the listener is seated by his comfortable fireside, safe behind barred doors.

"Wolves!" she cried, "God help me," and summoning all her strength, she bent

her head and sped along the snowy path, for her life.

Another mile slipped away; still she could hear the hunting-cry of the hungry pack, driven by sheer starvation from their northern home, nearer to the haunts of men. Yet the mournful wail seemed no nearer than before, and the girl's courage began to revive. "They haven't got the scent yet," she told herself, "if only I can reach the village. But my breath is gone; this pace is killing—and still, I dare not rest."

Now the trail, gleaming silvery-white in the brilliant moonshine, led over heavily-wooded hills, down into a long valley, and over a frozen river to the tiny village, nestling on the mountain-side. The gloom of the forest enveloped Joy once more, and with a painfully beating heart, she recognized that the distant wail was growing nearer—the wolves were on her trail in hot pursuit, gaining on her at every step.

She was nearing the end of the forest. In a moment she would be able to look down on the distant lights across the river. But a soft patter, and snuffing breaths warned her that the time had come to turn at bay. With a quick motion, she unslung her rifle, and leaning back against a huge pine, awaited her pursuers.

There were four of them—lean, grey, dog-like creatures, with gleaming eyes, and lolling tongues. They stood hesitating. The scent of the humankind, filled them with vague terrors. They hardly dared risk an attack—and yet famine had made them desperate. The leader sneaked forward. It was his place to investigate this unusual enemy. Then with a vicious snarl, he prepared to spring.

A flash—a sharp report—and the rifle burst into flame; the huge beast sprang into the air, and rolled over—dead. This only maddened his comrades, and with howls of rage, two more drew near, the fourth hanging warily in the background.

Joy fired quickly, shot after shot; another wolf fell heavily to the ground, but the third sprang aside, unhurt, and began to sneak up behind her.

The horror of it all swept over the

girl with a sudden, dreadful reality. This was not a dream; she was not sitting in her cozy home in Old Ontario, reading the adventures of some poor wayfarer on the Steppes of Russia; it was she—Joy McLaren, fighting for her life, alone in the dreary forest of the Northland—dreadfully alone. With a groan, she realized that her last shot had been fired; she was at their mercy now.

She raised her rifle over her head, and brought it down with all her strength, as the third wolf with snapping jaws, sprang towards her. For a moment he was stunned, and in that moment there arose a sound in the forest behind her—a sound which caused her heart to cease beating, then brought the blood to her face in a throb of joy. It was a whistle, clear and sweet, and she knew its note; six long, lonely years had not dimmed its memory.

"Jack," she cried, "Jack! Help," and the world grew black.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on a somewhat lumpy bunk, the hum of a steaming kettle in her ears, and the light from a green-shaded lamp falling softly on her face. Beside her sat a grave-eyed man, a watch in his hand, and fingers on her wrist.

The girl lay languidly, watching him. Could this be the gay, debonaire, youth from whom she had parted but a few years before—this bronzed, sad-faced man, with square-set jaw and unsmiling mouth? What a wonderful change those years had wrought! Yes, it was he; they had met again at the ends of the earth.

"Jack," she said softly, "You saved my life."

The man's hand closed over her's, as he laid the watch on the table, and turned toward her, his eyes softening wonderfully.

"A poor reparation, Little Girl," he said bitterly, "after ruining both our lives."

"Not ruined, Jack—never that. I have come through the furnace unscathed, and you—you are a great man now."

"A poor doctor in a rough mining town—truly, a great career for an honor graduate, eh, Joy?"

"You are a great man," she insisted, "more truly great than any of your wealthy, self-satisfied class-mates. Why, you have given your life for these people; they adore you; Dr. Jack's name is always on their lips. You have changed since that miserable night six years ago. What is it, Jack? What's the reason?"

The man's face brightened. "You remember why we parted, Joy," he said, bending over her. "You said that any man who scoffed at God, was not fit to live on God's earth. And I wasn't fit, Little Girl; I know it now. So you told me to go—and I went. I sank down, down to the lowest depths. Then it was 'Deo Profundis,' and I vowed to devote my life to making reparation. That was five years ago, and I have tried to do my best."

"I'm proud of you, Dr. Jack," said the girl. "I always knew you were made of the right material—the stuff that heroes are made of; and heroes, like precious stones, are found in the most unlikely places."

Dr. Jack shook his head. "You rate me too high," he said, dejectedly. "And Joy, I can't ask you to share this wild, rough life with me. You aren't used to it; you couldn't stand the hardships."

Joy took his big, brown hand in both her own. "But *I prefer* 'The Simple life,'" she whispered.

The sequel needeth not my pen
To tell to gods or even men.
But Joy infused Jack's heart anew
With thrills revived and ever true.
And nothing could o'ercloud their life
All full of Love—all free from strife.

A Threat.

By Pete

I want you to understand clearly,
That tho' I repine,
And though in this world you are cruel,
In the next you'll be mine,
I know in the years that have vanished,
Hundreds of years before,
You loved me and I was unfeeling,
In the ages of yore,
And now, oh I love you so madly,
The rapture would be,
Live Heaven to Hell's shade returning,
Should you come to me.

Yet I know that you'll come not, and I must
Just love to the end,
Till Death shall take pity and gently,
Her messenger send,
And then when on earth I'm returning
I know for my pain,
Your heart will be mine for the taking,
For aye to remain,
And so though I suffer in torment,
Just loving in vain,
I try to be patient in waiting,
The prize for my pain.

The Stolen Necklace.

L. Harward

THE Post Office clock struck six as, with a sigh of relief, and a rueful glance at a pile of still unanswered correspondence, the occupant of the little office in Pitt Street reached for his hat. As he did so the bell of his desk telephone rang furiously.

"Yes!"

"Is that Harkley Clinton?"

"Yes."

"I am James Sturdy, of Sturdy Brothers, George Street. Can you come around at once?"

Clinton, who had been looking forward to a long evening spent on a cool verandah with a book and pipe, made a forcible remark of one syllable.

"Eh?" said the telephone.

"I'll be with you in ten minutes."

Probably there is no better known firm in Australia than Sturdy Bros., Sydney. Disdaining the modern fashion which leads other jewelers to make glittering shows, this old-established firm contents itself with a shop of very modest dimensions.

Mr. James Sturdy, whose appearance and dignity of bearing would do credit to a bishop, met Clinton at the shop door—hatless, coatless, and with his tie under his left ear.

"A mysterious business, Mr. Clinton!" said the old man, as he led the way to his office. "Sturdy Brothers have been robbed—robbed in broad daylight! A diamond necklace valued at twelve hundred pounds has been stolen from our window-case today, though how, or by whom, it is quite impossible to say."

"Window broken?" asked Clinton.

"No. The glass is of extra thickness, and supposed to be practically unbreakable. It is not our custom to make a display. A few specimens of really artistic workmanship and jewels of especial beauty are taken from the strong-room every morning in the presence of

either my brother or myself and placed in the window-case. It is a rule of the establishment that only one of the partners or Mr. Dyson, our head salesman, who has been with us for thirty years, shall open that case. In the evening, the articles are returned to the strong room, under supervision. This morning I chose for a centrepiece a diamond necklace, which we have just completed for one of our clients. I designed it myself and am a little proud of the work. As my brother is taking a holiday, I remained on the premises the whole day, having luncheon sent in to me. This evening, at closing time, I went to the window, and was horrified to find the necklet had disappeared, though the casket stood just where I had seen it placed at nine o'clock this morning."

"Was the window-case opened during the day?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Who attended the shop?"

"The junior salesman took some order for repairs, and Mr. Dyson made a few sales. I spent the greater part of the day in my office which, as you see, commands a full view of the shop. Mr. Dyson and Mr. Neil, his junior, are still here if you care to question them."

"Have you sent for the police?"

"Yes, and here comes Sergeant Hannan now," replied Sturdy, as a man, whose profession was unmistakable in spite of his mufti, strode through the shop.

It was evident from the sergeant's curt greeting that he regarded Clinton as an interloper, and Clinton on his part waited with ill-concealed impatience, whilst the official questioned and cross-questioned Mr. Sturdy and made voluminous notes in a fat pocket-book.

Presently, at the sergeant's request, Sturdy produced the velvet case which had contained the necklet, and, as Han-

nan laid it down, Clinton pounced upon it.

"Was this mark here this morning, Mr. Sturdy?" he asked, pointing to a slight but distinct scratch extending right across the purple velvet.

"I don't think so. No, I am sure it was not."

"Made by the thief's nail as he snatched the necklace," said Hannan.

"The thief had pretty long nails, then," retorted Clinton, "for in the centre the velvet is almost torn. I beg your pardon for interrupting, sergeant. You were going to question Dyson and Neil, were you not?"

The examination of the employees disclosed nothing of note. Dyson asserted that the window-case could not have been opened without his knowledge, except during the luncheon hour, when Mr. Sturdy took his place. Both men declared that to the best of their belief the window-case had not been opened, and that it was utterly impossible that the theft could have been committed by any person concealed about the premises.

The cross-examination which followed was so wearisome to Clinton that he took up a newspaper which lay on the office table and began to read it—a proceeding which Hannan noted with a contemptuous smile.

"Any questions you wish to ask, Mr. Clinton?" said the sergeant at last.

"Your catechism has been so exhaustive that you have left me nothing to say, sergeant. By the way, Mr. Sturdy, did you see this lunatic on a lamp-post this morning? Here is a paragraph about him in this paper. Ah! here it is," and Clinton proceeded to read:—

"Strange Freak of a Drunkard."

"Considerable excitement was caused in George Street this morning by the strange conduct of a young man who, after parading the street with a coil of rope over his arm, suddenly swarmed up the iron standard which supports the electric light in front of Messrs. Real's Music Warehouse. Making one end of the rope fast to the branch whence the lamp depends, he tied the other in a running noose round his own neck, and hav-

ing loudly announced his intention of 'putting an end to it'—presumably meaning his life—he seated himself astride the lamp bracket, and proceeded to harangue the assembled crowd. It was not without considerable difficulty that he was induced to forego his suicidal intention and descend, when he was at once taken charge of by the police. From inquiry at the police station we learn that the culprit is a young bushman, who has come from Back's Beyond on a holiday."

"Oh, yes! There was a great to-do," replied Sturdy. "It was fully half an hour before they could get him to come down, and the street was fairly blocked by the crowd."

"Do you think the man really meant harm to himself?" asked Clinton, turning to Dyson.

"I can hardly say. He had obviously been drinking," replied the foreman.

"I fancy I know the man," remarked Clinton thoughtfully. "You are the youngest here, Mr. Neil, and your eyes should be the best. What was he like?"

"A square-built fellow, with a fair moustache," began Neil.

"Really, Mr. Clinton," interrupted Sergeant Hannan, "I don't think these questions have any bearing on the case. A man might see the necklace from the lamp-post—it's just opposite Mr. Sturdy's window—but he couldn't steal it. He couldn't reach across the street, you know."

"I stand reprov'd," said Clinton, with a smile.

The mollified officer proceeded to examine the window-case, which was one of the ordinary box-like erections of wood, lined with mirrors, extending from the wall to the door, but only half way up the window.

"You see," explained Sturdy, "the only access to the case is by this sliding panel behind the counter, and that is in full view of any person, either in the shop or in my office."

Sergeant Hannan poked his head through the panel, withdrew it and shook it sagely.

"One moment," he said, drawing Clin-

ton aside. "Do you know what the Sturdy's financial position is?"

"Worth from twenty to thirty thousand, I should think. You don't suspect him of making away with his own necklace?"

"Such things have happened, Mr. Clinton, but it is my belief that one or both of the salesmen are in this affair. I shall make further inquiries about them. I am off now. Are you coming?"

"Not immediately."

"You have a clue?" demanded Hannan suspiciously.

"I haven't commenced to look for one yet!"

"Well, if you come across anything, let me know. Good-night."

"Mr. Sturdy," said Clinton, as the door closed behind the sergeant, "please turn off the electric light and give me a strong lamp. I want to examine this window-case. The necklet certainly *was* there, and that gives us a starting point."

Provided with the lamp, Clinton first narrowly scrutinized the outside of the case, then stood on the counter to inspect the top of it, afterwards lying on the floor to peer at its bottom; then wriggled himself head-first into the receptacle.

"When were the mirrors cleaned last?" he demanded, as he backed out of the case.

"Yesterday morning," replied Sturdy.

"Ah! Who owns this building?"

"This shop and the next on the left belong to the Royal Bank. The next shop is merely a single room, as our workshops extend behind it."

"Who is the occupant?"

"Kelly, the newsagent, had it until lately; but it has been taken by the London Cycle Company. It is being refitted for them, and the noise is almost unbearable at times."

"Please don't allow the window-case to be touched at present, Mr. Sturdy. I have work to do outside, but I'll see you tomorrow."

When the "drunken bushman" was brought up at the Police Court, the day after the robbery, Clinton quietly slipped into a seat at the solicitors' table, next

to that of the inspector of police, who was to conduct the prosecution.

"You are charged with attempting to commit suicide yesterday. How do you plead?" asked the magistrate.

"Your worship," said Inspector Allen rising, "with permission of the Bench the police will withdraw that charge and proceed on the minor count—that of creating a disturbance in a public place."

"I plead guilty to that, your worship," said the man eagerly. "I've come down from the bush for a bit of a spell, and I had had a nip too much. I am very sorry, and if your worship will deal leniently with me, I'll leave the town at once."

"This is a serious matter," objected the inspector. "The traffic was stopped for half an hour or more, by this man's foolish antics. Still, we know that bushmen are like schoolboys let loose when they get into town, and if we had surety that the man would leave town we might not press for the full penalty. Have you anyone who would speak on your behalf?"

A gentlemanly-looking individual, attired in well-made town clothes, and wearing blue glasses and new tan gloves, stepped forward.

"Your worship, my name is Ronald Chirmside. The defendant has worked for me for some time at Kamelroi. As I found him a very decent sort of fellow, I shall be pleased to give him a job again. I am leaving for my station tonight, and if you will let the man off with a fine I will take him home with me."

Clinton whispered something to the inspector.

"Your worship, this is evidence as to character and must be taken on oath," said the inspector. "Will you step into the box, Mr. Chirmside?"

Though evidently taken by surprise, Chirmside complied with the request.

Remove your gloves, whilst being sworn," said a constable.

Chirmside obeyed and Clinton, watching the operation, noted with satisfaction a fresh cut extending half across the palm of the witness's right hand.

At the close of the evidence the bush-

man was fined ten pounds and treated to a homily on the evils of drink, to which he listened with respectful attention. Having thanked the magistrate politely, he withdrew, accompanied by a constable to whom he would pay the fine.

Chirmside, strolling quietly out of the Court, was tapped on the shoulder by a sergeant.

"Ronald Chirmside, *alias* William Apsworth, I arrest you on the charge of stealing a diamond necklet, the property of Sturdy Brothers, in George Street."

"It is an exceedingly neat capture, Mr. Clinton, and I congratulate you," said Inspector Allen. "Do you think we can convict?"

"Sure of it! There's evidence that Apsworth, posing as Manager of the London Cycle Company, employed little Cohen, the agent, to visit the shop next to Sturdy's. I had Cohen in Court this morning, and he signalled to me that the supposed Chirmside was the man. We know that only two workmen—Apsworth and the supposed bushman, no doubt—were engaged in refitting the shop. The

digging out of the bricks in the wall is an old trick, but it was pretty daring to move the mirror, and abstract the necklet in daylight. Of course, Apsworth did that, whilst the bushman distracted attention by playing the fool on the lamp-post.

"Sturdy, Dyson, and Neil were all watching the man's antics for some time, and it was then the theft was committed. The scratch across the velvet Casquet showed that the necklet was pulled from its bed by means of a metal instrument, which would not have been necessary if the robber had used the sliding panel. The side of the window-case next the wall is lined by two mirrors joined in the centre by a line of beading. Just at the beading I found a faint trace of blood, and I guessed at once that the side of the case had been tampered with, which could only be done through the wall."

The necklet being recovered, as well as many other missing valuables, a paternal Government decided to accord the pair free board and lodging for a lengthy period.

Sociological Affinities.

Test Dalton

IT was a dismal part of the city, where two-storey houses stretched in long lines with a sameness that grew monotonous—they were plain, ugly and substantial. The music of the street was the song of the old clothesman, of the milkman, and of the baker, with the shrill screech of the grocery boy's whistle. The interiors of the houses were blessed with turkey-red carpets, cheap tinselled chandeliers, and shaky bannisters that led to rooms fitted with loose-jointed locks that persistently defied the uncertain keys of lodgers who were prone to return at uncertain hours. The bath-tub was an ancient relic, and the hat-rack a modern nuisance.

These details had been noticed by Susan when she first came to Mrs. Gimple's, but Susan, though fastidious, was neither the leader of a lost cause nor a reformer. She was somewhat of an iconoclast in regard to breaking dishes, but that was more a matter of carelessness than of conscience. Susan was the maid of all work—the drag horse that Mrs. Gimple stirred to renewed activity when affairs in the boarding-house did not arrange themselves as peacefully as they should, and Susan, mindful of the almighty six shillings and her little room at the top of the house, kept her observations under cover, as all evils should be kept in a well-ruled municipality.

Susan laboured unceasingly, which in many cases is a virtue; from her standpoint, a necessity. She was a fair looking girl of neat appearance and looked quite the part of a modest servant girl, and no one would have suspected that she had ambitions. Her dialogue was couched in fairly good English and had a touch of the romantic; whether it was from the books she read or on account of her board-school education, was of no concern to Mrs. Gimple, so long as Susan did not get flighty and fall in love with the butcher boy or with Mr. Locke, of second floor back. Susan was free to do as she liked after hours—and if “eddicashun” was what she wanted, it was all right, “Pervidin’,” of course, she did not try it on her mistress.

In the middle of an afternoon when the last dish from lunch had been washed and placed upon the shelf, Mrs. Gimple deemed it no waste of time to gossip with Susan. Artistes of the Vaudeville stage doubtless spend much of their time in houses presided over by ladies like Mrs. Gimple, for they always bandy a joke between them just as this good lady always repeated the theme of her argument, and Susan, listening carefully, gave approval at the proper time. For several weeks her mistress had been revolving the idea of questioning Susan on the exact state of her feelings towards Mr. Locke, and Susan, not suspecting this, was continually praising that gentleman. Mrs. Gimple being nothing of a diplomat, and Susan merely a servant, the good lady deemed it her duty to speak out her mind.

“Susan!” she said sharply, “are you gone on Mr. Locke?”

Now this being unexpected, and Susan in no way prepared to avoid it, the poor girl could only stammer and mumble something about his being so different.

“He ain’t different,” retorted Mrs. Gimple.

Susan blushed and tried to defend herself. “He doesn’t seem like a common working man,” she ventured.

“Susan, why don’t you talk the way common-sense folks talk?” said Mrs. Gimple. “You talks like a book and I

tell you it ain’t right. No, Susan, it ain’t right trying to improve on the natural gifts of God.”

Susan refrained from a direct reply, and her silence seemed proof conclusive to Mrs. Gimple that the girl was really in love, so changing her tactics, she decided to show how ordinary and common-place was Mr. Locke, the hero. Not that she disapproved of Mr. Locke, but rather that she might show Susan he was but an ordinary man.

“Why ain’t Mr. Locke like a workin’ man?” she began.

“Oh,” said Susan, “his manners and his polished style.”

“Well, if he is perlite and has his shoes shined—there ain’t nothing new in that.”

“He reads so much.”

“Better than drinking,” commented Mrs. Gimple.

“And his wonderful command of language.”

“There you go again, Susan, I do declare you talks awful. His eddicashun, you mean, may be. Why, Susan, that ain’t nothin’ but night school, and tendin’ lectures at the Lyceum wot’s known as the ’ot-bed of anarchy. I ’spect Mr. Locke’s a anarchist. He shure will read himself plumb crazy and you won’t be far behind when they trundles up the ambulance to carry him off.”

“I like an ambulance,” mused Susan.

“Well, if you don’t beat the Dutch, I don’t know.”

“It wouldn’t take much intelligence to beat some Dutch people, I know.”

“My groceryman is Dutch, Susan, and I ain’t never been able to beat him.”

“That would not be fair, would it?” replied the girl.

“I don’t know as whether it’s fair or not, but I’d do it if I got the chance, but I suppose your being such a eddicated lady you wouldn’t hurt the skin-flint.”

“I am not a lady,” said Susan, “only a Socialist.”

“And what’s a socialist, Susan?”

“Oh,” said Susan, “that is a secret.”

On a morning in the seventh month of his residence in the house of Mrs. Gimple, Henry Locke came down to break-

fast at a late hour. Mrs. Gimple thought at first he was out of work, until she recalled that it was a bank holiday.

Mr. Locke sat down in no easy frame of mind, for he was facing the great crisis which comes at some period to every man. He was tall, strong, and had the firm, square jaw of a man of power. His hair was tinged with grey and the circular spot was spreading in an alarming manner.

"Susan is a working girl," he was thinking to himself, "and I am a labouring man. I think she likes me, and I believe I know her fairly well—but, hang it, I wonder if she loves me." Then he squared his shoulders as though he had decided to take a desperate step. "Yes, I shall ask her," he said aloud.

Susan heard his voice and came into the dining-room. "How will you have your eggs, Mr. Locke?" she asked.

"What is that?" he said, in confusion.

"How do you wish your eggs prepared this morning?"

"Oh, my eggs," he replied. "I think I will have them palatable."

"Sorry," she retorted, "but Mrs. Gimple won't allow me to serve whiskey punch."

"In that case I will try them fried," he responded gravely.

When Susan returned with the breakfast she blushed deeply, so fixedly did Locke gaze at her.

"Susan," he said abruptly, "there is something I have made up my mind to say to you."

"Do you want to take another picture of me?"

"No," he said.

"You must have about eighteen."

"Yes," he stammered. "I know it was an imposition, but you see I am a fiend on this subject."

"You certainly are a nuisance."

"Now Susan, didn't you take one of me for each one of you I snapped?"

"It was a fair exchange," she retorted, "and you proposed the thing."

"That is quite right, Susan, and I suppose we are even. Now I want to speak to you about——"

"Why did you take so many photographs?" she questioned.

"Because, Susan, I—I care so much for you."

"In that case why don't you take ——" She stopped abruptly and turned to leave the room.

"Take you, Susan? Do you really mean it? Could you care for me? Susan, if you only knew how much I loved you."

"Please—please don't," said Susan, holding up her hand as though she would prevent him saying more.

"But I must tell you."

She looked down. "If you love me, please say nothing until the twenty-third?" Then he gave an exclamation.

"Do you know?" she questioned.

He recovered and looked her square in the eyes. "I know it will be the greatest day in my life."

"You may despise me," she ventured.

"And on the twenty-third you may hate me," he answered.

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes, Susan, a secret, perhaps a crime."

"You do not look like a criminal."

"The ink marks may not show."

"Ink marks!" she gasped, then glanced quickly at her own hands.

"Susan," he continued, "ever since I have known you my preconceived ideas of the working girl have undergone radical changes."

She looked at him sharply. "I suppose you miss the bangles and the cologne, but, speaking of the working man, I have never seen you carry a dinner basin."

"No, Susan, I am a master mechanic. The dinner pail is the badge of the labourer—or of the married man. My position is not very exalted, but I imagine I gain more from life than many wealthier people. Susan, tell me, what is your idea of life?"

"Life," responded Susan, "is a comic paper."

"Of course, be funny. Women, as a rule, are feather-brained."

"Do you think so? Life, I think, is rather a limitless subject and too weighty for you and me to discuss."

I believe Henry George says of life: "To me it seems only intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life."

"Henry . George!" he . exclaimed. "What do you know of Henry George?"

"I have read 'Progress and Poverty.'"

"What!" he shouted, jumping from his chair.

Susan retreated towards the door. "And a bit of Carl Marx," she retorted.

"I suppose you have likewise heard of Schopenhauer?"

"Yes, and of Nietzsche," she flung back at him as she closed the door.

At this moment Mrs. Gimple came in from the kitchen, "Who is Mr. Nietzsche?" she said, "a friend of yours, Mr. Locke."

"No," he said tersely, as he took his hat and started for the street. "Nietzsche, my good woman, is a friend of the devil."

"Well, I never in my born days heard the likes," gasped Mrs. Gimple.

* * * * *

On the twenty-third Susan showed undue signs of nervousness, and was so absent-minded that she worked on the nerves of Mrs. Gimple until that good lady overpaid the butcher and did not argue with the gasman.

As soon as the work was finished Susan donned her hat and left the house. Straight to the nearest bookshop she walked, and in a short time found the new book she sought. Dimly she heard the platitudes in praise of the book spoken by the wary clerk. She stood by the counter turning over the pages and did not look up until the insistent salesman had placed another book within her hand.

"This might interest you, miss," he said, and Susan took in the name of the work at a glance.

It certainly would interest her, and she handed the man half a sovereign. Then she opened it and gave an exclamation of astonishment, and the book fell from her trembling hands to the floor.

"Are you ill, miss?" questioned the clerk.

"No, no," she said, faintly.

"Here is your change," he said.

"Keep it," she replied, and fled in dismay from the shop.

The clerk gazed at her in astonishment. "Mad," he muttered, "stark mad."

"And to think he would do this," muttered Susan, as she fled on her way to the house.

Locked safely within her room she tried to look at the affair in a rational manner, but it was a difficult thing to do. His act was certainly not that of a gentleman; then she stopped and reviewed many preceding events. Her final conclusion that it was unjust and unfair was clapped by the stern resolve never to forgive him, though circumstances might be mitigating and though he plead ever so bravely.

When the well-known step, somewhat earlier than usual, and a little lower, sounded on the outer steps, Susan was prepared for battle, and Mr. Locke was greatly surprised when she opened the door and requested that she might speak with him alone in the dining-room.

"Mr. Locke," she said, holding up one of the new books, "do you recognise this?"

"Yes," he said, wearily, "my new book."

"So this is why you wished my photographs. How could you do it? Doubtless you thought I would be honoured by these pictures of myself as the modern working girl."

"Susan, I give you my word I am very sorry that this has happened. Only lately did it occur to me that I should have asked your permission and I have tried everything within my power to have the photographs discarded—but it was too late. I do not suppose you will ever forgive me. There is something I should like to show you." He unwrapped the book, the counterpart of Susan's first purchase. "This book on the modern working man was doubtless written by you, as my person is used to illustrate the story."

"Surely you do not care? A man does not feel about these things like a woman, I am sure."

"No, Susan, I don't care except that everyone in my publishing house has showed these pictures to me and said

what a shame it was that the woman had been writing of an amateur."

Susan grew faint. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not a working man?"

"No, Susan, I am merely a writer."

"I suppose my publisher has likewise discovered that your type of the working girl is my miserable self. Henry—we are imposters."

"And the worst of it is that the world will know it."

"Perhaps our respective publishers may compromise by both remaining quite silent."

"But the respective office boys will not."

"Henry, you must bribe those boys."

"I will do my best, dear. Tell me, Susan, you do not hate me."

"No, Henry, I shall have to forgive you, and we must try to think of some plan. Why not sue each other's publishers for using our pictures?"

"What, Susan! Ruin the financial standing of our publishers and cut off our royalties? No, I see where we can make a noble use of those forthcoming funds."

"In what way?"

"Let us ask for an advance payment—and—and——"

"Yes, and——"

"And go on a long honeymoon."

"But, Henry, you haven't asked me to——"

"But I have intimated, and I felt sure that you understood."

"But a proposal from a lover is worth a hundred hints from an admirer."

"Susan, you confuse me so that I forget all the things I would like to say. I am not good at this sort of thing, but give me a chance and I will prove to you how deep and strong is my love for you."

"I will, on condition that you promise never again to use me as the heroine of your stories."

"I promise, Susan, and I think it would be a wise thing for us not to be so secretive about our writings in the future. Let us call Mrs. Gimple and tell her the good news, and Susan, in the meantime, I should like to congratulate you upon your first book. No," he continued, as she held out her hand. "I want to show my approval in a more decided manner."

"Hush!" said Susan, as he clasped her within his arms, "Mrs. Gimple is coming."

"Oh, Susan, I love you very dearly."

"And I love you, Henry," she said, looking at him with shining eyes.

As Locke heard the approaching steps of Mrs. Gimple, he flung open the door.

"Mrs. Gimple," he shouted. "Susan and I are to be married."

"I knowed it," said Mrs. Gimple.

"You knew it!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, I knowed it, and I says God bless you both. Susan is a good girl, Mr. Locke, and I knows you don't drink—at least, I ain't never seen you that way. Yes, I knowed it a long time—that's why I got another girl today. Didn't I hear you two about a month back a-talkin' something about the twenty-third. When I hears that, says I to myself, they are going to splice. And so I engaged for a new girl to come on the twenty-third, and I hope to goodness she ain't no socialist."

"Don't you like socialists?"

"Yes, I s'pose I likes them all right when there ain't no anarchists in the house."

"Mr. Locke is not an anarchist," said Susan.

"No," interrupted Locke, "I am an author."

"And a photographer," said Susan.

"Well, I guess you are both that spooney like you don't know what you is. But I'm glad you're going to be married, and I sure wish you joy," concluded Mrs. Gimple.



A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

What shall I wish in the glad New Year,
 What shall I wish for you?
 I wish all joy and never a tear,
 Never a cloud and never a fear,
 And the smile of Fortune too!

Yes! I wish all this in the glad New Year,
 I wish all this for you:
 May Love encircle and guard you dear,
 And, one more wish with a heart sincere,
 May all that I wish come true!

THE Editor of "Westward Ho!" like Caesar of old, has issued a decree—it is this—that this corner of his delightful magazine shall be dedicated for ever and a day, to the greatest of all the world's great empires, the Empire of Woman.

As members of the Empire of Woman—although when one considers the question every woman is an empire in herself—we will meet month by month in this our own domain, and discuss the affairs of the feminine body politic. Now, as every woman knows, the ramifications of the feminine body politic are manifold in design and limitless in measure, so that our choice of subjects is practically endless.

I have decided that the very best way to enjoy our monthly chat, is to introduce a little imagination. Joubert has said, "Imagination is the eye of the soul," and I want you, my dear fair readers (of course you are equally dear and fair, because no mere man

would think of reading a woman's page) I want you to open that inner eye of yours wide, and see much more than just the printed words on this page. It is your inward vision that will make these little meetings of ours real and joyous, as well as, I hope, mutually helpful and entertaining.

I will tell you what I think—let us all have tea by proxy once a month. I know that tea by proxy is rather tantalizing and not very revivifying, but just imagine the chatter we can indulge in—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—and how nice it will be through this medium to grow in time to know each other better. Not for one single moment must you think that I want to do all the chattering—that would be too monotonous: I want every woman who is interested in other women to write to me, so that we may have the benefit of many opinions, and in this way obtain the broadest possible outlook on the things pertaining to our kingdom—or rather our Queendom!

While I cannot promise to talk of everything at once, any question submitted that is of paramount interest to the Empire of Woman will be dealt with in its own turn; and in this way we shall reap the harvest of each other's thoughts.

This month we will talk of ideals: we will begin at the top—in the heights where the sun is always shining, no matter how much the clouds obscure or the shadows dim. Carlyle has said:—"Ideals must ever lie a great way off,"

but methinks the eye of the soul brings them very near; and although in a mundane world we cannot perhaps always realise our ideality, we can idealise the reality which is the next best thing, and in this way come nearer to the lofty conceptions of which we dream.

MY IDEAL WOMAN.

It is not my intention to write of ideals in the abstract, at least just now. I am going to deal with something more tangible and real, and tell you about my ideal woman, and how she appears to me. Ideal woman! did I hear somebody say—does she really exist after all? She certainly does exist in my imagination, and I am going to write her down in all the beautiful adornment I have prepared for her.

We hear quite a lot about Woman now-a-days, and many are the comparisons drawn between ourselves and our grandmothers: but in spite of the many unkind things that are often said about her, I believe the woman of today is just as sweet and womanly at heart, as was the woman of "the good old days," who, like Lady Teazle played Pope Joan with the curate for recreation, and fainted on the slightest pretext because she thought it the right thing to do. The woman of today is made of sterner stuff, but that need not necessarily detract from her womanliness.

Of course, ideals depend entirely on the idealist. As there is no perfect uniformity between any two things in the natural world, so there are no two ideals quite alike—the endless variety of ideals regarding women conclusively proves this. Writers, poets and painters have vied with each other in attempting to portray her; but no one appears to have really *fixed* the ideal. "Quot homines, tot sentiae," but so far as the outward aspect is concerned, the ideal woman is the woman who most nearly realises that ideal of life which the idealist is cherishing. No two artists have as yet agreed on the perfect contour of her face, or the symmetry of her form; nor have poets achieved a much greater success, although Wordsworth gives us an ideal woman in the lines:—

"A creature not too bright or good, for human nature's daily food:
For transient pleasures, simple wiles,
praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

* * * * *

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn,
to comfort, or command."

In all nations and ages the ideal remains practically the same, although race or latitude may cause a different standard to be set up.

We hear much about the social equality of the sexes, but the true equality of man and woman will be found only in their relation to one another. Each is supplementary to the other, and has in it the elements of completion to the other. Each is as excellent as the other in its own sphere. They meet on the true equality of worth and not kind, and when this complementary standard is best maintained, then does the relation between the sexes approach nearest the ideal.

"He is the half part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such as she:
And she a fair divided excellence
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

Together they lost their Eden; surely it is together they will find it again. I am convinced of it. It is no use for Adam and Eve to start off by different roads to regain their lost Paradise; the journey must be undertaken together, and hand in hand. The path is the same old path trodden in by-gone ages by millions of pilgrim feet who have passed that way, and yet it is as fair and fresh today as when the first lovers followed its alluring route to the goal of their desires.

But these are generalities, I must get back to my ideal! What is she like? She is like herself, and therein lies her chief charm. She is just her own sweet self and not an imitation of anybody else. With regard to exteriors, she is nice to look at, and although she need

not necessarily be possessed of faultless features, I say with Max O'Rell, "Good figure?—Decidedly!" About her face lingers an indescribable charm and witchery; but it lurks more in the general expression, that intangible something that is so elusive, than in the ordinarily accepted lines of beauty. It ripples around the soft, mobile lines of her mouth, and peeps out roguishly from the clear depths of her eyes. Sweet eyes they are—truthful and brave; the very mirrors of her soul. Now they are dancing with fun—now they are thoughtful and serene—now they are humid with sympathy, the limpid homes of tenderness and love.

So much for those qualities which more directly make their appeal to the senses, but there are more potent charms than these. My ideal woman possesses a beautiful "soul-side," rich in those higher attributes which delight the mind, and wherein lies the intrinsic worth of true womanhood. But this "soul-side" is not public property; it is reverently reserved for the one to whom she gives her life and love. However, she does not make marriage the one aim and object of her life, although, hidden away in the secret recesses of her heart there may linger the sweet hope that some day perhaps, she may find favor in somebody's eyes, and rest secure in somebody's love. She remembers that until the somebody comes, she has her little life to live independent of anybody; and that she has a little barque of her own to navigate across life's treacherous sea. With eyes fixed on the stars, and hands firmly grasping the helm, she shapes her course through stress and storm, through calm and sunshine: and if she never finds an anchorage in the harbor of an earthly love, she still smiles and steers straight on toward the fair haven of her highest hopes.

My ideal is, above all things, essentially a womanly woman, and she never attempts to make of herself a feeble imitation of a man. She realises that she is portion of a great universal womanhood; and rising to the true dignity of her position, she does her best to uphold in all its grandeur and perfection,

the mighty fabric of which she is a part. She also goes in largely for "Woman's Rights," exercising to the full the rights divine that God and Nature have endowed her with. These rights constitute the strongest plank in her platform—the most potential power in her possession. From this platform she issues her manifesto—not on Universal Suffrage, or the Final Extinction of the Masculine Gender—but on the highest and noblest destiny of her sex, that of the Makers of Home, and the Mothers of Men; the real power behind the intricate workings of this often bewildering old world. In spite of the manifold manoeuvres of the so-called "militant sisterhood," she knows in her own heart that "women will indeed find their place, but it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salic law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected."

Heigho! for my ideal woman with her cheery greeting and happy smile for everybody. She realises that the All-Fatherhood of God means the All-Brotherhood of Man; and she possesses in all its subtle sweetness, the "heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise." In times of sorrow, distress or suffering, she is indeed a ministering angel. She wins the love of everybody by that charm of manner which has its root in unselfishness and a sincere desire to please and make others happy.

She has plenty of common-sense. She does not, when a man makes a confidante of her, telling of hopes and fears that have connection with the practical side of things, and which are so often uppermost in his mind—chime in with irrelevant questions and inconsequent remarks—she listens with interest, and bringing her commonsense to bear on the subject, counsels and advises to the best of her ability.

She does not condemn the weak nor point scornfully at the fallen—her heart is full of pity and a divine compassion for such as they. She remembers the "veined humanity" running through all, and in a human world she gives human sympathy. Her hand is the saving line

stretched out over the waters of despair, strong to help weary, despondent souls to the shore of Hope.

Dear me! there seems to be quite a lot in my ideal woman. Did I hear somebody say, "Yes, everything but flesh and blood?" You are wrong, Mr. Somebody; (of course you are a man, because no woman would make so disparaging a remark) this ideal woman of mine is not at all a vague, shadowy unreality, and I can assure you that if you pinched her it would hurt! I shouldn't wonder if she had the powers of retaliation and pinched you back again, or perhaps pulled your hair by way of varying the programme! Why, my ideal is real jolly, and can see a joke before the joke can see her. She is a veritable gleam of sunshine, flitting here and there, and brightening up the dull corners—yes, even if she has to use a brush and duster to do it with! She believes in looking for the beauty and goodness in life, not in grovelling among dust-heaps to find the rubbish. She is a philosopher too: she knows that there is nothing like a draught of wholesome philosophy, judiciously administered, with which to swallow the bitter pills of life.

Although I have said much about my ideal woman, I feel she must be known to be really appreciated. Why did I write of my ideal woman, rather than of my ideal man? Well, you see, I know most about women: I am a woman myself, which in itself is an independent education on the subject! However, I have an ideal man also, and next month I will array him, like Solomon in all his glory, so that you may see him, and tell me what you think of him. When my ideal man marries my ideal woman, then indeed will "Love take up the harp of life," and as the tremulous chords are struck, each one grander, sweeter, purer, and clearer than the last, then two people at least in this work-a-day world will catch a strain of the—

Elysian music—that diviner theme

Love wakes within the soul;

Until the Dreamer and the splendid
Dream,

Blend in one perfect whole.

WANTED THE OTHER NURSERY.

An anxious mother determines to ring up the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. Calling for the nursery, she is given Gottfried Gluber, florist and tree-dealer. The following conversation ensues:—

"I called for the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I vill dell you vat to do. You dake der scissors und cut off about two inches from der limbs und——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der scissors und cut off about two inches from der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on it for about four hours in der morning——"

"Wha-a-at?" And the receiver vibrated at her tone.

"Turn der garten hose on for about four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plack dirt all around und sprinkie mit insegt powter all ofer der top——"

"Sir-r-r!"

"Shrinkle mit insegt powter all ofer der top. You know it is usually noddings but pugs dot——"

"How dare you, sir? What do you mean by such languagē to me?"

"Noddings, but pugs usually causes der troubles, und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale here——"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" rather weakly. "Good-bye."

PRETTY GOOD AT SPELLING.

Mr. Jones was writing a letter. Writing is not his strong point, neither is spelling, and he called on Mrs. Jones, who was sewing in the room.

"Maria," he said, suspending his pen in the air and catching a globule of ink on his nose, "is there any 'h' in sofa?"

"Of course there is!" answered Mrs. Jones, taking from her mouth a button that she was going to sew on Willie's best jacket. "S-o-p-h-a, sofa."

"Thanks! That's the way I always spell it, come to think of it," said Jones, airily. Then there was a silence. Suddenly he asked:—

"Are there two 'g's' in sugar, Maria?"

"Mercy, no!" said Mrs. Jones, sharply. "I should think you could spell a little word like that, Jephtha. S-h-u-g-a-r, sugar."

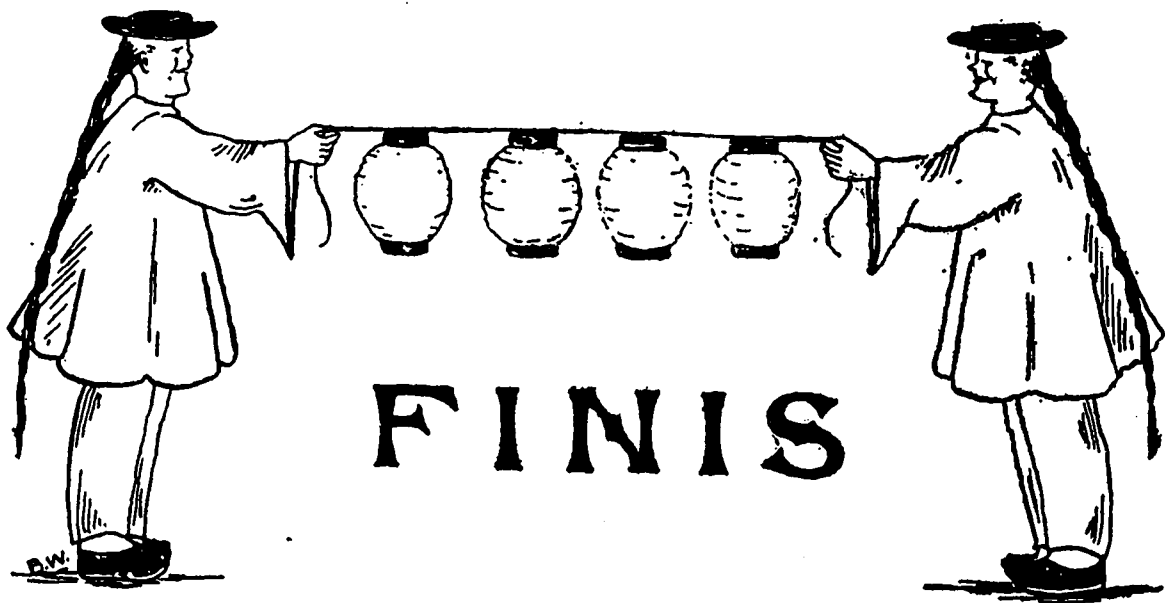
"That's so," assented Jones, "but I forgot the 'h'; thought the word didn't look right," and he scratched in the missing aspirate. Then he folded his letter and set about directing it.

"How many 'i's' in Pimlico?" he asked, balancing a postage-stamp on his tongue.

"About a dozen!" snapped Mrs. Jones, who had just discovered that both heels of Willie's stockings needed repairing. "You ought to keep a dictionary, Jephtha, and not depend upon me for everything."

"I don't need one when you're around, dear," said Jones, with a sly wink at the ceiling.

"I always was a pretty good speller," said Mrs. Jones, complacently. "It comes natural for some folks to spell, and I suppose I'm one of them," and she proceeded to darn Willie's heels, while Jones went out and posted his letter."





VI.

THE authorities who have dealt with the last stage of Simon Fraser's journey to the Pacific Ocean do not all agree as to the starting point of the expedition, but it is not necessary here to enter the controversial lists in support or defence of the arguments set forth by different writers. For all intents and purposes, Fort George, at the confluence of the Nechaco and Fraser Rivers, was the point from which the fur trader started on his bold and hazardous undertaking. In passing we will quote one, and but one, authority in favour of this contention. John Stuart, who by the way was Lord Strathcona's maternal uncle, in the "notes" which were appended to A. C. Anderson's manuscript history of the Northwest Coast remarks that "The establishment on McLeod's Lake was founded in 1805, those on Stuart's and Fraser's Lakes in 1806; that of Fort George in 1807, and it was from *there* that, in

1808, the expedition that traced the Jackanet (Fraser) River of Sir Alexander MacKenzie down to its mouth, in latitude 49 north, took its departure." As John Stuart accompanied Fraser, it would certainly appear that he would be entitled to speak with authority in the premises.

Moreover, David Thompson, another pioneer whose achievements have almost been forgotten by the present generation, in his great map entitled "Map of the Northwest Territory of the Province of Canada from actual survey during the years 1792 to 1812," embodied Stuart's plan or survey of the newly explored river, upon which plan or survey we find, on the line of the 54th parallel of latitude, where it intersects the Fraser, the legend—"The place of Mr. Simon Fraser's and Party's departure." Peculiarly enough Fort George is not mentioned on the chart,—although its position is indicated by the letters "N. W. Co.," by which abbreviation we infer that Thompson denoted the sites of posts

—and, more strangely still, the Nechaco does not appear at all.

David Thompson's map, an invaluable record, is still preserved in the Parliament Buildings at Toronto. Not the least interesting part of it is the following note appended to the title, "This map made for the North-West Company in 1813 and 1814 and delivered to the Honourable William McGillivray then agent embraces the region lying between 45 and 60 degrees North Latitude and 84 and 124 degrees West Longitude comprising the surveys and discoveries of twenty years, namely, the Discovery and Survey of the Oregon Territory to the Pacific Ocean, the survey of the Athabasca Lake, Slave River and Lake from which flows MacKenzie's River to the Arctic Sea, by Mr. Philip Turner, the route of Sir Alexander MacKenzie in 1792 down part of Fraser's River, together with the survey of this River to the Pacific Ocean by the late John Stuart of the North-West Company by David Thompson, Astronomer and Surveyor." Here it will be observed that the cartographer specifically acknowledges his indebtedness to John Stuart for information respecting the course of the Fraser River. From the wording of the note above recited it would appear that Thompson merely inserted Stuart's plan in his own map, without altering or correcting any part of it. The knowledge of the official surveyor of the Northwest Company concerning the newly discovered waterway, from personal experience, could not have been extensive because the field of his labours in the West lay south of the Fraser River, in the Rocky Mountains, in the Valley of the Columbia, in the plateau of the Kamioops country. Simon Fraser's Journal and notes were apparently considered of little value from a cartographical point of view, at least one would infer as much because David Thompson, a man of high ability and reckoned in those days of some worth in his profession, does not even refer to the information gathered by the fur-trader. It is evidently due to the fact that the first map of the Fraser River was compiled by John Stuart that in

some quarters he has been looked upon, and called, the real leader of the expedition, leaving to Simon Fraser the titular honour only. We are inclined to think that this is a mistaken view. It is true that Stuart's training as an engineer enabled him to use the data he gathered to good advantage, but apart from this we fail to find any convincing evidence that Fraser was not the actual head and real director of the expedition. The evidence before us indeed is distinctly in favour of the view that Fraser, and Fraser alone, was responsible for the conduct of the exploration. Throughout the whole journey John Stuart rendered his superior the most loyal support and he assisted him in every possible manner.

Before giving an account of the expedition we must briefly refer to the fact that Fraser's Journal, as published by Masson, commences with the date May 22nd, 1808, but the next entry is dated Sunday, May 29th. If the first date is correctly given we are at a loss to explain the cause of the delay which consumed the 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, days of the month. Nor does the Journal itself enlighten us upon the point. Certain it is that, between the 22nd and the 29th, not more than a day's journey was accomplished. If the expedition left Fort George on the 22nd, then a considerable delay must have occurred immediately after the start. But it is useless to conjecture. At the present time we can only follow the Journal of Simon Fraser as published by Masson. Until that document is proved to have been incorrectly copied, or edited, we must accept it as authentic.

At the outset it may be well to state that it is impossible to recognize all the places referred to by Fraser. When following him it is often difficult to determine where the points described may be. This is especially the case when he referred to the different portages, or carrying places—he seldom tells us whether the canoes and supplies were carried on the right or the left bank. Now and again, however, there is no mistaking his description. For instance, we have no difficulty in recognising "Cam-

chin" as the present site and Indian name of Lytton, because he noticed and so named the Thompson River, which enters the Fraser just above that little town. But, as a rule, the country he passed through was of such a nature as to render a description of any one spot applicable to another, not far distant it may be, yet distant enough to make confusion possible, and frequently probable. It is true that Stuart's chart helps us more or less, but even with the aid of that sketch the student will often be confused because names and places are marked thereon which are not mentioned by Fraser, and many names bestowed by the latter are not given at all.

In Masson's volume the Journal of Simon Fraser covers sixty-five octavo pages, and consequently it is not possible to more than give here the briefest resume of it. The document itself is replete with interest—in it we find a more or less full description of the latter part of the third overland journey to the Pacific. Sir Alexander MacKenzie in 1793, and the expedition under Captain Lewis and Captain Clark in 1805 and 1806, had reached the ocean, and now, in 1808, Simon Fraser is to follow a new route to the sea.

VII.

"Having made every preparation for a long voyage," Fraser marshalled at Fort George his little force of nineteen voyageurs and two Indians, officered by himself, as commandant, John Stuart, second in command, and Jules Maurice Quesnel. The little party embarked at five a.m. on the 22nd of May according to Fraser's Journal, but, if we follow Father Morice, on the 28th day of that month. With the swift current in their favour the canoes soon made eighteen miles, but at this point strong rapids were encountered, in which one of the little vessels was nearly wrecked. Below the rapids the river contracted into a narrow channel not more than seventy yards wide, between rock-bound banks. Thus early in the voyage did the men have a foretaste of the difficulties they would be called upon to encounter in the lower reaches of the river.

On the second day the voyageurs

sailed past beautifully varied scenery. "This scenery," Fraser writes in his diary of May 29th, "has a very fine aspect, consisting of extensive plains, and, behind these, hills rising over hills." And again, "This country, interspersed with meadows, hills, dales, and high rocks, has on the whole a romantic and pleasant appearance." But these were only fleeting glimpses—presently the landscape would assume an aspect of wild and forbidding grandeur, and the river would become a foaming torrent.

Apparently the country now being traversed was populous for many Indian dwellings and villages are noticed. On Monday, May 30th, Fraser landed at a large house, probably in the vicinity of Soda Creek, where he met a few natives, one of whom told the fur-trader that it would be dangerous for him to proceed "before his intentions were publicly known throughout the country." Thereupon he decided to remain during the rest of the day. The Indians possessed horses, and mounted couriers were despatched to the tribe below with the news that strangers were about to pass through their territories. In the course of the day, "Tahowtins" and "Atnaughs" rode into the village. "They seemed peaceably inclined and happy to see us," remarks Fraser, "and observed that having heard by their neighbors that white people were to visit their country this season, they had remained near the route to receive us." The natives told the explorer that the river was but "a succession of falls and cascades," and urged him to discontinue his voyage and to remain with them. Firearms were unknown to these people and when the voyageurs discharged their pieces, the reports so astonished them, that, they "dropped off their legs with fright." "Upon recovering from their surprise," says Fraser, "we made them examine their effect. They appeared quite uneasy on seeing the marks on the trees and observed that the Indians in that quarter were good and peaceable, and would never make use of their arms to annoy white people; yet they remarked that we ought to be on our guard, and proceed with great care when approach-



Suspension Bridge Near Spuzzum.

ing villages, for, should we surprise the natives, they might take us as enemies, and, through fear, attack us with their arms." The advice of the natives was sedulously followed; Fraser always thereafter induced men of one tribe to introduce him to the next.

On the 31st Fraser met a chief, whose slave roughly sketched on two oilcloths the course of the river to the sea. But he was not particularly impressed with the knowledge or ability of the artist, although it was not difficult to gather that the course below would be intricate and dangerous. The chief was friendly and commended the white men to his people. Fraser, in return for this courtesy and consideration, hinted that a new trading post might be established in the territory in the near future. This intimation so pleased the chief that he immediately volunteered to accompany the expedition all the way to the coast. Thus, by a little delicate attention and diplomacy, the discoverer secured an invaluable ally. The chief accompanied the

expedition for many days, but eventually, repenting of his decision, slipped away one dark night and returned to his people.

At different places along the river, bales of salmon were cached for the return journey. During the greater part of the voyage, the men were dependent for provisions upon the Indian tribes. Salmon, dried and fresh, berries, nuts, wild onions, oil, and other delicacies were as a rule freely bestowed by the natives—nor must we forget that the voyageurs were frequently feasted with dog's flesh, looked upon by them as a rare tit-bit.

Now proceeding calmly upon the breast of the flooding tide, now dashing wildly down tremendous rapids, the canoes proceeded swiftly forward. Not infrequently, however, everything, canoes and all, had to be carried over long and difficult portages, where deep ravines, steep hills and yawning precipices almost completely barred the way. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the sufferings of these men. Sometimes,

their path would be so rough with jagged stones that their moccasins would be completely worn out, and then, footsore and weary, they would carry their heavy packs from the head of a canyon to a safe point below it. Day by day, by water or by land, the expedition worked its way towards its goal, until at last valour and determination were rewarded and the blue waters of the Gulf of Georgia were reached.

The expedition encountered its first serious difficulty on Wednesday, June 1st. At this point commenced that series of canyons and rapids of which the Indians had so often warned them in the last two or three days. For two miles the river foamed and boiled between "high banks which contracted the channel in many places to forty or fifty yards." The Journal continues—"This immense body of water passing through this narrow space in a turbulent manner, forming numerous gulfs and cascades and making a tremendous noise, had an awful and forbidding appearance. Nevertheless, since it was considered as next to impossible to carry the canoes across the land on account of the height and steepness of the hills, it was resolved to venture them down this dangerous pass.

"Leaving Mr. Stuart and two men at the lower end of the rapid in order to watch the motions of the Natives, I returned with the other four men to the camp. Immediately on my arrival, I ordered the five best men out of the crews into a canoe lightly loaded, and the canoe was in a moment under way. After passing the first cascade, she lost her course and was drawn into the eddy where she was swirled about for a considerable time, seemingly in suspense whether to sink or swim, the men having no power over her. However, she took a favourable turn and by degrees was led from this dangerous vortex again into the stream. In this manner she continued flying from one danger to another until the last cascade but one, where, in spite of every effort, the whirlpools forced her against a low projecting rock. Upon this, the men debarked, saved their own lives and contrived to save the property, but the greatest diffi-

culty was still ahead, and to continue by water would be the way to certain destruction.

"During this distressing scene, we were on shore looking on and anxiously concerned; seeing our poor fellows once more safe afforded us as much satisfaction as to themselves, and we hastened to their assistance, but their situation rendered our approach perilous and difficult. The bank was extremely high and steep, and we had to plunge our daggers at intervals into the ground to check our speed, as otherwise we were exposed to slide into the river. We cut steps into the declivity, fastened a line to the front of the canoe, with which some of the men ascended in order to haul it up, while the others supported it upon their arms. In this manner our situation was most precarious; our lives hung, as it were upon a thread, as the failure of the line or a false step of one of the men might have hurled the whole of us into Eternity. However, we fortunately cleared the bank before dark."

In such a manner was the journey conducted.

So far the Indians had behaved remarkably well. The nation which Fraser mistakenly called "Atnah" (this word, merely meaning "foreigner" or "stranger," has no ethnological significance), particularly impressed him. From an entry in his Journal (June 3rd) we learn that the men were "tall and slender, of a serious disposition and inclined to industry; they say they never sing or dance, but we observed them playing at hazard, a game well known among the Indians of Athabasca. They besmear their bodies with oil and red earth and paint their faces in different colours; their dress is leather. They are great travellers and have been at war beyond the Rocky Mountains, where they saw buffaloes, seeing our powder horns they knew them to be of that animal. They informed us that white people had lately passed down the first large river (the Thompson) to the left; these were supposed to be some of our friends from the department of Fort des Frayries." On the day following one of the Atnah people returned to Mr. Quesnel a

pistol he had lost, so Fraser concludes that the Atnahs are "more honest than any other tribe on this side of the Rocky Mountains."

Continuing the voyage, the party passed down many dangerous rapids, until they arrived at a great canyon, identified by Judge Howay, of New Westminster, as the one near Kelly Creek, for a description of which we will turn once again to the Journal. Under the date of Friday, June 9th, the following entry appears: "This morning, our men put on their best clothes; our two Indians having only a beaver robe and an original skin, I gave each a blanket and a braillet, so that we might appear to more advantage to the eyes of the new Indians we were to meet at the rapids couvert. At 7 a.m. our arms and everything being in due order, we embarked, and in a few hours after we were at our destination.

"Here the channel contracts to about forty yards, and is enclosed by two precipices of immense height which, bending towards each other, make it narrower above than below. The water which rolls down this extraordinary passage in tumultuous waves and with great velocity had a frightful appearance. However, it being absolutely impossible to carry the canoes by land, all hands without hesitation embarked as it were a *corps perdu* upon the mercy of this awful tide. Once engaged, the die was cast, our great difficulty consisted in keeping the canoes within the medium or *fil d'eau*, that is, clear of the precipice on the one side and from the gulfs formed by the waves on the other. Thus skimming along as fast as lightning, the crews, cool and determined, followed each other in awful silence, and when we arrived at the end, we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation at our narrow escape from total destruction. After breathing a little we continued our course to the point where the Indians were encamped. Here we were happy to find our old friend the Chief and the interpreter who immediately joined our party."

The Indians here made a rough chart of the river below, "which represented

it to us as a dreadful chain of apparently insurmountable difficulties," and they asserted that it would be impossible to navigate the turbulent waters of the stream and again urged the explorer to proceed by land, as advised on a former occasion. They explained that in many places it would not be possible for strangers to proceed either by land or water, owing to the rapids of the river and the mountainous nature of the country through which it passed. The explorers were also told that certain precipitous places could only be passed by means of rope ladders. But the undaunted leader of the expedition, having prevailed upon an Indian to accompany him as pilot, proceeded on his way. Writing of the country through which he passed on the afternoon of this eventful day, Fraser remarks: "I scarcely saw anything so dreary and dangerous in any country, and at present, while writing this, whatever way I turn my eyes, mountains upon mountain whose summits are covered with eternal snows close the gloomy scene."

At last (Saturday, June 10th) it was forced upon Simon Fraser that it would be absolutely impossible to proceed by water and accordingly it was decided to continue the journey by land. In the neighbourhood of Pavilion Creek, if we judge aright, a scaffold was erected and upon it the canoes were placed, covered by branches of trees to shade the gum-sealed seams from the sun. Such articles as could not be carried were buried in the ground. All this openly, before the Indians. But on the following day another and a secret cache was made unknown to the natives, as it was not deemed advisable to place implicit trust in their expressions of good will.

The canoes used up to this point, it should be remembered, were the ordinary birch-bark ones of the voyageurs. These little vessels, which so often figure in Canadian literature, were admirably adapted to the exigencies of the fur-trade. They were light, strong, and well-made by the expert Canadian boatman who was an adept at the art. A light



Hell's Gate Canyon.

framework held the bark in position; the seams were sewn and then well "gummed" to render them watertight. In spite of their fragile appearance, the canoes so made were wonderfully durable and very seaworthy when properly handled. In the fur-trading days this style of craft was in general use from end of what is now Canada to the other. There was no stream, or lake, of importance in the whole of the vast Northwest Territories that had not carried on its bosom the graceful craft of the voyageurs. What the camel was to the Arab and the desert tribes of Asia and Africa, the birch-bark canoe was to the Canadian fur-trader and early explorers—practically their sole means of transportation. The canoes being so lightly constructed could be easily carried when a "portage" was necessary to avoid rapids or dangerous places in the rivers so frequently traversed by the brigades with their precious cargoes of supplies or peltries. Malcolm McLeod, in his notes on Archibald MacDonald's account of Sir George Simpson's canoe voyage

from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, gives some interesting particulars concerning the canoes of the fur-traders.

The canoes of the Indians of the Fraser River were of a totally different type from those which the fur-traders brought with them. But it is not necessary to describe them here as the reader will be familiar with the beautifully formed vessels of the Coast Indians, which, in design and workmanship, resemble those used on the Lower Fraser a hundred years ago.

At 5 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, June 11th, each man shouldered his pack of eighty pounds of "indispensible necessaries" and once more the expedition moved forward over the rough pathway which irregularly followed the course of the river. Now and then Fraser or Stuart would anxiously scan the stream in the hope that it might be possible to launch their frail craft on the troubled waters. But "the channel was deep, cut through rocks of immense height and forming eddies and gulfs which canoes could not even approach with safety."

Once the party was surprised by seven Askettih (Lillooets) who prepared to attack the strangers with bows and arrows, believing them to be enemies, but, fortunately, the new arrivals discerned their mistake in time and, laying aside their weapons, joined the adventurers, and, to show their friendliness, shook hands with them. In the evening the Indians re-visited Fraser and his men and regaled them with native delicacies—roots, wild onion, syrup, dried salmon of an excellent quality, and berries. Fraser's new friends informed him that the sea was distant "about ten nights from their village." A garrulous old man of the tribe claimed that he had been to the sea where he had seen "great canoes." He then gav a pantomimic exhibition of the behaviour of the white men, who, he said, were well-dressed and haughty. Clapping his two hands upon his lips he strode about the place with an air of importance, saying: "This is the way they go."

The territory now being traversed belonged to the "Askettih nation" (Lillooets), and Fraser describes it as "the most savage one can imagine, yet we were in a beaten path and always in sight of the river, which we could not, however, approach, as its iron-bound banks had a very forbidding appearance."

On the 14th of June Fraser reached a place which he called "the Forks," in all probability the junction of the Bridge River with the Fraser. Here Indians "dressed in their coats of mail," advanced to meet him as ambassadors of the "Askettih" tribe. A palaver is held and the ambassadors, who "looked manly and had really the appearance of warriors," spoke with a certain rude grace and fluency which apparently had a great effect on the natives present. The old chief of the "Atnahs," who had so far accompanied the expedition, replied to the addresses of the new arrivals, referring in high terms to the good qualities of the white strangers. Fraser shook hands with many natives and endeavoured to impress upon them the great advantages that would accrue to the neighboring tribes if friendly relations should be established between them and the white

men. At this place it was learned that the river below was navigable—a piece of information which was welcome indeed.

The fifteenth of the month dawned cloudy and rainy and in consequence of the change in the weather, which heretofore had been uncomfortably hot, the men indulged themselves with a longer rest than usual. On rising, Fraser, to his mortification, found that the old chief, the pilot, and the interpreter, had stolen a march upon him and disappeared in the night. The abrupt departure of his allies was doubly a matter of regret to him; they had behaved uncommonly well since they joined the expedition on May 31st, and Fraser had wished to suitably acknowledge their services.

This untoward incident caused the explorer anxious thought as we may well infer from an entry in his journal: "Here we are," he states just after recording the disappearance of his native friends, "in a strange country, surrounded with dangers, and difficulties, among numberless tribes of savages who never saw the face of a white man; however, we shall endeavour to make the best of it."

Before leaving his encampment, Fraser once again tested the chart making abilities of his friends in need, the Indians. From the information afforded by the map so hastily and roughly compiled, he came to the conclusion that navigation would still be a difficult matter; he also learned that to the eastward there was another large river, running parallel to the stream he was then exploring.

Having obtained this information, Fraser crossed the river and visited a small fort one hundred feet by twenty-four feet, which was "surrounded by pallisades eighteen feet high, slanting inward and lined with a shorter row which supports a shade, covered with bark, constituting the dwellings." This, we are informed, is "the Metropolis" of the "Askettih" nation. It is altogether likely that the fort was situated near the Lillooet of the present day.

After much difficulty a canoe was obtained at the village, for which, after much haggling and bargaining, the In-

dians agreed to accept a fyle and a kettle; as for provisions, only thirty dried salmon could be obtained. The canoe was soon laden with the supplies and John Stuart, with a crew of Indians proceeded down the river, while the rest of the party followed by trail. Fraser did not relish the idea of his friend being left to the tender mercies of the natives and hastened after the canoe. Nor were his fears diminished when, on reaching the appointed meeting-place, he found neither the Indians nor his lieutenant there. Continuing in haste for ten miles, he at last found the canoe and all well. It transpired that as Stuart could not make himself understood, he was forced to proceed at the pleasure of his crew.

In speaking of the Lillooets, Fraser observed that they dressed the same as the Atnahs, or, as they are now called, the Shuswaps. They were civil enough but would not readily part with their provisions. He noticed that they used a variety of roots, some of which tasted like potatoes. The bows and arrows of the Atnahs were neatly made, and the mats with which they covered their temporary dwellings were made of grass and "watap or pine roots." Here were observed several articles of European manufacture, including a new copper tea kettle and a large gun, which the explorer deemed of Russian make.

The day following his departure from Lillooet, Fraser met men of the tribe he called "HaKamaugh," and also two of the "Suihonic" clan; the former were undoubtedly the Thompson River Indians, but the latter are not so easily identified. It is very unlikely, thinks Mr. James Teit, of Spence's Bridge, an authority on the Thompson Indians, that the men Fraser called "Suihonic" were of the tribe now known as the "Shoshone." The HaKamaugh were exceedingly well dressed in leather, and possessed horses, with which they very obligingly assisted Fraser at a carrying place nearby.

The next few days were spent by the travellers much as the days before had been spent. Sometimes the canoes carried the men, and sometimes the men carried the canoes, for the navigation

did not improve as the expedition worked its way southward. The news of the coming of the white men had spread from man to man, from tribe to tribe, and curious crowds of savages gathered at various points to gaze in wonder at the pale faces as they passed down the river. Here they were regaled with salmon and dogs and roots and baked moss cakes; there they had difficulty in obtaining any provision at all; yesterday they lived on the fat of that poor land; on the morrow they lacked even dried salmon.

Now and again European articles were noticed in the possession of the natives—a tea kettle, a camp kettie, and "a sword of tremendous size made of sheet iron," especially attracted Fraser's attention. Birthplaces and tombs, peaceful Indian villages, wild gorges, tremendous mountains, foaming torrents, all pass before us in quick panoramic succession. But the glimpses vouchsafed us are all too fleeting. Our interest is aroused and then—we are hurried on to behold new scenes, to witness new acts in that strange drama played in the valley of the Fraser a hundred years ago. Yes, it is a thousand pities that honest Simon Fraser did not give us a book, instead of a few humble pages. But we may well be thankful that we have a record at all. We have done our best to lose the little we have, and now, all these years after the death of the chief actor in the scene, we grumble because we have not a longer and a better account of that wonderful third overland expedition to the Pacific ocean. But we must proceed with our story.

A village of four hundred souls was reached on the 19th of this same month of June, 1808. This place may have been the old village near Stryne Creek, some little distance above Lytton, but the remarks of the explorer might lead one to conclude that the site of the hamlet may have been nearer the village he called "Camchin," now the Lytton aforementioned. Some of the people are old, very old, for they have spent their days among the mountains, in pure air, living on wholesome food, not forgetting to observe primitive sanitary rules.

We are told that they were clean and healthy. The principal Chief of this wholesome clan, welcomed the strangers, invited them to cross the river, received them there at the water side. Simon Fraser was treated with quiet dignity; he was led by the arm up a hill to the camp there situated. Here were seated twelve hundred savages, all in rows, a fine sight, an impressive sight, surely—twelve hundred red men clad in their native dress all marshalled there, row upon row, line upon line, to welcome the passing strangers. Simon Fraser was gracious; he shook hands with each man there. In such a manner and with such simple dignity these primitive folk of Camchin, met for the first time the fur-trader. Then the Great Chief of the tribe spoke to his warriors, waxing eloquent as he proceeded; he pointed significantly to the sun, to the four quarters of the earth, and then to the strangers within their gates. The very old father of the Great Chief was carried to the guests of honour—he stretched forth his hands tremulously, nervously to feel those of the strangers, for the light had forever departed from his eyes and he could not see them, but with that wonderfully sensitive, pathetic touch of the blind he learns all that he can ever know of the pale-faced men who came too late to be beheld by him.

The Hakamaugh, or Hacamaugh (Fraser takes advantage of poetic license and spells it both ways) differ much from their neighbors the Askettihs. They have many chiefs and great men, health and wealth they have also. Oratory is not unknown amongst them, indeed is practised by them—"their manner of delivery is exceedingly handsome." In the evening there is much feasting—more salmon, berries, oil and roots, and, for the voyageurs, six of those little fat dogs so beloved by them. All night high revelry and singing and dancing, whereat the men are mightily amused and well entertained.

The village of "about four hundred souls" may, or may not, have been the old village near Stryne Creek, but we

have no difficulty in recognising the large village near the confluence of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers as the predecessor of the town of Lytton.

Before leaving the locality, Fraser named the Thompson River in honour of the great David Thompson, astronomer, surveyor, explorer, fort-builder, and fur-trader, also of the Northwest Company.

VIII.

On the morning following the memorable reception at Camchin, two wooden canoes were obtained, not without difficulty; the Indians did not haggle over prices, however, but merely accepted what was offered, from which we gather that they were a proud race.

At 10 a.m. the expedition once more embarked, accompanied by the Great Chief of the Hacamaughs, and a little fellow, of whom we shall hear much hereafter. Aided by the current, the canoes swept forward, until rough water and rapids again intervened and a halt was called. "Here," reads the Journal, "the canoes and baggage were carried up a very steep hill; the ascent was dangerous, stones and fragments of rocks were continually giving away from our feet and rolling off in succession. One of the men was hurt by stumbling on one of these stones, and the kettle he carried bounced into the river and was lost." The Indians tell the explorers, that, several years before, at this very spot, several men of their tribe lost their balance, fell headlong into the river and perished. The steep hillsides was strewn with graves, heaped over with small stones. In this description we may recognise Jackass Mountain, where, fifty years later, gold seekers also encountered difficulties of a similar nature.

In the rapids at this point a serious disaster was narrowly averted. It seems that the men, growing tired of carrying their heavy burdens over a road well-nigh impassible, on their own authority launched the canoes, and attempted to proceed by water. Their disobedience and temerity were wrought with direful consequences. One of the canoes was swamped and upset. All but one of the crew

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managed to make the bank. The unfortunate voyageur, who had been unable to extricate himself, was carried three miles down the turbulent stream in a semi-conscious condition. At last, more dead than alive, he was washed ashore at the foot of a precipice, which, after more or less recovering from the effects of his long immersion, he managed to scale. It is difficult to conceive how he escaped from such an awful predicament. He was discovered by Simon Fraser in an exhausted condition. Later in the day the rest of the men were found and the baggage recovered. The Indians on this trying occasion rendered every assistance, which Fraser gratefully acknowledges. After this mishap, the party encamped, happy at being safely together again with all their supplies. The most serious result of the day's proceedings was the loss of a canoe which could ill be spared.

In a journey which was nothing less than a series of remarkable and strange happenings, it is impossible to say that any day of it was not an eventful one, but we have by this time become so accustomed to the recital of adventures of an appalling nature that we may be excused if now and again we slip hurriedly by whole days and nights. The 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th days of June were remarkable indeed, but not more so than many which had preceded them. New tribes were met; dogs, salmon, berries, nuts, and oil were obtained from friendly natives; the severe hardships and privations of the march began to tell upon the men; Mr. Stuart's canoe filled in a rapid and narrowly escaped destruction; the men were entertained by the natives. singing and dancing being always the most popular numbers on the programme of these impromptu soirees; curious Indian graves are noticed; two canoes are traded for two calico nightgowns (exhibiting a becoming modesty on the part of the native men and matrons); more rapids are encountered and two of the canoes collide, one of them losing its stern piece and the steersman his paddle; natives flock from all quarters to see the strangers; an Indian encampment of five hundred

souls is visited; some of the natives "drop down" at the report of the guns; and so the days depart.

The Chief of the "Camchin" bade farewell to Fraser on the 25th and returned to his home, much to the explorer's regret. "This man," we read in the diary, "is the greatest chief we have seen, he behaved uncommonly well towards us, and in return I made him a present of a large silver brooch which he immediately fixed on his head, and seemed exceedingly well pleased with our attention." The Little Fellow, who had proved himself so useful and assiduous, promised to stay with the expedition until the end.

On this Sunday morning the men were up betimes and the little brigade started at the early hour of 5 o'clock. After making a considerable distance the inevitable rapids proved a bar to further progress and a long and difficult portage had to be made. For an account of the perils experienced at this time we may turn once more to the Journal so frequently quoted: "Here," it reads, "we were obliged to carry among loose stones in the face of a steep hill between two precipices. Near the top, where the ascent was perfectly perpendicular, one of the Indians climbed to the summit and by means of a long pole drew us up one after the other. This work took three hours and then we continued our course up and down hills and along the steep declivities of mountains where hanging rocks and projecting cliffs, at the edge of the bank of the river, made the passage so small as to render it, at times, difficult even for one person to pass sideways. Many of the natives who accompanied us were of the greatest service on this intricate occasion. They went boldly on with loads in places where we were obliged to hand our guns from one to another, and where the greatest precaution was required in order to pass even singly and free from encumbrance."

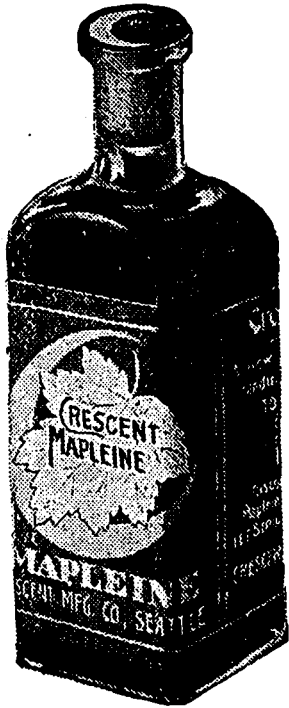
We can scarcely be wrong in assuming that the expedition had now reached that grandly beautiful stretch of the river long since named the Big or Great Canyon, which culminates in, or commences

with, Heil's Gate, some little distance above Yale. Anyone familiar with the country in that neighbourhood will marvel at the temerity of the white men who first passed through it.

After a labourious and exciting day, the party encamped at 6 o'clock in the evening. John Stuart, ever ready to assist his Chief, and in whom the latter placed implicit confidence, was at once despatched to examine the river. He did not return, but remained all night on the top of a neighbouring hill. On the shore opposite the camp a native was fishing with the dip net of the neighbourhood; one of the friendly Indians who had followed Fraser, borrowed one of these implements and succeeded in taking five fish, which, "divided among forty persons, was little indeed, but better than nothing."

Monday, the 26th, dawned, and the laborious task was continued. Shortly after the start, John Stuart appeared and reported that "navigation was absolutely impracticable," and, therefore, the expedition had to follow Indian guides along the treacherous pathway on the bank. The stupendous nature of the country is well portrayed by Fraser. "As for the road by land," he writes, "we could scarcely make our way with even only our guns. I have been a long period in the Rocky Mountains, but I have never seen anything like this country. It is so wild that I cannot find words to describe our situation at times. We had to pass where no human being should venture; yet in those places there is a regular footpath impressed, or rather indented, upon the very rocks by frequent travelling. Besides this, steps which are formed like a ladder or the shrouds of a ship, by poles hanging one to another and crossed at certain distances with twigs, the whole suspended from the top to the foot of immense precipices and fastened at both extremities to stones and trees, furnish a safe and convenient passage to the native, but we, who had not had the advantage of their education and experience, were often in imminent danger when obliged to follow their example."

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to be that which borders the rugged banks of the Fraser between a point near Boston Bar and Alexandra Bar. The ladders of which such an interesting description is given were in use long after the explorer's day and generation. Indeed some of them still existed in a state of good repair at the time of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, although the Cariboo Wagon Road, it is likely enough, had by that time practically superseded them. An engineer, for many years employed on the railway, informed the writer recently that he well remembers seeing a camp outfit, consisting of a cooking stove and other heavy material, carried by an agile Indian up a ladder of native make to a place of safety above it. The ingenuity of the natives is well exemplified not only in the construction of these ladders but also in the construction of bridges over small streams. One of these bridges at or near Spuzzum was built upon the cantilever principle, exhibiting a quite remarkable intelligence on the part of the native engineer responsible for it. Peculiarly enough

Fraser refers to a bridge which he noticed in this neighbourhood.

Towards the end of the day's journey, an Indian encampment was noticed on the opposite side of the river. The natives ferried the strangers over the water and kindly entertained them. Here Fraser obtained canoes, but as the little vessels were above the canyon they were cut loose and allowed to run with the stream through the rapids, for they could not possibly be carried over the trail which in the last two days had caused such infinite anxiety and distress. The canoes were found the following morning far down the river, both of them so badly damaged in their wild career that much time was lost making the necessary repairs.

It has been intimated before how difficult it is to mark with precision the various places referred to by Fraser. Only here and there can we say with certainty that on such a day the explorer was at that or the other spot. And therefore it is always interesting when we can put our finger on the map and assert with authority that the man reached this

point on a certain day. The story of the stirring adventures of the brave fur-trader loses much through the fact that it is so hard to follow him step by step, from place to place. How interesting and instructive it would be if we could now recognise the various points mentioned by him. Then indeed would that splendid achievement assume for us, even at this late day, a more definite form and shape. But this is a digression. We were about to remark that on the 27th day of June, the expedition reached a point which may more or less easily be identified as the place where now stands the little hamlet of Spuzzum, Fraser called it Spazum. Here more hospitality, including fresh salmon, boiled, green and dried berries and the inevitable oil and wild onions. Fraser visited the village burying ground and he was impressed with the monuments to the departed worthies there erected. "These tombs," we are informed, "are superior to anything of the kind I saw among the savages; they are almost fifteen feet long

and of the form of a chest of drawers. Upon the boards and posts, are beasts and birds carved in a curious but rude manner, yet pretty well proportioned. These monuments must have caused the workmen much time and labour, as they must have been destitute of proper tools for their execution; around the tombs was deposited all the property of the deceased." From this and from many other remarks touching Indian customs and articles of manufacture by the natives, we may conclude that the discoverer was a close observer. On these grounds, the Journal, brief as it is, is of value to ethnologists.

Again we must hurry on or we shall never get to the end of our narrative. The 28th and 29th days of the month, we may infer, were consumed in traversing, that stretch of the river lying between Spuzzum and Yale. The country was evidently populous, for many Indian villages and encampments were passed. At that season of the year the natives would all be near the river from which

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they obtained their winter supply of salmon. Fraser mentions that at intervals rude stages had been built from which the native fishermen wielded their hand nets with much dexterity and success. He also noticed a net of large size by means of which deer and larger animals were captured. A little later he refers to "rugs made from the wool of Aspai or wild goat and from dog's hair, which are as good as the wool rugs found in Canada." The dogs of the village, it was observed, had been lately shorn.

Then at another place, we catch a glimpse of "an excellent house, 46x32, and constructed like American frame houses; the planks are three or four inches thick, each plank overlapping the adjoining one a couple of feet; the posts which are very strong and rudely carved, receive the cross beams. The walls are eleven feet high and covered with a slanting roof." We may marvel that in the midst of difficulties and dangers Fraser found time to note such things. As to the natives themselves they were "stoutly built and some of the men handsome," but the women outwardly were not attractive. The Indians volunteered

the information that white men had ascended the river as far as the Bad Rock. On John Stuart's map, previously referred to, at a point which we should judge to be a little above Yale, we read the following legend: "To this place the white men have come from the sea." Who these adventurers were, we cannot say, nor shall we ever know now. It is scarcely likely, however, that white men had previously visited this region.

Proceeding, Fraser met Indians who were extremely civil and obliging, so much so in fact that their sincerity was doubted. Here again were observed some of those dog hair blankets, which are today so rare. The art of making them has been lost and even the peculiar dogs, whose hair was used in their manufacture, have apparently disappeared from off the face of the earth. Perhaps the disappearance of the dogs may be accounted for by the fact that their hair lost its value as soon as the blankets of the fur-traders made their appearance in the country. The breed, no longer maintained in its purity, no doubt lost its identity amongst the hosts of curs that abounded in every village.

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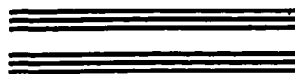


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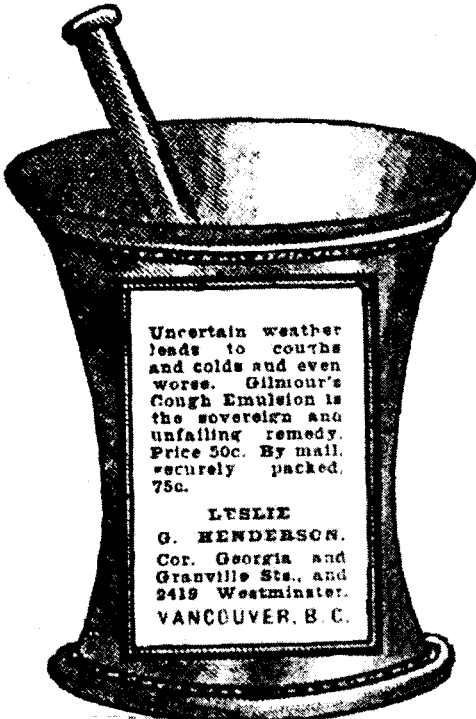
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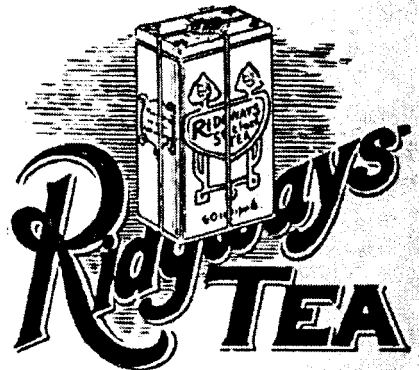
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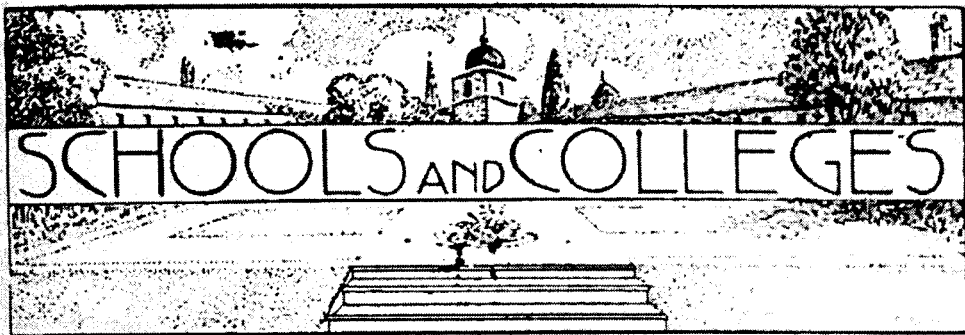
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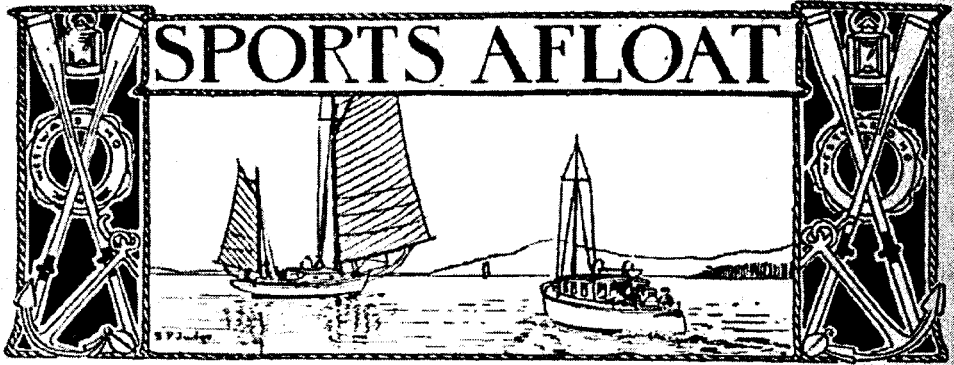
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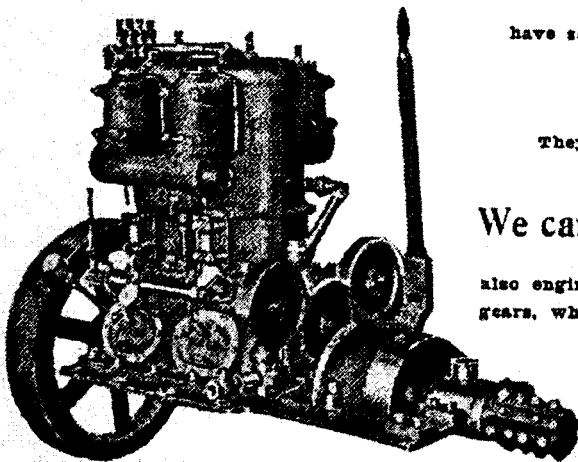
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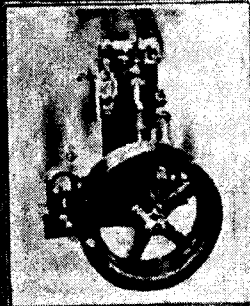
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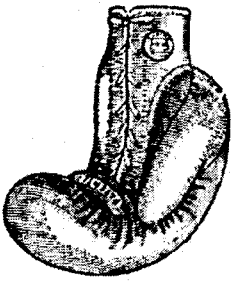
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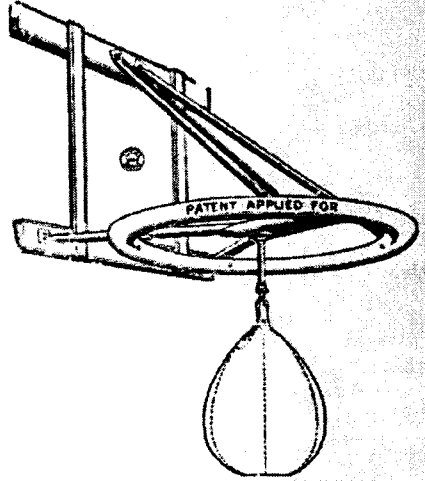
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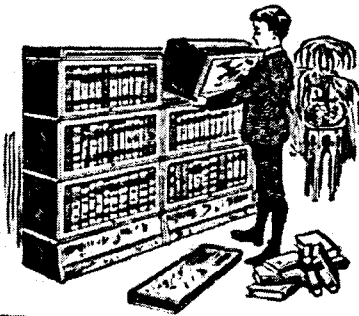
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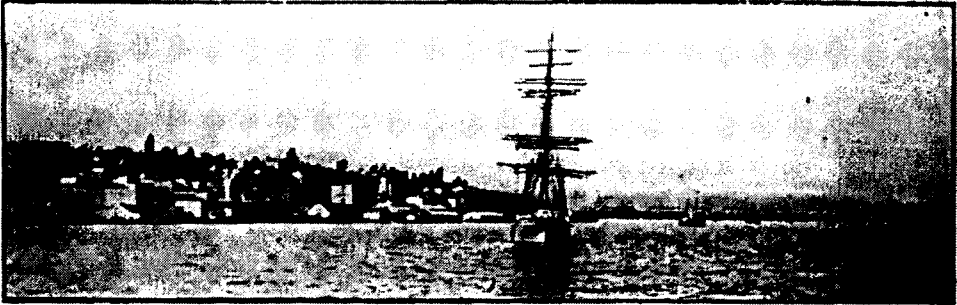
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NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

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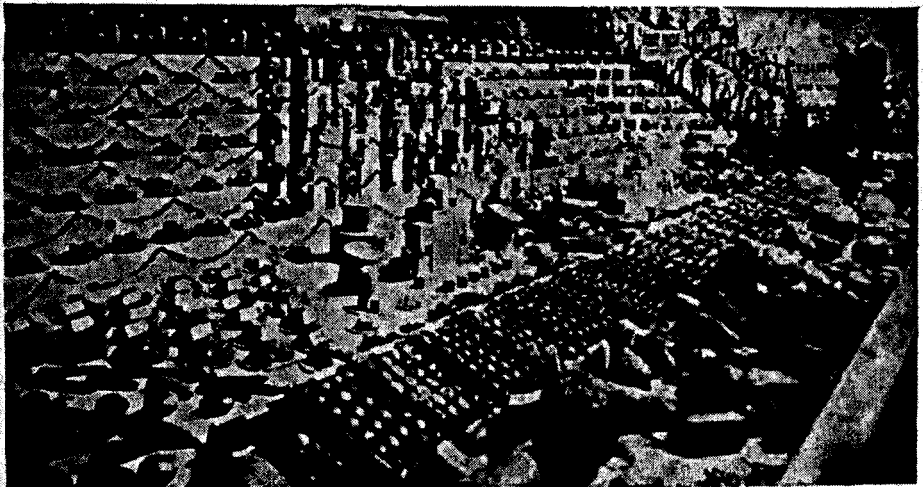
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Gifford Pinchot, chief forester of the United States, declares that at the present rate of consumption the timber supply of the United States will be exhausted in twenty years and that the hardwood supply will be exhausted in from twelve to fifteen years.

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Other mattresses may look like the Ostermoor when new, but only the Ostermoor can show testimonials from users that say: "Your mattress is as good after twenty-five years' use as the day it was bought."

It is just as easy for you to get the *genuine Ostermoor* as an inferior imitation—and you will pay little, if any, more—for the lower cost of making the imitation is counteracted by the larger profit necessary to induce the dealer to handle it.

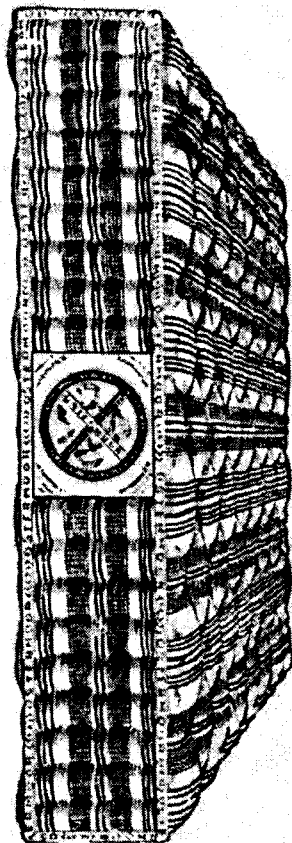
Ostermoor Mattress \$15

But you must remember and insist on seeing the Ostermoor trade mark, sewn into the end band, if you want the one mattress that is built up, sheet upon sheet, that will not mat, pack or lump. Thus, an Ostermoor will remain luxuriously elastic, supremely comfortable and restful for a lifetime.

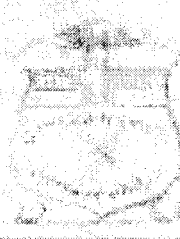
Our Booklet and Ticking Samples Sent Free.

Sleep on an Ostermoor mattress for a month—then, if *for any reason* you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

There is an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the liveliest merchant in the town. If you'll write us we'll give you his name. But don't take chances with imitations, at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor. Our trade mark label is your guarantee.



**ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN
COMPANY, Limited
MONTREAL**



Let Your Savings Work For You

Deposit your savings with us, add what you can from week to week or month to month. We will add the interest earned on the 31st December and the 30th June of each year. Should you wish to withdraw all or any of your savings at any time, you can always do so. Until further notice interest will be allowed at the following rates, if arrangements are made at the time of depositing.

- On current account, 4%
- If deposited for 12 mos., 4½%
- If deposited for 24 mos., 4¾%
- If deposited for 36 mos. or over, 5%

Money withdrawn before the expiration of the time agreed upon will be allowed 4% interest.

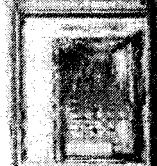
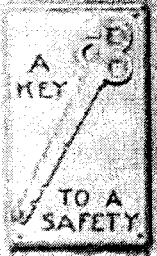
Savings Bank open from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., daily, except Saturday. Saturday from 9 to 12 a.m., and from 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening.

CAPITAL
\$2,000,000

SUBSCRIBED
CAPITAL
\$500,000

PAID UP
CAPITAL
\$120,000

RESERVE
\$160,000



DOMINION TRUST COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE BUILDING 51 W. VANCOUVER, B.C.