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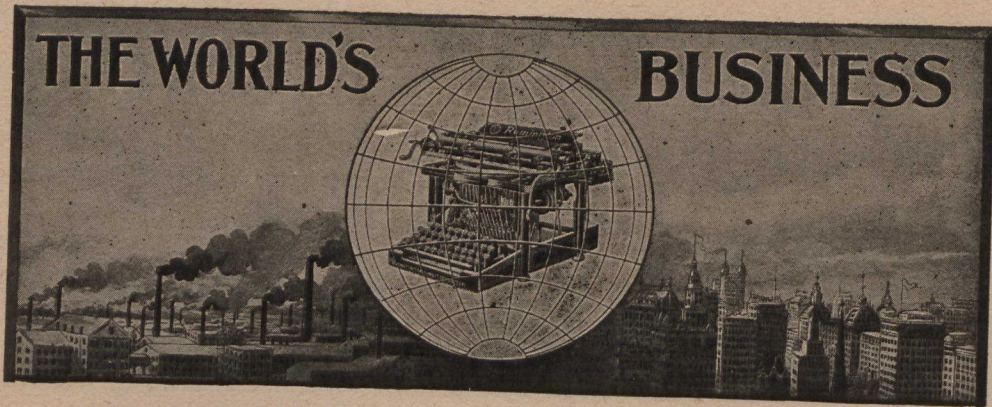


THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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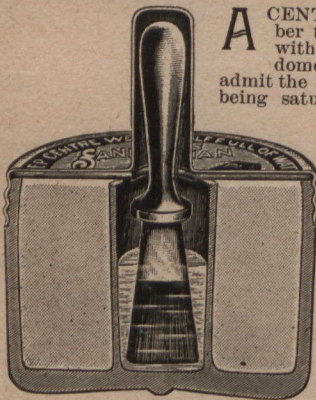
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. III

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1903

No. 3

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Government's Railway Policy

THE policy which has been decided upon by the Government in connection with the new transcontinental railway, follows, in its main features, along the lines already forecasted, but includes also some unexpected provisions. The new railway will be the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the road from Winnipeg to the Pacific will be built and owned by the Company. From Winnipeg to Moncton, N.B., the road will be built by the Government, and leased to the Grand Trunk for fifty years, on the following terms: The first five years, rent free; the second five years, the net earnings of the road, not exceeding 3 per cent. of the original cost, to be paid to the Government; and the remaining forty years, the Company to pay the Government 3 per cent. on the cost of the road. Thus at the end of fifty years the country will have been entirely reimbursed for its expenditure, and a much-needed all-Canadian road will have been furnished without cost to the public purse.

The Government will guarantee the bonds for the western section of the road, not exceeding \$13,000 per mile on the prairies, and \$30,000 per mile in the mountains. The public feeling is so strongly against any further cash or land subsidies, that this guarantee of the Company's bonds was the

only practicable course left to the Government, short of assuming the entire responsibility of construction. Survey work on the western end of the road is not yet complete, but the terminus will probably be at Port Simpson, from which point the railway will enter the northern wheat belts of Alberta and Saskatchewan Territories considerably north of the present lines.

The critical portion of the new transcontinental route, however, is not in the west, but in the east. The Government has reserved that section between Winnipeg and Moncton for its own construction, and has therefore committed itself to the policy of building a road that will parallel at its eastern end the already-existing Government railway. The Intercolonial Railway has only lately been a source of profit to its Government owners, and serious competition would be offered by a new line reaching the same terminus by a more direct route. It was this belief, that the new line would minimize, and perhaps cripple, the Intercolonial, that led to the resignation in July of the Honorable Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, whose only difference with the Cabinet was in connection with its railway policy. The danger is not, however, so great as it might seem. One fact remains above all others: that Canada must have the quickest connection possible between her centres of production and the seaboard. The Inter-

colonial was built shortly after Confederation, and, for political reasons, its route was laid along the New Brunswick coast, touching as many counties as possible. A glance at the map will readily show that it can never compete as a national highway for through freight, however excellently it may serve local needs. Therefore the new road, which will pass through New Brunswick diagonally, and will thus very considerably lessen the distance, will provide a solution for the national needs of the present day, which demand satisfaction, and which a roundabout transportation route could never meet. There will still be a use for the Intercolonial, but the Grand Trunk Pacific will be the natural business route. That there are difficulties connected with the Government's policy there is no doubt, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be fairly in its favor.

New Quebec

ONE of the first advantages of the new railway will be that it will open up new country. From its western to its eastern terminus it will pass through country that is now practically undeveloped, touching the older centres here and there so that it may the better serve the new. West of Winnipeg it will have virgin prairie for its road-bed; between Winnipeg and Quebec it will traverse the new north of Ontario and the adjoining province; and its course through New Brunswick will open up a district almost equally new. This fact will, perhaps, reduce the Government's chances of earning money on its first few years' investment, but it will eventually prove the value of the project to the Dominion.

The time has come when old Quebec, most stationary of the Canadian provinces, demands, and is entitled to, a share of the general prosperity. For several hundred years her industries have centred about the St. Lawrence, and have very slowly pushed northward. The *habitant* has been a more picturesque than an enterprising settler, and marked evidences of progress have not been looked for in Quebec. But Quebec is, nevertheless, a country of great possibilities,

and it is not at all unlikely that a new railway might prove the means of giving new life to her, and inaugurating an era of increased prosperity, in keeping with her sister provinces. Northern Quebec is similar in its natural resources to northern Ontario, and has quite as much to hope for from industrial exploitation. The land is, in many places, as rich as the wheat belts of Manitoba and New Ontario, while as far north as James Bay, the most tender plants and all kinds of vegetables are easily produced. The tract of land immediately south of James Bay, is specially suited to stock-raising and dairying, while the reports of explorers, surveyors, and missionaries, testify to the existence of immense forest areas and abundant deposits of minerals. Entering Quebec Province at Lake Abitibi, the new transcontinental railway will pass through the heart of this new country, and will undoubtedly open the way for future colonization of a very important character. What it will do for New Ontario, it will do also for New Quebec, and the development of the wealth in the northland of these two provinces will form a chapter in the next ten years of Canadian history, as fascinating as the story of the West. The King of France once said of Canada: "It is only a few arpents of snow." Events of the present day are showing that even those districts where snow might naturally be expected to reign, are rich in possibilities.

One Year's Immigration

FOR the fiscal year, ending June 30, the immigration into Canada was as follows: From the United States, 44,980; British Isles, 41,787; the Continent, 37,891; total, 124,658. In 1902, the total immigration was 67,379, and in 1901, 49,149. It is thus apparent that the year just closed marks a wonderful advance in the filling up of Canada. The increase of population was 2.3 per cent, while for the same twelve months, the corresponding increase in the United States, was less than 1 per cent. The New York *Sun* comments on this with frankness:

"In point of the quality of the immigra-

tion, Canada distinctly holds the lead. About 70 per cent. of her new arrivals are in every way homogeneous. They are of the stock that has made the Canada of to-day, and will at once fit into their new social environment. Of the remaining 30 per cent., a large percentage is from the north of Europe, Germans, Scandinavians, and Finns, who come out to join those of their own kind, who have been coming in increasing numbers for the past five years. With rare exceptions, this class has been eminently successful. They are industrious by habit, inured by previous experience to the hardships which must inevitably attend pioneer settlement, and the climatic conditions of the new land are not greatly unlike those of the land of their birth. It is wholly safe to predict an increasing influx of those people during the coming years."

When so many people are pouring into Canada every year from so many widely-separated parts of the world, it is a matter of interest to know how the proportions stand in regard to the various nationalities making up the whole. The figures will be changing every year, but there is no danger of the so-called foreign element becoming dominant for some time yet to come, as the following table of races, as they are at present, will show. These are the ten leading races in Canada to-day:

French	1,649,552
English	1,263,575
Irish	989,858
Scotch	798,986
German	329,741
Indian	95,319
Dutch	53,839
Russian	23,586
Negro	17,427
Chinese	17,299

The Virtue of Public and Private Thrift

HAND in hand with enterprise goes thrift; yet thrift is something that we have not made such advances in of late years as we have in certain other directions. Public and private thrift is needed in Canada to-day, as a companion to that spirit of enterprise which has wakened from east to west, and as a restraint to that spirit of speculation which has apparently taken such hold upon young business men especially.

Thrift is a good old-fashioned quality, yet it is not the old-fashioned kind of thrift that is to be recommended nowadays. Economy was once supposed to be niggardliness, and the person who lived on the least possible outlay was considered the most thrifty. Such an interpretation is both improper and undesirable, and it is in no way suited to the present times. Wise and prudent expenditure is no violation of the laws of economy; it is in fact as much one's duty to spend as to earn. But there must be a margin between the earning and the spending, and here is where thrift enters.

There has never been a wiser policy framed for either public concerns or private individuals than this: Suit your expenditure to your income and always have something left over. At the very foundation of business thrift is—Savings. Not only is the reserve fund thus accumulated of sometimes inestimable convenience, but the practice of thrift in this way is of a most beneficial effect upon the habits of life. A nation of spend-thrifts will be a weak nation, because it will have no set purpose or aim; while on the other hand, the nation that we all hope to see Canada become can only be developed by the practice of definite and manful thrift on the part of its citizens.

The men who are to-day the most successful in the business life of Canada and the United States, are almost a unit in testifying to the value of personal habits of thrift as the foundation of their fortunes; and hundreds of them have also within the last two or three years given advice to the rising generation to avoid the speculative craze that is now abroad. What these masters in the business world say is fairly sure to have reason and truth in it. Steady industry, prudent expenditure, and systematic saving, are the three stepping-stones to success. Hoarding is not the wisest saving; there are many forms of investment that are safely open to any amount of capital, large or small. But thrift and restless speculation are not compatible. Recent events in financial circles in Canada have shown the undesirability of stocks, except for those who can afford the game, while they have also accentuated the importance of personal thrift.

HALIBURTON'S ENTRANCE INTO GOOD SOCIETY

BY WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE

WHEN Lord Southdown died, his surviving family was the center at once of that typical tragedy of English life that springs from the genteel habit of entailing properties.

The instant that the breath left his body, he and his were immediately stripped of the title to the famous Southdown estates in land. For these vast estates had been conferred by some ancestor upon Lord Southdown and upon his heirs male.

Heirs male he lacked, and while his soul was fluttering away, the title to the lands hovered for an instant in the air and then swooped down upon a distant relative—some remote Southdown unknown even to the late incumbent.

Lord Southdown was not childless, for he left behind him the Honorable Peggy Southdown, fair, slender, and some nineteen years of age. And he left also his worthy sister, the Honorable Carolina Southdown, a gentle spinster of resource and tact. But when this gentle spinster began to realize, as she did soon after her brother's death, that her brother's entire wealth was now the property of someone else, her tact and her resource seemed incontinently to abandon her. However, she kept the news from her fair and slender niece.

"If it were not for Peggy," she kept exclaiming to herself, "I would not mind. I could get along. But Peggy—" With a mist floating before her eyes the tender-hearted spinster watched her young niece as she swung along the green.

"We certainly must do something," wailed Aunt Carolina to herself. "What can we do—what can we do? Poor Peggy. She'll know it all too soon. I must keep it from her while I can."

One day the Honorable Carolina was exceedingly befuddled to receive a formal looking package by post. When she had opened it, however, she uttered a sigh of relief. It was a brief note from the London solicitors of the new Lord Southdown stating that his client would refrain from

demanding possession of his estates until some time during the middle of the summer.

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated Aunt Carolina, "this gives us plenty of time to turn around. And now I must get my wits together and arrange some plan of action."

Lady Carolina was good at arranging anything, and she was past mistress in the art of planning, but the present situation put her to it beyond any experience that she had ever had. Aunt Carolina was not a woman with an immobile face, and though she told herself that she was keeping her secret well and safely from the Honorable Peggy, this same Peggy finally put two and two together.

"Poor Aunt Carolina," she said to herself when she found it out, "what will she ever do?"

Now, on a certain memorable day in her career, Aunt Carolina shut herself up in her rooms in the east wing, and surreptitiously untied a bundle. When she did so, every daily paper in the Kingdom fell out of it, and Aunt Carolina began her systematic search for profitable and dignified employment. In the very first paper she tackled a small notice in a corner attracted her attention. She read it through and then gasped with horror.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "that any gentlewoman would so demean herself. Wait, let me read that over again." Then, after reading it, she shook her head.

"No, no," she exclaimed, "that would never, never do. I could never do it, and if Peggy ever found it out—"

She continued her perusal, but ever and anon she returned to that small notice.

"I wonder if it would be so bad," she reasoned. "Perhaps I could manage to keep it from Peggy after all. And I could tell her that—that they were—were distant cousins, or old school friends—or anything." She glanced about uncertainly. "It is just awful to think of it, but why not, after all. Needs must when—when there's Peggy to be considered. And we'll have

four months more here, and in that time, why—" Aunt Carolina rose and taking a pair of scissors from her workbox, cut out the little notice. "I'll do it," she continued firmly. "It is awful, but I'll do it."

* * * * *

Haliburton was a young man, who, for a time at least, had nothing to do. He sat at one of the windows of his rather expensive London lodgings, yawned once or twice or thrice, and then rose and stretched his arms above his head, after the manner of young men when all alone. He frowned.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "this is the first time in many years that I've had absolutely nothing to do. I feel like a cat in a strange garret."

He was a strong individual with a bronzed complexion. His attire was of the cut and fashion of the season, but there was about him an unconventionality of movement and appearance that set him just a bit apart from other London men.

"Nothing to do for the first time in years," he repeated. He reseated himself listlessly at the window and picked up a morning paper which, with the exception of the advertisements, he had already read through. Under the circumstances, therefore, he tackled the advertisements. With a curiosity that would have done credit to a Yankee or a woman, he first examined that column of the paper which, in America, and in England, too, contains personals, spicy and otherwise; those delicate bits of inquiry and answers inserted by ladies desiring husbands and by gentlemen desiring wives; by sportive youths who, having seen for the first time, upon a tramcar or a coach, some object of especial admiration, seek to extend their admiration into acquaintance, and acquaintance into friendship.

Half way down the column he paused with his finger on the page. "This one," he said aloud, "is not quite so nervy as the rest. By Jove, I'll answer one or two of these. It will give me a good sort of entertainment, and who knows—" he added with a laugh, "it may get me into good society, after all."

The published notice that he had selected read about like this:

EXCLUSIVE member of nobility will introduce into exclusive society gentleman or lady of wealth. Instruction in etiquette. Recommendation as to character required. Terms must be of the most liberal kind. Applicants must be persons of some refinement; strangers from other countries preferred. Address, Dowager, this office.

This young man with nothing to do—and therefore being a fit agency for the preparation of mischief—immediately answered this and one other such notice.

Two days later, by appointment, he entered the Metropole in London, and with but little hesitation, he picked out a sprightly little lady who seemed to be expecting him. He doffed his hat and bowed.

"I am 'Young American,'" he announced. The lady blushed. "And you?" he enquired.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady somewhat flustered, "dear me. Yes, I—I am 'Dowager.' There."

Now Haliburton was taken somewhat aback, for originally he had expected that 'Dowager' would turn out to be some coarse representative of the upper crust whose sole claim to gentility and refinement lay in title, and the former possession of some wealth. But this, which he had started as a joke, he found to be too serious an affair, when he realized that he was dealing with a woman whose breeding was of the best. And the Honorable Carolina Southdown, on her part, was quite as agreeably surprised, when she looked at this young "American."

Aunt Carolina, looking into the face of Haliburton, felt herself impelled to tell him all. And she did it—she gave him the whole story from beginning to end.

"And now," she asked him as she finished, "what would you have done yourself?"

Haliburton bowed. "Your course," he said deferentially and with a world of genuine respect in his manner, "was the only course left to pursue." Aunt Carolina breathed a sigh of relief.

"And now," continued Haliburton, with a strange smile on his face, for he had sud-

denly made up his mind to go through with the part he was playing, "the question is, may I come, and if so, when?"

In twenty minutes more the parties to this compact had exchanged references, which were satisfactory on both sides, and Aunt Carolina, the spinster "Dowager," and Haliburton, the "Young American," had gone their several ways. But young Haliburton was not yet satisfied. "While I am about it," he said to himself, "I may just as well run down this other one. There's a possibility that there'll be some fun in that one."

A short time later, in another part of the town, he stepped up to a young and business-like person. "I beg your pardon," he inquired, "but is this—er—that is, are you Miss 'Church Mouse?'"

The young lady rose hastily and looked at him. "Yes," she returned, "but—but—there must be some mistake. My notice referred solely to members of the feminine —"

"Sex," responded Haliburton, "exactly, but—"

"And," went on the young lady, "your answer was signed 'Mary Witherspoon.'"

Haliburton blushed. "Exactly," he went on, somewhat awkwardly, "one—one of my *noms de plume*—er—I should say, *noms de guerre*—er—that is—"

The young lady, whose poise was excellent, executed a curt little bow.

"Good day, Miss Mary Witherspoon," she said. And then immediately turned upon her heel and left him.

"Now," said Aunt Carolina Southdown, two days later, to Haliburton as they drove in from the station, "you—you will not forget that you are one of the Haliburtons of Hertfordshire, and the only son—of my mother's cousin. It is quite important, I assure you, for my niece knows nothing of —"

"I understand," replied Haliburton gravely, "I shall respect your wish."

"Peggy," announced Aunt Carolina, some short time later, to her niece, "this—this is William Haliburton, our—my cousin, whom I mentioned to you."

Haliburton, who had been standing, somewhat confused, with his eyes upon the

ground, made an obeisance. Then he looked at the girl for the first time. As he did so, he started. So did the girl.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Haliburton, "I—I'm very glad to meet you. Our people in Hertfordshire so often speak of you."

The Honorable Peggy smiled. "And you," she said genially, "do not seem a total stranger, for singularly enough, you bear a strong resemblance to a London girl I know."

Haliburton winced, but the girl kept on. "That London girl," she said, "is Miss Mary Witherspoon." Then even as she had done in London, she turned and went away.

Haliburton, who had brought some of his luggage down, felt, as he looked about upon the old Southdown estate, and as he kept in mind the countenance of Miss Peggy, that he was beyond question making his debut into good society.

The Honorable Peggy was quite as fond of fun as was Haliburton himself, but for that fact might have held herself aloof from him. But she understood the situation at a glance, and realized the fact that Aunt Carolina, in her concern for her niece, had done quite the same underhanded thing that her niece had done for her.

Therefore, by way of no harm, at dinner that evening the Honorable Peggy, who had spent a good hour in the solitude of her room, examining several bulky volumes under the letter H, this irrepressible young lady plunged forthwith into an animated discussion of that portion of the Kingdom known by the name of Hertfordshire. Haliburton winced, and so did Aunt Carolina. But Haliburton was a fairly good liar, and he plied his avocation unblushingly.

Lady Carolina, true to her engagement, announced her intention of introducing "Cousin William Haliburton," as she called him, into the neighboring exclusive society of the immediate vicinity, but Haliburton begged off. He explained that he was bashful, nervous, timid and unused to the ways of the upper world, and that he desired more time to prepare himself.

As a matter of fact, he confided to himself that before entering upon his active social career a considerable amount of daily instruction by the Honorable Peggy would

not be amiss. The Honorable Peggy, whose appreciation of the circumstances, made her a bit more unconventional than usual, kept him on the *qui vive*, and amused herself by calling him by the name of Witherspoon.

Time flew for Haliburton. And as for the Honorable Peggy—well, that's another question.

One day, late in June, however, Aunt Carolina took her youthful niece into the library and closed the doors.

"Now, my dear," she said, and she said it apprehensively, "I have something to tell you. Lord Southdown is expected here in just about a week. Lord Southdown, my dear," she continued, placing her arm about her young charge, "is—is the owner of—of all that there is to Southdown, our Southdown."

The Honorable Peggy never winked. "Of course," she responded.

Aunt Carolina gasped. "I knew it all along," said Peggy. Aunt Carolina gasped again. "I've always known it," went on Peggy.

Aunt Carolina nearly fainted. "My dear, dear child," she said, "how did you ever bear it?"

The Honorable Peggy waived this suggestion aside. "And so, Aunt Carolina," she said, "it is up to us to go."

Aunt Carolina was puzzled. "Up—to—us," she repeated.

"Exactly," responded Peggy, "that's an Americanism of Miss Witherspoon's?"

"Miss Witherspoon's?" repeated Aunt Carolina.

"I beg your pardon," said Peggy, "I—I meant Mr. William Haliburton. What I meant was that we must get out."

She said it with such indifference of manner that Aunt Carolina rose and struck her small hands sharply together. "I—am—so—glad," she gasped in joy, "that you take it that way, Peggy."

"We shall move to London, my dear," explained her aunt, "and Cousin William Haliburton will take lodgings with us. He is anxious that I should take him under my wing—and, in short, my dear, I think that we shall get along very well."

Lord Southdown was due on the first day of July. He did not arrive. Aunt Carolina

would not leave until she had in her old-fashioned way welcomed the new incumbent. But as they were sure he would turn up on the second, they took a sort of formal leave of the old place on the evening of the first.

At dusk that evening, as Aunt Carolina sat beneath the shelter of the porch, Cousin William Haliburton and the Honorable Peggy strolled about the grounds. Suddenly Haliburton touched her on the arm.

"Whither does this lead?" he asked, pointing to a path.

"It leads nowhere," answered Peggy, "that is Lover's Lane."

"Dear me," responded Haliburton, "we must take a farewell of this, too." He led her gently down the path, and then when they had reached the end, without a word of warning, he placed his arms about her. She tried to step back, but he would not let her.

"Dear little girl," he whispered in her ear, "there ought to be none but lovers in this Lover's Lane."

The Honorable Peggy trembled, but she did not move. "I—don't—believe—there—are," she said, reluctantly, with downcast eyes. Haliburton caught her wildly, joyfully, and kissed her.

"At last," he murmured lightly, "I am in good society."

It was some time later that the Lover's Lane crowd entered the presence of Aunt Carolina Southdown. That genteel spinster was in a state of agitation. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "just look at this." She thrust forward a daily paper. On its first page these lines greeted their sight:

MISSING.

Lord Southdown cannot be found. Fails to keep appointment with solicitor and chambers found deserted. Alarm sent out.

"Dear me," continued Aunt Carolina, "and to-morrow he was to be here and—And now, perhaps, he may not come. Dear me."

The Honorable Peggy clapped her hands. "May he never come," she exclaimed. Haliburton shook his head. "That's pretty rough—on him," he suggested.

"And here," went on Aunt Carolina, "is a special letter from his London solicitor, in which he tells me that though Lord Southdown lived abroad for the last three years, he had returned to London some time ago, and had made a positive engagement with the firm to come down with them yesterday or the day before.

He never appeared, and they found his chambers completely deserted. The lawyer thinks that his client has been kidnapped, but is coming down here himself, to take possession in his client's name. I expect him any moment. For all I know, this may be him now."

Aunt Carolina was right. The wheels had no sooner come to a stop outside than a hurried ring was heard at the door, and a little stout man bustled into the room. He was the solicitor.

"Well, ma'am," he started in to say, "This is a dreadful—" Then of a sudden he stopped short and stared at Haliburton.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, looking at that gentleman through his spectacles, "what the deuce are you doing down here?"

Haliburton smiled. "Who has a better right?" he answered, holding tight to Hon-

orable Peggy, "than Lord Southdown on Lord Southdown's domain?"

Aunt Carolina looked up in alarm. The Honorable Peggy felt so faint that she had to cling to the young man at her side.

"Are you—are you," she gasped feebly, "are you Lord Southdown?"

"Exactly," answered the young man.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you keep your engagement? Why did you disappear?" asked the lawyer.

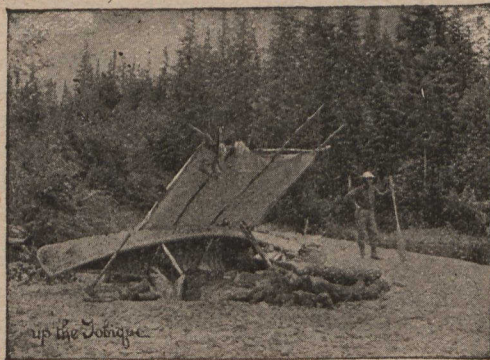
Peggy started in some alarm, "Dear me," she exclaimed, "doesn't he—doesn't he keep his engagements? Dear me, I—"

Lord Southdown gently took her hand.

"Haliburton," he explained to her, "was my mother's family name—it is the name I used to hide my identity in a country where titles are everything—if you have the right kind of a title. My title over there was 'Haliburton of the Fourteenth Ward.'" He drew himself up formally. "Mr. Bolton," he announced, "allow me to present to you the future Lady Southdown, the future mistress of the estates."

The Honorable Peggy's eyes twinkled.

"Lady Southdown!" she exclaimed. "Dear me," she said to the young man at her side, "you are getting into good society."



up the Tobique

THE KING EDWARD HOTEL

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE establishment of a modern hotel is a very serious proposition. Time was when travellers demanded nothing more than simple comfort at the hands of "mine host." A cosy dining room, a bright fire, a well-cooked meal, and a soft bed, these were sufficient. The mere appearance of things was of small account.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. In docile obedience to the example set by Paris and New York, the civilized world has made show and splendor essential features of metropolitan hostelry, the Waldorf-Astoria of the latter city having attained an unquestioned pre-eminence in this particular.

Ever since Toronto began to recover from the ill effects of her foolish land boom, it was generally felt that she was in sore need of a first-class up-to-date hotel, for without in anywise disparaging those already in existence, they could not be considered to answer this description. Montreal had her "Windsor," and Quebec her "Chateau Frontenac," even far-away Vancouver had, in the Canadian Pacific Hotel, an establishment of which she might justly boast. The onus, therefore, lay upon the Queen City to provide for the accommodation of her visitors a caravansery that should be in keeping with her dignity and status.

To Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, who has so high a reputation upon both the Stock Exchange and the yachting course, belongs the credit of initiating the enterprise. Through his efforts the Toronto Hotel Company was incorporated, in the year 1899, with an authorized capital of \$1,500,000, and the right to issue bonds to a similar amount. The bonds were soon placed to the amount of \$500,000, and the site of the present hotel secured.

Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, a United States architect, was then commissioned to prepare the plans, and energetic endeavors were put forth to effect the construction of the hotel in accordance with them, the expectation being that some of the leading

American hotel-men might be induced to rent the hotel at a sufficient amount to pay the interest on the bonds. But after extended negotiations on the part of Mr. Jarvis with United States trust companies, and with the proprietors of some of the best hotels, it became apparent in the autumn of 1900 that the scheme could not be financed in that way, and was consequently in danger of coming to nought.

At this juncture, Mr. George Gooderham stepped into the breach, making known his readiness to assume the undertaking, and secure or provide the funds necessary for the purpose, and with him was associated Mr. Thomas Gibbs Blackstock, who has since then been the master spirit of the enterprise. This was in October, 1900, and early in the following year the Board of Directors was reorganized at the annual meeting, and remains as then constituted, being composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. George Gooderham, J. W. Langmuir, Robert Jaffray, J. H. Mason, Thomas Gibbs Blackstock, W. G. Gooderham, W. R. Brock, D. Coulson, Aemilius Jarvis, and W. D. Matthews.

Upon a careful consideration of the plans and specifications it became clear that in order to meet the expectations of the public, the hotel would have to be considerably enlarged, and the specifications re-cast, and as Mr. Cobb resided out of the country, and could not give his personal attention to the work, it was decided to commit it to Mr. Edward J. Lennox, who had made so brilliant a success of the City Hall, under whose direction a much more extensive and elaborate edifice was planned out.

The contract for its construction was let in May, 1901, to Messrs. Illsley & Horn, and called for a six-storey building at a cost of \$787,000. Subsequently the addition of two more stories, and other alterations increased the cost by nearly \$400,000.

According to the contract, the building

was to be completed by May, 1902, but, owing to difficulties of various kinds which could not be avoided, extensions had to be granted from time to time that ultimately amounted to another year. The cost increased in like manner, owing to sundry additions and improvements, so that in the end the total reached \$1,500,000, or nearly twice the original figure.

As the capital provided by the Toronto Hotel Company had proved quite inadequate to meet these enlarged demands, in May, 1902, the bonded indebtedness was increased from \$1,500,000 to \$1,800,000, Mr. Gooderham subscribing for all the bonds over and above the \$500,000 issued at the time of the purchase of the site.

Later on, however, it became apparent that still further funds would be required, and in July, 1902, the King Edward Hotel Company, Limited, was incorporated, with a capital of \$500,000. This company undertook to complete the hotel, and furnish and operate it, accepting in payment the second mortgage bonds of the Toronto Hotel Company. Its capital was subsequently increased to \$1,000,000, the whole of the stock being subscribed by Mr. Gooderham.

The King Edward Hotel Company carried the enterprise to a successful completion at a total expenditure of land and building of \$2,000,000, and for furnishing and supplies of nearly \$500,000 more. Mr. Thomas Gibbs Blackstock is the president, Mr. George H. Gooderham, the vice-president, and Messrs. W. G. Gooderham, Dr. J. T. W. Ross, and W. H. Brouse, the directors of this company. The hotel was opened to the public in the month of May, 1903.

During the year previous to this, Mr. Blackstock had been busy arranging for the furnishing of the great structure, which it determined should be upon a scale of elegance and luxury unexampled in Canada, and not surpassed by the best hotels abroad. In regard to the dining-rooms, café, and the ordinary bedrooms, the furniture was purchased through Messrs. John Kay, Son, & Co., of Toronto, one-half of it being obtained in the United States, and the other

half in Canada. For the Rotunda, the bar-room, the various parlours, and the spacious corridors, as well as for the royal and bridal suites, and a score or more of the principal bedrooms, the furniture was supplied by the famous firm of Maple & Co., of London, being selected by Mr. Blackstock, with the assistance of Mr. Colonna, the well-known art connoisseur of Paris.

Situated as it is upon King Street, the main artery of the city, and having a clear frontage besides upon Victoria and Colborne Streets, the King Edward possesses a location that for convenience of access, and command of light and air leaves nothing to be desired.

The architecture of the exterior is modified classic, blended with the Italian Renaissance, the latter being particularly emphasized in the two topmost stories. The idea is that of a pedestal base, a body or shaft, and a frieze or entablature, and it has been most effectively and harmoniously carried out.

The first storey is built of Indiana limestone, the next five stories of cream-colored pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings, and the other two wholly terra-cotta.

In its interior construction the hotel is absolutely fire-proof, the frame-work being of steel, the walls of terra-cotta, and fire-brick, and the floors of tiles or cement. There are no wooden partitions or floors in the building. Even in the bedrooms the floors are of cement, and the carpets laid upon them.

The general impression given by the hotel in regard to both its exterior and interior is that of substantial richness, and solid comfort. There is an utter absence of tawdry decoration or empty splendor, for, although the money has been spent upon it without stint, the one aim has been to ensure the ease and restfulness of the guests.

In this connection may be noted something of an innovation for which Mr. Blackstock is responsible. Hitherto in hotels the Rotunda has been practically monopolized by the men, and for that reason its furnishings have been of an essentially masculine character. But Mr. Blackstock determined

that the time had come for a change, and that the King Edward should be the pioneer therein. He accordingly had the Rotunda furnished in such a way as to constitute it an attractive and luxurious lounging-place for the ladies, not less than the gentlemen. Instead of the familiar leather-covered chairs, such as men affect, there has been provided a plentitude of most inviting arm-chairs, and sofas, covered with genuine oriental rugs, and interspersed with pretty rattan chairs, which are scarcely less seductive. The tessellated floor, moreover, has many islands of soft rich rugs, beside which wide-spreading palms uplift their refreshing verdure, and the whole effect is one of cosiness to a remarkable degree. During the colder months of the year, the Rotunda in particular will surely be the most popular part of the hotel for both sexes.

Owing to the advantage of its site, and the plan of its construction, all the bedrooms of the King Edward have a clear outlook, and those in the two highest stories command views of the city and water-front which render them especially desirable. These are all furnished so as to secure the acme of comfort, very many of them having bathrooms attached. The bedsteads are for the most part of burnished brass, but in the royal and bridal, and some other suites, they are of a rubbed mahogany which has an extremely pleasing effect.

The carpetings of the bedrooms, and the upper halls has been carried out upon a novel but very successful plan. Instead of having a large variety of patterns on the one hand, or a monotonous sameness on the other, Mr. Blackstock decided to select two simple, yet effective patterns, and have these made up in five different colors, viz., crimson, blue green, gold, and brown, the design being brought out by lighter and deeper shades, and each carpet having but one color.

These carpets, which are of the finest quality of Brussels, were specially manufactured by Messrs. Humphries, of England, and, of course, any of them can be duplicated at short notice.

The main halls and corridors are covered with Oriental rugs in bewildering variety of

size and shape and beauty of design, that are very grateful to the foot, as well as productive of an appearance of comfort and cosiness not to be obtained by any other floor covering. Some of these rugs are fully fifty feet in length.

It is not sufficient, however, to provide only a splendid edifice luxuriously furnished in order to meet the demands of the travelling public. The hotel that relied upon these qualities alone would soon be empty. No less necessary is competent management, and in order to ensure this the Company was at great pains to select for the important position of manager one whose career and reputation constituted a guarantee of his fitness to "fill the bill."

Their choice fell upon Mr. William C. Bailey, who in the short time he has been in command has fully demonstrated his wisdom. Mr. Bailey's experience in hotel affairs covers nearly a quarter-of-a-century, and includes connections with such renowned establishments as the St. Nicholas, of Cincinnati, Sherry's of New York, the Palmer House of Chicago, and the management of the Great Northern, and Metropole of the same city, the last-named being in his hands for eight years previous to his coming to Toronto.

He is fortunate in having an able assistant in Mr. Angus Gordon, from the Hotel Victoria, of New York, and the large office staff includes Mr. H. S. Tibbs, so well-known in connection with the Queen's Hotel for many years. The total number of employees of all grades and capacities already reaches 325, and will probably have to be increased in the near future.

A department that is of exceeding interest to all, and particularly to the feminine portion of the community, but of course is not open to public view, is that over which Signor Gaetano Rascio presides. The Signor is an undoubted *cordons bleu*, who has had many and strange experiences in different parts of the world before coming to Toronto to delight the palates of the King Edward's guests. He has been *chef* upon the British flag-ship *Agamemnon* and upon the United States man-of-war *Omaha*. He has served under Delmonico, and has ruled

the roost at the Century Club, but most notable of all, he was chief cook for General Louis Blanc, when that redoubtable warrior held the reins of power in Venezuela, and now, with the assistance of a staff of seventy-five, he has settled down to the less prosaic, but perhaps more profitable, duty of preparing dainty dishes for the fortunate guests of the King Edward.

The kitchen itself, with its elaborate equipment, is a marvel of its kind. Floors, walls, and ceilings, are of spotless white tiles which can gather neither dust nor dirt, and every conceivable convenience is provided for the busy toilers in white.

The hotel has its own refrigerating and ice-making plant, and this makes possible a series of cold chambers in which all sorts of things good to eat and drink can be preserved. As with the main kitchen, these chambers are all of glistening white tiles, and a tour of them can hardly fail to fill one with the desire to dine at the King Edward as many times as one's purse may permit.

The beautiful paintings which constitute the chief decoration of the Rotunda were executed by Mr. Wm. Dodge, of Paris, under the direction of the Tiffany Company, of New York, and, appropriately enough, represent important scenes in Canadian history.

Commencing at the front, or King Street entrance, to the hotel, and passing to the left, the first picture is directly over the elevator doors. This scene is one which will ever be fresh in the minds and hearts of all Canadians. It depicts the night before the historic battle on the Plains of Abraham, when General Wolfe defeated Montcalm, and asserted British possession. Wolfe is represented standing in the stern of a small boat, repeating to his staff and men the lines of Gray's "Elegy." Historically, the night was dark, but, with the artist's license, Mr. Dodge has shown the moon between dark clouds, large war vessels in the distance, and just a faint reproduction of a large flotilla of smaller boats.

Over the clerk's desk and office is a very large work, it being nearly twenty feet long. It is of a much earlier period. Here the scene is also Quebec, but at the time when

M. de Courcelle was Governor of Canada. At that time the King of France was offering inducements to French women to come to Canada to become wives of the settlers. The artist has chosen the arrival of two large vessels containing some hundreds of these girls. De Courcelle and de Tracy, commander of the French forces, are, with soldiers and settlers, greeting the new arrivals on the beach. Sailors are standing in the water to their hips, making the safe arrival of the boats sure. The ladies are dressed in their best, presumably for the purpose of creating, womanlike, as good an effect as possible. The hardy soldiers and sons of the soil awaiting their prospective brides are portrayed with excellent truth.

The one over the fireplace is more of an allegorical subject. In the centre is a commanding group of Indians, with arms outstretched protesting against the invasion of their territory by the English and French, who are shown on either side of the picture by groups of soldiers with the flag of their respective countries, and an officer with drawn sword in his hand.

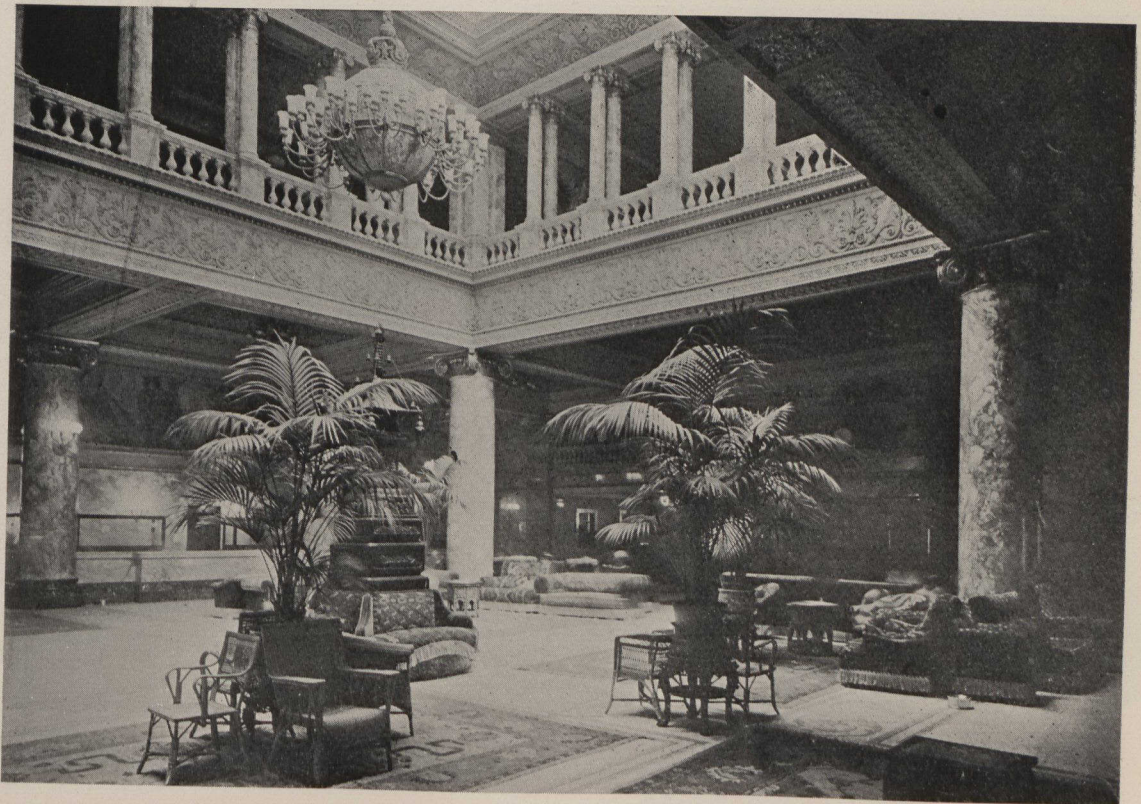
The last one of the series is over the ticket office, to the right of the main door. This is also a Canadian historical event, the landing of John Cabot and his son on the coast of Labrador, in 1497. The old galleys portrayed in this picture look particularly quaint, and the dark and sullen appearance of the dreary coast, tends to make one fancy that Cabot could not have thought a great deal of the new country he had found.

It only now remains to note that on the ground floor, and in immediate connection with the lobby and Rotunda, are such needful accessories as a bank, a railway ticket office, cigar and news stand, barber shop, drug store, confectionery counter, and curio establishment, so that the real or imaginary wants of the guests may be readily met with the least trouble to themselves.

Thus the King Edward is complete in every respect, and stands as a monument to the enterprise of Mr. Gooderham, and Mr. Blackstock, to the architectural ability of Mr. Lennox, as an honor to the city, and a boon to the travelling public, which cannot fail of due appreciation.



KING EDWARD HOTEL, TORONTO





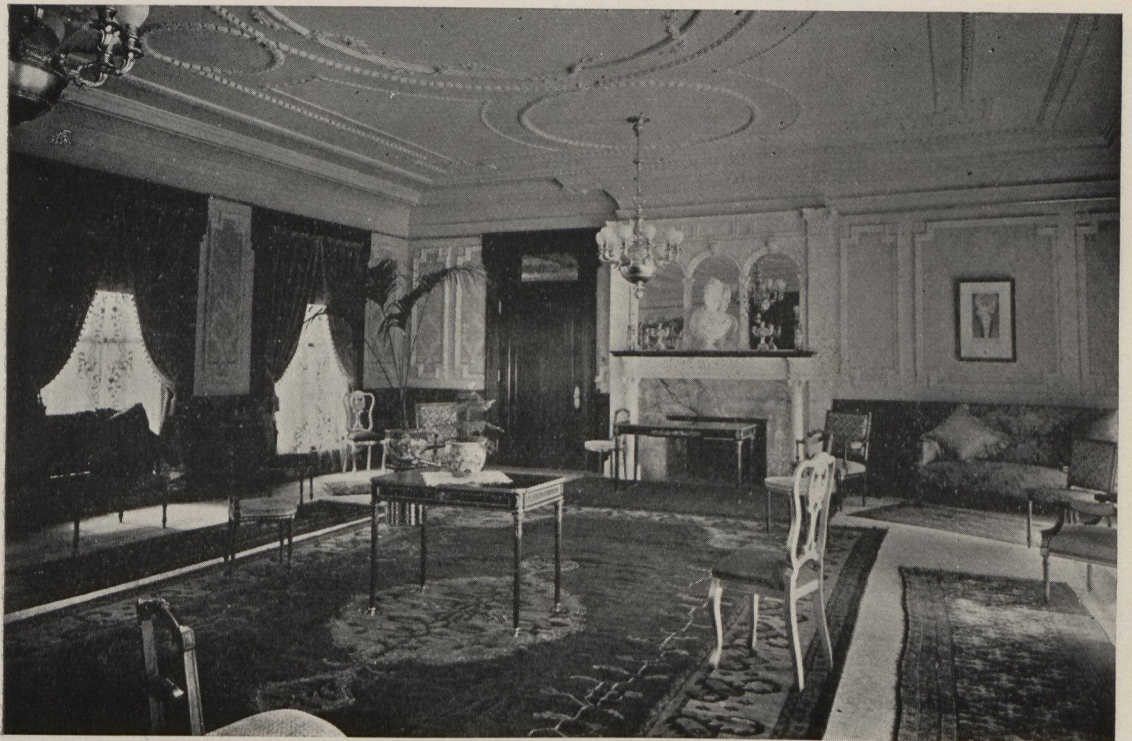
BANQUET AND RECEPTION ROOM



LADIES' PRIVATE PARLOR



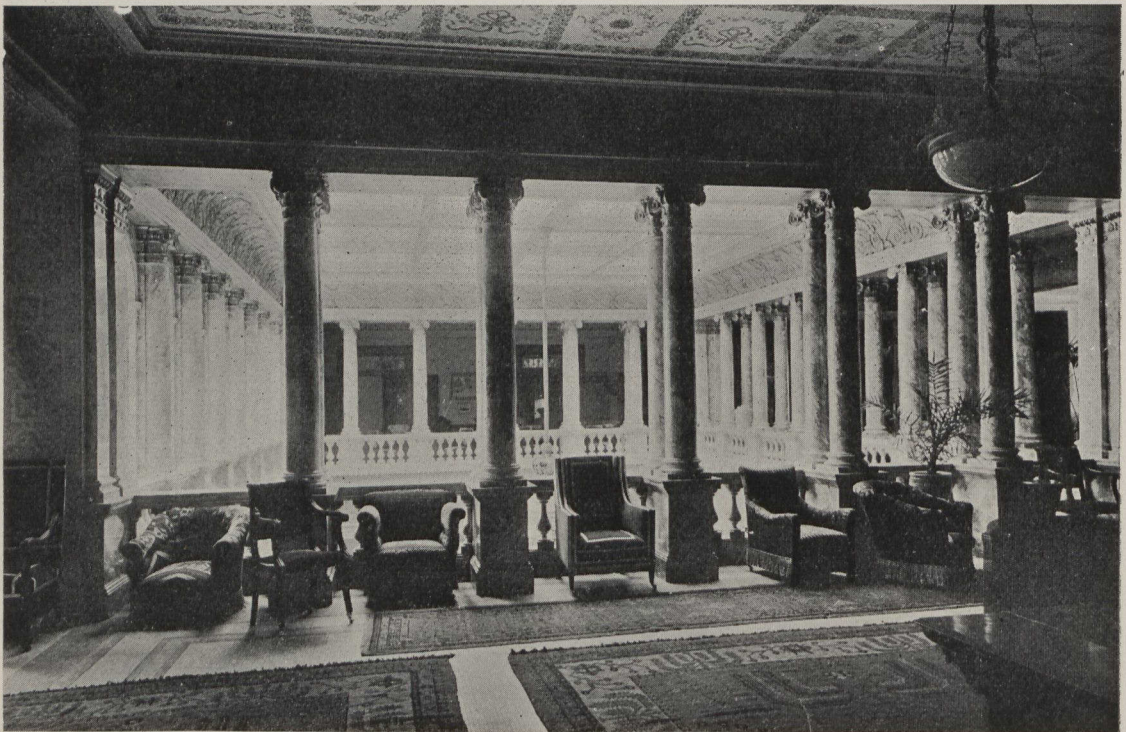
THE GRILL ROOM



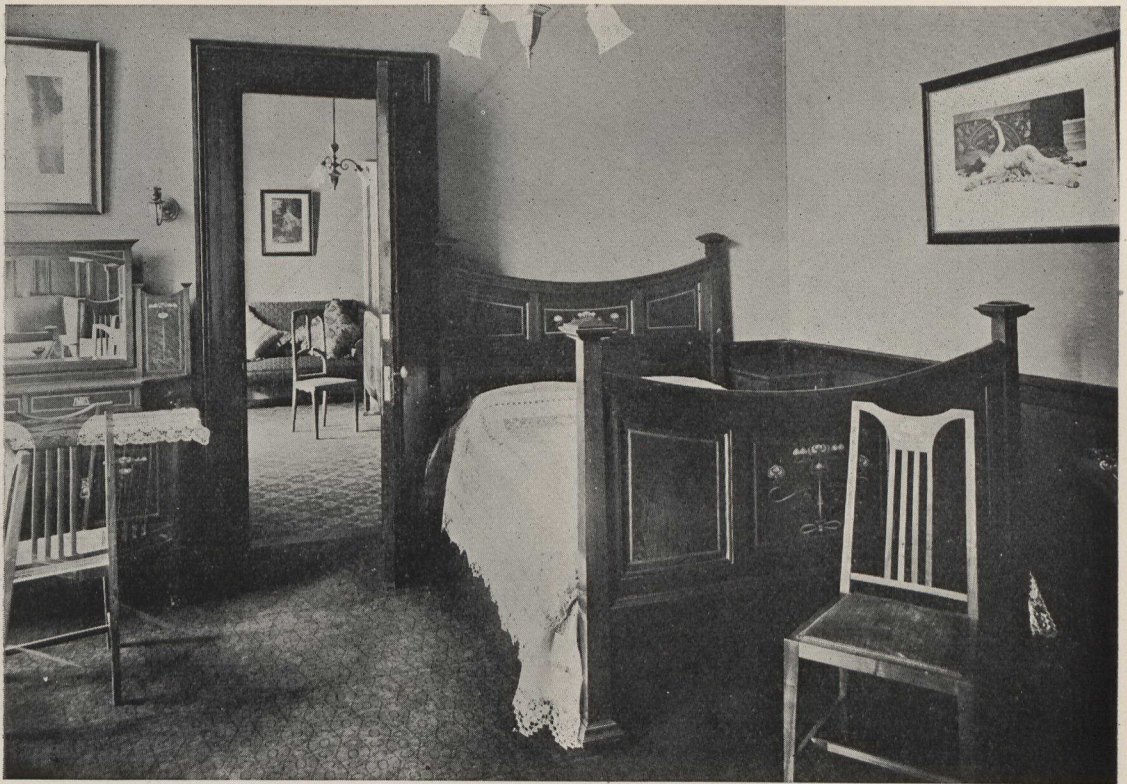
LADIES' RECEPTION ROOM



ROYAL SUITE PARLOR



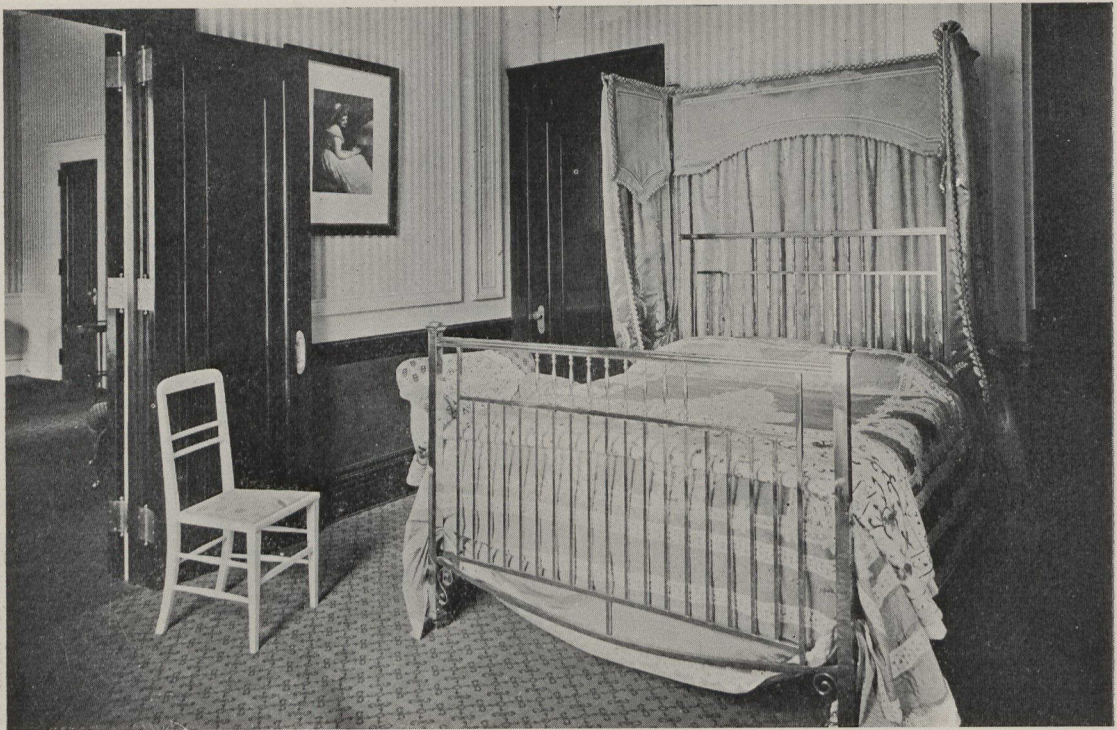
LADIES' LOUNGING ROOM



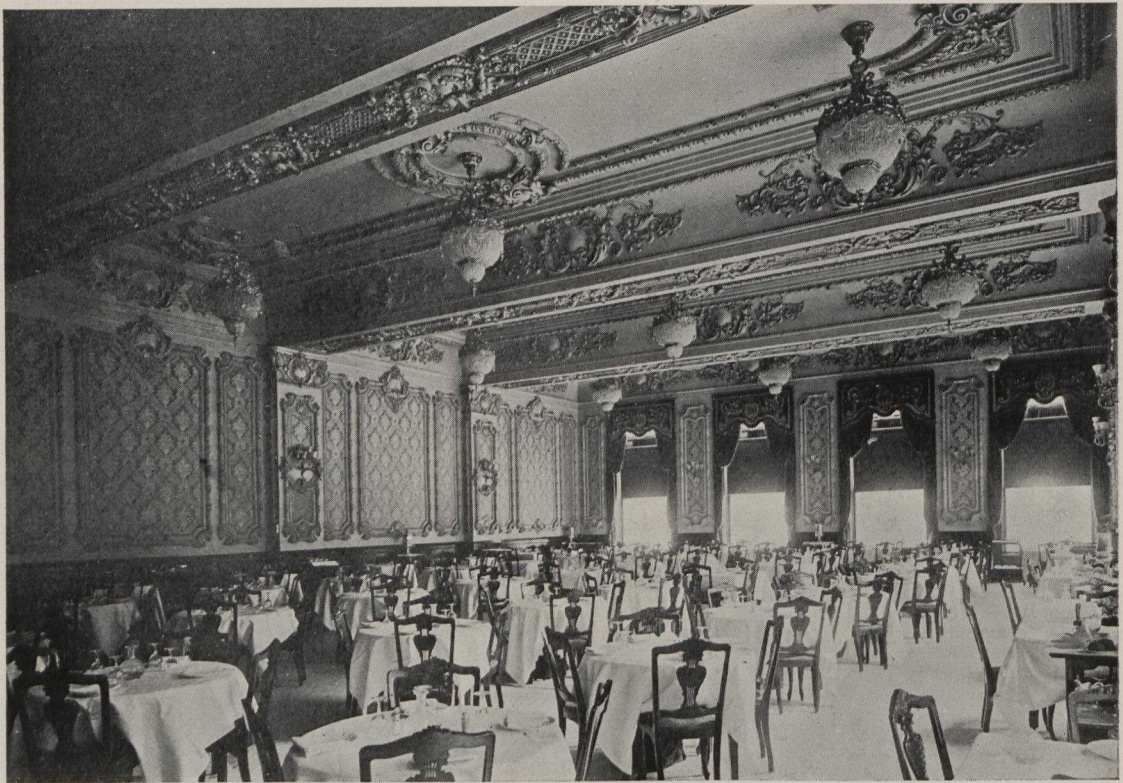
ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM



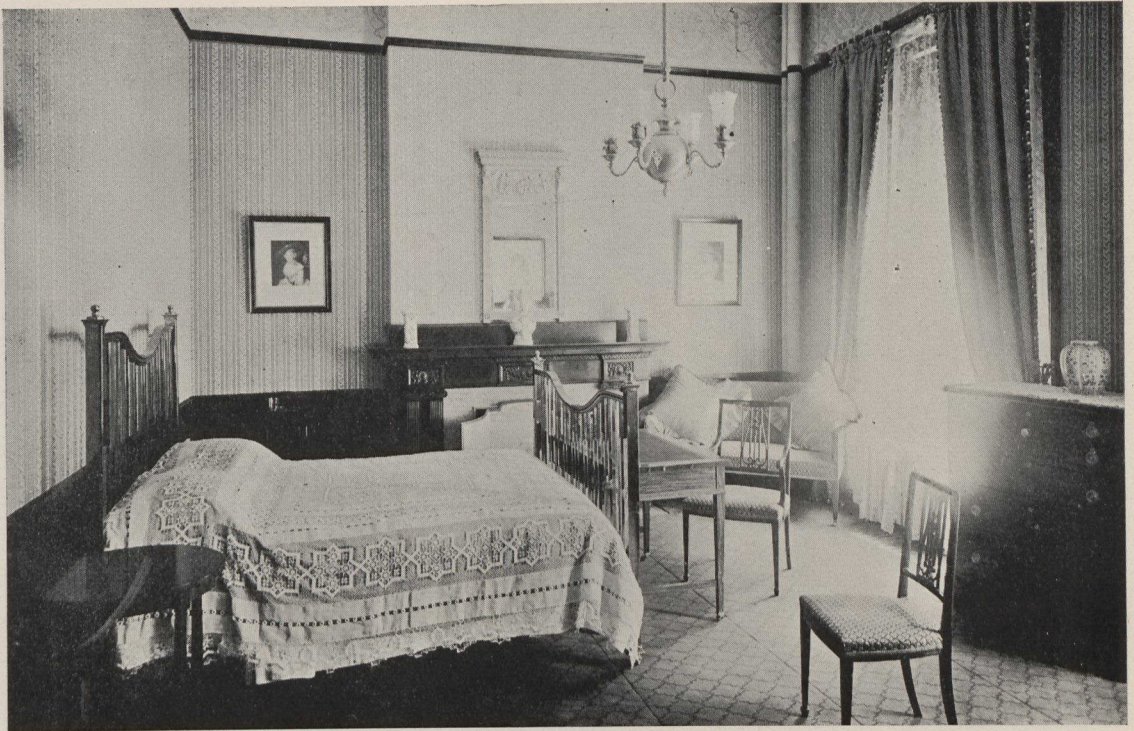
THE LADIES' PARLOR



ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM



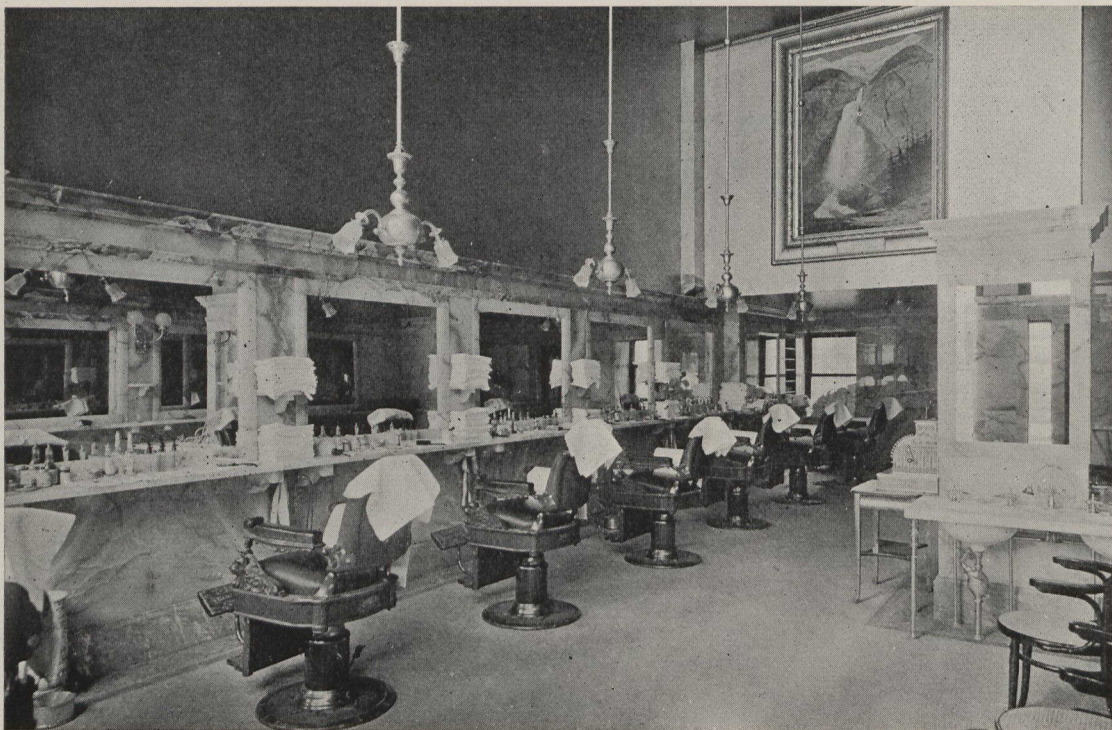
THE MAIN RESTAURANT



ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM



AMERICAN DINING-ROOM

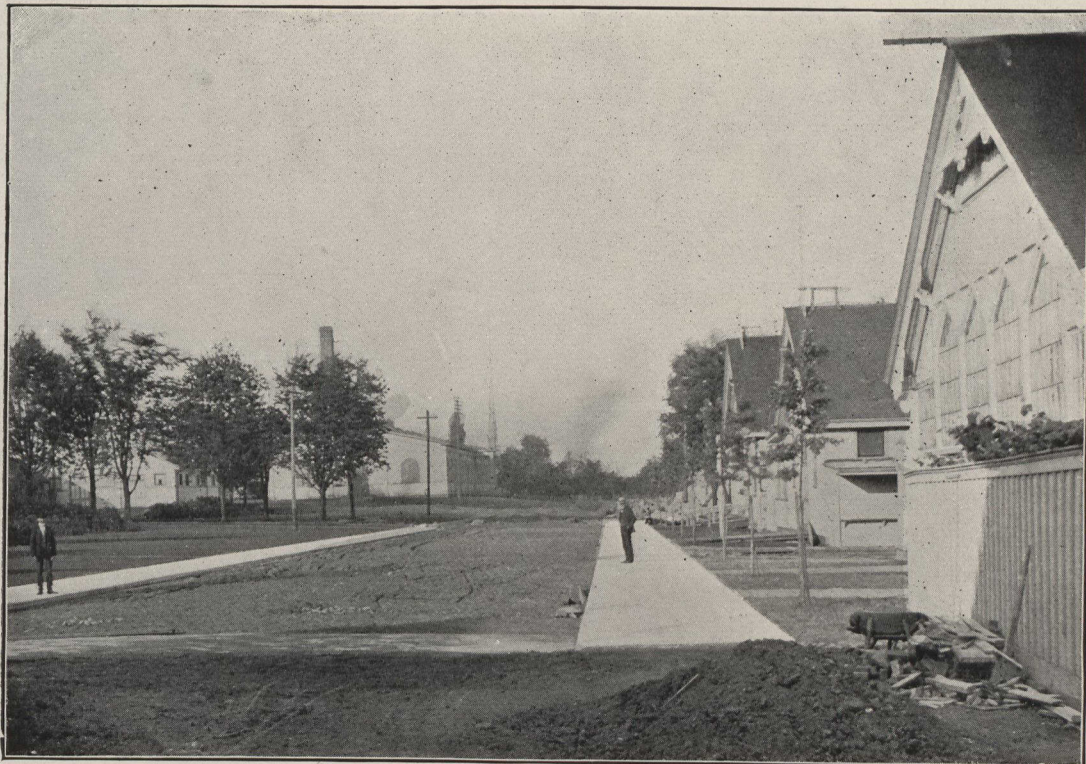


THE BARBER SHOP



BAR AND GENTLEMEN'S CAFÉ

TORONTO EXHIBITION BUILDINGS



MAIN ENTRANCE TO EXHIBITION GROUNDS—DUFFERIN STREET



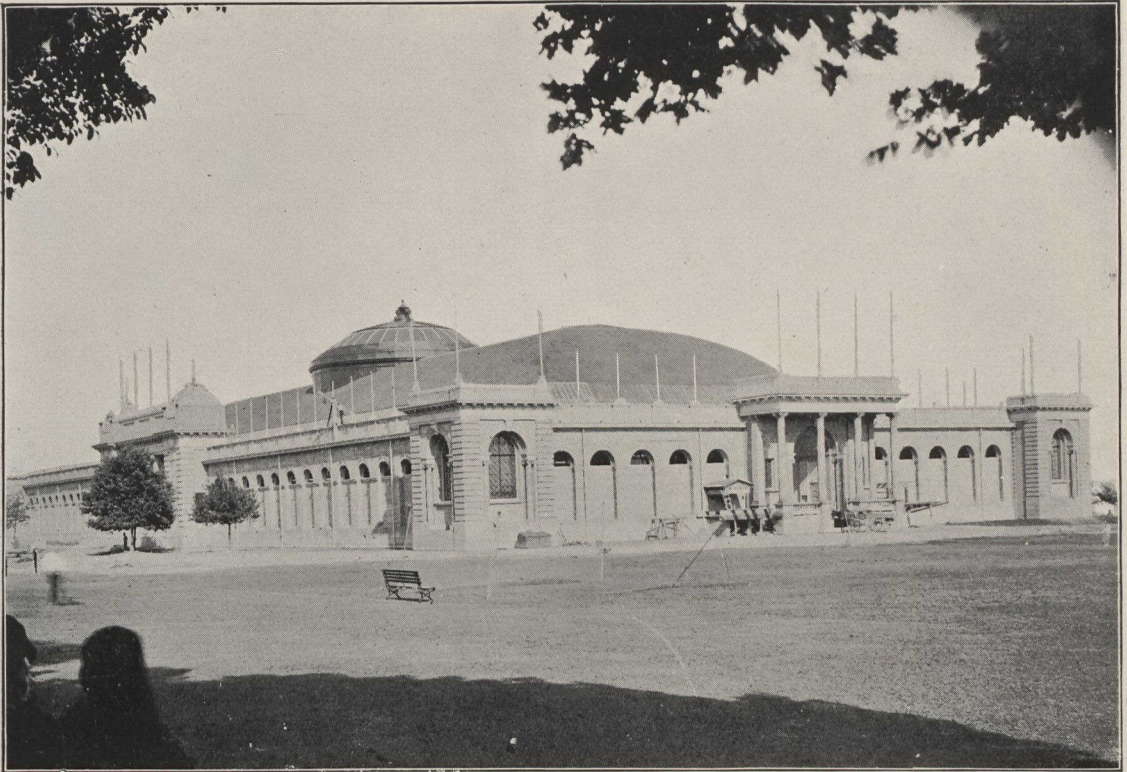
DAIRY BUILDING



HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING



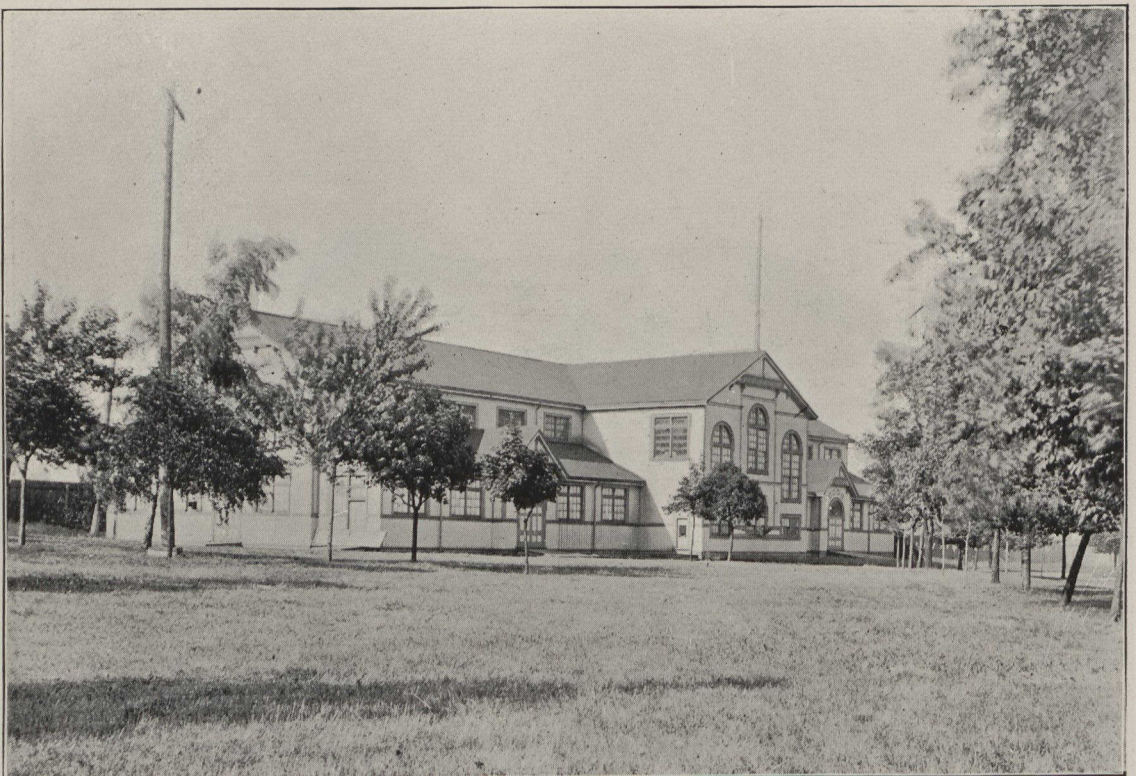
END VIEW NEW MANUFACTURERS' AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING



ART GALLERY



VIEW IN EXHIBITION GROUNDS



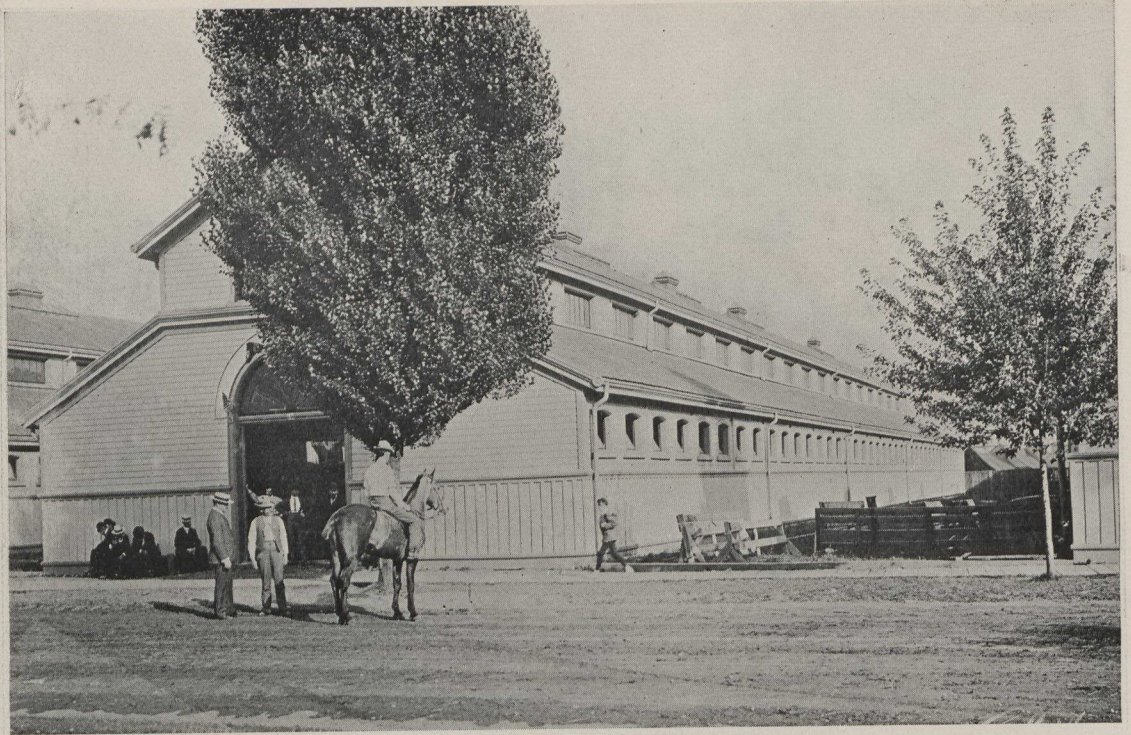
DOG SHOW BUILDING



WOMEN'S BUILDING



MACHINERY HALL



ONE OF THE HORSE STABLES



PRIZE CATTLE



C. P. R. EXHIBIT



GRAND-STAND



NEW MANUFACTURERS' AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING



VIEW FROM TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

AS A THIEF IN THE NIGHT*

BY F. CLIFFORD SMITH

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS," "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

UPON the little village of St. Angele the north wind bore furiously down, lashing the newly fallen snow into fragments fine as flour, and heaping it in great mounds about the exposed farm dwelling of Jules Crepeau.

It was Shrove Tuesday, and even for the Province of Quebec the weather was unusual in its severity.

The day was almost spent. In two hours more Ash Wednesday would be ushered in—to the French-Canadian habitant a holy day of solemn religious import.

The lowering mood of the night was in striking contrast with the scene of revelry in Farmer Crepeau's cottage; through the quaint dormer windows a score of couples were seen dancing joyously in the great kitchen, while, at short intervals bursts of merry laughter were heard even above the voice of the storm. In one corner of the room, near the glowing box-wood stove, sat the entire orchestra of the district—Fiddler Jean Rousseau. Although four-score years of age he fiddled with the vim of a man half his age. On every face shone perfect enjoyment.

In a little bedroom, off the kitchen, a different scene was being enacted. On her knees, before a crucifix—on each side of which were lighted candles—was a woman far past middle age. A strangely apprehensive look shone on her face. She prayed feverishly counting her beads with quick nervous energy and gazing imploringly at the holy emblem above her. There was but one burden to her prayer; that all evil influences, of the Prince of Darkness, might be kept from her home, and especially from one most dear to her.

As she ceased her devotions and rose to her feet, the door opened and her husband,

Jules Crepeau, entered. Sixty years of tilling the earth had left their marks upon him; his shoulders drooped perceptibly and his face was deeply lined; yet withal his eyes were still bright and the expression of his countenance pleasant. As he noted the worried, almost haunted look in his wife's face, a troubled expression came into his eyes and stepping quickly to her side he said, soothingly: "There, there; how foolish of you to be so afraid. Have I not promised that before the stroke of twelve the dancing shall stop? How then, wife, can there be danger? The blessed church (here he crossed himself) allows us to be merry on Shrove Tuesday; for to-morrow, the beginning of Lent, there will be forty days of fasting and penance."

Madame Crepeau looked at him with troubled gaze for a moment, and then said, in a voice that faltered with fear: "Yes, I know the church allows us to feast and be merry this day; but, Jules," she laid her hand imploringly on his arm, "it is always dangerous to keep the merrymaking and dancing up too late. Suppose there should be a mistake and that the dance should not stop before twelve, then—then—"

She drew nearer to him in fear, her face turned towards the window, as though she dreaded some evil influence without.

Her husband's arms were now about her: "It is but a tale, wife," he said uneasily, "and the Evil One cannot do injury to us should the dance, by accident, chance not to stop at the dawn of the holy day."

"Hush, Jule, hush!" she placed her hand quickly on his lips to stop further words. "You know," she went on vehemently, that it is not a tale; it is true, true as the blessed church itself. You remember

*[This story is founded upon a weird French-Canadian legend still widely believed in by habitants in the Province of Quebec.]

twenty years ago to-night," her voice sank to a whisper, "when Narcisse Durand kept up the dance into Ash Wednesday——"

"Wife, wife——"

Ah, you remember and fear as I do. It is now in your memory that at one o'clock in the morning, when Narcisse left the dance to go and bring in wood, he never returned to the house again alive; he was found near the wood-pile, dead, a look of horror on his face." As she ceased she wrung her hands in keen distress.

Her husband stood in silence at her side, uneasily pulling at his unkept beard.

With an impulsive gesture his wife turned quickly to him again. "Somehow, Jule," she broke out breathlessly, "I dread for our daughter Marie, to-night. The others that were born to us are now all married or dead. She is the only one left. Yesterday she was nineteen. Would to the Virgin she were married to her lover, Paul Dumochel." Here the mother sighed, and continued. "Poor Paul, how she tries him with her winsome changeful ways—even more, Jule, than she does us." Again her tone changed and she said with apprehension: "What, Jule, if Marie should insist upon continuing the dance for a few moments after midnight. Oh, I dare not think of it."

She was now weeping on her husband's shoulder in poignant distress.

In a strangely subdued way old Jule sat down and drew her to a seat by his side. With his arm about her they sat listening to the sounds of merriment in the room beyond, and to the riotous cries of the storm without. An unusual depression crept over them as the minutes sped by.

"Come," he said presently. He drew her gently to her feet, and then, silently, side by side, they entered the great kitchen where the dancing was in progress.

"Tak yo' partners fo' de nex' dance," came in quaint broken English (there were those who did not speak French) from Jean Rousseau as he twanged the strings of his ancient fiddle in the forlorn hope of getting it somewhat into tune.

In a twinkling all was commotion, and there was a scurrying round for partners.

Paul Dumochel, true as the needle to the magnet, strode towards where Marie was sitting—she was to be his life partner and his devotion to the wilful winsome maid had for long been a theme of comment in the village.

And of a truth any maid might have been proud of such a lover. Even in his homespun suit he was a striking figure. Six feet two in height he towered perceptibly over all the other guests. His great strength was known for miles around. If somewhat rugged his features were well modelled; courage, and joy in his young manhood, shone in the quick glance of his dark eyes.

In a corner of the room, somewhat apart from the guests, sat the object of all his hopes and ambitions—Marie. Standing in front of her was a young man; from his gestures he was evidently asking her to be his partner in the dance about to be formed. It was on her lips to explain that she had promised the dance to Paul Dumochel when she chanced to glance down the room and saw the anxious Paul striding in her direction with a haste and concern on his face that amused her. In an instant the spirit of mischief took possession of her, and rising impulsively she took the arm of the young man who desired her for the dance.

The next moment the orchestra broke into a droning waltz, and just as Paul reached her side she was being whirled away. Her bright witching brown eyes flashed into Paul's for a moment and then she was gone.

From where she sat the anxious mother had noticed her daughter's wilful action, and in some unaccountable way it accentuated the depression she had no longer the power to throw off.

Poor wounded Paul!

He stood where she had left him, an angry bitter feeling filling his heart. For the first time in his life it came to him that there was something painfully inharmonious and out of tune with the playing of Fiddler Rousseau. After a time he sat down and gazed with rebellious spirit at the floor.

Several times she passed him, and had he looked up he would have seen her roguish

face turned somewhat penitently in his direction; his thoughts, however, were engaged with a plan that was to work deep sorrow for them both, and so he saw not the mute appeals for forgiveness.

Never during the years he had known her had he flirted with another girl in the village. Why not now pay her back in her own coin? Might it not cure her of her propensity to flirt—a failing of hers that had caused him unnumbered heart aches.

Before the dance had ended he had mapped out an unusual course to pursue during the remainder of the evening.

“We now tak time for eat some refreshment.”

The fiddler, without warning, abruptly laid down his instrument as he called out the welcome announcement. The whirl of figures ceased; a buzz of voices mingled with laughter was heard through the room, and soon the men were carrying refreshments to and fro.

Among those who assisted was Paul Dumochel. First to one shy Miss, and then another, he hurried with a load of good things, his merry laughter and handsome face being welcome everywhere. In some perverse way, though, he never seemed to reach the place where Marie, attended by the young man she had danced with, was sitting. Presently Marie covertly noticed that Paul was paying marked attention to a young woman of the village, of Juno-like figure, whom she had long suspected of having a covert liking for her lover. And now Marie’s heart rose in hot rebellion. If she had ever flirted in her life before she would do so now! Ample opportunity was about to be given her.

At last the refreshments were cleared away, and then the voice of the aged floor-master and fiddler rang out again:

“We now have de dance some more.”

Sounds of approbation greeted the announcement, but before anyone could rise, the attention of all was turned curiously to the door. There had suddenly rung out, even above the roar of the storm, the distinct ringing of sleigh-bells. The ringing ceased abruptly and then followed a knock at the door. At so late an hour and in such a storm the incident was unusual.

Farmer Crepeau strode quickly to the door and opened it. A young man, apparently about twenty-five, entered.

“I am afraid I have lost the road,” he said in cultured French, “and so I made bold enough to knock.”

With true French-Canadian hospitality Farmer Crepeau bade him enter. Without hesitation the invitation was accepted.

As the stranger divested himself of his great coat it was seen he was faultlessly clad, and that his station in life must be much different than the simple folk whose hospitality he had sought.

As host and guest walked down the room there was complete silence. With high-bred courtesy the stranger in gracious condescension bowed, first to one and then to another. Just as he was passing where Marie was sitting his dark brilliant eyes caught hers, and he paused for an instant as though surprised. No one save Paul noticed the sudden flush which rose to Marie’s cheek.

“Come, come; de dance, de dance.”

The orchestra was getting impatient. The fiddler’s voice broke the peculiar stillness that had settled down upon the dancers.

In the search for partners which ensued the stranger for the present was forgotten.

Standing between Madame Crepeau and her husband, the wayfarer conversed pleasantly, watching, however, with some interest the different young men, as one after another they selected partners. But his most keen interest, and covert glances, all the while were centred in the direction where Marie sat. With true feminine quickness Marie noted this and her heart beat rapidly. Never before did she remember seeing one so distinguished and stately in her father’s home. Despite her interest in the new arrival, however, she waited somewhat anxiously to see if Paul would come to her for this dance after her slighting of him.

But Paul, as yet, had no mind to be in a very gracious mood; and soon to her dismay she saw him go to the centre of the room with the buxom maiden he had been waiting upon. With anger still more intensified against him she involuntarily rose, and scarcely thinking what she did, walked

to where her parents and the stranger were conversing.

She was about to speak to her father when turning to the stranger her father said: "This, Mr. Vaillaincourt, is my daughter, Marie."

The face of the guest beamed with pleasure. "I am an uninvited guest," he said, bowing and addressing Marie. He paused and went on with flattering earnestness, "but I should dearly like to take the privilege of an honored guest and plead with Mademoiselle for this dance."

In a quiet way he turned and looked for assent at Farmer Crepeau.

"My home, Monsieur," said Farmer Crepeau quickly, "would be honored."

Marie's countenance lit up with pleasure.

As the guest and her daughter turned away and joined the dancers Madame Crepeau glanced uneasily across the room at a small clock, with exposed swinging pendulum—the hour was 11.30. "Would to the Virgin," she whispered under her breath, "that twenty-five minutes more had gone, and it were time to stop the dance!" Again she arose and went to the little bedroom off the great kitchen; and once more her husband followed her, depression and unrest stealing over him.

* * * *

What strange temper had come over the dancers? As the minutes sped on and on, and one dance quickly followed another, a very spirit of madness for the dance seemed to possess them. Even Fiddler Rousseau seemed tireless. His withered hands handled violin and bow with an energy unknown to them for a quarter of a century.

And Marie! She was like one enthralled. She seemed veritably to be treading on air as she sped round and round with the distinguished stranger, who had come so unexpectedly among them. But, with all her waywardness, she loved sincere earnest Paul Dumochel; yet had she never known him she could not, in some unaccountable way have so suddenly ceased to think of him. The stranger attracted her as never had man before; about him there was a personality that absorbed her with wondrous witchery. All the time they danced the rich melody

of his voice sounded in her ears. He was telling her of himself; of wondrous countries visited; of beauteous lakes mirroring towering mountains; of valleys clothed with tropical flowers and domed with glowing skies. Anon, in the same subtle monotone, he told her of grand palaces and castles where ladies—not so beauteous as she—reigned supreme over unnumbered hearts; gold, jewels and costly raiment about them on every hand—such might be the lot of the one who would become his wife.

Thus she continued to dance, absorbed in the strange new world being opened up before her mind's eye.

But all the time he talked and danced the eyes of the stranger were restlessly seeking the face of the little clock whose tiny pendulum was slowly but surely counting off the remaining minutes that yet separated night from the dawn of the holy day which was of such great import to every heart present.

Presently, as if fatigued, the stranger as though by chance, stopped close to the timepiece. He was still talking; and with bent head she continued to listen, her breath coming and going rapidly. None paid heed to them; the excitement among the dancers was visibly increasing with the approach of midnight.

With tense face Fiddler Rousseau was bent over his instrument, his eyes closed, his lips colorless; the bow was flashing with unabated vigor.

In the scene now revealed in the room, there was that which was both distinctly weird and uncanny.

Had Marie been less enthralled she would have seen the stranger, with a covert deft motion, touch the pendulum of the clock and stop its industry.

The hands pointed to *fifteen minutes of midnight!*

A moment later the stranger's arm was about her again and they mingled with the dancers once more.

Poor Paul. Morose, and with bitter jealousy tugging at his heart he sat apart, he, alone, apparently unaffected by the unnatural excitement about him. Suddenly he started and looked up. Marie and the stranger had just sped by him; to his astonishment he had distinctly heard the stranger

ask his fiancee to cast away the little cross suspended from the beads about her neck.

What did it mean? Paul rose mechanically to his feet, a bewildering dread at his heart. In vain he strove to fathom what motive might underlie the dread request. In his trouble and great disquiet he seized his cap and strode from the house into the storm.

* * * *

In the little bedroom Farmer Crepeau still sat with his wife. But few words had passed between them. The tempestuous night continued to deepen the presentiment of approaching evil which now so thoroughly mastered them.

Twice his wife had asked him if the fingers of the clock did not yet point to five minutes of midnight; and each time her husband had opened the door and peered out through the maze of dancers at the diminutive face of the time-piece. But the burden of years had made his gaze uncertain; he simply saw the minute hand had not arrived at the point so momentous to them. It never, for a moment occurred to him that the clock might *not be going*.

Thus they sat on.

At last he could bear the tension no longer, and was just about to rise and proclaim to the dancers that the merriment must cease, when his attention was attracted to the vibrating and piercing neigh of a horse.

Madame Crepeau sprang nervously to her feet and clung to his arm. The sound had filled her with extreme terror.

Pointing in the direction of the window she said in a hushed, awed voice: "It came from that direction."

With his lips tightly set, and with nerves strung to their utmost tension, he took the lamp off the bureau and walked to the window. Reaching it he drew the curtains aside, and holding the lamp high above his head peered out into the evil night. For a moment nothing was revealed; but moving the lamp so the rays fell in the direction of the house door there was brought to view the horse and sleigh belonging to the stranger. A whispered exclamation of astonishment fell from Farmer Crepeau's lips; the animal, long ago, had been taken

to the stable and divested of its harness. How did it happen that it was back in the sleigh again? Had the stranger suddenly decided that he would go on despite the storm? Utterly at sea he was about to turn away from the window when, to his greater astonishment, he saw Paul approaching the animal in a manner that evinced both profound surprise and growing alarm. Again the lamp was held high above his head and he looked nervously on.

A few steps more and the watcher saw Paul reach the animal's side. Then a mysterious and strange thing happened: Paul was seen to throw up his arms in a very paroxysm of dread, and there burst from his lips a cry of mortal horror and fear. Turning he fled towards the house as one possessed.

As the cry reached the little room Madame Crepeau sank on her knees, caught up the cross lying on the bureau and began hysterically to call upon the saints to protect them this terrible night, from the evils without. Between her prayers she besought her husband to cease looking out of the window and hasten to her side.

With ashen face her husband had just heeded her prayers when the door of the little bedroom was thrust suddenly open and Paul staggered in.

Crucifix in hand Madame Crepeau rose to her feet and looked at him in dazed alarm. Paul paid no heed to her. Almost running to her husband's side he seized his arm: "Come, come with me quick, quick!" he cried in an awed voice.

For a moment Farmer Crepeau hesitated, then, without questioning, he followed Paul from the room. A stifled cry of distress from Madame Crepeau reached them both; but they did not pause.

Regardless of the guests and their mad-dened dancing, the two men glided swiftly to the street door, opened it and passed out.

A little distance from the door the horse and sleigh loomed faintly up. The fury of the storm was now at its height, and as its many menacing voices fell on Farmer Crepeau's ears he drew back as though dreading to go on. The old man made a spectral figure with his long grey hair, beard tossing in the wind, and set white face.

Feeling him draw back Paul grasped his arm, and for a few steps drew him on by sheer force. "For the love of the Saviour hasten," he cried.

With a whispered prayer for heavenly protection Farmer Crepeau went forward.

A few moments more and they were at the side of the sleigh. Then, suddenly pointing at the ground where the horse was standing, Paul cried in quavering voice: "See, look, look!"

For a space Farmer Crepeau saw nothing strange in the gloomy uncertain light, but taking a step closer to the animal and stooping towards the earth the dread and unnering mystery was revealed to his sight. For a score of feet, about where the animal was standing, the deep hard snow had been melted entirely away—the bare earth, in this spot alone, was distinctly revealed.

With a gasp the old man sprang back. He would have fallen had not Paul caught him. Even in the numbness of his terror it was all clear to him now; the animal belonged to the Fiend of Darkness; and the Evil One, himself, was he, the stranger, they had welcomed and were harboring within—and this, too, at the dawn of holy Ash Wednesday!

As they turned to flee to the house the wild, gruesome neigh of the horse again rang out above the storm. Burning now in Farmer Crepeau's distraught mind was one frantic desire: to stop the dance before midnight arrived; this but accomplished, all machinations of the Evil One must come to naught.

Had the dancers not been under some unnatural spell they must have noticed the abrupt noisy entrance of the two men; but again none paid the slightest heed.

Like a drunken man Farmer Crepeau, with Paul at his side, stumbled to the corner where the little clock stood. As the old man's eyes turned to the face of the clock he uttered a low cry of thanksgiving. Pointing at the time-piece he said huskily: "See, Paul, see, it yet lacks fifteen minutes to midnight. The Blessed Virgin be praised!"

But Paul stood like one stricken. He tried to speak, but no words came. Raising a shaking hand he pointed at the pendulum; it swung to and fro no longer, and

instinctively both knew that the midnight hour had come and gone.

The piteousness of it was too much for his years and the tension he had endured: with a choking sob and in suffocating terror Farmer Crepeau, helpless as a child, sank to a chair. His gaze wandered down the room and there, close to the door, was his daughter and the stranger.

Leaving the helpless old man Paul sped across the room and again abruptly entered the little room where Madame Crepeau still waited.

She was before her little shrine again, the cross clasped tightly to her bosom.

As coherently as he could Paul unfolded his direful story, expecting to see her sink to her knees in terror, and as incapacitated to act as the aged sobbing man in the room beyond.

But he realized that a strange thing was happening: instead of tears and cries of terror he saw a wondrous courage and religious enthusiasm slowly dawn into the mother's face.

'Ere he had quite ceased, she swept past him, threw open the door, and with the cross extended before her, entered the big room where the dancers were now profaning the holy day. For a moment her excited gaze flashed around the room at the wild scene of revelry, and then they rested on the face of the one she sought to save.

The dread situation was clear to the mother's mind in an instant. The stranger, with Marie at his side, had partially opened the door leading to the road. In Marie's hand was the small crucifix which, at last, she had unclasped from the beads about her neck, and which the stranger, with impetuous pleading, was begging her to cast out into the snow. With this accomplished the mother knew that nothing mortal could save her from the clutches of the Fiend; for all knew that with the blessed cross between him and the object of his evil intent no harm could possibly prevail—hence it was that Marie was being urged to cast away that which stood between her and her soul's salvation.

With a cry that rang through the room, and with the cross high above her head, the frantic mother sprang forward.

For an instant there was a tiny gleam be-

fore the mother's eyes—it was the direful flight of the cross, from Marie's hand, into the night.

And in that instant a dreadful laugh was heard, and Madame Crepeau then saw Satan, himself, standing where the stranger had stood, his gruesome hands outstretched to seize her child.

Truly the prayers of the mother must have counted for much, and the powers of heaven intervened; for just as his hands were closing about Marie another cross pressed to Marie's bosom by a thin wrinkled hand, flashed between the Evil Spirit and his prey.

"Begone! Begone! The cross of Christ separates her from thee!"

The frenzied mother screamed the words in frantic distress. Then, in the abandon of her fear, she struck the Foul Fiend with the holy emblem.

Instantaneously, with the touch of the cross, the spell, which had been cast over the girl, and the hapless dancers, was

broken. For a space it was as though the very realms of the lost was let loose in the cottage; for legend hath it that sounds, never heard by human ears before, echoed through the room; that sulphurous fumes choked the air, and then, with blasphemous utterances the Fiend fled before the power of the cross of the Redeemer.

* * * *

There is but little more to tell. Jean Rousseau, the fiddler, lived but a few days after the dreadful night. The evil influence of the spell cast over him, coupled with his age and mad fiddling, had been too much for his strength.

And Marie?—It was months before she recovered from the terror of the night and married faithful Paul Dumochel.

As for Madame Crepeau her wondrous deed, in striking the very Fiend himself with the cross, is repeated even unto this day by the devout French-Canadian habitant.



A FEUD IN THE GREAT SMOKIES

BY ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE.

THIS lamentable episode in the lady-conquering career of Clayton T. Spriggs, Adonis of the sample-cases, had its prologue the day after Thanksgiving. Young Joe Rutherford was coming back from Asheville in an accommodation smoker, and Spriggs and another "commercial gentleman" were occupying the seat in front of him; before long their conversation began to enter interestingly into the ears of that seventeen-year-old son of the mountains.

"Mind, it's a different proposition from handlin' *men*, Willie," Clayton T. was explaining; "I can size a man up at the first look, while I got to *study* a woman. But once I have studied one,—does she begin to come my way?—Well, it'd make you *laugh*, sometimes!—I presume, though, it's just one variety of hypnotism."

"So?" said Willie, without enthusiasm.

"Well, that's the only way I can explain it. Now you say there's a back-county peach sittin' by herself in the next car. And I say again, I don't know how I'll do it; but—just to show you that it can be done,—I'll go in there, and I'll lay you the *perfectos* that if you take a look through the door in another fifteen minutes, you'll see me talkin' to her like her uncle from Baltimore!"

Whereupon, to young Joe's astonishment, he did rise and go forward. Willie gave him his fifteen minutes, then somewhat boredly got up and followed him. And when he came back, upon his face there could plainly be read the complete triumph of the Apolline Spriggs!

In another half-hour he returned himself. Sinking into his old place he convulsively worked his fingers into Willie's knee—"a 'peach?' Say, she's a peacherino! If she had that face under a French hat, and that figger in Fifth Avenoo clothes, she'd just about,—she'd pretty near—!"

"Well, Claytie, I guess you ought to be a judge!"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe,—maybe!— And say, talk about them bein' easy! So far she's only told me that she lives at Poplar Gap, about twelve miles over the Mountain from Great Smoky Station; her name's 'Bessa Matilda,' and Jesse Barton's her father,—'Little Jesse' the boys call him—"

Young Joe sat straight up. These were home affairs with *him*!

"I guess you-all have heard of dad.' Spriggs continued to quote,—'he got the post-office last year. But he just won't attend to business, and never seems to think of doin' anything but go huntin' after coon and wild-cat!'—Willie, my boy, do you know what I'm goin' to do?"

"Go huntin' after coon and wild-cat, too?"

"That's right!—I'm three days ahead of skedyool now, and as soon as I get back from Henryville—!—And she says she knows dad would just love to have me!— Well, she'll be gettin' off pretty soon, so I'll have to go and buzz some more to her right now." He got up, then turned back and leaned over his fellow ecstatically.— "Willie, just let me whisper in your ear: three days of a certain gay-cat from Waterbury,—and I can just see her chasin' him with letters and turnin' down the local Reub for all the rest of her life!"

Now young Joe had always felt that Miss Bessa Matilda was, if possible, even more "plum fool" than "Little Jesse" himself. And her beauteousness he privately held to be something flaunting and reprehensible. Nor did he altogether realize that Mr. Spriggs was a "mucker," and a "mucker" of a peculiarly nauseating order of mud. But what he had spoken was scathe and insult to all the Great Smoky section, which was enough. And that night it went before the youth of the "Station."

Now the youth of Great Smoky Station were of that type, which has ever been the most deceptive of snares to the outsider.

But perhaps they may be in some part understood when one remembers that from the mountains of the middle South went the men who gave the West both its dialect and its attitude towards intruding tenderfeet. These young men were of bucolic leatherness of countenance, but they were not simple of heart. They were slow of movement, laughed but rarely, and had the mountaineer genius for silence, but they were not stupid. And they possessed a sense of humor so *hungarily* excessive that only by the most frequent charivaris, whitecappings, darkychasings and rail-ridings could it be in any way appeased! And, that Clayton T. should fall among them, better were it for him that he should experience unnumbered hotel fires and railroad accidents!

They did not speak hostilely regarding him, but rather as those who yearned to have him come and make them entertainment.—“We could fix up to do for *him* what we’d laid out to do for that lightnin’-rodder who was so mighty funny about the Baker-Howards,” said George Wilkes. And if ever Mr. Spriggs had been horoscopically warned to beware of a dark-eyed man, indubitably to that earnest-faced manager of Great Smoky enterprises, did the augury refer.

“Nothin’d be easier, now,” said ‘Bub’ Devanne. “We could shore give him the time of his life!—But I don’t guess, though, that there’s a chance he’ll come.” He added it wistfully. “Bub” was one of those “local Reubs” who, in the glittering advent of Clayton T., were to be ignominiously thrown down. He was also Wilkes’ most trusted lieutenant.

“No,” said Jeff Clarkson, “I’m a-feared not.—Not when he’s had three or four days to forgit in.”

Yet they licked their lips like wolves without the fold, and trusted, even against all probability that the lamb might wander.—And, by that balance of chance which ever tips towards folly, the man from Waterbury, *fata profugus*, did wander!

About half-past five in the afternoon of the following Wednesday, overcoated in a jaunty tweed cravenette, carrying his pumpkin-colored suit-case and a canvas-covered gun, he stepped lightly from the

accommodation. Almost all Great Smoky Station was as usual on the platform,—and young Joe swiftly made the identification.

The Clarkson boys, “Port” Rutherford and Nash Yancey waited only long enough to hear the stranger ask how he could get out to Poplar Gap; then they melted away through the freight-shed. Five minutes later they were pelting up the trail to Poplar Gap themselves. And they halted their ponies only to gather recruits.

In the meantime, Wilkes, Andy Moore “Bub” Devanne had approached Mr. Spriggs with some rural diffidence and were deponing that a “wheeled rig was somethin’ he couldn’t no ways git; but the ridin’ over the Ridge was a good three-mile nearer, and just as it happened, too, *they* were goin’ back to the Gap that night,—only they couldn’t get away before moonrise”—“If you-all could only wait, now, we-uns could pick ye out a good mount, and show ye the road.”

It did not need their “we-uns” and “you-all” for the acumen of a Clayton T. to size up the three as regulation mountaineer “chaw-bacons”; and he was again reminded of the fascination which the man of urban culture possesses for the hopeless way-backer. But it was a chance for company, and he accepted it with an impressive flourish of politeness.

They got him supper, chose him a mount over at Cap Blackall’s, and, with the rising of the moon, set forth.—This is where the story begins to be heartless and cruel. It also here begins to be one more warning that things are not what they seem, that the ability to carry through pooled enterprises is not confined to Wall Street, and that the dramatic instinct does not walk only on New York’s Rialto.—As for “Bessa Matilda” and “Little Jesse,” of them there is no more to say.

II.

The four had clambered and slid some six miles up and down one of the worst bridle-paths ever checkered by the glimpses of the moon, when, just where the trail hung over a two-hundred-foot drop, there rose up before them a man with a gun!

The three "chaw-bacons" were not startled, however. Apparently they recognized him; for they quieted their beasts and spurred hastily forward. The man with the gun excitedly said something, they all began to whisper together nervously, and then Wilkes and Moore lifted their hands and drove their ponies ahead into the darkness again at break-neck speed.

As for Devanne, he stopped only long enough to beckon to Spriggs to make the best time *he* could also.

"What's—what's the matter?"

"We don't know as *anything's* the matter—*yit!*" He jerked it over his shoulder.—"The McAdden boys batches about a mile funder on down in the Bowl. We'll mebbe know for certain when we git thar.—I reckon we-uns better pike it, now!"

He lay over his pony's neck, and Spriggs followed him, stumbling and plunging down the spur. The "Bowl" was well named; it must have been two thousand feet to the black bottom of it, and the moonlight was now almost shut out by the thickest of oak and chestnut bush.

They clattered into a little clearing on the lowest ledge. Around the larger of the two shacks,—it was the stable,—the man from Waterbury thought he could make out a score of hovering shadows. But it was Wilkes who stopped his horse, swiftly lifted his gun and suit-case from the saddle-horn, and helped him to dismount.

The cabin door opened, and two young fellows appeared; both were carrying rifles.—"These is the McAdden boys," said Wilkes,—and then, with a certain discomfiting reticence: "We-uns don't guess you'd better try to go much funder to-night."

Clayton T. started to speak, but he was already being led in. A blanket had been hung over the window, and the table was littered with cartridges.

"The boys is willin' to put you up in the room thar above," said Wilkes again, and pointed to the ladder which obviously led to it.

"Well, *say*, now!—" began Spriggs, again.

"You-all don't think we-uns is aimin' to

hurt ye?" asked his guide, with reproachful honesty, and went stolidly ahead.

Spriggs followed him through the trap-door. The garret had no window, but a snuffy dip, stuck on a joist, dimly outlined a shake-down in the far corner.

"I guess you-all could make out to sleep thar, *somehow*, now?"

"Why, blast it, I suppose I could, but I'd just like to ask you—"

"Now don't you-all go and *skeer* yourself.—But what—what kind of a gun might you-all be a packin'?"

The eyes of the man from Waterbury began to goggle. "It's a repeatin' shot-gun. But, by cripes—"

Wilkes took down the dip, crossed the room and indicated a sort of leather-hinged pannel-plug in the gable end.—"You-all 'll need to open that for air, I reckon. But I wouldn't open it while you have the candle burnin', nor yet if you fix up to smoke, neither.—Nary good makin' yourself the *bull's-eye* of the target!"

Spriggs gaped at him.

—"For I'm a-feared," he confessed it with apologizing deprecation. "I'm a-feared we-uns are goin' to have a little trouble around here to-night."

"A little trouble?"

"I'm a-feared so. We-uns have been give the word that the Guilfords are a-comin' down."

"Well, *I* don't know who your Guilfords are, do I?"

"The Guilfords are some folks up on Hawk Branch that ain't been downright friendly with we-uns for the last four or five year'."

"It ain't—It ain't a *feud*?"

"I reckon that's what you-all would call it, North. But don't you get worryin' yourself, now."

"And you went and let me come right on into it with you,—after you got the warning, too?"

(About the foot of the ladder there were now silently crushing the whole Great Smoky company, and their ears were rap-turously open.)

—"Well, we understood," the leader was continuing, "as you-all were sort o' bound to

get up to the Gap to-night, we reckoned you had most urgent business thar away." Across his Indian-like mask there shot a transient and unkind flicker.

Spriggs observed it. "Damn it!" he burst out, "I believe the whole thing's a josh! I believe it's a put-up game to—to get somethin' out of me!"

"We-ell," responded Wilkes, with generous suavity, "if you-all 'll sleep better to think so!—And I'm afeared we *will* want your gun. One of the boys—Port Rutherford—has been caught kind o' shy in the weapon way.—But mebbe you-all are some on the shoot yourself?"

"I never fired a shot-gun in my life!—And I ain't *in* this, anyway! You know I ain't!—This gun's one I just rented up at Henryville."

"Oh, well, that bein' so—Did you-all say your ca'tridges was in the valise, thar?"

Spriggs balked for a moment, fairly beside himself; but in the end he flung open the suit-case, and handed out a box of "six's" and another of "seven's."

"Not much for distance, but just about the right thing if it comes to close work," said Wilkes, and meditatively possessed himself of the armament.—"Mebbe, though, now," he finished comfortingly, "there won't be no trouble *after* all."

He dropped down the ladder, and the trap-door fell behind him. The conquering squire of dames above stood choking,—hot with rage, cold with fear, and still making a last stand on the incredulous.—Almost within the minute there was the sudden horrid jar, and the booming reverberation of a gun-shot up the "Bowl!"

III.

Another shot followed it, and another. Spriggs dashed out the candle. From the room below there was a surging rush of feet. The cabin door crashed behind them. But an instant later it was burst open again, and someone was running up the ladder. In spite of himself the captive yelled, and yelled again.

"It's only we-uns;" once more it was the voice of Wilkes.

"Bub" Devanne mounted swiftly after

him. "By the livin's," he panted, "if you go by the sound of it, the whole Branch is down!"

"I *reckon!*"—Wilkes jerked the 'window' open.—"That's shore vicious shootin'!" He turned to Clayton T. "We might be able to spare ye a gun yit!"

"I ain't *in* this, I tell you! And, by Gee, I want you to *remember* I ain't!"

"Well, now, I don't know," said "Bub" unpleasantly, taking an ear from the window.—"I don't know about that at all! From what we-uns hear *now*, mebbe you-all are in it a lot more than you think for!"

"I'm afeared that's right!" asseverated Wilkes.

Spriggs stared from one to the other, torturedly, open-mouthed.

"Yes," Wilkes explained, "Old Grandy Middleton was down at the Station this afternoon,—(he'd been down near every day sence harvest, and nobody a-tetchin' him)—and when he seen you-all, he just piked straight back for Poplar tellin' everybody that you were a marshal that we-uns had brought in!"

The shooting had started up again, more fiercely than ever. But Devanne, in his turn, gave his attention only to Spriggs.—"And I tell you now, that *would* mad the Guilfords,—we-uns bringin' in a marshal, when it was we-uns got the last *man!*"

"But I *ain't* any damn' marshal,—*you* know I ain't!"

"Oh, as fur as *that* goes, I don't guess the Guilfords is anyways sure ye are, neither! But if ye were, they'd want to get ye before ye had a chance to show your paper; for then they could swear before the law that they didn't know ye were one!"

"They're a—they're—" he struggled to get fitting words, but gave it up, and mopped at his misery with his coat sleeve.

"But we'll do the best we can to keep them from gettin' ye," added Wilkes, feelingly.

—"Unless o' curse," said "Bub," "unless they ketch one of our boys and force us to a trade."

For some minutes the firing had been desultory. Now there was a second rush of feet across the clearing and into the cabin. The smell of powder came saltily up through

the open trap-door.—“You-all thar-above will need some more of us now, won't ye?” shouted the incomers.

“No,” replied Wilkes, emphatically; “it'd only worry our friend here. You-all get back to your places. We've nothin' to do here ourselves, and were just a-comin' down.”

But they regarded Spriggs lingeringly; and at that moment, from half way down the “Bow” there crashed out such a series of explosions as might have come from a whole battery.

“By Judas, I know *that* trigger-work! It's Devil Jim,—and out for blood!” (He was entirely wrong. It was a certain repeating shot-gun being pumped from Echo Rock by the lightning fingers of Andy Moore.)

They tumbled down the ladder. And, on the instant, the firing seemed to leap out below the cabin as well as above it. And now the bullets came from every side. The Guilfords had out-manceuvred them. The McAdden place was surrounded.

Spriggs flung himself at the “window” and drove it to. But even as he closed it, in a dozen places he saw the darkness stabbed with fire. Nor could anything shut out the blood-curdling horrors of the pandemonium which followed. The crash upon crash of single explosions grew to one deafening bellowing roar. Just outside the gable towered a big sycamore; a ball took it with a thud that jolted Spriggs' very soul. And over the roof-tree, back and forward, came dozens more, in yarring, squalling succession.

Yell followed yell,—oaths, screeches, curses of defiance. Never were heard cries of a malevolence so utterly diabolical, nor wails telling of such death throes!—

“Take *that*, will ye!”

“And you-all take *that*, too!”

“Die, you devil, die!”

And, high over all,—“Where's your marshal?”—“Bring out your marshal?”—“Wait till we-uns get your marshal!” . . . In the McAdden garret, that “marshal” was acting like a caged squirrel having a frenzy in its exercising wheel.

But it was evident that slowly, but surely the Guilfords were being driven back to the “Knob.” Once more the firing by degrees fell

off. There were a few more wails of unprecedented agony, a sickening splash in the creek below, another half dozen parting shots,—and the defending force began to return to the cabin.

“Well, they got Jim,” somebody said; “but we'll squar' up when they come back!”

—“They've made out to fetch away their own killed, too!”

—“And Andy,—pore Andy! Did you hear how they threwed him in?—They didn't even wait till he was dead!—This has been an awful bad night for we-uns!”

The man from Waterbury leaned over the trap-door and called quaveringly down,—“But they didn't catch any of youse, did they?”

There was a sudden silence. Then Wilkes answered him.—“Not *yit*, they haven't; but they got we-uns outnumbered. I reckon though, they'll keep nearer the Gap for the next hour or two!”

Spriggs' heart leaped within him.—“Then what's the reason I couldn't make a—make a break back for the Station now?—It might just stop the trouble altogether, if I took that risk,—mightn't it?”

There was another silence. Then Wilkes replied again. “I'll have to talk to the boys about that; and some of them's stayed up the trail a piece.”

After endless minutes he returned. Well, they *do*, most of them, think you-all'd be nigh as safe to go as to stay on *h'ar*. It's just possible you might be fired at, a-goin'; but I don't guess you'd get hurted much, if you only piked it fast enough.”

“I will,” said Spriggs, “I will!” and feverishly descended the ladder. “I won't try to take my suit-case. It'd only be a handicap.”

“Bub” Devanne came in from the darkness. “I'll be gettin' out his beast,” he said, and disappeared again.

Wilkes rubbed his chin in gloomy thought. “You-all been mighty wise not to let out your name or business to nobody down here. For when the law sharps takes hold of to-night, they'll want to know who was the cause of startin' the trouble again. . . . And what about you-all bein' seen goin' back with a gun, now?”

“I'll leave it, too!”

"Well, I reckon no use you-all advertisin' yourself.—And you might be able to fix ye up so as nobody'd recognize ye on the road again.—When you-all packed in, now, you were wearin' a sort of slicker overcoat—"

It was one of Clayton T.'s dearest and most fetching articles of raiment, but—"I won't take it, either," he said, in tones that would have brought tears to the eyes of any but the most hardened.

"Oh, well, I reckon there'll be nothin' to keep ye from comin' back for it,—*some* time."

"Bub" had brought up the pony.—"And I just been a-thinkin'," he came in, "that he'd better leave off that grey wideawake. You could see it a powerful long way. Try on this h'ar, now." He set on his head a primeval, green-brown, stable slouch, which was flapping in two pieces.

Spriggs looked at them haltingly from under its brim, and moistened his lips.—"Where,—where's the rest of the crowd?"

"They allowed they'd better scatter up the Bowl a little, and sort of hold things till you got through," Wilkes answered; "They're mighty good-hearted boys, now."

"And with Jim layin' like a log up thar and Andy in the Creek—!" added 'Bub'; "you-all have brought a heap of trouble on we-uns!"

For the hundredth time the afflicted Lothario from Waterbury wiped the sweat from his jaws, and tried to express himself, and could not.

"But I don't guess you meant no harm," said Wilkes, forgivingly, and pressed the ancient head-piece down on his neck till one ear came through below the band.

They lifted him into the saddle.—"It's a bad trail, but you-all 'll be safe to leave it to your beast." And he was off.

* * * *

Incredible as it may appear, he was fired on from behind before he had gone a hun-

dred rods,—and not once, only, but again and again! For the first two miles it was as if Guilfords had gathered to head him off at every pitchy turn and abysmal "cross-over"! A dozen times he escaped their murderous fusilades only by the plunging of his beast! His pursuers were altogether bloodthirsty, absolutely implacable. Fiends would have relinquished the chase far sooner!—

But he shook them off at last. About four in the morning he once more entered Great Smoky Station. He aroused the agent. An express went through at five-fifteen, and it was flagged.

* * * *

He was still attempting to adjust the battered tile so as to keep both ears inside it when the blinking conductor got around to him.

"*Spriggs!*—of *all* people!—And my Lord, you look as if you'd just got off a rail!"

The reply was awfully hurried and muffled. "There *has* been a little trouble, McCue. I wasn't in it myself, though—I swear to God I wasn't!—But if you could just see it not to know me till we're well out of here, now—?"

"*Hm-hm!*—haven't been enjoying the mountain country, eh?"

"Look here,—I'm not talkin' rash, now,—I'm not blowin' off,—but I wouldn't go back into that *this-and-that, so-and-so* country,—no, not if they'd give me all North Carolina!"

Meanwhile, around the McAdden fireplace at the bottom of the "Bowl," some fourteen irreconcilables were fighting over again the most desperate battle which had taken place in that section since the war. And if the fourteen were not taking their pleasure sadly, they were taking it with that gravity and earnestness which distinguishes their peculiar kind.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

BY EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The grim matted forests begin to claim attention. The monster trees red-barked, and of enormous girth, are foliaged scantily in comparison to their trunks. These trees that were baby plants in King David's time, storm up the mountain sides in numbers no arithmetic could tell. The timber limits are of inexhaustible extent. Of a truth this is the new "Land of Promise." Speaking long ago of Canada, Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, said, "Canada is Egypt, India, and the Mississippi valley in one." "Fine writing," said the Republic to the South, "but what fiction." Is it? The coast line of British Columbia alone is more than 7,000 miles. The in-shore and salt water comprises 15,000 square miles, and the fresh water 36,350 miles. In twelve years the salmon catch in this Province amounted to twenty-one million dollars, and it is hardly exploited yet. We need a new Moses to stand and say to the Canadian people, "Ye shall bless the Lord your God for the good land He hath given you."

We would like to stop and tell about Kamloops, the wonderful Thompson River, the fat grazing lands and fruit-growing areas, about Mount Baker, a rocky tooth that we descry towering up 14,000 feet, fifty miles to the south in the State of Washington, and of our first view of the turbid Fraser, and how it is throttled in Hell Gate, but here we are at Port Moody, just pulling into Vancouver, and we must take up our belongings and walk.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE TERMINAL CITY."

We had not to walk either. A young Manitoban, whose people had been good to us in Winnipeg, met us at the station, and saw us safely to "The Oaks," on Burrard

Street, our quarters for the next three weeks.

Sixteen years ago there was no Vancouver; now it is a prosperous city of nearly 30,000 inhabitants. It is quite different to any city in Canada. The population is an agglomeration of various nationalities. On the streets, every second person is someone you have met "back home"—the other person is a foreigner. You will meet the Frenchman, with his racial shrug, which means all things from total ignorance to infinite understanding, the "Flying Dutchman," the sallow, all-pervading Chinaman, and the polite Japanese matron, with her comely winning face and picturesque attire. It is a queer medley of people, too, that lands from the *Empresses*, red, white, yellow, and black are they, with all the intermediate tones. Just now *The Empress of Japan* has brought in any number of princes, ambassadors, officers, and troopers from India, China, and Japan, all bound for the coronation of *Edwardus VII., Rex et Imperator*. The pleasant way in which they fraternized caused us to wonder, if, after all, the blood of the British subject was not thicker and deeper than either caste, color, or language. Ram Lal good-naturedly posed for amateur photographs, and although like the Chuzzlewits, a descendant in the direct line from Adam and Eve, he was not too proud to shake hands with the Canadian girls, nor too sedate to single out the prettier ones for his particular attention.

The Empress of Japan is a well-found ship, and luxurious with marble baths, rich panelling, sumptuous brocades, polished brasses, inlaid floors, and all else that a long purse can supply to make it a veritable Castle of Indolence. From the upper deck one may watch the firemen eating rice and greens. They lift the bowls to their mouths and push in the food with a chop-stick. It is not a pretty performance, and recalls the

quaint old saying, "Man is an animal, dis-nice and unneat."

John is a clever fisherman, and dexterously draws up crabs on the deck. His companions scramble for the prizes like children after sweets. De Quincey said, "The young Chinese seem to me like an antediluvian man renewed." It is not a good comparison. The antediluvians should be serious. These "hands" get \$15 a month from the Steamboat Co., and their board. While on this side the Pacific they are not allowed to land, the fine for so doing being \$100.

Side by side, in Burrard Inlet, lie vessels from almost every country in the world. There are passenger boats, mercantile, and "tramp" ships. The tramp will likely have brought coal from Wales to Hong Kong, has come into Vancouver with ballast, and is here lading with lumber for Australia.

The scenery at Vancouver is a symphony of rock, verdure, forest, mountain, glacier, and water. The public buildings are substantial and worthy. The people are homed in shining bugalows that climb skyward out of silky lawns and swooning gardens.

Stanley Park has a sound suggestive of something different to what it actually represents. It is not a place of free entertainment and freer picnics, with their wake of greasy papers and empty pop bottles. On the contrary, it is an almost tropical forest, that has had its hair judiciously combed. You will take the five-mile drive in the park—everyone does—and will gape with wide-eyed interest at the big trees, with long streamers of grey moss hanging from their limbs, the gigantic ferns, the bewilderment of *riant* verdure, and the high shrubs aflame with burning scarlet flowers, each branch a chandelier lit up with blossoms of fire. If you have brought a camera and want your photograph taken, the driver will back the carriage into a burnt-out tree that is 60 or 70 feet in circumference. You do your best to "look pleasant" in this black novel chamber, *this one-log house*. The Vancouverites are very proud of these patriarchal pillars of state. You would almost think they had planted them. When the trees are felled, and squared, they are

placed on trucks, and make their journey East, flaringly labelled as "British Columbia Tooth-picks." It is not often that business makes an attempt at being funny.

The drive is pleasant, but not comparable with an afternoon's stroll over the same area. Down full-foliaged avenues, where on the soft, plushy sod, is never a single footprint, you will find fallen trees covered with blankets of mosses as compact as thick fur. Perhaps, this is why they call British Columbia "the Woolly West." Where the light shifts through the trees, it dapples the shrubs with fawn, and lights up the floor with mellow patches. The branchless, columnar Douglas fir, with its knotted arms is ribboned with creeping plants, and there is a breathing in the pines, and a foamy sound in the aspens. If Nature abhors a vacuum, she feels even worse about haste. She is shy and not talkative, but if you are friendly, she will reciprocate, and will lead you with soft-stepping feet into charming surprises, will distil for you from her most exquisite odors, and, in the deep shadows, will lull your fancy with delirious themes.

Out on the edge of the forest grow ruddy clusters of salmon berries, sweet and thirst-quenching. The fruit is nearly an inch in diameter, and grows so plentifully that the heavens might have opened and rained them down in showers. The flowers, which grow side by side with the ripe berries, are white and almost as large as wild roses.

There are other berries, too. One is the gaultheria, which has a number of *aliases*. It is sometimes known as the checkerberry, the boxberry, or the partridge berry, but it is really the wintergreen. The Indians call it sal-al. Another berry is its cousin, the Uva-ursa, or bearberry, or, to call it by its Western name, the Kinikinic. Although it grows to the dimensions of a small tree, it belongs to the heath family. Its branches are twisted and zigzaggy, and the wood is hard and unyielding. The berries, which are about the size of coffee-beans, are red and pleasantly acid, but half their bulk is made up of seeds. I am told that the Indians, birds, and bears, live on them for months.

In the open, tropical flowers spot the

ground with fire, gold, and blue. You may gather all you care to, and ruddy-hearted roses as well, or the graceful, swinging, rock-loving Columbine.

In the West, business qualities will have a large field for action. Manufactureries of all kinds are needed. Intending immigrants should be prepared to take nearly any kind of work that presents itself. In the East, a specialist succeeds, but here, one must know how to do many things. A young girl came to Vancouver who could speak fluently four languages, and was also a capable stenographer. She was obliged to take a position as waitress at \$25 a month. As a stenographer, she would have received \$5 a week, and it would have taken every cent to pay her board.

On the Pacific Coast, one meets many miners. It would be bootless to ask whence they came. There is some odd timber among them, too, men of culture and good family, who have come here attracted by the loadstone of wealth, hoping to "strike it rich." Most of them, in the end, will be classed as "the bitten," and will run through the regular degrees of comparison, "mine, minor, minus." True, there are golden accidents of fortune, but who can tell the story of the heartbreak, the unrequited suffering of multitudes around whom delusive Hope has blown her golden bubbles. But, if the rainbow recedes as the gold-hunter approaches, and if the pursuit of the strangely-exciting, wondrous, yellow metal is often a false grail, yet are society gainers, for miners are the advance-guards of the army of material progress. They are the modern crusaders, the martyrs for gold, over whose bodies we march to victory.

At Mission City, across the Inlet from Vancouver, there is a settlement of Squamish Indians. The men, as a general thing, are wooden-faced, low-browed, and stolid-looking. Many of them are pock-marked, and their nostrils are broad almost to deformity. When old, the women degenerate into frowsy hags, with faces like withered prunes. In appearance they are not comparable with the prairie Indians, yet these British Columbia tribes will probably survive the others. The advent of the white

man has not robbed them of their means of livelihood—fishing. On the contrary, they have learned better methods of catching and preserving their fish, and may also earn good money in the salmon "run," and by working in the canneries. Hunting, agriculture, logging, hop-picking, the lading of vessels, the raising of live stock, and many other pursuits, are also open to them. At Mission City, the school is under the charge of the Roman Catholic Church. The children receive religious instruction between 5 and 5.30 in the morning. It makes one sleepy to write of it, and even my pen drops black tears.

The Indians are preparing for the Passion Play, which takes place next week. The scenes will centre around the great Crucifix that marks the village green.

More than any other land, Canada lies under the shadow of the Cross. Travel anywhere from coast to coast, or from the Arctic Ocean to the Southern boundary, and you are never from under its outstretched arms. On the prairie, in the forest, in sunken graveyard, anywhere, everywhere, the lonely grave is marked by a stark cross of wood, iron, or stone.

The cross forms the ground-plan of our churches, and tops our altars and spires. The crucifix is placed in the hands of nearly half our children who die. The sign of the cross is made millions of times daily, and among the Roman Catholics, the best-loved devotion is the Stations or Holy Way of the Cross. It is not, then, a wonder that it has cast a heavy spell over the simple-hearted Indian folk. We do not join with the thoughtless or bigoted who jibe at their lowly adoration. To them, the cross is a ladder which links their mean lives with heaven, while angels pass up and down.

This spell of the cross is one that goes back through the night until it is lost in the blackness of obscurity. When and where will it end? Osiris, by the cross, gave light eternal to the spirits of the just. Beneath the cross the Muya mother laid her babe, trusting by that sign to secure it from the power of evil spirits. Among the Scandinavians, Thor was the thunder, and the hammer was his symbol. It was with this

hammer that Thor crushed the head of the great Mitgard serpent; that he destroyed the giants; that he restored to life the dead goats that ever after drew his car. This hammer was a cross.

Nearly every Canadian wears the cross in some form or other—the Cross of St. Andrew, the Latin Cross, the Maltese, the Victorian, or the Cross of the Crusaders. The white cross is ever the emblem of purity, the red cross of succor. The cross of iron stands for fortitude, and the cross of flowers breathes a hope of resurrection.

And Canada may be called "The Land of the Cross." Other nations lie under the symbol of the lion, eagle, leopard, or bear. Who can suggest a better symbol than the cross?

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

An electric road runs from Vancouver to New Westminster, the former capital of British Columbia, which is situated on the Fraser River, ten miles from the United States boundary line. It is in a most advantageous situation, affording perfect drainage and splendid building sites.

The town is an outgrowth of the gold excitement of 1857-8. In 1898, it was consumed by fire, but the town is really in a more solvent condition. The former buildings were erected in a boom, and were too large for the needs of the place. With the insurance money, the citizens have rebuilt on a scale commensurate with their prospects. It is also the centre of the canning industry, and the market town for the New Westminster District, the richest farming area in the Province.

In the canneries, nearly all the employees are Chinese. They seem to work with the continuity and monotony of well-regulated machines. Neither do they quarrel, drink, or go on strikes. Three years ago the canning industry was almost paralyzed by white labor unions, but the Chinaman keeps right at his work. The world owes him a living, and he does not wait for the world to pay it at leisure. He does his best to collect it.

Holy Trinity Church at New Westmin-

ster, was built and endowed through the munificence of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and thereby hangs a tale. The Baroness, when a young woman, lost her heart to a clergyman, named Hills, but, unfortunately for both parties, the clergyman's love was but modestly clothed with this world's goods, and, in consequence, the Coutts family frowned upon his aspirations. It may be they heard a sound of metal in "the old sweet song." To prevent the match, they had Mr. Hills appointed the first Bishop of New Westminster, and his lordship was shipped off to the Pacific Coast in a sailing vessel, *via* Cape Horn, a journey which, in those times, took long weary months to accomplish. It has been said that "a bishop without a sense of humor is lost." That his Lordship was not lacking in this faculty is evidenced by his eventually turning up at his new diocese full of energy and plans.

There is also very tangible evidence that he still held sway over the susceptibilities of Miss Coutts, for that lady straightway proceeded to pour out her golden treasure on his diocese. For one object or another, she gave close on \$250,000. Among other things, Miss Coutts sent a chime of bells valued at \$10,000 to be erected at the Cathedral Church in New Westminster. Now, just here, it may be seen how detrimental it is to any church to be entirely propped up from outside, for this richly-endowed congregation was never willing to erect a tower for the bells. Not only that, but, with a dog-in-the-manger spirit, they refused to sell. When the town was destroyed by fire, the chime of bells were molten, and eventually disposed of as old bell metal.

One could have wished a happier ending to the story. Miss Coutts might easily have donated funds for a suitable tower, and the bells once hung, there was no reason why they should not have rung out the nuptial gladness for a "Hills-Coutts" affair.

As a matter of fact, what did happen was this: Bishop Mills made a "second brew" on his affections, and married a most charming lady. We saw her photograph at the home of Mrs. Robertson, in

Victoria, and do not hesitate in saying that in looks at least she carried off the palm from her queenly-hearted rival.

For many, many years, Miss Coutts remained "an unappropriated blessing," and then, as if anxious to test the truth of the adage, that makes a rude remark anent "old fools," married a man young enough to have been her son. What an ancient humbug is love!

The Episcopal chair in this diocese is now filled by Bishop Dart. His home is in New Westminster, but, as he was absent on a confirmation tour, we did not see him. Four years ago, I was introduced to his Lordship in England by Mr. Bevan, the London banker. In manner, the Bishop is affable and without any trace of "side." Although there have been troublous times in his diocese, he has proven himself a capable administrator.

CHAPTER IX.

VICTORIA.

As we passed through the Narrows, we had uninterrupted view of the Siwash Rock, the great "Medicine Stone" on which the Indians made their sacrifices to Manitou. On the right of our vessel lay the mainland, to the left English Bay. The course ran on towards Bowers Island and Howe Sound. Ahead, loomed up the mountains of Vancouver Island, and it seemed as if we were making straight for them, when the vessel took a sudden turn southward across and down the Gulf of Georgia, passing on the left the lowland lying at the mouth of the Fraser River, with Lu Lu Island dividing it in twain. Through a maze of verdure clad islands, we entered Plumper's Pass, and voyaged on between San Juan and Sidney, passing Chatham and Discovery Islands.

The scenery is little short of sublime. Here is simplicity, vastness, magnificence. Never have I seen a more beautiful sight than the serrated snow-white peaks of the Olympian mountains, as they cut into the clouds like the sharp teeth of a saw. The shores along which we pass are haunted by devil-fish, medusæ, and richly-colored jelly-fish. It was on this trip that I heard for the

first time the "conk" of wild geese, and, looking up saw the black specks of that adventurous triangle winging its rapid flight northward.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is situated on the Island of Vancouver. It has a population of 21,000. Here, they say, climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days. Last "winter," plants as tender as verbenas lived in the gardens. Holly and laurel grow better than in England, and it is worth the whole journey to see the wondrous blazing hedges of yellow broom. The whole city seemed swathed in its riotous fertility.

Victoria will always be associated in my mind with the mingling of musky odors, the overpowering scent of roses, and the wilting of huge flowers as languorously gorgeous as any fairy tale. Life seems to "fair dawdle," and one wishes to tarry here indefinitely. It may be that the luxuriance of Nature, the midsummer night dreams, the sweetness of the climate, and the balmy air, with its faint velvet touches that loiter in from the sea, enervate and lull the senses.

And the people understand to perfection the art of "idling with all their might." They reverse matters, in that they scorn laborious days and live delights. And why not? Are not the Chinese coolies here to sweat and frizzle for them? We cannot believe that only yesterday we listened to a tirade on "the yellow peril." Ah, John! may your shadow never grow less in this beautiful city by the western sea.

The lively marines from His Majesty's men-of-war that lie in the harbor at Esquimalt, lend an air of old-worldism to the streets. And Jackie loves the Canadian Nancy Lee as ardently as her English sister. Bold Jackie! If he is not ruled by love, neither does he love by rule.

There are no lack of Indians either, loutish "fish" Indians of no very agreeable physiognomy. The upper part of their bodies are well-developed, but their legs are stunted and ill-shaped. It is a mistake to call the Siwash Indian "the noble red man." He is not noble, and looks competent of smashing to smithereens all the Ten Commandments, except the one that says some-

thing about doing no manner of work. He is not red either, for his skin is the smoky tan of a kippered herring. I cannot deny the fact that he is a man, but more often his woman is the better man. As for the "reserve of manner" which is so often accredited to the Indian, the only Reserve the Siwash possesses is the one staked out by the Government.

Victoria is particularly infested with "remittance men"—young Englishmen who have the softest of soft times, with heads to match. Most of them have left home for their family's good. These men are accustomed to speak of Eastern Canadians as "Canadian Chinese." Their pet aversion, next to the C.P.R., is Vancouver, the presumptuous Vancouver that was made out of a rib of Victoria while she slumbered and slept.

The Parliament Buildings at Victoria are the finest in Canada. The grand staircase is lighted by stained windows, which bear mottoes that the Province may well be builded upon: "Without economy none can be rich. With it none can be poor;" "The virtue of adversity is fortitude;" "Industry hath annexed thereto the fairest fruits and highest awards."

A motion regarding the registration of trade unions was before the House when we visited it. Not knowing the men or the factions represented, the arguments lost much of their point for us, but it was, nevertheless, interesting.

Mr. Speaker, with his bald head, long white beard, and an hour glass by his side, looked for all the world like Father Time. The honorable members applauded by pounding the tables, just as the undergraduates at Cambridge say grace. On the whole, they are a fine, well set up body of men, who look as if they had come to Parliament to do the business of the country, and were doing it.

The unbending dignity of these gentlemen, is well substantiated by an incident which was related to us by Bishop Perrin. His Lordship, accompanied by an eminent American, attended a session of the House. One of the members was very drunk, very talkative, and very funny. That the other

members felt the pain and disgrace of the scene is borne out by the fact that they one and all listened very politely, and with rigidly-set faces, as though totally unaware of any irregularity. The American expressed himself as deeply impressed with the good form and gentlemanly conduct of these Canadians. In his own country, they would, he said, have either publicly disgraced the man by expulsion, or have made merry at his expense.

The Government Museum at Victoria should not be missed. The collection of animals is very fine. Hanging on the wall are the skeleton heads of two male deer, who, in a wrong-headed paroxysm, had fought each other. During rutting season, the males engage in fierce encounters, and the antlers of these two combatants had become entangled in a "dead-lock," so that they had perforce to lie down and become living prey to carnivorous animals.

A small table inlaid with 2,910 pieces, gave us an excellent idea of the beauty and variety of native woods. They were poplar, arbutus, cottonwood, guilder rose, cedar, ash, elm, oak, alder, plum, maple, pencil cedar, dogwood, thorn, holly, bearberry, willow, spirea, yew wood, and spruce.

An interesting relic is the stern-board of the Hudson Bay Company steamer, "Beaver," the first steamer to enter the Pacific Ocean.

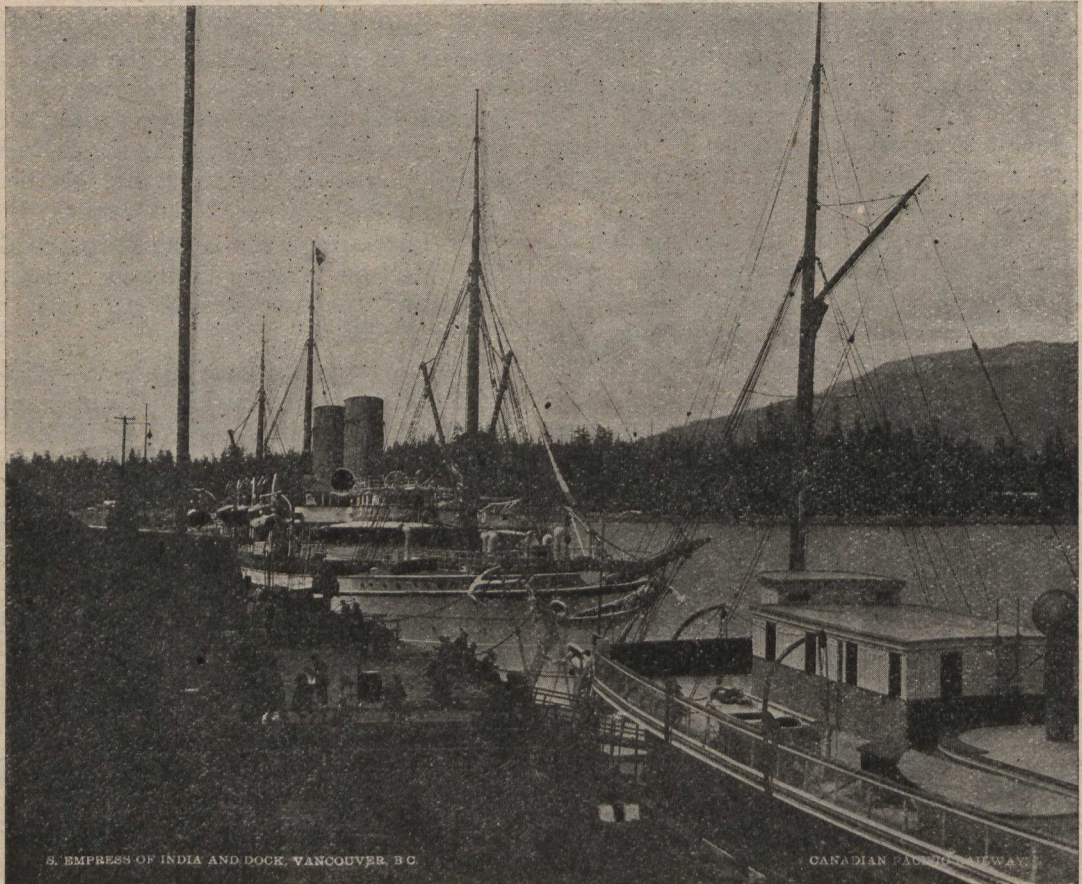
The Government have made an excellent collection of Indian curios. To understand the heraldic symbols carved or painted on the totem-poles belonging to each clan, one must know something of Indian mythology. An Indian of the Pacific Coast will tell you that: "In the beginning there was nothing but sky and water, in the sky, a moon. A bird came out of the moon with a small ring in its mouth. On coming to the water, it got on the back of a large fish. There was no earth. The fish got into shallow water with the bird. The bird dropped the ring from its bill, when a large toad came and swallowed the ring. The toad soon became impregnated, then a child was born from the toad. It was a girl. The bird took it to feed it, and by the time it came to maturity there sprung up out of the water

a beach with thick woods. The bird left the girl on the beach, and went off into the woods to seek food for it, then a bear came out of the woods, and went to the girl and hugged her, and from her was the first man born." This is the ancient Indian account or legend of the creation. In consequence, they consider themselves descended from bird, fish, toad, and bear, so each family take one of these as their crest.

These crests define the bonds of consanguinity, and persons having the same crests are forbidden to intermarry; that is, a whale cannot marry a whale; a frog cannot marry a frog; but a frog may marry a wolf; or a whale may wed an eagle. All the children take the mother's crest, and are incorporated as members of their mother's family. Nor do they regard their father's family as re-

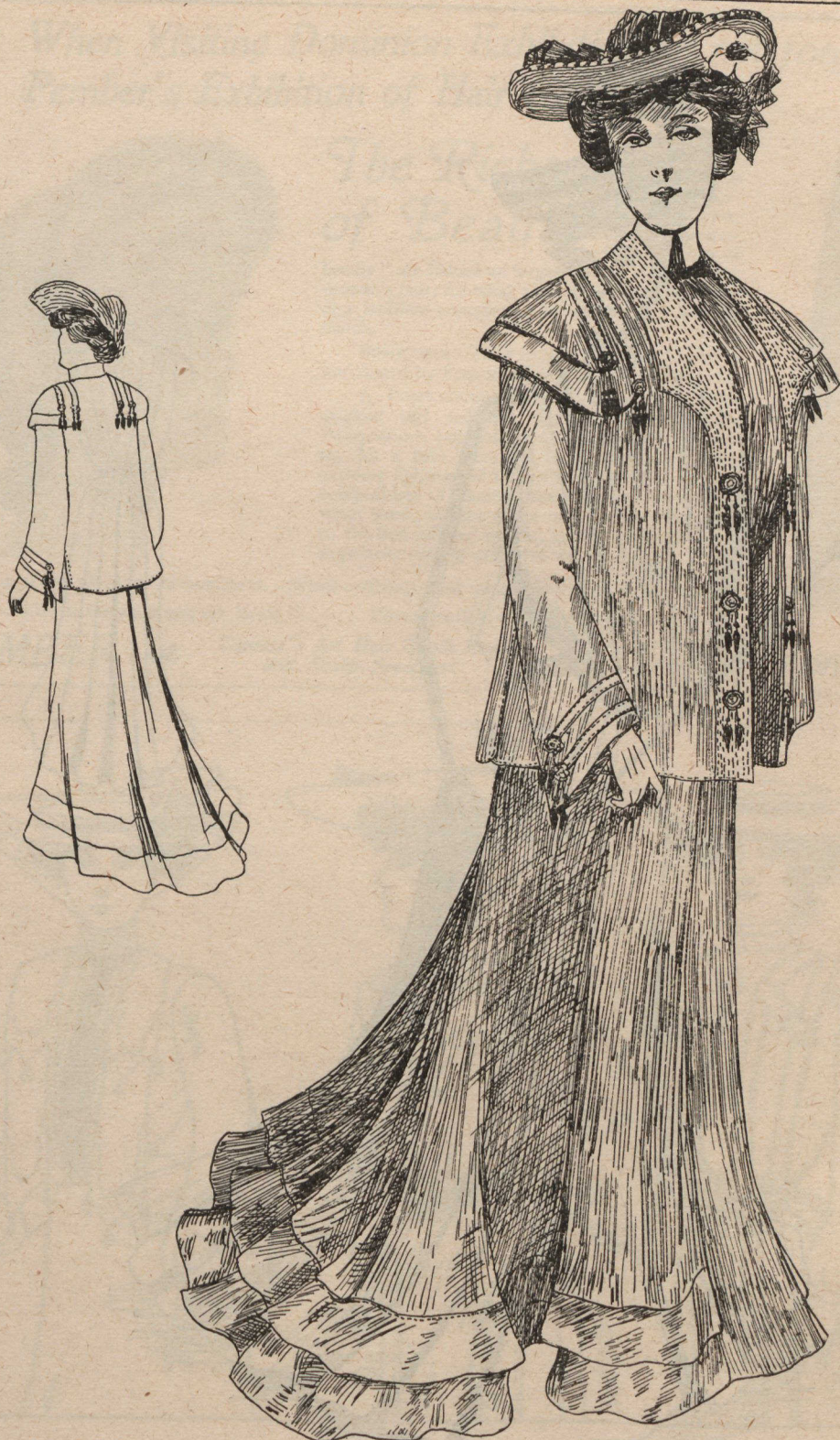
latives, and, therefore, an Indian's heir or successor is not his own son, but his sister's son. It can thus be seen that there is no need for the "new womanhood" among the Pacific Coast Indians. The males are not so astute as the "mean whites," and do not know about the Edenic spare rib; are not aware that woman was only a lucky afterthought of creation.

The totem-poles are of all sizes up to 100 feet tall, and are in one piece. An Indian can read the history of any pole. All the totemic devices are indicative of the jumbled eccentric minds of their designers. The human face is weirdly introduced with, perhaps, the enormous beak of a bird. For grotesqueness, nothing in civilization so closely approaches them as the "poster" figures.



S. EMPRESS OF INDIA AND DOCK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



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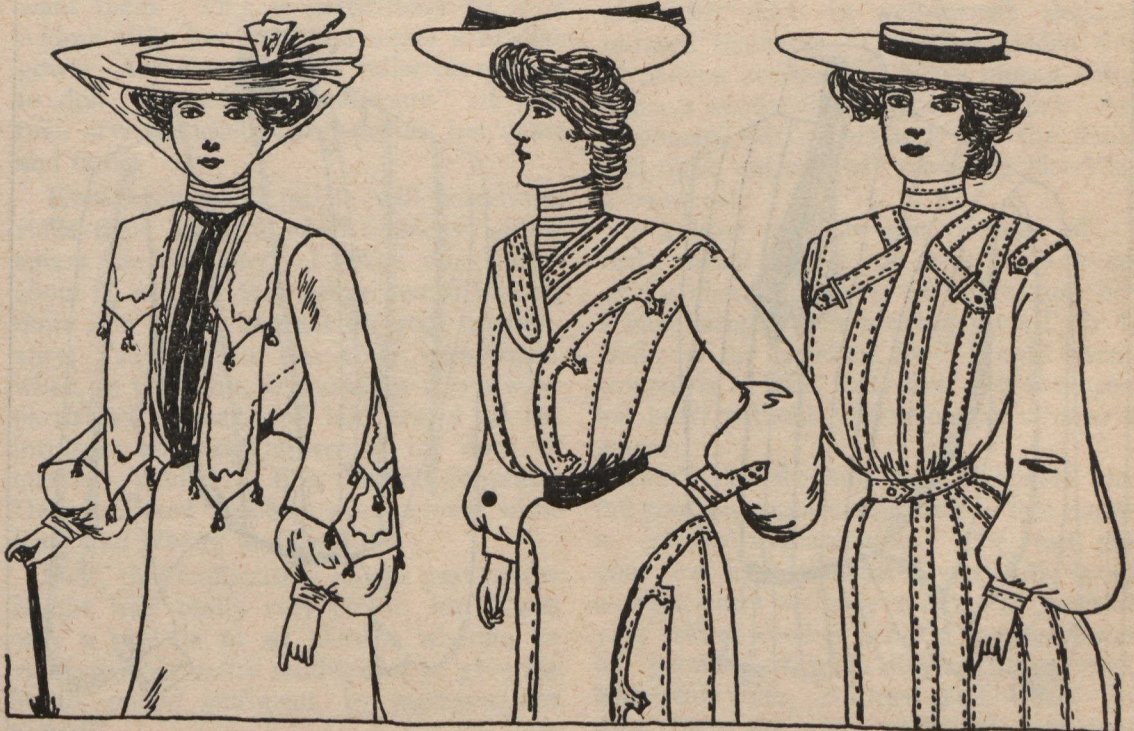
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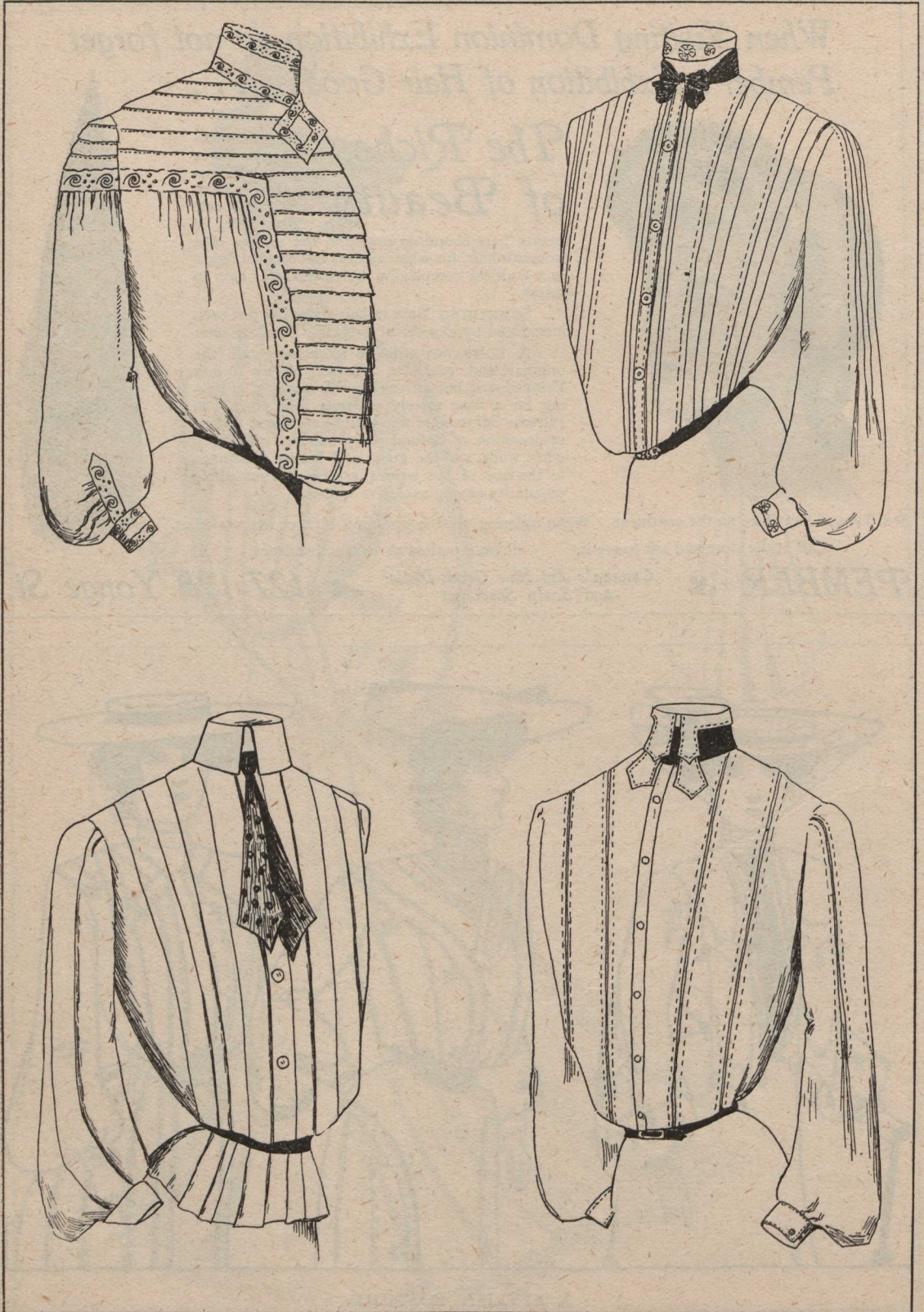
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SHIRT WAISTS



HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

LETTERS FROM AN AUNT TO HER WIDOWED NIECE

MY DEAR MARGARET,—Indeed, *ma petite*, you have been living in weeds far too long, and 'tis high time you moved into clover.

Are you not tired of being a “relict?” 'Tis a most offensive term—almost identical and certainly synonymous with “relic.”

You will remember that I, myself, was a widow for three awful years, and so speak of that whereof I am not ignorant.

Strange, too, isn't it, how other women dislike young widows? But people are so nasty: they never will think or say what we want them. This is particularly so if a widow puffs her hair, and wears a modish gown. And should she be indiscreet enough to don “tempestuous petticoats” of silk, then may the kindly fates protect her name and fame.

Even very good people will sometimes ruffle their feathers when a pretty widow enters the company. I asked our Rector about it, and the dear fellow owned himself quite at a loss to account for such irrationality. He said it was truly remarkable, when, in the Bible, *le bon Dieu* was always partial to widows, and laid nearly all the intrigues and naughtiness at the door of married women. Eve, Sarah, Sapphira, Herodias, and Jezebel, were wives, while Ruth and Naomi were widows.

Now, this explanation on the part of the Rector was really very clever, for it was only a prelude to an address wherein he expressed his entire willingness to give the lie to public sentiment by marrying me himself.

And my answer would have been in the affirmative, for I really love every man who

says beautiful things to me, but—I had it just now, the reason, but it has escaped me.

He declared that the widow was just so many years superior to the maiden as she had been years married, that is, if she is not over forty.

Ah! now I recall what it was that made me hesitate—his ease of utterance. His proposal was too correct, too elegantly phrased. He called me his “soul-mate” with as much unction as if he were reading *Pearson on the Creed*.

I could easily have fallen in love with his strong mind, handsome face, and ripe graces of scholarship, but somehow or other, I have an idea that a man should not be able to express his love in well-turned, elegantly phrased sentences. Once the sudden tides of passion are touched in his inmost being, a man's words will be tipped with fire. And a woman will understand, for the flames will reach out and will move her blood like a bugle-call.

But how my silly pen rambles off! I really meant to give you some much-needed advice about this lover of yours, and here I have simply been proving myself to be well over the meridian, for it is only when a woman is at least forty-five, that she opens her heart without reserve on her *affaires d'amour*.

Don't you see, my dear Margaret, that the position you are assuming in this matter is entirely unreasonable. The fact that your first husband treated you badly is not a sufficiently weighty reason to prohibit your taking another hand in the matrimonial gamble. Cupid may cut the cards better this time. All men are not bad. Indeed, there are *some* really half-nice ones, but you just happened to get one who was wholly bad.

Of course, I would not have you enter the bond "lightly or unadvisedly." There is much wisdom in the French proverb which says, "When you are dead it is for a long time." Bright people, these French! The proverb is levelled at would-be suicides. It might be modified so as to suit persons about to commit matrimony.

But don't be too cautious, Margaret. You had better hold a committee-meeting with yourself. Write out the pros and cons, and then take your vote on it. You know, the act can be vetoed later should occasion demand it.

Write soon and tell me all about it, for I am quite a-tiptoe for developments.

Always your affectionate old aunt.

MY DEAR NIECE,—And why not a college professor? You say he is absent-minded and untidy. All the better! Men are more lovable on account of their little failings and imperfections. Do we think a bit less of the dear big bookish fellow because he sometimes forgets to order coal, or absent-mindedly sits down on our tea-set instead of a chair? Not a bit of it. We scold him, to be sure, and laugh at him, too, and sometimes even slyly bite him, and then we run for our lives.

Really, dear one, you are most fortunate to have captured this college man. From what you tell me he is not likely to be the kind of a bachelor who has a mistress to portion off from your dowry.

And depend upon it, every man has some vagary. He is poetic, overly sensible, brusque, shy, stingy, jealous, or selfish. Or he may be a composite with wonderful kaleidoscopic possibilities that are only seen under the white light of matrimony.

Before marriage, man is a fascinating novel with the pages uncut, and you never know exactly how they are going to read, but therein lies the chief fascination. That reminds me of a conversation I overheard the other day on the train. "I have been married ten years, and cannot understand my wife yet," said one man. "That is no cause for complaint," replied the other—a bored-looking chap. "I have been married

for ten months, and I understand mine *perfectly*."

Indeed, Mr. Paul Blouet's opinion is quite right. To be happy in married life, he says, is not at all a question for husband and wife to remain young and handsome, but to remain interesting to each other.

Don't linger longer on the bank, Milady, taking tea and good advice, as the poet puts it, but plunge in at once and try your power.
—Ever your loving aunt.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—Felicitations! Here I throw a metaphorical shoe after you, and no end of rice down your back. *May all your cares be little ones.*

Some hints matrimonial! Certainly, my dear!

Remember:

That not one woman in a hundred knows that her best weapon is her weakness. You may be the hundredth.

That when a man loses his temper, you should gain the advantage.

That no man is an angel, as is shown by some of his tastes and nearly all his pleasures.

What is good enough for "company" is not too good for your husband, be it courtesy or the silver tea-pot.

That "a baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

That a man reflects to an astonishing degree a woman's sentiments for him.

That men sometimes have "nerves."

That every well-regulated house ought to have a Blarney Stone which should be kept shining with lip-polish.

That in matrimony, as in valor, discretion is the better part.—Ever your affectionate

AUNT JANEY.

LUCK

"The heaven-seekers who know just how,
Can almost find it here and now."

THE calculus of probability has destroyed the fates. There is no such thing as luck—no inscrutable fatality which coerces the history of the individual.

In mathematics luck is classified in the Calculus of Probabilities. A nobleman who

was a gambler asked Pascal what were the chances of turning up a black or red card in cutting a pack a given number of times. Pascal replied that as all the cards were either red or black, the chances would be expressed by the formula $\frac{x}{2}$, by which statement he meant that when two events were equally probable, they will occur equally in the long run.

Now, in life, we cannot know whether things are equal or unequal, and so assume them to be equal, which means that in the end our haps and mishaps will balance each other.

What we call our luck is not the blind happening of fate, it is the result of certain causes or events. Luck is often another name for the unexpected. We receive an unexpected legacy, but it has likely been left as an acknowledgment of a kindness.

Even in gambling houses there is little, if any, luck. The cards are stacked, the dice loaded, and the balls weighted so that "luck" falls more often to the banker. Only "flats" believe that the "sharps" are fair.

People who are nimble-brained are apt to be more lucky than dullards. History gives no more striking instance of this than the case of William of Normandy, who tripped and fell on the sand as he stepped on the shore of England. He had come to conquer the British, and his followers held this fall to be an evil omen, and so they shrunk back in terror. But the intrepid Norman seized a handful of clay, and cried, "Thus I grasp this earth, and by the splendor of God, I shall keep it," thereby turning the dark augury into one of promise.

Charles James Fox, the inveterate gambler, said once that "the next best thing to winning is to lose." And he was right. What is called "a run of good luck" has been more disastrous to men than a sequence of misfortunes, because loss and uncertainty of the future are the goads which stimulate them to exertion and greater heights.

There are some folk who are always talking of their bad luck. The burden of their conversation runs along the line of the old negro song, "I'm a-rolling through an unfriendly world, I'm a-rolling, a-rolling." They think Providence has not done the

square thing with them. Like Louis XIV., when he was defeated in Flanders, they secretly murmur, "Has God forgotten all I have done for Him." Melancholy marks them for her own, and all the rest of us avoid them as far as is compatible with the dictates of politeness.

We have noticed that the person in "bad luck" all his life, is generally an eye-servant, one who is afraid of giving a dollar's worth of work for fifty cents.

The fifty-cent man is always whining about the luck of the dollar-man. He will tell you that the other fellow had a "pull." Of course he had, but it was a long, strong pull, one that included courage, civility, and hard work.

While the fifty-cent man was waiting for something to turn up, the dollar-man was turning up his sleeves. The dollar-man didn't believe in being the sport of Destiny. He was Destiny himself. He didn't lie in bed in the mornings wishing the postman would bring him a legacy. No, sir! he turned out at six o'clock, and with heavy anvil or rapid pen, laid the foundation for a competence.

Fifty-Cents whines: Dollar whistles.

Fifty-Cents relies on chance: Dollar on character.

Fifty-Cents slips down to indigence: Dollar strides up to independence.

The dollar-man is always "lucky." He has a way of turning the inevitable to his own advantage. He would not trade off his circumstances for anybody else's circumstances. He treads on many sharp thorns, drinks from many a nauseous cup, looks into many dark skies, but all the while he plucks roses from thorns, extracts sweet from bitter, and sunshine from the storm.

He knows that Fortune always has something up her sleeve, but that it has to be shaken down.

He knows, too, that something is waiting just round the corner for the man who goes ahead—and he's going.

And should he, once in a while, turn a corner and run up against a loaded gun, well, he takes it philosophically, for he knows it is just as painful to be shot in the back, and doesn't look as well.

LITERATURE

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW.
By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

THIS is a book that has come to stay, because it supplies a want. Indeed, its value cannot be overestimated, and every father who has a growing boy should put its well-considered pages in his hands.

In the past, foolish and illogical prudishness has led to the corruption and ruin of body and soul of many lads, for nothing aids vice so much as ignorance. The asylums and private retreats of our country bear witness to this fact. It is deplorable beyond measure to see in "strait jackets" and cells, numbers of young men who are hopelessly imbecile because they were neither forewarned nor forearmed.

Dr. Stall handles the subject with good taste and good judgment, and there is not to be found from cover to cover a prurient or suggestive word.

The book, which belongs to "The Self and Sex Series," is highly recommended by Edward W. Bok, Joseph Cook, Anthony Comstock, John Willis Baer, Lady Henry Somerset, Bishop Vincent, Theodore Cuyler, Mary A. Livermore, and others.

William Briggs, Toronto.

ABOUT MONEY. Talks to Children. By Perry Wayland Smith.

"**T**HINK as we may," says the author of this book, "money is the ruling force of this age."

In view of this fact, every parent should see to it that their children have right principles, and correct notions regarding money.

Most children have little idea of it except as something to squander. With them it is a case of "come easy," and "go easy."

These talks "About Money" cannot fail to be a great help to any youth who will peruse its pages. They will find the book readable from end to end, for the instruction throughout is joyfully insidious.

The chapters are entitled as follows: Getting Money, Spending Money, Sharp Bargains, The Poor Poor, The Poor Rich, The Rich Poor, and The Rich Rich.

We would particularly commend to the consideration of parents the good, hard, common-sense contained in the following extract: "The second round in the ladder, whose top leans on wealth, is saving habits, or economy of one's earnings. We would make the emphasis upon the 'habit' of savings, rather than upon the amount of one's savings. As it is minutes that make the hours, so it is the cents that make the dollars. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. In like manner, take care of the cents and the dollars will not need special care. A person who spends as much money as he earns every week will never become rich by such a process. But if a person manages to keep back or save something every week, no matter how small the amount, the beginnings of his fortune are already made. 'The beginning of a deposit, however small, in a savings bank' is the statement of one of our thoughtful men, 'may be regarded as the crisis of many a moral destiny.' If a person manages to save back something from what he earns, and puts it where it will earn more, he will, in time, be well-to-do, will have money with which to do good."

It is a book you ought to have in your home.

Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, New York, Toronto.

THE GREY CLOAK. By Harold Macgrath.

THIS is by a long way the best novel we have read for many a day. We do not hesitate to rank the author with men who hold niches in our Temple of Fame as "standard authors."

It is a daring story of warring passions, rife with power, and told with masterly

cleverness. The situations are thrilling and intensely dramatic.

There is a remarkable character in the story, Father Jacques, a Jesuit priest. He was the illegitimate son of the Marquis de Perigny by Margot Bourdaloue, a beautiful peasant, whom the Marquis deserted before the birth of the child. This child devoted himself to the priesthood, in order that he might be with his father to refuse him absolution on his death-bed.

The startling denouement is well-planned and executed, and we turn the last pages with regret that we cannot begin it all over again.

Thomas Mitchell Pierce has, in the illustrations, aptly caught the ideas of the author.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

LYRICS AND SONNETS. By Thomas McKie.

THE author is a barrister, or, to use the old-world expression, an advocate.

Do not leap to the conclusion that the profession of law is incompatible with poesy, for even so great an authority as Whittier held to the contrary. He says of the Judge in "Maud Muller:"

"Then he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold;
So closing his heart the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in the court an old love tune."

And this Scottish barrister sings love-songs, too, and songs of nature and human life. He is an apostle of no school, either philosophic or fleshly, but touches the simple themes that lie close to everyday experiences, and that are full of sunshine as well as shadow.

Mr. McKie lives in a sweet atmosphere, and is keenly sensitive to the beauties of nature. His verse is highly-finished and melodious. Of a surety the poems are well worthy "the perpetuity of print."

We congratulate the publishers on the letterpress, and the tasteful style of the edition.

David Douglas, Edinburgh.

NATURE THOUGHTS. By Richard Jefferies.

FROM the finest of Jefferies' writings, Thomas Coke Watkins has selected this nosegay of "Thoughts," and Thomas B. Mosher has turned them into an edition that is a literary gem. It is a book that can be put into a small corner of your satchel when you go holidaying in the country, but one which will take up a large corner in your heart.

It is a relief to turn from the gross meat of naturalism and materialism with which our shelves are heavy-laden, to these sweet, ennobling thoughts on life and light. In them, we find that subtle suggestiveness which allies prose to poetry, for Jefferies was one of the favored few who could see with his heart and imagination, as well as his brain. He had an exceeding delicacy of perception—was a man of "fine antennæ."

The book is full of "quotable" things, so we select at random:

"My soul has never been, and never can be, dipped in time. Time has never existed, and never will; it is purely an artificial arrangement. It is eternity now, it always was eternity, and always will be."

Or, again,

"A little feather droops downwards to the ground—a swallow's feather is fuller of miracle than the Pentateuch—how shall that feather be placed again in the breast where it grew? Nothing twice. Time changes the places that knew us, and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables and the road has been widened. Who dares think then? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no consolation."

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

LIFE AND DESTINY. By Felix Adler.

THIS book is a collection, or rather a selection, from the lectures of Dr. Adler, which covered a period of twenty-six years, since the inception of the Ethical Society in 1876.

The most notable features of the book is the amount of solid thought in it—thought that is instinct with life. The messages are for the heart as well as the understanding. They are terse, clear, and straightforward, and will bear to be read and re-read. It is a book one might aptly present to a friend.

In the chapter on "Moral Ideas," Dr. Adler says:

"In the great Academies of the Middle Ages there were four faculties, from at least one of which a student must graduate before he could claim the title of Doctor, or

'Learned One.' So, likewise, in the great university of life there are four faculties, each having as its head a great professor. The name of one professor is Poverty; of another, Sickness; of another, Sorrow; of the last, Sin. In one of these faculties we must be inscribed, the searching examination of one of these teachers we must pass before we can obtain our degree of Learned in the Art of Life."

McClure Phillips Co., New York.

THE ALCOTTS IN HARVARD. By Mrs. Clark.

IN this winsome volume, Mrs. Clark has given us her reminiscences of the Alcott children—of their school-days, their home-life, parties, hardships, and vagaries. Louise, the author of "Little Women," is portrayed as a live, life-loving, and altogether charming girl.

Mrs. Clark tells us, too, in an interesting, chatty manner, something of the life and philosophy of Alcott *pere*, whom Emerson described as "a tedious archangel," and "a nineteenth century Simon Stylites."

The book is tastefully made up, and is profusely illustrated by photographs.

Thanks, Mrs. Clark, for this delightful gossip on our old friends!

J. C. L. Clark, Lancaster, Mass.

THE CONJUROR'S HOUSE. By Stewart Edward White.

THERE is nothing of the faint heart about the hero of this romance, *Ned Trent*, and, accordingly, he carries off the proverbial fair lady.

In this character, the author has drawn with vivid, subtle strokes, the portrait of a man of daring soul, callous nerves, a mind inaccessible to fear, and impervious to the mere calculations of personal prudence. This character he sets against the marvellously enticing background afforded by the feudal power wielded, in its zenith, by the Hudson Bay Company, in that lone, barren land, where "the shadows fall crimson across the snow."

The Conjuror's House is a powerful drama of human passions, and is told with a very full understanding of the human body and soul. It is strong, fresh, absorbing, and instinct with life, warmth, and color. By all means read it.

McClure, Phillips and Co., New York.



STRAIT OF CANSO
- AT HAWKESBURY -

H. D. Y. '92

S U P P L E M E N T

of *The*

NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY.

AS a general thing, most of us are lamentably ignorant regarding Canadian manufacturing resources. Politicians have talked so much of "our infant manufactories" that we have learned to think along that line. We forget that they cannot very well remain infants for twenty years, and that most of them have already come of age.

Indeed, some of the infants have even passed the meridian of life, and in the case of the Gurney Foundry, the baby begins to show an occasional grey hair, for it has reached the ripe age of sixty. Of a truth it might be called old, but not old in the sense of decrepitude, but in the spirit of maturity and strength.

The Gurney "infant" was born in Hamilton, in 1843, and the present foundry at 434-500 King Street, W., Toronto, is its son—an independent son, of course—but, nevertheless, a son.

And his mammoth business has grown so rapidly and spread so extensively that branches have been established at Toronto Junction, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal, Boston, and New York. After all, Canadian industry and pluck is as good as the best.

The aim of the firm is to live up to Dr. Arnott's definition of ideal heating. "It is," he says, "to obtain everywhere on earth at will the temperature most congenial to the human constitution, and air as pure as blows on a hill top."

Now, warmth and ventilation are in some degree antagonistic operations, but the popularity of the Gurney heaters shows that the firm have successfully realized the ideal. In

other words, *their stoves are ideas dressed up in iron*. They are thoughts that stand for ventilation, economy, warmth, utility, and neatness.

A walk through this enormous foundry will reveal the fact that the firm does not confine, its energies solely to furnaces, boilers, or steam-appliances, but manufacture also laundry-stoves, steel ranges, carving-tables, blue flame oil stoves, street-car heaters, clothes-dryers, sanitary dish-washers, plate-warmers, steam-roasters, urns, hollow-ware, gas-heaters, and all sorts and conditions of broilers.

Formerly, large government institutions were obliged to send to New York for these special domestic furnishings, but now are able to secure as good articles at a smaller expenditure at home in our own country.

We congratulate this mammoth firm on its energetic management, remarkable record of growth, and solid prosperity.

SCALP AND SKIN

IN old times, saints used to soothe the body by prayer and fasting. The modern way is by prayer and bathing. And a Turkish bath such as you get in this day of grace, will do it in the very best style. If you are mentally overtaxed, if your nerves are jarred, or you are physically exhausted, these baths will quicken the skin, stimulate the liver and kidneys, and will open the way for the elimination of impurities which clog the system.

Being somewhat troubled with a heavy cold, a heavy head, and a heavy pen, I wandered recently into the Pember establishment on Yonge Street, and requested them to do their prettiest for me. This meant that

I was led into a sanctum, stripped, and bravely attired in the dress mentioned by Rabelais as "nothing before, nothing behind, with sleeves of the same." Well, not *quite* that, but within two ounces of it. Of a surety, the Turkish bath fashion returns to the fig-leaf, to the little cloud no larger than a man's hand.

Gracious me! What a rubbing, scrubbing, and sousing Madam gave me. What muscles she had in her arms! They were tough as green sweet briar. *The Village Blacksmith* was not in the running. And how soft her hands were! I thought of a lot of similies, but discarded them all as falling short of the mark.

Presently, all the drop-down-deadtiveness that weighted me had fled, leaving behind a merry madness in the veins. I was rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, and mentally resolving to take a Turkish bath at least once a week (oftener, my bank-book willing) for the rest of my mortal life.

A walk through the shop, and a peep into the cupboard convinced me of the fact that grey beards and bald heads need not exist a day longer. Pembers keep everything in these cupboards but Bluebeards. There are pompadours made on springs, pins, and combs, and all of them light as air. There are bangs, switches, coils, waves, and toupees. One need not waste time, gas, and patience, curling her wayward locks, when

she can buy a pompadour. All she has to do to keep the pompadour in curl is to dip it in water, and shake it out.

And the styles at Pembers are right, which means a great deal, for "that which you place upon your head," says Mme. Marcelle, in *An English Girl in Paris*, "sounds the keynote of the whole personality."

And the prices are right, too. In a novel published recently by I. Zangwill, he tells of two old Frenchwomen who almost starved and froze themselves in order to save money to buy a grey wig of exorbitant price, which wig they were to wear in turn. Critics say it is Zangwill's best story, but he could never have written it had he lived in Toronto, for no such greed exists here in the case of the *coiffeur*.

The Pembers also carry a large stock of miscellanies, such as hair ornaments in jade, jet, and metal; manicure, massage, and chiropodist supplies; skin foods, hair-tonics and dyes. They keep all the Parker-Pray preparations here, and Mrs. Pray's, too, for Dr. Pray and his wife have been divorced, and are running competitive businesses.

It is an interesting fact that the mail-order department of the Pembers has grown so large that they supply goods to Japan, England, and the United States, showing that perseverance and reliability have gone hand in hand to build up this highly successful business.

