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May 30th, 1908

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The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A Statesman's Smile.

HON. A. G. MACKAY,
Leader of the Ontario Opposition.

Photograph by Gleason.



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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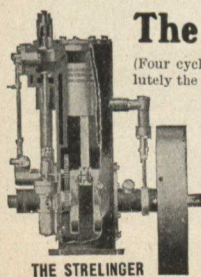
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THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

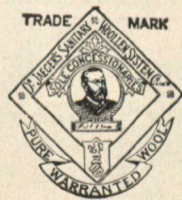
THIS week our issue is overloaded with pictures, but they were so telling and so important that we did not care to leave any of them out. The events of the past few weeks can be told better in photographs than in words.

CANADA is proud of the accomplishments of Mr. W. A. Fraser in the world of fiction. As a short story-writer he has few Anglo-Saxon peers; as a novelist he has shown considerable strength and much promise. Several of his short stories will be published in THE CANADIAN COURIER during the next few months, along with a number of other short stories by leading native writers.

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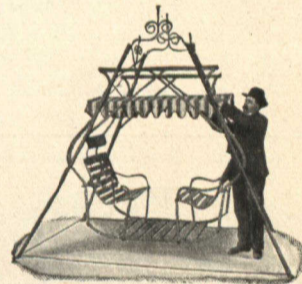
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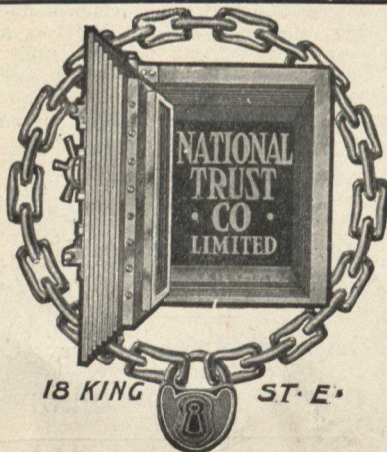
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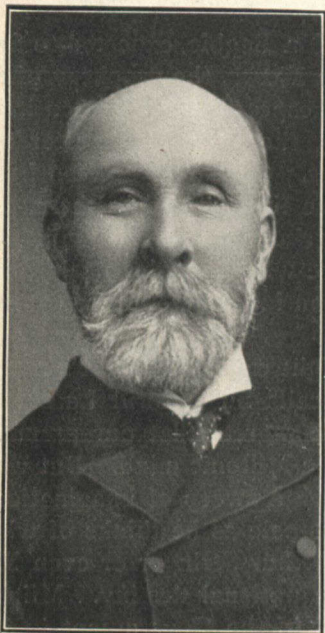
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Vol. III.

Toronto, May 30th, 1908.

No. 26

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Dr. James Bain.

DR. JAMES BAIN has passed away — the greatest, grandest and noblest librarian which this country has yet produced. In his taste for the best in literature and in his love and care for Canadian history, he was of the French-Canadian rather than the English-Canadian type. He was national in the highest sense of that term. His love of books for books' sake was developed in London; but his ambition to encourage the study of Canadian history and to preserve those fast-vanishing records of our early days was a product of his own. He ante-dated the archives departments of our governments; he almost ante-dated the historical societies. Every Canadian document, letter, pamphlet or volume put up for sale in Boston, London or elsewhere was secured for the Toronto Public Library if it was at all possible. His means were limited, and he steadily refused to pay fancy prices; he never wasted money as it has been wasted in the

archives branch at Ottawa. Consequently, the Toronto collection is worth three to five times what it cost.

As an aid to journalism, Dr. Bain was invaluable. Every student and writer on the press who sought his advice and assistance always went away feeling that he had got more than he expected or deserved. Further, he was an intellectual stimulant.

That he should pass away just when the new Library building was about completed seems like robbing a man of the ripe fruit of a lifetime's cultivation. His was not the spirit of complaint, however, and we must bow to that Inscrutable All-Power which he so fully recognised. He accomplished enough to make his life memorable, and enough to entitle him to a memorial in the city for whose intellectual life he did so much.

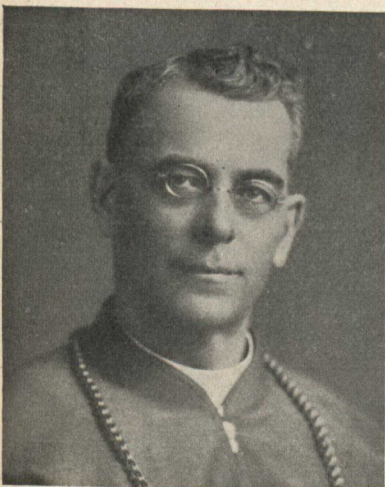
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RT. REVEREND PAUL EUGENE ROY, who was recently consecrated in the Basilica in Quebec, will hold to Archbishop Begin much the same position as the adjutant to the colonel of a regiment. He will be a kind of vicar-general, to use an ecclesiastic term. Bishop Roy is a leader among churchmen and he was recently selected to direct Action Sociale Catholique and its newspaper organ. This newspaper is intended to be the authoritative voice in political and social matters and apparently is to be used against any government which is not in sympathy with the church's ambitions. It would be a strange publication if it were issued by a Protestant church, but the Catholics have a different view of political obligations.

Bishop Roy was born at Berthier in Montmagny County, and is one of five brothers who are priests. The Rev. Camille Roy is a professor in Laval, where Bishop Roy was also professor of Rhetoric.

* * *

ANOTHER eminent Irish ecclesiastic was in Montreal a few days ago — Cardinal Logue, the Primate of all Ireland. The Cardinal gave some reasons in Montreal why fewer Irishmen come to Canada than to the United States, where



Bishop Paul Eugene Roy.

the leading Roman Catholic cathedral is St. Patrick's in New York, just as St. Michael's is the leading cathedral of western and middle Canada. He alleges that Irishmen when they emigrate prefer to leave the British flag; also that Irishmen do not enjoy cold weather. Perhaps if the Cardinal could have visited Toronto he would have found that there are a good many Irishmen in Canada. It is significant, however, that most of the Canadian Irish are in Toronto and Ontario, with a considerable Irish colony in Montreal and but a scattering few in Winnipeg and Vancouver.

* * *

TALK of a prospective Canadian navy takes rather a practical turn with the appointment of Captain Kingsmill as rear-admiral. Some weeks ago Commander Spain of the Marine Department found that an extension was needed in the service. The appointment of Captain Kingsmill made it possible for the Commander to hand over the marine service proper and to confine his entire attention to the duties of wreckage and pilotage commissioner on the St. Lawrence. Captain Kingsmill will now have one of the most extensive marine beats in the world. Though his duties will by no means place him on a par with such a man as Rear-Admiral Evans, U.S.N., who has lately left his continent-girdling fleet at San Francisco, the new head of the marine service will have complete control of all Government ships on the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence as well as on the Great Lakes. Captain Kingsmill has seen long service in the British navy and will be able to enforce such methods and discipline in this Canadian marine service as may be expected to obtain whenever Canada embarks on a navy of her own. He is a Canadian by birth, son of the late Judge J. J. Kingsmill of Toronto, but has for many years been a citizen of the British navy.

* * *

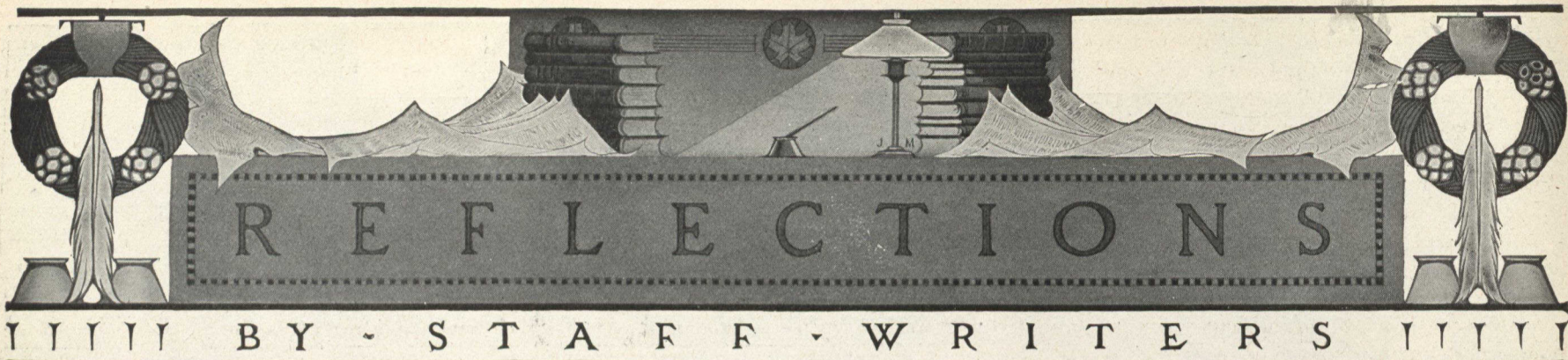
CHICAGO University continues to call Canadian professors across the border. The latest to join the long list of invited educationists from Canadian seats of learning to the universities of the United States is Professor George Cross of McMaster University. Professor Cross has been invited to the chair of Church History at Chicago. Professor Foster, who holds a theological chair in the Rockefeller seat of learning, is also a McMaster man. The Oil King has long had a deep interest in the Baptist University of Canada, hence a recent bequest of sixty thousand dollars to that institution. But the larger fact is that Canadian educationists of any denomination continue to command leading positions in United States universities because of thorough scholarship and sound doctrine.

* * *

THE new Archbishop of Toronto, formerly Bishop McEvoy of London, occupies a position of eminence second in Canada to none west of Montreal. Dr. McEvoy comes to Toronto in the prime of a scholar's life with a prospect of being incumbent in St. Michael's palace for at least twenty years. He is a graduate of St. Michael's College and of the University of Toronto, and has been Bishop of London since 1889. Previous to that time he was for ten years rector of St. Mary's Cathedral in Hamilton. To be Archbishop in the Protestant city of Toronto, where most of the Catholics are Irish, is an undertaking of great magnitude. Protestants as well as Catholics will be glad to see a man of Dr. McEvoy's stamp succeed to the Archbishopric. There is a growing sense of co-operation among the various denominations in Toronto and in Canada. In the West the missionaries of Catholic and Protestant churches have for many years been engaged in the same work.



Captain Kingsmill.
The new head of the Marine Service



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY - STAFF - WRITERS IIII

PROVINCIAL POLITICS

A FRIEND who takes broad views of things suggests that there is no room in the provincial legislatures for party politics and that in choosing the candidates for these bodies the voters should not follow the federal party lines. In an editorial in its issue of May 20th, the *Montreal Gazette* compliments Premier Gouin on not putting into his Monument National speech much that was political and adds: "There is, indeed, not much room for politics in a provincial legislature. There, as in a municipal council, whatever is best administered is best."

The general public will not agree with these theoretical utterances. They will point to the experiences of New Brunswick and British Columbia as proofs that a provincial government which does not bear the name of one of the great parties, is not either Liberal or Conservative, is neither as efficient nor as jealous of its good name as one which is so labelled. The opposition side of the legislature cannot be well organised unless it has a name and a bond of cohesion. This is our experience and experience with the public counts for more than theory.

Perhaps the true position to take would be to say that there is less reason for strict party obedience in provincial elections and that voters should concern themselves more with the quality of the candidates than in federal elections. If one party promises and is likely to give as good administration as the other, then the qualifications of the candidates become of the utmost importance. In Toronto, for example, where eight members are to be elected in four constituencies there are four or five candidates in each constituency. If the Conservative party, which usually elects all the members in Toronto, votes for the nominees of the party organisations it is almost certain that the city will not get the best eight men available. The party nominees are not all first-class men and it would not be an unmixed evil if one or two of them were defeated. There may be similar situations, there no doubt are, in other constituencies in Ontario and Quebec. In such cases, the broader-minded voters might reasonably and profitably abandon party lines and vote for the best candidate in the field. In the provincial legislature more than in the federal House, there is a need for men of clear record and business qualifications. There is less room for the professional politician and the party weakling.

NO MILTONIC MINDS

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE, an English journalist who lately visited Canada with a view to "copy," has not ceased to bemoan our materialism in the brilliant epistles which he contributes to the *London Chronicle*. One of Mr. Begbie's latest lamentations arises from the circumstance that he found in Canada "No Milton-minded men." These are, indeed, hard lines. The Rocky Mountains, the hill at Hamilton, the grain elevators at Fort William, the steel works at Sydney and the harbour of St. John have failed to send him away joyful. It seems to us that the *Chronicle* gentleman is altogether unreasonable and exacting. A Milton is a nice enough possession but it must be remembered that even England, with ages of striving towards the light, has had few writers or philosophers of the Puritan poet's calibre. Cannot this superior scribe wait a while, until the Canadian has had time to build his railways, plough his farms and get an asphalt walk in front of the house? Then, perchance, he will wipe the perspiration from his brow and plan an epic or an ode. Mr. Begbie calls our politicians "corrupt and abominable." This is painful reading, and leads us to wonder what newspapers Mr. Begbie could have examined with care as he took his gentle flight across the Dominion. He really likes our lakes, rivers and mountains but is forced to express disapproval of our mercantile ways of expression and our purchasable politicians.

Mr. Begbie finds poetry in every natural feature of the country but none in Canadians. The mountains chant hymns of praise but

the people talk shop. The rivers sing of earth's lyric loveliness but the people are anxious for a bumper crop. Is it possible that someone has "jollied" the English journalist and made Canadians appear more prosaic than they actually are. There is much Scotch blood in this country and we are shy of speaking to the stranger about our aspirations. We may be almost bursting with the finest sort of ideals and yet discourse to the itinerant Englishman of our wheat and timber limits.

The English journalists, according to Mr. Begbie, expected to find in this young land "the statesmanship of a Moses, the prophecy of an Isaiah, and the rejoicing poetry of a Shakespeare." This is entirely too much to expect of a people who, only the day before yesterday, built for themselves huts in the wilderness. Canadians are too busy enforcing the Ten Commandments to have time to add to them, are too much absorbed in the day's work to write about what is going to happen a hundred years from now and are wise enough to rejoice in Shakespeare's dramas without cherishing an immediate desire to produce another *Hamlet*.

By way of respectful comment we might call Mr. Begbie's attention to the fact that in one breath he calls Sir Wilfrid Laurier a "central pillar" and a "chief pilot," as he regrets that our premier, though a good man, is not in possession of a Miltonic mind. But why should we have a prime minister with such a sweep of imagination? The average Canadian business man turns pale as he thinks of what might happen if Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Arthur Stringer or even Mr. Wilfred Campbell were looking after the national destiny. Milton, himself, was not allowed to be the Head of the Government in his stormy day. The late Oliver Cromwell took very good care to give the noble-minded poet nothing more lucrative than the office of Latin Secretary, a post for which no Canadian politician has ever applied.

If it were only the vagaries of an idle fancy which Mr. Begbie longed to discover, it is a thousand pities that he did not fall in with the Douks or the Dreamers. They are the one startling streak of imagination which brightens our commercial communities.

TO HIGHER FIELDS

THE western wilderness of forty years ago has now three universities in the making. Nor are these the only signs that in the march of Empire, higher education and the higher fields of scientific investigation are spreading fast. Next year Winnipeg is to have the honour of being the third city in Canada to entertain that greatest of all literary and scientific bodies, the British Association. Rev. Dr. Bryce, Professor Fuller and Professor Vincent are to attend this year's meeting at Dublin in September and will form a deputation from the Winnipeg Executive which has charge of next year's entertainment. Professor M. A. Parker is performing the secretarial duties of a strong committee of which Mr. D. W. McDermott is the presiding officer. The Dominion Government has promised \$25,000 and Winnipeg \$5,000 towards the expenses. Other cities in the West will entertain the visitors also.

That the noblest educational body in the Empire should go to Winnipeg for an annual meeting is a great compliment to the newer part of Canada. That the West should desire to have such an event occur shows that it is not wholly concerned with the commercial side of life. It is keeping its eye on the higher things of life and the necessity for increasing its knowledge, its culture and its share in the educational, economic and scientific world-development. The West does not propose to be behind the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world in its appreciation of the higher things of life.

MILITARY RIVALRY

MONTREAL and Toronto have various kinds of rivalries, always good-natured though sometimes sentimentally acute. The rivalry is due to these two cities being the largest in Canada and

hence liable to have their populations, post-office revenue, customs due, bank clearings, building statistics and so on, placed in juxtaposition. Montreal beats Toronto at every point, except in the matter of clean streets and an annual industrial exhibition.

The latest form of rivalry is in the strength of its citizen soldiery. The other Sunday, the Toronto garrison turned out on church parade some 3,135 strong. It was the largest army Toronto had ever exhibited and the newspapers talked about it. One hundred thousand citizens lined the streets, since it was a lovely May day, and every one was proud.

A week later, Montreal had a similar annual church parade with General Buchan in command, and once more it proved its superiority by a muster of 3,364 of all ranks, or 200 more than Toronto. Further, the crowd on the streets was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, or fifty thousand more than Toronto. The muster is interesting and was made up as follows:

Staff	15
Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers	579
Infantry Brigade (1st, 3rd, 5th)	1,482
Probational Brigade	326
Second Infantry Brigade (65th and Cadets)	912
Veterans	50
	3,364

It will now be Toronto's proud privilege to make another attempt.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GRUMBLING

BRITISH COLUMBIA should avoid getting a reputation as a grumbler. For years that province has maintained that it should get "better terms." It got them, and still it is not satisfied. It has complained about the Japanese and Hindoos and has set the whole machinery of government working overtime on its behalf. It caused a Cabinet minister to go from Ottawa to Tokio to discuss Japanese immigration and a deputy minister to go to London to consult with the British Government as to the Hindoos. It is still pursuing a policy of muttering under its breath as to the policy of the Dominion Government in several particulars.

Vancouver, where most of the trouble originates, has really no more trouble with immigrants than has Toronto, Winnipeg or Montreal. During the past winter both Toronto and Winnipeg have dispensed fully as much charity in looking after indigent newcomers as has Vancouver. Of course, Toronto and Winnipeg are larger and wealthier cities, but Vancouver cannot and would not plead poverty.

Let us meet all our national problems in a sympathetic and broad-minded spirit, with due consideration for the country as a whole. Each province has a right and a duty to keep its particular needs before the people of the other provinces and before the Dominion authorities. This necessity does not require more than plain argument and certainly does not justify continuous grumbings about "unfair treatment."

THE CALL FOR LITERATURE

THE vexed question of whether Canada has a literature is becoming almost as threadbare as the school-boy debates on Mary Stuart's execution, and the comparative virtues of country and city life. A Toronto paper was complacent enough to say that Mrs. Humphry Ward lectured on "The Peasant in Literature" in a country which possesses neither peasants nor literature. Are we not over-watchful of what we are pleased to term our literature? When we cease from pulling it up and examining the roots, the tender plant, may have a chance to bloom bravely. We are in danger of insisting that there must be a Great Canadian Novel, after the fashion of some of our neighbours who are so busy in trying to discern a masterpiece of fiction in a story by Mr. Winston Churchill (not the member for Dundee) or by Mrs. Edith Wharton that they forget the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. When a great poem or novel is produced in Canada, it will be written by one who has not heeded the cries of the market-place, who has not heard the urgent demand for "Canadian" colour, but who has written for the world the things which he found in his own realm of the imagination. Those who are so persistent in asking for a literature appear to regard it as so much cheese, flour or pork. Literature is not a matter of *order*—not though Mr. Andrew Carnegie or Mr. John Rockefeller be the man who demands its production and who fancies that he may create a market. "Best-sellers" we have every year but a great book is another matter. Let us refrain from wailing for a startling "Canadian" novel which will be a jumble of the Rocky Mountains, Niagara Falls and the tides of the Bay of Fundy. A vital work

of literature is broader and deeper than any race or country—it belongs to humanity and comes in answer to no local demand for "made-in-Canada" characters.

THE KING'S PLATE—A RACE

MANY people believe that horse-racing is immoral and yet horse-racing is one of the most popular of Anglo-Saxon sports. The journalist who is anxious to please all his subscribers and be counted a moral force in the community should never write on horse-racing, even when His Majesty's annual gift of fifty guineas forms part of the prize. It is really impossible for a man to be a great journalist or a great preacher and go to see a horse-race. This is one of the axioms or postulates of Canadian life.

Yet in spite of this circumstance, it is impossible to fail to notice that last Saturday was a great day in Canadian racing annals. The leading citizens of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and other Canadian cities gathered at the Woodbine, Toronto, to see a number of two-year-old thoroughbreds compete for the forty-ninth time in a race known as the King's Plate. It may be that it is the confining of this race to Canadian-bred horses that is the justification which these leading citizens find for their conduct. Or it may be that they are, in the words of certain politicians, "bold enough to be honest and honest enough to be bold." Whatever we may think of their conduct, it is quite true that cabinet ministers, judges, members of parliament, presidents of great railways and other lesser individuals attended this race-meet. Even His Excellency the Governor-General was present, with his state-coach brought from Ottawa for the occasion. They were all interested to discover whether or not Mr. Joseph Seagram, M.P., could win this race for the thirteenth time and they cheered when he accomplished the feat—the most marvellous racing feat in our records.

Of course, no great journalist could condone such a proceeding. We have no intention of defending Lord Grey, Mr. Charles M. Hays, Mr. D. D. Mann, and the various senators and publicists who attended that race-meet. We quite admit that it was not a Sunday-school affair and that it was not an event which is likely to assist in abolishing "the bar." We must also admit that these gentlemen would have been much better employed picking wild-flowers in the woods, or reading from *Hansard* some of the long speeches on the necessity for greater honesty in public life. They might have used their time to greater advantage in visiting the various political committee rooms throughout Ontario and Quebec where the two provincial governments are now on trial. We admit all this, but we still find it necessary to note that these gentlemen choose rather to don frock coats and top hats and spend an afternoon with their friends watching an exhibition of that wonderful sport which retains such a hold upon the affections of the British people. We cannot describe their sensations in detail for the reason already stated, that great journalists must not endanger their reputations by attending, even in a critical spirit, such foolish and worldly exhibitions.

SPORTS AND DULL TIMES

SPEAKING generally, most people will admit that this is not the briskest period in Canada's history. The times are not bad, but trade was brisker a year ago. Yet it is remarkable how liberal the public is in its patronage of amusement places and sporting events. In Toronto there were two baseball matches on Victoria Day and 10,000 people attended the morning event and 15,000 the afternoon game. At the same time, a large crowd watched the Olympic trials at Rosedale to see Lawson win the Marathon and Tait win the 1,500 metres flat race. With these two events in progress, eight thousand people attended the Woodbine races and many thousands visited various excursion points. These numbers are large for Toronto, and indicate that the general public is not feeling despondent and is not anxious about to-morrow. In Montreal and elsewhere, the experience is similar.

It is an excellent indication of the spirit of the Canadian people that it is not inclined to mope even under circumstances which have been somewhat trying. While the immigration from the United States is holding its own, the total immigration shows a decline. Foreign trade is declining. It is not so easy to place bonds abroad. Yet the prospect of a bumper crop, the excellent undertone of local and inter-provincial trade, and the general faith of the people more than overcome any adverse conditions. Canada is happy and joyful and her people are willing to celebrate on holidays with even more fervour than on any former occasion.

Through a Monocle

A FACT occurred this spring—or rather two facts—from which I will let those who have the courage draw the inference. The two-pronged fact was this—Mrs. Fiske appeared in Toronto in an Ibsen play and was greeted by empty benches; Madame Nazimova appeared in Montreal in two Ibsen plays and drew large houses. Now what do you think of that? Do you dare think that that means that Montreal is a more cultured city than Toronto, the home of Arnold Haultain and Inspector Hughes? Well, if you are thinking anything of the sort, you will please do so at your own risk. I would no more venture to print such a “think” in this department than I would dare hint that the justly celebrated Ontario school system is, possibly, not the envy of all Christendom. But there is the naked, undeniable fact. Nor can it be explained by any theory that Mrs. Fiske is not a good actress. Toronto has always been willing to give Mrs. Fiske crowded houses when she was playing “the lady burglar” or the lady “Becky.” It was not Mrs. Fiske that frightened Toronto; it was Ibsen.

* * *

MADAME NAZIMOVA is the first woman who has challenged Mrs. Fiske’s supremacy on the American stage. We have, perhaps, not always quite realised Mrs. Fiske’s queenship, because her long war with the “trust” has compelled her to play under disadvantageous circumstances and has deprived her of much adventitious assistance which other lady “stars” have enjoyed. But one had only to see her, soon after sitting through a play by any of her possible rivals, to realise how vastly superior the little feminine dynamo was to any of her sisters on the stage, though some of them are capable and even artistic actresses and most of them have had all the help that “puffery” can bring. But the Russian marvel has entered Mrs. Fiske’s chosen field, and put the firmest of her admirers in doubt. She has the same power of mastery over her audiences, the same compelling magnetism, the same ability to make you feel that the other members of the cast are weaklings. Yet, of course, it is only fair to remember that she is a product of the stage of Europe, and not a graduate of our inartistic New World.

* * *

THE contrast between the American and the Russian is as great as well could be. All the physical advantages lie with Madame Nazimova. That she can be tall, willowy and unspeakably graceful, she shows in “Hedda Gabler,” though her skill in “make-up” enables her to look relatively short as “Nora” in the “Doll’s House.” But Mrs. Fiske could never achieve the serpentine grace of “Hedda.” On the other hand, Mrs. Fiske has a long lead in articulation. She can talk about five hundred words to the minute and yet make every person in the gallery hear every syllable. When we consider that two or three years ago, Nazimova did not speak a word of English, and that she learned the language for playing purposes in six months, it is not surprising that she cannot rival the swift-tongued American in this. That she speaks as well as she does, is a miracle; for to-day there are not many traces of an accent. Where the Russian and the American meet, however, is in the dynamics of the art. Both play with an intensity of power which is not equalled to my knowledge by any other actress on the American stage.

* * *

STILL none of this accounts for the failure of Ibsen in Toronto, and its success in Montreal. Mrs. Fiske is by far the best known of the two, and has the greatest drawing power among those who do not keep abreast with theatrical news. The difference must be put down to the different appreciation of Ibsen. Possibly Toronto does not approve of Ibsen. I would not put it beyond that highly moral city. It is always of the opinion that, whatever it waves aside with its Podsnap hand, disappears at once from the vision and mind of all proper people; and, for improper people, it has only pity iron-bound with condemnation. Again, it may not be interested in the problems which Ibsen discusses. They are not the sort of problems which we debate at the afternoon sessions of our indisputable moral reform

organisations. They are rather the problems which astonish and disgust us by appearing in concrete form in the midst of our best families and in spite of years of right teaching. They are the problems of life and not of the lecture platform.

* * *

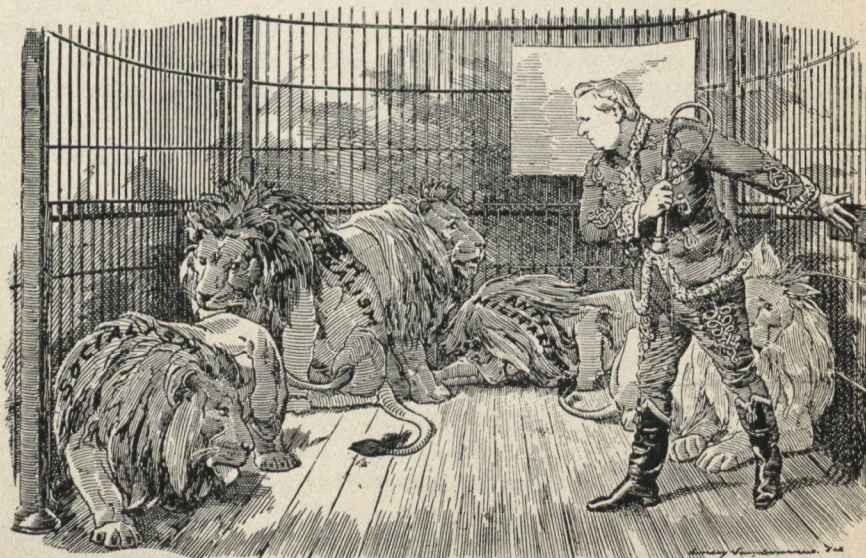
IBSEN is “Continental” in the sense in which we sometimes speak of the “Continental Sabbath.” This term of reproach means that a man or a thing is in accord with the feeling of the most civilised continent in the world; but we on this continent are better than civilised—we are evangelised. Thus to tell us that an idea is “Continental” is to condemn it quite as effectively as it does to tell a European that an idea is “American.” They do not appreciate us over in Europe. They do not realise how much better it is to be “good” than cultured. They have not had our “advantages,” I was just about to write that they lack our “freedom,” when I remembered that what we usually complain of in European literature and drama is that it is too free. Ah! but then that is easily explained. To go as far as we go is “liberty”; but to go farther with the Europeans is “license.” On the other hand, not to go as far as we go, is to be “conventional” and “conservative.” We are the chosen people. The pitiful part of it is that it takes the other sections of the world so long a time to discover our essential rightness.

N’IMPORTE

THE POWER OF PERSISTENCE

THE man with a grievance and the woman with a mission are not popular characters. We flee in dismay from the man who talks single-tax from soup to demi-tasse or from the woman who is bent upon sending blankets to the Hottentots. Yet the man may finally succeed in having his grievance removed and the woman may one day know the joy of beholding a properly-garbed Hottentot. We are bored and, perhaps, disgusted but we are finally glad to do as the agitator desires; and if one man spends his life in talking to all and sundry on a question which is more to the speaker than meat and drink, he is finally heeded. For more than a year certain feminine agitators in England have obstructed the carriages of cabinet ministers, rung the august door-bells of chancellors and secretaries, stormed the sacred precincts of Westminster and finally gone to prison, in order that the British Empire might know that they desired votes for women. They have done what humanity dreads above discomfort and misery, made themselves ridiculous, that their cause might be heard. They have come forth from prison to write magazine articles on a week-end in gaol and preside at banquets given in their honour by admiring adherents. Behold, the result of the whole matter is, that Hon. H. H. Asquith is about to take woman suffrage into serious consideration and the women of Great Britain may, ere long, become controllers of the polls. The campaign has proved once more that if you want anything with sacrificial warmth you will get it. If you are only willing to go to prison or be a laughing-stock for votes or anything else, the way eventually becomes a primrose path.

MR. ASQUITH AS A LION-TAMER



A Question of Mastery.—Punch.

THE WORLD'S WORK WITH GASOLINE

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IT will soon be as necessary in Canada and the United States to have chauffeurs' unions as it has been for years to have motormen's unions on street railways and locomotive brotherhoods on railways. The business of driving a self-propelled car has become as legitimate and pronounced even in Canada as that of coachman or dray teamster. Even men who formerly drove their own automobiles exclusively for pleasure now engage an expert mechanic who not only drives but takes mechanical care of the cars. George Bernard Shaw in his "Man and Superman" recognizes the growing importance of the chauffeur by placing him on an intellectual level as regards argument with the owner of the car who is a philosopher.

Motoring is no longer a mere pleasure of a mercury-winged minority who have little to do but kick up a dust into the uttermost parts of the earth. We hear very little nowadays of the long-distance tour-maker working his odometer over-time to get a thousand miles the better of his rival in the Club. But the number of miles travelled by cars in 1908 as compared to the distance covered in 1906 when the motor-mania got to its height is a fraction with a very large numerator indeed. The world's miles are being taken care of by the world's motors quite as effectively as by the world's locomotives and steamships. But the mileage is no longer confined to a favoured few who make milestones at night resemble graveyard monuments as they go by, or race-track fiends who would do away altogether with horses or baby-carriages or even bicycles. It is the man with the small-sized car who is heaping up the mileage. The age of middle-classness in automobiles began to come two years ago; it came last year; it is now right on the way—the era when the man of moderate means who would like to get somewhere faster than he can go with a horse, and desires more pleasure in a trip than driving a horse can give him, buys the car he wants and is able to afford and becomes as truly one of the motoring fraternity as the owner of a string of high-power cars and an expensive garage.

This extension of the democratic idea to motor-dom has resulted in an enormous output of runabout cars and touring runabouts and baby tourists and all manner of modifications of these; until in a sales-room or at a motor-show the prospective middle-class customer who is not intent upon blowing a fortune on a car may spend hours or even days before he satisfies his critical judgment as to precisely what style and model he requires. One class of professional men particularly—the doctors—have created the demand for a touring runabout that will suit either the city and town doctor from door to

door or the country doctor from highway to highway, in each case saving time and therefore proving an economy and with time enough paying for itself. Perhaps it is a mere coincidence that following the evolution of the doctor's runabout comes the motor hearse which is now being used in a few places. One of the great troubles of a motorist on a country road is meeting or passing a funeral; and the recent legislation in the Ontario house of law-makers makes particular provision for this contingency. But with motor hearses and motor cabs and benzine buggies in the procession—in the future of course—the tourist motor will no longer be a terror to the undertaker and the farmers in his train.

Out at Vancouver they have now an automobile fire brigade. Not only does the chief ride an automobile to fires like a perfect gentleman, but the hose waggons and the two fire engines are all equipped with gasoline motors that make an ordinary city fire look like a very slow thing in comparison. This innovation has become quite common in United States cities. Boston was one of the first to substitute the swift motor for the plunging horse. Vancouver is as yet the only Canadian city with a motor fire-brigade. The experiment so far has not been a failure—although the hose waggons have temporarily stalled a few times. The motor fire engine has stood all its tests well. If Vancouver succeeds in putting out its fires with gasoline it is quite likely the practice will be followed in other large cities in Canada. In Milwaukee, the police, fire and parks departments are all provided with automobiles.

Even the farmer has taken to the automobile. The majority of farmers as yet are uniting to curse all automobiles because of the iniquities of a reckless few whose motto openly expressed at the steering-wheel has been "Damn the law!" But wherever and whenever a farmer has had a chance to ride a good car he has become the most enthusiastic advocate of gasoline locomotion and promises himself that one of these days when he gets a few hundred dollars ahead he will quit currying horses and drive to town in his automobile. Some farmers have already got cars. One progressive farmer near Toronto has had a car for four years. He thinks more of his car than of any team he has. They are already plowing with gasoline down in Georgia and the practice may be expected to develop on the Canadian prairies where the land is especially adapted to long-distance hauls on a plow. It is claimed down in Georgia that a man with a gasoline motor is able to turn over three times as much land as he is able

to do with the number of horses he is able to manage at once. There is really nothing half so novel about gasoline-motor plowing as about the steam plow which has been an institution for years in the Canadian West, and the past few years has come to be a serious competitor with the horse—with the ox-team a clear back number. One drawback there is to the steam-plow—its tremendous weight and the crew it takes to operate it. Anyone at all familiar with the advantages of gasoline propulsion will understand that a fluid-fuel motor will dispense with a large proportion of the weight, and put on a greater power besides—and at the same time dispense with stand-by losses in firing up on punk coal and getting up steam. One well-known maker of automobiles—Mr. Henry Ford—has for years worked his farm of four hundred acres with motor-tractors, and the experiment has been a huge success.

Taximeter cabs in big cities like London and New York are putting the horse cab and the ancient humorous cabbie on to the back streets. Motor trucks are competing with the horse in the dray business—many of these being in use in Canadian cities, hauling larger loads, making better time and wearing out streets less, besides taking up less room than the four-footed clumsy horse. Armies are experimenting successfully with transportation trucks for troops. The British army has adopted what is called the "caterpillar motor" concerning which the London *Graphic* says:

"The invention is intended to supply a convenient method of hauling war-material, minerals, or other heavy articles over swampy, hilly and uneven ground in districts where the railway has not penetrated. The essential feature of the new device is the endless chain surrounding the weight-carrying wheels, with which, by means of two sprocket-wheels, the engine lays its own track. Equipped with these 'chain-tracks,' a 35 horse-power motor-car performed some wonderful feats in getting across rough country, and it drew with ease a trailer loaded to five tons over marshy soil. A heavy 20-horse power oil tractor, similarly equipped, also performed wonders."

Mail carriers are driving runabouts. City paymasters who have to dodge into a hundred streets a day following the corporation gangs are hauling their pay envelopes in automobiles. Motor ambulances are in use. Automobiles for weddings have long been used even in Canadian cities—though the custom has not yet become a commonplace. One of these days baby carriages will be automobiles too and the two-years darling of a pigmy size will blow his own horn to warn the other babies on his block.

The Programme of the Pageant

THE GALA WEEK AT QUEBEC

JULY is a month for regattas and picnics, rather than for splendid celebrations; but, fortunately, Canada is a country where even July has no terrors for the citizen who rejoices in formal festivities and there is no reason to anticipate anything but success for the Tercentenary splendours at Quebec. The pageant which will be a feature of that event will be the first celebration of the sort on the North American continent, although single scenes of momentous history have been represented at Chicago, Portland and Jamestown.

A pageant, however, in the sense in which the word has recently come to be used, is the representation of a series of scenes connected with the history of the actual spot where the performance takes place. The indispensable condition for a pageant is a place with romantic memories. Quebec, in this respect, has few rivals on the continent, even the gulf-washed New Orleans, with its blending of Spanish, French and Confederate strife, affording hardly so picturesque a setting for a great pageant.

During the last few years the pageant has sprung into popularity in England, Coventry, Bury St. Edmunds and Oxford affording fitting background for an excursion into far-off centuries. Compared with some of the Old Country cathedral towns, Quebec has but a brief chronicle since the days of Samuel de Champlain. However, three centuries afford as much material for pageantry as our busy

young country can use. The master of our July ceremonies must do as well as he can with our three hundred years of changing story and trust to the imagination of the pilgrims to do the rest. Scene after scene in representation of the shifting panorama of Indian strife and European conflict will be represented under the July sunlight of the Twentieth Century and may the midsummer mood of Old Sol be kindly, lest the rocks of ancient Quebec prove no comfortable amphitheatre. A Montreal authority states that even the thrilling events of the past will be revived by the descendants of the men who acted in them, for, of the three thousand performers who will take part many will be able to trace their lineage to the pioneers of those days. Jacques Cartier will make his report to King Francis I. Champlain's little fleet will sail up the St. Lawrence; Frontenac will defy the messenger sent from Phipps; there will also be the great review where will be represented the famous regiments which contended on the Plains of Abraham. He who sees the Quebec pageant will have a pictorial history of the famous spot "to hang on Memory's walls."

In the meantime, it is well for Canadians to bear in mind that the Quebec Battlefields Association has nothing whatever to do with the Quebec Tercentenary and no part of its funds will be diverted to this, or the Pageant or any other than the single purpose laid down: that every cent of every subscrip-

tion will go straight into the permanent work of the Quebec Battlefields Park. The association is really the people's response to the appeal made by His Excellency Earl Grey, on the 15th of January, 1908, at a great public meeting at Ottawa, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden gave their heartiest support to the movement.

THE LONDON THAMES.

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

MANY a king hath passed me by,
Many a queen crossed over me;
Many a ship hath sought my hand
To lead it out to the open sea.

Many a day hath scanned my eyes,
Many a light hath decked my breast;
Many a soul hath sought and found
The voiceless peace of my perfect rest.

Many a king I have loved and lost,
Many a queen will come no more;
Many a ship hath ne'er returned
For the welcome kiss of my friendly shore.

Many a day hath said farewell,
Many a light hath flushed and died;
Only my dead are true to me
And the cold embrace of my restless tide.

—Smart Set.



Military Celebration in Winnipeg, on Sunday, May 10th, in memory of Batoche. Veterans, are especially popular in line of march.

A Problem and a Parade

THE problem of the unemployed has pressed heavily upon Montreal and Toronto during the past winter and has even affected the optimistic atmosphere of Winnipeg. Those who are acquainted with conditions in the latter city believe that they mean trouble in the near future unless the public arouses to their threatening possibilities.

Between four and five thousand of the foreign element of Winnipeg united in holding a monster demonstration on May Day, commemorating the great socialistic holiday. The crowd assembled in the early morning in St. John's Park and, forming in line, paraded through the principal streets of the city, bearing red flags upon which was the inscrip-

tion, "We Want Work." In the evening the celebration was continued in the Trades Hall and hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admittance. It was the first demonstration of its kind ever held in the city of Winnipeg and, as nothing was known of it until three thousand men were marching through the streets, a momentary alarm was spread throughout the city until investigation proved it was not so serious as reported. All those who participated in the affair were foreigners, most of whom are, at present, out of work.

A somewhat different scene was the gathering on Sunday, May 10th, when two thousand of the military of Winnipeg joined in the celebration of the anniversary of the Battles of Fish Creek and Batoche, commemorating the day by decorating the

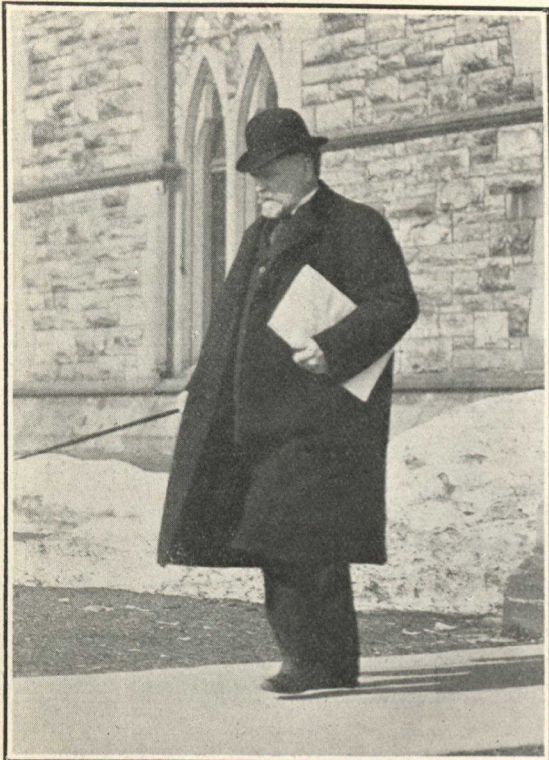
graves of their fallen comrades who met death in those engagements. The Battle of Batoche occurred on May 12th, 1885. The Dominion forces were under the command of Major-General Middleton and for three days in the engagement they were in constant fighting with Riel's Half-Breeds and Indians. The Winnipeg troops were brigaded with "C" Infantry Company of Toronto, the 10th Royal Grenadiers and part of the Midland Battalion and "B" Battery of Quebec. The 90th Rifles and the 13th Field Battery represented the Winnipeg troops. The Battle of Fish Creek took place on April 24th, 1885.

There may have been no significance in the public appearance of the military, so soon after a red-flag celebration by the unemployed, but the average citizen finds the latter somewhat disquieting.



Parade of Unemployed in Winnipeg, from St. John's Park, on May Day, with thousands of foreigners carrying the red flag.

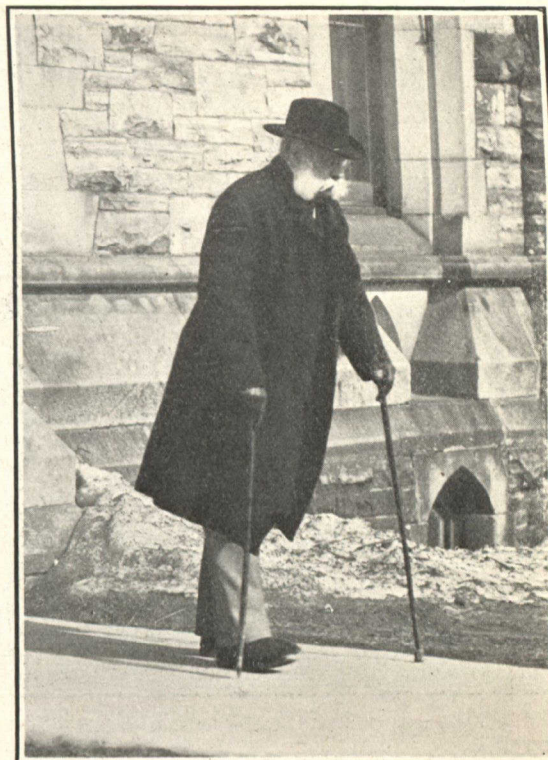
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL



Hon. Wm. Pugsley.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. A. C. Campbell.



Sir Richard Cartwright.

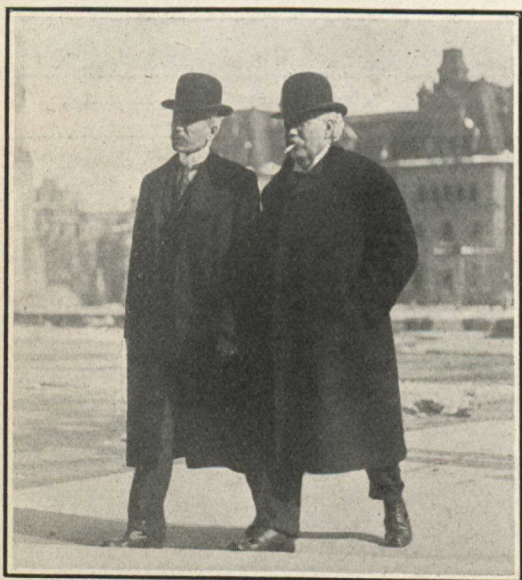


Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. Sir Frederick Borden.

Hon. Wm. Fielding.

Hon. Sydney Fisher.

Hon. Wm. Templeman.



Hon. G. P. Graham and Hon. Wm. Templeman.



Hon. L. P. Brodeur on left.



Hon. Frank Oliver and Mr. Ralph Smith

Snapshots of Dominion Cabinet Ministers

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS CHRONICLED IN PICTURE

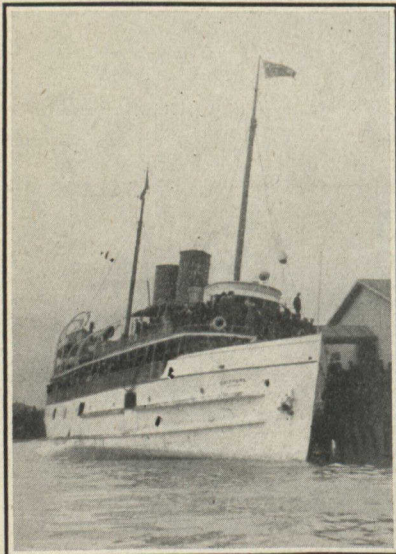


On May 16th, Cardinal Logue, of Ireland, who has been visiting in Canada, was given a special dinner in the Archbishop's Palace in Montreal. The gathering was most representative. This photograph was taken just afterwards. The Cardinal is the eighth from the left in the front row.



Montreal's Record Military Parade (3,364), on Sunday May 17th.

PHOTOS BY RHODES



S. S. Chippewa, listed over in discharging her passengers.



"Hudson Bay" River Steamer Port Simpson, passing out of Victoria Harbour. She will ply on the Skeena River.



Princess Victoria, just before tying up in Victoria Harbour.

The rate war between the C.P.R. coasting vessels and those operating under the U.S. flag is assuming large proportions. Both the C.P.R. and the International Steamship Co. have advertised the special low rates very extensively, the former line carrying passengers between Victoria and Seattle for 25c., and the latter for 50c. Formerly the regular rate was \$2.50. The result of the reduced fare and the advertising was that people thronged down to the boats on the first Sunday and although the Princess Victoria, the Canadian boat, carried 983 passengers and the Chippewa, the rival, carried 1132, there were a large number of disappointed ones who failed to get over to the Canadian city. The Princess Victoria started just one hour after the American boat but she passed her before leaving Puget Sound and when she arrived in Victoria her rival was not in sight.



"FIDDLE

BY

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



HERR AUGUST MULLER waved a bottle of olives in the air and talked to his compatriot behind the counter. "My dreams haf been of the Vaterland these many nights," said he. "Ach, yes! Ulrich, I will these olives take, and marmalade, and sardines, Ja. And shocolate, and podded ham that is

good with butterbread. And a bineapple. There is no bleasure to-day in them, because I haf dreamed of the eadables of Shermany. And a gream cheese and sweet bisquits. So." Herr August looked round the store sadly, and sighed heavily. "There is no bleasure in bineabbles nor in podded ham, but one must exist."

"Ja, mein Herr," said the compatriot, glancing respectfully from the order book and sucking his pencil.

"Bagon!" cried Herr August suddenly. "What is breakfast without bagon? Three pounds, and I take it with me, Ulrich. I must not debart to the Art School to-morrow morning after insufficient nourishment, no. Three pounds of bagon, Ulrich."

"Ja, mein Herr," cried the compatriot, snatching up the bacon knife and running off with it.

While it was being cut, Herr August sat in deep thought upon a stool before the counter. It was a revolving stool, and he twirled himself solemnly around as he waited. Herr August felt himself lonely and an alien. "The young beoble at the Art School are fond of me," he thought; "the boys at the Grayon Glub are good boys. But I haf no one belonging to me. There is no one at home to share the bineable and the podded ham, for Maximilien eats only ganary-seed and comes not out of his cage. It is very sorrowful." Under the influence of these gloomy thoughts, Herr August twirled the faster, ceasing only when the bacon was laid in his hands. It was a large parcel, and greasy.

"Another paper, Ulrich," said he with a sigh. Ulrich placed a pile of papers on the counter and held out his hand for the parcel. But Herr August was looking at the paper. "What is that?" said he.

Ulrich spread the brown paper on the counter, respectfully awaiting the artist's pleasure. Herr August laid one fat, clever hand upon it. "Who did it?" he asked.

"A liddle boy who lifs on my third floor," said Ulrich. "He comes always in the store when I am oud, and always he scribbles on my wrapping-paper mit ein piece of pencil. He is a bad boy."

Herr August grunted indescribably, staring at the paper. Someone had been drawing upon it, and the result was a very spirited horse. The lines, though shaky, were placed apparently without doubt, the shading was excellent, the pose masterly.

"It has life!" said Herr Muller with emphasis. The boys of the Crayon Club could have told that they never won higher praise than that incisive "It has life!" "What is that boy's name and his age?" asked Herr Muller, still staring at the paper and breathing hard.

"Aboud ten," said the surprised Ulrich, "and his name it is Fiddle Lestrage. On the third floor—up those stairs, Herr Muller—" and the astonished compatriot was watching Herr Muller's broad back vanishing up the stairs with extraordinary rapidity.

Two nights later, Herr August went to the Crayon Club in a condition of unwonted gaiety. He whistled as he criticised the drawings, and his scathing tongue spared all alike. The Club looked at each other. "It is that I haf a new interest," said Herr Muller, noticing the look, "an interest beyond the bad drawings of foolish boys, yes. I have now a boy of my own, and his name is Fidele Lestrage. From his widowed mother and five brothers I took him, and he lifs with me and gleans the balettes and grinds the colours and washes the brushes and gifs seed to Maximilien. His name is

now Fidele Muller, and some day that name will be the name of a great artist, greater than Briton Riviere or Landseer or Rosa Bonheur, yes. I saw a drawing of his, wondrous. It had life, it lived. I took him from unworthy surroundings as what-d'you-callum took the young Giotto. Giotto drew sheep upon a flat stone. Fidele drew horses upon brown paper. Long ago when I was young, I thought mineself to be famous. Now I expect to reach fame in my bubils. I haf had many disappointments, yes. But there is something in my heart that tells me I shall have no disappointment in mine Fidele. No. I will teach him and he will be great. He is only twelf. He is a child, with a child's preferences. He likes better to draw ladies with small waists and outrageous hats than the animals he can draw so wondrous. But all that will pass. He will grow wise. Now I say good-fening. Fidele has a small gold, and I go to gif him physic. The work is good enough. But in a year or two my Fidele will put you lazy ones all to shame."

He went, leaving the club still staring. They did not know how to express their complex feelings. And in truth August Muller as a domestic character was a subject for both tears and laughter. The Club laughed; but it was very tender laughter.

With others, the Club grew accustomed in the next few weeks to Fidele Muller. Among others, it was gradually borne in upon the members of the Club that the child's character of budding artist suited him as badly as his new surname. He was poignantly French; from his eyes, clear and inexpressive as agates, to his agile feet that could dance so perfectly. He was a little creature, made for dancing, for sunshine, for all swift movements and sweet words. He visibly adored Herr August, was always visibly uneasy under his praises and pride, visibly troubled and burdened by all that was expected of him. Sometimes Muller brought him to the Club's room on those evenings when he went to criticise the week's work there, established him with exquisite pride in a corner, gave him paper and charcoal, and ever and anon crept back on tiptoe to peep over the rounded childish shoulder, expecting some masterpiece of promise and always disappointed, though never cast down over what he did not find. "He will find himself and his genius, yes," said Muller patiently. "Fidele, my liddle child, art thou not tired of drawing ladies in feathers and frills? Here is the gast of a gow. Dry that."

Fidele would look up at him, swiftly, uneasily. The light of content that had been in his face when scratching away at wonderful imaginary ladies with long hair and feathers would give place to a shadow. He would obediently look at the cast of the cow. And, presently, produce a copy of it, no better than that by any other clever child with keen eyes and skillful fingers. Or so it seemed to the keen-eyed lads of the Club. But Herr August always found some promise in the work of his Fidele. It was the first time in his life that he had not judged justly, the first time in his life he had not seen clearly, and perhaps love had blinded his keen eyes. As for the lads of the Crayon Club, they loved him, and came to love Fidele, far too well to put their doubts into words.

They called the lad Fiddle, as he had been called by his former companions of the streets. And played with him and petted him even to Muller's content, though conscious always of a reserve, a withdrawing, an uneasiness in him. "The little chap is hiding something," was the opinion of the Crayon Club. "Wonder what it is? It won't do to say anything, for old Muller's just crazy about him. It seems to me," someone was sure to add, "that his work's nothing much, if it wasn't for that horse on the brown paper. That's wonderful. He's done nothing like that since. But he's a dear little rascal." And it would be, "Herr Muller, will you let Fiddle dance for us after we've done this?" Or, "Fiddle, get up on the stand and do the fat old lady

arguing with the street-car conductor." Fiddle would always obey, with light grace and sunny gaiety. But speak of his drawing, and the laughing eyes grew anxious, the bright face grew puzzled, strained, touched with something very like fear. All the anxiety, all the fear, was evidently for Herr August. For other opinions the child cared nothing, but he watched old Muller ceaselessly with those clear, inscrutable, loving eyes. Muller felt no reserve in him, saw no lack in him, and was wholly happy in his far-reaching hopes, of which Fiddle was always the centre and the source and the ultimate crown.

Sometimes Muller would tell the child to criticise the work of the Crayon Club, listening with grave eagerness to his opinions, correcting them, changing them with a word, while the lads smiled. It seemed to them that Fiddle, murmuring his shy, childish judgments of "I don't like this," or "I think that's pretty," his eyes always uneasily on the master's face, read that face so shrewdly that he could foretell when and where approval or disapproval were due. But Muller saw nothing of this. He found great hope and comfort in these immature judgments. "That is just so, yes," he would say. "The critical faculty is developing, you will observe." Only he said "gritigal." He would go on, "Wait a liddle and you will see. It is a great gift our Fiddle has." And the Club would glance at each other uneasily, conscious of the tragedy of the master's self-deception, not daring to speak, and still somewhat held in doubt by that first astonishing horse on the brown paper. In the light of Fiddle's later efforts, there was no accounting for that horse. Yet he said he had drawn it, and he never lied, though the puzzled look and the fear always increased in his face when it was shown to anyone.

At last even Muller began to pin his faith chieffy to that horse. For Fiddle had never approached the promise of that equine on the brown paper. He struggled with his drawing, patient, afraid, uneasy, and advanced in it no more than any other clever child would have done. Some of the strain and anxiety of the little boy's eyes showed at last in old Muller's, though he was still obstinately confident. "You will see," he said. "His gift sleeps for a little while, but he will awaken it, yes. It is often so. For a liddle while the brain and the hand do not work together, no. He will regover it. Gif him time. And do not forget that horse, that wondrous horse. When I saw it, I felt like a man of science who discovers a new star, yes. My star will shine and make me famous. It is a great gift."

So it went on all through the fall. Fiddle grew sleek and plump and more radiantly cheerful than ever, except over the matter of the drawing. He seemed utterly to have forgotten his poor, hungry home, the five quarrelling brothers, the worried, heavy-handed mother. "The artistic temperament needs serenity, it needs peace, it needs sunshine, it needs room for expansion," old Muller said wisely. "That the good All-Father has allowed me to gif the child, yes. And soon my star will begin to shine brightly in this clear weather." To the Club, Muller's star appeared a very meteor, a will-o'-the-wisp dancing amont vapours, anything rather than a steady planet of genius.

"The little kid's hiding something," repeated the Club in conference. "He's growing defiant under it as well as uneasy. And old Muller's anxious. Wonder how it'll all end, you fellows?"

One evening old Muller appeared before them, a flat parcel under his arm, Fiddle holding his hand. He established Fiddle in the corner before the cast of a lion's head, and then unfolded the parcel. "It is our Fiddle's horse," said he genially, "nicely framed in brown oag. It is to hang upon the wall here." The Club solemnly murmured its thanks. "Fiddle, my child, why go you not on with the drawing of the lion?"

Fiddle looked at the lion with intense distaste, he looked at his own copy, which bore a strong

resemblance to a Cheshire cat surrounded by serpents, with intense disgust, and laid down his pencil with an air of finality. His eyes, defiant, desperate, were fixed upon the framed picture of the horse, and then in appeal upon Herr Muller. "I do not wish to draw any more," said he firmly. "I do not like the drawing."

The Club gasped, and Herr Muller turned slowly pale. "Fiddle, Fiddle!" said he in a horrified voice. "And you with your great gift!"

"No," said Fiddle firmly, those frightened, loving eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the old man, "no, I have no great gift. At first I think perhaps yes, I have. But I have eyes. I see the work of ces messieurs. I see mine, and I do not like it. I do not like it, because I do not do it well. That is why. I will clean the palettes, I will wash the brushes in oil and hot water, I will three times a day feed Maximilien, I will do everything but this drawing. I do not do it well, and I do not like it."

There was a great silence. At last—"But the horse?" cried old Muller, looking suddenly aged, "the horse? You must have a great gift, Fiddle. The horse is wonderful. And you did it, child?"

"Yes," said Fiddle, sadly, shrugging his shoulders, the wistful, puzzled expression strong upon him, "yes, I did it. It was very easy. I found a beautiful calendar under the counter in the store, all gilded, with a horse upon it. The horse was all raised up, standing out from the back of the picture. I laid the brown paper upon it and I ran my pencil along the raised lines, and there was the horse again. But my mother told me I was not to tell you I drew it that way. I know now that was not the right way to do it, but it was easy."

He looked imploringly from one to the other, but the members of the Club would not look from their paper. At Herr Muller they dared not look. The old man stood motionless, stricken, his face in his hands. But they turned at the cry of Fiddle.

The child had leaped to his feet, and stood, white and trembling, his hands outspread. "Ah!" he cried, and the lads winced at the sound of his voice. "Ah! now I understand! You only loved me because you thought I drew that horse in the proper way, as these gentlemen draw! Ah! mon pere, only because of that. And now you do not love me any more! I will go away, I will go back to the little brothers! I did not know, I did not understand! Pardon! Pardon! I will go, I will go. You do not love me any more, mon pere. The gift was not great!"

His hand was upon the door, and the Club caught its breath in something like a sob. But Muller held out his hands.

"The gift was not great," he said in a shaken voice, "but thy heart is great, my liddle child. And mine also. Come thou to it."

Again there was no sound in the room but the sound of Fiddle's sobs as he fled to his master's arms.

BILLY'S BEATITUDE

By JEAN BLEWETT

BILLY in the flesh—very much in the flesh, being of the round and rosy variety of boys —was in the gooseberry garden; but the incorporeal Billy was in the seventh heaven with the moon, the stars, and the milky way shining hazily leagues below.

He massed all the superlatives he knew into a sentence descriptive of his state of mind, then threw the superlatives and the idea to the winds together. When a boy is free from carping care, when every heart-beat is half smothered in joy, and a teasing angel of content is boring dimples in his freckled cheeks, words are flat, stale, unprofitable.

"Nice day, isn't it?" The melancholy voice of John Archie Hamilton broke in on Billy's blissful musings, the melancholy eyes of said John Archie peered through the ironwork of the back garden gate. Billy vouchsafed no answer. Who cared about the weather, anyway?

"What's tickling you?" the melancholy voice went on. "Sunday school picnic coming off, eh?" Billy snorted derisively. What a fool John Archie was!

"To see you doubled up with fun makes me wish I was back in the happy care-free days of boyhood once more."

"Oh, Ann'll be in good humour to-morrow," was Billy's apparently irrelevant rejoinder.

"With Eric Brown, never with me," moodily. "I haven't had a decent word for a week. Your Aunt Ann is a heartless, fickle-minded young woman who—"

"Who cares?" broke in Billy. "We'll go down to the river and sit on the old scow awhile."

"We'll do no such thing," firmly. "Your mother is forever warning me not to take her only child where he'll run the least risk of being drowned."

This remark struck Billy as being very funny. He laughed until he lost his breath, and fell in the gooseberry bush nearest him. John Archie opened the gate and came through.

"What's the fun? Tell us all about it, Billy."

"You know how sick a fellow gets of being his mamma's only angel child, 'specially if he's had the job all his life. No matter what he wants to do he gets pulled up short with: 'You're all the boy mother has, her hopes are bound up in you.'" The imitation of the voice and manner of Billy's maternal parent is so perfect that John Archie's melancholy dissolves in a grin. "Goodness knows," goes on Billy, "it's bad enough to be the only kid in the house without having the fact thrown up to you every time you try to have any fun. I've had a double dose of 'don'ts' right along; don't go swimming or skating for fear of drowning ma's only child, don't do any scrappering 'cause your dad's a minister. Gee! I've never had any fun, but—" with a joyous whoop, "I'm going to, I'm going to."

"Be careful," urged John Archie, "be very careful."

"Sho! Haven't done a thing all my life but be careful. A chap that can't get off to school without his ma calling him back to remind him that he's all the boy she has don't need to take lectures in carefulness from no amateur like you, John Archie. He gets all that's coming to him, and don't you forget it."

"You've a lot to be thankful for just the same." "True for you. I'm so happy I've got to holler. Lot to be thankful for! Well, you'll say so when you know all."

John Archie sighed half enviously over the happiness in Billy's face, and Billy's voice and Billy's every motion. "There's a cooling ahead of you," to quote a country proverb. "You're in too high feather, altogether," he began sententiously, then broke off to laugh. Billy's hilarity was contagious. "What is it?" went on John Archie, "the pony you've been wanting so long?"

"Better'n that, oh, heaps better'n that!" John Archie was growing excited. "It—you haven't a new brother—eh?"

"Better'n that," cried Billy, standing on his head and kicking his heels in the air.

"You've always made out you were crazy to have a brother," complained John Archie.

"What do you say to two brothers?" Billy reversed himself, and stood with his legs wide apart. "What do you say to twins?"

"Twins!" echoed the other weakly; "twins!"

"When dad and I got home from preaching anniversary sermons out at Chalmers," beginning in the middle of his story after the fashion of boys, "the twins were here. Soon as we arrive up rushes Aunt Ann to break the glad tidings to dad. Right on her heels comes that Miss Beatty who has been visiting ma for a week or more—only now she's decked out in a sort of uniform with a nurse's cap on her head. She marches straight up to dad. 'Nice little boy,' says she uncovering the bundle in her arms. 'He is little,' says dad kind of disappointed like. 'Wait till you see the other one,' says she. 'Another!' gasps dad; 'you don't mean to say there's another?' Then Aunt Ann has her innings. 'Two of the dearest, sweetest, cutest things! Nothing in all the world is quite so nice as twin boys—unless it is twin girls.' I up and hollers hip, hurrah! as hard as I can, and dad gives me one of his pulpit looks, and asks me if I realise I'm a back number, and that the twins will take all the time and attention the family can spare. 'They can have my share,' I tell him in a hurry. I'm so blamed tired of being it I'd like no better fun than playing orphan for a spell, and dad forgets he is a minister and laughs out like a real man."

John Archie plucked a gooseberry, dusted it carefully, and put in his mouth. "Most young aunties would think twins a nuisance, but" with a horrible grimace due to the sourness of the gooseberry, "dear gentle Ann—"

"It's none of her affair," interrupted Billy with some heat. "They aren't her twins." Then as his companion subsides into a sort of sighing silence, "You're a nice sort of professor, you are. The Bible says you're to laugh with the folks that feel good, and cry with the other kind, but you never did the weeping act with me, or for me, all the time I was weighed to the earth with being ma's only child. And now when we've got twins, and live twins, and I'm so tickled I don't know how to hold myself, you can't scare up a solitary snicker. You make me tired."

"I'll tell you what," explained John Archie, "we'll go down to the river and talk it over. Come along."

"Aunt Ann'll blame it on you if anything happens," warned Billy.

"Let her blame, who cares?" courageously. "Besides," his boldness decreasing, "you can explain that you suggested it first, or" turning quite cowardly, "we won't tell her where we've been, then she can't blame anybody in particular."

"The twins are named already," confided Billy

as the two struck across the commons. "Mother called one Douglas Hope, after dad, and Aunt Ann called the other—you'll be mad as hops if I tell you."

"I can guess," melancholy marking him for her own once more. "She was telling me the other day that Eric was her favourite name. Who cares?"

"Nobody," chuckled Billy, "only it was Archie she tacked on to the poor kid; wanted to give him the John, too, but ma said she drew the line at that. I should think so."

"Like to get on the old scow for awhile?" cried John Archie gaily. "Drowned! Nobody ever gets drowned here. That's it, rock her a little if you want to. She's fast in the mud, couldn't tip if she tried."

Oh, the golden afternoon, with the sunset flaring yellow, and the ripples chasing each other merrily. Billy's hour of beatitude was perfect. He lay stretched out on the bottom of the scow, which was warm and smelled of pine-pitch.

"Ever notice how the rushes'll keep saying a word over and over till they make a song of it?" he asked at length.

John Archie nodded dreamily. He knew the word and the song by heart—Ann! Ann! Ann!

"Generally it's something you want more than anything, but—"

"It almost always is," but in John Archie with a fatuous smile,

"But to-day it's something we've got. Listen to 'em, will you—twins! twins! twins! I declare!" Billy's laughter was the very gladdest thing that ever startled heron or gall in the old marsh bordering the river. "You'd think every cat-tail of the lot had caught on! Twins! Twins-s! Twins-s-s!"

The Good Earth

By C. G. D. Roberts.

THE smell of burning weeds
Upon the twilight air;
The poignant call of frogs
From meadows wet and bare.

A presence in the wood,
And in my blood a stir;
In all the ardent earth
No failure or demur!

O spring wind, sweet with love
And tender with desire,
Pour into veins of mine
Your pure, impassioned fire!

O waters running free
With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
Life that is clean and strong!

O good Earth, warm with youth,
My childhood heart renew!
Make me elate, sincere,
Simple and glad, as you!

O springing things of green,
O waiting things of bloom,
O winging things of air,
Your lordship now resume!
—Windsor Magazine.

THE YELLOW GOD

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonsa." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband. At the feast of Little Bonsa, Alan is disgusted by the slaughter and heathen orgies. Alan is given a store of gold which he sends to coast by Jeeki's mother and some of the Ogula whose chief, Fahni, is anxious to be rescued. Alan and Jeeki find themselves practically prisoners at Asika's mercy.

CHAPTER XXI.

SEEKING ESCAPE.



BUT Jeeki did not sleep, although he, too, lay down upon his bed. On the contrary, he remained wide awake and reflected, more deeply perhaps than he had ever done before, being sure that the superstition as to the dependence of Alan's life upon his own was now worn very thin, and that his hour was at hand. He thought of making Alan's wild attempt to depart impossible by the simple method of warning the Asika, but, notwithstanding his native selfishness, was too loyal to let that idea take root in his mind. No, there was nothing to be done; if the Major wished to start, the Major must start, and he, Jeeki, must pay the price.

Presently a figure emerged from the shadows into the faint light thrown by the single lamp that burned above, and though it was wrapped in a dark cloak Jeeki knew at once that it was not the Asika. Very stealthily the figure crept towards him as a leopard might creep, and bent down to examine him. The movement caused the cloak to slip a little, and for an instant Jeeki caught sight of the wasted, half-crazed face of the Mungana and of a long curved knife that glittered in his hand.

The Mungana watched him awhile, then, satisfied that he slept, turned round, and bending himself almost double, glided with infinite precautions towards Alan's bed, that stood some twelve or fourteen feet away. Silently as a snake that uncoils itself, Jeeki slipped from between his blankets and crept after him, his naked feet making no noise upon the mat-strewn floor.

Alan was lying on his back with his throat exposed, a very easy victim. For a moment the Mungana stared. Then he erected himself like a snake about to strike, and lifted the great curved knife, taking aim at the naked breast. Jeeki erected himself also, and even as the knife began to fall, with one hand he caught the arm that drove it and with the other the murderer's throat. The Mungana fought like a wild cat, but Jeeki was too strong for him.

It was at this juncture that Alan woke up and asked sleepily what was the matter.

"Nothing, Major," answered Jeeki in low but

cheerful tones. "Snake just going to bite you and I catch him, that all."

"Be careful, Jeeki, or you will kill the man," said Alan, recognising the Mungana, and taking in the situation.

"Why not, Major? He want kill you, and me too afterwards. Good riddance of bad rubbish, as Bible say."

"I am not so sure, Jeeki. Give him air and let me think. Tell him that if he makes any noise, he dies."

"Now, friend," said Alan in Asiki, "why did you wish to stab me?"

"Because I hate you," answered the man, "who to-morrow will take my place and the wife I love."

"As a year or two ago you took someone else's, eh? Well, suppose now that I don't want either your place or your wife."

"What would that matter even if it were true. White Man, since she wants you?"

"I am thinking, friend, that there is someone else she will want when she hears of this. How do you suppose that you will die to-morrow? Not so easily as you hope, perhaps."

"Supposing I make a bargain with you," went on Alan slowly. "Supposing I say: 'Mungana, show me the way out of this place, as you can, now at once. Or, if you prefer it, refuse and be given up to the Asika.'"

"Would you kill me afterwards?" he asked.

"Not I. Why should I wish to kill you?"

"I cannot believe you, White Man. It is not possible that you should wish to run away from so much love and glory, or to spare one who would have slain you."

"Jeeki," said Alan, "this fellow is mad; after all, I think you had better go to the door and shout for the priests."

"No, no, lord," begged the wretched creature, "I will trust you, I will try, though it is you who must be mad."

"Very good. Stand over him, Jeeki, while I put on my things, and—yes, give me that mask. If he stirs, kill him at once."

"No go," Jeeki muttered, "no go! If we get past priests, Asika catch us with her magic."

Alan sternly bade him be quiet and stop behind if he did not wish to come.

"No, no, Major," he answered, "I come all right. Asika very prejudiced beggar, and if she find me here alone—oh, my!"

"Follow me, White Man," said Mungana, "and if you desire to live, be silent. Throw your cloaks about your heads."

The Mungana went first down the stair. Jeeki followed, holding him by the arm with one hand while in the other he kept his own knife ready to stab him at the first sign of treachery.

Alan brought up the rear, keeping hold of Jeeki's cloak. They passed down twelve steps of stair, then turned to the right along a tunnel, then to the left, then to the right again. At length, quite of a sudden, they emerged into moonlight.

Alan looked about him and knew the place. It was where the feast had been held two months before, when the priests were poisoned and Big Bonsa chose the victims for sacrifice. Already it was prepared for the great festival of to-morrow when the Mungana should drown himself and Alan be married to the Asika. The moonlight shone on the glaring, deathly eyes of Big Bonsa, its fish-like snout and its huge, pale teeth. Alan looked at it and shivered, for the thing was horrid and uncanny.

The Mungana noticed his fear and whispered:

"We must swim the water. If you have a god, White Man, pray him to protect you from Bonsa."

"Go on," answered Alan, "I do not dread a fetish, only the look of it. But is there no way round?"

The Mungana shook his head and began to enter the canal. Jeeki, whose teeth were chattering, hung back, but Alan pushed him from behind, so sharply that he stumbled and made a splash. Then Alan followed, and as the cold, black water rose to his chest, looked at Big Bonsa.

It seemed to him that the thing had turned round and was staring at them. Surely a few seconds ago its snout pointed the other way. No, that must be fancy. He was swimming now, they were all swimming, Alan and Jeeki holding their pistols and little stock of cartridges above their heads to keep them dry. The gold head of Big Bonsa appeared to be lifting itself up in the water, as a reptile might in

order to get a better view of these proceedings, but doubtless it was the ripples that they caused which gave it this appearance.

It was about ten yards off and they were in the middle of the canal. The Mungana had passed it; Jeeki had passed it. It was in a line with Alan's head. Oh Heavens! a sudden smother of foam, a rush like that of a torpedo, and set low down between two curving waves, a flash of gold. Then a gurgling, inhuman laugh, and a weight upon his back. Down went Alan, down and down!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF THE MUNGANA.

The moonlight above vanished. Alan was alone in the depths with this devil, or whatever it might be. He could feel hands and feet gripping and treading on him, but they did not seem to be human, for there were too many of them. Also they were very cold. He gave himself up for dead, and thought of Barbara.

Then something flashed into his mind. In his hand he still held the revolver. He pressed it against the thing that was smothering him, and pulled the trigger. Again he pulled it, and again, for it was a self-cocking weapon, and even there deep down in the water he heard the thud of the explosion of the damp-proof copper cartridges. His lungs were bursting, his senses reeled; only enough of them remained to tell him that he was free of that strangling grip and floating upwards. His head rose above the surface, and through the mouth of his mask he drew in the sweet air with great gasps. Down below him in the clear water he saw the yellow head of Big Bonsa rocking and quivering like a great reflected moon, saw too that it was beginning to rise. Yet he could not swim away from it, the thing seemed to have hypnotised him. He heard Jeeki calling to him from the shallow water near the further bank, but still he floated there like a log staring down at Big Bonsa beneath.

Jeeki plunged back into the canal, and with a few strong strokes reached him, gripped him by the arm, and began to tow him to the shore. Before they came there Big Bonsa rose like a huge fish and tried to follow them, but could not, or so it seemed. At any rate, it only whirled round and round upon the surface, while from it poured a white fluid that turned the water to the hue of milk.

"What is it, Jeeki?" he said with an idiotic laugh. "What is it?"

"Oh! don't know. Devil and all, p'r'aps. Come on, Major, before it catch us."

"I don't think it will catch anyone just at present. Devil or not, hollow-nosed bullets don't agree with it. Shall I give it another, Jeeki?" and he lifted the pistol.

"No, no, Major, don't play tomfool," and Jeeki grabbed him by the arm and dragged him away.

A few paces further on stood the Mungana like a man transfixed, and even then Alan noticed that he regarded him with something akin to awe.

"Stronger than the god," he muttered, "stronger than the god," and bounded forward.

Following the path that ran beside the canal, they plunged into a tunnel, holding each other as before. In a few minutes they were through it and in a place full of cedar trees outside the wall of the Gold House, under which evidently the tunnel passed, for there it rose behind them. Three men appeared to cut off their retreat.

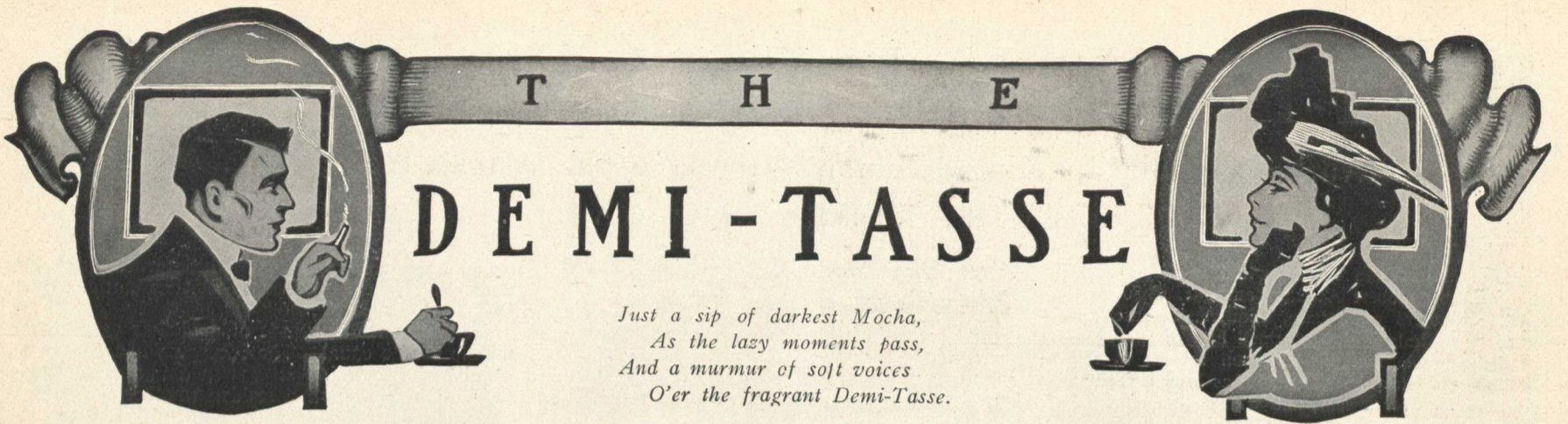
The Mungana slackened his speed and said one word—"Finished!" and Jeeki also hesitated, then turned and pointed behind them.

Alan looked back, and flitting in and out between the cedar trees saw the white robes of the priests of Bonsa. Then despair seized them all, and they rushed at the bridge. Jeeki reached it first, and dodging beneath the spears of the two guards, plunged his knife into the breast of one of them, and butted the other with his great head, so that he fell over the side of the bridge on to the rocks below.

"Cut, Major, cut!" he said to Alan, who pushed past him. "All right now."

They were on the narrow swaying bridge—it was but a single plank—Alan first, then the Mungana, then Jeeki. When they were half way across Alan looked before him, and saw a sight he could never forget.

(Continued on page 21)



THE DEMI-TASSE

Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

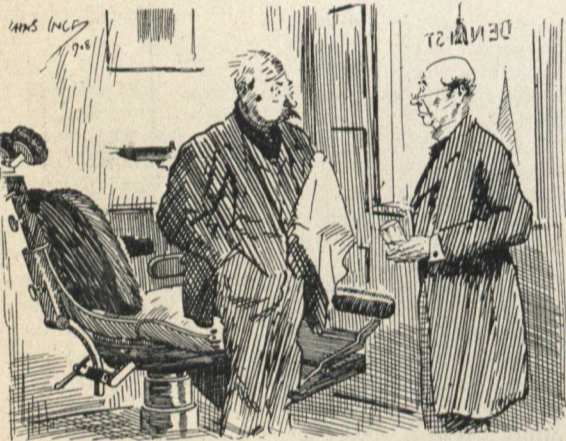
TIMELY RHYMES.

The festive youth now plays the races,
The track becomes his fate;
The dollars swiftly change to colour
And he is wise too late.

There is a young statesman, MacKay,
Whose manner is certainly spry,
He writes every day,
For he has lots to say,
And the *Globe* thinks his copy is "pie."

There was a small boy of Quebec
Whom summer made nearly a wreck.
When asked: "Are you hot?"
He replied, "No, I'm not,
For we don't call this warm in Quebec."

Bourassa has had a good rest
Which was needed, his province confessed,
But now he is out
With a right merry shout
And any old seat will contest.



"Ow much, mister?"
"Half a crown, please."
"Wot! Why, it did'n't take yer half a minute. The last bloke I went to pulled me all round the room for a quarter of an hour, and then only charged me a shillin'."—*Pall Mall Magazine*.

NOT THIRSTY.

DURING the troubled session of 1903, when the Ontario Legislature had the most sensational debate in its history, Dr. Reaume, who has since risen to cabinet rank, arose from his seat in the back row of the Opposition members to make his maiden speech. Such an effort is always an ordeal to the member and sometimes to the audience, also. However, Dr. Reaume had a good supply of French fluency and said things about a nefarious Government envoy having offered him the Speakership if the worthy supporter of Whitney would only take a thought and turn his steps towards the Reform ranks. The Doctor became decidedly enthusiastic, when a page entered with a glass of water.

"Take it away," said the excited speaker, waving his hand at the unoffending refreshment, "I never drink water."

There was an innocent and unconscious emphasis on the last word which brought applause and laughter from both sides of the House and caused the new man from Essex, the county of peaches and peanuts, to hesitate in his career of denunciation.

NEWSLETS.

Liberals residing in North Toronto were startled by a dull sickening thud one frosty night in May. Candidate Hossack had dropped the "Rev."

Two English politicians have lately declared that they didn't see a drunken man all the time they were in Canada. But think of what they might have seen if they had only put on their "specs"!

It's all very well to talk about the fireworks of

Victoria Day. Just wait until Hon. A. G. MacKay sets off Roman candles and lovely crimson rockets on the night of June 8th and Owen Sound is one blaze of triumphant scarlet, in honour of the Leader of the—Opposition.

The *Toronto Globe* has offered one hundred dollars for a prize poem on a Canadian historical subject. Mr. A. W. Wright is said to be busy on verses concerning Mr. W. D. McPherson, while Hon. A. G. MacKay is polishing off a few lines on "that last awful week."

COOL.

SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM, who has been an English judge for twenty-one years and is also a renowned cricketer, is fond of telling a story against himself. He was once travelling by train, says M.A.P., when a man entered the same compartment and proceeded to light a cigar.

"Excuse me," said Sir William politely, "but this is not a smoking carriage." His companion took not the slightest notice but continued to puff away in silence. Sir William became indignant and handed the man his card, remarking, as he did so, that he would speak to the guard at the next station. The smoker coolly put the card in his pocket and went on enjoying his cigar. At the next station he alighted, and Sir William got out also. Calling the guard, he requested him to follow the stranger and take his name and address. That official hurried after the departing traveller and for a moment or two was engaged with him in earnest conversation. Presently he returned to Sir William.

"If I were you, sir," he said in a confidential whisper, "I don't think I should press the charge against that gent. I spoke to him and he gave me his card. Here it is, sir; you see he is the great judge, Sir William Grantham."

WHIST FOR HIGH STAKES.

"**WELL**, where's that cook?" demanded his wife. "Don't tell me that she wasn't on the train."

"She was on the train," timidly explained the commuter, "but I got to playing cards and a Lonelyville man won her at whist."

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Teacher—"Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address?"

Johnny—"Heaven."—*New York Sun*.

AN EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN.

MRS. BELLE DE RIVERA, president of the Equal Suffrage League of New York, said, at a recent dinner:

"We'd have had the suffrage, we women, long ago, were it not that, where women are concerned, men are inclined to be a little unfair, a little churlish.

"Their treatment of women is on a par with old Hiram Doolittle's treatment of his wife. He made her keep a cash account, and would go over it every night, growling and grumbling, like this:

"Look here, Hannah—mustard plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars. There's two dollars and fifty cents in one day spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I'm made of money?"

YOU SAVVY?

PRINCE ITO'S love of surrounding himself with thoroughly westernised attendants once led to an amusing incident. He was on a visit to America, and a young reporter was sent to interview him. The Prince—then Marquis Ito—was indisposed, and the reporter was received by his secretary, who happened to have been educated in England. The newspaperman was somewhat new to his profession, and

thought he would make the Jap at home at the outset. "Me newspaper man," he began, "me heardee Marquis velly ill. Is he better to-day? You savvy?" "Me savvy," replied the secretary with imperturbable gravity, and the interview proceeded for some time in the broadest pidgin-English. The reporter congratulated himself on his success, but he was less satisfied when the time for leave-taking came, and the secretary shook him by the hand, and smilingly remarked is the most perfect English, "The Marquis, you had better add, is considerably fatigued by his journey, and—" but before he had completed his sentence the reporter fled.

LIQUIDATING A CONTRIBUTION.

"**I CANNA** get over it," a Scotch farmer remarked to his wife, "I put a twa shillin' piece in ta plate at kirk this morn instead o' ma usual penny!" The beadle had noticed the mistake, and also the frightened face of his old friend, who had not the courage to retake the coin as the old-fashioned ladle-like spoon was carefully passed over to the next pew and one penny after another was dropped into the bowl. The old farmer sat in silence and said nothing. The old beadle allowed him to miss the plate for twenty-four consecutive Sundays. On the twenty-fifth Sunday, the farmer again ignored the collection plate, but the old beadle steadied the ladle in front of him, and in a loud, tragic whisper, said, hoarsely: "Your time's up noo, Sandy!"—*Short Stories*.

RECOGNISED HIM AT ONCE.

AMONG the many rebuffs received by solicitors for charity funds, that described in the following story from the *New York Tribune* illustrates a gentle wit which must have pleased almost as much as a generous contribution:

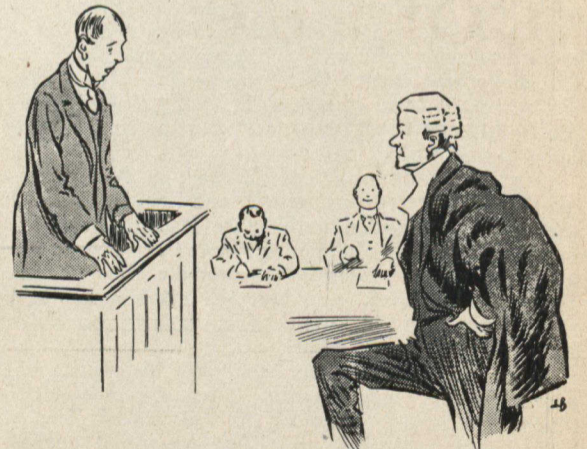
A clergyman in a small Western town entered the office of the local paper, and said to the editor:

"I am soliciting aid for a gentleman of refinement and intelligence who is in dire need of a little ready money, but who is far too proud to make his sufferings known."

"Why," exclaimed the editor, pushing back his chair, "I'm the only man in the village who answers that description. What is the gentleman's name?"

"I regret," said the minister, "that I am not at liberty to disclose it."

"Why, it must be I," said the editor. "It is I! It is I, surely! Heaven prosper you, parson, in your good work!"



GOOD ADVICE

Barrister: Did your father, on his deathbed, give you no parting admonition?
Witness: He never gave much away at any time.
Barrister: I mean what were his last words?
Witness: That don't concern you.
Barrister: They not only concern me, sir, but they concern the whole court.
Witness: Father said to me and Jim: "Don't have no disputin' when I'm gone, boys, 'cos lawyers is the biggest rogues unhung."—*Windsor Magazine*.



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The Canadian Courier last year paid all the expenses of one student attending the University of Toronto. It is willing to do the same this year for two or three students. Write for particulars of our University Scholarship Competition. Open to students of all universities and colleges in Canada. Circulation Manager, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

THREE men in an open boat for three days in the raging Pacific is the little story that comes from Victoria. These men were sealers; but as one of them said when the three were finally picked up by a rescuing boat, "Well, I guess that'll be all the sealing that's coming to me for a while." They were from the schooner *Ollie Alger* and the schooner got away from them; got away in a storm somehow and somewhere after the three had pushed off her in a sixteen-foot yawl to chase a pack of seals in Queen Charlotte Sound. The storm struck them before they struck the seals; night came on before the storm let up and they baled and rowed and tacked all night—forty miles from land with a few sea biscuits and a trifle of fresh water. Fifth of May the boat and the schooner parted company with the storm between; the eighth of May the derelicts were picked up by a north-bound boat from Seattle, from which they were landed at Bella Bella.

He has made also the topmast, spanker boom and trussle trees—made of the "great-heart" wood from the West Indies. The new ship will be floated in June.

FIFTEEN thousand apple trees are in bloom in the town of Red Deer, Alberta. The orchard is owned by Mr. Sharpe, an eastern fruit grower, who has been working a good while on the problem of producing a hardy apple that will stand the hard winters of the West. He thinks he has succeeded in this orchard, which is the farthest north orchard in America and a great deal farther north than the trees which have been grown for years on the experimental farm at Indian Head. Native apples in Alberta will be a curiosity. It used to be said that the only apple ever grown in Edmonton years ago was a single apple that came out on a tree on the lawn of Frank Oliver.

REGINA is to have a five-hundred-barrel flour mill and a hundred-barrel oatmeal mill in place of the old mill burned a short while ago. Minnesota capital is behind the scheme. A hundred barrels of oatmeal in a day is a good deal for this western Peterboro; but it is not so long ago that Regina had so many Scotchmen that it was necessary for a Chinese laundryman to hang out his shingle—"Mack Sing."

A MAN has just come two thousand miles to Ottawa to tell the Government something new; not about elections or voters' lists—but about fish, which lately has been considerable of a figure in Government literature. This man is from Fort Churchill, which is soon to become famous as the terminus of a Hudson's Bay railway. He is the first settler in Churchill—since the great Company gave up the post. The



The Road-Cutters in the woods of Northern Ontario are busy chopping out the way for the "iron horse" on the Transcontinental Railway.

A STRANGE discovery has been made by the engineers in charge of the La Tuque section of the new Transcontinental in Quebec. The high water of the St. Maurice River has demonstrated that several miles of the newly graded roadbed are the natural course of the river if the river is given a decent chance. At any rate several miles of the road have been lately under water. One of the contractors states that he paddled for two miles in a canoe over the road.

thing that Mr. Beech, the early settler, brought with him was a large box in which was a consignment of Arctic fish; not the spermatocous sort such as whales and walrus, but good human salmon edible throughout, and a sample of the really civilized menu that may be expected in that remote region whenever people get in there.

BENJAMIN LIPPETT is one of the mariner characters of Nova Scotia. In fact he may be called the ancient mariner, for he has been all his life of eighty years in ship-building; working in the woods—making masts and spars; and now for the first time he is busy on an iron ship. This is said to be the first iron ship ever made in Canada. The spars which Mariner Lippett is putting into the new ship are of Norway pine, ninety-two feet in length and twenty-four inches in diameter at the deck.

TWO hundred carloads of machinery have left Hamilton on board ship for the Canadian West. The two lake leviathans that carried this huge consignment of machines from the docks of the Canadian Birmingham were the *Canadian* and the *Wasaga*, which are the largest boats in the habit of doing business at Canadian ports. The *Canadian* was the first to get under way this season with her hundred carloads of wheels and machinery. After the initial voyage up she loaded with grain at the head of the lake, unloading at Kingston and back to Hamilton for another hundred carloads of machinery.

What Canadian Editors Think

EAST AND WEST.

"East is east and west is west,
And never the twain shall meet,"
wrote Kipling. The *Monetary Times*
shows what makes east and west
west.

(*Monetary Times*.)

In the modern Acadia the romance
is of peacefulness. Its labour savours
of the agriculture of Europe. Get
back to the plains of Manitoba, Al-
berta and Saskatchewan, and the
steam ploughs are a forcible reminder
that this is the American continent.
Several influences are working for the
ultimate destiny of our Maritime Pro-
vinces. The railroads, native grit and
enterprise, and the Yankee tourist are
a few of them. Railroad directors
are horoscopists. They see at least
half a century ahead. This is the
reason for the present day position
of the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific
and Canadian Northern roads. The
same foresight, too, lays down upon
a Pacific coast muskeg a score of
shacks in 1908. The horoscope says
in 1958 it will have become a city, fed
and clothed by a great transconti-
nental railway, indicated in the gazet-
teer with a large black dot and geo-
graphically termed one of Canada's
greatest ports.

* * *

OVERSEAS MAIL AN OBJECT
LESSON.

THE lapse of the Overseas Mail
train is keenly regretted down
east. Note this glowing picture:

(*Halifax Herald*.)

Man does not live by bread alone
even on the wheatfields, and there is
something in the dashing passage of
His Majesty's mails, en route from
London to Hong Kong, something in
the visible binding of the ends of the
earth by a great Imperial highway,
something in the idea that one may
follow the setting sun halfway round
the world without leaving the Im-
perial jurisdiction, which appeals to
the imagination of native-born and
immigrant alike and gives both a
realising sense of the unity and splen-
dour of the great Empire to which
they belong. The "Overseas Limited"
and the racers on the All-Red may not
pay big dividends in new business yet
awhile, but they are the apparatus of
object-lessons in Imperial citizenship.

* * *

LITTLE CANADIANS NOT
WANTED.

THE man from Sydney, N.S., be-
wails the doctrines of the "Little
Canadians" who would let the West
settle slowly.

(*Sydney Record*.)

The cry set up by the "Little Cana-
dians" is that the East is being sacri-
ficed to the West. They contend that
the East should receive more atten-
tion; but they do not show in what
way the East is being neglected. Why
all this hurry to settle up the West?
they ask; the land won't run away.
Let the West wait. Why allow it to
be taken up by hordes from Europe?
There will be none left for our child-
ren. Let us keep the land for our
children. And by so doing, the West
will have to wait two hundred years
to be anything like settled up, and the
Eastern industries, which have been
equipped in anticipation of a growing
demand from the West, will shrivel
up. Everything depends on keeping
things on the move.

* * *

TRUE ART AND COMMERCIALISM.

THE action of Claude Monet, the
French impressionist, who de-
stroyed \$100,000 worth of his pictures
because he thought they were not

worth handing down to posterity con-
tains lessons for commercial men.

(*Montreal Star*.)

Different as this spirit appears to be
from that of trade as we commonly
know it, it contains an element which
might wisely be incorporated in the
most mercenary development of trade.
And that is the determination only to
do the best work. Long established
"houses" have well learned the wis-
dom of turning out no goods which
detract from their reputation. The
"shoddy" can only turn a penny or
two to begin with, and then its race
is run. It is the genuine which wins
in the long struggle. We may well
recognise in the spirit which Claude
Monet has shown something of a re-
ligion of work which is after all only
a more common rendering of the re-
ligion of art. All work should be
regarded as a true artist does his art.
There is here a force which battles
against dishonesty, deception, cheat-
ing, lying and all such ills as truly
as do the forces of revealed religion.

* * *

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

THE Ottawa editor has no patience
with Chief Justice Longley who
said some heterodox things about Can-
ada in New York the other day.

(*Ottawa Journal*.)

It seems that Chief Justice Longley
of Nova Scotia, who aired his anti-
imperialism at the annual Canadian
Club dinner in New York the other
day, also went out of his way to make
things unpleasant for the United
States. Assuming the existence of
any body of men "mad enough" at
some future time to attempt to "in-
fringe on Canada's rights and liber-
ties," he informed his hearers that
when Canada has fifteen millions of
people she "will not be averse to chal-
lenging the issue with all the strength
of a proud and independent race." The
anti-imperialism and the stuff
about the United States were alike un-
called for and in every respect un-
worthy of a man in Chief Justice
Longley's position.

* * *

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

(*Toronto News*.)

BY the bill to enlarge the Railway
Commission and increase its
powers authority is given each Com-
missioner to hold inquiries and report
his findings to the full Board. This
arrangement will increase enormously
the efficiency of the Board, provided,
always, that all the members of the
Board are of the right calibre. As
now constituted, the Commission
should be able to meet public expecta-
tions, and perform fine service for the
country.

* * *

LESS WAR, MORE ART.

IT seems that with less money spent
on war, mankind would have more
to spend on polite luxuries, arts and
sciences.

(*Hamilton Times*.)

Were sense and reason and justice
to prevail, and the thousands of mil-
lions every year spent on war and war
preparations saved to productive en-
deavour, and the misdirected energy
of millions were applied to make the
world better, happier, more comfort-
able, what a revolution would be
accomplished! We should not need to
stint ourselves of our tea and coffee
and cigars. There would be plenty
for all, with much less labour. Life
would become less of a struggle.
There would be plenty of wealth for
the pursuit of the sciences and arts.
Endowments for the uplifting of the
race, the conquering of disease and
the cultivation of the gentler graces
would be multiplied.

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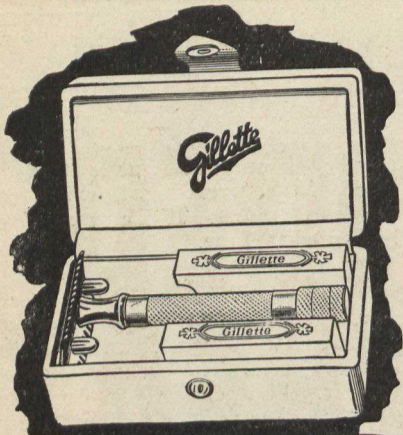
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Waist Suit, in colors of black, navy and
brown. Write for Samples. Waist is nicely
made with fine tucks and pleats 1/2 inch
wide, trimmed with silk buttons of same,
long sleeves, cuffs with fine pin tucks, open
in front. Skirt with pleat and
fold at bottom. Price..... **\$12.50**

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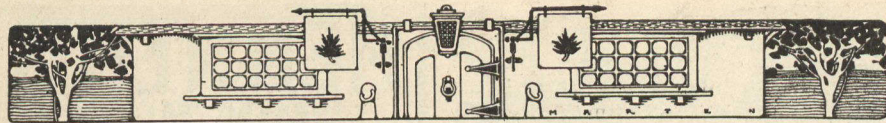
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A FAIR VIRGINIAN.



Miss Katherine Elkins.

TO be the grand-daughter of a multi-millionaire, the daughter of a senator and the fiancee of a royal duke is to make an interesting figure in the eyes of the feminine world. Miss Katherine Elkins, of West Virginia, is almost a story-book heroine in the romance which she has lived ever since the Duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, visited the capital of the United States last year.

It may be recalled how the souvenir thieves ransacked and robbed the Duke's ship at the time of his visit to the Jamestown Exposition; but evidently the gallant Italian lost something more momentous than the silver service or the cut-glass decanter and left his ducal heart behind him when he sailed away on his forlorn bark. Miss Elkins is said to have the traditional beauty and vivacity of the Virginian belle, in which case the Duke's plight is easily explained. The much-discussed nobleman is an explorer of renown, and, up to the time of his visit to Washington, his fondest desire was to reach the North Pole.

* * *

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD IN TORONTO.

THE visit of England's most distinguished woman novelist to Canada created a degree of interest which showed that Canadians occasionally read something better than cheap and popular fiction. It is about twenty years since Mrs. Ward wrote *Robert Elsmere* and many novels have come from her pen since 1888; but it was significant that more than one journal referred to her as the author of *Robert Elsmere*, giving scant notice of *The Marriage of William Ashe* and *Lady Rose's Daughter*. The lecture given by Mrs. Ward in Association Hall, Toronto, was a thoroughly scholarly and polished address which treated of the place of the peasant in literature from Virgil's writings to the modern rustic idyl. Mrs. Ward's voice, although pleasing in conversation, is not suited to the demands of public address and it was somewhat difficult to follow her discourse, so swiftly did she pass from one land and literature to another.

Mrs. Ward's interest in social questions was shown in her talk on "Playgrounds," delivered at the Evangelia Settlement. It is natural that the grand-daughter of Thomas Arnold of Rugby should feel a deep concern in the proper instruction and amusement of the young. Mrs. Ward has a somewhat severe countenance which softens charmingly as she speaks, while her manner has a quiet sincerity which indicates a genuine interest in the subject of conversation. Her daughter, who accompanies her on this tour of Canada, is a young gentlewoman of decidedly pleasant bearing, with the soft English voice which makes for melody.

* * *

WHERE TORONTO WOMEN FAIL.

THERE were two disappointing features in connection with Mrs. Ward's visit to Toronto. The first was the failure of the Round Table Club to provide a suitable member to take the chair on the occasion of the lecture in Association Hall. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Mortimer Clark, who presided and made the necessary introduction, is invariably gracious and happy in his remarks, whether literature, music, art or agriculture be the reason for the gathering; but it was distinctly the duty of the Round Table Club to provide a feminine presiding officer at this lecture under its auspices. Surely, it is time, as this journal has urged before, for Toronto women to drop this foolish provincialism and realise their obligations as officers of clubs and societies. They are at perfect liberty to remain outside of all such organisations, but when they assume membership or official position in these associations they ought to assume also their dignities and responsibility. Sir Mortimer Clark must be sufficiently bored by requests to preside at all manner of public meetings without being urged to take the chair at a woman's lecture under the auspices of a women's club.

And what, might one ask, became of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club which was to do so much towards providing its members with sweetness and light in the form of addresses from distinguished visitors? The committee which is to arrange for such events showed a remarkable lack of executive and business ability when it failed to arrange either reception or luncheon in honour of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver could give Toronto Women's Canadian Club more than a few valuable suggestions in competent management of clubs and public meetings. I may be reminded that the president of the Winnipeg club is a native of Toronto; but it remains a fact that the air of Ontario's capital is not conducive to feminine enterprise and executive success.

CANADIENNE.

THE WOODSIDE WAY.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

I wandered down the woodside way,
Where branching doors ope with the breeze,
And saw a little child at play
Among the strong and lovely trees.
The dead leaves rustled to her knees;
Her hair and eyes were brown as they.

"O little child," I softly said,
"You come a long, long way to me;
The trees that tower overhead
Are here in sweet reality,
But you're the child I used to be
And all the leaves of May you tread."

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TIRED FEELING, TRY

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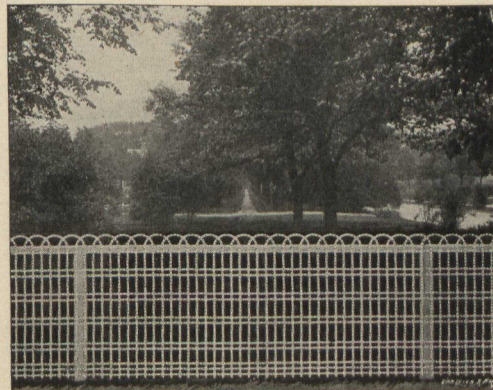
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About a month ago I received one of your **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS** and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

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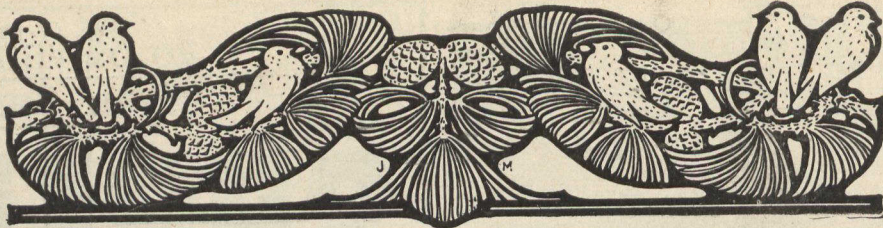
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BY ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

DORIS MAYHEW lives in the real country. There are no street cars within miles of her home, and she can just see the roof of the house of their nearest neighbour. There are fields and pastures all about, and at some little distance back of the house is a thickly wooded hillside, where many gray squirrels make their home and where foxes have been seen.

There are no children, but Doris does not lack playmates, for when she was a very small girl, not quite four years old, she began to make friends with the birds who built their nests happily and safely near the Mayhew farm.

The first bird that Doris made friends with was, she thought, the most wonderful bird of all. It built its tiny nest among the jesamine vines on the latticework close to Doris's chamber window. It was a humming-bird, as beautiful as a flower, the little girl thought, as she watched its delicate wings, its swift flight, and its hovering, swaying motion over some honey-bearing blossom. By sitting very quietly at the window, Doris could see Mr. and Mrs. Humming-Bird going and coming, and gradually the timid birds became used to the little girl by the window, and knew that she was their friend. Sometimes Doris would put out a dish on the window-sill with honey in it, and when the birds came and daintily dipped their bills in it, Doris thought it one of the greatest things that could happen.

Doris liked to play down under the big maple-tree near the brook. Here she had a broad wooden bench which her father had made for her, and just above the bench on one of the lower branches of the tree Mr. and Mrs. Robin had built their nest. They were rather a noisy couple, but it was easier to make friends with them than with the humming-birds. They would light on the very bench where Doris sat, and pick up the bits of bread, or tiny pieces of fruit.

By standing on the bench Doris could see the nest, and as she was careful never to disturb it, Mr. and Mrs. Robin made no objections, but when the young robins began to flutter out of the nest they were as willing to take food from Doris as from their parents. They would hop along after her when she started toward the house, chirping loudly. As they grew larger they fluttered about her, and seemed to be on the outlook for her visits, and would take a berry or a bit of soft cake from her hand.

Then, down in the pasture, Doris found the nest of a tiny ground-sparrow, and she made friends with the sparrow family, but very softly and gently. It took a long time before the little shy brown birds would venture near the strange visitor; and they never became so friendly as the robins.

Doris is now nearly eight years old, and she is quite sure that the birds who come back to these nests every year belong to the same family as those with whom she first made friends; because she says they remember her and are not timid. —*Youth's Companion.*

HOLIDAYS.

THE little folks of China Land Have holidays so strange and grand. When comes the Feast of Lanterns, all The people walk about and call With gorgeous lanterns, shining bright—

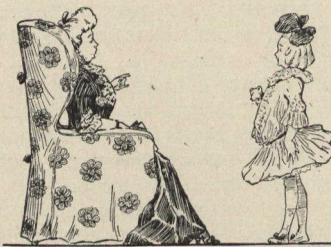
It must be such a pretty sight! The Feast of Dragon Boats they hold Beside the water; young and old Come out to see the dragon boats— Such odd and curious-looking floats— Race for a prize. Another date For celebrating is the fete Called Feast-Day of the Moon, on which

Folks everywhere, both poor and rich, Eat little round cakes, coloured red. How queer! I'm glad we have, instead,

Our good old days of Christmas cheer, Thanksgiving, Easter, and New-Year, The Fourth, and all the fun they bring.

I wouldn't change for anything!
—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *



HIGH LIFE

"Mother, may I go out to fly?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Don't go more than two miles high
And don't go over the water."—*Life.*

* * *

KATRINA.

KATRINA came to our school— Her seat is next to mine,— She used to live in Germany, Beside the river Rhine.

Her cheeks are pink as cherry blooms,
Her lips ten times as red;
But none of us could understand
A word Katrina said.

Her eyes are like my best big doll's,
Her hair is just the same;
I'm sure I never *could* pronounce
Her father's funny name.

She's such a different kind of girl
And from so far away
You'd think she would feel sad and
strange
And lonely all the day.

But no! Katrina always smiles;
She's made us all her friends—
When anybody's pencil breaks
Her own she always lends.

She fixes our hair ribbons straight,
She pins us when we tear.
I never saw a little girl
So useful everywhere.

She always comes to school on time;
Her desk is just as neat!
I'm sure I'm twice as careful
Since Katrina shares my seat.

It makes me have some new, new thoughts—
Some kindlier thoughts!—to know
That, though I cannot speak to her,
I love Katrina so.

—*St. Nicholas.*

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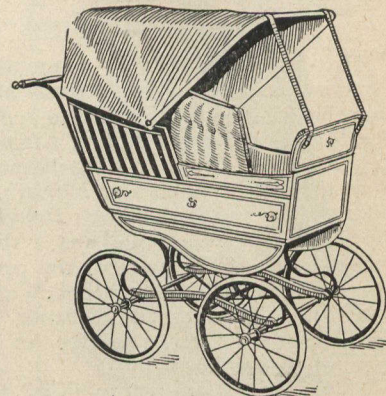
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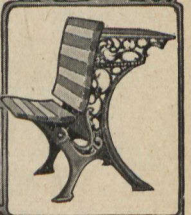
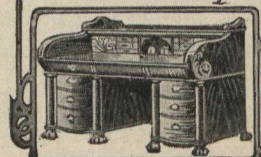
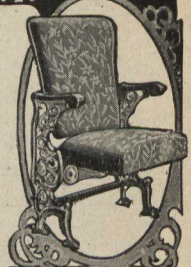
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The Yellow God

Continued from page 15)

The third guard at the further side was sawing through one of the fibre ropes with his spear. There they were on the middle of the bridge with the torrent raving fifty feet beneath them, and the man had nearly severed the rope! To get over before he was through it was impossible; behind were the priests; beneath the roaring river. All three of them stopped as though paralysed, for all three had seen. Something struck against Alan's leg; it was his pistol that still remained fastened to his wrist by its leather thong. He cocked and lifted it, took aim, fired. The shot missed, which was not wonderful considering the light and the platform on which the shooter stood. It missed, but the man, astonished, for he had never seen or heard such a thing before, stopped his sawing for a moment, and stared at them. Then, as he began again, Alan fired once more, and this time by good fortune the bullet struck the man somewhere in the body. He fell, and as he fell grasped the nearly separated rope and hung to it.

"Get hold of the other rope and come on," yelled Alan, and once more they bounded forward.

"My God! it's going," he yelled again. "Hold fast, Jeeki, hold fast!"

Next instant the rope parted and the man vanished. The bridge tipped over, and, supported by the remaining rope, hung edgeways up. To this rope the three of them clung desperately, resting their feet upon the edge of the swaying plank. For a few seconds they remained thus, afraid to stir, then Jeeki called out.

As there was nothing else to be done, Alan began to climb, shifting his feet along the plank edge and his hands along the rope, which creaked and stretched beneath their threefold weight.

It was a horrible journey, and in his imagination took at least an hour. Yet they accomplished it, for at last they found themselves huddled together but safe upon the further bank.

Springing up, with three or four cuts of the big curved knife Jeeki severed the remaining rope just as their pursuers reached the further side of the chasm.

They shouted with rage as the long bridge swung back against the rock, the cut end of it falling into the torrent, and waved their spears threateningly. To this demonstration Jeeki replied with gestures of contempt such as are known to street Arabs. Then he looked at the Mungana, who lay upon the ground a melancholy and dilapidated spectacle, for the perspiration had washed lines of pain off his face and patches of dye from his hair, also his gorgeous robes were water-stained and his gem necklaces broken. Having studied him awhile Jeeki kicked him meditatively till he got up, then asked him to set out the exact situation. The Mungana answered that they were safe for a while, since that torrent could only be crossed by the broken bridge and was too rapid to swim.

"Now, Major," he said, "you get up and follow me, for I know every inch of ground, also by and by good short cut over mountains. You see, Jeeki very clever boy, and when he heard sheep and goat he made note of everything and never forgot nothing. He pull out of this hole, never fear."

"Glad to hear it, I am sure," answered Alan, as he rose. "But what's to become of the Mungana?"

"Don't know and don't care," said Jeeki; "no more good to us. Can go and see how Big Balsa feel, if he

like," and stretching out his big hand as though in a moment of abstraction, he removed the costly necklaces from their guide's neck and thrust into the pouch he wore. Also he picked up the gilded linen mask which Alan had removed from his head and placed in the same receptacle, remarking that he "always taught that it wicked to waste anything."

Then they started, the Mungana following them. Jeeki paused and waved him off, but the poor wretch still came on, whereon Jeeki produced the big, crooked knife, his own knife.

"What are you going to do," said Alan, awaking to the situation.

"Cut off head of that cocktail man, Major, and so save him lot of trouble. Also we got no grub, and if we find any he want eat a lot. Chop what do for two, p'raps, make very short commons for three. Also he might play dirty trick, so much best dead."

"Nonsense," said Alan sternly, "let the poor devil come along if he likes. One good turn deserves another."

"Just so, Major, he want cut our throats, so I want cut his—one good turn deserves another, as wise king say in Book, when he give half baby to woman that didn't want it. Well, so be it, Major, specially as it no matter, for he not stop with us long."

"You mean that he will run away, Jeeki?"

"Oh! no, he not run away, he in too blue funk for that. But something run away with him, because he ought die to-morrow night. Oh, yes, you see, you see, and Jeeki hope that something not run away with you too, Major, because you ought to be married at same time."

"Hope not, I am sure," answered Alan.

By this time, advancing at a trot, the Mungana running after them like a dog, they had entered bush pierced with a few wandering paths. Along these paths they sped for hour after hour, Jeeki leading them without a moment's hesitation. They met no man and heard nothing, except occasional weird sounds, which Alan put down to wild beasts, but Jeeki and the Mungana said were produced by ghosts.

At length the day began to dawn just as they reached the main road where it crossed the hills, whence on his journey thither Alan had his first view of Bonsa Town. Peering from the edge of the bush, they perceived a fire burning near the road, and round it five or six men, who seemed to be asleep. Their first thought was to avoid them, but the Mungana, creeping up to Alan, for Jeeki he would not approach, whispered:

"Not Asaki, Ogula chief and slaves who left Bonsa-Town yesterday."

They crept near the fire and saw that this was so. Then rejoicing exceedingly, they awoke the old chief, Fahni, who at first thought they must be spirits.

Now of this as it chanced there was plenty of food, since by the Asika's orders the slaves had been laden with as much as they could carry. They ate of it ravenously, and while they ate, told Fahni something of the story of their escape.

Alan, who was in no mood for long explanations, answered that he had kept the Mungana with them because he might be useful.

"Yes, yes, White Man, I see," exclaimed the old cannibal, "although he is so thin he will always make a meal or two at a pinch. Truly the white men are wise and provident. Like the ants, they take thought for the morrow."

As soon as they had swallowed their food they started all together. Now Jeeki, abandoning the main

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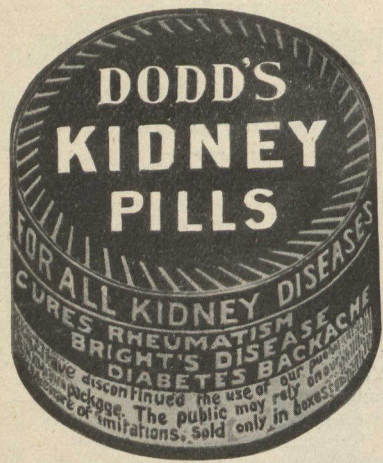


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road, led them up a stream, walking in the water so that their footsteps might leave no trace, and thus away into the barren mountains which rose between them and the great swamp. On the crest of these mountains Alan turned and looked back towards Bonsa-Town. There, far across the fertile valley, was the hateful, river-encircled place. There fell the great cataract in the roar of which he had lived for so many weeks. There were the black cedars and there gleamed the roofs of the Gold House, his prison, where dwelt the Asika and the dreadful fetiches of which she was the priestess. To him it was like the vision of a nightmare, he could scarcely think it real. And yet by this time doubtless they sought him far and wide.

They went on across the mountains, till in the afternoon once more they saw the road running beneath them like a ribbon, and at the end of it the lagoon. Now they rested a while, and held a consultation while they ate. Across that lagoon they could not escape without a canoe.

"Lord," said the Mungana presently, "yesterday when these cannibals were let go a swift runner was sent forward commanding that a good boat should be provisioned and made ready for them, and by now doubtless this has been done. Let them descend to the road, walk on to the bay and ask for the boat. Look! yonder far away a tongue of land covered with trees juts out into the lake. We will make our way thither, and after nightfall this chief can row back to it and take us into the canoe."

Alan said that the plan was good, but Jeeki shook his head, asking what would happen if Fahni, finding himself safe upon the water, thought it wisest not to come to fetch them.

Alan translated his words to the old chief, whereon Fahni wanted to fight Jeeki because of the slur that he had cast upon his honour.

So they separated, Fahni and his men slipping down to the road, which they did without being seen by anyone, while Alan, Jeeki and the Mungana bore away to the right towards the promontory. The road was long and rough, and though by good fortune they met no one, since the few who dwelt in these wild parts had gone up to Bonsa-Town to be present at the great feast, the sun was sinking before ever they reached the place, moreover this promontory proved to be covered with dense thorn scrub, through which they must force a way in the gathering darkness, not without hurt and difficulty.

Here they waited for three long hours, but no boat came.

"All up a gum-tree, Major," said Jeeki. "Old blackguard, Fanny, bolt and leave us here, and to-morrow Asika nobble us. Better have gone down to bay, steal his boat and leave him behind, because Asika no want him."

Alan made no answer. He was too tired, and although he trusted Fahni, it seemed likely enough that Jeeki was right, or perhaps the cannibals had not been able to get the boat. Well, he had done his best, and if fate overtook them it was no fault of his. He began to doze, for even their imminent peril could not keep his eyes open, then presently awoke with a start, for in his sleep he thought he heard the sound of paddles beating the quiet water.

He woke his companions, who slept at his side, and very silently they rose, stepping from rock to rock till they reached the canoe and entered it. It was not a large craft, barely big enough to hold them all, indeed; but they found room, and then at a sign from Fahni the oarsmen gave way so heartily that within half an

hour they had lost sight of the accu-

sed shores of Asiki-land, although presently its mountains showed up clearly beneath the moon.

Meanwhile Fahni had told his tale. It appeared that when he reached the bay he found the Asiki headman who dwelt there, and those under him, in a state of considerable excitement. Rumours had reached them that someone had escaped from Bonsa-Town; they thought it was the Mungana. Fahni asked who had brought the rumour, whereon the head man answered that it came "in a dream," and would say no more. Then he demanded the canoe which had been promised to him and his people, and the headman admitted that it was ready in accordance with orders received from the Asika, but demurred to letting him have it. A long argument followed, in the midst of which Fahni and his men got into the canoe, the headman apparently not daring to use force to prevent him. Just as they were pushing off, a messenger arrived from Bonsa-Town, reeling with exhaustion and his tongue hanging from his jaws, who called out that it was the white man who had escaped with his servant and the Mungana, and that although they were believed to be still hidden in the holy woods near Bonsa-Town, none were to be allowed to leave the bay. So the headman shouted to Fahni to return, but he pretended not to hear, and rowed away, nor did anyone attempt to follow him.

Alan thanked him heartily for his faithfulness, and they paddled on steadily, putting mile after mile between them and Asiki-land. He wondered whether he had seen the last of that country and its inhabitants. Something within him answered, No. He was sure that the Asika would not allow him to depart in peace without making some desperate effort to recapture him. Far as he was away, it seemed to him that he could feel her fury hanging over him like a cloud, a cloud that would burst in a rain of blood. Doubtless it would have burst already, had it not been for the accident that he and his companions were still supposed to be hiding in the woods. But that error must be discovered, and then would come the pursuit.

He looked at the full moon shining upon him, and reflected that at this very hour he should have seated upon the chair of state, wedding, or rather being wedded, by the Asika, in the presence of Big Bonsa and all the people. His eye fell upon the Mungana, who had also been destined to play an important part in that ceremony. At once he saw that there was something wrong with the man. A curious change had come over his emaciated face. It was working like that of a maniac. Foam appeared upon his dyed lips, his haunted eyes rolled, his thin hands gripped the side of the canoe, and he began to sing, or rather to howl like a dog baying at the stars. Jeeki hit him on the head and bade him be silent, but he took no notice, even when he hit him again more heavily. Presently came the climax. The man sprang up in the canoe, causing it to rock from side to side. He pointed to the full moon above and howled more loudly than before; he pointed to something that he seemed to see in the air near by, and gibbered as though in terror. Then his eyes fixed themselves upon the water.

Harder and harder he stared, his head sinking lower every moment, till at length, without another sound, very quietly and unexpectedly, he went over the side of the boat. For a few seconds they saw his bright-coloured garments sinking to the depths, then he vanished.

(To be continued.)..



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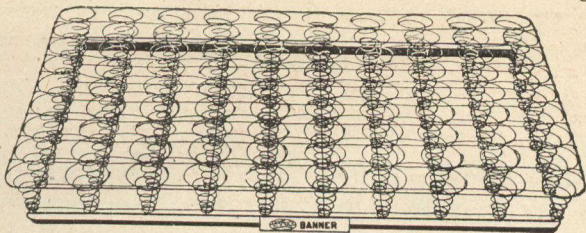
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The Lake Shore Express to the Muskokas and Parry Sound is the shortest and most picturesque route.

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A direct rail point round trip. Two Muskoka round trips, one from Bala Park, one from Lake Joseph.

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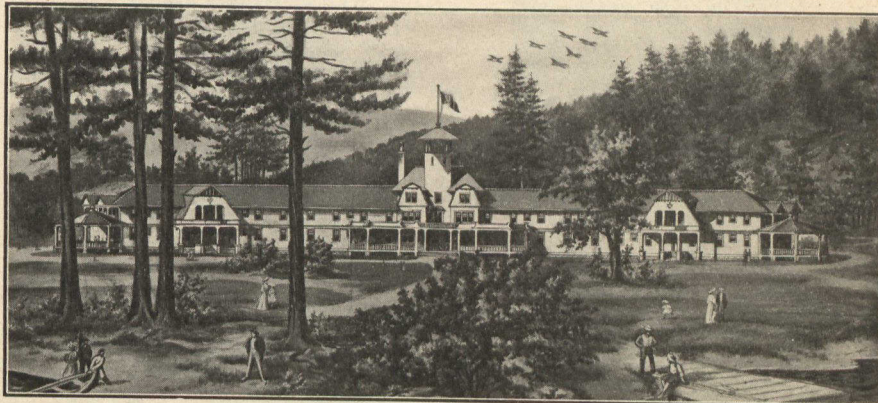
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S.D. 1488. Women's Skirt of check worsted tweed; neat patterns in mid and light grey shades, two pleats on each seam, novel trimming of self on side gores, weight suitable for Spring and Summer wear. Carefully tailored throughout. Waist band 22 to 29 ins., front lengths 37 to 43 ins. Particularly good value.. **3.95**



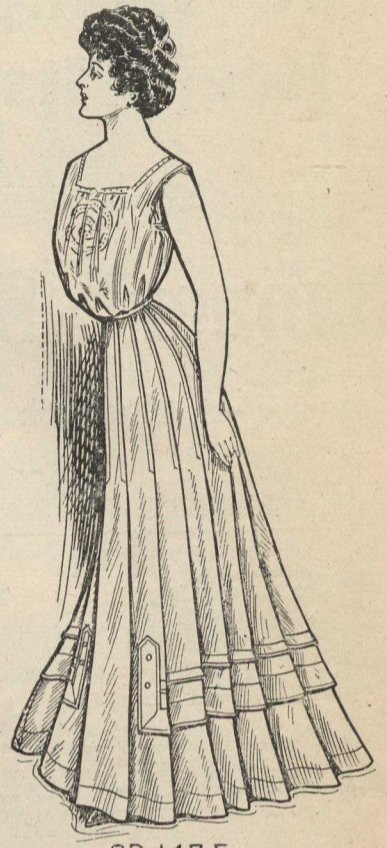
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