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The Opening of the Season

By Bonnycastle Dale

THE mighty host of wild fowl that streamed north over this wide continent of America, beginning in early March—when the ambitious Mergansers and merrily whistling Golden-eyes led the great procession and ending in June, with the lazy birds and the adult birds that have ceased mating and rearing a brood—have long since found their secluded nesting places. The big resplendent Mallards settled all through the most northern tier of the United States, and the Canadian provinces. The ever-decreasing Woodducks flittered into many a shaded fresh water brook and there remained. The big silent Black duck and his noisy mate chose nesting places on the shores of the islands of the inland lakes. The Widgeon and the Pintail and the Shoveller and Gadwall dropped out of the migration all along the temperate zone. The Green-winged, the Blue-winged and the Cinnamon Teal hid away in marshy sloughs. All this band of sweet-fleshed gamy wild ducks breed broadcast over the continent. In this sun-darkening

migration flew the mighty Canvas-backs, the Red-heads, the Scaups—big, lesser and ring-necked. Do not think that I use simply a figure of speech. I have seen this spring migration going up the wide valley of the Mississippi, actually covering the sky as far as the eye could reach and lasting for three days and nights. When first I saw it, in the middle eighties, a bird's-eye view of the city of Quincy on the east bank of the river would have shown that the big straggling place must have been undergoing a seige from some aerial enemy, for the gunners were on the house tops, on the steamboats' upper decks, on the tops of barns, in crotches of old trees, anywhere to get under the enemy.

I well remember a laughable incident. I was in a train that was speeding along the bank of the river. It was filled with westerners going to Quincy. All the surface of the "Father of Waters," that big yellow muddy Mississippi, was covered with the resting hosts of ducks. I peered out of the steam obscured window as long as I could stand it, then

I walked out to the back platform. Long black lines of Mallards, Pintails, Widgeon, Bluebills and many varieties of coarse ducks literally covered the two-mile-wide stream. Soon I was too wet and cold to remain on the back platform, so I returned to my seat. I noted a stout, jolly-looking chap leave his seat and hurry out on the front platform. Just then we ran past an inland slough; it was crowded with birds, so up I jumped and leaned over the man across the isle and stole a passing glimpse, then I hurried out to my back platform again—ducks, ducks everywhere. Time after time I braved the chilling rain to watch them, nearly always seeing the fat, jolly-looking chap pooping up in his seat or running in or out of the car. I noticed many curious glances cast at me by my fellow passengers. Now, I decided to try that front platform, and the fat chap about the same time decided to try mine. We met in the aisle. He glanced at me out of a bright, clean eye, just the eye to look down the rib of a gun. "Millions of them out there, millions!" he said, and he threw out his fat right hand. I grasped it saying: "Wonderful sight, sir," and hurried out. A breath of relief went up from our fellow passengers. They were all townfolk from twenty miles up stream. As word had passed that there was something wrong about us, just a wee bit unhinged perhaps: might hurl ourselves from the train at any moment. We picked all this up later and had a hearty laugh at the innocent people. Truly the hard-working class that were then settling in the valley could not understand a man's enthusiasm for common wild ducks.

Now nearly all of the breeds I have mentioned either winter in British Columbia or pass up in the spring migration. Add to these the coarse ducks, the two Mergansers and the Golden-eye, and the Buffle-head, the old squaw (kla-how-yah duck of the native tribes), the Harlequin, the three Surf ducks or Scoters—the American, White-winged and Surf and the Eider. Take a wide glance over this field. See where this huge army of red-heads and scaups and white-feathered ducks generally are nesting: north

of our most advanced line of civilization. Then look over all the big provinces and states and think of the millions of the other breeds that have reared their young—amid many dangers all over this wide continent. Excepting the poacher they had none to fear among men—the rest of the animal and bird and many of the fish creation made up a large enough list of deadly enemies. Five days ago all was well; the creeks were deserted, the drowned lands tenantless, all the mighty wild rice beds were without a sign of danger, other than Mother Nature had installed for the survival of the fittest. The last night in August fell all over this Anglo-Saxon settled land in quietude. True, to the alert sense of the wild ducks, there were many strange fires on the shores of lonely lakes, on the banks of hidden rivers. As the sun went down many strange deep explosions boomed through marsh and wood, through drowned land and slough. The swiftly flying wood-ducks saw strange white nests of men hurriedly built near the water's edge. The alert eye of the Mailard saw rows of canoes and boats drawn up in places where they knew none had been before. The long neck of the Pintail had been raised in many places and suspicious squatted black objects intently examined. Finally the patience of the bird overcame the skill of the object to remain still. It moved, and the much alarmed bird sped, calling over the marsh. True, again, had the ducks but noted it, there was much polishing up of long black shiny objects, much slipping in of bright-ended bits, much raising of the same black objects and pointing them at tree, then there was an odd winding of many round-faced objects and a most suspicious retiring into their nests of all these big animals at an unusually early hour. True, again, that some sat up nearly all night, but any observing duck could have seen that they had to empty many barrels and bottles so that they would be sick animals and could not see well next morning. And what would the wild ducks have thought of the animal that pointed one of these long black objects at another and knocked him down with



*The way
to drink
off a paddle*



*Fritz and
a Red-head*



*The Main
Behind
the Gun*

a stream of fire. So it seemed, then, when all the other animals came crowding around the same old excuse rang out—making even the wild things of the woods chatter in derision—"I didn't know it was loaded." And what would they have thought of the animal that drew one of these same black objects towards him, small end first, out of one of the canoes? I can imagine them thinking, "Well, we are all right; these animals have started to commit suicide."

Twelve o'clock on the night of the last of August. All's well; the whole continent seems asleep. One o'clock, September the first,—there was just a hint of a suspicious rattle in a canoe and a flare from one of the white nests, but the rattle was not repeated and the flare died out. Two o'clock,—many fires are breaking out from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Southern states to Northern provinces. Truly, there must have been a universal oblation of killed pig, as the odour of frying bacon is borne on the east wind, on the north wind, on the winds that blow west and south. Three o'clock—many lanterns are gleaming in woods and along rivers, many muffled noises are heard from a scattered fleet of a hundred thousand boats, manned by a quarter of a million of big eager animals—the navy. A mightier host, the army of the attack, a million strong, move silently along dusty roads, and creep along forest paths, or wade as silently as water will let them through slough and swamp and marsh land.

Where are the invaders? Truly, there must be a mighty host attacking our hearths and homes that father and son, brother and lover, should thus armed creep along in the dark. I tell you, fellow sportsmen, there is no quarrel of kings, no diplomacy of presidents, no national insult that would arouse this same prowling army to the same keen sense of unsatisfied desire—'tis surely the last fires of our savage ancestors smouldering within.

But what of the enemy? Asleep! In many a pool, on many a tussock, on many a half submerged log, in the center of the little sloughs, rest and slumber the under-sized part of this army of

feathered invaders. They have been lured by a false sense of safety to revert to the natural habits of their primeaval ancestors—and they sleep after the easily gathered late evening meal that bountiful Mother Nature provides. The mature birds and the birds free from maternal duties are yet greedily feeding in the wide wild rice beds, in the wild celery-grown shallow lakes, in the open slough where the myriad seeds of wild fruit and grain and flower tempt them.

Four o'clock. The overfed host are showing signs of repletion; already the deep call of the Mallard, the querulous cry of the Wood-duck, the sharp quack of the Teal, tell the meal is ended and it is almost time to seek the silent, safe, secluded places where for weeks they have daily nodded and dozed, where feather strewn logs tell of bathing and preening and oiling of feathers. Already in the east is seen a dim line of light along the horizon. If this host could look into the shadows of that safe, secluded place they might dimly discern a half-hidden glowing coal and scent an odour of burning weeds. In fact the first incoming Teal did, and sped back calling loudly, but there was a muffled rapping on a hollow sounding wood and the glow of the coal disappeared hissing into the black water.

"Quack! quack!" call the leaders of the flocks. "Quack! quack! myamph! myamph!" answer the scattered birds from all over the wide feeding ground. The line of dim light has lifted and now the horizon is a pearly gray. "Flap, flap," two great wing-beats sound out; there is a sound of muffled thunder and part of the feeding host leap aloft and speed back to that safe-secluded place.

Now from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Gulf to the Height of Land, as the ever-eastering world throws daybreak over marsh and forest, while yet the shadows linger, breaks forth a line of fire unequalled in any battle yet imprinted on the page of history. Every pool and creek, each river and lake, all along the mighty arms of the sea pours out this red crackling flood. The air is rent by loud "bang" of heavy ten-bore, by sharp "tack" of light, smokeless-loaded guns,

by the incessant "Rip, rip, rip," of the murderous repeaters and pumpguns. (If you will stand as I have done and see white men and half-breeds and Indians shoot into everything that passes overhead while the load lasts you will not think this word too strong).

I would think that this army and navy should fire at least ten million shots. Are there ten million dead ducks? No. Are there five? No! No!. Is there one million? Again I think a safe answer would be, No! For as the ducks might have observed, these animals are strangely unfamiliar with their weapons. The ones that are dressed most up-to-date, in all the strange apparel of the would-be sportsmen are blameless, not a drop of blood have they shed. It's the chap with stained corduroys, with the old creased colourless hat. It's the Indian that knows how to hunt; it's the lad that learns from men that know how that kill the ducks on the first day.

Let me tell you of one of my days with the Ojibways. Fritz and I had separate guides that day. We had met them, on the last day of August, in Northern Ontario. They had left our camp and had gone to a little island that commanded the entrance to the bay in which we intended to shoot. A little wild rice-grown bay in which a large band of black Mallards had passed a full-fed quiet August. Our tent stood a mile east of where our guides lay, beside a fire playing cards and listening, as only an Indian knows how, for any rustle in the rice, any "tump" of a canoe that would tell of hunters stealing into our chosen ground. At nine o'clock Fritz and I embarked in separate canoes on our way to pick up our guides, it being the arrangement that each man, both white and red, should shoot from his own canoe, and the Indians should do all the retrieving. Well, the lad and I paddled along side by side, noiselessly. Ahead we saw the glimmer of the guides' fire. "Let's try to creep past and steal into our bay; they will think it's other hunters," whispered the boy.

With velvet strokes, lifting the paddle right out of its angling softly swirling hole beside, keeping outside the red

gleam of the camp fire, outside of the warning dry rustle of the rice bed, drawing our thumbs along the gunwales when we had to steer a bit, Fritz and I crept on, with never a noise that would have disturbed a sleeping doe, on until we were on the eastern edge of the camp-fire, past its centre circle, along its western edge. Our light canoes gave not even a bow ripple. We were not more than a hundred yards distant from where the strong features of the Ojibways showed forth like some copper gods in the glare of the maple fire. Then Fritz coughed. He tried to choke. That made it worse. Up sprang the guides and raced down to the shore and leaped clattering into their canoes. We swung our paddles with long, deep strokes, making the canoes leap ahead for every ounce that was in us. Around the dark corner of the island we sped and into the rice beds that half filled the bay, Fritz darting to the right, I to the left, our chosen shooting places. I could hear the steady, heavy fall, of my pursuer's paddle. He was one of the best with the blade in the tribe, but I had a hundred yards' start in a five hundred yards' race and was already ploughing through the deep, heavily growing wild rice that towered over my head. Luckily there was ample water in the bay and the stalks widened to my passage, but the red man was gaining swiftly. I could see the black point of bog ahead. Swiftly showering strokes from side to side I made the cedar craft leap with a will and plunged her into the black muck of the half dug out flag bed. I instantly changed positions and faced the stern, not a second had I to wait for the summons.

"Ah-tuhwah! oondaus neen paushke-sega!" "Look here, you come out of that—me shoot," I translated. I knew he meant that he had chosen that place to shoot in. Then I felt rather than saw a big brown hand steal out and seize my canoe.

"You come out! I upset you!" gasped the Indian.

"Hawk," I answered, laughing low, for I was breathing heavily with my exertion.

"You," he answered; "Golly, that funny, listen." Borne across the now silent bay came the "whoop" of the other guide. He had just arrived at where Fritz lay huddled up, breathless, in his canoe.

"Yes, I make you laugh nother way," we heard him grunt.

"Don't you upset me chief, it's Fritz," the lad flung out. Then the guttural laughter of the red man and the clear falsetto notes of the merry lad echoed mingling across the rice.

Each man then took up his position, thus filled all the shooting places—what hogs we hunters are—blankets were drawn over; pipes lighted; cushions became pillows, and notwithstanding many a mosquito bite, many a splashing of muskrats from off mossy logs, the passing ripple of the minks way, the dull resounding "bump" when a black snake felt for the canoe, wondering what the long hollow log contained, none of these kept us from our needed rest.

Early next morning we heard the fool shot that told we were taking our place in the line of fire that would echo across the continent. Two hours later the birds began to arrive. We were all hidden by the tall growth of the aquatic wild grain and the big black ducks never seemed to see until well within range. It was deeply interesting to watch a dot, at first small as the gnats that flew across our eyes and deceived us, grow until the moving wings could be seen, then to see it coming straight for the little bay, right on over the guides, there was a fearful roar from the chief's gun and the shapely bird seemed to crumple up and fall inert. "Splash!" it went into the bed to join its poor dead mates. We killed an even two dozen by broad daylight; then I called a halt and the guides picked up the dead birds while Fritz and I took up our regular, merciful way of shooting them—with the cameras.

A September Song

A song for September days,
 When Summer's glories wane;—
 And asters gleam—
 By the crooning stream—
 In the winding country lane.

A song for September days,
 All rose and purple kis't—
 When the fruit hangs red,
 Where the rose lies dead,—
 In her shroud of silv'ry mist.

A song for September days,
 When winds in the tree-tops sigh,—
 And the falling leaf,—
 Breathes soft her grief—
 And kisses Summer,—goodbye.

—AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

An Astral Invasion

By Andrew Lindsay

JOHN BOWTON had a somewhat dingy office in the City and a romantic villa in the country. The villa overlooked an Alpine-like scene, and was not an uncomfortable distance from town, which Bowton reached each morning, by means of a train. From the terminus he depended upon a penny 'bus to deposit him at the door of his gloomy office.

It may be taken for granted that a man who makes the daily journey from a common-place station on the top of an omnibus, passing through drab, uninteresting streets has no great surplus of spiritual aspirations, but is an all-round sensible fellow, with no nonsense about him. Bowton's one desire was to make money, in order to afford a certain amount of luxury to the dwellers in the romantic-looking villa, and, incidentally, to have a good time himself as he jogged along through a very pleasant world.

Bowton was not a great reader, either of fiction or of works of a deeper character, but he supplied his wife, who was omnivorous, with all the literature, and any of the periodicals she desired, and through her reading Bowton came to talk quite fluently, if superficially, of the newest fiction, and the different articles in the higher-class monthlies.

"My wife thinks So-and-so's article in this, that, or the other review is very striking," he would say to a train companion in the morning; so among his acquaintances he gradually came to be spoken of as "A rather clever chap—a reading man, you know."

A man should be careful about the books he brings into his house and he should know something of the subjects he passes on for his wife's inspection. Should anyone care to have a signed

document to this effect, let him apply to John Bowton for it.

For some months Mrs. Bowton had been reading different writers on kindred subjects. "New Light on Mental Therapeutics" had first excited her attention; "The Phenomena of Spiritualism" followed, and engrossed her, while "Will Power Explained" transformed her into an ardent student of psychology. A certain passage from the book strongly impressed her, and was seldom out of her mind. The passage ran thus: "Every individual has, in addition to the physical body, a thought body the exact counterpart, in every respect, of the material frame. It is contained in the material frame as air is retained in the lungs and in the blood. It is capable of motion with the rapidity of thought, and the laws of time and space do not exist for it."

To merely say that this was news to Mrs. Bowton would be stating the case too mildly, for she was entranced and overwhelmed at the amazing discovery, and wondered how it happened that she had remained in ignorance so long. However, now that she was aware of her interesting possession, she resolved without further delay to commence the development and training of her thought body.

"It would be delightful," she said to herself, "to project my astral presence into the grey office where my husband, poor dear, is so often at work late into the night."

In the beginning of experimental efforts she talked a good deal on the subject to John, but met with so much good-natured pool-pooling that she decided to say no more about it, but, with an added light in her eyes, and a determined compression of the lips, vowed to

prove the new-found theory to him. She meant to surprise him—and succeeded.

Early in the afternoon of a dull day Bowton sat busily writing in the office. At intervals he rose to consult a legal-looking volume, and occasionally his files. He was completely absorbed in his work, when suddenly and unaccountably he raised his head, and was startled to see his wife standing on the other side of the desk. The sight gave him something of a shock, because he had not heard her come in, and his voice betrayed a slight tremulo as he asked, cheerfully enough—

"Why, my dear, I didn't know you were coming to town today! Nothing wrong, I hope? Do you want some money? Why didn't you send me a wire?"

Bowton did not launch these questions at his wife quite so rapidly as they appear here; in fact, there was an appreciable pause between each query, and his anxiety gathered volume as no reply came to his questioning. He gazed at his wife in consternation, and experienced a creepy feeling at the roots of his hair. He remained speechless for a few moments, then slowly she faded away until he could see his office files through her dissolving form.

Slight, though agitated, reflection showed Bowton what had really happened. He knew he wasn't dreaming, for there on the desk lay the brief he was preparing with so much care. He had heard of similar experiences, and they invariably foretold that the person spectrally represented had at that moment died.

Bowton left his office hurriedly and called a hansom.

"Double fare," he said to the driver, whom he knew, "if you catch the two-fifty," and the rapidity with which the hansom shot forward soothed, in some degree, his increasing perturbation.

In due time he arrived at the romantic villa. With trembling fingers he tried to insert his key in the latch, and his wife, hearing the fumbling, came from a room near at hand, and opened the door for him. Seeing his white face and strained look, she said—

"Why, John, aren't you well?"

His two small girls, becoming aware of his presence, descended the stair with a rush and stormed him, crying—

"Here's Daddy! Here's Daddy!"

Finding his family circle complete, and very lively indeed, Bowton's forebodings departed, and faintness overcame him. He realised the incident had not turned out according to precedent, and he began to suspect a practical joke had been played upon him. A sort of anger pervaded his feeling of thankfulness, and his emotions were so at cross-purposes that he felt rather foolish as well as faint. He hoped, however, that he might summon sufficient diplomacy to conceal the whole affair from his wife.

"You must sip a little brandy, John," she said, taking his arm, and leading him to the dining-room.

"Oh, I shall be all right in a minute," he replied, carelessly, drying his damp brow.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," Mrs. Bowton inquired, rather anxiously.

"Oh, things are much more right than I expected to find them," he returned, knowing he was saying the wrong thing, yet not realizing whence his answer would lead, and after some ineffectual fencing he related the story. To his surprise his wife heard him through with every symptom of delight.

"Then it *was* successful after all!" she exclaimed.

"What was successful?" he demanded, with suspicion and sternness in his voice, for now he felt certain a tale of trickery would be unfolded, which he, as certainly, would denounce with emphasis.

"It is a long story, John," his wife said, with some hesitation, "and I hadn't meant to tell it you—at least, not just yet, but—after all," she continued, with more assurance, "it doesn't really matter, now that I have been so successful."

"Will you tell me of what you are speaking when you talk of success?" asked Bowton, in a hard, unsympathetic voice.

"John," said his wife, in an equally cool and equally hard tone, "it was my

astral self you saw in your office to-day."

"Astral fiddle-sticks!" contemptuously exploded the thoroughly angry Bowton.

"It was my thought-body you saw—if you saw anything, John. I'll tell you about it, if you will lie here and look comfortable and happy again. You must smoke; then you will be able to listen quietly."

As she spoke Mrs. Bowton arranged several cushions in her husband's favourite lounge chair, patting them into restful positions, and he, realizing he would hear the sooner what there was to tell if he complied with her wishes, threw himself into the chair, and lighted a cigarette.

"You see, John," she began, "I had gone upstairs after lunch to take my forty winks, and before dropping off, I tried very hard to send my thought-self to visit you at your office. I have not yet acquired thorough control of the various necessary forces, and on awakening, I wasn't certain whether I had really visited you or not; I couldn't recall distinctly where I had been. But each time I try, John," she continued, hopefully, leaning towards him, "I remember a little more than on the previous occasion, and very soon I shall be able to experiment with some degree of certainty as to results. I even hope that in time——"

"Edith Emily!" thundered Bowton, in a shocked, violent manner, "do you know what you are talking about?" He sprang from his chair and confronted his wife in an almost menacing attitude.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" he shouted.

"Oh, it's the easiest thing in the world," she rejoined, with seeming composure. "They do it every day in India, quite as a matter of course. I have mastered the elemental processes," she announced, rather defiantly, and there was a steely glint in her eyes, and a red spot burned in each cheek, which Bowton recognised as danger signals. He stood glaring at her with an expression of such appalling anger that at last she faltered—

"I'm very sorry if I startled you, John. It never struck me I might do that," she concluded apologetically. Bowton realised that if he wished to gain a clear knowledge of the affair he must keep the peace, so once more he threw himself into the chair, saying, as quietly as he could—

"Tell me just what happened, Edith," and she, welcoming a gentler mood, began with enthusiasm.

"It is absorbing, John, and when it comes to experiment, it is simply stupendous! You know the wise men of India live very strictly; indeed, their sustenance is still rather a mystery. I am a strict vegetarian now, and I know it has helped me, for I made no progress at all when I lived grossly."

Bowton's face broke into a sort of twisted smile, his muscles working against the will.

"It is going to be the fashionable lecture subject this winter, I believe," she added, convincingly, "not that I care about fashion at all; I'm interested in the science alone. I hope soon to be able to visit you at your office whenever you are kept late."

"I don't want to be watched while I am at work," said Bowton, irritably, "and I hate interruptions."

"But I wouldn't interrupt you, dear. I should merely be there, and you could look up to me whenever you chose, and I couldn't be in the way, for you could walk right through me if it became necessary."

"Edith," said Bowton, solemnly, "you must drop this diabolical nonsense."

Ordinarily he would have laughed at the idea of a thought-presence, but the experience of the afternoon had given him a shock, and he was thoroughly alarmed, although he hoped he didn't look it.

"I'm sure, John," and his wife spoke with tears in her voice, "that if you really cared for me, you would like to have me there."

"Um—m—yes, I should like to have you there; that is, you yourself, Edith, but I don't like this new-fangled spook business at all. Who has been coaching you in this nonsense?"

"Nobody, John. I've been reading, studying, and experimenting, that is all. Shall I get some of the books, and read to you while you rest?"

"Yes," said Bowton, smiling grimly at the suggestion of rest "fetch them all; don't leave one behind, my girl."

"But you must do a lot of preliminary reading before you understand even so much as I, John," and she left the room, to return with an armful of books, and greatly increased animation, believing him to be, at last, interested.

Bowton was in a decided dilemma, and wondered, short of violence, how he could clear this ghastly amusement from his wife's mind.

"Where did you get the books?" he asked, as she slipped them on the floor beside his chair.

"Oh, you've been bringing them home to me for months," she replied. "At first I tried to interest you in the subject, but you wouldn't listen, so I went on alone."

"If I brought the books to you, Edith, I'm very sorry." Then he added, *sotto voce*, "and I'll scrutinise your library list much more sharply in future."

Mrs. Bowton did not like even the part of the remark she did hear, and thereon ensued a discussion which need not be set down, and which ceased when Bowton said, to his wife's great indignation—

"I wish you would haunt the people who write these abominable books, Edith, and leave in peace a respectable business man such as your husband."

When Bowton left home next morning, he carried with him all the books he could discover on his wife's uncanny subject. He kept them in his office, and from time to time, as leisure permitted, he skimmed their contents, and just as often his clerks in the outer office wondered what disagreeable legal fact had disturbed their chief, for they overheard various vehement expressions of contempt. This went on for a week or two, then the subject gradually disappeared from his mind.

Some weeks later, Bowton received a communication through the kindness of

the office-boy employed by his friend, Hinkson. The note read—

"Dear Bowton,—There's a new singer on tonight at the Carnival. Can you come? I have tickets for two.—J. O. H."

The reply which the office boy carried to his master was as follows:—

"Dear Hinkson,—Good. Call for me here at six. Dinner at usual place.—J. B."

The third terse bit of composition was a telegram addressed to his wife at the romantic villa, and read:—

"Detained. Sorry. Home last train."

Bowton was making haste to finish his work before Hinkson joined him at six o'clock. He was completely absorbed in his task, when he looked up suddenly. To his horror, on the other side of the desk, as on the former occasion, he saw the astral semblance of his wife. There was a sweet compassionate smile on her pleasing, thoughtful countenance, and she leaned towards him in an attitude of sympathy, her whole expression saying as plainly as possible, "Dear, I'm sorry you have to work so hard."

Bowton set his teeth firmly together, and stood up. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and confronted the apparition in his sternest attitude of condemnation. Presently he said, slowly, and with great distinctness, as if it were necessary so to address a spectre in order to be impressive—

"I don't know whether you can hear me, or understand what I say, but I simply won't stand this sort of thing. It isn't respectable."

A look of sorrow passed over the thought face of his wife, as if she were grieved at being misunderstood, and realised her inability to explain.

"No, I won't stand it," repeated Bowton, noticing the effect his first remark had made.

"Suppose something were to happen to the children at home, and you playing ghost about the City in this disgraceful way. Why are you watching me, anyway? One might imagine you thought—were afraid—I was going to some music hall, or play."

Bowton stammered a good deal over his complaint, becoming aware that he was sailing perilously near untruth.

The apparition did not speak or move, but the countenance showed she was hurt, having no such ungenerous and unjust suspicion of her husband.

"Now take my advice," he continued, "and if you have any regard for me, go home, and drop this fiendish practice. I shall go insane if you continue such a shocking habit. In fact, I think I might apply for a divorce on the strength of it." Then, seeing the compassionate thought face change to one of deep sorrow, he added, quickly, "No, no I don't think I should go quite so far as that, but I'll take to drink, or something, I know I shall. Now do go home, there's a dear."

It had struck six, and Bowton feared Hinkson might come at any moment, and not knowing astral folk were invisible to those uninterested in them, he was growing more and more flustered. However, the spectre woman seemed to understand his last appeal, for she slowly faded away, but her look of sad reproach haunted Bowton for some hours.

When he felt himself quite alone again Bowton sat down quite exhausted in his office chair. A minute later he heard a step in the outer room, and Hinkson came in, breezy, careless, and happy, evidently enjoying in anticipation his evening out.

"Ready, old chap?" he asked, lightly, as he stood at the door; then, noticing Bowton's drooping attitude, he added, "Why, Jack, you don't look at all fit, old man. What's the matter?"

"I'm not feeling first-rate, to tell you the truth, and, I say, Hinkson, I don't think I'll go tonight. I've some work here I ought to finish; work, in fact, that I must get off my mind."

"Nonsense! You work too hard. Work will keep; it always does if you give it half a chance. You are not up to it tonight, anyway. Come along, Jack, you'll feel better for it, I assure you."

So Bowton went, and Hinkson thought all through dinner that his friend acted as though he had commit-

ted a crime, for his bearing was as one in constant fear of justice being summarily meted out to him. Later, at the hall, this feeling appeared to wear away.

About the middle of the evening, Bowton was appalled to see his familiar spectre come smilingly towards him. When the momentary shock passed, it relieved him to observe that no one in the audience noticed the thought presence.

The apparition gazed about her in pleased wonder, then she turned her face towards her husband again. Such a forbidding frown of displeasure rested on his countenance that her own took on a disturbed, troubled look, and, as if unable to withstand fierce anger, she disappeared quickly.

"I say, Bowton," exclaimed Hinkson, "whatever are you staring at? You're as white as paper." Hinkson rose in his anxiety. "You're feeling queer, I know you are, Jack. We'll go at once."

"No, no, Dick. Sit down. I'll be all right in a minute. In any case, you stay, but—if you don't mind—I think I'll leave now."

Hinkson insisted on accompanying him, and Bowton had to be firm to prevent him, saying at last—

"I want to be alone, Dick; I must think a bit. A little business matter, that's all, but it requires thinking out."

On his way home Bowton did think, and he was a good deal puzzled to know how he should account to his wife for his presence at the theatre. He was a truthful man, but he decided that this was not a case where strict veracity was necessary. He would declare that it was her astral presence at the office that had driven him to the theatre, which was merely a preliminary to the drunken career he meant to adopt unless she immediately abandoned these thought-projecting experiments.

That point settled, he cast about in his mind for some further argument of weight which he might use against her discomfiting pastime. As so often happens, the hair of the dog appeared to be the cure for the bite, for Bowton discovered the remedy by remembering an extract from an occult book itself, and

he treasured it in his memory until the time came to use it.

Although it was late when he reached home, Bowton found his wife waiting up for him. He sighed when he realised this, for he feared his plans and his persuasions might not avail.

"Oh, John," she cried, exultantly, as he came in, "I have had *such* experiences. I have been longing to tell you, for though you were so cross before, I am sure you will agree with me now, and be just as interested as I am in the experiments."

"Tell me about them," said Bowton, dropping into his chair.

"Well, when I got your wire, I determined to send my astral body to your office. I know I was in the office, and I know you were there, but I cannot remember whether I spoke to you, or you to me, but I do know that I came away with the feeling that you were very busy, and I said I would go to you again. When I went the second time, the strangest thing happened. I did not get to the office at all. I had wished myself to go where you were, and I seemed to find you in some foreign land, a sort of Roman amphitheatre, with hundreds of people present. It was strange, wasn't it, that I saw you at once in that vast throng of foreigners?"

"Very strange," said Bowton, in the most natural voice he had commanded for some hours.

"Then I came away, and I did not seem able to reach you at all."

"Then, Edith, you haven't given up this abominable study, as you practically promised you would?" he asked.

"Oh, dear no! I am only beginning to learn what a delightful science it is. I don't remember promising you to give it up, John. You took my books away,

but you couldn't take away what I had learned."

"Well, if you cannot manage to forget it, my poor girl, I fear I must bid you farewell," he said, dolefully.

"You are going to—going away, John?" she asked, with the enthusiasm gone from her.

"I am not, my dear; you are. Don't you remember what one of your psychic writers says on the subject of astrals? I am astonished that you have forgotten such an important point."

"What was it, John?" she asked, in a dull voice.

"One of your most thrilling writers insists that there are dishonest astrals waiting for a thought-envelope whose astral is elsewhere. The unprincipled astral takes possession of the uninhabited frame, and thereafter its real inhabitant becomes a wanderer—an astral without a home, doomed to linger for ever in limitless space. That is what will happen to you, my dear, and I shall find myself the husband of someone else."

"Can that be really true?" cried Mrs. Bowton, in alarm.

"You surely cannot doubt the most forcible authority on psychic matters?" replied Bowton, pleased with himself that he remembered so much of the despised subject. "However, I suppose I shall have to make the best of the other woman," he added, in his most resigned, philosophic manner, "and since outwardly she will be your counterpart, perhaps it won't be quite so bad as it appears to me now."

Bowton became composed, as he observed his wife, who sat with a deep thought line dividing her brow.

"But really, Edith, I don't look forward to the change with any degree of pleasure," he concluded.

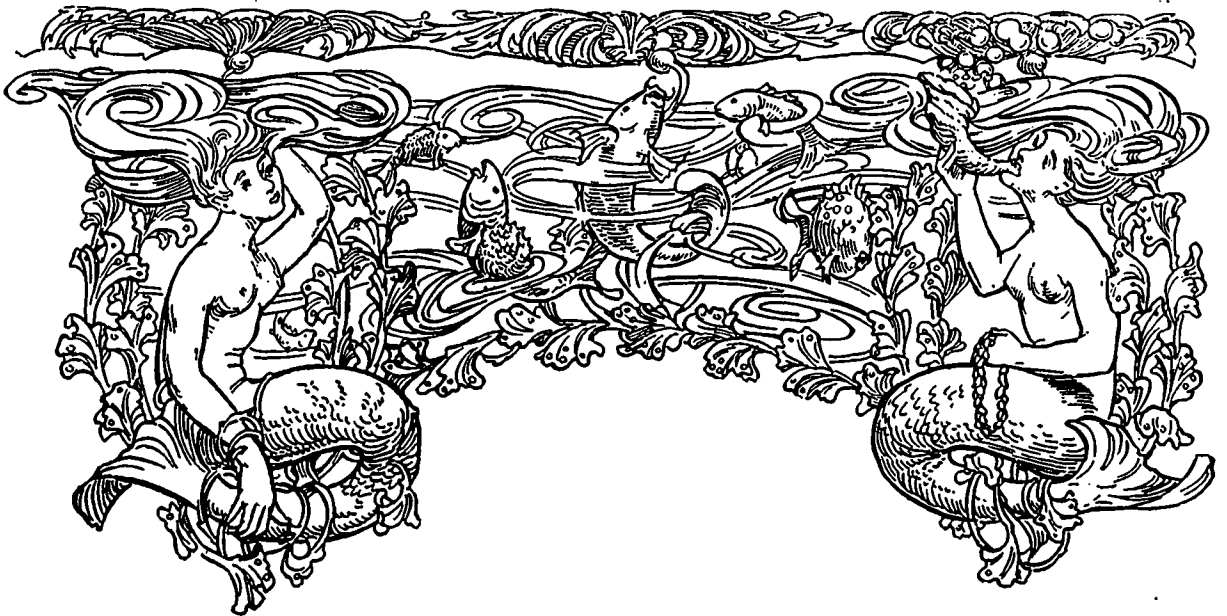
Mrs. Bowton was distinctly agitated, and the shrewd glance her husband bent upon her became blended with amusement.

"I will take her to the theatre oftener," he said to himself, "six nights in the week, if necessary, but I will rid her of this disagreeable, uncanny accomplishment."

Mrs. Bowton sat for some time pondering the possibilities of experiments, but at last she said—

"I have taken fearful chances, but I'll not risk it again, John."

So happiness reigns in the romantic villa that overlooks the Alpine-like scene, and, to secure its continuance, John Bowton never relaxes the surveillance of his wife's book club lists.



The Last Act

By John Haslette

CHICO LLANOS, sitting at his ease in the shade, his legs negligently crossed, the folds of his poncho resting on the ground about him, sipped his mate reflectively, and surveyed his captive with a smile in which insolence and a certain jealous envy struggled for expression.

He was a picturesque enough vagabond of a dark Spanish type, in strong contrast to the blonde Englishman whose European costume, as he sat bound in the sun, seemed out of place in the luxuriant tropical setting.

"So, Senor, you are at last the caged bird," Chico said presently; "and the other bird has its wings clipped."

The Englishman did not reply, he started straight before him, moving one leg a little to evade the attentions of an ant which had crawled on to his ankle.

"Its wings clipped," Chico continued mockingly, "so that the flight which it would take with the Senor Ingles becomes impossible."

"What have you done with her?" the Englishman burst out suddenly.

"She is at hand, and presently you shall see her," Chico replied calmly.

"If you've hurt her, you little brute

"*Basta*, enough," interrupted Chico carelessly; "today she is as the flowers, free to grow and bloom."

"I'll kill you if you touch her," cried the other, grimly.

"The Senor will remember that his arms, his legs also, are tied," Chico reminded him, moving a little more into the shade, as he remarked with malicious satisfaction that a hot sun-ray shone down upon his captive's bare head: "Tomorrow we will talk of killing."

"Why tomorrow?"

"Because, Senor, it is the feast day of my patron, St. Aguesilas," said Chico with mock fervour; "the blessed saint whose shrine is at Concepcion. The sweet sacrifice of a heretic will be more acceptable to him than many wax tapers."

"And today what happens?" the Englishman asked.

Chico rolled a cigarillo, and, lighting it, exhaled the smoke lazily through his thin nostrils. "Today we make play," he said; "we enjoy ourselves, Senor, in the cool shade."

Henderson moistened his dry lips. "Shift me over a bit," he said, after a moment, "it is scorching here."

"Ah, no; the Senor prefers to take his siesta in the sun. It will heat his blood after the fogs of his damp island. Tell me of it. How the rain comes every day, filling the thirsty earth and the rivers with moisture. Speak, Senor, of the life-giving water!" Chico taunted.

The Englishman moistened his lips again, but kept silence.

"Tell me of the women of your country," Chico continued; "of their pink and white cheeks, their yellow hair—more to your taste than our dark Spanish beauties, Senor. Ah, but we love here, do we not? With fire, and never in your chill way."

A feeling of faintness came over the bound man as the sun beat down more strongly upon his head. "Make it today," he groaned.

"Manana, tomorrow, Senor," said Chico imperturbably.

Nevertheless, he rose, and moved his victim a little more into the shade. He was too cunning to lose his amuse-

ment by too hasty methods. Then he sat down again, and, throwing away his cigarillo, began to roll another with his thin, tobacco-stained fingers.

"Let me see the girl now," his captive asked.

"Aha! the sun has begun to warm your chill blood," said Chico; "*el lustrissimo caballero* pines no doubt for his little Nina." He looked over as he spoke at the single-storied estancia which stood near by on the verge of the forest, the verandah almost hidden beneath a mass of climbing plants, and called aloud; "Pedro, Pedro!"

A *peon* appeared from the interior of the house, and came towards them.

Chico indicated his empty mate cup with a wave of his hand, saying, "Bring the Senora to me here!"

"Si, Senor," said Pedro, and, casting a smile of contempt on the Englishman as he passed, disappeared in the doorway beyond. Chico turned with a pleasant smile. You know our Spanish proverb, '*Lo bueno si breve dos vezes bueno*'—'Good work is doubly good if short.' You shall see your inamorata here and now, and afterwards——" He finished the sentence with a wave of his cigarillo and laughed shortly.

"Ah, you could never love Nina as I, Senor," he went on after a pause, "and she would have been my wife if you had not come." He stared at his captive as he spoke, questioningly, as if he awaited an answer, but none came. "She loves me even now," he added.

"Hates you—she told me so," cried the Englishman.

Chico shrugged his shoulders, smiling philosophically. "You know not the love of our women," he said lightly. "It is only those who can hate that love well. She but played with you, Senor."

As he spoke Pedro appeared again, accompanied by a young girl of about seventeen years of age, whose olive cheeks, dark flashing eyes, and full pouting lips proclaimed her a direct descendent of those adventurous Spaniards who once held despotic sway over the South American continent. The Englishman, turn-

ing his head painfully to look at her, marked with suppressed indignation that her wrists were bound together, and her ankles fastened with a short length of raw hide which only permitted her to take little foot-long steps.

"And now, Nina mia, you see your lover," Chico cried mockingly as she approached. "We talk of the women of his country whom he professes to admire more than our dark beauties. It is of the bad taste, no doubt; but the Senor knows best."

"You lie, Chico!" cried the girl furiously. "As of old your tongue pours forth venom. I hate you! I hate you!"

"*Quein sabe*, who knows?" said Chico, shrugging again. "If today one hates, tomorrow one will love." He turned cunningly to his other captive. "Is it not so, Senor? In the tale of the blonde beauty whom you once loved I understood that——"

"It is not so, Senor?" Nina interrupted, looking doubtfully at the Englishman. "You told me that you had never loved before."

"Never," he replied quickly.

"Ah! to deny it!" Chico said, smiling. "That is natural since one does not tell one's latest inamorata of what has gone before. Pedro!"

"Si, Senor," said the *peon*, who leant against a tree smoking a cigarillo and regarding them with a smile.

"Lift the Senor Ingles, and bind him to a tree," Chico said slowly. Pedro approached smiling impudently in the Englishman's face.

"If the Senor permits," he said, and, stooping, dragged him to his feet. Placing his back against a carob tree, he bound a short length of lariat about his knees, and turned to Chico, who waved his hand as a signal that he might return to the estancia. Chico waited until his gaily clad figure disappeared within the house, then, rising, stepped quietly behind the girl and threw his arms about her.

"Let the girl go," Henderson cried hoarsely, struggling vainly in his bonds.

Chico drew Nina forward, smiling mockingly. "Kiss your lover—kiss him after the English manner," he said softly.

As he spoke he placed one supple hand at the nape of her neck and pressed her face, with brutal violence against Henderson's.

She gave a little scream and gasped, panting as he drew her back, and Henderson could see that her lips were bleeding. His own, cracked and blistered by the sun, began to swell.

"You brute!" he cried in an agony. "Let me loose, give me a knife, and we'll have it out together, but don't torture the girl."

"Caramba! He who speaks of knives likes them not in his own heart," cried Chico.

The girl struggled silently in his arms, her bosom heaving, her eyes staring fiercely into his as he swung her round.

"Sant Madre! What a soft rounded throat to kiss, to touch!" he went on mockingly, and put his sinewy fingers about her neck.

"Ah, I cannot breathe—I die!" Nina screamed, as he unconsciously tightened his grip. Her voice died away in a hoarse whisper. "You were not always so cold to my caresses," Chico whispered fiercely. His hot Southern blood began to burn in him, and for the moment he lost himself in insensate fury. Then he felt the girl's muscles suddenly relax, the whole weight of her body fell upon his arms, and, loosing his grip, he let her body slip limply to the ground. He turned upon Henderson a look of mocking hatred. "Your turn tomorrow, Senor," he cried.

"You have killed her, you brute!"

Chico stirred the prostrate figure contemptuously with his foot. "She is yet alive, and within the hour you shall see her put her arms about me. 'Twill make your cold blood hot to see it," he said.

As he spoke Nina moved a little, and after a moment sat up dazedly, putting her hand to her throat, where a dark bruise began to show under the clear olive skin.

Chico stooped to her: "Nina mia, your tender love has made you faint; or perhaps the heat of the sun. Who knows?" he said caressingly. "But thanks to my patron Aguesilas, you have recovered and see your lover beside you. Speak then of your love for me. Tell me how it burns in your veins."

Nina did not speak, but Henderson, who watched her in dumb agony, imagined that the harsh expression on her face changed at Chico's words.

"The Senor Ingles has lost his taste for your dark beauty," Chico went on; "he begins to remember the beautiful Inglesa whom he once loved."

Nina's face became dark and troubled; she turned to him, and, speaking in a friendly tone, asked: "Is there indeed another woman, amigo mio?"

"And not only one, but many, Nina," Chico answered softly. "Ah, the Senor has been favoured truly."

"It's a lie," cried Henderson.

"The Senor himself assured me of it," said Chico.

"Shall I not revenge myself then on him who has slighted me?" Nina cried in sudden fury, and rose to her feet. "The Senor spoke to me of love while his heart yet thought of another."

"It is not so, Nina," Henderson said desperately; but the girl's expression did not change, and Chico laughed a slow, sneering laugh.

"Your cigarillo, Chico. Quick, we will indeed kiss!" Nina cried again. As she stooped Chico lifted the cigarillo in his thin fingers and placed it between her lips.

Henderson watched her as if fascinated.

Nina approached with little mincing steps, inhaled the smoke until the ash of the cigarillo glowed white hot, and, approaching close to him, pressed it to his lips. Though it only rested there for a moment it was an agony to his already blistered lips.

"Our women love with fire, as the Senor now understands," Chico taunted. Nina had retreated a few paces, then she moved forward again and walked slowly

past the bound man with the same mincing gait as before, swaying from her hips slightly in a kind of monotonous rhythm.

"A torch, Chico!" she called, half-turning her head. "The Senor must be of ice, truly, if he cannot burn."

Chico sipped his mate reflectively. "'Tis the women who have ideas," he said gently. "You shall burn him a little, Nina mia, for his soul's welfare, Pedro!"

Pedro appeared at his call, and at an order returned to the house, appearing presently with a torch, which he lighted and retired. Chico assumed a more comfortable position, rolled another cigarillo which he lighted at the torch, and made a sign to Nina to approach.

"You must have free hands," he said lightly, cutting the thong which bound her wrists as he spoke.

Henderson watched her as in a dream, saw her slowly advance, and held his breath in agony of expectation.

"His legs first, Nina," Chico suggested, pleasantly.

She looked back at him smiling, took a pace forward, and in a moment Henderson felt the hot flame lick about his knees. His every muscle grew rigid, but only a half-suppressed groan escaped him.

"Brava, brava!" cried Chico, clapping his hands softly.

Nina lifted her torch. "If I loved I can also hate," she cried tauntingly, in a high voice, but added, in a whisper, "Your legs are free."

The meaning of it all stole into Henderson's dazed brain at her whisper, and, glancing down quickly he saw that the horse-hair lariat which bound his knees had snapped under the flame of the torch.

Nina returned quickly to Chico's side. "It needed but a spark to fire him," she cried exultantly.

She slipped on her knees beside him as she spoke, and, putting her arms about him let her head sink on his shoulder.

Again Henderson began to doubt, and fixed his eyes on her with a look of painful perplexity. The action had been so spontaneous, so caressing, that his heart sank.

Nina rose suddenly, and as she stood up Chico's figure slipped backward upon the sun-baked earth; beside him lay a knife that glittered in the hot sun-rays.

She came quickly across to Henderson. "It was your life or his," she said breathlessly. "There was no other way."

"Cut these ropes," said Henderson. "There is still Pedro."

She returned with the knife, and cut his bonds, so that a moment later he stepped stiffly away from the tree.

"Yes, Pedro must be quieted," Nina said quickly.

"No killing this time," he begged.

Her eyes grew suddenly soft. "He is only a *peon*; still, if you wish it—we must make him do our will. Chico's pistol is at his belt."

She went over, and, stooping down by the prostrate figure, straightened herself again with the pistol in her hand. "Here, take it!" she said.

Henderson grasped it, and not a moment too soon, for turning quickly at the sound of a footfall, they saw Pedro, who stepped from the verandah and came towards them.

The careless smile on his face faded when he caught sight of Chico's motionless figure on the ground. He put a quick hand to his waistbelt, and Henderson raised the pistol.

His hand fell again to his side. "Do not shoot, Senor; I am unarmed," he cried.

"You don't deserve pity; still I shall spare you," said Henderson, sternly. "Lead the way to the horses."

Pedro turned without a word, and, skirting the estancia, made his way to the corral, closely followed by Henderson and Nina. He saddled two horses and led them out to the plain, where the girl mounted.

"Now go back into the house," Hen-

derson commanded, and the *peon* obeyed sullenly.

Then the Englishman mounted, and, gathering up the reins looked at Nina.

She returned his look for a moment, her face quivering with emotion, and then pressed her horse over to his side.

"Ah, the poor lips!" she said tenderly. "It was cruel, Senor Frank, very cruel; but you understand. Chico would

not have trusted me if I had not treated you so." She leant towards him as she spoke, and offered him her lips. "We are at last free to love!" she ended passionately.

He kissed her gently. "Come, Nina mia," he said. "The world is before us"; and, putting spurs to his horse, they galloped away together in the track of the westering sun.

The Only Way

Couldn't get work, was that it?
 Out of employment, eh?
 Men, women, and children starved to death—
 You hear of it everyday.
 This cursed life ain't worth its salt;
 We're better out of the way.

There's the Missus, she's half dying;
 He don't care a jot—
 God forgive me saying it,
 'Ell can't be half so hot.

What's the meaning of that, d'you think?
 England's far too full.
 "Send them out to the West," says I,
 To the West, to the West, John Buil.
 —C. H. BUNNETT.

The Beggar

By E. Archer

THE blind girl sits on a low step at the top of the village. She is knitting. She is nearly always knitting.

The village is very old, and very long, but there are not so many cottages in it after all, because there are so many apple orchards and green meadows, and there are one or two little whitewashed farm-houses, with pink roses growing on the walls. It is curiously full of sound, for all down the side of the sloping road runs the brook.

"Gurgle, gurgle! Come, come, come! Down to the river—the river!" says the brook.

For the brook runs into the river that crosses the bottom of the village, and the river runs into the sea, carrying everything before it.

All sorts of little green ferns and blue forget-me-nots grow by the side of the brook, and the white ducks and geese paddle in and out with much content, and there are many singing birds.

The blind girl knows the song of every bird, and the brook seems to say more to her than to anyone else.

She has a round childish face, with smooth brown hair parted in the middle, and plaited in two tight little plaits, tied at the ends with black ribbons. Everything about her is very neat and clean. She is not beautiful, but her expression is very sweet, and her little red mouth is almost smiling.

I do not know why it should make you so sad to look at her. Sadder than if she were weary and pale. Perhaps it is because she always seems to be waiting for something.

She is really smiling now, for she hears the beggar coming afar up the village; but she goes on knitting. She

does not attempt to listen, for she knows who it is.

The beggar's footsteps are very soft, for his shoes are old, so old. His clothes are ragged, too! I suppose that is why they call him the beggar, for he never begs. He gets a little work, perhaps, in the villages and goes on again.

For the beggar is a wanderer.

Today his clothes are covered with dust and his hat is turned down like a mushroom over his head. You seem to see nothing of him but his eyes.

You can never forget his eyes. They are so dark and wide.

They seem to be looking over the whole world.

Some of the people speak to him, for he passes through the village from time to time.

"Found your sister yet?" they say, but they do not really want to know. They think he is mad.

"Not seen her since she was a little child," they say. "Most likely never seen her at all."

He always goes straight on to the top of the village and sits on the step by the side of the blind girl.

They talk sometimes. Sometimes they do not speak at all.

"Eh, eh! The blind girl cannot see how mad he is!" says the blacksmith, who is the wit of the village.

Tonight it is very still, and there is a strong scent of honeysuckle.

"Here I am," the beggar says.

Is it the sunset, or is there a sudden flash on the blind girl's face? I cannot tell.

She only says, "Yes, I heard you coming," and stretches out her hand towards the honeysuckle he carries; for she knows it is for her. He always

brings it. "How sweet it is!" she says. But she does not ask him if he has found his sister.

The beggar looks at her curiously.

"Really! It is almost as if you can see," he says.

"I can almost see," the blind girl answers.

The beggar takes off his hat and shakes the dust out of it. Then he sits down on the stone step.

The brook sings louder than ever now. It is growing red like wine, and the ducks and geese are quite pink. Some shaggy crimson cows go slowly past, and from a long way off there is a plaintive sound of children playing by a shallow pool.

"I have not found her," the beggar says.

And there is a long silence.

Then he seems to wake up.

"How hard you work!" he says. "Always knitting—knitting. Why do they let you work so hard?"

"They are so poor," the girl answers. "They cannot afford to keep me for nothing—a stranger, and blind!"

Indeed, the cottage at whose gate she sits is one of the poorest in the village, and the little garden is only planted with common vegetables and herbs, with here and there a patch of homely poppies and marigolds.

The beggar looks at her very kindly. His face is quite different when he looks at the blind girl.

Once he had asked her what she thought him to be like, and she had said, "Very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he had said. "Ho, ho! Beautiful! Why, I'm a perfect scarecrow!"

But the blind girl had shaken her head and smiled a little.

"To me you are like your voice," she had said.

For his voice was like his eyes. You could never forget it.

Suddenly he gets up, saying, "Well, well! I must be going on," and the old strange look comes into his face.

"Must you so soon?" the girl says wistfully.

But he answers, "Yes, yes! I never

know when I may find her. She seems very near me tonight. I might find her tonight. Who knows?"

"Who knows!" the blind girl answers. She seems to be looking a long way off.

So he goes on.

They do not say "good-night" or "good-bye" to each other. Only, the blind girl drops her knitting and listens to his footsteps. Farther and farther and farther! Oh, how far away they go! At last they are drowned in the song of the brook.

The night is coming on.

"There will be a heavy dew tonight," the blind girl says.

The beggar still keeps on the high road at the top of the village which goes across a broken common, where the wild flowers grow each side of the road like tall garden flowers. The brook disappears under a tangle of green, but you can still hear it singing, very softly.

He walks slowly at first, but as he nears the next village he almost runs. Always when he enters the village he goes at this pace, but he always comes out of it slowly and sadly. For months he wanders about in this fashion, getting just enough work in the villages to keep him alive.

The autumn is now coming on, but the weather is very warm. He has had a hard day's work, and towards evening flings himself down in a waste place, and at once he is sound asleep and dreaming.

He is dreaming of the brook. He so often dreams of the brook.

"Come, come, come!" the brook says. It is so loud it wakes him. He sits up and rubs his eyes.

"I must have been dreaming," he says.

But it was not altogether a dream either, for he sees there is a brook near him. It is red like wine, for the sun is setting, and there is a strong scent of honeysuckle. The beggar yawns and stretches himself.

"Honeysuckle," he says, "it is late for honeysuckle. It makes me think of my little sister. My—little—"

Why, what on earth is the matter with him? His mouth is wide open and his

eyes appear to be fixed on the uttermost parts of the world.

He begins to talk to himself in a sort of dream.

"Blind! Blind!" he says. "It is I who have been blind." Then he laughs, shouts with laughter, and begins to tear down the honeysuckle from a clump of high bushes, but there are tears in his eyes.

"Honeysuckle," he cries. "Ha, ha, ha! Honeysuckle! Ho, ho, ho!"

Then he begins to run very fast, shouting "Blind, blind!"

The villagers would indeed think him mad now.

He knows which way he is going, but it is a very long way. It will be quite two days before he can reach the village where the brook runs down to the river. And to make matters worse, the weather begins to break up. There are high winds and heavy rains. Not that he cares for that. He does not even notice it. His heart is too full of other things. He can see nothing but a blind girl with a round childish face, sitting on a low step knitting.

"My little sister," he keeps saying to himself very softly. "Sitting there—waiting—after all these years! And I almost, perhaps I might never—But it is wonderful—wonderful! Oh! What a beautiful world it is!"

Yes, he actually says that.

At last, at evening, he comes to a fishing village by the sea. He is very near

now, but he will have to cross the river by the bridge. How the sea roars and the rain hisses.

"Never has the river been so high," they tell him. "The water is all over the road and up the bank. Even the carts cannot get along," they say.

But the beggar laughs. He knows the road well. Often at ebb tides the river has been over the road, and what is a little water to him. They do not understand what he feels. The joy that almost suffocates him.

He crosses the bridge, but it is quite dark now. There seems to be nothing the other side but a confused mass of roaring water.

"Surely this cannot be the road," the beggar says.

The Blind Girl still sits at the top of the village knitting. But it is long since she has heard the steps of the beggar on the road.

"Perhaps he may come today," she says. "Who knows?"

Her little red mouth is almost smiling. It breaks one's heart to look at her. And all down the side of the road runs the brook.

"Gurgle, gurgle! Come, come, come! Down to the river—the river," says the brook. For the brook runs into the river, and the river runs into the sea, carrying everything before it.

A man is as a straw to the river where it runs into the sea.



What Tuppy Did

By A. M. E. Sheriff

IF you were to ask Tuppy Malcolm what part he played in bringing about a certain marriage, he would probably not understand what you were talking about, for Tuppy was hardly out of swaddling clothes at the beginning of events.

Laura Boyd had come out to her sister, and because she was young and pretty, practically every man had fallen on his knees before her. If you were curious-minded, and wanted to know how many girls there were in Hong-kong at the time, Hong-kong matrons would have added the fingers of one hand together, and subtracted one. So when Miss Boyd, with her pink cheeks, so reminiscent of England, had come out, she cast the other three completely in the shade. Everybody knew that she would never go home single, and the problem as to which lucky individual she would eventually marry became one of local interest. But Laura went her own way for two years, utterly unmindful that such beings as would-be husbands existed.

Redman had seen her for the first time at the last service in the Barracks chapel, and his heart, which he had brought whole from England, was hardly so whole afterwards. She had not so much as glanced in his direction, but he began to look forward to the time when he should meet her.

A blazing early morning saw him tramping with his men along the Peak road, and a blazing noon saw him return. He had been perspiring violently, and was covered in dust, and did not appear so beautiful as some of his fair relatives believed him to be. This fact troubled him not at all, until he found

himself face to face with the cool white-robed figure of Miss Boyd. He blushed, and it did not add to his beauty; but Miss Boyd did not know who he was, so his blushes were wasted.

"As I was coming home," she said that evening, in hearing of her brother-in-law and two of Redman's comrades, "I met the hottest, dustiest, and grubbiest of men with the Fusiliers. I wondered at first if I shouldn't lend him my parasol."

Redman's comrades delightedly repeated this story to the unfortunate hero of it, and he wanted to die.

A fortnight later he met her; he was in clean tennis flannels at the time. After that he took care that he met her at every opportunity, and at the end of a month he would have knelt to kiss the latchet of her shoe. But he was shy, miserably shy, and poor, miserably poor. After twelve months' adoration he was no richer, and scarcely less shy; then Tuppy came along. At the time of Redman's introduction to Miss Boyd, Tuppy was two; now he was three, and very much wiser.

Children naturally loved Laura, and of her small followers, Tuppy, though of so tender an age, was by no means slighted. She borrowed him from his mother, at least once a week, to escort her on shopping expeditions to town, and very often she put him to bed when his giddy young mother was anywhere except at home. Brave enough in the daytime, Tuppy was a veritable coward in the dark; and Laura would sit holding his hand till he went to sleep, crooning made-up songs the while, the copyright of which he began to consider exclusively his own. There was usually

a refrain about his hair which pleased him mightily, though it said little for the poetic imagination of the singer.

“Oh, Daddy walked in the garden,
And he saw old Tuppy there,
And he said, ‘Why, Tuppy, funny old
Tuppy,
What have you done to your hair?’”

Mother, nurse, and Tuppy’s pet dog Jess were often substituted for Daddy, and when Tuppy was old enough to poetize for himself he brought in a horse, a cat, and a few stray dogs. So the song was lengthened by one stanza a day, and took the singer almost half an hour to sing it.

If poor Redman had only known the time his divinity spent over young Tuppy he would have been wild with envy. He would have given much to be able to tell her what he wished, and he would have liked to discover a gold mine; but neither opportunity came his way. All during the trying summer months she stayed on, looking as cool as ever, and Tuppy stayed on too, because his father and mother were too poor to spend a summer away from home. Redman was not sorry about Laura staying, although in the heat of the evening, when the mosquitoes were troublesome, he was sorry for her. With winter came the news that Redman, with others, was going to winter at Peking, and nobody knew what after. Redman felt stunned. Peking was as distant as Peru, so far as Laura was concerned, and she might leave Hong-kong before he returned.

It had been a glorious year for him; he had met her quite five times a week, and each time he had gone homewards with his head in a whirl. Well, summer days were over, and in a fortnight he was going. What he should do in those fourteen days was a question which vexed his soul. In the glare of the morning he decided he could tell her certain things only by the light of the moon; at night he determined men were more sensible in the morning when they asked women to marry them. He believed she would risk poverty—so there was no other obstacle except his own shyness in the way.

“I’ll do it today,” he bravely said at 7 a.m.; at 7 p.m. a miserable man bemoaned another day lost. Could he don overcoat and gloves and in methodical manner walk to her home, ask the boy if he could see Miss Boyd, then suddenly demand her for his wife, in her sister’s methodical bamboo-furnished drawing-room? Impossible! There ought to be flowers about everywhere; a conservatory, he thought, or perhaps a lawn hung with subdued Japanese lanterns.

A thoughtful club committee came to his aid at this time, and he felt that things were well with him when he stood in his room reading a card which told of a ball to be given the night before he was leaving. It was certainly cutting it rather fine, the last night, but what an opportunity! She would be there, and he felt warmly towards the club committee for coming to his help.

Perhaps Laura, cool young maiden as she was, was not altogether unmindful of the committee either; for she had spent miserable hours alone in her room when the news of his coming departure was told her.

She spent days and parts of a night in preparing a frock, the intricacies of which delighted her, for she intended to make at least one man admire her on that night. It was finished at last, the masterpiece, and she laid it carefully away, that no wrinkle should mar the tulle and silk she had laboured over.

Tuppy’s mother came into the room in her usual impetuous way.

“Laura, a disaster has befallen me.”

The girl looked up with a smile.

“Your dining-room ceiling hasn’t come down again?”

“Oh, much worse. Tuppy’s wretched nurse actually *has* got ill. She seemed really bad, poor thing, so I have sent her to her friends, or she would have had to go to the hospital. Dr. Stanley said something about bronchitis.”

“What are you going to do?” asked Laura.

“That’s just what I don’t know. Tuppy is such a fussy child; he won’t sleep alone. I shall have to get an ayah while I’m looking round for somebody else.”

“Will he have one?”

"Oh, he can't have his own way in everything. He's wailing now over his lost nurse, and I shouldn't wonder if he keeps awake all night. I must have an ayah before tomorrow night, for I intend to go to the ball."

"I'll take Tuppy out this afternoon, Mrs. Malcolm. I have nothing whatever to do."

"Oh, you dear thing! Then the ayah needn't come till tomorrow."

"Better get the ayah as soon as you can, and Tuppy will grow accustomed to her by tomorrow night."

"It will teach him to give up some of his silly whims. Well, I'm off now. Be round by three, will you, please, and thanks ever so much."

Laura looked at her finery again, and gave it a few pats before starting out for Tuppy's walk.

She took the tearful boy into her arms.

"Poor old man! Come along, and we'll see all our dog friends."

Tuppy was delighted, for he was a great man in the sunlight, but at night-fall he became restless. Laura put him to bed, and sat by his side, and sang songs enough about his hair to please a barber.

Tuppy's mother thought Laura had justly earned a dinner, and when it was over, Tuppy's mother sat at the piano, and Tuppy's father was deep in home papers, both unmindful of the small boy upstairs. Laura stood playing an accompaniment to the piano with her fingers on the window panes in the verandah, and blissfully reminding herself of tomorrow night. Suddenly a small white-robed figure stood in the room; he was trembling with fear. Passing father and mother, he went to Laura. His only explanation was a dream in which a man and a tree figured. Even his parents were moved to pity at his fears, and Tuppy slept in his mother's room that night.

"What shall you do if he gets these terrors tomorrow night?" Laura asked, when order was restored. "A strange ayah won't be able to soothe him."

"He'll get used to her by that time," Tuppy's mother replied. "You surely don't think I am going to stay at home?"

"But it seems so dreadful to think of

his being alone after one of his frights. I should go out of my mind if I were in his place."

In the morning Laura looked out of her window with a smile for the new day. What would happen before tomorrow, she shyly wondered to herself. He and she had arranged everything about this wonderful ball. He had settled with whom she was to dance, and she had made little demur. He consoled his laggard self with the thought that at least he was going to do the right thing at the right time.

Tuppy's new nurse was installed. A tall, gaunt Chinawoman with little sympathy in her dark face. Tuppy manfully went for his afternoon walk with her, but there was no comradeship between them, as there had been between him and his old nurse. By tea-time he was sobbing for his mother.

They were all dining together that night at Tuppy's house. Laura in her resplendent frock, with extra tenderness for Tuppy, came up to see him when he was in bed. The old song was sung, and Tuppy was momentarily happy.

"You stay wiv' me tonight?" he asked wistfully.

"Not tonight, Tuppy, dear. I'm going to a lovely ball. You'll have A-ling, and she'll hold your hand tight, and stop with you all the time."

"Will she?" he asked hopefully, looking over at the ayah. "But I want you," he added, half tearfully.

"I'll come tomorrow, and oh, Tuppy, I'll bring you some beautiful pencils. You know those dear little pink and blue ones with tassels."

Tuppy was appeased, and before she went downstairs he was asleep.

Tuppy's father and mother had already gone, an event duly witnessed by Tuppy's nurse from the window. And Tuppy's nurse decided she would have a private ball to herself.

She first satisfied herself that Tuppy was sleeping soundly, and then she disappeared.

Laura and one of Tuppy's aunts were still below waiting for their chairs to come. It was about this time that Tuppy's man and tree became troublesome

again, and he rushed downstairs as quickly as his trembling feet could carry him.

Laura forgot her silk and tulle, as she took the poor frightened boy in her arms.

"Where is A-ling?"

He didn't know. When he woke there was nobody in the room and the light was out.

A-ling was rung for, but she could not be found.

Laura turned to the others.

"Go on," she said quietly. "I'll come by and by."

"Nonsense, Laura! How can you come by yourself? And you must come, you know. Tuppy will be quite all right when A-ling is found."

"I shall not leave this poor baby with A-ling—not for a hundred balls."

"I wonder if he'd stay with the boy?" suggested Tuppy's aunt.

Laura's eyes brightened.

"If A-sam comes upstairs and holds your hand quite close, will you stop with him?" she asked.

But Tuppy had heard that story.

"You told me A-ling would hold my hand tight, and she didn't—she didn't," he cried, as he clung to her.

"Go on, all of you," said Laura. "I am going to stay with Tuppy."

"You silly child," said Laura's sister, "don't you know tonight——" she ended abruptly.

"Oh, go, go, all of you. I shall stay with Tuppy, whatever happens."

With a curious feeling in her throat, Laura watched them go without her, then she carried Tuppy upstairs. All sleep seemed to have gone from him. She told him stories, she sung him his pet rhymes, and finally he slept contentedly with his head against her arm.

Miss Boyd might have proven worthy of anything from the Victoria Cross downwards, had she gone on in this brilliant manner, but when she had laid the boy in his bed she put her arms on the rail and wept tears that washed away all merit for self-sacrifice.

By this time he was dancing gaily with other women. He wouldn't care

whether she was there or not. Tomorrow at five his ship sailed, and she and he would never meet again.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Tuppy, did I wake you up," she said, full of repentance, as he opened his eyes.

"Sing 'bout Tuppy's hair," he demanded, half asleep.

So the old song was gone over in a very quavering voice.

The refrain was very unmelodious, but the listener was too sleepy to mind. She went on, however, verse after verse of the tautological song. When it was exhausted she looked at the clock on the mantel shelf; it was nearly eleven.

She was too miserable to mind the sound of a step in the hall, but she turned her head as the nursery door opened softly. A man was standing there, and there was a deal of gold finery about the coat, seemed to be her only impression as she gazed stupidly at the wearer. He stood quite still for a minute looking at her steadily. Then he came over and drew her to him in very much the same manner as she usually dealt with Tuppy.

"What was that awful wail I heard Sixteen—Westward HO as I came up?" he asked, in the way people have of asking foolish things in supreme moments.

"That was Tuppy's pet song; he and I invented it," she answered, with a glance of affection at the sleeping boy.

"Good old Tuppy! I owe him everything. I believe if you had come to the ball I shouldn't have had the courage to speak at all. I had half-decided to leave it till tomorrow morning. I waited for you—I never danced once, darling—and you didn't come. Your people were late in arriving, and as soon as I heard about you I rushed away. Everybody knows the truth about us, I think, so it's just as well you said yes."

"Everybody, except Tuppy," she said, as she glanced fondly at the sleeping boy, "for only yesterday I half promised to marry him. I shall have to break my promise now, and his faith in women will be shattered."

A Castle In the Air

By L. Ackland

WE none of us liked the looks of Melrose when he joined us, though as far as actual looks went, I don't mean that he was so uncommonly ugly. In appearance he was tall and narrow. Everything about him was narrow, his forehead, his eyes, his shoulders, his hands and feet, were narrow, and his mind was the narrowest thing of all.

Now, we of the—th are a good sporting lot of fellows, though I suppose I shouldn't crack my own regiment up too much. Still, we are the right sort, and even the "stoniest" of us keeps some kind of a four-legged beast, since our battalion came to Ireland, and so we don't appreciate subalterns who can't ride and won't try.

Melrose was twenty-four, a Militia candidate, and he had, unfortunately for himself, done his trainings with the — shire Militia, who are, as all the world knows, the worst snobs on earth. Melrose gave us extracts from the peerage as soon as he began to talk, which was pretty soon for the last-joined subaltern; he did not in the least realise his position, and we soon saw it was our duty to give him a lesson.

I never shall forget old Harry's face when, after mess one night, our new beauty, dropping his eyeglass, said—

"By the way, Colonel, I believe we have some mutual friends—the Duke and Duchess of Whittingham. I was staying at Whittingham for their shoot last year; Lord Hobory was there—"

"Humph!" said Harry, with a look in his eyes that some of us knew.

"Yes," went on Melrose, not at all abashed. "What a pretty woman Lady Aileen Campion is," he laughed self-

consciously. "She said she wondered how I was going to put in the time in a place like this."

"You can learn one thing here, at least," said the Colonel, in his dry, short manner, "and that is that we do not appreciate gilt-edged conversation," and he turned away, leaving Melrose rather astonished.

He didn't take long to recover, however, and went to the fireplace, where, leaning his back against the mantelpiece, he shut out the fire from Major Bowen.

"When I joined," rasped the Major, "subalterns were not seen on the hearth-rug," and he glared at Melrose, who, lighting a cigarette said, quite calmly—

"I suppose you joined in the summer."

I really rather admired him for it, but that sort of thing doesn't do. Still, a good answer is a good answer, whoever makes it.

We got a hint to the effect that he was to learn manners, and to say, "sir" when he spoke to those in authority over him; but we fought shy of giving him a court martial which would have been much the best cure for his complaint. Yet we weren't on for getting three lines in the Gazette for the sake of a blighter like him, so we had to be content with as much "nasty chaff" as we could think of.

It was Jamieson, commonly known as Jamie, who invented the plan of action, and we listened cheerfully that evening to the tales of high life with which Melrose favoured us.

"The people about here are no class," said Jamie, sympathetically. "There *are* only the Cahirdrinnies."

"Who are they?" said Melrose, pricking up his ears, "I don't seem to know

the name." And as we had publicly burnt his Debrett, he had no way of looking up these scions of nobility.

"Oh, you don't know the Cahirdrinnyes?" said Jamie, with evident surprise. "Why, they are the lineal descendants of Brian Boroo."

"By Jove!" said Melrose, "I wonder I never met them in town."

"It's quite surprising," said Jamie, "for they are the 'best people' in these parts, and have no end of a smart place five miles away from here. It's called Cahirdrinny Castle. You really ought to go and shoot a pasteboard, Snobby." For that was the name we had dubbed our new subaltern. He had been very sick about it at first, but he grew calm in three days' time. It was one of his favourite boasts that those of his order never showed surprise or annoyance. He did not always follow his creed in this, but took our onslaughts with his eyeglass well screwed in, and a kind of superior sneering manner which did not tend to make him more popular.

"It would be a comfort to meet someone in one's own set," he said. "In this heathenish country there really is no one to know."

I thought that Derrick, who has just got engaged to the parson's daughter at Kilomaily, would have gone for him, but, fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, Jamie quickly took up his parable.

"The Cahirdrinnyes never called on the regiment. They don't think us sufficiently smart. In fact, I believe that Lady Cahirdrinny says there are no soldiers except the Household Brigade."

We looked admiringly at Jamie; he was coming out in a new light, and Melrose was pensive for the moment. We knew he was wondering how he could get introduced to the exclusive lady.

"But, buck up, Snobby," went on Jamieson, "if she catches sight of you she will certainly ask you to call—Your blue blood is so self-evident that she can't mistake you for an ordinary foot-slogger."

Next day Melrose fairly walked on air, and we listened with most respectful surprise as he told us that he had received

an invitation from Lord and Lady Cahirdrinny to dine at Cahirdrinny Castle that very evening.

"They ask me to excuse such short notice," he said, "but that I am not exactly a stranger," here he beamed with complacency, "as my friend, Lord Wintermore had often spoken of me, and the Duchess of Whittingham actually took the trouble to write to them about me. Knowing, as I do, what a busy woman the dear Duchess is, I thoroughly appreciate the compliment, and I feel as if I were not the—"

"Ordinary orderly hound," interrupted Felsted. "You are right, Snobby. You're a knock-out. Give her ladyship my best love, will you?"

Melrose put on his most glassy smile, and seemed to grow narrower as one looked at him.

"She might not—ah—know—who the—ah—message came from," he said, with sarcastic emphasis.

"Quite probably," laughed Felsted, "any more than I know who the mischief she is." A warning look from Jamie made him curb his tongue. "How do I know that old Cahirdrinny didn't marry his cook?" he said hastily.

"He married Lady Gwendoyne Glanworth," said Jamie, with the air of one who knows. "She is quite as high as he is."

"They are both quite gamey," said Derrick, "and I'm infernally glad I'm not dining there."

"I'm told," supplemented Little Knox, "that they have a dozen black footmen, and the plate is gold."

Snobby seemed hardly able to condescend to walk, after this description of all these glories, and once his first burst of conversation was over, we noticed that he avoided us.

"Wasn't speaking to the poor," as Little Knox put it, and it was apparent that the grandeur of the situation was causing him to swell visibly.

I went into his room on some pretext before he started. There he stood, admiring himself, in a white waistcoat, with jewelled buttons, immaculately-cut clothes, thin narrow shoes and a head so sleek that you could nearly see your

face in it. His little rat-tail moustache was curled up, and the simper he wore was enough to excuse man-slaughter.

"I wonder if Lady Aileen will be there," he said. "She's a little duck, if you like. Not one of your hard-faced, hard-riding Irish viragoes with heavy brogue and big feet, but a really charming girl, who is made to be looked at."

I thought several things, but I said I did hear someone say there was a nice girl staying at Cahirdrinny.

"I expect it was through her I got my invitation," said Snobby, looking unutterable things at himself in his mirror.

"Perhaps so," I answered shortly, for my fingers were itching to duck him in his own bath.

He put on a light overcoat. "Mercifully, it's not a cold night," he said. "I had thought of going in one of those dreadful 'inside cars' but old Bowen, who was passing O'Connel's Hotel, heard me asking for one, and hang me, if he didn't stop and say it was a disgrace to the regiment and he asked me if I was under the impression that I was still at the girls' school, where I had been let loose from lately, and he finished up by saying: 'You are a contemptible, mean creature.' So I had to order an 'outside,' which it is ten to one I shall fall off going round one of those hateful Irish corners. What a place to be in, where the savages actually don't know what a hansom is."

"Nor what a hansom does," I said, finishing the proverb.

"But you'd better look sharp, Snobby, for I hear, on the best authority, that Lord Cahirdrinny beheads his guests if they are late."

"It is a pity he only invited me," said Snobby, vaingloriously. "But then you fellows *will* take up with the second-rate crowd, and naturally the really nice people give you the go-by."

"We aren't all like you, Melrose," I said, adding, as he hurried down the draughty stone staircase, "for which, thank God."

"Is it know the way to Lord Cahirdrinny's place beyond?" I heard the jarvey say. "Oh, shure, 'tis glad I am to

have the chanst to dhrive you to the Castle, my lord."

Melrose clambered on the off side, and the driver, muffled to the eyes in his coat, clucked loudly to his horse, and started by nearly knocking off the step against the barrack gates.

"Take care, you stupid owl!" called Snobby, clutching the driver's seat. "You nearly had me into the mud."

"Shure 'tis well I remember dhriving the Juke to the Hill beyand," said the jarvey, who seemed of a loquacious turn of mind. "Didn't my lord ask all the quality from the country to a grand ball he gave for the Juke, he being here to inspect, and wasn't it meself as druv him? Well, not a bit of him could find the shtep whin he was coming home, and it grey dawn.

"'It's fine liquor they give yez up there,' ses he. 'Heth Mick, and I'm not sure, there aren't compinations for being a Juke. The dochter towld me dhrink wather,' ses he, and with that he rolls off the car. Oh, there's no mistake, but Lord Cahirdrinny has the fine place of it, and grand company."

"Do they shoot much?" inquired Snobby with interest, for he pretended he was keen on shooting.

"Is it shoot, bedad. Shure wasn't the Prince himself here with a shtick in wan hand and a roifle in the other, shooting at the rooks, and enjoying himself."

"But that is absurd, on the face of it," said Snobby crossly. "For I know that the Prince was not in Ireland at all; he happened to be staying with my particular friend, Lord Newsbury."

The jarvey chuckled. "Shure, an' I had it from her ladyship's French maid, who can't spake English, so how would she be telling me lies?"

"Is her ladyship young and pretty?" inquired Snobby.

"She's a wondher," said the jarvey.

"In what way?" said Snobby.

"Oh, in every way," and there was silence, for the jarvey was thinking hard. Presently he burst forth again.

"She's the model of a real lady. If it weren't that I had seen her meself skipping with a skipping-rope, I'd never

believe it wasn't of marble she was made."

"Skipping?" said Snobby. "But where?"

"In the grand baronyial hall. Shure it was after a spell of wet, so the crather might be excused."

Snobby was silent, evidently wondering how much he might believe.

"Aren't we near the place?" he said, "or how many more of these pestilential Irish miles are we obliged to cover?"

"Well, my lord," said the jarvey apologetically. "There is a thrifle of information I may as well give you now. We aren't above a few yards from the gates, but beyand thim gates no hired carriage is allowed to go, by reason that they sinds to the South of France to import grand white pebbles to put in the place of the ordinary gravel as is used by the commonality. Shure, 'tis well known that my lord would be apt to murdher a man for making less than a wheel-mark on the dhrive. So, your honour, though its sorry I am to say it, you will have to shtep down and walk to the great house on your two feet. It's a pity I can't take ye the whole way, but I have to rimimber that I've a wife an' tin children to support, and I know well I'd suffer for it if I insulted my lord's gravel with a jarvey car."

He pulled up at what looked in the darkness like the large piers of a gate, which was apparently wide open. Making up his mind to the inevitable, Melrose stepped into the mud, and telling the driver to call for him at eleven o'clock, he took his way into the darkness.

As soon as he had vanished beyond the lights of the car-lamps, the jarvey turned and drove off, laughing in a way that seemed calculated to do him injury; and when Jamie, whom the reader will doubtless have recognized, arrived where we were gathered waiting for him, he was still laughing, and told us the story of his drive, which none of us will forget.

It was Derrick, who had just come in from the Rectory, and was in sentimental mood, who said, "Poor beggar! I'm sorry for him. It must be cold at Cahirdrinny ruin, and no dinner to warm him. He'll have a word to two to say to us in the morning."

But on the morrow no Snobby appeared: he was ill, he said, and applied for leave, getting which, and before the time expired, he effected an exchange into another regiment, which is not exactly the Household Cavalry.

A Kiss

O, for a kiss from those sweet lips,
 Those rosy lips of thine,
 'Twould be as when an anchorite sips
 Some rare Cantabrian wine,
 Or when fair Luna yields eclipse,
 Enamored of the god of day,
 Or when the bee his chalice dips
 In the ambrosial fount of May.

—W. J. D.

Coals of Fire

By Morris Broadwood

CHARLES MURRAY spoke across the marble-topped table to the man who sat opposite to him:

"Well, Thomas Fielder, B.Sc., we meet again! It seems odd we should have missed one another so persistently all these months. It's late to congratulate you on your degree, but I do, all the same. I was glad to see your name heading the honours list, with the exhibition, but of course we all knew you were going to pull it off. What are you doing now to startle the world?"

Fielder looked up from a manuscript on hearing his name, and he now proceeded to answer his former fellow-student's inquiry. He was engrossed in his own affairs at the moment, and it did not occur to him to ask Murray for any news.

"I've been doing some work for old Bainbridge, but I don't quite know who's going to be startled by it, though I can guess who's going to do the startling. The professor put me on to it—Phipps, I mean, not old Muggins—and he said it would be a good opening; he knows Bainbridge pretty well, but, as far as I can see, I'm merely employed in the humble capacity of ghost."

"You don't mean to say he's just sucking your brains? How awfully rank!"

"It looks very like it, I must say. In some ways, mind you, nothing could be better. I've been spending all my time on a jolly interesting research, working in his lab. with all apparatus provided—that's run into a decent bit—my time's paid for, of course, though not extravagantly. The weak point about it is that Bainbridge will get the credit of the results."

"But do you mean to stand it? I don't see that a man like you has any right to lend himself to such a fraud!"

"It does seem rather rot. I propose the investigation, I plan all the experiments, in which he only takes a hand occasionally—though, mind you, he's pretty cute at it, I will say that—and I do all the mathematical grind, which, I can tell you, is pretty stiff. He has paid for it all, and on the strength of that, he will put his name to it."

"The old blighter!"

"It isn't the experimental work so much; he's got the hang of that pretty well, if he hasn't done much towards it; but it *does* seem rather thick, his putting his name to a lot of mathematics he doesn't understand a line of. He has only my word for it that the whole show isn't tommy-rot."

Murray leaned forward eagerly:

"I'll be shot if that isn't an idea!"

"What's an idea?"

"This, my boy! Look here! When will this screed be ready for publication?"

"Practically, it's ready now." Fielder indicated the manuscript.

"You've got it *there*? Hand it over, and let me feast these weary eyes upon it—*On certain cases of steady motion in an incompressible fluid of finite viscosity*—I can see this is going to excite me too much if I devour it all at once. But—you say he's got to take your word for it about the maths' being shipshape?" Fielder nodded an assent. "Very well; why shouldn't you give him away by putting in a lot of balderdash? He takes the screed and sticks his name on it, which makes *him* responsible and no one

else; if it gets published, he will be the laughing-stock of the town."

"Wouldn't that be playing it rather low on him?"

"On Bainbridge? What are you thinking about? It's merely checkmating the fraud he is trying to perpetrate. That which goes out under his name ought surely to be some sort of indication of how much he knows, you can't say that isn't fair enough."

Fielder reflected before replying:

"He's awfully considerate in many ways; wants me to knock off if I'm tired, or take a holiday; sometimes he makes me think, in spite of myself, that he's really a brick; and then he'll come round and ask me as coolly as you like: 'Well, Mr. Fielder, have you any further report to make?' I'm to send this on to him at Grindley, to use as he thinks fit. He flattened it all out pretty well; hoped I'd agree to leave the matter in his hands. I thought that was rather sweet and delicate."

"*There* you are! Doesn't that show what he's made of? As for consideration and all that sort of thing, *you* mayn't realize it, but he wouldn't be anxious to lose a man like you in a hurry."

"But suppose he spotted it, he might show the paper to somebody to get an opinion on it."

"He won't! He knows you're a good man; and besides, if he did show it and heard there was something wrong about it, he couldn't say a word without giving himself away. The only possible risk you run is cutting the connection, and that is not worth considering."

"I don't like it, Murray, yet—it's a great temptation."

"That settles it, then, the temptation shall prevail; come round to my rooms, and we'll talk it over."

Half an hour later, the two young men were seated in Murray's room, with the manuscript before them. Fielder was uneasy.

"There's another side to the question," he said, "and one that probably you don't realise. This has meant a lot of work and thought, and though I say it, it's good work. It's too bad to think of wasting the whole thing; really, I think

I'd rather let it go as it is, even though Bainbridge gets the credit of it."

"I'm disappointed in you, Fielder! Really, I couldn't have thought it. To lend yourself deliberately to a swindle! Have you no conscience?"

"It's not a matter of conscience with me. And I admit I *should* like to get even."

"Then let us set to work at once."

The manuscript to which they turned their attention was a fair copy of the paper which Fielder had written, and the young investigator suffered many a pang at the mutilation of his laboriously careful pages. Murray, full of exuberant spirits, suggested all kinds of extravagant foolery, and Fielder had to remind him again and again that Bainbridge was no simpleton; although not a man of mathematical attainments, he had a thorough grasp of the mechanical principles involved.

The work of disfiguration having been carried out to Murray's satisfaction, it remained for Fielder to make a copy of the mutilated sheets. This task he performed in his own home, not without anxiety as to the wisdom of the course he was following, to say nothing of more poignant scruples; he worked slowly and fitfully.

The last wretched page had been rewritten, and the author stood gazing at his shattered work, wondering how he could bring himself to send such a thing to his patron. Finally, however, the packet was sealed and posted, together with a purely formal note.

The return post brought a few lines of acknowledgment from Bainbridge which, because simple and kindly in tone, brought Fielder to a state of bewildered, helpless misery. The letter ran:

"Dear Mr. Fielder, The MS. of your paper has come quite safely, and the one defect which strikes me at the first glance is the omission of your name! That, however, is soon put right. I have written to Prof. Phipps asking if I may send the paper for his perusal; and I have done so chiefly because I think it ought to be a Royal Society paper; and if he thinks well of it, as I hope, he will

no doubt be most willing to communicate it for you. You may expect to hear shortly either from Prof. Phipps or from myself.—Very truly yours,

“E. H. BAINBRIDGE.”

By degrees all became clear. The man whom Fielder had so unsparingly denounced as a pilferer of other men's brains had by his very generosity brought these unworthy suspicions on himself. He had endowed a scientific research, and had maintained the investigator, for whom the acceptance of these benefits had been rendered easy by the professional aspect which the transaction had been made to assume. Fielder realised so much, and felt keen remorse for his attitude towards this too magnanimous friend, before his thoughts had time to revert to the mutilation of the manuscript. In the fresh light which had been thrown on his relations with Bainbridge he now tried to think coherently of that detestable deed, and found it hard to believe himself the author of such madness; harder yet to foresee what might be the consequences. Phipps, his unfailing friend and most influential supporter, was no man to be trifled with. What would he think of it all? What could be said to him?

The passion to upbraid his unwise counsellor, the sheer necessity of speaking to someone in his misery, rather than any defined hope of assistance, now impelled Fielder to see Murray. But Murray was out taking evening classes at the Stamford Institute.

Fielder drove to the Institute in a hansom, and waited feverishly until the interminable classes should be over. At last the lecturer was disengaged, and as soon as the two men had the class-room to themselves, the tale of their misjudgment and folly, and the disastrous results which threatened to ensue, were impetuously recounted by Fielder.

Murray's penitence disarmed abuse.

“I say, old man! It *was* an idiotic trick, and you've only got yourself to blame for listening to anything that a goat like me says. The thing is, now, what can we do before it is too late?”

“I can't see that there's anything to be done,” said Fielder, dismally. “Bainbridge wrote to Phipps before he wrote to me, and by this time, for a certainty, that cursed paper has been sent off. Phipps will get it before I can move.”

The discussion which followed was free from acrimoniousness, to which Fielder had looked forward as almost a relief. It was finally decided that Professor Phipps should be written to, and asked to return the paper for further revision before looking through it; it was too late to write to Bainbridge; to write to both was inadvisable, and likely to create remark. Fielder was not a conspirator by nature, and the canvassing of these various moves depressed him utterly; moreover the Professor was now in the country, and his address, even if known at the College, could not be obtained till the next day.

Altogether the prospect of saving the situation seemed wretchedly remote, and all that night Fielder lay awake, cursing his folly, and assuring himself that his scientific career was irretrievably ruined. With the morning's post came a letter from Professor Phipps, which was torn open in something like despair. The contents brought unspeakable relief to Fielder's mind.

“My dear Fielder, Mr. Bainbridge wishes to send me your hydrodynamical paper to look over. I have written to tell him that I shall be greatly interested to see it, but that it must wait until I am back at the College, in about a fortnight's time, as I am too lazy to read anything on a holiday. Accordingly, I have asked Mr. Bainbridge to send the MS. to you instead of to me; and if you can call with it some afternoon, and run through it with me, that will be of assistance to me and will save my time.—Yours sincerely,

“W. J. PHIPPS.”

Before starting once more in pursuit of Murray, Fielder sat down to write to Bainbridge. He wondered whether any man had ever felt so much like a worm.

An Unredeemed Pledge

By Sybil Reid

“JULIA?” said a young voice. “Oh, ‘Julia’ is a swell. Do you know he played for Oxford?”

Under the shade of the budding limes one small boy listened open-mouthed. The others, removed from him by a generation of a year or more, were sympathetic, knowing, interested; but Dick Pemberton, aloof, shy and spell-bound, hugged his first “real” bat and listened open-mouthed.

“D’arcy’s” was playing “Home’s”—deadly rivals on match days, and condescending friends all the rest of the year—and Dick Pemberton—eleven last February—waited for the ninth wicket to fall, sitting among his superiors with a kindling eye on “Julia.”

“Julia” was Mr. Farnshaw, under-master at D’arcy’s—lean—starveling, spectacled, at this moment standing umpire, with no halo-mark of greatness upon him.

But Upjohn knew, and Upjohn was head of the school, and hovering on the brink of Eton. He had looked him up in a “Wisden” in some library at home.

Mr. Farnshaw had played for Oxford, had scored 56 and saved a situation by tact and “long handle,” and had gone down in glory like a red sun heralding a finer future which never dawned. There were other “Wisdens,” other Oxford and Cambridge matches, but no Farnshaw on the roll of fame again, only a shy, shock-headed young master at D’arcy’s who managed his riotous form with tact, and coached them at the nets relentlessly.

It had taken some time to connect the hero of six years ago with this unassuming man, who, to the eyes of twelve, looked forty at least.

There was no shadow of difference between him and Hockley, the other master, except that Hockley looked the stouter fellow and sported many unregistered colours a day.

The match ended prematurely, and Dick Pemberton carried out his “real” bat for 1 and gravitated towards Mr. Farnshaw with the unerring drift of hero-worship.

“Not so bad, Pemberton,” said Mr. Farnshaw, sitting down under the trees, and taking off his black straw hat. (He was going into the Church and dressed accordingly.)

“Not so bad. Left shoulder a bit more forward, and keep cool.”

“Sir—sir!” said Dick with a stammer. “You played for Oxford, didn’t you?”

Julius Farnshaw looked at him with a queer, shy smile.

“Oh yes,” he said.

That was the beginning; only the clanging school-bell eventually broke the thread—unravelled painfully from memory’s loom—of that marvellous tale.

Later on a shamefaced “Julia” consented to show Dick (Dick, gasping and swallowing rather quickly) a dark blue cap, almost new, which was unearthed from the back of a drawer.

It was not till the end of the term, when D’arcy’s beat Home’s by two wickets, and Dick was not out 17 (left shoulder well forward, and very cool), that the crown came to it all.

A shy “Julia,” blushing to the tip of a long pointed nose, offered a scarred and knowing-looking bat to his astonished pupil.

“I’d have liked to have given you a new one,” he said, and Dick understood the pause that followed, because he was.

a gentleman, although a very young one.

"This is a 'Gunn and Moore,'" said "Julia." "It drives pretty fairly—into the Pavillion seats," he added with a rush.

"Will you take it for keeping your end up? You know I'm leaving this term, and I mayn't see you again. Mind you keep your end up, Pemberton."

(This was the man who would soon be preaching sermons.) Dick understood.

"Oh, sir," he said, flushing pink above his Eton collar, "I—I—don't like to take your bat. It's a swagger one, and the one you played with at Lord's!"

"Look here," said "Julia" with a twinkling eye. "Just you keep it till you're a far bigger swell than I, then I'll ask for it back—see?"

Ten years later Julius Farnshaw, a little leaner, a little shockier of head, a little more starved, quitted the bus which had brought him from his sun-scorched slum, and went in at the gate at Lord's for the first time since a long ago Varsity match.

He sighed as he paid his sixpence, and stifled regrets for the shady pavilion.

The match was a big county one, and the biggest man in it was young Lord Greenhithe, fresh from university triumphs, and now going in first wicket down and deserving the honour.

Twenty-one, tall and fair, and lord of many Midland acres; and Julius Farnshaw, fifteen years his senior, curate in an obscure slum, felt a thrill of honest, whole-souled admiration for this paragon. Beside him on the hard green bench a communicative elderly gentleman exchanged much personal gossip for the sterling value of Julius's technical knowledge.

The old fellow knew every nickname (culled from a morning paper) of every player on the field, but Julius's wisdom was of a finer clay and compelled his unknown friend's respect.

Greenhithe came in, and the crowd roared.

"A fine fellow," said the unknown, tilting a grey felt hat over his eyes. "Remember him a boy at Winchester before

he succeeded to all this flamjandrum, and was known as Dick Pemberton."

The green field—the long line of stands opposite—the flags, the pale-coloured clouds above, all swam out of Julius's ken.

He was back at D'arcy's, and knew in that moment all the changes time had wrought while he was toiling in obscurity.

He rudely took the glasses from the old man's hand, whirled the sight round to his own eccentric range, and stared for five minutes at the newcomer.

He had many opportunities of staring, for the hero stayed in most of the afternoon, and Julius spent his time gazing at the field through borrowed glasses that were rose-coloured.

"I knew him," he said at intervals—"I knew him long ago."

He recollected the bat, and once he smiled as the warm sun scorched his lean neck and the smell of hot tar and tobacco smoke drifted across his senses, exactly as it had done in the buried nineties.

The match went with a roar, and Greenhithe walked out when the others did, and at the railings met a tall, stooping figure in a clerical coat and hat.

"Pemberton," said "Julia," and Dick remembered and tossed his paraphernalia aside and dragged "Julia" down beside him on a bench. They neither of them spoke much—"Julia" from sheer inherent dumbness, and Dick from puzzled calculation and wonderment.

"Did I get my left shoulder forward all right?" he said. "Did you see how your old coaching came out? How you used to pound it into me at the nets at D'arcy's till I almost hated it, and then I took it to Winchester and began to see the meaning of it."

"And what are you doing—keeping your left shoulder forward, eh?"

"I?" said "Julia." "I'm a curate in the East, the unchanging East. What I was going to do, you know. And—oh, I'm all right!"

"Married?" said Dick Pemberton.

"Oh, yes, married, thank God," said Julius.

"Well, I'm going to be," said Dick Pemberton, and they were silent.

They parted at the gate, and Julius was almost smiling at the comic change which had come over the little fair boy who had listened open-mouthed to those great small swells at D'arcy's who had gone their ways and were nebulous by now.

"Pemberton," he said, "I'm going to ask you for that bat back again."

His last sight of Greenhithe was the splendid young figure standing laughing in the gateway, quite oblivious of the gaping crowd that surged round him.

Next day Julius Farnshaw's little household was all agog because a strange, interesting-looking letter had come for Father, and Father would be out till late that night.

It caught his eye when he came in, lying before him on the narrow hall table (with the cover made of grained American cloth, cracked where it folded).

It was dated from an imposing London address in a singularly neat, firm hand.

"Do you care to take a living I have to dispose of?" it began. "It is out Hampstead way—a biggish parish, and wants working; I believe you're the man for it. Come and see me about it if you care to. It's £500 a year, roughly speaking, and a house and lots of poor folk, which I believe is in your line.

"Come and dine at the Junior Carlton tomorrow at eight and we'll have a yarn over it.

"About that bat—I'm hanged if I'll let you have it back! It was given to me on one condition, and never, if I live to be a hundred, shall I be a bigger swell than you were to me at D'arcy's.

"Yours ever,

"GREENTITHE."

Julius laid the letter down on the table and tore the envelope neatly into four pieces.

He looked at the dim gas-lamp that flickered above him; upstairs the little, pale-faced wife, and the paler children were sleeping, or lying awake through the hot night.

He knelt down beside the shiny table with his hand on the letter.

The Suffragist in Canada

By Isabel B. Macdonald

A recent meeting of the Canadian Suffrage Association held in Toronto brought home to us the fact that the women of Canada will not be behind in advancing their claims to the franchise. Nor could anyone attending that meeting retain in his mind a doubt as to the clear, comprehensive view which those women have of the field which they aspire to. And though only one man struck a note of confidence in his approval of the movement one feels that the presence of several gentlemen of political distinction augurs well for the justice and respect

with which a petition for suffrage would be received.

Whatever may be said in opposition to suffrage it has hitherto been regarded only through the blind eye of prejudice and the masculine world is slow to recognize the fact that whether women have or have not a just claim to a voice in the affairs of government it is nevertheless a vital question in the history of humanity and one not to be lightly dealt with.

It is a matter of controversy as to whether the breaking down of certain barriers of restriction hedging women in

from some fields of activity would, in any sense, mean their usurpation of man's sphere. Indeed there is much to be said in favour of the elimination of all such forced distinctions of sex in the sense that it would place men and women entirely upon their individual merits. And while the natural standard will always hold good that the average man has more mental force than the average woman, in the many cases where a man falls beneath that standard and a woman rises above it she shall have the option of taking his place. Thus she may prove to her own satisfaction and to that of masculine judgment that she has the capacity for discharging the duties of a position which a man with less mental poise and moral balance would be unfitted for.

One of the great objections raised to woman's suffrage is that it would endanger the peace of the home by causing friction between husband and wife, should they differ in their political views. At first glance this would seem a question of some weight, but if we probe deeper we will find it to be one of the greatest absurdities. As a matter of fact the domestic barque is rarely, if ever, wrecked on the visible rocks of destruction. It is the small things arising from a super-sensitive ego which, powerful in their ultimate consummation, work havoc in a home. In other words it is the microbes of dissention which undermine the domestic fabric.

Whenever a man's view is introspective there is likely to be disunity with his environment but when he has a perspective vision and is drawn out of himself there is a chance of his mind meeting that of his fellow man—they may clash but at least they will understand each other better. Is it not possible that a political argument, by focusing the minds of two people upon an object outside themselves, might be the very best thing to keep them in touch with each other?

Deny the fact as we may, on the scale of her humanity alone, it is a disadvantage to be a woman. George Eliot, George Sand, John Oliver Hobbs, John Strange Winters and innumerable others

have proved the weightiness of a man's name.

No woman in public or domestic life can ever be so independent but what she has to pass the bar of the masculine world's judgment. Unfortunately it does not estimate her solely upon her human merits as it judges a man, but is naturally beguiled by her feminine attributes with the result that golden hair and the bloom of youth weigh heavily against the substantialities of mind and character. The much talked of chivalry of men thus becomes the greatest injustice that a woman has to contend with. It has made her the victim of circumstances rather than the master of her own destiny, or else she has been compelled to juggle with fate, to attack the world with a purring caress and sneak into the sheltered corners of domestic life. No wonder it became proverbial that women had stealthy, feline characteristics.

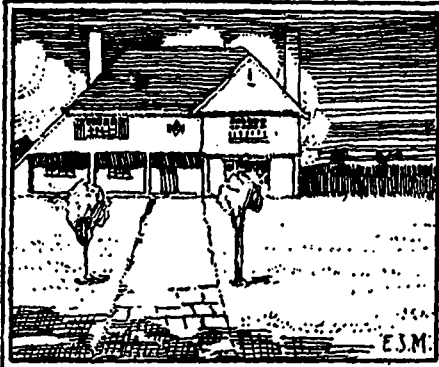
Place an ordinary mild, gentle and insignificant but most worthy little woman of thirty-five or forty in a strange community where she will be entirely unsupported by friends or influence and you will find that she is fighting greater odds than a man in the same position. This is the reason which makes single women so loath to emigrate from the over-populated lands where their reductions in number would be the greatest blessing. We are apt to forget that for every shipload of male emigration which puts out from the shores of the Old World an equal if not greater number of women are left behind to fight the same conditions of taxation and stringent law under which the men succumbed. Many of those women are left to support aged and invalid relatives while the young men make themselves comfortable homes in a new land and forget their obligations in the old.

Perhaps the strongest weapon of argument against suffrage has been the suggestion that with a woman's emancipation, and along with it the opportunity of satisfying her ambition in other lines of life than the domestic there would arise a wilful neglect of the purely feminine sphere. Those who argue thus

are ignorant of the fundamental laws of human history. Married life to a woman has never represented the luxury of ease and immunity from care and trouble. It has always meant more self abnegation on the part of women than men. The woman who voluntarily takes up the burdens and responsibilities of married life has a passive courage born of an innate principle of self-sacrifice quite unintelligible to a man and he should be the last to doubt the soundness and sincerity of that guiding principle in her life. Trust to that hidden law of nature

that the truly feminine woman will always marry while with other channels of expression for her life the self-sufficient, self-contained type will chose a sphere better fitted for her. And the distinction thus drawn between women will not be humanity's loss but its gain.

Let the aim of all ethical advance be the establishment of that equitable human standard, eliminating the distinction of sex in that sphere where it should never have been recognized, the spiritual and mental, and through which alone justice will be meted out to us all.



COUNTRY *and* SUBURBAN HOMES

by

E. Stanley Milton m.i.c.a.

ALMOST everyone realizes the pleasure to be obtained by shutting up the city home and moving out into the country. Real estate agents report an increasing demand for property suitably located, not too far from the city, where summer cottages may be erected at small cost, and the delights of fishing, boating, bathing, swimming, hunting, botanizing and prospecting, to say nothing of a score of other amiable pursuits, may be enjoyed to the full.

The cottage illustrated in this number of *Westward Ho!* is very attractive in appearance—you will see that by a glance at the illustration. It is big enough, too, for everything but a mortgage. The living room is, of course, the most important chamber. We will, therefore, speak of it first. It is quite a spacious apartment. There is room enough for

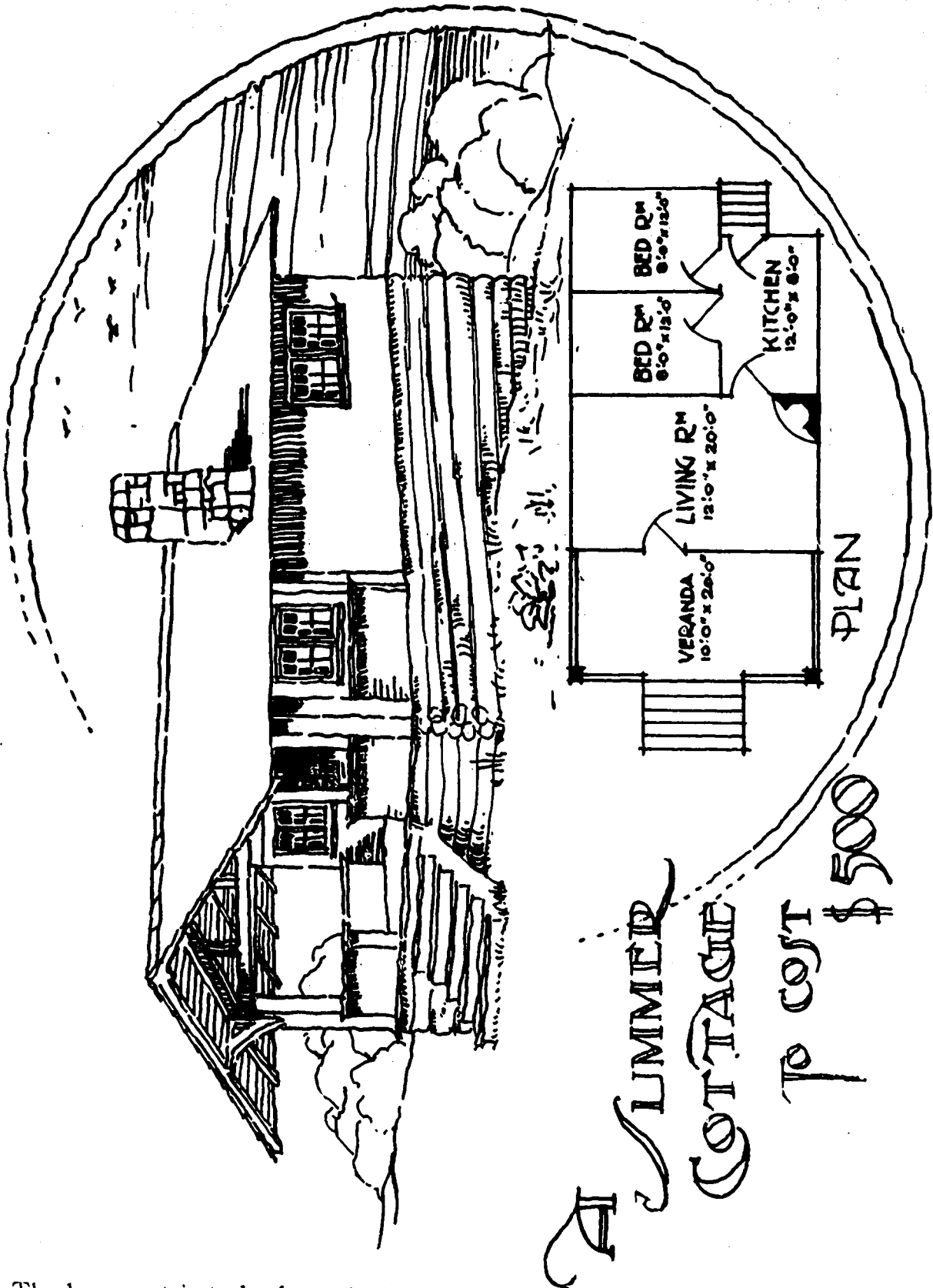
all the necessary furniture, a bookcase or two, for you'll want a plentiful supply of reading matter on rainy days, a half-dozen sturdy, comfortable chairs, a large firm table—that's about all you'll need, for happiness, as I said before, lies in eliminating the non-essentials. A notable feature of this apartment is the fireplace, which may be constructed of pebbles. You will find it a great pleasure to sit here on chilly fall evenings and watch the glowing embers.

There are two bedrooms in the cottage proper. The veranda may be screened off to furnish two more. Sleeping out in the open is growing in popularity. Physicians recommend it as a cure for lung troubles. It induces sound, healthy sleep. If you or any members of your family are delicate in health, try sleeping out of doors.

There is a large kitchen. This is

necessary, for fresh air is a great appetizer, and many a city man who only nibbles at a piece of toast "just can't seem to get enough" when he gets out in the country.

battens to cover joints, with plate rail inside. The roof would be covered with shakes, just rough slabs of wood; this will give it that picturesque appearance. The inside walls can be stained any

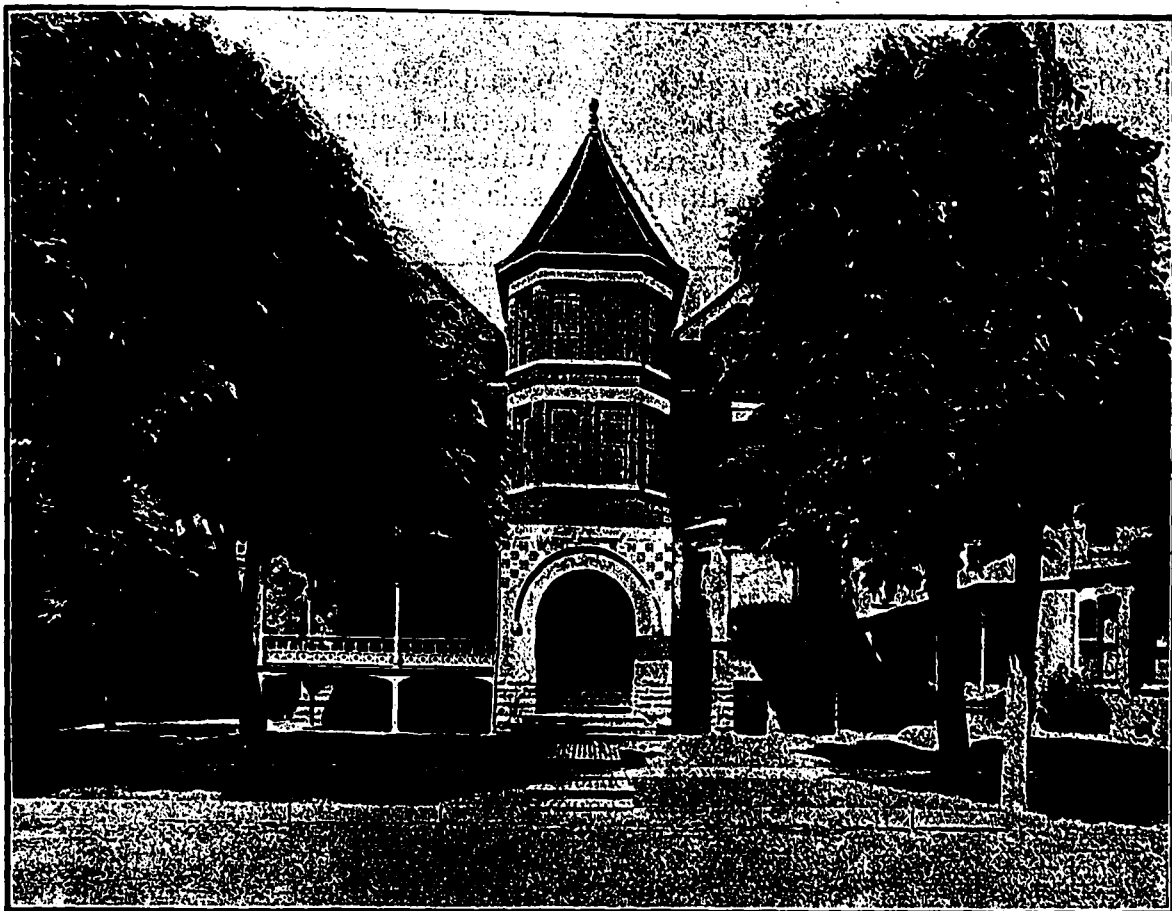


The basement is to be formed of logs. You'll find this place very useful to store provisions and other things.

The walls of this cottage are to be made of 1x12 in. planks with 1x3 in.

colour and ceiling painted a white and beams or rafters stained a brown.

Pick out a homesite now, then make up your mind to build a summer home something like this.



Canada's Music Master

By William Frederick Tasker

YEARS—many—ago, a boy of eight stood before the audience assembled in the Kidderminster Music Hall, and charmed his hearers by the wonderful ability he displayed as a violin soloist. No thought could possibly have entered the minds of the entranced listeners or in that of the youth himself, that he was to be one of the greatest potential factors in the building up of music in this grand Dominion; nevertheless, such the demand of fate decreed. The programme announced the juvenile artist as Master Fred. Torrington; and he is now known throughout Canada as Dr. Frederick Herbert Torrington, a name that will ever be associated in this country with all that is best in the development and encouragement of the divine art; as a teacher, conductor, organiser, and

executant musician. Indeed the history of music in Canada without largely referring to him and his work would be incomplete indeed. In a recent article on Canadian musicians and conductors, a well known Toronto journalist speaks lovingly of him as "the father of them all," and this is a title which he most assuredly deserves.

Dr. Torrington was born in Dudley, England, and at an early age displayed such a fondness for the work which was to become that of his life, that he was entered as an articled pupil under Mr. James Fitzgerald, organist of St. George's and St. Mary's churches at Kidderminster. After a thorough course of training in all the branches, including not only composition and executive work, but also the training of instrumental and vocal performers, he was ap-

pointed to come out to Montreal to act as organist and choirmaster of the great St. James Street Methodist Church in 1856, which position he held with much

period he conducted the Montreal Orchestral Union, and when the Prince of Wales—our present King—visited Canada, the Musical Festival produced in



FREDERICK HERBERT TORRINGTON, MUS. DOC.

success for twelve years. During that time he frequently appeared as a solo violinist, and for three years he also had charge of the 25th Regiment (King's Own Borderers) band. During this

honour of that occasion was directed by the Doctor. When the first peace jubilee performances were being arranged to be given in Boston, the late Patrick S. Gilmore requested Mr. Torrington to or-

ganize the Canadian contingent which was to take part in that gigantic series of concerts and the work done by those selected at once showed Mr. Gilmore that he had met (in the personage of their leader) a musician of more than ordinary attainments and in order to keep him in the United States offered him the position of organist of King's Chapel, Boston, which he accepted and transferred his valuable services to that city. Still keeping up his untiring work, he organized and conducted musical societies at the Boston Highlands, West Newton, Auburndale, and at Plymouth, Mass., and also conducted the mass rehearsals for the second jubilee concerts; and the same time filled in the spare (?) moments by playing first violin in the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, giving organ recitals at various places, including several at the Plymouth Church (Henry Ward Beecher's), Brooklyn, N.Y., occupying a first violin desk at the Handel and Haydn Society's concerts and giving organ recitals on the great organ in the Boston Music Hall. Here as in Montreal, he left abundant evidence of his good work.

In 1873 Mr. Torrington was induced to accept a very flattering offer to exploit his wonderful activities in Toronto, the foundation of which was to be the position of organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan Methodist Church.

Previous to the year 1873 music in Toronto was clearly in a state of quiescence. True, a number of well equipped musicians, both professional and amateur, were to be found and some good efforts had been put forth intermittently to further the cause. Nothing of real note had been accomplished. The fire was smouldering, the requisites were all here, simply awaiting the flaming torch to kindle the blaze; the hand of the master-builder to gather together the scattered materials and produce the true form and finish of a perfect structure. In the advent of Mr. Torrington was found the forceful personality that was destined to lay the foundation for the future greatness of Toronto and Canada. He at once brought to bear his forcefulness as an organizer, his capability

as a musician and his virile character on the diffused units. Through his energy, the Philharmonic Society was re-organized, and under his direction produced in rapid succession such massive works as "Messiah," "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise," "Creation," etc., and at the present time the Toronto Festival Chorus and the West Toronto Chorus with the assistance of the Toronto Orchestra are, under his control, presenting similar works.

In 1886 the first Toronto Musical Festival was organized by Dr. Torrington, and the series of concerts, given by an enormous body of singers and a professional orchestra in the Mutual Street Rink, the then largest auditorium in the city, drew audiences at each performance that crowded the building to its utmost capacity, and proved to be not only an artistic but a financial success. In 1887, in honour of the late Queen Victoria's jubilee of succession to the throne, he also gave a special performance and in 1901 at the reception of the present Prince of Wales he conducted by command the gala musical performances with enlarged orchestra and chorus.

For the opening of the Massey Music Hall in 1894, by request of the late Mr. Hart A. Massey—the donor of the building—Dr. Torrington conducted the immortal Handel's "Messiah" as an appropriate inauguration. In 1907 he resigned from the position of organist of the Metropolitan Church and decided to devote his whole time to the interests of the Toronto College of Music, but being offered a similar engagement by the trustees of the High Park Methodist Church at West Toronto, he, after due consideration, accepted the proposal and is now occupying the organist's stool and controlling one of the foremost choirs of Toronto.

The University of Toronto bestowed the degree of Mus. Doc. in recognition of his prolonged and valuable services in the cause of the upbuilding of music in Canada.

Such is a brief outline of the great and active career of the veteran musician of Canada; the man who came when the hour said, "We need you,"

and who by his coming has demonstrated to us that the call was not a vain one, but on the contrary; by his deeds, and the results he has produced, compels us to offer to him a tribute of appreciation, which, however it may be lacking in its shortcomings of expression, is at all

titled to rank among the most advanced teaching institutes of its kind in Canada, and in all the more important branches of musical education may be favourably compared with the great schools which have existed for decades in the States and on the Continent. The work done



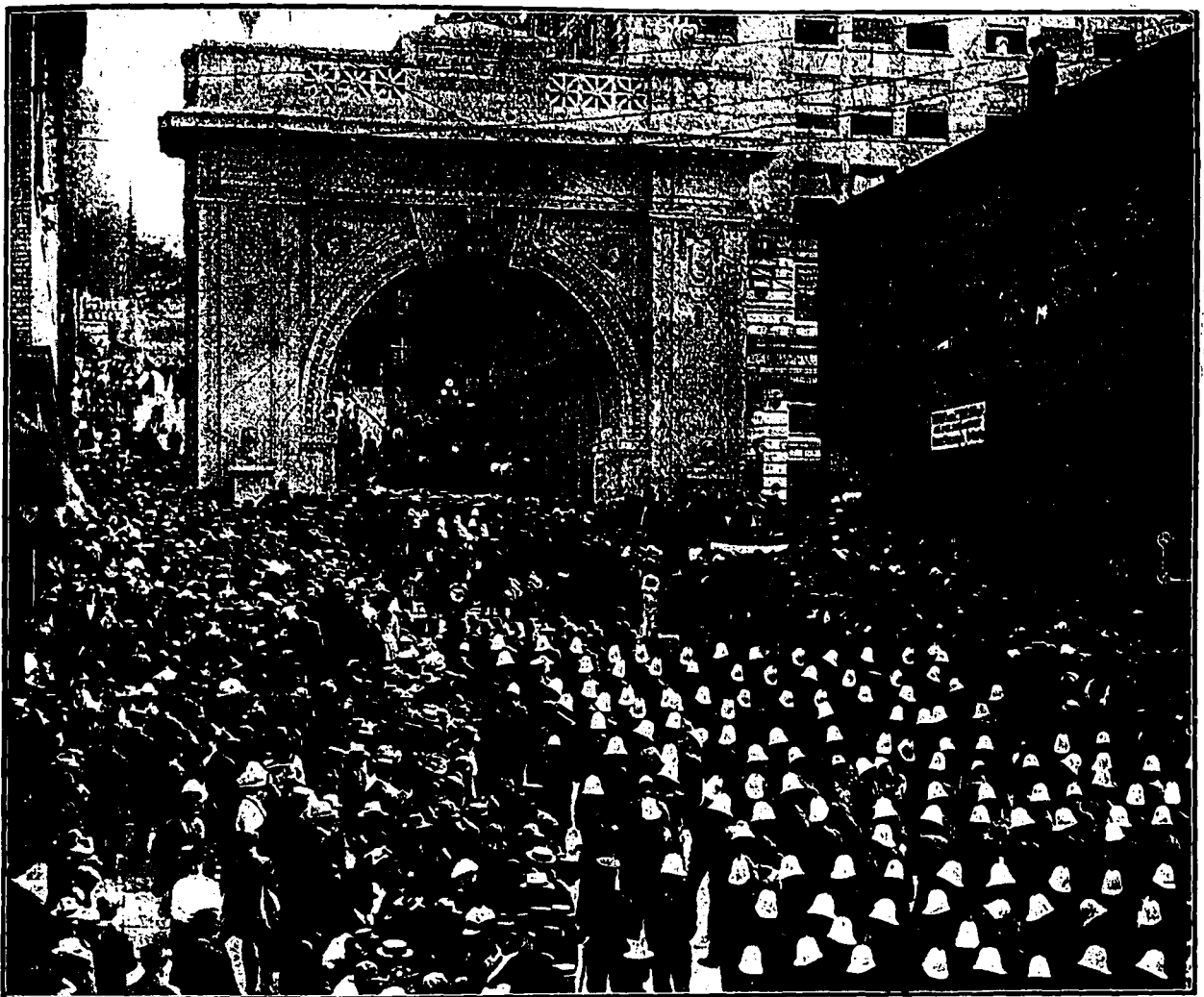
DR. TORRINGTON'S LIBRARY

events, sincere in the very best meaning of the word.

The Toronto College of Music was founded by Dr. Torrington in 1888 and has had a continued and ever-growing attendance. As the number of students increase so has the staff of teachers to be added to. The College is well en-

in promulgating the art, and the love of the art of music, cannot be well over-estimated, and it is only in such institutions that the ambitious student can secure that real musical environment that will equip him with the knowledge of all the branches which are so necessary to the musical life.

Few who know Dr. Torrington, "the father of music in Toronto," can call up his image in anything but a frock coat. To the thousands he has drilled in chorus, choir, and solo work he is nothing if not autocratic. But there is one young lady who will have naught to do with him in either garb or mood so well known to the public. She is his little grandchild, and to her mandate he bows. In New Ontario, where all the two and a half years of her life have been spent, coats that reach the knees are overcoats. Her much loved "G'anpa" must be made comfortable now that she holds sway in the College of Music. No sooner does Dr. Torrington enter the home precincts than he is greeted with: "Tate off you tote, G'anpa; tate off you tote!" Obedient to that one small insistent little lady, the Prince Albert is laid aside, and now callers are continually surprised by being granted audience with the Music Master in a sack coat.



Advertising a City

By Percy F. Godenrath

TO charter an ocean-going steamer, the *Rupert City*, and engage a regiment of citizen soldiery for the purpose of dedicating an Arch in a neighbouring city of a foreign country was the crowning achievement of a series of brilliant publicity schemes carried out by the Vancouver Tourist Association at Seattle during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. No city on this continent has obtained, in the opinion of the writer, so much lasting advertising as the City of Vancouver, Western Canada's metropolis in the making. The citizens of Vancouver, when the proposition of advertising was first mooted by the Tourist Association, came loyally to its support, and within a few weeks

raised twenty thousand odd dollars, as a guarantee fund to carry out the work of exploitation not only of the home city, but the whole of the Province of British Columbia.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition has several weeks more to run, but there is today not a business man in Vancouver who has not been visibly affected on the right side of the ledger by the substantial volume of new business brought to his store, his hotel, his livery stable, or his office as the case may be, and not only has the campaign proved an immediate financial success for the amount invested, but has placed Vancouver in the limelight of publicity to such an extent that for years to come the work of the



How the Seattle Star's Cartoonist sizes up a few Vancouver "Live Wires"

Tourist Association will be felt effectually. Crowded hotels, dozens of sight-seeing tally-hos and big electric carryalls continually packed, and "S.R.O." signs at theatres and places of amusement—all testify to the excellent work that has been achieved by the Associa-

tion for the "Terminal City."

To enumerate the methods by which the Tourist Association attracted these visitors, investors and new permanent citizens on the one hand and heralded world-wide the name "Vancouver" on the other, there was primarily a

liberal use of printer's ink, supplemented by the erection of a magnificent Arch on the corner of Third and Marion Streets in Seattle, bearing the legend "Welcome to the Pacific Northwest, Vancouver, B.C." This Arch was so centrally located in the Exposition City, and of such beautiful lines that it attracted daily the attention of tens of thousands of pedestrians visiting the Exposition, besides being seen by other thousands of visitors from the street cars which passed the Arch at the rate of eighty-four cars to the hour. Immediately adjacent to the Arch, the Van-

ing for four months offering sight-seers inducements to visit the neighbouring British City.

Besides the publication of different pamphlets, folders, guides, the use of bill boards and large panoramic views, every week saw brief sketches on Vancouver in the leading Seattle dailies. The theatre programmes too carried bright talks, and even the Tacoma "sight-seeing" excursion tickets and the announcers were made good use of to advertise Vancouver.

Tourist and information bureaus of the various trunk railways entering Seattle,



"One Hundred Stands of 24-Sheet Posters"

couver Tourist Association has maintained offices for the purpose of supplying literature and giving information to Exposition visitors to induce them to visit Vancouver before returning home.

Embraced in the publicity scheme was the preparation of scores of illustrated articles which were supplied to the press by the Publicity Department of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and printed as "news," and in its various publications, such as the "Fair That Will Be Ready," all containing crisp information on Vancouver.

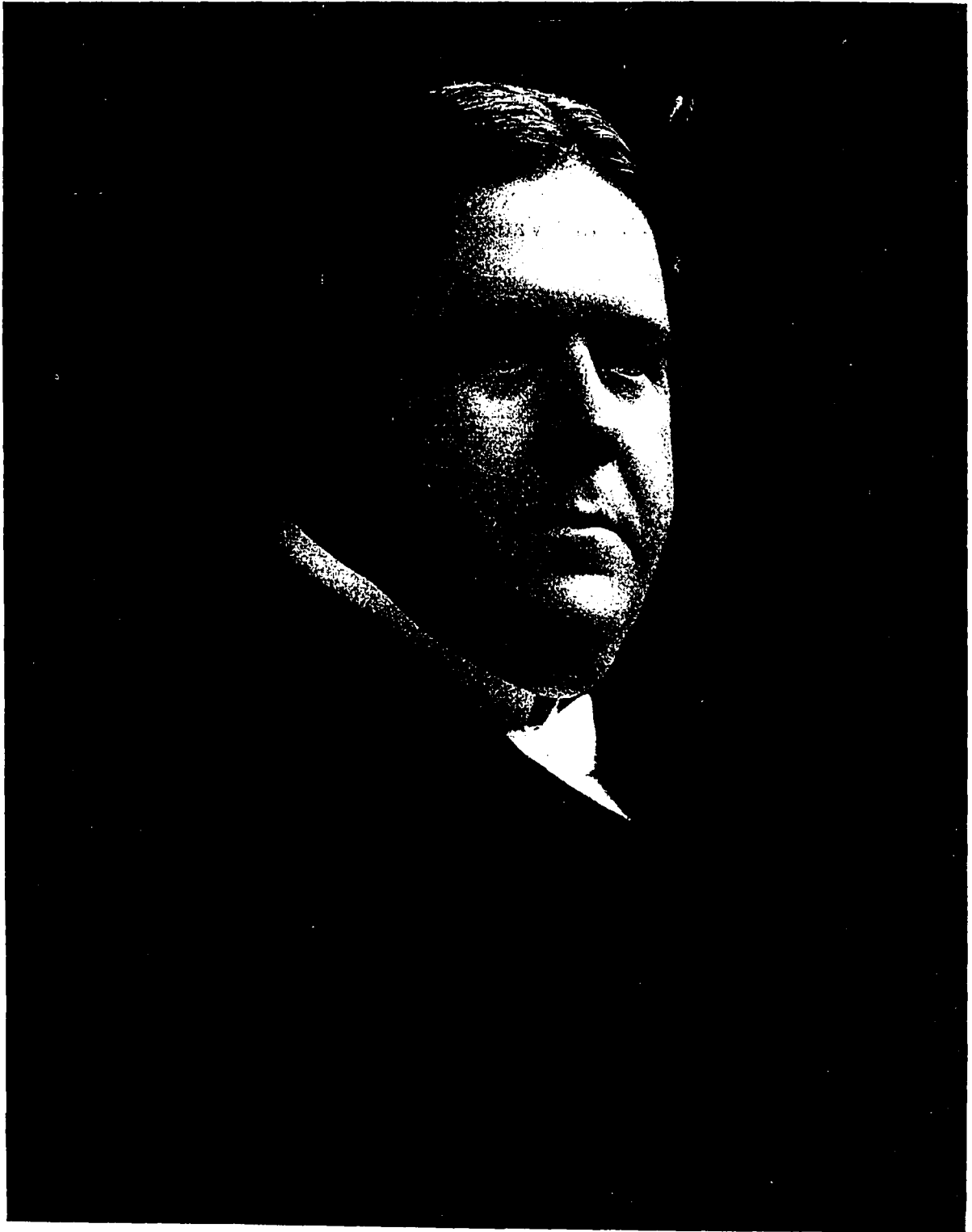
In Seattle, one hundred stands of 24-sheet posters gave a continuous show-

the Canadian, the Vancouver World, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Canadian Pacific Railway buildings at the Exposition grounds all carried printed matter setting forth the opportunities Vancouver has for the tourist, the investor, the manufacturer and the working man.

But the greatest feat of this campaign, which placed it in the sphere of an international effort, was the Dedication of the Arch on August 21st, and its presentation to the City of Seattle, the news of which was not only covered by telegraph in the press of the continent, but was featured in the daily papers in

Seattle with illustrations. Hundreds of thousands of picture post cards of the Arch have been sold by dealers and in addition to the thousands that will be made by amateur photographers, will for many months carry on a quiet but effec-

principal credit is due is Dr. Elliott S. Rowe, the energetic Secretary of the Tourist Association. Dr. Rowe, a few months ago, was practically a novice in the art of exploitation and publicity, but he has what in my opinion is so needful



"Being a big, brainy man."

tive campaign for the benefit and added glory of Vancouver.

The man to whose genius and ability for creating and carrying out so thorough and systematic a campaign the

for the ideal publicity man—a charming personality and splendid platform ability. Being a big, brainy man, it was not long before he mastered the details of the game, and proved by this cam-

paign at Seattle his capacity to originate clever ideas, and his executive ability to carry them to a successful finish. His was the master mind, and to him the City and the Province owe a debt of gratitude that can never truly be paid—for he has made good.

To the loyalty of those enterprising citizens of which the Vancouver Tourist Association is the guiding spirit—the men who furnished the necessary sinews

—every credit is also due, particularly to the President, F. J. Proctor and his active associates, who backed the Doctor in this campaign of exploitation, which has placed Vancouver before the eyes of the people of two continents, and made it the Mecca this season of countless thousands of tourists, who in turn go forth as earnest missionaries to preach the gospel of its intrinsic worth and future greatness.



At the Rainbow's Tip

By Cy Warman

WHEN the twin strands of steel that make the Grand Trunk Pacific shall have been arched across the curving contour of this continent, descriptive writers will find pleasurable employment trying to picture Prince Rupert, the Golden City which is being built at the Rainbow's Tip.

And when it has been painted and pictured and painted again, and the west-bound traveller, watching from the window of the train that has been travelling for the last two hundred miles along the scenic shores of the Skeena River, rounds the shoulder of the last mountain and has flashed before him the Real Thing, he will own to a feeling of disappointment, not with the picture, but with the poor painters.

Then, as the train sweeps on along the shaded shore of the land-locked harbour, his quickened gaze will pick up the wide road to the open sea, the broken, sea-washed, snow-capped ranges and the far green islands that dot the deep.

Two miles further on, still following the shore line, he finds another slight curve: above him the growing city, and below the widening harbour where black whales frolic within a stone's throw of the docks. Here the train slows and stops at the new gateway to the West.

From his hotel the traveller will look out across the harbour—a mile wide and fourteen miles long—over an apparently endless reach of island-studded sea, with many open trails through which sweep the tempering tides whose current cradles the warm Chinook winds which are the



The Start of Prince Rupert—1907

breath and life of this new northern Empire, whose front door, looking West, opens on the back garden of the Orient.

But now and again the charmed eye of the tourist will travel back to the first view and linger upon the soft outlines of the wave-washed islands that hover on the horizon—the silent sentinels of the sea.

While this near view is not so grand or so awe-inspiring as the one which includes high ranges and the far-off wooden isles, it is exceedingly appealing and beautiful. Here the traveller may sojourn for a fortnight, making daily sorties by sail or steam or electric launch, finding strange waters or new scenes almost every day.

Much is made of an Eastern stream whose waters fall either way twice a day; but here, in the chain of lakes, linked by narrow, twisting channels, which form a horseshoe-shaped waterway around Kaien Island, the ocean tides entertain the traveller in a novel way.

When the rising tide collides with Kaien Island it rushes into the harbour, sweeps past the city, surges and sobs through the dock piles, swirls round the island, and enters the narrows that link the lakes, creating a series of rapids

that shame Lachine, and give a very good imitation of the White Horse Rapids on the Yukon.

At the same time, the splitting tide surges into Porpoise Harbour, south of the island, setting the porpoise playing like free wild horses in a hill-girt vale; rushes on into Lake Wainwright, and, when Wainwright is wild, sweeps through another narrow channel, creating a current that would make the Falls of St. Anthony seem tame as the drippings from a rain trough.

Here now, in the open waters of Lake Morse, the tides meet. The clam diggers, hearing the roar of the on-rushing rapids, shuffle back up the sheaving shore. The Indian woman, whose wild heart hurries in anticipation of the coming conflict, watches the quick waves with a curiosity common to her sex. The soaring seagull, catching her off her guard, descends, softly as a falling snowflake, picks a clam from the basket at her back, and, laughing softly to himself over the consummate conceit and astounding stupidity of the human animal, soars away up over the shore trees, drops his clam, whirls and dives after it, arriving just in time to pick up the broken shell and extract the prize.



Prince Rupert—Spring of 1908

Now, like a collision of opposing trains, the tides meet, roar and wrestle, surge and struggle, until the erstwhile quiet bosom of the placid lake is heaving like the surface of a tempest-tossed sea. With increasing fury the fight goes on. Like Wolfe and Montcalm, who met on the Plains of Abraham, they seem so evenly matched that they must either flee or fall together.

In the meantime the ocean tide has turned, and, swirling seaward, tugs at the skirts of the contending forces until, hearing the call of the sea, they turn and race back, each over the same trail by which it reached the little lake in the heart of the hills.

Mother-like, the mother ocean receives them, forgives them, and enfolds them once more in her ample arms.

The old Indian, ruminating over the futility of the fight, bends to her task. The soaring seagull, seeing she is busy, helps himself to another clam, while the tourist drifts back to his hotel on the returning tide.

THE FUTURE.

In picturing Prince Rupert and the resources of the surrounding country, a writer recently declared that within a radius of one hundred miles the forest

will produce timber enough to keep twenty-five modern mills busy for a quarter of a century.

The easy grades from the Prairie Provinces to the Pacific will open a new outlet for the products of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia; the wheat will then flow "East" by the western trail to the Orient, the surplus going via the Panama canal to the European markets.

The mineral possibilities of Northern B. C. are amazing—gold in the Ominica district, silver-lead in the Babine Range, sopper on the Telkwa and coal—100 square miles of it already staked out—on the Bulkley and Morin rivers.

Any mention of the mineral resources of the New Empire to be opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific is incomplete without reference being made to the copper and coal deposits on Queen Charlotte Islands, and the copper, silver and gold found and now being developed on Observatory Inlet and Portland Canal. In addition to these the great placer fields of the Canadian Yukon will find in Prince Rupert the wholesale centre where their supplies will be purchased and to which their gold will be shipped. It may safely be stated that the mineral resources alone of the district of which

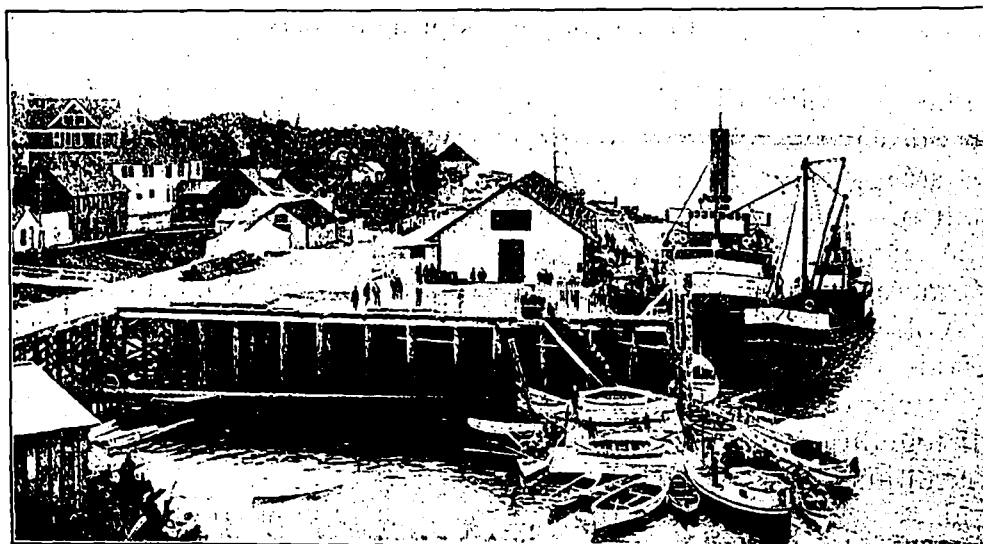
Prince Rupert is the natural centre are enough to make a great city.

Prince Rupert is destined to be the Gloucester of the Pacific Coast, for within a few miles of its beautiful harbour lie the greatest halibut banks of the world.

From these banks millions of pounds of these excellent fish are now taken and carried to Vancouver, B.C., and Seattle, Wash., a distance of six hundred miles, and from there shipped to eastern markets by the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Railways. On the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway this industry, which is now in its infancy, will be one of the greatest in the world and give employment not only to the Railway Company and its employees, but

The canned salmon industry ranks among the leading industries of this section, but in the last few days cold storage plants have been installed with excellent results, and by the time the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is completed refrigerators will hold and refrigerator cars will carry and deliver this, the king of fish foods, to the tables of the people of the United States and Canada, in the East as well as the West, and in fact the markets of the world.

A license has been granted to establish a whaling station within a few miles of Prince Rupert which will be an important industry and feeder to the city, as it has been found that more whales abound and have been taken in the waters of the coast of British Columbia



Along Prince Rupert's Waterfront—1909

to hundreds of fishermen and labourers who will have their homes in Prince Rupert. At the present time a company capitalized for \$400,000.00 is arranging to engage in this industry with headquarters at Prince Rupert.

Twelve miles south of Prince Rupert lies the Skeena River, one of the greatest salmon rivers of the world. The present season the pack is in the vicinity of 200,000 cases, the value of which exceeds one million dollars, which gives employment to at least five thousand people during the canning season. In this industry alone Prince Rupert will have a feeder of vast importance.

during the time the whaling stations have been in operation than in any other waters in the world. In fact, during the winter months whales abound in the waters of Prince Rupert Harbour; these, with all other fish industries, including cod, herring and oolachan, now only in their infancy, are capable of the greatest growth and advancement and will be a great factor, not only in building up this city, but as a source of lucrative employment to the fishermen, merchants, steamboat owners, labourers and others, who will purchase, rent and have their homes in Prince Rupert.



A City of Surprises

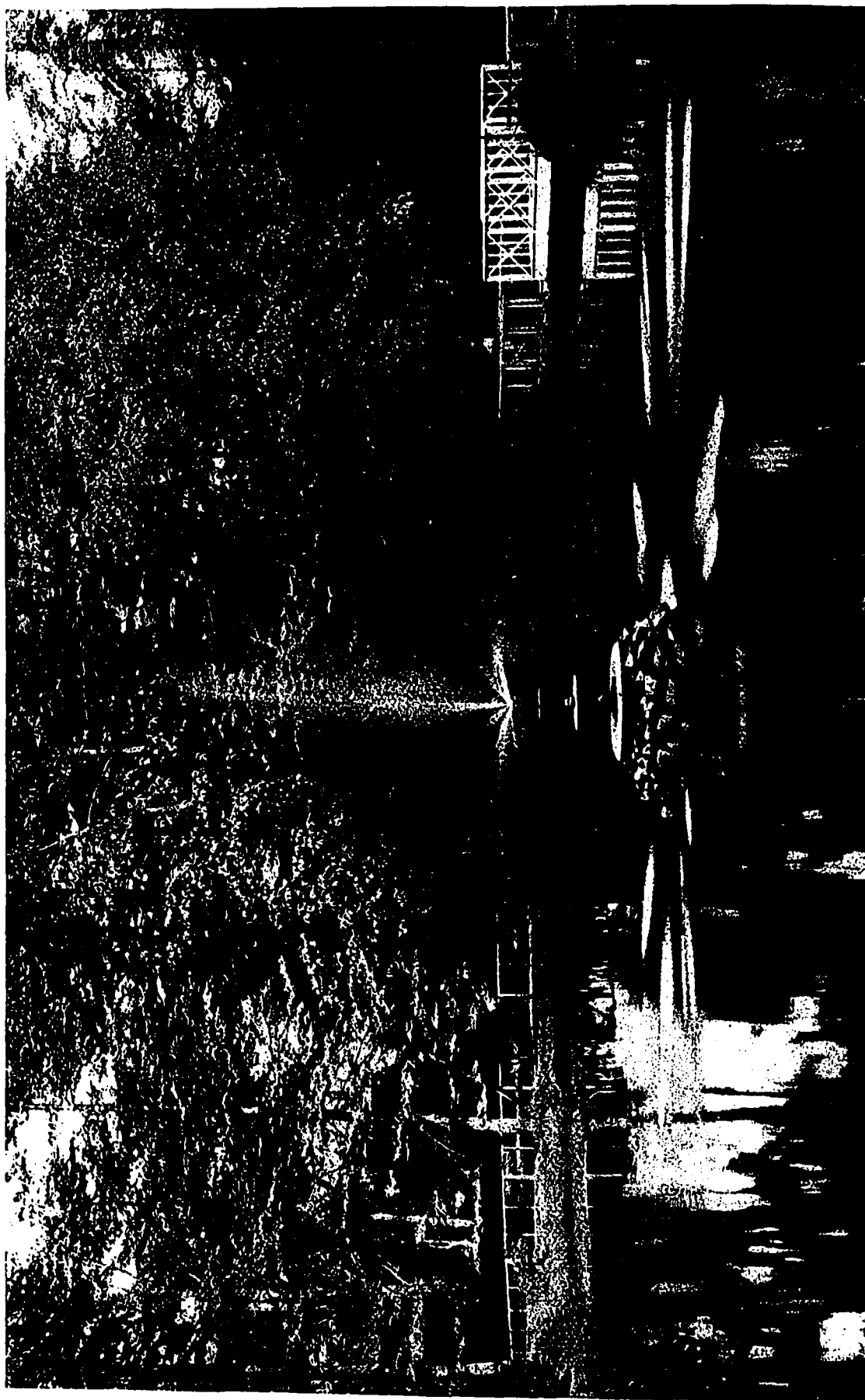
By Ernest McGaffey

VICTORIA, Vancouver Island, is a city of surprises. It has in its surroundings a marvellous beauty of sea, sky, and outlook generally. Its harbor, as entered from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, brings the vessels entering its port quite into the heart of the city. Close to this harbor rises the Parliament Building, and its adjacent buildings, stately in their dignity and architectural splendor. And directly fronting the harbor is the Empress Hotel, one of the finest hostelries in the world, while the Court House and Custom House stand to the left of the harbor. Here at a glance one sees the adjuncts of a Capital City, a city known and famed among travellers and tourists, and a city whose Custom House and Post Office edifices show the commercial importance of a growing metropolis.

A ten minutes' ride from Government street to any one of a number of residence districts, brings one in touch with homes whose beauty is a source of de-

light to the eye and wonder to the mind. Miles on miles of beautiful residences rise, each distinct in its own style of architecture, and each surrounded by spacious grounds, where the art of the landscape gardener, and the taste and culture of the nature-lover have combined to make the surroundings a dream of loveliness.

Some of these homes are land-marks in the city, and every foot of ground has been divided into lawns and flower beds, orchards and shrubberies, hedges and shaded walks, until the effect is one of extreme old-world finish. Other residences may be of more recent origin, and show where the land is gradually being changed from its more pristine condition, into a state of cultivation. These homes are one of the sources of pride to every true Victorian. The city is indeed, one of trees, flowers, hedges, lawns, and shrubberies, for however small the home may be, in even the outlying districts, there is always a reminder



In One of Victoria's Famous Parks.

that a love for the beautiful has been roused in the residents, generally, and that the beautifying of the home is one of the strongest characteristics of the people.

Many of these homes are situated in districts adjacent to the sea-shore, and as remarkable as these suburban districts are for their present beauty, there is a future before them as yet undreamed of, and which will one day make Victoria's suburbs the most exquisite in the world. Wherever the sea comes there follows the romance, the glint of sails, the ebb and flow of the tides, the cries of the wandering sea-fowl, the tang and vigor of salt breezes, the mystery and the magic of the ocean.

In sharp contrast to all this beauty is the commercial side. Manufactories, mills, great warehouses, where merchandising and shipping has been carried on for scores of years,—meet the eye of the visitor, and the shipping and business interests everywhere show the inevitable trend to Victoria of commercial interests. There are a number of ship-yards where many steamers used in the coasting trade have been built, as well as vessels used by the Dominion Government. In the inner harbors the sealing fleets equip for their industry, and the future of ship-building is something which holds incalculable opportunities in its outlook. There is no city in the North-west so favourably located for manufacturing; there is no city in the North-west so favourably located for manufacturing; there is no city in the North-west so certainly destined to be a colossal shipping point for the far East, the Western coast, and, when the Panama Canal is completed, through to Europe in that direction. Victoria, in one sense, is just awakening to a realization of its duties, its possibilities, and its responsibility. It is no longer the tourist city alone; it is no longer to be considered as a city where the sightseer may view the beautiful and the unusual, under skies of brightest sunshine, and a climate unsurpassed, but a city which progress has marked for its own. Already in Victoria and the entire island, this prescience of approaching power has

been felt, and action has been taken to crystalize this feeling into practical concreteness.

British Columbia's capital has entered the Marathon race with the cities of the great North-west. She will neither falter nor fail. Back of her is the Island, with its truly marvellous natural advantages and resources, the mere category of which would take pages: back of her also, is the strong common sense and courage of a people of whom it can be said truly, history has no double to their achievements.

To diverge again, one of the striking features of this western capital is her public parks. Here the wisdom of the citizens has been shown in leaving most of the country in its original beauty. The result is, that you will find nowhere on the continent of North America such a park as the Gorge park, or such an untarnished view of nature's primeval magnificence as the straits and snow-clad mountain-tops of the Olympic Range as seen from the hills in Beacon Hill park. Here the Scotch broom flashes into a golden storm of blossoms in the summer months, and here the green grass follows down to the sea, starred with larkspur, buttercups, daisies, and other flowers. Here all day long the sun shines over bay and inlet, over beach and rocky cliff, while further in shore gigantic firs stretch cloudward in a majesty of their own.

The stores and public buildings of Victoria, the hotels and schools, the places of interest and amusement; theatres, museums, etc., are all in keeping with a growing and beautiful city. The hotels in the residence districts, really sea-side resorts in the true sense of the word, are celebrated for their accommodations in the opportunities afforded for recreation of every kind. In the suburbs are famous golf links at both Oak Bay and Macaulay Point, and golfing can be enjoyed the year round, because of the mildness of the climate. The roads running out in every direction, have added to Victoria's attractions as an ideal residence city, for its citizens, whether taking to motoring or driving, to cycling or pedestrianism, can always depend up-

on the excellence of the highways. Victoria is a city where the visitor can find many places of interest which can be reached, also, by launches and sail boats, by steamer or even by skiffs, and the waters adjacent to it, particularly in the Summer months, are bright with canvas, and busy with the sound of launches and oars that carry the sight-seers through the windings of many a pleasant inlet, and around the islands that dot the immediate shores.

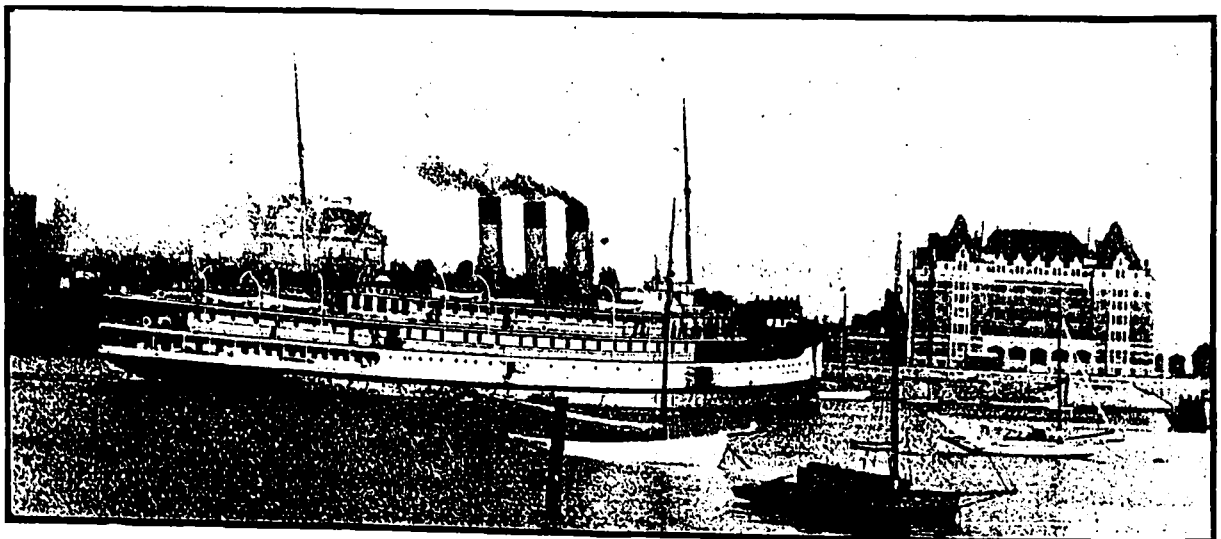
The educational facilities too have gained the commendation of scholars who come as far as from Japan and China, to attend the schools, the high schools, the private colleges and academies of the Capital.

The city will have a number of special attractions this fall, matters of interest not only to the citizens of the Island, and of Canada, but which will undoubtedly attract a great many visitors from the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, and from the United States. A provincial exhibition from September 20 to September 25 inclusive, is expected to give six days of genuine education and amusement, and will have many novel features of interest to offer.

One of the remarkable features concerning Victoria, and one which has made

it a city in a class by itself, is the fact that there is more sunshine during the course of the year than in any other city in the North-west, yet the days are pleasant, and the nights cool.

Taken in all its different accomplishments and possibilities, remembering its pre-eminent advantages, and its surrounding country, rich in resources and promise; taking into consideration the fact that it is the paramount city of the "Last West"; figuring its undoubted importance as a shipping and commercial port; granting, as beyond dispute, its glories of climate, of surroundings, of attractions, which need only to be seen to be admired,—and you have Victoria, the city of surprises. A city for the investor, for the practical business man, for the homeseeker, for the man of energy and determination. A city whose possibilities have as yet been only partially indicated. A city where the hand of progress is already knocking at the door, and where the march forward has begun, not to end until Victoria takes her rightful rank as the queen city of the farthest West, with steel bands joining her Island stronghold to the Mainland, her gates opening wide to welcome the advent of a new and glorious future.



The Pacific War of 1910

By Chas H. Stuart Wade

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTORIA BOMBARDED.

To keep the peace from hour to hour,
'Tis generally conceded,
Our Navy's overwhelming power
In readiness is needed!
And Britain's fleet must ever be,
The Empire's great protection:
Submitting nowhere on the sea
To challenge or correction!

It may be, as our rulers say,
We need not fear invasion:
But Patriots think the wisest way,
Is to prepare against occasion!
So shall British arms across the sea,
Wherever shines the sun:
By Britain's standard, prove that we
In heart and soul are one.

—(*Anon*)

The great naval victory of Beechey Head, culminating in the destruction of the Oiwake by torpedoing, gave the Canadian fleet an opportunity of returning good for evil and nearly a thousand Japanese were saved from the sinking ship. Amongst those rescued was a Swiss of the name of Giroux, who claimed to be a citizen of Vancouver, and that he had been captured whilst crossing from China. On arriving at Victoria he was given his liberty and immediately proceeded to the house of a prominent German merchant named Schenke, where, later in the day arrived also a gentleman who, although bearing little outward appearance of his nationality, was actually Japanese by birth, and head of the Mikado's Intelligence Department in Canada,—Colonel Pekah by name; thus the same trio of spies who were introduced to our readers in the first chapter again meet on Canadian

soil to carry out the plans formulated at their previous meeting.

Giroux, who was ostensibly a commercial traveller, had on this occasion been sent with final instructions to the commanders of the Japanese Army Corps,—or perhaps we may better call it the Secret Expeditionary Force—which for years past had been spreading throughout Canada and the United States where some 70,000 Japanese were established: the instructions being to mobilize without delay and to secretly concentrate on the United States border line; also to capture Calgary, Me-Leod, Lethbridge, and all strategic points thence northward—seizing and holding, or destroying the railway lines and every other means of communication. Colonel Pekah (the spy) was promoted to the rank of Major-General and instructed, at all hazards, to hold the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains pending further orders. He was also informed that Admiral Baron Sakamoto, with Vice-Admirals Ijuin and Yamada had decided to bombard Victoria forthwith and thus strike terror throughout Canada. Pekah thereupon gave Giroux dispatches to be taken to Vancouver and there handed to the Japanese officers; he himself returning east by way of Seattle, whilst the German Schenke was ordered to remain in Victoria and notify the Japanese Admirals as to the disposition of the Canadian forces by means of a secret signal code brought from the flagship by Giroux, who also informed his leader that instructions had been given that the Parliament Buildings should be spared until early morning so that Schenke could be secreted in the dome by a Government employee in the pay of the Japanese: the dispatch also stated an electric launch

would be in readiness at the soap factory to transfer these two men on board the fleet when necessary.

Information having been received by wireless informing the Premier that an "overwhelming armament" was approaching, a council of war met, and it was decided that it would be impossible, with the small force at his disposal, for the British Admiral to successfully oppose this Armada; whilst, if unopposed the Japs might content themselves with occupying Victoria, thus leaving the fleet for further defensive operations in the Straits of Georgia. The military and naval officers being unanimous in this opinion, every vessel was loaded to its utmost capacity with ammunition and military stores, together with all portable guns from the defences at Esquimalt, and ordered to take up position in Haro Strait; meanwhile, the marine engineer force had rapidly extended the submarine-mine network from Beechey Head, to the entrance of Victoria Harbour.

Night was rapidly approaching as the enemy's mighty fleet was sighted from the shore: its van consisted of the battleships Aki (28,000 tons), Okoyama (20,000), Asa (28,000), Mikasa (28,000), Akista (28,000), Tokyo (28,000).

Armoured Cruisers—Ibuki (20,000), Kamashi (18,000), Nara (9,800), Hachinohe (18,000), Kosaka (18,000), Kioto (19,250), Togo (19,250), Yokohama (19,250), Hakone (9,800), Yakumo (14,600), Sendai (14,800), Hako-gate (15,200), Mukojima (14,600).

Admiral Kingston on the Queen (Capt. Fraser) late Otsu; Commodore Bertram on the King Edward VII (Capt. Rogers), formerly Osama; with the captured cruisers bearing the names "British Columbia (Capt. Kidd), Alberta (Capt. Carr), Manitoba (Capt. McKenzie), Ontario (Capt. Chapman), Saskatchewan (Capt. Tait), Quebec (Capt. Gray), Nova Scotia (Capt. Fletcher)," were off Cadboro Bay, prepared to defend the Haro Strait should a flying squadron attempt to force its passage. Captain Stuart on the Revenge, with a fleet of eight cruisers, formed a second line of defence, whilst a third squadron

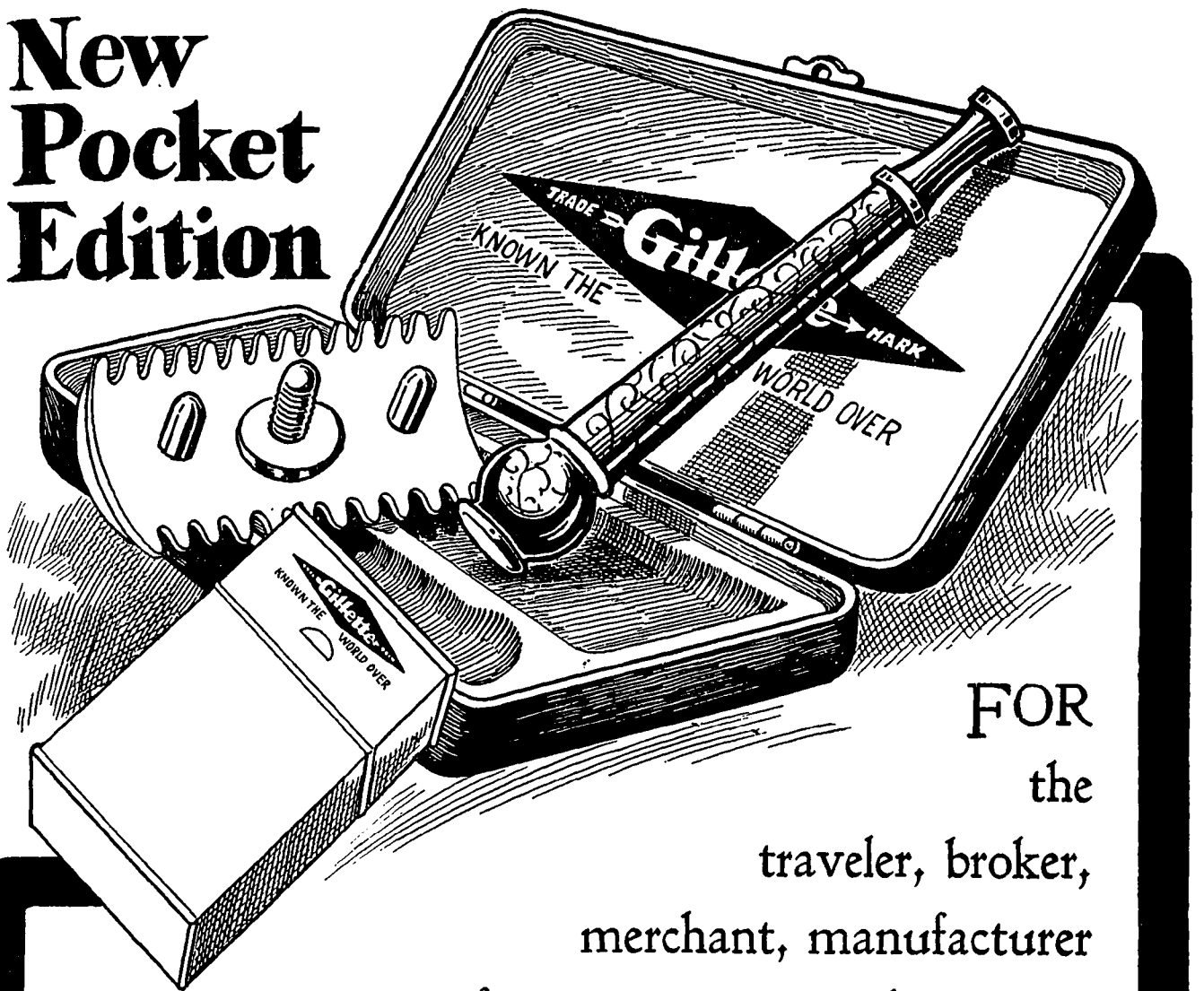
consisting of the damaged Canadian vessels was held in reserve off Shawnigan, under Commodore Standon.

The enemy were fortunate enough (probably forewarned) to escape the mechanical mines until taking up position off Pedder Bay, when Major Brock succeeded in sighting the second class cruiser Kasagi, and subsequently her consort, the Murata, both of which were destroyed by his submarine mines.

The Inner Harbour had previously been obstructed by the sinking of a number of whalers, sealers and similar vessels, as also by mines, booms, and nets taken from the captured cruisers, thus preventing the ingress of submarines or torpedo boats, whilst troops had been posted at all points where a landing was possible; the enemy's scouts discovering Admiral Kingston's cruiser fleet, the six battleships steamed round Gonzales Point, compelling him to retreat immediately. Every man on board was eager to again fight the enemy, but it was clear to the Admiral that to do so would be to sacrifice valuable lives and risk his vessels without ultimate good, for—to quote the words of a provincial Cabinet Minister in 1908—"Today the forts of Esquimalt are falling into disrepair, and are not manned at all. The whole thing has gone by the boards."

Even the most sanguine on board the British vessels knew that Victoria was doomed as the Japanese Armada steamed into position and prepared to attack what was formerly the Gibraltar of the Pacific. The first gun was fired by the Aki battleship at 7.43 p.m. on the 22nd December, and immediately after the batteries of the Tokyo and Mikasa, which had taken up a position at the entrance to Esquimalt Harbour near Macaulay Point, poured a hail of shell from their monster guns upon the green-covered mounds, behind which were concealed the few remaining disappearing guns formerly maintained by the British Government for the protection of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the Western Metropolis of Canada—other vessels attacking the forts on MacNab's and St. George's Islands.

New Pocket Edition



FOR
the
traveler, broker,
merchant, manufacturer
—for every man to whom time

and appearance is money. The New Pocket Edition presents the "Gillette" in such compact form that it can be carried like a card case in the waistcoat pocket or slipped into the side of a traveling bag.

Same size blade as before, same principle—but neater, more workmanlike, the most perfect shaving implement in the world—as compact and as beautifully finished as a piece of jewelry.

The pocket-case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun-metal. Plain polished or richly embossed. Handle and blade box each triple silver plated or 14K gold plated. Prices, \$5 to \$7.50.

Stores handling Gillette Razors and Blades display Gillette Signs in their windows and on their counters.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. of Canada Limited
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

The picture was one of wondrous beauty but beyond adequate description, when on this winter night darkness fell upon the waters so blue, calm and peaceful; far in the distance glacier-covered peaks gleamed white to the south and east in the moon's bright rays, these also lighting up a city of stately homes situated amidst a scene of beauty peculiarly its own. But the silence was rudely broken as the red flashes from the battleships in the offing suddenly transformed the arena into a palpable Hades; for the twin demons of pride and land-lust had impelled the ruler of a semi-barbarous nation to cross thousands of miles of ocean and thus launch his forces upon a defenceless city regardless of the comity of nations!

The peace of the world had been rudely broken, and the Pacific coast (where for years commerce had reigned supreme)), was now transformed into a hell of sulphur, smoke and shell. The lurid smoke and flash from the cannon illuminated every surrounding object, whilst the echoes reverberated on every hand as the hail of death was poured upon the devoted fortress; but the garrison responded with all the energy of a despair which,—non-effective as it was, upon the battleships—succeeded in sinking the three cruisers, Kamashi, Hachinoko and Kioto. Meanwhile the battleships Asa, Okoyama, and Akista, off Gonzales Point, and the Kosaka and Togo off Hope Bay, commenced the bombardment of Victoria.

The first shell burst in the grounds of Dunsmuir Castle, and having thus established their range that magnificent pile of buildings with its turrets, balconies, and richly ornate architectural proportions, became within the short space of fifteen minutes, a blazing mass of ruins. The chief thoroughfare of the city—Government Street—had likewise been completely destroyed, and was only a heap of wrecked buildings, broken telephone wires, and shattered pavements with yawning holes gaping at every step. The Postoffice was burning furiously, whilst the beautiful million-dollar Empress Hotel erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company (one of the finest on

the continent) had become a mere undistinguishable pile of marble, brick and stone. It soon became evident that the Japanese knew, practically to a foot, the situation of every important building, for the Court House was next attacked and destroyed, whilst shortly after the Exhibition Buildings succumbed.

A systematic bombardment of the shipyards and sawmills followed, until every one of them was enveloped by flames which served to illuminate the country for miles around. The beautiful Gorge next received attention, and even churches were not spared, for the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and Metropolitan Methodist Church were the next to suffer at the hands of the enemy. The Carnegie Library and Dominion Hotel were swept out of existence almost at the same instant, after which a concentrated fire was maintained upon the City Hall and the Chinese quarter.

The zone of attack was next directed against the stately homes overlooking Oak Bay, and avenue after avenue was demolished without mercy. The hotels Dallas and King Edward were shelled almost simultaneously later on, strangely enough the neighbourhood of James Bay had escaped the earlier bombardment. A few minutes after midnight, when the conflagration was at its highest, a small electric launch was seen to leave the vicinity of the landing stage heading for the nearest of the Mikado's vessels, and immediately after the Japanese batteries ceased firing.

(Note.—It was subsequently ascertained that this boat conveyed two foreign residents of Victoria on board the Kumoro and that they were paid spies who had been directing the fire from the Parliament Buildings.)

It appeared to the long-suffering Canadian force as though the enemy, satisfied with the destruction already wrought, intended to leave the architectural beauties of the Parliament Buildings and the three museums within its precincts intact, but little did they know the ruthless character of the foe.

For nearly seven hours the bombardment had been furiously maintained upon the city, and for miles in every direction



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roads and streets were piled with debris, while corpses lay, both scattered and in heaps, on every hand; but grateful to heaven the soldiers thanked God no woman or child had perished although they themselves had been punished most terribly, notwithstanding that every possible shelter had been made the most of.

Early on the 23rd the soldiers were supplied with food and water, but scarcely had they commenced to eat than the storm of shot and shell burst forth again with greater fury; and so searching was the fire that it speedily became evident that the Japanese Admirals were fully acquainted with the situation of every regiment or section, as also the general's scheme of defence.

Sunrise was reflected on the distant glaciers of Mount Baker when, without warning of any kind a hail of shell, to which all former efforts appeared weak and insignificant, struck the dome of the Parliament Buildings; this was followed by a tornado which razed the stately and beautiful fabric to the ground, even mili-

tary discipline failing to restrain the bitter disappointment of the troops.

Not even this destruction satisfied these modern vandals, for shell and shot rained unceasingly during the whole of the morning although the burning building flared upwards as though a volcano had suddenly burst forth; even the insensate stone embankment served as a vent for the pent up fury of these Oriental barbarians whose gun fire was so unerring that they showed themselves able to throw their missiles with such precision as to pound the granite blocks into powder foot by foot at their pleasure.

Lord Macdonald, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the head-quarter staff, watching the bombardment in stern silence from a centrally situated point between Gordon Head and Esquimalt, near the Victoria & Sidney railway, came to the conclusion about midnight that, although a landing by the Japs might be delayed it would be at the cost of hundreds of lives, which might be more effectively employed in opposing the en-

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emy on the second line of defence already carefully organized, and prepared for at Cobble Hill, Shawnigan, and Sidney.

The original plan of garrisoning every building and opposing a landing was therefore discarded, and at one o'clock in the morning instructions were sent to the forts and arsenal at Esquimalt, to prepare for evacuation and thorough destruction of those positions at a given signal: only such skilled marksmen being retained as would ensure the guns being utilized effectively and rapidly whilst the remainder of the men were quietly withdrawn, entrained, and sent to take up positions assigned them by Gen. Woolmer Williams and his staff at Shawnigan.

The troops lining the coast received orders at 12.30 and commenced to silently withdraw from their appointed positions by half companies, the first leaving immediately, and the second detachment at 1.30 a.m. for transportation

to Sidney via the V. & S. line. Shortly before 3 a.m. orders were received at the fortifications to entrain the majority of the gunners, and whatever cannon and other war materials it might be found possible to remove, returning the enemy's fire until it became clear that a landing was meditated when every gun was to be spiked, every battery blown up with explosives, and all other works, stores, and ammunition effectually destroyed: the small garrison left to effect its destruction retreating as rapidly as possible to Goldstream by means of the Boys' Brigade Automobile Transportation Service, there to await orders. Major-General Frewin, Commandant, was instructed to maintain some defence (unless specially ordered otherwise by Aceto-oxy light) until it was certain that Japanese troops were being embarked for the shore, when he was empowered to act at his own discretion, avoiding however all risk of allowing the enemy to capture men, munitions, or fortifications intact.

At sunrise Corporal Garraway of the Boys' Cyclist Brigade, brought a despatch to Lord Macdonald from Esquimalt, stating that the commanding officer had completed all his preparations and only awaited the order to destroy his position. Even as the boy handed this message to the General, the final act was commenced by the destruction of the Government Buildings—presumably the precursor of an attack in force, and he was speedily sent with an authority to evacuate and destroy the fortifications without further orders. At 8.50 the cruisers in the harbour entrance had embarked a landing force estimated at over 6,000 men; the cannonading had almost ceased, and the transport flotilla was rapidly approaching the shore when the batteries sent forth their last message which destroyed scores of boats and hundreds of Japanese soldiers.

The last gun had been fired in defence of the Capital of British Columbia, and at 9.05 a.m. on the 23rd December what had been the Gibraltar of the Pacific ceased to exist; for battery after battery was blown into space, with a roar that was heard for a hundred miles, as the great magazines, beiching forth smoke and flame, scattered the debris far and wide.

Not until every man of the fighting force had entrained did Lord Macdonald, the Premier, and Lieut.-Governor leave that scene of desolation escorted by a small body of men attached to the Intelligence Corps, under command of Major Britan, who was ordered to keep

in communication with the troops forming the second line of defence at Shawnigan and Cobble Hill. Lieut.-Cols. Duncan, Shields and Todd were entrenching the advanced lines, and these lie was to supply with information as to the enemy's movements; retiring himself before the Japanese advance, by means of the light engine and armoured car left at his disposal which had been supplied with all necessaries for the destruction of bridges, culverts, and the railway line itself, at points already mined by the Engineer Service Corps.

The private yacht "Dolphin," conveying provincial documents, records, and state papers; and having on board the Hon. Miss Hilliard and Miss Beatrice Everitt, who, it will be remembered, had been captured by the Japanese Navy and recaptured by the "Empress of India," and to whom the country was indebted for all that was known of the Japanese plans,—had been ordered to await the arrival of the Headquarters Staff at Sidney, where Major-General Woolmer Williams (chief of staff) had organized a second defensive position.

On the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief at that point, a council was held on board the yacht, when the gallant Major-General was evidently attracted by the stately woman, whom, some years previously, he had known as a girl of little personal attraction shortly after her becoming a student at Girton College; a strange meeting, which was destined to affect the whole current of their lives.

(To be continued)

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Her Strange Infatuation

By Frank H. Sweet

“**E**NGAGED to Walter Crosby? My dear, I always thought she detested him.”

“So did I. So did everybody,” said Mrs. Arlington, very dejectedly.

“And I thought—well, I thought—Leslie Scarborough, you know——”

“So did I. So did everybody,” repeated Mrs. Arlington, still more dejectedly.

“And I thought you perfectly hated him?”

“So I do, Lady Mary.”

“Then, my dear, good woman, why don’t you put a stop to it?” I asked, “Why not exert a mother’s authority?”

“There’s no such thing now-a-days,” sighed Mrs. Arlington. “And Phyllis is twenty-three and has thirty thousand pounds of her own.”

“And Walter Crosby has not as many shillings,” I added. “What can Phyllis see in him? He is such an ugly little man, and quite twenty years her senior. She can’t love him.”

“She is simply infatuated with him,” wailed the disconsolate mother. “Oh, do try what you can do with her. You have such a way with girls. She’ll be in presently, and I’ll leave you alone with her. You may convince her she’s making a great mistake. She won’t listen to me.”

I am very fond of girls in general, but Phyllis Arlington was never a great favourite with me. She is a pretty girl, with dark, soulful eyes, a wistful mouth and sweet manners, but she somehow irritates me. She has not the faintest sense of humour, and is altogether too immense and highly-strung to be in touch with me. However, I promised her mother to do what I could, and I kept my promise loyally, though I cannot say

I did much good. Phyllis seemed more dreamy than ever, and her large eyes had a strange, far-away look in them as she assured me her whole heart was in her engagement to Walter Crosby, and nothing would induce her to break it off. So I could only tell Mrs. Arlington that Phyllis was quite infatuated, and there seemed no way out of it.

Leslie Scarborough was one of my favorites, and when he called next day to claim my sympathy, I had an abundant stock ready.

“If she was only marrying a decent chap I could bear it better,” he mourned, “but Crosby is such a bounder, you know, Lady Mary, and—and altogether the last fellow on earth I could have imagined her choosing.”

“Yes, indeed. She admires tall men,” I said, glancing affectionately at the six feet two of the young and comely manhood opposite me, “and dark men, and men of muscle and manly tastes, and this man is little, fair and effeminate. His one good point is his eyes. He has fine eyes.”

Leslie muttered something regarding his rival’s eyes, of which I only caught one word.

“Black? No, Leslie, they are gray: not very large, but well shaped, and very piercing. When did he and Phyllis get so friendly? I didn’t think they ever saw much of each other.”

“They were thrown very much together in those confounded private theatricals at Lady Thornicroft’s, don’t you know?” said Leslie, gloomily. “Crosby stage-managed, and there were living pictures, and thought-reading, and—oh, all sorts of tommy-rot. Crosby is clever at that sort of thing, and gave a show of his own—hypnotizing people into making

fools of themselves. Phyllis is peculiarly susceptible, it seems, and he made her do just as he liked."

"I wonder"—it was the idlest remark possible, for I was not thinking in the least what I was saying—"I wonder if he hypnotized her into loving him?"

Leslie struck the table a violent blow with his first. It was a small table with a cup of tea on it, and the blow upset the cup and spilt my tea, but Leslie did not apologize.

"Lady Mary, you've hit it," he exclaimed, oblivious of facts. "Crosby has hypnotized that poor darling into loving him, and he'll hypnotize her into marrying him."

"Nonsense! The thing isn't possible."

"But it is. I've seen him do queerer things than that. And look here, Lady Mary, I'll tell you something that wild horses wouldn't have got out of me but for what you said. Phyllis"—he paused, and coloured hotly, then went on with a palpable effort. "I feel such a cad to tell it, but you'll understand. Phyllis had all but accepted me before those theatricals took place. We had no quarrel, not the slightest shadow of one, and all at once she cut me dead, and I couldn't get any explanation. At first I thought some one had told lies about me, and when I heard of her engagement to Crosby I thought I knew who had done it. But now, I believe he has just hypnotized her into loving him and hating me."

"I don't know anything about hypnotism," I said, "but won't the effect wear off in time?"

"I think the fellow who hypnotizes you has to undo it somehow or other—makes passes the other way round," explained Leslie, not very lucidly. "No one else can do it."

"And, of course, he won't release Phyllis and we can't make him."

Leslie proposed a simple and direct method of inducing Crosby to reverse the passes, but I did not think it practicable.

"Assault and battery would not only complicate matters," I observed. "I dine with the Arlington's tonight, and Mr. Crosby will be there. I will study the couple closely, and if you drop in

tomorrow afternoon I will tell you if the hypnotism theory looks feasible."

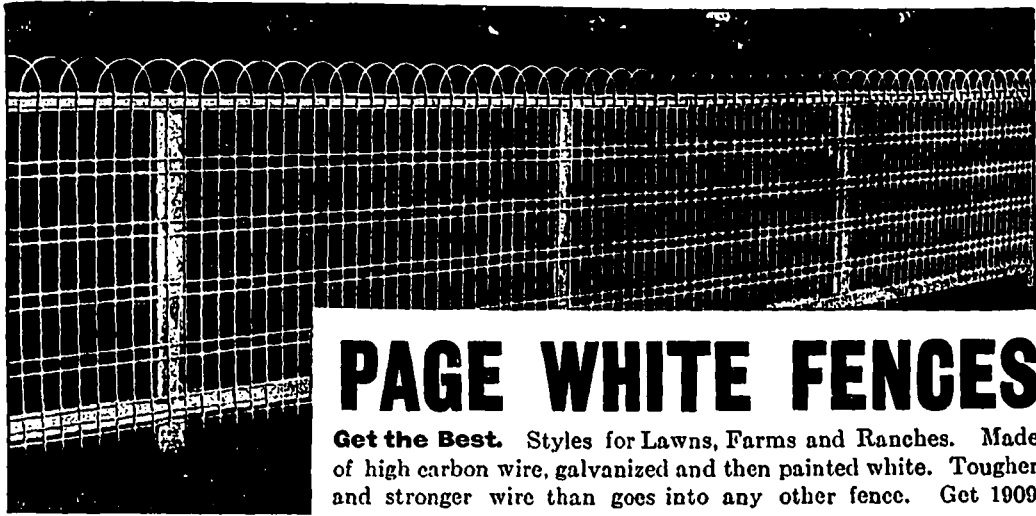
There certainly was something odd about Phyllis that evening. She was more dreamy and abstracted than ever, and seemed very much in love with her little fiance. But her eyes followed him about in a curious way, and she echoed his opinions almost parrot-wise. I always thought Walter Crosby odious—and I have excellent reason to believe he held the same opinion of me—but as the betrothed of this lovely girl he seemed more odious than ever. He assumed the airs of a proprietor; ordered her to sing this, or not to play that, and she complied so slavishly as to make me think the hypnotism theory had some show of reason in it. But even supposing it to be correct, I did not see what could be done, and so I told Leslie when he came the next day for my report.

Leslie is a dear boy, and everybody likes him, but his best friends could not call him brilliant: therefore, I must regard his next idea as a direct inspiration from the god of love.

"Lady Mary," he began abruptly, after a long and gloomy silence, "Crosby is chronically hard up. If we could get him to believe that Phyllis had lost her money, he might not want to marry her, and might—might un hypnotize her. What do you think?"

I was decidedly struck with the idea, and proposed taking Mrs. Arlington into our confidence. A short note brought her over to my house in breathless haste and a hansom, ready to clutch at any plan to save her from her impending son-in-law, and she caught at Leslie's idea as the proverbial drowning man at a straw. Our plot, rather a lame and not a very original one, was elaborated. A letter was to be written, purporting to come from the family lawyer—Leslie airily undertook the forgery—and the loss of her fortune was to be broken to Phyllis and afterwards imparted to her betrothed.

Mrs. Arlington was very hopeful of the result, but I was not. I pointed out that in the first place it was more than probable there was no hypnotism in the case, but genuine affection, in which case,



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as the deception regarding the money could not be carried on more than a few days, nothing but family "ructions" would result. In the second place, Crosby, who was a shrewd little man, might see through the plot, remain faithful, and thus merely increase Phyllis' infatuation. Leslie was also not very hopeful, but he based his doubts on different grounds from mine. His opinion was that such a pearl among girls as Phyllis would not lightly be resigned even by Crosby, and that though the money might be regretted, still Crosby would hold on to the other and greater prize.

It was arranged that I should come and support Mrs. Arlington during the interview with her daughter's fiance on the following afternoon, and Leslie begged to call about an hour after the time Mr. Crosby had been requested to put in an appearance.

"It will be all over in about an hour I should say," he said, with a wistful look, "and I—well, I might be wanted, either by you—or, perhaps—by Phyllis."

Phyllis took the loss of her fortune very calmly, but agreed with her mother that Mr. Crosby should be told of the catastrophe without delay.

"But it will make no difference to

him," she said, with a rapt look in her eyes. "He is so noble."

He did not look very noble as he bustled in, exact to his time, that afternoon. There was an anxious look on his mean little face as, the usual greetings over, he asked what Mrs. Arlington had to tell him.

"You said an important family matter," he added, looking full at me. I rose to leave the room, but Mrs. Arlington detained me.

"Lady Mary is our oldest family friend," she said, with dignity. "This letter will explain what has happened better than I can."

She handed him Leslie's work of genius; which he read with an impassive face.

"The loss of the money makes no difference in my feelings, dear Mrs. Arlington," he remarked, handing back the letter.

There was an awkward pause. Phyllis sat in her customary attitude of adoration, and the ugly little creature she adored looked at us with such a diabolical grin that I was quite convinced he saw through our plot.

"I do not doubt that, Mr. Crosby," said Mrs. Arlington, recovering herself, "but under the circumstances it is my

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duty to ask what provision you can make for my daughter. I cannot allow her anything, and at my death the income I now enjoy passes to my late husband's family." Walter Crosby smiled sweetly.

"I am afraid I can make no settlement whatever," he said blandly, "but Phyllis is content to brave poverty for my sake. Am I right, my treasure?"

"Yes, yes, you are right," replied Phyllis, nestling up to him.

"And yet, my sweetheart, it may be best to part," he went on, tenderly. "You must not suffer for my sake. Sweetest, I release you from your engagement."

"But I will not be released. Nothing on earth shall separate us, Walter. I will not be parted from you."

"What can I do, Mrs. Arlington?" he asked presently. "I am willing to resign your daughter, but you see she is not willing to be released."

"I will never give you up," sobbed Phyllis wildly.

"Well, then, I suppose the engagement must go on," said Mrs. Arlington at last, "but the marriage must be indefinitely postponed."

"I am in your hands as to that," smiled the victorious lover, but Phyllis gave a little cry.

"No, no, I insist that the marriage shall take place in September, as arranged," she cried. "I can't live without Walter."

"My brave, true darling," said her lover, but still with a mocking eye on his mother-in-law in posse. He had not taken the smallest notice of me throughout the interview. "No one shall separate us. But we must talk matters over later. Good-bye for today."

We had failed. Either he had seen through us—and Mrs. Arlington's manner had been singularly unconvincing—or the hypnotic theory was nonsense. Mrs. Arlington and I were still looking blankly at each other when the door opened wide and Walter Crosby re-appeared. He walked straight up to Phyllis and drew her to the further window. Holding her hands he looked deep into her eyes for some minutes, and then waved his hands slowly before her face. She sighed heavily, but did not speak. He bent forward and said something to

her in a low voice, but very emphatically. Then, without a word, he was gone, and this time for good.

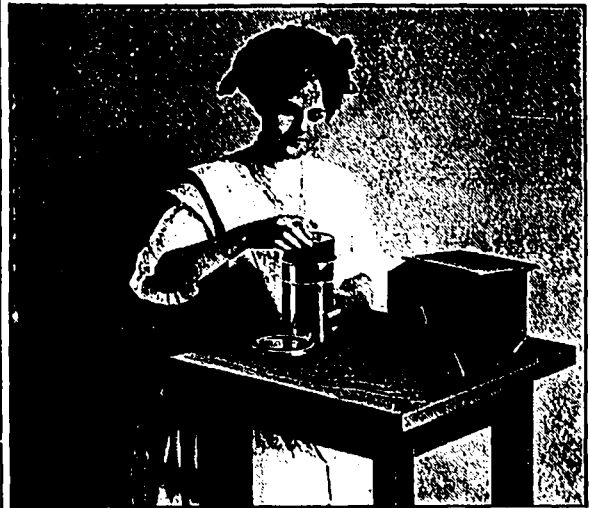
As the street door was heard to close behind him, Phyllis came slowly forward in a dazed manner, and stood looking around like one just awakened from sleep. We watched her breathlessly.

"Who went out just now?" she asked, in a brisk, ordinary tone, quite different from the languid voice of a few minutes ago. "Mr. Crosby? Oh, that horrid little man. What did he want? I thought—wasn't Leslie here just now? I want him."

The door opened, and Leslie stood there.

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