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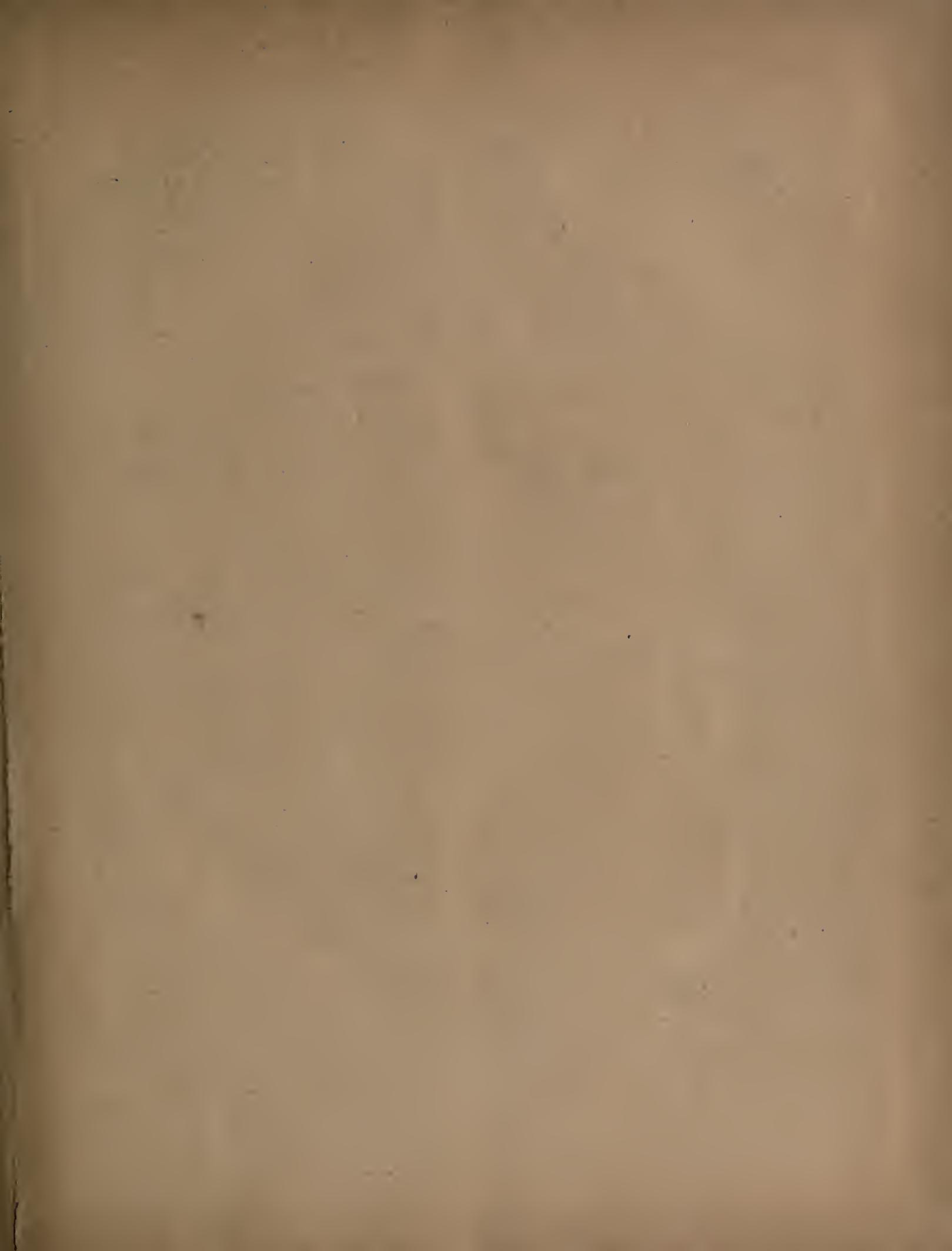


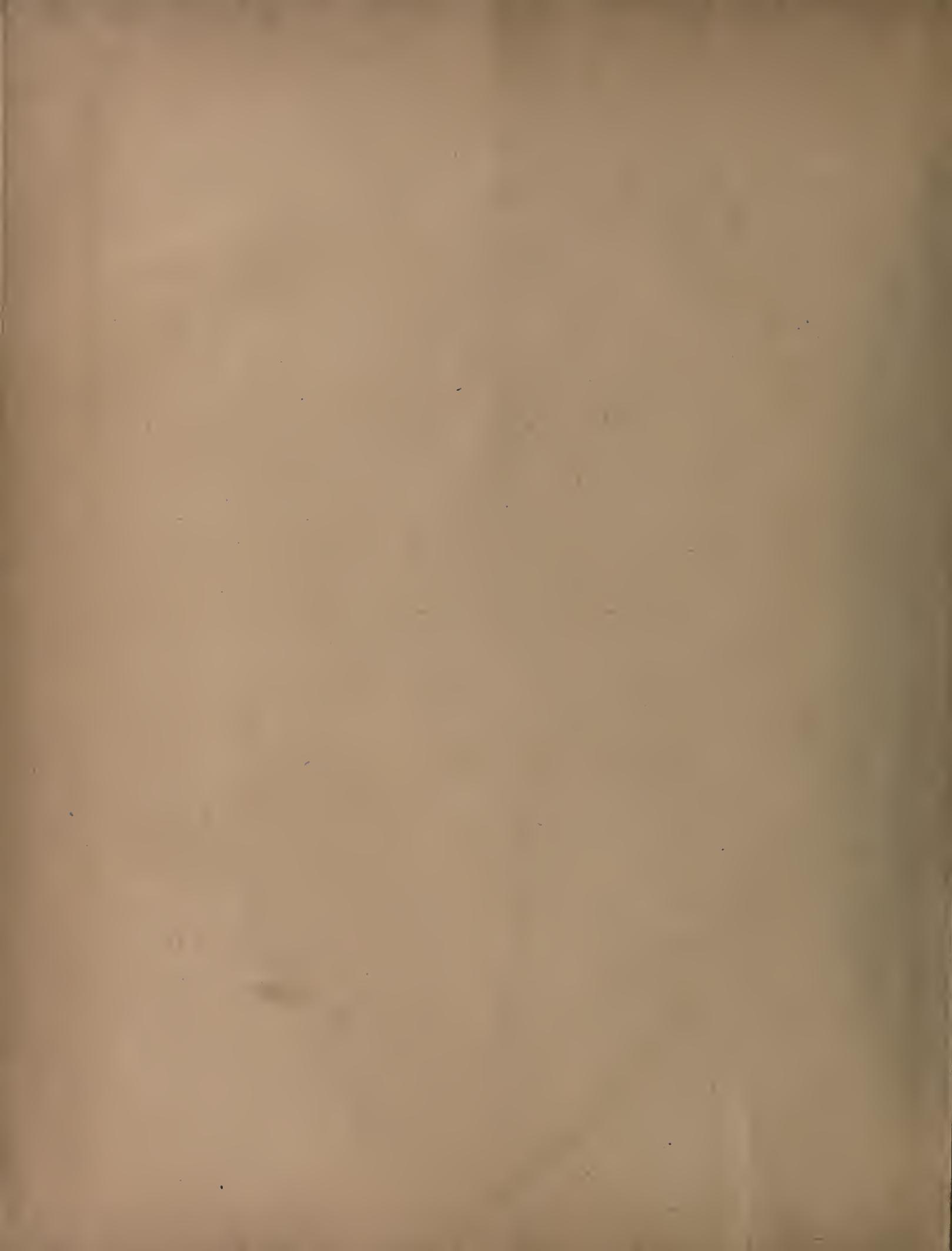
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THIS BOOK MUST NOT BE TAKEN OUT OF THE ROOM.

MAY 15 1914







NOT AT STOR

Cynthia

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by

Frederic Grant

THERE never had been a crowd like it since the little city was born. Every street car, every jitney, every bicycle and every baby carriage seemed on the move east. Yet nobody said, "Where are you going?" And to-morrow there wouldn't be a line about it in either of the papers.

The Battalion was leaving, that was all. And the little city's heart beat, and stopped, and beat again like a great muffled drum.

Cynthia was one of the crowd, a strange, sad, two-days' little bride, praying and being proud and winking the tears stubbornly back all at the same time. Bob was just a private in D. Company, a gentleman-ranker Englishman with a variegated history and a great new hope in his heart. He had told her not to come; to let the last good-bye stand till he came home again. But she couldn't. She was drawn by an unreasoning, over-mastering desire to see him again, no matter how far off, to see him say a word to a comrade perhaps, to watch the well-remembered swing of his shoulders as he mounted into the car, to catch a last white glimpse of him, God willing, as the train pulled out.

There was a huge square formed of the other Battalion, the younger sons of the Fourth Contingent who were not yet ripe to die. They were drawn up outside the city in a place of warehouses and burnt-grass commons. Down the centre of the square ran the twin-steel diameters of the tracks, with a long line of empty coaches, engineless and inert.

Outside the cordon, thousands and



packed thousands of silent, tense human beings strained for a place next the line. The Battalion that staid were loath to keep them back but discipline is discipline even on leaving day.

THEN, far down the street you heard the long roll of the drums and the band, swinging its music skyward toward the still October clouds. It was playing "Tipperary" of course—the mad, foolish, unmeaning little tune that the Battalion to go had now earned, the marching song of an Empire that delights to hide "Rule Britannia" and "Nearer My God to Thee" under the bushel of bravado, just as it calls its wife "old woman" and the Union Jack "the rag."

The crowd didn't cheer. Such crowds never do. They don't dare, perhaps. This one recognized that there are things too tremendous and too volcanic to be given speech. It cried a bit, those of it that had kiddies to bend over; it coughed a bit, those of it whose eyes ached troopward with the longing to shed ten years and be in it; it prayed a bit, doubtless, the whole dim-conscious heart of it. But it didn't cheer.

Cynthia stood wedged between a Cockney mother of four and three girls, arm-linked, who chewed their handkerchiefs. Over and over and over the same words beat through her brain, "Oh God, take care of us, take care of us, take care of us!"

"Us." That's the key-word of the universe. Until you have the "us" of life ground into you—until you love and hope and fear and pray for somebody else outside and yet inside the

mysterious confines of your own personality—you're a child, a flower, a cloud adrift. But you're no human, no racking, suffering, wondering, living part of God's world.

"OH Gawd," moaned the little mother, "there 'e is! Jimmy, Jimmy!"

The linked-armed girls were hatless and a-tiptoe. They had three sweethearts who couldn't be brought to

last woman in the crowd broke through, she'd stay where she was if she died for it.

She could see him, though, two hundred yards away, at the end of D Company. She knew he was happy.

But what was that? He had stirred, he was looking past one of the linked-armed girls who talked with the next man. Could it—could it be that he too was trying to see somebody—that-cared in the crowd?

voted to earn her own living "like she was used to," turning over her separation allowance to the Patriotic Fund so that the Cockney mother of four should have dripping on her bread all winter.

It was a laudable ambition—so much so indeed that only Cynth's tears (and her curls) prevented her being written up for *The Screech*—but it was deuced hard to live up to. When you've passed through four months of courtship and two days of marriage, hard-



attention, because their eyes roved so, seeking each his own in the vast tight-locked crowd.

"'Ere you, Sarah," said the mother to her eldest, a little wizened over-wise scrap of ought-to-be-childhood. "You mind the biby and the rest. I'm a-goin' to 'im."

"They won't let you, missus," said a man behind, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "they won't let nobody through. I've a son in there. But 'is mother's 'ome. I made 'er."

The little Cockney faced about scornfully.

"Mide 'er, did ye? Well, Jimmy 'e tried to mike me stay 'ome too. But I'm 'ere. An' I'll be there. Just watch me."

She slipped past Cynth and the linked-armed girls, she dived quickly under a tall private's arm, and then you could see her, a thin little figure in draggled grey, her long purple feather bobbing as she scudded across the burnt grass, the sole bit of movement in the picture, toward the long line, and Jimmy.

A roar broke from the crowd—a great hoarse, growing cheer. It wasn't wise, perhaps, it wasn't the discipline of the colonel; but it was the you-and-me stuff of which the universe is built and it crumpled up the fence like paper.

Here, there, yonder the lines were broken, while women sped across to their men. The officers saw it and coughed. The guards studied the warehouse chimneys. Their turn would come in a month or two.

But Cynthia didn't go.

SHE hadn't anticipated the overflow of instinct that had swamped the lines. But it didn't matter. He had said he hated good-byes in public. If every

The moment she left the bank of faces he saw her, and their eyes kissed across all the burnt-grass waste between. You could no more have stopped her than you could have swept Vega out of its thunderous path in the heavens. It was foreordained.

He took her hands. They were as much alone as if they had been in eternity.

"You came after all?" he asked.

"Oh yes. I always come. I always will," Cynthia laughed, the tears raining out of her happy eyes. "God made me to come to you."

That was all. There wasn't anything more to say. They had been married in a church. Now they were being married again out under the October sky. The first marriage perhaps was "until death do us part." But this one couldn't be touched with all the shells of all the Krupps, nor all the subs in hell.

And then, as they stood there hand-fast and solemnly content, just as the band finished "Rule Britannia" and the order to fall in was given, a gruesome fool in the end car hoisted his bugle to his unsteady lips and played Last Post. They pulled him down of course, and blamed the incident on Hiram Walker rather than on Fate, but the last thing that Cynthia saw was Bob's shocked eyes; and the long time of waiting had been ushered in ill-omenedly.

II.

WE don't live our lives in the forefront of the charge. We live back in rest-billets, waiting to be called into action. We can stand being killed, most of us. But we get very, very tired of sour bread and a stone floor and fleas.

You remember that Cynthia had

pan and Snapcorn are a fearsome anticlimax.

The first day was all right. And the next. And the next. The girls all knew of the romance and were loudly envious. The foreman grinned and patted her head. Even the Boss wanted to be introduced after young Findlater's vain attempt to secure an interview. Cynthia was a noble person and a fourteen-karat patriot.

By the middle of the week however, the girls had become interested in Bessie Fitzgerald who threatened to run off with a signaller who was most probably married already; the foreman's baby had scarlet fever; and the Boss was trying to work off low-grade sugar onto the Government.

Cynthia herself was depressed. The world of Snapcorn didn't seem quite real to her. Only the bugles, night and morning, got right through to the soul of her.

THEN came Bob's first letter. There had been cards and hurried scrawls but this was a boat-letter, page on scribbled page of it, and Cynthia read it and kissed it and cried over it and slept with it under her pillow. Bob could be quite literary when he wanted to be. But nobody's heart was ever rhetorical, and these short jerky sentences, with all the repetitions of meaningless words, and the uncouth phrasing, and the thick underlines, were just Bob, the whole hot heart of him poured onto paper. Cynthia took the letter out for the hundredth time and read it, sitting on the burnt grass of the big field next the Camp where she had first met him, ages and ages ago.

The wind sang and the bugles played Retreat—which is very beautiful because it means the retreat of the sun and not of the troops—and the little



In all the unreal world there were just two sane, unshaken things. The one was the 91st Psalm—a lie and yet somehow true—and the other was the bugle

girl with the two-days' wedding ring shook off the sombre mood that had been so persistent of late, and smiled away into the darkening east where her long letters went every day.

But she couldn't keep it up. That very night when Lights Out came to her across the chill November dark, she had to hold tight to Bob's letter

to prevent a collapse into unreasoning terror.

III.

AND so the days went by—long monotonous factory days when the girls worked by electric light, and Cynth's mind was in Shorncliffe—quick, fierce, joyous days when her

hands trembled over the big thick English letters.

And then at last there came one, a little thin one that said there were rumors of the Front at last. And right on the heels of it there was a yellow cablegram that just said, "Sailed January 2. All well."

Then the days began to click themselves off the calendar slowly—and more slowly—and slowest of all. There should have been a trench letter on



Friday. The English mail was in for she'd phoned. But no. Perhaps they'd been in action and he was too tired. Or maybe the boats from France had been held up.

Sunday was a hard day—no chance of the postman. Cynthia went to church, but it wasn't the old white-haired rector with the two sons at the Front. This man was a new self-confident sort. He prayed to a little god of his own sitting up somewhere near the chandelier and he told him just what to do with the world when the war was over. Cynthia didn't pay any attention to his sermon. She read the 91st Psalm over and over.

"A THOUSAND shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee—He shall give His angels charge over thee—he shall call upon Me and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him."

That was what the men repeated all together at every drumhead service. That was what Bob was saying now, out under the tremendous skies, with the gun-roll to shout the Amens—if—if—

No, there wasn't any if. There couldn't be. Of course he was there at the end of D Company, saying the Psalm. Why shouldn't he be?

Somebody dropped a prayerbook and Cynthia burst out crying. It had sounded as sudden and as horrible as a rifle shot.

That night she didn't sleep. And at midnight it came—a gum-chewing boy on a bicycle, cross over the muddy roads.

Cynthia's hands didn't tremble at all. It said he was dead.

IV.

THE next day the Colonel of the remaining Battalion had a strange, white-faced little visitor.

"I wish to heaven she'd cried," he complained to the Adjutant afterwards, "she just showed me the telegram and asked me if she could draw the thousand dollars that the town had put on his life—you know, they insured them all. I wanted to know what for, and she said she was going to him.

"'But my dear,' I said, 'you—couldn't—find him, you know.'

"'Oh yes I could,' she persisted, 'I could always find him. Besides, it may be a mistake. He may be just wounded. You can't tell. And even if it is true—'—gad, Hopkins, that was the most ghastly part of it, you should have seen her eyes, 'even if it is true,' she said, 'I've heard how in some places they lie out between the trenches for months—poor little bundles of rags. I could bring him in.'"

The Colonel stopped and cleared his throat.

"I don't know whether she's quite sane or not," he went on at last, "but I said I'd fix it up for her. What do you think? She'd die if we kept her here."

"I couldn't say," said the Adjutant slowly, "I fancy all the biggest things—hate and love, you know—are a bit insane, judged by ordinary standards."

THREE days later, just as the clear shiver of reveille swept the frost off the tent flaps, Cynthia's train pulled out of the little old station. The road ran right through the Camp and she could see the men turning out, laughing, and the little Barnardo bugler boy teasing the teddy-bear mascot. And for the first time since the telegram came she broke down and cried—shockingly and rackingly and unrestrainedly. Then she took Bob's letter out of the front of her dress and she put it in her Bible at the 91st Psalm and left it there.

Montreal was a dream and the big grey liner might have been a sea gull for all the sense of reality it brought. There were a great many kindly people on the boat but she didn't want to talk to them. She went east as far as the deck would let her. Then she put her chin in her hands and waited.

England was home—at least it used to be. Now she had just one desire, to run right through from the front door to the back door and get into France.

YOU'RE supposed to have an ostensible purpose for a continental trip these days, something that can be entered on a passport and sealed once or twice. The big kindly man who interviewed Cynthia was puzzled. She

wasn't a nurse, nor a buyer for a firm, she wasn't a correspondent in search of uncensored copy. She was just a woman who wanted to go to her man, alive or dead, a woman who would quite likely die right there in London if she were refused.

The big kindly officer had been at the Front himself and would return as soon as the doctor pronounced him fit. He knew what the Front was like and he told her a few things about it. To his surprise she nodded after each revelation, nodded quite casually. Then she told him what she had told the Colonel back home, about the trenches where the fighting was heaviest and the men who lay out between them for six months—"poor little bundles of rags."

It was all up with the officer. He let her go.

"No woman with *that* in her mind shall stay back of the lines if I can help it. God will take care of her," he said. He wasn't very religious, but you've just got to believe in something.

And so Cynthia crossed the channel. She couldn't speak a word of French, but she had the eyes of a dog—or an angel—she had her passport, and she had Bob's picture, a laughing, summer snapshot.

V.

WAR is hell. Yes. And France is a very old hell now, a gun-bitten, flame-blackened, burnt-out hell, still blazing indomitably around the edges. And yet there are people living there, not only in the safety of Paris, but right on out the perilous roads into the cinder-beds of the gaunt provinces, into the little dead villages, stamped into the bloody mud, villages that have changed hands a dozen times, villages where the Teuton demon has screamed himself damned with blasphemies and the peasant has died, smiling, in his church.

The troop trains wouldn't have carried a woman—even Cynthia's eerie eyes couldn't have accomplished such a miracle as that—but there were the roads and the trampled fields when the Battalions were moving. And everywhere there was the furtive, last-left peasant, too numb with horror to leave his ruined home, but always ready to help the poor lovely wanderer who pressed on and on toward the ultimate Front.

And so, as spring crept up timidly over the lost hills the girl with the vision came to the lines. Her whole world had now reduced itself to a dim hollow vault filled with the endless reverberations of the guns that spoke and spoke again, answering each other out of the haze, and shaking the unreal earth with their clamor. Men moved by—long hurrying lines of khaki going north, eager, astrain—slow, trickling

lines of mud and blood and ghastly white, going south to the hospitals, in motor trucks and afoot.

To some she spoke but they were not Canadians. Of others she heard vague tidings. Her Battalion had been shot to pieces long ago. To be sure it was full strength again, but they were new men, fresh from the Dominion. Wounded? Oh yes, there were a lot of them. And missing. But to be dead was better.

IN all the unreal world there were just two sane, unshaken things. The one was the 91st Psalm—a lie—and yet somehow true. And the other was the bugle. The clear tingle of reveille roused her from the most gripping dream, pulled her up out of unplumbed depths of weariness and mist, and seemed to say to her, over and over again, "New day! New day! Sometime, somewhere, new day!"

And then the March winds bore mysterious resurrection tidings across torn France. The drive was coming—the spring drive! To be sure there had been a whole bloody seething year between its promise and its accomplishment, this 1916 drive. But it was coming now. God had written "Finis" at the bottom of the Kaiser's biography. And three million men were on the move!

Cynthia heard it that night from a wounded Canadian by the roadside.

"I won't see it, lass, but you will," and he laughed, "I won't live to get to the hospital, most like. But you'll go back to Canada and tell them we died—I and thousands more—to make it true."

That night she went to sleep out under the stars, unafraid as always, and with a strange new joy in her heart.

When she woke the mists were rising. If she hadn't borne a charmed life, they would have killed her long ago. Reveille must have sounded and for the first time in months she had missed it.

SHE got up quickly. The impression was clear in her mind that she had been called—was going somewhere. There was a little village not a hundred yards ahead of her. She had had no idea of its existence last night.

It had once held about fifty houses, all a-straggle down the long main street. There had been a slender-spired church too at the crossroads.

Now there was only the one thing left—a great gaunt cross with the Man on it who had given His life so long ago to avert all this. As soon as she saw the cross, the girl knew her destination.

As she came to it, the mist lifted a little and, clear and pure, from immense distance, over chaos such as had not

The Trenches of Yesterday

By Mona Cleaver

Illustrated from Photographs

IT is still little more than a year since the globe-trotter who would see a European battlefield had only to select his mode of travel from a sea of literature and then set forth, armed with a Baedeker or a neat booklet advertising his particular choice of tourist agency, to "do" the field of—say Waterloo. He might motor out from Brussels, through the Bois, with Cook's; he might take train and be

BUT these were battlegrounds of yesterday. To visit the battlegrounds of to-day is a different matter.

bearing a ticket to Dammartin-Juilly.

I WAS carried through a beautiful country, all abloom with spring-time, the train stopping at many picturesque little stations at one of which, on a siding, was a Red Cross train, apparently awaiting orders. Stretchers were arranged like berths in the box cars and in one, whether it was late breakfast or early luncheon I do not



Wrecked barns on the farm of Champfleury where Von Kluk had his headquarters on the advance towards Paris last fall. The French and Germans had a hand to hand encounter in this house and yard

met by Mrs. Brown at the station of Brain l' Alleud; or he might offer himself an easy victim to the wiles of the fakers ever ready to show him the battlefield by whatever means they could best avoid the orthodox Secing-Waterloo parties. But in whichever way he chose to visit the historic scene the tourist was encouraged and made the most of; his memory of history was tactfully refreshed; he was reminded that the ground on which he stood, the carefully preserved buildings on which he gazed were sacred to the memory of a great struggle; every thrill was husbanded and charged for at the rate of half a franc to a franc per person according to the estimated strength of it.

That part of the field of the Marne where came the turning-point in the retreat from Mons was the aim of my ambition and the first and most necessary step in its consummation was the concealment of it. It is sometimes very useful in war time to have another excuse for travel besides sightseeing, so, to the commissioner of police in Paris my best reason for requiring a *sauf-conduit* to Juilly was a large supply of home candies and home messages for a nurse in Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's hospital there. Having asked my age and determined the color of my hair, the necessary document was given me and the next morning at ten o'clock I was in a train on the direct route from Paris to Soissons,

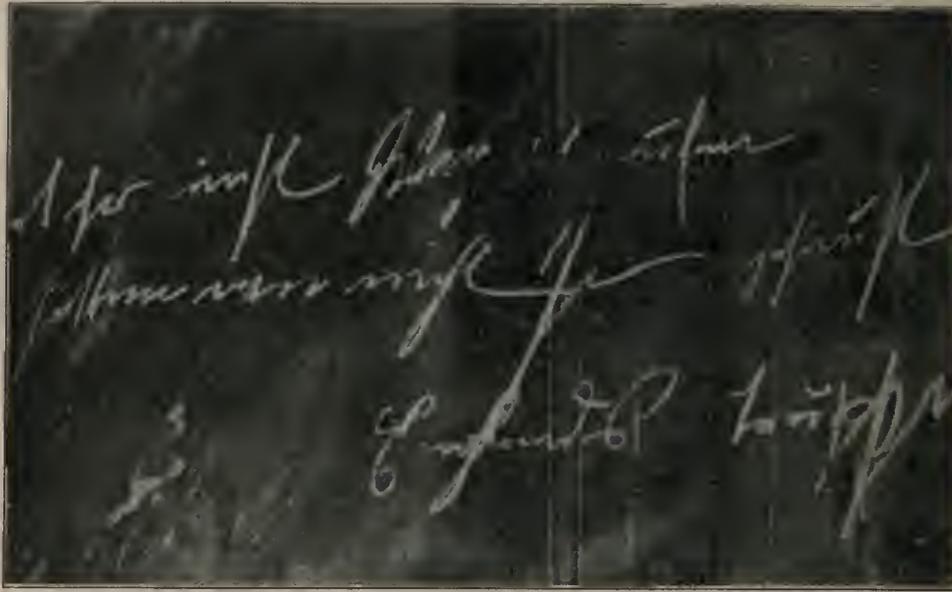
know, uniformed men were eating from a table of rough boards over which nodded a branch of beautiful wild blossoms. We passed groves of plane trees, new-leaved forests all misty green, and every now and then a quaint little stucco village, its central place outlined with square-trimmed linden trees and its red-tiled roofs.

I WAS quite prepared to walk the two miles from Dammartin to the old college at Juilly, in one of the great wings of which the hospital is situated, but hailed with delight, nevertheless, the one taxi-cab I found at the station, which carried me to my friend in time to have a chat and a walk in the park before luncheon.

At the back of the property was a high stone wall with fruit trees trained flat against it, like vines, and here and there holes broken through the masonry. In one place the wall was in a state of complete collapse and might have been in that condition for generations, so at home seemed the green creepers growing over the ruins and the wild flowers and grasses springing up among the loose stones. But it was only broken down last fall, I was told, so that the French could drag their guns into the very back yard of the college and there make a stand against the Germans in their last effort to reach Paris. Here the retreat of the Allies ended and the retreat of the Germans began.

WE looked far over a lovely, scarcely undulating country with a ribbon of white road flung out across it. It was almost unbelievable that only last autumn enormous armies had followed the smooth, curving road or struck out across these fields whose sorrows now are buried in the promise of harvest, and whose scars all are hidden by a veil of growing green things.

One tried to picture the scene in the dim old college and its grounds, school-day home of D'Artagnan and Montesquieu, before science and modernity had entered it in the form of the new hospital and while still the little gray nuns of the adjoining convent, coming in to teach the smaller boys and care for the comfort of the larger ones, were the only women to be seen about. This nursing sisterhood had long sacrificed its chosen work to these humble tasks but last fall its members entered again, for a short time, into their own. Five hundred wounded, were dragged as best they could be, into hall and dormitory and hearts beat quickly under gray habits, and throbbed with the exaltation of service, as tender unaccustomed fingers bound the gaping wounds and eased the aching heads. The hospital nurses came later, when the place had been made ready, but there's a glow in the hearts of the little



German handwriting found on a wall after Von Kluk's departure from the wrecked building. The writing expresses the hope that the British may never occupy the place

gray ladies who know that theirs was the great and glorious and immediate service in the hour of vital need.

TO the left, in a bit of woodland now full of feathery undergrowth and carpeted with lilies-of-the-valley, the British turned their few guns and boldly faced the Germans, who, believing it impossible that they should face about with such small resources, thought they must have met reinforcements in the little wood and changed their advance into retreat.

Some miles beyond we could see the village of Montgé clinging, red-roofed, to the side of a small, wooded hill. No vehicle is allowed to approach the place, so, my friend having secured a permit for herself—she could not get one for me and my *sauf-conduit* from Paris applied only to Juilly—we started on foot for Montgé on its strategic hill.

The entrance to this lovely little village was by an up-hill road, flanked by high gray walls buttressed from without and every chink in their surface growing moss and vines and flowering weeds. Over the top of the containing walls there overflowed the beauty and fragrance of plummy white and purple lilacs, upstanding chestnut blossoms, pink and white, and laburnum trees dripping golden bloom. Through iron gratings we could see, in the gardens of some of the more pretentious houses, beds of pansies and forget-me-nots and walls festooned with mauve

and white wistaria.

But few people were to be seen. The place was almost deserted save for soldiers and the Red Cross workers whose flag hung over a doorway in the silent main street. A solitary old woman who had stayed through all the noise and alarm of battle passed us, followed by a sad-looking cat which crept close to the wall.

AT the right as we entered the village we found, through a gateway in a high wall, a cobbled courtyard with a great open kitchen at one side. Over the kettles and an enormous black pot of savory odors presided a big, fat French-

man—Monsieur le Chef. The soldiers working in the trenches and billeted in the houses close by come to him at regular hours for their rations and carry off big chunks of bread in their hands and the soup or stew in cans which they bring with them.

Further up the street is the little church and just beyond that two ruined houses, one on each side of the road. In this, as in so many small villages of Europe, the little houses of the poor stand shoulder to shoulder with no space whatever between them, so, when the British blew up a couple of houses to cover their retreat, the blocking of the road was really effective and gave them time to reach their little wood and get their guns in position and their lines reformed.

ON through the humble streets we went to the crest of the hill where immediately we came upon earthworks and guns. Behind semi-circular ramparts, reinforced by willow work, the guns stood with their long muzzles stretching far over the obstruction. We walked up to the nearest one and could see through its great bore. Soft branches of willow were used to make the earthwork secure and were woven in and out among uprights of small tree trunks or made into deep, cylindrical baskets which were then filled with earth. And wherever this work of war was likely materially to alter the natural appearance of the hill,

shrubs and vines and grasses had been planted and were already spreading out their verdant screen. Further along men were still working with pick and shovel, remodelling trenches already constructed or building new ones.

THE nurses from the hospital were well known in the neighborhood and had been permitted, earlier in their sojourn, even to visit Von Kluk's devastated and deserted headquarters, but each day more restrictions had been placed upon sightseeing until now, when a French officer approached us, it was with some timidity that we asked if we might walk through the trenches. My friend's uniform had much influence, I feel sure, to keep us from being absolutely turned back, and the "No" we received in reply was a very polite one and qualified by the permission to go out "that way," the way being indicated by a gesture.

Sufficient unto the moment was the fact that "that" was a very vague "way" and not in the direction from which we had come. Connecting the gun-positions were underground tunnels and we had the additional temerity to ask if we might walk through one of these. We might and did and found just a dark, narrow passageway, about six feet high and lined with trunks of small trees laid together like the wall of a log cabin. Beyond were trenches, varying in depth but all lined beautifully with interwoven willow withes. At intervals, from the wall of the trench a further excavation had been made, about two feet deep, two feet wide and six feet long, supported by the small round tree trunks used so freely in the construction of the trenches. These dug-outs looked like berths or Dutch beds let into the walls and are intended for resting-places for the soldiers in the trenches or to store small supplies of food or other necessities.

A WOODLAND path brought us to the other side of the hill top, where, as I stood gazing across the valley and all about me, I found that I was standing by a narrow opening in the ground, scarcely distinguishable among the light growth of underbrush. It was

six or eight inches high and about eighteen inches long and further examination showed its earthy edges to be faced with sections from a small tree. I got on my knees and looked into a tiny excavated chamber furnished solely by a little wooden table. This was a look-out post, one of several that command the whole surrounding country and communicate by telephone with a central cavern where, if the Germans should ever get this close to

breeze. The day before, it was said in the village, four thousand German prisoners had passed through Dam-martin.

Back of the trenches a huge sandy pit had burrows here and there, leading into its sides. They looked barely large enough for a man to crawl through and were supported by the already familiar arrangement of small timber. These entrances and those of the tunnels leading to the observation posts or to any passageway not intended for actual fighting are made difficult of access lest the enemy might use them, when attacking, to enter the line. The burrows in this pit led to underground chambers where, in time of action, the men off duty may safely rest. The height of the land coupled with a system of drainage serves to keep them dry.

PRESENTLY we found ourselves on the crest of the hill looking across the valley towards the farm of Champfleury where Von Kluk made his headquarters.

He had just seated himself in a charming summer house, my friend told me, before an excellent dinner when the attack on the farm disturbed his plans. When the Allies took possession they found the dinner laid out, cold and untouched, on the table.

But there were some things that he did take time to do before he left. One was to dismantle and as far as possible destroy the place. Then, he did not mean to divulge to the enemy what his losses had been so the dead whom he had not yet been able to have buried were piled in a hangar, petrol poured over them and the ghastly heap set on fire. He didn't bother about any certificates of death and probably a considerable number perished in the flames. One man had still enough life in him to enable him to crawl out and hide. He has been nursed and cared for by his enemies and now, convalescent, he remains in the neighborhood cursing

the cruelty of his own countrymen.

On the railway journey back to Paris I saw constant evidences of war on the one hand and on the other the peace and quiet of a prosperous country. One moment I was watching the beautiful flight of a pair of white-

Continued on page 49.



A trench near Monte showing how beautifully the earthen walls are reinforced by wicker work

Paris again, a general would direct operations over the whole neighborhood.

That this preparation is not altogether unwarranted is evidenced by the fact that there is a deep dip in the line at Soissons and by the distant boom of artillery that occasionally wanders southward on a vagrant

Disillusioning Dick

*Wherein the College Irving climbs footlightward
and drops back again, falls in love
and falls out again*

By Elmer Blaney Harris

Illustrated by P. E. Anderson

I AM not a humorist. I have a clear memory and can tell a story—tell it from a theorem in Euclid anyway—and this, with constant application in the wit and humor alcove, won me a position on the Sophomore minstrel team. Thence to the Football Rally, the Junior Farce, the Charter Day Commemoration was but a step. By the time the four years ended my picture as Sir Peter Teazle hung in the University Library, and I acknowledged myself an actor.

Now, it happened that there came to our University town a "distinguished artiste" heading her own company in repertoire. To her I wrote a letter. I wrote it three times: once with microscopic care, once with the sprawl of genius, once on a typewriter. I prefer the typewriter, except that it makes spelling compulsory. My signature ran uphill, like Napoleon's. The letter I mailed, and sat down to wait. To be perfectly truthful, I couldn't sit down at all. I was all pins and needles of expectancy.

Friday passed without a scratch from the distinguished artiste, and I, determining not to be snubbed, bought some new gloves, took my best trousers from under the mattress—the best possible place in the world to crease trousers, except in the front and back—smoothed my hair, already so thin that I could

comb it with a towel, and presented myself at the stage door.

MADAME had just gone "on stage." I was given a position near her dressing room and told to wait. This was my first glimpse professionally from "behind." Different indeed was it from college theatricals—no crowds of apprehensive relatives, no rough house in pantomime. I was looking at the pine scantling side of a canvas room kept upright by thin braces screwed into the floor. Artificial palms and papier-mache statuary stood in the windows. The room was on the second

floor, according to the audience, the illusion being given by allowing them to see the tops of some four-foot trees above the window sill. A man on a step-ladder worked the moon. Through one window I caught a glimpse of a well-worn tiger skin that lent reality to the impassioned scene there being enacted.

Actors, fine and superfine, leisurely descended from their dressing rooms, reaching their entrances neither a moment too late nor too soon for their cues, so perfectly was the performance timed. Louder and louder grew the voices, until in a burst of frenzy, the lover tore himself from his mistress, hurling her to the floor, and sauntered back to his dressing room to eat an orange. I heard

the fall, followed by the patter of hands, now piano, now forte, as the curtain rose and fell. Somebody called: "Strike!"

Stage hands lounging near the door fell upon the canvas walls as if to rend and devour them. The set melted away like clouds, like petals, let me say; no, like waves!—for there stood Madame like Venus rising from the sea, serene, red-lipped, with none of the bruises I expected gallantly to salve with commiseration.

"HAVE you ever acted?" she purred, leading me to her dressing room.



Across the aisle part of the company were engaged in an animated discussion of the way the country should be run

I recited my repertoire from end-man to Sir Peter Teazle, holding my new gloves firmly in the same spot. Madame listened patiently, even respectfully. My call was opportune. The man who had been playing servants had lost his voice. He had tried to drown it, I gathered. Would I like to do his "bits?" The salary would be twenty-five dollars a week, with sleeper. I said I'd try. She gave me half a dozen soiled and mutilated manuscripts, of two or three "sides" each, and I withdrew to a neighboring candy store where I ordered a lemonade, and pitched into memorizing the parts for an impromptu rehearsal, *solus*, after the matinee.

An hour later I was back. Madame was dressing. I waited on the sidewalk. The property men were packing "props" into capacious battered boxes. Trucks, the horses kicking the flies from their bellies, stood waiting to cart the extra scenery to the special train side-tracked in the railroad yard. Presently I was summoned. There was Madame; pongee suit trimmed with blue, turquoise and crimson parrot ornamenting a three-foot hat, a bundle of American beauties caught in her arm. The rehearsal began.

"Louder!" cried Madame from the empty auditorium, where a gray-haired woman gathering up programmes and crushed candy-bags stopped to grin. "Don't bark so. End your words. Take time to ar-tic-u-late."

OBEDIENTLY I walked stiff-legged, until it hurt me to bend down, carrying a salver and saying to a broken-backed chair:

"His highness has the signature of the marchioness, your highness," hissing the s's for all I was worth.

"You'll do," declared Madame, coming on the stage.



I caught trains night and day and carried Christie's suitcase until my arms reached my knees

She gave me the tip of a plump, square hand, laden with rings; there was a lingering breath of violets, the cab door banged. She was gone.

I spent the night sweltering in an upper berth, listening to the sputters and snores of the assembled Thespians. I pictured myself a leading man on Broadway, inundated by tinted and perfumed billet doux, a member of the Lamb's and Flayers', the glass of fashion, suing my wife for divorce and breaking the hearts of my leading ladies on the side. Or should I be above such things? I hoped so. I sincerely hoped so. I saw myself in my own ninety horsepower taking a "pufik-queen" for a dash through the park, or beaming, the disinterested host, upon a bevy of such at my summer "farm." The head waiters in the restaurants would rush to place me at the most conspicuous table, or to hold my coat, while hundreds of eyes beneath picture hats would follow me and I should hear fluttering whispers:

"Oh, gells, there's Richard Parks!"

SUDDENLY, from the berth directly beneath me, came a moan followed by a series of half articulate cries.

It was the ingénue having a nightmare!

I waited long enough for some female of the company to come to the child's rescue; then, with determination more or less paternal, as the snores continued to rise and shatter about my ears like breakers, I slid down and shook the poor thing by the elbow.

"Miss—I say! Hey, wake up! You're all right!"

She opened her eyes with a start and sat up in the dim-lighted berth, an after-image of terror and agony on her face.

"Who are you?" she demanded, shrinking from me.

"I'm the chap that lives upstairs," I replied cheerfully.

"You were having ten cat fits."

"Oh, such an awful dream!" she exclaimed, apologetically. "I thought I was a poor, tottering old lady that had to beg, freezing to death. And look at me: boiling! These dreadful night journeys!"

"That's right, they're fierce. It's almost morning; let's get up."

"What's the matter, Christie?" came a motherly voice from the berth opposite.

"Bad dreams, dear."

"Shall I come in with you?"

"No thanks, honey."

IT seemed to me that the ingénue adopted a very patronizing tone toward the



How this child playing ingenues ever learned as much of the world as she knew was a mystery to me

motherly voice, for such a little thing as she. Why, she was no more than a child—a little Tamagara with big black eyes and an expression of perpetual innocence and surprise. I felt sorry for her. It seemed inhuman that girls, children such as she, should be permitted to go on the stage, should be subjected to the vicissitudes of one-night stands. It was little short of outrageous. I determined on the spot to be a protector to Christie.

We dressed and I met her on the platform of the observation car, where I placed a couple of camp stools, and we sat down. Dawn was washing the sky with silver above the dusky orange groves that went galloping back to the last stop. The red bull's-eye lantern at our feet shed a glow upon Christie's pale cheek as she sat in her kimono, the wisps of black hair tossing about her face. She clasped one knee in her hands and gazed in silence at the speeding parallel of tracks.

"So you're going to be an actor," she mused. "Why should anybody want to be an actor?"

"What have you against it?" I asked, lighting a cigarette, the soft warmth of this disgruntled little comedy queen penetrating my shoulder.

"Oh, pooh," said she. "There's nothing in it—not for me, at least. Soon I shall be too old for an ingénue and then I shall have to step down to playing character parts or old ladies."

"Can't you become a star?"

"Nope. Not big enough. Takes seven spot lights to find me now!"

"Why don't you get married?"

SHE shot me a quick look.

"Actors and actresses never ought to be married. It's all right if they're in the same company. But if they're not, he's carrying somebody else's suitcase and she has to flock alone. It isn't what it's cracked up to be—any of it—my dear boy."

"Why, I thought you were one of the happiest and most prosperous girls on the stage," I declared. "To-night at the table I was looking at that picture of you coming out of your country residence in your own machine."

Christie smiled:

"I was in a borrowed car that had been backed into Charlie Schwab's front gateway on Riverside Drive while I was snapped by the press agent."

"But surely you are well paid," I persisted, agasp.

"Well, I get seventy-five a week on tour. Suppose I rehearse a month without salary, pay five hundred for my gowns and the show closes in two weeks. Suppose that happens three times in succession, as it did last year. Where am I? It's taken all I've made this season to catch up. Then, you know, there are the big gaps of waiting when you've got to eat and got to keep up appearances. When you enter a manager's office you must be up to date and spotless down to your shoe buttons. Some manager may have a part for you and invite you to lunch. Now, you can't hold up your head and bluff that man into giving you the part without the lunch unless your jacket fits both coming and going. And the first thing you know, some morning in a strong light you look in the glass and—Lawsy, there's a gray hair! That's easy. You're not dead yet, although you begin to dye. But there comes another morning when the line on your cheek has a dent in it instead of an apple. Diet, massage, the rest cure will help some. Not for long. A child with red hair and without an ounce of experience pops up and is given the part you used to fill and at a third of your salary. Then it's you to the discard, or character work on half pay. I'm afraid you'll think me a dreadful pessimist," she laughed.

I REALLY didn't know what to think of her. How this child playing ingénues ever escaped the Gerry Society long enough to learn as much as she knew and talk it in this lingo was a mystery to me. I suppose she was older than I imagined—probably seventeen.

"You're all right," said I, comfortingly. "Your sugar refinery's on a

strike, that's all. You're tired, overworked, and worried. What you need is to get out barefooted and milk the cows. I don't imagine I'll be very keen for the stage myself, but it's like this: if you miss anything in life you always regret it. I've always wanted to be an actor. If I'm going to be one I'm going to be one quick. If not, the sooner I sow my dramatic wild oats the better. I can always go back to the ranch."

"Have you got a ranch?" she asked, her eyes lighting with interest and pleasure.

"The governor has—a thousand acres. Best in the County. Cherries that big. Even a lawn, and, say! pond lilies as tiny as your hands. Dad wants me to come home and bust broncos, but it's grease paint for muh!"

The first real glimpse I had of the company was in the forenoon after Christie and I had breakfasted together in the diner. The wash room was tight packed, the chief difference between the property man and the leading man being that between cotton and silk. They were all but shaving each other's faces. The fumes of wood alcohol permeated the car: married couples were busy over tea baskets. The child of the company played in the aisle, punching imaginary tickets. Finally the little, white-faced, weary-eyed mortal climbed into my lap and, drawing a railroad map from his pocket, said:

"If there's anything you want to know about the world, Mr. Parks, just come to me!"

IN the seat across the aisle part of the company, foregoing breakfast until the train should stop at the first lunch counter with its pyramid of "sinkers" and steaming copper boilers of milk and coffee, were engaged in an animated discussion of the way the country should be run. To and from the drawing-room went Madame's maid, carrying papers, telegrams, flowers, breakfast, giving now and then stolen glimpses of the star herself languishing among her pillows.

Christie heard me say my "bits" so thoroughly that by afternoon I was "rotten perfect." Also, she gave me lessons in tone production:

"Your voice is too high, my child, too nasal," said she. "Try to keep it down here: Ah-h-h—" She patted herself on the diaphragm—or words to that effect. "Do that, please," she directed. "That's the ticket. See what splendid cello tones you produce? Now, whenever you're alone, on the street where there's plenty of noise, or in your room, which is perhaps safer, pat yourself here—not too hard—and say: Ah-h-h—! Deep as you can. Make it resonant. This way: Ah-h-h—!

Through the eyebrows. That reinforces the sound and makes it carry. You'll soon be able to play tunes on your voice."

One of the card players remarked: "Christie's got a live one this time!"

ABOUT five o'clock I was summoned to Madame's drawing-room. So pleased was she with the progress I had made that she at once gave me a part in the new play, a conspirator plotting with the king against the revolutionists. I was to wear a black cape, slouch hat and whiskers, and had a scene with Madame in which she sprang at my throat, crying: "Monster! Assassin!"

She showed me how it was done.

"G-ce-e-e! Tha—that's great!" I stammered, rescuing my necktie from under my ear and trying to swallow. She had taken me by surprise. The interview ended, I went promptly to the rear platform, where there was plenty of noise and, patting my wish bone, said:

"Ah-h-h—!"

During the next couple of weeks I faced a grind that made calculus wear short clothes and carry a rattle. With the rest I punished my share of "sinkers" and coffee when the diner missed connections. I held an umbrella over Christie in a biting wind at three in the morning on the dripping platforms of railroad depots. I caught trains night and day and carried Christie's suit case till my arms reached to my knees. I splashed mud into my own ear in the effort to exercise in Salt Lake City. I underwent the killing inactivity of all-day rides, the discomforts of upper seven with its smoke and cinders. I stalled around for two hours in the morning waiting to say:

"His highness has the signature of the marchioness, your highness!" And came back after lunch to say it twice in the afternoon.

I RUBBED cornstarch into my hair each day, matinee and evening, to play a blooming English footman, and rubbed it out each day, matinee and evening, with soap and water—cold water. I had to put up at the better hotels to keep from being snubbed by the leading man. Slowly I went broke. My pocket-book assumed a look of having been stepped on. I telegraphed my father, who disapproved of my flight into histrionics, and he telegraphed back, at my expense:

"I started life on two dollars a week. Try ranching."

Vicissitudes kindred to these very soon put the gaff into me. My enthusiasm abated. My spirits limped. Rapidly I sank into the general pastiness of complexion that characterized

the entire company. Then, lo and behold, my nose began to redden. It became painful to the touch, painful to look at. Never had I had a mark nor blemish on my carcass, from head to heel. Imagine, then, the humiliation of this blow in the face. Imagine, if you can, the pain of five quick changes, each requiring a different shade of grease paint, chalked on with a stick as hard as soap, when the first touch brought the tears to my eyes; the inquisitorial massage of cold cream and scrubbing with grease rags. But I was game. I brushed the tears away, and with clenched teeth said:

"His highness has the signature of the marchioness, your highness."

HAVING arrived at the next town I crawled upstairs, without taking the elevator, for fear the attendant would start or stop it suddenly. The

least little jolt threatened to blow my head off. Framed on the wall in my room was a picture of the country—a railroad advertisement. It made me homesick. The big trees had sent skirmishers down to our back fence. Often had I whipped the foam-dappled stream for trout in their pleasant, stalwart shade. Oh, for the ranch! Oh, for eight hours of unbroken slumber, the simple cooking, the fresh, sweet air of the hayfields, the drowsy swing of the hammock under the trees! I looked at myself in the mirror to see if, possibly, my nose was any smaller; but it sprang at me, angry, palpitant, defiant. And, Gee-roozelum, how it hurt!

Oh, who wouldn't be an actor!

I was late next day at rehearsal, the day before the opening of the new play, and the stage manager was out of patience. Furthermore, he harbored

a grudge against me; disliked the preference shown in casting me for the new piece, when he wanted the part himself, and expected to get it. I suppose as I entered the stage door I must have looked like a very easy mark indeed. Certainly I was not the dapper, devil-may-care soldier of fortune I had fancied myself a month earlier. I was putty-skinned; the whites of my eyes wore a yellowish tinge; I walked with a listless stride, but a careful one; and my nose—! Ah, my nose! Huge, ponderous, it hung on my face like an overripe, scarlet fig.

"Here he is at last!" exclaimed the stage manager in impatience. "Second act!"

The company was all assembled, the stage set, benches and chairs representing the brilliant Louis XV. salon. Madame in mauve and violet sat at

Continued on page 50.



Old Fort Edmonton



By William Beecher Turner

Illustrated from Photographs

SOURCE methods of studying history are always interesting. In Edmonton, Alberta, are opportunities for observation of early Western Canadian history that the average citizen of that hustling city seldom thinks of. While waiting for the elevator in the lobby of the big Tegler office building, the artistic frieze sketches by Ernest Huber, of dog teams, Red River emigration carts, prairie schooner trains, and French-Canadian voyageurs straining at their harnesses as they "track" the big York boats up stream, may catch his attention for a moment, like a voice from the past.

Or, as he wanders through the Hudson's Bay Company's big department store, his eyes may rest for a moment on the stained glass windows at various stair-landings, depicting early scenes at Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts, including one of Fort Edmonton when it had bastion towers

with brass cannons at the corners of its walls. He may even stop to inspect the old flint lock muskets and dog sledge "cariole" of a century ago, shown in the historical curio department, but can hardly relate them to present conditions.

Or, as he crosses in the electric cars over the high level bridge, spanning

AN antiquary goes past-hunting in the hustling capital of Alberta; finds a pencil-inscription; gets a thrill and passes it on

the Saskatchewan river, from the former Strathcona, now Edmonton South, he may idly resolve, as he notes the buildings of the old Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, resting almost in the shadow of the magnificent new parliament buildings, that he will, some day, when nothing better offers, take a look

through the decaying piles, which each annual parliament has been idly talking of preserving and restoring, and then promptly postponing and forgetting for something more pressing. As the old buildings and the ground they occupy are now property of the Provincial government, the arguments are all the stronger for government preservation, and their utilization as a museum of pioneer relics.

AND, yet, if this average citizen should become interested in local pioneer history for its own sake, he may do much to strengthen public sentiment toward saving these land-

marks. He may also find object lessons to satisfy his historic instincts, as I did, while groping around in the semi-gloom of the by-gone Fort, now used as a warehouse for storing government telephone supplies. Here are various old-time suggestions, and even veritable, original source memoranda,

that almost serve as living links between the present and the past, and in their inspirations carry delight to the heart of an antiquarian in pioneer relics.

This was the "find." On the old planed boards comprising the enclosing side of a staircase in an out-of-the-way corner, where apparently once stood a high writing desk, about forty feet from the old fur-baling press, are lead pencil inscriptions in various hand-writings, of important events in the life of the Fort, some of them recorded over sixty years ago. I append some of the more interesting ones:

"Mr. Rowand arrived 16th Sept., 1852."

"Bounty [treaty money] arrived 21st Sept., 1852."

"22 buffaloes killed, 14th Jan., 1855."

"Wm. Christie arrived at Edmonton, 18th Aug., 1861."

"Governor Dallas arrived at Edmonton 28th Aug., 1861. First brigade of boats arrived same day."

THE foregoing list of men and events might seem rather common-place, until more is known of the personnel of those mentioned. John Rowand and William Christie were two of the greatest Chief Factors in the history of "Edmonton House." With the exception of Sir George Simpson, "The Emperor Governor," probably the most noted of the Hudson's Bay Company's Governors of the old time, was Governor A. J. Dallas, Simpson's successor. Simpson ruled for forty years, or from the union of the Hudson's Bay Company with the Northwest Company in 1821, to his death in 1861. The young Queen Victoria conferred Knighthood upon him in 1839. Dallas had been a Scottish merchant who afterward went into the Chinese trade. He later became Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria, Vancouver Island, where he married the daughter of civil Governor James Douglas. While a strong ruler, he lacked the dignity and tact of Simpson.

John Rowand appears to have been stationed here over thirty years from 1825. The particular record noted merely refers to his return from one of his occasional trips from Fort Garry, now the city of Winnipeg.

To go back prior to Rowand's re-

gime, Fort Edmonton, or Fort des Prairies, as it was usually known during the first quarter century of its existence, was founded in 1795. After the amalgamation of the great rival companies, the North Western and the Hudson's Bay in 1821, its first chief factor was James Bird, an Englishman, who renamed the Fort "Edmonton" after his native town, immortalized by Cowper in "John Gilpin's Ride."

Rowand succeeded Bird as Chief Factor in 1825. He erected a "Big House" within the Fort stockades for general utility and reception purposes which later was called "Rowand's Folly." Estimates of Rowand may be gleaned from several authors who will be quoted briefly.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, well known also by her maiden name of Emily Ferguson and her pen name "Janey Canuck," and noted as an advocate of the preservation of the old Fort buildings, writes that before Rowand's death in 1861 he directed that his bones be sent to his old home in Quebec for burial. His orders were observed literally. A Cree Indian, Koo-men-ie-koos, was selected to boil the remains of Rowand and clean the flesh off the bones, which he did; taking the liberty incidentally, to slice a piece off of Rowand's heart and eat it, that he might assimilate some of his hero's bravery.

Alex. Ross, a frontier hunter and northwestern trader of note in early days, author of "The Fur Hunters of the Far West," wrote of Rowand from first-hand knowledge. His book, of which few copies appear to be in existence, was dedicated to Sir George Simpson, "Governor in Chief of Prince Rupert's Land," a term then applied to all the Northwest. Through the courtesy of Provincial Librarian John Blue, I was given access to this and other old volumes consulted.

Ross visited Fort Edmonton in 1825 and found there a well organized community within the Fort walls. He appeared particularly impressed with the social life, the fine race course and horses, and the agricultural possibilities. He says that he was received with open arms by Chief Factor Rowand, and adds: "Gentlemen in the service are in the habit of receiving all strangers, whether of high or low rank, connected or not connected with the Company, with courtesy and affability." Ross goes on to mention that on the evening of his arrival, Rowand gave a ball in honor of Governor Simpson, at which all the people about the establishment, high and low, old and young of every class, attended, dressed in their best attire.

Speaking of the Indians, Ross says: "From motives of interest all Indians visiting the Establishments are welcomed with kindness and treated as children by the traders. An extensive and profitable trade is carried on with the war-like tribes of the plains—Blackfeet, Piegans, Assiniboines and Crees. All these roving bands look up to Mr. Rowand as their common father, and he has for more than a quarter of a century taught them to love him and to fear him."

ROSS concludes his account of his stay at Edmonton as follows: "From Edmonton a brigade of boats make a trip to York Factory (on Hudson's Bay) and back, once every year, carrying out the annual stock of furs and bringing back the supplies required for the trade. The trip generally requires four and one-half months to perform. We waited here fourteen days for completion of the spring arrangements when the flotilla consisting of twelve barges started with us on board and we enjoyed a very pleasant voyage down the broad and swift Saskatchewan."



From a painting of Fort Edmonton in 1867, now in possession of former Chief Factor Richard Hardisty's wife

IN the winter of 1847-8, a young artist named Paul Kane, afterward to become famous for his paintings of North American Indians, visited "Edmonton House." He found Chief Factor Rowand away on one of his long trips, and the Fort was in charge of Chief Trader John E. Harriet. Mr. Kane recorded his impressions in his book entitled "Wanderings of an



Buildings erected 1795, by the Hudson's Bay Company,
near site of present Alberta Parliament Building

artist among the North American Indians."

He found all the Company's servants, with their wives and children, living within the Fort quadrangle in comfortable log houses supplied with abundance of firewood. He noted the coal protruding from the river banks, but said its use was confined to the blacksmith's forge for lack of proper grates or furnaces. Provisions he noted in greatest plenty, consisting of "fresh buffalo meat, venison, salted geese, magnificent white fish, and rabbits in abundance, with plenty of good potatoes, turnips and flour. With very indifferent farming they manage to get twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre. The grain is ground in a windmill, and makes very good flour."

Mr. Kane gave an amusing account of a Christmas dance at which all the Fort inmates were present. "The dancing" he says, "was most picturesque and almost all joined in it."

Regarding the reproduction of one of his best pictures, Mr. Kane's says: "I was so much struck by the beauty of a half-breed Cree girl, whose poetic name was Con-ne-wah-bam, or one who looks at the stars, that I prevailed upon her to sit for her likeness, which she did with greatest patience, holding her fan, which was made of the tip end of a swan's wing, with an ornamental handle of porcupine's quills, in a most coquettish manner." The original of Mr. Kane's picture is now in the Hammond collection, Toronto.

Mr. Kane's stay at Fort Edmonton

terminated with the pleasing event that he describes as follows: "On January 6th, 1848, Mr. Rowand, Jr., residing at Fort Pitt, 200 miles distant (near the present site of Lloydminster), was married by Mr. Rundle, the Methodist missionary, to the daughter of Chief Trader Harriot, and I accepted the invitation of the happy pair to accompany them home. Our party consisted of Mr. Rowand and his bride and nine men. There were three carioles and six sledges with four dogs to each, forming a long and picturesque cavalcade. All the dogs were gaily decorated with saddle cloths of various colors fringed and embroidered in the most fantastic manner, with innumerable small bells and feathers. We travelled on the ice of the Saskatchewan."

The Mr. Rundle mentioned in the last paragraph is understood to be the clergyman, whose name was conferred on Mt. Rundle near Banff, British Columbia, in honor of his being the first white man to reach its peak.

THE most spirited account of Factor Rowand is found in Miss Katherine Hughes' "Life of Father Lacombe." While incidentally recording the events of the date, 1852, mentioned in the first one of the old lead-pencil inscriptions discovered, as noted heretofore, she introduces her hero, Father Lacombe, to Fort Edmonton in company with Rowand, with whom he traveled by boat brigade up the Saskatchewan from Cumberland House. Of Rowand she writes, having evidently gotten the

description from Father Lacombe himself, as follows:

"This man, who was the most notable of the Company's officials on the plains then, was an Irishman, a little man with eyes of blue steel, an incomparable temper, and a spirit that did not know what fear was. He was intellectually bright, the master of several Indian dialects and could terrorize an Indian in any of them.

"On the morning of September 16th, the boatmen had reached the home lap, and appeared newly resplendent in red woolen shirts and with fresh kerchiefs binding their heads. They forgot past fatigue while they pulled the boats up past the shrubby flats and between the high green banks to the landing below the Fort.

"AGAINST the clear autumn sky there furlled and unfurled the conquering flag of England, with the Magic letters, H. B. C., jestingly interpreted as 'Here Before Christ.' Above the timber palisade on the hill top, the deep sloping roof of the Big House marked the woodland court of this fiery little Governor.

"The shore was soon lined with people, for this was the greatest day of the year at Edmonton House. There were Factor Rowand's daughters Adelaide, Peggy, Sophy, and Nancy, there were clerks from the trading shop, women and children from the men's quarters, and Indians from neighboring tepees.

"The cannons in the bastions thun-

dered a welcome when the Chief Factor stepped ashore and the echoes were multiplied by the quick fire of the Indian's musketry. Rowand was saluted with greetings as he passed up the steep hill-path through the crowd, for however peppery and dominating their Governor was at times, he had a very warm heart, and both loved and was loved by his people.

"The young missionary Lacombe, walking beside him, was an object of vivid curiosity on the part of the crowd, which in turn he scanned with interest as he returned their hearty hand-clasps.

"For each white man there was hope of some home message in the packet of mail being sorted at the Big House, and for all there was the knowledge that these boats drawn up on the shore had arrived safely with tobacco and ammunition and goods for another year."

The accompanying portrait of Father Lacombe is appropriately furnished for this article by Hon. Wilfred Garipey, the youngest member of Premier Sifton's Alberta Cabinet. In common with Mrs. Arthur Murphy, previously mentioned, Mr. Garipey has always taken great interest in the preservation of the old Fort buildings and his recent accession to the Cabinet augurs well for the future of the movement to preserve these old landmarks.

AT this writing, August, 1915, Father Albert Lacombe, the man who did so much for the moral and material development of Northwestern Canada, is still living at the home he founded for the aged at Midnapore, south of Calgary. Although very feeble he occasionally meets friends who call there to pay their respects—not only is it to their friend, but to the friend and associate of Rowand and Christie, and to the equal friend and associate of Sir Sanford Fleming, Chief Engineer in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir William Van Horne and Lord Strathcona, all of whom he has outlived. The friendship between Father Lacombe and Lord Strathcona, was especially warm, beginning when the latter was plain Donald Smith, Hudson's Bay Company's Chief Factor at various points farther East than Edmonton, and was continued as of yore when he was elevated to the peerage.

EVERY old-timer in Edmonton knows "Jack Norris" who has been here about two-thirds of a century. He came from the old Country as a lad of twenty, and reached Edmonton via York Factory on Hudson's Bay in 1849. For eighteen years he served the Hudson's Bay Company as boatman and fur-trader. Later he operated independently, and finally centered on

horse raising on his homestead on the old St. Albert trail on the outskirts of the city, where he still lives. Norris met Governor Simpson first at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg, and met Governor Dallas here, and was not afraid to hold up his head with either of them. He was with Chief Factor Rowand, when he died at Fort Pitt. In fact Rowand fell over into Norris' arms, stricken with heart disease. He was intimate with every Chief Factor of Fort Edmonton from Rowand to Hardisty. I found that Norris is still able to crack a good joke and spin many a good yarn about the old-timers in spite of his eighty-six years.

Another very interesting old-timer whose history is intimately associated with old Fort Edmonton is Henry Fraser, who was born within its walls over sixty years ago. His father, Colin Fraser, was official bag-piper to Governor George Simpson when he made his grand tour of the Northwest in 1828, "en ceremonie," to impress the Indians. One of his brothers, also Colin Fraser, still follows the wild life of the North at Fort Chipweyan on Lake Athabasca, over five hundred miles north of Edmonton. Henry attended school at Fort Edmonton with about forty other boys under the tutelage of Father Schollen, while his parents conducted the Hudson's Bay Post on Little Slave Lake. His training fitted him to become a fur buyer, at which he has been very successful. When asked to contrast the old with the new, he said, "The old days had good comradeship, but no taxes to worry over and no election excitement. Mail came twice a year."

JOSEPH McDonald and his wife, formerly Marguerite Fraser, sister of Henry Fraser, just noted, live on the bank of the Saskatchewan river in Edmonton South, formerly Strathcona, in full view of the old Fort across the river that has been the centre of so many of their activities. Mrs. McDonald was born at Jasper House in the Rocky Mountains, where her father, Colin Fraser, was Chief Factor at the time. Both Mr. and Mrs. McDonald are close around the four score mark, but happy and active, surrounded by children and grandchildren. The first settler of Strathcona, Mr. McDonald bought his homestead of over two hundred acres, on part of which he still lives, from the Indians for a musket and a cayuse pony some years after his arrival here in 1855. Prior to that he had received a good education at St. John's academy in Fort Garry. His father "Big Donald" McDonald had preceded him to the West some thirty years, and built the old Bow River Fort, west of the present site of Calgary in 1826. Both served the Hudson's

Bay Company many years, Joseph establishing the Company's post at Athabasca Landing. Over twenty years after their marriage in 1865, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald donated half their homestead to the Canadian Pacific Railway as an inducement to help build their road northward from Calgary, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Mr. McDonald has lived a very active life. He was associated with Captain Palliser, Lord Southesk and other noted explorers in their tours through this then comparatively unknown country, in the years from 1858 to 1863.

BETWEEN Chief Factors Rowand and Christie there came two other Chief Factors for brief periods to old Fort Edmonton, viz: William Sinclair in 1856, and John Swanston in 1857, but these were shortly transferred to other posts and consequently they are not as well known to Edmontonians as those first mentioned. Sinclair's daughter married Christie, and his son, John Sinclair, was a highly respected citizen of Edmonton until his death recently, having spent a long and useful life, largely in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The year 1858 opened with William J. Christie in charge at Fort Edmonton, but in the capacity of Chief Trader. It was not long after that, however, until he received his promotion to the rank of Chief Factor.

The lead pencil inscriptions noted in this record, as recently discovered in the walls of old Fort Edmonton, contain an item about the arrival of Christie in 1861; but like Rowand's item this refers not to his first coming, but to his return from a trip away from the Fort where he had been installed as Chief Factor several years before. During Christie's incumbency he entertained a number of notable people, among whom were Captain John Palliser, R. N. A., and Dr. Hector, explorers for the Royal Engineers. The elegant new Canadian Pacific Railway hotel at Calgary is named after Captain Palliser, who wintered at Edmonton House in 1858-9. Most of his records are very matter of fact, as for instance, contenting himself with giving the size of the courtyard within the palisade, as 300 feet long by 210 feet wide.

Writing on the same subject Miss Hughes, already quoted, gives a more vivid description, saying: "The Fort was like some rude baronial stronghold in the feudal ages of the old world, with the liege's hall and retainers' cottages all safely enclosed with palisades, 20 feet high, surrounded by guns. The palisades were made from stout trees split in halves, and sunk into the ground, the whole strengthened by binding timber. Around this, com-

passing the entire Fort, the sentinels' gallery ran, and at the four corners the peaked roofs of the bastions rose, with cannon mouths filling the port holes."

ANOTHER noted visitor to Fort Edmonton in 1859 was James Carnegie, Lord Southesk, then a young man of thirty-two travelling for adventure, with a party from his Scotch home at Kinnaird Castle. In the early chapters of his book, "Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains", he refers to Chicago, through which he came north, as "a finely built town of 120,000 inhabitants."

Lord Southesk and party used Fort Edmonton as their headquarters for over two months. His Lordship's boyishness may be inferred from the following appreciative paragraph from his book.

"Mr. Christie received me with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Order and cleanliness everywhere prevailed at the Fort. It is delightful to be again enjoying some of the comforts of civilization such as wine, well-made coffee, vegetables, cream tarts, and other good things too many to mention."

Of his farewell he says: "All our arrangements being completed, we embarked in Mr. Christie's own new and roomy boat, 'The Golden Era', which he had obligingly lent us for the voyage, and by noon, October 17th, 1859, were fairly on our way down the broad current of the Saskatchewan River."

ANOTHER member of the British nobility who visited Fort Edmonton during Mr. Christie's factorship, in 1863, but while he was temporarily absent with Governor Dallas, was William Thomas Spencer, Viscount Milton. Lord Milton was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who in company with Dr. W. B. Cheadle, with whom he travelled, collaborated on a book, entitled, "The Northwest Passage by Land." From it the following impressions are quoted.

"On May 14th, 1863, we came in sight of the Fort, prettily situated on a high cliff overhanging the river on the north side. We were quickly fetched over in the Company's barge, and took up our quarters in the building, where we received every kindness and hospitality from the Chief Trader, Mr. Hardisty. The Establishment at Edmonton is the most important one in the Saskatchewan District, and is the residence of a Chief Factor who has charge of all minor posts. The boats required for the annual voyage to York Factory in Hudson Bay are built and mended here, as are carts, sleighs and harness and all appliances

required for the Company's traffic between the Company's Posts."

But all was not as uniformly cheerful at the old Fort as it seemed to Lords Southesk and Milton. Through the courtesy of District Manager A. F. Fugl of the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, at the present time, I had access to old journals of daily occurrences and correspondence books from Mr. Christie's fourteen years incumbency at Fort Edmonton, and learned that at least once, there came near being a starving time. In April, 1860, following an unusually long and hard winter, accompanied by an entire absence of buffalo herds, which had apparently sought food farther south, the last rations of pemmican and other food stuffs were exhausted, and the inhabitants were forced to subsist by hunting rabbits and other small game. At this juncture, Father Lacombe came to the rescue, sending down a sled load of fish from Lac Ste. Anne, which relieved the situation.

In this connection, I am pleased to state that Mr. Fugl, who was once Chief Factor at Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, has preserved an unusually full set of early records from that post as well as a considerable collection from Fort Edmonton and other posts. It is his purpose later to publish a book on his reminiscences of the north country. From his conversation I infer it will surely be very interesting.

IN 1868 Chief Factor Christie received promotion that gave him oversight of almost the entire country north of Edmonton, and during his frequent and protracted absences, Richard Hardisty, Chief Trader, officiated so well that in 1872 he became Chief Factor at Edmonton House, following Christie's retirement from that position.

One of the last acts of note of Chief Factor Christie is recorded by Beckles Wilson in his "Life of Lord Strathcona" in an account of the first meeting at Fort Garry of the North West Council for the government of Territories.



Father Albert Lacombe, Pioneer Missionary since 1852, officiating for many years at Old Fort Edmonton

Both Christie and Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, were among its twelve members. To attend this meeting Christie travelled over two thousand miles by dog team

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Cupid and

By Madge Macbeth



"Say, why don't you hang 'round here, readin' palms or sumpin. It wouldn't take long to learn off that dope"

DAVE BROTHERS walked, head bent, down the Midway casting quick sharp glances on either side of him. He was nervously flapping his coat tails—a characteristic sign that Dave was worried.

And no wonder.

The World's Greatest Amusement Company had been out four weeks, and played six towns and had had but five clear days during the whole time. There's nothing like rain for putting the jinx on a carnival crowd; it not only keeps the people away and makes the dimes rattle in a hollow, lonely fashion in their boxes, but it spoils the artistic effect of the Midway. It looks queer, somehow, to see the Australian boomerang thrower sitting on a rain-soaked stand under a huge green umbrella. It looks all wrong to see flags and pennants hanging limp and dripping against their poles, and the

is the ocean wave—the biggest paying asset of a Carnival; the few who have the courage to ride on it, feel uneasy a point north of the hamburger sandwich, and two points south of the last consignments of peanuts and popcorn, watching the sodden earth slip away from them in a thick gray rain. They get off in a hurry and advise others to stay away. The Ferris Wheel fares no better; could one blame people for not wanting to get any nearer the sullen, lowering clouds?

The day was Saturday, and after a spiteful shower, it seemed as though a rift were about to appear in the sodden sky. Dave's spirits rose accordingly; a good afternoon might pull them out of the deep hole they were in. Anyway he would be heartened by having a talk with Rosie. Rosie was always the jolliest thing about the Carnival. It took a deal of trouble

posters show but feebly through a steady down-pour of rain. Nor is that all; it absolutely puts the kibosh on free shows and balloon ascensions. The crowds feel cheated at having to pay for all the thrills. Then there

to dampen her spirits. She was the Fat Girl of the company, and weighed according to her spieler 625 pounds. It may not be betraying confidences to knock fifty pounds off that, but she was young—barely eighteen—and she had hopes of tipping the scales at anything under an even thousand.

MANAGER Dave Brothers paused in front of Rosie's tent in pleasant anticipation, when to his astonished ears there came a cry from inside. "Oh! Oh!!" The voice rose to a regular scream, only such a sound as could issue from a calliope or a human body with 575 pounds of lung power behind it.

Rushing into the tent, Dave found Rosie collapsing in her enormous, steel-enforced chair.

He gazed at her a moment, professional admiration warring with solicitous uneasiness. It was a fine sight for a manager's eyes—that mountain of flesh bulging and spreading in all directions! It was almost incredible that the red satin garment, voluminous though it was, which Rosie called a 'gownd' and which partly covered her person, should hold within its confines such a strain. Dave watched the heaving bulk quite affectionately. Then uneasiness replaced all other sentiments. Was the girl ill? Had the hoodoo spell which sent them close upon three weeks of rain struck Rosie, also? Manager Brothers groaned. Rosie was almost a mascot to him. How many times had she poured oil on the troubled waters by her

Avoirdupois

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

perennial cheerfulness and good temper? How often had she stood between him and fractious Shows and Concessions when a disastrous split in the Carnival was pending? How many, many times had she talked the dissatisfied out of leaving the World's Greatest Amusement Company for rival Carnivals at bigger money? Dave had only a vague idea.

"What ails her?" he asked anxiously.

"'Nother o' them faintin' spells," answered Tom, seizing a pail of water which stood just inside the tent door. "Keels right over an' faints plum away."

"MIND her clo's!" commanded Dave sharply, anticipating Tom's method of resuscitation. It was close upon the opening hour, and aside from the fact that Rosie would have no time to change, he realized what the ruining of that red satin garment would mean. It was no small job to buy and make Rosie's clothes.

After several moments spent in ineffectual sprinkling, Tom disregarded caution and threw the remaining contents of the pail in the girl's face. She heaved forward with a gasp and sat up.

"Say—wh—whatyer tryin' t'do? Drownd me?" Her voice was anything but cheerful; Dave hardly recognized it. "An' lookut whatyer done t' my gownd; lookut the spots! It's rooned! G'way, an' mind yer own business!"

"Hustle up, Rosie, an' git ready," said Tom, unaffected. "I gotta leave them people in, in a minute. Yuh

can't sleep all afternoon, yuh know." He winked at Dave over his shoulder.

"*Fattest girl on earth. Fattest and prettiest girl alive!*" The voice of the spieler told them that the crowds were filtering into the grounds.

"*Only sixteen years old and weighs 625 pounds! . . . How many please? Yes, ma'am, children half price. . . . yer's yuh fifteen cents change, miss! . . . Tha's aw right. Yer, Lady. . . . Yuh gotta pay fer that boy! He ain't no child in arms! . . . I can't he'p that, five cents! . . . On'y a dime, ten cents. . . to see Rosie, the fattest girl on earth. . . .*"

And Charley spied his best unaware of the serious state of affairs inside.

Rosie had burst into an alarming torrent of tears.

"Fer Gawd's sake, turn off the water works, girl," cried Dave. "Ain't we had enough, up to now? Say"—he shook her shoulder, an eerie feeling passing over him, as he felt the mass of flesh tremble and quiver under his hand—"say, what in blazes is the matter with you, anyway?"



Charlie spied his best, as the crowds filtered into the grounds, unaware of the serious state of affairs inside

The girl wriggled impatiently from him.

"I gotta have sumpin to stuff in my ears," she sobbed.

"Here's my gloves, or will yuh have my socks?" inquired Tom with fine though misplaced irony. And at a sign from Dave he thrust his head through the curtains and bawled,

"Charley, hey, Charley—aw, Charley! Gee, you're worse'n a house afire, when yuh gets up there sellin' tickets! Ain't yer ears workin' today? Tell them people the show starts in ten minutes—yes, yuh got me—ten minutes, see?" and he popped his head back again in time to hear Rosie saying:

"AN' this week it's the blamed Grease Joint! All I hear is

"Red Hot. . . Red Hot. . ."

A loaf of bread and a pound of meat

And all the mustard you can eat!

"I tell yuh, Dave it's drivin' me crazy! I ain't got a nerve left! I'm fixin' ter go clean bug-house, an' that's no joke! I gotta have another place when we hits the next burg, or I leaves this aggregation of freaks. That's a cinch!"

Dave Brothers could hardly believe his ears. He expected kicking from the other Shows, no matter where they were "placed"; indeed, he would have considered it an ominous sign had there been no grumbling amongst them. But it was usually Rosie who jollied them into something akin to good humor. Why, he had been obliged several times to give her the least advantageous place on the grounds—the space adjacent to the merry-go-round, but she drew the crowds just the same and never added to his troubles by quarreling. Beside, Charley was a first class spieler, with a voice that a Mississippi River boat fog-horn might envy, and after rising above the din of the merry-go-round, he could not see why Rosie should look upon the Cook House as a serious inconvenience. No, the girl was sick.

"Cheer up, little one," cried Tom. "You shall have the City Hall square all to yourself next burg we strike, if you'll jes' smile an' look pleasant a minute, so's I can let them galoots in."

HE peeped through the curtains and barely escaped an untimely end as Rosie's shoe struck the canvas an inch above his ear. Unaffected, he handed it back to her and helped her put it on. Dave, still heaving sighs of distress, slipped out at the side, just as Tom allowed the first twenty people to enter. They were preceded by a splendid burst of sunshine.

Rose boldly powdered her nose as the flap fell, then she smiled a toothy smile on the lot.

"Thank Gawd," she said to herself, "fer clear weather and the rubes. I shorely need the money!"

Rosie's history is probably not unlike that of many another "world's greatest fat girl." Born on an Ohio farm, she early exhibited signs which fitted her for Carnival life. As she grew from childhood into girlhood, she hardly realized how thankful she should have been to live on an Ohio farm, instead of being compressed into a Harlem flat. It was Dave Brothers, himself, who had discovered her, had offered her a place in the World's Greatest Amusement Company, and under whose guidance, she had brought herself up two hundred pounds. From an abnormally heavy girl, Rosie had

developed in one season into a Midway freak, one who could hardly walk the length of her tent, who had to be loaded on a furniture van for transportation to and from the train, and who was obliged, owing to her size, to ride in the baggage car!

Now riding on moving vans and in baggage cars is lonesome business, when one knew that the rest of the company was pleasantly squabbling in buses and the day coaches. But Rosie always emerged good tempered and cheerful, ready to listen to grievances, and as has been said, to smooth them over until—

Well, here begins the story:

BEN CARY joined the Carnival.

Ben was an ordinary roustabout who in his day, had been almost everything but India Rubber Man, "an' he's too darn close ever to be that," his fellows said of h'm. It was suspected that Ben had made money while acting as Wild Man for the Arena Amusement Company, and also as the human Sea Lion, when for six months he wore a slimy suit of dark fur, lived in a goocy tank, and made such raucous noises as had everlastingly impaired his epiglottis, or whatever is likely to go first under a hard strain. What he did with his earnings, no one knew, for unlike the rest of the company, he talked very little about his prosperity and his prospects. He just quietly salted his money away and dreamed his ambitious dreams. In the present Carnival, Ben helped with the installing and packing of the merry-go-round, selling confetti between times. When the last of the tents and poles were loaded and Rosie was heaved with many a grunt on the van, Ben would spring up beside her and chat as they bumped along to the station. There, after everything was safely stowed in the baggage car, but the World's Greatest Fat Girl, Ben would give her a mighty shove and help her aboard, often staying to keep her company until the next town was reached.

AND no velvetted and plumed gallant ever won his lady's heart in the lists more surely, than did Ben Cary win Rosie's youthful affections by his kindness. She thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night; she listened for his voice and hated all the other disturbing sounds about the Carnival. Jack Remmick, the popular young fellow who ran the Cook House, or "Grease Joint," earned Rosie's undying hatred by drowning the sound of Ben's voice, as he cried:

"Confetti, confetti! Everybody buys confetti! A great big bag five cents, the half of a dime! A barrel of fun in every bag of confetti!"

Rosie harbored no false hopes. Although in most of the books she read—books which generally sold because of their beautifully lurid cover designs—the hero loved the heroine "for herself alone," she banked on a more material lure.

"If I could show him," she said to herself, "a good fat wad, 'nough to start him in sumpin'—an' keep it a-goin' too, if needs be—I'd stand a chanct, I b'lieve. But I gotta have the wad. He don't want to be a Carnival roustabout all his sweet young life. An' he don't want to be no Human Sea Lion, neither. Not if I can help it!"

With a substantial bank balance Rosie would have certainly laid her heart and fortune at Ben's feet; without the fortune she could do little but pine for him, and hoard her money. It brought her a small measure of comfort to know that her secret was not suspected. Others might pair off, mate and part, other men and maids might look upon one another with eyes of longing and desire, but no one ever suspected such a thing of The Fattest Girl On Earth.

"He don't no more consider me as a gurl," she thought, "no more'n them tent poles. I'm jes' a piece o' hefty excess baggage."

But as though pining for Ben was not enough trouble to crowd into what had hitherto been an unclouded life, Rosie's grouch had a more substantial cause. SHE WAS RAPIDLY LOSING WEIGHT!

THIS meant not only the loss of her position, but the loss of Ben. For as soon as it became patent that she was not the fattest girl on earth, she must relinquish the right to gather in her \$100.00 a week or thereabouts, and in consequence, her hope of tempting Ben. Losing weight made her worry on a financial score; losing Ben caused acute heartache. The one condition re-acted upon the other, each taking its toll of pounds. Was Rosie to be blamed for her grouch and her fainting spells?

She sat upon her red-draped platform and answered questions in a listless manner.

"Yes sir, I was born fat. Weighed thirty pounds at two months. No, ma'am, I don't take no special treatment. . . Yes, I eats reg'lar, appetite good. . . What yer say? Why, Tom, there at the door, he brings my meals to me. . . No'm, I don't take no exercise to speak of. . ."

It was a "good" afternoon, and there was no supper for most of the Show people. With a few exceptions they were all continuous "grinds" and could not afford to close their doors for supper. But Rosie was the exception.

Shylock was no keener after his pound of flesh than she was for her double portion of steak, eggs, potatoes, beans, bread, cheese and coffee. A whole pie was but a snack to Rosie.

She demolished the supper under whose weight Tom's knees had buckled as he carried it, and finished off with a handful of popcorn which an admiring hayseed offered her. But it was hard to force it down. She made up her mind to take a good stiff tonic. The trouble about that was letting Tom into her secret. None of the show people must guess the calamity which hung over head. She could not tell Dave, nor could she ask him to buy her the dope, least of all could she ask Ben. There was nothing for it, when four weeks passed, and her clothes hung on her like a fat man's suit on a broom stick, there was nothing for it but to send for a doctor. She did not dare get weighed, but she knew that some fifty pounds must have faded from her lately.

Strangely, the loss of it showed in her face, first. She clung desperately to one of her chins, but it vanished. To her surprise, one morning, in the small mirror which hung in her dressing tent, she discovered a dimple in one plump cheek. It did not come much into play, except for Ben, but Rosie caught him looking at her curiously more than once, as he, with several other of the Carnival crowd, assembled in her tent in the mornings.

Waiting for the doctor in whose powers she had great confidence, Rosie listened unsympathetically to the complaints going on about her; the habit of dropping in and recounting their troubles to her was too strong in most of the crowd, to be laid aside suddenly.

THE doll-rack man was speaking, "An' the tight-wads, they hung about the rail, a-listenin' to my spiel till I was hoarse, but never did they come across with a nickle. I took in about half enough to feed a canary bird, las' week, an' that's no dream. Such a burg!"

He looked at Rosie.

"Aw, you put too heavy a gimmick on 'em," she returned callously. "Nobody wants to get stung that a-way, Bill."

"Gimmick!" repeated the injured Bill. "Gimmick your grandmother! A chile could have knocked them dolls down with a marble. Why, Rosie, I had 'em standin' plum upright. Don't tell me I had no gimmick on them baby-dolls; that makes me jes' nachelly sore!"

By which Bill meant to refute Rosie's accusation that he had his dolls tipped at such an angle that it would have been impossible to have

knocked them down with a cannon ball, no matter what the prizes.

It is a regrettable fact, and no one regretted it more than Bill himself, that it was necessary to gimmick many things around a Carnival. In a "good" week, when the crowds were free with their money, and the various games of chance or ball were well patronized, the gimmick was certainly heavy. The crowds were in a sportive mood and would play whether they won or not. During a poor week when a fellow would look long at his five cent piece before exchanging it for three balls, the gimmick would be raised, and Bill's dolls would tumble backward with ever so feeble a throw. Then with convivial encouragement, he would hand the fellow a cigar, and say, to the onlookers,

"See how easy it's done? A chile can do it. One doll, one cigar Two dolls, two cigars! Three dolls, and yuh gits a quarter back! Come one, come all. Th'ow at the dolls. . . . Three balls fer a nickle, on'y five cents fer three balls. . . ."

ROSIE turned tartly to the Cigarette Fiend who had a grievance to air.

"An' I don't let no one talk to me like that—manager or no manager! He needn't think I'm bound to this aggregation—no sir, not fer a minute! I'm as independent as he is. I gotta good trade, an' I ain't so slow at it, neither. I could leave this here bunch to-morrow, and make as good money—"

"Well, you ain't doin' us no favor by re-mainin', Sam," she remarked. "I don't want ter call your bluff, an' hurry you none, but—"

At this moment, just as the situation was growing decidedly unpleasant Tom entered and whispered to Rosie that the pill slinger was on his way.

With an air that a duchess might have envied, the Fat Girl turned to the crowd.

"I'll trouble you-all to excuse me," she said. "I gotta gentmun frien' a-comin' to call on me, this mornin', an' we have sumpin private to talk over. . . ."

The doctor came. He looked at her tongue, felt her pulse, listened to her lungs, thumped her in unexpected places and asked all manner of questions. But he could not find any reason for her malady. Indeed, he was a rather unsympathetic young man, who leaned to thin women of the Burne-Jones type, and he looked upon Rosie, frankly, as a monstrosity.

In leaving her a box of pills, and a large bottle of glutinous fluid, he said,

"However, I don't think you have anything to worry about. I should think from what I have seen, that in all probability you will just become more normal, gradually. I am

sure I hope it for you, with all my heart!"

Rosie was too utterly crushed to cry. She took some of the pills, which fortunately were nothing but a mixture of soda and sugar, drank a huge dose from the evil-looking bottle and sent Tom out for a quarter's worth of boiled rice. To her horror, when he brought it, she could not eat the stuff. Neither could she take sweets, nor, in fact, the old quantities of any food. Surreptitiously, she took tucks in her clothes and finally, after four more miserable weeks, resorted to padding.

"I NEVER seen no human disposition change like Rosie's," confided Tom to Charley the spieler, after a particularly exasperating afternoon. "Whatyer think she's turned against, now?"

"You?" asked Charley.

"She says to me, she says, 'Tom, here's on'y sixty-six tickets turned in, and I counted eighty four people in this here tent, with my own eyes. How's that?' she says. 'Well, Rosie,' I tells her, 'Them others was shills.' 'Shills?' she says. 'Well, Tom Boscombe, so long's you're my helper, don't you go an' let no more shills into my tent; d'ye hear?' Now, Charley, I leave it to you, can you beat it?"

Charley shook his head.

"There was a lot of 'em," he said. "I not ced it myself. There was three trapeze girls from the Great Western, an' a couple o' guys from the Arena, an' a couple o' Jack's friends! Why, Rosie's gone batty! I can't turn down a shill!"

"No more can I. I s'pose she'll be wantin' me to pay, next!"

ROSIE endured the misery of each week for the sake of Saturday night and moving time. Her disposition had not improved, nor her cheerfulness returned. She merely sat heavily, and waited for the blow which was sure to fall and sever her connection with Carnival life—and Ben Cary.

The first person to remark the insidious change working upon her generous personal charms, was Ben, himself. One Saturday night, when hoisting her on the dray had been less of a task than usual, when shoving her up the gang plank and into the baggage car had required little more than a guiding hand in the middle of her back, Ben had sat down on a bundle of canvas opposite and looked her over critically.

He saw a very fat girl surely, but one whose face was fresh and appealing, now that it was bereft of a succession of chins which dragged her mouth down at the corners, and gave that heavy dulness to her expression which only the managerially professional eye

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The Wooing That Failed



WHICHEVER way an observer turns in the German neighborhood of a Yankee city he is bound to be bumped by a lot of bold things. The one that hits him hardest and squarest between the eyes is what appears to be a singular oversight of the Lord. He left finesse clear out of the German makeup. Nor is it anywhere apparent that a conception of subtle contrivance has found a wee cranny to serve as a nesting place in the makeup of the second and third generations born in the United States. Of course, that shouldn't be held against the German-Americans, for their Creator made them so, and. . . .

But there are a good many things in the German makeup in which the Creator had no hand—downright nasty, arrogant things for which a place can be found in no plan save that of "Deutschland über alles." For instance a man is constantly stumbling over another fact as he roams about the same locality, and that is the number of futile things he can stack up like so many sheaves of wheat. The cap sheaf is the attempt to impress upon a German-American mind the idea that one may honestly have both a conscience and a decent conviction differing upon any point from Teutonic notions. One can wear himself out in the endeavor as he can exhaust himself by tossing a rubber ball against a brick wall; the thought will persist in bouncing back, and leave about the same sort of a mark as the ball does upon the bricks. This is not an indication of inherent density by any manner of means. It is merely because he is born a German, born a devil's mess of things decidedly polaric to American institutions, and to individual as well as collective American citizenship—the attempt to graft the German Penal Code upon the people of the United States

By H. E. Barnet

IS it true that the German Government has been whispering its prejudices into American editorial ears for a year or more? Read and see.

for one. It may also be remarked in passing that an assemblage of Germans can be relied upon to protest loudest and longest at what they may be pleased to look upon as an invasion of "personal liberty" when it steps on German toes.

SO, comes first the story of the lumbering Teutonic wooing of the Yankees. Now there is a possibility that it might have met with some slight reciprocation in the beginning but certainly not after it had progressed very far, if German civilization had been able to grow a thicker skin. But it happens that *kultur* is about the thinnest thing on the face of creation. A gentle scratch from the claws of opposition, and *r-i-p!* One stares straight at elemental brutality.

Something more than a year prior to the commencement of the present European War emissaries of the Imperial German Government became feverishly active in the United States. They began very slyly to engage themselves in a pernicious effort to foment discord between the people of all nationalities; to make them distrustful of one another in the commonplace relations of their everyday lives; and to develop open and hidden friction wherever possible. In the light of subsequent events there has come into full view one impudently nude fact; an idea was entertained that such odious doings would prove advantageous to the German Government. In other words, the Yankees were to be made, dishonestly, of course, radically pro-German in their sympathies.

The campaign was opened in the shape of an impertinent cajolery. But anybody who is familiar with the characteristics of the nation knows that such a method is on the far side of the table from the favored German notions

of procedure. Therefore, it is not at all amazing that within a short time the vicious attack upon American internal peace should degenerate as near to a knock-down-drag-out affair as it was thought decent Americans would stand.

GERMANS are notoriously awkward. If there are any beans to be carried they can be counted on to spill as many as the next burden-bearer. The promoters of the scheme chortled and kicked up their heels in a fit of unfortunate and premature glee. They took an amused tolerance of their efforts in stirring up prejudice against certain of the Powers to mean a coming over, bag and baggage, to their way of thinking. Quite early in the joyful carryings on a cloven hoof broke through neat shoe leather and disported itself in the open a little too long to avoid curious and critical attention. Then ill-concealed threats began to take the place of flattery. Consequently, because nobody has much time for a clumsy lover, least of all the American people, one of the pet plots of the powerful and conscienceless fathers of the movement to pre-vindicate their ruthless and bloody ambitions lived and died as sterile as the day it was born.

THE United States has a plentiful supply of small and struggling newspapers and other periodicals.

They are chronically hard up for service with which to make their columns attractive, and even to fill them up at all. Boiler plate material was at one time, and is yet, a very prevalent American editorial habit. But it is a thing that must be paid for usually. The United States also shelters an astonishingly large number of people who have a "bug" concerning one thing or another, and considerable sums of money at their disposal to spend in the advancement of their hobbies. These propagandists have eagerly seized upon the boiler plate habit as an easy and cheap way of spreading their tenets and cults. Hardly a mail comes into the offices of the unlucky editors that does not include a missive or two, printed more or less cheaply, or typewritten by palpably incompetent or careless stenographers, issuing from postoffice box so and so in the city of Buncombe or Slush, or wherever it may be. Accompanying these missives are fervent requests to give the enclosed as much space as is possible, and a statement

that the service will be continued free of expense if a mere recipient willingness is confessed. The confession is to be evidenced by the forwarding of the name of the individual on the editorial staff whose duty it will be to receive and prepare the matter to be forwarded to him.

The plan of this German endeavor was to first influence the press of the United States, especially the smaller publications. Advantage was to be taken of their weakness. Much more than a year before the outbreak of the War, weekly communications emanating from Washington began regularly to come to the desks of the editors of these smaller publications throughout the United States. They ostensibly came from an "International Information Bureau." The "Bureau" was held out to be in charge of one F. X. Weuschenk, who had the title of "Manager." Weuschenk seemed to have but one thing to enlarge upon, namely, an irreconcilable hatred of England, and abundant means to fritter away his perfervidness upon the ac-

childish as it could well be, and evoked, in most instances only amusement until downright insult became paramount. Then the material was only useful in keeping up the accuracy of the editorial waste basket aim.

UPON the outbreak of the War a mass of matter was put out in the United States arguing Germany's cause and her guiltlessness in bringing about the War. A magazine devoted to the same purpose made its appearance, and one Herman Ridder began to add daily to the nation's humor by his articles which appeared in every sizeable newspaper in the country. The English of Ridder and that of the bulletin-issuing correspondent were decidedly alike, from which came a startling thought. Could it be that the Imperial Government of Germany had been actually whispering its prejudices for a year or more into editorial ears, and endeavoring to win even the most humble support in anticipation of the action it was then preparing to take?

There seemed to be no other inference to be drawn, and there was some editorial comment upon the subject. As a single instance, one rather prominent Catholic monthly devoted possibly three inches of space on its editorial page to a query concerning the source of the communications of the "Bureau." It stated quite frankly that

"THE English are afflicted with an insatiable desire to conquer all opposition, by any means, and at any sacrifice, which is responsible for the war."

—*International Information Bureau.*

cumulated editorial ears of the country.

WITH the first of these tirades there came no introductory letter, no polite, fervent, or other request to give the matter space. There was just an arrogant sending on of the stuff, which seemed to radiate in the earlier communications an air of, "Well, here I am, and you've got to print me." There was no introductory explanation to the series; no plain statement of the intended object; no request that copies of the publication containing the articles be forwarded to show good faith. Nor was there the least anxiety shown as to whether any or all of the communications went into the waste basket, or into the hands of the typesetter. It was evidently taken for granted that editorial poverty would settle the question. The author launched himself forth into a series of alleged bulletins, long winded, in poor English, which had a faint idiomatic tinge, into all sorts of derogatory and spiteful utterance against England. The whole thing was as crude and as

communications came to hand, and the oblong envelopes were recognized, that they were consigned to the waste basket unopened, on the instant, without further thought being given to them. A great chatteration immediately arose from certain quarters that the "Bureau" was working in the interests of Catholicity, and not of the German Government; that Germany was a friend, and remains one, to those of the Catholic faith, and should be supported on that score. Well, there is only one answer to such specious statements. Germany has been, was then, and still is, ruthlessly engaged in devastating one Catholic country after another. There is another answer equally as strong. The "Bulletins" contained a great amount of material calculated to stir up to frenzy the worst elements in the ranks of the Socialists and of the I.W. W., two organizations with which the Catholic Church is engaged in a bitter warfare. Of its own weight the claim that the welfare of the Catholic Church was at the bottom of the efforts o

Weinschenk sinks completely out of sight.

AND not merely one religion but all of them have been outraged in this wild scramble to gain a kindly glance towards barbaric acts. In common with them, that other one of the most sacred of man's possessions, his home, has been entered in various deceptive ways upon the same errand.

It would seem a nonsensical undertaking to reproduce each paragraph of even one asinine "Bulletin" and comment upon it. The condemnatory application to German methods and actions is too plain, and yet, remember, they were written by a German for Germany, and with the sole hope of creating pro-German sympathy. However, one "Bulletin" is picked at random from the pile. It seems to be a fair average, though there are others more virulent in language, and more open in accusations against England. This particular communication is headed "Civilization," and in the opening paragraph gives the German version of the reason of being of the present War.

"IF Civilization means anything," is the rather abrupt way of beginning, "it means Civility, and not only acting civil, but being actually civil," a piece of advice it would be well to spread in German-American localities. "If the civilized world appears civilized to some, it lacks considerable of being civilized. The worldly may be considered civilized on the outside, but civility does not consist in outward stunts or words. There is a vast difference between genuine civility and refined hypocrisy. Uncontrolled vice is liable to break out into viciousness whenever its greed is obstructed and opposed. This is why War rages at the present time."

This, one is given to understand, in the light of other paragraphs in the same communication, and stated in plain words in other "Bulletins," is a reference to the actions of the British Government. Looking at the causes which led up to the present War through German lenses, the whole responsibility rests upon British shoulders. Somebody got in the way of English greed, and War started straightway to rage. But could anything be more apt in its application to German aggressions and methods than this opening paragraph? It seems to be a sort of an uncanny glimpse straight into guilty German minds. Evidently the writer must have thought something of the same thing, for a little later he says:

"WHILE a great deal of civilization exists, it is not of the world, but is driven out of the world, into the

Catacombs, as it were," which seems to be quite a frank confession that Civilization failed to find a refuge in Germany—a mere matter of common knowledge, possibly, that needs no repetition. "The so-called modern Civilization will not stand a test," the writer continues, "as has been demonstrated by the greedy elements forcing the European War. With the elements in power and at the top, there is a lack of self-control, of limiting greed and wants." Belgium? And why not add "lusts?" Possibly they are meant to be included in the word "wants." It must not be forgotten that this is an attempt to impress upon Yankee minds the fact that England brought on this War—forced it, if you please—and that the hideous practices in Europe are those of the English Armies, and back of them, of course, the English Government. Poor Germany, the "Bulletins" continue to say, had no other alternative but to declare war to save itself from England.

"They," the English, "are afflicted with an insatiable desire to conquer all opposition, by any means, and at any sacrifice, which is responsible for the war. The world has reached a stage, where men who are not civilized themselves cannot civilize others," Rather a pleasant prospect if it ever comes to "Deutschland über alles." "The time for iron-hand methods and human slavery is past. God intends to liberate the masses from both Satan and the money power yoke." Will Belgium be freed from the monster? Evidently so if this prediction amounts to a pinch of salt. The "money power yoke" refers to British investments in the United States, and, from the "Bulletins" one is to gather that the United States is dominated by England to a pitiful degree. It is queer that the Yankees had to wait to be informed by Germany before they realized the fact. "Leaders, instead of drivers, will be required to govern in the future."

HOWEVER, it is refreshing to know that part of the burden of being responsible for the European War is lifted, along towards the tail end of the "Bulletin," from British shoulders, but just where it is placed for the time being is left to one's imagination. "The attempt to continue the unjust British international material system"—just whatever may be meant by that in the United States—"after having run its course, is principally responsible for the European War," Weinschenk continues to explain over his own signature. "Upon this unjust international material system, a great deal of modern training is based. The extreme to which things have gone cannot be realized by those trained along this

crooked line. However, this war may open their eyes to their crookedness and injustice."

Then comes the promulgation of a remarkable discovery, namely, that somebody's statesmen are liars from breakfast to supper, and from supper to breakfast. "In a milder form than war, technicalities and strategy have taken the place of justice, until to-day jurists as a rule, know more about technicalities than they do about Justice." Yankee courts have come to be an object of attack by irresponsibles, and there is some ground for complaint, but this sentence falls flat when meant to apply to English legal methods; any American schoolboy is aware of that fact. It is just one of the attempts of the bulletin-writing correspondent to arouse a half-defined antagonism towards Yankee institutions. "The knowledge of technicalities, without being established in justice does not supply the necessary and true Judgment. The extent to which the crooked material system and training has drawn those out of line and away from truth, may be roughly estimated, when it is considered that (according to history) about a hundred years ago, statesmen 'could not tell a lie,' where to-day they 'cannot tell the truth.' Words will twist on them, ere they can get them out of their mouth." Any malefactor says the same thing. "Is this civilization, and why is this? It is partly due to hypocrisy posing under the guise of diplomacy, and prevaricating, having become a profitable art. It is principally due to the crooked material system, and the pride of the creature having become greater than the Creator, according to their own rating." Once it was said by the German Kaiser, "Me und Gott!" However, it is hoped by Weinschenk that the Yankees will take this to refer to the "British 'supreme ruler.'"

"ANYONE or anything, that will disturb that rating, is considered instrumental, according to their views of degrading civilization. To men inflated with this fictitious rating and the pride of Satan—" once more, remember, the German Kaiser said, "Me und Gott!"—"an humble Savior cannot possibly be greater than these men are capable of rating themselves." Perhaps that remark was "Me und Gott und mine friends." The "Bulletin" continues: "In fact, they are their own gods, and woeful condemnation will befall any institution that will disturb these self-created gods. With them 'blood will tell' the whole story, and 'flows thicker than water.' With these trained animals 'breeding' and 'title' count for more than spirit and intellect." This is the first threat

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LEXINGTON

"I'm coming after you"

"So did Napoleon"

Ceilings Limited

Young Forsythe sets out to beat Daddy Parks via the barber's chair, and Alice doesn't object

By R. Rohdie

Illustrated by Marjorie Mason

CYRUS PARKS, who usually enforced a sixty second limit on interviews, had done something unprecedented. For fifteen full minutes he had permitted a voluble someone else to monopolize his time, holding him in the passive role of listener.

The someone else was a younger man and tremendously in earnest.

"You've used a great deal of valuable time, William," burst forth Cyrus Parks now, "but the situation remains exactly as it was. It has taken you a quarter hour to tell me that you have quit the Thompson agency and are going to tackle the advertising business on your own hook, that you have saved a few thousands and are confident of making them grow into hundreds of thousands."

"Considering the important matters involved," said the young man, coolly, "it would seem the fifteen minutes were well invested."

"Those matters, I believe, were closed in our last conversation."

"Not quite definitely. You told me to go out and make good. To date I've made good with the Thompsons and now I'm going to make good for myself. Now, making good is a loose term, Mr. Parks, and what I'm after means so much to me that I want it defined. Suppose I were to build up a successful advertising agency of my own and——"

"SUPPOSE" put in Cyrus Parks, dryly. "How many of them now are living on crusts?"

"I have in mind an agency of my own in a field created by me and closed to all others," went on the younger man, ignoring the interruption.

"One thing I do like, William," Cyrus Parks admitted, "is originality. If you can discover a new advertising medium in this day, something worth while that the other fellows have passed up, and then can go ahead and make money out of it, I should call that making good."

"It was \$10,000 a year, wasn't it, that you suggested as the income of an eligible young man?"

"It was—but remember I made no

promise. I want to keep her myself."

"But what I want now is a promise. You have told me more than once that you didn't think I had a \$10,000 a year brain. You had referred to my irritating lack of originality, telling me you knew a half hundred persons just like me in looks, actions and thoughts and that none of them had ever presumed to bother you on the same subject. Now, suppose I can show you you're wrong."

"Bah!" snorted Cyrus Parks.

"I know your type, William. You're a dreamer. You're dreaming now. There's nothing practical about you. You can write a fairly decent piece of advertising copy, as I know, when there's no big point to be driven home hard—and that's the beginning and end of you."

"Then, if you're so sure?"

There was a ring of challenge in the young man's tone. Cyrus Parks, about to snap a reply, thought better of it and bit his lip. He rose abruptly from his desk and stood for a moment at the wide window, looking out over the sweep of roofs and the harbor beyond. Presently he spoke, slowly and quietly.

"IT'S a good many years since I've gambled, William," he said. "Then—that one time—it was what they would call an even money chance. It was the gamble that built this business. And I won, but I made up my mind then that if I ever took another risk of any sort the chances must be a thousand to one in my favor—or better.

"You haven't explained just what you think you're going to do, but I know your dreamer type and I know what little chance you have of getting where you start for. I'll take you, William!"

"Making good then, means—?"
"I'll leave the rest to Alice," promised Cyrus Parks.

"I DON'T believe I quite understand you, sir," apologized the working proprietor of the Majestic building barber shop.

With one hand cupped behind his



"Gentlemen," began young Forsythe, "we have come together to put under way a most important project"

ear he implied he was hard of hearing rather than mentally obtuse, while his face expressed chagrin at the necessity of making a first chair customer repeat himself.

"I said," repeated the young man in the chair, "that it is a wonder to me how you barbers will go on, year after year, wasting the most valuable space in your shops."

The rhythmic beat of razor on strop ceased as the working proprietor rallied to the defense of his scheme of interior planning.

"It took me a whole day," he replied, "to figure where to put the last two chairs without losing the cigar case."

Billy Forsythe, immaculate, prosperous, close cropped and square of jaw, laughed with the easy air of one who could afford the indulgence.

"You still don't understand," he said. "I don't mean the way you've used your floor. I've seen shops this size in other cities, as a matter of fact, which were cramped with a chair less. It's your ceiling I'm talking about."

"Oh," acquiesced the barber, looking upward with a stare as blank as the gold and white expanse which met his eyes. "Yes, yes. Quite right, sir!"

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you, honestly, that you could make that ceiling come pretty close to paying your rent?"

THE overlord of the Majestic building barbers was a personage with whom few ventured to jest. Although he continued in his prosperity to wield the razor and ply the shears he was a man of substance. His account was considered one of importance in the Rush Street Bank; and his dignity was no less for his official position as second term president of the International Master Barbers' Association.

Nevertheless the idea of drawing profits from the unused ceiling, fantastic though it appeared, was one that grew more inviting as he turned it over in his mind. And besides there was nothing fantastic about this clear-eyed young man, who clipped his words and whose face remained grave under scrutiny.

"Pay the rent with the ceiling, sir?" mused the head barber.

"How?"

THE officers and directors of the International Master Barbers' Association sat in executive session. Pleasure in full measure was being mixed with business, and the pleasure was not costing them a cent.

Mr. William Forsythe, the magnetic and magnanimous young business man whose promise to show them how to increase their profits was sponsored by no less reliable person than their president, was paying for every thing—for

the railroad tickets which had brought them here, for the hotel suites which they had found in readiness, for the dinner which they had just finished and for the theater boxes which all would occupy when the business was over with.

Now before them rose young Mr. Forsythe, all business. He bowed to President Tobey—otherwise Joseph Tobey, proprietor of the Majestic building barber shop—in acknowledgment of a somewhat florid introduction.

"Gentlemen," he began, sweeping the length of the table with a friendly and confident smile. "We've come together to-night to put under way a most important project. From your president you already have an idea of what I am about to say.

"But I want to impress upon you that the barber shops of this country hold the most valuable advertising space in the world. There is no space to be compared with your ceilings.

"Ninety per cent. of your customers—all good spenders as their presence in your shop proves—come to you to get shaved. For fifteen minutes, on the average, they lie back in your chairs with nothing to look at but the ceiling. In general they are busy men with active minds, who begrudge the time they must spend in the barber shop.

"To men of their sort no form of reading makes a bigger appeal than a well gotten up advertisement. Now suppose there were suspended from the ceiling of every barber shop a set of advertising posters such as you see in the street cars."

"But I've spent \$5,000 on my ceiling," interposed a barber from Jonesville. "I have a high class shop. Putting advertisements on the ceiling would cheapen it."

"THAT was Mr. Tobey's first argument and his only one against our project," said Forsythe. "He came to agree with me that men do not visit a barber shop to admire art and that the most ornate ceiling tires the eye when there is nothing else to look at. And why should your ceiling be a liability, why should it require an investment of \$5,000 when it should be making money for you?"

"You men plot and plan to get in the last possible chair, yet permit the equally valuable ceiling to go to waste. The ceiling, let me tell you, will pay the rent of the average shop. Now, how about art?"

The first act was half over before Mr. Forsythe's guests reached their theatre boxes. But by that time a



Even after the click of the telephone told him that Alice hung up, he didn't move

company tentatively called "Ceilings, Ltd." had been organized with William Forsythe as president and general manager, with the proprietor of the shop of the \$5,000 ceiling as first vice-president, with Joseph Tobey as treasurer and with the directors of the International Master Barbers' Association as a board of trustees.

EACH of the morning newspapers carried the same full page advertisement. Cyrus Parks had been interested enough to make sure of that. His own fortune had been built on advertising and here was a medium that would reach his public without waste—that would go direct to the man who ought to have a Parks Pen in his pocket.

So engrossed was Cyrus Parks in outlining a campaign through the new medium that a visitor was in his private office before he realized one had been announced.

"You strike me at a busy moment, William," he complained. "You might have let me alone a few months longer. I don't suppose you've got anywhere with your agency?"

"I haven't had much time to devote to it," confessed Billy Forsythe, contritely. "From now on, though, I'm going to buckle down to detail."

"I thought your dreaming would hold you back. Now if I were a young advertising man and wanted to get ahead, I'd hook up with this—but did you see the papers this morning, William? Some enterprising person is going to put advertising into the

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I was included among the guides' party as a sort of second cook, waiter and general pack horse

Political Fish

By R. T. Griswold

Illustrated from Photographs

their followers. Then the boss hit upon another plan. It was to get the leaders away, clear off from the rest of the esser party bosses somewhere, and have them thresh out the slate. But the question was where to have this "confab." Big Mike O'Brien, who was supposed to represent the manufacturing interests, finally solved the problem by inviting the whole crowd over to New Brunswick, to a fishing club he belonged to on the Magaguadavil River, near St. Andrews.

"We will all meet at Toronto, and then go up to St. Andrew on the Canadian Pacific," explained Big Mike. "We can have a lot of fun, besides having plenty of time to do all the scheming and slate-making we want to. Fishing for salmon in the New Brunswick rivers is even more exciting than politics. Between the two we ought to have a corking time."

My boss found at the last minute that he couldn't go. He sent Frank Cook in his place, but he wanted some one along, also, to tip off the paper in case anything should happen. It was fixed with Mike O'Brien that I be taken along as sort of assistant cook and camp domestic. The boss picked me, I suppose, because I had not been in the province very long, and did not then know one of the political lights by sight.

That assignment was an eye-opener

MOST everybody knows that political parties and church choirs have something in common—they are generally split into factions. I'm rather glad it's so, for that is how I, an ordinary reporter on a weekly stipend but a shade bigger than that of a millionaire's chauffeur, came to have a glimpse at that wonderful sport which only the rich are supposed to enjoy—salmon fishing.

That was back a couple of years ago. The conservatives in this province seemed to have a chance to pocket everything that wasn't nailed down. The reformers, both in the province and the Dominion, were fussing among themselves, and it looked as if the con-

servatives would win in a walk. The editor of my paper, who had been the leader of one faction for a number of years, invited the Lieut.-Governor, the Mayor of this city, and two or three leaders from other parts of the province to a conference at his house one afternoon. His plan was to go into the fight with the strongest ticket that could be picked, and then to combine all forces on this ticket for the election. It was the boss's plan to have the ticket represent all factions so there wouldn't be any sniping on election day. His conference was held early in April, but it did not result in much. The leaders seemed afraid to go into the deal without consulting

to me in a lot of ways. When the party boarded the train at Toronto one might easily have thought every one in it was confident he was going to arrange the political death of most of the other members of the party. Even the game of "rhummy" they played that night on the train was decidedly a cut-throat affair. But the first night in the woods there was a noticeable change, and before the party had been in camp two days one would have thought it was made up of old college chums who were out for their annual reunion. There was something I cannot describe about the wonderful outdoor air of that great North Country that made these men—all of them giants mentally—respond to the invitation of nature, and made them forget the little, petty, unnatural feelings towards each other.

MIKE had telegraphed ahead. Everything was arranged for us when the party arrived at St. Andrews. There were five principals in the party, and Mike had a guide for each one, besides the cook. I was included among the guides' party as a sort of a second cook, waiter, and pack horse, but at the second dinner in camp Mike told my secret, and I was included "at table" for the balance of the stay on the river. I always will be thankful to Mike for one other kindness. Old man Smith (that's not his name, but as I am not giving real names in this chronicle, Smith will do as well as any other) didn't want to fish. He ran a lot of elevators down in a far corner of the province, and was on the jump most of the time.

"Can't see why any man should want to come up here and work his head off fishin' when he could just as well rest," was Smith's way of looking at the trip. So Mike assigned Smith's guide to me, and, as luck would have it, Mike picked on Monk, as he was called, for me. Monk knew more about the doings of the wisest of the finny tribe that a private detective knows about the "calling list" of a budding young city sport who has been tagged for the divorce court. A half-breed Indian, Monk had been up and down most of the rivers worthy of the name on the Northern and Eastern shores of New Brunswick since he was old enough to handle a canoe alone. And, it might be added, the Indians in that North country know a canoe almost as soon as they know how to eat deer meat.

When Big Mike told me that I was to go salmon fishing with Monk as my guide I immediately hunted up the Indian to arrange for a start up the river by daylight next morning.

"You sleep. Fish sleep," Monk replied without getting in the least excited at my enthusiasm. "No fun so

early—too cold. Fish want breakfast when sun get warm."

"But Monk, all the rest are out early," I put forward by way of the best argument I could muster.

"Three hours work—no fish."

WITH this reply Monk squelched me. As I went away to join the rhummy game in the first cabin I had a deep feeling the Indian was lazy. But when I heard the other men turning out early—shortly after five the next morning—I felt Monk was pretty wise after all. It certainly was nice to roll tighter in the warm blankets for another two hour snooze.

The other four returned for breakfast about eight o'clock without a fish, just at the time we had finished our breakfast and were ready to start.

"Monk, is it really so that salmon sleep 'at night, and won't bite until later?" I asked as we pushed off from shore in the canoe, and headed up stream to a pool the Indian said should be tried first.

"Um—you can see. Salmon lay dead so long like sleep? Never caught salmon early." Monk went on to tell that his people had seen the salmon in the clear pools many a time during the early hours but had seldom known them to be tempted by any bait offerings until after seven o'clock. Monk figured the best hours for salmon fishing were between the hours of eight and eleven in the morning, and between



After that first day of fishing I was afraid that the party would break up all too soon

four o'clock and sundown in the afternoon.

As a boy I had fished frequently for bass and channel cat. My father had been quite an enthusiastic fisherman, and had taught me how to handle a line. But on this trip I was using borrowed tackle. That made me rather nervous, perhaps. Then, too, I did not know a thing about what to use as an offering for the salmon. First I thought I would try to bluff it through, then I decided I'd better confess my ignorance, my absolutely blind ignorance to Monk and enlist his help.

"Monk, you'll have to help me a lot if we are going to take any salmon back to camp," I said to him. "I don't know a blessed thing about how to fish for these jumpers."

"No fear. We kill some."

Kill fish! That sounded rather peculiar, but I soon learned what he meant. Arriving at one side of the pool Monk had headed for, he took the fly book and picked out what I afterwards learned was a "Jock Scott," which he said was the best one to try first in the morning. He instructed me to cast out over the pool towards the opposite side of the river, and to reel in slowly. This I did twice. I had taken perhaps two turns on the reel on the third cast when—I swear I can never forget the feeling that came like an electric shock up through my arms from the rod, and all over my body. I can remember what a "bass strike" was like, and have a recollection that a channel cat frequently offered a tug of war. But this salmon on the end of the line was like driving a strong-headed team.

TO my surprise Monk paddled down so that the canoe stood below the salmon. Then followed a race back and forth across the pool. All the while I held as stiff a line as I could. Then there was a sudden halt.

"Him stand on head," Monk said as he looked over my shoulder, and started paddling towards the shore line of the pool. This move seemed to outwit my finny friend, and I succeeded in getting in fully twenty-five feet of line. Monk beached the canoe and motioned to me to try to work the salmon down to a little ledge of rock that jutted out into the pool. He stood there, gaff in hand, ready for our friend, and splash! He had him gaffed before I knew what he was up to. I am rather proud to state this, my first salmon, weighed a few ounces over fourteen pounds, and you may believe I was proud of him when I displayed him at camp a few hours later.

After we were back in the canoe again on the way to another pool I remembered what Monk had said: "Him stand on head."

"What did you mean, that the sal-

mon was standing on its head?" I asked.

"Um! Why him swim? Why him jump? Why him take fly? Just like salmon. So him stand on head. Him know him stronger that way to pull against line. Him try to spit out hook."

WHEN at college I felt in awe of the professors who knew so many things about trees and flowers. The knowledge of this Indian professor in Nature's college certainly commanded my respect. I learned later he had heard most all the theories about how the salmon go down to the sea as grilse, and come back as full grown salmon to deposit their eggs, and that Monk had some perfectly logical ideas all his own.

After that first day of salmon fishing I was afraid that the party would break up all too soon.

But that night my fears along that line were allayed. O'Brien had told me that the night before everything looked to be fixed for the right kind of a slate. The man from the coal mines was holding out, and would not endorse any slate. Mike could see he was having the time of his life sitting on the cabin porch all day reading, and playing rummy with the "gang" as late at night as they would sit up. Mike figured he wanted to stay longer than Friday when we were supposed to go back to St. Andrews and take the train back home. So that third night, after most of us had finished supper, Mike proposed the "party" be extended at least five days. The Mayor was the only objector. He had an important council meeting slated for the following Tuesday night, and he felt that he should be present.

"I'll wire Johnson of the Press to have the boys postpone the council meeting for a week if you say the word," Mike volunteered. That fixed it, and likewise the slate, for the coal man swung into line without a murmur when the slate was taken up for a few moments before the rummy game started that night. I was sent with Monk into St. Andrews the next morning to wire the news to my boss. I rather grudged that day off the river, but I learned a lot of things about salmon from Monk during the trip to town and back.

"WISE fishers think they know," said Monk in one of these "lectures," which to me were more interesting than any I had heard at college. "Indians—old one—know salmon not. How do wise ones?"

Monk gave it as his theory that the salmon come back into the rivers only to deposit their eggs; that they always come in pairs, of course, and that they

do not loiter to see the eggs hatch, but start right off again on a sight seeing tour, and then head back to the sea. He disagreed with the "wise ones" as he called them, in the theory that the salmon came into the rivers every year. He thought in most cases it was not more frequent than once in two years, and in some cases but once in five years.

Monk also expressed the opinion, gained from his personal observation and that of older Indian fishermen, that most of the salmon find their way back to the same rivers and the same pools they had visited in previous years, and from which they had departed as grilse on their first trip to the sea. To prove this theory Monk told of having killed a salmon which had a hook and a piece of leader which had been severed from a part of his fishing paraphernalia of the previous year. Monk was positive this hook and leader came from his line because of certain identification marks.

"BUT Monk, perhaps he stayed in that pool, or in nearby pools, all that time," I said, rather unwilling to believe this wonderful tale.

"Him silver-shine," Monk replied, from which I knew his salmon was fresh from the sea within a few days, while salmon are dark after staying in the river for a short time.

From Monk's lectures I gathered that salmon are more giddy than school girls, and that no Indian, even, knows what sort of an offering will tempt them at all times. That's the sport in salmon fishing, according to Monk, trying to out-guess the smart jumpers, as I call them.

Monk had some great tales about how high and how far a salmon can jump in making his way up the rapids and falls which are found in many places in most of the New Brunswick rivers. From the "pull" I have felt on my line from a fourteen or fifteen pound salmon I am quite ready to believe they could find their way over quite high rapids, and even propel their powerful fins through a current that would make a motor boat look like a toy.

Back in camp I listened with interest to the tales told by other members of the party of their catches, and when bedtime came I would have tried to persuade Monk into making an early start the next morning had I not known that was a useless effort. I had another demonstration of the soundness of Monk's theory about the early morning fishing for the two who did spend two hours on the river that next morning came back to camp without a sign of a fin, but with a chill that took

several minutes before a rousing log fire and two or three cups of hot coffee to cure.

On my second day on the river Monk poled away down stream, beyond a rapids around which he carried the canoe. I learned afterwards this particular river was outside of the waters controlled by the fishing club whose guests we were, but Monk merely curled the corners of his eyes as he playfully offered to carry back the three fine salmon we had caught.

My first hook came within five minutes after I started, but I guess it was much over an hour before I succeeded in getting the salmon to where Monk could gaff him. The Indian told me afterwards he wanted to see how I got through the job alone, and I was rather proud as I remembered he had not coached me from the time of the first spin of the reel until the salmon was gaffed. The next one Monk handled at my request. I wanted to see how he would do it. It was better than any sleight of hand I have seen on a vaudeville stage. The Indian was one of those individuals who used "body English" when deeply interested in some piece of work in hand. As he handled the rod in one hand and poled the boat with the other, or stood on a shallow ledge and worked his salmon around to the point where he could strike with the gaff, Monk's body twists and facial expressions would have done justice to a head clown in a five ring circus. As we expected a full week more in camp I was glad enough to go back to camp along about five o'clock, but if I had known what was awaiting us at the cabin I think I would have stayed out all night.

WORD had been sent from home that the council meeting could not be postponed. The matter of sewage was to come up. Of course, the mayor had to be on hand. Big Mike also had to be present to look after some of the interests he represented. That meant our party broke camp that night, and I had had the last of my salmon fishing until some day, maybe, when I write a book or a lot of short stories and gather an income having a surplus big enough to pay the expenses of another salmon fishing trip. When I do go, if he is still alive, I will make it part of my preparations to secure Monk as a guide.

Back in the office the boss asked me what I thought about salmon.

"They're a lot wiser than politicians," I replied, and although I have not had the pleasure of studying salmon first hand since that trip to St. Andrews two years ago I've seen a lot of politicians, and I have not changed my opinion.

The Fighting Men of Canada

By Douglas Durkin

THERE'S a moving on the water where the
ships have lain asleep,
There's a rising of the wind along the
shore;
There's a cloud that's heading landward, ever
dark'ning, from the deep,
There's a murmur where the crowd was
mute before.
And the order 's, "Come together!"
And the word is, "Down below!"
"There'll be forty kinds of weather
"When the winds begin to blow!"

We have counted up our shekels, we have turned
our pennies in,
We have kissed the girls and closed the
waiting line;
For there's business over yonder, dirty business
for our kin,
And we're shipping out together on the brine.
And the call is "Do your duty!"
"Bon voyage! Farewell! Adieu!"
There'll be time for love and beauty.
When we've seen the business through.

There's a hush along the river where the tide
goes out to sea,
And a song that echoes softly to the shore,
For the boats have set to seaward, creeping
downward in the lee,
And a grim old dog of war leads on before.

And we sing a song of seamen
As we pass the answering hill,
"We are Britons, we are freemen,
"And we'll live as freemen still!"

Myriad-mouthed, they hail our coming, break
in thunders of applause,
('Tis the Lion Mother's welcome to her
brood!)
They have found us worthy kinsmen bred to
serve a worthy cause,
Men of British nerve and born of British
blood.
But the Captain's eye is leering,
And the word is, "Do your bit!"
"There'll be time enough for cheering
"When the guns begin to spit!"

God, the long mad days of waiting, eating dust
and spitting blood!
While the bullets rake the trenches where
we lie!
Curse the hours that hold us waiting! Damn
the Captain's sober mood!
Let us run the fiends to hell or let us die!
But the Captain's word is given,
"Hold the line—we're one to ten!"
What's it matter—hell or heaven—
So we die like fighting men?

Call it lust or call it honor! Call it glory in a
name!
We're a handful, more or less, of what we
were,
But we praise the grim Almighty that we stuck
and played the game,
Till we chased them at the double to their
lair.
For the word came, "Up and over!"
And our answer was a yell
As we scrambled out of cover—
And we dealt the dastards hell!

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took flight and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut; had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had marked after the manner of the Salem witches. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed, the occupants of which seemed to Drew's excited imagination to be Dr. Crow and the dead girl. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

There wasn't room for both of us in there, and I had no idea what he could find to interest him, so I waited in the bay-window. The lightning was now almost continuous and there was an occasional mutter of thunder along with it. The storm, which the dead stillness of an hour ago had

prophesied, was getting near enough to be reckoned with. And, on the whole, I wasn't sorry. Anything would be better than that breathless silence out-of-doors.

What small comfort I got out of that was presently neutralized, though, by what I saw out on the lawn in the instantaneous illumination of a vivid

lightning-flash. Just a silhouette of a man crouching tense behind the trunk of a big tree. He wasn't watching the house. He was turned in the other direction. There were many watchers abroad to-night, and some of the watchers were watched. The glimpse of that crouching figure gave me a bad moment of panic, but Jeffrey's

voice just then put me back on my feet.

"Come along, Drew," he said. "We're getting warm."

The flash of his torch showed me the way into his closet. Jeffrey crowded back against the side-wall to let me pass. And then I saw that behind the garments that hung from the hooks, screening it like a curtain, was a low, narrow door, opening back.

"Go in," said Jeffrey. "It's all right."

It took me a minute to see where we were. Then I made out a long passage of level flooring on the right, leading in a curve around a swelling dome of lath and plaster that looked like an enormous tomb.

"That's the vaulting to the ceiling of the room below," said Jeffrey. "I suppose it's the dining-room. Better let me lead, I guess."

He was excited and triumphant. Not so much, I thought, over finding the secret doorway at the bottom of the closet, but by what the tracks on the floor and the little chips of plaster seemed to be telling him.

We had circled half way around the dome when he stopped short and confidently opened another door. I heard him give a little gasp when he got inside and squeezed through quickly beside him. He closed the door behind us.

It was an extraordinary room—not more than seven feet wide and fully thirty long, so that I should have thought of it as a corridor had not the furniture, ranged in a row along one of the walls, declared plainly enough that some one had lived there. There was a narrow bed,

a dressing-table, a chiffonier and, further along, a row of bare hooks, screwed into the wall at uneven intervals.

An exclamation from Jeffrey attracted my attention to the lighting-arrangements. There were no regular electric fixtures, but from a hole in the ceiling a wire hung down a little beyond the dressing-table, and on the end of it was a double socket, with two high candle-power lamps.

"They wanted light up here and plenty of it," said Jeffrey.

"But where are the windows?" I exclaimed.

There were no windows. Instead there was a long, narrow skylight, and the carpentry of it was as rough and slovenly as that which had put up the clothes-hooks and dangled that unprotected electric cord through a hole in the ceiling.

Jeffrey sat down on the low chair in front of the dressing-table, laid down his electric bull's eye, and pulled open the one shallow drawer. What he found there struck me as trivial enough, but it seemed to interest him mightily—a well-used powder-puff and a box of rice-powder.

"A girl would have to be a pretty decided blonde, Drew," he observed, "to put on powder of that color and not have it show."

"Jeffrey," said I quickly, "let's get out of here. I can't stand this room. I don't know why, but there's something sinister about it."

He looked round from the table and nodded at me soberly. "It is sinister," he assented. "It's ghastly. But we're not through yet."

"What is it?" I demanded. "What is it that I feel in here? I haven't any extra sense for things."

"In the first place," said Jeffrey, "it's a concealed room. That accounts for the shape of it—that accounts for the skylight. And it's a concealed room that's been used, Drew. Somebody lived here a good, long while—unknown to the servants—unknown, I imagine, to the mistress of the house herself. Some one has lived here, and if I am not mistaken"—he hesitated a second, then let me have the full value of the words—"if I'm not mistaken, died here, Drew."



We climbed down from the open window, using a perilous tree-limb or two

He got up, with a little shiver, from the dressing-table, carrying the bull's-eye with him, and walked to the other end of the room—the end we had not come in by.

Under the strong rays of light even I could see from where I stood that there was another door there, though there was no latch nor frame—just a frayed, soiled outline upon the wall-paper. Jeffrey turned around and leaned back against it, his face wearing a puzzled, thoughtful frown. His eyes were fixed all the time on the dressing-table and the wall behind it. Then his gaze went to the electric wire.

"Nothing's quite right in this room, Drew," he said. "Why isn't that dressing mirror under the light, where it would shine on both sides of the face? Come! Let's put things tidy. Catch hold."

Already he was at one end of the dressing-table. I took the other and we lifted it along to its proper position just under the electric light.

"Ah!" said Jeffrey. In a flash he had out his knife and was digging away at a small hole in the plaster behind where the mirror had been.

I watched him in silence. His look was triumphant enough now. In another minute he had dug something out of the joist in the wall and was holding it out in his palm to me. It was a small, slightly flattened revolver-bullet.

"Jeffrey," I gasped, "do you work miracles? How did you know that was there?"

"Look at the chip broken off the corner of the mirror," said Jeffrey. "The bullet did that. You can see the shape of it. The bullet must have gone somewhere. If the shot had been fired from the other direction it would have gone on and smashed the mirror. If it had been fired by a person who had just come in by that door where I was standing, and aimed at a person sitting on that stool before the dressing-table, it must have gone on into the wall. There's nothing difficult about that. But—Drew, let me see that bullet again."

I handed it back to him. He looked at it now with an incredulous frown. And then, to my amazement, clenched his hands with a gesture of absolute perplexity.

"Always the contradiction!" he said. "Always the one contradiction. I thought I had it. But I'm wrong again. Drew, I'm going to see this thing through if it takes the rest of my life. I'm going to find out what really happened in this house on the night of the nineteenth of December."

"But, Jeffrey," I expostulated, "what more could you want? What more could you hope for than what you've got already?"

"That bullet," he said. "It isn't the right caliber, Drew."

Then suddenly he switched off his light and clutched my arm tightly. "Listen!" he said.

For a breathless moment of silence there was nothing. Then there came to my ears what he had heard before—distant, muffled, as if from a long way off, the sound of running feet. The footsteps were those of a man—a heavy man. The sound of them grew louder and then fainter again. The man had run down one of the corridors, fleeing in terror from something. The footsteps stopped abruptly, then almost instantly went on again running. But now they were growing louder.

"He's coming back," I whispered. "He's lost," said Jeffrey. "He has lost his way,"

And then, with a sudden sweep of his arm, he caught me and crowded me back against the wall. The fugitive was coming straight toward the hidden chamber. Was the pursuer coming, too?

A long flicker of lightning whitened the skylight and gave me a glimpse of Jeffrey's face—tense, the eyes blazing with expectancy. Then came the dark once more. But only for a moment. The door at the far end of the room burst open as if some one had run blindly into it, and at that moment a great crevice of white flame opened in the sky and for nearly a second the room blazed with light.

The man at the door staggered in, his face whiter than the mass of bandages wrapped around his neck, his eyes staring in maniacal terror. But what fixed my own horrified stare more than the terror in the man's eyes was a sudden red stain that I saw come through the bandages. The outcry he gave was swallowed in the crash of thunder that followed the lightning-flash. Then, in the blacker dark that swallowed him up we heard his limp body thud upon the floor. The door behind me creaked on its hinges.

Such was the fugitive. What had been the pursuer?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE THIRD CONFESSION.

Jeffrey was moving in the dark, and in a moment I heard the door pulled shut again.

"It's all right," he said quietly. "But apparently it's up to us to get the poor chap out of here."

"Who do you mean?" I whispered.

"Barton," said Jeffrey. "Didn't you recognize him?" He flashed on his torch and I stared at the inert man on the floor. "He did look pretty wild," he went on. "I don't know that I'd have spotted him myself if it

hadn't been for the bandages. Then, I half expected we might find him here."

We were both bending over the prostrate man now. He was unconscious—white as death and, with the growing smudge of red on the bandages, ghastly.

"It's the wound his wife gave him," said Jeffrey. "He's broken it open again, and I don't wonder."

It wasn't a very serious hemorrhage, though. The smudge wasn't growing very fast, and the man seemed to have a lot of vitality. Already he was showing signs of coming back to consciousness.

"What was it that frightened him, Jeffrey?" I asked. "What was it he was running away from, do you know?"

"Spooks, like enough," said Jeffrey easily. "They'll hardly trouble us. But what's really after him may prove a handful for us. We've got to get him out of here, Drew. He can tell us more about what happened in this house that other night than I supposed he could when we came here. And if Richards once gets his hands on him we'll never know what it is he has to tell. We've got to get him out of here and into that hotel-room at Oldborough, and the sooner we get about it the better. Wait a minute!"

He pulled a small silver flask out of his pocket and handed it to me. "Give him a little of that," he said.

With the first drop of the brandy that passed his lips, Barton's eyelids trembled, then opened a little, and I found him looking at me with an unseeing stare.

"It was her face," he said. "Did she follow you, too?" Then rousing a little more, he frowned at me as though I were not the one he expected. "Where am I?" he whispered. "And who are you?"

"You're all right," Jeffrey whispered, coming up with a pillow. "We're friends. We're going to get you out of here."

"Then I am here," he said with a shudder.

"In the Beech Hill house?" said Jeffrey. "Oh, yes, but you won't be long. We're friends, I tell you. You've nothing to worry about. Drink some more of the brandy and then we'll see if you can go on your own pins."

There was another flare of lightning and a crash of thunder, and this time it was followed by a roar of rain upon the skylight. The sound seemed to horrify Barton anew to the very verge of panic.

"Make it stop. I can't stand that noise."

Jeffrey nodded assent to my look of inquiry and, each of us taking an arm,

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LOVE AND THE WAR.

THERE is only one driving force in the world that can build up without at the same time tearing down. And that is love.

A fortune may be raked together through avarice; but it shrivels the raker and poisons his family. A position may be attained through ambition; but at the end, "man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish."

Finally, a war may be won through hate; but the winners in such a conflict will turn and gnaw each other.

The man who goes to the Front "to kill the Kaiser", "to bring those damned Germans down," "to get even for the Lusitania" will be shooting boomerang bullets.

If I had been brought up in Berlin within sight of the Emperor's flock of white automobiles—if Bismarck had been my childhood's hero with his chromed head in my nursery—if the Kultur-cult had been the neo-religion of my mother and militarism the pseudo-politics of my father—what would I be? A German of course, a Kaiser-lauding, Bismarck-following, Kultur-worshipping Berliner. Just as the Zanzibar savage is a Zanzibar savage and the son of wolves is a wolf. I'm not so much better than my 'cross-the-street neighbor in Canucktown that I could count on rising superior to public sentiment anywhere.

But Germany must be beaten? Assuredly. The mad dog has to be shot. But we ought to be sorry for the shivering, wild-eyed, gaunt little beast. And when we get him, we needn't exult over his carcase.

God had to punish a world once, a great wicked sin-mad world.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually—and it grieved Him at His heart."

I think that is one of the most ex-

traordinary statements in the Bible—God, *grieving*. And it is the only thing that makes rational the knowledge of God punishing.

And do you know, we can't punish, we must never try to punish, until the thought of it grieves us at our heart?

The guilt of a stranger kills our liking for him perhaps. The guilt of a friend kindles our love. For the need of love is to be needed, and the more a man's misfortunes are his own fault, the more he is to be pitied and to be loved up out of them.

Love is the one blinding, devastating, recreating experience of life. Love is no love until it places the well-being of the loved one above its own well-being—until it is willing to endure pain and slight and hardship deliberately planned, and, cruelest of all, utter misunderstanding and desertion, in order that the loved one may sometime come to redemption. Love has no rights; it has only need of giving.

A patriot is a man who so loves his country? A saint is one who so loves his God? Yes, but a patriot mustn't bound Canada by the three oceans and the Forty-Ninth parallel of latitude. A patriot's land is all lands. A patriot must dream of the day when out of blackened and smoking Europe, the dim figures of blood-drenched and bewildered foes will cast themselves on the sundering sea to drift to new lands.

And a Christian, if he is to love his God fully, must also love his Father's other children—the sinning children, the mistaken children, who must pay for their sin. And when to him is committed the stern and terrible task of punishing, if he is to save his own soul, he must first love.

A STORY FOR LIFE.

OUR big brother *Life* has just held a competition based on the question, "How short may a story be and still be a short story?" Every author whose tale was purchased for publication received ten cents a word for all the

words (up to fifteen hundred) that he didn't write. Condensation in the story thus produced in direct ratio, inflation in the paycheck.

To my way of thinking, the most stimulating little yarn-suggester, the most compressed compendium of human-interest stuff that comes into this office is "The Monthly Report of the Department of Public Health of the City of Toronto," the August number of which is just in.

Take this for the cold statement of breathless battle:

General Death Rate Per 1000 Population Per Annum

Av. for last 10 years for August... 14.6
August 1914..... 10.8
August 1915..... 10.1

Your first observation is, that it's on the decrease.

Then you remember how Toronto has grown and thickened in its downtown districts, and you think the decrease is very creditable.

Last of all, you consider the 1915 economic difficulties presented by war conditions and you realize that it's quite remarkable.

But even then you don't understand. You can't appreciate the ceaseless vigilance, the relentless pursuit of the fly on the fruit, the germ in the infected house, the B. Coli in the water, the dirt in the milk, and the vile and contaminating wrong theory in the brain of the human.

You can't see all these things unless you've talked with the M. H. O. in his big busy ground floor office, the laboratory man up in the City Hall attic, and the Public Health nurse, smiling at you over the top of her perpetual-motion phone. Even then you don't know the tenth part of the activities that ray out from these offices unless you've followed the sanitary inspectors and the nurses on their rounds.

"With a well-organized Department of Public Health, a Municipality may have as much health as it is willing to pay for," the Report asserts on its cover. And when you look back over the year's work you discover that Toronto had a lower death rate in 1914 than any other large city in America or the United Kingdom, with itself of 1913 as its nearest competitor.

And yet, as you see, the forces weren't satisfied to leave it at that. Nineteen Fifteen must carry a few thousand yards more of the trenches of Death.

The secret of it all is in the theory taught by the head of the Department.

"If a crime occurs in a neighborhood, the police are not only held responsible for catching the criminal," Dr. Hastings tells you, "but they're supposed to prevent a recurrence of the incident. In my opinion, the Health Department ought to be held similarly responsible

for every death from preventable causes."

The Public Health nurses now have 5,978 homes under supervision, with 7,002 patients. Three hundred and twenty-six of these cases are expectant mothers, each of whom is being trained to care for her baby. When the new little Torontonian arrives, the mother will be urged to nurse him herself, but if circumstances forbid this, she may get milk from any one of five depots where the food is prepared free. Free advice is also given her at the Well Baby Clinic nearest her home, and free approbation if she does her duty. That the system works is proved by the italicized shout of triumph with which the Report states that "*The number of deaths of infants under one year of age was 154 as compared with 165 in August of 1914, and 301 in August, 1913. Although the improvement over last year is only seven per cent., that over August of the previous year amounts to 50 per cent.*"

You can imagine the nurses all throwing up their caps, and even the M. H. O. unfurling a smile of grim approval for his troops. But he won't let them stop there. Not he. When the next Monthly Report comes in, I know I'll find a still further decrease. But I can hardly wait to get it out of its envelope to see just what the decrease will be!

TWENTY-TWO LAUGHING

MERVYN has sorta misty-black hair around her little dark gypsy face. She has eyes that laugh so much that you have to look twice to make sure they aren't twinkle-star color instead of brown. And she has the youngest and most infectious giggle you ever heard in your blasé life.

When Mervyn shuts her wings and settles down on a subject she can get it nailed to the mast in short order. But it takes a holiday in prospect or the boss expected back to make her do it. In the main she's as flutter-minded as a hummingbird.

She's wandering down the Avenue arm in arm with the Pedlar whom for some odd and delicious reason she favors with the friendship and the youth of her. Like as not they're discussing Lloyd George or William Jennings Bygone. That is, the Pedlar is discussing. Mervyn's eyes are wandering from the lemon silk stockings of the lady approaching, to the latest lines of Reggie de Swift's latest car, rapidly Klaxoning itself around the corner.

"Oh Pedlar, don't you just lo-ove it!" she bubbles all of a sudden, side-darting the astonished discussor up in front of a window filled with the latest Frenchnesses, that must be evening gowns because they're on

beautiful wax window-ladies, but that haven't waists to speak of above the waist-line nor skirts to look at below the knee-line.

The Pedlar knows enough to chuck W. J. B. into the subcellar he deserves, and concentrate on the autumn-grey dream that they don't dare price-ticket.

"And that green suit—aren't the slanting button-holes just *cuty*? And look how the pockets go on over the belt. Oh Pedlar, I'm just *mad* about it!"

No comment is necessary. None is expected. For by this time Mervyn's gaze is concentrated like a diamond drill on the very ne-plus-ultra shoes you ever saw, pecking around from the seductive next window.

"I must have a pair, oh Pedlar, dear, I just gotta!" Mervyn moans. The moan is admiration mixed with a little uncertainty whether to have them put on Aunt Margaret's charge account or pay for them now, trusting to Uncle Dick and the future.

Once within the sacred precincts it becomes increasingly difficult to detach Mervyn from the clothes-line. Ten to one she buys the dearest hat—oh, Pedlar, why it's only *seven-ninety-five*! Who ever *heard* of selling such a da-andy for seven ninety-five? It would be wicked to let it go. Don't you think so?

Certainly. Of course. Mervyn has opened her eyes and shaken the tree of her laughter till all the little liting leaves sing together. Mervyn is just twenty two and she has a fund of scorn that she loves to heap on the savor.

"Mervyn," says the Pedlar, trying to squeeze his mind round to reasonableness, "how many hats did you have this summer? There was that grey felt you got in August and—"

"Oh and the big white one, but that's just a dress hat—you *have* to have a dress hat Pedlar dear, unless you want to die—and the little three cornered black one and the old brown sailor thing—and—and—well of course there was that silk one, but that was away back in the middle ages, about Easter."

"Five," says the Pedlar inexorably, "Mervyn dear, is it wise?"

"Oh no," acknowledges the serene culprit, "but it's fun."

When Mervyn goes to lunch—with-out the Pedlar—she economizes. "Cherry pie and coffee, that's every single thing I want," she declares to Isabel of the quiet eyes and the business-manner, "but I just can't go to a cheap place where they throw things at you! Sometime I will you know, when it isn't so hot—only it mustn't be winter because then there's no ventilation."

Arrived at close quarters with the menu, Mervyn changes the cherry pie

for ginger bread, hot (with lots of butter if you can coax a second pat out of the waitress), refusing with scorn Isa's suggestion of poached eggs and asparagus, which is thirty cents and therefore quite ridiculous considering the five hats.

"To-morrow," says Mervyn after the finger-bowl exercises, "to-morrow I'm going to Childs, and I'll get a real old-fashioned hot meal. Now *don't* you grin Isabel, I me-an it, you horrid thing!"

Once again the leaves all dance in the sunshine and the man with the grey hair and the tired eyes and money enough to buy the whole bill of fare for everybody in the building, turns to watch twenty-two laughing.

THE COAXING BACK OF DOLLY

DOLLY didn't want to get better. She was a very sick girl indeed, so sick that nothing seemed desirable but to be let alone. The awful nightmare of the last few weeks of pain lay like a cloud over her mind. Jack's need of her—her mother's tearful visits to the hushed room—the awed faces of her little boys—nothing could call her back.

Sometimes her eyes were closed, the long lashes motionless against the waxen face. More often they were wide and dark, the brain behind them too indolent, too exhausted perhaps, too unawake mentally to do other than laboredly count again and again, the rods at the bottom of her white hospital bed.

As strength returned, the mind lay dormant still—a wheel uncogged and useless in this rushing world—a log of unrelated driftwood on the moving deep of man's affairs. Why was she called back, she who had gone so far on that wide sea that life meant nothing but a dim string of huts against a river mouth, glimpsed in some storm-driven moment years ago?

She would sleep.

The doctor was frankly puzzled. Medicine would do nothing. Love didn't avail. Even the sight of the pale sky and the thin-armed trees through the window brought no life-desire. It was autumn, and nature herself was dying, listless and content.

Among the things in the suit case sent from home, the nurse had found a soft pink negligee—a thing so dainty-fresh of tone, so frail, so made of Jack Frost lace and rose petals, that all the woman's heart under the big white apron bib went out to it.

And then—

Yes, she could have an hour off right now, since her best friend relieved her. Yes, she could go down town. And here she was, matching the color of the lovely thing in wide soft ribbon at the department store, then back again,



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caught with the rushing splendor of her big idea.

Feebly Dolly demurred at being dressed, but there was no great resistance in her. Even when the nurse combed out the lovely lustrous hair, crossed the thick braids over her head, and tied them like a child's, all she did was frown a little.

But when at last the bureau was wheeled so that the glass came opposite the foot of the bed, and she could see in its depths a strange figure with puffs of rose ribbon over her ears and a rose-mist negligee against the white of the pillows, very fearfully the nurse stood aside to see what Dolly's soul caught back from the wide spaces of eternity, would have to say to this so earthly loveliness.

The big dark eyes gazed long and earnestly, and then she smiled, a slow, pleased glimmer of her old sunshiny self, and a faint color flushed into her face.

"I wish—has—Jack been in to-day?" she asked the nurse.

The strangest thing of all was that the idea leaped from nurse to nurse, till down the corridor the doors stood wide. The cancer case wore blue, the little operation lady bloomed forth in corn color, and even gran'ma who would never walk again, wore puffs of mauve behind her ears and a cream negligee, the prettiest of them all.

The nurses came and went with quicker steps. The very man who polished floors caught the subdued excitement of the place.

The woman who hadn't been up in eight weeks was to be wheeled in to call on her neighbor who hadn't been seen for ten!

The doctors couldn't understand, of course, since they were men, but the nurses knew that the dear spirit of beauty, under whose fingers grow the lovely things that women find so sweet, had fluttered into that grim ward. Where duty could not drive the vagrant soul to earth again, the sight of pretty things, with sheer inconsequence, sheer springtime gayety of loveliness, had coaxed it home.

Wooing That Failed

Continued from page 30.

against the United States the "Bulletin" contains, and the first accusation that the people of the United States have ever heard that they are "degrading civilization" when they differ from German notions.

The most insulting part of this whole rigmarole is the nasty slap at the President of the United States. "There is a vast difference between a well trained animal and a rational human being. Many imagine civilization and refine-

ment consists in certain stereotyped manners, refined small talk or imitating a canary, to humor the sensual imagination. This may humor refined sensuality, upon which present day worldly culture and civilization has built its 'Air Castles,' but this is not civility. When referring to Civilization, the worldly parts is meant, which owing to its gentle viciousness and hypocrisy, has driven sincerity and real civilization out of the world, without a voice in the world." Now who can put on that shoe with the least effort, the German Kaiser, or the President of the United States?

"To this class, a stereotyped lot of phrases and a smattering of learning, calls for a diploma, which spells 'Education' and means finished, or nothing more to learn. It means hanging up the receiver, ringing off, and shutting up like a clam, in their own self sufficiency. Such men imagine they have a right to believe what they like to believe, regardless of the truth, and then force their false views on others." A little glimpse at the character of Weinschenk, and those supporting him.

"Learning a lot of stereotyped stuff based on fiction instead of facts and calling it 'Education,' probably caused that American to use the expression 'there is no such a d—fool, as an educated fool.' Ringing off and hanging up the receiver after getting a diploma, shuts men off from the original source of reasoning and original ideas, and consequently, from progressing along with the world." It seems a pity that lese-majesty must proceed to an unconscionable point in the United States before much notice is taken of it.

Always, throughout every "Bulletin" the author comes back to the hatred of the British, and an endeavor to stir up prejudice against everything connected with them. "While the American character should be of the New World," he goes on to say, "and thoroughly different from what has been described, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the principal instruments in control of this country have aped European Royalty and inherited the disease described"—the unhappy state of being a damned fool is the probable meaning of the sentence. "They are at the top by swelling up, and are holding themselves there by the use of humble people's money." The British have inflated themselves, he would have you understand, and are floating around in the air in the United States like a lot of toy balloons. "Such men do not require Christianity, for Civilization, but desire an imitation, something that will reconcile an impossibility, God and Mammon, or God and injustice." Or the doctrine of "Me und Gott!" "They have as little

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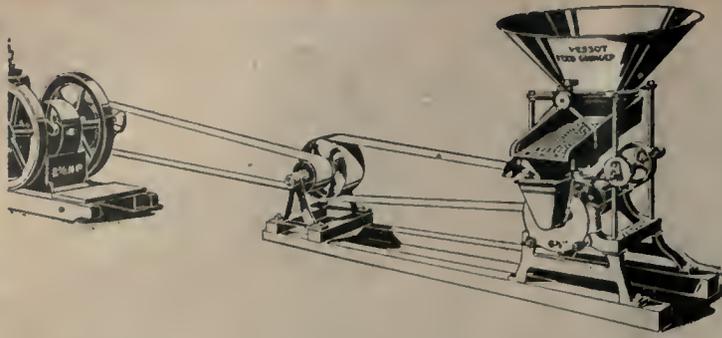
knowledge of what constitutes peace, as they have knowledge of Christmas and its meaning. They know as much about Christmas and peace as they know about Christ the Prince of Peace, of Whom they know little or nothing."

The constant dragging in of the names of God and Christ is one of the disgusting things about the "Bulletins." If the German Government is well informed concerning the teachings of Christ there is little evidence of the fact. And just how far do the teachings of Christ apply to the actions of

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the German Government during the past year? That is a fair question. If that Government is attempting to justify its course by following any of the teachings of the Jesus Christ English-speaking nations know, just where between the covers of the Holy Writ can



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the remarkable justification be found? That is another fair question.

"If these men sought spiritual advice in regard to peace," the "Bulletin" goes on, "they would undoubtedly turn to that 'steel magnate' or 'hardware dealer,' the peace manipulator for the British 'supreme ruler.' It is no trouble for these hypocrites to pretend favoring peace, and at the same time uphold war, by furnishing munitions of War to the principal factor responsible for War." A nice idea of neutrality it would be in view of this: "The British elements have increased their business by furnishing munitions of War, but the more they thus increase their business, the longer will the war last and honest business men of the country suffer," winding up with this yelp of the kicked cur: "Why does not the government take control of institutions violating neutrality; for violating neutrality endangers the country's safety—" a meant to be hidden threat. "It should be borne in mind that Providence had only supplied the European power liberating the masses—" Germany, by inference—"with sufficient resources to accomplish the work." Withdrawing supplies from the Allies while Germany has plenty of her own would be expressing neutrality to the nth degree! It would be equivalent to opening the door and letting German armies with their "sufficient resources" walk in and commit such depredations as they pleased—and the honor of women if nothing else forbids. Yet that is what Germany has been trying to force the United States to do. Yankee ideas of civilization may be infantile, but they are decidedly not imbecile. "Not alone this, but violating neutrality—" according to German notions—"and aiding one factor, is instrumental in prolonging the viciousness of war and wholesale murder," an appeal with two horns to tender hearted folks. "When the power doing the liberating—" Germany again, by inference—"has gone to the limit in sacrifices, without enforcing the right solution, the penalty will fall on the principal obstructor—" the United States. "The evil done will re-act on the country and those in responsible positions and guilty must be held accountable." To whom? If Germany has "sufficient resources" to do what it set out to do, why the suggestion of a possible failure? The author had better hitch his ideas a little closer together; they are pulling against one another.

But to get back to these Britishers against whom Weinschenk is so industriously warning the United States. He says: "The country is largely in control of just such men as described. What does this signify?" Now he slips in another very plain threat.

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"Those capable of seeing farther than to the end of their nose, can see that unless conservative men will take matters more firmly in hand, it means war for this country." And another little slap at the President: "Cowardice and dishonesty are leading up to this. It is not alone what is done, that is likely to get this country in trouble, but what is shirked or done out of order and due time. Where one consistent act is done to solve matters, several underhanded schemes are invented and carried out to protect what they consider their private rights. Any interest conflicting with the general welfare of the country can and must not be considered as private rights or interests." In other words, shut off all supplies to England, smile at the wholesale murder of American citizens upon the high seas; give "Me und Gott und mine friends" our chance, and the Germanization of America will come quick enough. It is common talk in the German-American neighborhoods of Yankee cities that the victorious German armies are to be sent to Canada at the close of the war in Europe. That country is to be trounced into submission to form a base for the operations of the army that will annex the United States to the German Empire.

"It is highly important for conservative Americans to decide upon the right course, and act with the firmness necessary," continues the advisor. "While the country has suffered much it is but a 'drop in the bucket' compared to what will befall it, if disaster is called down upon the Country, owing to acts or omissions, of those in control." The country is evidently to be punished as well as annexed when Canada becomes a German possession. Then back to the British again: "As the big British interests conflict with the people's interests, it can be seen that neither harmony nor charity can exist between the common people and those upholding and operating the system. How do they overcome this condition and continue the system? Simply by poisoning the minds of a lot of unthinking poor and non-Christians against Christians and the Church." Another yelp from the kicked cur. German pride? It might once have been an element in the German makeup, but it evidently failed to appreciate the company, and took its departure. "What can these manipulators expect as a reward?" is the speculation. It is answered by: "Their reward lies in such honor as these poor dupes have to offer, providing that it can be called 'honor,' where it is obtained by imposing on the public, and resorting to the most malicious deceptions." German truth regarding its own actions. "By this means they have succeeded in working themselves near the top and head

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Cynthia

Continued from page 12.

been since the world was, a single bugle lifted up its voice.

"New day! New day! Some-time, somewhere, new day!"

Then a man who had been leaning weakly against the cross, turned.

"Why Bob," said Cynthia softly.

She came to him with her arms outstretched, marvelling to see such haunted eyes, such pallor, in the dead who should be at rest.

"You came?" he asked wondering-ly, "you came after all?"

"Of course," said Cynthia with a little happy laugh, "God made me to come to you."

Then all the guns in all the world spoke at once. This little wedge of torn field was the predestined cockpit of the ages. Five thousand black fingers of death were trained across a barren mile, five thousand shells screamed Hun-ward, together. The surplus of six months' fevered production in the munition factories was to be hurled against the German front, at this, the key-section of the line—*to-day!*

A khaki column tumbled up from behind the hill, the men mad with joy. Most of them would fall doubtless, but they would go out smiling, knowing that "Deutschland über alles" was the most colossal miscalculation of history.

But Cynthia was past caring. She lay in the rude dugout where Bob had been sheltered all these weary months by the two old peasants who had found him after the Bosches had dynamited the Canucks' trench and he had been blown into a field and left for dead. He had been delirious so long, just from the unthinkable shock that had torn all the muscles loose from his bones. Three times he had recovered enough to send messages across the sea but no word had come and he had thought her dead.

"Now she recovers," said the fat Frenchwoman, "see, she sits up."

Very carefully they turned their backs, these two untutored gentlefolk, that they might not profane the sanctuary with their gaze.

"And they kept you, all these months?" Cynthia asked at last, "oh make her come here till I thank her!"

Bob translated. The Frenchwoman smiled though she very nearly cried because the little one was so lovely despite her haunted look. When it came to her turn to speak however, she didn't need an interpreter. She just pointed to her visitor's wedding ring, then to Bob, then to the old, gnarled, incredibly feeble figure who smiled behind her. She knew what love was. That was reason enough.



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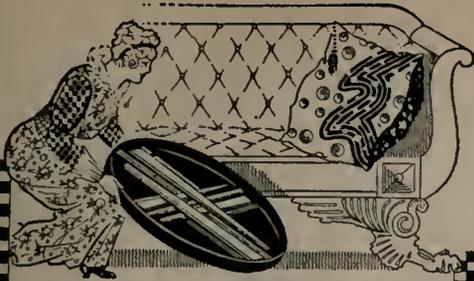
The Trenches of Yesterday

Continued from page 15.

winged monoplanes and in the next my attention was caught by the bubble-like iridescence of a gardenful of glass bells which protected the young plants beneath and reflected the golden glory of the late sunlight. Now we passed a train full of horses and dark-skinned soldiers, all huddled in box cars together, and in another moment I was

marvelling at the tender greens of the planted fields.

In the same compartment with me were two soldiers' wives, who complained of a fruitless journey to near the battle-front to see their husbands. It was not allowed and they were returning disappointed. One had an armful of lilacs and daisies which she shared with me. Indeed, the great number of flowers one saw gave a holiday air to the throng that got off the train that Saturday afternoon at the Gare du Nord. There were children



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brick wall of the theatre, as if it were the lady I was pursuing.

"No!" roared he stage manager.

"Then come up and do it yourself!" I roared back, throwing down my part and kicking it viciously into the orchestra, part of the stage sticking in the sole of my shoe.

Said Madame in her sweetest chest notes, conciliatingly: "Mr. Parks is really not well to-day."

The walk I used in getting to the door was just the walk I should have used in getting to the window. In the entry stood Christie.

"Dick," she commanded, "you can't desert the ship like this. It's not square. On the eve of a performance, too. You'll be blacklisted everywhere."

"Do you think I'll stand that for twenty-five dollars a week?" I demanded, still raging. "Do you think I'm obliged to let a Broadway bum—"

"Sh-s-s-sh—!"

"—tell me I walk like 'Gertie at her dancing lesson?' Not on your life!"

"Come out here, my child," said Christie soothingly.

"Don't baby me," I warned. "I won't stand it!"

She led me into the sunlight.

"Let me see your tongue," she continued, cornering me in a sheltered angle of the wall. "Way out. That's the ticket. Yes; just as I thought—"

"I'll tell you now," I declared, pulling in my tongue, "I won't see a doctor. I've never taken a drop of medicine in my life. And I won't begin now."

Christie laid a quieting hand on my arm and said: "I'll be your doctor."

She sent me back to my hotel and went herself to a druggist's, stocking up on sundry heroic, but practical, aids to optimism; wrote a long, very business-like letter of instructions, and sent the whole by messenger to my room.

On the night of the opening, thanks to Christie—it seemed wonderful how much the child knew—I felt better, limp but better. The house was sold out. Carriages and motors flashed up. The cream of society came to see Madame's latest French play. The foyer was heaped with flowers. The manager, in dress clothes, stood bowing at the ticket-taker's elbow. Now and then he stepped aside to inform some shamefaced stock actor that the free list was suspended.

On stage, the property men were adding the last touch to the scene. One brought the pen and ink for the will, doing a step or two as he walked and whistling. Another brought a French newspaper and placed it carefully on the spot marked on the table, the black head-lines upward. The fake palms in papier-maché jardinières with the damaged side upstage were adjusted in the windows. A bit of embroidery from Madame's dressing room, in one play thrown picturesquely over a settee,

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was in this play thrown picturesquely
over the piano. A boy in shirt sleeves
ran a carpet sweeper over the rug.
Letters and cards were placed in readi-
ness on a salver at one of the entrances;
also some brown sugar in water which,
under the guise of sherry, was to be in
at the death. Everything was in readi-
ness.

Below stairs two actors in stiff, arti-
ficial beards paraded the basement be-
tween property trunks and costume
baskets. In normal life these two men
were bosom friends. Now they passed
and repassed without seeing each other,
mumbling to themselves. Only once
did they speak:

"What time is it now, Ned?"

"Two minutes past eight, Sam."

"Getting near!" Shake of the head.

"That's right!" Sickly smile.

And they recommenced their march.
It always surprised me to find old
stagers nervous before a performance.
These men were always nervous. For
three hours each evening the palms of
their hands were wet from excitement.
Their livelihood depended on their
reputations. They were actors, noth-
ing else; small salaried character
actors, half the time waiting, waiting,
waiting at some Broadway corner.
And by what a slender hair is suspended
the sword of public opinion! And what
tragic capers do dramatic writers,
amusing their readers, play with the
market value of the services of these
men! How helpless they are. Is it
any wonder that this tall, strong man's
voice shook when he said: "It's get-
ting near."

In one of the cell-like dressing rooms
was a rustle of silk; the door was
thrown open.

"Whew!" said a stout woman, agasp
for air.

It was the married woman I had
often seen pottering over a tea basket,
the owner of the motherly voice. Now
she was resplendent in the paste jewelry
and the high, white wig of a modern
French countess. Her manuscript was
propped against the mirror and she,
too, mumbled as she applied the rab-
bit's foot to her cheek and dusted a
little poudre de riz upon her own dark
locks where they showed beneath the
wig.

Next door was I, my face enclosed in
Nihilist whiskers. My nose had partly
resumed its normal size and color, but
still smoldered angrily, a rich plum
purple. It certainly "went" with the
whiskers. I knew my part backward.
On the night previous I had amused
Christie and myself by beginning with
the last word on the last page and re-
citing back to my entrance.

"Second act!" announced the call
boy, tapping at my door.

Up to that moment I had been fairly

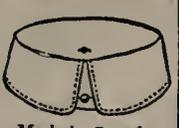


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calm. Now a thrill went through me. What was my first word? I had forgotten it. I could think of the last word in any speech I wanted, but the opening phrase was writ in water. That's what I got for being funny and learning the part backward. With apprehensive fingers I fumbled the manuscript open and hastily reread the part, emphasizing the first word in each speech. Oh, if I could but write the whole thing in shorthand on my cuff and take it with me! But, alas! I bade good-by to the printed lines, gave them a final hand shake, and tore myself away. At the top of the stairs; what was my first word? Gone again! Good heavens! With my heart suddenly palpitating I rushed back to my dressing room, caught up the precious manuscript, and pinned the doubtful speeches on the scenery near my entrance. Then, retiring to an obscure corner, I patted myself on the diaphragm and said:

"Ah-h-h—" An octave lower:
"Ah-h-h—"!

There was a hole in the curtain for counting the audience. I walked up to take a look—Bending down, much to my surprise—let me say horror, for it was an uncanny thing—I found an eye looking in at me! I drew back with a start. Had some person in the audience climbed on the stage to steal a squint at the wheels? But the lights in the house were on. Absurd. He'd make a monkey of himself. Boldly I advanced for another solution. The eye was still there. From behind me came a titter. I turned. There were three stage hands giving a living picture of the Laocoon, only theirs was an agony of suppressed mirth. I feigned not to notice, put my nose in the air and again bent to the curtain. It was my own eye: a bit of mirror the size of a dime had been let into the canvas. The real lookout was at the other end of the stage.

"I buy!" I laughed.

The music stopped.

"Clear!" commanded the stage manager.

We scurried out like rabbits.

A buzz in the loft, and the curtain rose. I heard the voices on the stage intoning the familiar lines with new emphasis and fire. This was a real play now, a very real and serious proposition. The critics were out in front and a ten-thousand-dollar production was at stake. The public had come to pass judgment. While I listened, I heard one of the old actors, who had been pacing the basement, stumble over his lines and forget what came next—"dry up," as they call it—until the sibilant voice of the stage manager came to his aid. It gave me a turn, and I dug my nose into the lines pinned

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on the scenery like some voracious ant eater. So intent was I on getting a last grip on them that I missed my cue.

"Parks! Parks! Where's Parks?"
"Here I am," I responded, innocently.

"For God's sake, go on! They're waiting for you!"

I gulped and fell through the door. The footlights blinded me. Beyond them, dimly, were splashes of white and the glint of opera glasses. The man

with whom I was to play the scene gave me my cue, then repeated it, adding the first line of my speech in an undertone. I tried to speak. I opened my mouth. It was parched. It was dry as a desert, and as silent. Nothing whatever doing in the voice works. Oh, if I could only pat myself on the diaphragm! Again I tried, the audience meanwhile growing restive and turning programmes to see who I was; this time a thin trickle of sound sprang from the rock of my silence. I



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moved through the business of the scene in a daze. I answered mechanically, not knowing what I said.

There came occasional lucid intervals when I remembered a gesture I had practiced before the glass—an illuminating flash, a steeple seen by lightning—and I would give the gesture. I could remember giving it. My mind clung to it while I went on talking of something else; I wondered how it looked, if it had the right strength and dignity. I heard whispers, like the hissing of teakettles, from all corners of the stage. They were miles away. Faintly they combined: then, as my mind grasped them, swelled into a tumultuous storm:

"Louder! Louder!"

And I thought I was shouting. Christie met me at my exit.

"Dick," she said, quickly, in my ear, "drink this!"

I felt a tumbler against my teeth.

"How was it?" I asked falteringly. "I can't remember a thing!"

"You're all right," she assured me. "Keep cool. You're doing fine. Talk louder."

"This beats the Skull and Keys initiation!" I remember saying.

With her little postage stamp of a handkerchief she dried my forehead and lips.

The worst was yet to come. I had seen Madame act: I had never acted a scene with her under full pressure. The rehearsals were child's play compared with what met me at my second entrance. It took me so by surprise that for a moment I thought it personal; perhaps on account of the fizzle I had made of my first scene.

"Monster! Assassin!" she shrieked, springing upon me like a beast in the jungle. Her hand was at my throat. Her hot breath was in my face. Her eyes were pushing out from under her forehead. There was saliva on her lips and the words possessed fangs that crashed through my brain and stunned me. I dodged. Naturally, I ducked. Who wouldn't? I was supposed to catch her wrist with one hand and put her masterfully into a chair. Derail a locomotive coming at full speed and with one hand? Between you and me, if I hadn't got out of the way I should have been projected through the scenery. As it was, she was projected through the scenery. In the effort to catch herself she caught—what do you suppose? why, of course, the only thing on the stage to catch—my nose!

I howled. Have you ever heard a coyote howl at night on the range? I couldn't help it. It was pure reflex. And her clutching fingers carried away half my beard!

Had it not been for this last mishap

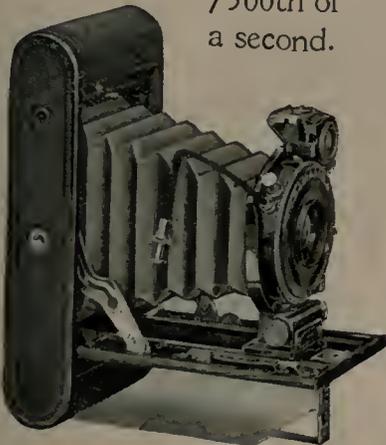


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the audience might have accepted the rest as real. It certainly was real to both of us. But to see my face suddenly half denuded of the fierce bomb-throwing whiskers was too much for them. There was a general burst of laughter. It crackled and snapped with hand-clapping.

A bunch of crepe hair, like a scalp lock, was tangled in Madame's fingers. She couldn't shake it off. It was sticky with spirit gum and when she picked it from one hand it stuck to the other. In desperation she rubbed it on her skirt and the whiskers remained there, like mistletoe on an oak. The audience rocked like a hillside of flowers in a hurricane.

It is remarkable how the effort at self-preservation had cleared my mind. I was the only one, apparently, in the entire theatre, on either side of the footlights, who hadn't lost control of himself. My lines were as clear as electrotype on the page of my mind. I went right on with my part, thoughtfully turning the bald side of my face away from the audience, just as the damaged sides of the jardinières were turned up stage. But to no avail. The act was killed. Supposed to be tragic, with all the preceding scenes building to a melodramatic thrill, it was impossible to persuade the audience to take it seriously; and the curtain fell on a labored, but uninspired, climax.

Madame didn't speak to me during the rest of the evening. The others glanced at me askance. Politely they refrained from mentioning the mishap, which was as good a way as any of rubbing salt into the wound. Christie was the only one who seemed at all human. And when the performance was at last ended I took her around to the College Inn and bought her some oysters.

"I'm going to quit this," said I. "I'm completely cured. Anyone that wants to be an actor may; Little Nemo doesn't want to. He is now wide awake and resolves: Don't day-dream about being a leading man with a letter-box congested with mash letters, unless you can begin at the top or cut out the one-night stands."

"You poor child!" said Christie. "Christie," said I, folding my arms and leaning toward her, "I have postponed saying something to you until I could decide about acting. Now that I've decided—and decided to go back to home and mother—I want you to come, too. Will you? You don't like this business; I don't like this business. Let's quit it. Let's go to the ranch, and the pond lilies no larger than your dear, little, white fist. What do you say?"

"And go out barefoot to milk the nice, cream-colored Jersey heifers?" "Will you?"

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"Sounds terribly attractive," laughed Christie, with her little, cooing laugh.

"You know my mother'd simply go daffy over you. She's always wanted a daughter. Why, she'd take you in those dear, warm arms of hers and make you forget there ever were such things as one-night stands. Say you'll come."

"You dear kid!" she said, and laughed uncomfortably. Then she took up the bill-of-fare, saying: "What shall we eat next?"

I took the bill-of-fare away from her, just as I might a story book from a child with a lesson to recite. She seemed so small, so unprotected, so dependent, with her big, black eyes and surprised, innocent, baby face.

"Christie, why won't you come? I love you and we shall have everything we need to make us comfortable and happy."

"Well," she began, looking away for a moment, a smile playing round her lips; "I've already got a home, dear boy, and every summer when I go back to it there are two kiddies waiting to see me. One is almost as tall as you, and the other is married." She lowered her voice; "Soon I shall be a grandmother!"

And the ingénue, seeing my stupefaction, reached over and touched my hand and said, a little wistfully:

"Don't forget me—Dick?"

Ceilings Limited

Continued from page 33.

barber shops—on the ceilings. There'll be a fortune in it."

"You think that hair-brained scheme will amount to anything?"

"Hair-brained, William?" reproved Cyrus Parks. "It's as clever an idea and as sure fine a medium as I have ever seen. I'm going to look into it to-day!"

Billy Forsythe settled himself in a chair at the other side of the desk and reached for the telephone.

Cyrus Parks heard this aggressive person call his own number, and ask for his daughter. The conversation seemed to stun him, because he didn't even attempt to tell William throughout the fifteen minute talk with Alice that he was taking the time of a very busy man. Even after the click of the telephone told him that Alice had hung up he didn't move.

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Old Fort Edmonton

Continued from page 23.

in the winter of 1873, from Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie river (nearly twelve hundred miles north of Edmonton), the journey occupying fifty-five days of actual travel. His French half-breed driver walked and ran the entire distance on snow shoes, often going ahead of the dogs "making track" for days at a time.

Several of Christie's children are still living, two of the sons being in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and a daughter, Mrs. Malcolm Groat, still resides in Edmonton, in a stately home near the Government House.

THE history of Richard Hardisty as the next to the last Chief Factor of Fort Edmonton, is so closely bound up with that of his widow, Mrs. Eliza Victoria Hardisty, who still lives in Edmonton, that an interview with her may suffice for both. Mrs. Hardisty also has another claim upon the attention of all interested in early days in the North-West on account of being the daughter of the pioneer Methodist missionary, Rev. George McDougall. Mr. McDougall and his wife, formerly Elizabeth Chantler, from a Quaker family, and a most efficient helpmate, established their first mission in the north about 1860, at Norway House on Lake Winnipeg. Three years later, they moved to what is now Alberta, where five children, including Mrs. Hardisty, still survive them. These are David McDougall, and Rev. John McDougall, of Calgary, and Mesdames Harrison Young, and William Leslie Wood, of Edmonton. These sisters form a very remarkable trio, of whom a separate article of great interest could be written, and probably will be. Their husbands were all Hudson's Bay Company's officials, and had much to do with Fort Edmonton. Harrison Young was a son of Hon. John Young, of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Young's daughter, Mrs. Roy, is now wife of the Canadian Ambassador at Paris.

The stately edifice known as the McDougall Methodist Church is a fitting Edmonton monument to George McDougall and his family. On its site he built largely with his own hands, the first church building in Edmonton, a modest mission, yet the first noteworthy structure outside the stockades of old Fort Edmonton.

In 1865 Elizabeth McDougall was married to Richard G. Hardisty, the final one of the three great Chief Factors of Edmonton House, although at that time he was but Chief Trader. Rowand, Christie, and Hardisty served a combined period of over sixty years at the head of Fort Edmonton affairs. Hardisty received the greatest political



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A SALAD-DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water	1 teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mild vinegar	3 cups fresh fruit, cut in small pieces

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and add boiling water, vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, and salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to nest of crisp lettuce leaves, and accompany with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

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5-Bearing Crankshaft
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The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

recognition of all, being appointed the first Senator from the North-West Territories, in the Dominion Parliament a little over a year before his death, which occurred as a result of a runaway accident near Regina, in 1890.

Chief Factor Hardisty and his father-in-law, Rev. George McDougall were largely instrumental in securing the introduction here of the Royal North West Mounted Police who have since been a symbol of law, order and peace in the frontier countries.

It seemed to run in the blood for the Hardistys to be prominent Hudson's Bay men. Richard's brother, William, and their father before them, were Chief Factors. His sister married Donald Smith, who afterward became Lord Strathcona. Both Lord and Lady Strathcona, as will be remembered, have passed away in the last two years, he being in his ninety-third year and active as Canadian High Commissioner in London to the last.

For nearly twenty years the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hardisty was known throughout the length and breadth of the North-West. The "Big House" in the centre of the quadrangle, known as "Rowand's Folly", was getting old and inadequate for the demands on it, so they tore it down and built another "Big House" outside the stockades, on the site of the present Provincial Parliament Building, where it did service until destroyed by fire eight years ago.

Mrs. Hardisty's present home is near Joseph McDonald's, and like it, commands a fine view of the old Fort buildings across the river. In mind and body she is as active as a girl. The son, Richard G. Hardisty, familiarly known as "Dick" held his wedding reception in the old Fort in 1893. He is now Captain of the 49th Canadian Infantry, enlisted for the present European War, and is said to be in line of early promotion for Major. His son, Sidney, aged nineteen, is in the 28th Battery of the Canadian Field Artillery.

Mrs. Hardisty contributed the photograph of Fort Edmonton in 1867, for this article. The original was a sketch painted in oils upon a planed board by Father E. Petitot, and presented to her about 1875. It still occupies a prominent place in a rustic frame in her reception room.

Another pioneer, who came to Edmonton shortly after Mrs. Hardisty's people arrived here, is James Gibbons, who, while never officially connected with "The Great Company" yet was frequently associated with the life of old Fort Edmonton, Mr. Gibbons who was born in Ireland in 1837, is one of the leading spirits in Edmonton's pioneer organization, that is officially known by the name "Old Timers." He was a placer gold miner

from California," Idaho and Montana, and celebrated his arrival here by washing out twenty-five dollars worth of gold per day on the banks and bars of the Saskatchewan. In addition, he has been a fur trader, observer of the Riel Red River Rebellion and government Indian Agent at Stoney Plains from 1898 to 1908.

Few professional men have had the frontier experiences of Dr. William Morrison McKay, who lives on an Edmonton avenue near a public school

building, both of which bear his name. Dr. McKay's association with Fort Edmonton was confined to incidental practice there. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, arriving at York Factory from Scotland in 1864, as surgeon for the Hudson's Bay Company. It was soon discovered that he combined executive ability with professional skill, and the Company assigned him the dual position of Chief Factor and Head Surgeon for the North-West, and in these capacities he served

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as far north as Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, and Forts Resolution and Rae on Great Slave Lake. He was active in suppressing the Indian smallpox epidemic of 1871. He gives much credit to Bishop Guizard of Little Slave Lake, now approaching his fiftieth anniversary of service among the Northern Indians, for the assistance he rendered in getting the Indians to submit to vaccination, during that dreadful scourge which was finally overcome in 1872. Dr. McKay's last active service with the Company ceased with 1899, after a long and successful management of the Posts in the Peace River District.

William T. Livock, the last of Chief Factors at Fort Edmonton, from 1890 to 1912, did not have the opportunities to make a great record such as several of his illustrious predecessors made, for the encroachment of civilization began to do away with the "old order." Toward the close, much of Livock's work consisted in winding up the affairs of the Company in a community whose growth rendered the old Trading Post both difficult to maintain and superfluous. Not long before his retirement from active service with the Company he celebrated his prospective release by renouncing bachelorhood while on the shady side of sixty, and several fair haired children now play among the old Fort cannons on the lawn of his home on Saskatchewan Avenue overlooking the river banks and the scenes of his former labors.

Among the things that especially impress the casual observer and reader who is interested enough to browse around the old records and associations connected with the Hudson's Bay Company's Forts and Trading Posts, is the preponderance of Scotchmen among the Chief Factors. In one Company record it was observed that out of a total of two hundred and sixty three Chief Factors, over sixty-five per cent. were Scotch. The following are the figures in detail; Scotch, 171; English 59; Irish, 22; French-Canadian, 11.

It rests now with the Provincial Parliament to say whether these old buildings shall be preserved, or whether the wealth of historic association for which they stand shall be wiped out. The writer has seen old Catholic Missions in California, that were much nearer complete decay and collapse than these buildings, restored and preserved as a delight to the present and future generations. The same amount of money spent on these buildings would not only restore and preserve them, but would also equip them as museums of pioneer relics, which would otherwise be scattered, lost, and forgotten.

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Cupid and Avoirdupois

Continued from page 27.

could admire; he noted that the hand which hung limply over the back of her large chair was small and shapely, and when, partly from curiosity (and other reasons he did not at the moment analyze,) he was emboldened to pat it, he was surprised at the coolness of her skin and the velvet smoothness. She was even developing a waist line—"not such a whale of a waist, either," said Ben to himself. Aloud, he mused, "You're losin' weight, ain't you, Rose?"

For Rosie, the world'sopped up short; this was the beginning of the end. There was no use for her to try to deny her trouble any longer. In the dim light of the baggage car, punctuated by tremendous sobs, she confided to Ben the loss of nearly 200 pounds.

"I'll not last out the season," she moaned. "Even if Dave don't fire me—an' he would 'a noticed me shrinkin' long ago, if he wasn't so everlastin' busy with them new Concession rows—even if he don't fire me, I got the decency to quit, myself. Right now, at this minute, Louie of the Arena, is an easy two hundred an' fifty ahead of me. An' I've seen the day when I called her a pore little shrimp. Oh! Oh—h!"

"What'll you do?" asked Ben, sympathetically.

He was sitting quite close to Rosie by this time, and it seemed the most



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natural thing in the world to put his arm around her—he didn't find her such a forbidding armful either. Ben was a husky big fellow himself.

"Oh, I ain't got no cause to worry 'bout money," she answered artfully.



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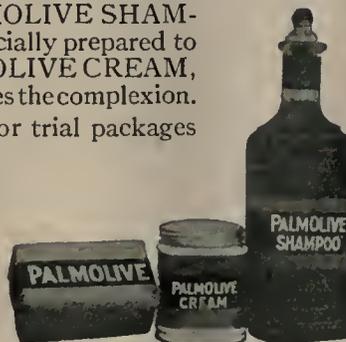
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"I ain't spent much an' three years of the show business ain't done bad by me. But—but—it's leavin'; that's the idee that queers me—it's quittin' the Carnival, an—"

Disembarkation put an end to further confidences, and the Carnival opened for a week's run in Merryville. It was there that Dave Brothers noticed the alarming shrinkage in the Fattest Girl on Earth. He overheard two farmers criticizing her show.

"Aw, shucks," said one, "that's a reg'lar frost!"

"Sure," answered the other. "Why, that gal ain't fat. I've seen a dozen bigger'n her. That Louie we seen in the Carnival las' spring had her beat by a couple o' hund'ed pounds."

The next morning he looked her over with a critically appraising eye.

"Say, kid, you're losin' flesh, ain't yuh?" he asked in his gruff way.

Rosie lifted her big blue eyes to his face, and had no need to answer.

They stared at one another in silence a moment, then Dave broke out complainingly,

"Well, darn me, if yuh got any reason to go back on me that-a-way, Rosie! I ain't come up against nothin' but the hoodoo spell this trip, an' the las' person in the world I expected to give me the frost was you. Not that yuh ain't a sight prettier," he went on slowly, and with a sort of dazed wonder in his eyes. "Why, your face is changed right smart. Yuh look ten years younger—I can't keep sore against yuh, Rosie. Yuh look sweet enough to kiss."

And he suited the action to the word, thereby causing a flood of sentimental tears from the one-time Fattest Girl on Earth.

"I kep' hopin', Dave," she said, presently, "that some pills an ole saw bones g'mme, would bring me up again. But I've about give it up. He said I might jes' nachelly go on, gettin' normal. I can't eat—ain't that the limit? I don't put away no more food than Tom, now, and even that's a struggle. An' the other day," she lowered her voice, though there was no one near enough to hear, "I got up and down from the platform, my own self, jes' as easy as though I was Jackson, th' human tooth pick. Honest, in another mont', I'll be able to get into ready-mades. Ain't it hard on a girl, Dave?"

"What'll you do?" The manager repeated Ben's question.

"Oh, I'll go back to the farm an' take to milkin' cows, or feedin' chickens, or sumpin. There's lots of work fer a girl who can walk, I reckon."

Dave nodded, gloomily.

"An' say," Rosie continued, "I better pull down my rags, Dave. There was a couple o' soreheads in here, yes—"

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terday, who said I wasn't half the size o' Louie. An' that ain't no jest, either. I don't want to put the Carnival on the bum, Dave, so I'm ready to light out, jes' soon 's you give the word."

The manager looked down into the pretty upturned face and swore.

"By Gawd, Rosie," he cried, "I can't leave you go! I got kinder uster you round; I'd feel there was sumpin missin' if you was to pull out. How'd it be if I was to carry you fer a while? Mebbe, after a couple o' weeks, you'd pick up, some."

With a radiant smile, Rosie consented to this unprecedented piece of generosity, although she held out no hopes of recovering her lost avoirdupois. A deal of her cheerfulness returned, though why she should be cheerful with a good fat job behind her, was something her companion could not possibly understand.

The day came toward the end of the season, when Rosie travelled in the ordinary coach, for the first time since joining the Carnival. She wore a ravishingly becoming ready-made suit which cost her thirty dollars.

Then came a Tuesday morning when there was nothing special for Ben to do and he sat in a small tent which Dave had apportioned to Rosie. Naturally, the conversation turned to the queer change which had befallen her.

"So you're goin' back to the farm?" he said slowly. "That'll be a kinder quiet life after Carnival, won't it, Rosie? D'ye think you'll be happy?"

She did not answer and he went on. "Say, I was thinkin'—why don't you hang on round here, readin' palms or sumpin? It wouldn't take you long to learn off that dope. You won't be satisfied away from us, Rosie."

"No," she said, softly, "I won't be satisfied away from you. But I gotta go. After holdin' my position, I couldn't come down to spielin' off fortunes all day long. I jes' couldn't do it, Ben. No, there's on'y one thing fer me—an' that's quit."

"Did—did you ever think o' gettin' married?" Ben asked after a pause.

"Yes, I did th nk about it, onct, Ben. That was when I was gatherin' in a hund'ed a week or thereabouts, an' leavin' mighty little of it escape me in expenses. I gotta little bunch o' change saved up, drawin' interest an' I figgered that with about fifty thousand bucks, I'd look a right attractive proposition to—to some feller without money. But now—"

"I shouldn't think you'd waste much time on that kind of a hound!" Ben broke in, angrily. "I hope to heaven, Rosie, you ain't goin' to do no foolishness—a-th'owin' yourself away on that kind o' a skate. He ain't worth your

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little finger, if he don't love you fer yourself alone!"

Rosie jumped. 'Love her for herself alone!' Donald Vere de Vere's very words to the beautiful Lady Iolanthe Travers! But oh, the unutterable sweetness of them coming from Ben's lips!

"A fat girl's too big a order fer most ordinary men," she said, nervously.

"Well, baby doll, you ain't too fat now," said Ben, boldly. "You're the sweetest thing in the whole worl', an' I'm dippy about you. Say, will you be Mrs. Ben Cary, darlin' and name the day?"

"But Ben," she gasped after a delirious moment, "what'll we do if I can't earn no more money? You can't hang around a Carnival sellin' confetti to a bunch o' rubes with me a-tied to you."

Mr. Cary smiled a Successful Smile. "Can the worry, honey bee! Don't

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give it house room in your life!" He playfully bored further into the dimple nestling in her cheek. "I've done bought half interest in Dave Brothers' concern, an' we start out after fair time, as THE WORLD'S GREATEST AMUSEMENT COMPANY. Do you get that, Genevieve?"

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 40.

we raised him to his feet. For some reason that I could not understand Jeffrey did not avail himself of his torch, and we felt our way along in the dark. I noticed that the side pocket of Barton's coat was bulging with something heavy, and I felt more like a burglar than ever I had had leisure to feel since we had got into this room.

We squeezed through the low door into the closet and then out into the big room with the bay-window. When we got out into the corridor I almost balked, for the thread of light still shone through under the door and just as we reached it there was a sound as of a chair being pushed back. That settled it. No doors for us. We climbed down from the open window, using a perilous tree-limb or two and half-supporting the still shaky Barton.

The roar of the rain drowned the necessity for caution. Jeffrey spoke as naturally as if we had been sitting in his studio. "Better give him another swallow out of the flask, Drew. Oh, never mind the rain. It will do us all good. I only hope it doesn't stop."

Barton took a big drink, and then, without another word, we set out as briskly as we dared down the brick-paved path.

"Confound it," said Jeffrey presently, "the rain's slacking up."

"The clouds are breaking, too," said I, and I pointed over to the right, where a patch of gray sky appeared behind the black curtain. The curtain had a fringe of silver, too. There'd be a moon before long. As a matter of fact, under a swift, westerly breeze the sky was clearing with alarming rapidity. Alarming to me, at least. To my mind that group of watchers at the gate—the man who had slept and the man who had smoked his pipe, and Heaven knew how many more beside—were getting more formidable every moment.

But Jeffrey walked on, not seeming in the least disturbed, although we could now see the roadway plainly enough up to where it was swallowed in the darkness of the trees.

"Isn't the gate just beyond there?" I whispered.

To be continued.



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"HOW GREEN ARE THY LEAVES"

By William Dunseath Eaton

Illustrations by
Frederic M. Grant

THIS being a true story and the personages real, I will give them fictitious names, and leave you to place the scene wherever you please. It happened—the main part of it, I mean—in a city having a considerable number of Norwegians. It might have been Winnipeg, but it was not. Anyway, the locality does not matter. The story could have grown anywhere. Its humanity would be the same.

One of these Norwegians was my friend. Being of gentle derivation, he was much looked up to by the others. He was a lawyer and had a sort of headship in their affairs. My own occasions took me to his town from time to time, and always then I visited with him. In this way I came to know Bjork.

BJORK'S father had been a colonel in the Norwegian army, and an uncle was a bishop. Bjork was an engaging youth of high promise. In even the days of his decay, when first I met him in my friend's office, he had the air and manner native to his class the world over, an indefinable quality that cannot be acquired. The family looked for great things from him. His uncle decided upon the church and they sent him to the University at Christiania. Here he developed the tendencies that later burgeoned into scandal. He was a mad wag. There was not a touch of evil in him, but a sense of humor and a disregard for the conventions that outran the most daring among the other mad wags of his association, brought him a reputation that grew. By the time he was twenty-one or thereabout, his name was first to suggest itself when anything disconcerting exploded under public notice. The whole city knew him; the censorious with grim expectation of something worse always to come, the indulgent with quiet amusement. My friend told me many tales about him.

Such remuneration as may be had for playing good music in a great public house—mainly liquid and seldom in any medium of exchange



In the winter over there it used to be common for anyone contemplating a journey by sleigh to advertise for someone else with similar purpose to make it in company, and so reduce expense for both. It was one of Bjork's whimsies to answer these advertisements on the chance of now and then getting a rise out of the advertisers. In this way he contributed occasionally to public gaiety, and no harm done. But once he went too far.

AN ELDERLY unmarried woman of high social position, large means and frugal mind, sought by publicity to attract a companion for a trip of some length. Bjork waited until three o'clock next morning before he answered the appeal, in person, by rousing the household with a clamorous attack upon the knocker, refusing to talk with anyone but the lady herself, and finally succeeded in evoking her—hastily enveloped, shivering and alarmed. He opened the conference with gravity, and asked if the advertisement regarding the trip were genuine.

She said it was.

"Do I understand, then, that you really intend this journey?"

"I do—yes," said she. "What is it? What is wrong?"

"Nothing as yet, madame. It is my purpose to see that nothing shall go wrong."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You desire a companion?"

"Of course I do. Haven't I advertised for one?"

"Pardon, Madame, but I am constrained to ask a very pointed question. Are you unmarried?"

"Of course I am. Everyone knows that."

"In that case, Madame, I regret exceedingly to say that under no compulsion could I be forced to accompany you. I have a character."

He had. And it was emphasized that day when the furious old girl screamed the story to the authorities, who had trouble enough getting her quieted.

AGAIN, when he was visiting his reverend uncle, who lived in Christiania and was called away upon some diocesan concerns, Bjork had up to the house some of the wildest blades of his acquaintance, in the university and out of it. They ragged the butler into horrified submission and ravaged the old gentleman's bins of their best wines, and held uproarious high jinks, with the windows all alight and a crowd in the street, for two glorious nights. The afternoon of the third day home came his lordship, and in wrath awakened as many as he could from their repose on floor and furniture, and went for Bjork with cold fury.

"My butler tells me a fine tale, Nephew," said he. "I absent myself from home on affairs of the church, and when I return what do I find? I find that my house has become a place of debauchery, drunkenness, all ungodliness, a sty of filthy swine. I find—"

Bjork stopped him there. The jig was up, and he knew it.

"Uncle!" came from him with surprise and sorrow. "Uncle! If that is the case, you cannot expect me to stay in it another moment. I am shocked beyond expression. I leave at once, in the hope that I may hear better things of this place, and that right soon. Good day!"

THINGS of this sort gradually exerted a cumulative effect upon his position in the family. He was apt enough and learned easily, but duty sat loosely on his shoulders, and he had youth's love of life and adventure. At last providence and the unceasing necessity for being helped out of trouble made him impossible, or at least, incompatible with peace, dignity or financial ease; and heart-hurt, but without commination, his father and his uncle fared him forth into the universe with money enough to give him a start toward prosperity or the dogs, as destiny might see fit; and upon an understanding, cheerfully accepted, that he would not return unless he were asked to. By way of Iceland, where he temporarily softened the climate though he failed to find congenial company, he came up the St. Lawrence, and then by degrees, finding compatriots more settled and thriving in the western provinces, he strayed farther and farther along until he alighted from the brake-rods in the city

of this story, and came upon my friend the very first day.

They had known each other in boyhood. Their fathers had been friends and neighbors. They had seen nothing of each other from their early teens, for my friend's family (let us call him Fahnjelm) had realized an opportunity and come across the seas to their own advantage, and had risen to local prominence in the new land. But Fahnjelm had faintly heard of him now and then, and took him up now he was there. Much good it does to take up a wild bird like that. Bjork himself had innate pride, but no profession. He would not sponge, but he knew no work that he could do. So gradually he drifted along at odd jobs until finally his skill at the piano landed him such remuneration as may be had for playing good music in a great public house, which remuneration was mainly liquid and seldom in any medium of exchange.

THE proprietor of this place was a Norwegian also, by name Matthiesen, or something like that, and he knew Bjork's people, and that Bjork was a gentleman, and as such must not be allowed to starve. So he fixed him up a bed and some other necessaries in a little room at the back that had been used for storage of odd articles, and handed him occasional small change, not in charity, for gentlemen must not be treated on any such level as that; but as a return for such entertainment as his musical attainments might enable. It was a good thing for Matthiesen. Bjork was a draw. The customers liked him in the degree commoners may like a gentleman, and they appreciated his music. He had the folk songs of all Scandinavia, and he played Grieg like an angel. He had found his place in the world.

It was not a good place for such an one as he. Too easily he fell into acceptance of its sordid conditions; and all too easily he took his liquid remuneration with increasing volume, and let himself slide into

His father and uncle fared him forth upon an understanding he would not return

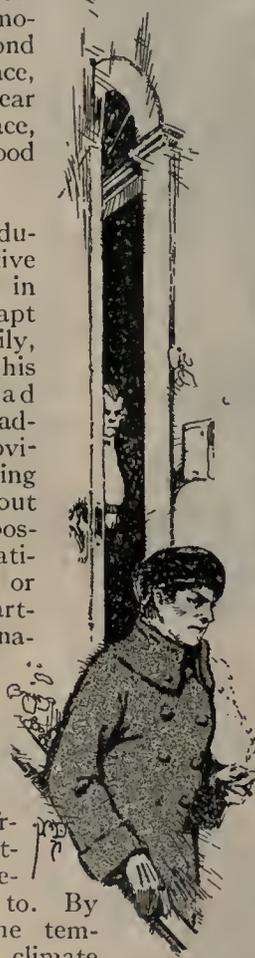
a blousy, shabby state, inducing dropsy. He would call upon Fahnjelm when his needs grew very sharp, but it was always the call of a friend upon a friend, with easy conversation in the vein of cultivated minds, of men of the world, gradually and skilfully guided to a

point of touch, and touching that point gracefully, no sense of obligation being implied on either side. Fahnjelm is too true a soul to take another at a value less than the full measure of his intrinsic worth. He never hastened Bjork's advance to the touching point, never treated it as other than the most natural thing in life, and never referred to it again.

LAST time I saw Bjork was when a Christmas day was drawing near. We had become well enough acquainted to free my presence of any restraint he might have felt with another sort of stranger in his artistic approach to a temporary accommodation. This time he charmed me. For the moment he was himself, unpolluted, clear-eyed and fluent of beautiful imaginings.

"It is the spirit of the season," he said, in quaintly accented English. I wish I could reproduce that accent. It was exotic in a delicate way, not a bit like the Svensk of Ole and Jan—the precise speech of one who had learned the language at school. It could not be put on paper. He grew dreamy and eloquent as his mind went back to the Christmas times at home, in the land that has given the great festival so many of its beautiful customs, where the finest fancies of the old Norse paganisms are woven into Christian observance and tradition. He looked into the fire and his voice was low.

"Christmas, Fahnjelm—Olaf, my friend, think of it—Christmas in Norway. You have seen it. Can't you see it now? The steely blue sky and the great round moon queening the stars that quiver over the dark pine woods. Moonlight and starlight on the snow in Norway, Christmas Eve, and from the windows of the house a warm red falling on the snow, streaming out over the road, and sounds of glad voices and the laughter of children from inside the house, where all the souls are happy. And down the road the sound of bells on horses and the laughter of young men and women, happy in the love time of all the world, happy in their warm-blooded youth, out there in the sharp, sweet air, under the Christmas moon. Olaf, don't you remember the spirit of kindness, of thoughtful care for all living things that is the breath of the Christmas spirit in the old country? How none shall suffer, nor go cold nor hungry in those blessed hours? How the farmer strews grain for the birds of the air that they may feed and be content in the hour of the Great Nativity? And the housewife puts pans of milk under the floors of the barns, that the stray cat may drink and be satisfied on the holy night? And the young men and boys put fresh leaves up under the eaves, where the swallows live, that they may make more warm their little homes, for the Christ-time—ah! ;■





IT IS far away, Olaf. You may see it again, but I will, never. My end shall be here, before another Christmas comes, I think. I sit before your fire as the daylight goes down, and I think of the old land where I was born, a strange bird in the home nest. You know, Olaf. I was not like the others. I was not so good, I was too conscious of my strength of wing, I too dearly loved to fly, not always straight, as a good bird should. And so by counsel of the other birds that I was so unlike, I took wing, and away, a long flight, over land and sea, until here I fluttered down, wing-weary, with storm beaten feathers, a sorry bird indeed.

"Olaf, the farm boys were kind to the poor birds out in the cold on Christmas Eve. You will be no less thoughtful of the bird that sits before your fire now, I am sure. There will be something coming after Christmas—"

I thought I were better out of that for the moment, and I left them there together.

I HEARD the rest of it from Matthiesen two days later. He came into Fahnelm's office and told us about it, solemnly, heavily, deeply moved, but trying to hold himself in. Close association with Bjork had bred in him an admiration that knew no bounds. To his dull mind, Bjork had become one "crowned with stars, hymned by angels, a very saint of dreams". This is what he said in a dialect too broad for reproduction:

"Christmas was yesterday, and Bjork is dead. He died in the morning.

Christmas Eve he sang and played for us, but he was not well, and he got drunk and I put him to bed about two o'clock. You know he had dropsy. I was uneasy about him and I called up Doctor Kleene, and the Doctor came to see him. He came out in a little while and he said to me:

"Matthiesen, he will not see another Christmas. He may not see another day. He would not go to hospital like I wanted him because he said he was not born for the clinic and he would get well anyway, or die. Dying would scare him, he said, for that is a thing that to all men will come when it will come, and so, what matter? I have noticed lately a rising suffusion. It is to-night very near his heart. When it reaches the heart he will breathe once, and then no more. Better watch him."

Continued on page 113.

The Human Side of Shrapnel



*Wherein we read of a brave man,
his great invention and
its resulting victory*



By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs

TO hint that shrapnel has a human side is to test the credence of the average person to the breaking point, for it looms large in the mind of the world to-day as one of the most effective, inhuman, man-killing projectiles yet devised. It is the weapon with which all the fighting nations are most heavily armed; it is the weapon which all the fighting nations most urgently need. It sweeps the field of battle like a hot lead blast, and its echoes throb over great stretches of blood-soaked territory, through Governmental contracts into the blare and stench, the infernal rattle and din of munition factories which have superseded machine shops in every land.

Shrapnel! Shrapnel! Shrapnel! The name is peppered throughout the columns of every newspaper, most despatches, many cables. It is on the lips of persons who had scarcely heard the word until the beginning of the Great War, and so little is actually known of it that one constantly hears the question,

"Why 'shrapnel'?"

For exactly the same reason that Marconi is marconi and Maxim is maxim. It is called after its inventor and therefore it has a very human side. Added to which, its military side comes before us with startling prominence at the present, for Maxim and Shrapnel are chiefly responsible for the invisible warfare now in progress—the endless meandering lines of trenches which tunnel and burrow through the earth from the Swiss border straight across to Flanders.

HENRY SHRAPNEL was an Englishman, despite the statement of many would-be Wiseacres who invest him with a German birthright.

He could point back to famous ancestry, being descended from the General Shrapnel who fought under the Duke of Monmouth when he led his rebellion against James II., in 1685. And prying further back through the darkened centuries, we find that Richard Le Scrope, a Norman and first Baron Le Scrope of Bolton, was a many times great uncle of Henry Shrapnel. Baron Le Scrope was the first Lord Chancellor of England, and was banished from office because he tried to restrict the expenditure of Richard II. Greater calamity befell the family when the Baron's eldest son, William, was executed by Henry IV., in 1399, for abetting the frivolous and extravagant Richard in his numerous peccadilloes. And following the descendants through further vicissitudes, no less able an authority than Shakespeare records how Henry Le Scrope third Baron of Masham, a trusted favourite of Henry V., was beheaded at Southampton on the eve of the King's departure for France, having been found guilty of conspiring against his monarch.

At Bradford-on-Avon, in the historic county of Wiltshire, Henry Shrapnel was born (1761), the youngest of Zachariah and Lydia Needham Shrapnel's nine children. His boyhood was probably not unlike that of the average English youngster, who left the nursery for school, fagged for a hero, was in turn fagged for, and to whom cricket and the holidays were the most important events in a healthy young life. At the age of eighteen he received a commission in the Royal Artillery as 2nd Lieutenant, and from this appointment until his death in 1842 his efforts toward the improvement of the Service were unceasing.

HIS elder brother made something of a reputation for himself in the Navy, fighting under Nelson on the "Victory," and later being given command of H. M. S. "Orange." But we know little of the rest of the men, for they all died at comparatively early ages without children, and thus Henry, the youngest born, became the head of the Shrapnel family.

His eldest sister Elizabeth, married the Rev. William Warren, whose grandson, John Shrapnel Warren, is, I believe, the present rector of Willoughby Alford, Lincolnshire. His youngest sister Rachel, married a clergyman also—the Rev. Thomas Tregenna Biddulph, and their grandson was the late Sir Michael Shrapnel Biddulph, G.C.B., some of whose titles were Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Groom-in-waiting to the Queen, Keeper of the Regalia, etc.

Henry Shrapnel married on the 5th of May, 1810, Miss Esther Squires. Of their four children, the eldest was best known—Major Henry Needham Scrope Shrapnel, a graduate of Cambridge, and also a member of the Service. He was Captain of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, later Major, and Barrackmaster in Ireland, Bermuda, Halifax and Montreal. After a lengthy military career, he chose the picturesque little town of Orillia, on the shores of Lake Couchiching, for a home, and there he brought his wife and large family. Only a few years ago he died, sincerely mourned not merely as his father's son, but by many who appreciate him as a musician, composer and artist. His coffin was draped with the Union Jack and he was followed to his last resting place by veterans and officers of both services.

Of the Major's fifteen children the

Best known is the eldest, Edward Scrope Shrapnel, A. R. C. A., who lives in Victoria, B.C., and his son, Private A. P. Shrapnel is a member of the 88th Fusilliers, fighting now in France, probably near the same spot which saw the defeat of England's enemies one hundred years ago owing to the use of his great grandfather's then recent invention! The family to-day is neither widely known, illustrious or flourishing. That such is the case, is one of the pathetic stories of British Military history, for never did a man work harder, never had a man higher ambitions for the eternal glory of the Empire than the one whose personality is lost in the creation of his restless, inventive brain, and whose name signifies no more than a bullet-showering projectile, the object of which is to wipe off the face of the earth as many human beings as inhumanly as possible.

The Orillia home is occupied by the inventor's granddaughter, Mrs. Fred Webber, whose most treasured possession, I doubt not, is a quaint old tin chest, twice the size of an ordinary hat box, and containing many of the personal effects of General Henry Shrapnel. There are yellowed old documents—drawings, notes, tables and so on; there are letters written to him by the most famous men of his time, including two Royal Georges and a William, whose scrawling signatures on parchment are hardly faded at all. There is the General's coat, worn upon some famous occasion or other, and his photograph. And on the wall nearby, hangs a beautiful portrait of Miss Fanny (?) Scrope "some kind of an aunt," as one of the Webbers naively catalogued her.

IN 1780 Lt. Shrapnel was ordered to Newfoundland. He probably felt some of the excitement experienced by explorers for Newfoundland was very little known and greatly fought over in those 18th century days. Harbor

fortifications formed the subject of his deep study during his four years' service there, and the result was, somewhat later, the invention of his duplex gun carriage—designed so that two pieces of ordnance might be mounted, and possessing the advantage of circular recoil. The recoil of one gun brought the other into position for firing at every elevation or depression, and one such gun was placed at St. John's with the object of rendering the harbor reasonably secure from hostile invasion; another was placed at Gibraltar "for perpendicular or depressed fire upon the enemy who previous to this could lodge or anchor with impunity under the Rock, as the ordinary guns could not be sufficiently depressed to reach them."

Col. Vetch, of the Royal Engineers, records that Lt. Shrapnel (who had been promoted while in Newfoundland) commenced to experiment with ho low spherical projectiles as soon as he returned to England. Others claim that the idea of his shell was born after he reached Gibraltar, to which garrison he was ordered in 1787.

However that may be, he saw ex-

periments conducted at Gibraltar under a Captain Mercier and he resolved that no step should be left unturned by which the fire of the British gunners could be made more effective. At the time referred to, round or cannon shot were entirely useless against an enemy in the field, and Shrapnel is said to have seen 2,000 rounds fired from the British twenty-four pounders which only succeeded in putting twenty odd Spaniards out of action.

His first work after reaching the Rock, however, was to study the fortifications, with the result that he proposed, and personally superintended, excavations in the galleries there, whereby in addition to his shell, General O'Hara, the officer commanding, pronounced the garrison impregnable.

FROM Gibraltar, Lt. Shrapnel went to the West Indies, spending some years successively at Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Dominica, Antigua, and St. Kitts. The advantage of his shell as a means of coast defence now took possession of him, and he made lengthy reports in proof of this, pointing

out that these Islands were at the mercy of any hostile nation, but should the projectile under consideration be adopted, they would be secure from invasion. His shell reached the furthest range of ordnance as well as radiating throughout a certain space after the manner of case shot, expelled from an ordinary musket. With such a weapon in use among the British and its secret withheld from other nations, Shrapnel looked into a future glowing with military successes for his beloved country, and it is just a bit pathetic to realize that in keeping the invention secret, he was deprived of many honors and much fame which in justice should have been his. The secret of shrapnel was not kept very long. Just when the French discovered it seems a little obscure; not



A drawing by which is seen what General Shrapnel's shell originally looked like

during the Peninsula Wars, not at Waterloo. But they did know it and used it sparingly, in the Crimea. To the Prussians is due the credit of improving upon and perfecting the shell. In 1866 the development of the missile to its present deadly effectiveness may be said to have got definitely under way, and by the time the Franco-Prussian War occurred it was one of the Prussian Army's most effective weapons.

Originally, the shell was round, filled with bullets and a bursting charge of powder, designed of course, to explode close to the target at which it was aimed. Sometimes, owing to faulty manufacture or construction, it burst long before that time, often in the bore of the gun. But in Flanders, it is said that the *idea* of shrapnel was so eagerly adopted by the British that they used tin cans filled with nails, stones and all sorts of metallic rubbish, and this device was lighted by hand with a time fuse before being hurled into the enemy's lines.

CAPTAIN HENRY SHRAPNEL (promoted in 1795) fought under the Duke of York in Flanders, and was wounded at Dunkirk. There his inventive genius was prominently to the fore and it was largely due to him that the British retreat was effected in so masterly a manner. How? Very simply! Finding that the gun carriages sank into the sand, along the sea shore, Shrapnel suggested that the wheels be locked and the whole carriage be placed upon a skid, which enabled comparatively rapid transit and prevented the usual noise of transportation which would have given the French a clue to the British movements. Beside this, he proposed the building of fires, far removed from the British position, and at these decoys the enemy fired expending much ammunition and energy without result. For the retiring troops under cover of this ruse, moved safely off into the night and embarked from the enemy's country.

In 1802 his invention took definite shape in the form of an exhibition held on Woolwich Commons in the pre-

sence of His Majesty King George IV., the Duke of Wellington and several other distinguished militarists. It is interesting to note that all foreigners were excluded. The exhibition seems to have made a deep impression on all present, none more so than upon the Duke, and Brevet-Major Shrapnel was ordered to Elswick to superintend the manufacture of his shells for immediate distribution in the Army. He went to Elswick, and he published a book which embodied a table of ranges for the use of those who were to handle his shell. Just previous to this, he had written:—

“CASE shot has always been considered the most destructive kind of ammunition which is fired from artillery, but from its great divergency immediately on quitting the piece of ordnance, it does not keep sufficiently collected to be effectual

the rendering THE FIRE OF CASE SHOT EFFECTUAL AT ALL DISTANCES WITHIN THE RANGE OF CANNON; and the present invention has been adopted whereby with undiminished efficacy, its operation may be extended (as exhibited in this plate) to the distance of one mile and a half or to the extreme range of any piece of ordnance from which it is fired.”

In 1804 the shell was first used against a hostile people—at the battle of Surinam in the Dutch East Indies. It is said that the fort surrendered after the second shell had been fired, and that the enemy were at a total loss to account for their suffering from *musketry* fire at so great a distance as 2,000 yards.

In that same year, Shrapnel, now a major was appointed first assistant Inspector of Artillery and for many years he was engaged at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich developing and improving his invention which included not only the shell and the duplex mounting already mentioned, but a brass tangent slide, visible at the breech of every piece of ordnance and containing the essential value of experimental tables of ranges. He also improved the construction of mortars and howitzers by the introduction of parabolic chambers, thereby considerably increasing the range and giving England, for the time being, a marked superiority over her enemies.



Mrs. Fred Webber, of Orillia, Granddaughter of General Henry Shrapnel

beyond a distance of 350 yards; and it is in vain to substitute larger balls or grape shot as they cannot be kept together unless confined in a metal case.

“The object now accomplished is

AT the outbreak of the Peninsular Wars and the steady demand for shrapnel shells, one scarcely doubts that in the mind of the inventor there began to creep a justifiable hope; he had given of his brain, his time and his money to England. What would she do for him?

There can be none who read this to criticize Henry Shrapnel because he asked recognition of his work; he did not barter his invention—he freely gave it, but Custom, a law unto itself, decreed that his country put the stamp of public approval upon work well done; national honors had been conferred upon other men who

[Continued on page 114.]

My Aunt Paulina's Wood-Box

*Being a half told tale of the
Lost Dauphin*

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty



MY great-aunt Paulina had a miniature by Cosway, an ostrich feather fan with tortoise-shell sticks, a Geneva watch, the secret of longevity, and all the virtues that go hand in hand with these precious things. And though she had also a box of olive wood with a reverent caricature of our Saviour painted thereon by a Polish princess with whom she had been bosom friends, that which she treasured most to the very last day of her long, wise, kind, enviable, cynical life was a chestlike wood-box tacked over with a faded chintz. It was such a wood-box as you may see handy to the open fire in many a modern living room; a common thing, made of white pine. Yet it differed from other wood-boxes in two ways. It had been pierced here and there by a narrow auger, and it had figured in a romance.

When asked what the holes were for, Aunt Paulina used to turn in her bed (she was bed-ridden when I knew her), smile cynically, and say, "to let the spiders out." And it was not until the family had done all things possible, within the confines of good breeding, to keep me from committing authorship that the truth about the auger holes became known to any one in this world outside of Aunt Paulina.

"GOING to write, are you?" she said. I said "Yes."

"Romances?"

"If the Lord is good to me."

She made a great pretense of being offended with this speech.

"If you're going to leave it all to the Lord," she said, "you may possibly worm yourself through the needle's eye—not that you'll be rich—I've got enough grandchildren to leave my money to without being bothered with grand-nephews and nieces and what-you-may-call-'ems—but you won't amount to much. That's certain. Your great-uncle Peter, of blessed

memory and general incompetence, used to leave everything to me. I wormed him into a Member of Parliament, and the lots on Seneca Street and the lake front."

Her old jaws worked a little as if she were chewing. It was her way of showing that she wasn't really down on Uncle Peter, dead these thirty years.

"If I were in my heyday," she continued, "I should write your romances for you, and make a man of you. Don't shake your head at me in that naughty manner. I have snubbed Daniel Hawthorne in my time. He came up to be presented, shuffling sideways like a crab, and it didn't take me two seconds to see that he had left-over egg on his mustache——"

She paused and drew her lips into her mouth, and closed her eyes, which were bright as an imp's.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I SAID to him," said the dreadful old woman, and I for one believe it of her, "you've got egg on your mustache. Hadn't you better go and wash it off?" He put me into a story later—the one about Leather-Top. I'm the old hag that smokes a pipe and hobnobs with the devil. Now Eddie Poe was worth the lot of them. No egg on his mustache; no cobwebs in his head." Here she chuckled. "All the long winter your great-uncle Peter lay adying," she said. "I used to read aloud to him the romances about cataleptic trances and premature burial."

"You didn't!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"I did so," she said (but I never believed this). "And it kept him

I have snubbed Daniel Hawthorne in my time. I said to him, "You've got egg on your mustache"

agoing long after the doctors said he ought to have stopped."

"Did Poe put you into anything?" I asked.

"Not unless," said my cynical great aunt, "I am the," and she quoted very prettily—

"Ligeia, Ligeia
My beautiful one,
Whose harshesht idea
Will to melody run,"

and cackled with amusement.

"If he used you at all," I said, "it would have been as a ghou! Do you remember when you told me to open my mouth and shut my eyes, and you put red pepper in?"

"I suppose you'd like me to leave you something in my will to make up for it?" She cast a malignant eye toward the mantelpiece. "I will leave you my goggle-eyed china puppy," she said.

"Don't forget it," said I, stoutly.

"EDDIE POE understood me," said my great-aunt, "and I him. We were the only people of our day who knew;" here she glanced at me defiantly and said, "beans about literature. I was the one to say so, and he agreed with me."

"Is it true that he drank?" I asked.

"It's true as anything in the Gos-

pels," she answered, "that your great-uncle Peter did. But he married sense and money, and was never"—here the imp eyes snapped almost audibly—"caught with the goods! Eddie Poe married romance and poverty, and *he* was."

"I know," said I, "that Uncle Peter married money. *You* say he married sense, but weren't you, Aunt Paulina, at any time also beautiful?"

Family tradition aside, it was obvious from the bones of her face that Aunt Paulina had once been very beautiful. She pondered the question for some time, and then said, judicially.

"In her most brilliant moments Virginia Lee of Richmond was more so. . . But I set out to start you on your career with a story. By the way, you're not to tell it till I'm comfortably dead."

"Then I'm more likely to *end* my career with it," I said. "And won't you make it just plain dead, please? You see, I'm afraid you won't be very comfortable."

"You may give me the benefit of the doubt," she said.

I bowed, gravely.

"Have you any use for the story?" she asked.

"How can I tell you," said I, "until I've heard it?"

"You can't," she snapped, "and probably not *then*."

SHE smoothed the bedclothes with her handsome old hands, glanced at the clock, told me to remind her to remind me to wind it when she had finished the story, and began:

"It's about your Uncle Peter and me moving West," she said, "when we had a better home in a better place. He didn't want to move, swore he wouldn't, and talked about his career. But nothing came of that.

"My parents had three daughters: Sarah, your grandmother that was; Paulina, that's your humble great-aunt—the eldest of the three; and Mary, who was the last of us to visit this planet and the first of us to quit it. Our family was never a backwoods family; we always had money, and plate and portraits. We girls had the best education to be obtained in Europe, and the prettiest clothes. When we went riding on our black horses, with white ostrich plumes in our hats, we made a fine show of beauty and fashion, I can tell you. My sisters shared the family beauty—your great-great-grandmother—my mamma—was a ravishing creature; and my papa was handsome, though guileless—but most of the sense came to me. For instance, when we were presented to the Emperor of the French he asked us what he could do

to make his memory pleasant to the three *belles Canadiennes*. Sarah, who was a mischief, curtsied and flirted with her eyes, which were black as coals, and said: 'Promise to remember me, sire, and I shall be happy.' Mary, who was something of a toady, but who really did love her France, said, 'Continue to make France happy Sire' (he was beautifying it with taxes and sudden death), 'and I will remember you in my prayers.' Then he turned to me and shot cold gray beams at me out of his eyes. 'And you, Minerva, of the West?' he asked. 'I, Sire,' said I, 'have a short memory; but if you wish to give me a more material monumentum pignus que Amore' (she pronounced it in the old, soft style), and I looked at the rings on his left hand."

"THE devil!" said he, and he gave me the one with the biggest diamond, and he laughed at himself, which he seldom did, like a school-boy. Then he shot a look at his wife; and back at me and winked. 'I wish to God,' said he, 'that I had been born with the nationality of a Turk, instead of merely with the inclinations.'

"Sire," said I, 'as head wife, you would lead me a dog's life; as next best wife I should lead you one. Let us be thankful then for all these small mercies vouchsafed to us by a monogamous religion.'

"Do you hear?" said he to the Empress, 'the lady calls you a 'small mercy.''" The Empress was really a dreadful frump to look at, in spite of her handsome clothes. She had a figure like a peanut, and a lower lip like a horse's upper lip. She could lower it, as you lower a bucket into a well. I think she could have picked up pennies with it.

"Did she?" she said, without showing any interest whatever. And I've always admired her for it. The way she said it proved generations of cold, haughty ancestors conglomerated into one icicle. It was the only time in my life that I felt snubbed. But I had the ring, and my sisters had nothing but green envy. Which certainly proves where the family sense lay. Snubs pass; but diamonds increase in value. Your great-uncle Peter, however, put the thing up as collateral one Black Friday, I forget which. It was the only sensible thing he ever did without consulting me."

SHE stopped. I waited for a minute, and then said: "You started to tell me why you and Uncle Peter came West, and you got as far East as France."

"I was thinking," said my great-aunt, very mildly for her, "about emphasis and proportion. I can't

make up my mind whether to introduce the Frenchman at the French court, which would be the order in which I really met him, or to wait and let him come in later, suddenly as he did come; and then go back to the French court, and explain him at some length, . . . what do you think?"

"Why," said I, somewhat taken aback, "I—"

"If you were Eddie Poe," she said, "you'd have your answer pat—like that." And she snapped her old thumb and forefinger with great force and spirit.

"I'm not worthy to take off my hat to Eddie Poe," said I, humbly.

"Teach your great-aunt Paulina to suck eggs," said she, politely. "No, my grand-nephew, I don't picture you as meditating matters of art upon an empty stomach, or to much purpose on a full one. Geniuses have ears flat to the sides of their head; yours stick out like a schooner going wing and wing. I always told your mother to strap them down when you went to bed. If I'd had my way you might have amounted to something."

Perceiving that she was unable to hurt my feelings or shake my resolve to become an author, she cackled aloud. "Sakes alive!" she said, "he hasn't even vanity to go on. If ever I saw a career hodge-podged at the very outset!"

"IT seems to me," said I, "that the story which is to start me on my career is getting pretty badly hodge-podged, too."

"Don't you suppose," said she, "that I can talk about your ears and think how to go on with the story at the same time? Every part is arranged now."

"As it ought to be?" I asked.

"As I wish it to be," she said.

"Oh!" said I. And we insulted each other with our eyes.

"You will ask," she went on, "why a beautiful woman of sense should have married your great-uncle Peter. Shortly after we returned from the Grand Tour which we made with my papa, my mamma having died of a pleurisy in Florence, Sarah permitted herself to be courted and won by Roger, your late grandfather, a young whipper-snapper in the legal way. Shortly after their elopement my papa, a handsome, indulgent man of deep feeling, permitted himself an apoplexy of which he died. My sister Mary and I were thus left in the heyday of our youth and looks with a monster farm in Westchester and a handsome fortune apiece. *Your* grandmother was cut off with a shilling—or maybe it was without a shilling—I have forgotten.

"Sister Mary and I quarreled, of course, like a couple of cats over my papa's personal possessions and col-

lections"—the old lady put her hand to her brow and laughed immoderately. "It was over his tortoise-shell razors in the shagreen case that we came to blows. . . . Those are they, on the mantel, next the china puppy. . . . I can remember to this day the feel in my hands of Mary's great braids of hair as I dragged her three times around the great table in the library. In those days women's hair was attached to their heads, I can tell you—or I might have had a heavy fall for my pains. In any event she gave in about the razors, and the pistols. She got my papa's brass warming-pan and his gold tooth-pick, and the sketch for his portrait by Reynolds. I got the portrait.

"YOUR great-uncle Peter, having on my account toadied to my papa anent politics, tobacco and the vintages of wines, was, though a very young man, named as executor of my papa's will. I was flabbergasted when this came out, as I feared to lose my money, either through your late great-uncle's chicanery or his small understanding of affairs. But indeed I might have expected some such thing as this matter of executorship, for my papa's last act (his power of speech having ceased with his apoplexy) had been to place my hand in Peter's—we being on opposite sides of the bed on which my papa was dying—and look us a blessing. Meaning to recover my hand, when my papa should be dead, which event transpired but a very few minutes after, I became so lost in natural sorrow that I omitted to do so. So my right hand remained in Peter's while with my left I held a feather to my papa's lips. I remember I tweaked the feather for the purpose from the very pillow which supported his head. But the feather never so much as fluttered, owing to my papa's having drawn his last breath of blessed memory and to my own steadiness of hand.

"It was his last wish," said your great-uncle-to-be, with extreme sanctimony and unction for so young a man.

"Let it be yours," I said, and with-



He was trembling too, the least thing in the world. "You may be Satan," I said, "but you are a man"

drew my hand with a sharp twisting motion.

"He looked me reproachfully in the eye and said: 'Paulina, in the presence of this good man, your kind, wise and loving progenitor that was, I beseech you to lay aside your waywardness and your cruel habit of shooting darts.'

"IN his last moments,' I said, 'my papa—or progenitor if you please—in all likelihood mistook me for my sister Mary.' Here we were interrupted by Mary's sobbing 'He didn't! he didn't!' I for one had forgotten the child's presence. She was all huddled at the foot of the bed in a kind of toadying crouch. 'Don't you want Peter, either?' said I. She shook her head. In moments of supreme excitement, such as grief, or covetousness, sister Mary showed a certain directness and honesty—of blessed memory. 'Then, sir,' said I, 'we seem to be a pair. And I wish you a very good day.'

"But your great-uncle-to-be had a shot in his locker. The which he fired at me as a small boy might explode his popgun at a seventy-four.

"Said he, 'I have your father's will.'

"And a mighty good thing,' said I, quick as lightning, 'as you have none of your own.'

"With that bee buzzing in his bonnet, your great-uncle-to-be withdrew himself from the death chamber and the house. But he popped in again upon the morning of the funeral—it was in St. Anne's chapel all the way through the avenues of cherry trees at that season in full blossom—with his smuggest and most unctuous face, and my papa's will safely buttoned in his coat.

"WHEN he had got to the end of the instrument which named him executor I flew into an exalted passion, railing at my dead papa's lack of confidence in me, his lack of judgment in appointing Peter, and as bitterly at the probable loss thereby of my fortune, as if I had already lost it. When I had stopped a moment for want of breath, some poor, groveling relation in the back row gave passage through the left trumpet of his nose, the right being

blocked by reason of a cold, to the words 'Shame—shame.'

"Shame it is,' cried I, 'to put a helpless young girl's fortune in the hands of a drawling, sanctimonious monkey that has not so much as cut its wisdom teeth—'

"Another poor relation whined, 'And her poor papa only just dead!'

"'Only just,' says I, 'for if he had been dead a matter of six months there would now be no fortune left to make a Brouhaha about.'

"'Paulina,' cries your Uncle Peter, and I admit there was a something in his voice that touched me for the moment, 'Paulina, do you doubt my honesty?'

"'No,' says I, forgetting instantly that I had been touched, 'I doubt you have the sense to be anything else, and no doubt your want of sense will lead to my want of cents. And that is why I cry out against the monstrous sinfulness of your appointment as made in this precious will and testament.' Here I snatched the thing from him, and, seeing that he was about to speak, was for cramming it into his mouth, great seal and all. And I had clutched at his neckcloth as a beginning toward putting my project into execution, when the great mahogany door behind him slowly opened of its own accord and stood wide. I mention this incident as having put a check to my passion. Why it should have had that effect I do not know. I saw behind the little man's back the cherry trees in blossom, the bright sunlight upon the lawns, and felt perhaps something of the spring freshness in my face. Then it was your great-uncle's turn. He spoke with more eloquence and proper feeling than I had given him credit for.

"'YOU Fury!' he said, 'You un-governable she-devil! For your opinion of me I care not that—' I remember that his thumb and fore-finger made a kind of spudging failure to crack properly—and my cousin Shirley in the second seat from the left end of the first row tittered out loud. But your great-uncle, having succeeded at the second attempt in producing the scornful sound which he required of his fingers, proceeded with his tongue-lashing.

"'I look upon you,' says he, 'who though beautiful have been pampered and indulged to the awful brink of insanity. Within this rose,' says he, pointing at me, 'so lovely to the eye, I see the grub—''

Here my Aunt Paulina suddenly put back her head and screamed with laughter. And as the dark meaning of her last phrase dawned upon my less instant perception, I, too, burst into uncontrollable merriment. The pair of us laughed until we were nearly sick with it." Aunt Paulina beat the bedclothes with her hands, and kicked with her feet, and the tears poured down her cheeks. And when she had managed to calm herself she looked forty years younger. Her old cheeks blushed like a maiden's, and she was delighted with the world and all things in it.

"'Dear me,'" she said, still threatened by a renewal of the explosion, "it was seventy-eight years ago that your great-uncle Peter treated me to that metaphor, and not until this very day has *that* meaning occurred to me. Give me a jujube—in the blue and white porcelain box on the bureau. The mere thought of what Peter claimed to have seen has given me an appetite. You may help yourself to a jujube. I thank you. Where was I?'"

"'YOU were in the midst,'" said I, "of assisting the professor in the earliest known demonstration of the X-ray."

"'To be sure,'" said Aunt Paulina, rolling the jujube on her tongue, "so I was. Well, he made quite an oration. I remember how the moisture on his upper lip disclosed by its darkening effect the fact that he might one day look forward to sporting a pair of mustachios. I think it enhanced his powers to know that the way of retreat lay open behind him.

"'You,' said he, 'unless some curb is placed upon that wicked temper and that intemperate pride of yours, will come to no good end in this world, or in that to come. Nothing about you is womanly but your beauty—a perishable thing. I pity you. I think of your future with horror. But pray God that the strong hand be found to guide you and to mold you ere it be too late. What you need, my Beauty, is a master, no man of putty, but a man of iron will, of iron hand, strong in convention, obdurate, unflinching, a man such—'

"I had been thinking of other things during this speech, though you may be sure I had heard every word of it. I had concluded that to retain control of my fortune it was necessary to retain control of Peter; to have an eye on him night and day. In spite of his tirade I knew that the man was madly in love with me, and I now made up my mind like a shot. I smiled and held out my hand.

"'DONE with you, Peter,' I said, 'let yours be the iron will, the iron hand.' And you may be sure I looked on him in a subdued and melting way. He flinched at first. Then took my hand, and (I leaning over) raised up on his toes (I remember the soles of his shoes squeaked very sharply) and with his lips made a smacking noise in the air close to my cheek.

"We were married very privately, on account of me being in mourning for my papa, in St. Anne's chapel. The cherries were then ripe on the trees.

"During the first months there were

frequent clashes of temper and will between your late great-uncle of blessed memory and myself. He had made up his mind, once and for all time, so he said, to be the master. But nothing came of that. Yet it was not until he had gotten himself cheated out of a round sum of my money, by a merchant of whom he thought the world, that he made a frank, open, and final abdication of his claims. After that I was all honey, and made him a good wife to his dying day; letting him have his own way when that could obviously lead to no harm, and making a great show, when others were present, of being entirely ruled by him.

"IN affairs, owing to my advice, without which he never lifted a finger, except in the matter of pledging the Emperor's diamond, he made a great name for prudence, coupled with sound daring. Ours was the best beef, butter, cream, milk, fruit, corn and potatoes to be bought. Ours were the best bred horses and the largest pumpkins. Indeed, our ventures and holdings, both in ships, lands and houses, made us an integral and important factor in the growth of the city. As for the property that came to Mary and me from our papa, it had been doubled. It seemed impossible that anything could tear our roots from the soil in which they had taken so deep a hold. Or that sister Mary and I, who were in every way the leaders of fashionable life, should ever turn our faces to the rough and uncouth West, therein to seek a home.

"I had not wholly regained my strength after the birth of your late Aunt Susan, of blessed memory, and having slept several hours during the day, it was natural enough that my usual bedtime found me unusually wakeful. The thought of retiring and lying open-eyed in the dark was unendurable. And so, having prepared a hot toddy for my husband, and tucked him into his bed, his nose and throat being inflamed by an incipient cold, and having gone the rounds of the nurseries to see that all was well, I heaped wood—out of yonder wood-box—on the library fire, and got down a volume of Adam Smith. I was engaged at this time in very serious lines of reading—law, international law, and economics—as I had about made up my mind to put your late uncle into politics, and it was necessary for one of us to have an elementary knowledge at the least of such matters. And since your late uncle could not even master the simplest treatise on the rotation of crops, or the fertility of the soil, it was obvious enough that I must be the one."

To be continued

Making Movies

"CLEAR! Clear!"
"Half a minute, Jeff, I'm winding in a new film."

The director chewed his cigar with oncoming impatience. He gave a quick look about the stage.

"Another bunch-light in that entrance!" Somebody from "behind" jumped to the rescue, for I saw the shadow on the doorway suddenly disappear.

The villain of the piece was leaning against a wicker chair pawing over the scenario. He had already discovered eight falls, two cracks-on-the-jaw, and a wrestling match—all of which would be paid to him every day for three days, rain or shine. The heroine was in no such hopeless mood; she had told a reporter for a dramatic weekly five anecdotes about her beginning as a child prodigy, and was well on the way to "landing" him for a full-page photograph in the next issue. A negro butler straddled a saw-horse and brushed the kinks from a brand new wig.

"Clear the set! Places! please!"

The leading man hurried through a doorway and took his place before the grate fire, book in hand.

"All right! Start your camera!"

The monotonous buzz of the film machine nerved the players into sudden action. The game was on.

NO ONE need tell the reader that the development of the motion picture art and the motion picture business during the past few years had been one of the strangest phenomena of all history. Canada is committed to the "craze" as firmly and finally as our brethren of the United States. Town for town, and city for city, we have as many picture theatres as anywhere within the boundaries of the Greater America. Which is to say that from Alaska to Georgia—as the Statesmen like to put it at banquets—there are about 20,000 theatres, theatroriums and theatre-ets where the Silent Drama is clicked off to the ump-de-ump of the piano. And to tack along a few more statistics, over one-hundred-and-fifty-million dollars are invested in the business of film making and distribution, and 300,000 people obtain from motion picture sources their employment and upkeep.

It is no great step back to 1908, yet up to that year the productivity of the screen had been so poor as to invite prediction of disaster. We Canadians recall our outspoken suspicions that motion pictures were "passing fads," that the novelty would die off. Just

The world of films and faces, reels and realism, Telegraph Helen and Poor Pauline; the world of Mary Pickford of the curls, Heart-breaker; and Charlie Chaplin of the boots, Laugh maker—here's to it!

By Frederick Robson

Illustrated from Photographs

about this time we read of scientists' prophecies that some day picture films would supplant the public schools, that medical colleges were adapting the camera for instruction purposes, that military and naval experts saw in it immense possibilities as a recording device. But the picture as entertainment! We attended once, sent the children twice, and—then no more. The reasons for this 1908 apathy were simple and sufficient. At that time—just seven years ago, too, hardly a stage artist of reputation dared even think of moving pictures as an avenue to dignified fame and dignified revenue. The lack of "standing" associated with picture parts took not a little diplomacy and time to overcome. If to the dramatic actress or actor, vaudeville was "illegitimate," the voiceless "screen" was not even human. Those who dared the sentiment of the moment dwelt apart. They were "mercenary inartistic hacks," out for the easiest way to bread-and-butter. Theatrical managers, sniffing disaster in the air, threatened dismissal to any of "standing" who posed for the camera.

CAME word one morning that Joseph Jefferson had "signed" for a movie engagement. The world of dramatic art was aghast. Quickly followed a cable that Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Rejane and Jane Hading were appearing daily in the film studios. The wall of highbrow snubbing was plainly tottering. Then "Daniel Frohman presents a magnificent film revival of

'Queen Elizabeth'." So Frohman had fallen for them, too? Blanche Walsh, Nat C. Goodwin and others of parallel importance tripped quickly into line. The papers began to fill with yarns of fabulous salaries. The "middle class" artists suddenly caved in.

Loaves and fishes were too good to miss.

With the surrender of the dramatic profession the world over to the imperative bidding of the "movies," automatically the public's declining opinion of the "picture craze" jumped to happier conclusions. New films appeared. New faces in the films, new brains behind the scenarios, new conceptions of the camera's possibilities, new standards of taste, new and improved admissions of moral decency. We began to see in Toronto and Winnipeg and Halifax such vast conceptions of motion photography as "Ulysses," to procure which an Italian cinematograph company took an entire company of actor-folk to the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, with ancient armor and costumes, and specially built sailing craft to assist in the verity of the story, although it cost over \$150,000. European and American producers now dipped into the money bags without hesitation. Where \$3,000 had been a fearful risk on some old-fashioned "chase film," in which a luckless Chinaman was hounded across half a county followed by a population of fat policemen, thin grocers, wooden-legged barbers, and nurse-maids, falling into horse-troughs and barking their shins, \$300,000 came to be a common enough figure for a really classy "film."

SEVEN years ago, hardly a newspaper or magazine in all America thought seriously enough of the picture business to devote more than a patronizing item. To-day a score of the best Canadian papers carry full pages weekly, devoted exclusively to film news, while practically every United States newspaper in larger towns and cities recognizes screen material as chuck full of public interest. With customary caution the New York papers held off until two years ago. Now the New York Herald in the morning, and the Evening Globe in the afternoon, present an elaborate daily description of happenings in the film world. For over a year the New York Evening Journal has reviewed photo plays quite as seriously as dramatic creations. "The Ladies' World," a McClure publication of New York, created an innovation by publishing a

story called "What Happened to Mary," and by arrangements with the Edison company, each instalment was simultaneously presented in film form at the picture theatres. *One hundred thousand circulation* was added to the magazine every month of the story's duration. Upon that tempting precedent, collaboration of weekly newspapers and picture theatres has become quite common, instalments of printed and pictured story appearing on closely successive dates. Early in 1914 William Randolph Hearst made an affiliation with the Pathe Freres by which a daily fiction story was published in all the Hearst publications, while on the same day in more than five hundred picture houses the fiction was recounted on the screen.

Just as amazing and sudden has been the development of a distinct motion picture *personnel*. Screen acting, while possessing many points in common with the impersonations of the dramatic stage, makes many demands upon the player of a peculiar and exacting sort. The writer is not one of those who believe that the cause of dramatic art has anything to be thankful for in the advent of motion pictures. The demands of film drama upon the player are never likely to build the noble reputations associated with Irving, Rejane, Forbes-Robertson, and the stalwarts of their class. However, there is no denying that the popularity of individual players, ephemeral though it must be, has become great in proportion to the multiplicity of theatres and the almost universal habit of photo-play attendance. Scores of men



Pickford in the demand for his services, was recently offered \$25,000 by the management of Madison Square Garden for two weeks of his time. The offer was rejected for the reason that the Essanay Company of Chicago countered the deal by handing Chaplin a cheque for an equal amount, which, by the way, was independent of his regular salary. One may readily understand that these fabulous salaries base themselves on everyday economic prin-

ceptions, just that long will sacks of gold be tossed to whatever favorites caters momentarily to that demand.

Obviously the salary list of the motion picture business has mounted no faster than the improvement of themes and methods of production. From the original comedies where people ran at impossible speeds and magicians walked on the ceiling, have come the most laboriously rehearsed dramas, some catering to laughter, others to the love of pathos. The serial story has been matched by the serial film, so that one may come week after week to gaze upon a fresh episode entered in the middle of a miscellaneous programme. Educational films, depicting the operations of boot factories, armament works, the weaving of silk, etc., have kept step with the wonderful travel films of Paul Rainey, who clicked his cameras in the face of prowling lions in the African jungle, and audaciously defied wild elephant herds to trample him to mulch.

Of course, the secret of the picture film is its realism. The imagination of the onlooker need only be as lively as a pine knot, for the screen director will fill in the gaps and dish up the narrative fit for infantile digestions. You recollect the "costume period" melodramas, such as "Richelieu," where courtiers quite commonly "flung - themselves - from - the - stage," promising the audience to ride fifty miles and fetch an answer "before daybreak." You may have known that the courtier possessed neither the horse nor the fifty miles, but imagination supplied both steed and dust. Not so with your picture drama. "Fifty

CAME word one morning that Joseph Jefferson had signed for a movie engagement! Quickly followed a cable that Sarah Bernhardt was appearing daily in film studios! The middle class artists caved in.

and women, plodding along a few years ago as "middle class" artists in the stock companies, earning perhaps thirty to sixty dollars a week, have found an Eldorado of cash and publicity in this strange apparition we call "the picture business".

MARY PICKFORD, a petite and winning little lady who has achieved a marvellous vogue, takes toll of the motion picture industry to the extent of \$100,000 a year. That is not a "sample" salary. It is the climax of many hundred medium salaries which put the recipient's former earnings to shame. Charlie Chaplin, an eccentric comedian, who has surpassed even Miss

principles. Chaplin's vogue means millions to the producers. A single comical human with big feet and a small hat can make or mar a corporation's fortunes. Twenty yards of common earth, so it cover a gold mine, may bring a thousand dollars an inch. In the same manner, Charlie Chaplin's "say so" commands a price proportionate to its magnetic "pull" on the endless millions of cheer chasers. Geraldine Farrar took a two weeks' jaunt to California this summer and was paid \$30,000 for twelve days spent in moving picture dramas, the working schedule being six hours a day. So long as there are 20,000 or more picture theatres howling to their supply agents for novelties and



miles I will ride before daybreak," says your actor, and forth with you see him, boot-ed and spurred,

When Graustark was filmed, Beverly Bayne raised to royalty, perfectly gowned and more bewitching than any queen, possessed in addition an ideally handsome lover in the person of Francis X. Bushman who won her proud and princessful heart while the Essanay Studios warred and sizzled around them

atop his horse, racing across the landscape helfur leather.

In time the picture of a galloping horse or a high-powered motor car came to be a common place. Directors, hoping to vindicate their reputations for ingenuity, reached after nerve-stirring sensations and called upon their players to assume risks commensurate to the thrill they aimed to secure.

WE FIND the Selig Company at Los Angeles, California, assembling the greatest private-owned jungle-zoo in the world, with animals adapted to

every mad invention of the dramatist's brain. An expedition is now being formed to start from Baltimore in an old-fashioned "rakish" schooner for a cruise of the Caribbean Sea. On board will be a large party of motion picture players, and a still larger cargo of "properties" for the staging of a score of melodramatic adventures along the lines of the hair-raisers in our Sunday School library. The roaring days of the Spanish Main when Cap'n Morgan and his freebooters harried the rich cities of the South American coast will come again to life. British sailors biting cutlasses between their molars will slip over the ship's sides and "cut out" the murderous pirate lying inshore. Fair senors will steal their lady-loves from iron-barred balconies of Spanish palaces and take to sea in a forty-mile gale. There is no lack of scope for a shipload of adaptable players and a storeroom of "junk". We may understand it better some day when the picture theatre in North Bay announces—"Midshipman Easy—A Thrilling Drama of the Sea in Three Reels".

A camera fiend, equipped with a mile or two of film, set sail from Seattle about a year ago to prove the prophecy of a group of scientists. It had been stated that off the coast of Alaska a group of Islands, through some strange submarine cause, had risen above the surface and later passed from sight several times within the previous twelve months. The assertion was well attested. Off sailed the picture man in a schooner to get a film which he decided to call "The Birth of An Island". If he gets it, there is a million dollars waiting his handclasp.

LILLIAN WADE, a Denver lassie, is five years old. At fifteen months she was equipped with the courage and determination of the ordinary youngster of six. For three years or more she has been employed by a California company at a large salary, playing parts which require resource and quick judgment. For a film dealing with a jungle theme she played with a rag doll in an open meadow, until a full-sized lion ambled uncomfortably close to her, when she calmly walked over to a wooden trunk, lifted the lid and jumped inside. This sort of feat is no longer a "thriller" in a camp of picture players, particularly since more than one leading man had leaped on horseback from a respectably high cliff into the sea. You and I would probably draw the line at an actor daredevil's conception of duty when he offered himself for any and all hair-brained exploits his director could fashion. He permitted himself to be thrown out of a balloon into the ocean, his escape depending upon his quickness in slitting open the bag as it sank toward the bottom. The same individual reached the peak load of insanity when he curled himself in a wooden bomb lying in the muzzle of a mortar. The director pulled the trigger, expecting the bomb to rise gracefully in the air and cast forth the hero on one end of a folded parachute. Instead of that, the bomb rose thirty feet, smashed into atoms and landed the human contents, much cut and bruised, but still alive and safe, in the middle of a ploughed field. Quite as crazy but more successful have been some of the schemes to utilize the aeroplane and

Continued on page 118.



Cabaret à la Essanay, showing a New York restaurant be-islanded in the centre of filmdom, with Johnny-on-the-spotlight accompaniment

Just June

JUNE'S most vivid childhood memory is of father coming home and smashing a'l the rosebud plates. To June's eyes, they were the loveliest things in the world, those plates. They came from the Fifteen Cent Store. And they lived in the dirtiest cupboard in the dirtiest house on River Street. But they were pink.

June's mother had been pink once, too—old-country-pink. Then she had married, come out to Canada, raised seven children and settled into the downtown mud of a third-rate little city. You could always see a dirty little baby, hanging over a dirty, slanted, half-hung gate in front of her house, when the seven-thirty slowed before making the station.

But June's big brown eyes didn't see mother for very long or the rosebud plates either. One day the doctor came and brought another little wail with him, and the next day the undertaker took June's mother away. That was when the plates were smashed, the whole eight of them, all but the cracked one that hid under the table with June.

There followed three years of galley-slaving, during which the girl grew to be twelve, and beautiful.

She wasn't just pretty, in the pink-cheeked bucolic fashion of her mother. Neither did she in any sense resemble the pert-faced bits of precociousness that minced by to work in the gum factory down the block. Her eyes were as big and as wonderful and as dark as a gypsy's, and she had a tangled red-brown mane of hair that a duchess might have sighed after. Her cheeks were colored like a dark rose—for all she got so little to eat—and she had a way of tucking her hand into yours that made her guardian angel cry o' nights.

Not that she ever had anybody to take the tucking, poor kiddie. But the tendency was there.

Then, when she was twelve and the thin blonde bundle of rags that she lived for was three years old, and just beginning to plant wavering little kisses on June's love-hungry mouth, the man who had smashed the plates came in one



By **Betty D. Thornley**
Illustrations by **Frederic Grant**

day, sober for a wonder, and announced that he'd married again.

He brought the lady with him, also a bottle in each pocket and a thirst (so he announced) that reached from here to the Bay.

That was the beginning of it. The end of it was when the summer heat and poor June's unwise feeding carried little Blondie away, 'way off where there were flowers on her grave.

The two of them came home drunk that night. And June was kicked out permanently.

Don't believe it? Oh, no. You live north of Poverty Line. You aren't acquainted with River Street, still less with the only sort of place that would take June in—twelve and utterly untaught and beautiful.

II.

LITTLE Aunty had soft hair, soft eyes and a heart so dear and soft and wistful that everybody who knew her said, "What a pity! Wouldn't she have made the darlinest mother?"

Her wall was papered with babies pretty nearly, and the happiest moments of her life were when somebody more fortunate loaned her a really-

truly one to take up into her lonesome little house and cuddle.

Little Aunty was old-fashioned. Which is to say that she thought everybody was either very, very good—and went to the First Presbyterian Church—or else very, very bad—and went to hell. But she couldn't help crying over these last occasionally. It was so dreadfully sad.

When little Aunty read her paper she censored it. The sort of news that the Sunday yellows lap up, she passed over in shocked silence. She didn't understand it. And she didn't want to.

And then one day, when Little Aunty had finished dusting all the babies, she read about June.

If the paper hadn't said the culprit was just fourteen, she would never have gone beyond the headlines. But the near-babyhood of the offender held her till the last shocking half-understood line.

She had been found in a



The loveliest plates in the world lived in the dirtiest cupboard in the dirtiest house on River St.

garage. She was drunk. She would "come up" on Monday.

Little Aunty went to a knitting tea that afternoon, and she tried to talk war. But all she could think of was June, fourteen—and *what*—June in a garage—June in jail—June in court.

What did she look like, this child of the shocking history? From what strange dreadful big-city slum had the poor little creature come? All that evening she pondered uneasily over the story. She searched the paper, uncertainly at first, but then with determination, to see if the Last Edition contained any further details.

But no. Kiddie-June was too ordinary to have been mentioned at all except on account of her age. Anyone but Little Aunty would have known that.

The next day was Sunday. The sermon was on love, but for the first time it struck the listener in Pew 20 as a bit vague.

"Love whom?" she queried to herself.

The answer came with a definiteness and a promptitude that fairly startled her: "Love June — love June!"

On Monday morning, the Magistrate was rung up at a very early hour indeed and by a voice so shaky that he had to say, "Eh, what?" two or three times before he caught the word "June."

"Want to see her? Well, now, Miss —er—Forsythe, I don't believe it would do much good. There have been two or three deaconesses already and the Salvation Army, you know—"

"But, but," the voice faltered, "they're—they're professionals; it's their business to go. I've never done anything like it in my life, but she's so young—such a baby—"

"I see," said the Magistrate, "You can come."

For he was a shrewd man, was the Magistrate, and he knew that when a woman can cry over another woman, there is always hope of her doing something.

III.

LITTLE Aunty came. She nearly fell from sheer weakness and scare before she got in past the big doors and into the Matron's room.

"June Thrush? Say, she's the hardest little piece I've ever had, bar none," that worthy asserted, "and the foulest-

mouthed. She'll probably insult you, but if you're set on seein' her—well, come along."

June was the solitary woman prisoner in the little corridor. She was out between the cells. There was a window at the end—a most unusual and injudicious thing to put in a jail—and



June came a faltering step or two. Then she ran. And her tired, wicked red-brown curls fell all over Aunty's starched white shirtwaist

she was looking at three clouds and a bird.

"Somebody to see you," said the Matron, brusquely.

And Little Aunty came in.

The girl turned.

She looked less than fourteen, for her red-brown hair was all down in big ringlets and she'd been crying. She was bitter. She was tragic. She was astoundingly beautiful. And she greeted her visitor, quite casually, with an abominable oath.

It isn't only the serpents that have wisdom. The doves get it too, through sheer lack of it.

Little Aunty did the wisest thing she could possibly have done. She just stood there, with a wavering, uncertain smile on her lips, and her eyes filled slowly.

"Dearie," she said softly, "oh, dearie!"

In all her strange, squalid, suffering life June had never heard a pet name in a tone she cared to remember. No-

body had ever said a mother-word to her before.

"Dearie!" said Little Aunty again. There was a wistful question in it this time and she held out her arms. She hadn't meant to do it. It was just plain inspiration.

And June came, a faltering step or two. Then she ran. And her tired, wicked, red-brown curls fell all over Aunty's starched white shirtwaist.

The Matron left them in June's cell. The girl was as shy as a wild animal; she wouldn't talk but she hung onto Aunty's hand as though she would never let go.

You know how you make friends with a strange dog—a kicked cur? You look at him and smile—then you look away. You pat him, little quick, fluttering pats. Then you smile again. You say a few foolish words that don't matter. What your soul says over and over is just about this, "I'm sorry, oh so sorry for you. What do you want? I wish I could get it for you. I like you. Do you like me?"

And that was just what Little Aunty was saying while she smoothed June's hair, only her spoken words were about the child's age—and had she really lived always right here in town?—and would she like a box of taffy, the home-made sort, and some fruitcake?

June answered nothing but yes and no. Occasionally she raised her big eyes and said a short frightened sentence or two with them.

Then Aunty rose to go.

"Shall I come and see you tomorrow, dear?"

"Yes—oh, yes—*please!*"

That was all. But Little Aunty went home and couldn't say her prayers for crying, she was so happy.

SHE came the next day and the next. The third day she fed five thousand and walked on the water and did every other miracle recorded in Scripture, for she went into court. June never took her hand away once, except when she had to stand up and plead guilty, and again when she was sentenced to two years in the Industrial. That haven it seemed was full to overflowing, and the child would have to stay at the local jail till it spilled out a victim or two back into the city to make room for her. In all likelihood it would be a month

before the transfer was accomplished.

That was a strange month for Little Aunty, that December, for she spent every single morning of it locked securely into the corridor. Unbelievable figures came and went in the darkness—old Grace who had been drunk since the memory of man; Josephine, whose coal-black cheerfulness was equalled only by her passion for stimulants; Cocaine Essie, with her eternally-differing accounts of herself; and many a pinch-faced little vagrant caught in the Park. Besides these unfortunates there were the more sinister figures of the underworld, the ones who rolled wickedness under their tongue as a sweet morsel, the ones who grudged June to her new friend, who would reach up their black hell-fingers and pull her down again if they could. Yet even they were to be pitied.

AUNTY smiled at them all; she loved them all; her heart opened and wept and sang over them all. But nearest and dearest was shy, sweet, terrible, baffling June.

For you don't easily shake off a plate-smashing father. And two years in hell is enough to singe every fibre of your soul.

Some days she was adorable, and Aunty wouldn't have changed places with Mary Mother in heaven. At other times she was restless, irritable, complaining, critical, blasphemous. And on all occasions she was prone to discourse of things that sent the shocked blood pounding into her auditor's Presbyterian ears.

In return, Aunty brought her fruitcake, hair ribbons, comic supplements—this was the only reading matter she asked for that her friend could bring herself to procure—but her two main and most appreciated gifts were a Bible—and a doll.

No, dear reader, we aren't lying to you. You can go through the Industrial and see each hardened criminal's bed graced with a doll—and such bed-dressed and cared-for dolls! The oldest Industrialette you must know is seventeen, for all they've been sent up on all sorts of mentionable and unmentionable charges.

Strange to say, this was the first doll June had ever owned, and all the fierce unreasoning love that was left over from what she gave to Aunty, she poured out on Geraldine Francesca.

The Bible was another thing altogether. She didn't want it at first, but when Aunty had explained a little about God and how He loved all His children—including the ones in jail—and when she had been shown sundry of His letters to herself contained in the Book, June accepted it, along with everything else her friend told her, and eventually slept with it under her pil-

low, though she couldn't be brought to say why.

IV.

AND then at last the dreaded news came that a cot in the Industrial was vacant. That meant putting a hundred odd miles between herself and June, and it was a shaken, dim-eyed Little Aunty who went downtown, the day before Christmas, to fill a box for her protegee.

There was everything in that box that a little girl of fourteen could want—that is, everything that she could want if she were—well, you had to say it—if she were in jail. Aunty spent every last cent she could afford on the pretty little toilet articles and the best dress for Sundays (she would be allowed to wear it if she were good), and the new finery for Geraldine Francesca.

And then she took up the box in arms that seemed suddenly very frail, and she went to the big dark building on the river bank.

They had a little talk about the future. Aunty had written to the Superintendent, and had received, oh such a nice letter in reply. June would be good, wouldn't she. She would write and so would Aunty, and the time would pass quickly. She would be out in two years and then dear knows what would happen. They both smiled over it, holding their smiles on very tight. June would read her Bible. She would study in the day school, wouldn't she, so she could understand it better. And Aunty would pray for her, every day, especially in the mornings when she used to come and see her.

AT last the visitor rose to go. The final kiss was accomplished without a break on either side, the Matron unlocked the door, and Aunty went off down the hall.

But you remember Lot's wife. That was Aunty.

Halfway to the entrance she turned back.

June was standing with her hands on the bars at the corridor-end. Her hair was loose in a great wave. There were tears on her face. And in her eyes was the utter tragedy of all the Junes since Eve.

"Oh, God," said Aunty, "Oh, God, I can't stand it!"

The girl saw her coming and ran back. The Matron unlocked the door; shrugged her shoulders, and went away.

In the cell June and Aunty were in each others' arms and it would be hard to say which was crying the biggest tears or the dreadfulest.

Suddenly the child's sobs shivered themselves out and she sat up.

"AUNTY," she said, "I never had a friend but only you. If God's good like you say, why did He let me

get born like I was and do what I did?"

The woman stood face to face with the crisis of her soul-life. All the old, mere-word, inherited platitudes burnt up and crumbled away before the ultimate fire of June's eyes, before that awful accusing *why?*

But Aunty looked straight back. There was something bigger than the Shorter Catechism. There was God. And you didn't have to defend Him.

"I don't know," she said, softly, "I don't know!" and it rang out like a battle-cry. "But I don't care if I never know. There *is* a way out and He'll find it. I believe in Him and I love Him anyway."

It was then that the queer thing happened. The defiant fires died out of the big dark eyes that had blazed into hers, and an awed wonder took their place.

"Why, so do I!" the girl whispered, tremblingly, "so do I!"

AND then, all of a sudden, there in the cell, Aunty's whole life rolled out in front of her—her decorous, sheltered childhood; the fluttered hopefulness of her one lavendered romance; the dim disappointed middle years; the long, aching monotony where she learned steadfastness and self-control; and then the swift, astounding melodrama of the last month. She had never been outspoken enough to fling June's "Why?" up into the still face of her Presbyterian heaven. But she had thought it.

To-day the truth fairly blazed at her, the justification of everything, the one purpose for which she had been born, had lived, would die. And it was just June.

There were no obstacles—there couldn't be. The One who had planned all this held the King's heart in the hollow of His hand. And He wouldn't think anything of twisting a Magistrate to His purposes.

"June—Kiddie-June," she cried, softly, "will you come away with me—to some other city—right now—and be my Christmas present—my little girl?"

The child's eyes widened with something very like horror.

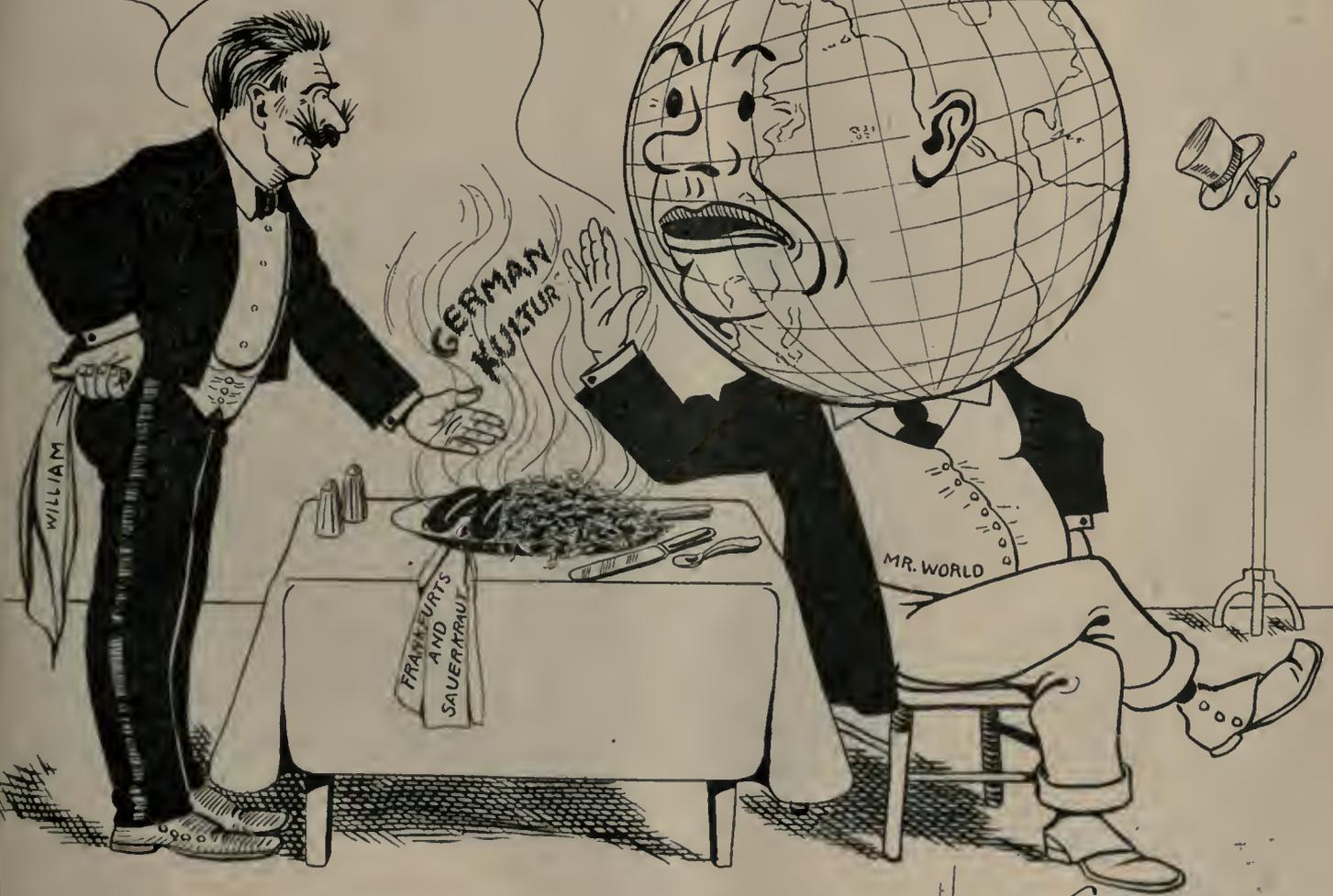
"Me?" she whispered, "me—your little girl?"

There was self-abasement past all telling—that and a strange thrilled hope.

Aunty couldn't speak. The man who "does his duty" never gets to heaven. He may come to some great soul-incubator where he will grow slowly to lovehood in a million years. But the children of God go singing up the road, go laughing into paradise, even while they cry. And Little Aunty wasn't giving up anything for anybody. She was just kissing out her happiness on June's love-hungry mouth.

DOTS A FINE DISH!

TAKE IT AWAY I DONT WANT IT!



HAROLD OLSON 15

THERE is one Old Man who never falls down on his job. Cabinets may change, Empires may sink, hospitals may fill to the eavestrough. But so long as there's the last light in the last house, and the last kiddie in the last crib, there'll be a jingle of sleigh-bells over the roof, and Santa Claus will slide down the chimney.

Contrary to the belief of the nightie brigade who discuss his adventures, however, the toys he brings don't really grow on Christmas trees, all set about in flower pots around the big North Pole. The advent of Santa may be pure fairy-tale-for-joy, but the manufacture of his bagful is stern economics, and to get this little artless tale here printed, I had to interview an old man with glasses at the Department of Customs; a young man with a business-watch and a butt-in telephone, skyhigh in a department store; and a middle-betwixt man with a heart as big as kiddies' eyes, 'way out east in Smoke-town where the foreigners live.

THE old man didn't say very much—Government officials never do.

"In 1914 we imported German toys of all kinds to the value of \$579,547," he said, looking over his glasses. "In 1915 we've brought in so far \$247,044. Good-morning."

Bubbles is only seven and Dutch cut as to her taffy hair, but she could work that out in a minute. Divide the first number by two and you still have something bigger than the second number. Ergo, if mother and father and the Biggest Store haven't found some place other than Germany from which to get toys, the chances are that Bubbles won't find a new doll in her stocking after all.

Which leads of course to the elevator and the top floor and the man with the telephone, who, by the way, is probably the oldest-youngest toy-buyer in Canada. He tells you he's been at it for nineteen years, and you can't help wondering which grade of the kindergarten he was in when they took him on or whether his dolls and balls and folderols have a magic spell about them that brushes the years away as fast as they come.

IN THE early part of January, just when Bubbles is getting over the effects of the Christmas holidays, Mr. Toyman packs his annual trunk, whistles for his chum—also in the toy trade—and buys twin tickets for Europe to get the next year's dolls. Angelina Seraphina hasn't begun to be worn out yet, but forehandedness is the quality most worshipped by department store managers.

"It takes about two months and a half," says Mr. Toyman. "Last year we toured England first, then did

Santa for Certain

The Tale of the

France, went into Switzerland, down into Italy, and even tried Spain for samples. We didn't go to Russia ourselves, but we wrote them. The American field was gone over when we got home. But we didn't find anything to equal the Germany that our patrons wouldn't dream of letting us buy from any more, but whose toys we can't help regretting."

The Germans must be a mixture such

safe thing to suck. We mustn't forget Margaret Steiff, who invented the teddy bear, in the glare of the Krupps who invented hell.

BUT to-day Nurenburg is a wraith of its old self. Little Gretchen can't see to sew buttons on the sailor boy, because she cries so, and Daddy Deutsch who used to paint the face of him is dead.



Instead of handing Mr. Outawork a soup ticket he was given five dollars' worth of lumber and told to get busy

as only God can understand. The Kaiser we know—Von Hindenburg, Von Kluck, the submarine crews, Bernhardt, Bernstorff, the spy system, the bomb-devils who shell women and kiddies.

But we mustn't forget quaint old Nurenburg where they made the toys, father to son in the same workshop, and Gretchen dropping in after school to help along. We mustn't forget the patient, loving workmanship, the trade-faithfulness that made the littlest rattle not only a joy to look at, but a

Other lands have snatched Germany's toy supremacy and it's little Susie over in Sussex who sewed the buttons on for the 1916 toys. It's Katrinka in New York, too. Stranger still, it's "H. Yamada, Tokio," who puts his sign manual on the identical jumping monkey that used to go out labelled, "Made in Germany." The Japanese aren't inventive, Mr. Toyman says, but they're wonderful copyists. And with characteristic assurance, they've started their toymaking career by attacking the hardest thing in the

By John F. Charteris

Nineteen Sixteen Toys

trade—the little mechanical trifles that are made in forty-seven parts—and retail for a quarter! H. Yamada is a clever little devil and he can make anything under heaven—give him time—but it's doubtful if he'll ever overcast the seams as lovingly as Father Deutsch.

As for the real-genius end of the art, the inventing of novelties to oust the teddy bear even as teddy pushed

JUST here the Third Man got into the conversation, the middle-betwixt man from Smoketown where the foreigners live.

His real name is the Reverend Awdrey Brown, of Tecumseh Avenue, Toronto. His district holds thirty-three thousand souls of twenty-two nationalities. And his distinction is that he asserts loudly that the inventive genius above referred to has nothing



One of the bedrooms which were turned into a storeroom for some of the nineteen sixteen barrows and carts

Angelina out of the doll carriage, this German gift is found nowhere else, says Mr. Toyman, save on the American continent.

The 1916 "Baby Grumpies," "Sassy Sues," and "Betty Bounces," the dollar-twenty-five cycle riders, the "Babies With Voices," the Dutch boys and girls who'll stand almost as high as their owners—all these come from south o' the border, despite the 30 per cent. duty and the 7½ per cent. war tax.

whatever to do with boundary lines. It grows in Canada, too.

The Rev. Awdrey is perennially interested in the unemployment problem. Every winter his Memorial Institute is besieged with concrete examples who make it very hard for him to sit in his study and write sermons. Last year the War made it worse.

"But I'm glad it did," he tells you enthusiastically, "because it made some of us think. The cure for unemployment is employment, not a soup

kitchen. A five-dollar bill may put a fire in the stove, but a good job makes a man."

The end of it all was a little red wheelbarrow, made by clerical hands, painstakingly, after an accepted model. The clerical brain was in it too, and a mighty good brain it was. The barrow must sell for twelve and a half cents. But the wood, as originally purchased, would cost twelve! Ergo, the clerical hat went on, and the street car carried a most energetic business man around town until he discovered a place where it could be had for five.

THEN in came Mr. Outawork.

Instead of handing him a lecture, or a soup ticket, Mr. Brown showed him into the parlor—now a manual training room again, minus the teacher—gave him five dollars' worth of lumber and the model and told him to go ahead and make a hundred wheelbarrows.

He did. And from the twelve-fifty received, he received seven-fifty as his share.

The toymaking clergyman was jubilant. He took orders. He cleared out the second parlor. He found a man in East Toronto who was making toy cannons that were good stuff but that he couldn't sell. The kitchen was turned forthwith into a Krupp concern.

A jobless Russian hove in sight. At the same time, a wooden stork was discovered who opened and shut his bill like a pair of scissors. Peter Petrograd froze onto the stork. And the two are still at it.

BY CHRISTMAS you couldn't hear yourself pray in the Institute. A factory was built in the back yard, a little twenty-five-by-thirty-two affair, two stories high, put up by the men themselves. Toy wagons had been added to the repertoire and the wholesalers were beginning to take notice.

"I worked a couple of months myself on a little novelty," said Mr. Brown. "It was a British bulldog and a German dachhund. You could roll them over and over, but the bulldog was always on top. It sold splendidly."

A 1916 idea is a game called, "Sinking the Kaiser's Fleet." There's a German battleship made in tiny pieces. There is also a British submarine. The latter contains a strong spring which lets off a bolt, which in turn patriotically knocks the dreadnaught off the map. Another game is called, "Capturing Constantinople." These toys will sell at a quarter and were keeping a dozen men employed as long ago as last June. Special machinery had to be built for each operation, of which there were eighty-three!



Coming Back



By Gregory Clark

Illustrated by Lester Raleigh

*"O-o-o-o-o-o-!
A life on the ocean wave!
A life on the bounding deep!
Where the pollywogs wag their tails,
And the frogs keep time with their feet!"*

A RICH deep-chested voice in the distance, it filled the air, rolled up to the wintry sky, billowed out over the bleak country road onto the dismal faded fields.

The girl stopped walking, set down her clumsy traveling bag and looked ahead for the singer. He was not to be seen either on the road or on the path that topped the bank above the road.

"A tramp, likely," thought the girl, peering into the bedraggled thickets along the rail fence.

She assumed a resting position before taking up the bag again, and let her worried eyes gaze over the scene. A flat road, that sloped neither up nor down—a road that had no romance in it. Fields brown and gray and interminable. Patches of leafless thicket. A landscape that turned an expressionless face upwards towards a cold, dead sky. A countryside worn and shabby after a spring and a summer of producing, and an autumn of exhaustion, now lying inert awaiting the oblivion of winter.

The girl took it all in with a slow survey. The worried, determined look darkened her eyes. With a little shiver, she made a plunge for her bag.

*"O-o-o-o-o-o-!
A life on the ocean wave!"*

R IGH T above her, on the bank, the vibrant voice sang out. Frightened, she glanced up. A startled face was peering down at her—a face belonging to a shabby, dusty pair of shoulders, and surmounted by a tweed cap, on backwards.

"Beg pardon!" said the face. "I thought there was no one within miles! Say, I hope I haven't frightened you?"

The face disappeared and a moment later the whole young man, dressed in a baggy grey suit, with a canvas knapsack on his back and a fat walking stick in hand, slid down a crevice in the bank.

"I said I was sorry!" remarked the young man.

"Unexpected," murmured the girl. "Silly song! An out of the way spot, eh!" said the young man. "Coming or going?"

He looked at the traveling bag. "I'm going to the station," said she. "Why it's six miles from here," cried he. "It's an awful walk. I've just done it myself. Why aren't you in a buggy? Live in the village?"

"Yes." "You must let me carry the bag for you," said he.

"Oh, no! I can manage," said the girl, hurriedly.

"Not a bit of it," said the young man.

"Oh, but I——" "A lone woman on a lonely road," said he, picking up the bag. "I win."

THE girl's face brightened and after a moment's pause she fell in with the young man and they stepped out along the road. Both were good to look at. The girl was dark and trim and plainly dressed; her eyes were intelligent and her mouth was finely moulded. He had yellow hair and a weather-beaten square face, rangy limbs and coarse, comfortable clothes. They eyed each other appreciatively.

"I guess your horse is sick," said the young man.

"No—I—I preferred to walk." He hefted the clumsy bag and looked at her dubiously.

"You surely don't live in this part of the country?" he asked.

"Yes, all my life." He again stared at her, noted her embarrassment, and trudged along in silence. The bleak landscape went past in stolid monotony. Not a cow or a hill relieved its flatness. Presently, in the far distance, a train whistle sounded.

"Which train do you catch?" said he.

"The next one," said the girl, smiling to make up for the late silence. "It's not till seven o'clock."

"It will be dark then," said he. "And cold. I hate the winter evenings, especially when there's no sunset."

"So do I." "Say," said he, "you look tired. Let's rest a bit here. I'll have a smoke. I'll avoid speaking about the buggy."

THEY sat down in a sheltered edge of the road.

"Oh, it's very kind of you to help me out," said the girl. "You embarrassed me a little, because I—am running away from home. That is—in a way!"



"I have studied and philosophized on the problems of life. Each place gave me knowledge but not happiness"

He pulled at his pipe a few times and said—"Darned romantic! Darned funny! I did that once."

"Oh, then you know how I feel!" cried the girl. "I've tried and tried every autumn for the past four years, and each time it became harder. The home ties, you know! You lose the independent mind of a youngster. Your sympathies grow deeper as you grow old."

She was twenty-two.

"But now—I've done it! One more winter, and I'd have gone mad. Oh, that village is so dead! It piled itself like a dead weight of earth on me. I felt buried."

"I know, I know," said the young man.

"At the coming of every winter," continued the girl, "I've planned to leave. Of course, my parents wouldn't hear of it. They don't understand. I've read, and I've studied a little music, and I have dreamed of the outside world as a saint dreams of Paradise."

"I know, I know," muttered he.

THE girl was glad to be able to speak of all these things. She was eloquent, her eyes, her mouth.

"The more I dreamed, the sterner my parents became. They didn't understand why the village young folks didn't satisfy me. But they're so dull, so flat—like the fields around this part of the country."

"That's it! That's it," said the young man.

"The girls in the village don't read or dream. The young men are either prigs, or they're the kind who have free-fights on cattle-market day."

"What is your father?" asked the young man.

"A retired farmer," said the girl. "Owns quite a number of farms, but he is very strict. I did all my reading from the village doctor's library. He is a dear old man. He has been my greatest friend. He first brought me books when I was sick, years ago, and I've been a regular visitor to his library ever since. He gets a box of new books sent up every month—and I help choose them. Do you read much?"

"Oh—much!"

"He gets all the finest and latest—



It was only in books—and in cities—that the third act came so quickly

Bennet, Galsworthy, Chesterton. And I have read everything that claims to be classic. But the doctor is old now. He doesn't sympathize with me much. We talk, but not as much as we used to. He likes to sit still and dream."

"WELL, why not get him to take you to the city? Why run away? Have you people you can go to in the city?" asked the young man.

"No. I want to go alone, to work, to feel myself grow and stretch. I have been so cramped."

"What will you work at?"

"I—in an office or—! I've thought it all out. Oh, how I've schemed for this! I am glad to talk to you about it. Are you a—are you a—?"

"I am a traveler," said the young man. "I have been all over the world and now I am homing."

"Oh, where have you been?"

"New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd—all Europe."

"And what have you been doing?"

"Satisfying a lust to feel myself stretch, to see the world and all its wonders."

"Why, like I do!" cried the girl.

"Yes, only I'm a man. I've seen the life of New York, and it's tinsel. I've seen London, and it's dull. I've seen Paris, and it's cheap. I've seen Berlin, and it's clumsy. I've seen Petrograd and it's unsanitary. I've seen a hundred places. I've seen everything."

"And I!" whispered the girl. "I've seen nothing yet. What have you got from it all? Where are you going?"

"I've got from it a vast knowledge of medicine and surgery. And I am going home. Home to an old man and a library. Home!"

"Oh!"

"FOR in seeing all the sights of the world, I have come to one conclusion; that there is only one place for a man, and that is where his friends and his home and his loves are. I have been ten years out in the world. Ten years of searching for the places of my dreams. Ten years searching for the places, the

scenes, the company of saints or sinners that would satisfy the longing in me. I have been in Paris, but I was not gay. I have been in Berlin, but I was not drunk. I have studied and read and philosophized on the problems of life. Each place I went gave me knowledge but no happiness. It seems to me, those books and dreams have betrayed us?"

"Oh, no, no!" whispered the girl.

Continued on page 126.

YOU

By James Henry Pedley

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton



It was a photograph of three young women waving kisses to the camera. The third was—YOU!

I SHALL see you again. Next Sunday, they said—six days. As soon as this drizzle stops I will lie out beside the big pine stump and the sun will soon fix me up. Even now my leg doesn't tingle so much; lucky the axe stopped short of the bone.

I know your name. Dick Watford told me this morning, before the gang struck off to work. How well I seem to know you! Yet we have spoken together only once, and that was months ago.

If it were not for the chance that brought our eyes and souls together at Beaumaris last summer I suppose there would be no story to tell. In thirteen years I had not given you a thought. You had been crowded into the back of my mind with a hundred other memories of almost forgotten boyhood. Almost forgotten. Yet something remained, something that sent a thrill to my very finger-tips.

Beautiful and calm the world seemed to me as the *Sagamo* swung into Beau-

maris. My glance followed a man who ran to unfix the bow-rope from its squat post. His path was tortuous among the summerclad, gay groups. He ran too fast, I told myself. He would run into—aha! He had, too; and it was a girl, careless fellow! You had reeled and almost fallen and were looking around in some confusion. Rather a pretty face you had, and magnificent hair.

YOU were looking at me! And I knew you—had known you—some place! I made no sign of recognition, nor did you; but our eyes never strayed. Stern water gurgled impotently as the *Sagamo* backed into the lake. Still you stood distinct, arms clasped behind your back, glorious blob of hair glowing in the slanted sunlight, wistfulness throned upon your mouth. Where—when had our life-threads crossed before? I seemed to remember. It was on a Friday, perhaps many Fridays; that was all memory

maris. She was bringing me back to work, replete with holiday, content to lean by the deck-rail and listen to the idle chatter of the wharf, while the red Muskoka sun sank low be-

would tell. A headland thrust its nose between us, blotting out in a trice the wharf, the big yellow hotel encompassed with verandahs, and all.

Fridays. The world was still beautiful—for me more beautiful; but no longer calm.

Fridays. . . . ?

IT was in April. Your blue skirt fluttered the pages of my newspaper in a crowded street-car. Just an impersonal skirt, one among the thousands. Mechanically I tendered my seat. At your murmured thanks I raised my eyes from the page—

Great joy to see you after eight months! And even greater joy surged through me, for it came to me across the years what 'Friday' meant. Perhaps because you looked more of a child in shopping costume, with your treasure of hair almost all hidden away under a satiny black hat.

"Good—good morning," I said. "Soon it will be summer again." You understood, and nodded without resentment.

"We went to the same school," I ran on quickly. "Beebe street school. And on Friday afternoons we used to go into your—into Miss Blythe's class across the hall. You recited things. Lucy Grey."

"Oh-h!" You colored, and a smile played upon your lips.

"That seems long ago now, doesn't it," you said. "I believe I've forgotten all those pieces. And that is why you—?"

"I knew I had seen you somewhere. All winter I have been wondering. I couldn't understand—"

Queen Street. And a general rush forward of passengers. In a moment I was swept from the anchorage of my strap, powerless against the crush of bargain-hungry women. One minute I was fighting my way back; the next I was on the curb at King Street, hat in hand, and you had turned your head to smile. Such a day! How fine and prosperous the massive bank, with its columns! With what virginal whiteness gleamed the gloves of the traffic officer! Not till I was seated alone in that oak-pannelled office-room of mine did I reflect that you were gone and I had learned neither your name, nor your address, nor anything. . .

I had lighted a cigar but I don't remember that I smoked it. I suppose it went out. After a while I went over to the windows and looked out first from one and then another, north and west. The city stretched interminably.

I LOOKED for you, and after three months I knew that I had failed. Miss Blythe, now keeping a boarding-house for students, was sympathetic; but she could not remember.

"And the school lists were all destroyed in the big fire," she added at the door of her grim parlor. I nodded. The Board of Education had told me that much. From that day my search was as aimless as it was vain. My work fell off, so that in July the firm suggested a long holiday. Overstrain, said the president. Bracing air—summer resort. But the prospect of idleness repelled me. Final-

ly I compromised on a survey; that is how I came to take the C. N. R. Bala train at Union Station one sweltering night. As we roared out into the cool open country I lay in my berth thinking of you; then fell asleep.

The porter's hand was on my arm when I awoke.

"Bala Park, sir." I sat up, blinded at first by the early morning sunshine that streamed in under one blind I must have forgotten to close down utterly. My first impression was of moonlight. I had been dreaming of moonlight. Slowly, piece by piece, the dream came back to me.

It began with fairyland; calm,

quivery water seen through the swaying foliage of elm trees and the heavy crochet-work of tall hemlocks. The water was a lake, and a spindley wharf lay on its surface, reaching out till it met and joined with a path of dancing light that narrowed moon-wards, a board-walk for the angels. Angels, too; a little company of them gliding down that silver path. But they changed to human beings and came walking up the wharf and up a straight road that appeared. Three women and a man.

Suddenly they were quite close. The moon was behind them, obscuring their faces. Someone giggled.

"That's certainly not *my* brother," said a woman's voice, as they went out of sight. Such strange things a man will dream.

Everything changed. The fairyland vista disappeared. Again I saw the four of them, only this time one of the women was standing with her face aslant to me and I saw without surprise that it was you. The mass of hair, radiant in moonlight as in the setting sun, but with a ghostlier radiance, as befitted a cold dream; hands gripped behind you; eyes—in the swift jot of time before you were blotted out I saw your eyes, and saw that they were fixed on mine.

With clear, cold water in the smoking section I dashed the sleep out of my eyes. By that token I laid dreams to one side and prepared to meet Calaghan.

HIS Majesty's mails come in twice weekly to the Indian settlement of Sahanatien. But it is a mile down the Bala road and three more over a deserted draw-road from Sahanatien to Big Eddy on



Still you stood distinct, arms clasped behind your back, glorious blob of hair glowing in the slanted sunlight, wistfulness throned upon your mouth

the Muskosh River, where Callaghan pitched his first camp. Callaghan took that trail each Saturday out to the Bala road where a livery rig awaited him; for the old fellow likes to spend Sundays at home in Gravenhurst. Indeed Watford and I had the camp to ourselves on Sundays, for there is a player-piano at Joe Sahanatien's house and a big time on Saturday evening which none of our Indians are willing to miss. And while we camped beside Big Eddy they used to come roaring into camp late Sunday evening—Billy the cook and Napoleon and Joshua and old John Birch and big Eli, boss of the choppers—shouting snatches of songs as they filed along the draw-road, and bringing with them the week's mail for Watford and myself. Always there was a letter on grey note-paper for Watford, and I soon remarked that it was always the first read.

Watford and I did not get along. Dating right from our first hand-shake at Bala Park—he came up by a later train—there was no give-and-take between us. Watford was from the west, quick to act, unthinking, and he got on my nerves. Our dislike was mutual. And the lonely nature of our work accentuated it. Hours and hours we would measure along a picket line far behind the others, cut off from all the world save for the distant thud of the choppers' axes and an infrequent glimpse of Callaghan's arm a mile away as he waved signals ahead, keeping the line of pickets straight with the aid of his transit. We were the chainmen of the gang.

The Wednesday of our last week on the Muskosh Watford was particularly trying. It is all very well to say we did not understand each other, and he was used to western ways, and so on, but that is no reason why he should have let his end of the chain go slack without warning that afternoon while we were measuring through a bit of knee-deep swamp, plunging me head and heels in the miry stuff. He laughed immoderately when I emerged mud-covered. Had the chain been six feet long instead of sixty-six there would have been blows.

AFTER supper that evening I cleaned the mud out of my hair, finishing up with a lusty swim in the black water below Big Eddy. It was too grand an evening to spend inside a tent. I climbed the steep rock that rises from the river just beyond the turn of the draw-road and sat a long time watching the swirl of the river as it raced towards Georgian Bay. A man came loping along the draw-road, striking sparks from the stones; probably Napoleon, who had been despatched to Sahanatien for tobacco.

He might be bringing in some mail as well.

Half an hour later I raised the flap of our tent. Watford was asleep, a smile on his full lips. He did not stir while I loosened my clothing. As I sat up to blow out the candle I felt the crackle of something stiff under me and fished out from the fold of my blanket a bit of paper. It was a photograph of three young women waving kisses to the camera. Behind them a road and a slender wharf that jutted out into a lake. One of the women was large and fair; another, slight and dark.

The third was—you!

The snap-shot slipped from my fingers. I snatched at it and picked up first instead a sheet of grey note-paper. The photograph, though—I had recovered it. Had my dream on the train, then, been no dream at all? And how had the photograph come here?

I turned it over. On the back the same hand that wrote the grey letters had penned four lines of banter. For signature there was a capital E.

Elly and Blondey and sister of Dick,

Blondey and Elly and Sis

Send to a much-beloved boy in the bush
One little long-distance kiss.

BLONDHEY was easy to find. Sis—she must be the dark girl in the centre of the picture. That left only you, and the capital E for signature. You were Elly! Yours were the grey letters. In that moment I hated you, and Watford, and the world.

"Well what the devil!" I looked up to find Watford's face shoved close to mine.

"So that's the kind you are," he sneered. "I'll have to lock up my things, I guess, or else move in with the Indians. Did the letter prove interesting?"

"I didn't read your letter," I said shortly.

Without another word he put it and the photograph back in their envelope. I turned my back. After he had stuffed the letter noisily into the pocket of the coat he used as a pillow, Watford blew out the candle and was quiet.

"SO long," called Callaghan over his shoulder. "We'll drop Watford off where the line cuts the road. You better give him time to mark one post." The livery driver flicked his horse and the rig with its load of three clattered over the stony road toward Bala. It was Saturday afternoon—just two days ago—and the Indians were already away to Sahanatien.

Half an hour later I took the road myself. At the eighth concession line, where a narrow swathe cut through

the bush crossed the road diagonally I turned south, following the pickets, and soon reached a lot boundary. Two cedar posts lay there, newly marked with the iron tool Watford carried, ready to be planted fast in the loam. Using the flat of my axe I sank them a chain's-length apart with the R faces inwards—R means road in surveyor's short-hand—where little temporary stakes in the bush on either hand marked the sides of the road allowance. Then I went on.

Always my thoughts were of you. Had not the grey letters come as regularly as before we moved camp from the Muskosh? There had been one on Tuesday, and on Tuesday evening I had happened on Watford talking earnestly with Callaghan. The snap-shot was in Watford's hand.

"THAT'S the girl," he had said, as they bent over it together.

"The girl, I figure," Callaghan had retorted, laughing. I almost resigned off-hand that night. The firm's letter, asking me to come south at once, was in my pocket.

Why did I stay? Ask of the moth why he wings near the flame. And yet I would rather have picked Watford's pocket than so much as glance at the post-mark on one of those grey letters. Sometimes I had to handle them.

As the afternoon wore on I came to a projected cross-roads, placed by some strange freak of mis-chance at the summit of a rocky hill, where no road would ever run. Four posts to make fast here, and each must be piled firm with boulders, carried from some distance. The result was that I was only one lot's width beyond the cross-roads when Watford appeared, home bound.

"South boundary's two posts on," he said.

"All right." It was not our habit to waste words. I was surprised that he did not go on immediately. Evidently he had something further to say. Then, hesitatingly, he began:

"I say, Haress. I've arranged a little party for to-morrow. Some friends of mine are coming for the day. Sis and her husband—and a couple of others." He paused. The pause grew to be a silence.

ALREADY my breath was coming fast, yet not fast enough to satisfy the heave of my lungs. "Well?" I queried thickly. He mistook my emotion for hostility, which it was not.

"Oh, of course if you're going to be rotten about it—. But I thought you might surprise yourself for once and be a sport. Take my advice, though—don't start anything!"

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In the Forefront

Hon. Duncan Marshall, Chief Farmer of Alberta; Mrs. Gordon Wright, who is a Feminist by Conscience; Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt, of the 83rd Battalion, C. E. F.; Rt. Rev. Henry Allen Gray, Bishop of Edmonton

Chief Farmer for Alberta

By Don Hunt

MISS E. JENSEN entered four cows, Roan, Lena, Beauty and Hilda by name, in the cow testing competition at the Olds School of Agriculture in Alberta. Other cows entered in the same test by other pupils, boys and girls, included Blue, Star, Daisy, Fairy, Ruby, Jenny, Phyllis, Dinah, Polly, Pinkerton and Violet. Miss Jensen's Hilda, however, surpassed all the rest. In the period of the contest, Hilda gave 7121.5 pounds of milk, with 4.5 per cent. butter fat. A goodly cow was Hilda.

The prizes were distributed on a Gala Day, when the parents of the pupils, and farmers from the surrounding Alberta prairie and foothill country came in to school. What did Miss Jensen get? A manicure set? A volume of Oscar Wild? A package of scented cigarettes?

No! What the young lady actually did receive was not any of these exotic rewards which sometimes characterize competitions, but a nice, little, roan, short horn calf!

THE man under whose direction this contest was held, and who is the responsible head of the Department of Agriculture in Alberta, with supervision over the three Schools of Agriculture, is Hon. Duncan Marshall, and the prize of a calf instead of a gagegam sums up his whole policy of common-sense.



HON. DUNCAN MARSHALL

Originator of Alberta's "from-the-soil-up" Agricultural Schools

Alberta's system of agricultural education, under Mr. Marshall, differs from that in vogue in most provinces; is different, for example, from the methods used in Ontario, Manitoba

and Saskatchewan. In these provinces centralization is the key note, with a magnificent and imposing plant situated at some one point. In Ontario it is the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph; in Manitoba it is the Agricultural College in the suburbs of Winnipeg; in Saskatchewan, it is the Faculty of Agriculture in the provincial university at Saskatoon.

In Alberta there is a faculty of agriculture as part of President Torrey's virile University of Alberta in Strathcona (Edmonton), but the heart of agricultural education in the foothill province is in the three agricultural schools, one in the Southern, Mormon district at Claresholm, another in the central district at Olds, and the third in the north at Vermilion, on the main line of the Canadian Northern.

THESE schools are not epoch making architecturally, nor pretentious in plant or equipment. They are plain and neat and modest—but they are efficient, and, sincerest praise of all, they reach the farmers! Instead of their sons and daughters being compelled, at much inconvenience and expense, to go to a college at a long distance from their homes, they can go to a school much nearer, at less cost. And they acquire practical knowledge to fit themselves for the actual life of a typical farm.

Is Mr. Marshall's scheme a success? Is it appreciated? Let us examine testimony first from outside the bounds of the province and the country altogether, where local prejudice would be excluded, and then from one or two parents who have witnessed the progress their own children have made at the schools.

First, let us see what the Boston Transcript says about it, editorially. The Transcript, as you know, is one of the learned dailies of the United States, one of those papers which the high brow section on the staff of the University of Toronto, read to the practical exclusion of the Toronto or Montreal press, which they disdain as "trivial." As a matter of fact, from the standpoint of journalism (and after all, that is the main test of a newspaper, isn't it?), I should say there are at least two or three papers in Montreal and Toronto which are better newspapers than the Transcript, but nevertheless, it is a respectable, solid paper, and the comment of a New England authority on an educational system in one of our western provinces must be illuminating.

"NEW England's deep concern," it says, "in whatever offers a possibility of agricultural development, makes Alberta's experiment in agricultural education interesting. The Canadian province has just completed its first year of experience with a

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MRS. GORDON WRIGHT

President of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union

A Feminist by Conscience

By Natalie B Symmes

ONCE upon a time there was a little brown-eyed girl in an Ontario village. She had two brothers and a conscience; which is enough to plague the life out of anyone.

One day, Brother No. 1 came pounding into the house, closely followed by Brother No. 2, announcing breathlessly:

"Oh, Saizie, look at who's out in front! It's Miss Blank, the woman lecturer!"

Then Sister Saizie shook the curls sternly out of her eyes and got a brother by each hand.

"Don't you dare go and look at her, the bold thing," she commanded, "lecturing is no business for a woman."

But after they had retired, crestfallen, to the back yard, she crept to the front window and peeked through the curtains, to watch with guilty awe, as the emancipated one's train shoo'd down the street.

And Fate, the mischievous old dame, had to stuff her hanky into her wicked mouth to keep from laughing outright.

Some years have passed—not so very many at that—and

MRS. GORDON WRIGHT the heroine of this tale, is Vice-President of the London Red Cross Society, which is headquarters for the District. She is also President of the London Conference Branch of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, Vice-President of the National Equal Suffrage Union, and President of the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union, which, with its sixteen thousand members, is the largest undenominational women's organization in Canada.

But—and this is the biggest compliment of which the writer is capable—you'd never think it to look at her!

"S aizie Rowell" comes of a family that knows how. And you can't keep a know-how down. What is more mysterious still, no known means has been discovered whereby a real know-how can keep himself down. N. W. Rowell, the brilliant

leader of the Ontario Opposition, is Mrs. Wright's brother. It is an open secret that the Liberal Party had the struggle of its strugglesome life to persuade him into politics. He didn't want to shine. What is just as certain is, that the opponents of the Liberals were set on extinguishing his very first glimmer. But it couldn't be done. He was a know-how, a can-do, a born-to-lead. And he has abundantly arrived.

WHEN his sister first appeared in public, nothing but the sternest and most Calvinistic sense of duty carried her up the platform steps. The occasion was a missionary meeting—ladies only—and the twenty auditors present had to strain their ears to catch the fluttered whispers of little scared-to-pieces twenty-three, who trembled so that she had to hold her paper with both hands, and couldn't have looked up if her life depended on it. She went home and told her amused husband that she would never speak in public again—never, never, NEVER—because if she did, it would kill her.

But as I told you before, she had a conscience, and the heathen wouldn't let her conscience alone. The Hindoo widows stretched thin hands to her through Zenana-bars, the little broken feet of dead Chinese girls pattered over her heart. Nearer still, she could hear the drunkard's wife crying in the night, right in the house behind.

Wasn't it selfish, perhaps, to stay at home and cook and play with her baby and her paint box?

MORE than twenty years ago Mrs. Wright joined the London W. C. T. U. Her eldest son was in knickerbockers, but she felt that she owed it to her family. Her first office was the superintendency of the Department of Anti-Narcotics, one of the thirty-two phases of reform work so capably handled by the W. C. T. U., who have been pioneers in almost every line treated of by women's organizations to-day—franchise, domestic science, home mission work in lumber camps and to sailors and soldiers, scientific temperance instruction in the schools, the securing of better laws for women factory workers, the agitation against hurtful patent medicines, and lastly the Banish the Bar crusade which has won and lost many big fights.

In due time Mrs. Wright became President of the local Union. This was followed in 1898 by the Recording Secretaryship for the Province of Ontario. Two years later Mrs. Wright became Corresponding Secretary, in 1903 received the Vice-Presidency and, some eight years ago, was elected President of the Dominion White Ribboners, which position she still holds.

SOMEWHERE along the pathway, the temperance worker had become a convinced suffragist. She isn't one of the type who demand the vote for self-development, or, stridently, as the "mere right of a human being." Mrs. Wright wants to vote because she believes she can vote out the liquor traffic, the social evil, the gambling curse and other things which she has fought in other ways, and so far, unsuccessfully. If the Antis could convince her that her place of greatest usefulness was before the piano or behind the prayer book rather than at the polls, she'd be the antiest Anti of them all. But so far, they can't make her see it that way.

And then came the War—arresting missionary work; turning the suffragists' activities into other channels; taking the huge liquor question out of the hands of the reformers to lay it at the door of the government; creating a brand-new department of women's helpfulness to man with the click of the knitting needle.

That Mrs. Wright should go into Red Cross work was inevitable. That, under the leadership of Lady Beck, the London organization of which Mrs. Wright is the energetic Vice-President, should grow so that only Ottawa and Montreal surpass it in output, is no surprise to those who know. That the Vice-President's three eldest boys should all have volunteered for the Front—the fourth being still at High School—was also matter of common expectation. There is nothing on earth

that a mother loves as she loves her boys. But no conscience-mother to-day dreams of refusing them to the country.

AS a speaker, Mrs. Wright is forceful, pleasing, humorous when the situation calls for it, and intensely in earnest at all times. But it is perhaps as a presiding officer that she excels. To put an audience into a good frame of mind, to be parliamentary without being stiff, are things that seem to come by instinct in the Rowell family, as do the little interjected spur-of-the-moment remarks, the thoughts-on-the-feet that give zest and variety to the business session. As a presiding officer, Mrs. Wright is never a figure head.

Those who are acquainted with both Jean Blewett and the Dominion President find comparison inevitable. It is no chance that the two are warm personal friends for they have many points in common, points not only of manner but of deeper and more characteristic importance. The same ease in speaking, the same smiling suavity in meeting people, the same air of the child-enjoying-itself that is so charming and so unusual in the grown woman of affairs; above all, the same touch of deliberate old-fashionedness in faith and fancy distinguish them both.

And then of course they have so many common interests.



Every Inch a Soldier

By Hugh S. Eayrs

IF sweets to the sweet why not things soldierly to the soldier? Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt—call him Reggie, for everyone else does—has been made commanding officer of the 83rd Overseas Battalion, and no more fitting appointment has been made in connection with the Forces. The story of "Reggie" Pellatt is the story of a soldier. Ever since he had any ambitions they were along the line of uniforms and puttees and such.

Most small boys incline to the idea of street-car conducting or engine-driving. Reggie Pellatt substituted that of being a soldier, and he has been true to his boyish imaginings.

He looks a soldier. He stands four-square to the wind, whether it be zephyr of adulation and flattery and popularity, or the stiff breeze of criticism and caustic comment. He is, as you may discern from the accom-

panying photograph — and it is typical—a son of his father. His height, his breadth, the firm, rather full face, all indeed but the amazing girth of his Dad are duplicated in the son and heir. Possibly the girth will be added later. To him that hath. . . and "Reggie" inclines to fullness.

LIEUT.-COL. PELLATT
Machine Gun expert, C. O. of the 83rd Battalion, and all-round "good head".

HIS face, of course, is the truest of indices. He has the lips of determination, as if, having set his hand to the plough, there can be no going back. A clear eye, a good forehead indicating, for sure, understanding and quick comprehension, a firm chin that sticks out a little as if its owner wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, might be credited with the completest resolution to get it—these are the characteristics of the face and of the man. You might—if he were reasonably smaller and much more tubby—imagine that “Reggie” Pellatt were a typical John Bull. He gets more like that glorious type as the days go by. He is filling out quickly.

“Reggie” Pellatt joined the Queen’s Own Rifles of Canada just as soon as he could. He joined as a private—no more, though his Father was commanding officer of the regiment, and his Father’s son might have found an easier way to a commission. It was not long before “Reggie” became corporal, nor much longer before he got the other stripe and was a fully fledged sergeant. There was one branch of the service which attracted him mightily and that was the machine gun work. This had not been much developed heretofore, and Reggie saw in it an opening for making an important personal contribution to the laurels of the regiment and an opportunity of connecting his name with some definite and outstanding movement. He got his bunch of men together, and he got his books. The one he taught, and from the other he learned, and by and by he had the slickest machine gun battery in Canada. He put time and energy into the thing until he knew a machine gun through and through and all the appurtenances thereto. Meanwhile he had been taking an officer’s course, and sitting up nights to “swat” till he won through and gained his commission. They made him, *of course*, commanding officer of the machine gun section.

“REGGIE” wanted to show people the work of his hands and there came the day—or rather the night—when his men took a machine gun from together and put it back again in something just over a minute. The crowd in the Armories was pleased. This was—as Rex Beach would say—“Goin’ some.” “Reggie” Pellatt has always remained true to the first love. The machine gun is his specialty.

His rise was rapid. He was ever a man that did things. The Q. O. R. was made into a two-part regiment—the only one so divided, in the piping times of peace—and “Reggie” was made a Captain.

His father, Sir Henry, decided to take six hundred Q. O. R. stalwarts to Eng-

land in 1910. “Reggie” went along. He remembers that trip. It is bound up, in association, with oysters! The story is old now but in a sketch of the younger Pellatt it may be recalled. Several of the officers indulged, *en voyage*, in delectable dishes of oysters. Why not? Oysters are nutritious, and there is a subtle attractiveness to them, a flavor about the very name. It came to pass though that the oysters were not all they should have been, and some of the officers—including “Reggie”—knew it to their cost. One of them died. “Reggie” himself had a narrow shave, and was very ill. The regiment lost one brave officer, and it came near losing another as equally useful.

THE Q. O. R. made a hit in England, and came back to Canada and Captain Reggie Pellatt succeeded Captain George as Adjutant. He has always been enthusiastic over and attentive to the business end of military affairs. You see, he was with his father in the firm of Pellatt & Pellatt, brokers, and he might be expected to know his business p’s and q’s. The business of running a regiment and running it rightly is a considerable detail, and “Reggie” as adjutant took over this end of the Q. O. R. and devoted a lot of time to it.

The time came when he set his mind upon being a staff officer, and he hied himself to Kingston for the necessary training. In due course he qualified, and his regiment found him an asset

when war’s alarms metamorphosed the Q. O. R. and made it rampant.

No officer has done harder or more work and done it more cheerfully and more willingly since August 4th of last year than Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt. When three provincial schools of Infantry were organized for officers training the Minister of Militia looked round for someone to put in charge, and he chose “Reggie,” and placed him in command of the three.

During the long and irksome stay at the Exhibition last year, “Reggie” was orderly officer to General Lessard and from that he was promoted and made Junior Major of the 35th Overseas Battallion. Now, a few weeks ago, he has been made Lieutenant Colonel and Commanding Officer of the 83rd.

THUS far he has gone. He will go still farther. Son of a soldier bred in the atmosphere of things soldierly, himself one of the keenest and one of the most efficient of military men he has a distinguished future before him. When he goes to the front we know we shall hear things of him and his men. He is a great leader, the personality of “Reggie” Pellatt is magnetic; it draws men unto himself. He has no “side,” no suggestion of exaggerated ego. Hail-fellow-well-met personable, essentially democratic, his men think the most of him, while his friends will phrase it—in that curiously suggestive colloquialism—“a good head.”

The Bishop Who Never Grew Up

By May L. Armitage

THE Boston Transcript once published the following news item—“Yesterday morning broke dull and cloudy, but about noon Phillips Brooks came down town!”

Though the Edmonton dailies have not seen fit to sum up the situation in so trite a manner, nevertheless there lives a man just around the corner from the main thoroughfare whose name might well be inserted in the above phrasing—Rt. Rev. Henry Allen Gray, Bishop of Edmonton.

For twenty years Bishop Gray has lived and labored in Edmonton. He has watched the city grow from a hamlet to a thriving metropolis; he had been on the ground during many struggles of might against right, and every time he has been on the side of right as he has seen it; his services have been at the disposal of each

organization, irrespective of creed where he might be of use, but most of all he has labored for the boys.

You are more likely to find Bishop Gray on the busiest street corner in the midst of a lot of newsboys than you are to meet him presiding at some stately function. A newsboys’ dinner is far more of a drawing card to him than a reception where all the city would be kow-towing. In speaking of former affairs, “the seats of the mighty,” and honors that are pressed upon him, his Lordship summed up the situation as follows. “I dodge them,” he said with a knowing twinkle of the eye; and so he does very successfully.

“But how do you get in touch with so many, many boys, Bishop Gray?” an interested enquirer asked.

“Oh, I just speak to them on the street first and then getting acquainted



easy" the Bishop replied. "They come and see me" he added with a wave of his hand around the study.

"You see," he continued proudly, "I'm one of them; I took out a newsboy's license in 1912, and I have the authority to sell papers on the streets or black boots any day of the year."

"Ye powers and dignitaries of the Established Church!" thought the astounded hearer.

Without doubt the Bishop's hobby boys, boys, and still more boys! He has none of his own, being a bachelor, and what a gathering some boys have missed! Perhaps his heart has opened wider to the multitude on this account. When one hears him say "my boys" one knows Bishop Gray for what he is, the simple tender man with the big heart, whose influence on young manhood is priceless.

HIS study walls are lined with boys framed and unframed, little and big, in uniform and in bathing suits, in groups and singly, and besides there is an immense snap-shot album filled with camping scenes, coasting scenes, fishing scenes, picnics, and revelries of all sorts, and in nearly everyone of them the Bishop almost blotted out with boys swarming around him. He has watched many of these boys through their childhood, adolescence and early manhood as the photographs testify, and now he has many, many, of "his boys" serving king and country at the front.

His face grew very grave and tender as he picked up a large portfolio bursting with letters. "From my boys at the front," he said. "I hear from some of them nearly every day." On top of the pile lay a postal card from a small bugler at the Arcee Camp, Calgary, very painstakingly written and just received that morning. It read,

Dear Bishop Gray—We arrived here safe and sound. I hope you are in the best of health as it leaves me at present. Respectfully yours—"

"And this I call my Best Boy," the Bishop said, handing the visitor a large photograph of a splendid manly chap in uniform. "He is at the front somewhere, and wherever he is I am sure he is doing his duty. By the way," he continued, "that boy is a Roman Catholic; I have watched him grow up; and he is one of my best friends. During one of my absences some time ago he took entire charge of my correspondence and showed the greatest ability in the way he handled the work."

Taking up another photograph. "Here is another boy," he said, "who wanted to go to the front so badly, but he is on a farm, and his mother is a widow, and I told him someone must stay and harvest the grain.

Bishop Gray's heart is very deeply in the war; he comes from an English sea-faring family. "In fact," he said, "I think I am the only member of my family who has not been to sea." He attended school in Germany in his



RT. REV. HENRY ALLEN GRAY

Who "left off riding after cattle to herd sheep." And the sheep were boys

early youth, and is most familiar with the present war territory, having travelled extensively in France and Belgium. When his schooling was finished he entered an office in London, and in 1886 came to Canada, and with a friend went ranching, west of Calgary. So you see Bishop Gray is not only a licensed newsboy and boot-black,—and he wears his badge very proudly upon occasion—but has also been a real cow-puncher.

IT seems a far call from ranching to the ministry. As his Lordship himself puts it, "I left off riding after cattle to herd sheep." He does not

say anything about the lambs, but when one sees him presiding at juvenile court, handling the boys so wisely and tactfully, one may well think of the Good Shepherd, and the carrying of the lambs in His bosom.

Bishop Gray was lay reader at the nearest church on the ranch for a while and there the desire to enter the ministry asserted itself. He went to St. John's College, Winnipeg, and obtained his degree in 1885, taking charge of Holy Trinity Church, Edmonton South (known then as Strathcona), on June 23rd of that year. In 1897 he was made rector of All Saints Church, being appointed Archdeacon in 1907 and Bishop of the Edmonton diocese in 1914, by an overwhelming vote.

SO Bishop Gray knows and loves Edmonton, and Edmonton loves and knows him. It was hard to call him "Bishop" for a while. It seemed as though it might be a bar—a dignified title which would in some mysterious way change him. This delusion vanished as a mist however. No title, be it Lord High Commissioner of the realm, would have the power to chill that genial smile ever so little, and the keen grey eyes would hold just as much humor and as little self-consciousness should their owner be made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Simplicity is the keynote of the Bishop's style of living. He owns neither automobile nor gallant charger. When you step upon the veranda of the old fashioned rectory, you see a plain little wooden sign, marked "office." You follow the directions around the corner, and come to an unostentatious wooden door, which even a small boy would feel that he could knock upon, and the minute you make yourself heard, the Bishop calls a welcome.

He is there to be seen at certain hours every day, at the service of the least pretentious parishioner or the grubbiest boy in the city. There is no being handed from attendant to secretary, no awe-inspiring butler to scare off humble applicants! You enter the "office," which is really a well equipped study, and there, with the pictures of the boys smiling down at you, you tell the Bishop just what you hoped you might be able to, but feared you would not.

Of course, with his election to the office of bishop, came added responsibilities and many outside calls on

Continued on page 123.

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The
Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a blueish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" While, in the next room, Gwendolyn explains the trick—the use of an irridium mirror—the man, who turns out to be the medium's husband, has an opportunity to talk with his wife. A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, assisted in producing a telling materialization, but was unable to induce the client to return. Irene then disappeared, while the husband was away from home. The medium concludes with the words, "I killed her," which Richards accepts, but Jeffrey will not believe. A week later the lieutenant turns up, asking the latter's help since the medium has established an alibi. Jeffrey has been to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. On the way up in the boat he passed a sleepless night owing to a seemingly crazy woman and her nurse in the next stateroom. Arrived at his destination a stage driver told him of Claire Meredith's mother, a Normandy peasant girl who was cut by her husband's family and died as a result of it. Claire was brought up under the iron rule of her aunt. Jeffrey had poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut; had imagined a picture wherein the murderer towed the body out into the river and then severed the line. He had afterward rung the bell at Beech Hill, met Miss Meredith, a stately, fascinating old lady who told him she had been wanting to see him all along, but Dr. Crow had made him out a hermit. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow enters, tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith, his opinion that she was insane, and his treatment of her, which included substituting a clear print for a pin-pricked photo of Claire which his patient had marked after the manner of the Salem witches. Claire's death by smallpox had caused her aunt to believe herself responsible and had unhinged her mind, but the new photo made her think it all a dream. Then the spiritualists got hold of her and upset everything. Crow finishes his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed, the occupants of which seemed to Drew's excited imagination to be Dr. Crow and the dead girl. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house. They discover a secret room, apparently well-used. A bullet is found embedded in the wall. Suddenly there is the sound of running feet, and a man staggers in. He proves to be Barton, wounded and incoherent. The three leave the house via the window.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

He nodded. Then I saw him turn a look of real concern on our captive. Barton had gone pretty white again and was already turning limp on our hands.

"Take one more drink," said Jef-

frey encouragingly, "and then do exactly what I tell you. There's nothing to worry about.

"Keep on walking till you get to the trees, then turn a little to the right, so that you parallel the path to the gate. Take care to keep tolerably

well hidden. You don't have to be too careful about it. But be sure and get close to the gate.

"Then wait there, whatever happens, until you see the men come in. I think they'll all come in. At any rate, they won't leave more than one,

and you can deal with him, if you have to, Drew, as circumstances seem to dictate. But don't look for trouble. As soon as the men have come through the gate you slip out and start straight down the road. And don't bother about anything you hear coming behind you."

He shot another look at Barton. "Better now?" he asked. "All right."

Without waiting for any answer, he crossed the road and soon lost himself to our view in the trees on the other side. Barton and I walked forward as he had instructed, took shelter gladly enough when we could get it, and then paralleled the path down to the gate.

It seemed strange to catch another whiff of tobacco as we pulled up there. The man was still smoking. It seemed hours—years—since we had left him there. I leaned Barton up against a tree just inside the gate and settled myself to await developments.

They weren't long coming. It couldn't have been two minutes after we had taken our position, when I heard a cry of alarm—a shout—a revolver-shot—the sound of some one running, plunging heavily through the underbrush—and then the shrill scream of a police-whistle, or what sounded like it. The effect on the watchers outside was, as might be expected instantaneous. They came tumbling through the gate, three of them, running in the dazed manner of men just startled by a sudden alarm. I remember seeing the smoker putting his pipe in his pocket with one hand while he tugged at a revolver with the other.

Without Jeffrey's explicit instruc-

tions, I should have left Barton to take his chance and tried to go to my friend's assistance. For the terror of the outcry, the revolver-shot, and the sound of that heavy body plunging, blundering among the trees, were all very realistic and not less ominous.

But previous experience had taught me that it wasn't easy to improve on his instructions. So I obeyed them literally. Barton and I were out in the road in no time at all, and making the best pace away from Beech Hill that his condition would allow.

I remember thinking, as we trudged along, that I could promise myself one

thing with a good deal of confidence—that I'd never go inside those gates again. If any one had prophesied that I should find myself there once more before the light of another morning, I should have called him a lunatic. After all, though, I didn't go in through the gates.

We tramped along in glum silence. What Barton's thoughts might be I didn't know. He seemed to be moving at every step solely by force of will. For myself, I was worried about Jeffrey. But suddenly even the thought of him was swallowed up in the alarming realization that behind us on the

road was an approaching automobile. It was coming along pretty fast, too.

I had begun looking about in the moonlit brightness for something that would serve for cover to hide in until it should go by, when I remembered the last thing Jeffrey had said.

"Don't mind anything you hear coming from behind."

So, though it seemed like courting immediate capture, I gripped Barton's arm a little more firmly, and we plodded doggedly along. The car came rapidly nearer. Then, as it got to a position where its driver must have been able to see us, I heard it slowing down. Of course we had given it ample room to pass, and the sudden checking of its speed was so ominous that if it hadn't been too late I'd have tried for a bolt even then.

The clutch was out as it came alongside, creaking in the dark. And then I got another surprise; the sound of Jeffrey's chuckle from the driver's seat.

"All right," he



Gwendolyn had joined us, but sat off at the far end of the room by herself

said. "Tumble in and I'll take you into Oldborough in no time."

But Barton stood stock-still in the road.

"I don't know who you are," he said, "nor what you're trying to do. I don't know what you've been doing, nor I don't care. But I'm not going to make any getaway. I have had enough. If you want to take me to the police-station in Oldborough, all right. If you don't why go your way and leave me here."

"I don't know yet," said Jeffrey soberly, "exactly what it is that you've got on your conscience. I've no idea of helping you to escape from the penalty of it. But if you do what you just said, go now and give yourself up, there's a worse man than you who'll get off. You've got a queer story to tell. The police won't believe it, but we will and we want you to tell it to us first. He's a devil, Barton. Don't play straight into his hand. Jump in."

Without another word Barton obeyed and dropped back with a sigh of exhaustion against the cushions in the tonneau. I was about to follow him when Jeffrey beckoned me to take the front seat beside himself.

"I suppose," said I, as we started on again, "that this is the car the men were watching in. Don't you think you've got us in pretty deep by taking it?"

"I don't see that," said Jeffrey. "According to the stenciling on the inside of the top, it's the property of Wellgood's garage in Oldborough. I found it abandoned on the road, and I'm taking it back. I'll give them my own name, and tell them that they can find me up to, to-morrow morning at the hotel. Incidentally, I may find out who hired the car. Not that I haven't a pretty good guess already.

"We'll stop first at the main entrance of the hotel. You can take Barton in the front door, find out the number of Jack's rooms from the register, and take him there. Gwendolyn's idea of the towel hanging out of the window was interesting, but perhaps a little theatrical. And besides, I don't believe Barton could get in through another window to-night to save his life. Get him into bed and give him some more brandy. I'll be back from the garage in ten minutes. Forget that we're housebreakers, Drew. Nobody knows it but ourselves."

Jeffrey often gave advice that looked pretty hard to follow, though the difficulties in the way of it often vanished miraculously, when one walked straight up to them. This case was no exception. Until I met the eye of the sleepy night-clerk in the little Oldborough Hotel, I felt as if I had "burglar" written all over me in letters no one could fail to read. As for Barton, I

thought when I got a look at him that he was enough to discredit the respectability of Mr. Carnegie.

But when I walked boldly up to the register, and the clerk, instead of ringing the fire-alarm and shouting for the police, had offered to let me register with a worn pen dipped in gummy ink, my career of crime dropped off me like a cloak, and I was my own man again. I told the clerk it would be necessary to call Mr. Marshall, and that I believed he had engaged an extra room for my companion and myself. He did look a bit queerly at Barton for a minute, but he made no trouble about doing as I asked.

Jack opened the door of the unoccupied room in answer to my knock just in time to catch Barton as he toppled and fell in a second faint. He recovered consciousness rather quickly after we had laid him on the bed, but it was evident that the man was not far from the end of his physical resources. We were debating—Gwendolyn had joined us, but sat off at the far end of the room by herself—whether it would be safe to let him go till morning without sending for a doctor, when Jeffrey came back.

"I was right in my guess as to who hired the automobile," he said. "It was Richards. I left word that if he wanted any explanation of the disappearance of the car, he could come here, and I imagine he'll turn up within an hour or two."

He went over and sat down beside Barton on the bed. "You know who Richards is, don't you?"

The man nodded indifferently.

"When Richards comes," Jeffrey went on, "the affair will be taken out of our hands. But if you'll tell us the truth now, we'll be able to help you."

"I'm past help," said Barton. "It doesn't matter what happens to me."

"It matters to other people, though," said Jeffrey. "You aren't the only one who's fallen into Crow's clutches."

At the mention of Crow's name an extraordinary change came over Barton. Spots of bright color appeared in his cheeks, and he breathed quickly for a minute, like a man who has been running.

"You said Crow was a devil," he said, "and you're right. It's no use trying to prove anything on him. That's what I tried to do. But it was no good. Let him alone or he'll get you where he got me—me and—"

He stopped short, and his eyes widened as if once more he saw a ghostly face in front of him, and his own turned the color of the dingy sheets.

"We've got him, Barton," said Jeffrey quietly. "All we need is your help. Tell us the story."

Barton stared at him a moment with

a feverish look of hope. Then, with a sigh, sank back against the pillow.

"It's no use," he said. "You wouldn't believe it."

"I can tell you part of it now," said Jeffrey. "Shall I? Your wife has told us part of the story already. How the woman you know as Irene Fournier came to your house and rented a room there; how she began giving you tips about your clients; how she told you about Miss Meredith, and how Miss Meredith came.

"It was after Miss Meredith's first visit, wasn't it, that Crow came and saw Irene? You found out about that somehow, though Irene didn't mean you to. She gave you some sort of explanation of Crow's visit and of his identity that prevented you from suspecting anything then.

"But afterward, when she disappeared, you thought of Crow and tracked him as a means of finding her. It was nothing but a business proposition to you, was it? Miss Meredith was too good a game to let go so easily."

"No," said Barton. "That wasn't it. Crow is a devil, right enough, but that woman is a witch. I knew from the first that she was playing with me—using me. I knew every time she let her hands touch me that it was only to turn me into a puppet to do her bidding and dance when she pulled the string.

Jeffrey looked at him incredulously. He frowned and shrank a little away from Barton. "So that was in it, too, was it?" he asked in a changed voice.

"That was all there was in it. What did I care about Miss Meredith and her money? We were doing a good business. We didn't want to blackmail anybody. But Irene—I tell you I wanted her. I knew I'd never have her. I knew she despised me and laughed at me. She hadn't the heart of a panther. And yet, when she wanted to—when she looked at me with those big blue, innocent eyes of hers, she could make me believe anything she said. She used to tell me stories about when she was a child—the games they used to play, and the work in the fields. She said her folks were peasants, and she'd tell me how they used to make the cider in the fall."

"That was in France?" said Jeffrey.

Barton nodded. "She dressed up once for me in peasant's dress, and she looked like—an angel, I tell you."

"What part of France?" asked Jeffrey.

"Normandy, she said. Oh, it was all lies, I suppose. She'd got the costume for some fancy ball. But when she told me, with that soft, appealing sort of look, about how she'd never had any mother, and how she'd been brought up by an aunt she hated and who hated her, and had never had any love or kindness—oh, she drove me crazy!"

To be continued.

The Rise of The Rockies

By John F. Charteris

Illustrated from Photographs

GOD said, "Let there be light." And there was light. He said, "Let there be Rockies." And there were Rockies. But it took Him a long time to do it.

Back in the Cambrian Period, so many millions of years ago that even the most experienced geologist gets dizzy thinking his way into it, the corner stone of the Rockies was laid. Previous to this time, North America as we know it was almost entirely above sea-level and if there were animals on it, they departed without telling us. But at the beginning of the Cambrian Period, the continent sank gradually till the Pacific met the Atlantic and both whispered to the Arctic across the whole of Canada except the little stubborn island around and over the bed of the present Lakes Superior and Huron where the oldest rocks of the world were told to stand still and keep their iron, copper, nickel, cobalt and gold where they'd be easy for the future Canadians to get at.

Over on the western border where the Rockies were to be, the Chief Architect sketched out a narrow trough, some 1,600 miles north to south, and here the waves began to lay down the sediment for the future Rockies.

AT that time, you must know, the world's most prominent, highly cultured and scenically-arrayed citizen was Mr. Trilobite, with his friend Brachiopod as a close second. Trilly was sometimes quite two feet long, looked like a simplified and non-ferocious lobster, and appeared in endless variety of cousins and sub-cousins all over the habitable (and watery) globe. Brach was a shell-dweller of clam-like outline and both of them lived and swam and ate and died and were fossilized all over North America and into Europe, with such uniform-

ity that it has been supposed that all seas were joined and shallow and all Brachs and Trillys formed a socialistic brotherhood across the world, for the two or three million years of Cambrian time.

The geologic clock ticked on through the Ordovician, the Silurian and the Devonian Periods. The sea teemed with life. All sorts of shells lay in coiled heaps in the shallow waters; billions of coral insects who keep no union-hours built on and up and died; slender crinoids ("stone lilies") swung on their graceful stems and left us their photographs in the slates and shales; and real fish swam in the sea at last with the knowledge that they were the highest types yet evolved.

All this time the great trough was filling with layer on layer of sediment which kept on drifting down into it, ever more rapidly as the rest of the continent rose and the Selkirks towered on its western boundary. Huge trees shot up from the swamps of the Coal Period; thirty foot lizards crawled up out of the sea and twenty foot bats zigzagged across it under the moon. But still the Rockies lay beneath the ocean, deepening with every thousand years that ticked over them. For the floor beneath them dropped gradually as the trough threatened to fill.

At last, in the Cretaceous Period,

millions of years ago as we look at things, but just day-before-yesterday to the geologist, our friend the Hesperornis, who was a diving bird who could boast of no wings but owned a row of teeth in his business-like mouth, was going down after his wiggling Friday dinner, when an earthquake rose out of the bowels of nowhere and jarr'd him home into Birdland before his time.

This was nothing more nor less than the preliminary rumble of a process lasting a few odd thousands of years. The Chief Architect had peered down under the waters. He was satisfied with His Rockies, laid out flat and tidy in the basement, so He rang the bell for the elevator to bring them up.

Had the core of the earth been shrinking and must the skin wrinkle and accommodate itself to the lessened supporting surface? That's one guess anyway. And if so, the recently-filled trough was a seam, a weak line in the rocky skin, and therefore a good place to put in a crack.

Little by little, a few feet at a time, the Rockies rose, crumpling, grumbling, pushing across each other, taking up twenty-five miles of slack for every twenty-five of straight east-and-west distance covered. There was something like twenty thousand feet of sediment laid down in the trough and it took a long time to stand it up in folds.

When completed, the new raw Rockies were probably [some thousands of feet higher than they are today, but they weren't mountains—not the jag-toothed, castle-built peaks we know. They were just big blocky rolls, ready to be carved.

AND here was where the Chief Architect summoned his head workmen, the Glacier and the River.

The Trilobites



Once the whole of Canada was scratched and scarred by glaciers that dug out the beds for great lakes

and the Brachiopods and friend Hesperornis are no more. Only their stone presentments may be seen in somebody's collection of fossils.

But the Glacier and the River are still on the job, toiling away joyfully at their assignment, bent on further ornamenting the mountains of Canada. And all we have to do is to drop off the end of the Grand Trunk Pacific observation car at Mt. Robson or any one of a dozen other points to see them at their work.

Next summer, when the mercury hits the hottest day, turn off the electric fan in your super-plus-equatorial office, give the store clerk a scare by picking out a warm overcoat; take your hobnailed shoes and buy a ticket for British Columbia, where it's summer in the basement and twenty below zero up on the flagpole.

There are all sorts of mountain-climbing stunts, thoughtfully graded by Glacier and Co. to suit various tastes and adiposities. You don't have to be a 33d degree Alpinist to have all the fun you want.

You leave your camp in the morning, walk and climb a few miles, through forest-country that thins as you go, until blue valleys show between the trunks. At seven thousand five hundred feet the Architect has ruled a line across. Brother Trec may get his toes on that line, but he isn't allowed over—nothing but shaggy bushes, and mountain heathers, and great fields of grass and flowers, and mountain goats. It was July downstairs. Here on the roof garden it's riotous, gorgeous spring—hurry-up spring that has to live and bloom and summer and die, all in six weeks.

Then you come to the snow, the wonderful white unmeltable year-



The glaciers and rivers are still on the job—bent on further ornamenting the mountains

round snow that tingles up to the very top o' the world! Take a big breath, a true-north life-breath, filled with the high call of the unreachable—a cold, clear, mountain-breath!

There never was any office—nothing but this splendid, unwearied, age-old whiteness that lives unchanged on these peaks since the first snow fell on the first fold that pushed its way out of the primeval sea.

That's what you feel in these white solitudes. The work has been so slow, so unhurried that you hardly realize it. But even as you stand there, the big snowfield is gently pulling away from the rocks and sliding imperceptibly toward the lower levels, packing and hardening as it goes. Look at it. Follow it to snow-line, and you'll see a long blue-green tongue stretching down from it, with a trickle of water—or a big stream—or a river—running away from the foot of it. And the bluegreen ice-tongue is the Glacier.

WHAT does it do, this ice-tongue? First of all, it's a slow-freight. All the rock that falls on it is carried down gradually but surely. Look at the fringe of broken material along its

edge. Look at the pile of loose blocks at its melting point.

But the glacier has another function. It's not only a freight. It's a combination of drill and steam shovel. Frozen into its coy under-surface are great boulders that score and dig vast channels and grind the softer rocks into clay.

Once the whole of Canada was scratched and scarred by huge glaciers that dug out beds for the Great Lakes and covered an immense section of the country with

gravel and boulders.

The higher Rockies are still in the Glacial Era.

The Berg Glacier, mirrored in the opal depths of Berg Lake, is an easily-reached-and-watched workman. To be sure you can't see him doing very much, but when you remember that the Chief Architect who employs him is one to whom, "A thousand years is but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night," you don't expect to see the big chisseller running around with a stop-watch.

"MAN is so tiny, man is a breath, come and gone," the mountains whisper, "we live; we shall live. We are eternal. The glaciers carve and chisel us in the frozen silences; the shouting river cuts between us. We are borne down stealthily to the sea from which we came up. Ages will pass and we shall be heaved to the light again at the word of command. We are the backbone of the world."

The tiny train crawls through its underground and twisted tube. It bursts out into the light again. After an hour's work it is still in sight of the changeless giants, their rugged heads against the evening sky.



An Unusual Opportunity to Gain Unusual Energy

BY W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train when I met my old friend Hollister, of Kansas City. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age) I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awoke to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not

only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red-letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.



Originator of
Conscious Evolution.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which by the way is, 1383 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

When I met Hollister on the train it

was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of Canada Monthly—let this be a wonderful day for you; obtain this personal advantage. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS.

Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 3 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological.

The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1383 Aeolian Building, New York, N. Y.

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You, yourself, have the power to play, to personally interpret all the good music ever written. Anyone in your family can do the same thing. What greater gift could you give than this joy-bringing player piano for ALL the family?

Send TO-DAY for our beautiful booklet of models and we'll have this Gift in your home on Christmas Eve. Address Dept. C-3.

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and you can easily utilize some of your spare time in securing some of the wonderful Christmas presents which we have to offer.

Write us for particulars.

CANADA MONTHLY

Premium Dept.

Toronto, Ont.

Chief Farmer

Continued from page 98.

system of farm schools created by the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Duncan Marshall. They promise in certain ways to be the most helpful schools yet organized by either the provinces or the states. 'From the soil up' briefly expresses the original conception of this form of school. Before a provincial agricultural college will be established, schools for instruction in the immediate art and practice of agriculture are to be created, in which boys and girls who may not have completed a high school or even a grade course can find opportunity to learn sound farming methods.'

In connection with each school is a demonstration farm, and the significance of these farms, as Mr. Marshall points out, lies in the fact that they are such as any of the boys attending may have an ambition to build up for himself during his life time; that is, they are neither too large, nor abnormal in soil or equipment.

What do the farmers themselves think of the schools? I met one old gentleman who said that his son, before attending one of them, was entirely dissatisfied with farm life and longed to go to the city and its moving picture shows, but that after one term, he came back an enthusiastic and proficient farmer, determined to harrow the land well, and to leave it fallow when necessary, and to keep improving the quality of his stock, with an intelligent and genuine interest in all phases of rural life, social as well as business. That boy now could not be driven off the farm.

I met another farmer, a Dutchman, living near Vermilion school. "I did not care about the school," he explained. "It was my old woman who would send my boy to the school. He went. He did well. He is a good farmer now; he can also shoe the horses and fix the plough when it is broke. I like that boy. I bought him yesterday a suit case. It cost me thirty dollars."

I have already spoken about Duncan Marshall's determination to keep the schools and the system practical. He gave us a couple of examples himself. At the time, we were sitting in the guise of pupils in the desks of one of the class rooms at the Olds School. Marshall used to be a newspaper man, but he would have made a good teacher too. His face beamed with enthusiasm, and his body swayed with vigor as he told about the work done by the young men and women of the schools, and how he had to fight to keep the institutions from deteriorating into centres of theoretical luxuries.

"One domestic science instructor,"

Business is booming!



Toronto, Ont.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had a record crop, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, a great many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

Canada has, in proportion to population, greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any other country in the world.

Millions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers and increase profits.

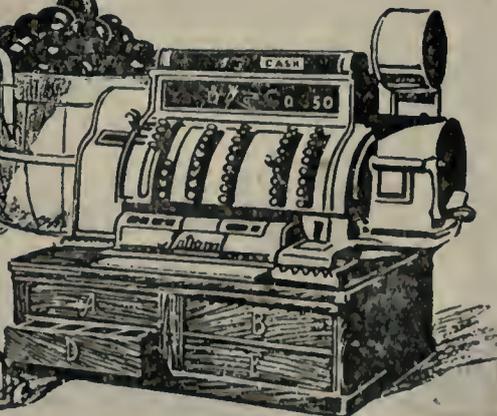
Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

Last month the N. C. R. in Canada had the largest sales of any month in the past seventeen.

President of the National
Cash Register Co.

(Signed)

John H. Patterson



Write for Booklet to
National Cash Register Company
350 Christie Street, Toronto, Ont.
Agents in Every City.

Waltham Watches

for everyone for Christmas



For the Soldier
From \$12.00 up



For Her

This is the famous watch with the disappearing eye which can be worn either as a bracelet watch or by detaching the bracelet as an ordinary watch.



A 14K Gold Watch for Men
at \$24.00

This Marsh Watch has an inner protector which permits the use of a thin gold case without endangering the movement. \$24.00 and upwards.



Thin Watches for Men

The Waltham "Colonial" thin watches are like a mere wafer in the pocket—yet they are splendid time keepers. They range in price from \$29.00 upwards.

Waltham Watches as Christmas gifts are sure to be appreciated. The Waltham name vouches for their quality and makes certain their welcome. If you would be interested in seeing other Waltham models, we would like to send you without charge our illustrated booklet.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James St., Montreal

he told us with a vivid gesture of disdain, "wanted an electric heater, no less, for her work in the kitchen. I told her that her girl pupils would be using coal and wood ranges in their own houses, and that she herself would have to use the same thing or nothing at all. Then there were two science masters. They wanted \$1,200 worth of equipment. 'All you need,' I told them plainly, 'is an iron pot and a stirrer.' Finally, the estimates were cut down to \$200. The equipment was sufficient, and the boys were taught to make the best of such material as would likely be available on an Alberta farm or homestead."

Like everything else in Alberta, her agricultural schools are cosmopolitan. Only about half the total enrollment of 285 pupils are of Canadian or British descent; the other half include many peoples, chiefly Americans, Norwegians, French and Germans. A look at the student roster at the Olds School, for instance, will show such names as these: Grotz, Paulson, Sundberg, Hansen, Mangan, Kroetsch, Johanson, Deadrich, Kuester, Sorenson, Blois, Reist, Guenther, and Bjoinson. Not the least important service these foreigners are doing for the schools is the introduction of the folk dances of various European nations. This is a cultural advantage of no mean importance especially to the English and Canadian students, most of whom, alas, know nothing of the dance as an art, or of the gayety and the lightness which go with it. The majority of the students, when they enter, either cannot dance at all, or if they say they can and try it, it is a case of walking over their partners, instead of gliding with them. Although dancing is not on the curriculum it is nevertheless remarked that some very accomplished dancers have been graduated from the institutions.

The outstanding merits of the Alberta plan of agricultural teaching are its vigor and its democracy. One almost wonders where such thorough-going democracy and such abounding vitality could come from, until one meets the fountain head of the inspiration. "Pep" is a popular word in the United States, just now; in spite of its popularity it is a most expressive word, and one of the chief exponents of "pep" in Alberta's Minister of Agriculture. Both his parents were Highland Scotch; they came to Canada, and he was born, in Bruce County, Ontario, forty three years ago, and went West in 1905. He combines the virtues of Scotland, Ontario, and the Canadian West, with the western traits predominating.

Marshall's energy is not confined to the service of the people and the State, although most of it



After a busy morning

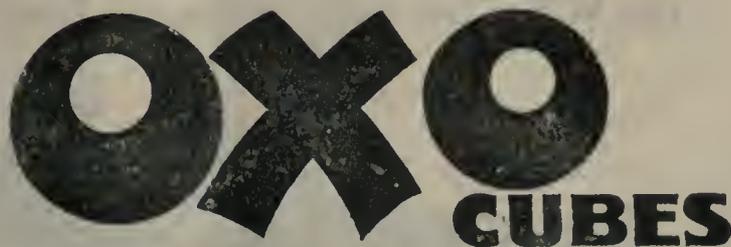
THE pleasure of shopping may cause you to forget that you are hungry and fatigued till you are on the point of reaching home. On such occasions, or, in fact, whenever you want food quickly, a cup of **OXO** is just the thing. It can be prepared in a moment.

It is a good plan to take a cup of **OXO** whenever you experience fatigue, or have to expose yourself to wet or cold. It is wonderfully refreshing, and fortifies against sudden changes of temperature.

Each **OXO CUBE** is enclosed in a neat dust-proof wrapper, and can be served as daintily as afternoon tea.

A CUBE TO A CUP

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.



does find an outlet there. It also breaks forth when he drives a car. He is about the speediest and yet the steadiest and strongest driver in Alberta. He drove us from his farm at Olds to Calgary, a distance of sixty five miles over the Edmonton-Calgary trail, which in some places is as smooth as a carriage road, and in other spots boldly crosses streams without a bridge or any other artificial aid. Over the whole route, Marshall drove at full speed.

He has still another elixir of life,

even more magical than a speedy car. He owns a large farm and ranch near Olds, in beautiful rolling country, with the Rockies in sight on the Western horizon. To spend an afternoon there, to see a round-up of his cattle and his sons' herd of Shetland ponies, galloping madly across the prairies with the most gorgeous backgrounds of sun and sky and cloud, is not only to envy Duncan Marshall, but to understand the real secret of his ever-refreshed vigor. And it is the people of Alberta who profit most from this rich vitality.

Overland
TRADE MARK

Overland
TRADE MARK

Model 75—f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.
\$850

Roadster \$825

Electrically Lighted and Started

HERE is another Overland model. A brand new car at a brand new price. Many people prefer a car with the advantages of the larger and higher priced cars, but that is smaller end more economical to run.

Model 75 is a comfortable, family car with virtually all the advantages of the very large cars at a price which is well within your reach.

The price is only \$850.

This season our factory capacity has been increased to 600 cars per day.

This, in itself, explains our ability to give so much car for so little money.

This newest Overland is a beauty.

The body is the latest full streamline design with a one-piece cowl.

It is handsomely finished in solid black with bright nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

While the car is roomy, it is light in weight, 2160 pounds.

The tires are four inch all around because we believe in the advantage of large tires.

They insure greater mileage and comfort than can be obtained from the smaller size used on other cars of similar specifications.

It has demountable rims with one extra.

The motor is four-cylinder, long stroke bloc type, having a $3\frac{1}{8}$ inch bore and 5-inch stroke. Horsepower is 20-25. It is of the most modern design.

It has high tension magneto ignition. This is the kind used on the most expensive cars.

The electric starting and lighting system is one of the most efficient on the market. It is of the two-unit type.

The large electric headlights have dimmers.

The electric switches are conveniently located on the steering column. This is the same arrangement used on the highest priced cars.

It has the easy working Overland clutch which any woman can operate. The pedals are adjustable for reach. The steering wheel is large and turns easily.

The brakes are large and powerful.

The rear springs are the famous cantilever type. These are probably the easiest riding and most shock absorbing springs ever designed. With these springs riding comfort is insured.

The seats are roomy and comfortable for the soft cushions are built over deep coiled springs.

It has a one-man mohair top.

You will be delighted when you see it. And when you ride in it you'll know instantly that this is your ideal of a modern automobile at your idea of a moderate price.

Other Overland models are—Model 83 five passenger touring car \$1050; the famous Overland Six seven passenger touring car \$1600. All prices being f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

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Pure streamline body five-passenger touring car.
Finished in black with nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

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Electric starting and lighting
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Left-hand drive; centre control
Floating type rear axle
One man top

Cantilever springs on rear
Built-in rain-vision ventilating type windshield
Magnetic Speedometer
Full set of tools

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 609

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario



How Green are Thy Leaves

Continued from page 75.

"So I stayed up and watched with him, and he talked about home and the beautiful Norway and the great happiness of his youth, and the people he used to know, and how good his father and his uncle were. He would stop sometimes and his mind would wander a little, and always then he would hum parts of a little song I had often heard him sing at the piano, a song he said they used to sing when he was a student at the University. It was about a Christmas tree, and it said something like 'O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, how green are thy leaves'. Then he would doze and wake up easily and say, 'Hello, Matthiesen, why don't you go to bed?' and I would say I was not sleepy, and I always staid up the night before Christmas anyway.

"WELL, about seven o'clock I went out to get some breakfast. He was sleeping like a baby then. When I came back he had waked up and he smiled at me, but I could see he was changing. It made me faint, for it was hard to see him go, but I put a good face on it and tried to jolly him up a little. Usually he drank beer, you know—and my! But he could take a lot of it! But I knew how to make a cocktail that he liked now and then, and I thought of that, and I said:

"'Bjork, what shall I get you for breakfast, and I'll mix you a cocktail first.'

"'Thank you, Matthiesen,' he said. 'I'm not hungry yet. And about that cocktail—'

"He stopped for a minute and smiled to himself.

"'Matthieson,' he said, 'when I was a little boy I used to love to dig in the earth and plant things and watch them grow. I liked to raise pretty little flowers like violets and lilies-of-the-valley. Father noticed me, and used to let me tell him about those things. We had a big garden and he had the gardener measure off a little piece, not much more than the size of the floor of this room, and told him to do whatever I wanted. So I had him bring me compost, and I made a rich soil, and began to grow lilies-of-the-valley such as they never before had seen—great, beautiful, wax-white lilies, perfumed like paradise; and the neighbors would be pleased when I would give them bunches for the table, and father was very proud. They were such pure, tender flowers as I never since have seen. They were incense and a prayer, all innocent!'

"Well, Matthiesen, it is good of you to think of that cocktail, for

Canadians Have Reason to
be Very Proud of
"CEETEE Underclothing"

"CEETEE"
UNDERCLOTHING

ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
MEANS ECONOMY PLUS COMFORT

NOT only is it manufactured by a firm who established themselves in Canada over 56 years ago—but a firm who have succeeded in producing woolen underclothing (CEETEE) that is not surpassed anywhere in the world—not even in the Old Country—so famous for the high quality of its woolen goods.

When the British Government came to Canada looking for army underwear, ours was the only firm in Canada that had the necessary machines to produce the garments according to the samples which they brought with them. Therefore, they were compelled to change their specifications so that other knitting companies could be given some work immediately.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is all made on these special machines, from only the finest Australian merino wool obtainable. This wool is combed and combed until every possible particle of foreign matter is taken out, and it is washed until it is as clean as human ingenuity can make it. The yarn is then knitted to fit the human form. This is why it sets so neatly over the body, making the outer clothing fit as perfectly as possible.

Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers

In all Sizes, for Men, Women and Children

Made in Canada from all British material by

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LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

Do You Want a Fine Nickel Silver Mesh Bag?

Made of fine indestructible mesh; the frame is full six inches, beautifully chased; with a long chain and bead fringe at the bottom.

THIS IS YOURS for five subscriptions to CANADA MONTHLY. Just show this magazine to five of your friends, get them to subscribe, send their names and addresses to us with Money Order for \$7.50, and we will send this bag to you at once.

CANADA MONTHLY

Premium Dept.

Toronto, Ont.



The Home Maker

Get Your Farm Home from the Canadian Pacific



Get your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because our success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where every acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from \$11 to \$30 per acre—irrigated lands from \$35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many good farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

We Lend You \$2,000 for Farm Improvements in the irrigation districts, if you want it, providing you are a married man, of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work, with no other security than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc.—interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to \$1,000 Worth of Livestock To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of \$1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. If you want a ready-made farm—our experts have prepared one for you. If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know—our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, especially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

This Great Offer Is Based on Good Land

The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming—irrigated lands for intensive farming; other lands, with ample rainfall, for mixed and grain farming. Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns. And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great population, which insures highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last best West. The present time, your opportunity—don't delay—investigate—you owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first—so time is precious. Write today for books—illustrated.

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Dept. of Natural Resources

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Increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such low prices and twenty years to pay for your land? Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors, tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific. Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do It TODAY—always the best day.**



I know what is in your heart, and I know I am dying. Now, if you want to do old Bjork one last favor, I'll tell you how.

"You go to the nearest florist and buy a little bunch of the freshest lilies-of-the-valley they have, and bring them here, and lay them on my breast, close up to my chin, and lift up my hands Matthiesen—I am not very strong this last morning, old man,—and lay them over the flowers, so I can feel them while their breath mingles with mine; and then leave me alone a little while. For—Matthiesen—when I go up to the gates of pearl, I think I will stand a better chance with St. Peter if I bring the fragrance of lilies-of-the-valley than I would if I went there smelling like a cocktail'. He smiled a little when he said that.

"I did what he asked me. I brought the flowers, and laid them on his breast and folded his hands over them; and he thanked me in a whisper and a soft look came into his eyes. I left him there. And in a half hour when I went back—

"The suffusion had reached his heart and his eyes were closed, but all the lines had gone out of his face, and he looked—O, my God!"

He fell silent. Then in his broad speech he spoke an epitaph:

"Bjork is dead. Ay hope hay ban en haaven. I tank he is."

The Human Side of Shrapnel

Continued from page 78.

rendered national service. Why not Shrapnel? If he asked for recognition, compensation, let not the criticism rest upon him who asked, but upon the Government which withheld.

I make no idle statement in saying that a book could be filled with letters of appreciation and testimonials from military and naval men regarding the effectiveness of the Spherical Case Shot, as the shell was then called. For there is such a book actually in existence, composed of letters from such commanders in the field as Col. Robe, R. A., Sir Henry Torrens, Capt. Lane, Sir Robert Sale, Lord Keane, Sir William Nott, Sir George Pollock, Sir George Wood, etc., and the Duke of Wellington, himself. One is here given, not as an example of epistolatory excellence, but as an evidence that so fitting acknowledgment to Shrapnel was considered a foregone conclusion.

Dated Holyhead, 18th Oct., 1808.

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and read carefully, a history of the war that is not a mere budget of "war news" but a true story of the events enacted, what led up to them and the result—such a history is

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with the enemy. A benefit which I am convinced will be enjoyed whenever they shall be judiciously used. I consider however it very desirable that this invention and the use which the British Armies have made of it, should not be made public. Our enemies are not aware of the cause of the effect of our Artillery of which they have complained, and we may depend upon it that any public motion or notice of the benefits which we have derived from the use of, this description of shot would make them immediately try to adopt it. At the same time I consider Colonel Shrapnel to be entitled to a very ample reward for his ingenuity and the science he has proved he possesses, by the great perfection to which he has brought this invention; and more particularly so because I am of the opinion that public interests require that the advantages we have derived from the use of this weapon, should not be made public, and he is therefore deprived of that Fame and Honour which he could otherwise have enjoyed. I am ready to give that opinion whenever it may be wished, and to assist by every means in my power to procure a reward for Lieutenant Colonel Shrapnel.
(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

ON September 10th, 1813, Colonel Shrapnel (promoted in June of the same year) addressed a communication to the Board of Ordnance in which he said:—"I have devoted my time these twenty-eight years past, and have been most unremitting in my exertions to bring this fire to the great excellence and repute it is in, which has cost me several thousand pounds from my private purse."

To which the Board replied, "We have no funds at our disposal for the reward of merit!"

One can almost feel the mental stagger Colonel Shrapnel must have received at this curt response. Perhaps it was the first intimation of the attitude of certain members of the Government toward him; at any rate the human side of the man comes prominently to the fore in his bitter reply. He said, "Those who have used this new weapon have Titles, Honours, Rewards and Thanks from both Houses of Parliament, whilst the Inventor is unheard of!"

Even had ambition and a desire for just dealing played no further part in his life, actual financial stress would have prompted him to continue his petitions for compensation. In all he spent a fortune of \$150,000 on his inventive work, using every cent upon which he could lay his hands, keeping his family in most moderate circumstances and leaving them practically destitute.



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This recipe is for KNOX YULETIDE DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 1/4 cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part 1/2 teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add 1/2 teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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Ultimately, he found support in Lord Chatham, Mr. Percival and Sir John Sinclair who insisted that some material acknowledgment be made to Shrapnel, which recommendation only served to increase the antagonism of the Board of Ordnance. This body worded the terms of his pension to read so that it included "all his other important improvements in Artillery," which was not in the least intended. The Board further seriously restricted his emoluments and perquisites in a most astounding manner; The East India Company sensible of the fact that shrapnel shells were largely responsible for the security of their vast possessions in India, allowed the inventor a royalty of sixpence a shell. "The Board arbitrarily took advantage of this, and supplied the shells direct, themselves, whereby Shrapnel was deprived of many pounds justly due him."

Being advised of this injustice, the East India Company, after some years of correspondence, insisted through their Board of Directors, that Shrapnel benefit financially from their patronage. The Board of Ordnance then granted two hundred pounds annually to the inventor.

BUT the strangest official juggling is yet to be told.

The pension first mentioned was used as an excuse for an extraordinary breach of military etiquette. I quote from the Petition addressed to the Parliament of 1868;

Unintentionally on the part of the Crown and through the machinations of the then Board of Ordnance, the Pension. . . was reconstructed in such a form and manner as to operate as a direct bar to its becoming the benefit or reward intended. For it is officially, Regimentally and publicly known that Lord Bloomfield who was considerably junior to General Shrapnel in the Artillery as well as in the Service, was, in direct opposition to the established Rule of the Royal Artillery, placed over the head of General Shrapnel, his senior officer—both in the Service and in the Regiment; . . . General Shrapnel having, in consequence, to wait some years for his Battalion, lost four thousand seven hundred pounds, which sum devolved to the enjoyment of his junior officer, Lord Bloomfield. . . . The General was refused his right of succession and all its advantages upon the ground of his Pension for other services."

In other words, had he made no inventions, had he received no "special pension," he would have been better off than he ever was having accomplished both these things; for when, after some years he was given a Battalion, his total emolument, including



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It lends its own delicious savor to breakfast; while it is, in fact and fancy, the finishing touch to the perfect dinner.

While on the subject of coffee, it is apropos to direct attention to the unquestioned popularity of perhaps the best known brand of coffee on the Canadian market—Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" Coffee.

In fact "Seal Brand" has come to be a standard of comparison for the housewife, who appreciates the unchanging quality and exquisite flavor of this famous blend.

To those who consider coffee an essential part of the perfect meal, Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" will be thoroughly satisfying in every way.

this much contested special pension, was less than that of any of his predecessors!

SOON after his promotion to a Lieutenant Generalship, he was invited to the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, the honoured guest of His Majesty William IV., who personally acknowledged his appreciation of Shrapnel's services, and signified his Royal intention of conferring some signal honor upon the inventor.

It is not strange that Shrapnel asked for a baronetcy. An Englishman's pride in his name is strong, and it seems that the King approved of this request, pointing out, however, that such a claim must be submitted through the First Lord of the Treasury. But before anything was done, both the sovereign and his subject died, and the latter's son—Major Henry Shrapnel absent for many years on Foreign Service, was too far removed from the centre of the conflict, so to speak, to follow up His Majesty's promise.

He died a disappointed old man, and he was buried in the chancel of the Bradford-on-Avon church. In his will, there was a clause asking that the Government should yet bestow some public reward upon his family, "in consideration of the valuable services rendered to my country by my shells, during the late wars, and of the numerous victories which were gained by the use of them." The most important is of course Waterloo. Sir George Wood commanding the artillery at Waterloo village wrote:—"Had it not been for 'shrapnel' shells, it is doubtful whether any effort on the part of the British could have recovered the farmhouse of La Hays Sainte." In the book of testimonials above referred to, there is a sketch made by Sir George showing the position of the opposing forces and *how* the shells saved the day.

Whether or not the Government was justified in withholding favors from General Shrapnel, it is not mine to question. But I often wonder if, lying in the chancel of the quaint old church, he can hear his name spoken from the lips of millions of people; if he knows aught of satisfaction as the earth trembles and the air grows rank from the explosion of the shells he turned loose upon the world?

Mr. Greene (just arrived in town, stepping into bank)—"I am looking for Mr. Gawn. He's an old friend of mine. I supposed he was still cashier of the bank. Has he left the bank?"

Manager of Bank (looking dejectedly at empty safe)—"Yes, sir. He has left the bank. That's about all he did leave."



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Making Movies

Continued from page 85.

airships for film purposes. One of these required a "Zeppelin" to overtake an express train. When immediately above the train, the hero slid down a long rope and climbed onto the rear platform, where he, as we might have known, took the villain by the throat and clasped the hefty heroine to his forty-inch chest. Of a rather similar character was the drama where the wily rogue of the piece lures the leading lady into the basket of his balloon and would have soared safely into the empyrean, had not Jack Dalton, the open-faced avenger from the local fire brigade, come up at the last moment, grabbed one of the dangling guy ropes and hauled himself up unseen, hand over hand, until—well, I'm not going to give the thing away.

REALISM in surroundings gives plenty of play for the director's ingenuity, as well as his backer's pocket book. While no expense is spared in getting what is *actual*, the Rocky Mountains are usually regarded as good enough for an Alpine tragedy, or a mining comedy in the South American Andes. Florida, with its palms and dense swamps, is regularly made to serve as Brazil or the Samoan Islands, should the play demand those surroundings.

In a certain New Jersey village, the inhabitants have become, through long custom, icily immune to even the extremest "realism" of the picture makers. Their streets have practically been given up to mimic accidents, rescues, fires and every other exciting thing that goes to make a modern film. The houses have been rented, reconstructed, burned down at times—all to make a story. Fields have been levelled for aeroplanes, and meadows kicked to hard-pan by the combats of Indian tribes, cavalry troopers and Caesar's legions. Here on Monday morning walks Napoleon; Tuesday brings Hannibal; Wednesday maybe, Mr. Roosevelt; and Thursday, Peter the Hermit. There's no telling what expediency may demand next. It was in the neighborhood of this village that Terrible Teddy "came out of the jungle" after his famous hunt in Africa, the impersonator of the ex-president gravely stepping from a mile of New Jersey marsh-grass and receiving the plaudits of his countrymen. This was faking with a vengeance and its like is seldom seen. It became necessary one day to stage "The Toll of The Sea". The rocks along a neighboring plateau looked across—no, *not* the surging sea, but an acre of common cornfield. However, by keeping the line of rocks on the camera's skyline,



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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

164

the "leap for life" was staged quite as well by the villain leaping from the rock bound plateau six feet downward to the aforesaid cornfield. The film looked so genuine that an onlooker in the picture theatres could almost feel the Atlantic fog.

SPEAKING of realism draws one's attention to a novel film obtained in July last by a camera man of the American Film Manufacturing Co.,. Fourteen futile attempts were made to photograph a flash of lightning and the simultaneous fall of a man supposedly struck down. On the fifteenth effort success crowned the photographer's perseverance and the picture of the flash will soon be cast on a thousand screens. Another picture company has arranged to build at great cost a mimic battleship, which will be blown up by a genuine torpedo as part of the action of a "war drama". Then if you want to know to what atrocious lengths the American sense of humor or ludicrousness, or whatever it had best be called, can be stretched, here comes William Sulzer, ex-Governor of New York State, once a popular idol and later a proved grafter and mountebank, posing in a specially written film drama called "The Governor's Boss." In Mr. Sulzer's own words, he seeks "not gold or fame," but merely wishes to show how his fall was brought about by crooked politicians.

While Canadian railways have to a slight extent utilized movies in various forms of instruction for their employes, and Canadian colleges and schools have edged into the new pedagogical idea with some appetite, it has been left for such United States institutions as the Columbia College and School of Journalism of New York to harness the film to its full uses. There are students of English literature, science, economics, history and even psychology, go each week to Columbia's movie theatre and witness the things they have been told about and which, lacking the picture camera, they would have no chance to visualize. In the English literature courses, pictures are given of the homes of famous authors and the scenes of their various works. For the industrial courses, industrial methods are filmed; similarly in history instruction the student is taken by the genius of the screen to places where great events had their birth.

THE motion picture had played no outstanding part in connection with the European War. Obviously the standards of restriction that can invent such censorships as we have seen in England and France and Italy to-day takes double precautions that news is not filmed. In a very few instances camera men risked their lives and ob-

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tained brief and clouded glimpses of an attack on Belgium trenches by the advancing Germans. Plenty of films were shown of refugees fleeing from Flanders, the ruin of villages and homesteads and such like material away from the actual fighting line. Any camera poking up its head in the vicinity of the trenches was instantly confiscated and the operator imprisoned or deported. Probably the only genuine photographic records of trench digging, fighting and the dead-in-earnest war manoeuvres were those taken by order of the German General Staff as a matter of record and for purposes of future instruction. These entertaining strips of celluloid, however, will certainly never see “a release date” unless some good Canadian soldier prics them out of a warehouse when he gets to Berlin.

As far as the writer is aware, only one company, the Conness-Till organization of Toronto, has found picture-play manufacture profitable in Canada. The reason is not very different from that accounting for the dearth of Canadian-made plays. First, the financial difficulties are enormous; second, the Canadian picture-fan has nothing distinctively Canadian in his fiction appetites but sees good entertainment in a good film whether it springs from Los Angeles or Winnipeg. Should any reader have under consideration an investment in the motion picture industry (and fraudulent advertisements along this line are filling the cheap magazines and newspapers at the present time), let him consider that in the last few years quite a score of companies have tried to break into the producing end of the business and have run upon disaster. The standard unit of picture measure is a reel of 1,000 feet, the wholesale price of which is \$100. To install a machine and plant in a hall that will produce such a picture before the public costs from \$200 to \$400, not to speak of rents, advertising, etc., etc.

Usually a programme contains as many as five reels. If the picture theatre man purchased these films he would have to have 5,000 paid admissions per day to pay the purchase price alone. But, of course, nobody purchases his film outright; renting is the common system. That has brought into existence the Film Exchange which shoulders the expensive task of buying the film outright from the manufacturer and leasing to the theatorium at a cost for, say five reels, \$200 downward per week. The modern Exchange is an institution of very large capital, and therefore limited in numbers. Its function is to purchase the entire output from the film manufacturers and take the profits from rentals. It is estimated that to start another Exchange organized on lines as gigantic as those

already in the field in America would cost from five to ten million dollars. Of course, some profits are undoubtedly large for the film makers, as, for instance, with one firm that realized last year \$700,000 on an investment of \$100,000 in a famous serial. At the "retail" end of the business occasional large profits are also met with, but if one took into consideration the millions that have been lost in picture theatres in this country and the United States during the past ten years, I have some doubt on which side of the ledger the result would fall.

HOW moving pictures are produced, how the companies are rehearsed, whether they speak intelligible language or mumble in dumb-show, and a thousand other detailed mysteries of the rehearsal hall have naturally become matters of intense curiosity. The writer cannot venture more than briefly into such a realm in an article devoted to other phases of motion pictures.

The rehearsal halls for interior scenes are large and commodious and so arranged that on the same floor and within sight of all engaged three or four scenes of the same or different dramas may be in operation at the same time, each with a camera before it clicking down its graphic record. Thus, the first reel of a nonsensical travesty and the final reel of a tear-stricken tragedy may be enacted within arm's length of each other, the fact arousing no one's sense of disparity and confusing not even the newest property boy. Outdoor scenes are staged, of course, in the most adaptable surroundings. The sand dunes of the Western States have served scores of times as the Sahara Desert, over which Arab steeds and riders dashed at breakneck speed. Every play is carefully rehearsed many times before the final film is taken and attitudes, gestures, facial expression, etc., disciplined into conformity with the fabric of the plot until the chance of "hit or miss" is pretty well eliminated. One of the facts of picture acting which the veteran of the regular stage must knuckle down to is that all gestures or movements must be timed much slower for the camera than for the naked eye. A matter of no little curiosity is the maintaining of realism by the players themselves in the intimate scenes of a dining or drawing room where the speechlessness of the finished film cannot very well represent absolute speechlessness on the part of those who appear in the film. As a matter of fact, the actors in such a scene receive only instructions as to position, their motives toward this or that individual which they are called upon to make clear to the audience, exits and entrances, and all such physical movement connected with the plot. Only the leading players have knowledge of the scenario, the minor people taking the director's



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NO. 1

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Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell, give you reliable, disinterested, free information.

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Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

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This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The

land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

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instructions blindly. Here, as an illustration, are words passing between a "naval commander" and a woman spy, tete-a-tete in an aristocratic drawing room. With the camera clicking away, it is necessary for the commander to demonstrate his interest in the fascinating lady. And so he says:

"THE plans are ready. Oh, yes, they are, Miss Woodruff (the actress' own name), I finished them to-day. It is the greatest so-and-so and so-and-so, and it will stay submerged for two days. It's going to be some submarine, believe me."

A moment later the Director himself took a hand in the acting; not liking the way a certain player managed a scene, he cast aside his manuscript, ordered the camera to quit clicking, and thereupon dashed into the scene and acted it out himself. This is how the director's monologue sounded to the waiting company:

"You come in stealthily, look around, see you are alone and cross to the switch here. Take an easy pose until the lights come up. By the way, props"—the director interrupted himself—"be quick on those skylight curtains. When the lights are on," he resumed, "you come down stage to the desk like this, see? Go through the drawers hurriedly, looking for the plans. Overturn some of the papers; you don't find them; not there; disgusted—see?" The acting director played out each piece of "business" as he spoke. "Then you cross to the wall and look under the picture. Nothing there. In bringing your hand down you feel this panel loosen—see? You try it; it opens; look in. There they are; the plans!" The director had worked himself into the part, and he gave his ability full wing. "You grin villainously; grab the plans; sneer at the flag—see? Rip it off; throw it on the floor—that's where you will get your hisses. Then you spread out the plans; look 'em over; smile, satisfied; roll 'em up; shake your fist at the Star Spangled Banner, and go off the way you came in."

His face blazing from his efforts at emulation, the director shook out his shoulders, walked back to the stand and knocked the ashes off his unfinished cigar.

The Bishop

Continued from page 101.

is time. The diocese of Edmonton includes 35,000 square miles, holding 77 different congregations, 26 of which are missions. Of necessity, the Bishop must be away a great deal, and to his sorrow, he has not been able to plan, and work for, and be with the boys as much as of yore.

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When he first came to Edmonton, and the city was young, one of the first moves the Bishop made was to establish a Boys' Institute with gymnasium, reading rooms, and tennis court. Anything of this kind had been practically unknown in Edmonton heretofore. The establishment of the Institute was accomplished with the assistance of some of the prominent citizens, who gladly gave financial help and the use of the grounds. Out of this grew in time the Boys' Brigade movement which flourished six or seven years, developing into the Cadet campaign, for Bishop Gray always had his eye on what was taking part in other parts of the globe; his boys were never behind.

These were all pioneer movements, and anyone who has tried the organizing and whipping into shape of any such projects as these, knows just exactly how much work there is connected with them. The public schools eventually took up the Cadet movement, which is very well handled by them at present, the ground being broken, and minds open for the work.

Speaking of the Boy Scout movement which came still later, Bishop Gray has a word to say and it is this: "Mothers will insist on dressing their infants in Boy Scout uniform, as soon as they can waddle out of the perambulator, hence the killing of the Boy Scout movement."

"In the west, where boys develop so quickly, you are not going to get the big boys—who are really useful,—ambitious to be men, to take an interest in the scout movement which they say, these days, is only a kid affair."

The Bishop does not consider the Boy Scout movement a success in the west for the above reasons, and he thinks it the greatest pity in the world that such a condition of affairs should exist.

In the earlier days, Bishop Gray served three terms on the Edmonton Public School Board, and resigned the position in order that he might become a judge of the juvenile court, which position he holds to-day, and I think in his heart of hearts, he considers it his greatest honor. It is laughable to one who knows him, to see the Bishop in his capacity as judge, being fearfully hard-hearted with the offender. Never does he lighten a sentence or let anyone off easily, on his own initiative. When he delivers the decision to the woe-begone culprit, he dwells on its severity and length, and then usually adds: "Mr. So-and-so (clerk of the court, assistant judge, or whoever he can find to lay the blame upon) "thinks your sentence should be remitted to such and such an extent, and out of consideration to his wishes I will do as he asks."



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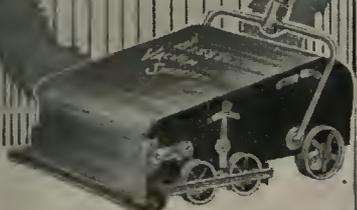
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You cannot fool the boys, though. They know who gets them as light a sentence as possible, and gives them every chance in the world—that is, of course, when they show their willingness to benefit by it. The Bishop can be stern, and he will have no half way work with evil doers. He carries with him, when occasion demands, the full majesty of the law, and the high dignity of his position. When one knows that last year 90 per cent of the juvenile court cases were successful, one can understand the encouragement with which the work is meeting, and the tactful manner with which the boys are dealt.

Very seldom indeed are they sent to the reformatory. For the first offense they receive a serious reprimand; the enormity of the offense, the consequences etc., are dwelt upon, and the boy who has only made a slip may never make it again after that one terror-striking ordeal. No one but the boy knows how thankful he is to be at liberty again after a petty theft possibly, and that experience in the seclusion of the juvenile court makes him understand what is before him in open police court if he continue in the error of his ways.

For the second offence he is on probation, and must report—probably at

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Or a *Bissell's Carpet Sweeper* for daily sweeping. Its use in connection with the *Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper* for general suction cleaning is the favorite work-saving combination in well-managed homes.

The price of the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) in most of Canada is \$10.00, Vacuum Sweeper (with brush) \$11.50, and Carpet Sweepers \$3.00 to \$4.50. Prices are slightly higher in the Western Provinces. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request: (244)

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Made in Canada, too.

the Bishop's office—every so often. For a third offence he is sent to the country to work on a farm under supervision for six months, or more, and if none of these remedies are sufficient, in rare cases, he is sent to the reformatory, and even then he has a chance.

So the boy in Edmonton gets every opportunity and inducement to remain in the straight and narrow path, and he is keen enough to appreciate this and benefit by it. With the hundreds of newsboys that swarm over the city there is very little trouble. They have their splendid Newsboys' Band, their hockey team, their annual outings and festivals, and they are banded together by that wonderful chain of fairplay and spirit of camaraderie which has its direct source in the Bishop and his associates in the work.

What about the ecclesiastical side of the Bishop's life? It moves with the dignity of his high calling; he is the well-beloved and revered Bishop of his diocese, and better still reigns supreme in the hearts of his people. He has been twice abroad, and guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace; he hopes to go again to the Pan-Anglican, but one might venture to guess that he will spend more time poking around London slums seeing what the boys are doing than he will in attending any more functions than he can avoid. "The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power" are decidedly not in His Lordship's line.

Bishop's Gray's home life is very beautiful. It is dedicated to his mother. She has been with him ever since he came to this country, and as goes without saying, her life is bound up in that of her son. To see the Bishop and his mother on the street together is a picture, she so frail and dainty, the typical English gentlewoman—he so rugged and upright. It is a wonderful thing to be entertained in the Bishop's home, and it is not hard to guess who the recipients of his bounty are—young men, often those who need a helping hand; he keeps open house for them.

He sums up his life in these words: "I do what I can," and it probably never crosses his mind that he is doing anything out of the ordinary in giving such a large proportion of his time to the neglected youth of the city. The Bishop is fond of golf, but he rarely gets time to go on the links; he is a great student, and could browse among his books by the hour, but he admits that his time for reading is most limited; he is fond of riding, but he cannot afford to keep a mount, at least he does not feel that he can spare the money for this purpose. Do we not get a reflection here of the Man



Who Would Have Gessed

that behind the piano was a full sized table, reposing peacefully against the wall, ready to be set up at a moment's notice! Just see how easily it is put up! Feel how light it is—only eleven pounds! Try to shake it—isn't it firm! Never a wobble! This is our new



—the very latest model. We are proud of this table, and we know you'll be delighted with it too. Once you set eyes on it you'll want it—and when you learn the price you'll buy it. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

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"Who pleased not Himself," and could the Bishop find any better way of preaching the doctrines of his calling than by living them out?

The Bishop fell on the ice and broke his arm a couple of winters ago, and then was a chance for the boys to shine! Some of the little fellows came to the study and wept over him; the older ones flew on messages, or contrived them, and there was a general conspiracy to see who could do the most and do it the oftenest for the Bishop. It must be all very sweet to him; he must reap some of the reward at once when he sees the eager young faces turned towards better things, when he hears the faltering confessions of wrongs done and of resolves for new beginnings. Bishop Gray will never grow old, not if he lives to see the millennium, and happy are the boys growing up in the west under his regime.

Coming Back

Continued from page 93.

"Yes, for those books about the joys and beauties and all the attraction of the larger world have been written to idealize it—to show it as it might have been or as it should be. Those books lead young people like you and me, away from our little villages where all our world is, and destroy us in the bigger places. Oh, you will find the city so big and unformed, so crude, so mechanical. It would be all right if you could take your friends and your loves with you to the city, either to live there or to visit."

"Yes," whispered the girl.

"But you would be an awful fool to go as you are now going."

THE girl sat very still. Slowly, the greyness of the late autumn day had deepened. The further distances had merged with the sky.

"But," said the girl, in a small voice, "It isn't fair of you to argue with me like this. You have seen everything. I am going to judge for myself. You don't know how I have longed for this escape from that horrible life. And now, I meet you, a stranger on the road, and I—unhappy—you are so—!"

The young man squirmed uneasily fearing she was going to cry.

"But what will there be for you all alone in the city?" he asked.

"Work! work!" cried the girl. "I can live in an attic and I can feel myself being used, feel my mind working."

"Yes, but no cosy old home," said he. "No books. No big black fireplace to redeem the winter, with the oak benches around it, and the high shelves full of books back there in the shadows. The winter is more desolate for a lonely person in the city than in the country!"

The girl leaped to her feet and took up the suit-case. A queer feeling had come into her at these last words of the young man, they had so faithfully described the doctor's library, the things she loved of home. She said:

"Let me go on to the station alone!"

"You will find," said the young man, standing up in the fading light, and looking at her sternly, "that what you need is congenial company—but most of all, home! I admit an ageing doctor and a dead village do not provide much company for a person of your temperament. But you are going, as so many fool girls have gone before you, from what does not satisfy you to what will disillusion you and dry you up, wizen your soul, like a wind-fallen apple."

After a stern pause, he continued—

"Now look! You have found comfort in talking to me, haven't you?"

No answer.

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"At least, you felt that I feel for you?"

"Yes."

"And you are neither a flip city girl nor a simpering village girl. You have the virtues of both. Let me tell you, I have taken a tremendous liking for you!"

He looked sterner than ever.

"I have not let the sentimental effect of my homecoming intrude on this liking for you. It is a liking bound by the fact that you are suffering the same things I suffered ten years ago!"

The girl was silent.

"Did this old doctor of yours," continued the young man, "ever mention Peter to you?"

"Oh!" gasped the girl.

"Well, I am Peter, his wandering son!"

The girl began a quiet weeping.

"I am Peter, and I was driven to roving by the books; and the blessed old Dad has educated me, while I sought the grail!"

"He will be so glad! Poor old Doctor," cried the girl, "he has talked to me about you for years! I know you as well as I know him! I have often dreamed of your coming home! I thought it might——!"

She began to choke up again.

She needed assistance and for a short, unforgettable moment she got it, her head against the rough tweed coat. Then reality asserted itself. It was only in books—and in cities—that the third act came as quickly.

"Hey!" exclaimed the young man. "What's the matter with us? What are we loafing here for? He'll be sitting by the fireplace by the time we get home. Come on!"

He picked up the bag, and grasped her hand. The two of them strode along the road that sloped neither up nor down, but that had some little romance in it at last.

You

Continued from page 96.

"Now hold on, Watford—" I spared. But already he was gone. When the crackle of twigs under his feet had utterly died away I leaned on my axe and laughed.

Not to start anything! And he had just told me in as many words that you were coming.

When I turned back from the last post the bark-shorn picket-points were white. Passing the cross-roads on the cliff I noticed that the glint of the sunlight was still upon the rocks. But down in the valley beyond, the picket-points were grey. I hurried. There is no twilight in the bush.

I advanced cautiously, feeling my way over the trunks of trees.

Quick as a summer storm the night came on. A porcupine scuttled noisily.

How I regained the trail I do not know. At last I saw the sky-path again and followed it steadfastly, eyes upward, trusting my feet. Ill enough they served me, too, as I decided after a nasty tumble that landed me asprawl, the axe shocked out of my hand and a sharp pain in my shin. My trouser-leg was warm with blood, so I bound it after a fashion and kept on.

It seemed hours before I emerged

from the thick bush and toiled up fifty yards of bare cliff. Near the top were four posts banked with stones, looking curiously familiar. Gradually it dawned upon me. This was the cross-roads. *I was turned about on the trail.*

Numbness came over me and for a long time I lay still; when at last I made shift to stir, my leg had stiffened. Stung into sudden, throbbing, nameless fear I moved it quickly and the blood rushed forth again. I collapsed

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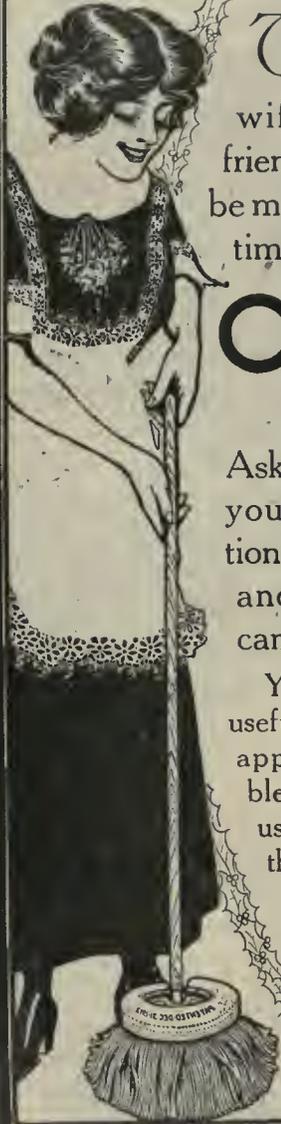




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weakly. The moon, rising from behind a nest of clouds, showed me a line of brilliant picket-points leading away.

There Watford found me half-frozen, and bandaged my leg rightly, and built a fire.

"I didn't worry about you till it was dark," he explained; "just as I got into the bush the moon came out. Then I saw your axe, and the blood on it. I yelled and yelled, and you answered."

I don't remember answering, but I guess Watford knows.

"I wasn't quite myself, yesterday, Haress," he went on, my arm around his shoulder as we trudged slowly campwards, "I'm sorry. That girl—in the photograph—I could think of nothing else. You'll understand to-day when you see her. Elly Dorley is her name."

I winced, not from the pain in my leg. But I shoved out my free hand and he took it.

"Miss Dorley, Haress. And my sister. And Mr. Banks." I gasped, and flattened back against the pine stump where Watford had propped me, pipe in mouth. Here was I keyed up for tragedy and he introducing the fair woman of the photograph as his sister and the slight, dark one as Miss Dorley. But where were you?

Mrs. Banks finished her inspection of my bandages, and addressed Dick. "Blondey backed out," said she. "Do you know youngster, Blondey's taken the queerest turn since the night we all paddled over to see you and you didn't come through by that train after all. She hasn't been any fun since and she won't tell anybody why. We call her Blondey, Mr. Haress, but really her hair is the most beautiful red. I wanted to bring her over to-day to cheer her up."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't be a great success as a cheer leader just now," I said, but my face belied me.

"You must come over soon and see us and try to make Blondey tell you her terrible secret. She's such a dear girl usually. You'll bring Mr. Haress, won't you, Dick—next Sunday?"

"Well, if Callaghan—" Dick's voice from a distance. Already he had made off with Miss Dorley.

"Bother Callaghan! Promise!"
"Sure, sis, if Haress's leg—"
"My leg's better already," I chipped in.

So I asked Dick this morning, casually, when he brought in my bread and bacon. "Who is that other girl—the one who isn't any fun?" I asked.

"Um-m. Something-or-other Belfort. Diana. Oh, yes. Diana Belfort. I think you'll like her."

Diana. That's a better name for you than Blondey. Six days.

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Canada's Second Winter of the War

By John Carmichael




AT the close of 1915 Canada's army in training and in the field approximated 200,000 men. This constitutes an aggregation of fighters which in intelligence and physique and in all soldierly attributes is a match for the best material of the warring nations. A quarter of a million of the Dominion's finest sons will be available for the Motherland by next spring. Thus the forecast of our able and energetic Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, will be easily fulfilled.

The Government's call in November for another 100,000 men evoked ready response from coast to coast. Notwithstanding the terrific casualties of the year, bringing sorrow and broken hearts to many homes in the nine provinces; notwithstanding the return every week of mangled heroes from the trenches—living pictures of the fierceness of the struggle against Kaiserism; notwithstanding business depressed and immigration checked, Canada was never so determined to wage relentless war as she is to-day. The second winter of bloodshed finds her more resolute than ever before.

If our losses have been many, our achievements have been substantial, and the heroism of our recruits has thrilled the world. Our decision to back the Old Land has been made adamant by the terrors and triumphs of the past year. Canada is proud to have had a hand in the victories for the Allies that made immortal such names as Ypres, Festubert, St. Julien, and Langemarck. France and Belgium have been ringing with the praises of the stalwart boys from oversea. Germany too, has learned to respect the Canadian soldier. Letters found on wounded and captured Teutons have borne eloquent testimony to the fearlessness and efficiency of these eager warriors, who, a year or so ago, did not know how to carry a bayonet.

From Prince Edward Island to Prince Rupert the youth and manhood of Canada are still swarming to the enlistment centres. Villages and towns everywhere are busily adding their contributions to new battalions, and winter camps have been organized in the principal cities. Enthusiastically and confidently, Canadians, old and young, are participating in the movement of the hour, and it is one of Canada's glories that her soldiers are all volunteers.

THE soldier returned from being "gassed by the Huns," is the feature of the recruiting rallies. A little while ago he was one of the rank and file of clerks, mechanics, professional men and farmers. Since then he has faced the big guns and poison gases of the enemy. He has lived through the inferno of shot and shell, doing "his bit" in the colossal task of sweeping back the invading hordes who have Toronto, Montreal and Quebec and our other cities as well as Calais and London in view. As one of the champions of the Empire, he has left a leg or an arm in Flanders, or he has suffered injury to his spine or heart or lungs that will keep him crippled for life. His bald recital of what he endured at Ypres' "Hell's Half Acre," or some other point of the bloody firing line, has aroused first, sympathy and admiration; then unlimited resentment against the fiends whose demonic campaign has made such cruelty and savagery possible. The old valor and the old chivalry of Britannia are aroused by the wounded soldier's story. Each of these scarred troopers, coming back to his friends as a souvenir of "German efficiency," brings forth a dozen stern-lipped defenders of the flag to take his place.

A HITHERTO tranquil nation has become a hotbed of military ardor. A year and a half ago Canada was cutting one of her bountiful harvests, unconscious of the impending conflict in which her costliest treasures would be sacrificed to succor the Empire. Prosperity had dowered us with her best in bulging granaries, industrial beehives, crowded harbors and terminals.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye these millions of toilers and traders felt the blight of war. The richest per capita country in the world suddenly was called upon to cease its ways of industry and thrift, and to become a prodigal spender of wealth.

How magnanimously the Canadians have responded to duty is only partially realized by outsiders. The folks of the United Kingdom have been pleased and amazed at Canada's many evidences of loyalty and generosity. The Motherland probably never seriously doubted the Dominion's fealty. Still, the two are several thousand miles apart, and, in these progressive times, when independence

is in the air; and pan-Americanism is a popular propaganda on this side of the Atlantic, John Bull may have had misgivings as to the attitude of this distant part of the Empire when the big trouble came. Canada's quick outpouring of men and money has been a revelation to the world at large and clearly demonstrates

for democracy against despotism. When hostilities began there was a rush of impetuous Yankees over the boundary, and many succeeded in enlisting without going through the required formality of being naturalized. Since then scores of splendid, clean-cut young men including many physicians anxious to join the medical and

other authoritative spokesmen, on visits to this side, have not hesitated to denounce the ruthless warfare of Germany, and to assure us of the warm support of seven-eighths of their fellow citizens.

Men like Roosevelt, Watterson and Churchill were not afraid to declare boldly that Uncle Sam failed in his



the patriotic spirit of the Dominion.

The Canadian National Patriotic Fund of several millions was raised without undue pressure. Its estimated expenditure for 1916 will be \$7,500,000. A dollar from each man, woman and child, and this outlay will be met. Or, as Mr. Herbert Ames, M.P., honorary secretary of the Fund put it: "A Dollar a head of our population and a year to pay it in."

This is only a small item of Canada's enormous disbursements as a result of Kaiser Wilhelm's ambition to conquer Europe. At the end of the fiscal year, Canada has paid out \$200,000,000 and the coming year will cost us not less than \$250,000,000, or a total of \$450,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year 1916-17.

The Canadian, like the Briton, Frenchman, Italian and Russian, contemplates staggering monetary losses with comparative equanimity. In the scale against that brightest of jewels, Liberty, gold weighs but little. Canadians not only are submitting to war taxes without complaint; they are devising fresh ways of giving to the cause they deem worthy of any sacrifice. Everywhere benefits are in progress to raise contributions for the Red Cross, and never, even in our most prosperous times, did the dollar seem so quickly forthcoming and so abundant. Women and girls, social barriers obliterated, meet in numerous sewing circles to make bandages and comforts for Tommy Atkins. The farmers of the Prairie Provinces have donated hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour through their plan of devoting but one of their broad acres to the patriotic cause and millions of barrels of flour will be forthcoming if required.

When the factories in our midst, now making shells and motor-trucks and other equipment for the battle-front, are no more needed by the War Department, we shall resume our trade and manufacturing activities of 1913-'14 on a bigger scale than ever.

ambulance corps, have crossed from the States to enlist.

One of the recently organized battalions is composed altogether of American-Canadians. Col. Clark, who commands it, is a native New Yorker, and was formerly an officer in the New York National Guard.

Canada has welcomed the ready sympathy expressed by eminent Americans during the crisis when "neutrality" was enjoined by the White House. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, Col. Henry Watterson, Winston Churchill (the novelist), Joseph H. Choate, and

duty to humanity and future generations in not registering a vigorous protest against Belgium's invasion, the Zeppelin raids, and other atrocities of the Prussians. As the greatest of the world's republics, and as the pioneer of Liberty on this continent, these representative Americans believed the United States had missed a unique opportunity to reprove and condemn the most dangerous oppressor of the age.

Frequent messages of sympathy also have come from the Canadian Clubs scattered throughout the principal cities of the States. A representative of the New York club who paid a visit to the recruiting centers of Ontario, Quebec and the West, went back with a story of rampant Canadian patriotism that deeply stirred his fellow countrymen of Gotham. Telling of his impressions in the Dominion he said:



THOUSANDS of our American cousins have joined us in our struggle

Millions of barrels of flour will be forthcoming from the prairie provinces as they are called for

backed their new flag and their adopted country. German districts like Berlin and Waterloo have given more, proportionately, to the Patriotic Fund than some other purely British sections. German-born parents have sent their boys to the front to fight the militarism from which in former years they were glad to escape to a country where the

last man and the last dollar of Canada for the Allies." Like all other parts of the Empire, Canada has dropped her political and other disputes as too petty for consideration pending the outcome of the great contest. The German menace instead of a disintegrating force has been a uniting and solidifying force from end to end of the nation. Em-



King George and Lord Kitchener have been loud in their praise of Our Boys

"I have been out of Canada over thirty years. I had never forgotten the land of my childhood and youth, but the sentiment of the soil was faint in my heart and in my mind. I did not know Canada. My trip from Quebec to Vancouver has been a revelation. I saw soldiers in uniform at every little station, and I talked with all kinds and conditions of recruits. About the war there is only one opinion. There must be no cessation of effort until the menace of a world dominating power has been destroyed. Men too old to fight, but with means, will give their wealth to that end. Women will work ceaselessly, and pray earnestly and suffer calmly the loss of their favorite sons, and the young men will go forward as fast as the call comes to them,—a million if that number is needed.

"There is no bitterness in Canada against the Germans. You hear no abuse of the enemy. The Canadians believe that the Teutons are obsessed with an insane ambition, and that they must be cured of their folly. They want no German land nor German wealth. They desire only to live peaceably, in comradeship with the Mother Country and the rest of the British Empire."

THIS is a good place to record appreciation of the loyalty of German-Canadians who have ardently



Canada's army in the field and in training approximates 200,000 men—a match for the best material of the warring nations

Mailed Fist is regarded as a relic of barbarism. Leaders of Teutonic Canada, like Prof. F. V. Riethdorf, of Woodstock College, speaking at recruiting meetings, have urged their young kinsmen to defend with their lives the emblem of civilization—the Union Jack—under which they had achieved happiness and progress.

We seem to have a breed of Germans in Canada totally different from the German whose pro-Kaiser and anti-American activity in the States we read about. Over there he is sometimes tempted to conspire against his own government in his efforts to aid the land of his forefathers. Our German's love for British rule has made him turn against the mighty Hohenzollerns. He donates liberally to the Patriotic Fund, and he urges his boy to shoulder a gun and go to war under the banner of King George.

What finer tribute to this nation can we ask than the spontaneous loyalty of the German descendants in Canada?

"HOW much should we do?" has never been the question with us at any time during this year and a half of unprecedented calamity and conflict. From the first trumpet call of duty, Canadians have never hesitated a moment. Hon. Newton W. Rowell, Liberal leader of Ontario, expressed the universal sentiment in these words:

"A man's duty in this war is dictated not by racial origin but by Canadian citizenship." And Sir Wilfred Laurier was equally representative of all classes when he said: "It is the duty of Canada to assist Britain to the utmost of her ability."

Sir Robert Borden, echoing the spirit of the whole people, has pledged "the

phasizing the fact that this is Canada's own war, and that but for Britain's fleet Canadians might now be the vassals of Germany, Mr. S. Bucharme, M.P.P., for North Essex said: "I belong to a race that is free because we live in the shadow of the British flag."

Canada is spilling her blood and treasure because Teutonic tyranny menaces the Dominion. The liberty that British democracy insures is worth fighting and dying for, and this conviction spurs us to boundless sacrifice. At the beginning of another year, the end of the war seems to some as far off as ever, but its prolongation does not affect our resolution to fight it out.

"No surrender," is the battle-cry that grows in volume and intensity every hour of every day from Halifax to Vancouver.

WHILE Canada's troops were performing feats of valor in Flanders in the past year, herculean efforts at home resulted in the harvesting of the greatest crop in our history. The wheat yield alone reached 336,258,000 bushels,—more than double last year's record. It was 45 per cent. greater than any previous crop; the quality also was of excellent grade.

This monster war crop will stand merely as a marker in the years to come, when, with the sheathing of the sword, the ploughshare will be given a fresh chance in the vast western country that is destined to lead the world in cereal production. Competent judges of the economic outlook agree that peace will usher in for Canada the greatest industrial and agricultural revival she has ever known.

When the war came to turn us from constructive to destructive tasks, we

Continued on page 169.

Alienating Mr. Armstrong

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated by
Harry Linnell

CAROLINE stopped abruptly at the edge of the little pine-encircled glade that edged the pond and waved her hand in warning.

"Hist! There are human creatures there!" she whispered loudly.

It would be evident to anyone not absolutely stone blind that she was a fairy. A lace-edged, snowy night gown was caught up by a sky blue ribbon about her hips, trailing gloriously behind her over the grass; two large wings artfully constructed of wrapping-paper flopped behind her surprisingly bare shoulders—the nightgown was decidedly *decollete*, and had been made for a person several sizes larger than Caroline.

"Hooma keecha da!" crooned the General. His conversation was evidently based on the theory that the English language is a dark mystery, insoluble by system, but likely to be blundered into fortuitously, at any moment, if the searcher gabble with sufficient steadiness and persistence. His costume, consisting merely of the ordinary blue denim overalls of commerce, would have been positively commonplace were it not for the wings of bright pink tissue paper, which he wore with a somewhat confusing obstinacy, pinned firmly to his chest. Miss Honey assisted his wavering footsteps rather sulkily; she longed for the white and lacy draperies in front of her, and regarded her ballet skirts of stitched newspaper with bare tolerance. It is true she wore a crown of tinfoil and carried a wand made of half a brass curtain rod; but her laced tan boots, stubbed and stained, showed with disgusting plainness, and nobody would take the trouble to make her a newspaper bodice.

"If you don't stop tickling me with that arrow, Brother Washburn, I'll go back!" she declared snappishly.

The fourth member of the crew, whose bathing trunks and jersey, fitted with surprisingly lifelike muslin wings, pointed to Puck, though the quiver slung across his shoulder woke conflicting memories of Diana, chuckled guiltily and took a flying leap from the big boulder into the center of the glade. His wings stiffened realistically, and as he landed, poised on one classically



"Hist! There are human creatures there!"

sandaled foot with arms outspread, the picnic party before him started violently, and one of them clutched the other's sleeve with a little cry.

"What the—oh, it's all right! He's the real thing, isn't he, now?"

The young man patted the girl's shoulder reassuringly and chuckled as the rest of the crew emerged from the pines and peered over the boulder.

"They're only children," he said.

She dropped her eyes and tightened her fingers around the shining drinking cup.

"Why, yes, they're only children," she repeated carelessly.



Miss Honey fled after the General

NOW, each of these picnic people had said the same words, but it was entirely obvious to their fascinated audience that the words meant very different things. For this reason they sidled around the young lady impersonally, avoiding with care the edges of her pale-tinted billowy skirts, and lined up confidently beside the young gentleman.

Not that he controlled the picnic. It was spread out in front of her, bewitching, intimate, in its suggestion of you—and—I; two shiny plates, two knives, two forks, two fringed and glossy napkins. A dark red bottle was propped upright between two stones, a pile of thin, triangular sandwiches balanced daintily on some cool lettuce leaves, and a fascinating object that glistened mysteriously in the sun held the platter of honor in the middle.

"The Honorable Mr. Puck," suggested the young man, in the tone of one continuing an interrupted conversation, "is figuring out how the chicken got into the jelly without busting it—am I not right?"

Brother grinned, and Caroline moved a little nearer. Miss Honey stared at the young lady's fluted skirts and the glistening yellow waves of hair, at the fascinating turn of her hat, and her tiny high-heeled buckled slippers.

"I am obliged to admit," the young man went on, slicing into the quivering aspic, "that I don't know myself. I never could find out. Perhaps the young person in the—the not-too-long skirts waved her wand over the bird and he jumped in and the hole closed up?" He slipped a section of the bird in question upon the lady's plate and held the red bottle over her cup.

"There was hard-boiled eggs stuck on those jelly things at our wedding," Brother remarked, "on the outside, all around. But they were bigger than yours."

"I don't doubt it for a moment," the young man assured him politely. "Have you been married long, may I ask? And which of these ladies—"

"Brother doesn't mean that *he* was married," Miss Honey explained, "it was his oldest sister. She married a lawyer. I was flower girl."

"Ima fow guh," murmured the General, thrusting out a fat and unex-

pected hand and snatching from a hitherto unperceived box a tiny cake encased in green frosting.

"Oh, dear, it's got the pistache!" said the yellow-haired lady disgustedly.

MISS HONEY fled after the General, who, though he was obliged to wear whalebone braces in his shoes on account of youth and a waddling and undeveloped gait, scattered over the ground with the elusive clumsiness of a young duckling. Brother blushed, but scorned to desert his troop.

"He's awfully little, you know—he doesn't mean to steal," he explained.

"Twenty-two months," Caroline added, "and he does go so fast." She smiled doubtfully at the lady, who selected a cake covered with chocolate and looked at the young man.

"Don't forget that Mr. Walbridge wants to use the car at six," she said, "and you have to allow for that bad hill."

He looked a little uncomfortable. "Don't you want to speak to the children, Tina, dear?" he asked, dropping his voice: he sat very close to her.

"They have both spoken directly to you, you see, and children feel that so—not being noticed. They're trying to apologize to you for the cake."

She bit her lip and turned to Miss Honey, who arrived panting, with the General firmly secured by the band of his overalls. An oozy green paste dripped from his hand; one of the pink wings intermittently concealed his injured expression.

"That's all right," she said, "don't bother about the cake, little girl, the baby can have it."

Miss Honey sniffed.

"I guess you don't know much about babies if you think they can eat cake like that," she answered informingly.

"Hush, now, General, don't begin to hold your breath! Do you want a nice graham cracker? It's so nice!"

"So nice!" Caroline repeated mechanically, with a business like smile at the General, helpfully champing her teeth.

The General wavered. He allowed one sticky paw to be cleaned with a handful of grass, but his expression was most undecided, and he was evidently in a position to hold his breath immediately if necessary.

Miss Honey nodded to Caroline.

"You've got 'em, haven't you?" she asked.

Caroline fumbled at the interior of the night-gown and produced a somewhat defaced brown wafer.

"General want it?" she said invitingly. There was another moment of disheartening suspense. Brother assisted gallantly.

"They're fine, General!" he urged, "try one!" And he, too, nodded and chewed the empty air. Instinctively the strange young gentleman did the same.

The general looked around at them cautiously, noted the strained interest of the circle, smiled forgivingly, and reached out for the brown wafer. Peace was assured.

"If you could only see how ridiculous you looked," the young lady remarked, wiping her shining pink finger

The cakes vanished unostentatiously and the young gentleman filled his cup and disposed of it before anyone spoke.

"WE were such a big family, you see," he explained to the pursed red mouth beside him, "and I know just how it is. You never get enough cake, and never that dressy kind. It's molasses cake and cookies, mostly."

Brother moved nearer and nodded.

"Well, but you can have all the cake you want, now, thank goodness," said the lady, glancing contentedly at the tea basket, complete with its polished fittings, at the big box of bonbons beside her, and the handsome silk motor coat that was spread as a carpet under her light dress.

"Oh, yes, but now I don't want it," he assured her, "I want—

other things." He flashed a daring glance from two masterful brown eyes, and she smiled indulgently at him for a handsome, spoiled boy.

"Am I going to get them?" he persisted.

She laughed the light little laugh of the triumphant woman.

"My dear Bob," she said, "anybody who can buy all the cake he wants can usually get the—other things!"

His face clouded slightly.

"I hate to hear you talk like that, Christine," he began, "it's not fair to yourself—"

"How'd you know I was Puck?" Brother inquired genially. He made no pretense of including the lady in the conversation; for him she was simply not there.

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant as I look," the young man replied. "I don't believe you could stump me on anything you'd be likely to be—I've probably been 'em all myself. We were always rigging up at home. Didn't you use to do that, Tina?"

The lady shook her head decidedly.

"If I'd ever got hold of a—well, if I'd had a chance at things, as nice as that biggest one's dragging through the dirt there, I'd have been doing something very different with it, I can assure you, Mr. Armstrong! I'd have been saving it."

"But at that age—" he protested.

"Oh, I knew real lace from imitation at that age, all right," she insisted.

"But you don't think of those things—you go in for the fun," he urged.

"It wasn't exactly my idea of fun."

"No?" he queried, "why, I thought



Miss Honey, Brother,
Caroline, and
The General

nails carefully, "you'd never do that again, Rob. Have a cake?"

He laughed, but blushed a little at her tone.

"I suppose so," he admitted. "No, thanks, I'll pass up the cake. Isn't there enough to go 'round, perhaps?"

He examined the box.

"By George, there are exactly three left!" he said delightedly. "Will the fairy queen hand one to her brother—the big brother—and one to—to the angel?"

Caroline moved firmly to the front. "I am the Queen," she explained, "but I let Miss Honey take the crown and the wand, or she wouldn't be anything. Brother isn't her brother—that's just his name—Brother Washburn. The General's her brother. I'll take that strawberry one. We're much obliged, thank you."

all children did this sort of thing. We had a regular property room in the attic. We used to be rigged out as something-or-other all day Saturday, usually."

"WHAT were you?" Brother demanded eagerly. Unconsciously he dropped, hugging his knees, by the side of the young man, and Caroline, observing the motion, came over a little shyly and stood behind them. The young lady raised her eyebrows and shot a side glance at her host, but he smiled back at her brightly.

"Well, we did quite a little in the pirate line," he replied. "I had an old Mexican sword and Ridgeway—that was my cousin—owned a pair of handcuffs."

"Handcuffs!" Brother's jaw dropped.

"Yes, sir; handcuffs. It was rather unusual, of course, and he was awfully proud of them. An uncle of his was a sheriff out in Pennsylvania somewhere, and when he died he left 'em to Ridge in his will. That was pretty grand, too, having it left in a will."

Caroline nodded and sat down on an old log behind the young man. A long smear of brown, wet bark appeared on the nightgown, and one end of the blue ribbon dribbled into a tiny pool of last night's shower, caught in a hollow stone.

"It was a toss-up who'd be pirate King," the young man went on, smiling over his shoulder at Caroline, "because I was older than he was, handcuffs or not, and after all, a sword is something. This one was hacked on

Queen, too, I remember. But Thea sewed the clothes and begged the things we needed and looked after the Babe."

"And what did Ethel do?"

"Why, now you speak of it, I don't remember that Ethel did much of anything but look pretty and eat most of the luncheon," he said. "She used to be Pocahontas a good deal—she's very dark—and I usually was Captain John Smith. Ridge was Powhatan. And Ethel's married now. Good Lord! She has twins—of all things!—and they're named for Ridge and me."

"I'm glad General isn't twins," said Miss Honey thoughtfully, pulling her brother back from the fascinations of the tea basket and comforting him with the curtain-rod wand.

"Still, we could do the Princes in the Tower with him—them, I mean," Caroline reminded her, "and then, when they got bigger, the Corsican Brothers—don't you remember that play Uncle Joe told about?"

The young man laughed softly.

"If that's not Win all over!" he exclaimed. "She always planned for Ridge to be Mazeppa on one of the carriage horses, when he got the right size, but somehow, when you *do* get that size, you don't pull it off."

"I did Mazeppa," said Brother modestly, "but of course it was only a donkey. It wasn't much."

"We never had one," the young man explained. "Nothing but Ridge's goat, and she was pretty old. But she could carry a lot of lunch."

He turned suddenly on his elbow and smiled whimsically at the lady.

"I hope not, in a four-room flat," the lady returned with feeling. "One family kept one, though, and the nasty little thing jumped up on a lovely checked silk aunty had just given me and ruined it. I tried to take it out with gasolene, but it made a dreadful spot, and I cried myself sick. Of course I didn't understand about rubbing the gasolene dry then; I was only eleven."

THE children looked uncomfortably at the ground, conscious of a distinct lack of sympathy for the tragedy that even at this distance deepened the lovely rose of the lady's cheek and softened her dark blue eyes.

"But in the summer," the young man said, "surely it was different then! In the country——"

"Oh, mercy, we didn't get to the country very much," she interrupted. "You know July and August are bargain times in the stores and a dress-maker can't afford to leave. Aunty did all her buying then and I went with her. Dear me," as something in his face struck her, "you needn't look so horrified! It's not bad in New York a bit—there's something going on all the while; and then we went to Rock-away and Coney Island evenings, and had grand times. To tell you the truth, I never cared for the country—I don't sleep a bit well there. Of course, to come out this way, with everything nice, it's all very fine, but to stay in—no, thanks."

"I know what you mean, of course," he said, "but the city's no place for children. I'm mighty glad I didn't grow up there. And I've always had the idea the country would be the best place to settle down in, finally. You can potter around better there when you're old, don't you think so? I remember old Uncle Robert and his chrysanthemums——"

"Dear me, we all seem to be remembering a good deal this afternoon!" she broke in. "Since we're neither of us children and neither of us ready to settle down on account of old age, suppose we stick to town, Bob?"

There was a practical brightness in her voice, and her even white teeth, as she smiled persuasively at him, were very pretty. He smiled back at her.

"That seems a fair proposition," he agreed.

HE reached for her hand and for a moment her soft, bright coloring, her dainty completeness, framed in the green of the little glade, were all he saw. Then as his eyes lingered on the cool little pond and the waving pine boughs dark against the blue sky, he sighed.

"But I'm sorry you don't like the

Continued on page 169.

We had an enormous cellar, all full of pillars to hold it up, and queer little rooms and compartments—You could ride on a wheel all around dodging the pillars—Cracky! but it was a corking place for a rainy Saturday

the edge and every hack may have meant—probably did—a life."

He paused dramatically.

"I bet you they did!" Brother declared, clapping his hands on his knees.

"Weren't there any girls?"

Caroline slipped from the log and sprawled on the pine needles.

"Dear me, yes," said the young man, "I should say so. Four of them. Winifred and Ethel and Dorothea and the Babe—about as big as your General there, and dreadfully greedy, the Babe was. Winifred had the brains and she made up most of the games: I tell you, that girl had a head!"

"Just like Caroline," Brother inserted eagerly.

"Probably," the young man agreed. "She was pretty certain to be Fairy

"Come on, Tina, what did you play?" he asked.

"Is it possible you have remembered that I still exist?" she answered, half mockingly, half seriously vexed. "I'm afraid I'm out of this, really. I never pretended to be anything, that I remember."

"But what *did* you do when you were a youngster?" he persisted, "you must have played something!"

She shook her head.

"We played jackstones," she said, indulgently, after a moment of thought, "and then I went to school, of course, and—oh, I guess we cut out paper dolls."

Caroline looked aghast.

"Didn't you have any dog?" she demanded.

The COWARD

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

THE General called a halt at the summit of a long rise. The officers bunched themselves swiftly around him.

A bedraggled group they were. The soft drizzle of the morning had turned to a torrential rain by the middle of the afternoon. The rain fell sullenly. The sound of it filled the world. The officers huddled their cloaks around them for protection against the biting chill; but the soldiers, some two thousand of them, merely leaned against their guns, too wearied to attempt sheltering themselves from the storm. They panted like fagged dogs, the indrawing of their breath making itself heard like a solemn undertone beneath the splish-splish-splish of the downpour. The most swaggering lieutenant in the little company around the famous general had forgotten every pretension at coxcombry; it had been soaked out of him. Not an officer recalled the necessity of bringing that commander to the German trenches around Rheims and bringing him there on time; they could realize nothing but the chill and the drench and the dimness.

"We are lost," proclaimed the General, and swore a volley of guttural oaths which spit wrathfully out. He was a little man, short and fat. The water dripped off from his moustache, which no longer bristled up in horned tips, like the Emperor's, but drooped woefully; so that the soggianness of it, added to his hooked nose and spectacled eyes, gave him a comic likeness to a parrot about to squawk.

"But the maps," suggested the Captain.

"The maps! What's the use of gabbling about maps? We've wallowed round in melting snow for hours—there aren't any roads—there aren't any houses—there aren't any peasants to catch—we can't see thirty feet in this tempest!—maps! Talk sense; or keep still!"

"We might send one of the ——" began the Captain.

"Hush!" commanded the General.

In the distance something creaked and creaked. The whine of it drew nearer—nearer—rose more and more shrill and persistent above the scream of the storm. The Captain, at a sign from his chief, detailed a dozen soldiers to investigate. After ten minutes they returned dragging a low-hung ox-cart, drawn by two immense white beasts, into the dripping circle of the officers; within, a peasant woman, screaming and scolding, struggled against the hands of the soldiers. Again and again she managed to sling her great feet in their wooden sabots over the side of the wagon. Brought into the ring around the General she glowed with dull resentment, refusing to make any salutation until a soldier grabbing at her thick coarse hair ducked her head. She was about fifty, a lunk-headed farm-laborer, thinly dressed against the storm; her features were burned to the shade of brick-dust; her unmittened hands bled rawly at the knuckles; the little black eyes spit fire. The officers



"Kill! And be damned for ever!"

yanked the collars of their great-coats higher at the sight of her. Seeing this she grinned sarcastically.

"YOU are French?" the General spoke in her language for he needed her sorely enough.

The woman blinked up into his eyes a moment, comprehended that he had addressed her and shook her head vigorously. The General spoke again, this time in German. He leaned his pudgy body down from the saddle and dropped his words carefully, one by one, hoping for comprehension. But the dark eyes dulled and gave him back nothing but stupid rancor.

"Well?" queried the Captain.

The General was a polyglot and looked it. He was shaped like an unabridged dictionary. He threw Italian at her—why Italian between Rheims and Chalons-sur-Marne he could not have explained; he tried Hollandaise, Ladinish, Romanish, the queer dialect men speak in the coal mines along the border of Belgium; but she merely shook her head. When he tried her in Spanish she fairly grinned. This time she muttered to herself.

"Well?" asked the Captain again.

"I know a number more," admitted his superior, "but they're no good here, I learned 'em out in Africa. What's to be done?"

The woman herself solved the question, for she suddenly began to talk, fairly to babble, pointing to the cart, the oxen, then back along the way she had come. She followed with torrents of strange sounds. From the farther edge of the ring of officers a sub-lieutenant saluted and asked permission to speak.

"She's talking the dialect of the Morvan, Sir. We are just on the edge of it—it's really a Magyar language. May I have a try at her?" Leaping from his horse he came brightly forward; the woman spoke and he blushed red.

"What did she say?" roared the General, impatiently.

"Please, Sir—I'd rather not——"

"What did she say?" the General snapped.

"She—she—she just happened to remark, Sir—that I—that I'm rather good-looking, Sir. She said 'pretty—pretty like a girl,' Sir."

A shout of glee sniggered around the semi-circle. The woman peeped from one to another of the laughing faces, then she chuckled timorously to herself.

"Does she know the roads?" the General waved his arm about to drive his point in.

She did not refuse to answer; indeed she prattled volubly at first, shrugging emphatic shoulders; but finally dropped back into silence. It was a silence that howled.

"She doesn't deny a knowledge of the roads, Sir; but she swears she won't guide the enemies of her country across them. She'll die first."

"My God, she shall."

THE young sub-lieutenant shivered as though a sudden draught had struck his slopping clothes. Even the General recoiled from his own words. It is one thing to mow down men in a hot bayonet charge, another to stand a woman up against a tree and bore her with a bullet.

"These canaille don't feel it," he muttered.

The ring of officers imperceptibly loosened itself from around him. Even those farthest away drew back. The Dresden-shepherdess beauty of the sub-lieutenant stiffened and he gazed at his chief with belligerent eyes.

"Tell her that!" The General drew his sword half-way out of the scabbard as if to emphasize his command.

"I can't," quoth the boy and slung his head up." I.—"

"Tell her that!" the General spurred his horse impulsively forward, his voice rumbled with strange threats.

The sub-lieutenant told her. She blanched, quavered with a swift wild shake; then she spoke.

"She says kill her and be damned forever."

This time she made no resistance as the soldiers led her to the foot of a great chestnut which towered, slimboled and aristocratic, among the rough-barked pines. The chestnut lifted its branches far into the scud until their summit was lost in the blankness of the rain. The rain slobbered down pitilessly, incessantly, squawling like a spanked child. The woman protested against having her hands bound but at last submitted even to that. Stood up against the trunk, she gained a certain awesome dignity. She looked death in the eyes and did not blink.

"She can't keep that up long," blustered the General. "Women are cowards, all. Inside she's raddled."

The firing squad grouped themselves in front. The Captain slid reluctantly from his horse. He was a tall, gaunt man, black-browed and taciturn. Somehow even the long drizzle of the day hadn't been able to utterly unstarch either his bearing or his moustaches—both still bristled.

"Captain, do your duty."

"It's a woman, sir, a woman with bounce and braggadocio; surely you don't intend to—"

"Captain, do your duty."

The men in the firing line wiggled and glanced at each other uneasily.

"I've a mother at home just the age," whispered one, "and this woman has the look of one ready to dive into the

fire for her kids." The rest nodded. They were young themselves and peasants.

"One," counted the Captain.

She stood with a certain bovine resignation—it wasn't human. Her eyes gazing straight at the Captain, opened with a blind questioning. But she didn't budge. She didn't even shiver.

"Two," counted the Captain, and the woman struggled against her bonds, speaking rapidly, at the young sub-lieutenant.

"She wishes to pray," translated the boy.

"Give her five minutes and untie her hands."

THE woman fumbled in her bosom, drew out a shabby volume bound in black leather, then dumped down on her knees in the slush to recite the prayers for the dying. She recited in a sing-song chant but with vibrant intensity. Her voice wailed like wind-whipped wires. It shivered through the ranks until the gray-blanketed bodies of the soldiers quivered with response. The Protestant Germans watched the French Catholic in a maze. Seen through the slather of the fog, her face took on mystery—her eyes lifted towards the hidden skies—her lips moved. The minutes flew. Even for the General they seemed to scamper. One—two—three—the sopping soldiers shook with a new chill in the presence of death. They growled low to one another, rebelliously, angrily.

"Four minutes," muttered the General and frowned down the incipient mutiny.

Out of the smother a donkey brayed, a hideous note—comedy jangling into the midst of tragedy. The woman read along a moment more, then a soldier over-wrought by the tension, giggled girlishly. At that she began to sob, a sob like a wracking cough. She tossed her body to and fro.

"Here, chortled the General, "what are you saying to that creature?"

"I merely translated the things you've just said," the sub-lieutenant saluted and stood humbly before his chief. But the woman awoke to passionate life, apparently comprehending the folly of further resistance; for she crawled through the sloppy snow, grabbed the boy around the knees with vehement strength, gazing up into his face with eyes that dribbled tears, gabbling her uncouth dialect in a broken torrent. She petted the youngster with rapid strokes as she jabbered.

"She'll guide us," clamored the Captain and stooped to unloose the peasant's feet himself. She looked down at the rough soldier-face and for the first time her own softened, she touched the unshaved cheek with a lingering

caress. The man looked up swiftly and she smiled down at him.

THE little company set out at a sturdy walk. The woman strode ahead, a wide-swung gait, the sub-lieutenant stumbled beside her. The way descended slowly through a loose growth of bushes; then dawdled across vineyard after vineyard with here and there a brown farmhouse lifting out from the murk, its outbuildings open, its doors a-swing, its very mows carted away. The soldiers followed after the officers, ducking their heads to the pelt of the rain, their feet swashing through the sodden snow. Ever and again they lifted raw hands to squeeze the water out from the necks of their sweaters. Their pots and pans clanked dismally from their backs. Their gray overcoats swaddled them out of all human shapeliness. They stalked like phantoms through a fog. Seen through the curtain of the downpour they were uncanny. The woman spoke to the sub-lieutenant and laughed frozenly.

"What did she say?" demanded the General.

"She thinks they look like dead men walking."

"They may be soon—dead men. It's war." He lapsed back to his place. "Queer imaginations they have—these peasants, gruesome, ghoulish, always," he murmured in the Captain's ear. "Dead men—I don't like the idea."

The Captain pursed his gruff lips, "Hum-m-m, we might all be just that by this time if we hadn't met that woman. Lucky she's a woman; they scare easier—men die."

"Yes, she's a coward at the bottom. Female patriotism stops short at death; I've noticed it a score of times. She—eh? What's she spouting now out of that imagination of hers. Fecund, I call it—her imagination."

The sub-lieutenant twisted back with a laugh. "She says you look like a stone wall," he translated.

"Tell her she gabbles too much," but his fat face wrinkled in deep satisfaction. We all like to be told we look like the thing we admire most and least resemble. Stone-walls aren't pudgy though the General had a good streak of obstinacy all his own.

FOR two hours the ghostly band floundered on through the swirl of the lashing rain. Fatigue began to assert itself; the soaked shoes spurted at every stride; the ridiculous goosetstep became a wabby swagger and legs could barely keep in line. Some of the men marched with half-shut eyes as though trudging in their sleep. The woman in front trod unflinching on, never hesitating, never groping for the way. Again and again the absurd donkey lifted up its voice

and brayed from the mist-filled distance.

"That peasant must be following us," suggested the Captain.

"Husband of this clod," snorted the General.

"Cowards both. Ah, if we'd had a woman of education and position to deal with that would have been another story. Why, I remember in the campaign in Africa—what's that?"

A long roar blurted out of the silence. The General called his men to a halt and listened; the roar was followed by another—another—another, the earth cracked with tumult. Then the General rose in his saddle and cursed himself bitterly, cursed the slow decision of the peasant woman, the losing of the way, the sodden marching; for the assault on Rheims had begun and he, the greatest artillery expert Germany possessed, was not there.

"Forward," he howled, "and poke the brute down there to a gallop!"

The donkey brayed again—once—twice—thrice.

"By Bacchus," fretted the Captain, "that squeal gets on my nerves."

"Sissy," sneered the General, "you've the hysterics."

The woman turned around to slice them with her sharp beady eyes. Her look was as unexpected as a mauser; it dug right in, adding an odd defiance to her aspect. The sub-lieutenant patted her softly on the shoulder and she turned to him with a gentle smile and gentler word.

"Did you notice that," asked the General, "she doesn't look half the coward or the fool I thought her when she bores into you that way. There's something in that smudge she calls a face—something I'd dread on a—ah, 'tis well the brutes are afraid to die; we can whip 'em into things. Other nations coddle the proletariat, we spank 'em into line. They can be handled on that line every trip." He dropped his head, smirking acridly.

OUT of the dusk a gentle glow began to bloom straight ahead of them, amber-colored, smudged up against what ought to have been the horizon line. There was no horizon. The woman lifted a hand and pointed, speaking so plainly that the very sub-alterns understood.

"Rheims."

The boy beside her touched his visor and asked permission to speak, "I don't like it—quite," he faltered, "The firing has grown dimmer this last fifteen minutes; so we are travelling in the opposite direction, perhaps, and—yes, I'm sure we're drifting away from the guns." He glowered at the woman with a growing doubt on the brain.

"Nonsense," roared the Captain,



"It was better a woman be lost than a man—France has too few men. You will shoot me now? Well, shoot!"

"she knows treachery means death and she's scared stiff."

"She knows it," assented the General and sniffed.

The road, which wasn't a road at all, began to descend sharply. Presently it emerged upon a beaten track over which an innumerable cavalcade of horses had recently passed. The cannon bawled incessantly. It seemed nearer—it was nearer—no, it was farther away. The General ceased to ponder his problem for the relief of road and tracks was too great. He could have hugged the stolid lump in front, he was almost sorry he had called her a coward. She seemed fagged, plodded dully forward. When the sub-lieutenant

spoke she answered only in monosyllables and when she turned her eyes were those of a dead fish. Presently the road debouched into another, and almost at the same moment, this second highroad flashed forth with a stretch of twin electric lamps. It was deserted but had been recently traversed by infantry as well as cavalry. The mud was thick with marks of heavy shoes all pointing towards the dull glow of the city. The troopers set their feet into the mire with a grunt. It was worse than the slushy snow of the hillside. Each foot came out with a long sucking sound from the slough and their shoes grew weighty.

"Close ranks!" The order ran down the files. The officers dropping back into their stations, led the march more carefully, more slowly, silently. For half hour longer they tramped, then something loomed grayly out of the mist. In ten minutes the van saw it clearly—a bridge—an old bridge—an old Roman bridge. The arches humped themselves sturdily across and each arch was decorated with carvings long since mangled past recognition. At each end was an ornament, broken, unrecognizable. The glow had deepened on the horizon to a sulphurous orange. The city was very near.

"Halt," the word rumbled down the ranks.

The woman began to speak again, rapidly, eagerly. Far down the stream the donkey brayed three times.

"I can't help it," reiterated the Captain, "that noise rasps me right across

the nerves; it portends disaster. That's superstitious—I just feel so."

"Silly," blurted the General, "ask the lad what she's saying."

"She's wondering why you stop, Sir," answered the youngster, "she says the bridge is old and strong. It looks so."

"Um—um—it isn't the bridge I'm doubting. I must see my maps. Um—um—um—near Rheims—a Roman bridge—in good repair—can be depended on. But why in front of us? I don't understand. We must have taken the devil of a circuit. I can't quite—Forward!"

Over the bridge they stepped, four abreast, their feet sousing out a

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Unknown Treasure

The Story of a Stratford Booklover and His Books

By Edward J. Moore



A LITTLE, old-fashioned, yellow, frame house on an unassuming street in a somewhat out-of-the-way section of the busy little city of Stratford, Ontario, shelters not only a notable but also a treasure, both of which, were they known, would be nationally famed.

The notable, whose notability has up to this time at least, largely escaped the notice of the general public, is J. Davis Barnett, booklover, collector, literary authority, student and artist. The treasure is his library of 35,000 volumes, possibly not the most extensive, but without question the most remarkable private collection in Canada.

One afternoon a few weeks ago the writer was browsing in the stackroom of Stratford's excellent public library on the bare chance of running across some data covering an elusive point in early Canadian history when the kindly-helpful librarian suggested: "Perhaps Mr. Barnett could give you something. He has an abundance of material on early Canada that none of the public libraries have." The suggestion led to inquiry, reply to impulse and a day or so later what was intended to be an hour but was unwarily lengthened to half a day was delightfully spent in seeing and learning at least a little of the remarkable library and making the acquaintance of its interesting "builder" and owner.

ONE approaches the house with something of mistrust, even when warned of its unsophisticated appearance. From the exterior, beyond an ordinary-looking pile of books in one of the windows, it gives no hint of the valuable "leads" within. The moment of entrance removes, however, any suspicion as to whether one is in the right place. Books are at once evident—in every room, up-stairs, down, in the halls, on the floor, in corners, everywhere—not that the home-like nature of the place has been destroyed. An atmosphere of old-fashioned comfort pervades. But books are the main feature.

Mr. Barnett, a middle-aged man of

medium height and figure, receives his visitor with a small degree of unvoiced inquiry. A moment of even half-intelligent explanation, if one's sincerity is apparent, produces, however, a warm welcome.

As can be readily conceived, the task of providing shelf-room for the myriad volumes in the collection has been a tremendously difficult one. "I should very much like to have my books adequately housed," Mr. Barnett says, "but my surplus has gone into volumes rather than to fittings." And just here one sees the passion of the booklover making itself evident. It is almost impossible to place even a rough monetary estimate on Mr. Barnett's library but beyond question its cash equivalent would purchase at least half a dozen of Stratford's finest residences.

The arrangement of the library under the difficulties mentioned is decidedly interesting. The "look around" taken by the writer started in the living room. Here, one side is shelved from floor to ceiling and the opposite wall is more than half covered with cases. These shelves contain among others a host of Bible commentaries and rare, early editions of various well-known works.

The drawing room in front contains undoubtedly the finest feature of the collection, the Shakesperiana, but more of this later.

Across the hall at the front of the house are two rooms entirely given up to the library. One of these, shelved on four sides and with stacks occupying the remaining floor space, Mr. Barnett calls the work room. Here the work of cataloguing and clipping is done. The books in the room come under the head of occult works and astrology, a fair collection on philosophy, North American history in a general sense, pictures and fine arts and a splendid collection of Old English, French and Greek plays.

Two other rooms to the rear again, give some really adequate idea of the extensiveness of the collection. These are not only shelved from floor to ceiling on all four walls but are also "stacked" so closely that the writer, who has a tendency to fullness of figure, had some little difficulty in getting round.

FIRST to be noticed in the larger room is the collection of Canadiana. Mr. Barnett has gotten together a host of invaluable material on early Canadian life and history, a good deal of which is not even indexed in the large city libraries. Among many prized volumes is one in French, the life of Marguerite Bourgeron, who was the founder of the congregation of Notre Dame. An original copy of a document most of us have vivid recollections of from our public school days, the much-discussed Lord Durham's Report, catches the eye, as also do six or seven first edition Parkmans.

BESIDE the Canadiana is lodged an extensive collection of English history and beyond this, peculiarly enough, is a host of books which strike one rather curiously. "It may seem rather strange," Mr. Barnett says, with a characteristic smile, "that while I have never seen a baseball match and am naturally not actively interested in any form of athletics I have perhaps the

largest collection of books on games and sports in any private library in America."

A section of one of the stacks houses a collection of English dialect, and another, of ballads. More books about the Bible occupy another stack and, lodging into an obscure corner Mr. Barnett pulls out and lovingly rubs the dust off a copy of the "Breeches Bible."

Passing on, attention is directed to the classical section, containing among others, rare editions of Homer and Milton. A tour of the rooms ends with an examination of volumes on church history and religion, among which are included a set of the famous Zwinger tracts and an original "Life of Ignatius Loyola."

THE most pleasant feature of the visit came when, after sitting down at a large table, Mr. Barnett consented to show some of his really rare books, wonderful things which he has gathered from various sources and which he presents after making trips into some secret holy of holies.

The most ancient of these, without doubt, is a remarkably-preserved synagogue roll, containing part of the Book of Esther written in classical Hebrew, of course on parchment.

ANOTHER historical volume which brings out some interesting comment from the owner is an Ethiopian-Abysinnian volume of parchment pages bound in wood covers. The covers reveal something of the story of the book's age, since they were very evidently smoothed by axe or adze before the days of chisel or plane. It is worth noting, perhaps, that the method of sewing used in this old volume was about the same as that used to-day in the standard volume turned out by the million by machinery. A leather case with buckle and strap accompanying this volume provoked an inquiry. Mr. Barnett

explained that it is supposed that this was for protection from white ants which are very destructive in the country of its origin. The valuable volume was evidently placed in the case and hung from a hook in the ceiling so as to be inaccessible to the busy insects.

Illustrating the early writing of music Mr. Barnett has a curious old Antiphonal containing a chorister's service for Palm Sunday in the early Roman church. This shows the ancient "Block" type of musical notation and the individual parchment pages present a beautiful effect with the black notes placed at regular intervals on the four-line red staff. The pages of this book, by the way, are excellent specimens of "palimpsest." Perhaps for the benefit of the uninitiated it had better be explained that this term is applied to inscriptions on parchment from which other writings have been erased. In this case, while the work of erasure has been done neatly, quite evident traces remain of the first writing.

Following the early manuscripts came the old "Block Books." Mr. Barnett has a splendid example of these in a facsimile, itself bearing traces of the passage of years, of the "Biblae Pauperorum" (Bibles for the poor), which were chained at desks in the mediaeval churches. This book has "tryptych" pages—three-columned, with a picture in the middle and descriptive passages on either side—and was the first example known of wood-engraving, that familiar art of years ago whose revival promises to be a feature of modern illustrating.

The early history of printing is illustrated in a volume "One Hundred Precepts of Brother Frances d'Erp," done by Peter Schoyffer, who it will be remembered, was associated with Gutenberg and Faust in the development of the art. This book is an excellent illustration of the remarkable beauty of the first hand-cut, movable, wooden letters. Mr. Barnett places the volume as having been printed in 1474.

It is rather a curious coincidence that the Canadian Stratford, which, by the way, is also "on-Avon," should have the distinction of containing

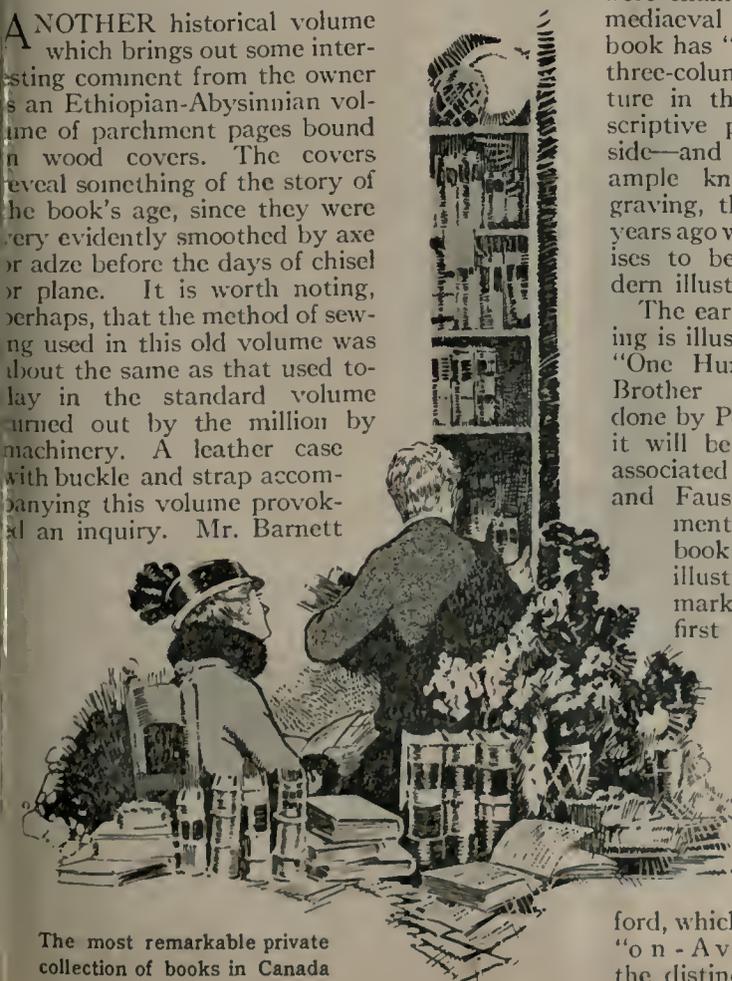


a magnificent collection of Shakespeare. The immortal bard has evidently had a strong attraction for Mr. Barnett, and his Shakespeariana, including some 1,300 volumes and 2,000 pamphlets, is undoubtedly the finest feature of his library. As can well be imagined, the collection embraces some interesting historical volumes. Among these Mr. Barnett points with considerable worthy pride to a couple of old Source Books, one in particular containing North's translation of Plutarch and some Greek and Latin plays. These illustrate the well-known fact that the mighty bard was no less a plagiarist than modern writers. In one instance Mr. Barnett turns to pages from which whole blocks of Julius Caesar have unquestionably been taken *holus bolus*.

Mr. Barnett is not only a Shakespearian collector but is also a student and authority who stands high among other perhaps better-known authorities. He tells, incidentally, and with characteristic modesty, of an incident from which he was able to draw a good deal of amusement. On one of his trips to the Old Land he was impelled, when in the British Museum, to draw attention to a rather ridiculous error in the descriptive data in the Shakespearian collection and was able to prove his point in spite of the protests of some of the attendants, who, he says, "Could hardly credit the fact that a Canadian with a backwoods library should know anything about Shakespeare."

Honors have come to Mr. Barnett in still other ways. He justly takes pride in the fact that some little time ago, on request, he was able to supply seventeen books and a number of pamphlets to aid in the work of making as comprehensive as possible the Shakespeare Memorial library at Stratford-on-Avon.

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The most remarkable private collection of books in Canada

The Gospel Truth

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Illustrated by C. L. Bambridge

THE man's step grew hesitant as he neared the edge of the bluff. The cottonwoods were thinning out and he could see the shack itself now, a poor little sod affair, a lonesome black dot against the moon-bathed snow. Presently he stopped and gazed long and anxiously.

From left to right his bloodshot eyes darted in keen scrutiny; not a detail of the surroundings escaped him. He made a swift calculation of the distance he would have to go in the full glare of the moon and mumbled an oath into his frost-whitened shaggy beard to find himself doing it.

"Them fellas'd have to go some to git this fur" he growled, and the muscles knotted on his closed jaws.

Besides, the ulster overcoat he had taken from the young farmer that morning afforded concealment as well as warmth. Warmth? His feet were numb and freezing; his calloused hands in the pockets of the coat were cracked and bleeding with frost-bite!

Shifting his snowshoes to the other shoulder so that they hung down his back by the buckskin thong, he stumbled forward across the open.

No light was showing in the shack, but the hour was late. He was more concerned over the fact that no wisp of smoke steamed from the squat chimney; he couldn't imagine his mother letting the fire out if she was at home and the nearest homestead was thirty miles away.

Without ceremony he pushed open the door, calling her hoarsely. He groped over to the corner where the bunk was, but it was empty and cold.

"Make yerself to hum, Sammy," he apostrophized indifferently as he tossed the *racquettes* to the floor and proceeded to search for matches on the shelf where she always kept them. He struck one of them and by its feeble flicker located the old tin lamp, grunting with satisfaction at finding oil in it.

The one room was meagerly furnished enough with rough home-made makeshifts, but every article was in its place and things were clean. He

chuckled as his eye fell on the open fireplace and noted the kindling laid and the supply of dry wood inviting the touch of a match.

"The Ol' Woman al'ays was a good housekeeper" he nodded as he held his hands over the crackling blaze.

When they began to tingle and sting with returning life he took off the overcoat and hunted about till he found some old clothes which his father had once worn and which his mother had preserved to his memory, though heaven alone knew what the "old man" had done to deserve it except to depart in peace after a hilarious spree. Transferring to these relics of a vanished hand, he took his own tell-tale garments one by one and fed them to the fire.



He awoke like an animal, alert, propped himself on his elbow and listened

He began to feel more cheerful as he rummaged about for something to eat and having once swallowed several cups of hot tea and eaten a quantity of bread and meat his good humor increased at a rapid rate. He swore with exuberant delight when he came across an old clay pipe and a remnant of dry tobacco. Moccasins stretched to the fire, warmth tingling through him, hunger satisfied and a pipe between his teeth—even Sam Slade could smile.

Once he got up and went to the door. The sky had grown overcast and a snowflake melted on his upturned face. He laughed outright. By morning his trail would be completely obliterated. Rolling himself in a blanket, he lay down in front of the fire and went to sleep for the first time in forty-eight hours.

HE awoke, like an animal, all his senses alert. He propped himself on an elbow and listened, then threw off the coverings and slid along the wall until he could glance hurriedly at the window. It was his mother driving the old ox into the tiny stable and he lay down again with a sigh of relief.

She came in presently, stamping the snow from her heavy boots and unwinding the red woollen muffler as she swung the door shut.

"'Lo, Maw."

"Sammy!" Her eyes opened wide in disbelief. Her big striped mittens dropped unheeded to the floor as she stared at him.

"Didn't reckon on seein' me fer a spell, eh?" he grinned.

"Sammy, what be you doin' here?" she faltered.

"An' what would I be doin,' Maw 'cept makin' of myself to hum good an' plenty?" He frowned. "Had to git me own bloomin' supper las' night didn't have nothin' to eat since night 'fore las' neither." He nodded towards the dirty dishes as he spoke.

Old Mrs. Slade sank into the nearest chair, smoothing out the muffler with trembling fingers.

"Mis' McCarsky was taken down sick yestiddy mornin' an' I b'en over there doin' fer her'n and the childer. Says she, 'you'll jest be stoppin' with us fer a day or two, Mis' Slade.' She said that, Sammy, an' I come nigh to doin' of it; on'y they was somethin' kep sayin' inside me as I best be gittin' along to hum. But I wasn't dreamin' 'twas you, Sammy. I thought you writ as you was stoppin' where—where you was—fer quite a spell. I say thought—"

"Well, never mind thinkin' anythin' 'Taint good fer ye. Reckon, Maw, y might 's well be gittin' my breakfast. Hey? Git a move on, Ol' Lady, fer I'm some empty."

"I've got some cold johnnycake an' I'll make you a cup o' tea an' there be some meat—Mis' McCarsky says, says she, 'Well, ef you will be goin', Mis' Slade, you'll jest be takin' along some o' the cold roast an' a bit o' puddin' fer yerself.' So there are them things you kin have, Sammy, an' a welcum hum to you, Sammy. I say, a welcum hum to you, Sammy."

"Can that slush, Maw! Git a move on yuh!"

The good woman hastily laid aside her wraps and when he had drawn his chair to the table and wolfishly attacked the food which she set before him, she sat silently by, watching him eat. Now that she had opportunity for a closer and calmer survey, it came to her with a shock of pain—the gauntness of his tall frame, the hollows of his cheeks, the dark pockets under the eyes and the strange shifty look in the eyes themselves. His face was heavier, too—brutalized, though she did not think that thought; she only knew the change was there—an indefinable something that had never belonged to her boy before, her Sammy. Quick tears welled in her eyes as she watched the rapacity with which he ate.

"Tell me" she murmured at length as she replenished his cup. "Tell me all about it, Sammy boy. I say, tell your old mother all about it, Sammy."

He finished buttering his sixth slice of johnnycake before he spoke.

"Listen" he began abruptly. "I escaped two nights ago. No matter how I did it. I ain't got no time fer pertic'ars. Chance come an' I grabbed onto it. I'd been layin' low fer a long spell, waitin' fer it; they come to look on me as a 'trusty' an' got keerless. I got clean away an' I reckon they didn't miss me till mornin'. By that time I was miles away from Stony Mountain y'bet yer sweet life.

"I headed fer here so's to git a change o' clo'es—Yep, these're dad's ol' things, Maw. Also I knowed ye'd give me somethin' to eat fer the trip south 'crost the line. I nearly froze gittin' here, but I made it O.K."

He gulped a mouthful of tea and drew his shirt-sleeve across his thick lips.

"I knowed they'd be after me hot-foot onc't the alarm was out, fer they do things thorough back at the Pen-tentiary. I could reckon on a stiff run fer my money if I wasn't keerful 'bout the trail I left. So I covered that up mighty slick an' I reckon I got 'em guessin', damn 'em!—Beg pardon, Maw! but swearin' wouldn't

shock yuh ef y' on'y knew what it means to—to—" He hunched his shoulders. "But I ain't goin' to squeal, y' understand," he asserted grimly. "I've took my medicine up till now an' I ain't goin' to whine when it'll all soon



He swore with exuberant delight when he came across a remnant of dry tobacco

be over, thank God!—if I'm lucky."

Old Mrs. Slade's thin, work-gnarled fingers picked nervously at the gingham apron on her knees.

"Ef—ye—be—lucky," she repeated slowly, regarding him through brimming tears. "Oh Sammy, Sammy, it—it be awful! It be jest—awful!"

"Fer heaven's sake, cut that out!" he snapped irritably. "Quit it, Maw. 'Taint no time fer cryin' over spilt milk. I'm in a mighty big hurry, y' understand, an' I reckon I'll be pullin' my freight soon an'—'taint likely I'll be seein' yuh again fer some slight spell. So buck up! Say, this here cake sure is great dope! Y'aint lost none o' y'r cunnin' at cookin' things, Maw!"

Mrs. Slade wiped her eyes on a corner of her checkered apron.

"Where be you goin', Sammy?" she asked quietly.

"'Crost to the States. Straight south from here. Reckon I'll find a job somewheres. Mebbe I'll beat it out to the Coast an' bury myself in a lumberin' camp somewheres."

"When be you startin'?"

"To-night—soon's it's dark. Ef 't

keeps on snowin' like this there won't be no moon an' that'll help some, Maw."

She got up at that and began to prepare a basket of food. He nodded his approval as he ate.

"That's the dope; You've al'ays been a good mother to me, Maw, an' I ain't fergittin' it neither. When I git located mebbe I'll be able to send yuh some coin to help out."

The tears were still brimming in her eyes as she turned slowly toward him.

"It's so little—so little, Sammy. I wisht there was more I could be doin' fer ye."

"It's helpin' a whole lot, Maw. Soon's night comes, I'll hike. By daybreak I ought to hit the ol' Deacon place down Beamer-ville way. I c'n hide there tomorrow an' 'nother night 'll see me 'crost the border."

Old Mrs. Slade clenched her hands till her thin little body quivered with indignation.

"Oh, the injustice o' it!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "Fleein' like a thief in the night!—you, Sammy Slade, son o' Jeremiah Slade, as innercent o' wrong-doin' as a babe unborn! You writ me you never done it, Sammy boy. Ye do be innercent, ben't you, Sammy?"

Beneath the wistful earnestness of her look his eyes fell and for a moment he ate in silence.

"I—somehow I can't lie to you, Maw," he muttered.

"I knowed it! Oh, I knowed it, Sammy!" she cried gladly. But he looked up quickly, a sudden resolve on his face.

"Maw, I was goin' to say as I wouldn't never lie to you again," he began; then stopped. She looked at him, uncomprehending.

"I got your letter, Sammy. It come jest after they put ye in the—lockup, an' it comforted me so! I couldn't have stood the disgrace an' sech, Sammy, ef I hadn't have knowed ye didn't do it. There aint never been no Slade done a thing like that. It's al'ays be'n the Gospel Truth fer our folks; no lyin' ner deceivin', an' as fer stealin'—Why, Sammy boy, it warn't in ye to do a thing like that!" She laughed a little, tremulously. "So when ye writ—"

"I lied!" he blurted uncomfortably. "Lied, that's what, Maw! But I reckon it wasn't treatin' ye square—Maw! What's ailin' ye?"

He sprang to his feet in alarm. But she caught at the back of the chair to steady herself and he shrank in dismay from the sudden change in her. Beneath the shock and pain of this reve-

lation her face seemed to wither and age while he looked; he saw the lines of her mouth harden, while her eyes—he could not look into her eyes.

"Ye—lied—to—to me?" she gasped painfully. "Ye mean ye did steal it? An' after all my trainin' of ye! Answer me, Samuel Slade! Ye stole that there money?"

"'Twas on'y three thousand, Maw. I had to have it—Bah! you can't understand how 'twas! Ye needn't go actin' up over it. They got every red o' it back, didn't they?" he objected desperately. "Honest to God! they——"

"An' what ef ye hadn't be'n caught, Samuel Slade? What ef ye hadn't be'n caught? Oh I'm glad they got ye in time—glad fer y'r own sake! 'A false witness shall not be unpunished' the Good Book be sayin', 'an' him as speaks lies shall not escape.' Ah, that be it; that be it!"

She reached for her overcoat and woollen hood, her mittens and the muffler. Without a word she proceeded to don them and turned suddenly towards the door.

"Where yuh think y're goin'?" he demanded sharply and old Mrs. Slade turned on him wrathfully.

"I be goin' to hitch up ol' Beauty, Samuel Slade, an' I be goin' to drive inter town to once—to the post-office."

"Expectin' some mail, eh?" he sneered suspiciously.

"I be goin' to send a tellygraft to the Pen'tentiary—!"

He was across the room at a bound, dragging her back.

"Yuh gone crazy?" he cried hoarsely. He slammed the door and leaned against it, glaring angrily. "Yuh gone clean nutty? Think! after all I gone through, I'm goin'——"

His jaws closed with a click of teeth. He crouched back with a muttered oath, his muscles tense. Her eyes followed his to the window—and she stood there, frozen with sudden terror. A sleigh had stopped on the trail, opposite the shack; a man was seated in it and two others, with rifles in their hands, were approaching on foot.

"Reckon ye'll be saved a long cold drive, Maw" he growled bitterly. "But they aint goin' to git me 'thout some scrap, curse 'em! Ye'll give me a chance, Maw? All I ast is a chance. I'm goin' to make a break fer the woods the back way——"

"Shet up!" she whispered fiercely. "Fool! Ye can't git away now 'thout bein' potted with them guns. Ye stay right here."

He watched her in amazement as she snatched up a tin pail, wound the muffler more closely around her neck and slipped quickly through the door, closing it carefully behind her.

She made straight for the spring, a

few yards away, humming a snatch of song as she went. Her start of surprise at sight of the strangers was well feigned.

"WELL, bless my soul, gentlemen!" she gasped as they came up. "Ye sartinly take a body's breath. People is plenty scarce in these parts."

"Same to you, madam" nodded one of the men, bobbing a finger towards the peak of his fur cap.

"Out deer huntin', be ye?" she inquired pleasantly, eying the rifles.

"Not exactly, ma'am." The taller of the two shook his head. "But you might say we was after big game at that! Eh, Bill?" He chuckled at his own cleverness.

"We're constables, Missus," broke in the other gruffly, "an' we're after a prisoner what broke loose from the Stony Mountain jail a couple nights ago. We've traced him within a few miles of here an' we're combin' the district fer him. Seen anythin' of a strange man hangin' around lately?"

"Why, what like of a lookin' feller was he?" she cried with sudden eagerness.

"Big rangy-lookin' cuss, shaggy hair and beard, 'bout 170 pounds, six feet tall, ugly mug with a scar over one eye—dressed in a big ulster overcoat,

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The Son of the Otter

—ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING AND THRILLING STORIES OF THE GREAT CANADIAN FUR COUNTRY EVER WRITTEN—WILL START IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF CANADA MONTHLY.

DR. GEORGE VANSCHAICK, A DESCENDENT OF ONE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILIES OF HOLLAND, HAS PRODUCED IN THE SON OF THE OTTER, A STORY OF OUR GREAT NORTH COUNTRY THAT WILL BE OF DEEP INTEREST TO EVERY CANADIAN.

In the February
Canada Monthly

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dark green—he'd been a trusty for mor'an two years."

"Gentlemen, I'm thinkin' I can help ye!" she interrupted excitedly. "A man stopped here las' night fer a bite t' eat an' he was nigh to bein' froze, so I made him come in an' warm up fer a spell. I was thinkin' he was some tramp, though I was wonder n' what he was doin' so fur frum the railroad. He had on the big green overcoat like you speak of an' he kep' it on all the time he was here, fer he said he had a long ways to travel an' when I give him a parcel o' lunch he jest went on 'bout his business. An' I will say them as gits lunches like that from a poor loncly ol' woman the likes o' me might be sayin' 'thank ye' when they be leavin'! This feller didn't say nothin'. I say this feller didn't say nuthin' an' I was sayin' to Mis' McCarsky on'y the other day—she's my nearest neighbor, Mis' McCarsky—an' as I was sayin' to her on'y the other day, says I——"

"What time was this, ma'am?" interrupted the taller of the two constables impatiently. "What time did you see this man?"

"Bless y'r hearts, gentlemen, an' how was I to know that who ain't a clock, ner timepiece, in the place? But it was 'bout a couple o' hours mebbe after dark an' 'fore the moon got up."

"It's him, Bill. Snow's done fer his tracks—Which way was he headin' when he left here, ma'am? Did ye notice that?"

"Aye, but that's what I was meanin' when I said as how I was thinkin' I could be helpin' ye. He ast me how fur it was to the Canadian Northern tracks from here an' I told him 'twas a good thirty mile north o' here an' some closer'n the Canadian Pacific. An' when he left here, gents, he went straight north fer them there tracks, an' I reckon ef ye hurry ye c'n catch up to him b' mornin', seein's ye've got a horse 'n sleigh. Straight north he went. I was sayin' to Mis' McCarsky on'y the other day——"

BUT they were already running for the sleigh, waving their rifles over their heads in farewell and shouting their thanks. She stood where she was, waving to them as they climbed into the sleigh, lashed up the horses and were off in a whirl of snow along the trail that wound away to the north.

When they were quite out of sight old Mrs. Slade turned weakly and ran breathlessly back to the shack. She burst in through the door in frantic excitement.

"Sammy!" she shrilled hysterically. "Run, Sammy! Run like the very devil!"

The Prairie Wife

The Story of Canada's Greatest Book of the Year*

by ARTHUR STRINGER

Reviewed by Grace Williamson Willett

THE great wash of prairie air from sky line to sky line puts something into my blood or brain that leaves me almost dizzy. I sizzle. It makes me pulse and tingle and cry out that life is good—good. We've saved our wheat crop, and it's a whopper. The railway is going to come. Our ranch will no longer be a dot on the wilderness. It will be on the time tables and the mail-routes. Wee Dinky-Dink has doubled in weight in three weeks. Big Dinky-Dunk is pouring over a bundle of house plans mailed to us from Philadelphia. We're to have a telephone, as soon as the railway gets through, and a wind mill and running water and a hot water furnace and sleeping porches and a butler's pantry and a laundry chute and a garage for our six cylinder—and next winter in California, if we want it. And yet—I stare out over the prairie and realize that nothing will ever be the same again. Our first home is to be wiped off the map—poor little cat eyed, cubby-hole of a wick-up. Our first year's battle in the wilderness is triumphantly over and gone and the page must be turned. I wonder if our new life will be as happy as our old life has been! I wonder!

SPLASH! That was me, just a year ago, falling plump into the pool of matrimony before I'd had time to fall in love.

Uncle Carlton's cable reached me at Monte Carlo telling me my nest egg was gone, smashed in the Chilean revolution. In less than twenty-four hours after I landed in New York, minus a maid and a "dot," Count Theobald Gustav von Guntner had severed our diplomatic relations. In the language of my fellow countrymen he threw me down, and Dinky-Dunk caught me on the bounce. Before I had time to collect hem-stitched sheets, golf boots and a chafing dish I was married, married to a shack owner who grew wheat up in the Canadian West. Then off we flew for our shack before poor, extravagant, ecstatic Dinky-Dunk's thirty-six wedding orchids from Thorley's had faded.



I went straight to the buckboard. "Haven't you," I demanded, "any explanation for acting like this?"

Well, that shack wasn't quite what I expected. I expected a cross between a shooting box and a Swiss chalet, with a rambler rose draping the front, a little flowery island on the prairie where we could play Swiss Family Robinson. What a come-down it was. The shack was a two by four, containing a small array of unspeakably ugly crockery dishes, a coal-oil lamp, a flour barrel, and a smelly steer hide bed. The privacy of my bedroom was assured by nothing more substantial than a canvas drop curtain.

The shack looked infinitely worse from the outside. The board siding had first been covered with tarpaper for the sake of warmth and over this had been nailed pieces of tin—bottoms of old bake pans, tobacco boxes, tomato cans, flattened out stove pipe, sides of an old wash boiler—a crazy quilt solidified into a homestead. It must

have taken weeks and weeks to do. Suddenly my poor little Joseph's coat home impressed me as something poignant, vocal of the tragic expedients to which men on the prairie must turn. Then I did something which startled me. I got down on my knees and prayed to God to keep me from being a piker and to lead me into the way of bringing happiness to the home that was to be mine and Dinky-Dunk's. Then I rolled up my sleeves, tied a face towel over my head and went to work.

SOME women make prairie life so ugly and empty and hardening. But they are the "slums" of the prairie. I have been a "creator" this past year. I have created a *home* out of a shack. Home—it's such a beautiful word.

Dinky-Dunk says that matrimony is like motoring because it is really travel-

*THE PRAIRIE WIFE, by Arthur Stringer—McLeod & Allen, Toronto, Ontario.

ling by a series of explosions. I think that our first explosion occurred when I cut off my hair. It was as thick as a rope and a terrible nuisance with no Hortense to struggle with it. One morning when I got up with so much work ahead of me I found the scissors and in six snips had my brownish gold mane right bang off. I took a nail punch out of Dinky-Dunk's tool-kit and heated it over the lamp and gave a little more wave to that two inch shock of stubble. Then with my Stetson, a coat of Dinky-Dunk's, my duck gun and Paddy, my pinto, I concluded that I wouldn't make such a bad-looking boy. When Dinky-Dunk saw me there was a wicked swear word mixed up in his ejaculation of startled wonder. He looked at the big tangled pile of brownish gold on my packing-box dresser as if it were a grave. He did not relent until I got my mouth organ, which I had been practising like mad, learning to play, and sat meekly on the door step and began to mouth the "Don't be Cross" waltz. Then he picked me up forgivingly, mouth organ and all and called me a high spirited devil with a hair trigger temper.

I believe Dinky-Dunk loved that mouth organ music. But how I did long for a piano and some real music. For three hours of "Manon" I'd have been willing to hang like a chimpanzee from the Metropolitan's center Chandelier. Howsomever, what was the use of wishing for luxuries when our only can opener was a hatchet and our colander a leaky milk pan with holes punched in its bottom. I had even seen Dinky-Dunk spend a half hour straightening out old nails taken from one of our shipping boxes.

OUR only luxury was the freedom of isolation. Life was so simple, honest, so back to first principles. Do people really need culture as much as they imagine? Culture, it seems to me as I look back on things, tends to make people more and more mere spectators of life. Culture with them takes the place of what they miss by not being actual builders and workers. Dinky-Dunk and I were farmers, just rubes and hicks, but we were making a great new country out of what was once a wilderness. To me, that seemed enough. Even if my music came from



Percy was solemnly reading out loud when in walked Dinky-Dunk

a mouth organ, there was joy in the thought of getting rid of all the sublimated junk of city life. We had a roof, a bed, and a fire. What is there, really, after that?

WINTER was coming on. I who had once been a thirty-six, was now a perfect forty-two. I who in my gay winters in London and New York used so many tricks to woo sleep to my pillow now was so tired after every day's work that my pillow seemed to bark like a dog for me to come and pat it. My hair was growing long enough to do in a sort of half-hearted French roll. I was just coming to the conclusion that there wasn't much room in a two by four shack for the *Triangle*—when Percy appeared.

Percival Benson Woodhouse had been jolly well bunked by the photographs of a land chap in London into buying the Titchbone Ranch. His lungs rather troubled him in England and a specialist told him to try Canada. He was an Oxford man, effete, old-worldish, and useless on the prairie. When he chopped kindling he had to stand in a washtub to keep from cutting his feet. Yet he represented something I had been missing. He was suggestive of Capri, Florence, the Luxembourg Gardens, and my dear old dancing days. Immediately we

were great friends. My poor Dinky-Dunk who had been working so hard and seeing no one really enjoyed his visits.

The days slipped by. Several times Dinky-Dunk and I gipsyed across the autumn prairie on shooting trips or the forty miles to Buckhorn to lay in winter supplies. For the rest, Dinky-Dunk was a sort of pendulum, swinging out to work, back to eat, and then out and then back again. Dinky-Dunk was absolute and unshaken in his faith in this West of ours, once one had awakened to its opportunities. It was a stored up granary of wealth, he declared, and all men had done so far was to nibble along the leaks in the floor cracks. The next summer would be our banner year. He would risk everything on wheat. He was like a general plotting a future plan of campaign. He grew thin, his Adam's apple stuck out. He worried about his land payments. And I grew homesick for all the lovely corners

of the earth I had seen before becoming a dot in the wilderness. The prairie wind sometimes gave me the willies. I felt as much out of my setting as was Percival Benson Woodhouse.

I WAS alone one afternoon, busy in the shack, when a Mounted Policeman rode up to the door, and for a moment, nearly frightened the life out of me. He calmly announced that a ranchman named McMein had been murdered by a drunken cowboy in a wage dispute, and the murderer had been seen heading for the Cochrane Ranch. He (the M. P.) inquired if I would object to his searching the buildings.

Would I object? I most assuredly did not. I made that handsome young man in the scarlet coat come right into the shack and begin his search by looking under the bed, and then going down the cellar.

"Have you got a gun?" he suddenly asked me.

I showed him my duck-gun with its silver mountings, and he smiled a little.

"Haven't you a rifle?" he demanded.

I explained that my husband had, and he still stood squinting out through the doorway as I poked about the shack-corners and found Dinky-Dunk's repeater.

"I've got to search those buildings and stacks," he told me. "And I can only be in one place at once. If you see a man break from under cover anywhere, when I'm inside, *be so good as to shoot him!*"

He started off without another word, with his big army revolver in his hand. My teeth began to do a little fox-trot all by themselves.

"Wait! Stop!" I shouted after him. "Don't go away!"

He stopped and asked me what was wrong. "I—I don't want to shoot a man! I don't want to shoot *any* man!" I tried to explain to him.

"You probably won't have to," was his cool response. "But it's better to do that than have him shoot *you*, isn't it?"

Whereupon Mr. Red-Coat made straight for the hay-stacks, and I stood in the doorway, with Dinky-Dunk's rifle in my hands and my knees shaking a little.

Then my heart stopped beating. For out of a pile of straw which Olie had dumped not a hundred feet away from the house, to line a pit for our winter vegetables, a man suddenly erupted.

I could see the whites of his eyes as he ran for the shack. He had a revolver in his hand. I noticed that, but it didn't seem to trouble me much.

"Put that silly thing down," I told him, as he ran up to me with his head lowered and that indescribably desperate look in his big frightened eyes. "If you're not a fool I can get you hidden," I told him. It reassured me to see that his knees were shaking much more than mine. I stooped over the trap-door and lifted it up. "Get down there quick! He's searched that cellar and won't go through it again. Stay there until I say he's gone!"

He slipped over to the trap-door and went slowly down the steps, with his eyes narrowed and his revolver held up in front of him, as though he still half expected to find some one there to confront him with a blunderbuss. Then I promptly shut the trap-door. But there was no way of locking it.

I had my murderer there, trapped, but the question was to keep him there. I tiptoed into the bedroom and lifted the mattress, bedding and all, off the bedstead. I tugged it out and put it

silently down over the trap-door. Then, without making a sound, I turned the table over on it. But he could still lift that table, I knew, even with me sitting on top of it. So I started to pile things on the overturned table, until it looked like a moving-van ready for a May-Day migration. Then I sat on top of that pile of household goods, reached for Dinky-Dunk's repeater, and deliberately fired a shot up through the open door.

I sat there, studying my pile, feeling sure a revolver bullet couldn't possibly come up through all that stuff. But before I had much time to think about this my corporal of the R. N. W. M. P. (which means, Matilda Anne, the Royal North-West Mounted Police) came through the door on the run. He looked relieved when he saw me triumphantly astride that overturned

no parley, no deliberation, no hesitation.

"Hadn't you better go outside," he suggested as he started piling the things off the trap-door.

"You're not going down there?" I demanded.

"Why not?" he asked.

"But he's got a revolver," I cried out, "and he's sure to shoot!"

"That's why I think it might be better for you to step outside for a moment or two," was my soldier boy's casual answer.

I walked over and got Dinky-Dunk's repeater. Then I crossed to the far side of the shack, with the rifle in my hands.

"I'm going to stay," I announced.

"All right," was the officer's unconcerned answer as he tossed the mattress to one side and with one quick pull threw up the trap-door.

A shot rang out, from below, as the door swung back against the wall. But it was not repeated, for the man in the red coat jumped bodily, heels first, into that black hole. He didn't seem to count on the risk, or on what might be ahead of him. He just jumped, spurs down, on that other man with the revolver in his hand. I could hear little grunts, and wheezes, and a thud or two against the cellar steps. Then there was silence, except for one double "click-click" which I couldn't understand.

Oh, Matilda Anne, how I watched that cellar opening! And I saw a back with a red coat on it slowly rise out of the hole. He, the man who owned the back of course, was dragging the other man bodily up the narrow little stairs. There was a pair of handcuffs already on his wrists and he seemed dazed and helpless, for that slim-looking soldier boy had punneled him unmercifully, knocking out his two front teeth, one of which I found on the doorstep when I was sweeping up.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to take one of your horses for a day or two," was all my R. N. W. M. P. hero condescended to say to me as he poked an arm through his prisoner's and helped him out through the door.

"What—what will they do with him?" I called out after the corporal.

Continued on page 185.



He went slowly down the steps, with his eyes narrowed and his revolver held up in front

table loaded up with about all my household junk.

"I've got him for you," I calmly announced.

"You've got what?" he said, apparently thinking I'd gone mad.

"I've got your man for you," I repeated. "He's down there in my cellar." And in one minute I'd explained just what had happened. There was

Hockey at Iron Cliff

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by John Whiting



OR confirmation of this story you will have to ask Haney. Who is Haney? Don't you know Patrick Haney of Iron Cliff, saw mill owner and one of the best sports of the old school?

Perhaps you have heard of Haney's Stars, that clever septette of speed merchants which played so prominent a part in Northern Hockey League circles a few years ago? Well, that was Haney's team.

You will remember that Haney's Stars won the league championship in '98, and that their winning caused a furore in hockey circles; no doubt because Iron Cliff, that little mill-town nestled away back in the cold bleak, northern part of Ontario, was the last place in which the wise ones ever expected to find a team of championship calibre. But did you ever hear of the trouble Haney had that year to win the honors, and the events that led up to the defeat of the Kerry team? Let me tell you.

TAKEN by and large, Iron Cliff wasn't much of a place. The census might give it three hundred population and; if it did, Pat Haney could tell you that every man-jack was on his pay-roll. Iron Cliff was a saw-mill burg, pure and simple. A railroad and a small river ran through it, all buildings were constructed of wood and scattered as a protection against fire. On its main thoroughfare were its stores and a small hotel. The nearest village was Keith, and it was sixteen miles distant. Such was Iron Cliff in '98. To-day—but that doesn't matter.

Athletics were Haney's religion. He said they made better workmen, and were conducive to better behaviour. "To keep a man healthy, give him lots of work; to make him contented, give him lots of clean, healthy, sport"—that, in short, was Patrick Haney's

creed, and he was known from Ottawa to the Height of Land for his business ability and good, sound common sense.

In embryo, little is known of Haney's Stars. By hook or crook Haney got seven players together, and by bribe and bonus he kept them; for mill-men are not given to hockey any more than good hockey players are likely to work in a saw-mill for one dollar-fifty per day. However, Haney, who was chief cook and bottle-washer in Iron Cliff, placed seven men on the ice, and the boys to honor him, unanimously agreed that the team be called Haney's Stars. This question settled to the satisfaction of everybody, Haney's Stars started out to put Iron Cliff on the hockey map.

AT five o'clock one January afternoon, Pat Haney lay back in his office chair, with his feet on the desk, his eyes shut—thinking, thinking, thinking.

On a small shelf a clock ticked off the hours, and outside the snow fell in



large flakes. At intervals from the mill near-by came the hum of the big circular saw as it ripped a path through a saw-log.

Pat Haney was in a bad hole. The preceding evening one of his best players, to wit "Curley" Brown, cover point, had skipped out, and Pat knew it was impossible to get a man to take



his place. Now, come to think of it, this was a serious matter.

Kerry—35 miles distant—and Iron Cliff had just finished their league games with four wins and two losses each, and Pat Haney had been notified that the league officials had arranged home and home games for the silver cup, which was emblematic of the championship.

And Pat Haney wanted that cup! Wanted it? He absolutely must have it. He had spent so much time and money on the Stars that he felt he had a kind of mortgage on the silverware. He knew his team could beat Kerry; in fact, he was so cocksure that he would have gambled his mills any old time on the result.

But with the best man on the team gone, and nobody in sight to take his place, Pat's dreams of winning got a rude awakening. And to make matters worse, Iron Cliff had been ordered to play the first game in Kerry on January 25th, and—this was the 24th.

At 5.30 or thereabouts, Haney heard his office door open and close, so pulling down his feet and rubbing his eyes, for it was getting dark, he turned toward the door.

He saw a heavy-set, clean-shaven, whiskey-smelling man, who bore every resemblance in the shape of the head and the cast of features to a negro, except that the man was white—a tallowy, sickly white.

"Well," said Haney, quietly, for he was used to having strangers call on him—"What's your business?"

"Looking for work," the stranger replied.

"Ever play hockey?" It was the first thought in Haney's mind, and he felt that he had made a mistake in asking it, but strange to say the man answered:

"Some."

"What's your name?"



"Bill White."

At mention of the name, Haney's brain went on a hunt for information. "Bill White, Wanderers, Montreal," proclaimed the brain suddenly, digging the information out of the chaotic archives of his cerebrum.

"Ever play with the Wanderers?"

"I did," confessed White.

Haney shook his head doubtfully. The news was too good to be true.

"You're a pleasant liar," he said.

"I don't believe you are the Bill White who played with the Wanderers any more than I believe at this minute that I am Bob Fitzsimmons."

Nevertheless, Haney hired the man to work in the mill, and to make a long story short Bill White worked out with the Stars that same evening, and made good.

Wilson, captain of the Stars, met Haney after the work-out.

"Well," said Pat.

"He's got the goods," said Wilson, enthusiastically—"Barrels of speed, but God! man, he's rough."

"But do you think he is Bill White?"

"I believe anything," Wilson confessed, showing a bruised cheek—"But he must be kept from the booze."

Next afternoon, Haney's Stars journeyed to Kerry and defeated that team by four goals to three. It was a hair-raising contest, but the Stars had the speed and the Kerry team couldn't connect. Several fist fights took place on the ice, and for these Bill White was alone to blame, so after the game, the Kerry supporters told Haney that they would most certainly take steps to have this man White expelled from the league for rough play.

This put a fly in Pat Haney's ointment. He knew they could do it.

And they did.



Several days later Pat Haney attended a league meeting at which Bill White's playing came up for a hearing. Kerry's supporters were present in a body, and they said that hockey would become brutal and degrading if such tactics were again permitted, and Pat Haney, who had made a strong fight on behalf of his player, was forced to give in.

Pat had just returned to his office, when Bill White came in from the mill to hear the news.

"You are fired!" shouted Haney. "They have expelled you from taking any further part in the Northern League."

"What for?" White asked, not knowing just exactly what to say.

"For rough-housing it! Man, this isn't the N. H. A. We play a pink-tea, Sunday School, kindergarten brand of hockey in this league, we do! 'The sport must not become brutal and degrading.' Say, are you aware that Kerry comes here next Monday night, and that if we win that game the silver cup is ours? And do you know that if you were to scrape this territory with a fine tooth comb, you wouldn't find a hockey player within twenty miles? Now, if hockey players grew on spruce trees I would have men when I wanted them, but it has been my luck that I can get good players and lose them again just when they are needed most."

Bill White evidenced much sympathy for Pat Haney in his trouble. He told him he was very sorry for what happened. He wasn't exactly to blame for all the trouble.

"When a man jabs you in the ribs with the butt end of his stick, Mr Haney, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" said Pat, rising, "I would hit him in the jaw."

"That's what I did," said Bill, quietly.

For a few minutes Pat Haney was in deep thought, and then turning to Bill White asked somewhat bashfully:

"Did you ever play minstrel?"

Bill White laughed.

"It makes me so sore," confessed Haney, "to see these fellows throw you out of the league, that I could do almost anything to them. Do you think," he said very slowly, and lowering his voice, "that you could change your color for this game with Kerry, and get away with it? You understand what I mean—supposing you blackened up and came in on the same train with the Kerry team on Monday night."

It took the two conspirators but a few minutes to make their plans, during which Haney laughed and Bill White roared. If they could pull off the stunt—well, it was worth the try, anyway. In short, their plan was this: Bill White was to leave Monday morning for Keith. Before going he was to tell the men in the mill that Pat Haney had discharged him. At Keith he was to blacken up and boarding the train that evening would arrive in Iron Cliff with the Kerry team. Then, after getting off the train he was to make a very strong protest to the Iron Cliff men who would be sent to meet him, that he wasn't a hockey player, and carrying the thing out would have to be forced into a uniform and dumped on the ice. Then, in order not to be detected, he would have to change his style of play.

Bill White left on Monday morning, and the boys gave him a send-off. They were sorry to see him go. Then Haney began harping on the eccentricities of a certain hockey star which used to shine in the firmament around Sherbrooke, Que.

"He's a dandy, boys, and no mistake about it. I got wind of him through that last traveller who was here. But this negro is devilish eccentric. Now, when he gets off the train, you'll have to grab him and lead him away, for just as likely as not he will say he can't play the game; that he is a bill poster, or a minstrel, or an advance agent or something. If you can't get him into a uniform by force, slip him this five. I believe he has a sneaking regard for money."

You see Pat Haney's idea about a secret was not to tell it.

All this talk sounded queer to the members of Haney's Stars, but they remembered that Pat Haney had

secured Bill White under peculiar circumstances, and he might have a good negro player on the string. They resolved at any rate that they would carry out their end of the proceedings. You see that game meant so much to them.

For obvious reasons, Pat Haney didn't meet the train that brought the Kerry team that Monday evening. But he was at the rink a short time before the game began. He called Wilson, the captain.

"He's a holy fright," said Wilson. "It took four men to handle him. However, I handed him that five, and Chubby Smith gave him two bits—he says he is not a hockey player, but an advance agent for something—"

"What did I tell you?" laughed Haney. "What name did he give?"

"Bill Black. It makes me smile to think that Bill Black takes Bill White's place. I hope he is as good."

"Where is he now?" Haney asked.

"In the dressing room, and as meek as Moses. Want to see him?"

"Never mind," Haney returned, pulling out his watch. "Better start the game."

Every mother's son in Iron Cliff was at that hockey match that night. When Iron Cliff went to a hockey match, it fixed its fires, put out the cat, turned the keys in the doors, and went. Haney's Stars made the people do it, besides wasn't it the boss' wishes.

Pat Haney took a position along the boards in the centre of the rink, so that he could watch the game from end to end. In the dim light, he saw the players come out of their dressing rooms and take their positions. Immediately his eye caught the form of Bill White plus the ebony hue at his old position at cover point. He would have waved a hand to him had he been sure no one would have detected the motion and guessed the secret. However, he was gratified that Bill White had done his part and was in the game—in spite of the league.

Then the game began. The puck travelled toward the Iron Cliff goal and Haney was on edge to see how Bill White would act. As for Bill, he made an awkward reach for it, missed it by a yard, and sat down with a thud. Though this wasn't exactly Bill White's way under such conditions, Pat Haney called him lovingly "the old fox" and smiled. Bill White was no mean actor.

But Bill White's good acting was not helping Haney's Stars to victory. The Kerry team set a terrific pace and bombarding the Iron Cliff goal, ran up a comfortable lead. At half-time, the score stood, Kerry 5: Iron Cliff 2. It looked to Haney as though the Stars were done.

After the players had left the ice and gone to their dressing-rooms,

Haney collected his scattered thoughts and followed them.

"Bill, Bill," he roared, pushing through the door—"what in—is the matter with you? This will never, never do. Why dammit man—"

His voice ended in a squawk for the man addressed as "Bill" acted as if suddenly terrorized, and backing away, appealed to the players for protection.

Haney stood still, gasped, and looked from face to face. There was something wrong. This man wasn't Bill White.

"Why, you're not Bill White!" he stormed, coming over and looking at the stranger, who edged away from him.

"Ah certainly am not," came the response in a deep bass voice.

Haney spoke to Wilson. The information he elicited got him no where.

"How did you get in here?" demanded Haney, getting ugly.

"Ah didn't get in boss," the man answered—"Ah was most assuredly pushed in."

He drew a card from his pocket and handed it to Haney.

"William Black, advance agent, Sunny South Minstrels," the lumber man read in bold type.

"Then where is Bill White?"

At that moment the dressing room door opened from the street, and a thick tongue articulated:

"Here—here—present, sir!"

Haney looked at the door and beyond the door. In the foreground he saw Bill White, streaked with black,

and intoxicated; in the back-ground, a steaming horse.

"Bill!" he gasped.

"Bill, it is," came the rejoinder—"Say, who'd you think it was—Shakespeare?"

They gave Bill White something to sober him up, and he went on the ice for the last half of the game. At first he had difficulty to locate the puck, but as he warmed up, he struck his stride, and thus encouraged, his team-mates worked like fiends.

In the meantime, Haney raced up and down along the boards, yelling his head off.

The game grew lightning fast: the puck had no sooner reached one end of the rink that it was at the other. Finally Bill White took it up the side, shot, and the rubber struck a goal post. On the rebound, Wilson slapped it into the net for Iron Cliff and Haney's Stars lacked but one goal to tie Kerry on the round.

"Fifty dollars to the man scoring a goal," yelled Haney, waving a handful of green-backs.

"You're on," answered Bill White, his face set in a look of grim determination.

But the Kerry players had changed their tactics, and the referee was forced to warn them for loafing offside. Every man was thrown back on the defense and hugged the goal for dear life.

Then Iron Cliff began pounding on the Kerry net. At last, in a scrimmage, the puck rolled past the goal-keeper; it was a mere fluke, but it meant a goal. The teams were tied on the round.

Tightly gripping his money and screaming with joy, Haney pounded the boards with his fists.

"Only one more—only one," he bellowed. "I'll give my mill to the man who scores."

The game lacked but one minute until termination. Bill White, now playing like a superman, got the puck, zig-zagged up the ice, skating so fast that the other players appeared to be standing still in comparison.

He circled the goal, and brought the rubber back in front of the nets.

"Shoot," yelled Haney. "Shoot!"

The Kerry players hugging the goal hardly knew what to do. They went out to meet him. It was the opening he was looking for.

Like a streak he darted into the goal and went down in a heap. At that moment the bell rang for time.

Haney jumped over the boards. He was in time to see them lift the Kerry goal-keeper to his feet. But that wasn't all he saw. Bill White had assumed a sitting position with his head against the goal post, an ugly gash in his face. Inside the net was the puck.

Haney's Stars had won the championship of the Northern League.

The Colonel's Resurrection

—BY MADGE MACBETH—IS ONE OF THOSE TRUE TO LIFE WORD PICTURES OF PERSONS AND PLACES THAT FITS ON A LOT OF PEOPLE AND LOCALITIES ONE MEETS ON A LIFE'S JOURNEY. YES, OF COURSE, THERE IS A LOVE AFFAIR IN THIS STORY—A LASTING ONE. READ IT IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF

Canada Monthly

In the Forefront



MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER, SUNSHINE DISPENSER OF WINNIPEG; ROBERT DOLLAR, CANADIAN COOK BOY WHO NOW OWNS HIS OWN STEAMSHIP LINE; LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT MAXWELL DENNISTOUN, OF THE 53rd O. S. BATTALION: A BIG START AT TWENTY-FIVE—LIEUT. EDMUND C. SHEPPARD, VANCOUVER, B. C.

WE are familiar with Emerson's saying regarding the man who does any one thing better than his neighbors, even if it be the making of a mouse trap, that, though he build his house in the woods, the world will beat a path to his door. So, be the person man or woman who achieves, the fair minded are ready with the laurels, and glad that the world has produced another specimen to wear them becomingly.

Among the many brilliant women of Canada, in the City of Winnipeg, is one wherein this trait of preparedness is most strongly marked. She bears the name of Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner, and none ever found the said Genevieve napping, when opportunity was making his rounds; on the contrary she is on the door-step and half-way to the gate to meet him every time, and seldom does he give her the go-by. Result? People say she's lucky, clever, that her appealing grey eyes have a strong bearing on her destiny. The secret of it all is, that she does not belong to that large, and very well-satisfied-with-themselves portion of the world, who, having eyes, use them not, ears and brains likewise.

Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner is awake—very much so. You know that the minute she enters a room; you are still more sure of it when she trains the aforesaid grey eyes upon you. You are likely to wonder about this time what you have been doing lately that is worth while, and to decide that possibly you might manage to rise half an hour earlier in the morning.

Mrs. Skinner works with her eyes, tongue, hands, feet, every bit of her that she can put in motion, and with it all, she is the healthiest, happiest, jolliest woman in the world! How she manages I cannot tell you. When you hear what she does, you cannot imagine anything but a bundle of nerves; when you look at her you wonder when she came back from the mountains last; and if you are a woman, you long to know who her



Winnipeg's Sunshine Dispenser

By May L. Armitage



Mrs. Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner

masseuse is; if you are a man—well we won't say what you think. I happen to know that the lady has not yet reached the sober age of thirty.

First of all, Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner is a newspaper woman, editing the Sunshine department and the woman's page of the Winnipeg Telegram. Secondly she is a law student, passing her first year exams this May, and taking 100 on "Williams on Real Property", if anyone happens to know what that is. This is about a fully grown person's everyday work, with a little over one would say, but it does not satisfy Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner. For instance, she has taken time, concurrently with her newspaper work, to teach the foreigners in the north end of Winnipeg. She has organized a series of campaigns on behalf of philanthropic institutions, and for the promotion of propaganda in the province of Manitoba. In 1912 she was appointed Dominion Government lecturer in Great Britain and Ireland, and, as a realization of her worldly ambitions, she owns and operates a farm bought with her savings at Strome, Alberta. In spite of all these claims on her time she is the most charming of hostesses in her own pretty home.

Draw a breath now and we will proceed to initiate you into the manner of the marvel, and you shall behold for yourselves what one woman with any amount of pluck and ambition can do. When Genevieve Lipsett was a little girl, she lived in the City of Toronto in the old Baldwin Mansion, across from the Duke street school, which she entered at the tender age of five years. She had pleaded to go to school for two years previous to this, for as she says herself, "I started out in life with a hungry mind, and I am just as eager to-day to master some new subject as I was then to learn to write." How readily her hungry mind grasps things is shown by the fact that four months after she had begun school, which brought the date to Christmas, she was able to write an aunt in Manitoba, describing and enumerating the gifts left by Santa Claus—and more

remarkable still—her aunt was able to read the letter.

How many great men have laid tribute at a mother's knee for all they have been and achieved! It is perhaps somewhat more unusual to hear a woman declaim along these lines; are they not a little more apt to accept their special qualifications as a gift direct from heaven? Not so with Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner. She says, "My mother has been the prime factor in whatever little success I have attained in life. She nursed me on ambition, and as soon as I could understand, she told me I was going to receive a good education and make my own way in the world. Every time I have arrived at one goal, she has set for me, my mother promptly marks out another one, a little harder to reach. She has a keen, alert mind, and has been my inseparable companion ever since I was born until the present moment. She is a handsome, well-set up woman today, as active as any woman of forty, Scotch-Canadian from dear old Bruce County, Ontario."

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner, like so many of the women who have accomplished things, had her taste of pioneering, for when she was eight years old, the family came to southern Manitoba, to her uncle's homestead. There she and her small brother attended the inevitable little red schoolhouse, tramping three miles back and forth with lunch pail, bottle of cold tea, and atlas, and often fighting for the possession of the same,—the lunch pail, not the atlas!

Continued on page 184.

Robert Dollar

—who has spanned the gulf from cook boy in a Canadian lumber camp to owner of a line of steamships

By Frederic Robson

A FEW weeks ago a heavy-chested, silver-bearded Scotsman walked into the office of Hiram Robinson, an Ottawa lumberman. Mr. Robinson, long since passed into his eighties, peered quizzingly across the room.

"No," said the newcomer, shaking his head, "you don't remember me—not a chance in a hundred."

"Don't I?" challenged the old man, "you are Bob Dollar, and you started work with me as a cook boy."

The "Bob" Dollar of Hiram Robinson's recollection is to-day the Robert Dollar, President of the Dollar Steamship Company of San Francisco, operating upwards of twenty steamships

engaged in world trade. The Dollar Steamship Company is just the lumber camp cook-boy developed to the nth power of initiative. It is still an integral of the lumber industry, carrying cargoes of five-million feet of Pacific Coast timber in ten-thousand ton steamers to Oriental ports and bringing general merchandise homeward. Any week you may see a Dollar Steamship sweep majestically into a Pacific port and start disgorging its foreign cargo—iron ore and pig iron from China, oak timber from Japan, mahogany from the Philippine Islands. There are offices of the company in Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, Hongkong, Manila, Kobe, San Francisco, Seattle, New York and Petrograd. But this is getting along too fast. Let us look over that cookboy—

Sixteen years of age, he had risen to cook's assistant in a camp along the Gatineau. The life was not exactly a game of checkers for anyone mixed in it. Luckily, Bob Dollar at sixteen was no mewling apprentice at the timber trade. Just four years before that he had put in his twelve-hour-day, month in and month out, at a stave mill at Rideau Falls. At fourteen he was so at home in a lumber camp that he regularly signed articles each fall and stuck them through until the pay-off days of spring.

It was the middle of a crisp afternoon when the camp manager, Hiram Robinson, poked his head inside the cook shed. The chef himself was absent. But shinning close to an up-ended flour barrel sat a freckled-face lad, too busy to notice the intruder. The manager stepped closer. He saw a sheet of wrapping paper scrawled over with what seemed like the symbols of an alphabet and a multitude of numerals.

"What's this you're at?"

The cook-boy rumaged the paper into a bundle and got to his feet apologetically.

"I've finished my regular work," he said simply.

Because the manager did not burst into a temper the lad put back the paper on the barrel top. "When I get an hour off, Mr. Robinson, I like to learn."

"Learn what?"

"Read and write."

This was something new in cook boys. The manager took up the sheet



Robert Dollar

and scanned its queer contents. He said nothing, indulged in no prophetic heroics, but very properly quit the shanty.

That was a lucky contact for Bob Dollar, assistant to a backwoods cook. The manager took good care to clear the track of opportunity. The boy was given books and a bit of spare time. When he came to a stile too steep for his academic steps, someone was at hand to supply the boost.

The men who have taken the reins of big affairs in America have nearly all given boy-symptoms not unlike those of Robert Dollar. When he came to twenty-one years of age, the camp manager came to him and said: "You'll take one of the drives down the River Du Moine—with fifty men." For six years he played that role, a gamut of wild and resolute experience that has given to the world a dozen of its business giants. Dollar's drive was the first from the Du Moine district and was run over the Chaudiere Falls, the advance guard of many millions of logs to go by Ottawa City.

But the work grew stale and he turned westward—first to Bracebridge, Ontario, where he lumbered until 1880, getting out material for the English market. Finally, San Francisco—and that pegged down his westward bent for a good many years until he crossed the Pacific and invaded China and Japan and the Philippines.

On the Pacific Coast the accumulated

fortune of the Ontario experiences went unhesitatingly into timber. But timber needed transport; it needed a broader and steadier market. Accordingly Robert Dollar started the Dollar Steamship Company, building at first a cautious few-thousand-ton freighter, which by dint of its success drew him into tonnage unsurpassed in size except for a few of the passenger liners.

Some one asked in a company of friends what lifted Robert Dollar out of a cook shanty and set him down as an international transport genius and a multi-millionaire. And one who had known the same Dollar all his life

laid one palm upon the other and observed:

"The getting-on was the same old recipe—a good beginning. Robert Dollar studied honesty and faithfulness before he thought of studying arithmetic. The fierce discipline of the old-time lumber camp turned his natural self-reliance into whip cords. His resourcefulness was literally rubbed into him. At fifteen he had the character of a strong man of twenty-five. Why be surprised if at sixty he had travelled farther and done more than a *pair* of our everyday high-powered executives."

he entered the old established law firm of Archibald, Macbray & Sharpe. Last August the call of Empire came with unerring insistence to Max Dennistoun, K.C. In a moment gone were Halsbury and Pollock, and Blackstone, and as a Captain in the 34th Fort Garry Horse he set forth on the greatest case he has ever tackled. In the same regiment went with him two of his three sons. The Fort Garrys, from Colonel to lowest private, contained among the finest of the young blood of the prairie metropolis.

You will recollect that it was quite a while before the First Canadian Division was in shape to leave the mud of Salisbury for France. By the time it was ready, indeed some weeks before, it had become apparent that for immediate action cavalry units were not going to be needed. The Fort Garrys believed, however, that one of these days a call would come for mounted men, and so, though they had made up their minds to go as infantry if they absolutely had to, they kept on hoping that their horses would be given back to them, and to this end used means of which the mere civilian has no understanding. Finally, just before the division was in shape to go forward, the 34th were ordered to Canterbury, the big cavalry training depot in the south of England. Capt. Max Dennistoun had been an infantryman all his life in the ranks of, and as an officer of, the 57th Peterboro Rangers, and feeling that he would be out of place in a mounted corps at the front, asked for a transfer back to an infantry unit.

On arriving in Canada in March he found himself ordered to Prince Albert to recruit and organize the 53rd Infantry Battalion. How well he has succeeded may be judged from the fact that of all the troops inspected in Sewell by General Lessard, than whom, if one except His Royal Highness, once described as the finest soldier in Europe, no better officer lives in Canada to-day, the 53rd Infantry was declared emphatically to be the most efficient battalion in Military District Ten. And this after an inspection that lasted pretty much two full days and took in every angle of the game.

Beating swords into ploughshares has always seemed an occupation only to be done real justice to by Mr. Heath Robinson. The ancient tribesman, did he make a practise thereof, cannot have had to contend with the gumbo of the prairie, nor the willow root of the scrub land in which the 53rd first saw light. But there were times when it must have seemed child's play to Lt.-Col. Dennistoun compared to reversing the process and shaping those sturdy northmen into the machine-like body that is now capable of doing such hellish things with the modern fighter's sword, the bayonet.

The Man Who Made The 53rd

Lieut.-Col. "Max" Dennistoun, who has been a leading factor in recruiting and organizing the 53rd O. S. Battalion

By T. Middleton Atwater



TO SEE and especially to hear Robert Maxwell Dennistoun on parade, you would unhesitatingly say that he had been a soldier all his life. In a measure you would be correct. Soldiering has been his hobby for many years, as his long service ribbon will testify. But his reputation in Winnipeg, and indeed through the Great West, to say nothing of the effete East, is that of an exceedingly astute counsel, who has worn silk a long time, a witty after-dinner speaker, and one to whom the gods, as they but seldom do, have given a countenance capable of keeping absolutely immobile what time a weak-minded individual endeavors to delude himself into thinking that four diamonds and a heart have any commercial value in the face of say three cold kings aided and abetted by a pair of perfectly good deuces.

"Max" Dennistoun, as he is known to his friends, was born in Peterboro, so his biography tells you, in the year of grace 1864. Twenty-two years thereafter he commenced the practise of law and came West in 1907 where



Lieut.-Col. Robert Maxwell Dennistoun

Doubtless many other commanding officers have found the same thing. It is not all drill, grind and lecture. If it were, no one as human as the "Old Man" (as his boys affectionately call him) could have stood it. However, there were of course occasional lapsings from the strictly sober path—complaints even about food. Yet there soon grew to be an unswerving trust on the part of officer and man alike that any real grievance would be righted in short order, but that there was to be no damned nonsense about it. The effect of which was that "orderly room" got less and less.

They tell a story of a letter sent to the C. O. 53rd by a parson, asking that the Colonel would take a little spiritual interest in one of his men who had religious leanings. The answer is reported

to have been that the C. O. deeply regretted that the department hadn't seen fit to provide the battalion with a chaplain, and that so far as the writer was concerned, he was busy doing the best he knew to put the fear of the Lord into his men by means of the orderly room.

The result has been to develop quite a wonderful esprit-de-corps in Col. Dennistoun's battalion. Wise judges have said that it is really a glorified sort of esprit-de-corps, namely the "regimental spirit," which has done so much toward winning the big battles for the British Army in days gone by. Old soldiers will tell you that the past deeds of a regiment will do more to spur it on than any belief in a just cause or hatred of the enemy.

Continued on page 168.

A Son of His Father

Lieut. Edmund C. Sheppard, Editor and General Manager of the Vancouver Morning Sun, shows speed during his twenty-five short years

By J. H. Welch

IN THE good old boom days of Vancouver, when numerous things were happening, including the starting of the "Morning Sun," one of the newspapermen on that paper was a tall, slim young man who pounded his typewriter keys with a special snap and punch, which somehow seemed to remain with the words when they appeared the next morning. But he was the youngest reporter on the staff, and this fact cost him money. None of the other writers enjoyed a salary quite so modest.

A political campaign loomed up. The city editor viewed it with concern. He wondered how, with his small staff, he was going to cover adequately the nightly meetings. But there had been only one or two of them before he found the solution of his problem. It was the tall young reporter, whose name, by the way, was Sheppard. The czar of the city room discovered that Sheppard could cover three meetings, while most of the others were covering one, and, more than this, that Sheppard laid bare and "played up" with much zest and effectiveness all the big and little breaks and weak places in the proceedings of the opposition.

So the heft of the political reporting was gently but firmly placed upon the young man's willing shoulders, and he emerged from the rank and file to the status of a twinkling star reporter. After a while the "Sun" changed its spots to some extent, and lo and behold, Sheppard, only a few months before the youngest reporter with the littlest salary, was city editor. After another



Lieut. Edmund C. Sheppard

interval there were more changes in the "Sun" office, and Sheppard became managing editor. This position proved to be merely another stepping-stone for him. Hardly more than three years ago he was made to feel, especially on pay days, his humble state as the reporter of the fewest summers. Now, when a visitor enters the "Sun" building and asks for the editor-in-chief, he is shown into Mr. Sheppard's office. When the visitor asks for the general manager of the company, which publishes the "Saturday Sunset," as well as the "Sun," and has a big job printing department, he is shown into Mr.

Sheppard's office. The young man, whose full name is Edmund C. Sheppard, is now twenty-five.

A veteran newspaper man was talking the other day of Sheppard's rapid rise. "It's been one of the quickest on record in the newspaper field," he said, "and it has not been due in any way to influence. An unusually strong storage battery of enthusiasm, or 'pep,' as Sheppard would put it, has been one of the big factors. And then Sheppard is one of the speediest men I know to extend a cheery welcome to a new idea. It's an off-day with him when you don't see the light of at least one new one in his eyes. Another thing about Sheppard is that while he began in the editorial department, he has never been content to let this end absorb all his ideas of newspaper making. He has always been strong on suggestions for circulation and advertising, and this is why he is not merely editor of the "Sun," but general manager as well.

"However, we mustn't give him too much credit. He had presented to him at birth a lot of his special equipment for the newspaper game. He is a son of his father. His father is Edmund E. Sheppard, who is said by a good many people to have been, in his prime, the best newspaper man Canada has yet produced. He put so much vitality into his work that he has retired at an age when plenty of men are still in the harness, but as founder and editor of the "Toronto Saturday Night" he stirred up so much excitement that those of us who used to work back East can still hear the ideas of it. Sheppard, senior, wrote under the pen name of 'Don.' It was a name that caused a considerable number of personages who were not without flaws in their public life to snort and breathe fire, like the dragon when St. George approached. This gives you an idea of where young Sheppard gets much of his 'pep'."

Sheppard had an interested audience one night when he sketched the manner in which he climbed over the ramparts to his first job on a newspaper. Desiring to learn at what he conceived to be the fountain-head of journalistic lore, he said good-bye to Toronto University without lingering to graduate and went down to New York, where he was told by a friend that the sporting editor of a certain paper could use a young man versed in golf.

Sheppard had never played the game, but he had observed golf links sufficiently to know that they were nothing like cufflinks, so he called upon the sporting editor.

"What," inquired the latter, "would be your usual score, Mr. Sheppard, on an average course, say the one at Garden City?"

Having no idea whether one's usual

Continued on page 168.

My Aunt Paulina's Woodbox

Continued from last month.

By Gouvenuer Morris

SO I sat for some hours, reading, keeping a good fire going the while, for it was a spring night of black frost, and it was not until I had emptied the wood-box of all but brush and splinters that I bethought me of bed. And at that more from necessity than desire.

"I had finished my chapter, closed the book, and was turning over in my mind the matters of which I had read when there came a sudden distinct tapping upon one of the library windows—the one which opened on the little iron balcony that my papa had brought from France. I went at once to the window, drew aside the curtains, and found myself face to face with the Frenchman.

"IT was bright moonlight, and I saw him very well. He was in a crouching attitude, hatless, and very pale. There were red stains on his white neck-cloth and his hands were bloody. Even so I was glad to see him once again. I opened the window, and when he had come in, closed it, and pushed the curtains to.

"You are not surprised to see me," he said.

"I knew that you were in the city," I said. "I saw you in the street."

"But you did not bow to me," he said.

"No," said I, "I didn't. And you know why. But now it's different. It seems that you are in a scrape." I looked at his hands. "An ugly scrape."

"I did not like to mention it," he said. "I am in terrible trouble. Otherwise I would not have broken my word to you, in presenting myself before you. Do you wish to know what I have done?"

"I shook my head. 'If I knew,' I said, 'my conscience might forbid me to help you.'

"I was really terribly agitated. His face, the sound of his voice, old memories of him, the being ill of which I was not wholly recovered—but I managed to keep an outward appearance of calm.

"I AM afraid," he said, with a deprecating smile, "that I shall be traced easily, and that they will insist upon searching the house. It is not easy to hide a man. If the trouble and invention are too much for you—" he moved a step toward the window, listened with his head cocked on one

side, then walked swiftly to the window, and inserted the right side of his head between the curtains. Then he came back, still smiling in a deprecating way.

"There is no doubt about it," he said, "they have turned in from the turnpike. What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to answer two questions," I said.

"He turned.

"What will they do to you?" I asked.

"If the law is stronger," he said, "I shall be tried and hanged. . . . If the mob, I shall be beaten to death whosoever and wheresoever I am found."

"There was hardly a trace of agitation in his voice or manner. I could not but contrast his manner with that which might have been expected of your late great-uncle under similar circumstances. I asked my second question.

"You will forgive my bluntness," I said. "Is the crime which you have committed worse than murder?"

"For God's sake *no*," he said, "no."

"Now we could hear a great sound of feet on the front porch, and presently some one found the way to the great brass knocker—thump!—thump!—thump!

"I could have screamed piercingly. But I didn't. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, spread out his blood-stained hands, and drew his eyebrows very high on his forehead. It was a splendid piece of control, for he was trembling, too, the least thing in the world.

"You may be Satan," I said, "but you are a man."

"I HELD open the top of the wood-box, while he stepped in and lay down. There were a few spiders and molly-grubs in the bottom. But there was no opportunity to do more than notice them. 'For my sins,' said the Frenchman. He folded his hands upon his breast, smiled, and looked for all the world like a beautiful corpse suddenly come to life. I think I gave him back the smile. And then I closed the lid of the box.

"By this time the whole household was awake, what with the knocking on the house door, and the tramping of feet, and the voices on the porch. I found half the servants, half dressed, in the hall, and your great-uncle Peter at the head of the stair—not altogether a modest figure, I must say. He had on only a nightshirt and his red night-cap, a candle-stick in one hand (he had omitted to light the candle, and it was by the light of two or three that the servants had brought that I was able to see him at all), and his great horse pistol in the other. Seeing me



Illustrations by
Thomas Fogarty

up and dressed he took courage, and descended a step or two.

"What is the matter below there?" he said.

"I am about to find out," said I. And forthwith I unbolted the door and swung it open. The sheriff I knew by sight. He was supported by a number of officers in uniform, and by a small mob of bloodthirsty-looking riff-raff.

"MADAME," says the sheriff, "we have traced a criminal to this house. And we believe him to be hiding within it."

"Stars and garters!" says I, allowing my real agitation to show in my face. And a mighty relief it was, I can tell you. "Come in and find him," says I. "And be quick about it." Then seeing that the mob was endeavoring to follow the sheriff and his officers into the house, I stepped in front of them and waved them back, smiling. "Good heavens," I said, "don't all come in. The rest of you surround the house, and let no one pass out, at your peril. And be quick about it," I said. And I shut the door in their faces. "Peter," I said, "have ale and cold meat set out in the servant's dining room for these gentlemen; they will be thirsty and tired. I, sir," said I to the sheriff, "will be in the library if I am wanted for anything." And I indicated the library door, which I had left open on purpose. "Sam," I said—Sam was one of the house servants—"fetch an armful of wood from the cellar. The wood-box is empty and my fire is low."

"Then I went back to the library, leaving the door wide open, took down a fresh book, a volume of Moll Flanders, for I felt myself too agitated to go on with Adam Smith, and sat down once more in front of the fire, or what remained of it. I had a maddening desire to open the wood-box to see if it still contained the Frenchman; and finally, after Sam had brought the wood and was gone, I yielded to it.

"HE questioned me with his eyebrows. And if ever a woman looked an injunction to be silent I looked one at him. Then I shut the lid and went back to my book. But I could not make even the pretense of reading. I felt that I must talk, make an uproar of some sort, or go mad. So what did I do but drag my harp out of the corner, and wheel it over near the wood-box, just above which was a bracket lamp. And I fetched my music-stand, and a double armful of sheet music. The latter I spread out upon the very cover of the wood-box; and then I sat down to the harp, and began to try over new songs and old. I remember I sang"—she broke off, and smiled at the recollection—"a

comical old thing"—she beat time with her hands and half sang, half recited, her voice quavering:

"A maiden said hush to her lover,
Be silent, or me you'll annoy—
'I'll not speak, I'll not stir,'
Said her lover to her,
'I'll be dead if 'twill furnish you joy—'

"You've no idea," she broke off singing and said, "what a relief it was to make a noise. I've no recollection of most of the things I played and sang that night; I hadn't the next morning even. But I recall one." And she began to beat time again, and allowed a certain hint of tenderness to appear in her cynical, beautiful old face. As before, she half sang, half recited, as old people will:

"If beyond the gate,
Lurking in the snow,
Murderers were waiting—
Would she bid me go?
Voices whisper in my heart,
No—no—no—"

"If beyond the world
She were called away,
She whom I would die for,
Would she bid me stay?
Voices whisper in my heart,
Nay—nay—nay—"

"If unreasoned things
Chanced and set her free,
Could she be so mad—so mad
As to marry me?
Voices whisper in my heart,
Wait—and—see."

"I HAD finished that one, and was rummaging through the music on the wood-box for another when the sheriff tapped on the open door.

"Well," said I, jumping up, "have you found him?"

"No," said he. And then your Uncle Peter appeared, fully dressed, I was pleased to see.

"What were you doing up at so late an hour?" your great-uncle asked.

"Reading 'The Wealth of Nations,'" I said.

"He asked me if I had been in the library all the time. I thought a moment, as if wishing to be quite sure of my statement, and said 'yes.' Your great-uncle turned to the sheriff.

"You see," he said, "she has been in here the whole time. And furthermore," and he looked about the room, "there's not so much as a dark corner for a man to hide in."

"No," said the sheriff. He looked puzzled. Presently he walked, somewhat gingerly, to one of the windows. "Come out of that!" said he, and flung back the curtains. He repeated that performance at the other two windows. Then he came back, looking sheepish. "What is that?" he said—more I have always thought to cover his embarrassment than for any other reason. He was pointing straight at the wood-box.

My heart began to bump around in my body like a portmanteau falling downstairs. But I made the great effort of my lifetime, and said:

"That—is—a wood-box."

"I don't wish to make trouble," said the sheriff, "but may I move this music—just to satisfy myself?"

"I had myself well in hand again, and I said:

"Of course. But I looked in the box myself not twenty minutes ago." And I said to your great-uncle, "shut the door into the hall, Peter. There is a draught."

"I HAD a little sewing table in the embrasure of the window by which the Frenchman had entered. In the lower drawer—there were two—I kept my papa's pistols, loaded. I could hear the sheriff moving my music from the wood-box; I looked over my shoulder at him; he was nearly finished. And I hadn't a moment to lose. But I could think of nothing—nothing. I looked out of the window. I don't know why. The moon had set. It was very dark. I filled my lungs full and gave vent to the most terrible screech that any Christian had screeched up to that time since the days of Nero. Then I threw open the window and sprang out onto the balcony.

"That way!" I screamed—"that way, you fools—through the hedge—help—help—murder—fire!"

Aunt Paulina licked her lips with a sardonic and sphinxlike expression.

"I was just in time," she went on, "to prevent the sheriff opening the wood-box. He came running to the window.

"YOU saw some one?" said he. "Where?"

"My God!" I cried, "he was here—here on this balcony. When I saw him, and screamed, he jumped. Look! look! there's blood on this pane!"

"It must have been the pane upon which the Frenchman had tapped.

"The sheriff didn't waste much time over the bloody finger marks.

"Which way did he go?" he asked.

"Into the garden hedge," said I. "Then I lost sight of him. It is so dark."

"Well," said the sheriff, "if he made this jump I can." He put his hand on the balcony railing and vaulted out into the night. But the ground was frozen and he broke his leg. Served him right!" said my great-aunt Paulina once more licking her lips, "mussing up my music and all!

"But we had to bring him into the house, and send for the doctor, and it was three o'clock in the morning before your great-uncle and I could put out the lights in the library and go to bed. Of course any going to bed that I did

was but a part and parcel of still more play-acting. I knew that shortly after daylight Sam would begin to carry wood from the cellar to fill the library wood-box. And I was determined that whoever should eventually discover the Frenchman, it should not be a servant. So when the house was quiet I whisked out of bed and back to the library. It was pitch dark, but I had little difficulty in finding the wood-box.

"THE Frenchman was pretty sick, what with jeopardy and bad air. And it was the most I could do to get him up to the attic. I couldn't exactly carry him, and he couldn't exactly walk. But he revived in the attic; the air in that place would have revived a mummied Pharaoh of blessed memory. And he said: 'I have upset all your domestic arrangements; deprived you of sleep—'

"'It will not be the first time,' I said. 'Here are buffalo robes. I advise you not to move about or you will be heard.'

"'Tell me,' he said, 'what inspiration caused you to scream when they were about to discover me?'

"And I told him, which was true, that the scream had been genuine despair, and the not knowing what to do; but that it had of itself inspired the rest.

"'You are safe enough for the present,' I said. 'As for the future I will do what I can.'

"'But,' said he, 'you do not even ask me what I have done to be in these straits.'

"'That is because I do not wish to know.'

"'But,' said he, 'you will hear from others—and perhaps be inclined to withdraw your protection.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'what have you done?'

"'I HAVE killed three old men and an old woman,' said he, 'in cold blood.'

"'Were they French people?' I asked.

"'The three old men,' said he, 'served at one time in Sansterre's drum corps.'

"'And the old woman?' I asked.

"'She was a shoemaker's wife,' said he, and he shuddered.

"'That being the case,' said I, 'I will

not withdraw my protection at this time.'

"'Thank you,' he said, 'you always understand.'

"'Yes—yes,' said I, 'when I have the facts I usually do understand.'

"'I protest,' said he. 'I beg you not to go into that—'

"'Fortunately for me,' I said, 'I never did go into it—*too* deep.' And I left him, all snugly nested in the buffalo robes."



"That way!" I screamed—"that way, you fools—through the hedge—help—murder—murder—fire!"

AUNT PAULINA did not speak for some time. She appeared as one lost and groping in the mists of reminiscence. "I managed to keep him in the house," she finally went on, "until the spring thaw was over and the roads were in order. It would have been murder to have turned him away at any time. The whole countryside was in arms against him; every vessel to leave the country was searched. My own house was searched twice

more. The second time decided me.

"'If,' I said to your Uncle Peter, 'my reputation is not good enough to prevent my neighbors from thinking me a harbinger of criminals, I will go somewhere else to live.'

"Your great-uncle laughed. He touched on the difficulty of uprooting so ancient a tree from the soil in which it had grown; he pointed out that such affairs were legion, and not to be wound up; that he himself was in a fair way to go into politics.

"'If I say that I will go, Peter,' I said, 'I will go.' In the event your great-uncle flew into a passion, and swore that I should not. But nothing came of that.

"WE moved West in two parties. In the first your great-uncle and your great-aunt Mary, with the children and the china. In the second myself, the Frenchman and the silver. The Frenchman traveled in the wood-box which I had pierced here and there with an auger. You may see the holes for yourself. It was a difficult piece of legerdemain to keep all knowledge of him from the teamsters, servants and canal-boat hands. But I was a very capable manager in my day—as your great-uncle's public record proves.

"There happened to be a small vessel about to sail for South America, so I made arrangements with the captain, gave the Frenchman what money I could spare, and—let him go."

My great-aunt shut her jaws with a snap. And I knew by experience that it would be difficult to get anything further out of her. But I said: "Aunt Paulina, there are two points." I walked to the wood-box, opened the lid,

and looked in.

"Yes—yes," she said, "I remember. There were blood stains in the box. Isn't there also a nail sticking inward—at the left end?"

"Yes," I said, "there is—the stump of one anyhow."

"I tore my arm on it," she said, "so that when Sam came to fill the box with wood, and to comment on the blood stains, I had an answer for him."

Continued on page 181.

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Then," said Jeffrey, "when you found out where she was and went to Beech Hill, it wasn't because Miss Meredith was there. But why had Irene gone to Beech Hill? Was it Miss Meredith that was with her? Or was it—Dr. Crow?"

"Both I think. Miss Meredith first and the money—that was the big thing, but the other was in it. That's why, at last—"

He broke off again, panting.

"You went to Beech Hill," said Jeffrey. "And you found Irene there. How did you do that? She was hidden."

Barton's eyes widened in a frightened stare. "How did you know that?" he demanded.

"She was hidden in the room where we found you to-night. Crow knew she was there, of course. Did Miss Meredith or any one know?"

"Miss Meredith saw her," said Barton slowly and breathlessly. "But she didn't know she was there."

"Saw her," I echoed, "but didn't know she was there?"

"Yes, yes," said Jeffrey. "That's what he means. That's it."

He glanced at Barton, expecting him to go on, but his eyes had dropped shut and his breathing was pretty faint. "Take a few minutes to rest," said Jeffrey. "There's lots of time."

Then he turned to Gwendolyn, Jack, and me. "Don't you see?" he said. "Aren't you beginning to get the pattern now? Most of Crow's story was true. The old lady had come back with the delusion that she had killed her niece. Crow found the photograph and explained the delusion, but he couldn't be sure the girl was dead. He never had any valid assurance, or he wouldn't have been so keen to find out whether I mightn't have seen her in Paris."

"But he did a clever thing, substi-

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house.

tuting the photograph. He must have thought then that he had all the cards in his hands. Exactly how the discovery came to him that he hadn't, I don't know. It's possible that the girl made a first attempt at recovering her own name and position and her rightful share—mind you, it was rightfully hers—of her aunt's property, by some perfectly direct and honest course. She may have written to Miss Meredith—may have attempted to see her, only to find all those attempts frustrated by Crow's watchfulness.

"That's pure guesswork. But then she hung out the lure we know about, and it worked. She got Miss Meredith to come to the Barton's just once, and once was enough. That brought Crow to his knees. He found her and made a bargain with her. Perhaps Barton's story will help us conjecture what the terms of that bargain were. Certainly there was a good basis for bargaining, because there was enough for both of them.

"Anyway, she was to come to Beech Hill—not as a living person, but as a ghost. She was to haunt that old woman, probably direct her actions with all the authority that visitors from the spirit world are supposed to possess, and she was to play into Crow's hands. The only thing I don't understand is how she quite dared to bargain with Crow. She knew he was dangerous."

"She dared anything," said Barton faintly, "and she was clever enough, too. You're right about what she did, but I don't see how you could find it out."

"How did you find it out?" said Jeffrey. "That is what I am curious about."

"I'll tell you what happened," he said. "I can go on now."

It was two or three minutes, though, before he did go on, and when he began to speak again he seemed to be hesitating—not like one who is invent-

ing, but like a witness, very careful for the truth.

"I traced her to Oldborough," he said, "and made sure she had gone to Beech Hill. I heard about the place from townspeople—how remote and lonely it was, and, of course, I knew that would make it harder for me to get a chance to see her and talk to her.

"But it seemed they had great trouble keeping servants. I am an experienced indoor servant myself. It was what I found out about smart people from being a butler that started me in the spiritualist business. So that seemed to be my chance. There were people who said that the old lady was crazy, but the general opinion seemed to be that she had her own way when Crow wasn't about.

"So I waited until he drove into town one day, apparently bound for the city, and then I went to Beech Hill and applied for a position as butler. Miss Meredith hired me—seemed mighty glad to get me. She told me to serve dinner that night in her sitting-room.

"She wasn't expecting Dr. Crow to come back, I am sure. He did come back, though, just before dinner-time. But he didn't see me, as I was in the pantry getting Miss Meredith's dinner ready to serve.

"I heard the car drive up, and I supposed it was him come back, but I didn't know for sure until I knocked on the door of Miss Meredith's upstairs sitting-room. And then I heard him talking to her. She called to me to come in, and I entered with the dinner.

"He started right out of his chair at the sight of me, turned his back towards her, and stood staring at me with the most devilish look I ever saw in a man's face. He asked me in a low sort of voice who I was and what I was doing there, though I think he knew the answer to both questions. I didn't say anything, and, as I expected, she answered.

"'Oh,' she said, 'he's all right. He's the new butler I've engaged.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I will discharge him—now—at once. And the sooner you pack out of here the better it will be for you.'

"Then he turned to Miss Meredith. 'It just happens, luckily enough,' he said, 'that I have seen this fellow before. I know who he is.'

"'I don't care about keeping him,' she said, 'but I want somebody. I'm tired of being so badly waited upon.'

"Then she turned to me. 'Serve my dinner, Barton,' she said, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"She was sitting at a center-table out in the room, with her back to one of the doors. The door was shut, I am sure. I turned away to put my tray

down on a side-table and then turned back ready to lay the cloth. I hadn't looked away for more than a few seconds; but when I turned back, there was Irene herself in the room. There hadn't been a sound and there wasn't any now, until Dr. Crow spoke. He wasn't paying any attention to Irene any more than if she hadn't been there. Miss Meredith didn't speak to her either—just sat perfectly still, looking at her in a queer, fixed sort of way.

"Crow said: 'I believe I'll dine with you here, if I may.' And then he turned to me and said: 'Go and attend to it, Barton. I'll serve Miss Meredith.'

"By that time Irene had walked around the table and sat down in the chair that Crow seemed to have meant to take himself. And then I heard Miss Meredith say, in a queer, dry-sounding voice:

"'She's here again. She's sitting in that chair.' And she stretched out her arm and pointed at Irene.

"'In that chair?' said Crow. 'Why, I'll sit in it myself and show you.' He moved again toward the chair where Irene was sitting, saying: 'There's no one here.'

"But before he could lay his hand on the chair-back Miss Meredith screamed. 'Don't touch her,' she said. 'Don't touch her.'

"And Crow, in a soothing sort of way, as though he were just humoring her, said: 'All right. Perhaps she'll go away in a minute.'

"Of course I saw their game in a minute—what they were trying to do with her, and why Crow was so anxious to get rid of me. What I didn't see was why Irene should have come in like that when she knew I was there. But I caught a look that Crow shot at her when he was where Miss Meredith couldn't see his face, and it was perfectly murderous. And then I knew! She had taken me in on it, to give her a hold against Crow. She was afraid of him.

"The hold worked all right. Crow came to me as soon as I had gone down-stairs. He didn't palaver or make any excuse. He simply said that it would be as much as my life was worth to try to break up the game, and that it would be to my advantage if I played it. Of course he didn't want me to go, now that I had found out what the game was.

"I wasn't afraid of him really, and I didn't want the money he offered me, but I did want Irene. I wanted to stay there where I could be a protection to her. I wanted to see her—talk to her. I had a sort of hope that perhaps I could get her to leave the place and come away with me, although I knew in my heart that that was just part of my folly. But I could get no chance to talk to her.

"I saw her nearly every day, but it was always the same as that first time. She'd appear—sometimes in the evening, sometimes in broad day—generally in Miss Meredith's sitting-room. Crow and I would pretend she wasn't there—walk around her, as if she didn't exist. And often the old lady would pretend not to see her, too, and never say a word. Irene would come in for a minute and then disappear again.

"I didn't like the game, but what I liked still less, was Crow's looks. Crow—Crow was beginning to go mad himself, just as I had done. It got so that he couldn't help looking at Irene himself, even when he was pretending she wasn't there. I could tell by her face, too, that she knew what was happening to him. More than that, that she was doing it herself. Oh, I knew her! And I finally made up my mind that I'd find her at any risk and put an end to the game one way or another.

"I did find her. I had been watching Crow. I knew his habits pretty well—knew when he was in his rooms in the east wing of the house and when he wasn't. Finally, one day I let myself into his study with a pass-key. I spent more than an hour there, and I found some queer things among his papers, too, though I didn't care so much about them then. But all at once I heard a sound of some one coming—not by the corridor.

"I made for the corridor door and had just got it open, but hadn't had time to get outside, when the door of his boot-closet opened and Crow stepped out. It was a tiny little closet, and I was sure he hadn't been there all the time I was in his room. Besides, I had heard him coming. So I thought I knew the way to find Irene.

"I made some excuse to Crow about Miss Meredith having told me to find him and about his door being unlocked. I knew very well he didn't believe it, but I didn't care. He didn't seem to care much either about my trespassing, for he started out to find Miss Meredith.

"I pretended to go away, too, but I was back in ten seconds and into his room and into the boot-closet, and there I found a passage that ended at last in the room where Irene was."

We had to give him another few minutes' rest after that. I didn't wonder at the horror I had seen in his face. If he could remember things like that, whose mere recital made my blood run cold!

Finally Jeffrey prompted him. "You found her in the long room. She wasn't dressed—at least not completely. She was sitting on the low stool in front of her dressing-table, looking into her mirror. It was a stormy night, and there was a roar of

rain on the skylight that kept her from hearing you."

We were all staring at him, and I think all our hearts stopped beating for a second when Barton, with a thoughtful nod, said simply, "Yes, it was like that."

"How was she dressed, exactly?" Jeffrey asked.

"When I came in? She was all dressed except the gown."

"The white satin gown?"

"Yes. That's what she always wore when she appeared to Miss Meredith."

"She was getting ready for another appearance, then?"

"Yes."

"How could you be sure, if she hadn't on the gown?"

"She had her face made up very pale and she was doing her hair the way she always wore it at those times. The way it was in the photograph and in the portrait."

"You stood and watched her for a while. Then what did you do?"

"I saw her revolver, a little silver-mounted revolver, lying on the dressing-table beside her. I guess she always had it within reach those days. She hadn't heard me or seen me yet, so I stepped over quickly and picked it up. I don't know whether that frightened her or not, but she didn't show any sign of it—just looked around at me with that queer little smile of hers and said:

"What do you want with that revolver?"

"I said, 'I'm not going to hurt you with it'—and before God, I meant that then. I said, 'I'm just going to have a little talk with you, and I thought we'd leave revolvers out of it. I've got one of my own.' And I pulled it out of my pocket as I said that. It was a big automatic."

"What caliber?" asked Jeffrey.

"Thirty-eight," said Barton. "I laid the two down side by side on the chiffonier and then, to have them out of my reach, as well as hers, I went back to the door. She paid no more attention to me than if I hadn't been there—went on fixing her hair and began humming a little tune. Not very loud, but not so very softly either, in a kind of high, carrying voice. The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the sound of that little French tune filled my ears."

"Stop it," I said, "and listen to me."

"She stopped goodhumoredly enough, looked around at me, and smiled with her eyebrows up. 'Well, big silly,' she asked, 'what do you want to say?'"

"I want you to quit this game," I said. "I want you to get out of here—with me. Put on your own dress

instead of that satin thing and come away."

"Without a single farewell appearance?" she mocked. "That wouldn't be polite. I'll go after that," she said. "Once more, and I'll be through. The game will be played, my good Barton—played and finished to-night."

"Something about her mocking smile maddened me. 'It's finished now,' I said. 'I haven't come here to be made a fool of. I've come to take you away, and you're coming with me. Put on your dress.'

"Still she showed no sign of anger. She went on smiling. 'You're very unreasonable,' she said, 'but you're very big. I'll go with you now, if you want me to. What does Dr. Crow matter?'"

"I tell you I suspected her then. I knew in my mind she was tricking me, and yet I wouldn't believe it."

"She held out her hand to me. 'Come here,' she said.

"I would no more have kept away from her than a bird could keep away from a snake. I started over toward her. She began humming her tune again. Somehow that warned me. I stood still and listened—not to the tune, but for something else, and I heard it behind me—just a faint creak of something.

"I went back all in one jump, catching up one of the revolvers off the chiffonier as I did so, and I got back to the door just in time to feel it pushing open. I put my weight against it and held it.

"She didn't know I had felt the door opening, so she kept up the bluff. 'You're easily frightened for so big a man,' she said. 'What did you think I was going to do to you?' and she took up the tune again.

"Somehow that made me see red. I knew she'd have let me be killed with no more pity than one might feel for a rat in a trap.

"I know what I'm going to do to you," I said, and I fired. And then all the strength went out of me and I leaned back against the door and watched her.

"She gave a little sob of pain and then slipped down quite slowly from the stool to the floor. I'd never seen any one die before. I can see her now as she lay there on the floor—her hand over her heart where I had shot her."

"Was there much blood?" asked Jeffrey.

Barton shook his head. "She had her hand clasped over the wound, I tell you. She was all white—white as marble."

"Which hand?" asked Jeffrey. "Which hand was over the wound?"

It seemed a trivial question to ask, and Barton seemed a little perplexed

by it. "The left," he said presently.

"Yes, the left—of course."

"What did you do then?" Jeffrey asked.

"I tried to get out the door behind me, but I couldn't open it. There was no latch on the inside. So I had to go out the other door. I had to step over her where she lay. I don't remember much after that. There was a queer curved passage around what looked like a tomb, and then rooms—the ordinary rooms of the house. I don't remember where I went."

"What did you do with your revolver?" asked Jeffrey.

"I don't know."

"Which revolver was it you shot her with?"

"I don't know. I saw red, I tell you. I didn't know what I was doing. I remember meeting one of the servants in a corridor. She screamed at the sight of me, but I pointed my revolver at her and told her to be still. And then, somehow, I found myself outdoors—out in the dark, and I began running. Then there was a crash and everything went out. I suppose I must have run into a tree.

"I don't know how long I lay unconscious. The next thing I knew I was back in that room—that horrible room. It was daylight and the house was quite still. There was a terrible throbbing pain in my head. I was lying huddled up in a corner of the room on the floor, and the first thing I did was to look to see if Irene's body was lying there too. But it wasn't. And then I saw her lying on the bed, all dressed in her white satin gown, the body laid out quite straight and the hands crossed on the breast.

"I got up and went over to her. I couldn't keep away. There was a slip of paper lying there between her hands with just a line written on it. It said: 'Dispose of your work and you won't be followed.'"

"Did you know the handwriting?" Jeffrey asked.

"It wasn't handwriting. It had been written on a typewriter."

Somehow, in all that narrative of horror, that one fact stands out grisiest of all—the figure of a man clicking off that message on a typewriter.

"I stayed there all day," Barton went on. "without hearing a single sound. Toward dark I went out and looked about the house. It was empty. Crow, Miss Meredith, even the servants were gone.

"There wasn't any question in my mind of what I had to do. I must take the body to the river. When it had got fully dark, I did it."

"Did you carry the body all the way?" asked Jeffrey.

To be continued.

THE FUNNY BEAST.

YOU wouldn't think it to look at her. But she's a Funny Beast. Ted says so. He's Hilda's two-years-older brother, so of course, being seventeen and a freshman, he knows.

The trouble is her hair—or rather, that's the trouble-indicator. One day it's down, and the black bow is skewgee from basketball. That's the day she tears her new blue skirt with a jagged slit to match her Charlie Chaplinesque language, and gets into hot water over the practising she honest-Anglican meant to do.

Next day you could look under the rugs and behind the wall-paper and you wouldn't find that Hilda anywhere.

The new one has a vanity case—you send 13 cents in stamps but it's sterling, see there on the edge—and she certainly uses it to plusperfection. She wears a narrow velvet band over her classic locks and her rosebud lips can almost say that "Re-al-ly!" in the Londonese that her soul so desires.

On Saturday morning Hilda No. 1 drops out of bed and into one racket after another all day. Whereas on Sunday a brand new Hilda No. 3 wings her way into a hushed household.

This Hilda ought to be called Joan of Arc Atyourservice, of Frances Willard Onthejob. She parts her hair over a high and blueveined brow; she has so meek, so chastened an expression that you instantly yearn to hit her.

Ted likes Hilda No. 1—she's a sport. The other two are the unpardonable twins—vanity and hypocrisy. As for the Dark Adventuress with her hair on a level with the bridge of her nose—aftermath of Beverly In-Vain at the Lyric (5 reels)—she's a scream.

Dad thinks ditto on all counts. When he thinks at all out of office hours.

Yes, Hilda *is* a Funny Beast. Or, as her music teacher less picturesquely puts it, she's a "difficult child."

And yet, come to think of it, it's just like measles, mumps, first-love or homesickness. All the Hildas get it one way or another. And it's called Growing Up.

Heaven's, but it's a hard disease, this growing up! Even Mack feels the pull of it when he changes from a puppy with sixteen paws and three teeth into a watch dog with a collar. You can't just tell what a growing-up-er is going to turn out to be. Even *you* can't, calmly watching on the outside. And how can you expect poor little movie-actress Hilda to know, feverishly pulling on and off characters, and turning over new leaves, and sneaking back to old ones?

Hilda has discovered some shattering things lately.

One of them is her dimple.



SHALL IT BE PEACE?

"A nature such as mine needed some great sin to awaken it to repentance and the need of penance."—Ingebjorg in "The Pretenders."

THERE is no night in heaven. Once in a century, the First Archangel grows tired of the sacred high eternal noon, and he wings his great way out into the still darkness that laps chillily against the bottom of heaven's wall and stretches forever and ever into the ocean of infinity.

A million miles is nothing to him. His clock ticks centuries. His wing-beats shed star-distances. His memory drops back to Tyre and slips forward into the thoughts of the unborn.

One thing alone his eyes have never fathomed because it is unfathomable. That is the heart of God. It is as great a mystery to the First Archangel after milleniums of time as it is to the newest baby crying in the night.

The First Archangel sat on the steep of a burnt out world and gazed into endlessness. There were the far lights of the Milky Way, soft pearl lust against the black plush dark. But farther still, unrecognizable save to eyes eternal-young, grown old with gazing, there was a tiny pinpoint of glow that seemed to focus all his thought.

"Poor world—poor world!" and the Archangel's eyes were deep with pity. "A New Year comes—what will He give the world for New Year's Day?"

Even as he spoke the dark was hattered with a burst of great wings and the Youngest Angel dropped to rest beside him.

"You too?" said the Youngest Angel, "all in heaven are looking upon the earth. And wondering. Tell me, what do you think? Will He give them Peace this year?"

The First Archangel shook his head. "Nay, nay, that were a cruelty. They have not earned it."

"Not earned it? The struggle—the blood—the women slain—the little

children tortured!" the Youngest Angel cried to him. "How could they earn it, think you Gabriel?"

"God knows."

"Then if He gives not Peace," the Youngest Angel said at last, "Will it be one red sleep for all? They cannot fight much longer—can they, Gabriel?"

"God knows."

The long December night dropped deep over the trenches. But the sentries waked, and walked, and watched. In the munition factories the lights flared high. Men worked with starting eyes, nigh dead from weariness. Great airships fanned the dark above the cowering towns that dared not sleep. Behind drawn blinds the diplomats were busy over tumbled piles of papers.

Only in the churches there was no one, or, if perchance some few still lingered below the great stainglass Christ that filled the window, it was to mourn their dead.

"God stands upon the steps of Paradise, waiting," said the First Archangel sadly. "But they do not call."

"Oh let me fly and tell them!" cried the Youngest Angel, "so shall the red earth cool."

"Nay, they have sinned. The call must rise in their hearts, not in thine. They must repent."

"Repent?" the Youngest Angel whispered. "Gabriel, what is that?"

The great Archangel could not say, "They wander, those on earth," he thought, "they run at will. They fall. Bruised, they lift up their eyes, remembering God. God loves them best, I think. He died for them, not us."

"And will He give them this so-strange repentance, Gabriel?" the Youngest Angel's face was awed, "think you He will give it them this New Year's tide?"

"Ay," said the other smiling, "already it is given to some. It only comes through pain. And pain, through sin. That is the mystery of the universe. No heart can know it but the heart of God."

Another is Religion—not the “Now I lay me” kind, but volunteering for the mission field, and dying for your country at the Front, and running away to join the Salvation Army.

She has also discovered Clothes—and that alone is enough to keep any woman gasping for a month.

But her biggest discovery of course is Boys. Not the sort you play with and maybe give 'em one in the eye if they don't play fair. But the other kind that—oh *you* know—long trousers and pompadours, notes and smiles and sharpening your pencils, and even taking you to the Show on some delirious Saturday afternoon if the family 'll only see reason. Think of it—Hilda's discovered what the world's all about, the embryonic impulse that put creation on the swing (only she doesn't know it by its name), and mother, father, Ted and the teachers expect her to be just like Anne, who's eleven and Dutch-cut!

Hilda needs a lot of watching these days, and mighty little meddling. She needs praying for, not preaching at. And trimming her a hat, with love stitched into the crown of it, is a hang sight better investment than reading her a lecture.

Above all she requires that her elders shall do a little remembering, a little road-to-yesterdaying, all in the back of their minds.

They'll return with a bunch of forgetmenots and a crooked little smile—a sad little, crooked little smile. Hilda is a Funny Beast. So were we, so were we. The world looks very big and very noble and wonderful and worth-while and sure-to-win-in, as Hilda experiments with being a Society Leader, or the Navy Blue Corporal selling *War Cries*.

Yes, and the world looked big and wonderful and sure-to-win-in a good many years before there was any Hilda. It looked that way to brown eyes, as well as blue. The brown were ours.

They've cried since then, those eyes; they've smiled when they shouldn't; they've stared cynically perhaps when they ought to have softened. They've a good deal to repent of, one way and another, since the wonder-world time—

And as for all those roseate visions of success and sainthood—

Poor Hilda Funny-Beast, dear kiddie Hilda!

CHAMPLAIN

QUEBEC is a city that sprouts monuments in every square. Its whole soil, from Citadel Hill to Sous le Cap, is fifty feet deep in history, and monuments are the natural crop. If the soil were Anglo-Saxon straight, this mightn't be so, but French-Canadian loam, like that to the south of the Boundary Line, has a sort of spontan-

eous and charming theatricality of emotionalism about it.

But the monument builders it seems to me made one mistake, and that was with Champlain. He's a hero of mine, that debonair adventurer with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, equally loved and used weapons.

Champlain would never have carried the poor old Stadacona chiefs to Paris as Jacques Cartier did. Champlain would never have looked at the Hill of High Hope, and then gone back hull down, to the east. Champlain planted the cross. Then he took a trowel from under his velvet cloak and he planted flowers. He sent over the grey Atlantic for his gay little brave little lady, and he built a house hard by the flower garden for love of her.

Yes. He was a home-man. But there was ever the far look in his eyes. The mighty river came down and down—from whence? The sighing woods stretched back and back—how far? The blue-blue skies of New France went up and up to God.

To explore—to know more and more—to preach farther and farther and to stranger tribes and stranger still—that was what had driven Champlain across the leagues of grey water.

And then the monument builders, the sleek now-a-days people—they gave him to us, courteously, with his hat off, gazing at the east wing of the Chateau Frontenac, as though he'd just rung for tea!

They wanted him to look down over Quebec perhaps, to see the prosperous and steep-lying town, the charming wonder-built town that had grown from his garden. But didn't they know he'd have left it, when it was builded and safe, and gone north, or west, or—that's it—*east again!*

Don't you see him facing Franceward? All that he loved is threatened on the torn hills and in the smoke-dimmed valleys of his native land. He would be looking eastward for the grey transports to come stealing up-river in the dawn—he would be donning the stiff khaki and a trim service cap in place of his plumes.

Turn him round, you monument builders. Face him to France!

The Man Who Made The 53rd

Continued from page 160.

One wonders whether it is so with the new Kitchener armies. Does the 'stenth battalion of the 1st Loyal North Berkshires remember Oudenarde or Maiwand? This much is certain that the new battalions of Canada's

army are going into action determined to hold up the name of their unit, the reputation of their C. O., and the pride of their home towns in their sons who have gone forth to do their bit. So that the particular driving force which decided that no more battalions were to go to the front as units, but that only drafts would be sent, did in that moment more harm to the spirit of the men already in training and more harm to recruiting than it could have accomplished in any other way. After all, it must be a bit trying to have to go into a charge alongside of men one hasn't seen before and under officers who know not whence one comes, nor what one can do.

It is stated that this method is going to be changed. It is to be hoped so by all who have the interests of Canada at heart, and who wish to see her properly represented in the firing line. Especially so is this the fact in the case of commanding officers, and at this writing no officer can be called to mind in this country whose lawyers, bankers, homesteaders, and lumberjacks will follow him into the hottest action, more readily than the 53rd Overseas Battalion will follow its Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. R. Max Dennistoun.

A Son of His Father

Continued from page 160.

score ought to be twenty or two hundred, Sheppard made haste to answer that he would hardly like to say, never having seen the Garden City links. This apparently impressed the editor as the caution of a good golfer, and he volunteered the information, with some pride, that he usually made the round in about eighty-four. Sheppard heartily commended this score, and having gathered that skill at golf is indicated by few instead of many strokes, he modestly remarked that he doubted if he could go around in less than ninety-six. He was engaged and sent that afternoon to report a tournament at Atlantic City. On the way to the train he bought a book on golf. At the club house on the Atlantic City course the expert writers eyed him coldly, as an interloper, but he fortunately fell in with a University of Toronto man who was playing. To the latter he unbosomed himself, and that night telegraphed to his paper a long report based upon the information supplied by his fellow Canadian, and bristling with technicalities from the book. Most of the report was printed, and thus Sheppard took his place among the expert chroniclers. He kept it for a year and then returned to the newspaper fold of his native land.

Canada's Second Winter of the War

Continued from page 139.

owned the most uniformly flourishing country under the sun. The year 1914 was our record trade year showing an increase over 1913 of \$44,480,276. We were getting ready to compete with the world not only in crop-raising but in manufactures and exports, the latter having increased 21.8 per cent. in a twelvemonth. Factories and plants of all kinds were springing up in every province, and enterprising capitalists from the States and from oversea were arriving at frequent intervals bringing new industries with them and lengthy pay-rolls. We had crossed the threshold of a business progression that promised never-ending good times.

When the shadow of the war is lifted, big business will return. Devastated Europe, when the smoke clears away, will remember the limitless resources of our untapped hinterland, and the old stream of immigration will flow again in vaster volume than in 1912-13, when nearly half a million people came here to grow up with the country.

Canada, which is almost as large as Europe, is as big as 18 Germanies, and only a fraction of her tillable land has been touched as yet. Her advantages include everything most desired by the migrating millions of all nations.

When the factories in our midst now making shells and motor trucks and other equipment for the battle front, are needed no more by the war department, we shall resume our trade and manufacturing activities of 1913-14 on a bigger scale than ever. We have only been interrupted in our multifarious enterprises by the Kaiser's schemes of aggression. After we have had a settlement with Teuton and Turk that will make militarism hated by humanity for many generations to come, we shall return to our wholesome pursuits of development and expansion.

Canada still leads the world as a Land of Promise. We are fighting today to guarantee for our children's children that this shall also continue to be a Land of Liberty in which the manhood and womanhood of the future shall enjoy equal chances to seek and find ambition's golden objective—Opportunity!

Alienating Mr. Armstrong

Continued from page 142.

country, Tina, I am, truly," he said boyishly. "I've had such bully times in it. And I—I rather had the idea that we liked the same things."



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"Gracious!" the young lady murmured, "after the arguments we've had over plays and actors!"

"Oh, well, I suppose girls are all alike. But I mean other things——"

"Where did you do the Pirates?" Brother inquired politely.

"What? Where did I—oh, to be sure," he returned good-naturedly. "We had an enormous cellar, all full of pillars, to hold it up, and queer little rooms and compartments in it; a milk room and vegetable bins and a workshop. You could ride on a wheel all round, dodging the pillars. Cracky, but it was a corking place for a rainy

Saturday! There were all kinds of places to lie in wait there, and spring out. Win told us an awful thing out of Poe that happened in a cellar and Thea would never go there after four in the afternoon.

"It was a jolly old place," he went on dreamily, "I can't keep my mind off it this afternoon, somehow, since I've seen you fellows rigged out the way we used to. And there was a pond back in the Christmas Tree Lot like this one. Ridge and I built a raft out there and stayed all day on it. It was something out of one of Clark Russell's books, and Win pushed a barrel out





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almost on the young man's knee, her eyes were big with sympathy.

"Lost his leg," he told her briefly. "South Africa. Above the knee. He ran away from college to go. He had the fever badly, too, and he'll never be fit for much again, I'm afraid. But he's just as brave about it—"

"Oh, yes," Brother burst out eagerly "I bet you he is!"

"We had such plans," he said softly, "all of us, you know, for coming back to the old place and ending up there. Win says her kids shall stay there if she can't."

"Where is she?"
"Oh, she's most anywhere. Her husband's in the Navy—India Squadron—and she hangs about where he's likely to strike the country next. She was in Honolulu the last I heard. So she's not likely to do much for the place, you see."

"Where's Thea?" Miss Honey inquired.

"Wha tee?" mimicked the General, with an astounding similarity of inflection.

The young man threw his light cap at the baby's head; it landed grotesquely cocked over one eye, and the General, promptly sitting upon it to protect himself against further attacks, fell into convulsions of laughter as the young man threatened him.

"Thea's out West, on a ranch just out of Edmonton. She was married first, and her boys have ponies now—broncos. Of course it's fine for them out there, but she says she won't be happy till they can get East for a year or two. She wants them to see the place and grow up a little in it. She wants 'em to see the attic and poke about the barn and the stable and climb over the rocks. You see they're on the ranch all summer and in school in Edmonton all winter, and Thea says they don't know the look of an old stone wall with an apple tree in the corner. She says the fruit's not nearly so nice out there."

"Where is the place? Near here?"

"No, not so very. It's in West York. Father's practice was there, and grandfather's, too. Grandfather built it."

"That's where Lenox is, West York, isn't it?" the lady inquired with a yawn.

"Heavens, it's nothing like Lenox!" he assured her hastily.

"No?" she moved slightly and scowled.

"My foot's asleep! That comes of sitting here forever!"

SHE got up slowly and with little tentative gasps and cries stamped her prickled feet.

"Aunty has several customers who go to Lenox"—a vicious stamp—"it



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and rescued us. She was a wonder, that girl."

He chuckled softly to himself.

"We tried to stock that pond with oysters once, and Ridge and I printed invitations for a clambake on our hand press, on the strength of them, but it was a dreadful waste of money. When we found it wasn't working, Ridge

nearly killed himself diving for 'em, so we could get some good out of 'em. There they lay at the bottom, showing just as plain as possible, but it was no use. Poor fellow, he'll never dive any more."

"IS he—did he—" Caroline had crawled along till her head lay



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must be grand there, I think. One of them, a regular swell, too—she thinks nothing of a hundred and fifty for a dress—a faint stamp and a squeal of anguish—“told her that property was going up like everything around there. You could probably”—a determined little jump—“sell your old place and buy a nice house right in Lenox.”

The young man sat up suddenly. “Sell the place!” he repeated, “sell the place!”

He had been watching her pretty, vexed contortions with lazy pleasure, noticing through rings of cigarette smoke her dainty ankles, white through the mesh of the thin silk stocking, her straight slim back, and the clear flush that deepened her eyes. But now his face changed, and he stared at her in frank irritation.

“Sell the place!” echoed Brother and Miss Honey in horror, and Caroline’s lower lip pushed out scornfully.

The lady stamped again, but not wholly as a therapeutic measure.

“Well, really!” she cried, “anyone would think that these children were your friends, and I was the stranger, from the way you all talk. What is the matter with you, anyway? What are you quarreling about, Rob?”

He looked at her thoughtfully, appraisingly.

“I don’t think we’re quarreling, Tina,” he said, “it’s only that we look at things differently. And—and looking at things in the same way rather makes people friends, you know.”

HE glanced down at the children, close about him now, and then over appealingly at her. But she had moved to a rock a little away from them and now sat on it, her face turned toward the road, leaning on her pale pink parasol; she did not catch the glance.

“What became of the Babe?” Caroline suggested suddenly.

“Babe? She’s—her name’s Margaret—at school now. She’s growing awfully pretty.”

“And is she going back to live at the place, too?” queried the young lady sharply.

“Babe’s going to capture a corporation or a trust or something, and have oceans of money and build on a wing and a conservatory and make Italian gardens, I believe,” he answered, pleasantly enough.

“But I’d just as soon she left the gardens alone,” he went on, “the rest of us like ’em the way they are. There was one separate one on the west side, just for Uncle Robert’s chrysanthemums. He used to work all the morning there and then read in the afternoon. He’d sit on the side porch with his pipe and Donald—he was a old collie—and he did tell the bulliest



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yarns. He helped us with lessons, too. I don’t know what we’d have done without Uncle Rob. Father was so busy—he had a big country practice and he used to get terribly tired—and we went to Uncle Rob for everything. He got us out of more scrapes, Ridge and me—

THERE were tiger lilies in the south garden and lots of clumps of peonies. Grandmother put those there. And fennel and mint. Mother used to like dahlias—it seems as if she



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must have had a quarter of a mile of dahlias, but of course she didn't—all colors. That garden ran right up against the house and directly next to the bricks was a row of white geraniums. They looked awfully well against the red. It's a brick house and the date is in bricks over the door—1840. Of course it's been rented for ten years now, but we have our things stored in the attic and the people are careful and—well, they love the old place, you know, and they keep up the gardens. They wanted to buy when father died and again after mother—

“But Ridge, and I just hung on and leased it from year to year. We always hoped to get it back. And now to think that I should be the one to do it!”

“How are you the one?” Brother inquired practically.

“Why, Uncle Wesley, that ran away to sea—I used to have his room, just over the kitchen, and many a time I've climbed down the side porch just as he did, and run away fishing—Uncle Wesley died in England, last year, and left me considerably more than he'd ever have made if he'd minded grandmother and studied to be a parson. It seems Uncle Rob knew where he was all the time, and wrote him, before he was sick himself, to leave the money to the family, and by George, he did.”

“Lots of the old stuff is there—the sideboard and the library table and grandfather's old desk mother kept the preserves in.”

“I used to lie on an old sofa in the dining-room all hot afternoons, waiting for it to get cool, reading some travel-book, eating summer-apples and listening to Win and Thea practising duets in the parlor. Lord, I can hear 'em now! I'd look out at the brick walls, hot, you know, in the sun, and the pear tree, with the nurse rocking Babe under it, and old Annie shelling peas by the kitchen door, and it all seemed so comfortable—”

HIS eyes were half closed. The children listened dreamily, huddled against him; low red rays crept down from the west-bound sun and struck the little pond to copper, the nicked dishes to silver, the lady's skirt to a peach-colored glory; a little sudden breeze set the red bottle tinkling between the stones. But to the group entranced with memories so vivid that reality blurred before them, the peach and copper glories were ripe fruit against an old brick wall, the tinkle echoed from an old piano in a dim, green-shuttered parlor, and the soft snoring of the General, asleep on the silk motor coat, was the drowsy breathing of a contented little fellow in knickerbockers dreaming in a window seat.

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"Did you ever go to Atlantic City?"
The lady's voice woke them as a gong wakes a sleeper. "Now, that's my idea of the country!"

He stared at her vaguely.

"But—but that's no place for children," he protested. He had hardly grown up at that moment himself.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It's not exactly necessary to have six children, you know," she said, "and then you needn't be worried over a place for them, and can afford to think a little about the place you'd like for yourself."

THE sun was in her eyes and she missed the look in his as he jumped up from the astonished group and seized her wrist.

"Christine, you simply shan't talk that way!" he said. "I don't know what's the matter with you to-day—why are you so different? Are you trying to tease me? Because I might as well tell you right now that you're succeeding a little too well."

The pink parasol dropped between them. Her eyes met his squarely, though her voice shook a little.

"Let my wrist go, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "you hurt me. I assure you I'm not different at all. If you really want to know what the matter with me is, let me ask you if you saw anything out of the way before your friends there interfered?" she pointed to the little group he had left. "We seemed to be getting on very well, then."

His face fell, and she went on more quickly and with less controlled tones.

"You are the one that is different! I have always been just the same—just exactly the same! Ask anybody if I've changed—ask Auntie! 'Tina has the best temper of any girl I know', Auntie always says. But it's just as she warned me. Auntie always knows—she's seen lots and lots of people and plenty of swells, too—it isn't as if you were the only one, Mr. Armstrong!"

He looked curiously at the flushed, lovely face: curiously, as though he had never really studied it before.

"Perhaps—perhaps it is I," he said slowly, "I—maybe you're right. And of course I know—" he smiled oddly at the pretty picture she made—"that I'm not the only one."

Something in his tone irritated her; she unfurled the rosy parasol angrily.

"Auntie said from the beginning you'd be hard to get on with," she flashed out. "She said the second time you came to the house with Mr. Walbridge for his sister's fitting and asked Kitty and I for a ride in the machine, 'I'm perfectly willing you girls should go, for they're both all right and I think the dark one's serious, but—'"



"You discussed me with your aunt, then?"

She looked at him in amazement.

"DISCUSSED you with Auntie?"
"Why, certainly I did. Why shouldn't I? How do you suppose I'm to get anywhere, placed as I am, Mr. Armstrong, unless I'm pretty careful? I've nothing but my looks—I know that perfectly well—and I can't afford to make any mistakes. And Auntie said, 'I think the dark one's serious, Tina, but, I don't know, somehow, I'd keep in with Walbridge. He may not have so much money, but he'll be easier to manage. Armstrong seems like any other gay young fellow, and for all I know he is—he's certainly generous—but I'd rather have you Mrs. Walter Walbridge and lose the family custom, than have you tied up to an obstinate man.'"

"And—excuse me, but I'm really interested," he asked, "could you be Mrs. Walter Walbridge?"

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"Yes, I could," she answered, "he asked me when he lent you the machine. I suppose he thought you might," she added simply.

He drew a long breath.

"And you answered——"

"I said I'd think it over," she said softly. "I—are you really angry with me, Rob? We're friends, aren't we? Friends——"

Her eyes lifted to his. "You see, Rob," she went on, still softly, "a girl like me has to be awfully straight and pretty careful. It's not easy to go to theatres and suppers and out with the machines and keep your head—you can't always tell about men. And I've cost Aunty quite a lot, though of course, my clothes were the cheapest, really, all made in the house. I had two good offers to go on the stage, but she wouldn't have it. And even if Mr. Walbridge's mother did make a fuss, she can't help his getting the money. Of course I told him I'd think it over, but I always liked——"

"And now you've thought it over," he interrupted quickly, "and you've found out that your remarkably able aunt was right. You're a wise little girl, Tina, for if I know Walter, he will be easier to manage! He's a lucky fellow—always was. But he'll never get his car at six to-night."

HE plucked out his watch and strapping up the tea basket began to push the things hastily into it.

She stared ahead of her, her chin shaking a little, her eyes a little dim and most beautiful.

"I—you don't—you're not angry, Rob?" She leaned over him.

"Tina, if you look like that I'll kiss you, and Walter will call me out!" he said lightly. "Of course I'm not angry—we're as chummy as you'll let me be. Come on and find the choo-choo car!"

He slipped his arm through the basket handle and made for his coat. The children scrambled off it apologetically; they were not quite certain where they stood in the present crisis. But he smiled at them reassuringly.

"We'll have to meet again," he called, already beyond them, "and have some more of those little cakes! Good-by till next time!"

"Good-by! Good-by!" they called, and Miss Honey eyeing the pink parasol longingly, ventured, "Good-by, Miss Tina!"

The lady did not answer, but walked slowly after the young man, shaking out her billowy skirts. Soon he was behind the big boulder; soon she had followed him.

"Yady go!" the General announced. "They had a quarrel, didn't they?" Miss Honey queried. "But they made up, so it was all right."

Caroline shook her head wisely.

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"We—ell," she mused, "they made it up, but I don't believe he changed his mind, just the same."

Something puffed loudly in the road, whirred down to a steady growl, and grew fainter and fainter.

"There they go!" Brother cried.

He picked up a bit of bark and tossed it into the little pool.

"I bet you Ridge will be glad to get back to the place," he said.

The Coward

Continued from page 145.

tramp-tramp-tramp from the stonework beneath the slush. Below the river howled at them, flung fistfuls of spume and spray into their faces, struggled to lash across the abutments and douse at them. It was a French river, no one could doubt on which side its sympathies lay. The soldiers were too soaked to mind. At the further end the General halted before a broken goddess, whose nose and arms were

smashed away, whose cheeks were hollowed by the storms of the centuries. In the mist she took on gigantic proportions. The peasant flung herself at those toeless feet, shoving her frozen hands into her breast, gawking up at the plump face of the officer above her. He looked more like a parrot about to squawk than ever. But the soldiers passed him blythely by. They were almost home, almost in sight of fire and dry clothes after this bitter day. Seeing their relief he smiled grimly.

As the last soldier stepped from the bridge a roar, deep and menacing, thundered from the further bank. Through the spray the river leaped. There followed the groan of crumbling masonry—the long-drawn growl of water swallowing at its prey. For a moment all was confusion—up-dashed foam—reverberating vapor—then the spume drifted away. The first arch of the bridge had vanished; the waves tore through the black gap it had left; the river was garlanded with white. In the distance the guns still barked.

The woman gleamed exultant, standing tall and stern before the smashed goddess.

"What's this?" the General leaped from his horse to grab her by the arm, "what's this?—what's this?"

"It was better a woman be lost than a man—France has too few men; so I came. We've followed you since morning, knowing you were lost."

"Lost?—lost?—what are you prating about?"

"You will shoot me now—well, shoot!" she was speaking in French with a respectable accent enough, "My son is the Captain of the band and demanded to lead you here—yonder city is Epernay; Epernay, not Rheims, Epernay with eighty thousand French soldiers inside her walls—but you would suspect a woman less. And you didn't suspect a woman, a stupid coward of a peasant woman. Then I had things against you; for you've killed all my other sons, you Germans, six boys—tall, gallant lads—all dead, dead in battle from your German guns. So I—"

"—trapped me," finished the General furious at his own gullibility. "You'll pay the price."

"I'm not afraid—I wasn't up yonder; but I had to wait for the signal, so I played coward."

"The signal was a donkey's bray?" this was the Captain, speaking in his harsh, prim, official voice.

"Yes. It portended evil—you were right. I led you straight to Epernay and constantly my son signalled that he followed to command the torpedoing of the bridge and the sending of troops from the city." She stopped with an air of utter weariness but added pres-



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ently, "You can shoot now; I've said my prayers."

"I will shoot."

"But, General," the Captain's voice awoke from its officialdom, "we'll be prisoners in ten minutes and when the Frenchies find her dead body—"

"We'll fling it into the river."

"They'll miss her here and—"

"Captain, do your duty."

Slowly the firing platoon crawled to the front; slowly the Captain slid from his saddle. But the sub-lieutenant

dropped onto his knees in the slop of the road and began to repeat his own Lutheran prayers for the dying. The woman gazed at him perplexed, then backed up against the parapet. The tattered goddess above drooped over her with a proud smile, a crushed laurel wreath on the marble knee seemed about to slip down onto the head below. The General recognized the winged Victory for what she was and frowned; the woman recognized her too at the same moment and caught



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the man's look with a gleam of gladness, then dropped her own to the kneeling lad? Her face softened wonderfully.

"One," counted the Captain.

"Vive la Republique!" shrilled the woman, "vive la France!"

"Two," counted the Captain.

A volley ricocheted above their heads; the air thrilled with the dum-dum of bullets; far down the road artillery boomed. The Captain paused in his counting; the pause was filled with the patter of running feet and the blurred landscape packed itself with half-seen forms. A voice called in French across the distance.

"You are my prisoners," shouted the voice.

"Thank God," cried the Captain.

"Amen and Amen," chorused the firing squad.

But the woman sank down against the parapet of the bridge shaking with sobs. She wept on and on and on.

The Prairie Wife

Continued from page 153.

"Hang him, of course," was the curt answer.

Then I sat down to think things over, and, like an old maid with the vapors, decided I wouldn't be any the worse for a cup of good strong tea.

TO cheer up Dinky-Dunk I privately planned a celebration of his birthday. Of course he never dreamed that I still had \$200 from my poor little nest egg laid away. I ordered a gramophone, opera records, a smoking jacket, a brand new Stetson, a set of Herbert Spencer, a sepia print of Mona Lisa, a set of bed springs and three dozen little candles for the birthday cake. Then I was cleaned out—every blessed cent gone. I had Olie, our silent, faithful, uncouth Swede, secretly team this array to Percy's shack.

On the fatal day as soon as Dinky-Dunk was out of sight, I drove Tumble Weed and Bronk to Percy's to bring the things home. Then I spoil the whole beautiful plan. I forgot to tie the horses and while I was having tea with Percy, the broncs hit the trail for home. Percy and I searched until we were so stiff and tired we simply had to give up. Percy worried, of course, for we had no way of sending word to Dinky-Dunk. Then we sat down and talked over possibilities, like a couple of castaways on a Robinson Crusoe island. Percy offered to bunk in the stable, and let me have the shack. But I wouldn't hear of that. In the first place, I felt pretty sure Percy was what they call a "lunger" out here, and I didn't relish the idea of sleeping in a tuberculous bed. I asked for a

blanket and told him that I was going to sleep out under the wagon, as I'd often done with Dinky-Dunk. Percy finally consented, but this worried him too. He even brought out his "big-game" gun, so I'd have protection, and felt the grass to see if it was damp, and declared he couldn't sleep on a mattress when he knew I was on the hard ground. I told him that I loved it, and to go to bed for I wanted to get out of some of my armour-plate. He went, reluctantly.

It was a beautiful night, and not so cold, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring. I lay looking out through the wheel-spokes at the Milky Way, and was just dropping off when Percy came out again. He was in a quilted dressing-gown and had a blanket over his shoulders. It made him look for all the world like Father Time. He wanted to know if I was all right, and had brought me out a pillow—which I didn't use. Then he sat down on the prairie-floor, near the wagon, and smoked and talked.

Percy asked me if I'd ever seen Naples at night from San Martino and I asked him if he'd ever seen Broadway at night from the top of the Times Building. Then he asked me if I'd ever watched Paris from Montmartre, or seen the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum bathed in Lucanian moonlight—which I very promptly told him I had, for it was on the ride home from Pstæum that Theobald Gustav had proposed to me. We talked about temples and Greek gods and the age of the world and Indian legends until I got downright sleepy. Then Percy threw away his last cigarette and got up. He said "Good night"; I said "Good night;" and he went into the shack. He said he'd leave the door open, in case I called. There were just the two of us, between earth and sky, that night, and not another soul within a radius of seven miles of any side of us. He was very glad to have some one to talk to. He's probably a year or two older than I am, but I am quite motherly with him. There is something so absurd about his being where he is that I feel sorry for him.

WHEN I woke up it was the first gray of dawn. Two men were standing side by side looking at me. One was Percy. The other was Dinky-Dunk himself. He had been riding all night looking for his lost wife. He didn't even smile at finding me under the wagon. For the first time in our married life, I thought I saw distrust on Dinky-Dunk's face. That night his enthusiasm for his birthday cake and presents was forced. He took my hand with an effort, after some tremendous inward struggle which was not altogether flattering to me. I had



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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

no explanations to make, so I made none. After I finished my work I defiantly got out George Meredith and read "Modern Love."

Before we were running smoothly again, before our silent antagonism dissolved in our daily intimacies of work, a most terrific explosion occurred. It came about this way. A few weeks before Christmas, Dinky-Dunk found he had to hurry off to British Columbia to sell his timber rights there in order to meet his land payments. I kept a stiff upper lip and in spite of a chill at my heart said that I wouldn't mind a Christmas alone.

With Dinky-Dunk gone I was terribly lonely. Then I began to worry about Percy—he was so shockingly incompetent as a homesteader. So I rode over to the old Titchborne Ranch with my little jumper sleigh. There I found Percy in a pitiable condition. There was nothing to do but bundle him up and bring him straight home with me. Pneumonia I think it was, and for two weeks Olie and I had all we could do to pull him through.

I COULD never have survived the last week without Olie. He was as watchful and ready as a farm collie. Percy tried so hard to be cheerful and was so grateful for every little thing. But I longed for Dinky-Dunk to tell me what to do. I wanted my Dinky-Dunk. It's only once every century or two that God makes a man like him. I wanted to be a good wife. My Dinky-Dunk would need me during the coming year and it would be a joy to help him. For I loved that man—I loved him so much it hurt.

At last my patient was up and about, looking like a different man. He showed the effects of my forced feeding. He decided to go to Santa Barbara for the winter and I thought he was wise. One afternoon I togged out in my furs, took the jumper and went kiting over to the Titchborne Ranch. Oh, what a shack! What disorder, what untidiness, what spirit-numbing desolation! I didn't blame poor Percival Benson for clearing out for California. I got what things he needed, however, and went kiting home again. That night I helped him pack.

AFTER supper Percy was sitting beside the stove in slippers and dressing gown, solemnly reading aloud while I squatted in front of the fire idly poking at the red coals, when the door opened and in the doorway, staring at us, with an expression that would have done credit to the Tragic Muse, was Dinky-Dunk. He was too weather-beaten ever to turn white. He was the color of a tan shoe. I imagine Enoch Arden wore much the same look when he piped the home circle after that prolonged absence of his.

Then Dinky-Dunk did a most unpardonable thing. He backed out of the shack, slammed the door and climbed in the sleigh which he had not even unhitched. I tried to comprehend his utter lack of comprehension. I didn't want my husband to go. I followed him into the bitterly cold night. "Haven't you," I demanded, "haven't you any explanation for acting like this?" He glared at me with hate in his eyes. Without making or demanding any explanation he drove away.

It was almost morning when I fell asleep. When I awoke, Percival Benson Woodhouse was gone, bag and baggage, without a word. Olie had driven him in to the station. In the hard, cold light of the winter morning, I faced the hard, cold facts and decided that Percy had done the right thing. The whole thing was so absurd, so unreasonable, so unjust. Life is so natural and normal and big out on the prairie that there is no place for that nonsense of "the other man" or "the other man's wife." You want your own husband, your own wife, and want her so bad you're satisfied.

DURING that long, lonely day I was as blue as indigo and as spiritless as a wet hen. I had married Dinky-Dunk knowing no more of his idiosyncrasies than a sparrow on a telegraph wire knows the Morse Code thrilling along under its toes. But I had undertaken a job of *loving* my husband as well as of working with him. And I didn't want to lie down on my job. From my mixture of feelings that day, only one survived: I could never be happy without my Dinky-Dunk.

When Olie returned in the evening, Dinky-Dunk was with him. Naturally Olie had found him and explained everything. Dinky-Dunk was awkward and contrite. He always imagined himself complex but no one can be complex who lives long on the prairie. Dinky-Dunk really was elemental and as simple as a child and I loved him for it. But I felt humiliated and vengeful. That whole day following I didn't speak to him.

However, it its terribly hard to be tragic in a two by four shack. You miss the dignifying touches. And you haven't much leeway for the bulky wings of grandeur. After supper when Dinky-Dunk was wiping dishes for me, he suddenly said, "Oh, hell, what's the use." With that very profane ejaculation the barriers were down. Our butter dish was broken in the collision. I gave up, supremely and ridiculously happy.

OF course there were other explosions after this but they were of minor importance—such as my revolt when I first knew that wee Dinky-Dunk was



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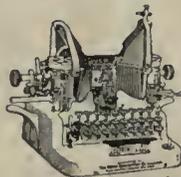
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coming. Again later in the spring, when I felt odd pangs of jealousy needle through me at Olga's beauty. Yet how could I blame any man for letting his eyes rest on the milky white column of her neck. True, Olga was only our Finnish maid of all work when she was not helping in the fields. Yet she was a sort of miracle, a Brunhild with cowhide boots. Her eyes were pools of peace and calm. The very milkiness of her skin was an advertisement of the queenly and all conquering vitality that lifted her above the ordinary ruck of humanity. A sea of wheat was the perfect frame for that massive, benignant figure of hers. She was an integral part of the prairie, as essentially maternal as the soil she turned up with her plow.

She kindled Percy's imagination when he returned to his ranch after the winter at Santa Barbara. He first saw her when she was swinging home with her team like a Valkyrie on a cloud. What a direct opposite she was to him in every way, with his thin, over-sensitive face, high arched, over refined nose, and narrow, stooping, over delicate shoulders! I marveled at the wisdom of old Mother Nature who so plainly propelled him toward the revitalizing, rebarbarianizing influence of Olga.

Olga would change him as the prairie and my prairie man had changed me. A year ago I was like hundreds of city women I knew, crazy squirrels on their crazy treadmill of amusements. Out here, a dot in the midst of miles and miles of emptiness, I am a queen, who if she has little ease, at least has much honor. I have faced real things, blizzards and prairie fires, discomforts and possible failure. Dinky-Dunk and I have kept our souls alive. We have escaped the twentieth century strain and dislocation in the relationship between city men and women.

THE prairie brings a great peace to my soul. It is so rich, so maternal, so generous. It seems to brood under a passion to give, to yield up, to surrender all that is asked of it. Now I too am one of the mystic chain and no longer the idle link. I am a mother. We are our own little world just now self contained, rounded out, complete. Olga and Percy are to be married. The harvest is past. By this time next year Dinky-Dunk will be called one of the Wheat Kings of the West. What more can life hold for a great, healthy hulk of a woman like me?

As I muse, wistfully sad for the happy year that is gone, I hear, king-like and imperative through the quietness of the shack, the call of my beloved little tenor robusto—and if wee Dinky-Dink's voice is the voice of hunger it is also the voice of hope.

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Woodbox

Continued from page 163.

"The other point," I said, "is much more important. Who was the Frenchman, and in short, Aunt Paulina, what was the whole story?"

But she would not answer me on this.

ONE day, not so long after, I went in to visit her, and we talked at some length of Emerson, Hawthorne (Daniel, as she persisted in calling him), and Poe. "How would you like it," she asked suddenly, "if I repeated my favorite lines for you?"

"I am listening," I said. And she repeated:

"My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting or never
Regretting its roses,
Its old agitations
Of myrtle and roses.

For now while so quietly

Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it of pansies.

A Rosemary odor
Commingled with pansies
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan Pansies."

Her old lips trembled, and the mists gathered in her eyes. Fearing some demonstration of feeling which might embitter her remaining days, I made haste to antagonize her, and to arouse her partisan spirit. "They are by Emerson, aren't they?" I said.

"By that long-legged, cabbage-headed, bean eater!" she exclaimed. "I should rather think they are not by Emerson! They are by the man whom Emerson called the 'Jingle Man.' I gave Emerson a piece of my mind once on that subject, I can tell you."

"What did you say, Aunt Paulina?"

"I forget now," said she. "Anyway the man's dead—quite dead, I fancy. He has had his day, like Guy Fawkes, and all the other bugaboos."

"But the angel Israfil," I said. "He isn't dead—not yet?"

For once in my life she gave me a look that was not unmingled with gratitude.

"No," said she, "for his heart strings are a lute."

Unknown Treasure

Continued from page 147.

A small cabinet in the hall houses an interesting collection of beautifully-bound prayer books and Testaments. One of the favorite prayer books is rather profusely illustrated. "Some of the young ladies say," Mr. Barnett volunteers again, "that when I tire of the sermon I amuse myself looking at the pictures." Curiously enough, the cabinet just mentioned contains as



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THE gratifying success of John's suggestion for a white dining room led to its adoption for other rooms. It was found to be true that

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FIRST PRIZE
For the Best Reply
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JOHN BROWN owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and wrote the name of each article on the outside. Only he mixed up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the words Raisins until they read "Si Rains." Then he



FIRST PRIZE

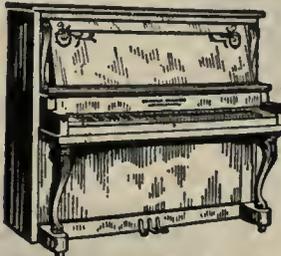
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FIFTH PRIZE
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SEVENTH PRIZE
Magnificent Ideal Kitchen
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THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

If your answers gain 120 points you will win First Prize

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers, are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given,—just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more out of a name.

The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance, 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten points given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle out your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced they will want it every month.

If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answer and your name and address, must be on a separate sheet.
2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget to add war tax stamp.
3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, also their relations and friends are not allowed to compete.
4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.
5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.
6. Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded in any one family or household.
7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry, 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, hand writing, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.
8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which will be sent without charge, to three or four friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe. For this service the company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win.
9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

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Address your replies to the CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 121 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

well several unexpurgated editions of old works which would create some thing of a furore if put into general circulation to-day.

The value of Mr. Barnett's library does not lie altogether in books. For years he has been accompanying his current reading with systematic clipping and has accumulated a horde of material which, though partially indexed, even he himself can scarcely realize its full extent. "That part of my work has produced such a wealth of material," he says, "that it long ago outgrew the facilities I have here and a good deal of it has been relegated to the coach house." This material is valuable now. What will it be a hundred years hence?

Mr. Barnett's library is all the more remarkable from the fact that it is the product of only a comparatively few years of collecting. One would naturally suppose that early tendencies and literary influences had led to his love for art and literature. In view of this, the story he tells with some hesitancy, for he is exceedingly modest, is rather surprising.

At the age of fourteen he started on the railways in England, coming to Canada two years later. He worked his way upward; first to a drawing bench in the draftsman's office, then to the chief draftsman's chair and later stepped into the position of master mechanic of the old Midland road. In those days he was rather closely associated for several years with Sir Joseph Hickson and an energetic young man who later became widely known as Senator George A. Cox. After the Midland was absorbed by the Grand Trunk, Mr. Barnett was moved to Stratford, coming about 1881, and he held the position of master mechanic in the shops there till his retirement, several years ago. Since that time he has devoted himself largely to the accession of his library.

It is a remarkable fact, also, that while engrossed so largely as collector and student Mr. Barnett has preserved a most energetic interest in public affairs. He is anything but bookish, has a fund of characteristic humor, and a host of stories about his books, which, compounded with the grist of book lore he can pour out on occasion, makes his conversation delightful; but aside from this again, he stands as a valued and thoroughly public-spirited citizen. Quite naturally he has taken a large interest in the development of Stratford's public library, has been a member of the board of that worthy institution since its inception, and took an influential part some years ago in securing from Mr. Carnegie an appropriation which enabled the erection of the excellent building which now caters to the wants of Stratford's readers.



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His interests have also reached out in practical channels as is manifested by the fact that for the past seven years he has been a member and chairman of the city's board of water commissioners.

Mr. Barnett's example and really remarkable accomplishment should be exceedingly helpful to the many Canadian young men and women to-day who have begun or are looking forward to the building up of a creditable



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library. He has undoubtedly experienced a great deal of joy in following as his desires led him, but aside from this, he has made a collection which will be of priceless value—we do not speak in a monetary sense—to knowledge-seeking Canadians of a later day. He has done a good work.

Sunshine Dispenser

Continued from page 158.

Who shall say what the air of the prairies, the wide spaces and the call of the new country bred in the children! At any rate after some years in a New York grammar school, and three years B. A. work in Hunter college, the girl, her mother and brother, fared west again, drawn it seemed, by the call of the home-land, and settled in Winnipeg.

"We needed money then," Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner said very simply in reviewing past days, "so I obtained a school on the east side of Lake Manitoba and began teaching. In July, 1905, T. Eaton company opened its big store in Winnipeg, and I applied for a position, and to my great consternation, in a fortnight, I found myself private secretary to one of the managers. I remained thirteen months, enjoyed the work immensely, then because my mother insisted, I took a turn in the Normal school, in order that I might be eligible for an appointment on the city teaching staff. When I was in the Normal a few days, I stumbled on a fine story, an attempted poisoning case, which I wrote and hustled down to the city editor of the 'Telegram,' and had the satisfaction of seeing my maiden effort on the front page of the evening paper with a three column head.

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner nourishes the conviction that we do best the things we take a joy in doing. "I am happy," she says, "because I keep busy, doing the things I love to do." And there you have her scheme of life.

Could you drop into the Winnipeg Telegram office any morning and ascend the winding stairs to a big bright room, marked, "Woman's Department—Sunshine," you would find there several busy girls at typewriter, phone and desk. It would be difficult indeed to estimate the far-reaching help "Sunshine" has been to the citizens of Winnipeg and the Province of Manitoba. Its growth has been marvellous, and what it has accomplished for invalids, children and old people, is well nigh unbelievable.

I can't tell you what idea Mrs Lipsett-Skinner is evolving within the multitudinous cells of her brain just now, but it's something somebody else will begin to think about doing a year or so hence, I'll wager that.



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of

**Minard's
Liniment**

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



AFTER three days of wonderful fishing Mr. Smith returned from the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. The canoe held a fine string of the land-locked salmon of the country, the ouananiche men come from afar to seek. Pete Calot and Antoine Magloire, pure Montagnais Indians, who were guiding him, were delighted with Mr. Smith. Naturally enough they had been rather silent on the first day, for it takes time to penetrate an Indian's reserve. But on the second they had appreciated his skill as a fisherman, his handiness about the camp, and his sharing with them the contents of his little pocket flask. The sportsman had grown enthusiastic in regard to the beautiful freedom of their life, manifested the most intense interest in their tales of trapping, and led them into long narrations, while they sat before the camp-fire in the evening, of long journeys in the *Grand Nord*. To them he deplored the unkind fate that held him bound to the sordid life of cities. Take Grand Lac Mistassini, for instance! What would he not have given for the leisure to behold such a wonderful sheet of water?

They reached Roberval rather late in the evening of the third day, and Mr. Smith *chanced* to meet the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at the reservation of Pointe Bleue, who had *happened* to drive over. Curiously enough, the two foregathered at once and, a few minutes later, held conversation in Mr. Smith's room at the hotel.

On the next morning Mr. Smith drove over to the Reservation to visit the Indian settlement. He dropped into the Post building and the agent politely showed him the warehouse in which the trade goods and fur were kept. They closed the door behind them.

"This," said the agent, "is one of the boxes we were speaking about."

Mr. Smith looked at the case. It was marked "JIM BARRY," and addressed to the Company Post on Grand Lac Mistassini.

Mr. Smith was a very handy man. With the blade of an axe and a hammer he rapidly opened the box.

"That's it. I expected as much," he said, after pulling out some excelsior and uncovering a couple of dozen bottles filled with a liquid as clear and limpid as water.

The agent obliged him with a corkscrew and the bottle, once opened, spread forth a fragrance of powerful alcohol.

"You will please smash up all that stuff," said Mr. Smith, emptying the bottle through a crack in the rough floor.

"I sure will," said the agent, who was a determined temperance advocate. "Nothing'll please me better. To think there's five more cases like it, and it costs the company all of fifteen cents a pound to lug up there. No wonder there ain't much fur coming. I've been suspecting Jim!"

TWO DAYS later Mr. Smith found himself in Montreal. A man was shown up to his room and requested to sit down while Mr. Smith finished a letter.

Then Mr. Smith looked up, putting down his pen.

"And so you're Pete McLeod," he said, briefly.

"Uh huh," answered the man, nodding.

"Just come over, Pete!"

The man rose and came to the table. Mr. Smith unfolded a map. On the upper edge of it he placed a finger.

"This is the place," he said.

McLeod also advanced a large brown finger.

"I see. 'Bout half way to the Bay. Is the map any good?" he asked.

"Fair in some places. Done after Low's first survey. The lake's all right but you can see that most of the rivers are only dotted. But anyway it gives you a good idea of the country. You're to start in two weeks. Ready, are you?"

"Uh huh," assented McLeod.

"Fellow up there's played the devil. Taken to having raw alcohol sent up to him. Indians say the hunting's good. The show of fur's rotten, very bad. You're to go up and pack him home. It's a chance for you to fix things right for the Company, and make a good Post of it again. If you make good you can come back once every three or four years. If you don't, there's plenty others we can send. It's a good show for the right man. You'll pay your own price for pelts, always remembering what it costs the Company to get goods up there. Now it's up to you."

McLeod merely nodded again, for this was straight talk. The next few minutes were taken up in brief explanations and Mr. Smith handed him a letter for the agent at Pointe Bleue, a ticket to Roberval and a small sum of money.

"Wish you luck," finally said Mr. Smith. "When you see Jim Barry slink off with the returning brigade just put the looks of the thing in your pipe

and smoke it. The Company wants *men!*"

The gentleman struck the flimsy hotel table a rather hard blow with his fist, which he afterwards opened and pushed toward McLeod, who met it with an exceedingly large and capable paw. The man realized that it was quite an honor to be allowed to shake hands with Mr. Smith.

"I'm liable ter try hard, sir," he said.

"That's what we expect," said Mr. Smith, cutting the interview short with a wave of his hand towards the door.

Pete McLeod found his way to the street. He looked at a very substantial silver watch and found that he had been for twenty-seven minutes with Mr. Smith. To him there was nothing wonderful in the fact that, in this short time, he had accepted exile to a distant land of which he knew little and promised to do his best to build up again an important post. The thing that aroused his admiration was the power and the greatness of the Company which could cover the whole of Canada, even to its remotest parts, with establishments lorded over by men supreme in their districts, large or small, and unerringly follow their doings from afar, giving blame or praise, rewarding effort and success and eliminating the weak.

McLEOD'S two weeks went by rapidly enough after his return from Montreal. The Company's agent at Pointe Bleue proved a kindred soul. He helped Pete select his supplies and choose the men who were to make up the brigade to Grand Lac. The trip was a difficult one at its best. They were poling up rapids now, or lining the canoes up with ropes. They toiled against the easier currents of dead waters and lakes, and over the many portages that required a number of trips back and forth before everything was carried over. The men bore huge loads, sweating and slapping at the flies swarming on wrists and faces. Thus, day by day, they progressed along the big river to the mouth of the Chigobiche, where they left the rough main stream. Thence to Lake Chigobiche, thirty miles long, and over a long portage to the river of the Crooked Hill. Again they carried to the Nicaubau lakes and toiled manfully on over the height of land to Lake Obatagooman. But after this came a wilderness of lakes and rivers that finally brought them to a wide inlet into Grand Lac, which was like a mighty arm of an ocean dotted with great blue islands in the distance. Here, for several days, they were windbound, but cared little, for all the hard work was over. Nothing was left but the long paddle along the shore, keeping very near the land as a precaution against sudden squalls, so

they sat under their tents, contentedly, and mended clothing and shoe-packs, telling and listening to interminable stories of long ago.

Then some of the men sniffed, with the Indian's ability to detect the smell of wood-smoke a long distance off. After this the leading canoeman gave a cheer that was many times repeated by the others as they came in sight of a couple of great log buildings, about which were clustered many tents. They saw puffs of white smoke, and presently the reports of the guns came, rolling among the surrounding hillsides and awakening lingering echoes.

"What's the matter with the flag?" wondered Pete.

But presently he saw men bearing the small bundle and attaching it to the halyards. The colors of the Company broke out and began to ascend the mast, slowly. Half way up it seemed to catch. No, it hung there, motionless, and the songs of the *voyageurs* were halted and the swiftly moving paddles were dipped more softly while the canoes took up the gait of penitents moving towards a shrine.

Pete was the first to land, by right of his position. Then the others beached and came up, leaning on their paddles, waiting. Among the crowd ashore there were a few half-breeds, but the majority were pure Montagnais and Nascaucees, mostly very dark of skin, with complexions differing widely from those of the Plains Indians. Chiefly they were tall and sturdy men, the women and children keeping somewhat in the background.

"Quey, quey!" Pete saluted them.

The words of greeting were repeated in chorus. It was very evident that these Indians were glad indeed to see him.

"What about Jim Barry?" he asked.

An old man held up his finger, to attract his attention. Then he pointed to a tongue of land that jutted out into the lake. The waters were very calm and glassy, kissed here and there by tiny wind-flaws that just ruffled the surface. Upon the tiny promontory, under a few shadowing trees that had been allowed to remain there, Pete saw a rude cross made of sawn branches tied together. He walked towards it and looked at the newly made grave. By the side of it there was an older one.

"That Jim Barry," said the man, who had followed him. "This one Barry's woman."

"It may be better for the poor chap," commented Pete.

While the men were unloading the canoes, willingly helped by all the Indian population, the new agent asked for details. The older men crowded around. It was easy to see that they were somewhat nervous. This was a new man; they didn't know him.



Luck would have it that he knocked over a rusty, old pistol, hidden behind some boxes



Pete found the girl simply invaluable. She knew the debt of every Indian at the post and who were the trustworthy ones. She would come in with the account books and long talks about the dealings followed

Doubtless they feared that Jim Barry's demise might be viewed with suspicion. In short sentences, corroborated by many nods, Pete heard their tale.

Pete looked at the men who had spoken. His experience of the northern Indian was extensive. There could not be the slightest doubt in his mind that they were telling the truth.

Later he found the disorder in the store-room was appalling. He described it as a hurrah's nest. It was evident that Barry, for some months, had kept no accounts of any sort. There was no inventory of goods on hand. When he sought to investigate the debts of the hunters he was appalled. There was a book for that purpose, but nothing had been entered in it for half a year. There were woeful deficiencies in the matter of tea and tobacco. It was lucky indeed a second brigade had come. After working hard for many

hours he went and leaned against the door-post of the storehouse for a moment's rest while he cut himself a pipeful of plug.

His pipe once alight he returned to work, eagerly, glad to toil at the up-building of his future. Some wide shelves on the walls of the store-room needed cleaning and he tackled them. Luck would have it that he knocked over a rusty old pistol, hidden behind some boxes. It fell to the floor, exploded, and sent a large and greasy bullet through his leg. The Indians camped on the beach ran in, nervously, for Barry's actions had kept them on the jump for a long time. They found Pete sitting on the floor, holding the calf of his leg in a tight grip and looking pale and very foolish.

They all joined in the consultation. With a jack-knife they dug out of the wound a piece of the blue overalls, after

which they applied a variety of remedies, among which were cobwebs, that had grown all too plentiful under Barry's administration, together with exhausted quids of tobacco and some bruised leaves highly recommended by an old Indian woman very wise in such matters.

In spite of this treatment, or, perhaps, in virtue of it, Pete's leg soon swelled up ever so big and a high fever came upon him during which he said things that no Montagnais or Nascaupes could understand. This was hardly surprising when one considers that it was child's talk in Gaelic, absorbed in his early youth at Cape Breton, whence he originally hailed.

During the day the room was generally filled with Indians who sat upon the floor, leaning against the walls and smoking strong pipes, with the greatest solemnity. But after a time his attendants dwindled to one, who was a fine tall young woman christened Marie but

Continued on page 227.

The Little Welshman

*First and Foremost and Always I
am a Welshman*

—Hon. David Lloyd-George

By Hugh S. Eayrs

THIS sketch might have been called half a hundred things. It might have been "David Lloyd George, Patriot and Democrat"; or, "From Peasant Lad to Minister of the Crown" would have filled the bill; or, equally apt, "The Man Behind the Men Behind the Man Behind the Gun," which, if it is a thought involved, is nevertheless, apposite enough. But if the Minister of Munitions in the British Cabinet were asked what title he liked best, he would not bother to sort over the many he may justly claim—he would say, as he did to me some years ago now, "Whatever I have done that has incurred the wrath of some people and the approval of others, whatever word of praise or blame I have earned, whatever good or bad personality I have become, I am still a Welshman. First and foremost and always I am a Welshman."

That little country, fourth part of the grand whole we know as the British Isles, has given much to the glory of its name, and the enrichment of the composite Old Country. But if it never gave aught but the lad of lowly origin who has come to be the outstanding example of the poet's words, when he spoke about one,

*"Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village
green,
Who makes by force his merit
known,
And lives to mould a mighty
state's decrees,
And shape the whispers of a
throne,"*

it gave enough, in this gallant little Welshman.

HIS name is David. I have always connected him in fancy with a very gruesome picture I used to look at when I was a youngster, delighted

and entranced by the graphic stories in the Old Testament. It was a wood-cut which represented a brave and bonny youth, in one hand a sword—he had just purloined it—in the other a gory head, with wicked and fearsome features, and his feet planted fairly and triumphantly upon the gigantic corpse of a man—Goliath. Mr. Lloyd George's prototype slew a lion and a bear, and a Philistine. This later David has slain his lions and bears—plural, please—and he is after the Philistine at this present moment. His weapon, now, is Munitions. Formerly, he had just the sling and the few small stones of the David of old, the sling being his strong faith in his God, and the small stones being a passion for the welfare of the people, a burning patriotism, a never-changing sincerity of conviction, and the infinite capacity for



David Lloyd-George

taking pains, which marks a genius.

ONE wonders, one is so amazed at the romance of this man's life. At fifty-two he stands the central figure in the British Empire. I do not think this will be doubted. At present he is probably the most popular.

It was not ever thus. A year ago, in addition to being the best-loved man in England, he was also the most-hated. The people loved him, often with a passionate love. The "four hundred", that cant term for our "classes" as distinct from the "masses," abominated him. But hated or loved, he has been the planet in the British heavens toward which attention has been directed for some years now. He is, indeed, ubiquitous. You can not get away from him.

"Have you seen Disraeli? Have you seen the Queen?" used to be the queries to North Americans by Britishers twenty years ago.

"Have you seen Lloyd George? Have you heard the Chancellor?" These are the questions to the dweller on this continent when he goes overseas now. Mr. Lloyd George has become one of the sights of London. A. G. Gardiner, that so-brilliant editor of one of the big London dailies, says it is as difficult to keep the name of Mr. Lloyd George out of the newspapers as it was to keep King Charles' head out of Mr. Dick's memorial. You cannot escape him. At church, at the vaudeville theatre, in the foot-

ball crowd, in the tube, anywhere and everywhere, any-when and everywhen, David Lloyd George is before you. His name blinks at you from the newsy's placards; books enough to paper the walls of a house have been written about him; diatribes sufficient to hang him a hundred times have been hurled at him; eulogies enough for the epitaphs of the total population of Canada have been uttered at the mention of his name. They tell me his Queen's Hall speech last August has been translated into fifteen languages. He has become famous above the famous.

I WONDER did he dream of it all forty years ago when he ran up and down the little village of Llanystumdwy on Carnarvon Coast? Those were hard times. His father died when he was very young, and his mother—of whom he has spoken again and again—had her hands very full.

"My mother," I heard him say, upon one occasion, "had

a hard struggle to bring up her children. But she never complained and never spoke of her struggles. It was not until long after that we were able to appreciate how fine had been her spirit in the hard task of bringing up her fatherless children. Our bread was home-made. We scarcely ever ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings."

His acquaintance with poverty was intimate, and in his teens he learned from bitter experience the creed that has made him perhaps the most outstanding apostle of Democracy. In the workshop of his uncle, Mr. Richard Lloyd George—to whom the Minister of Munitions admits he owes an incalculable debt—he heard the recitals of the grievances of the poor people, told with the dramatic vividness and impressive simplicity which characterize the Welshman.

"Never shall I forget," he said, "the harrowing narratives I heard when a mere boy, told thousands of times, of excessive rents and goading oppressions. They are among the traditions of my childhood."

I REMEMBER him once recollecting these early days of fighting. At his house in Downing Street the time for receiving visitors is breakfast. We were shown into the breakfast room. The Chancellor—so he was then—was breakfasting, and with him was his daughter Megan, a charming little girl. Megan demurely broke in on the conversation with a request for some more jam. The Chancellor passed it.

"We didn't have much jam when I was a kiddie," he said. "Sometimes," and his face took on a queer, pathetic little smile, "it was difficult enough to get bread and butter." He broke off, laughingly, "But Megan is as keen after jam as I am after Welsh Disestablishment," he said, turning to my friend, "and that's saying a lot, Mr. E—, isn't it?"

I referred just now to King David. This latter David has always been fighting his Goliaths. The fiercest one, hydra-headed, whose other name is legion, has been Public Opinion. It is difficult for those who do not know, to understand the burden of the hate with which the landed classes regarded him. He tells a story about himself and against himself which has been oft-repeated but which will still bear another telling. A man had saved another from drowning, and the Mayor of the city was presenting the rescuer with a testimonial.

"Really," said the rescuer, "I have done nothing to deserve this. I saw the man struggling in the water, went

in after him, swam to him, turned him over to make sure it wasn't Lloyd George—and brought him out."

AS, STEP by step, he came further and further into the limelight, as—since we are living in war times—he secured enemy's trench after enemy's trench, the spite of his foes increased. His very name became a synonym for infamy. Editorial writers who did not like him bethought themselves of the old rhyme, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," and gloated over the aptness of the simile. Nurses, who found their children-charges hard to deal with, threatened them that the bogey-man, Lloyd George, should come and carry them away to dire destruction! Land-owners, titled personages, gentlemen of the cloth—damned him with an eloquence worthy of a better cause. You see, he was such a frightful fellow (I use the adjectival phrase of a young peer not unknown to us in Canada). He was such a bally nuisance. He took the bread out of the mouths of millionaire landowners by his absurd taxes. He wanted to know such private and personal details about the wealth of the moneyed folk. He got Parliament to make legal his Unearned Increment Duties, and then sent round his "Form IV." of awful memory, so that he might know who wasn't paying as much as he ought. He was, in fact, a bad, bad man altogether, according to many.

Yet he doesn't look it. There is no suggestion of a myrmidon of the Prince of Darkness about him. I have seen him again and again, on the golf links, in a drawing room, in the House, at public meetings, at close range and from afar, and I have never seen anything in his face but the light of conscientiousness and the grim determination to accomplish his purpose, when he is sure he is right.

Look at his face. His eyes, alert with either the fire of passion or the radiance of love of life, are the outstanding feature. Determined, purposeful, sincere, alight with the magic glint of one who does things and dares to do them, they are intensely human and can express alike his quick sympathy where it is asked, his hard condemnation where it is merited, his "Well done," when it is earned. I have seen those eyes bright with the fervor of his simple Methodist faith as he has preached the Gospel to the villagers at Crickieth, his summer home, in Wales. I have seen them display the flame that is in his heart. I have seen them dancing with a merry wit as he bethinks himself of some caustic and fitting commentary on the chat of the moment.

He was playing golf one day at Waldon Heath. His opponent, a dear

friend of mine, made a sorry mess of a putt.

"That's an awful stroke," said he, "I was thinking of what we were saying."

"You were thinking of Mr. C—," said Mr. Lloyd George. "That's why you didn't go straight."

TO REVERT, for a moment, to a study of the man himself: Notice the breadth of forehead, which indicates intellectuality. Chambers' Dictionary tells me that intellectuality is understanding. It is applicable here. Mr. Lloyd George has the faculty of quick understanding in a remarkable degree. He has the hair of the aesthete, billows of it, brushed in orderly disorder across his big and brainy head. His chin is that of a fighter, a man whose hand is ready to his weapon, to whom a glimpse of the antagonist is the irresistible reveille. His smile dazzles and infects you. He loves to smile. He spends his life at it, and Chesterton says that the man who laughs withal is the man of serious intent. He diffuses the profound joy he feels in living. Looked at in one way, life is a grand game, a great experience. To him living is everything. The game, the tussle, the battle is his supremest joy. Life is far more to him than a mere procession of the victors in laurels and the vanquished in chains. It is the actual joust at which he is to tilt, the engagement in which he is taking part, the campaign in which he is generalissimo, commanding his faculties, his hopes, his high ambitions, his powers, and ordering them till they win the day for him.

One other thing—and that the most important of all—you cannot look upon Lloyd George and miss the sincerity, the conscientiousness—no other words are quite as good—in the man, reflected in his earnest glance. Extremist, maker of mistakes, man of vaulting ambition as he is, he is ever sincere. I think the people know it. They know that what David Lloyd George takes up he believes, with all his heart, to be everlastingly and wholly right.

David Lloyd George, I said just now, was ever a fighter? He started his militaristic career when, with his dog "Whig," he ran up and down the little village of his youth.

He had to fight his way into public life, after fighting for a living. He became, through conflict and by sheer force of striving, famous in his village, in his county, in his country. He was elected a member for Carnarvon Boroughs. Some fights were then won. But the hardest were to come.

HIS Parliamentary career has been a series of stands. Welsh Disestablishment, Land Taxes, the Boer War, State Insurance, one after another these

Continued on page 233.



"I have given him up"

AN EPISODE

THE Man had just passed by, and the Girl was taking Herself to task furiously.

"You know he doesn't care a bit about you. Why haven't you got more pride than to want him to? And why should he, anyway? He's years older than you—he must be nearly forty, and besides, I hear he has been engaged for years to another girl. If he wants to get married, let him marry her, and you mind your own business!"

Herself bridled up under so severe a censure. "What have I been doing but minding my business all these months? Have I let him know that I think he's so splendid? Did I ever tell him how I adored his quiet grey eyes, and his funny glum smile? Did I ever tell him that his very presence in the same town was enough for me? . . . Oh, it isn't enough! I feel so lost without him. . . . I can't let that other girl have him!"

"Well, you must and shall! So behave yourself! I am ashamed of you! Where is your pride, I ask again?"

"I haven't any."

So the Girl gave up in disgust, and rushed to her work in a mad frenzy.

Later on in the day, the Man telephoned.

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Williams? Called up to tell you that I am going away some day this week. . . . Where? To England. . . . What's that you say? Yes, with the soldiers. . . . Thought I was going to wait for the unit from my University? . . . No, I am going with the British medical force, the R. A. M. C. . . . Yes, just made up my mind to-day. . . . Not to go away without coming to say good-bye? . . . Will you be in to-night? I have a few minutes to spare, will drop in. . . . Good-bye for now."

The Girl turned away from the telephone, and walked quietly into the library with tight lips and clenched hands. She shut the door, walked across the room to the books, and took up one with a grim smile on her face. She faced Herself.

"See, you can be Spartan if you try! It is only a weak thing that can't give up even her dearest hope in a time of war. You'll just plan a course of reading, and get to work on it!"

And to prove her statement, she opened the book and read—with eyes unseeing, and heart unheeding—till book and girl slid on the floor in a little crumpled heap. She buried her face in her hands and dry, stifled sobs came, in spite of all her boasted will-power. Just for a few minutes she gave way, and then quietly she went upstairs. She went through her little prosaic tasks, she fitted a smile on her frozen lips, and no one knew the difference. Her heart felt like a heavy, aching weight dragging her down, her eyes had wells of tears behind them. She was quieter, that was all.

"I have given him up," she said to herself. "You have given him up," she said to the Girl in the mirror, but there was no reply.

Then she folded her hands together tightly, and sat down to wait till he should come.

"This is some wet and stormy night, believe me!" said the Man, as he shook himself out of his coat, and came to the fire. "That grate-fire looks good. Ha! . . ."

He stretched himself out in comfort in the armchair, while the girl sat

By J. B. C. YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY HEUSER

up straight opposite him, and smiled. But her hands were clasped tightly.

"It is a grand chance for you in your profession," she said. "You will meet all kinds of cases, and all sorts of new methods. I think it is simply great for you to go!"

"Do you? . . . Yes, by Jove, it will be great! It would be foolish to wait months for the University unit to go, when I have this offer. Two or three other fellows I knew at college are going too. We'll go across together, even if we are separated when we get there."

"Yes, but . . . but the submarines! Won't you be awfully afraid of them?"

"Well, . . . so far as I can see, there is only one way to get across to England, and that is by boat. . . . And a fellow has only got to die once, so why worry? . . . Besides, there is none dependent on me. . . . I must be going! I had only a few minutes anyway. . . . Jove! I rather hate to leave that grate-fire."

The Man got up and stretched his big length. He walked to the door, and the Girl followed him with the same smile on her lips.

"Well, good-bye! Maybe I'll see you again before I go."

She lifted her head, and opened her eyes on his—eyes wide with heart-weariness, lips still smiling. "Maybe you won't. . . . So shake hands now."

He smiled at her, and put out his hand. She put her two small ones in it. So strong it was. . . . "I can't let it go!" rebelled Herself. "You must!" said the Girl. "No!" cried Herself in agony, and she put the big strong hand up to her cheek.

"Oh! Good-bye!" said she, looking up, and trying to bring back the smile to her lips. But she could not.

The Man was looking down very seriously. "Eve, is there any chance for an old fellow like me?"

She stood mute, still clutching the beloved hand.

"Eve! Do you really care a little about me? Have I got even a fighting chance?"

"That other girl!" said Eve with a sob. "And you never asked for a chance before?"

"Who? And you know I thought I was too old."

"May Andersley. And I'm twenty-seven myself."

"I never was engaged to that woman! Who told you that yarn?"

By this time his two arms were around the Girl, and her two hands were holding his coat-lapels as if for dear life.

"Say I'm not too old, dear."

"You'd never be too old, for I adore you."

"Little Sunshine! This war has been a wonder to me already. If I hadn't been going away. . . ."

"Oh, John, the submarines!"

"That's so, isn't it? By Jove, I'll have to be careful now! I've got someone dependent on me."

"Dear John!"

"And when I come back . . . if I come back . . ."

"Oh, you'll come back, you'll come back! For I love you, and love you!"



"Yes, just made up my mind to-day"

The Colonel's Resurrection

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



MISS LETITIA LIGHTFOOT was a sort of disease in the village of North Lake. Her yearly advent from the rival town of South Lake was accepted without resentment—much as were the visitations of youthful maladies, something temporarily trying but which left the patient better than before.

Miss Letty was directly descended from the Melkins. This stood for a good deal in North Lake, and by the same token, North Lake stood for a good deal because of it. Following the precedent set by her mother, she spent three months of the year there, during which time the unrebelling townfolk resigned themselves philosophically to her despotic sway.

"Miss Lett's a Melkins-Lightfoot," they reminded one another. "We hadn't orter mind her fussin'."

There was one person, however, who would not acknowledge her right to act as Judge, Health Inspector, Moral Adviser, Minister of Public Works and Town Council. This was Colonel Abner Peterson—"Colonel" being a gift from the townfolk at the same time they presented him with a gold watch, ponderous fob and massive chain, which connected him from side to side, like a Trans-Atlantic cable and undulated like the waves of the ocean across the expanse of his frivolous and highly-colored waistcoats. When Peterson returned from the troublous upheaval in the Northwest, North Lake had risen to a man to do honor to the soldier.

All except Mrs. Lightfoot. She had consistently discouraged the attentions of Abner Peterson, boasting that Letty was going to do much better for herself. Consequently during the patriotic festivities she had sniffed invidiously and remarked:

"IT MAKES me sick to see Abner playing the he-ro like this, when he can't even show a scar! It would 'a seemed more fitting in my opinion, for him to 'a limped a little, or held his arm a-sling, or bandaged his head or sump-thing! He'll have to get it compressed by the time you've finished with all this tom-foolery," she added. "First thing you know, he'll be tellin' how *HE* put down the rebellion."

The Colonel's wrath was mighty when this tirade—with embellishments—was repeated to him. He vowed never again to set foot within the Lightfoot home, and he kept his vow, watching Miss Letty with cruel satisfaction (some imaginative people say) grow from a pretty young woman into an embittered old maid. And her parents were gathered to their fathers without seeing the consummation of their hopes for a brilliant match, but little realizing that had her suitors been legion, had they tramped a ceaseless march up to

her door, Letty would have scorned them. Abner Peterson never had a rival in her heart.

Secretly she was pleased that he enjoyed the distinction of being "our citizen," even though she opposed him at every turn. Secretly she adored the perpetually militant atmosphere he shed and which the people of North Lake found so delightfully impressive. He had a way of diving to his hip for his handkerchief, as though he were about to "pull a bead" on some one; and in emphasizing his remarks, Colonel Peterson always levelled a horizontal forefinger at his victim, squinting along its pudgy length exactly as he might have sighted a rebel along the barrel of a revolver. He had idiosyncrasies and eccentricities; he confessed to an undying hatred of women—all women. Wouldn't have one around the place, and his feeble-minded old retainer, a man called Possum, the Colonel insisted on designating as his "orderly." It was said that he tried to teach Possum to sound the reveille upon the mouth organ, which was inseparable from his un-neat person, but the story may have been purely imaginary.

FOR twenty years, Miss Letty had cherished the hope that Abner Peterson would forgive her a sin she never had committed, but at last Hope died. The Colonel had grown set in his ways, and the habit of wanting her must have been broken. Indeed, he seemed to derive his greatest enjoyment

from annoying her, and for pride's sake she had to show an equal animosity toward him.

The year Miss Letty insisted that the Town Hall should be painted green, the Colonel delivered a spirited address, in which he argued for brown, and when matters reached an embarrassing tension, the building was painted terra cotta, at the mild suggestion of the parson. When the question of vaccinating the school children became an issue in North Lake, and the Colonel declared that there was no other way of preventing an outbreak of smallpox, Miss Letty loudly voiced her objections, averring that the Colonel was fifty years behind the times and that immunization from smallpox is a matter of municipal sanitation.

"Vaccination," she cried, "belongs to the days of Suttec and the eating of human livers! Put lime on your streets and soap on your children!" or stirring words to that effect.

And the Colonel chuckled in the seclusion of his own home, when he learned that the movement toward vaccination had been hopelessly crushed.

They never spoke to one another but always at one another, through hirelings, mutual friends, or through that circulator of all news—the Postmaster.

"Miss Letty says them cucumbers of yours is wastin' fer attention, Colonel," commented Cox, one morning.

"They're no worse off than her tomatoes, without proper supports," retorted Peterson. "This stone-slinging stunt has descended right straight from David without a break, seems to me, glass houses and all! No mail? Well, good-morning."

ON THE fifteenth of last June a carriage and wagon from "The Mansion," South Lake, drew up at the door of the "country estate," North Lake, and the house was formally opened. Within an hour, eight people had called and the town soon learned that Miss Letty had brought Constantinople and Petrograd—Sofia and Liege having died of influenza durin' the last cold spell—and Miss Letty was wearin' her brown alpaca, which was certainly too good for every-day use, don't you think so?

The geographical references related to Miss Lightfoot's cats. She had never travelled beyond the limits of Hamilton and had confessed herself unpleasantly impressed with that great city. But her geography was not allowed to rust on that account. She called chickens, pets and dishes after well-known places and called them with a reason. For example, Petrograd was the offspring of a cat named Rusher, given to dashing about instead of walking or creeping as cats are wont to do. Constantinople was the heartless tortoise

shell who evinced a fondness for young turkey chicks. Liege had suffered a severe beating at the hands of a youth who was just recovering from German measles—and so on.

"How'd Miss Letty look?" asked Mrs. Cox, of Mrs. Higgins, the afternoon of the spinster's arrival.

"Oh, she's just the same," returned the other. "No sooner did she get her hat off than she commenced cooking Madras rice for supper, and as Constantinople had et up all the Hawaiian cakes on the way over, she had to mix batter fer more."

"I bet she's jes' full of new receipts—keepin' up with war times," mused Mrs. Cox. "The way she gits hold of them furrin' dishes beats me! Like's not,



Miss Letty was wearin' her brown alpaca—too good for every-day use, don't you think?

she's startin' in on Serbia an' Bulgaria a'ready. Me—I can't even per-nounce the names!"

A MONTH passed, during which time Miss Letty put the Busy Little Bee to shame. She attended the Women's Foreign Mission Society, the Ladies' Social Club, Mothers' Meetings, the Reciprocity and Civic League and the Home Reading Circle. In each of these organizations Miss Lightfoot instituted drastic reforms. Dissenting voices were cut down in the flower of their youth, so to speak, in every matter but one—the Civic League stubbornly refused to interfere with the Colonel's domestic arrangements.

"But I call it ungodly," cried the spinster. "It's against all laws of Providence fer a man at his time of life to live without the ministrations of the tender, female hand! 'Twas bad enough when he an' Possum were young and spry—not that I'm saying as how the place was kept clean, even then! But to my certain knowledge, the parlor curtains haven't been taken down for six years this July, and there are other matters I could mention."

"But Miss Letty—"

"Only yesterday Mrs. Maguire came to me looking fer work. I'd like to see her redding up Abner—Colonel Peterson's house at least once a week. There's a woman with a working arm! Which one of you—" she paused, oratorically, and looked round the group, "would like to set foot in a house that hadn't seen a woman's clean-up fer—land knows how many years? Think of the attic, think of the cellar; think of the—pantry! And the state of his socks and—er—under things, with only Possum to wash and mend 'em!"

"He'd rely oughter be married," spoke Sarah Markell, looking in embarrassment past Miss Letty and out of the window. She hardly knew how to acquaint her with the current gossip. "They do say as how he's considerin' it, himself," she blurted. "My Harriet was teasin' him the other day an' he didn't deny it—he jes' chucked her under the chin—her as will be eighteen come Whitsuntide—an' sez, 'Oh, Hattie, you're a little witch!'"

To which Miss Lightfoot replied with acerbity:

"That don't mean he's actually sot on matrimony, Sarah Markell. When you're eighteen an' pretty they call you a little witch; when you're forty and wrinkled, they call you an old hag."

The Colonel chuckled when he heard this, remarking to Possum that "She had a deal of sense—for a woman," and he took considerable pains to keep the rumor afloat, the rumor which affirmed that he was going to Hamilton to chose himself a bride.

The townsfolk accepted this gossip

with childish gullibility; not so, Possum. "Hamilton be dod-ratted," he would have told you. Didn't the Colonel sit at his dining room window morning after morning, pretending to read the paper, but in reality watching Miss Letty through his field glasses, as she ministered to the simple wants of Petrograd and Constantinople? And as soon as she finished feeding the cats and clipping her flowers, didn't he leave the window and wander through his own untended garden, grumbling in an unreasoning way about every cussed thing? Worse—Possum would have told you. On rainy mornings when Miss Letty did not bring the cats outside, didn't Colonel Peterson ramble through the house like a soul distraught, hunting up cobwebs and unearthing rolls of dust which had lain peaceful and undisturbed under his heavy furniture this many a day?

Possum had opinions of his own about this marriage business.

"Colonel's turned daft," he would have said. "On'y he ain't goin' to back down in the ordi-nary way."

"Who is she?" Henry Higgins repeated, when harassed by his wife. "Well, they do say he's actin' the giddy goat over a dashin' widder who's got a box o' di'monds big ez a flour bar'l, an' whose clothes is a reg'lar dedication to the dressmaker's art."

"Humph!" sneered Mrs. Higgins, holding a stocking on her plump hand so that the pink of her palm showed through the heel. "Humph! If it's di'monds an' clothes he's after, he'd better buy 'em off a travellin' salesman—an' let the widder inside, alone. He'll find it cheaper in the long run."

THE Colonel made a week's trip to Hamilton, returning to North Lake the victim of some mysterious and possibly contagious malady. He refused to see visitors and would not call in the doctor. Any news which filtered out of the stricken home, therefore, came in the form of mental telepathy—grossly contorted in transmission. Possum was closely confined with his master, so the interesting faction known as "they" invested Abner Peterson with everything from gout to smallpox, finally concluding that his mind had given way under the strain of "sparkin'" a gay young widder.

What Spartan restraint Miss Letty placed upon her feminine soul not even Hiram Cox or Sarah Markell knew—and they knew most everything. To realize that Abner Peterson lay ill at the mercy of Possum who would not have sense enough to air his sheets, much less cook suitable food for him, was almost more than she could bear. Some times at night, she alarmed Constantinople and Petrograd by her violence, and they would scamper away and hide

under Gran'pa Melkins horsehair sofa, until their mistress had exhausted herself in her tantrums. But she managed to control herself, abroad.

ONE morning Mr. Cox reported that the Colonel was very low. It was no more than might have been expected; people alwus took sickest when Dr. Pettifer was off, fishin'. And rumor further stated that Abner Peterson had deliberately waited for this moment so that he might slip beyond the reach of human aid, because the widow had refused him.

There was such a constant stream of enquirers at the post office that Cox declared the steps would be worn away if the Colonel did not soon die—or recover. Sarah Markell made so many trips that finally Cox, looking at her crossly over his spectacles, complained, "Yer memory must be peterin' out, Sarah Markell! Ain't I tol' ye three times within the hour that the Colonel's tolerably wusser, an' there ain't no bulletin issued to the con-trary?"

Mrs. Markell drew herself to as dignified a position as round shoulders would permit, and replied with crushing dignity:

"Well, Mister Cox, I don't know as you've the right to take this stand without knowin' the entire circumstances. I ain't been askin' fer myself; each enquiry was fer a different person!"

EARLY in the afternoon, darkness settled over North Lake and ominous thunder clouds obscured all objects, great and small. To this day the town-folk speak of that storm as "*The Thuuderstorm*". Even the animals sensed something unusual and sought shelter. At five minutes past five there was not a person to be seen abroad, shutters were closed, cellars were occupied and every precaution against death by lightning was taken. The awful storm broke, ripped chimneys from houses, and the roof from the church; it uprooted trees, screamed about the village, and set the teeth of the people chattering. At six-thirty, it had somewhat abated, but a heavy gloom hovered over the town and a fine drizzle added to the general cheerlessness.

Cautiously, Miss Letitia Lightfoot, stepped from her side door into the beaten-down garden and thence into the street. She did not expect to meet anyone. Her gait was mincing, as she tried to avoid the puddles; but her extreme short-sightedness sometimes took her directly into them while she skipped across nothing more dangerous than a shadow. She passed the Higgins' house where cries of the children gave testimony to their overwrought feelings, and on toward the Colonel's home, where an eerie quiet made her heart thump alarmingly. She was not

going to bombard Abner Peterson's stronghold, but to Sarah Markell's, to try to find from her how the storm had affected the nerves of the invalid. Sarah would be sure to know.

UNCONSCIOUSLY her steps lagged as she passed the gate. Of a sudden they stopped altogether and Miss Letty's thin hand clutched the bosom of her alpaca gown. She did not scream, but uttered a pathetic little moan as she clung to the paling of the fence.

Presently, she regained sufficient strength to totter back to the Higgins home and beat upon the door.

"The Colonel is dead," she whispered to Henry who answered her summons. "There is crepe on the door."

The news travelled swiftly, and soon there was a sniffing crowd at the gate, all staring at the indistinct, dolorous symbol of a life departed. The younger people cried openly, more to ease their sentimental feelings than because of actual grief at the Colonel's demise. They had hoped that the elderly lovers would yet clasp hands before the altar and revive the nearly extinct flame of Hymen's bridal torch. The older members of the group wagged their heads and looked furtively at Miss Letty, grim and silent.

"When did it happen?" asked some one in a whisper, and they all turned to her to answer.

"During the storm," she said.

"No one with him?"

Miss Letty's eye wandered over the group to see if any who might have been privileged to speed Abner Peterson upon his last long journey were present in the gathering, so she shook her head.

After a moment, the vague whispering which followed her mute negation took concrete form and Mr. Higgins approached her.

"We think, madam," he said, slowly and with due impressiveness, "that as the oldest friend of the Colonel's and in consequence of the strong bond which once existed betwixt—er—the two families, we think that it is your sacred dooty to proceed to the house of affliction and satisfy yourself that—er—decent customs prevail. Ahem! We consider—" he continued after whispered promptings from his wife and Sarah Markell, "that it is your dooty to—ah . . . go . . . alone."

A MURMUR of approval drowned Miss Letty's unintelligible reply, and she passed trembling through the gate, which Higgins held open for her. Falteringly, she trod the long pebbled path, walking with a ghost of the Past; twenty-two years before she had made plans for the improvement of the garden; twenty years ago, she had been

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Church Union in Canada

Some of the Views of those opposed to it and some of the Hopes of those who would unite the Protestant forces

By Betty D. Thornley

IF a man is born Scotch, ten to one he's also born a Presbyterian. If a Canadian, he reads the *Globe*, votes Grit, lives respected and dies poor. There are exceptions of course, but this is the rule. Not likely he'd object to somebody's changing his Bradstreet rating, but if you meddled with his paper, his party or his pew, you'd never forget it.

Which is perhaps the reason why Church Union, mooted twelve years ago; approved by the heads of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Churches from the very start; carried by the two latter denominations in 1911; once carried also by the Presbyterians; has in these last days received its death blow, in the east at any rate, at the hands of Sandy Saunderson.

As Dr. W. H. Hincks, of Toronto, remarks—himself a Methodist and an Irishman—"I opposed Union from the start, not because it wouldn't be beautiful, but because it couldn't come true. A Scotchman wouldn't be a Scotchman if he wasn't a Presbyterian."

Methodists on the other hand are a composite body—racially composite, with no common traditions. They were all Anglicans a few generations ago. Having changed once, they can readily change again, provided they think it in the interests of progress.

And they are so formed mentally that they could think it. They have never died for their form of the faith—there are no Covenanter-fires in their blood-memories. They are, in the main, essentially non-conservative, non-theological, inclined to be opportunists. They have the strength and the weakness of the fluid-minded. They are as un-Presbyterian a people as exists.



Dr. Stephen Bond

NO typical Methodist of course ever led the Methodists, nor is a typical Presbyterian apt to sit in the Moderator's chair, for the reason that a church-type man, like a party-type man, is essentially too vivid, too close to the soil, too one-sided to be acceptable to everybody. The Methodist leaders, the Presbyterian leaders are church-cosmopolites. The type-people sit in the centre pews of downtown

churches or drive for miles along the sidelines to attend kirk in the country. And here it is that Sandy Saunderson has turned down Union.

The first get-together meeting was held in Knox Church, Toronto, on Wednesday the 21st day of December, 1904. The Rev. Principal Caven was there and Dr. Warden, Dr. Potts and Dr. Sutherland, all four of whom have since gone to join the Union Church in the land where no divisions exist.

Dr. R. P. MacKay, Secretary of Foreign Missions for the Presbyterian Church, was also present at the initial meeting, and the other day he talked it over with *Canada Monthly*, sitting in his office in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

"If I consulted my own personal preferences, I don't suppose I'd be in favor of Union," he said smiling, "but I'm not thinking of days I'll see, or even of days you'll see. I'm thinking of Canada a hundred years from now. I'm thinking of what the Assembly wrote in the pamphlet containing the last Basis of Union—do you remember?

"5. Whereas, further, by the outbreak of war, a new situation has been created, among the elements of which are the following:

(a) A changed judgment of values, so that matters which formerly distracted and divided men are now accounted trivial in the presence of the vast issues involved.

(b) A weakening of class distinctions, which renders possible a degree of united action hitherto impracticable.

(c) A new spirit of self-sacrifice which is impressively illustrated by our soldiers and by our King, and which the Church, in the name of her crucified Lord is called upon to exhibit by the subordination of every other consideration to the supreme purpose of bringing men to recognize Jesus Christ as the Hope of the World.

(d) An expected increase in the volume of immigration into Canada after the close

of the war, demanding the greatest concentration of moral and religious forces.

(e) The world's financial exhaustion, requiring the utmost possible economy of resources, in order that the inevitable and extraordinary demands of the immediate future may be met.

6. Whereas, lastly, the Joint Committee has adopted the amendments to the original Basis of Union embodied in the documents submitted to this Assembly by its Union Committee;

7. Therefore, this Assembly hereby declares its approval of the "Basis of Union," now submitted as a Basis on which this Church may unite with the Methodist and Congregational Churches and directs that the said basis be transmitted to Presbyteries for their judgment under the Barrier Act, and that the appendix on law be also transmitted to Presbyteries for their judgment and that this resolution be sent therewith."

BUT away back in 1904 they couldn't urge Union as a war measure. They merely saw the West filling up so fast that they feared for its welfare. They were afraid of repeating the mistake of the United States in allowing the settling of whole churchless districts, where even to-day a child would have to go ten miles to find a Sunday School. And to their way of thinking, the one way to avoid that mistake, was to get together and talk it over.

And so they went to Knox Church — those white-headed old prophets, their eyes on little Johnny Canuck and their brains busy trying to dovetail the free will of man and the sovereignty of God in such a way that Johnny's future Union Sunday School teacher should make a Christian man of him.

As I said before, John Knox and his spiritual descendants are possessed of more innately theological minds than John Wesley and his family desire to claim. Wherefore John Knox had earned the right of the deciding voice when it came to the doctrinal part of the basis of Union.

"The Presbyterian Church of the United States had just come to the conclusion that the Westminster Confession of Faith wasn't read any more," Dr. MacKay told *Canada Monthly*, "so they appointed a Committee, headed by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, to prepare a digest of its teachings for distribution to their membership. I had a copy with me. The Canadian Committee examined and approved of it. And that absolutely Presbyterian statement is substantially the present doctrinal Basis of Union."

Dr. MacKay is grieved that Sandy hasn't seen it so. He

thinks he certainly would have if the minority, sternly opposed to Union, hadn't worked so hard this past year, talked so fast and written so freely. He believes even yet that the great get-together day is merely postponed. The West is so overwhelmingly in favor of it, he pointed out.

H. E. Irwin, K.C., of Toronto, is a friend of Dr. MacKay's. He is also one of the fiercest and most effective anti-Unionists.

"Look at the long list of opponents of Union in the *Presbyterian Advocate*," he says. "There is Lieut. Governor Macgregor, of Nova Scotia, Lieut. Governor Hendrie, of Ontario, Sir Mortimer Clark, Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones, Sir Thomas Wardlaw Taylor, ex-Chief Justice of Manitoba, Mr. John Penman, of Paris,—there are seven hundred prominent men on the Committee's roll, and the list isn't nearly complete."

"Hardly one-half the Presbyterians voted the first time," said Mr. Irwin, "they didn't study the basis of Union at all, largely because they didn't really feel there was the faintest likelihood of its ever coming. When they woke to the real danger, they took up the

question of the reported unnecessary multiplication of churches in the West and an actual investigation proved in the first place that there were very few of these, and, in the second place, that where friendly arrangements were made and the field left to one or the other, the results hadn't been satisfactory."

But the most prolific cause of objection was of course what the *Advocate* called, "Kaiserism in the shape of the Settlement Committee"—interference with the free and inalienable right of the Session to hire and dismiss its minister. Methodist anti-Unionists on the other hand objected that the Session had too much power and the Settlement Committee too little! Which goes to show that it doesn't pay to try to please everybody. You only succeed in getting everybody down on you.

Personally Mr. Irwin objects to Union on historical grounds, and in this he is joined by the Rev. A. B. Winchester, present pastor of Knox, seat of the original church-union conference.

"There has never been a powerful church in history that has not become a corrupt church," Mr. Irwin declares.

He is at least consistent in his opposition to federation in that he wishes the Auld Lights and the U. P.'s hadn't got together either, and thinks there was more spirituality among the Methodists when they were a whole family of little churchlets instead of one body as at present.

The Methodist objectors take their stand mainly on doctrinal points, which is to be expected, considering the source of that part of the Basis of Union. Though they are few in number, these objectors, they are exceedingly firm. The Rev. Stephen Bond, was one of the first and will be found holding out with the last. Mr. Bond is a born theologian with all the mental essentials of a creedmaker.

Article III. of the doctrinal basis was one of his chief points of attack. It formerly read:

"Article III.—*Of the Divine Purpose.*—We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God embraces all events, so that while the freedom of man is not taken away, nor is God the author of sin, yet in His providence He makes all things work together in the fulfilment of His sovereign design and the manifestation of His glory."

Mr. Bond resented that first clause. It was predestination, straight, he pointed out.



Dr. R. P. MacKay

And the Committee saw he was right. They took the little word "so" and they jacked it up out of the third line into the second. The sentence then read, "We believe that the eternal, wise, holy and loving purpose of God so embraces all events, that, while the freedom of man is not interfered with, etc."

Don't see the difference? Neither did we at first. Get back into second speed and think it over. It's there all right.

Similarly Article VI. contains the germs of election and reprobation—those capitalized Calvinisms—when it says:

"Article VI.—*Of the Grace of God.*—We believe that God, out of His great love for the world, has given His only begotten Son to be the Saviour of sinners, and in the Gospel freely offers His all-sufficient salvation to all men. We believe also that God in His own good pleasure, gave to His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation."

If God gave to His Son a people, a multitude howsoever "innumerable," Mr. Bond will tell you, it follows that there were some that He didn't give. Ergo, those were reprobated as the others were elected. And Methodists, remember, have never stood for elections.

Article IX. used to be the one on "Faith and Repentance." Article X. was called "Regeneration." But in 1907 a Calvinist got in by night and he reversed them somehow, so that Regeneration now comes first. Foreordination again, don't you see?

Mr. Bond and his allies have other objections. They are Anglican enough to dislike the fact that the spiritual section of the governing board of the local church (i.e. the Session) has control of the administering of the sacraments. Wherefore laymen may officiate at the Lord's Supper.

Leaving theology, most Methodist objectors don't care for the arrangement whereby the Presbyterians propose to give malcontent non-joiners their share of the invested funds of the church, while the Methodists come in root and branch. Individual Presbyterian churches also carry endow-

ments which wouldn't become unionized.

So much for the objectors, Methodist and Presbyterian.

We've left Dr. MacKay a long time, sitting grieved in his office in the Confederation Life Building. Let's take the car due west to the big new Wesley Building and there we'll find another smiling but disappointed man in the person of Dr. S. D. Chown, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. The views of Dr. Chown are interesting.

"Yes, I believe it would have work-

with the economic advantage of preventing overlapping in the West.

"Owing to the blurred ideals that came into the church when the proposal for organic union was made, there was some slackness for a time. Men stood and wondered what great thing was about to be evolved as by a miracle from the conception of a united church, and ceased to put behind their own church work the same undivided and well-directed energy.

"We are not trying to reach an opinion as yet as to whether Union will take place or not, but if it should be defeated finally, the Methodist Church is ready to proceed with vigor toward the accomplishment of its great work in Canada.

"We now have 43,000 more members than any other non-conformist body in the country and the increase is not from immigration but from the Christian activity of our own ministers and people.

"The Methodist Church has a Sunday School force equal to that of the Presbyterians and the Anglicans combined. Its connectional funds are in a flourishing condition. It could spend more money but it is not harassed with debt. The cause of Christian education has gone forward of recent years with immense strides, so that there has been an increase in the value of educational property (not including endowments) of some \$2,377,387 from 1910 to 1914.

"The value of the property owned by the Methodist Church in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda on April 30th, 1914, was \$41,905,245.

"Every effective man wanting circuit work has it and every circuit has a pastor except in so far as readjustment is necessary at this moment owing to the appointment of some ministers as chaplains and the heavy enlistment of probationers in the fighting force of Canada."

"In short, though not yet ready for Union, we cheerfully take up the White Man's Burden and run the race that is set before us, and we will continue to do so, whether as Methodists or as part of the great united Church of Canada."



Dr. H. E. Irwin

ed," he tells us. "In six hundred localities out West the two churches got together and readjusted things. We haven't had half a dozen protests.

"I'm still in favor of Union. My opinion is unchanged on the desirability of the moral and organic unity of the great religious forces of the community and I am as much impressed as ever



It was the golden period of his life

Will Rudd's Boy

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by N. H. Hewitt

IN the tame little town of Hillsdale he seemed the tamest thing of all, Will Rudd—especially appropriate to a kneeling trade, a shoe clerk by election. But he was not so lowly as he looked, though he bent the pregnant hinges to anybody soever that entered the shop, with its ingenious rebus on the signboard.

He not only untied the stilted Oxfords or buttoned in the arching insteps of those who sat in the "Ladies' and Misses' Dept.," which was the other side of the double-backed bench, whose obverse was the "Gents' Dept.," but also he took upon the glistening surface of his trousers the muddy soles of merchants, the clay-bronzed brogans of hired men, the cowhide toboggans of teamsters, and the brass-toed, red-kneed boots of little boys ecstatic in their first feel of big leather.

Rudd was a shoe clerk to be trusted. He never revealed to a soul that Miss Clara Lommel wore shoes two sizes too small, and when she bit her lip and blanched with agony as he pried her heel into the protesting dongola, he seemed not to notice that she was no Cinderella.

And one day, when it was too late, and Miss Lucy Posnett, whose people lived in the big brick mansard, realized that she had a hole in her stocking, what did Rudd do? Why, he never let on.

Stanch Methodist that he was, William Rudd stifled *in petto* the fact that the Presbyterian minister's wife was vain, and bought little, soft black kids, with the Cuban heel and a patent-leather tip to the opera toe! The United Presbyterian minister himself had salved his own vanity by saying that shoes show so plainly on the pulpit, and it was better to buy them a trifle too small than a trifle too large, but—umm!—er, hadn't you better put in a little more of that powder, Mr. Rudd?—I have on—whew!—unusually thick socks to-day.

CLAY KITTREDGE, Rudd's employer, also valued him, secretly, as a man who brought in customers and sold them goods. But he never mentioned this to his clerk, lest Rudd be tempted to the sin of vanity and incidentally to demanding an increase in that salary which had remained the same since he had been promoted from delivery boy.

Kittredge found that Rudd kept his secrets as he kept everybody else's. Professing church member as he was, Rudd earnestly palmed off shopworn stock for fresh invoices, declared that the 'obsolete Piccadillies which Kittredge had snapped up from a bankrupt sale were worn on all the best feet

on all the main streets of all the leading cities, and blandly substituted "just as good" for advertised wares that Kittredge did not carry.

Besides, when no customer was in the shop he spent the time at the back window, doctoring tags—as the King of France negotiated the hill—by marking up prices, then marking them down.

But when he took his hat from the peg and set it on his head, he put on his private conscience. Whatever else he did, he never lied or cheated to his own advantage.

And so everybody in town liked William Rudd, and nobody admired him. He was treated with the affectionate contempt of an old family servant. But he had his ambitions and great ones, ambitions that reached past himself into the future of another generation. He felt the thrill that stirs the acorn, fallen into the ground and hidden there, but destined to father an oak. His was the ambition beyond ambition that glorifies the seed in the loam, and ennobles the roots of trees thrusting themselves downward and gripping obscurity in order that trunks and branches, flowers and fruits, pods and cones, may flourish aloft.

EVENTUALLY old Skinflint Kittredge died, and the son chopped the "Jr." curlicue from the end of his name, and began a new regime. The old Kittredge had sought only his own aggrandizement, and his son was his son. The new Clay Kittredge had gone to public school with Rudd and they continued to be "Clay" and "Will" to each other; no one would ever have called Rudd by so demonstrative a name as "Bill."

When Clay second stepped into his father's boots—and shoes, he began to enlarge the business, hoping to efface his father's achievements by his own. The shop gradually expanded to a department store for covering all portions of the anatomy and supplying inner wants as well.

Rudd was so overjoyed at not being uprooted and flung aside to die, that he never observed the shrewd irony of Kittredge's phrase: "You may remain, Will, with no reduction of salary."

To have lost his humble position would have frustrated his dream, for he was doing his best to build for himself and for Her a home where they could fulfill their destinies. He cherished no hope, hardly even a desire, to be a great or rich man himself. He was one of the nest-weavers, the cave-burrowers, the home-

makers, who prepare the way for the greater than themselves who shall spring from themselves.

HE was of those who become the unknown fathers of great men. And so, on a salary that would have meant penury to a man of self-seeking tastes, he managed to save always the major part of his earning. At the bank he was a modest but regular visitor to the receiving teller, and almost a total stranger to the paying teller.

His wildest dissipation being a second pipeful of tobacco before he went to bed—or "retired," as he would more gently have said it—he eventually heaped up enough to ask Martha Kellogg to marry him. Martha, who was the plainest woman in plain Hillsdale, accepted William, and they were made one by the parson. The wedding was not accounted "swell" even in Hillsdale.

The groomy bridegroom and the unbridly bride spent together all the time that Rudd could spare from the store. He bought for her a little frame house with a porch about as big as an upper berth, a patch of grass with a path through it to the back door, some hollyhocks of startling color, and a highly unimportant woodshed. It spelled HOME to them, and they were as happy as people usually are. He did all he could to please her. At her desire he even gave up his pipe without missing it—much.

Mrs. Martha Rudd was an ambitious woman, or at least restless and discontented. Having escaped a wo-

man's supreme horror, that of being an old maid, she perked up enough to grow ambitious for her husband. She nagged him for a while about his plodding ways, the things that satisfied him, the salary he endured. But it did no good. Will Rudd was never meant to put boots and spurs on his own feet and splash around in gore. He was for carpet slippers, congress gaiters, and on wet days, rubbers; on slushy days, he even descended to what he called "ar'ties."

NOT understanding the true majesty of her husband's long-distance dreams, and baffled by his unresponse to her ambitions for him, Martha grew ambitious for the child that was coming. She grew frantically, fantastically ambitious. Here was something William Rudd could respond to. He could be ambitious as Caesar—but vicariously. He was a groundling, but his son should climb.

Husband and wife spent evenings and evenings debating the future of the child. They never agreed on the name—or the alternative names. For it is advisable to have two ready for any emergency. But the future was rosy. They were unanimous on that—President of the United States, mebbe; or at least the President's wife.

Mrs. Rudd, who occasionally read the continued stories in the evening paper, had happened on a hero named "Eric." She favored that name—or Rosalie, as the case might be. In any event, the child's future was so glowing that it warmed Mrs. Rudd to asking



He was a shoe clerk to be trusted.



Thereafter they sat of evenings by the lamp

one evening, forgetful of her earlier edict:

"Why don't you smoke your pipe any more, Will?"

"I'd kind o' got out of the habit, Marthy," he said, and added hastily: "But I guess I'll git back in."

Thereafter they sat of evenings by the lamp, he smoking, she sewing things—holding them up now and then for him to see. They looked almost too small to be convincing, until he brought home from the store a pair of shoes—"the smallest size made, Marthy, too small for some of the dolls you see over at Bostwick's."

It was the golden period of his life. Rudd never sold shoes so well. People could hardly resist his high spirits. Anticipation is a great thing—it is all that some people get.

To be a successful shoe clerk one must acquire the patience of Job without his gift of complaint, and Rudd was thoroughly schooled. So he waited with a hope-lit serenity the preamble to the arrival of his—her—their child.

AND then fate, which had previously been content with denying him comforts and keeping him from luxuries, dealt him a blow in the face, smote him on his patient mouth. The doctor told him that the little body of his son had been born still. After that, it was rather a stupor of despair than courage that carried him through the vain struggle for life of the wornout housewife who became only almost a mother. It seemed merely the logical completion of the world's cruelty when the doctor laid a heavy hand on his shoulder and walked out of the door, without leaving any prescription to fill. Rudd stood like a wooden Indian, too dazed to understand or to feel. He opened the door to the undertaker and waited outside the room, just twiddling his fingers and wondering. His world had come to an end, and he did not know what to do.

At the church, the offices of the par-

son, and the soprano's voice from behind the flowers, singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me"—Marthy's favorite hymn—brought the tears trickling, but he could not believe that what had happened had happened. He got through the melancholy honor of riding in the first hack in the shabby pageant, though the town looked strange from that window. He shivered stupidly at the first sight of the trench in the turf which was to be the new lodging of his family. He kept as quiet as any of the group among the mounds while the bareheaded preacher finished his part.

He was too numb with incredulity to find any expression until he heard that awful sound that ever grates the human ear—the first shovelful of clods rattling on a coffin. Then he understood—then he woke. When he saw the muddy spade spill dirt hideously above her lips, her cheeks, her brow, and the little bundle of futile flesh she cuddled with a rigid arm to a breast of ice—then a cry like the shriek of a falling tree split his throat and he dropped into the grave, sprawling across the casket, beating on its denying door, and sobbing:

"You mustn't go alone, Marthy. I won't let you two go all by yourselves. It's so fur and so dark. I can't live without you and the—the baby. Wait! Wait!"

They dragged him out, and the shovels concluded their venerable task. He was sobbing too loudly to hear them, and the parson was holding him in his arms and patting his back and saying "Shh! Shh!" as if he were a child afraid of the dark.

The sparse company that had gathered to pay the last devoir to the unimportant woman in the box in the ditch, felt, most of all, amazement at such an unexpected outburst from so respectable a man as William Rudd. There was much talk about it as the horses galloped home, much talk in every carriage except his and the one that had been hers.

Up to this, the neighbors had taken the whole affair with that splendid philosophy neighbors apply to other people's woes. Mrs. Budd Granger had said to Mrs. Ad. Peck when they met in Bostwick's drygoods store, at the linen counter:

"Too bad about Martha Rudd, isn't it? Plain little body, but nice. Meant well. Went to church regular. Yes, it's too bad. I don't think they ought to put off the strawb'ry fest'val, though, just for that, do you? Never would be any fun if we stopped for every funeral, would there? Besides, the strawb'ry fest'val's for charity, isn't it?"

The strawberry festival was not put off and the town paper said that "a pleasant time was had by all." Most of the talk was about Will Rudd. The quiet shoe clerk had provided the town with an alarm, an astonishment. He was most astounded of all. As he rode back to the frame house in the swaying carriage, he absolutely could not

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And then fate dealt him a blow in the face

What the Movies are Doing For Canada

By June Keith

Illustrated from Photographs



Miss June Keith, moving picture actress,
who sees a great film future for Canada.

side with something that looks like a large hornet's nest stuck up near the top.

"What can that curious looking lump be" you marvel and next instant a nearer view shows that the antlike creatures traversing it are men, going back and forth on narrow trails and ledges, thousands of feet high in air. "Canadian silver mine" says the text, and no one who has ever seen that picture forgets afterward that there are silver mines in Canada.

So, with the lumber industry. There is a wonderfully thrilling scenario whose hero has charge of a great lumber camp and whom we see riding the logs and saving a man's life in a terrible "jam" on the river.

The great fisheries and the agricultural regions are shown less often but the fur-traders make a picturesque source to draw upon. There is a film depicting every step in the long process that goes to make a coat for milady from the skins of many little wild creatures. We see the hunter setting his snares and removing the small, soft bodies

from them. Then there is the skinning, the drying and scraping and curing, the trimming and shaping, the sewing together and making up all the long, careful, patient steps that must be taken in order to enable some fair one to step forth clad in a long and lovely garment of rich fur.

The French Canadians have been filmed in many ways. Selling fruits and vegetables in the open markets of the city, marching in quaint procession with their numerous dark-eyed children to some great Cathedral on a feast day of the church. Or we see the lithe figure of some Pierre or Louis skilfully guiding a party of hunters or fishermen through trackless woods and wilderness or deftly paddling the well loaded canoe along swift streams. The Indian tribes have also been featured in

SHE was a demure little old lady and no one would ever in the world have suspected her of being a "movie fan," yet her children and grandchildren were poking tender fun at her for her weakness in that line. She seemed to think that she must defend herself, for she said in her mild old voice:

"Well, you see, it is like this. Ever since I can remember the dearest wish of my heart has been to travel. I was born and raised in a little village and I have lived in this town ever since I was married, and I've never had a real trip. There was money enough for other things but never for railroad tickets. And now that the children are all grown and I might go, it is too late. I am too old to go knocking about on trains and in strange places."

She paused a moment and then added, with a smile of satisfaction:

"But I don't need to. All I need do is pay ten or fifteen cents to sit in a pretty little theater where, if I wait long enough, the whole world is brought to me. I was in Japan this afternoon. I have always wanted to see Japan and now I've been."

And there you have an excellent illustration of one of the most wonderful and delightful features of the moving picture development that has touched such far corners of the world. Distant lands have been brought near, strange peoples made familiar, through the magic-working "movies."

And of the countries thus exploited Canada has been by no means the last or least. Hundreds of thousands of people have "seen Canada" in the last few years in the same way that the old lady saw Japan. They have seen her stately mountain peaks, her wide and sunny prairies, her rich forests, her noble rivers. Some day there will be some wonderful scenarios with the

Rockies for a background but they are yet to be written. One of the largest of the moving picture companies, however, has magnificent views of the mountains taken with the idea of staging some plays there in the future.

The world has seen, too, on the screen, Canada's beautiful cities and glimpses of her great and manifold industries and activities. Actual, vivid, interesting pictures of these things bring to the mind of the observer, as nothing else could do, a realization of the character of the country where the scenes are laid. For example it may be instructive but it is certainly not exciting to read in the Encyclopedia Britannica that "all the precious metals are found in Canada" but it is quite another thing to have flashed upon the screen before you a view of a mountain



Miles upon miles of railroad built through country still unsettled

picturesque scenarios such as the "Lure of the Windigo" where a curious superstition of the red folk about the wind is made the center of an absorbing story.

In the Northwest that wonderful organization poetically known as "the Riders of the Plains" and whose official title is the Royal North-West Mounted Police, has lent itself occasionally to the camera with picturesque results: This body of a few hundred men guarding the peace and welfare of a territory that covers more than two and a half million square miles is known the world over as one of the most marvelous examples of a government dealing with the problem of policing a new and undisciplined country. Now that the need for which they first came into existence is passing and the wilderness is giving way to thriving towns, the duties of the Mounted Police are also changing, but they are as valuable a factor as ever in the prosperity of the area which they control.

But just at this time the most thrilling feature of the "movies" to everyone, everywhere, is the war pictures. Soldiers enlisting, soldiers marching, soldiers en route, in camp, in trenches, in hospitals. The news weeklies flash over all the civilized world those simple, terrible, absorbing scenes of which we never tire, at which we always look with fresh interest.

And everywhere that they are shown people exclaim in wonder and admiration over the lavishness of Canada's offerings to the war. Through the movies the world knows how thousands and thousands of her men have crossed the

sea" and fought and died; how thousands and thousands of others have gone to take their places; how the "Princess Patricia," pride of the regiments, has won a fame and glory that will never die; how the universities have sent corps after corps of their students, splendid boys, turning eagerly from the peaceful paths of learning to the cruel chances of war.

Wonderful daughter of a wonderful mother, giving of her sons, her wealth, her faith and her love without stint, to aid the mother in her need.

"So long as the blood endures, I shall know that the good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all, That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall."

Two men sat in a moving picture theatre not long ago looking at some war pictures. There was a scene showing the debarkation from a train of some

wounded soldiers on their way home. An officer walking slowly down the station platform saluted one of them.

"Why did that officer salute that fellow?" inquired one of the men who was watching the pictures. "He was only a private."

"True" replied his companion, "but he was probably a Canadian."

The Mounted Police bridge the gap between Canada's present and her romantic part—a past peculiarly suited to the needs of the moving picture artist. In those days when Europe was just becoming acquainted with the New World across the sea, Canada was the stage for some of the most heroic dramas humanity has ever witnessed. Here were nations highly advanced in civilization facing the perils of life in the wilderness without faltering, animated by an ideal so splendid that hardship and suffering were trivial matters of every day. Here were nobles-turned-explorers, coureurs de bois, stately ladies from the French court keeping house under the most primitive conditions, happy if they escaped a scalping from the Indians. Here were hardy Englishmen come to Canada to make homes like those they had left oversea and determined to insure the permanence of these homes by wise and far-reaching laws. Surely here is material to stir the most sluggish imagination.

Present day Canada is the logical development of that Canada of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We find the same bold feats of the imagination realized in the gigantic construction works of the government—the irrigation canals, the bridges, the miles upon miles of railroads built through country still unsettled—waiting for the future to reap the fruit of contemporary effort. The colonists of old had no assurance of success—they were pioneers in a game of chance—but the colonists of to-day have that great magician, the transcontinental railroad, to convert their dreams into realities. We see proof of this magician's skill in the thriving, little towns in newly opened territory in the West—towns electric lighted, commercially alert, surrounded by vast fields of wheat and oats and barley. Further west, in the valleys of the Nechako and the Bulkley, a soil naturally fertile fanned by the warm breezes from the Chinook produces wonderful crops—so wonderful, in fact, that the moving picture artist is bothered by an embarrassment of riches. Industrial enterprises mature with the same rapidity as the crops; all work is done on a large scale; there is such enthusiasm, such life behind every movement looking toward the improvement of the country. Canada is in the heyday of her youth, and, like every young thing, she will bear much photographing, a fact that the moving picture artist has been quick to realize.



Canada, like every young thing, will bear much photographing

Todd and the Terrible Tangle

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



TODD wanted to go, there was nothing he would like better than to be one of the party, but—

Potter knew the meaning of that "but," having encountered it before, and it made him impatient. Mrs. Todd was always interfering, and Todd meekly submitted. It was ridiculous but exasperating—ridiculous because she was jealous of her peace-loving, patient, unimpressive little husband, and exasperating because she gave him no liberty at all.

If there ever was a quiet, inoffensive little fellow, it was Sidney Todd. He was not a man to attract the attention of the opposite sex, even if he desired it, and he was not a man to desire it. Nor was he in the least sportively or bibulously inclined. Yet Mrs. Todd believed that he was at heart a rake and a roisterer. She was quite sure that other women were angling for his favor, and she was equally sure that nothing but the tight rein she held on him prevented them from getting it. Also, in her opinion, it was this tight rein that restrained a natural masculine tendency to bacchanalian excesses.

"IT'S mighty tempting," admitted Todd, "and I'd like to be with you, but—"

"I know, I know," returned Potter. "Mrs. Todd would object."

"She would," affirmed Todd.

"Well, why let her know anything about it?" asked Potter.

This was so startling a suggestion that for a moment Todd was at a loss for a reply. Then he merely inquired how he could help it.

"Doesn't business ever take you away from home?" inquired Potter.

"Occasionally," answered Todd.

"Well, why not take a business trip now?" suggested Potter.

Such duplicity as this was quite foreign to Todd's nature, but he was tempted.

A few of his friends were going to a little cabin in the woods for a brief outing, and he would like to go along. He was neither a hunter nor a fisherman, but the idea appealed to him nevertheless. There was a suggestion of freedom in it that was delightful.

"I wish I could," he sighed, "but it's impossible. There are the letters, you know."

"What letters?" asked Potter.

"I drop Mary a line or two every

day when I'm away," explained Todd. "She expects it. And it wouldn't do to go to one place, you know, and mail her letters from another—wouldn't do at all."

That seemed to settle the matter, much to Potter's regret. Todd, in his quiet way, was a good companion, and, besides, Potter felt that he would be rendering him a service in taking him away from Mrs. Todd for a little while. She was too unreasonable, too exacting. Why, she had him so "tamed" that he never even came to the club except occasionally for luncheon. But of course there was no use—

DICK RAYMOND sauntered in just then, and Potter again became hopeful.

"There's the man for you!" he exclaimed. "He'll mail your letters. Come here, Dick!"

Raymond, who was a traveling salesman, responded to the summons, and was briefly informed of the situation. He thereupon winked one eye knowingly.

"No, no, not at all!" exclaimed Todd, replying to the wink; "you're quite wrong."

"Oh, that's all right!" Raymond assured him. "I'm the most innocent and silentest little boy you ever knew, and I'll mail all the letters you want anywhere along my route that you want them mailed. I'm starting on a trip in the morning."

Todd was none the less dubious after this assurance. "I won't know how to date them," he objected.

"I'll give you my itinerary," offered Raymond, "and you can date them to fit that."

"And Mary will want to write to me," added Todd.

"Oh, you can fix that all right," put in Potter. "Tell her your business will keep you jumping from place to place and you won't be anywhere long enough to get a letter. The letters Dick mails for you will fit right in with that story."

Still, Todd was not altogether satisfied. It was such an extraordinary adventure, to him, that it made him uneasy.

"Do you think it's safe?" he asked of Potter after Raymond had left them.

"Of course," was the confident reply. "Why not?"

"I don't know," returned Todd uncertainly, "except that Raymond has always seemed to me a rather irresponsible fellow, and I didn't exactly like the way he grinned and winked at me. I don't want to be misunderstood, you know. It might be serious, for Mary—well, Mary is a perfect marvel at misunderstanding things herself."

"Oh, that's all right!" declared Potter. "You needn't worry about Raymond; he wouldn't say anything, no matter what he might suspect; and most of the time he's as reliable a man as you'll find anywhere. A bit erratic now and then, but always ready to do anything for a friend."

"But suppose," suggested Todd unhappily, "suppose he should have one of his erratic streaks now?"

"Well, he develops a fantastic sense of humor at such times," replied Potter, "but he never means any harm."

SOMEHOW this added nothing to Todd's peace of mind, but he felt committed to the plan now, so he made the best of it. And Raymond was but one of his worries, for he must also go through the harrowing and novel experience of deluding his wife with a story of a fanciful business trip, and he was not good at deception. For a moment he found irritation in the fact that he had to do this. Other men were able to get away without resorting to subterfuge, so why should he be thus restricted? Why not stand boldly on his rights? Why not—But habit is strong, and he chose the easy way.

It was not altogether a success, however. So unaccustomed was he to deceit that he stumbled in his story, and he had an uncomfortable feeling that Mary was not entirely satisfied. She eyed him sharply and asked several disconcerting questions. This also irritated him. No man should place himself or permit himself to be placed in such a humiliating position.

Thus reflecting, he began to develop a little spirit—a little, not much. He was still uneasy rather than rebellious, and his uneasiness increased rapidly. He was uncomfortable when he joined the others of the party at the train, and he was positively unhappy on the train that carried them to their destination. Nor did he find any compensatory pleasure in the outing, so far as he went with it. It was his first experience of

camp life, and it was not at all what he had pictured it.

However, with his camp troubles this tale has nothing to do. It is merely necessary to record that they were sufficient, combined with his uneasiness, to drive him back to the city after just two days of life in the woods.

"I'VE got to go!" he told Potter, and Potter naturally wanted to know why.

"Well," explained Todd, "I didn't like the way that fellow Raymond grinned and winked at me. There's danger in a wink like that. Why, that wink, if Mrs. Todd happened to see it, would just about wreck our family."

"But she isn't going to see it," urged Potter.

"I hope not," returned Todd with a shudder. "It was a dreadful wink, it had so much meaning to it, and I don't like to think of an irresponsible fellow going around with a pocketful of my letters and a wink like that. I'm worried about Mary, too. I didn't like the way she looked at me, and you never can tell what a woman will do. Suppose she tried to reach me by wire!" Todd shuddered again. "I tell you, Potter, the risks I'm taking are simply terrible, and I can't stand the strain. I'm going home."

"But the letters?" suggested Potter.

"I have Raymond's itinerary," replied Todd, "and I'll wire him to shut them off."

The little man was so desperately worried and unhappy that Potter let him go without further argument.

The telegram to Raymond, sent from the station at which Todd took his train, was so worded as to call for an answer, and Todd expected to find the answer at his office when he arrived there. He was disappointed, however. There was no message awaiting him, and he must hear from Raymond before he could venture home.

"I suppose," he sighed, "this is a sample of his fantastic sense of humor. It amuses him to worry me."

HE had returned on a night train, so he had the whole day ahead of him, but the day brought nothing to lessen his anxiety and much to increase it. By noon he was so distressed that he called up Hinkley & Burns on the telephone and asked for Raymond's address, just to assure himself that the itinerary had not been changed. Raymond was employed by Hinkley & Burns.

"Don't know where he is," was the impatient reply he received.

"But I thought he was one of your salesmen," he suggested anxiously.

"He was, but he isn't any more. Discharged himself the very first day of his last trip!"

"Discharged himself!" repeated Todd.

"That's what he did."

"Oh, yes," returned Todd with a sickly laugh. "I've heard he had a fantastic sense of humor."

"Fantastic sense of humor!" exploded the man at the other end of wire. "Say! are you a friend of that crazy Indian?"

"Why, I—er—have some slight acquaintance with him," confessed Todd.

"Well, if you can locate him, tell him to turn in his samples. Never mind him, but get his samples. He started hitting the high spots the moment he got out of town on his last trip——"

"Are you sure of that?" asked Todd, more distressed than ever.

"Sure! Why, the first thing he sent in was his resignation, and he followed that with a fool letter from a fellow named Todd under the impression that it was an order——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Todd.

"——and now we're trying to locate him. He's done this thing just once too often for us!"

"A crazy Indian," murmured Todd, "with a pocketful of letters to Mary!"

"What's that?"

"Mailing my letters to his firm!"

"What!"



"Will you deny the evidence of your own letters?"

"An inebriate with a fantastic sense of humor!"

"I didn't get that."

"Never mind," moaned Todd. "I was just wondering when I'd dare go home."

"Are you crazy too?" asked the mystified man at the other end of the wire.

Todd did not deem it advisable to answer that question. As a matter of fact, he was not sure. If not crazy, however, he felt that he soon would be—if he could not locate Raymond.

He consulted the itinerary and telegraphed each way from the place at which Raymond was supposed to be, but he slept on a rattan couch at his office that night because he could not get the word that made it safe to go home.

THREE nights of the rattan couch and three days and nights of anxiety made a good deal of a wreck of the unhappy man, and it was not without misgivings that he ventured home on the fourth morning. His suit case had kept him provided with clean linen, but his clothes were sadly mussed, his face was haggard, and his eyes seemed to indicate a need of refreshing sleep. Yet there was an occasional flash to those weary eyes that betrayed one overwhelming ambition—to meet and greet, with an axe or a club a man of the name of Raymond.

However, he was an orderly man, in the habit of doing one thing at a time, and the meeting with his wife demanded first attention. The last of the letters, excluding the one received by Hinkley & Burns, should have reached her the preceding day, but—well, it was not without trepidation that he approached the house.

Mrs. Todd did not reproach or scold him, which was reassuring, but her greeting seemed to him rather cool, which was not so reassuring, although there was at least a suggestion of sympathy in her first words.

"YOU look tired," she said.

"It's been a hard trip," he explained dolefully, and never had he spoken a truer word.

"Your clothes look as if you had been sleeping in them," she remarked, and he felt that it would be foolish to attempt a denial.

"I have," he admitted. "This camp life——"

"Camp life!" she exclaimed.

A slip the very first thing! He had been so intent on concealing the fact that he had slept in his office that he had forgotten what else he had to conceal.

"Why—er—yes," he faltered. "You might call it that. Making night jumps on a trolley is a good deal like

sleeping in the open. In fact, traveling men always speak of night trolley jumps as camp life—just a bit of road slang, you know."

"Oh!"

"Sounds queer, I suppose, but that's what it means."

She seemed to be satisfied, and he was greatly relieved. The ordeal was passed.

"Better get into some other clothes and come to breakfast," she suggested.

He made haste to do so, and he felt much better when he got out of the rumpled suit. He was even inclined to be jocular when he sat down at the table, but his sallies produced no very satisfying response, and a tired man needs encouragement for his humor. After all, even if he could not coax a smile from her, the really important thing was that she did not frown. There was sufficient comfort in that to enable him to view the situation with reasonable placidity.

Then, unexpectedly, she fixed him with an accusing eye.

"WHY didn't you write me every day?" she asked.

His heart skipped a beat then. Those troublesome letters were not all in.

"D-didn't I?" he parried.

"Don't you know you didn't?" she demanded.

"Perhaps I forgot to mail one," he suggested unhappily.

"Two," she corrected. "Would you forget to mail two?"

"I—I don't see how I could."

"You might," she said, "if you were thinking of somebody else."

"But I assure you, Mary," he informed her hastily and truthfully, "that you were more on my mind this trip than ever before."

"Why?" was her uncompromising rejoinder. "Was it a guilty conscience?"

He resented that. It was unfair; it left no avenue of escape from censure. If he had failed to think of her, it would have been unpardonable, and yet he was assailed for insisting that he had thought of her.

"And what were you doing in Weston?" she added before he could frame a reply.

This was serious. Amy Bradley, an old flame, lived in Weston, and Mary had never forgotten that she was an old flame. But he knew that he had not been in Weston, had not even thought of the place, had not seen it on the itinerary, and he asserted with some spirit that he had not been there.

"Will you deny the evidence of your own letter?" she demanded.

"There's no letter from Weston," he insisted; "there can't be."

"Oh, no, of course not!" she retorted sarcastically. "You didn't



Amy Bradley, an old flame, lived in Weston write any from Weston—no, indeed! You carefully dated it Brambury, but it's postmarked Weston."

"That infernal Raymond!" moaned Todd.

"Never mind Raymond!" she rejoined. "How about Amy Bradley?"

"I have not seen her for two years," he replied hopelessly. She would not believe it, so what was the use?

"You date a letter Brambury that's mailed in Weston, and then expect me to believe that!" she exclaimed.

The evidence against him was so overwhelming that it seemed useless to reply.

"You are so happy in your profligacy," she went on bitterly, "that you forget your own wife!"

"Happy!" he groaned. "Happy on a corrugated cot!"

"So happy in the smiles of a shameless hussy that you skip two days!"

"I haven't seen her!" he maintained; "but," and he flared up a moment here, "I wish I had—I wish I'd seen all the women I ever knew!"

"Mormon!" she cried, aghast.

"And I wish I had a hatchet!"

"A hatchet!" she was alarmed now.

"A hatchet and Raymond. I'd like to introduce one to the other."

The hatchet was not for her, which was some relief, but she never had seen him like this before, and she was still troubled. "That's the second time you've mentioned Raymond," she said in a more conciliatory tone. "Who is he?"

"Next to you," was his startling reply, "he's the greatest provocation ever inflicted upon mortal man."

"Next to me!"

"Oh, it's all over now!" He rose wearily from the table. "I'm going back to the woods and eat acorns. There's freedom there anyhow; I don't have to explain every time I turn over in bed or talk in my sleep. I'm going back to acorns and wood-ticks and ants and chiggers."

"Horrible!" she cried, at last dimly comprehending the situation. "You've been living in the woods?"

"I have—for freedom."

"Freedom, Sidney—freedom!" she repeated. "Why should you want freedom?"

"Oh, I don't, of course," he returned. "I don't want freedom any more than a caged hyena, which is what I am."

"A hyena! Merciful heavens! Sidney, are you well?"

"So well," he asserted, "that I'm going back to the woods—or the club."

Perplexed and shocked, Mrs. Todd descended to a compromise. "You may go to the club, Sidney," she said, "but I shall expect you to dinner."

"Expect and be hanged!"

"Sidney!"

"Don't talk to me!" he warned. "I won't explain—anything—any more—at any time. If I like acorns, I'm going after acorns—and eat 'em—without any letter-writing foolishness. But I'll kill Raymond first!"

"No, no, you mustn't!" pleaded Mrs. Todd, abandoning her position entirely. "They'll put you in jail! Promise me you won't, Sidney! I never knew you could be so terrible."

Todd looked at her in surprise, and he seemed to grow an inch as he looked, for he was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had somehow—he did not quite know how—gained the advantage, and the sensation was as delightful as it was novel.

"Mary," he said resolutely, "I'll do as I damn please."

"Yes, of course," she conceded, "but nothing desperate."

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THE long trail from tidewater to the crest of the coast range, the Skeena on one hand, mountain slopes on the other, and beyond the valley other mountains crested with snow, gleaming with glacial rivers that flash for a moment in the sunlight, is a trip long to be remembered. The fogs and mists of the coast breed a vegetation that to eyes used only to the dry central plains of the continent is full of never-ending charm. Festoons of mosses fall from fir trees only slightly smaller than those of Oregon and Washington. The western winds temper the climate, and one forgets that he is as far north of the Twin Cities as Atlanta is south. The sun rises far to the northeast, swings low in the horizon, and sets in the northwest. At the time of year we visited the Nechako — August — twilight of evening merges into twilight of morning. And in this almost perpetual sunlight lies the secret of the wonderful summers of the Nechako Trail. In the few brief months between spring and fall, Nature, who fully understands her business, crams a full growing season by working without regard to union hours of labor. She gives to the growing crop, between seed-time and harvest, practically the same amount of sunshine that she deals out to the crop growing through a longer season a thousand miles farther south. In Texas corn matures in one hundred and forty days, in Manitoba in eighty-five days, but the hours of sunlight given to each crop is nearly the same.

The Nechako Trail is almost as far north as Fort York on Hudson's Bay and it is farther north than the main chain of the Aleutian Islands. The Trans-Siberian railway quarter-circles the globe at the same distance from the equator as the Nechako.

Now we think of all these as belonging to the Far North. To arrive at a truer estimate of climate, crop possibilities, season length, and all those natural things that go to make up livability in a land, suppose we compare the Nechako with Danzig and Hamburg in Germany, with Copenhagen in Denmark, with Manchester in England, and with Belfast in Ireland. Are these far north? So is the Nechako. Are these in inhospitable lands? Quite the contrary. Recall Edinboro in Scotland, Christiania in Norway, Stockholm in Sweden, Moscow and St. Petersburg, all of Sweden and Norway and Scotland, half of Russia, beyond the farthest north of the Nechako Trail.

The Sinews of the Land

By Hugh J. Hughes

Illustrated from Photographs



The camp before the railway came. So it had been in every new land; so it will be, no doubt, until the last wilderness is tamed.

*OUT of their voiceless longings
For something that satisfies,
Are born the endless throngings
Of men to alien skies;
Some find on the silent prairie,
And some in the trackless wood,
And some on the trail where the blazings fail,
The thing that the heart calls good.*

Of far more importance than distance northward is the eastward drift of the sea winds, the low elevation above sea level, the mountain barriers to the north and east, the quick, life-giving nature of the soil. These are

positive assets of climate which mere latitude cannot withhold or give. From tidewater to the coast range divide one climbs gradually out of dense forests with a suggestion of sub-tropical profusion into an interior climate of



The new town after the railway came. The pessimist is sure that the thing desired cannot be, but the doubter who doubts the pessimist comes along and presto! the thing that was not, is—and for evermore shall be

long, hot days and bracing cool nights, of ample rainfall, of much the same climate and soil as the best of northern Wisconsin and northern Minnesota.

This brings matters once more near home. I remember that a dozen years ago there were those who told my wife and myself that we could not raise a garden in central North Dakota. Later they said that perhaps we could raise a garden, but we could not ripen corn. Still later it was admitted that corn would ripen—all except, of course, strawberries and apples! Then somebody bethought themselves to try strawberries, and they grew! Another planted apple trees, and the fruit tastes nutty and sweet!

So it has been in every new land; so it will be, no doubt, until the last wilderness is tamed. The pessimist is sure that the thing desired cannot be, but the doubter who doubts the pessimist comes along and presto! the thing that was not, is—and forevermore shall be. Of such is Progress born.

Where the Kitsumgallum debouches into the Skeena, almost to a mile on the latitude made famous by "fifty-four forty or fight" an apple orchard stands beside the track, its fruit bending the boughs of sturdy five year old trees. I mention this merely as confirming the previous remarks on climate. The Siwash came down the Kitsumgallum with native berries and its name is already known to the housewives in Prince Rupert. Nature is a pretty fair guide, as a rule, and in her wild crops tells us, if we but understand, what tame crops will grow. To the Kitsumgallum and above the valley of the Skeena is well adapted to fruits insofar as climate is concerned. Of the soil I cannot speak, save as we stopped here and there for a brief time. In the Nechako it was otherwise. We went leisurely, tramped through field

and timber, dug our heels into the mould, saw the season's harvest in its prime. Out of what was seen the thread of the story runs.

At Hazelton the railway and the river part company, the latter to find its fountains far to the northward, not far distant from where the Yukon rises to send its great flood of waters out into the Bering Sea. Between these two lie the upper valleys of the Stikeen and Liard rivers, the former a Pacific coast stream known to the gold-seeker; the latter one of the multitude of streams that British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan contribute to create the McKenzie.

Up the Skeena from Hazelton, across mountain ridges and valley, through a tempestuous country, and down rivers that have taken their toll of human life, runs the Overland Trail to the Yukon, to Dawson Circle, and the gold camps of Yesterday and To-morrow.

Some day in our time we will change cars at Hazelton for the Yukon, Alaska, Siberia and Europe. Bering Strait can be bridged with ice-breaking steamers and there remains only to consider the Asiatic mainland to a point intersecting the Trans-Siberian, possibly meeting its most easterly and northern extension at Kabarovsk, some three hundred miles to the northward of Vladivostock. When that day comes Hazelton will be a city, and the valleys that feed it, the Bulkeley and the Nechako, will have a wholesale terminal market for shipment in bulk to the north right at their doors.

To Hazelton the Siwash stayed with us, shouting and singing. There they left us for their villages farther up the Skeena, while our further journey ran by way of the Bulkeley over the Divide and into the Nechako. From this point the trail bends to the southward, and not far from here the Chinaman with a thrifty eye and willing

hands mentioned in an earlier chapter of this story had made his cleanup of \$10,000 in one fortunate season of truck gardening.

Its inhabitants call Tibet the Roof of the World. At Hazelton one is at the roof of the American world. Life slopes in all directions. Westward the sea-ways and the canning season, eastward the things you and I breathe and are, northward the wilderness and wilderness mystery.

A man stood beside the track, his hand lovingly on the head of a splendid young dog, a cross between the native husky and a St. Bernard. Though only a pup the dog would tip the scales at over one hundred pounds. And our friend of the flying minute pointed out to us, just as the lover of good horse flesh points out, the fine points of the members of his team, of which there were in all six:

"Mister, this here dawg is all dawg! Look at 'im. Ain't he a beauty? Whar will ye find a deeper chest, or a broader back or a better-muscl'd pair o' hind laigs? An' them dawgs o' mine knows how to rustle thar grub like a reg'lar huskie! Turn 'em loose and they pick up thar livin' offen the country. Best feet I ever see on a dawg, too! Say, Mister, ye ain't noways goin' to be buyin' no dawgs, hain't ye? 'Cause I could sell ye one dawg or a dozen right now at a good figger—say \$35 a dawg, broke and in harness."

That same day the binders were clicking in the Nechako, just the other side of the hills, and while we talked the Siwash, fresh from the salmon harvest, jabbered incessantly beneath our feet.

To the left, as we turned southeastward from Hazelton, still climbing the western slopes of the Coast Divide, rose the ranges of the Babine, beyond

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In the Forefront

SEAGER WHEELER, WHO IS DEMONSTRATING FULL VALUE OF CANADA'S PRAIRIE SOIL; NELLIE McCLUNG, LECTURER, WRITER AND MOTHER; MRS. JOSEPHINE WITT, ONLY WOMAN MEMBER OF CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

Eighty-two Bushels to the Acre

Seager Wheeler, who has pointed the way to wealth for our Western Farmers

By Clyde Alison Mann

THERE is a plain ordinary farmer in Saskatchewan who can get his own price for wheat. He has nothing to do with the wheat pit or the exchanges, and he has no corner on the market. His name is Seagar Wheeler and the grain that he raises is for seed.

Mr. Wheeler's position among farmers is a privilege such as most men, even the heads of big enterprises would envy. There are plenty of men in fact who would accept the privilege in much the same spirit of the ne'er-do-well who asked for the position of night-watchman in the mint—for just one night. They would put a top notch price on all the wheat they could sell and give mighty little care to the kind of grain they supplied.

But the fact that Mr. Wheeler's wheat will command almost any price he may see fit to ask is due to the fact that he has lavished infinite pains upon the breeding of his specialties, not as a seedsman but as a farmer, and he has won his position by the very virtue of fidelity to details and quality which would make it impossible for him to give his name to inferior grains, merely for immediate profits.

It teaches a man honesty to go into partnership with nature as Wheeler has done, and patiently, step by step, improve the quality of his out-put. It trains integrity into the kernel of one's soul to find out how abundantly nature rewards such honest effort.

Mr. Wheeler has taken many famous prizes—the Witchita (Kansas) 1914 sweepstakes, the International Irrigation Congress sweepstakes October last, and in 1911 the famous New York prize of \$1,000 offered by Lord Shaugh-

nessy, President of the Canadian Pacific. Mr. Wheeler says:

"Good seed in a good seed bed will give the best results, but the regrettable thing is that so few farmers seem to care to know what constitutes a good seed bed, and yet any farmer can learn by asking the man in charge of the nearest experiment station. The secret of success in wheat farming lies in doing the right thing, in the right place, at the right time—and using good seed."

Nor is Mr. Wheeler given to generalities. His interviewer suggested that a trip to the nearest experiment station might be avoided if Mr. Wheeler himself would say what constituted a proper seed bed.

"The right kind of seed bed is a firm, moist seed bed, and may be acquired in several ways — by summer fallowing, spring plowing plus cultivation or by the rotation of crops," he said. "I try to catch all the summer rains that fall and then do my best to hold the moisture. When one summer fallows land in our Western Canadian provinces, it is good either to disc the land in the fall (or shallow plough it) and then early in June plough deep and cultivate throughout the season.

"In the spring, before seeding, harrow the fallow land, as it is usually wet and cold. This aerates it and warms the soil. Do not sow the seed too deep. One- and - a - half inches is best. Fallow

the seeder with the surface packer. This is done to bring the moist earth in contact with the seed and to promote germination. Harrow the grain quickly as it is just showing above the ground. This will kill any sprouting weed seeds and cultivate the growing crops and promote rapid and healthy growth. In fall plowing, the land should be harrowed or packed immediately to conserve the moisture, and any rains that may fall will penetrate easily and be stored up for the following spring. In the spring the land should be harrowed as soon as it is dry enough on the surface and seeded later.

"Spring plowing should be followed by the packer. Plank drag the land first, after which it should then be seeded and packed and harrowed. This plank drag is used to level the surface and give a uniform seed bed for the seed, consequently a uniform germination and growth. To grow a uniform crop we must have a uniform seed bed, and I know of no better method than the one mentioned. I believe in following the plow with the packer, then plank drag, then seed, then pack and harrow.

"I am firmly convinced that the time is not far distant when the fields of Western Canada will be growing



Mr. Seager Wheeler

more wheat and oats and barley, but on less acreage—when we will see silos dotted over the farms. This will mean that we will grow say, red and Alaska clovers, alfalfa and grasses. From my own experiment I am satisfied all these can be grown throughout Western Canada just as soon as we find the right sort to grow and how to grow them.

"Instead of the bare summer fallow, which is a wasteful system, taking off only one crop in two years, we will grow a crop every season. Corn will clean the land and give the best results when the crop to follow it is wheat. Wheat ripens fully one week earlier on corn land. So beans for fodder or silage will also clean the land and it is one of the best nitrogen gathering plants and leaves the land in ideal condition to follow with wheat. Alfalfa will also clean the land of weed, gives two cuttings a season, and when broken up and sown to grain will give clean and good crops. Clover also will clean the land and from my experience gives good results. Cultivated grasses also are weed destroyers and add humus and fibre to the soil. Peas also give excellent results and heavy fields. Growing these crops will mean an increase of live stock to which to feed these crops. This means that we will develop less acreage but more grain, as the cultivation given to these different crops will in time destroy weeds and lessen their foothold in the land."

Here is what Mr. Wheeler says about raising prize wheat:

"The wheat sent to New York had no advantage over the other varieties grown on the farm. As a matter of fact, it was grown on the first piece of property broken on the place. This piece had been under cultivation ever since, being sowed with wheat, barley, potatoes, etc., in rotation, with a summer fallow in between. I sowed Marquis wheat in three different plots. It ripened a few days earlier than the other wheat on the farm, was cut in the usual manner, and threshed and cleaned as usual. Then it was sent to New York."

Simple and sensible, isn't it? Yes, but common sense is not so common on the farm after all. Many an old fashioned farmer will laugh at Mr. Wheeler's patient methods. Yet eighty-two yields to the acre and \$2.50 to \$5 wheat are not to be laughed at. Run-of-farm wheat has been selling for better than \$1 a bushel for some months now and it may go higher, but even with this glowing prospect there is a difference between it and Mr. Wheeler's \$2.50 to \$5 wheat, which is worthy of reflection; a suggestion of what can be done when one makes farming a profession rather than a grind. If the figures would not run too large for comprehension one would

be tempted to sit down and figure how many bushels of wheat are sown annually. But what's the use? However impressive the totals might sound (and they will be less next year than they have been in recent years) no one would be the wiser. But the possibilities of Mr. Wheeler's patient methods are stupendous—at least they would be if every farmer realized, as

the professional farmers do, what a thundering difference the seed and the seed-bed and doing things in the right place and at the right time, make in the crop yields. In Western Canada they are coming to understand this difference more and more, and the big forces of the Dominion—the Government and the Railroads—are making

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Nellie McClung of the West

Writer, Lecturer, Cake Baker, Politician, Methodist, Mother.

By Natalie Symmes

NELLIE McCLUNG is the kind of personality you can't miss. Drop her into a Canadian Club, a Press Club, a political meeting or her own Methodist Church, and things begin to fizz. Most people like her. Some people don't. But everybody has to have an opinion of some sort, for she's as vivid as a tiger lily at a funeral.

Out in the West where Nellie went to, and now comes from, they don't believe in hiding your light under a bushel nor caching it behind the conventions. They don't approve of blondined minds, marcelled convictions, and Missusgrundified accents of expressing them. If the Lord made you out-and-out, you'll get on in the West; if not, you'll get out.

Nellie went at the age of three or thereabouts, leaving Ontario for beyond-Winnipeg which was just about all the name the locality had in those days. You departed from the Red River by oxteam, you went as far as the Lord called Abraham, and when it felt like the Promised Land, you stopped. Nellie was the youngest of six children—Scotch-Irish and proud of it—so the trekking and the stopping are uproarious memories.

There wasn't any school in the countryside for three years after that, so Nellie just loved flowers and dogs and God and the prairies and grew up naturally. Which is one reason perhaps why she is never sick, never worries, never gets cross, and can negotiate four addresses a day with seventy miles of motor trip sandwiched in.

When the education of Miss Mooney did commence—for that was her name in those unknown days—it was the leap-frog sort of progress you'd expect. At the age of fifteen she was a full fledged teacher with literary aspirations. Later she went to the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute for further study. After which she taught until a big Westerner held up the schoolhouse at the point of his sixshooter and carried off teacher to the minister's.

If character sketches weren't perforce such cut and dried things—cut by the editor and dried by holding over—we'd try to get in something about those wonderful children of Nellie McClung's. Their pictures travel with her and she's never so happy as when she gets her elbows on a table, her chin on her hands, her eyes in yours and her thoughts painting the kiddies. Two of them are

Canada's Flower Matron

Mrs. Josephine Witt, who has introduced and established a New Industry in the Dominion

By Irene Wrenshall Ware

married, but there's a baby yet, thank heaven, and really if that's the sort of cherub a suffragette has to show—well, there's more to be said in favor of the vote than you'd suppose.

But it wasn't until she started writing that Nellie McClung began to be Somebody, with that delightful front-page capital S that we all crave at least once in our lives. The very first published bit of her work, as it happens, appeared in Canada Monthly, at that time a beginner too. It was entitled, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and as a first book it was very good, there wasn't an awful lot of Danny in it, and the seeds were such a frisky bunch that most of them flew over the fence, but it was a merry little loose bundle of sketch-stuff and it satisfied the desire of the prairies to see themselves in print. "The Second Chance" was the follow-up, and met with an even-more-editionful reception.

But Nellie might have lived without knowing her real vocation if it hadn't been for her friend Sir Rodmond Roblin then busily engaged in misgoverning Manitoba. (Oh yes, Mister Editor, we can say that now, after the investigation).

Nellie said it away back in the antebellum days however, when it took courage—and the full possession of the facts. And the reason she said it so hard was because Sir Rodmond had a particular hatred of her good pals, the temperance folk, who plied him with petitions and got treated "like an old boot," as Nellie says.

"Every year we went to him asking him to make his own law effective," she'll tell you. "Seventy two times he threw our petitions out on technicalities. Once we had a petition in thirty-two sheets.

"'Oh no, certainly not,' we were told, 'the law says a petition, not thirty-two of them.'

"Next year we pasted them all together.

"'What an outrage!' said the Government, 'This is a mutilated petition. How can you prove to us that John Smith, five feet or so down from the top, ever saw that heading you have? Go home and forget it.'"

Some of them did, perhaps. But if so they weren't Scotch-Irish.

The little author-lady was in the habit of giving recitations from her books for sundry Ladies' Aids and such like.

"I shall be pleased to come," she wrote the astonished next applicant, "if after I conclude the recital you will allow me to discuss the political situation for the next hour."

"Sometimes they'd say yes," she'll tell you to-day. "If not, I hired the

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"IT is easier to forget troubles than pleasant things. I have almost forgotten now, although it is only a year ago, that I started my business without capital other than optimism."

And it is a difficult matter as you sit in the office of Mrs. Josephine Witt, flower manufacturer, and listen to her answer a dozen telephone calls from wholesalers, one after the other, or turn around with a smile and display to your delighted gaze something in the way of a new sample flower, so realistic that you gasp to think that it is February out of doors, and that there can't be flowers blooming in spite of the judgment of one of your senses. She is one of the manufacturers you might say, that the war has brought into prominence. Certainly she stands unique in her occupation as a woman, and enjoys the distinction of being the first and we believe the only woman member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

"I felt so queer," she will tell you laughingly, "when the Secretary of the Association came to solicit my application for membership. I hadn't the least idea that I was eligible for it among so many men, and I asked the secretary if there were many women members."

"No," he said, "when you sign this application it will be the first time one has ever been signed by a woman."

It is certainly an honor to be the only woman member among three thousand men, but it is only a part of the day's business to Mrs. Witt.

It is always an interesting thing to watch an artist paint a picture, or a sculptor turn the loose mound of shapeless clay into an image of beauty, but no artist ever touched his material with defter fingers than this little manufacturer. Silk or cotton, velvet or gold tissue is alike charming under her manipulation.

To watch her lift one delicately petalled flower after another—now a tiny velvet rose, now a forget-me-not, in deep blue, pale blue and palest pink, then a tiny grey blue velvet petalled flower, and, with a deft arrangement of green satin leaves, so delicate of hue, and exquisite of tracery that they might have been gossamer and dew, transform the whole tiny bouquet into a

glowing jewel of sapphire and turquoise and ruby, is a revelation of what human hands can accomplish.

Her brain is never weary of thinking out new ideas, and when one considers that each wholesaler who comes to her for flowers for his spring and autumn trade, must of necessity have his own particular samples—no two even slightly approaching each other in style—one realizes that to be a flower manufacturer one must be more than ordinarily original. That same originality is being carefully fostered, every bud of it, by Mrs. Witt in her girls, and each girl who invents a new idea, which sells, be it ever so small, receives a \$1.00 bonus.

It was in February of 1915, just four months after Mrs. Witt had opened up her now so successful venture, that the writer first met the energetic manufacturer, and hearing from her how well the idea of Made-in-Canada flowers was taking, learned that her hope for the month of February was to take in \$3,500. The sales for that month actually amounted to \$5,500. Optimism had its reward.

"When I started in business last October" Mrs. Witt said, "I had nothing and had to borrow \$300. The landlord was good to me and offered me half of this flat we are in, free until I got on. The second month I was able to pay my rent, the third month I rented the whole flat, and shortly afterwards I had to ask him to rent the top flat to me as well, and the outer building as a dyeing shop."

An incident which reflected the spirit which animates this progressive business woman took place last summer in connection with the Queen Mary White Rose Day. They came to her with a proposition. It was the first day of August and the White Rose Day was to take place on the seventh of September. Could she turn out four hundred thousand roses by that date. Certainly she could, was Mrs. Witt's ambitious reply. If 150,000 were not completed by the seventeenth of August they could cancel the order. So it was settled. And not only were the 150,000 white roses completed by that date, but the whole number of 400,000 was ready!

How was it done? To make 400,000 exquisite little white roses complete in every detail, and, as one of the workers remarked, "quite equal to roses from England, if not superior to them"—in two weeks is a feat of which any manufacturer might be proud. But Mrs. Witt gives all the credit for it to the girls.

"They turned into it heart and soul," she said. "Why they even worked at the little flowers during their lunch hour. We were able to give employment to 87, and of these 37 were new

hands. It was all done by piece work and the girls made from one to two dollars a day. We could have turned out a million had it been necessary."

At the close of the two weeks, Mrs. Witt gave the girls a party to celebrate the event, and one afternoon from four to six, ice cream and cake, and a dance, made as happy a band of girls as one could find anywhere.

"There was talk at first," Mrs. Witt explained, "of taking the work to England as it could be done cheaper there. I told them I had no desire to make a profit on it, but I must pay the girls proper wages. The girls must live, and living is higher in Canada. So many girls were out of work and needed just that help. I guess they had never realized before that the roses might help a double charity."

All of the materials that could possibly be obtained, were bought from Canadian manufacturers. And if one had not already watched the girls at work, and heard their enthusiasm over the good they were going to do, one could guess it from the enthusiasm of the presiding genius herself. But there was a memory of one afternoon when the light through big windows streamed on girls of all sorts and descriptions busy at every table, some separating the groups of petals fresh from the dye house; others arranging the finished posies in rows in the boxes ready for the final distribution. One little girl in particular—a cripple—attracted the attention, and her employer completed the interest by telling that she was one of the best workers in the factory. In fact, these crippled children, Mrs. Witt believes, are particularly adapted to flower-making if necessity throws them upon their own resources.

"They live in a world of their own," she said, "and they love the beauty of the materials, and the delicacy of the work."

"I have a plan," she went on "that if the city will take up having these white rose days for the Consumptive Hospital, I will try to get together all the crippled girls who need employment, and have the flowers made during the winter thus giving them work all the year round."

One can hardly fail to echo her hopes, who has ever looked at the little pale face of one of the crippled girls, and knows of their continued desire to be of use in the world.

Still continuing her lines of flowers, Mrs. Witt is widening out her endeavours in a decorative line. It is her holly and her wreathing that the windows of Toronto's big stores depend upon and the visitors to the stores comment upon, and it is her artistic decorations which made brilliant the windows at Christmas time.

"How is the idea of 'Made-in-Can-

ada' goods taking in your trade" she was asked.

"To the big stores there is nothing else" was the answer, "both in Toronto and all the larger cities of the west, but among the wholesalers we have to cut off the 'Made-in-Canada' label."

Nellie McClung

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hall myself for the hour succeeding the meeting, and, when I was through with the first part of the programme, I'd announce that, my contract with the ladies having been carried out, I now invited the audience to remain as my guests while we talked politics."

If you've never heard Nellie McClung in action you can have no idea of how particularly Western, and how extraordinarily effective her addresses are.

"There is no such thing as resignation in nature," she will begin, "every little seed is an optimist, and keeps no union hours either. Cheap indolence,



Mrs. Josephine Witt

easy acquiescence, is a human virtue. 'Thy will be done' is often made an excuse for sloth, but it ought to be a call to arms!

"Men must work and women must weep?" Pshaw, God never cast a weeping part for anybody."

There she stands, arms akimbo, chin out. Round she sweeps and gives it to you with her right forefinger jabbed straight for your intellect.

"Woman's place is the home, eh? Woman mustn't invade politics? But don't you know that woman isn't the invader? Politics has invaded the home."

Then, with a swift drop, she's into pathos. As a rule, to use her own words, she "cuts the sob stuff," but when she judges it necessary she can make the whole audience cry.

"There was a little woman in the procession in Edmonton," she tells us. "Do you know what a tree looks like that's been winter-killed?—a little tree that's tried to leaf, and been frost-bitten, and tried again, and been frost-bitten. By and by it gives up. This woman's face was like that. She had suffered so long and so intolerably that now she was winter-killed."

"She came to us on crutches and she asked if she might march. It was three miles, mind you, and she was old. But she did it. And every time her crutch came down on the pavement and every time she took a step she whispered, 'Dry—dry—dry!' Do you wonder that the women who had lacked courage before got down from their autos and went with her?"

But this was in afterdays and after-fights when Nellie McClung was a citizen of Alberta with new worlds to conquer.

We won't say much about Manitoba and what "Calamity Nell" as they called her, did to the Roblin Government—peace to its ashes. The final meeting in the Walker Theatre in Winnipeg is still talked of, and yet perhaps it wasn't so extraordinary a demonstration of her picturesque popularity as was the big Government mass meeting, attended by five thousand electors, in which Sir Rodmond made the mistake of publicly slurring his antagonist. The audience went wild in her favor—fans, handkerchiefs, papers and chairs made the interior a lively sight and the Premier had, to say the least of it, an embarrassing time.

When the elections resulted in a landslide for the Opposition, Nellie McClung was everywhere spoken of as having put the final nail in the Roblin coffin. The new Government are to submit a referendum on the temperance question in March, which Nellie says will carry four to one.

Continued on page 232.

The New Boss of the Sixth

By Gene McLean

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe



SCHOOL had been dismissed. A whooping horde of small boys and a decorous group of small girls poured from opposite doors of the old brick building and moved toward the gate.

It was a warm day in February, of the sort that comes sometimes at the break of Eastern Ontario winters. A breath from the south stirred the withered leaves upon the trees into factitious dancings, and filled the children with longings for marbles, jumping ropes, scrub ball and wood tag.

"You're it!" shrieked a little boy, slapping one of his seniors of the sixth-year grade upon the back. "You're it! Can't catch me!"

But the boys of the Sixth ignored his sally. They were solemnly converging at the gate. Outside the fence the girls were standing in a silent group, and gazing intently at a boy and girl who stood together on the sidewalk. The boy was shifting awkwardly from one leg to the other and making vain endeavors to gracefully dispose of his hands while he made bashful return to the laughing chatter of the girl. She was a dainty little creature, with long, curling braids and rosy cheeks that glowed brighter as she talked.

The small boy who had attempted to institute the game of tag, grasped the situation and burst into explosive demonstration of the fact.

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl," he chanted. "Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl!"

The children paid no attention to him, but watched the boy and girl move slowly away toward home. Two youngsters from the feminine cluster outside the gate even followed after, making verbal note of the fact that Lola, mounting the high curb across the street, touched Philip for a moment on the sleeve by way of assisting herself. This same pair viewed the parting at Lola's front steps, and saw the boy kicking confusedly at a tuft of belated grass as he said good-by, and writhing with embarrassment as he backed away. Later, when he came past, whistling shrilly, they stood aside and delivered a singsong:

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl."

The boy was secretly pleased. This recognition of his status was not ungratifying, for the chant they rendered had been true only since yesterday.

But he flung back a casual, "You're a liar!" as he continued his melody and his march.

He executed an elaborate detour around the block in which he lived, and approached his home from the rear. This would enable him to enter the house puffing beneath the weight of a bucket of coal, and thereby evade explanations as to why he was late from school. The alley had been lately coated with gravel, and he scuff-

ed up a mass of sand and small stones as he neared the barn-door.

"I better get out my sling-shot," he reflected. "I——"

He came to a dead stop before the door. Facing him, printed in scrawling characters, were the outrageous words:

"Phillip and Queenie."

He drew a long breath. It was not hard to trace the insult. Queenie Bowser, a little sloven who lived at the far edge of the town, was a butt for schoolyard quips and sallies, and was deemed utterly beneath the notice of the small aristocracy of Crayville. Some contemptible trifler, jealous of his new-found favor with Lola Cameron, had conceived this slander and plotted to make a mock and a by-word of him in the Sixth. Bitterly he saw it all.

At this moment, Petey Martin, Philip's comrade in school, made a fortuitous appearance at the end of the alley. Philip picked up a stone and bounced it off Petey's head. He was sure the assault would not be wasted. He did not pause to inquire if the Martin boy was responsible for the legend on the barn. In his profound knowledge of Crayville methods, he was aware that even if Petey had not actually written it, he would shortly become one of the jeering crowd that would exploit the jest.

He listened to Petey's howls of pain

as the stricken youth fled up the street. When they had died away, he made preparations for the inevitable battle. Reinforcements for the enemy would shortly be on hand, he was quite sure, armed and with full knowledge of the hateful legend that Petey had found him reading on the barn door. Hastily gathering the largest of the stones under his feet, he filled his pockets and built a heap of ammunition inside the door.

He had not long to wait. Even as he was proceeding to add some lumps of coal to his store of missiles, Scrubby Willifer's head was cautiously thrust around the corner. A stone from the vigilant Philip whistled by.

"You better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction. "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you."

The redoubtable Bruiser verified this intelligence by showing himself at the entrance to the alley. He immediately retired in recognition of a volley from Philip, but the latter perceived that the Bruiser's coming meant serious trouble. The title of champion fighter of the sixth-year grade would not be lightly given up by William Young. He had won it in arduous battle, and Philip knew that the other boys would follow in the daring footsteps of the Bruiser for the mere honor of being on his side, if for nothing else.

"Philip and Que-e-e-nie!" called a tantalizing voice from the opposite direction.

A stone smote Philip in the back. He turned, and saw Petey Martin, Louie Born and three or four other boys dancing about and preparing to launch a fusilade upon him.

There was clearly a heavy force in movement. A shower of stones came over the low cowshed that opposed the barn, and rattled harmlessly above Philip's head. He delivered a missile at the group where Petey stood, and struck Louie Born beneath the eye. Philip was loudly jeering, when a cinder struck him, knocking off his cap, a

heavy stone flew past his ear and his left leg sharply contracted from the effect of a smart impact on his calf. He turned, and saw a contingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young. He had time only to leap inside the door and bang it shut before they arrived. He thrust a splinter of wood through the staple, to secure the door, and climbed into the loft to reconnoitre. Up there a big window looked out upon the alley. Bundles of hay had once been tossed into the mow through this aperture, and it was large enough to afford room for battery practice on the enemy. Selecting a heavy lump of coal from his pocket, Philip leaned far out, poised to hurl the projectile at the besiegers.

But the alley was vacant! The barn door, loosening traitorously, had come open, and even now a clamor from the boys below announced their possession of his citadel.

Bruiser Young came clambering up the ladder.

"You get away from here!" screamed Philip. "You get away!"

He made a wild sweep at the champion's head. The Bruiser, dodging, lost his hold and tumbled to the floor below. And now, swiftly following after, came a new assault. The boys had discovered the open window, and going into the alley, commenced a bombardment through the portal. The stones thumped and rattled about the now thoroughly alarmed garrison of the loft, who promptly retreated into a sheltered corner. Here he was safe from the stones, but in peril of invasion.

He gasped when Scrubby Willifer displayed an auburn poll at the top of the ladder.

"Get out!" cried Philip. "You get out!"

Fate, at this moment, made Scrubby a victim of his friends. A stone sailing through the open window from without, hit him on the head and he dropped, howling.

"Philip, he's back there with more'n a million rocks," he wept, "and he hit me with one of 'em!"

This version of the injury impressed the crowd and Philip, huddled in his corner, heard the murmur of a council of war. Then the voice of the Bruiser arose.

"Hey, you!" called the Bruiser. "If you don't come down we'll come up and half kill you."



Losing his balance he tumbled through an opening in the mow and landed with a tremendous thud below

The beleaguered made no response.

"We'll give you three minutes to come down," resumed the voice from below. "If you don't come, we'll come up and bang your head off."

Plainly the situation was desperate. Philip did not know that the injuries of Petey, of Louie and of Scrubby, and the inglorious tumble of the Bruiser had filled the others with respect for his prowess. He did know that he was alone in the loft, with every boy's hand against him.

"You comin' down?" demanded the Bruiser.

"Ya, ya, 'fraid to come down," sang two or three voices.

Louie Born joined in the taunts.

"Philip and Queenie," he sang, "Philip and Queenie! Philip'd like to go with a sheeny!"

A flow of wrath crimsoned the cheeks of the boy upstairs.

"I'll fix you," he cried, "I, I'll show you!"

He clattered about, gathering the stones deposited there by the foe.

"I'll bust somebody's head," he shrieked.

His eye fell upon the "punching bag," which he had once mistakenly constructed out of canvas and sawdust. It weighed nearly one hundred pounds. He seized upon this and dragged it toward the opening in the floor.

The boys downstairs shifted uneasily.

"What's he doin'?" asked the Bruiser.

That fighter moved toward the door.

"I'll fix you," puffed Philip, as he arrived with his burden at the ladder. "F any of you try to come up here—"

He leaned over to get a view of the besiegers.

"I'll bust— Oof!"

He had lost his balance. Wildly scratching for a hold upon the flooring,

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"Get out!" cried Philip. "You get out!"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"No," said Barton. "There was a little two-wheeled truck in the lower corridor that they used for moving trunks about. I used that. I took her down to the boat-house landing and put her in the water. But the current sets in there and I had to get a boat out to get into the channel, you know.

"I had meant to go on across the river and escape from there, but I was afraid to leave the boat—afraid to leave a clue. So I went back to the boat-house and put the boat away.

"I skirted the river on foot and waded around the end of the wall and then set out to walk to Oldborough. It had begun to turn very cold even then, and I was nearly frozen when the early train came along and I got aboard. I think I must have been delirious before I got off the train. I hadn't any intention of going home, but by the time we had got back to town I was in a raging fever and didn't know what I was doing. The next thing I knew I was in my bedroom in my wife's house.

"You told the story to your wife?" asked Jeffrey.

But Barton shook his head. "She never asked. I think she suspected when she found me painting out Irene's picture."

"She suspected before that," said Jeffrey. "She found Irene's revolver in your pocket."

"I wanted to tell her," said Barton, "but somehow I couldn't. We never talked about it at all, until the day we tried to give the seance. I didn't know she had a revolver that day, until I saw it in her hand. Then I tried to get it away from her. I really don't know anything that has happened since then. As soon as I got away from that house I started up here. I thought maybe I could get the goods on Crow. I don't know anything about my wife, where she is, or what she's doing. I tried to call her up on the phone one day, but didn't get any answer."

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house.

"No," said Jeffrey, "you couldn't get any answer. She was arrested the day of the seance for the murder of Irene Fournier. She confessed that she did it."

Barton sat up straight and then tried to get up off the bed. "They sha'n't keep her another day," he said. "She had nothing to do with it. She confessed to save me."

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "that's what she did. She thought you had done it, just as you do. But Barton, you didn't kill Irene Fournier any more than she did."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A QUESTION OF CENTIMETERS.

BARTON tried impatiently to shake off his hands. "It's no use talking to me like that. I've been out of my head once or twice to-night, but I'm not now. I've told you the truth. Every word of it—literal truth."

"I know you have," said Jeffrey. "I could check up most of it. But you didn't kill the woman you know as Irene Fournier. Your wife thinks you did, and she confessed to save you. Miss Meredith thinks she killed her—killed Claire Meredith that is, who I believe to be the same person; and you—you think that you killed her. But you're all wrong."

"What are you talking about?" said Barton. "Didn't I fire a revolver at her? Didn't I see her die under my eyes?"

"You were standing with your back against the door," said Jeffrey, "when you fired at her. She was sitting in front of her dressing-table on a low stool. Her right side was toward you, wasn't it? She hadn't moved—hadn't turned toward you when you fired?"

Barton shook his head dumbly.

"You only fired once?"

Barton nodded.

"Your bullet," said Jeffrey, "carried away a corner of the mirror support and buried itself in the plaster in the

wall. Irene's revolver wouldn't have had penetration enough to do that, if the bullet had entered her body first. And sitting where she was, she couldn't have intercepted it."

"How do you know that was the revolver I fired?" said Barton.

"Because you carried it away with you," said Jeffrey. "You had it in your hand when you frightened the servant in the hall, and it was in your pocket when your wife found it. Besides, if you'd shot her with an automatic thirty-eight, the bullet would have left its mark somewhere else."

Jeffrey gave that a minute to sink in and then he went on again.

"Why was it that Irene appeared that first night when you were in the room? You know the reason. She was afraid of Crow. She wanted a hold on Crow that your knowledge of the game would give her. She wanted two people to play off against each other, and you and Crow served her purpose. She wouldn't have feared Crow without reason, and she wouldn't have taken you into the game, unless she had feared him. But in spite of her fear she played the game recklessly. Evidently she thought that night that she had it in her own hands. Otherwise she wouldn't have tried to trap you. When you fired at her you missed. She was quick-witted enough to do the one thing that would keep you from firing again—pretend that she was hit.

"The fact that she was already made up white to look like a ghost made the trick easier to play. But she might have played it better. She acted it like an opera-tenor—made the conventional gesture—clapped her left hand to her breast, in spite of the fact that it was her right side that was exposed to you.

"But the trick worked. You weren't in a condition to think about details. You couldn't get out the door you had come in by, because Crow was holding it on the other side.

"Now, what happened after you had gone out? Crow came in. You had played straight into his hands. He must have wanted desperately to get her out of the way.

"When would he have a better opportunity to do it than just after you left her, thinking you had killed her yourself? Your revolver was lying on the chiffonier. But I don't think he noticed it. If he had, he'd probably have killed her with it, instead of with his own."

"How do you know he didn't kill her with it?" I asked. "Assuming that you are right about everything else, how can you be sure of that?"

"Why," said Jeffrey, "I have taken the trouble to read the full report of the inquest—a thing that even Barton apparently has neglected to do. The

bullet was found in the body, and it was a thirty-two."

He turned back to Barton. "I suppose you'd had enough of the crime without reading about it," he said. "I dare say I'd have felt that way myself. But, if anything is true in the world, Barton, it's that the man who killed Irene Fournier was the man who followed you up that passage, intending to kill you, and if that man was Crow, then Crow was the murderer."

There was a silence after that. Gwendolyn broke it. "He must have killed her without giving her time to finish dressing, because the bodice itself wasn't penetrated by the bullet. He must have dressed her himself after-



"She was arrested the day of the seance"

ward. Why do you suppose he did that?"

"I imagine," said Jeffrey, "that for some reason a good deal hung on that last appearance Irene meant to make. She told Barton here, you remember, that the game would be played that night—finished. She probably meant to play it her way—refused to play it Crow's. Somehow or other I imagine that her body, dead and cold and white, clad in its satin gown, was used once more to terrorize Crow's victim. And then—this is pure guesswork, you know—after he had carried her back and laid her on the bed in the hidden room, waiting for the dark of another night to finish his work and hide the traces of it, he started out for a walk—perhaps just at dawn. And he found Barton there unconscious.

"How he got him into the house, I don't know. He's strong enough, I think, to have carried him in bodily. Or, whether he roused him and walked in and then drugged him into a deeper unconsciousness afterward, I don't know. However, he did it—that one discovery gave him his chance.

"Whatever happened, he would be fortified by the irresistible presumption in Barton's mind that Barton himself was the murderer."

"I can hardly believe it yet," said Barton. "I can see her still just as she looked there on the floor. She looked like death. And why—" [He stopped there and seemed to be wrestling with a question he found it hard to ask. Finally he got it out. "If I didn't kill her, then what has she got against me now? Why did she appear to me to-night in the house?"

There was something in the simple, almost childlike way in which he asked the question that embarrassed us a little. [Me, anyway, and I think Jeffrey, too, for he changed the subject rather abruptly.

"Why did you go back there, Barton? You said you wanted to get the goods on Crow."

"I don't know just what I wanted," he said. "I knew he had some papers that he kept locked up pretty carefully in a steel uniform case. I took a wax impression of the lock the last day I was there. I didn't know what he had, but I felt pretty sure there was something. I made the key at home when I hadn't anything better to do. I made sure there was no one in the house to-night. Miss Meredith and her companion had gone back. I found that out at Oldborough. And they said Crow hadn't been down for some time. I knew the caretaker slept in the gardener's cottage, so I thought it a good chance to go and see what my key would unlock."

"Well, you're a rather reckless burglar, I think," said Jeffrey, "lighting

Crow's wing of the house under those conditions."

"I didn't," said Barton. "I used a pocket-torch."

"Weren't you rather startled," asked Jeffrey, "when you heard the automobile driving in?"

"I didn't," said Barton. "An automobile passed me on the way out to Beech Hill. None came into the grounds while I was there."

I could see from Jeffrey's face that he was puzzled, and the quality of his voice showed it, too, when he asked the next question.

"What did you do? Tell us exactly what you did."

"Forced a window on the first floor and got in," said Barton. "Went down the corridor and let myself into the east wing of the house. That was Crow's, and he always kept it locked. I found his box and went to work. My key needed a bit of retouching before I could get it open."

"On top of the things in the box was a photographic plate wrapped up in paper. I shone my torch through it and it looked like a photograph of Irene. I didn't want that, so I put it aside and began picking at the papers."

"A photographic plate?" said Jeffrey. "Not a photograph?"

"No, a plate. I let my torch shine through it. She was dressed in white satin, like in the portrait."

"What did you do with it?" Jeffrey asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know much that happened after that, because just then I heard the creak of a door and saw a light and jumped up. I thought some one was coming. I tell you I was ready for that. I shouldn't have made a fool of myself for Crow or any one else. I knew just where I meant to go—how I meant to get away. But then I looked up and saw her."

His face was white now—white as it had been when he came bursting in upon us in the long room when the lightning showed him to us. His voice had fallen to a whisper.

"It was Irene herself come back. She stood there holding a candle, shading it from her eyes with her hand. But I saw her face staring at me—wide-eyed—frightened like, out of the dark."

"Dressed in white?" said Jeffrey steadily. He was the only one of us who could manage his voice like that. "Dressed in white as you had always seen her—and with her hair done the same way?"

Barton shook his head. "I don't know. I don't think so. I didn't see any white. Just her face and the hand that shaded the candle. She made a little noise in her throat and at that I began running. I don't know where I went. I got lost in the passages. And when the lightning showed where I was

I was in the room where I had killed her."

There was another silence, broken at last by Jeffrey, and the strangeness of what he said fairly made me gasp.

"A photographic plate," he said, thoughtfully. His narrowed eyes were looking out at nothing in the intensity of his concentration. To Barton's terrifying vision he wasn't apparently, giving a thought. "I'd like to see that. I wish you had it here."

At that moment there came a thundering knock at the door, and, without waiting for an invitation to enter, Richards burst in upon us. The open door hid the bed, and for a moment he didn't see Barton. But the sight of Jeffrey seemed to be enough to finish him.

"Well," he said grimly, "you aren't the man I'm looking for, but I guess you'll do. You've butted in on the police just once too often. And running off with an automobile is no joke. Put on your coat and come along. I'd have got my man if it hadn't been for—"

He had got a little farther into the room by then and he caught his first glimpse of the rest of us, including Gwendolyn. She was in negligee, rather—she's very pretty that way—and it was the sight of her really that prevented him from noticing Barton on the bed, for he stopped short and caught his breath and backed up a little.

"Excuse me," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," said Gwendolyn. "We're very glad you've come."

"We are, indeed," Jeffrey corroborated politely. "As for our having butted in, you'd never have got your man, Richards, unless perhaps out of the river a couple of weeks from now. Somebody else would have got him first. We saved him for you. We're glad you've come to claim him, for we didn't know quite what to do with him."

As he concluded he nodded toward the bed where Barton lay. Richards looked and gasped. "Where did you find him?" he demanded.

Instead of answering, Jeffrey spoke to Barton. "Jail's the safest place for you until we get through with this business. Go along with Richards. Keep your head and don't worry. I'll let you know how things come out."

"I suppose, according to your theory, he doesn't even know what he's wanted for," said Richards. The sight of Barton had restored his good humor immediately.

"On the contrary," Jeffrey answered coolly, "he's been under the impression all along that he had killed Irene Fournier himself. He has told us all about it. I've just been trying to convince him that he was mistaken."

"Mistaken!" Richards roared, and

then stood staring, speechless. "I've seen some nuts in my day, but you're the prize. I've got to hand it to you. 'Convince him that he's mistaken!'"

He stepped out into the corridor and nodded to two detectives who were waiting there. "Come in," he said. "I've got Barton."

He seemed to agree with Jeffrey that jail would be the best place for him, though I doubt if he was much better convinced of his mistake than Richards himself. He got up stiffly, and I picked up his coat to help him into it. As I did so I noticed something in one of the side pockets.

"Barton," said I, "isn't that the plate?"

He pulled it out and looked at it. It was a flat, heavy oblong, wrapped in tissue-paper.

"I must have put it in my pocket without knowing," he said, and handed it over to Jeffrey.

"Here!" said Richards. "You can't do that."

"Send Barton along with your men and wait a minute," said Jeffrey. From the quiet authority of his tone he might have been a police commissioner. Richards hesitated an instant, then gave a confirmatory nod to his men. Barton went out quietly between them.

"Well?" demanded Richards, as I closed the door behind them.

"Just a minute," Jeffrey repeated.

He tore the paper off the plate and stared at it rather blankly. There was Claire Meredith in her white satin gown, posed just as she had been in the portrait.

"That French photographer must have sent him the plate as well as the print," I commented. "I wonder why he did that?"

Jeffrey pulled a little steel measuring tape out of his pocket and began, very carefully, measuring the plate. Richards shifted his feet uneasily. Jeffrey's "nonsense" always worried him. But by the look in my friend's face there was no nonsense about this.

He shut up the tape absently and put it in his pocket, then went on staring at the negative. He was holding it slantwise now, so that the light reflected in stead of shining through. I shall never forget the expressions that crossed his face. Doubt at first, and then surmise, and then a sort of wide-eyed, incredulous certainty. The rest of us were hardly breathing, and at last even Richards was gazing at him in involuntary fascination.

"It's not a French plate," he said, at last. "It measures in inches, not in centimeters."

Richards uttered a grunt of disgust. "Is that all you've kept me waiting for? What does it matter whether it measures in yards or in quarts?"

To be continued.



the dim wars of Europe, for great principles, for the blind development of peoplehood as against princedom. If there had been no Wars of the Roses, doubtless there would be no phonographs, no Sunday Schools, no movie shows, no hot modern life that seethes at wrong, no big, generous, wonderful little Belgium to resent the Kaiser.

It swept over her as never before—Bob was a part of it, not only a part of the British Army, but one more gallant heart in the long line that stretched back to Alfred the Great, back to little David with his slingstone, back to God, who gave His Son for earth's liberties before the foundation of the world.

Oh she was proud of him, proud of her brother who wouldn't come back. She could cry now—not chokingly, nor bitterly, nor grudgingly, but because she loved him.

And sometime, up there beyond the stars, there would be a great Camp fire, where all the heroes who had fought for God would come and lay their armor down. David would be there. And Wellington. And Bob.

They would let her in too, because she was his sister, and had helped him go.

CONSCRIPTING DICKIE

THERE is a certain class in Canada which has not done, is not doing its duty to the Empire. Doubtless it will never come forward under anything less than the scruff-of-the-neck appeal.

Myra and Doris are both twenty. Myra has the most expensive, ineffective private school education procurable. She can play a little, sing a little, cook a little. And dance a great deal. Also she has the most adorable mouth you ever saw, despite the English-pinned-on accent. Doris is at service in Myra's mother's home. She is quite as pretty, quite as sweet and quite as fond of dancing as her mistress' daughter.

But neither Myra nor Doris have danced much for the past year. Myra's friends are all at the Front. And so are Doris's. Myra's erstwhile engineers and doctors and bank boys are lieutenants and captains of varying degrees of efficiency. Doris's finance is a corporal. And one girl is as proud of her friends as the other.

Yet the streets are full of men.

Where do they come from—who are they, these unseizable civilians of cigarette age and moving-picture rating?

They are the class between. They've never met Myra. And they wouldn't meet Doris. They are the small wholesale clerks who can't live on their incomes, the over-smart shop-assistants the budding office-men whose pay envelopes always carry an I O U. They are the folk who couldn't go as officers,

THE LITTLE SISTER OF BOB

NIGHT was closing in around the train. It was a little bob-tailed train with no pullmans and no diner—a branch line train with a conductor who had punched ten years' worth of tickets over the same steel. The girl with the seal coat didn't look as though she belonged.

But she didn't belong anywhere, now. One racing mile was the same as another. They were all dark. And the lordliest chef who ever reigned in a diner couldn't have made her swallow anything but salt tears.

She had been home, up-country, to the old brick house with the big garden. Bob had been there, too. Now Bob was whirling away due east in a long train that dripped enthusiastic khaki from every window. And she was going south again. Bob was her only brother.

The other man had died before there was any war—the man who was nearer than Bob. She had thought nothing could hurt after that. Then came August, 1914, and one by one the rest of the men she knew had enlisted. All but Bob. Bob had a little red spot in his cheek and some other sort of spot on his lungs and they wouldn't take him.

Oh, how he had wanted to go! And the girl had wanted for him, wanted fiercely, seeing his eagerness and the pain of staying. They had talked it over in the city while they pretended to watch the vaudeville lady climb out of her candy box, singing lollipops. They had talked it over again while they tried to eat oysters. The girl could see Bob's sullen, disappointed eyes, now—his tragic, hurt eyes because he "wasn't a man any more, just an invalid. And they wouldn't take him."

And then—well, pull had done what push couldn't. To be sure it was madness, suicide. But the brother of a seal coat and the son of a long bank account has a sort of right to die if he wants to.

She remembered the short jubilant telegram—"Accepted. Hurray!" It was signed Bobsy—his old kid name. That showed he knew she had pulled wires too, till her fingers bled.

Now he was gone.

She remembered a day when he was seventeen and she was a scant year and a half older. They had gone to the city together. They were such chums.

He was taking the train into the north woods on his first venture. But before that they had gone for a long walk into the smoky winter twilight.

They had stopped somehow on a railroad bridge over a maze of tracks and he had told her how he would some day build wonders like that. He was so big and so enthusiastic and he believed in himself so hard.

They had sworn chumship vows while the engines coughed in the gathering dark. Every year—twice a year—they would go for a "toot" together. Right on until he had to push her in a wheel-chair and bring his grandson along to help. Nothing should ever make any difference—other girls, other men, other years.

God! how it hurt.

The girl flung her head up. The air in the car choked her. She almost ran down the aisle and out into the swaying platform where the green lights winked back at the white gates of the last village crossing.

Something in the mad pounding of the train steadied her, something in the racing country that leaped out of the dark and was lost again. There were miles and miles and miles of it—rich land with farms and twinkle-eyed houses back in the trees, and here and there a stretch of wood lot.

"How big it is out there, how still," she thought, "it's only the train that rushes and roars. The country lies still and waits."

And then it came to her how men had fought for this land—the French and the English, the French and the Indians—and back behind that, all

lacking the necessary education, and who haven't the grit, the well-placed pride, to go as privates.

They are the men who never rise because they won't kneel. They are the men who covet Ford cars on fifteen a week, and a reputation for rapidity on the strength of one trip to New York. They are the sham-diamond men. They can't afford reality—they won't live without glass. They are the men who cram the burlesque houses—or the back rows of church-choirs, if they sing tenor, instead of playing the races.

Myra is real. And Doris is real. And so are their friends. But the shifting, shirking in-betweeners, the men who won't work with their hands and can't work with their heads (lacking the equipment) these are the rotters.

What about conscription? If you thrust a gun into Dickie's hands could he live up to it? Would it make a man of him, do you think? There are thousands of men with real reasons—huge aching reasons—that prevent their voluntary enlistment. But conscription wouldn't touch them. It would pass them by in favor of Dickie.

If you could be sure of one of Doris's friends on each side of him Dickie might evolve into reality. And soldierhood. Otherwise—well, heaven help Kitchener!

FIELDS AND THE HILLS

MARY has taken to writing me lately. She has read the Pack and she thinks—heavens knows why—that she'd like the Pedlar.

Mary lives in a village of which the mad metropolis is another village large enough to have electric light. Mary has lived there all her sweet life—all her mother's life I was about to say. For it's the soft grey presence of this gentle, smiling mother-who-used-to-be that fills in the whole picture and accounts for Mary—an uncountried Mary who loves books (which she knows well) and cities (which she doesn't know at all).

Mary's letters always begin, "It's a day of still rain," or "We had a wonderful sunset to-night." You can notice such things in a village. Rain doesn't mean a bobbing sidewalkful of sleek black umbrellas, and not even a strap in the car home. You don't have to toil up to the sixteenth story to see a village sunset. But then Mary doesn't rave over bent grasses and the symphony of quiet rain, nor solemn purples folding up the sun.

Mary's mother used to live in town. When she married she went to the country. But her soul was a city-soul always. Or so at least Mary thinks.

"How often I've seen her stand at

the window when I was a tiny child, and look away across the fields with such a wistful pathetic expression in her eyes! She seemed to be always waiting for something that didn't happen, always hoping—"

Mary stands at the window too and she looks across the fields. And what she thinks she wants is a city!

"Oh how lovely life in a city must be!" she says in her last letter. "How often I've dreamed of what it must be like—never to be lonesome any more, never any long monotonous days and lonely evenings—to have a chance to meet educated, broad-minded people every day—to get away from "the everlasting hills!"

Mary, Mary—you don't mean that.

You might or might not meet the educated, broad-minded people—the two adjectives aren't synonymous by the way—but the hills, dear, the hills would be there still, shutting off the unattainable. And the long fields across which to look for the something-going-to-happen.

Hills and fields are moods of the soul.

LOUISE lives in a city. She isn't a hall bedroom girl. She has a third story room in a nine-a-week boarding house which calls itself "Blankdon Court." The difference between Blankdon and a cheaper boarding house—of which there are plenty—is largely in the size of the street number and the size of the landlady who is an American with private-hotel aspirations.

Louise's room has lemon-yellow kalsomined walls. The girl-before carried a picture-postcard mania to sheer delirium, taking the impedimenta away with her, and leaving the tackholes as reminders. There is a green drugget on the floor and more or less dingy curtains on the one window outside which Louise keeps her cream bottle. The window leaks. Or else the radiator doesn't radiate. Anyhow the room is always cold.

Louise has dinner in the basement dining room. There is a commercial traveller's wife at the same table, a querulous, faded person who says she wants a home, but hasn't the grit to make one for John out of the materials in hand. There are also two book-keepers (one of each sex) and a school-teacher with straw colored hair, engaged to an elderly curate. They might all of them fade into the wallpaper without anyone missing them till it came time to collect their accounts.

Louise goes upstairs. She goes up three flights, each a little steeper than the one before.

The east is grey from her window. The lights are strung down the street

like somebody's lost pearls. A sturdy and unscripted civilian goes by whistling "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies" and a newsboy interrupts to sell him a War extra. Trelawney is a quiet street, all but the house on the corner which has too many callers.

Louise opens the window even though the air is freezing. The room stifles her—not with memories but with the aching lack of them. She knows that Main Street would be lonelier and less memoryful still.

There is a sense of space over the roof-tops. They stretch away and away, and the girl's typewriter-tired soul reaches out its arms to the night. The night that doesn't care.

Those are the fields, Mary—the fields of something-going-to-happen.

But it's too cold. Louise closes the window with a weary little smile, and looks round at her lemon-yellow walls with the tackholes.

Those are the hills. She can't get away from them.

Fields are the soul's, "I want, I want!" Hills are the old, "Not yet."

Sinews of the Land

Continued from page 215.

which, and tributary in a commercial way to the Nechako country, stretches a land of lakes and rivers—Babine, North Tacla, the Omineca mining country, the Nation and Parsnip rivers—headwater streams of the Mackenzie valley. To the right hand rises the Talkwa hills, and between lies the broad rolling Bulkeley valley, through which, by easy grades, the steel pathway runs over the Divide and into the Nechako. So close do the two valleys join that from one spring bubbling beside the track water runs into the sea by way of the Skeena and also by way of the Fraser. This spring, is, in fact, one of the many sources of the latter river.

Following a new-land custom the streams of the Northwest frequently bear different names along the different parts of their course. The Parsnip becomes the Peace, and the latter the Mackenzie, the Saskatchewan becomes the Nelson, and in like manner the Entiaco becomes the Nechako, which joining with the Stuart, forms the western arm of the Fraser.

From south and west and north these streams gather, rising in the foothills of the Coast Range and the Babine, flowing through long and narrow lakes, such as Francois and Stuart, and over rapids that alone prevent uninterrupted navigation northward from the canyon of the Fraser. Along the streams the trails run naturally into the lower Nechako valley—trails from the Omineca, from the Dean

River country far to the southwest, and, most familiar of all to the early pioneer, the Caribou trail along which away from the Ontonagon Valley far southward, away from the sight and sound of the locomotive, tramped of old toward the gold hills of the north. From this same point run other trails into the upper Peace River country and to the gap in the wall of the Rockies through which another wave of treasure-seekers poured through the Yellowhead Pass, and so down the South Fork of the Fraser. As you will have observed, and as I have mentioned where the trails of man cross, cities are built, and civilization brushes the wilderness aside to make room for her children. This is history—and it is prophecy as well. The trails meet and cross at and near Vanderhoof.

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 195.

better known as Uapukun, which is the Indian name of the wild rose.

She sat by him quietly, with inexhaustible patience, giving him the water he was always craving for, and the food that he rebelled against. She wiped the sweat from his face, paid no attention when he seemed to swear at her, and, when he would have left his bed, restrained him gently with lithe muscles of steel. One day big tears ran down his weather-burnt cheeks, while he babbled foolishly, and she bent over him, tenderly, and stroked his poor thin face, which shows that there may be a few points in common between a gently nurtured lady and an ignorant savage that has never even seen a white man's village.

IT TOOK quite a number of days for Pete to regain his consciousness. For a long time he stared unbelievably at the ceiling, with that sense of being born anew in a strange land which comes to those who awaken from prolonged delirium. Then his head turned and, in startled fashion, he looked at the girl who was sitting near his bunk. She was engaged in beading a gaudy shoe-pack as she sat upon an upturned oleo-margarine tub. Close at hand, looking very solemn and preternaturally grave, a rotund infant squatted on the floor, unprofitably employed in seeking to obtain nourishment from a fat brown thumb.

She appeared to be taken by surprise, as lifting her head, she realized that he was looking at her intelligently.

"Who are you?" he inquired, weakly, showing that he was much puzzled.

"Me Marie," she replied. "Injuns call Uapukun."

"And that kid?" he continued, pointing to the child.

"Him Ahteck."

"That means the Caribou. He ain't much of a big bull yet, is he? Who does he belong to?"

For an instant the girl seemed to hesitate, but when she spoke she answered quickly that he was her little brother.

Pete looked at her, searchingly, but her face was as of graven stone.

"How old are you?"

"Me nineteen. Him four year old," she replied, and rose from her seat to get him an evil-smelling concoction that was simmering on the small stove.

In spite of his weakness he was able to note the lithe grace of her figure and the abundance of the black shining tresses she had fastened up like those of a white woman. It was a raven-hued crown surmounting a queenly head. In the yellow moccasins her feet were small, and Pete knew that nothing had ever misshapen them.

"My, but you're a beauty!" he thought, and feebly inquired about her people.

It appeared that her parents had died long ago. She was a Nascaupee and mentioned a region he had never heard of, somewhere this side of Michikamau.

"How do you live?" he asked.

"Me the servant of Barry's woman," she told him. "When the woman die I no longer work for Barry. Me no like."

This was all that Pete needed to know. The girl evidently belonged to the flotsam that drifts through the north, cast about by virtue of chance or accident. Barry's wife who, he had gathered, was a good woman, probably knew all about her and doubtless she was all right. The former agent's wife had come across the girl somehow, with that young one, and had probably found her a willing servant who worked hard for little or no wage but her keep.

"Why didn't I see you when I first came here?" he asked.

"Me didn't know if you would want me," she answered, quietly. "After Barry die me put the keys there, on little table. You find 'em. Also you know much tobacco gone and much tea. Maybe you think I take 'em?"

There was the faintest approach to an air of haughtiness about the girl, as she spoke, and Pete looked at her, curiously. Then his thin hand went out and rested upon her own.

"No, Uapukun. I'll gamble on you every time."

At this she blushed a little, and went off to get him food which, to her delight, he took eagerly. After this the man lay back, quite exhausted, and slept peacefully while the blood of his life renewed coursed hard through his veins, bringing strength.

During the time of his recovery, which was long, Pete found the girl simply invaluable. She knew the debt

of every Indian at the Post, and, better still, could tell who were the trustworthy ones and those one had to be careful about.

Pete was compelled to remain in bed for a long time before his leg permitted of full use but, thanks to Uapukun, the business affairs of the Post went on first-rate. She would come in with the account books, and long talks about the dealings followed.

"Jack Janvier him good man. Want him debt now. Travel very far to hunting ground. Him say has more as hundred skins in the book."

Pete realized how faithfully she had cared for him. When she bore dishes into the sitting room he would look at her, cogitating deeply with the utmost seriousness. Then he might say a few words, and, according to their nature, would be answered frankly, with splendid dark eyes looking into his own, or more demurely, with head bent and the girl's gaze directed to the floor at her feet.

AS THE leaves were beginning to put on a golden tint, among the birches and poplars, a canoe came down from the northern end of the lake, on a flying trip, having traveled all the way from Rupert Factory. The man who sat in the middle was a parson.

Pete had come down to the beach to meet him. The newcomer jumped out nimbly, stamped his feet once or twice on the gravel to shake out the kinks due to the cramped position, and put out a friendly hand.

"You're welcome," said Pete. "I'm the new man here. Barry's dead."

"So I have heard," answered the clergyman. "Some Nascaupees told me about it. How do you like this post? Think you'll get along, all right?"

"I reckon so," answered Pete. "I'll be able to tell better next Spring after the fur begins to come in. Of course I'm anxious to make a good showing."

The clergyman had really asked a personal question, but Pete had failed to understand this. To him getting along simply meant obtaining the approval of people like Mr. Smith.

"It is a lonely place," commented the parson.

"It would be," replied Pete. "But I'll tell you," he went on, scratching his head in some embarrassment. "I was never so glad to see a man. The fact is—I'm thinkin' mighty hard about gettin' married. There's the girl, over there!"

Through curved hands he shouted.

"Come over here, Uapukun!"

The young woman came down, slowly.

For a moment the missionary stared at her, by no means unmindful of her great beauty. To some extent, of

course, the idea of such a wedding went against his grain though he was becoming accustomed, in that country, to some strange shufflings of matrimonial cards.

"Just a word or two first, my dear fellow," said the parson sitting down on the prostrate trunk of an old birch.

Uapukun, discreetly, moved away to the edge of the lake. Little Ahteck came toddling down to her, and put a small hand in her own while, for a good many minutes, they gazed out quietly on the water while the two men were speaking. But the girl's dusky cheeks were more flushed than usual, and the hand held to her breast was seeking to still a loudly beating heart.

"There is just one thing I want to know," said the missionary, "because I won't have anything to do with a marriage that is not the most serious and the greatest thing in a man's life, if I can help it. Is it your intention to stick to that girl all your days? Do you truly love her?"

Pete looked at him with eyes that spoke of sterling honesty, of faith in himself and the girl.

"She worked over me when I was just a dying and rotting piece of manhood," he said, with a slight catch in his voice. "She tended me like a mother, and faithful as a dog. Them arms of hers lifted me off the bed, sir, just like I'd been a child, yes, me! I wasn't much but bones then, but there must have been some heft to me just the same. It has come to me pretty quick, I reckon, but it's come, that feelin' that she can make me happy, that idea that this lonesome place'd be hell without her, beggin' your pardon, an' if you want to know the truth I'd rather ye'd take and chop off both my hands this minute, than to think I'd ever make her unhappy!"

The words were spoken slowly, by a man who had known so much loneliness in the silent places of the vast North that he had often been compelled to speak aloud to himself, for the mere comfort of the sound. In his voice something vibrated that was like the power of truth itself, whereupon the missionary put a hand on his shoulder.

"It is well. Come," he said, quietly rising from his seat. Then he directed his steps to the place where Uapukun was waiting.

"This man tells me he wants to be your husband," he told her. "Is it also your wish?"

Her hand was still pressed to her bosom, but her eyes did not fall to the ground. She looked straight at the man who was questioning her, and her other arm swept a great arc of the lake and the islands.

"It is my hope!" she said. "It is more than all the world to me!"

Then all the men and women left at

the Post, with their silent young crowding behind, began to troop into the store-house, since it was the biggest room. Its shelves were decorated with an assortment of the commoner groceries, while from the ceiling hung collections of shoe-packs, snow-shoes, tin-ware and great hanks of twine for the making of nets. The assemblage of Indians looked on respectfully. They had guessed and were glad that the big man was taking a mate from among them. He was well liked. It would keep him long on Grand Lac.

Finally men began to seek their tents again. Women hurried off to kindle the fires for supper, and small boys sought their bows and arrows for a renewal of their play. At this time the two turned back toward the Post. The door soon closed upon them and, after the surprising fashion of white men, Pete placed his hand gently on the back of Uapukun's head and brought her face to his lips. Her two hands, lifted to his shoulders, gripped them with convulsive strength.

"Oh! Peter! My husband!" she said.

But in her tender voice, in the look of her deep dark eyes, there was something that gave him the impression of love profound as the great blue lake, high as the mountains that guarded it, vast as the wondrous great land over which her ancestors had lorded for years and years without number. And never, in the years to come, was it to falter or lose an atom of its strength.

SUCH was the beginning of a happy life for Pete McLeod, of which little can be recorded, since the bliss of pure love and quiet contentment can only be written in the throbbing breasts of men and women. Nowhere could he have found greater affection or an existence able to appeal more strongly to him.

Under his efficient care the Post was doing splendidly and years came and went smoothly, during which his little boy and girl thrived apace, while the lad Ahteck began to give promise of great stature and strength against the time when full maturity should reach him.

The latter was a quaint, serious boy, his nature a marked contrast to that of the two little half-breeds, whom he loved and cared for with great gentleness.

Came a day when Ahteck was sixteen, and he was already wonderfully strong and taller than most men of his race. Under Pete's tuition he had become an unusually good shot, a trapper of sorts, and was acquainted with a large extent of the surrounding country. Whether with the paddle, or the iron-shod pole used in surmounting rapids, he was a fine canoeman, while over long portages he easily carried loads that entitled him to the respect of

men mighty with the tump-line that fastens against the forehead and bears the burden resting on the back and loins. Here it may be noted that, in the Hudson's Bay country, one test of a good *voyageur* is the ability to carry over a goodly distance a pack made up of three bales of fur, and that these average ninety pounds apiece.

Around the Post he was to Pete like another right hand, cheerfully doing more than a man's share, and the agent never treated him otherwise than as a son.

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To be continued.

The New Boss of the Sixth

Continued from page 221.

the rungs of the ladder, the walls, he tumbled through the opening and landed with a tremendous thud.

Made after the best theories of surprise in war, the manoeuvre demoralized the enemy. They stared a fleeting second at this bold warrior who had leaped into their midst. And then they incontinently fled. An instant's jam at the door, a crunching of the gravel, and the mob was gone! Panic had taken them for its own and led them pell-mell to the main street and to safety.

The late besieged arose, inventoried the situation, and made haste into the outer air.

"Fraidy calf," he shouted. "Fraidy calf, 'fraidy calf!"

He was master of the field. Covered with glory and dirt, he filled his coal bucket from a heap of coal in one of the deserted stalls and went in to supper.

There was a spice of winter in the air the next morning. Philip was forced to don his overcoat, which he detested, and was further supplied with a pair of leather mittens. He did not protest, as he would ordinarily have done, for he felt that he would not be scoffed at on his way to school.

He scuffed along whistling, with a careful eye open for his enemies of yesterday. At the corner, he was respectfully greeted by Petey Martin. Philip, contemptively gazing at the sky, ignored him.

"Hello, Philip," said Petey.

He turned and looked upon Petey as from a great height.

"Oh," he said. "That's you, is it?"

"Why," said the Martin boy, "I just wanted to know, are you sore at me? Why, you know I didn't write Phil—I didn't write that on your barn. Louie Born did. I just thought I'd come and tell you."

Here was information of value. Philip considered, and decided to accept Petey's overtures.

For the FIFTH Time Studebaker Sets NEW Standards of Value in a NEW Studebaker that gives

STILL MORE conveniences
STILL MORE beauty of design
STILL MORE roominess everywhere
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 The same **POWERFUL** motor
 And the **SAME** sterling quality in every detail
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Much more room for the driver has been gained by removing the gas tank from the cowl to the rear and moving the cowl-board upward and slightly ahead of its former position.

More room has also been gained in the tonneau by moving the front seats forward a few inches and making them adjustable to the passengers' personal comfort.

—handsomer

Changes have also been made in the design of the car which greatly enhance its graceful lines. The fenders, for instance, have been made heavier, deeper and richer, following the curves of the wheels more closely. And with the gas tank hung on the rear, the whole car has a substantiality of appearance that is very attractive.

—NEW Conveniences

mark the car throughout. Especially the gas tank in the rear and the reliable Stewart Vacuum System set on the intake manifold. This insures positive feed at all times.

Clutch and brake pedals are longer by 3 inches, affording greater leverage and ease of control. The windshield is designed to overlap thus assuring complete protection in any storm. The switches, gauges, speedometer are all conveniently located on the cowl, lighted by an indirect system of lighting.

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125 Million Food Cells In that Grain of Wheat

Many sorts of food cells—about all we need.

But some valuable elements which we can't do without lie mostly in the outer coats.

That's why food experts advocate whole wheat.

Those food cells must be broken to digest.

That's why wheat is cooked or baked. And, to break more cells, you toast it.

But toasting, even, hardly breaks up half.

Now We Explode Them

That's the fault which Prof. A. P. Anderson corrected by steam-exploding wheat.

Each food cell, he found, holds a trifle of moisture. So he puts the wheat kernels in guns. Then revolves those guns for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. That converts all the moisture to steam.

The guns are then shot, and the steam explodes. Each food cell is blasted from within. Thus every element in every coat of the grain is fitted for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat. But, more than that, it is whole wheat made wholly available. That was never done before.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
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Puffed grains derive from the fearful heat a most fascinating taste. The puffing makes them bubbles, eight times normal size. The walls become thin and fragile, ready to melt in the mouth.

The grains are flaky bonbons—

food confections—seemingly too dainty to be eaten by the bowlful. But they are only grain.

Serve them as your morning cereals. Serve them in your bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruit.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.

[1189]

"Well," he said, "I'm not sore, *now*. I won't lick you again."

He marched on pompously, the other boy tagging after.

"But you can tell Louie that I'm going to lick him, and I'm going to lick Bruiser Young. You tell 'em that I'm going to bang the heads off of 'em. That Bruiser Young's been going around here all swelled up, anyhow. I'm going to lick him. You tell him that."

"You going to lick, *both* of 'em?" Petey asked.

"You bet I am. Didn't I lick *all* of 'em yesterday? Well, I can do it again."

Up the street appeared a flash of plaid, surmounted by white furs and a saucy little beaver hat. Philip reddened, but took the bold course.

"Here comes Lola Cameron," he said. "I'm going to walk to school with her. You run along."

As he strolled magnificently beside the chirping little girl, Philip saw Petey attain the school gate and enter the yard. His heart swelled within him. Here he was, dispatching messengers of war, and walking to school with the prettiest girl in the sixth-year grade! She was the prettiest girl in the world, he amended, after a moment's thought.

He cast a side glance at her.

"Why, say now," he said. "Do you—would your mother—that is, could I come some night and see you?"

She smiled demurely.

"If you'd *like* to," she said. "I think you *could*."

His heart was thumping as she left him at the gate. He had never dared to utter such words to a girl before. He did not know they could be said so easily. His new-found confidence in himself was justified. He regretted for an instant that he had not had the courage to ask such a simple question long ago.

He turned toward a knot of boys who stood expectant in the yard. Petey Martin was standing in front of them.

"Hello, kids," said Philip, airily.

They winced at his use of "kids," but gratified at his notice, gathered round him.

"I was going to tell you," continued Philip, after a moment's pause, "that my father says I can have a bob-sled party as soon as it snows. You fellows can come if you want to. I'm going to take Lola Cameron."

Things had changed since yesterday. To be on party-going terms with this noted fighter was an honor. There was a murmur to this effect from the crowd.

"That's swell," said Scrubby Willifer, whose cap was set on at an angle to avoid a large bump that adorned his head.

Louie Born and Bruiser Young who had been hanging about the school

steps, now diffidently approached. Petey had delivered his message, but they had an apparent feeling that Philip would not assault them under the windows of the school.

"Philip," said Louie. "Ah—say, Philip—"

"Well," said the conqueror, sternly. "What do you want?"

"I wanted to tell you that—I just was going to say I was sorry I wrote that on your barn. I was going to rub it out, but—"

The lie melted under the eagle glance of the injured Philip.

"Well, I'm sorry," Louie concluded.

"All right," the new hero said. "I won't lick you, and you can come to my bob-sled party. You—" he drew his breath for his great effect and glanced about to make sure the boys were listening—"You can take Queenie Bowser!"

As he moved away, there came to his ears the voice of Petey Martin lifted high.

"Slugger Philip's going to let Louie go to his party, but he says he'll lick Willie Young."

Slugger Philip! Willie Young! He turned on the school steps and saw the late Bruiser climbing over the back fence, bound homeward. As he walked into the class room, his bosom swelled with conscious importance. He was leader now!

Eighty-two Bushels

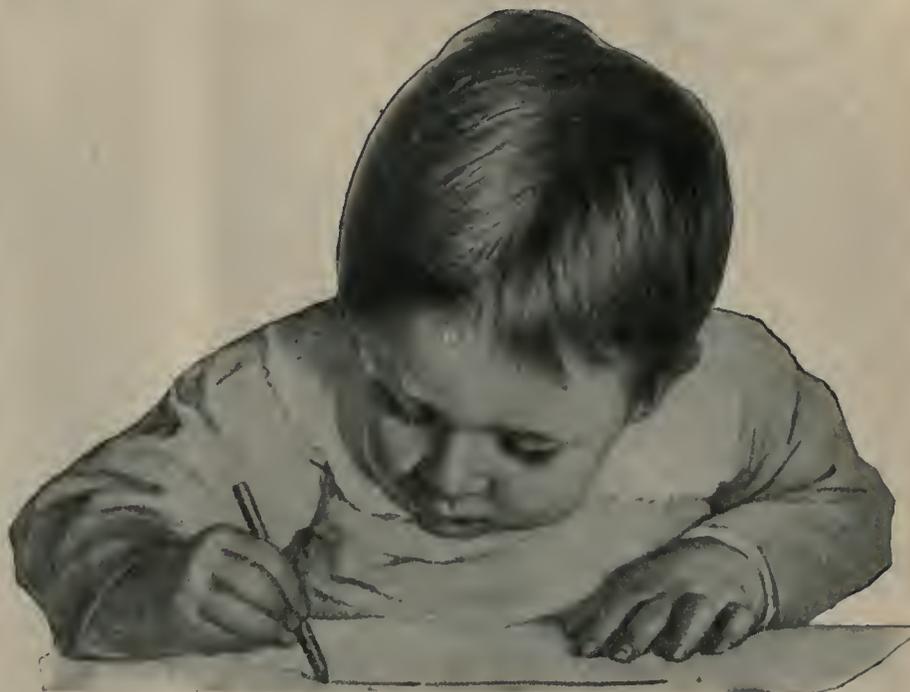
Continued from page 217.

much of it, in an attempt to create a better standard of agriculture.

Seager Wheeler has grown as high as eight-two bushels of wheat to the acre. He caught the attention of the world in 1911, at the New York Show, when he won the prize of \$1,000 in gold offered for the best wheat grown on the continent, and by its winning got back more than the money he originally paid for his 160 acres of land near Rosthern, some fifteen years ago—a neat little side profit that tickled him immensely. It surprised him as well, for he had not done much competing for prizes. Once or twice he had entered a local competition and come off with honors, and was emboldened to seek wider fields by competing at the Regina fair, because he had seen on one of the judges at a previous competition and seen that prize wheat was no better than he was growing as a result of some years of careful seed selection.

He had found some heads of wheat in his fields from a single one of which he had grown wheat which weighed two and a half pounds. His exhibit at the Regina fair the next year, carefully arranged in specially made case, brought him a number of prizes, and he learned

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something of the value that appearance adds to an exhibit placed in competition. But he had learned more difficult things than this in learning to grow wheat that produced eighty-two bushel an acre kind of results—the American average is fourteen. He was ready with the handsomest kind of exhibit when finally encouraged to compete in the New York Show. He won—with a bushel of Marquis wheat that yielded seventy-five bushels to the acre, and weighed sixty-two and a half pounds to the bushel—two and a half pounds more than the standard weight.

Nellie McClung

Continued from page 219.

All this happened in 1914. When she moved West to Edmonton the reformer lady again had her job cut out for her. By a petition of twenty-five per cent. of the electors in eighty-five per cent. of the municipalities, Alberta was to have a referendum on the temperance question. You may imagine therefore how the "heroine of Manitoba" was snapped up. She was whisked from county to county per auto, she was starred in churches, in town halls, in lodge rooms, and under the blue-blue sky of Alberta, just then enjoying its annual pour.

Back in Edmonton the ground was mined and trenched so you couldn't see the town for workers. Every yellow-journal, purple-scream method was used to its last lone limit—buttons, badges, babies, and parades. Two days before the election, Jupiter Pluvius turned off the tap and Alberta went dry up above—a good omen Nellie thought. On the 21st, each of Edmonton's ninety three polling booths was in charge of six women, and out in the country the ladies spread free lunch under the trees for all voters, and no questions asked.

That night the results began to come in, and when the cheers subsided the net figures showed a two to one majority for the dries.

Was Mrs. McClung satisfied? Certain-lee not!

She got her breath and a new hat and came back to Ontario where the breezy West isn't just as popular as in its native habitat, and she filled Massey Hall, Toronto, with an audience that certainly looked, sounded and collectioned for her favorite cause in a thoroughly appreciative manner.

Nellie is some Chinook, eh, what? Now she's back home with the babies. That's where she has wanted to be all along, she says. She'd a heap sight sooner make a cake than a vote. But can she stick? Here's wondering!



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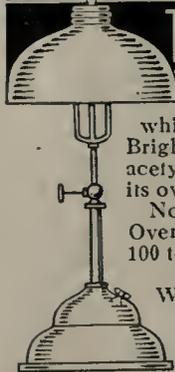
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Little Welshman

Continued from page 197.

have been the *raison d'être*. Always he has fought for Freedom of conviction and action and the People. These last have been his allies. His opponents have been anyone and everyone, high and low, whom, in his opinion, held wrong views and stood for those forces which were diametrically opposite to his own. It did not matter who or what his foe might be.

A good deal of his fighting has been done for Wales. Of all causes near his heart, Welsh Disestablishment was nearest. At one time Mr. Lloyd George desired Home Rule for Wales. He saw the fight Ireland was making for the same end, and he praised it. He went up and down the country talking about Home Rule, both in its application to the Disthressful Country and to his own.

"We want Home Rule for Ireland, for Scotland, and for Wales," he said, in a speech one night.

A heckler in his audience, who was not a local optionist, yelled out, "Home Rule for Hell."

"Quite right," came Mr. George's quick retort, "I'm glad the gentleman sticks up for his own country."

It is an old story now that he took his life in his hands over the Boer War controversy. Few, even among his admirers and fellow-Liberals agreed with him. But the young Welsh member, sincere if, according to some, mistaken, dared to tell the house "of the righteousness that exalteth a nation."

He fought the late Mr. Chamberlain as no other had ever done. He discerned in him the strong man of the Tory Government and he was up and at him, using the same weapons as those "Joe" employed. Mr. Chamberlain had the House scared; it was no secret. But the little Welshman saw that the way to beat the Man from Birmingham was to tackle him, to attack him, and not to wait for him to strike first. He commenced. With the same bitter personal enmity, the same stinging personalities, the same cruel taunts, the same matchless reasoning, he was at the throat of his adversary and shaking his arguments as a terrier shakes a rat.

HIS Budget of 1909 was the next battlefield. The Land Clauses were the *bête noir* of his political opponents and almost a bugbear for his friends. But with mob opinion howling him down, with attacks right and left, he stood his ground. "If those land clauses go," he said, "I go, too." He stayed.

So it was over the Insurance Bill, so over Home Rule, so over everything. No odds ever discouraged him. No foe ever daunted him. To the firing of the



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foe he replies with firing. Nor does he wait for them to begin. He is not, like the aesthetic Balfour, a past master at the art of defence. Entrenchments have no interest for him. He would rather be riding hard at his foe, than ducking and dodging. The thing that strikes his ear most quickly is the sound of the challenger. His hand is on his foil, he looks to see that he has his quarrel just, and his sword clean and bright, then—like Prince Rupert of old—he brandishes his weapon and gallops into the fray. I think that is the secret of the tremendous admiration which all classes feel for him. He is a fighter. Political divergents, who have sworn at him for his politics, take time now and then to say, "Well, you've got to admire his pluck." He knows not fear. Nobody is too big for him to attack, if he feels like it.

The Colonel's Resurrection

Continued from page 202.

welcome, here. Now there was none to care whether she came or went; the garden would wither and die, alone and untended by her loving hands, even as he had died . . . even as her hope had died.

With her back to the townspeople she dropped her mask from the miserable face and allowed scalding tears to trail their way down the furrows acute suffering had made. She did not trouble to smother a groan, and oblivious to trifles, splashed into a deep pool just at the foot of the Colonel's veranda.

Precisely at that moment, the front door opened and sent a mellow shaft into the misty night. It caught Miss Letty as she pinched her lips between her teeth, and enveloped her; it sought out blurringly two or three figures at the distant gate. It silhouetted the portly form of Colonel Abner Peterson.

"The deuce!" he cried, looking from the woman at his door to the group beyond. "What are you idiots doing there—going to smash my windows, or are you merely serenading?"

A gasp was the only answer to his question, so he turned with fierce forefinger extended to Miss Letty.

"Madam," he roared in the voice a general might use when urging his men to battle, "what in thunder are you doing—here?"

"Abner—I came because I thought you were dead—and lonely," she faltered.

"Dead?" he echoed. "I never felt better in my life. Exercise and solitude agree with me. Possum and I, secure from interference and unasked-for advice, have just finished renovating the insides of the whole house."

Miss Letty swayed a little. She was not conscious of smelling fresh paint, nor that she held her brown skirt so high as to show a long expanse of white stocking generously sprinkled with mud.

"I saw crepe, Abner," she murmured, "crepe on your door—forgive my intrusion. We all thought you were dead!"

A LOW rumble of corroboration came from the gathering at the gate. The crowd was certainly with Miss Letty; there might have been found members who even resented the Colonel's ill-timed resurrection. He sensed this, and a trifle dismayed turned to inspect the entrance to his home. There, on the door knob, dangled his old umbrella, just where he had hung it when the storm drove him back from a trip to town.

Miss Letty heard the cry of astonishment from behind as he held it up; she heard his familiar, beloved chuckle. Then, suddenly, she felt blinded by the yellow glare, and Peterson's form swam in a blur around her. With a weak little moan, she stretched out her thin hands.

"Dash it, Letty, now don't you faint," he shouted in her ear, as she floated down . . . down . . . into a sea of oblivion, and as she rose through countless miles to the surface later, she found herself in the newly-papered parlor, with Abner Peterson bending tenderly over her.

"This wasn't the way I'd planned to bring you in to your new home, my dear," he was saying, "not the way I'd planned, at all, but— Ah, your poor feet are soaking wet! Here, you fool, Possum, where are my bridal carpet slippers?"

Will Rudd's Boy

Continued from page 208.

believe that such hopes, such plans, could be shattered with such wanton, wasteful cruelty. That he should have loved, married, and begotten, and that the new-made mother and the newborn child should be struck dead, nullified, returned to clay—it was too foolish, too spendthrift, to believe.

IT is strange that people do not get used to death. It has come to nearly every being anybody has ever heard of; and whom it has not yet reached, it will. Every one of the two billions of us on earth to-day expects it to come to him, and (if he have them) to his son, his daughter, his man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, his ass, the stranger within his gates, the weeds by the road. Kittens and kingdoms,

potato bugs, plants and planets—all are on the visiting list.

Death is the one expectation that never fails to arrive. But it comes always as a new thing, an unheard-of thing, a miracle. It is the commonest word in the lexicon, yet it always reads as a *hapax legomenon*. It is like spring, though so unlike. For who ever believed that May would emerge from March this year? And who ever remembers that violets were suddenly abroad on the hills last April, too?

William Rudd ought to have known better. In a town where funerals were social events dangerously near to diversion, he had been unusually frequent at them. For he belonged to the local chapter of the I.O.O.F., and when a fellow-member in good standing was forced to resign, William Rudd donned his black suit, his silk hat and the stick, which he carried, as one would expect a shoe clerk to carry a stick. The man in the hearse ahead went to no further funerals, stopped paying his dues, made no more noise at the bowling alley, and ceased to dent his pew cushion. Somebody got his job at once, and after a decent time, somebody else probably got his wife. The man became a remembrance, if that.

Rudd had long realized that people eventually become dead; but he had never realized death. He had been an oblivious child when his mother and father had taken the long trip whose tickets read but one way, and had left him to the grudging care of an uncle with a large enough family.

AND now his own family was obliterated. He was again a single man, that familiar thing called a widower. He could not accept it as a fact. He denied his eyes. He was as incredulous as a man who sees a magician play some old vanishing trick. He had seen it, but he could not understand it enough to believe it. When the hack left him at his house, he found it emptier than he could have imagined a house could be. Marthy was not on the porch, or in the settin' room, the dinin' room, the kitchen, or anywhere upstairs. The bed was empty, the stove cold. The lamp had not been filled. The cruse of his life was dry, the silver cord loosened, the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern.

As he stumbled about the doleful place, covering his hands with kerosene, he wondered what he should do in those long hours between the closing of the shoe shop of evenings and its openings of morning. Men behave differently in this recurring situation. Some take to drink, or return to it. Rudd did not like liquor; at least he did not think he would have liked it if

he had ever tasted it. Some take to gambling. Rudd did not know big casino from little, though he had once almost acquired a passion for checkers—the give-away game. Some submerge themselves in money getting. Rudd would not have given up the serene certainty of his little salary for a speculator's chance to clean up a million, or lose his margin.

If only the child had lived, he should have had an industry, an ambition, a use.

Widowers have occasionally hunted consolation with the same sex that sent them grief. Rudd had never known any woman in town as well as he had known Martha, and it had taken him years to find courage to propose to her. The thought of approaching any other woman with intimate intention gave him an ague sweat.

AND how was he to think of taking another wife? Even if he had not been so confounded with grief for his helpmeet as to believe her the only woman on earth for him, how could he have accosted another woman when he had only debts for a dowry?

Death is an expensive thing in every phase. The event that robbed Rudd of his wife, his child, his hope, had taken also his companion, his cook, his chambermaid, his washerwoman, the mender of his things; and in their place had left an appalling monument of bills. The only people he had permitted himself to owe money to were the grewsome committee that brought him his grief; the doctor, the druggist, the casket-maker, the sexton, and the dealer in the unreal estate who sold the tiny lots in the sad little town.

His soul was too bruised to grope its way about, but instinct told him that bills must be paid. Instinct automatically set him to work clearing up his accounts. For their sakes he devoted himself to a stricter economy than ever. He engaged meals at Mrs. Judd's boarding house. He resolved even to rent his home. But, mercifully, there was no one in town to take the place. In economy's name, too, he put away his pipe—for one horrible evening. The next day he remembered how Marthy had sung out:

"Why don't you smoke your pipe any more, Will?" and he had answered: "I'd kind o' got out of the habit, Marthy. But I guess I'll get back in." And Lordy, how she laughed! The laughter of the dead—it made a lonely echo in the house.

Gradually he found, as so many dismal castaways have found, that there is a mystic companionship in that weed which has come out of the vegetable world, as the dog from among the animals, to make fellow-ship with man.

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Rudd and his pipe were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday on the desert island of loneliness. They stared out to sea; and imagined.

Remembering how Martha and he used to dream about the child, in the tobacco twilight, and how they planned his future, Rudd's soul learned to follow the pipe smoke out from the porch, over the fence and to disappear beyond the horizons of the town and the sharp definition of the graveyard fence. He became addicted to dreams, habituated to dealing in futurities that could never come to pass.

Being his only luxury on earth, by and by they became his necessities, realities more concrete than the shoes he sold or the board walk he plodded to and from his store.

ONE Sunday, Rudd was present at church when Mr. and Mrs. Budd Granger brought their fourth baby forward to be christened. The infant bawled and choked and kicked its safety pins loose. Rudd was sure that Eric never would have misbehaved like that, yet Eric had been denied the sacred rite.

This reminded Rudd how many learned theologians had proved by rigid logic that unbaptized babies are damned forever. He spent days of horror at the frightful possibility, and nights of infernal travel across grid-irons where babies flung their blistered hands in vain appeal to far-off mothers. He could not get it from his mind until, one evening, his pipe persuaded him to erect a font in the temple of his imagination.

He mused through all the ritual, and the little frame house seemed to thrill as the vague preacher enounced the sonorous phrase:

"I baptize thee Eric—in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Marthy was there, too, of course, but it was the father that held the baby. And the child did not wince when the pastor's fingers moistened the tiny brow. He just clasped a geranium-petal hand round Rudd's thumb and stared at the sacrament with eyes of more than mortal understanding.

The very next day Mrs. Ad. Peek walked into the store, proud as a pea hen. She wanted shoes for her baby. The soles of the old pair were intact, but the stubby toes were protruding.

"He crawls all over the house, Mr. Rudd! And he cut his first tooth today, too. Just look at it. Ain't it a beauty?"

In her insensate conceit, she pried the child's mouth apart as if he were a pony, to disclose the minute peak of ivory. It was nothing to make such a fuss over, Rudd thought, though he



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praised it as if it were a snow-capped Fuji-yama.

That night Eric cut two teeth. And Marthy nearly laughed her head off.

RUDD did not talk aloud to the family he had revented from the grave. He had no occult persuasions. He just sat in his rocker and smoked hard and imagined hard. He imagined the lives of his family not only as they might have been, but as they ought to have been. He was like a spectator at a play, mingling belief and make-belief inextricably, knowing it all untrue, yet weeping, laughing, thrilling as if it were the very image of fact.

All mothers and some fathers have a sad little calendar in their heart's cupboard where they keep track of the things that might-have-been. "October 5th," they muse, "why it's Ned's birthday! He'd have been twenty-one today if he'd lived. He'd have voted this year. December 23rd? Alice would have been coming home from boarding school to-day if——" If! If!

Everybody must keep some such if-almanac, some such diary of prayers denied. That was all Rudd did; only he wrote it up every evening. He would take from the lavender where he kept them the little things Martha had sewed for the child and the little shoes he had bought. The warm body had never wriggled and laughed in the tiny trousseau, the little shoes had never housed pink toes, but they helped him to pretend until they became to him things out-grown by a living, growing child. He cherished them as all parents cherish the first shoes and the first linens and woollens of their young.

Marthy and Eric Rudd lived just behind the diaphanous curtain of the pipe smoke, or in the nooks of the twilight shadow, or in the heart of the settin'-room stove.

THE frame house had no fireplace, and in its lieu, he was wont to open the door of the wood stove, lean forward, elbows on knees, and gaze into the creamy core of the glow where his people moved unharmed and radiant, like the three youths conversing in the fiery furnace.

In the brief period allotted them before bedtime, they must needs live fast. The boy grew at an extraordinary rate and in an extraordinary manner, for sometimes Rudd performed for him that feat which God himself seems not to achieve in His world; he turned back time and brought on yesterday again, or reverted the year before last, as a reaper may pause and return to glean some sheaf overlooked before.

For instance, Eric was already a strapping lad of seven spinning through

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school at a rate that would have given brain fever to a less gifted youngster, when, one day, Farmer Stebbins came to the Emporium with a four-year-old chub of a son who ran in ahead of his father, kicked his shoes in opposite directions and yelled, to the great dismay of an old maid in the "Ladies and Misses' Dept.":

"Hey, Mister, gimme pair boots with brass toes!"

The father, after a formulaic pretense of reproving the lad, explained:

"We'll have to excuse him, Rudd; it's his first pair of boots."

Rudd's heart was sore within him, and he was oppressed with guilt. He had never bought Eric his first pair of brass-toed boots! And he a shoe clerk!

So that night Eric had to be reduced several years, brought out of school, and taken to St. Louis. Rudd knew what an epoch-making event this was, and he wanted Eric to select from a larger stock than the meager and out-of-date supply of Kittredge's Emporium—though this admission was only for Rudd's own family. The thumb screw could not have wrung it from him for the public.

THERE was a similar mix-up about Eric's first long trousers which Rudd likewise overlooked. He accomplished the Irish miracle of the tight boots. Eric had worn his breeches a long while before he put them on for the first time.

To the outer knowledge of the stranger or the neighbor, William Rudd's employer had all the good luck that was coming to him, and all of Rudd's besides. They were antitheses at every point.

Where Rudd was without ambition, importance, family, or funds, Kittredge was the richest man in town, the man of most impressive family, and easily the leading citizen. People began to talk him up for mayor, maybe for member of parliament. He had held all the other conspicuous offices in his church, his bank, his town. You could hardly say that he had ever run for any office, he had just walked up and taken it.

Yet Rudd did not envy him his record or his family. Clay Kittredge had children, real children. The cemetery lodged none of them. Yet one of the girls or boys was always ill or in trouble with somebody. Mrs. Kittredge was forever cautioning her children not to play with Mrs. So-and-So's children and Mrs. So-and-So would return the compliment. The town was fairly torn up with these nursery Guelph and Ghibelline wars.

Rudd compared the wickednesses of other people's children with the perfections of Eric. Sometimes his evil

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Get your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because our success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where every acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

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We Will Advance You up to \$1,000 Worth of Livestock To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of \$1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. If you want a ready-made farm—our experts have prepared one for you. If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know—our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, especially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

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CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.

genius whispered a bitter thought that if Eric had lived to enter the world this side of the tobacco smoke, he too might have been a complete scoundrel in knee breeches, instead of the clean-hearted, clear-skinned, studious, truthful little gentleman of light and laughter and love that he was. But Rudd banished the thought.

Eric was never ill, or only ill enough at times to give the parents a little of the rapture of anxiety and of sitting by his bedside holding his hand and brushing his hair back from a hot forehead. Eric never was impolite, or cruel to an animal, or impudent to a teacher, or backward in a class.

And Rudd's wife differed from Kittredge's wife, and wives in general—and indeed from the old Martha herself—in staying young and growing more and more beautiful. The old Martha had been too shy and too cognizant of the truth ever to face a camera; and Rudd often regretted that he owned not even a bridal photograph such as the other respectable married folks of Hillsdale had on the wall, or in a crayon enlargement on an uneasy easel. He had no likeness of Martha except that in his heart. But thereby his fancy was unshackled and he was enabled to imagine her sweeter, fairer, every day.

It was the boy alone that grew; the mother, having become perfect, remained stationary in charm like the blessed Greeks in the asphodel fields of Hades.

ABOUT the time Eric Rudd outgrew the public schools of Hillsdale, and graduated from the high school with a wonderful oration of his own writing called "Night brings out the stars," Kittredge announced that his eldest son would go to Varsity in the fall. Rudd determined that Eric should go to McGill. He even sent for catalogues. Rudd was appalled to see how much a person had to know before he could even get into college. And then, this nearly omniscient intellect was called a freshman!

The prices of rooms, of meals, of books, of extra fees, the estimated allowances for clothing and spending money dazed the poor shoe clerk, and nearly sent Eric into business. But, fortunately, the briar pipe came to the rescue with an unexpected legacy from an unsuspected uncle.

The four years of college life were imagined with a good deal of elision and an amount of guesswork that would have amused a janitor. But Rudd and Martha were chiefly interested in the boy's vacations at home and their own trips to New Haven, and the letters of approval from the professors.

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Eric had an athletic career seldom equaled since the days of Hercules. For Eric was a champion tennis player, hockey player, baseballist, boxer, swimmer, runner, jumper, shot-putter. Rudd had rather dim notions of some of the games, so that Eric was established both as center rush of the football team and the cock-swain in the crew.

He was also a member of all the best fraternities. He was a "Bones" man in his freshman year, and in his sophomore year added the other senior societies. And, of course, he stood at the head of all his classes—though he never condescended to take a single red apple to a professor.

THE boy's college life lasted Rudd a thousand and one evenings. It was in beautiful contrast with the career of Kittredge's children, some of whom were forever flunking their examinations, slipping back a year, requiring expensive tutors, acquiring bad habits and getting into debt. Almost the only joy Kittredge had of them was in telegraphing them money in response to their telegrams for money—they never wrote. Their vacations either sent them scurrying on house parties or other excursions. Or if they came home, they were discontented with house and parents. They corrected Kittredge's grammar, though his country accounted him an orator. They corrected Mrs. Kittredge's etiquette, though Hillsdale looked up to her as a social arbitrix.

Kittredge poured a deal of his disappointment into Rudd's ear, because his hard heart was broken and breaking anew every day, and he had to tell somebody. He knew that his old clerk would keep it where he kept all the secrets of his business, but he never knew that Rudd still had a child of his own, forging ahead without failure. Rudd could give comfort, for he had to spare, and he was empty of envy.

It was a ghastly morning when Kittredge showed Rudd a telegram saying that his eldest son, Thomas, had browned himself in front of a train because of the discovery that his accounts were wrong. Kittredge had found him a place in a Montreal bank, but the gambling fever had seized the young fellow. And now he was dead, in his sins, in his shame. Dives cried out to Lazarus:

"It's hell to be a father, Will. It's an awful thing to bring children into the world and try to carry 'em through. It's not a man's job. It's God's."

AT times like these, and when Rudd heard from the tattlers, or read in the printed gossip of the evening paper concerning the multifarious wickednesses of the children of men about the

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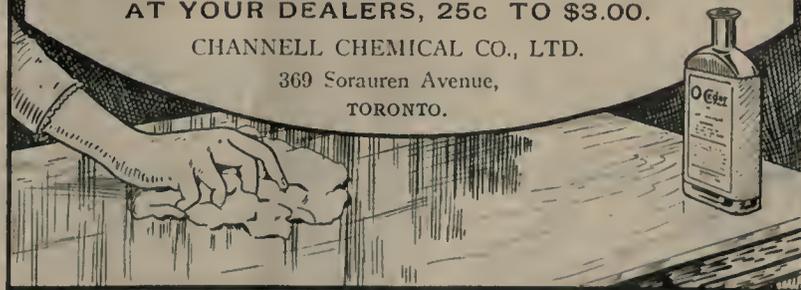
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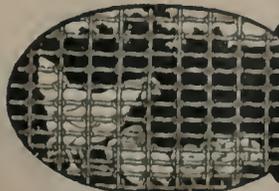
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Look it up and then write me. Get the
letter off to-day.

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121 MAIL BUILDING

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earth, he felt almost glad that his boy had never lived upon so plague-infected a world. But in the soothie of twilight, the old pipe persuaded him to a pleasanter view of his boy, alive and always doing the right thing, avoiding the evil.

His motto was: "Eric would have done different." He was sure of that. It was his constant conclusion.

After graduating from an imaginary McGill, Eric took an imaginary law course. Then he was admitted to that imaginary bar where a lawyer never defends an unrighteous cause, never loses a case, yet grows rich. And, of course, like every other boy that dreams or is dreamed of, in good time he had to become Premier.

Eric lived so exemplary a life, was so busy in virtue, so unblemished of fault, that he could not be overlooked by the managers of the quadrennial national performance, searching with Demosthenes' lantern for a man against whom nothing could be said. They called Eric from private life to be healer in their vaudeville.

Rudd had watched Kittredge clamoring to his success, or rather wallowing to it through a swamp of mud. All the wrong things Kittredge had ever done, and their name was legion, were hurled in his path. His family scandals were dug up by the double handful and splashed in his face. Against his opponent the same methods were used. It was like a race through a marsh; and when Kittredge reached his goal he was so muck-bemired, his heart had been so lacerated the nakedness of his past so exposed that his laurel seemed more like a wreath of poison ivy. And once he was mounted on his high post, he was an even better target than when he was on the wing.

Against Eric's blameless life, the arrows of slander were like darts shot toward the sun. They fell back upon the archers' heads. That was a lively night in the tobacco lagoon when the election returns came in and country after country swung to Eric's column. Rudd made it as nearly unanimous as he could, without making it stupid. The solid southern portion of the province he left unbroken; he just brought it over to Eric *en bloc*.

Marthy was there, of course; rode in the same hack with their boy. Some of the politicians wanted to get in, but Eric said:

"My mother and father ride with me or I won't be Premier."

That settled 'em. Eric even wanted to ride backward, too, but Will, as his father, insisted; and of course Eric obeyed. And the weather was more like June than March, no blizzards: delaying trains and distributing pneumonia.

ONCE the administration was begun, the newspapers differed strangely in their treatment of Eric from their attitude toward other chief magistrates. Realizing that Eric was an honorable man trying to do the right thing by the people, no editor or cartoonist dreamed of accusing him of an unworthy motive or an unwise act.

And when his first term was ended, the Reformers and Conservatives, realizing that they had at last found a perfectly wise and honorable man, nominated him by acclamation. The result was delightful; both parties elected their candidate.

Marthy and Will sat with Eric in the carriage, at that time too. There was an argument again about who should ride backward. Rudd said:

"Eric, your Excellency, these here crowds came to see you, and you ought to face 'em. As your dad, I order you to set there 'side of your mother."

But Eric said: "Dad, your Majesty, the people have seen me often enough, and as the Premier of this here Dominion of Canada, I order you to set there 'side of your wife."

And of course Rudd had to do it. Folks looked very much surprised to see him and there was quite a piece in the papers about it.

To every man his day's work and his night's dream. Will Rudd has poor nourishment of the former, but he is richly fed of the latter. His failures and his poverty and the monotony of his existence are public knowledge; his dream is his own triumph and the greater for being his secret.

The Fates seemed to go out of their way to be cruel to Will Rudd, but he beat them at their own game. Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos kept Jupiter himself in awe of their shears, and the old Norns, Urdur, Verdandi and Skuld, ruined Wotan's power and his glory. But they could not touch the shoe clerk. They shattered his little scheme of things to bits, but he rebuilt it nearer to his heart's desire. He spread a sky about his pipe planet and ruled his little universe like a tribal god. He, alone of all men, had won the oldest, vainest prayer that was ever said or sung: "O God, keep the woman I love young and beautiful, and grant our child happiness and success without sin or sorrow."

IF, sometimes, the imagination of the matter-of-fact man wavers, and the ugliness of his loneliness overwhelms him, thrusts through his dream like a hideous mountain side when an avalanche strips the barren crags of their fleece; and if he then breaks down and calls aloud for his child and his wife to be given back to him from Out There—these panics are also his secret. Only the homely sitting room of the lonely

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frame house knows them. He opens the door of the wood stove or follows his pipe smoke and rallies his courage, resumes his dream. The next morning sees him emerge from his door and go briskly to the shop as always, whether his path is through rain or sleet, or past the recurrent lilacs that have scattered many a purple snow across his sidewalk since the bankruptcy of his ambitions.

He would have been proud to be the unknown father of a great man. He was not permitted to be the father even of a humble man. Yet being denied the reality, he has taken sustenance in what might have been, and has turned "the saddest words of tongue or pen" into something almost sweet. If his child has missed the glories of what might have been, he has escaped the shames that might have been, and the bruises and heartaches and remorse that must have been, that always have been. That is the increasing consolation a bitter world offers to those who love and have lost. That was Rudd's solace. And he made the most of it; added to it a dream. He was a wise man.

After he paid his sorrowful debts, his next slow savings went to the building of a monument for his family. It is one of the handsomest shafts in the cemetery. If Rudd could brag of anything he would brag of that. The inscription took a long time to write. You could tell that by its simplicity. And you might notice the blank space left for his own name when all three shall be together again.

Rudd is now saving a third fund against the encroaching time when he shall be too feeble to get up from his knees after he has dropped upon them to unlace somebody's sandal. Lonely old orphans like Rudd must provide their own pensions. There is a will, however, which bequeaths whatever is left of his funds to an orphan home. Being a sonless father, he thinks of the sons who have no fathers to do for them what he was so fain to do for his. It is not a large fund for these days when rich men toss millions as tips to posterity, but it is pretty good for a shoe clerk. And it will mean everything to some Eric that gets himself really born.

If you drop in at the Emporium and ask for a pair of shoes or boots, or slippers or rubbers, or trees or pumps, and wait for old Rudd to get round to you, you will be served with deference, yet with a pride of occupation that is almost priestly. And you will probably buy something, whether you want it or not.

The old man is slightly shuffly in his gaiters. His own elastics are less resilient than once they were. If you

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BIG BEN for the man who gets up in the morning to keep his date with his job, who likes the clear, deep toned manly call that's punctual as a factory whistle.

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A powerful portable lamp, giving a 300 candle power pure white light. Just what the farmer, dairyman, stockman, etc. needs. Safe—Reliable—Economical—Absolutely Rain, Storm and Bug proof. Burns either gasoline or kerosene. Light in weight. Agents wanted. Big Profits. Write for Catalog. **THE BEST LIGHT CO.** 463 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

ask for anything on the top shelf he is a trifle slow getting the ladder and rather ratchety in clambering up and down, and his eyes are growing so tired that he may offer you a 6D when you ask for a 3A.

But, above all things, don't hurt his pride by offering to help him to his feet if he shows some difficulty in rising when he has performed his genuflexion before you. Just pretend not to notice, as he would pretend not to notice any infirmity or vanity of yours. It is his vanity to be still the best shoe clerk in town—as he is.

There is a gracious satisfiedness about the old man that radiates contentment and makes you comfortable for the time in most uncomfortable shoes. And as old Rudd says:

"You'll find that the best shoe is the one that pinches at first and hurts a little; in time it will grow very comfortable and still be becoming."

That is what Rudd says, and he ought to know.

IN these days he is so supremely comfortable in his old shoes that his own fellow-clerks hardly know what to make of him. If they only understood what is going on in his private world they would realize that Eric is about to be married. The boy was so busy for the country and loved his mother so, that he had no time to go sparkin'.

But Marthy got after him and said:

You'd ought to have a wife, Eric, and be raisin' some children to comfort your declining years. What would Will and me have done without you? I'm gettin' old, Eric, and I'd kind o' like to see how it feels to be a grandmother, before they take me out to the —" But that was a word Rudd could never frame even in his thoughts.

Eric, being a mighty good boy listened to his mother as always. And Marthy looked everywhere for an ideal woman, and when she found one, Eric fell in love with her right away. It is not every child that is so dutiful as that.

The marriage is to take place shortly and Rudd is very busy with the details. He will go on to Ottawa, of course—of evenings. In fact, the wedding is to be in the evening, so that he won't have to miss any time at the shop. There are so many people coming in every day and asking for shoes, that he wouldn't dare be away.

Martha is insisting on Will's buying a dress suit for the festivities, but he is in doubt about that. Martha, though, shall have the finest dress in the land, for she is more beautiful even than Eric's bride, and she doesn't look a day older than she did when she was a bride herself. A body would never guess how many years ago that was.



Coffee—

that will make your household happy; your guests grateful; yourself enthusiastic.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

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Write for our 1916 Catalogue of **Garden, Lawn and Farm**

SEEDS

Prices substantially reduced. Stocks as good as ever.

Dept. G, 133 King Street E., TORONTO - - ONTARIO

The city is going to be all lit up, and a lot of big folks will be there—a couple of kings, like as not. There will be fried chicken for dinner and ice cream—mixed maybe, chocolate and vanilla, and p'raps a streak of strawb'ry. And there will be enough so's everybody can have two plates. Marthy will prob'ly bake the cake herself.

Rudd has a great surprise in store for her. He's going to tell a good one on Marthy. At just the proper moment, he's going to lean over—Lord, he hopes he can keep his face straight—and say kind of offhand:

"Do you remember, Marthy, the time when you was makin' little baby-clothes for the Premier here, and you says to me—you see, Eric, she'd made me quit smokin', herself, but she plumb forgot all about that—and she says to me, s'she, 'Why don't you smoke your pipe any more, Will?' she says. And I says, 'I'd kind o' got out of the habit, Marthy,' s'l, 'but I guess I'll git back in,' s'l. I said it right off like that, 'I guess I'll git back in!' s'l. Remember, Marthy?"

Todd and the Tangle

Continued from page 213.

"As I damn please!" he repeated, nappy in the knowledge that he dared say it.

"But nothing desperate," she urged. "That," he declared, "must depend upon you—upon you, Mary!" He was growing bigger and more important all the time. "If you want me, you must have faith!"

"Yes, Sidney," she acquiesced meekly. "I must be free—unhampered—un-riticized—unchallenged!"

"Yes, Sidney."

"I'll have no more of this——"

The maid entered and laid a letter on the table in front of Mrs. Todd. Mrs. Todd glanced at the envelope, and then looked at Todd. Todd glanced at it, and his legs became wobbly. It was a letter from himself, postmarked Weston, and he remembered that there was another to follow—from somewhere.

It was a critical moment, but Todd had no mind to lose the advantage already gained. With one hand resting heavily on the table, to steady himself, he reached across with the other and took the letter from in front of his wife. Then he tore it up.

Mrs. Todd made no protest. Todd came home to dinner that night in high spirits. He had won; he was free; he had been gloating over his victory all day. After all, it was a easy matter to manage a woman—when one knew how.

Quaker Oats Premiums



We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern

For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

Silver Plate
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Vim for a Week In That Package Power for a Thousand Tasks

Think what intensive driving power is concentrated in the oat.

A large package of Quaker Oats contains almost enough energy to supply a human machine for a week.

To do all the work of a week. Or to start every day in a month, for one person, with vim-food in abundance. The oat is a food for high spirits. It is for those who seek bubbling vitality. For those who would "feel their oats." That is why we urge you to make oat-food inviting. This dish, above all others, should always be served at its best.

Quaker Oats

The Delightful Energizer

To some oats Nature gives a fascinating flavor. With some oats she omits it.

Some oats are rich and plump. Some are starved and puny.

In Quaker Oats we never mix those grades. All but queen grains are discarded in making this brand—all but ten pounds per bushel.

Regular Package, 10c.

Except in Far West.

Large Round Package, 25c

That's why these flakes are always large and luscious. That's the reason for their flavor and aroma.

You get the cream of the oats—the cream only—when you ask for Quaker Oats. And you pay no extra price to get it.

Please remember that.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.

New Round 25c Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 39c package with china. Also our 10c package.

What Did Little Mary Buy

**1916 Ford
Touring Car**
FIRST PRIZE
For the Best Reply
\$1000.00
In other Fine Prizes
Also Given



JOHN BROWN owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and wrote the name of each article on the outside. Only he mixed up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the words Raisins until they read "Si Rains." Then he

rubbed the word apples off the apple barrel, and jumbled the letters in that name until they read "Ples Pa," as you see on barrel 11.

Fourteen lines of goods in Mr. Brown's store were displayed this way, and a prize was given to any customer who could place an order for all fourteen and tell the number of the box each was in. Little Mary went to Brown's store to make her purchases, guessed all the names correctly and won the prize. Can you do as well?

Two of the names are already given to you to start you right. What are the other twelve?

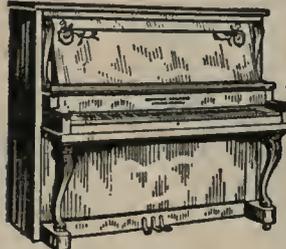


FIRST PRIZE
1916 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car. Value \$530.00

CLEVER READERS OF CANADA MONTHLY sending the best correct or nearest correct sets of answers can share in the distribution of

Thousands of Dollars Worth of MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

Including this 1916 Ford Touring Car, \$450.00 Upright Piano, \$75.00 Columbia Grafonola, \$50.00 Clare Bros. High Oven Range, 1916 Cleveland Bicycle, Genuine Singer Sewing Machine, \$35.00 Kitchen Cabinet, Genuine Waltham Men's and Ladies' Watches, English Dinner and Tea Sets, Roger's Silverware, and a host of other grand prizes too numerous to mention here. Big Illustrated Prize List will be mailed to you direct.



SECOND PRIZE
Handsome Upright Piano
Value \$450.00



4th PRIZE
Clare Bros. Famous
High Oven Range



THIRD PRIZE
Columbia Grafonola



SIXTH PRIZE
1916 Model Cleveland
Bicycle



FIFTH PRIZE
Famous Singer Sewing
Machine



SEVENTH PRIZE
Severnt Ideal Kitchen
Cabinet

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

If your answers gain 120 points you will win First Prize

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers, are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given,—just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more out of a name. The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance, 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten points given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle out your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World In Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced they will want it every month.

If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name (stating Mr. Mrs. or Miss) and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and address, must be on a separate sheet.

2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget i.e. war tax stamp.

3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, also their relations and friends are not allowed to compete.

4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.

5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.

6. Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded in any one family or household.

7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry, 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be

awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, handwriting, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.

8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which will be sent without charge, to three or four friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe. For this service the company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win.

9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Address your replies to the **CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD**

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, 140 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



In Time of War Preparing for Peace



By Mark S. Watson

NOBODY expected at the outbreak of the war that before 1915 had ended Canada would have supplied 120,000 fully equipped men for overseas service, with as many more ready to go, and with the Dominion united in the government programme of raising the force to a full half million.

It was still further from the realm of probability that Canada, a borrowing nation, would be transformed to an exporting nation, and that among her exports would be vast quantities of unexcelled munitions. If anyone had said a year and a half ago that Canada would take up a Dominion loan of \$50,000,000 for the war, would force the government to let private buyers have \$50,000,000 more, and would leave more money itching to exchange itself for a few extra millions, that man would have been watched nervously by his acquaintances.

And yet that is just what Canada has done, or rather only a part of what she has done to surprise other nations—and herself.

To the outsider the most astonishing circumstance, more gratifying even than the suddenly found balance of trade in favor of the Dominion, is the industrial development which started almost at the outbreak of the war and has been growing ever since. In agriculture? Of course. But Canada always had her fertile prairies, and everyone knew that if enough acres were planted and the Lord who was singularly watchful over Canada's acres in 1915 should supply good weather, there would result an enormous crop. That crop came, and supplied a sound base for prosperity. And Canada's timberlands and fisheries and minerals were known.

Canada had inventive genius in plenty, and commercial ability and industrial ability, but as later events have proved Canada had not begun to tap those mental resources. During the war she has tapped them, and

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author, a citizen of the United States and an economist of note, has given impartial and conscientious study to industrial conditions throughout the Dominion. He finds in the necessities of war opportunity for Canada to utilize mineral and timber resources hitherto neglected for agricultural development. He believes that the war has supplied the impulse necessary to Canada's manufacturing success, and that the knowledge derived from experience will bear abundant fruit in the days of readjustment.

great have been the results.

Less than two years ago it was necessary to pass a certain plant, from the smokestacks of which poured forth great columns of thick black smoke, so thick that even the layman could not fail to realize that there was enormous waste of carbon in that plant.

Two weeks ago the writer went over that same path. The thick smoke was no longer discernible. Yet the plant continued to turn out as much as it produced before—and there was a byproduct, a distillate of coal. It is called trinitrotoluol, and it is causing as much trouble for the Germans as its name causes to a stutterer.

"T.n.t.", to call it by its more popular name, formerly went completely to waste. Now it helps to make up the shells which Canada is sending to the front at the rate of 1,200,000 a month. Its use dates back to

the time when the Minister of Militia refused to admit that Canada could not make as good shells as anyone else, and steel men experimented until they found they could—and chemists experimented until they found they could fill the shells as well as anyone else.

Anyone with half an eye, or less, can see that Canada owes much of its current prosperity to the business directly created by war. It is just as well for the conservative man to keep this in mind, and realize that with the passing of the war, whenever that may be, certain of these industries will cease in some measure. Certainly the production of actual munitions will be reduced. And from another conservative viewpoint—it's just as well to get rid of all this gloom at the start—a prosperity based on conditions which cause so much disaster is not an economically sound prosperity. All this is granted.

But the gratifying part of it is this: Canada's industries which have been greatly augmented and in many cases originated during the war and because of the war are not

doomed to die after the war. In a measure which almost staggers the observer these industries can be converted into the arts of peace or will automatically continue as the arts of peace without any conversion whatever.

Take our little friend "t.n.t." as one example. Coal distillates include benzol and toluol, and lead to phenols and alphenols and nitro-benzol and aniline oil. That last sounds familiar. Do you remember the wail which went up from textile manufacturers at about the time the first Canadian contingent was holding back the "best soldiers in Europe" and was saving Calais? Do you remember their declaration that the whole industry would collapse because all aniline dyes came from Germany, and could no longer be obtained?

Well, aniline dyes can be obtained to-day, without looking to Germany.



Men making shells to-day in Canada can use their knowledge to produce steel for the days of peace. They will be making rails and car wheels and machinery.

Just at present "t.n.t." is of more importance than dyes, but when the war passes the anilines can be produced from the same materials, and the other trinitrates, of enormous commercial importance, will find their markets.

And it takes no argument to see that the 100,000 men who are making shells to-day can use their knowledge of iron and steel working to produce steel for the days of peace. Canada has imported tons of implements and machinery because the Canadian factories put out inferior brands. But the men who are trained to produce shells of 150 parts, assemble them, and have the total accurate to the thousandth part of an inch and the hundredth part of a pound, can also produce machinery which will do as well.

Canada needed alloys to harden the steel. She discovered that she could get it from her own tungsten resources. She found that her chromium fields would produce steel-hardening materials quite as well as the chromites which formerly were imported. She has developed both—and steel needs to be hardened in times of peace just as much as in times of war.

Canada needed antimony to harden lead for shrapnel. She developed it from her own resources, and added to lead development which is now producing enormous quantities, 150 tons a day reported, in British Columbia. Antimony hardens lead for type metal just as well as for shrapnel, and lead can be used for paints just as well as

for bombarding the enemy. Zinc was needed and zinc appeared. Copper bands were needed and copper bands appeared. Now the refining of copper by electrolytic methods which would follow the present blister copper production long produced in Canada, is in the experimental stage which may mean much in another great industry.

Over the trenches in France and Flanders by night burst the starlight bombs by whose radiance the fields are illuminated so that British gunners can be surer of results. A constituent of the starlight bomb is magnesium. The Dominion had never produced magnesium on a commercial scale, but at Shawinigan it is now put out in good quantity—and magnesium has its uses in times of peace, as any amateur photographer can testify.

Back in Ontario there has been great augmenting of the work in silver, in

here and use them here, and turn out the best product in the world.

Power properties have increased amazingly, and there is enough power left to dwarf that which has been utilized. Go to Grand-Mere some day and see what has happened there almost over night.

Canada's railways have at length begun to carry a part of the great freight traffic for which they were built. For this, of course, the abundant crops of last season were chiefly responsible, crops which have spread prosperity over the prairies so thickly that the farmer who followed the call to patriotism and planted his broad acres more extensively than ever before because the empire needed it, now discovers that virtue is not always its only reward.

In a foolhardy moment in chatting with a gentleman who has given up his whole business in order to recruit a new battalion I mentioned the extraordinary upbuilding of the industries of Canada and what this would mean after the war.

"I haven't thought of that at all," he said bluntly "and I'm not going to think of it. If we don't win this war there won't be any future for Canada to worry about. We have to win it, and we have to do that before we have a right to think of anything else."

I changed the subject. But even after that outburst, and to-day, there persists the feeling that correct as that Canadian was in saying that the winning of the war is the matter of paramount importance, Canada has also done well to plan for the future. She is doing well in planning for the future of the boys who come back to Canada after winning the war, to provide them with opportunity to do as much for Canada in the commercial victory as in the martial victory. Canada is doing well to plan definitely on declaring her industrial independence, and on helping to conquer Germany in the war of industrial competition which is sure to follow the treaty of peace.

In time of peace prepare for war. Sir Sam Hughes says that if Britain's army had been as fit as Britain's navy the war would have ended long ago. The throbbing appeal from one of England's greatest men just a little time ago still rings in the ear—"Too late. Too late. Is more to be lost because we were too late?"

Confidence in Canada's industrial supremacy is general. "Germany forc-

nickel, in cobalt, in arsenic. Chemists who have turned their attention to the field of drugs have produced without difficulty a duplicate of an indispensable German drug sold universally under its trade name but now produced in Canada as acetylsalicylic acid.

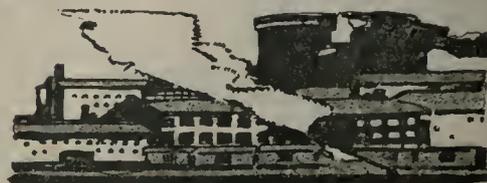
Canada's wood could easily produce a substitute base for propellant explosives if it were needed, but American cotton is readily obtained and experiment in this field is unnecessary. Canadian resources and Canadian brains could perform pioneer work in many other industries, but in these days of need Canada is bending its energies to the products which are vitally needed to-day.

The big pulp and paper companies have witnessed expansion of their markets and their capacity alike. Canadian pulp is shipped abroad in larger quantities, and what is more important, Canadian paper is increasing. An official remarked that he would not be satisfied until Canada had ceased to export a pound of pulp.

"I don't believe I understood you" said I.

"Yes, you did," he returned. "I mean that no Canadian pulp should be exported, just as I said. It should all be made into paper right here at our mills, and then exported."

Some customers thought they had to buy chemical pulp abroad, but Canadian manufacturers have demonstrated their ability to get the chemicals



ing the war to conquer the world?" queried a metallurgical chemist of Canada. "Why, Germany was conquering the world by the surest possible method, by commercial methods, and in a score of years it would have about completed the conquest. That probability it tossed aside in favor of a martial conquest, at which I naturally believe it will fail totally. And it will never again be in a position to attempt a commercial conquest."

The speaker leaned back in his chair and pointed to a row of phials near his desk.

"Look at those labels if you wish," he said. "A year and a half ago we obtained every one of those products from Germany. We were dependent on Germany for them, not because Germany had greater inventive ability than we of North America or the industrial men of England and France. not because it discovered anilines or a number of synthetics, but because it excelled at exploitation.

"The waste from one factory was the staple of the next, and there was a co-ordinating of industries which, with free alcohol, made production extremely cheap. And when it came to selling there was the same co-operation.

"An American industry would experiment at making its own aniline, and just as it was about to produce commercially a German company would appear and volunteer to sell below American cost—for a time. It was not because the German company wanted that particular contract, but because all the German companies were combined to throttle American industry. The German has no peculiar claim to genius or creative ability, but he is a laborious worker in the field of business detail."

He pointed again to the phials.

"We found ourselves unable to buy, and we began producing. Our progress has been more notable even than yours, in a way, because Canada was new industrially and any progress we might make would be the more easily noticeable. We find we can produce. We are producing now, and we will not stop producing at the end of the war."

A rolling mill for sheet brass is being built in Montreal to take care of another Canadian need. Just at present there is strong demand for a complete treatment of copper, toward which there has already been material experimental progress.



Canada's industries which have been greatly augmented, and in many cases originated during the war, and because of the war, are not doomed to die after the war

Canada has long produced, after mining and concentrating, the crude copper mat, which is from 40 to 50 per cent. pure copper, and by bessemerizing has produced the black or blister copper which reduces impurities to only about 1 per cent. The ultimate and necessary purification by electrolytic process is still done in the United States.

The biggest chemists of Canada have thrown their energies into inventive and productive experiment, and the Dominion Government has inspired further activity through the committee it named, consisting of Col. Carnegie, who had much to do with war materials development; A. W. G. Wilson, of Ottawa, and Dr. Arthur Stansfield of McGill university.

Dr. Stansfield's confrere, Dr. J. B. Porter, has also contributed importantly to experimental work, on which later development was based. All show especial enthusiasm over the work in fields which will continue

enormous commercial possibilities after the war.

Practically all the development mentioned is directly due to the war, which forced industry to its fullest energy to supply needs which had not existed while German commerce lasted. It is significant that Canada has found industrial independence in many fields, which it is not likely to abandon.

In time of war prepare for peace. Canada is doing that. In this programme Canada will not be too late.

Look to the future, as well as to the present. That the Empire and the Allies will win no one in Canada permits himself to doubt. What then? Current prosperity is inspiring, but optimism must not run riot, and too much optimism is sometimes injurious. It is not likely that 1916 will show crops so abundant as those of 1915. It is not likely that all the industries which have shown such astonishing progress in war time will continue indefinitely. Under competition some of them may actually pass their sphere of usefulness.

But this cannot be the rule. The steel industries have established a firm footing, and the skilled artisans who are making shells will be making rails and car wheels and machinery of a hundred varieties. The plants which are now making explosives will be making dyes out of the same raw material. The lead and zinc and copper plants will be serving peaceful Canada as well as they are now serving martial Canada. The pulp and paper industry will be doing, perhaps, more than to-day. The power industries will have new customers to supply. The fields will have new hands to till them.

Someone must pay for the damage? Of course. And Canada, proudly saying to-day that the Dominion will pay the expenses of her expeditionary forces, will say with just as much pride that she can care for the day of settlement. Canada is learning already to economize, which is the lesson most nations have to learn at one day or another. And while she is cutting down the expenses on one side of the sheet she is raising revenues on the other side.

From the trenches on the other side you can hear the chorus which industrial Canada on this side may also join in shouting.

"Can Ada?"

"Ada Can."





The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant

SYNOPSIS.

Acting in the interests of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Smith appoints Peter McLeod agent at Grand Lac to succeed Jim Barry, tales of whose inebriety have lately reached the ears of Mr. Smith. Peter pledges himself to zealous service and departs for the Post, where he learns that Barry has just died. He finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The wound is not serious but the various remedies applied by the Indians produce blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely Indian girl, nurses him back to health and during the days of his convalescence he is charmed more and more by her beauty. Always at her side is a bright-eyed, sturdy youngster and when Peter asks her relationship to the boy she explains that he is Ahteck, her brother. Uapukun had been a servant of Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and in this capacity had acquired a knowledge of affairs at the Post which is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She knows the credit of every trader at the Post, and while Peter is slowly recovering his strength, her tact and ability cause affairs to run smoothly. Through her McLeod wins the friendship of the Indians and he grows to depend on her resourcefulness while his love for her and little Ahteck increases daily. When he has recovered he is loath to part with his lovely nurse so he takes advantage of a missionary's visit to marry Uapukun. There is a wedding feast and the dwellers at the Post celebrate the nuptials of their favorite daughter and the agent with great pomp and rejoicing. Uapukun, the desire of her life consummated, goes home with Peter and Ahteck.

exhaustible patience. A number of times the men took up their fur, in silence, and trooped out of the store, with chins lifted high in air, asking whether they were children to submit to such unfair terms. As often Ahteck waved them grandly away, declaring that he had offered far more than all the peltry was worth, because they were good hunters and fine men, and he wanted them to bring their catch to Grand Lac in other years.

ONE day in the early summer

Pete left for a trip to the northward that might last a week, and a few hours after his departure a little fleet of four canoes arrived at the Post, with seven men, four women and the usual scattering of babies and older children, besides a few dogs. They were Nascaupes from the regions east of the big lake, and strangers. None of them spoke a word of English or French but their tongue was readily understood by the Montagnais and every one could speak with them. The woman Uapukun happened to be busy in the store, with the two children playing near at hand when, led by an exceedingly tall and powerful man, these strangers filed in.

A few of them at once crouched on the floor, smoking silently, while others occupied a couple of the rough benches that stood around the big stove. Then the tall man began to glare at Uapukun, his eyes staring very wide, and he continued to look at her persistently.

Ahteck happened to see her take a very deep breath, while her hand, for an instant, rested upon her bosom. After this she went hurriedly out of the store-room and the lad soon followed her to her room, in deep concern, asking if she were ill. But Uapukun shook her head and made gently a sign that he might leave. He noticed that her hand was shaking as she lifted it, and returned to the store, sorely puzzled.

Since Pete was away Ahteck was soon busily engaged in trading with the newcomers. From their packs they had pulled out good pelts of fox and lynx, some fine bundles of marten and mink, a few skins of wolverine and wolf, and prime otters. These were all laid upon the boards that served as a counter and Ahteck counted the pelts, examined each one carefully, sorting them according to grade, and began to listen to the Indians' demands.

The haggling lasted all of two days, being conducted on both sides with in-

At last Ahteck gave up a great deal more than he had first proposed, and the Nascaupes accepted much less than they had originally insisted upon. There is not the slightest doubt that each side considered that it had achieved a signal victory. The women took away great packs of goods and piled them up inside their tents while the men smoked innumerable pipes of the now abundant tobacco, and, without the slightest inconvenience, drank enough tea to kill a white man.

ON THE third day one of the older Nascaupée children stood a long time in front of the store and, finally seeing Uapukun alone, went up to her and delivered a message it had been carefully instructed to repeat. The woman, whose face had become much worn in a few days, bent her head in assent.

Late that afternoon Ahteck, with his gun on his shoulder, was returning from a place where, a few miles away, he had been looking for some canoe-bark, without finding just what he wanted. It was beginning to get dark when he reached a trail leading to the Post, and he heard two people speaking angrily.

Stopping under the shadow of thick bushes he saw that Uapukun was one of them.

"Yes!" she was crying. "For years I thought I would be in safety here! It is so far away! Yes, at one time I was willing to be thy dog, to work for thee. I belonged to thee. The blankets had been paid for me, and the gun. I was like any other woman until thy blows became too hard to bear. But when one of them struck down the baby in my arms, I became like the she-wolf that hides her whelps in fear of the male. I wept that I was not strong enough to kill thee! But I could steal a canoe and go, when thou wert gone. I journeyed far and starved until my breasts were dry and the child wept for

hunger. But I reached this place and thou didst not find me until now. So now thou mayst lift thy arm and kill me!"

"Kill thee!" snarled the tall Nascaupee. "How may that help me? Listen—I want a new gun—a gun that shoots many times, and cartridges for it in plenty. Of tobacco I want twenty pounds, and tea, many packages. Get me these things while I wait here. Next year I shall come for more, because the trading here is good."

"I will not," cried the woman. "Those things belong to the chief man here!"

"Then I will wait until that man comes home. He will have to give me those things for thee, for thou art my woman. I will tell him that the boy is thy son and also mine. Perhaps he will pay well for thee, many blankets and a gun—a very good gun. Perhaps he will lift his hand and strike thee, and tell thee to go away and follow me. I will wait and see!"

"Before he comes back I will kill myself!" she said, in a voice that had grown cold as the blade of a knife.

Fierce anger moved the man. One of his great hands went forth and caught Uapukun by the throat. The other drew back to strike her.

But then something swished through the air and, before the man's fierce blow could fall, the butt of Ahteck's gun came down upon the great Nascaupee's head, and, without a sound, like an ox that is struck by the pole-axe, his knees sank under him and he fell forward on his face.

The lad's instinct had compelled him to protect the woman he now knew to be his mother. More than ever before his heart had gone out to her. He grasped her hand and they ran together towards the Post buildings, hardly realizing the calamity that had come upon them. When they reached the dwelling they sat for a long time in the

darkness, for the children had already been put to bed and everything was silent.

After a time Uapukun spoke, with lips quivering and her voice coming hoarsely.

"I loved the man Peter," she said, in a low voice. "From other men I had known only blows and cruel words. He put his hand out to me in love, with words soft as the honey we take from the hollowed trees. Three long years had gone by, years during which the great fear had left my heart. I thought I never would be found. I—I loved—"

"Yes," said the lad. "I understand, and to Pete thou hast been a good and loving woman, and to me a mother, though I knew it not."

Another long silence ensued. Ahteck's elbow was resting on the table of planks made in the saw-pit; his square jaw was in the hollow of his hand. He stared fixedly, far away, through the walls of massive logs, through the darkness of the night, as if his vision had known no obstacles. But that which he saw was appalling. At last he turned again to his mother.

"Now I must surely have killed my father," he said, very slowly, the soft inflexions of the Indian tongue dropping from his lips like distilled bitterness. "I have never heard of such a deed. It is said that in the old times, very long ago, when the great hungers came on them, our people sometimes left the old to die. But never did they kill them. And we know also that killing is an accursed thing, for all the priests of the white men tell us so. One of them, the Father of the great white beard, told me of the death of one man Abel, who was killed by his brother Cain. And upon Cain fell the greatest curse that was ever known. But a father is more than a brother, and therefore a curse will be upon me such as never happened before, more great and terrible than all other curses. Surely it will fall upon me and on all those I love; upon Peter and the little children; upon thee, my mother! But if I go far away it might be that the curse would fall upon me alone, and I must make ready to go away now. If the other Nascaupees seek me, to kill me in revenge, they may find me, and it will be better that this should happen far away from here. In my heart there is no regret that I defended thee, and I would do this thing again. Yet it is very sure I cannot escape this curse."

Then the mother wept bitterly and threw herself at the feet of her tall young



He was not running away from men so much as fleeing from the vengeance of the skies

son, begging that he might forgive her, but he lifted her up and, in his great strength, he was like a man lifting a child that sorrows. Then he put his arms about her as if to shield her from other perils.

"Do not cry, O my mother!" he said, "for I shall always love thee with a very great love. I think that men can never know the real reason of things, but surely they happen and bring great curses because the world about us is filled with the powers of evil. The bear that goes in the trap is caught by the man, and the man is caught by the devil."

The poor woman crushed him to her bosom, weeping. Theirs was a crude theology, blended of an inheritance of sombre savage myths with ideas gathered from the priests and the clergymen, who always spoke much of the devil and of hell.

They sat thus for the greater part of the night, obsessed by these thoughts, dumb with the great horror of it all.

THE sun rose again, for the misty rain cleared off. Suddenly came a discordant note. It was but the laughter of the two children, awakened. Uapukun rose from her chair, painfully, to attend to their wants. Ahteck was busily engaged in getting things ready for a long voyage. He ate, deliberately forcing himself to do so that his strength might not suffer. Then he went out at the back of the house, drawn by an invincible force, to the scene of his terrible deed.

But when he reached the place there were tracks of many moccasins on the ground. He knew that they had been made by the newly arrived Nascaupes. But nowhere could he find any trace of the tall man he had smitten down!

He cautiously went off towards the beach. Among the many tents men and women were beginning to rise. A few of the latter were coming out to kindle their fires. A man stretched long arms in a yawn and dogs sniffed about the ground, in hopeless search for overlooked bones. But the tents of the Nascaupes were no longer there; their long high-bowed canoes, previously upturned on the beach, had disappeared. The only remaining trace of them was the smouldering embers from the cooking-fire they had built before their tents. Ahteck decided that they must have searched for the man who was missing and, finding the body, had carried it away with them. Somewhere in the wilderness, doubtless, they would dispose of it according to their savage rites.

In less than another hour Ahteck was ready. He had his gun in a new buckskin cover, with ammunition; also provisions to last three or four weeks and his blankets with some spare clothing.

All these things he packed in his canoe and waited.

His mother came down and stood beside him. Her arms were hanging loosely at her sides and her head was bent down upon her breast.

"Yesterday," he said, "I was a man like all others. This day I am changed, as in the tales the old people tell the little children, in which men become wolverines and other beasts. But, oh, my mother, I feel that my heart is not at all changed, because I love thee more than ever before. The two little ones I love, and also Peter thy husband."

The children came running down to the beach, shouting:

"Thou art going away, Uncle Caribou!" they cried.

He sat down upon a rock, and took one of them on each of his knees.

"I am going upon a very long hunt," he answered.

"It must be a very long hunt, and far away," said the boy, "for the fur will not be good before a long time."

"A very long hunt in a far country," Ahteck repeated. "And I do not know whether I shall ever find that which I am hunting for."

"Is it a silver fox?" asked the little girl.

"Perhaps a silver fox," he answered.

Then he rose and drew his mother to one side.

"It will be well to tell thy man Peter about the killing," he said, "but nothing more, on account of these little children, and because of the love he has for thee. For on this day I feel that I have become a man and it is my command to thee, my mother. He would cling to thee because of that love, but all of the truth would be like a thorn in his flesh."

Ahteck, after this, kissed the little ones, in the white man's fashion, and gently pressed his mother's hand, for a moment. His canoe was lying against the sand of the beach, and he gently pushed the bow away into deeper water, with the blade of his paddle, after which he entered the frail thing. Finally he waived his hand in salute and left the heavy-hearted woman looking at him through her tears until he became a speck, away towards the South.

TWO days later Pete returned. As always happened he found his wife waiting for him at the water's edge. At once he saw that she was hollow-eyed, but the love of his heart concealed from him the fact that she was showing some evidences of age that had suddenly come upon her.

"Ahteck has gone away," she said dully. "There was a quarrel in the woods, behind the houses, with a Nascaupe that was here, and the man must have been slain. His people went away in haste, before sunrise,

carrying the—the thing off with them, and Ahteck—"

Her arm was uplifted towards the south, for she was utterly unable to finish her words.

Her husband looked into the tear-stained eyes, much concerned, and the deep quiet love he had borne her all these years was in his voice as he put his big gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"The poor lad!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what that devil can have done to him, for Ahteck has always been the quietest fellow that ever lived and we never saw anything but goodness in his heart. In that great body of his it beats like a woman's. I hope no evil comes to him, and that he will return soon. There was little need for him to run away, and I can't quite understand his doing it."

He walked off towards the Post, thoughtfully, and the woman followed. There was no law in that distant country, yet it was within the reach of the law, should it ever be put in motion. He realized that if Ahteck had remained he might have been compelled, according to his lights, to arrest the boy and keep him for months until far-away authorities could be notified and their orders carried out. He began to think it was just as well that the lad was gone, though he would miss him sorely. Since he had seen no murder, no body of a slain man, and no one had complained, he felt that he could hold his peace with an easy conscience.

Once within the building he kissed his wife tenderly and greeted the children as they swarmed up on his knees. After this, when he had eaten, he went back to the routine of his work.

Many months elapsed before one of the missionary fathers stopped at the Post, in the course of an extended journey, bearing a short note written in pencil on a piece of yellow wrapping paper done up carefully in a roll of birch bark. It was written in Ahteck's clumsy, sprawling hand, and thus addressed.

"To Marie Uapukun, the Woman of Peter McLeod,

"At Grand Lac Mistassini.

"I am at Lac St. Jean. Until now I have worked in the sawmill. It is a great place of many houses. Soon I go trapping. This is to say that I have great love for thee and also Peter. Also the children.

"Ahteck."

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXILE

Ahteck continued his journey south along the shore only for a few miles. Then, over a tremendous expanse of water, he turned to the

Continued on page 300.

The Millwright of Waterloo

By Madge Macbeth



J. R. BOOTH DID NOT SCORN THE PROFITS WHICH ACCRUED FROM SMALL DEALS. HE BOUGHT SOME TIMBER LIMITS AT AN UNBELIEVABLY LOW FIGURE FROM OPTIMISTS WHO FANCIED TIMBER WAS INEXHAUSTIBLE, AND, IN HIS CAREFUL WAY, HE CUT AND HAULED IN A MANNER WHICH WOULD CAUSE THE LEAST EXPENSE



LUTARCH tells us that after the victory at Salamis, when the Greek generals voted for prizes for individual merit, each assigned himself the first place, but all gave second rank to Themistocles. In considering the most picturesque figure in Canada to-day, placed where he

is by that quality known as thrift, many names might be suggested to head the list, but that of J. R. Booth would undoubtedly come second—which is a proof to us, as the similar circumstance was to the Greek judges, that he ought to be placed first.

Thrift, pure, unadulterated thrift gave to John Rudolphus Booth the position he holds to-day—not the sort which is expressed by stowing away coppers in the toe of an old stocking or a broken molasses jug, but thrift of mind and body and living; thrift which spells unabated industry, actual manual labor from seven in the morning until six at night. The sort of thrift which made him save two hundred dollars and invest it in a venture which might result in two thousand, instead of spending it in such a way that men might see—buying a horse and buggy, a new suit of clothes or a parlor carpet.

The career of Canada's wealthiest lumber king, the man who is never seen in fashionable hotels, who never dines in a cafe or a restaurant, who attends no polite functions, who does not travel in a private car or own a limousine, is closely linked with pioneer lumbermen from the United States. Strangely enough he is one of the few Canadians whose interest loomed large in the Ottawa Valley. All the rest were from the U. S. having migrated to Canada chiefly from the New England States.

Frank Bronson who had small holdings in the Adirondacks, came to Canada after listening to the tales told of its vast timber country by some hunters from Montreal. These men turned their backs, for some strange reason upon forests where deer and moose abounded, to go to mountains which had been practically cleared of game. They were given the hospitality of Bronson's camp and while there spun him tales which he did not believe but which were worth investigating. Consequently, he came to Ottawa one spring just at the beginning of the open season, and saw the broad bosom of the river crowded with such timber as he had only dreamed about—over a roaring fire, perchance when the hard days' work was done. Mr. Bronson lost no time in moving to Ottawa which was the By-town of early days, and



The career of Canada's wealthiest lumber king, the man who is never seen in fashionable hotels, who never dines in a cafe, who attends no polite functions, who does not travel in a private car or limousine, is closely linked with pioneer lumbermen from the United States

he erected the first mill on the Quebec side of the river. He was also the first man to send squared timber down the Ottawa—his contemporaries contending that such an undertaking was impossible, owing to the bigness of the river. They made use of the smaller tributary streams.

To the mill of this experienced and practical lumberman came a fellow from the Lower Townships—from Waterloo, Quebec. Some say he was a bridge carpenter—certain it is that he built a bridge somewhere near Waterloo and fell off it into a drift of snow which saved him from instant death—some say he was a saw-filer and others call him a millwright. He was probably all three, and a jolly good all-round mechanic beside. He had no difficulty in securing a position in the Bronson mill and he worked there for several weeks at the comparatively good wages of twelve dollars a month.

He suddenly decided that he would stop.

"I'll work for myself," he told his wife one day. "I'll be my own boss from now until the end."

He rented a small, a very small, shingle mill and started in on his own. In those halcyon days for lumbermen, farmers frequently cut from their land and hauled logs into town just as they bring market produce to-day. It was a simple (and quite a lucrative matter) to buy a thousand logs from a farmer and have them delivered at your mill. This is the way J. R. Booth did at the start. He did not scorn the slight profits which accrued from small deals. The first thing the big men knew, he had bought the mill and enlarged it. He bought some timber limits at an unbelievably low figure from optimists who fancied that timber was inexhaustible, and in his careful way, he cut and hauled in a manner which would cause the least expense. Optimist, I said. Well, Booth was an optimist if there ever was one. But he was not blind. Just as Bronson had seen the timber decrease and grow scarce and valuable in the Adirondacks, so Booth had seen the Lower Townships ruthlessly cut over and he knew that even the magnificent belts in the Ottawa Valley were not inexhaustible. He bought timber land wherever he could, his greatest scoop being the pine belt on the Madewaska River.

So, whenever limits were offered for sale he was there with a stubby pencil and a thumbled check book not always as clean as when it came from the bank, but quite as clean as the money it represented, and when the banks refused him—well, he borrowed it, sometimes from the toll gate keeper, for every one by that time believed in J. R. Booth.

He took advantage of every sort of opportunity while others were standing back and making up their minds. For example, the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company, organized by the pioneer Bronson for the purpose of hauling cut timber to the water and driving it to the mills, began to operate just about the time he was acquiring more ground than could be personally supervised. He took advantage of the Company to get out his timber; later, he took a share in it; others were trying to find out what it was all about.

Improving on Mr. Bronson's plan of shipping timber to the United States instead of England, Booth decided with characteristic boldness to build a railway and ship his own logs. The Canada Atlantic resulted, and later the Parry Sound Railway. There is a story told about the Canada Atlantic which illustrates the consistency of the man's frugality and thrift. To the outgoing train, one winter afternoon, dashed a handsome equipage from which alighted a gentleman, followed by his valet, who made his way to the private car. This was the President of the road. A moment later, a second carriage and pair drew up at the dingy platform—the old memorable G. T. R. station—and out of this, amid scurrying of porters and attendants walked the Treasurer of the road. He made his way to the drawing room. Just as the train was pulling out, an old man, shabbily dressed and carrying a battered old carpet bag, came along. He inconspicuously entered the ordinary day coach—not even the parlor car. This was J. R. Booth—the owner of the road!

Mr. Booth carried the Canada Atlantic in his vest pocket, so to speak. When it was sold, there wasn't an encumbrance on it as large as a peanut. He owned it all—rails, spikes, cars and rolling stock, engineers and firemen.

Some twenty years ago, Canada trembled with panic. At that time men were eager to get their hands on

ready money. What mattered it if they sold a few hundred miles of timber land?

"J. R." as he is familiarly called by people who have never even seen him, sharpened his stubby pencil, thumbled the leaves of his check book, and drawing on the hip boots which he wore abroad until very recently, sallied forth to the old Russell Hotel. There were gathered together men who could write a million dollars in a bank book and—get away with it. They represented Michigan, Maine, New York and New Hampshire interests. There were several Canadians also. The property under the hammer was a slice of the Fraser limits—about a quarter of some land which had been taken out by application and on which only a meagre ground rent, and stumpage dues had been paid. In the days when it was applied for, \$2,000 would, probably, have been a fancy buying price.

The auctioneer started with ten thousand dollar bids. The figure leaped to half a million. Men began to look under their eyebrows at their neighbors and a gentle buzz succeeded the sharp cry of the bidders.

"Not good enough, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "but I'll take five thousand-dollar bids from you now."

Time after time the hammer was threateningly raised—there was silence so tense that an eye could almost have been heard to wink, and time after time, the bid was haltingly raised.

The figures crawled toward six hundred thousand dollars and hung. Up went the hammer, trembled—

An old man, in a rough logging suit, inconspicuously seated away from the American nabobs, slowly nodded as he caught the glance of the auctioneer. He did not even bother to speak.

Bang! The hammer fell and the man who let it fall cried in a voice hoarse and croaky from over-use,

"The timber limits have been bought by Mr. John R. Booth," he said "the boldest operator in the Ottawa Valley."

And by Jupiter if every one of his competitors did not rise to his feet and cheer!

That Mr. Booth could carry a railroad in his pocket and buy a half million dollar timber limit did not mean that he had climbed the ladder of success unhampered by set-backs. On the contrary. He was burned out so often that there was a time when on his mills he couldn't get a dollar of insurance. His "bad luck" would have crushed many another man; even his home was burned and a touching story is told of how he tried to save the piano of which his invalid daughter was inordinately fond—how he tried to move it from the burning house, himself.

The numerous visitations from fire which pursued him made him study

as no other lumberman had done, preventive measures, and he invented a sort of overhead sluice which saved his machinery more than once. There was a time when his output was larger than that of any mill in the world; he turned out 1,000,000 feet of lumber per day for 200 consecutive days.

At the works at 7 a.m., eating his frugal lunch out of a newspaper, John Rudolphus has always been 'one of the men.' As WHO'S WHO puts it,



Mr. Booth took the envelope, carefully counted out the bills, gave a shrewd glance at the distant jokers, and kept the money!

At seventy years of age, and over, he embarked upon a new enterprise. He built a pulp mill which, some will tell you, was the means of saving his life.

When a man nearly ninety sustains a compound fracture of the hip people do not look for a very likely recovery

A few years ago there occurred an accident at the mills, a calamity, if you prefer—for the loss of a life, is oftentimes a calamity, a workman was caught under one of the wheels and, well, he died. His death occurred before his employer's eyes. The old man was much upset.

"Where did he live?" he inquired and some awed voice gave him the address.

J. R. sought out the stricken home. He did not send a smug representative. In the little cottage was a young woman and two small children. She received the news with the grim philosophy of the very poor. When asked if there was any immediate help she would like, her answer was.

"Get the babies into a decent home, for a time, sir. I am still strong enough to go out and work."

"Break up your home?" said Mr. Booth. "Not while I live. You shall have your husband's wages every Saturday night for the rest of your

Thrift gave to John Rudolphus Booth the position he holds to-day—not the sort which is expressed by stowing away coppers in the toe of an old stocking, but thrift of mind and body and living; thrift which spells unabated industry, manual labor from seven in the morning until six at night

his recreation is work. He is a towering example of industry and thrift to his laborers, but he is not mean. Once when they were laid off, through no fault of theirs or his—but owing to a strike on the Grand Trunk, which prevented any cars from being loaded, Mr. Booth went to his bookkeeper and, looking out of the office window over the head of his idle workmen, lounging about the mill, demanded how much they would have received had they been at work. After some figuring he was told the amount—running into the thousands.

"Pay 'em," he ordered briefly.

"But," expostulated one of his sons, "they haven't earned it."

"Not their fault." The father's voice was stern. "And don't you tell me how to run my business," he continued. "This is not Booth and Company, or Booth Limited, or even Booth and Sons. It always has been and always will be, John R. Booth."

Tramping about the mill, slopping about in icy water, demonstrating with cant hooks and showing a green hand how the thing should be done, Mr. Booth is not always recognized by the new men about the works. The boys put up a job on him one day but got the laugh turned before they had finished, for they placed eighteen dollars in a pay envelope and sent it over to the old man, dressed quite like one of themselves, by a new hand.

J. R. Booth had a severe fall and sustained such an injury. "He may last a few hours," said the physician.

"I'll pull through and put that pulp mill on its feet," said the dauntless old man. "They need me down there and I'll go down." They did and he went. Not merely to the office to look over the books but in and out of the works where he is to be seen to this day and where he is still as much at home as ever.

The war came and with it the countless calls upon the purses of the wealthy. No one knows just how much J. R. Booth has subscribed. He does not figure prominently in the social columns of the daily press, but once in a while when lists of donations are published one sees ten thousand dollars; five thousand dollars, one thousand dollars, and the like opposite his name. His charities are not indiscriminate for which reason people sometimes make invidious comparisons—but then those who have not attained success themselves always say things about those who have—is it not so, my friends?

He offered a company raised from his men to the Government, and his offer has been, I think, accepted. Doubtless their salaries will continue just as though they were at the works, and their families will be provided for. Mayhap there will be nothing published about this as there was nothing published about the story I am going to tell.

life," he told her, gently. "I thought you understood that. But isn't there something *else* I can do?"

Another type of story is told by the promoter of one of the big cement mergers. In forming his company this gentleman was anxious naturally to secure the signatures of as many Kings of Finance as possible. He had been fairly lucky and the names on his document represented a powerful lot of money. However, the legend was not complete without the signature of J. R. Booth.

Mr. Booth was found after some difficulty in a sort of pit, at his mill. The cement-interested gentlemen, finding that he would not come out, belloyed his message through hollowed hands, down to him. There was some rapid-fire talk about money, and then old J. R. cried,

"Got to have my signature? Yes? All right. Throw down your paper."

The promoter hesitated just the fraction of a second. This broke all previous records; the financiers he had previously approached set some store by their signatures, clearing away a space on the polished mahogany of their respective desks, and waving a gold tipped fountain pen with something of a conscious flourish. And J. R. who could have sold them out with a pinch of change, called him to fling down his precious document.

Continued on page 309.

One Patriot—Three Flags

By A. R. Kling

Illustrations by F. A. Hamilton

PATRIOT KELLY pulled one weary foot out of the mud that passed for a floor in the trench in northern France and followed this action by releasing the other foot and moving to a spot that offered fewer of the discomforts of soldier life. The little private was plainly bored. War wasn't what he had expected to find it and twenty-four hours in a cold clammy ditch without even a skirmish to enliven the period plainly did not appeal either to his vigor or to his imagination.

There had been a prospect of a diversion a few minutes earlier when a couple of bullets whistled over their sector in such a way as to suggest a sniper. But the bullets had done no damage and were almost forgotten in the general desire to find the most convenient footing. So Patriot Kelly thought to move before he should be mired and had turned his back on the unseen enemy to refresh his eyes with a view of the division headquarters when a bullet passed so close to his head that he not only could feel the movement of the air but distinctly heard the sound of the impact as it buried itself in the west wall of the trench.

Now bullets coming from the direction in which the enemy was entrenched were proper enough but the course of this missile indicated that there was treachery going on back of the Canadian lines, and this being highly outrageous, called for immediate action. So Kelly inserted a pencil in the hole made by the bullet and perceived that the shot had come from the direction of a clump of trees a mile in the rear of the point where he was stationed.

"I think I have got that bird located" the private grunted with a grimness that boded nothing but the most unhappy results for the "bird" who had presumed to disturb him.

The little Canadian infantryman was more or less of an anachronism to his comrades and there had been moments recently when he had trouble



Kelly inserted a pencil in the hole made by the bullet and perceived that the shot had come from a clump of trees

locating his exact position to himself. Ostensibly he hailed from the western Canadian plains where his regiment was recruited, but in reality he came from Minneapolis, which became to him a less desirable home than he once had deemed it when a paucity of boxing engagements threatened not only the comfort in which he had lived but chilled an impatient desire to attain the lightweight crown.

Next to his ambition for prize ring preferment, he cherished his title of Patriot which a jocular announcer had given him on the occasion of his first public appearance. Although he was matched in a preliminary bout he had a mind to attire himself so that his public would not soon forget him after he had disposed of his opponent "in impressive style." So Kelly girded himself with a belt made of an American flag of such enormous width that

it was more than moderately noticeable.

"In this corner," said the announcer, "we have our young friend Mr. Patriot Kelly."

The crowd liked it and said so. The newspapers devoted a half dozen lines to his victory and called him Patriot. Whereupon Kelly became consumed with such an intense patriotism that he insisted on the use of his new name and never tired of talking of his love of country. Without doubt he was an upstanding lad and had a circle of admirers that would have done credit to a much more pretentious pugilist.

However, the country that Kelly loved so well grew tired of boxing and the periods between purses became longer and longer. The situation began to give him concern. He missed the money and he missed the stimulant of battle and as a consequence he lost interest in Minneapolis in direct proportion as Minneapolis lost interest in him.

It was at this juncture that Canada began to call for volunteers. First one of Patriot's pals, and then another drifted across the line, satisfied the recruiting officer that they were dyed in the wool Canadians and were duly enrolled in the expeditionary force. This action appealed to the prospective champion both as a means for solving the problem of living and for offering a chance for action. War, he thought, must be much more exciting than boxing and in this receptive mood he went to his room to argue his future course out with himself.

"If only the United States could get into this war," he complained, "I'm going to be a patriot if I starve to death."

Then he looked at the Canadian side of the matter. Until late into the night he argued every phase of the case, always coming closer to the conviction that the course of true patriotism need not keep him in Minneapolis, which did not appreciate him anyway.

"Canada is America, just the same

as the United States is," he argued with himself. "And besides I have made better purses over there than I have in this country. They gave me a chance in a semi-windup, which Minneapolis never did and I can be a Canadian patriot just as well as a United States patriot."

In the end he convinced himself, as he was fore-ordained to do, and lost no time packing his treasured belt and his few personal belongings in a grip and taking a train north. Was he accepted? Just as surely as those examiners got a sight of his rugged, supple body. Physically Patriot was built for the ideal soldier and a regiment of such Adonis-like boys would have been a distinct asset to any army.

The disappointing part of Patriot's adventure was the lack of immediate and thrilling episodes. First there was a long period of drilling in the Dominion, for the colonial authorities had no mind to send a rabble to ruin itself in front of a perfectly drilled enemy. Then there was the long probation on Salisbury Plain, where the British War Department put the finishing touches to the force in a manner and with a method that included more hard work than romance. Needless to say the weeks in training camps took the edge off the early impulsiveness of the lad, but it was a great day when the regiment boarded a transport that was to take it to the front.

At last, Patriot concluded, there was to be some fighting and in this fighting he had convinced himself that he would find the opportunity for some distinguishing encounter. He even dreamed that he could see himself with a medal pinned to his breast and during the period of expectancy he was given to much mental strutting, picturing, in the meanwhile, the envy of his comrades as they gazed at the evidence of the signal honor that had been thrust upon him, to paraphrase his friend the alderman. For weeks he had feared that while he was alternately drilling and keeping his camp in order, the war would cease and he would have acquired nothing more stimulating than a certain knowledge of foot tactics.

As a culmination of these reflections it is not to be wondered at that he was elated when the force was landed in France. Then ensued a long march that was made without complaint for every step was taking them to the front. They took up their positions and here they had been—they did not know whether in France or Belgium—for two weeks and still no incident transpired that even remotely gave promise of a brilliant feat of arms. At 6.30 o'clock in the evening they were sent into the trenches to remain for twenty-four hours when a

relief company would allow them to go to the rear for a rest of equal duration.

Patriot chafed under this ditch-digging band of military toil and he was still chafing when the sniper's bullet came so near to putting an end to his dreams of martial glory. He was quite sure that any one who would wage war in this fashion was a contemptible coward and he would have liked to have met him in a ring for just about three rounds. There would be a deservedly licked German and he

visualized the man's appearance as he begged for mercy.

But there was too much reality and possible disaster about this situation to permit of extended speculation, so he noted again the direction in which the pencil, protruding from the bullet hole, pointed and lost no time in adopting such measures as were necessary.

"Lieutenant, I have got that sniper, located," he said. "May I go after him?"

Patriot explained carefully how he learned the course of the bullet.



"Yes, you got him and they are going to decorate you or something. But the doctor says I must not talk to you"

"We will telephone headquarters and have a squad sent after the chap," decreed the officer.

This, of course, was the obvious thing to do, but it did not fit into the plans of the lad who burst out into torrential pleading to be allowed to take the sniper. Here was a chance for glory and was Patriot Kelly, the best preliminary fighter in the whole northwest going to lose it without a struggle? Not if he was as clever with his tongue as with his fists.

There was more than glory in the affair, for Kelly knew that early in the afternoon Antoinette was accustomed to walk from her father's tiny acres that passed for a farm in those parts, with fresh milk and eggs for the officers. She had been doing this day after day and it had been the private's blessed privilege to meet her frequently enough to cultivate an interest that was only as much short of love as it was more than friendship. Antoinette had learned to talk English, in a way and had picked out Patriot as a likely preceptor. In the relation of instructor and pupil their acquaintance got on amazingly well in the periods when the business of war did not interfere and the piquancy of the girl's patois was a never ending source of delight to the soldier. Here was a chance to distinguish himself and see Antoinette at the same time—possibly if the fates were kind he could distinguish himself before Antoinette.

The prospect was alluring and as the possibilities unfolded themselves, his eloquence increased. It would have taken a stricter sense of discipline than any officer could maintain under these conditions to have resisted the pleading. So the lieutenant said that inasmuch as it was Patriot's sniper he could have him.

Now leaving the trenches in broad daylight was a hazardous performance. The Germans were less than a hundred feet away and night-fall was the accepted time of arrival and departure. In spite of his ardor, Kelly had no idea of allowing himself to be destroyed by such imprudence as showing his head above the parapet. In two weeks he had been given opportunity to study the entrances and exits of those trenches thoroughly.

If he was over zealous, he assuredly was not imprudent and life became sweeter as the prospect of preferment

opened more widely before him. Intuitively he covered as he passed from one ditch to another and, finally to the open where he became a fair mark for the enemy-bullet the moment he exposed more than a fractional part of his person.

"Foolish boy," said a sharpshooter from behind his protecting mound. "Who gave you permission to go to the rear?"

"I know where a sniper is and I got an order to get him. Watch me keep myself out of sight."

"Good luck," said the soldier, and he resumed his vigil with that battle-front stoicism that has made bravery of relatively lower rank in the scale of military virtues than duty. The boy was doing his duty, that was the way the sharpshooter figured it, and if he fell, why he was only meeting the fate a lot of others had met and still others were to meet.

"Cold blooded duck," mused Kelly. Although he had long since left the protecting trenches, there were irregularities in the ground a-plenty, and of these he took the utmost advantage. Crawling on his stomach was slow work, but it also was a certain method, and after an hour of wriggling during

which he was a target only for stray bullets or the spent fragments of shrapnel, he arrived within a few yards of the scarred wood which his pencil had indicated was the hiding place of the sniper.

Obtaining shelter in the crevice of a pit made by an exploding shell, he waited for his quarry to fire again. Then he would get him. As far as Patriot knew there was no man except his foe within a considerable distance of him and he was acutely conscious of the fact that he had not the protecting presence of a captain, or lieutenant or even a corporal.

"Funny kind of war," he thought. "More like Indian fighting than—"

The muffled crack of a rifle interrupted his thoughts.

"That boy uses a silencer," he told himself.

To say that Patriot was entirely devoid of fear would not be expressing the case accurately. As he wriggled toward the center of the grove where he knew the sniper was hidden he took stock of his moral resources, and, while admitting to himself that he was not entirely without trepidation, refused to acknowledge that there was the slightest chance of his abandoning his enterprise.

Under the stress of caution, progress was made slowly and during this slow progress he fortified himself with all the heroic quotations he could recall.

"The paths of glory," he recited to himself, "lead but to—"

This quotation was destined never to be finished for not fifty feet in front of him, astride a limb and clad in a dark green uniform that fitted so nicely into the newly green foliage as to seem almost a part of the landscape, was the object of his search. The German was adjusting his rifle for another shot at the Canadian trenches when Patriot crept into view, and had hidden himself so cleverly that the little private had exposed himself before he made his discovery. Then something else happened. The sniper turned as if he had received a sudden shock and discovered the Canadian rifleman approaching him. Patriot afterward swore that a thought wave must have hit the enemy, but at the time he considered nothing but the business at hand and that consisted in dispatching his opponent as quickly as possible.

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"Lieutenant, I have got that sniper located." Patriot explained how he had learned the course of the bullet

The Sentimental Satirist

Being the True Story of Something That Never Happened

By Arthur Beverly Baxter

BRENDA SOUTHWORTH was the daughter of rich but respectable parents.

Despite the popular suspicion that riches bring misery, she was moderately happy.

She was glad her father was rich. She never longed for poverty. She never wished she could enter the great business world and earn eight dollars a week and make her own dresses. She preferred dresses made in Paris. She knew that they looked better than those made by oneself.

She never indulged in morbid longings for a lack of luxuries so that she might yearn for those she already had. She did not believe that riches brought happiness but she did believe that poverty brought misery.

She was moderately interested in humanity but preferred to study it from the interior of a limousine. Having a sense of the dramatic she did a certain amount of "slumming,"—Philanthropy always appeals to the theatrical in one. She was kindhearted in an impersonal disinterested manner.

In addition to these qualities, Brenda Southworth was moderately beautiful. She danced in moderation. She laughed and golfed and motored in moderation. Her life was as devoid of climax as a Quaker Prayer Meeting. She had only one worry—Marriage!

Very few men marry for money. They lack the courage. A man often marries beneath his social status because he is attracted by a pretty face or a sweet disposition—but to marry an heiress! He must love madly—passionately!

This is the tragedy of being an heiress. Miss Brenda Southworth did not realize that it was a tragedy. It is doubtful if heiresses ever do. She was of the opinion that every man who took her to lunch or to the theatre, wished to secure her wealth.

Many men admired her, for she was moderately accomplished and had a nice, womanly, genuine manner about her that appealed to the masculine



Illustrated by Katharine Southwick

temperament. Many men called, took tea with her, took her to the rugby games and altogether behaved in as punctilious and uninteresting a way as could be expected of full bred Anglo Saxons.

She always called them Mister—
They called her Miss Southworth.

The world called them "fortune hunters," "Snobs," "heiress trackers," "would be's,"—but they liked her and stuck it out. If it had not been for her money almost any one of them would have married her.

She treated all her admirers with the same impersonal cordiality. She felt towards each one a disinterested kindness. She was sure they wanted her money.

Occasionally, some one more daring than the rest, would call her "Brenda" and send her flowers. Immediately upon receipt of them she would send a nice little note of thanks and dismiss them from her mind. She was as punctilious as a Day Book.

And yet she was desperately sentimental. She invariably wept over novels.

Occasionally she went to Europe, to

England, even to Japan,—but she loved Canada,—with a fervid moderation. Her father manufactured soap. He was the third largest soap manufacturer in the British Empire. Brenda was proud of her father's business. She felt that it had something to do with the national cleanliness.

EVENTUALLY Brenda arrived at the age of twenty three—when she received the first shock of her life.

She met Lawrence Craighouse.

It was at a dance. Someone had introduced him. She noticed that he had grey eyes and that his dress suit fitted him well—he had asked for the sixth dance and disappeared from her presence and her thoughts.

At the finish of the sixth dance they sat down in a moderately secluded corner.

"Are you enjoying the dance?" she asked.

"Hugely!"

She did not like such enthusiasm. She knew that only vulgarians become enthusiastic.

"Are you fond of dancing?" She gazed at him, languidly.

"With you—yes."

She smiled. He was improving.

"I see I've said the right thing."

"The right thing?" She wasn't used to people commenting on the suitability of their own remarks.

"You know," he leaned towards her in an impudently confidential manner, "no matter how badly a woman dances, she likes to be told that she rivals Pavlova. I've told five girls so far to-night that they're the best dancers in the room and as a result, I have five invitations to tea on Sunday."

He was vulgar, but—

"Whose invitation will you accept?" She turned languidly towards him.

"Yours."

"But—but, I have only met you."

"Exactly, you see we may never meet again. Why not let us be friends?"

"But I do not know you, at least, I hardly know you."

"If you knew me, you might understand me, and friendship, like marriage, is based on a thorough misunderstanding."

She hated to show any interest in such impudent flippancy, but the laws of politeness bade her say something.

"Why do you think we may never meet again?"

"Oh." He shrugged his shoulders. "Just at the moment you appear to be very fascinating but one never knows whether he is really interested in a girl or not until the next morning."

Miss Southworth was furious. She—the heiress of her father's wealth—the courted and admired belle of Canadian Aristocracy! It was too much.

"You haven't asked me to tea next Sunday."

She sneered. She did not sneer well, but then it was a first attempt.

"Supposing," she said acidly, "that in the morning you should find that some other girl had taken my place?"

She bit her tongue. She meant to smother him in sarcasm and he was obviously flattered. She had not learned that sarcasm is an art.

"Oh I'd come anyway" he said, cheerfully "It's just as well to have one or two fashionable homes to visit. By the bye, you are the daughter of old Soapsuds Southworth aren't you?"

She glared at him. It was the first time she had ever heard her father's name desecrated.

"I am the daughter of Mr. E. Douglas Southworth" she said, haughtily. That was better. She began to feel more amiable.

"Then I'll come" he said. "I wish I could ask you for another dance but I'm full up. Good-bye."

She did not answer him. She had never been so humiliated. Anyhow she had not asked him to tea.

With a bow he turned away and she noticed again the excellence of his dress suit—then once more he turned around.

"You live at 185 Frontenac, East, don't you?"

185 Frontenac East? Among the



I thought you were a gentleman when I met you—that you valued me as a friend. To you I was a toy, a thing to play with. You listened to my prattle and then made sport of me before a million readers

boarding houses? Among the barber shops and restaurants? All the insults of the evening culminated in the energy with which she answered him.

"One-eighty-five Frontenac, West!"

"Oh of course—thank you for reminding me. I'll be there" and he was gone. He thought she had asked him to tea. He had construed her indignation into an invitation. Horrors!

"Our dance, Brenda." It was her cousin, Dick Harding.

"Who is that fellow—Craighouse?" She almost choked.

"Craighouse?" Her cousin looked at her. "Do you mean to say you have never heard of Lawrence Craighouse? He's just about the cleverest young newspaper writer in Canada. Do you never read his column, "Sentiment and Satire" in the Sunday Globe?"

THE next day she was undecided whether to phone him or write. She decided to write.

"My Dear Mister Craighouse,"

She had been told that "My Dear Mister" was more formal than "Dear

Mister" but had he been told? He would probably construe it into a special mark of her favor.

She tore up the letter. She tried to phone him, but the line was always engaged and she decided to let things take their course.

The following Sunday afternoon, fully conscious of the grandeur of the surroundings, she sat in the library and waited.

The bell rang and a moment later he was ushered into the room.

"Good afternoon." He took her hand with a slight inclination of his head, "I hope you are well."

It was very hard to snub him. She had expected enthusiasm,—he was merely polite. She decided to be amused.

"Have you recovered from the effects of the dance?"

"The dance?" He looked puzzled, "Oh yes—yes, yes." He stood with his back to the fireplace and she noticed that his morning coat was

of superlative cut. He was vulgar but he did go to a good tailor. "It never crossed my mind until this morning."

She was silent. She had expected compliments at least and had prepared sarcastic rejoinders, merely to find indifference. The silence was becoming acute.

"Do you play golf?" she asked, in desperation.

"Can't afford it."

She was sorry for him—patronizingly sorry. She could play at any club she wished and he—he couldn't afford it. She felt more comfortable.

"It is not expensive" she said encouragingly.

"Oh it isn't that," he said "I've got the money. I haven't got the time. Golf is alright for loafers, women and millionaires but no man with a future can afford it."

SHE thought of all her friends who golfed and contrasted their courteous demeanour with this upstart's manner. She said nothing. She could think of nothing to say. In that one regard Brenda Southworth, was an

unusual woman. She remained silent when she had nothing to say.

He looked at her furtively.

"Do you know," he said, "You are very attractive,—which is unusual with so much money as you have. I guess" he went on, ruminatingly, "That your paterfamilias must be worth about a million and a half."

Again she said nothing. It is all right to talk about one's poverty but to speak of one's wealth to an heiress—it isn't done. It's never done.

"I suppose you'll come in for the whole amount." He drew a chair near to her and sat down, "You and your husband will have a lot of money."

She sat up very straight.

"I shall never accept any money from my father. I shall live on my husband's income."

He slowly shook his head.

"You think that," he said. "All girls with money think that. It's a little dream they all have. Love in a cottage is all right if you haven't been used to—to—to this". The sweep of his hand took in the gorgeous furnishings of the room from ceiling to floor.

She was rather flattered. After all, her wealth was the biggest thing in her life and all her other friends acted as if it didn't exist at all,—as if it were a hereditary taint that everyone understood but agreed not to mention in the hearing of the family.

"When do you intend to marry?" He took out a cigarette. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

She gazed at him haughtily. "When the right man comes along."

He lit the cigarette.

"That's an exploded idea" he puffed, "There are only two kinds of men, sincere and insincere. Of course there are three types of women, domesticated, undomesticated, and Feminists. The domesticated women are divided into two divisions, old and young, or thin and stout. The undomesticated take various forms such as blondes, brunettes, broilers and chickens, etc."

Chickens! That word of vulgar import—on Sunday—in her own home.

He crossed one knee over the other and puffed his cigarette for a moment.

"The only man fit to marry" he resumed, "is the insincere one—the other is invariably a boor."

At last she found her tongue. "You—you mean you admire insincerity?"

"My dear Brenda, it is a

necessity in our modern life." He turned to her, astonished. "You don't mean to say you tell the truth?"

"Of course I do."

"Oh my dear." It was not even "My dear Brenda" this time, "You should remember the axiom of our childhood,—'To tell the truth is alight as a subterfuge—as a habit it is most objectionable.'"

"Then you don't tell the truth Mr. Craighouse?"

"Very rarely" he bowed. "Once a gentleman, always a liar."

Again she was silent.

"You know as well as I do that we daren't speak the truth" he said. For instance, you think I am an utter ass, but you daren't tell me so. I think you are one of the finest women I've ever met but I must tell you that.



She reasoned that she could think the thing out as well in the hygienic comfort of her own boudoir as on a drafty stairway

Don't you see how necessary insincerity is?"

She looked at him and noticed his sensitive mouth and gray smiling eyes.

"Are you a fool, Mr. Craighouse?"

He looked into her brown, shining eyes.

"I've often wondered," he said.

THE next night he took her to a theatre. She did not want to go but she felt that his ideas were so unhealthy, so utterly at variance with her own, that she must convince him. She did her best. He remained unconvinced.

Two days later she continued the good work by lunching with him downtown. She looked genuinely pretty in a dark walking suit with a large white collar. He showed signs of conversion.

"If I could only make him the least bit serious," she thought, "Then I would drop him. But in his present state of mind he is positively dangerous."

The following Sunday morning she was reading the society news in the Sunday Globe. She noticed for the first time the heading,—

SENTIMENT AND SATIRE

A weekly column written by Lawrence Craighouse.

She was moderately interested.

At the foot of the page she read an Editor's note.

"Beginning in to-day's issue Mr. Craighouse is presenting a series of sketches entitled 'The Love Affair of an Heiress.' It is written as a series of delightfully humorous conversations, and in keen satire is the best thing we have had from this remarkable young author's pen. The series will run Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday editions, until finished."

Her eyes sought the head of the column. The headlines glared at her.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS.

"Sketch No. 1—At the Dance.

"She was the daughter of rich but respectable parents—"

She almost turned pale. But perhaps it was not she. She would wait until Tuesday—until Tuesday—would Tuesday never come? It came.

She rose with the dawn to get the newspaper. The infamous thing stared her in the face.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS.

"Sketch No. 2—She entertains at tea."

Continued on page 304.

A Chef Incarnate

By Earl Derr Biggers

Illustrated by J. C. Chase

TO those who had found, under the crashing elevated, Paris transplanted in the shape of the Café Côte d'Or, the place was more than a fad, it was a religion. Reverently they applied themselves to the Elysian-like dishes borne to them from that land of pleasant odors—the kitchen; softly, in low, serious tones, they conversed with Monsieur Casserole, the proprietor, who hovered over them with thin hands clasped and the hope that all was well. Scornfully, rightly indignant that mercenary matters should have their place in a dinner at the Côte d'Or, they laid the amount of their score on the counter in front of Madame Casserole, who sat there in her little cage year after year, smiling benignantly upon all over her encored chin. Ah, what a café was that!

What a café for those who had youth and hope and imagination! To it came all the clan who, had there been such a land as the magazine writers' Bohemia, would have dwelt therein. Those who painted, those who wrote, those who were inspired to see the beauty of life and to recognize a master in a cook as well as in a poet—such were they who had found out the Côte d'Or and had made it their gastronomic shrine. For the Café Côte d'Or was not, first of all, a place to eat; it was rather a quiet nook where, over an incidental cordial, one might dream oneself back across the sea and under the sidewalk awnings of the gay city, in the shade of the absinthe frappé.

Into the sacred precincts of the Côte d'Or one night a stranger roamed, and Monsieur Casserole will tell you that he sipped delightedly his wine, and lingered, loath to go, over the delicious omelet soufflé. Then with a nod he summoned the proprietor, and spoke most pompously.

"This omelet," said the stranger, indicating an empty dish, "has pleased me more than I can say. I am most anxious to go into your kitchen and in person thank the master of cookery who made it."

Sacre bleu! what a wild indignity to propose. To suggest thus calmly a journey the great of the earth might well have taken with trepidation; to imagine thus coolly the interruption of Adolphe in his own stronghold; to risk thus ruthlessly the destruction of



"Taste!" roared Adolphe, in an awful voice

another omelet such as this just eaten. And for what, pray? For the paltry excuse of saying to him whose cookery had brought an emperor's smile: "For your omelet I thank you." *Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Casserole, usually so polite, stiffened almost rudely as he informed his unknown guest:

"What Monsieur suggests is quite impossible."

There had been those who had been granted such audiences, but it had not been after they had stated boldly their desire. One did not become openly a candidate. One only waited in silence, as one might live on awaiting an election to the Academy. If one was worthy—*eh bien*, one were there. If not, so be it.

The number of the worthy was five, and all of these, long before the honor had sought them out, had known the master by his works, had worshiped from afar, and had sent, now and again, by the dignity of Monsieur Casserole, words of adoration and fealty. There was Dupree, who had dreamed of seeing his paintings in the Salon, but who saw them only as stirring scenes for a Third Avenue melodrama; also little Margaret Gates, who wrote for the magazines, only most of them didn't know it yet, and whom Dupree would have married had she not already been married to her Art, as well as unfortunately possessed of a chin that would not allow her to sue for divorce,

even in the hungry days when she might easily have obtained it on the ground of nonsupport. And there was Masters, the lean medical student, who dreamed of feats of surgery, carving cadavers by day and the cotelettes of the Côte d'Or by night, and Hargrave, hack of hacks, who ground out jokes—clipped them from Western newspapers, his enemies said—for comic operas that brought other *meu* fame. And lastly Betty Martin—those who follow the society column in one of the big dailies have seen that name, not in the list of those present, but as the signature at the bottom of the story. Such was the roll of the privileged.

In the narrow passageway leading to Adolphe's region the little Gates girl giggled nervously, whereupon Dupree put his hand over her mouth, and it was thus, with irreverent mirth effectually strang- led, and the proper awe in the ascendency, that the five honored ones came finally into the presence of the cook who had sent them daily for months beautiful evidence of his ability to fulfill the glowing promise of the Côte d'Or's card.

Adolphe stood in the center of his kitchen, massive, bald even below his snowy cap, the red of his face the oasis of color in an otherwise white desert, in one hand a monster fork they would always remember, those five.

At last Adolphe spoke; soft, pleasing was his voice. Afterwards they told one another that at sound of it they were reminded of the liquid smoothness of his *bonillabaisse*.

"You think I am great," he said, and they made no attempt to deny it; "you call me master of cooks, and not for one moment have you guess the secret of my power. It lies here," and he lifted a fold of his spotless apron, while the five marveled, "here, in this, my apron. To you maybe, an apron, nothing else. To me—*parbleu!* all—what you say—divine fire! Twenty year ago he give it to me—he, my teacher, the great master, Bertrand de Bouillon himself, of Paris. From himself he took it, and to me it was given. Never am I without it. At night I carry it to my home, and Nanette *ma femme* makes it white for the morrow. As the painter or the sculptor has his model to furnish the pattern—ah, the

inspiration—so to me is the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon.

Would it wear out? Horrors! Would this apron wear out? Monsieur Casserole, hastily summoned from conference on the weather with another diner, brought reassurance in his smooth French way. It would not wear out. Like a board, so was it made. Always it would last—at least, so long as Adolphe lived. "Which, Heaven grant," added Monsieur Casserole, with an eye to business as well as to the welfare of his chef, "may be for many years yet to come."

"But," cried the little Gates girl, and the terror in her eyes was such that Dupree grasped her hand under shelter of the cloth, "the apron might be lost."

The expressive face of Monsieur went quickly pale. His lip twitched. He threw up his hands.

"A merciful God forbid!" he cried; "for me and my café it would spell ruin. Ten years I have wined and dined the best of our people here under the elevated. Ten years Adolphe has worn that apron; ten years no one has had anything but praise for that which I have served. Lost? Maybe. Then the end of the Café Côte d'Or."

But the apron was not lost. The Café Côte d'Or pursued calmly its pleasant way of lightening hearts by charming palates; the diners still came; their satisfaction increased; and dreams were still the order of the night over the cordial and the coffee after the filets of Adolphe. All went smoothly enough to justify that never-clouded smile with which Madame bade the happy diner farewell. The months slipped by.



"As the painter has his model so to me is the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon"

And then one night the door of the café opened, much as though it were admitting an artist or a poet, and a villain entered the Côte d'Or and the story.

He was a rascal, a Parisian ne'er-do-well; well had Monsieur Casserole known him, this Lefourbe, in the earlier days at home. Well also had he known his unsavory reputation. And for this reason Monsieur Casserole frowned when his countryman held out his hand.

"I, too, have sought this land so great," the newcomer said, "to find if there be a fortune for me also waiting here. You have done well, Antoine. Everywhere they tell me of the Côte d'Or. I have come to find what flavor it is in your food that has won the hearts and opened the purses of these busy people."

"So be it," Casserole replied; "it shall be our pleasure to serve you."

He spoke as kindly as he could, but later, when he saw the eyes of Lefourbe as they gazed on one of Adolphe's steaming dishes, his heart was hard, and he wished one might without dishonor deny an acquaintance who had not offended except by evil report.

Monsieur Lefourbe dined long, for even a rogue may understand an omelet, and dream a rogue's dream over an ancient wine. When he paused by Madame's cage, with the money Monsieur Casserole would on no account accept from an old acquaintance, he lifted his eyebrows ever so slightly.

"And Adolphe," he inquired, "he is still with you? And he still clings to his superstition—oh, so foolish—of the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon?"

Monsieur Casserole shrugged his shoulders.

"Adolphe, he is still our chef," he said.

"Ah!" said Monsieur Lefourbe softly, and he went out under the elevated. For once Madame Casserole neglected to smile over her prolific chin.

Three weeks later Lefourbe opened the Café Glacial almost directly across the narrow street from the Côte d'Or. Most brilliantly, with music that by its rhythm awakened memories of that far-off city, he opened to the public his Parisian café.

Most sumptuously was it furnished. Its lights shone dazzlingly, so did its silver; snowy was its linen, and deferential was the host of waiters that should serve the patrons with Parisian dishes and Parisian wines.

But despite its splendor, it did not thrive. Only an occasional diner,



"What brings you at this hour so unheard of?"

straying by chance into the narrow street, ignorant of the Paradise that beckoned in the guise of the Côte d'Or, came to try the dishes of the Café Glacial. No clan grew up that made the Glacial their shrine, their goal at evening.

And then one gray morning disaster knocked at the door of Monsieur Casserole's rooms over the Côte d'Or—disaster that took the material shape of a pale, gasping chef.

Clad only in his nightgown, and blinking like an owl caught in the sun, Monsieur Casserole faced the panting Adolphe.

"What brings you at this hour, so unheard of?" he asked, sharply.

Adolphe sank into a near-by chair and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook.

"Gone!" he sobbed. "Ah, Monsieur, it is quite gone!"

"What is gone?" A horrible suspicion swept through Monsieur Casserole's mind, and the next instant saw it confirmed.

"The apron of Bertrand de Bouillon the master! Forever gone!"

Monsieur Casserole also sank into a chair, and also buried his face in his hands.

"Le travail du diable," he groaned. "What is this? For ten years I—"

"As a painter or a sculptor has his model—" began Adolphe tearfully, but Casserole cut him off.

"Malpeste! A thousand times I have heard that. Search! Search! It is not for strong men to sit weeping."

"All the night I have search," Adolphe cried. "On the fire escape

outside our flat Nanette the wife hangs the apron of the master each evening to dry, when she has washed from it the stains of the day's work. There last night she placed it. Again, she come for it. *Morbleu!* It is gone! The apron of Bertrand de Bouillon, without which——"

Monsieur Casserole stood up and groped blindly for his clothes.

"The Côte d'Or must go on without it," he said firmly, though his lip twitched.

"*Nom d'un nom*, how?" shrieked Adolphe. "Without it! *Tonnerre de Brest!* As well might the world go on without the sun. The apron of the master, the inspiration for my bouillabaisse, my omelets, my filets. Without it! Of all ideas the most impossible!"

"The Côte d'Or goes on without it," repeated Monsieur Casserole, with added firmness.

And it did, but, oh, how dolefully! When the first regular patron tasted his filet that night, he looked up quickly as though some one had dealt him a blow. Hurriedly he summoned Monsieur Casserole, who came, hollow cheeked, wild eyed, as a man sick of a fever.

"What is this?" cried the patron, as though he believed himself the victim of a bad dream. "Soggy with grease! Cold! Tough as the dish for a hod carrier! Never in the days I have eaten here——"

"Ah, Monsieur, spare me!" cried Casserole. "Our chef, he is ill. So, most poorly does he cook to-day. Monsieur is at liberty to dine elsewhere until the chef recovers."

"Never!" cried the diner. It has been mentioned that the Côte d'Or was with some a religion. "Never! The wine is still the best in the world. I will dine here, and, on wine, waiting the recovery of the poor chef."

So spoke the other regular patrons, among them the five who alone knew of the apron of inspiration, and who alone heard the story of its loss. Too loyal, too sincere in their worship, were the lovers of the Côte d'Or, to desert it in the dark hour that had come upon it. Dolefully, as became those dining in a house of desolation, they stayed on, making nightly vain efforts to eat filets that were burned in grease, omelets that stayed long on the stomach's conscience, *baba au rhum* that seemed an abomination in the eyes of all diners of discrimination, coffee most unspeakable, yet none dropped from the ranks. Ah, it was a noble martyrdom, was that of the Côte d'Or's faithful!

But not as martyrs did all who had been accustomed to seek this lost Paris shine. There were many who came there only to eat—not to dream themselves back across the sea in the gay city, not to fix in their minds the name

Côte d'Or inseparably with the hour of dining. These, when the blow fell, but sighed and went away. They went away, and *mon Dieu!* did not Monsieur Casserole, standing sadly in the front of his once crowded but now nearly emptied cafe, see whither they went? The doors of the Cafe Glacial swung often and merrily, the place buzzed with trade, the waiters smiled at thought of the last liberal tip as they hurried about among the crowded tables. Monsieur Lefourbe, glancing out occasionally toward the now cheerless Café Côte d'Or, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Three weeks of sorrow and pathetic martyrdom dragged slowly by. The smile of Madame Casserole had become nothing but a memory. One night the five—Dupree and the Gates girl, Masters the medical and Hargrave the hack, and Betty Martin—gathered at the Côte d'Or in a solemn conclave and discussed the marvelous apron of Bertrand de Bouillon, and its mysterious disappearance. The proprietor hovered over their table and bemoaned, as indeed he did continually now, the loss of his trade, his reputation, and finally his hope.

"Ah, if only Adolphe had never found it in his head—this idea so foolish of the apron! Me, I cannot understand."

Masters the medical smiled. "The artistic temperament," he said, and glanced at Dupree, who painted, and the others, who wrote. "It is not for you and me to try to understand that, Monsieur. Now, medically, I could very easily explain this freak of Adolphe's. It is a very common form of monomania. I might give you the scientific name for it. It is known as——"

"Not much," broke in Hargrave. "You don't throw anything like that at a man who is, down, at least not while I am around. By the way, Casserole, I have been wondering—is there nowhere we could obtain an apron like this Bertrand de Bouillon thing? Minus the inspiration—the master influence, you know—but not so minus that Adolphe would get wise."

"Ah! to fool Adolphe on this apron—surely you propose it jokingly," sighed Monsieur Casserole. "The apron of his master—by a mere touch, by the way his heart made music or was sad when he put it on, he would know. Besides," he added more practically, "not outside of Paris ten years ago could an apron made as this, with such buckles, be obtained. I have—I have tried. *Non*, the Côte d'Or is a thing of the past."

Dupree suddenly got up from his chair and sent a waiter for a cab. The others looked after him wonderingly.

"Back in a minute," he cried from

the door; "as you love me, wait for me." And he rushed out.

Still wondering, they waited, almost in silence, sipping the wine that was the one remaining badge of the cafe's erstwhile glory. In twenty minutes Dupree was back carrying a bundle. He opened it, and lo——

"The apron of Bertrand de Bouillon!" Monsieur Casserole fairly screamed.

"Not exactly," said Dupree. "Not only the apron of a poor art student in the days when he dined at the cafe where Bertrand ruled supreme. Ten years ago, at a little shop in the Quarter, I bought this apron to protect my only suit of clothes from the flying paint—and now I bless the poverty that made it necessary. For behold I have ushered in sunshine; I have brought again to the face of Madame Casserole that long absent smile. I any gentleman will kindly pass me two eggs and a rabbit, I will endeavor——"

"*Non, non,*" broke in Casserole "it is wild. It is impossible." But his eyes shone with a light that had been a stranger to them for weeks. "To deceive Adolphe—ah, that is too much! We cannot do it."

"Pish, tush!" said Masters. "Adolphe is only the victim of a mental hallucination. Tell him this is the apron of the mighty Bertie Bouillon, and his omelets will again taste like advanced agents of heaven. But how shall we slip this long-lost piece of dry goods back to him?"

Dupree's plan prevailed. A small boy was brought in from the street, taught his story, and with the bogus apron pushed out into the marvelous kitchen where Adolphe, forlorn, dreary, struggled with the dishes it had once been the joy of his life to prepare. One look he got at the apron, and he pounced upon it in a frenzy of delight. He hugged it to his bosom; he smoothed out tenderly the rumpled folds; he wept in the ecstasy of his happiness. Then he shouted for Monsieur Casserole, waiting tremblingly within call.

"It is back," he cried, "*mon cher tablier*, it is back. So long, so long without it, and ah, the dreary omelets I have prepared alone! As the painter or the sculptor——"

"*Oui*. Yes, verily, it is the apron," said Monsieur Casserole. "Ah, Adolphe, never did I expect to live for this happiness! Put it on, Adolphe. Put it on."

"*Oui! Oui!* Never again is it to leave me." Adolphe struggled wildly with the buckles. "Never! With it I sleep. *Oui*, it is on. The orders! Now let me hear the orders."

They came. Escargots à la Casserole. Salsifis. Omelet soufflé. And the hand of the master was at work again! Ah, what dishes did Adolphe

not send out by the smiling waiters of the Côte d'Or that night! Madame Casserole lured back the long absent smile to its place above the encored chin: Monsieur Caserole again hovered over his guests with the hope that all was well, this time certain of his replies.

Dupree took one mouthful of an omelet, and felt it melting into a liquid delight. His face grew suddenly sad. Margaret Gates, happy again over her beloved escargots, always quick to catch his moods, saw it.

"What is it, Billy?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered, with a sigh. "I was just thinking—why couldn't that have been the apron of genius in the days when I wore it?"

"Does it make you so very unhappy Billy?"

"What?"

"That the theater pays you so much money for the scenes you paint, when you might be starving and worshipping Art somewhere—in an attic?"

"It is a great cross to bear," he answered, smiling. "If only you would help me bear it, dear. When, oh, when, are you going to surrender? Or must I give up both you and my Art?"

The little Gates girl pretended to taste the food that Adolphe had prepared. But most unkindly it began to choke her. She was so happy; Madame Casserole, Monsieur, the guests, Adolphe in the kitchen, the waiters—all were so happy. In the eyes of Billy Dupree alone sadness lingered. She had always intended to take him some day. Now she looked at him, a great tenderness in her eyes.

"If you wish," she whispered, "a week from to-day—I will marry you."

Ah! there was joy in the Café Côte d'Or the night the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon came back, and on the nights that followed. Word soon spread among the old patrons that the odd indisposition of Adolphe the great chef was at an end, and they flocked back in droves, crowding the tables and waiting by the cage of Madame for seats.

It was as though the Côte d'Or were a ship that had been a long time at sea, and had now come home again to find a host of friends waiting on the dock with words of love and cheer. Across the street, in the Café Glacial, the lights again shone on unused silver and vacant chairs. Monsieur Lefourbe, gazing out at the Côte d'Or, cursed like one of the villains in the shows for which Dupree painted the scenery.

The little Gates girl and the artist were married on the day she had set, and that night at the Cote d'Or the largest table was reserved for their wedding supper, to which only Masters, Hargrave, and Betty Martin were invited. Monsieur hovered about them continually, a dumb gratitude in

his eyes. The best that Adolphe could cook—and those who were again reveling in his dishes knew what that meant—he sent to that table.

Long into the night many patrons celebrated the renaissance of the café that was their religion, their goal, their shrine. Long into the night they sat over cordial and coffee, after the adorable dishes of Adolphe, dreaming themselves back under the awnings of the gay city, in the shade of the absinthe frappé.

At length the other diners, ended their dreams and paid their bills, and only the five remained.

Madame Casserole came out of her cage and waddled toward them, in all the glory of her smile. Monsieur closed the door on the last jovial guest, and also came toward them, smiling. Never, it seemed, had there been a happier moment in the Café Côte d'Or.

And then a terrible thing happened.

The door opened and he came in, that rogue Lefourbe, unsavory keeper of an impossible café. Under his arm he carried something of cloth. Unseeing he passed the diners and their hosts, and, pushing open the swinging doors, walked straight into the kingdom of Adolphe.



"Even a rogue may understand an omelet"

With one accord Monsieur and Madame, terror on their faces, followed. Dupree motioned to the crowd, and, with him leading, the five swept past the barrier into that sacred, that marvelous kitchen.

Lefourbe was holding toward Adolphe an apron, and the latter stood as a man in a dream listening to the rascal's words.

"One night, as I wandered in a side street, the wind swept this in my path," Lefourbe lied blithely. "I picked it up. Then I thought it only an apron. But to-day did I learn that it is the apron of the great Bertrand de Bouillon. But to-day did the name of the owner reach me. Me, I am very sorry. I hastened here with it. Ah, that I have caused no inconvenience!"

He gazed about him sneeringly.

"Not for worlds would I have caused inconvenience."

Adolphe's face was not pleasant to look upon. He took in his hand the restored apron of the master, and turned on Monsieur Casserole.

"This, what is it that it means?" he screamed.

Terror was written in every line of Casserole's face. Lefourbe laughed to see it.

"Forgive me, Adolphe," cried the proprietor of the Côte d'Or piteously; "for the good of our café I did it. For the good of all of us. *Morbleu!* I must do it or—"

"For a week," roared Adolphe, and his face was terrible to see, "without the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon I have cooked, and that which I have cooked has been such as might have won the praise of the master himself. Without the inspiration of his gift, alone, not gaining hourly from his beloved apron the strength to cook for his glory and that of France. This I have done?"

Lefourbe spoke. "So, Adolphe, you have done. Without the apron of inspiration. *Non*, with an apron oh, so base, forced on you by enemies. As the painter or the sculptor—"

"*Malpeste!* So be it!" cried Adolphe.

The door of the great stove was open; within the red coals glowed savagely. Before anyone had grasped his purpose, had dreamed of an enormity so great, Adolphe had thrown into the fire the gift of the master, Bertrand de Bouillon. The flames caught it gleefully, as though they had long waited such food from the hand of such a chef. They swirled about it madly. In a second the apron of genius was but a mass of glowing ashes.

"*Mon Dieu!* what is this you have done?" shrieked Monsieur Casserole. "You have ruined us all, you fool! Where is my café now? In a second

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SINCE the beginning of the war there has been raised, through the organization of one woman, nearly \$130,000 for charitable and patriotic purposes. That one woman is Mrs. G. R. Baker, of Toronto.

But this capable lady did not develop her gift of organization, her business acumen and her largeness of vision in a day. As long ago as thirty-three years she organized a Rainbow Bazaar which realized, for the Ladies' Aid of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, \$1,800—a lot of money in those days.

For twenty-two years she has been on the board of the Hospital for Incurables, more than half of that time on the executive. During those years the buying has been her particular care, and to meet the need of each patient is her dearest wish. To watch her move through the wards is to see something of that big, human interest which is so large a factor in her success. A handshake here, a pat on the shoulder there and a merry word to another patient as she passes through, serve to strew her pathway with smiles. One old blind man lifts his face to the light and says, "Eh, but if I could only see you," and a blind woman, in a quiet room, as Mrs. Baker silently touches her white hair cries, without a moment's hesitation,

"Ah, Mrs. Baker, it's you!"

Mrs. Baker, on her part, puts such questions as, "Are you comfortable on your new air bed?" "How do you like the nice woolly wristlets my friend made for you?" or "Can you hear me now, with the new ear trumpet?" She cares for the entertainment of the patients, too, and so popular are the series of concerts she gets up each winter that the fall days bring the frequent question.

"Say, Mrs. Baker, when're you going to open the season?"

And during much of this time "why don't you telephone Mrs. Baker?" has been a familiar question in many a Toronto household where any matter of philanthropy was concerned, from the employment of a needy furnace man to the equipping of a dispensary. On the boards of many charities, active in all works of kindness, in touch with numberless individuals, Mrs. Baker has been an encyclopedia of information and an employment bureau in one and has responded most cheerfully to every call upon her time and energy.

"When I got home last night," she told the writer recently, "I found fifteen telephone calls awaiting me."

And it is safe to say that every call would concern some case of need or

In the Forefront



MRS. G. R. BAKER, THE GOOD ANGEL OF CANADIAN PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISES; DR. C. C. JAMES, CHAMPION OF THE CANADIAN APPLE; AUGUSTUS STEPHEN VOGT, WHO HAS WON FAME AND FAVOR FOR HIS MENDELSSOHN CHOIR; HARRY BRITTON, F.R.C.A., ARTIST AND IMPRESSIONIST



Mrs. Baker has raised nearly \$130,000 for charitable purposes since the war. She is an encyclopedia of information and an employment bureau in one and she responds cheerfully to every call

some matter of public or private service.

For in time it got beyond households and Ladies' Aids and a few years ago great organizations, with thousands of members and scores of branches began to "ask Mrs. Baker" when they wanted expert advice as to the needs of one charity or the organization of another.

The first big undertaking that Mrs. Baker organized under modern conditions was the enterprise, she says, which pleased her most, the Rainbow Bazaar, which celebrated the Dickens Centenary and realized \$5,000.

"I had the great pleasure," she said, "of allotting \$2,000 to the late Mr. E. S. Williamson, President of the Dickens Fellowship, of Toronto, for the endowment of the Dickens Cot in the Home for Incurable Children."

The next two thousand endowed, in the same institution, what was proposed as the Alice Baker Cot, but, at Mrs. Baker's own request, was finally called the Rainbow Cot. The rest of the money went towards current expenses but that \$4,000 Mrs. Baker regards as the most soul-satisfying of all her earnings for it means the support of two little white cots, and all that goes with them of love and care for two little chronic invalids always.

Since then Mrs. Baker has carried through a number of bazaars, even the Woman's Art Bazaar, held since the beginning of the war, making \$8,900, and the most recent one, the Heather Club Floral Bazaar, held on the 25th of November, resulting in nearly \$6,000 for the great work of that organization in preventing tuberculosis among children.

Most famous of all the achievements of this lady of many activities, however, are Toronto's four great "tag days," beginning with Hospital Ship Day, when approximately \$33,000 was raised for the Hospital Ship Fund, the first and immediate effort of Canadian women to help in the work of the war. The following June saw \$23,000 collected in the streets of Toronto on Queen Alexandra Rose Day for children's charities; after which came Queen Mary White Rose Day for consumptive children, when \$15,000 resulted from similar methods of appeal, and last of all came Khaki Day, when, in honor of the memory of King Edward the VII., the funds of the Citizens' Recruiting League were augmented by \$35,000.

On each of these occasions the city was divided into districts patrolled by groups of pretty girls selling the dainty emblems of the day and each group having its headquarters in an appropriately decorated motor car presided over by a chaperon. Each district was in charge of a captain. There were hundreds of motors and thousands of girls enlisted for this service.

But Mrs. Baker is not confined to one way of doing things. She conducted a Violet Day by telephone and made \$800 for the Infant's Home. There are two cardinal principles, however, upon which all her methods are founded, and one is of the head and the other of the heart. The first is "Large money for small outlay"—the Dickens Rainbow Bazaar made \$5,000 on an expenditure of \$100. The second is "Many little gifts rather than a few big ones." By the working out of this rule many givers as well as many recipients have their hearts warmed.

The success of these undertakings drew requests all the way from Chicago, that Mrs. Baker go to organize charitable enterprises there. She was also approached a number of times with suggestions that she turn her powers of organization into commercial channels. This latter she has finally decided to do, while reserving, at the same time, the privilege of continuing to help with her main philanthropic projects.

And now, in a suite of attractive offices in a big building on King Street, under a very generous salary, perhaps the largest paid to any woman in Ontario, this energetic woman is organizing, for the North American Life Assurance Company, a woman's de-

partment. This work she approaches with all the zest and originality she has brought to bear on everything she has ever touched. The ladies who are to be the Company's representatives she is training by no set rules but according to her own ideas. Rate books, she declares, are as complicated as a Continental Time Table, until you know how to read them, so she has asked a member of the men's staff to write out ten questions, examination-fashion. These she answers herself, in a woman's way and a way intelligible to women. This is just one detail of her method, and Tact, Patience and Perseverance are her watchwords. By these means she promises, as on Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary Days the city rang with roses, to make it presently ring with insurance.

These are glimpses of Mrs. Baker at her busiest, and those who know her best realize that in her most indolent moments she is busy. One of her great pleasures for years has been her connection with the Toronto Canoe Club, of which she is one of the two lady members. When the Club was young she devoted herself wholeheartedly to its interests and in remembrance of those happy and helpful associations the Commodore and his

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The Case of Spy, McIntosh & Co.

By Betty D. Thornley



IT WAS one o'clock and therefore lunch time. The Shopperlady would have liked to seek out a retired tea-room with glad yellow curtains and a bunch of daisies on a table for two.

But no. The Shopperlady's purse looked like an Armenian famine orphan. So she went to—ssh! you mustn't even mention names in a magazine article. 'Twould be advertising. Despite the fact that this particular restaurant has so many clattering branches and subbranches that you couldn't publicitify it if you wanted to.

"Coffee," she thought, "Butter cakes—indigestible but delicious—and a baked apple with cream."

Then it was that she remembered the *Globe*.

The *Globe* is a good newspaper but, for comfort, over-conscienceful. There had been a letter on the Woman's Page that morning signed "C. C. James," protesting against the Canadian damsel who was so unpatriotic as to eat a

Rome Beauty or a Winesap in preference to a Northern Spy or a McIntosh—all four being of the genus apple and tasting delicious with cream.

C. C. James is a patriot. He says you ought to secure the waiter by the ear and ascertain whether your apple has taken out naturalization papers, before you eat it. If it is a south-of-the-border, duty-paying interloper, you are being unfair to Canadian fruit growers.

The Shopperlady ate the apple. It was American. But good. Afterward she hunted up C. C. J—who was Dr. James in real life and could have signed himself Agricultural Commissioner for the Dominion Government if he'd wanted to put on side. She did it for a penance. But it turned into an article and it tasted good.

A Government is a funny sort of thing. It has human children who have votes and grouches. It has a voiceless family also—wheat and coal and horses and fish and apples and nickel—the digging out or bedding down or parcelling up of which con-

sume the working hours of the human children. A Government has to be multi-minded, omnipresent, and on the job for twenty four hours a day. If a Graingrowers' Grouch materializes or a Fruitgrowers' Howl, the Government grabs its ear trumpet and listens like grim death.

The war has intensified all howls save those of the contented army supply maker who has his nose so deep in the cream that he can't even purr. One of the greatest howl-adjusters at present in action is called the Economics Commission, whose parliamentary-worded charter sets out that it will consider improved methods of production with a view to a better return to the producer, whom it will assist by instruction and demonstration; that it will endeavor to increase the acreage under production, attract immigration, stimulate co-operation among the producers and provide cold storage and abattoir facilities.

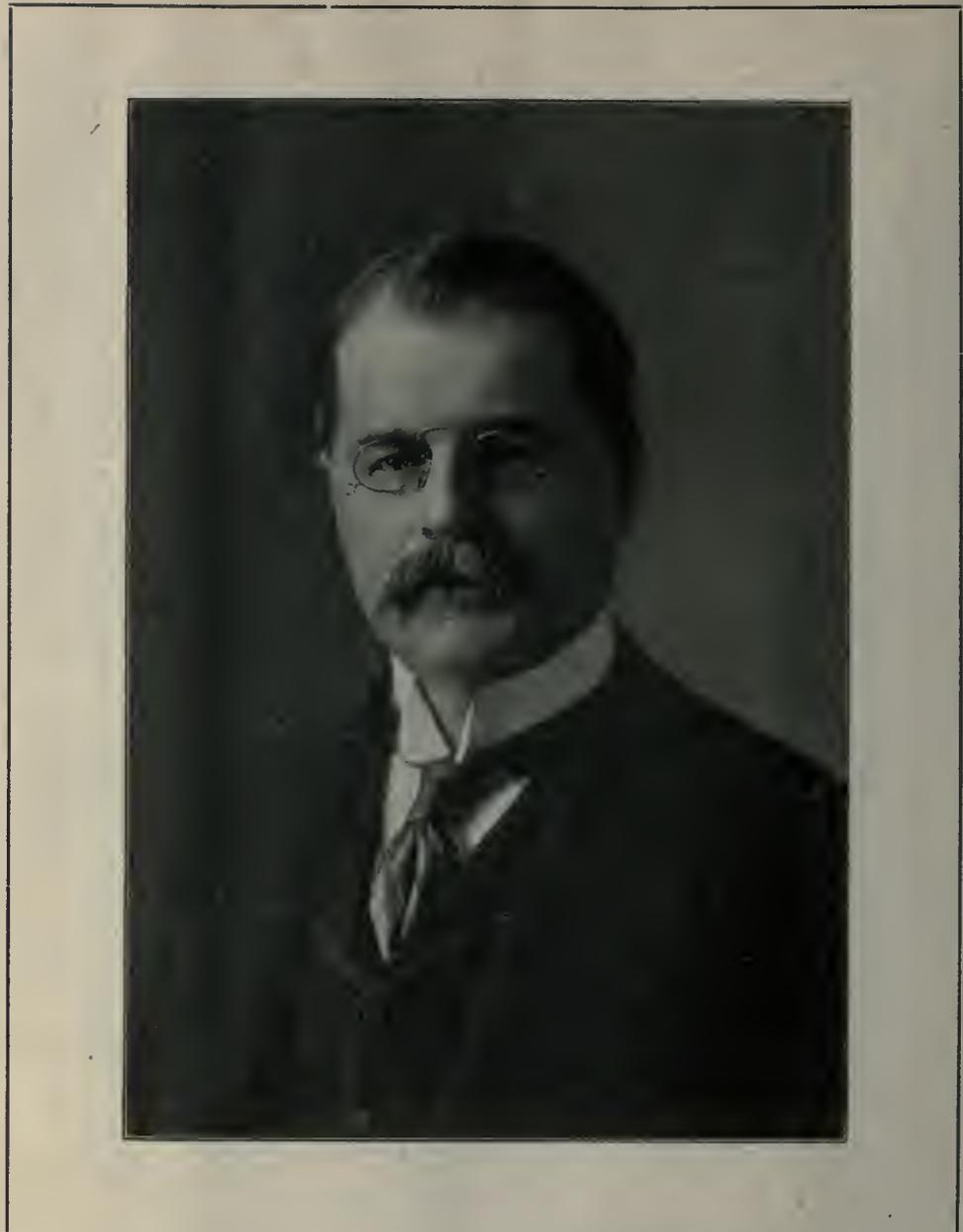
One of the first cases to come before the Commission is that of Spy, McIntosh and Co., who want a fence built along the boundary line to keep out their American-apple cousins.

The situation in British Columbia where Friend McIntosh lives and grows rosy is the most critical of all. There are about 30,000 apple acres, with some 2,291,173 trees, 40 per cent. of them bearing. The 1915 season saw 787,750 boxes packed and labelled, "B. C." Sounds good, eh?

So far, yes. But in the 1900-09 period when the Government was encouraging the fruit growers to pin-prick the whole Okanagan Valley and stick in his trees so that the prairies should never have to go appleless to bed, the same thing was happening in Washington and Oregon, only on a much larger scale.

"The North Western States have planted enough apples to supply their markets several times over," said R. M. Winslow, Secretary of the B. C. Fruit Growers Association who was sent east to present the McIntosh end of the case to the Economics Commission. "Their product has not, for years past, been sold to average the cost of production. The greater part of their orchards must be cut out. Of the 550,000 acres reported to have been planted, 75 per cent. or more must go under to enable the balance to survive. The growers are in bad shape financially and most of them utterly discouraged. Liquidation is the order of the day. In the four years ending with 1915, the average selling price, according to their own authorities, has been over 20 cents a box below average cost of production.

"They use Western Canada and similar agricultural sections in the United States to get rid of their low



Dr. C. C. James is a patriot. He says you should ascertain whether your apple has taken out naturalization papers before you eat it

grade apples. Eighty-five per cent of their shipments to Canada are "C" grade, about equal to our No. 2. The average f. o. b., selling price of North Western apples shipped to Canada in the past four years is under 70 cents a box, showing a loss of nearly 40 cents a box under average cost of production. It is under such conditions that we have marketed, and must continue to market, 90 per cent. of our crop.

"There is every reason to believe that the 1916 crop in the North Western States will be at least double the 1914 crop, or treble that of 1915. We are advised that the growers and their selling agents generally despair of successful marketing, that, in fact, the conditions of 1914, bad as they were, will be reproduced in greater intensity next year."

The Fruitgrowers state that there

has been no excess planting and over-production in British Columbia. And they do not fear normal trade competition. But is it fair, they ask, that Canadian apple men be ruined in an effort to delay the crash that is bound to come south of the border.

There were 28,000 commercial fruit-growers in British Columbia in 1914. Eight hundred of these have gone to the war. Even at that, when you know that 70 per cent. of the total holdings are in apples, you realize that Friend McIntosh is a big problem. And yet he's only a one-province proposition when you put him up to the Agricultural Commissioner who has the whole of Canada to consider.

Dr. James was at the Guelph Agricultural College from 1886 to 1891 when he became Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, which posi-

Dr. Vogt—The Napoleon of Choral Music

Who has introduced military discipline into his rehearsals

By Hugh S. Eayrs

tion he held until 1912 when he assumed his present Dominion-wide duties.

"The apple growing conditions in Canada are ideal," said Dr. James. "Nova Scotia apples are justly famous and New Brunswick's St. John Valley is as good. Southern Quebec has some splendid localities and of course Ontario can't be beaten, nor can British Columbia. The north shore of Lake Ontario owns a strip three or four miles wide that will soon be a regular succession of orchards.

"But Canadians don't properly appreciate their own fruit. If they studied the different varieties of apples and their uses, there wouldn't be nearly the demand for out of season stuff.

"Every species has its own good points. I had a little controversy recently in the 'Canadian Countryman' on the subject of the Ben Davis. People say it isn't a good eating apple. Neither it is. It wasn't meant to be. But when it comes to preserving, it's ideal. In the same way there are apples that never show up till you bake them or make jelly out of them."

To the end that Mrs. Canada shall learn what manner of dainties may be made to grow out of an apple barrel or a peach basket, the B. C. Government has issued a pretty little booklet with Friend McIntosh, red as a tomato, on the cover. Inside there are two hundred and twenty-five fruit recipes together with full-face portraits of all the beauties in the apple family.

In Ontario Mr. Percy W. Hodgetts is now High Chief Appleman—in other and more dignified words he is Director of the Fruit Branch of the Department of Agriculture. If any housekeeper wants advice on what kind of apples to buy or information as to where to get them a card to Mr. Hodgetts at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, will bring a speedy reply. Mr. D. Johnson, Fruit Commissioner at Ottawa, also stands with his hat off ready to help. So what more can the Government do?

Mr. Hodgetts and Mr. Winslow, of B. C., are working together. Why? For the same reason as the Home Rulers go arm in arm with the Ulsterites these days. There is a common foe. When Rome Beauty has been interned in his natural habitat, doubtless Ontario, and the Coast will once more squabble over the market of the plains.

In the meantime, they say in chorus, if you've got to have a shiny big apple, get a McIntosh if you live West; insist on a Northern Spy if you're of the East. Help the Economics Commission raise the exports of Canada above her imports; help Dr. James and the Department of Agriculture to help the applegrower and the applegrower in turn will help you.

WHO was it that said "movements are men"? It doesn't matter, who it was that laid down the axiom. Sufficient for the moment to prove its truth once more in the matter of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto and Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt. Among many choirs, of all sorts and conditions, the Mendelssohn again and again has been placed first. Musical critics who know whereof they write agree in singing the praises of this organization, made-in-Canada and thoroughly representatively Canadian. When one looks at the history of this national institution he wonders how it came to its eminence. How has it succeeded? How has it kept together? How, in the face of obstacles, has it collectively made so surprisingly good? The answer is because, getting back to the text in the first sentence of this, the Mendelssohn Choir is—Vogt. It is the reflection of him: to change the simile and apply the Scriptures, it is his five talents made ten; it is the large and peculiarly splendid harvest

of this Canadian sower. The Choir held its annual concerts recently in Toronto. The net result chorally and financially was better than ever, and on the principle that it is better to hand bouquets to folk who deserve them, at the moment of their so deserving, than to offer them as a memorial, this article aims to compliment the Choir and Vogt on its immediate performances, besides emphasizing to readers of *Canada Monthly* the national and duplicate asset they have in both.

It is good, I admit, to think that the Mendelssohn is a national institution and possession. Not Yorkshire, or Staffordshire, or Wales or any other *locale* of spectacular singing was the *best* choir—not these, but Canada. The man who gave it to his country is a Canadian, born in Elmira, Ontario, about fifty-five years ago. His parents came to this country from Germany. Augustus Stephen was always musically inclined. He played the organ in the church which he attended in his native town when he was in his teens. Soon after his majority he went to Boston and studied the piano and organ there. Then, giving up much that he might gratify a passionate longing, he visited Europe and spent considerable time at musical centres there. Coming back on the boat he learned that Jarvis Street Church in Toronto needed an organist and choirmaster. He went after the job and got it. He had his troubles in bringing about the reformation in the musical end of the service which he had planned. At this time he had already been struck by the sweet effect of singing without accompaniment. He tried it out on the conservative congregation one night. The singing of a hymn was in progress. He shut off the organ. Pause. More pause. Vogt started his organ again, and the choir—which had been the only part of the congregation to continue singing when the organ stopped—was joined again by the main body. But Vogt had blazed the trail, and unaccompanied singing became a feature at Jarvis Street in those days of the early nineties, when it was fashionable as well as wise to go to Church.

Vogt for some time had been fired with the idea of starting a choral society which should do tip-top work,

Continued on page 286.



Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt

The Mystery of the Jade Earring



By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"It's not all," said Jeffrey. "It's not all, but it's enough!"
"It's a photograph of Irene, isn't it?" asked Richards.

"Yes. It's a photograph of Irene Fournier."

Then he caught his breath. "But we've got to be quick," he said.

He laid down the plate and began struggling into his overcoat. "You'll come with us?" he said to Richards. It was meant for a question, but the urgency of it made it sound more like an order.

"Where to?"

"To Beech Hill. You've got a motor-boat. We can go in that. It's shorter by river than it is by road."

"What do you want to go there for? There's no one there but Dr. Crow, and he'll most likely have gone back to bed by this time. And how do you know I've got a motor-boat?"

"There is some one there besides Crow," said Jeffrey, "somebody who won't be there very much longer."

Then he turned to Jack. "Get out your car as quickly as you can. Take Gwendolyn with you. Drive to Beech Hill, wide open. We'll be there ahead of you, because the river way's shorter. But if, through any accident we aren't, get into the house. Don't mind if no one answers. Make all the row you can—and get in! It's a life and death case, Jack."

Richards was still hesitating. "I don't know why in thunder I should go off on a wild goose chase at half-past five in the morning just because a picture of Irene Fournier measures in inches instead of—"

"Richards," said Jeffrey, "did I ever tell you a thing was a fact when it wasn't? Have I ever started you on a wild goose chase? I tell you now that Dr. Crow isn't alone at Beech Hill, or wasn't two hours ago. He will be before very long. And it's a matter of life and death that we get there first."

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house. They find Barton, wounded and incoherent, and they hurry him to the hotel where Jack and Gwendolyn are staying. When Bar-

ton is able to do so he recounts his supposed murder of Irene and the peculiar behaviour of Crow. Barton's story confirms Jeffrey's suspicions of Crow's guilt, and when he finds that Barton has in his possession a photographic likeness of the dead girl, he measures the plate and is astonished to find that it is of American rather than French manufacture.

"All right," said Richards. "Come along. But I'd like to know how you knew I had a motor-boat?"

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT WE SAW IN THE CAVE

OUTSIDE the hotel we met a leather-clad man who looked something like a chauffeur. He touched his flat cap to Richards. "I hope you got the man who stole the automobile, lieutenant," he said.

Jeffrey laughed. "Surely, he got him," he said. "Did you ever know the lieutenant to fail?"

"Back to the boat, Kelly," said Richards. "We've got another job to-night. Up the river again."

"He's the runner of the police-boat," the lieutenant explained to me as we went pelting down a steep, cobble-paved street in pursuit of Jeffrey and the engineer. We ran and stumbled and slipped along in the dark for a while without a word. But presently Richards spoke to me.

"Do you know how he knew I had a motor-boat?" he asked.

"Why," I panted, "he knew that Barton was at Beech Hill and that you were watching Barton. We'd run off with the automobile, and I suppose he figured that the only way you could have got back so soon would be in a motor-boat. We hadn't been back very long when you turned up, and we must have got a pretty good start of you."

"It isn't his running off with the car that makes me sore," confided Richards, "though I'll admit I was mad enough when my shore party came down to the river and told me the man

I was looking for had gotten away and taken our automobile with him. The thing that gets my goat is that Jeffrey should have hung out a bluff that I was all wrong in suspecting Barton and that the real game was somewhere else altogether, and all the while he was tracking Barton himself on his own hook, just to carry him off under my nose!

"If he'd said, 'I want Barton, too; I'll take my way to find him and you take yours,' that would have been on the level."

"But," I exclaimed, "Jeffrey wasn't——" And then I stopped short. It had been on the tip of my tongue to tell him that our getting hold of Barton was the purest accident and that Jeffrey had been perfectly sincere in saying he was after other game.

Another minute and we were down on the boat-landing. In the dim glimmer of the boat's lights I could see that Jeffrey and Kelly, the engineer, had already got aboard and cast off. Jeffrey was holding on to the landing with a boat-hook and adjuring us to hurry.

Richards and I tumbled in astern. Jeffrey seated himself in the bow beside Kelly, and with a rush and a roar we were off.

Already the river was widening, and presently we made out through the dark the blunt end of the island—Hog Island, I think, is the local name of it.

Jeffrey came aft and joined Richards and me. "Of course, the nearest way," he said, "is to the right, up the main channel. If time weren't such a factor, I'd take the other. The house commands a pretty good view of this channel, and what with the daylight and the noise we're making, he'll have warning that we're coming a good while before we get there."

"Who'll have warning?" said Richards.

"Crow," said Jeffrey.

"Crow!" Richards exclaimed. "I thought you wanted to warn Crow."

Jeffrey didn't answer that question. "You saw Crow yourself?" he asked.

"Sure," said Richards.

"What was he doing?"

"Just what any man would be doing whose house had just been broken into by a burglar. He'd got up and dressed and was out looking for him with a gun. I met him when I came ashore after I heard the shot fired. He didn't seem particularly glad to see me, but he acted sore enough when my other men came up, and said that the fellows we were after had evidently got away and taken our automobile with them."

"He wasn't very keen on the capture,

"By the way," said Jeffrey, "didn't you offer to leave him one or two of your men to guard the place? You couldn't be sure, of course, that the marauder had got away."

"Yes, I did," said Richards, "but he thought it wouldn't be necessary. He said he'd go down and lock the park gates."

"Lock the park gates," said Jeffrey. "I don't like that. That's something I hadn't thought of."

"It's certainly the natural thing to do," said Richards. "Well, he said he

and the caretaker would be enough to protect the place and he wouldn't need our help. He said to let him know if we got Barton."

"Did you see the caretaker?" Jeffrey asked.

Richards shook his head. "Come to think of it, I didn't."

"It's queer," said Jeffrey, "that the noise and the confusion and the shooting didn't rouse him, too."

"Oh, I don't know," said Richards; "some people sleep like the dead. But it's queer that Crow didn't arouse him himself."

Just then Kelly called back to us from the wheel. "There's something wrong with the dope," he said. "We're missing fire right along."

Jeffrey was at his side in a minute and began steering the boat out to the left, where the current wasn't so swift.

Kelly came aft and opened up the gaso-line-tank, then his face went blank. The tank was almost empty. "I knew we had to fill up again at Oldborough," he said contritely, "but I forgot it."

"Can't you possibly nurse her along to the Beech Hill landing?" Jeffrey asked.

Kelly shook his head. "There isn't another half-mile in her," he said.

Jeffrey threw the wheel over a little farther, and we moved still farther out to the left. We were headed straight for the island now.

"Turn around and go back," said Richards. "The current will take us back to Oldborough all right."

"Put Drew and me ashore here on the island first. I've got a revolver,



I shall never forget the expressions that crossed his face—doubt, surmise and then incredulous certainty

it seems to me," said Jeffrey. "He didn't offer you his own car to go back to Oldborough in, did he? You might have caught him with that. That little tin-pot you rented at the garage couldn't go very fast."

"He probably didn't have any automobile there," said Richards.

"Oh, yes, he had," said Jeffrey. "He certainly had the one he came out from town in last night."

"Probably never thought of it," said Richards.

but Drew hasn't. Give him yours. Then go back to Oldborough as best you can and fill up with gasoline. When you've got it, come back a-pelting."

Richards hesitated, but Jeffrey was still at the wheel and heading us straight for the marshy bank of the island. "I haven't time to explain," he said. "I can only give you my word that I'm asking you to do what you would do in a minute if you knew the facts. But whether you come back or not, Drew and I get off here."

"All right," said Richards; "I'll come back." And he handed me his revolver.

He had hardly said it, when our boat pushed softly into the mud and stopped. There was still an uninviting-looking stretch of mud and water between us and the hard bank.

"Overboard, Drew," said Jeffrey, and, suiting the action to the word, he vaulted over the side and started wading in the icy water toward shore.

I wasn't but a few seconds behind him, but I heeded Richards' cry and stopped long enough to push the boat out of the mud. Then I splashed ashore after Jeffrey.

Jeffrey set the pace and it needed about all my energy to keep up with him. "If I'm aimed right," he said, as I came along side, "we'll come out just about opposite the boathouse."

"How are we going to get across?" I asked.

"Swim, I suppose," said Jeffrey. "I wish there were a quicker way."

For the present, though, we had to climb. A long irregular hogback divides the island along its major axis—a fact which was probably accountable for its name. We were scrambling up now, clutching at bushes when the treacherous clay underfoot slipped away beneath us. Here and there a half-imbedded rock added to our discomfort.

"We're nearly up," commented Jeffrey presently, "and we may see something from the top. Anyhow, we'll find out if our direction's right."

Suddenly I saw Jeffrey's body grow tense. "Hold your breath a second, Drew," he said. "I want to listen."

For perhaps five seconds neither of us breathed. I was listening, too, with all my ears, but I heard nothing. Presently Jeffrey gave a little nod and we started on again. Not straight down the hill now, but at an angle.

It was easier to keep up with him now. For some reason he wasn't setting quite so fast a pace. Suddenly I stopped dead in my tracks. He looked around at me curiously.

"It's nothing," I whispered. "I'm beginning to see things, that's all. I hate this half light. I thought I saw something moving among the trees."

Jeffrey peered in the direction of my

nod. "Perhaps you did," he said. "One of the island's namesakes, perhaps, rooting around for acorns."

"It didn't look like that," I said. "It didn't look like—anything it could be, Jeffrey," I said.

"Come along then," he said.

Neither of us had been paying attention to what was right under our feet, and the result was that we both lost our footing on the slippery declivity of the hill and went down with a rush, trying to keep from falling. But presently I, crashed through a dead limb, stumbled over a cobble-stone, and went down in a heap, with Jeffrey, little better off, beside me.

Each of us started to say something at the same instant. But before we could speak there came a sudden sound that froze us into silence—that arrested us, half on foot and half on the ground, as suddenly as if we had been turned to stone.

What we heard was a terrified wailing cry in a woman's voice. It didn't seem far away—seemed right at hand, in fact. And yet it came from all around—came, if anywhere, from right behind us.

For a while—a space of time that could have been measured in seconds, we stared at each other, each wondering if by any human possibility the other could have heard what he did. Then Jeffrey bent forward a little in the preliminary effort to get to his feet. But instead of rising he reached out suddenly and caught my arm and pointed with it.

There, in the wet clay, right at our feet, was the single print of a woman's shoe. It was pointed toward us.

Jeffrey straightened up and turned around, and I followed him. "Look!" he said.

A big rock was bedded in the hill-side we had just come tumbling down. It projected out in a ledge. And underneath it, shrinking back into the dark of the little cave it formed, I saw—

Well, Irene Fournier's face. The face I had seen glowing with color on Jeffrey's canvas—the face I had seen dozens of times in crude newspaper half-tones, as they had photographed her in the morgue—the face of the girl in the ice.

It was as white now as it must have been then, with a kind of dreadful, bluish pallor and the golden hair, as it went back into the shadows, was wildly disheveled and dripping wet! But the eyes shone there out of the dark, luminous, like those of a hunted animal. That was the face Barton had seen last night.

I should have fled, as Barton did, if the paralysis of nightmare hadn't held me still. I'd have cried out with the horror of the thing, but my dry throat

was numb. For the girl was dead! Dead! And yet we saw her there. It was from those blue lips that that wailing cry had come.

With an effort I got my eyes away from her and looked at Jeffrey. He looked a little limp and he was very pale. But what he said was: "Thank God, we're in time! I was afraid we'd be too late."

He didn't say it to me, but to that dreadful apparition in the cave.

"You're quite safe now," he added, and then he moved gently toward her.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WATCHERS AND THE WATCHED

HE MOVED a little nearer still. "You're really quite safe now," he said. "We're friends. Mr. Drew here is a lawyer from New York and I'm Arthur Jeffrey."

Already the terror had begun to go out of her eyes. At his name I thought I saw a little glint of recognition.

"You're Miss Meredith, aren't you?" he asked. "Miss Claire Meredith?"

She nodded dumbly.

Jeffrey moved a little nearer. But seeing the way she shuddered, he stopped short.

"It isn't—fear," she said, forming the words stiffly and with difficulty. "It's cold. I've been in the river."

"In the river," Jeffrey repeated. "You—fled into the river to get away from something?"

She nodded and her eyes widened a little.

"We've had a touch of the river ourselves," he said, "and we haven't a boat, but there'll be one presently."

"But why are you here?" she asked: "here on Hog Island, of all deserted places in the world, and at this time on a March morning?"

"We were on our way to Beech Hill," said Jeffrey. "We were coming up the river in a motor-boat. The gasoline gave out, so we landed on the island and started across on foot. We were planning to—swim the rest of the way."

"You were going to Beech Hill?" she asked, and now alarm lighted up in her eyes again. "Are you friends of Dr. Crow's?" Her voice died on the last words and she uttered them in a whisper.

"No," said Jeffrey soberly, "we were going there to try to save you from him. But I'm afraid we shouldn't have been in time if you hadn't come to meet us."

She shivered again. "No," she said simply, "you wouldn't have been in time. But—but how did you know? How did you know that I was in this country at all, or even alive? And how did you know I had to be saved from him?"

"It will take a long time to answer all those questions," said Jeffrey. "Just now there's something more profitable to do."

She made a move as if to rise, but sank back again with a little twinge of pain. "I'm afraid I can't do much," she said.

Jeffrey went off a few paces and came back dragging the branching end of the limb I had crashed through on my way down hill. He placed it in front of the rock. "I want your overcoat, Drew," he said. And when I gave it to him he threw it over the branch in a way that screened the cave entrance fairly effectively. Then he took off his own coat—a big, fur-lined affair—and handed it to the girl.

"Take off some of your wet things," he said; "the more the better, then put on my overcoat. Drew and I are going to build a fire. The thing to do is to get you warm and comfortable before the cold has time to strike in any further. You will find a flask in one of my pockets," he added, "with a little brandy in it. Most of it has already been drunk by the man you frightened out of his wits in the Beech Hill house to-night."

She made some demur about accepting our overcoats, but Jeffrey's quiet authority didn't allow any real resistance.

"We're only wet part way up," he said, "and we're going to get warm rustling firewood."

"I hope," she said, "you won't have to go very far away to get it."

"We'll stay within call all the time," said Jeffrey.

Presently we heard her call "I'm ready now. Have you found anything at all in this soggy place that will burn?"

Her voice was entirely unlike the dead, colorless monotone she had spoken in before. Her recovery spoke wonders for her spirit and resiliency.

It wasn't until I had finished with the fire that I found leisure to look at her. When I did I could have exclaimed aloud over the difference. The pallor was gone from her cheeks, a faint flush of delicate color was coming into them. And her eyes! It didn't seem possible that those could be the same eyes that had stared at us in terror so short a while ago. As for her hair—her great, wonderful masses of hair—well, it was evident that Jeffrey was looking at that, too.

But Jeffrey, with all his temperament and his intuitions, and the rest of his artistic equipment, has a disconcerting way of being exceedingly practical when you least expect it.

"You ought to take that down," he said, "and give it a chance to dry while we're here in front of the fire."

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Don't braid it or anything. Just shake it out loose around your shoulders."

"It's dreadfully in the way like that," she said, "when I'm sitting down. There isn't room for it."

And that, when she tried to follow his suggestion, proved true. It reached nearly to her knees when she stood erect.

"Now," she said, when she had spread it out as well as she could—"now may I ask a question again? How did you know that I was at Beech Hill and that I needed saving?"

"Barton saw you there last night. He thought that what he saw was the ghost of a woman we knew to be dead. A woman he thought he had murdered. She looked very like you in some ways, almost miraculously like."

"Was it Irene Fournier?"

"Yes," he said. "Irene Fournier. Do you know who she was? Had you ever seen her?"

"I only saw her once," she said, "but I've heard of her. I think," she added after a little silence—"I think that she was my half-sister."

"Jeffrey's eyes widened at that.

"I don't know very much about it," she said. "My father must have been a painter. Was he?" She turned to Jeffrey. "Do you know?"

He nodded.

"He fell in love, I think, with a peasant girl down in Normandy."

Jeffrey nodded again.

"I don't mean my mother," Claire said with a little hesitation; "I mean her sister. I think he meant to marry her; but he was called away, and when he came back she was dead. So then he married my mother. But I think Irene was his daughter, too. I'm not sure whether he knew about her when he married my mother or not. But I know that afterward he settled some money on her.

"She spoke in a strange, guarded sort of way, almost hostile, the time I talked with her. It was strange to see her. She looked so like me—so almost exactly like me.

"But my—guardian took me away presently and asked her to come and see him. I wasn't there then, and she wouldn't tell him anything—anything that we wanted to know—except for a great deal of money. He didn't believe that she was telling the truth, so he wouldn't pay her and she went away."

"Did you tell her who you were?" Jeffrey asked.

"I didn't know," the girl said quietly. "That's what we were trying to find out. We spent years trying."

Suddenly Jeffrey caught his breath and his eyes lighted up. "Was your guardian an English doctor named Williamson?" he asked.

And at that she stared at him half

frightened. "How did you know?" she whispered. "How did you know that?"

"Two winters ago," said Jeffrey, "I had a studio over in Paris in the same court with Dr. Williamson and his wife and daughter. Some things that happened there, with what you just said, helped me to guess."

"I wish you might have helped me to guess then," said the girl. "We were badly in need of help of that sort."

"I wish I might. If only I'd had a little more of the courage of my convictions that winter I might have solved some of my own mysteries, and yours, too. But let's go back to the beginning. The story was that you had died of smallpox in Paris. Did you have smallpox, really?"

He might well ask, for her skin had the velvety bloom that rarely lasts after childhood.

"Yes," she answered; "or at least so they told me. But not in Paris. My aunt and I had been spending the winter in one of the small towns of the Midi. There was a frightful epidemic of it there, and about half the town died of it. I got well of smallpox; but when I was ready to leave the hospital and they asked me whom they should notify to come and get me, I couldn't tell them.

"I asked them what my own name was, and they rummaged through a big book and decided my name must be Celeste Biroux. And a terribly tired doctor said I was suffering from aphasia and ought to be looked after."

"But you must have known you weren't a French girl?" I exclaimed.

"It's funny," she said, "but I didn't find that out for a long time. You see, I didn't know the name of anything."

"But surely," I cried, "they didn't turn you out on the world like that?"

"There was nothing else they could do. If you could have seen that town! I stayed on for a while and helped nurse the others, partly because I was needed, but partly in the hope that whatever friends I had would come and claim me. But when I made up my mind that my friends, whoever they were, had probably been told that I had died—died and been buried the way they had to bury people during those horrible days. So there was nothing to wait for.

"They gave me a hundred francs and I went away, down to Nice, as it happened. That was all I had in the world, except one or two good rings that I happened to be wearing when they took me to the pest-house. Oh, and one or two other trinkets that a doctor happened to remember were mine!"

"One of them," said Jeffrey thought-

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fully, "was a jade earring—an odd jade earring."

Once more she paled a little. The look in her face was almost one of fear. "How can you know that," she asked, "unless you know a great deal more?"

"I saw you once with it on," he said, "about this time of day and year, on the Pont Royale in Paris. You came and stood beside me. And then two *gendarmes* came, and you went away. Do you remember?"

"No," she said. "It wouldn't have been—me, if I was there alone at that hour. It would have been—the other."

"Not Irene?" I asked, puzzled.

"No. Not Irene." She turned to Jeffrey. "You could see the earring. But how could you know that I had only one?"

It was to me that Jeffrey made his answer. "Don't you see, Drew, what it was that put us off the track? It never occurred to either of us that a pair of earrings could be split. We knew that Crow had one. We assumed that he had the pair. Just as I assumed that the girl I had seen on the bridge had been wearing a pair, because I saw she was wearing one."

He turned to Claire. "I knew that, unless it was a ghost-girl I saw, the report of your death was wrong. I thought from Crow's having the earring that you had come to America, and that he was in communication with you. And when they told me that a portrait I had painted of you from a photograph was a picture of the girl who had been found in the ice I believed that you had been murdered, and that Dr. Crow was the murderer."

"I believed absolutely that you and Irene Fournier were the same person. I didn't discover my mistake until this morning."

"Now," said I, "perhaps you'll tell me how you discovered that from looking at the negative that Barton brought from Beech Hill in his pocket."

"Why," said Jeffrey, "you must remember that I had never seen Irene Fournier nor a picture of her. The photograph I painted the portrait from was, of course, genuine. Crow got it from Paris, just as he said. But the portrait emphasized the real difference there was between the two faces."

"To counteract the effect of it, Crow posed Irene in the dress and photographed her, and pretended to Miss Meredith that it was the photograph I had returned. She thanked me for sending it to her the morning I talked with her. I thought then that it simply meant that Crow had a duplicate that he had given her to keep her from worrying."

"The minute I saw that plate I knew it was a picture of a different

Continued on page 291.

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Dr. Vogt

Continued from page 279.

particularly along two lines: interpretation of Mendelssohn and unaccompanied singing. At this time there was a choral society in the city which had shown signs of dying from lack of nourishment. With its members and most of the Jarvis Street choir people, Doctor Vogt, remembering exotic and delirious hours on the Continent, started his Mendelssohn Choir, aiming to do just the same sort of thing in Canada as had been done in different parts of England and Germany. This was in 1894. There were then less than one hundred members. Now there are two hundred and thirty, regularly. The only specific aim of the Mendelssohn Choir, at its inception, or, rather, the only end which was announced, was the production of one work of Mendelssohn each year.

The choir proceeded to give one or two concerts each year till 1900. From the first it had been self-supporting, and a shining example of altruism. Every member paid his own expenses, and reported for bi-weekly rehearsals. In 1900, the ambitious head of the choir decided to branch out. Victor Herbert's orchestra was engaged. This was the most pretentious undertaking yet. The price of seats at the always well attended concerts jumped from twenty-five and fifty cents to a dollar, dollar-fifty, and two dollars. The innovation was a great success. The choir began a tour of the United States, Chicago, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland—all these and other American cities saw, heard and grew enthusiastic. Big crowds flocked to hear the choir wherever it went. The musical critics of America hailed it as the greatest of choral undertakings, particularly when it was known that the choir went on year after year, showing a surplus and never a deficit; each member putting in two and three rehearsals a week for five months out of the twelve; and each member paying his traveling and other expenses, wherever the choir went. So it has gone on. In 1914 Doctor Vogt spent many months in England and on the continent, and everywhere was pressed to bring his famous choir to give concerts. It was scheduled to sing in England in 1915. The war, of course, prevented it. But it stayed in Canada and gave the greatest performances in its history up to that time, which have only been exceeded by those of this year.

So much for the creation. Now for the hand that fashioned it. Augustus Stephen Vogt is an interesting personality. His chief characteristic, versatility. "If Vogt had turned his attention to it," said a millionaire to me

one day, "he might have headed vast financial enterprises. He has the keen and shrewd business sense which proclaims the successful business man, coupled with a perfect passion for hard work." It is true. Vogt might indeed have been one of our great magnates in which case, instead of writing "Doctor of Music" after his name, he might have been Sir Augustus. He is an economist of parts: indeed, to keep the choir, through all these years, in a perpetual state of solvency, is an accomplishment. It had a rough row to hoe. There was one serious split, which meant that the Mendelssohn Choir dissolved for a time, and the circumstances which led up to the quarrel might easily have injured the choir's financial prospects.

More probable still, he might have been a military man of superlative achievement and high eminence. This, by the by, prompts my memory that Vogt is a keen student of military matters. He has saturated his mentality in histories and treatises as to warfare. His big hobby—besides travel—has been a perpetual study of military discipline. It is just as well. If ever a man needs something of the qualities of an organizer and a leader it is he who has to reckon with the varied temperaments of a group of musical people. Yet the Mendelssohn Choir is an efficient organization. Does a member miss a rehearsal? He receives a post card. If he misses a second, another post card follows. A third offence means dismissal from the choir, unless illness has prevented attendance. The quality of leadership is apparent in a view of the Doctor managing a rehearsal. There is nothing of the ranting, raving vituperation which constitutes the method of some conductors when the choir is, perhaps, a trifle slow to grasp the meaning of a director. In a manner somewhat cold and unemotional, Vogt gives his command. To him, the choir is a squad of soldiers. He blends the role of the officer commanding with a persuasive kindness. He gets the result he wants. As Augustus Bridle, whose musical criticism is a thing Canadian journalism may be proud of, "he gets *pianissimos* like oiled silk and *fortissimos* like the thunders of Jove."

For Vogt knows human nature. He knows there is *forte* as well as *piano*, a predilection towards *rallantando* as well as towards *allegretto*. He does not make the mistake of assuming that all of the members of his choir are of his own temperament. It takes all kinds of people to make a choir, and, being wise, he takes that as a fundamental starting-point.

Vogt never shows nervousness. He is a nervous man, but you would never think it to see him. A big man physic-

ally, there is something about him that expresses reliance. He is the sort of man you would instinctively "like," because you would feel that he is dependable. In spite of his calm exterior, however, he has fine sensibilities. I have watched him closely on a big night. Outwardly confident, he is smothering and stilling the cries and tiny fears within him. It is only at the end of the evening that he is off his guard for a moment and says, confidentially, "Whew, that was an ordeal, but we pulled through."

His is indeed a magnetic personality. A loyal friend, a patriot whose patriotism embraces not only Canada but

the Empire as well, a born leader of men, an organizer as well as a dreamer, a composer of brilliance—he attracts the love of many and the respect of all. He has done much. He has made a choir and developed it till the people of Toronto willingly shell out thirty thousand dollars for three nights of it. Better still, he has made a national asset of his choir, an institution of which Canada may be proud, a tradition which has become alike a pace-setter and a record in the history of choral music. His name therefore should contain another component part. It should read, "Augustus Stephen-Napoleon-Vogt."

Harry Britton, A.R.C.A.

The Millet of the peasants of old Canada

By Irene Wrenshall Hare

"WHAT sort of a man do you think it would be who would paint like that," asked a prominent art critic of a fellow picture lover,—also a critic, at one of the most important of the spring exhibitions in Toronto a year ago. There was a moment's silence as the second critic gazed upon a scene of rugged beauty, great rocks ablaze with the dazzling colors from a glorious sunset out beyond the tumbling ocean in the middle distance of the picture, a big canvas, broadly handled, yet with not a detail lacking.

"A man of pretty stern stuff, I should



Harry Britton

say," replied the other. "Of Viking blood to judge from the way in which he had handled those waves. He must sniff the spray, as a war-horse lifts his head at the sound of a trumpet, and his bodily vigor must be as intense as his mental vigor, for it seems to be generally true that the men who paint things like that, broad and sketchy and impressionistic are in body and mind very much the counterparts of their work," were the last words, given more as an argument than a dogma.

"Then look over by the opposite side of the room and see the tall man who is studying with such interest and admiration —'s latest picture. Tell me if you think you are right." The critic looked and marvelled. The tall slight scholarly looking man in his early thirties, pale and thin almost to delicacy did not look the type which would seek to portray, with palette and brush, all the stern vigorous moods of the sea, avoiding in almost every instance any of her more placid phases. Yet, the critic mentally argued, there must be some sympathy between the painter and his favorite subject, or he could not become so splendid a medium for introducing the ever restless sea to those who love the real in art.

"If you have made up your mind as to the artist, then look at this big picture of his," came the first speaker's voice again as he drew the attention to another large canvas,—portraying an old woman,—a peasant, sitting mending nets by the window of her tiny home. There was a large group in front of the picture,—in fact it seemed to command the attention of all. It was interesting to hear the comments



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among the onlookers who had with few exceptions visited the galleries abroad.

To the minds of most of them had come back visions of Millet's famous "Angelus," while to others the picture was more reminiscent of peasant life in Cornwall, and they were right. No French peasant was this, but a woman of Cornish blood of that patient Spartan type, which has made the sailors who shipped from those southern ports famous for their endurance and bravery, and, in her homely faith and brave resignation she was a fitting example of the old lines "For men must work and women must weep, Though storms be sudden and waters deep." Small wonder was it that this picture attracted more attention perhaps than any other in any exhibition for the past two or three years, and why the artist is spoken of as a coming light, who will some day take his place among names like Millet and Haas and Waris for his faithfulness to truth and his knowledge of human nature as well as his wonderful aptitude for color.

And what of the artist himself, Harry Britton, as he is known among intimates and associates alike? He is spoken of by those who know as one of the coming big men. To the eyes of Canadian Art lovers he has already come," but to those of prophetic gaze who have watched his career in the dozen years or so that he has been at work there are greater things in store for him. They dwell particularly on his truthfulness, his absolute sincerity towards nature, and human nature. Some of them say he will be one of Canada's greatest figure painters, the Millet of the Canadian peasants of old Canada, in the Maritime Provinces and in the Eastern townships, while others contend that his marines, so wonderfully colorful and so broad and masterful in handling will always be his best work—but the consensus of opinion is that a sincere combination of the peasant and the environment,—particularly of the fisher folk,—will be his vehicle to a great name.

Mr. Britton has not stepped aside from his unvarying upward course to contest in competition. He is a welcome exhibitor at the O. S. A., and has already been given the power to add A. R. C. A., after his name, with the membership of the Academy to follow, doubtless very shortly.

But he has not gone out of his way for aggrandisement. Like the masters of art in the past, he has studied unremittingly, is ever eager to be a student of nature, and puts truth always foremost. Born in Cambridge, England, which perhaps accounts for the scholarly air of which the critic made note, he came to Canada when a mere child of nine, combining therefore in his personality the trained taste of

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generations of artistic forbears of the old land, and the energy and determination of the new. For energetic he is and strong in his mental vision, despite that quietness and apparent lack of strength with which those who meet or see him for the first time are impressed. As many another gifted artist, he tried in vain for about twenty five years of his life to put the "square peg into the round hole," and became a business man, but it was of no use, and he finally gave up trying and entered the studio of a Toronto artist, and teacher where he remained for a couple of years, going abroad in 1908, where he studied for six years in Italy, Paris, Holland and England, ending with a year of sketching and teaching around the coast of Cornwall, and in London, England, in 1914. How wrapped up he is in that art of his, and how oblivious he can be to temporal conditions may be judged by the story told by one of his pupils who while studying abroad went to London to take lessons from the painter. "It was late November, and very raw cold weather," she said, "And when I arrived at the studio where the artist was very busy working at a large canvas, I was almost frozen. But not a particle of heat was there in that studio, and I became colder and colder, I didn't know what to do. I had heard so much of this Harry Britton and his work, and I did want to take lessons from him, but I couldn't freeze to death.

"Finally I plucked up courage to tell him how cold it was in his studio. He was so worried over the fact he had never realized it himself, as he had been so absorbed in his own painting he had never felt anything."

Mr. Britton is keenly unselfish about his own work, An outstanding feature of his character is his absolute lack of jealousy—that green-eyed monster which makes so many an otherwise good artist insufferable to all. He can, and does, go to an exhibition—not to see his own work but warmly to praise the good works of others, and his pupils tell the same of him as a teacher. His ability to see good in others is colossal, to see evil is diminutive.

Even at the risk of being personal it is impossible to forget the delightful home atmosphere with which the artist is surrounded.

His wife, formerly a Miss Hancock, is also an artist, and there is a harmony of thought and aim which gives a very delightful atmosphere to the newly set up studio on Wellesley Street, where the artist and his wife are living. Pupils are numerous—but, the critics hope, not so numerous that the coming exhibitions will be deprived of his work, for they look to him to immortal-



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ize the peasant life of the older Canada and to bring the lovely coast-lines of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick within the vision of the inland Ontario dweller, or the far Westerner.

And their hopes are quite likely to be realized, for the artist plans this coming summer, to take a large class there down by the sea, remaining on after the class has disbanded, to do more personal work. Although he has only returned home to Canada so shortly, already his work has found its way into most of the most important collections in Canada.

Mrs. G. R. Baker

Continued from page 277.

staff, at Mrs. Baker's request, arranged the whole of the evening procession of decorated cars following Queen Mary White Rose Day.

To find Mrs. Baker in her most homelike atmosphere we must, I believe, go to Muskoka, where, for fifteen years past, Florence Island on Lake Rosseau, originally owned by the famous actor of that name, has been the scene of her summer recreation. This recreation to be sure, includes the raising of funds for the little church in the vicinity, where there is always a parsonage to be bricked, a stable to be built or a well dug—and of course Mrs. Baker is the person to brick it, to build it or to dig it. But it is probably as near to rest as Mrs. Baker ever gets. She fills her house with visitors; with the older ones she reads and chats and with the youngsters laughs and plays; she sails her own boat, paddles her own canoe, and, proudest accomplishment of all, she can swim and dive with the youngest of the young ones. And these make up her life, the doing of good works its daily business, the sharing of pleasure its recreation and the sunshine of laughter and good-will spreading a blessing over all of it.



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Continued from page 275.

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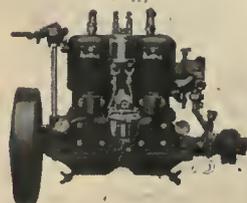
He fell to a stool and covered his face with his hands. Vainly he sought to shut out that horrible picture of the end of his glory. He knew now that his final week of success had been given him only in mockery. In the doorway stood Madame. Casserole, tears streaming down the fat cheeks the smile had been wont to adorn.

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terrible look on the face of Adolphe. "Eggs!" screamed the once mighty chef.

An assistant brought them. "The skillet!" It also was forthcoming. "Butter!"

Monsieur Casserole himself tremblingly put it in Adolphe's hands. Then they stood back, scarcely daring to breathe, waiting with open mouths and swiftly beating hearts the making of that omelet. Never before was an omelet prepared by a sterner chef, or for a greater stake.

And now it lay, steaming, on a plate. Foamy and soft it looked—but, ah, could it be so, with the apron of the great Bertrand—

"Taste!" roared Adolphe, in an awful voice, pointing his monster fork at little Mrs. Dupree.

They pushed her forward. She had been the one selected for the ordeal—why, no one could say, but it was for her to carry it through.

Tremblingly she inserted a fork into the hot mass. Tremblingly she raised a morsel to her lips. It disappeared. Monsieur Casserole grasped the edge of the table till his hands went white. Madame leaned forward fatly, in imminent danger of tipping.

"The taste?" Adolphe's voice was still terrible to hear.

The little bride closed her eyes. "Of heaven," she whispered.

"God be praised!" cried Monsieur Casserole.

"De Bouillon! Bah!" blasphemed Adolphe.

"Le diable!" muttered Lefourbe. And madame Casserole was smiling through her tears.

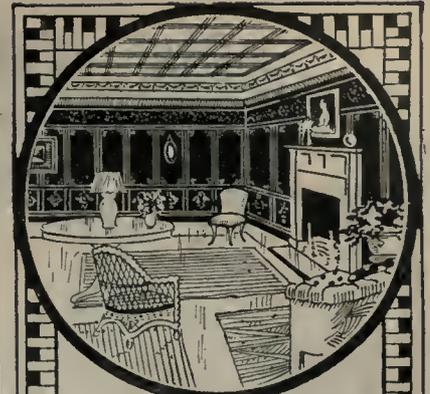
Thus was the bugbear of the apron of Bertrand de Bouillon forever banished from the Café Côte d'Or.

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 285.

person from the one I'd painted. And I saw, too, that the thing had been re-touched to make it look more like the authentic photograph. And then I knew that the ghost Barton had seen in the Beech Hill house that night was no more a ghost than the one I had seen on the bridge in Paris. And I knew that if Miss Claire Meredith were alone at that house with Crow she was in mortal danger. That's a long explanation, Miss Meredith; but it's the reason why we came in such a hurry, and why we were so nearly too late."

I turned to Miss Meredith, too. "It wasn't very polite of me to insist on having my curiosity satisfied right in



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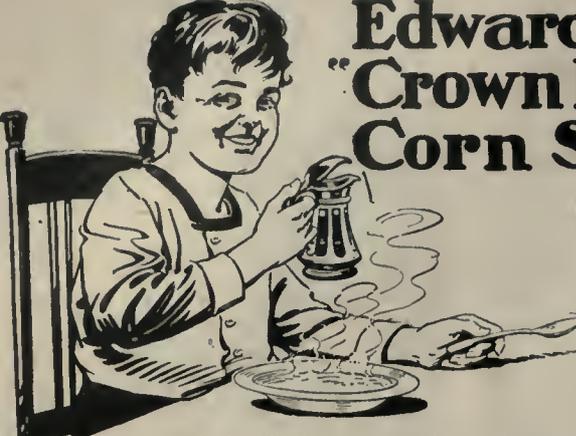
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the middle of your story. But I'd seen Jeffrey turn away after one look at that plate and say that some one at Beech Hill was in danger, and that there was life or death in our getting there quickly, and I've been puzzling over it ever since. I wish, though, if you aren't too tired, that you'd go on and tell us the rest."

But the way she was looking at Jeffrey was an indication that I might have spared my apology. Lips a little parted, eyes that were starry in their deep brightness. Well, what girl wouldn't look like that at a man who was telling such a story? It wasn't until I asked her to go on with her own that she looked away.

"It's nothing very exciting," she began. "I don't believe I ever had any real adventures until last night. I went to Nice, as I said, and pawned my rings, and then I sat down on the Promenade and began to think what I should do. A nice-looking woman was sitting at the other end of my bench, and I spoke to her—in French, of course.

"She said in English that she didn't understand, and I began quite naturally talking to her in English. I told her I wanted to get a position as companion or governess or something, but that I hadn't any references. That got me started telling her the whole story.

"It frightened her a little at first. It was so incredible that it seemed as if I must be trying to impose on her. But luckily her husband was a doctor, and he came along just then and questioned me, and they finally decided that I would do as a companion for their daughter.

"Of course, none of us knew then that there was anything queer about me, except the fact that I couldn't remember names. And by the time we did discover it—well, they had grown fond of me and sorry for me and wouldn't hear of my living anywhere except with them."

"Can you tell us what it was that was 'queer' about you?" Jeffrey asked.

"Why, I used to have lapses of consciousness and wander off and do Heaven knows what outlandish things. Dr. Williamson concluded that it was my former self that was doing them, the girl—before the smallpox, you know. But as I couldn't remember any of the things she had done when I came to it didn't help much toward finding out who she was. The only thing to do was to follow me and see what I did, and take care that I didn't get into any trouble. They did that, those people, with a devotion."

Her voice choked up a little at that. "Oh, I can't talk about it!" she said, and then went on. "My lapses kept getting worse and longer, and all of

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us got very much discouraged, except the doctor himself. He insisted that the worse they got the nearer I was to being a normal person again. He said the longer and the stronger they were the more likely it was that the memory would begin coming through. And by and by that really began to happen.

"There was a lot of argument in the family as to whether I was English or American. Mrs. Williamson and Evelyn insisted I was English, but the doctor thought I was American. I was perfectly sure that some of the places I began remembering intimately couldn't be anywhere but in America."

"Why did you live in that particular part of Paris?" Jeffrey asked.

"It was just a part of their kindness to me. I wanted to, and they noticed that when I wandered off—in my old self, you know—I always went there, so they took an apartment in that court."

"As a matter of fact," Jeffrey asked, "didn't you and your aunt live there before you had the smallpox?"

The girl looked at him in simple astonishment. "Why, of course! Rue Boissonade," and she gave the number. "I never put those two facts together until this instant, though I knew them both independently for quite a while. But—the Williamsons didn't have the same apartment that my aunt and I had lived in."

Jeffrey laughed. "No," he said. "I had that one."

She colored vividly. "Did I—haunt you?" she asked.

"That's exactly what you did," said Jeffrey. "I never saw you there, but you left some pretty puzzling traces. Drew can tell you that story sometime. He's a great yarn-spinner. But please go on. Tell us the rest."

"There isn't much more to tell," she said, "about what happened over there. My memory kept coming back, stronger and stronger all the time, until at last I told them—the Williamsons, I mean—that I was perfectly competent to look after myself, now, and that I meant to go to America and find out who I was. One of my discoveries about myself had been that I could paint a little, and I sold everything I painted at pretty good prices. So I wasn't financially dependent on the Williamsons, although, of course, I owed them a debt that money couldn't repay at all.

"They hated to have me go, especially Mrs. Williamson and Evelyn, and begged me to let the Meredith girl lie quiet in her grave down in the south of France. But I couldn't. Fond as I am of them, there was a—well, a call of the blood, it seemed, that drew me."

"You'd remembered your name by that time?" Jeffrey asked. "But that wasn't the name you went by?"

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"No," she said. "I stuck to the hospital name for a while—Celeste Biroux—until that got to seeming ridiculous. And then, as the Williamsons wanted me to, I took their last name. They called me a cousin or something. And for my first name I had my own—Claire. It was engraved on the inside of one of my rings."

"Then," pursued Jeffrey, "it was as Miss Claire Williamson that you came to this country?"

She nodded.

"You came alone?" he asked.

"Of course. There wasn't any earthly reason why I shouldn't—or, at least, there didn't seem to be. I landed in New York yesterday. Yesterday! It seems years since then."

"What did you do with your luggage?" Jeffrey asked rather suddenly.

She looked at him in frank amusement. "You ask the oddest questions," she said, "but I did do something odd with it. I didn't bring it through the customs. You see, we landed just at five o'clock. I hadn't sent any word to my aunt that I was coming.

"I couldn't be sure that my handwriting would be the same, or that she would remember it, and I felt that her first thought on getting a letter from me would be that I was an impostor. I thought that if I could just walk in and speak to her that that would be much simpler. I had set my heart, somehow, on doing it that night."

"You hadn't any enmity against her then?" said Jeffrey.

"No," she said in frank surprise. "Why should I have? I am perfectly sure the hospital authorities told her I was dead. For anything I know, she may have had the disease herself."

In Jeffrey's mind, I am sure, as well as in mine, was the thought of that pin-picked photograph and a momentary speculation as to what would have happened if the girl had carried out her plan and walked in upon her aunt as she had intended.

"So, as soon as we got ashore," she went on, "I walked straight through the customs' barrier with nothing but my purse, jumped into a taxi and went straight to my aunt's town house."

"How could you be sure of finding her there?" Jeffrey asked.

"I knew she was still alive. I'd seen occasional references to her in the Paris Herald, and I knew she'd never move or do anything like that. So I went straight to the old address that I remembered. Of course I knew that there was a possibility that she'd be at Beech Hill."

"When the taxi drove up to the house there was another car standing there—a big, six cylinder runabout; and while I was paying my driver, Dr. Crow

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McGregor of Ford

RECENTLY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS FROM ACROSS the line was standing on the sidewalk in one of our larger Canadian cities viewing a march past of some of our soldier boys. The Kilties were going by.

"How typically Canadian are the kilties," he remarked. "We, on our side of the big pond associate the Highland uniform as much with Canada as with Scotland. Why is it?"

The reply was to the effect that it was because the Scotch had contributed so largely to the settlement and upbuilding of the Dominion and so many Canadians of Scottish ancestry had made themselves worthy of high ranks in the history of Canada.

Among these Canadians of Scotch parentage who have won a place among Canada's great builders of industry we must reckon Gordon M. McGregor, of Ford, Ont.

About the year 1850 Mr. McGregor's grandparents set out from Glasgow, Scotland, to settle in what was then a new and far away country—Canada.

A few years later we find them located at Sarnia, Ontario, where a son, William, was born.

When still a young man William McGregor took a very active interest in the business and political life of the country and was elected a member of the Dominion Parliament, serving his country and his district well and faithfully for twenty years.

Gordon McGregor about whom this is written was the son of William McGregor and was born at Windsor, Ont. As Gordon McGregor grew to manhood he capably assumed much of the business cares of his father.

William McGregor eventually became interested in the Walkerville Wagon Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, and, shortly after, his son Gordon McGregor, was made manager of the firm. Here the son began to show that business foresight that has made him one of the prominent figures in the business world of Canada.

About this time an event took place in the carriage and wagon industry that caused the greatest concern. This was the advent and the establishment of the automobile as a practical vehicle.

Some dealers and builders were so alarmed that they thought their business would go to immediate rack and ruin and that the auto would supersede horse-drawn vehicles entirely. Others were cool-headed enough to see the advantages that this new industry afforded and governed themselves accordingly.

Among the latter was Gordon McGregor, who believed that he could successfully enter upon the business of manufacturing automobiles and looked about him for wise methods of doing this.

He got in touch with many manufacturers and looked over many makes of cars. Finally, he decided on one make and effected arrangements for its production in this country. The car he chose was the Ford.

He then tried to induce some of his friends in Canada to invest in the project and encountered all the usual cold, disheartening difficulties

attendant upon the organization of a new and untried proposition. If they could have but looked ten or eleven years ahead he would have had no worries over the organization of a company even double or quadruple the size.

No stock was offered for sale outside of the Dominion until all Canadians had been given an opportunity to subscribe.

Finally, in August 1904, they organized the company with a capital of \$125,000.

Then came the difficulties of manufacture and for three years it was a constant struggle to win success.

But success came and a greater success than the founders ever dreamed of—a success abounding in truly marvelous facts and figures.

And this is the story of Gordon McGregor, of Ford, Ontario, and of the establishment of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

To-day, half the population of four towns depend upon the Ford Company of Canada for their earnings. These are Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich.

The last census states that the average family consists of five persons. As there are over 3,000 employees in the towns mentioned above whose work is devoted to the manufacture of Ford cars, this official census figure shows that there are over 15,000 people that look to the Ford Company for their support. This does not include the nine cities in Canada in which Ford branches are established, which would add over 3,600 more.

And Ford employes are paid three times as well as the average as shown by government wage reports.

In April, 1915, a time when most Canadian manufacturers were following a policy of retrenchment, the present Ford schedule of wages was adopted by which the company virtually handed to its employees, \$50,000 a month increased wages and reduced the working hours from nine to eight per day.

Surely, this is a great boon to Canadian workmen and their families. It is a boon to Canadian merchants who benefit by the increased purchasing power of all these families. It is a boon to the entire country in time of war when living expenses are higher than ever before.

And these employees have responded in like measure to the Empire's need for her people's support, Ford City alone having made what is probably a record contribution to the Patriotic Fund of \$34 per capita.

More than 300 Ford employees have enlisted for overseas service, and the Company is spending thousands of dollars in moving pictures which are offered free to assist in recruiting work all over the Dominion.

What an immense expression of confidence in the ultimate and unquestionable success of British Arms and the allied cause was this great wage increase!

But it was not the only evidence of the Ford Company's faith in the Empire.

Before the outbreak of hostilities the company decided to reduce the price of the car by \$60. When the war came upon us the company might well have been pardoned for withholding this reduction for a time. But they never even considered it. The reduction was made the same day war was declared.

And you can realize how real this confidence in the victorious prosperity of Canada was when you consider that the prices of Ford cars are set in accordance with the estimated production for the coming fiscal year and not by any means are they based on the profits of the preceding year.

\$652,000 has been spent on new buildings in Ford City since the war began.

Over \$1,000,000 has been spent on new buildings in four Canadian cities since war began, making a total expenditure for new buildings of approximately a million and three quarters.

\$1,000,000 has been spent in new equipment since war began.

900 men have been added to the pay roll since war began. And if there is needed further proof of this company's absolute conviction in the progress and prosperity of the Dominion, it may be found in the fact that another \$60 reduction in the price of the car was made last August—making a total reduction of \$120.00 since war began.

This new price requires an output of 40,000 cars this year. Then, too, the price of Ford parts has been reduced by \$147 per car—a reduction that means a big increased economy to Ford owners.

Such immense expenditures and price reductions as these are of the greatest benefit to the general welfare of the nation under existing conditions. They form one of the greatest possible influences towards boosting the prosperity of Canada.

Remember that all but \$16.88 worth of the material that goes into the construction of a Ford car is bought here in Canada—and it would all be bought here if it were possible to get it.

Truly, the Ford is, after all, a Canadian Car, built by Canadians. Very few Canadian manufacturers are able to show such a support to Canadian industry as this.

The Canadian Ford Company is basing this year's factory production plans on just double the business done last year.

They stake everything on the conviction that Canada is bound to prosper. They place all on the belief that Britain and her allies are bound to win.

McGregor of Ford and his Canadian associates may be pardoned for feeling proud of this record.



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opened the door and came out. I knew him at once, though I hadn't seen him since I was ten or twelve years old, and I might not have known him if I had seen him anywhere else. But I called him by name without any hesitation. He knew me too."

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "I should think he would."

"I see," she said thoughtfully, "Because of Irene, you mean."

We both nodded.

"He told me that my aunt was at Beech Hill, and he was just starting for there himself. He wanted me to go straight up there with him. He said it wouldn't take so very long in that high-powered car of his, and he could give me a fine spin. It didn't seem such a wild thing to do, as he suggested it. Remember, he's my cousin. We had known each other as children—or when I was a child at least—so I said I'd go."

"He asked you, didn't he," Jeffrey interrupted, "when you'd landed and what you'd done since?"

She nodded. "Naturally."

"And what you'd done with your luggage?"

"He asked that, too," she said.

"You didn't stop for any dinner," said Jeffrey. "You got out of town as fast as you could. But about nine o'clock you stopped at a little village and left the car and went to a lunch-wagon and got something to eat."

"You couldn't have deduced that from anything," said the girl after a long look into his face. "You must have seen that."

"Exactly," he said. "Do you remember another car that was pulled up on the same cross street? We were in it. I caught just a glimpse of your face, and of Crow's, as you turned the corner. But—well, I'd have staked my word then that you were dead. I thought the resemblance I saw of that girl's face to Claire Meredith's, and of the man's to Crow's, was just a trick of fancy.

"If Crow had been alone I should have recognized him. You see," he concluded soberly, "my vanity of opinion might have cost you your life. I can't see yet why it didn't. Miss Meredith wasn't at Beech Hill, was she? Crow had you all to himself there? He'd even got the caretaker out of the way. Why did he delay? Why didn't he act quicker?"

"What was the man's name who broke in?" she asked.

"Barton? He's one of the men who broke in," said Jeffrey.

"I think that's what saved my life—one of the things."

To be continued.



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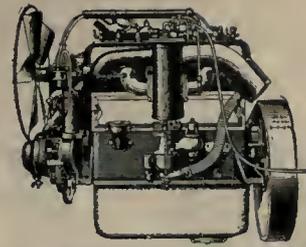
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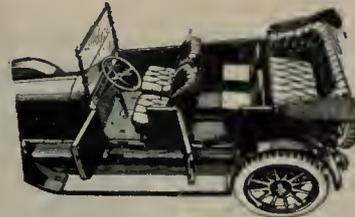
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One Patriot

Continued from page 268.

Sniper and private brought their rifles to their shoulders at practically the same instant and the flashes of their pieces blended in one detonation.

When Patriot awoke it was to find himself tucked cozily in a cot with real walls about him and a real ceiling overhead. Through a window screened with the daintiest of draperies the sunlight filtered on to the immaculate counterpane and shed a soft glow over the neatly furnished room. He looked about for the accustomed camp surroundings and vaguely wondered by what magic he had been transferred to this fairyland of comfort and ease.

His first impression was that he was an intruder. Then a dull throbbing of his head led to the discovery that he was bandaged. Tightly over his forehead the wrappings were tied and the placing of his hands upon them brought a twinge of excruciating pain.

"Patriot, old boy, you sure were knocked cold by that one," he mused. "Where was I? Not fighting in Minneapolis. Must have been Canada."

Ah yes. The army. They were at war. But the room? He seemed to have seen it before.

"Hands off the bandages. And the doctor says you are to lie quiet and not talk."

Antoinette stood before him, rosy checked, smiling and radiant as ever. The puzzled frown disappeared and a dozen questions were on his lips.

"Not now," she warned him. "Just lie quiet and after awhile you may speak as much as you please."

"But just tell me this. How—now I remember. The sniper, did I get him?"

"Yes, you got him and they are going to decorate you or something. But the doctor says I must not talk to you and besides the sergeant has come to see you again."

Patriot stretched forth a pleading hand, but Antoinette had slipped out of the room, holding the door ajar for a khaki clad figure who burst into the sanctuary with a trench greeting that brought the invalid back to his military surroundings.

"So you woke up at last, did you old chap? Thought when we found you here that you were done for."

"How did I get here and what happened?" pleaded Patriot.

"Ask Antoinette. First thing we knew she came running into headquarters and said you were dying. Surgeon came over and patched you up and told the poor girl you would get well. Then we went to the grove and found the sniper you brought down. His bullet nicked your skull and to tell the truth you were pretty close to the

other shore. Lieutenant is tickled to death for he was afraid he would be censured for letting you go off on that trip by yourself."

"But this room? And Antoinette here."

"Oh, that. Well, you see, you were a lot luckier than you deserved. Antoinette passes that grove on her way to headquarters to make her sales. She heard the crack of your rifle and when no sound succeeded it, she investigated and found you stretched out as limp as a rag. Then she dragged you to her home. This is her father's house. We were going to take you to the field hospital, but she begged to let you stay here. That was yesterday and here you are, but you will be getting back into the trenches in a day or two. It strikes me you've got a pretty good nurse."

Patriot agreed with more ardor than it is customary for soldiers to display about nurses.

"Pal of mine," he said.

"Thought so," replied the sergeant. "They are talking about mentioning you in the dispatches but I believe she deserves more honor than you do. The poor kid was about dead when she got you here. Well, buck up and keep quiet until the surgeon says you can return to duty."

The sergeant strode out of the room with a cheerful good-by and Patriot was left alone to ponder his strange fortune. In the distance he could hear the roar of the heavy guns and he wondered if there was a charge. Occasionally a shell exploded near enough to the cottage to rattle the windows and bring him to a realization that a war was going on. He wondered if it would ever be over and whether he ever could exchange the floor of a trench for the floor of a ring. And after the war what? If he were not a good British patriot he might stay in this country, but they would give him fights in western Canada and he would become a champion. And Antoinette—she had dragged him a mile and probably saved his life.

The evening shadows were gathering and the roar of the guns was dying down when the girl entered with his supper.

"Antoinette," he said, "I had a belt I wore when I was an American patriot. It's somewhere in my clothes."

"Yes, here it is," she replied penitently, "but I had to spoil it to bind your head while I brought you here."

The emblem of ring vanity was covered with blood and so sadly torn that it had lost every semblance of ornamental value.

"I have made you another," she continued and placed before him a wider belt than the soiled one, but it was bright with the tricolor of France.

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JELLIES

PUDDINGS

ICE CREAMS



Rice Mold with Pineapple

Soak 1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water 5 minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add 1/2 cup scalded pineapple juice, 1/2 cup sugar and a few grains of salt to 1 cup cooked rice. Strain into this the gelatine and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add 1 cup whipped cream and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple.

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"It's fine, but you see I am a British patriot," he protested.

"Why, we have patriots in France and it will be ever so nice to be a French champion like Georges Carpentier."

"That's so," he agreed.

"And—and you had better speak to papa."

"You tell him. I can't talk much French yet," Patriot responded.

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 262.

westward, reaching the islands. There he hid himself, pulling the canoe ashore among the bushes. But at nightfall he started again, going south once more. His thorough knowledge of the vast lake permitted him to avoid the main line of travel, and in a few days he was lost in a network of small streams and lakes, until he felt absolutely safe from pursuit. It was not that he was afraid but the animal instinct was strong within him, of self-preservation and of turning against any that might have sought to do him harm. His life was his own for the time being, even though a bitter thing to face, and as long as his strength remained in him he would fight for it and be dangerous.

But never, during the long journey, did he discover any sign that the Nascaupes were seeking him. The chances, he carefully calculated, were that they would never follow him long. They had large, heavy canoes, and came from far away, knowing nothing about the great country to the south. A strong man, with a small and swift canoe lightly laden, journeying through a familiar wilderness, was utterly beyond their power to overtake. Moreover none of the others had seen the quarrel, and it was likely that they knew not who had struck the blow. He also felt quite safe in regard to the dear people left at the Post. So many friendly Montagnais were camped there that the Nascaupes would never dare to work any injury to them. The precautions he had taken, he realized, were scarcely needed, but he had no intention of running stupidly into danger.

The tall Nascaupe, he felt sure, had been killed, and therefore Uapukun would never be troubled by him again.

He was not running away from men so much as fleeing from the renaissance of the skies. When the evil spirits finally had their will of him they would find him alone, with no loved ones about him to wreak further harm upon.

For a time he was practically lost in the wildernesses of the height of land, merely because he had reached a country unknown to him except by vague

hearsay. But his sense of direction never left him, and his unerring instinct as to water-ways made him perfectly confident. Over the great barren lonesome stretches of the higher land he kept on going, his Indian stolidity preventing his being dismayed in the awful solitude. The lad's soul was harrowed indeed, but this happened in the fairer stretches of marsh or forest, during sunlit days, just as strongly as when he toiled under downpours in the wastes that seemed unending.

Finally, one day, when the world had begun to look like a place wherein it was unbelievable that the foot of man had ever trodden, at a turn of the current, suddenly found himself in an inlet leading to a great lake.

The wind was blowing briskly here and he had to keep his canoe very near the shore. Later in the day he reached a wide point jutting out upon the lake, upon which he saw many of the square Montagnais' tents and a number of small houses. A church with a steeple stood upon the hillside, with a flowering garden about it, while lower down there was a building flying the Company's flag. The beach was very rough and stony, requiring careful landing, and many canoes had been carefully upturned upon it. He knew that he had reached the Point Bleue, and that it was the reservation upon which the men of his race were allowed to live. All the rest, as far as he could see, was in the hands of the whites. Farther along the shore he saw a house much larger than the others, from which clouds of gray smoke pulsed out in great jets, and above which a black chimney rose high in the air. It was some miles away but he knew it at once for a sawmill, for Indians had told him that such buildings were the monsters that fed upon the forests, that ate up the trunks of pines and spruces with a hunger that was never satisfied.

The water was somewhat rough, and the landing was a ticklish matter. Ah-teck carefully watched his chance, and as a wave bore him in he gave a great stroke of the paddle and, the moment before the canoe touched the shore, stepped out in water knee deep and lifting it up by a thwart, bore it safely ashore.

Several men had watched him, coming down to help him in case of need. They were Montagnais, just as swarthy as himself, but wore the clothing of white men.

"It was well done, stranger, and thou art welcome," said one of them to him. "By the look of thy canoe thou comest from a far place."

"Ay," he answered. "I come from afar. I have never been in a place like this, where so many people live. Where may a man pitch his tent?"

"There is food ready in my house," said a man whose name, he found later, was Jean Caron. "There is plenty of time for the setting up of thy tent, which may be done on the road-side. Turn thy canoe over and take up thy things. I will help thee carry them, if needed."

In Jean Caron's house the woman set before him fish, and bread and strong tea, and a little girl stared at him. Children, for some reason, were naturally attracted by him. She came near, as he finished his food, and he put out his hands to her.

"In the place I have left," he said, "there is a small boy and also a little girl, whom I love greatly. They come and sit upon my knees and I tell them tales of why the bees sting and how the beaver got his flat tail."

She came to him, a pretty child of some ten years, a little bashful, perhaps, yet also mightily desirous of hearing the ancient tales she already knew, but which find new enchantment with every repetition.

"Thou art so very tall," she said, "and a very strong man."

He laughed, and as she came near he lifted her up to his knee, while the parents smiled, and told her how Misheshu, the fox, had fooled the four blind men and been well punished for his bad conduct.

"I will remain here," said Ahteck. "Here I must make my home now and find some way to earn bread."

Jean Caron shook his head.

"A big strong lad such as thyself could get work to do in the saw-mill," he said, "but the men of our race are not fond of such toil. Dost thou speak French?"

"Yes, and some English also," answered Ahteck.

"They might take thee, but one has to begin when a whistle blows, and keep on till it blows again, and men order one about, and there is little time to rest."

"I will do it," replied Ahteck, quietly.

He pitched his small tent by the roadside, and in the morning, very early, walked off to the mill. A foreman looked at him, in surprise, and questioned him. The lad knew nothing of the work but his apparent willingness, his frank face, and the capable strong limbs he showed, spoke well for him. He was handy with simple tools, having for some years done all of the little carpentering needed at the Post, under Pete's direction. In a few days he was proving worth his small wage. In a month he was a first-rate workman.

But this life, to one used to the freedom of the wilderness, to the greatness of the country in which a thousand square miles often hold not a single

man, although he bore it bravely, was a trial to him. He saved his wages, very carefully, and one day, after three months, he received a long letter from his mother, enclosing a paper he was directed to present to the agent at the Pointe Bleue Post of the Company. Pete McLeod had gone deep in his pocket and was sending him an order for two hundred dollars.

On the next day, in Caron's house, he found a young man called Paul Barotte, but better known among the Indians as Nikutshash, the squirrel. Paul's old mother possessed a hunting ground in a territory above the second Lake Aleck, which is also known as the second Lac des Grandes Pointes. They had owned a horse and a small house on the reservation. But the house had burned down in the early spring and the horse had died, so that they were in a bad fix, as he had earned money in carting lumber. He could not work the trapping lines alone, and was anxious to find a companion to go on shares with him. This, naturally, required some money, that Paul's mother and sister might be kept alive during the winter, and to buy supplies, though the agent would allow some debt.

Ahteck at once seized this opportunity, for Jean Caron, who had been a good friend, and with whom he boarded, so advised him.

"My own hunting ground is two days' journey this side of Paul's," he said. "I know his country. There is good fur. It is a hard country, over many hills and rough ground. But two strong young men can do well there."

The man coughed hard, having a bad cold in his chest, and went on to tell more about that region. The upshot of it all was that a good part of Ahteck's money was left with Paul's mother. The remainder was spent for new traps, ammunition and food, and, when they finally left, it was with but a small debt at the Post.

"You can have more," said the agent, sizing up the two men.

"This will do," replied Ahteck, quietly.

Before leaving, however, he went up to the house of the Oblate fathers. Nearly all the Indians who used Pointe Bleue were fervent Catholics. He had found himself in an atmosphere of much religion. The Fathers themselves lived entirely on the contributions of the Indians and maintained their church upon them also. Ahteck constantly heard of the forgiveness of sins. All one had to do was to show thorough repentance and hatred of one's evil doings. Then the priest would inflict some penance, that must be cheerfully borne, and give absolution of the sins.

He rang the door-bell but there was no answer. Walking in he saw no one,

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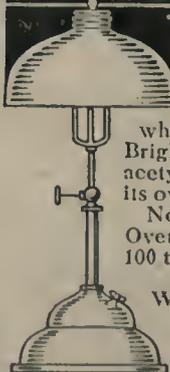
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but in the garden he had noticed one of the Fathers, an old white-bearded man clad in a torn blue jumper, wearing high moccasins, who was toiling among the cabbages. Ahteck went up to him, expressing his desire to confess his sins. The old man looked at him kindly, placed the handle of his hoe against the fence, and led him back to the house.

"Is it true," asked Ahteck, "that the confessions of men remain in the hearts of the priest, to be on no account repeated to others?"

"It is true, my son. But art thou a Catholic? If so I have not seen thee in the church."

"I have not been there, for the weight that is on me kept me from it," answered Ahteck. "When I was a very small child, my mother tells me, I was baptized at Grand Lac by one of the priests who came from this house. His name was Father Laroux."

"That is my name. I was there sixteen years ago," said the old man. "I baptized many children there. Begin thy tale."

Slowly at first, and then faster, the words came to Ahteck who, with outward calm but a fast beating heart, told of the coming of the Nascaupes and the awful thing that followed, while the good old man listened, open-mouthed, at the terrible tale unfolded to him.

Finally he placed his hand on the big lad's shoulder.

"It was done in sudden fear for the life of thy mother," he said, "I understand. But why did'st thou leave so suddenly?"

"I feared the vengeance of God," replied Ahteck. "I wanted it to fall upon me alone, far from those I loved, so that they might not suffer for my sin."

The old man hesitated. He knew the Indian character and its strong belief in the powers of evil, and could understand. To the simple-minded man before him he dared not say too much. It was possible that this separation from loved ones was one of the means whereby penance was being inflicted by divine wisdom, to the ultimate redemption of a soul.

"The matter is a very grave one, my son," he finally said. "Thou shalt not kill!" says the Lord. It is possible that some uncovenanted mercies of His infinite godness may finally keep thy body from harm and thy soul from perdition. I cannot give thee plenary absolution now, but I can pray for thee and bid thee go forth with courage. Much repentance of thy terrible deed, and much prayer for forgiveness, must henceforth come from thee, and it is my hope to be able soon, after thou shalt have shown the earnestness of thy repentance, to lift thy load of sorrow from thy big shoulders. Go now, and may peace abide with thee."

The big lad staggered out. It was

good to know that there was a possibility of hope. Yet he had not obtained full forgiveness. The weight was still on his shoulders. Little by little his mind became somber again at the thought of how little could avail the groping efforts of one soul against all the powers of darkness. Even the priests acknowledged that God claimed vengeance for His own. The killing of a father was so terrible a deed that the vengeance must surely come.

He placed many candles before the altar of the little church and went back, silently, very busy with the preparations for departure. The others were not surprised by his gloomy looks. They had always known him as a very serious youth, little inclined to talk, given to long periods of somber thought. Only with Caron's little girl he became cheerful, at times, and the child had become very fond of him. In the afternoons, after she returned from the school where a host of dusky little ones repeated letters in chorus and learnt the mysteries of simple addition, she waited his return from the mill, eager to talk with him and share some of the wonderful things she had learnt.

Caron, in early September, started off with his family to the place of his wintering. The two young men accompanied them as far as their permanent camp, and remained for one day to help them out a little with the provision of wood. Then Ahteck and Paul left them and plunged farther into the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPUKUN JOINS HER SON

AHTECK with his friend Paul Barotte worked as only men of their race can, when the time of hunting is at hand. The Indian of the North, lazy-looking during the rest of summer, often toils so hard at his trapping that it is a wonder that flesh and blood are able to answer the demands made upon them. They extended their line farther, in unoccupied country, working from a permanent camp which they built of logs. Here they would meet after long journeys during which they both worked different parts of the line, and when Christmas came they interrupted their toil for a few days, during which they went off to spend the great day with Jean Caron and his family.

They returned on the next day to their traps, and when, after long months the ice finally went out, they went back to Lac St. John with a fine lot of fur with which they paid the debt at the Post, leaving a goodly sum to their credit, which they placed in the savings bank at Chicoutimi, the head of navigation of the Saguenay, below the Grand Discharge. During the follow-

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ing summer they were by no means idle. Paul, helped by his friend, built a small new house. Also they worked at the mill and had one good job of guiding.

Continued on page 309.

Sentimental Satirist

Continued from page 271.

"The following Sunday afternoon, fully conscious of the grandeur of the surroundings, she sat in the library and waited——"

SHE sat down on the stairs undecided whether to laugh or cry. The colossal impudence of it all staggered her. That she should be made the sport of a hundred thousand of the common herd, aye the common herd! She was no longer moderate. The thing was unspeakable. This fellow with one sweep of his fountain pen had destroyed the serenity of twenty three years' placidity. She would have him arrested. He should be hanged! She did not realize that writing is not a criminal offence. Perhaps it should be—certainly she would have had it so. She pictured him arrested, thrown into a dungeon cell, then taken out and tried—ah the trial. She had not thought of that. She could see him in the witness box with his hands in his pockets and his gray eyes twinkling with amusement and his thin sensitive lips curling into a smile, as he gave his evidence. No, no, that would never do. She released him on the spot.

Just then she sneezed.

She had often read of distracted heroines creeping downstairs clad in naught but a kimono, but this was her first experience of the real thing. The sneeze did her good. It helped to collect her thoughts.

She sneezed again.

It was then that her well disciplined mind rose to the occasion. She reasoned that she could think the matter out as well in the hygienic comfort of her own boudoir as on a creaking and drafty stairway. She therefore sought her room. Which indicates how superior minded Brenda Southworth was to the ordinary heroine of fiction.

She did not tell her parents about it at the breakfast table. She was afraid her father would laugh—not that her father had a sense of humor, but he had been told that it was good for the digestion to laugh at meal time. She did not confide in her mother because she felt that Mrs. Southworth would not understand. She had spent much time in bringing up her mother and was careful of what that docile lady was told. She even exercised a moral

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ensorship over Mrs. Southworth's reading. This thing was so unconventional that it almost became coarse.

She decided to wait until Lawrence Craighouse telephoned. She prepared her campaign like a seasoned general. She would annihilate him with a devastating fire of words. She was so eager to open the engagement, being confident in her vocabularistic preparations, that she insisted upon answering the telephone each time it rang.

It rang eleven times in the morning.

It rang nine times in the afternoon. With the tenacity of offended womanhood she answered the telephone nine times.

Once a voice, husky and expressive, said,—“Ello, is that you Mahriar?”

She had been mistaken for her own chamber maid. Her fury rose to fever heat. He had done all this. He had inflicted all this worry and humiliation. He had caused her to be mistaken for her own chamber maid. The brute! The inconsiderate brute! . . . She just managed to suppress a sneeze,—the telephone was in a drafty situation in the hallway, . . . This time the sneeze could not be stopped. The tears came to her eyes. She was fast developing symptoms of cold-in-the-head.

She had often wept over novels but this was the first time she had suffered on her own behalf. She blamed the unspeakable Craighouse. She had been up since six o'clock in the morning and had answered the telephone exactly twenty times.

That evening at dinner, her father, who had just completed a delightfully whimsical anecdote of how he had robbed a competitor of an order, glanced up and gasped.

“Do you know, little girl” he said, “I never saw you look so beautiful.”

Brenda Southworth left the table in a flood of tears.

Wednesday passed and still he did not telephone.

THURSDAY morning at five-thirty, she crept downstairs attired in the kimono but reinforced with silk stockings and bedroom slippers. There was no paper. It was too early. She went back to bed and slept until breakfast time.

With an apology for her tardiness she took her place at the breakfast table. The morning paper was propped up against the sugar bowl. Mr. Southworth, as is the custom of business magnates, was reading the sporting columns.

Brenda Southworth caught her breath. Sprawling over the sugar bowl she could see her column—her page.



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THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS.

"Sketch No. 3—At the theatre."

"The next night he took her to a theatre. She did not want to go but she felt that his ideas were so unhealthy. . . ."

Mr. Southworth turned the paper over. The batting averages had been crowded into the Editorial page.

Friday passed and still no word from Craighouse. The hours dragged on listlessly. She thought she understood something of the feelings of a condemned prisoner awaiting the morning of his execution.

Friday night she went to a dance. She felt strangely self conscious. She glanced about the room expecting to detect covert mirth in the eyes of the guests. Instead she caused even less than usual effect. Dolly Dalrymple a vivacious blonde was home from England and was the belle of the hour. Dolly Dalrymple, indeed—that vacuous animated bundle of inanity. There was one thing sure—Lawrence Craighouse could never run a series of articles about HER. A man of his brains and humor wouldn't bother with Dolly Dalrymple for half an hour. It made her feel better and she smiled. The smile brought Fred Robertson to her side.

"By Jove! Miss Southworth," he ejaculated, "I never saw you look so stunning."

The remark made her think, which is in itself a noteworthy fact. It is doubtful if she had ever before heard a remark at a dance that had caused her to think.

Saturday morning she slept until ten and breakfasted in bed.

"Maria" she said "bring me the paper." It was all she could do to refrain from calling her "Mahriar." She was rapidly developing a sense of the ridiculous which is a long step towards a sense of humor.

The newspaper came. With amazing fortitude she glanced first at the society columns. The dance was featured. "Miss Ethel Jones was in pale silk. Miss Dolly Dalrymple was in blue satin." And THAT disposes of Miss Dolly Dalrymple. THAT was a snap of the fingers.

"Miss Dolly Dalrymple was in blue satin."

SHE was in a newspaper article!

She had never scoffed at society before. Brenda Southworth was fast developing a mind.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS.

"Sketch No. 4—They lunch down town."

"Two days later.

She dropped two lumps of sugar into the coffee, then resumed her reading—



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".... she continued the good work by lunching with him downtown. She looked genuinely pretty in a dark walking suit with a large white collar."

Crudely put of course but—she leaned back in the pillows and smiled. It gave her a pleasurable thrill to toy with the thing like that. The suspense was exquisite. After all he was right: She did look genuinely pretty in her walking suit. "And Miss Dolly Dalrymple was in blue satin." How tame it sounded. She laughed,—then read the rest of it.

AT the conclusion of the sketch she leaned back once more and meditated. She had not seen him since they had lunched together and there was another edition in the morning. What was next? She began to feel a proprietary interest in the Sunday Globe. She wondered if Lawrence Craighouse's articles were a success—of course they were interesting to her but would the general public appreciate them.

She was called to the telephone.

"Hello," she said. She could say "hello" well. It had a noncommittal alluring upward inflection that was at once captivating and impersonal.

"Brenda—this is Laury speaking."

There was a silence. She wondered if he could hear the pounding of her heart.

"Brenda—are you there?"

She found her voice. "Yes," she said. It was not brilliant but it had the element of truth in it.

"Good—I'm in an awful rush—I just wanted to tell you that I'm coming to see you at 8.15 to-night—no, no, let's say 8.25."

"But—but I have an engagement."

"Then break it. Sorry I can't wait to chat. So long."

"But Mister Craighouse—"

"Are you calling a number?" asked central.

If Brenda Southworth had been of a profane disposition she would have sworn but she was first a lady—then a golfer. Instead she stamped her foot. The rug was thick and her foot was encased in a satin slipper. She failed to experience the relief she had expected.

She decided to let him come. She would end the thing that night. She would be made a fool of no longer—but she had promised to go to the theater with Fred Robertson—

She called him up and told a lie. She said she could not go to the theatre because she had a headache.

An hour afterwards a dozen roses arrived with Mr. Robertson's sympathy. Her blush was as deep as that of the roses. Each thorn pricked her conscience like the sword of an accusing angel.



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	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Force . . .	\$14,189,613	\$20,237,984	\$27,118,375	\$34,820,327
Insurance Issued	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,063,511
Total Assets	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest				
Income	754,307	959,135	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

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AT 8.26 Lawrence Craighouse arrived and was shown into the library. She stood with haughty mien and gazed at him as he entered. A gray tweed of undisputed cut adorned his supple form. He did not advance, he did not retreat. He stood in the doorway and looked at her without a word.

"I suppose" he said after a pause, "that you are furious with me." She breathed easier. She felt like a duellist when his opponent announces the choice of weapons. Apparently this fellow Craighouse wished to come straight to the point. Very good,—it suited her.

"I would be furious if I were not so amused," she said, and with that strange sense of irrelevance which is peculiarly feminine, a flush of anger mantled her cheeks.

"By Jove!" said Craighouse, advancing a step, "I never saw you look like that before. You look simply magnificent."

She tried to sneer,—then remembered her former attempt and coughed instead.

"I suppose," she said icily, "That I must be careful what I say, as I presume I am speaking for publication."

He grinned,—he did not even smile,—he grinned.

"How do you like them?" He thrust his hands into his pockets. "The editor thinks they're great."

She thought of her early morning vigils on the stairway. She remembered being mistaken for her chamber maid. The humiliation of it all surged up in one great wave of self pity that threatened to engulf her in a sea of tears. She turned on him, almost choking with suppressed indignation.

"I thought you were a gentleman when I met you (which was not strictly true) I thought you valued me as a friend,—it seemed to me you took pleasure in my company and I liked you, too." (Heavens! What was she saying?) "To me, friendship is a sacred thing,—something to be cherished, to be worked for."

(Her sense of the dramatic had risen magnificently to the occasion. She felt like the persecuted heroine at the end of the third act of a melodrama, just before she hurls herself into the night) "All this I thought! (her vocabulary had gotten the bit between its teeth and was off!)

To me you were a friend,—to you, I was just a toy, a thing to play with, that you might listen to my prattle and then make sport of me before a million readers. What was I to you? Be honest with me, what was I to you?"

She turned on him desperately.

"The technical name," he murmured, "is 'copy.'"

"I never want to see you again as long as I live," said Brenda South-

worth, and she turned away from him.

In two strides Lawrence Craighouse was by her side.

"You don't understand," he said, speaking rapidly and with quiet intensity. "A writer casts about for material and cannot write until something has interested him. I saw the possibilities of humor the moment I met you,—the next time we were together I saw something of your real nature behind that indifference which you have built up by your false outlook on life. From then on you fascinated me, I simply had to write about you. I tried to startle you out of that composure and in doing so I have hurt myself more than you—"

"In what way are you hurt?" Her dark eyes held his in a puzzled look. Her quivering lips slightly revealed her teeth that were like pearls and her delicate skin was suffused with a radiant glow.

He drew in his breath quickly and a slight flush mantled his own cheeks.

"Brenda, dear, can't you understand it? I'm mad, rapturously, insanely in love with you!" And with a sudden move he crushed her in his arms and held her lips imprisoned by his for one mad, passionate, pulsating moment, then turned swiftly and left her.

SHE sought her room, quivering with anger. He had kissed her—she had been kissed by this unspeakable upstart! It had been her proudest boast that no man had even touched her hand with amorous intent, and this braggadocio newspaper writer had held her in his arms and had kissed her. She thrilled with rage. She paced the room and sought to bring her thoughts to coherency. Gradually she quieted down. The rage left her soul. The flashing anger of her eyes softened to a tenderer gleam. She glanced in the mirror and saw reflected her flushed cheeks and glorious, shining eyes and another, greater thrill sent her all pale and then a deeper crimson than before. She had been kissed. She had been loved. Ah Woman, Woman, Woman. Life spread before her, a sweeter, deeper thing than she had ever dreamed.

Sunday morning she noticed another Editor's note where his column should have been.

"The series of sketches by Mr. Craighouse, entitled 'The Love Affair of an Heiress' will end with next Tuesday's edition, as the young author is leaving for a prolonged vacation at the sea side. His column Sentiment and Satire, much to our regret, will cease to exist after Tuesday's issue."

On Monday afternoon by one of those coincidences that only happen to young people, they met in the quiet

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 304.

avenue of a city park and listened to the contented murmurings of the breeze among the spring-budding leaves. Nature seemed strangely beautiful to them both. With the sublime egotism of lovers, they felt that it was especially beautiful that day.

"Why are you going away?" she asked.

"I am going to ask you to marry me," he said, "and if you say—yes, I am going on my honeymoon."

"And if I say no?"

"Then I am going away to recuperate."

She smiled tenderly. She was beginning to see that flippancy is often the essence of sincerity.

ON Tuesday morning Lawrence Craighouse's admirers read with some amusement, the finish of his series.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF AN HEIRESS."

"Sketch No. 5.—The last."

"He proposed to her. He wasn't nearly good enough for her but she took him and they lived happily ever afterwards."

"I don't think much of that," said the City Editor.

"Have you seen this?" asked the Society Editor. "It's in my column."

"Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Southworth, of 'Bellefair,' announce the engagement of their daughter, Brenda Louise, to Mr. Lawrence Austin Craighouse, son of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Craighouse, and grandson of the late Sir John Craighouse."

The City Editor scratched his head.

"Well I'll be——"

The Society Editor coughed.

"——hanged!" said the City Editor.

The Millwright of Waterloo

Continued from page 265.

He flung it. It was caught and laid across a piece of muddy lumber. Out came the stubby pencil, no longer than your thumb, and higgledy-piggledy, sprawling over the page, was set the name of the wealthiest lumber king in Canada.

In the words of a deeply impressed visitor, "it makes you feel, by heck, as though you didn't want to waste a match stick!"

Papa—"Why, hang it, girl, that fellow only earns nine dollars a week!"

Pleading Daughter—"Yes; but, daddy, dear, a week passes so quickly when you're fond of one another."

The following winter paid them well also. They had started off without any debt, and prices for mink, of which they had caught many, chanced to be high. The little accounts at the bank were increased. Ahteck still boarded at Caron's and the friendly child, Mititsh, who was growing fast, still watched eagerly for his return from work.

But while Ahteck toiled at these things another great change in his life was impending. It was rumored that the agent at Pointe Bleue was to obtain a better place elsewhere, and men of the brigade from Grand Lac hinted that Peter McLeod had spoken of a possibility of his returning nearer to civilization, that his children might obtain a better education.

Away north at Grand Lac, however, the great loving heart of Pete McLeod had begun to beat more feebly. In the winter there had been a frightful blizzard in which he was caught, for a time, and from which he issued with feet badly frozen and a cough that racked his frame. Again, soon after the melting of the ice he had much to do with the saving of some Indians, in a sudden storm, who had been upset while lifting their nets. Few details were ever heard of his sickness, excepting that towards the last he had grown very thin, and the great chest uplifted fast in shallow breaths, while his face had become narrower and the eyes very large. The brigade arrived and brought him an important letter. We know not whether it was Mr. Smith who wrote it, but the words brought to Pete a look of happy pride, as if the hopes and ambitions of a long, honest and manly life of faithful endeavor had all been fulfilled. His breathing became quieter and a look of great peace came upon him, while the new arrivals stood outside, shaking their heads in deep concern. He fell asleep, quietly, like a child.

But a few days later he pressed the woman dear to his heart to his bosom, and passed his thin hands over the children's heads and kissed them, lovingly. To the weeping woman he said that for years she had made him the happiest man on earth, and that he was grateful. After this he went to sleep again, very quietly. But this time he did not awaken again, having passed away in the achievement of hope, in the contentment of duty well done.

For many long hours the woman prayed, as best she knew how. When she rose from the side of his bed it could be seen that there were a good many white hairs among her still heavy black tresses, and that the face that had been so smooth and beautiful

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was seamed with many lines of sorrow and care.

A new man had come with the brigade, to take Peter's place at Grand Lac, for the letter had brought with it an order to return to Lac St. Jean and take charge of the Post there, with an increase in pay and responsibility, yet a promise of an easier life. Marie, the wife, whom Pete had always loved to call by her Indian name of Uapukun, remembered his wishes as to the children's education and longed for a sight of her tall son. When the brigade started for the southland again she left with it. It was only when the canoe in which she sat rounded a headland and caused the point upon which the last home of Peter had been dug to disappear, that a flood of tears came to the woman who, for some days, had been dry-eyed and haggard. Ever after, however, the mental image of her man stood before her, in the darkness and in the light, shedding a lasting benison that made hardship easier to bear.

The canoes, in which, this time, there was little singing, swiftly shot down the great rapids of the chief branch, and in due course arrived at the Pointe Bleue, heavily laden with great bales of fur, for the last winter had been one of good hunting.

Ahteck knew that a new agent had been sent to Grand Lac to replace the man who had been as a father to him, and was among the many who waited on the beach after the returning brigade was sighted. He wanted and yet feared to see him, with the mother and the little ones. He had a vague, tremulous desire to behold them again, to press them to his heart, and then to run away again lest they might, being near him, be included in the coming vengeance he firmly believed must overtake him.

Finally they landed, and Uapukun had recognized him from afar, because he was so much taller than most men. She looked upon his great and handsome frame with pride, and, had there been none at hand to see, would have sobbed upon his shoulder. Ahteck's eyes grew bright with unshed tears when he heard of the passing away of Peter, but like his mother he controlled himself. Also his heart felt sore when he remembered the beauty and the lithe strength of his mother, for he helped and took to his heart a woman who had aged a great deal and looked bent beyond her years, though still brave and strong of spirit.

The children, much grown, were delighted to see once more the man they had always called their Uncle Caribou. For weeks and months they had persistently asked for him, and shed tears because he did not return, until he had become a sort of tradition to them.

Peter McLeod, true to his Scotch ancestry, had been a very saving man. There was little opportunity in the great Northland to spend money, and Uapukun found herself a rich woman in comparison with most of the dwellers on the reservation. With the advice of friends Ahteck had made, guided also by the missionary fathers, she bought a small house and a fair bit of ground, insisting that Ahteck, in spite of his fears, should live with her. The children were sent to school.

Ahteck seldom worked in the saw-mill now, for by this time he was much in demand by sportsmen at the various fishing clubs on the line of the railway, whom he guided for the trout and ouananiche fishing. It is true, that, at first, they were apt to consider him as a great hulking surly fellow, for he never spoke but to answer their questions. But as soon as they had realized his great skill in canoes, his feats of carrying over portages and the unerring knowledge of woodcraft he had learned from Peter and from the Indians who used Grand Lac Post, they recognized him as an invaluable man.

His laughter was never heard among the cheerful voices of the other Indians assembled about the anglers' campfires. The Montagnais, when guiding and furnished with all the tea and tobacco they want, are easily moved to merry talk among themselves, if once their suspicions that the white people may laugh at them are dispelled.

The dusky girls of the reservation would easily enough have looked upon him with favor, for he was known as a successful trapper, a man of good habits, never taking strong drink. He was comparatively well off, never having any debt at the Post, and his looks were attractive. But, without actually shunning them, he never paid the slightest attention to them. It was much as if they had not existed. Once he declared to Uapukun that he would never marry.

"Now that thou art here," he said, "it may be that no harm will come to thee or the children on my account. My life is very good. All will go well until the time is at hand when things will turn for me. For such a day must come, sooner or later. The debt must always be paid. I have no mind ever to drag a woman into the fate that is awaiting me."

To be continued.

"Dearest," he said, "can't I get you a nice diamond ring for Christmas?"

"No, darling," whispered the far-seeing young thing; "I will take the ring now. Let Christmas bring its happy surprises, just as usual."

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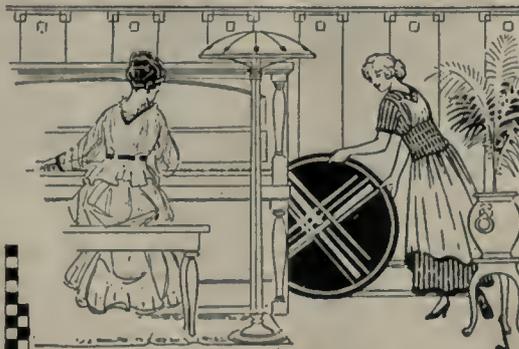
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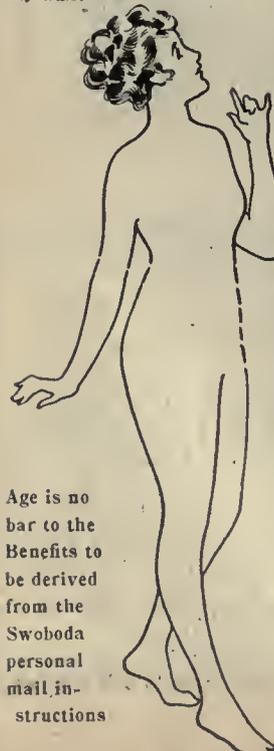
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Running Riot Through Canada's Legislative Bodies

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs



THE recent burning of Canada's main Parliament Building has focussed the interest and attention of the whole of the Dominion upon that splendid Gothic structure and the Institution it represents.

If fifty-seven years is long for the life of architecture, then the Parliament Building was old and "out-of-date" as people claim, for work was begun upon it in December, 1859. During the May of that year, a competition for designs had been opened to the public and in September the award was given to Mr. Thomas Fuller. Fuller was an Englishman with quite a reputation for Italian-Gothic architecture which happened to be much in vogue at the time; that and the fact that Lord Monck threw the weight of his influence in its favour, proved decisive.

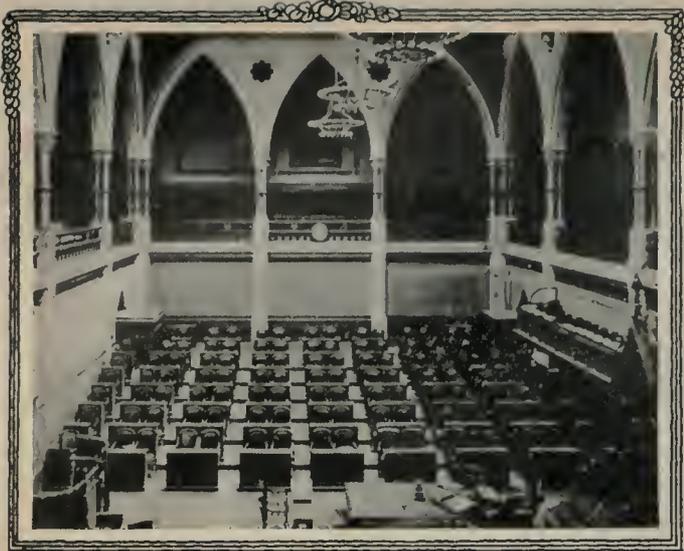
The corner stone was laid in 1860 by the then Prince of Wales, and the entire population of the Capital were en fete for the occasion. Although completion was expected by 1862, the building was not ready for occupancy until 1866, so the First Session opened in the year prior to Confederation amid stirring times. June 8th, marked a date coincident with the first Fenian Raid invasion, and Parliament was consequently somewhat militant in tone.



The First Session, marked also, the end of the old regime. On July 1st, 1867, Canada celebrated the union of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and she celebrated royally.

The British North America Act which cemented the four Provinces into an infant Dominion, provided that the Constitution of Canada should be similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom; hence the appointment of our governing bodies—such as a representative of the reigning Sovereign, a Premier, a Privy Council, the Senate and the House of Commons. This latter body was situated in the western wing of the burned building, which was restfully green in tone. The Senate occupied the eastern wing which was gorgeously red in colour. The Library of Parliament was built between the two wings at the back, and has been, happily, very little damaged. The rest of the Parliament Building was given over to offices, press rooms, the restaurant, and living accommodation for the two Speakers, as well as many other officials connected with the business of the country.

Storm followed storm in those early days. Indeed, the political heavens have never become monotonously cloud free. But back in '67-'68, strong men were swayed by



The House of Commons was situated in the west wing, which was restfully green in tone.

strong passions, and they used correspondingly strong language on the floor of the House, in the Corridors, or wherever they happened to be.

Those were the days in which the Pacific Scandal embroiled some of our biggest men; those were the days when Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Tupper and Donald Smith rarely met without casting violent aspersions upon the moral status of each other, and they seldom paused to consider Parliamentary phraseology in which to couch their forcible utterances. Those were the days before our Hansard came into being—Hansard, that body of faithful animated Pens, the fount of whose inspiration never runs dry—when expert short-hand writers from Washington were imported at enormous expense to record the vituperations of Canada's House of Commons and her Senate.

"Thief!" Dr. Tupper would roar across the strip of carpet which separated him from brawny Donald Smith.

"Liar!" would return the latter so quickly, that pencils snapped at the point in their effort to take it down.

The unrevised version of that time reads more like a brawl in an Oriental Bazaar than the proceedings of a legislative body. It bristles with Scoundrel, Robber, Liar, Thief and many lesser opprobrious epithets. But even the unrevised edition of Hansard holds no account of the actual hand-to-hand encounter, between Sir John and the future Lord Strathcona, which took place in the Corridor.

Sir John made the attack, but he would have fared ill had not various members hastily intervened and by sheer force of numbers dragged the irate giant Smith away.

Frequently, strangers who make a point of attending a debate or two are disappointed at the tameness of the House of Commons as considered from

the Gallery. They do not stop to realize that many more interesting events transpire in the Corridors, in the Press Rooms, in the Restaurant and elsewhere in the Building, than upon the floor of the House.

Hansard is an interesting institution in itself. A large staff of men are employed in the Commons and the Senate to report verbatim what is spoken in each Chamber. In the Senate two reporters work simultaneously fifteen minutes at a time; in the Commons, one is deemed

sufficient. Occasionally, before his shift is ended, he has to send a page for relief. . . . should a French member rise to speak. For, according to the Constitution, "either the English or French language may be used by any person in the Debates of the Houses of the Parliament of Canada, and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec, and both these languages are used in the respective Records and Journals of those Houses, and either of those languages may be used by any person or in any Pleading or Process in or issuing from, any Court of Canada established under the B. N. A. Act and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec."

Hansard reports are expurgated, translated and printed in the Printing Bureau at the close of each day's proceedings. They are available to him who asks, and each member receives the report of the day previous when he

goes to his desk. It is not infrequent, however, to find mistakes even after the manuscript is printed, after it has passed under the eagle eye and blue pencil of the Chief of the Hansard Staff. These errors provide subject for some twitting on the part of the opposite side of the House, and subject for rather long-winded explanations from the member misquoted.

Another interesting and important adjunct to Parliament, is what is known as the Press Gallery, a number of representatives from newspapers all over the country who give out to the country through the mediums of their papers, reports, warnings, advice and prophetic utterances inspired by what happens during the session. Very few women have ever been admitted to this august body—the writer being one exception and a notable one being Sara Jeanette Duncan.

When the country rose in protest against Sir John Macdonald and his party, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie (who, you will remember refused knighthood) took his seat as Chief Executive in the very building upon which he had worked as stone mason some years before. He had a high ambition, and tried to make his governing as austere honest as the previous one had been lax. Evidently, the people objected to one as much as the other, for efforts to pry into the Dominion Strong Box, by pilferous and devious means, were so numerous and frequent, that the Premier bitterly remarked,

"I have to sleep with my arms around the Treasury!"

And so the country turned 'em out—turned 'em out—turned 'em out, and reinstated the Tories again with Sir John as the triumphant leader. They won their election by a tremendous majority on the "National Policy" issue, but as sometimes happens when



The Senate occupied the eastern wing, which was gorgeously red

a prominent leader is defeated in his own constituency—Sir John, himself, lost his riding at Kingston. A seat was immediately found for him in British Columbia where he had as his colleague a somewhat unlettered gentleman.

The latter proud that he was so closely associated with the Premier never lost an opportunity of mentioning the fact while on the floor of the House. One day, when he brought up the subject so dear to his heart and said, "You know, Sir John, we are both rowing in the same boat," the old chieftain replied with a shade of irritation,

"Yes, but not with the same *sculls!*"

It was in the Mackenzie administration that the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin was appointed Speaker of the House of Commons, and following the prescribed custom, moved into the portion of the main building which is known as the Speaker's quarters. Here is where Miss Margaret Anglin was born and

where she spent the earlier years of her childhood, playing at make-believe and peopling the quaint residence with characters that are scarcely less interesting than those who sat just beyond its green doors. She was the only child ever born in the building. Indeed, very few children have ever lived "on the Hill," the notable exceptions being those of the newly-appointed Speaker, Dr. Sevigny. These little tots were dropped from a window by their mother into a net, while the room blazed behind them. They landed in safety. Mme. Sevigny was also forced to jump and escaped bodily injury. Not so fortunate, however, were her two guests. Probably, the only tragedies the Speaker's Quarters have ever known, were the deaths of Mme. Bray and Mme. Morin, who were suffocated before they could escape from the building.

Morin reminds one of the interesting little character of that name, one of the few Conservative members returned in the Province of Quebec in 1896. Jean Baptiste Morin wore snowshoe moccasins and loved to sit in the Corridors chatting with the pages with whom he seemed to feel more at home than with the majority of his colleagues. During the exciting debate over the Mackenzie-Mann Bill, in regard to a railway into the Yukon in '98, Morin felt himself called by Heaven (and justice) to make a speech.

"An' I will spik in English, too," he boasted.

After working himself into a frenzy



On the afternoon following the fire the House of Commons sat in the Theatre, the only place available, the Speaker on the stage, under a Florentine curtain and over footlights; Parliament was dramatic in tone.



of righteous indignation and an almost unintelligible jargon, he suddenly burst out quite clearly.

"An' w'at will dey say—de contractors—eh? Mr. Speaker, dey will say to Hell with de road!"

Sir James Edgar, the Speaker, tall, dignified, the epitome of decorum, rose slowly from his seat and transfixed the little Jean Ba'tiste with his eye. Since the days of the Pacific Scandal, Parliamentary language had improved and members were supposed to use a certain control in the matter of diction. But before Sir James could utter the reproof which trembled on his lips, Morin, anticipating the rebuke, made frantic gestures and cried,

"It's all right, Mr. Speaker. . . . I didn't say no'ting at all. . . . YOU SIT DOWN!"

This was recorded in Hansard, of course, but the objectionable parts were deleted by the censor.

A unique circumstance centres around various administrations occurring between the death of Sir John Thompson and the advent of the Laurier Government. The Constitution decrees that five years limits the time one party may remain in power without an election. At the time Sir John died, there was still a couple of years left to the party and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, one of the most picturesque figures in the Senate to-day, was called upon by the Governor General to "form a Ministry which he succeeded in doing. He took office as

President of the Council, and reconstructed the Ministry in 1896." Thus he was both Premier and President of the Council. But in '96 the Conservative party found themselves disrupted over the Manitoba School Question, better known perhaps as the Remedial Bill. The men who sat on the Government Benches could hardly be called a "party" so split were they into warring factions and even the Cabinet failed to stand by its head. The deserted Premier referred to his Ministers as a "nest of traitors." And he resigned.

Sir Charles Tupper immediately stepped into his shoes—Sir Charles whose recent death marks the passing of the last of the Fathers of Confederation. He refused to go to the country, anticipating certain defeat; rather, he and his followers preferred to allow Parliament to die by efflux—the first and last time in its history.

Sir Louis Davies, then merely a member from Prince Edward Island, claimed the unique distinction of being on his feet when the House drew its last breath. The situation increased in dramatic tenacity as the two big clocks told off the minutes by spasmodic jerks. As midnight struck, the Speaker interrupted him in the middle of a sentence, the Hansard man inscribed a—upon his page and the seventh Parliament automatically died.

Continued on page 365.

The Son of the Otter

By George Van Schaick

Illustrated by Frederic M. Grant



CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The time was coming for Ahteck to start again with Paul Barotte for the winter's hunting. For a few months she had possessed her great son again, and knew that his absence of many months would make the days terribly long for her, since she would daily wonder whether some frightful judgment from on high was not hovering over him. But she had no thought of trying to keep him. The hunting was his living; it was the life he longed for, the opportunity to toil so hard that for very weariness and exhaustion he would sleep soundly and forget the obsession that was upon him. Paul Barotte often came in. He was a cheerful soul, always singing, and his friend's taciturnity and gloom never affected him. The two children had grown fond of him, and were always glad to welcome him.

As usual they would have gone up with Jean Caron, but a few days of guiding kept them back. The older man did not care to wait, saying he did not feel very strong, that year. Doubtless the air of the woods and the clear cold would make him all right again soon. That cough of his would surely stop then, and the flesh would return to his bones. He would go up in leisurely traveling, taking things easy, for his woman also was not very strong. But Mititish his daughter was growing into quite a big girl, and was very helpful, and there would be no trouble.

Therefore, on an August day, Jean Caron took his two canoes and provisions, with his wife and daughter, across the lake on a little steamer that was going to the mouth of the Peribonca. A thin film of ice had formed that night over a pail of water that

had stood near the door of the house, and he was glad he had decided on an early start. On the deck of the little steamer he sat and persistently smoked a strong pipe that made him cough harder. It would surely pass off, when they reached the places where men were not all huddled up, and there was room to breathe in comfort.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

AHTECK and Paul Barotte returned from their guiding a week later. It was the first of September before they left Pointe Bleue, crossing the big lake to the mouth of the Peribonca, a large river flowing through an inlet in the twisted bed of a shallow delta half choked with the sands that come down with the Spring's murky floods. Here the hard work began.

Those unfamiliar with the needs of men in a wilderness have little idea of the enormous quantity of supplies they require. The average man, working hard, consumes at least two and a half pounds of food a day. For two men, during the nine months till the first of June, this represents over thirteen hundred pounds. As they expected to eke out their supply with game such as hare and partridges, besides a few heads of big game, if they were lucky, for it is scarce in that immediate region, they took a little less than a thousand pounds, mostly flour and pork and tea. Then the new traps, the ammunition, the blankets, the guns and the clothing, amounted to several hundred pounds more, and the two canoes were laden nearly to the water's edge. But it was impossible for a man alone to propel a canoe up the swift current of a strong river,

Synopsis

Peter McLeod is appointed agent for the Hudson Bay Company at Grand Lac, to succeed the inebriate Jim Barry, recently deceased. Upon his arrival at the Post, Peter finds stores depleted and accounts unkept. He tries to restore order and accidentally discharges an old pistol which wounds him in the leg. The various remedies applied by the Indians result in blood poisoning and he is near to death. Uapukun, a lovely young Indian girl, nurses him back to health and is rewarded with his love. She had been a servant for Barry's wife, during that unfortunate woman's lifetime, and her knowledge of affairs at the Post is a great aid to Peter in straightening out the financial chaos. She tells him that the bright-eyed youngster Ahteck, always at her side, is her brother; both presently become essential to McLeod's happiness and he marries her. He never leaves her, the lithe young Indian lad, or their own two little ones and his fortunes prosper. One evil day, when he is away on a week's hunting trip a band of Nascaupes arrive and their spokesman reveals himself to Uapukun as the avenging husband who has sought out her hiding place. She can purchase his silence only by giving him expensive stores and firearms. She refuses and he is about to strike her when Ahteck, hearing his threats, rushes upon him and fells him with a blow. He believes he has killed his father, as he now knows him to be, and his fears are strengthened when the Indians flee overnight. He insists upon leaving home lest the punishment of offended deities may include those he loves, and journeys to Pointe Bleue, where he finds the Indians friendly. Here he works in a saw-mill and lives with the family of Jean Caron, whose little daughter, Mititish, alone can rouse him from his gloom. He goes on trapping expeditions with Caron's friend, Paul Barotte, and finally abandons his work at the sawmill for this newer occupation.

Upon the death of Peter McLeod, Uapukun seeks out Ahteck, overcomes his scruples, and, with the snug sum which Peter has left her, makes a comfortable home for Ahteck and the two children.

so that the progress was made by the taking of one canoe up for some miles by the two hunters, who walked back on the bank to bring the other one up in turn. Over the portages, that were

many, the canoes and the outfit required many trips until everything was carried over. From early morning till sundown they toiled, in the heat of the day, pestered by mosquitoes and black-flies innumerable, their bodies dripping with sweat.

A few miles away from the lake they found Jean Caron's log shack. The family had arrived the day before, although they had left with over a week's start. The man was already encamped with his wife and Mititish, his daughter, who was now thirteen and well-grown for her years. Between her and her parents there was a painful contrast. Jean was coughing badly and mentioned with the most stolid indifference the fact that he had spat some blood, while carrying big loads during the journey over the portages. With the wonderful hopefulness of most consumptives he declared that he would soon be entirely well again.

He had no doubt that there were provisions enough to carry them over the winter, with care, and providing it should not last too long. He had seen tracks of moose. They were never plentiful in that part of the country, yet he might have the luck to kill one, later on, when the cold weather would allow the meat to keep long. It would be a great help to them. As to caribou he had seen no signs, but some might come later on, for they were great wanderers, here one day and gone the next.

"If you should have trouble," said Ahteck,

"you know the place of our camp, thirty miles above this, and doubtless we will come down again for Christmas."

The man nodded. The two lads had packed up their tent and loaded the canoes, ready to start. They filled their pipes anew and shook hands. Mititish came forward, sorry to see them leave. Ahteck took off a bright red neckerchief he had worn about his neck and handed it to her. She shook her head at first, rather bashfully, but finally she was glad to take it, and wished them good luck.

So they entered their canoes again, for there was an easy bit of dead water ahead.



For a moment he stopped on the sill to see what manner of weather the sunset was portending for the next day. Suddenly he turned his head to one side, listening eagerly. Just to the south rose a cry that was surely the call of a man in distress

They found their little shack in good order. The small cast-iron stove was hardly rusted at all, for they had taken pains to grease it thoroughly before leaving in the spring, as well as the traps. There was a great deal of work to be attended to before the winter's work began in earnest. They made a huge provision of firewood, overhauled the steel traps, prepared stretching rings and the flat boards used for cased pelts, and saw carefully to the babiche of their snowshoes.

As they had foreseen, the winter proved a hard one that year; there were constant falls of snow which often covered up most of the traps, in spite of the little shelters of branches made to protect them, and entailing much

hard work all along the line. Then every snowfall was followed by cold growing more and more bitter, till mittened fingers grew numb, and the skin of their faces blackened and cracked and bled. It became so intense that, when they were traveling, rather lightly clad, since very heavy clothing impedes fast going, and chanced to be unable to reach one of the small shacks, they would sometimes be sleepless all night, building great fires lest they might freeze to death. On very still nights, when there was little danger from flying sparks and embers, they could build two fires and lie down between them for short sleeps, till more fuel had to be added. But on one occasion the wind arose suddenly, and Paul's clothes caught fire so that he was rather badly singed before he could roll in the snow.

Christmas was not very far off when, one day, they met again at the main camp. Ahteck had managed to shoot a young bull moose, and came in with a

tremendous load of meat, which was hung up in a place of safety, frozen hard, and fat which they tried into empty cans for future use. The remainder he had carefully put away on a high scaffold, out of reach of foxes and other robbers. It would keep all winter.

They spoke of soon celebrating the day by going to visit the Carons, to whom they would bring a good present of meat. They would all speak of the women and children far to the south, who would throng the little church of the Oblate Fathers and lift up their voices in song at the midnight mass. There would be great steaks of the moose, fried in fat, and there would be also some of the fine white meat of a lynx. The tea would be flavored with more than the usual small portion of sugar, which, in bitter cold, man craves exceedingly.

The days were short indeed. It was only four o'clock but the sun was already low down on the horizon, bathing the great snow-covered world in a flood of crimson. Paul had just repeated, as he counted on his fingers, the tally of their goodly store of pelts. They had many hides of mink and marten, of the fierce fishers that are said to be able to run down and kill foxes, with some lynx and otters and large bundles of marten. After this he went on to speak of a *carcajou*, or wolverine, that had been robbing some traps with the devilish ingenuity of his kind, and of many unavailing efforts to capture the beast. As the supply of wood for the stove would need replenishing for the night he drew on his mittens, pulled his old fur cap down over his ears and opened the door.

For a moment he stopped on the sill, to see what manner of weather the sunset was portending for the next day. Suddenly he turned his head to one side, listening eagerly, with the breath steaming from his open mouth.

"Oh, Ahteck!" he called.

Swiftly his companion jumped to his side and they both stood still, listening keenly.

"What was it?" asked Ahteck.

Then, from the tangle and the wilderness of the thick woods just to the south of them arose a cry that was no howl of *Maigan*; the wolf, or of *Uapukulu*, the great white Arctic owl, but surely the call of a man in distress.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF JEAN CARON

IN spite of the fierce cold and the terrible toil they had been experiencing the tale of the earlier winter had been one of success for the two young men. To the south of them, however, the march of events had culminated in disaster.

Jean Caron had continued, like a brave man, to make light of his trouble and to indulge in hopes probably based in part on ignorance of the real nature of his malady. With the coming of frost he would be better; daily he declared that he was stronger; yes, he was growing thinner, but this was due to the hard work! Such were the illusions with which he encouraged himself and, to some extent, deceived the girl and the woman who shared his hardships. He traveled his long line as formerly, but at night slept exhausted, racked by a continual cough, bathed by perspirations that chilled him to the bone when he rose in the morning and tottered in search of fuel for more fire wherewith to warm himself and boil his tea, of which he took a great deal, black and with the last trace of bitterness extracted from the leaves.

Mititesh took upon herself the tending of a fair part of the line, as far as she could cover it in a day's travel, for her mother was always anxious lest something should happen to the child, and feared to be left alone to spend the nights. The girl worked with indomitable energy, in the measure of her strength. Gradually the cooking devolved upon her, and the cutting of firewood and stretching of the few skins she obtained and those the man brought in, so that she became gaunt with overwork, though still strong on account of her youth.

Jean left early one morning, his wife staring at him as he disappeared through the woods on his snowshoes, swaying in his gait more like a man returning utterly exhausted from a long hunt than one just starting for a four days' trip. She was conscious of his indomitable courage, but it terrified her. She had tried to prevail on him to remain longer in camp, to rest until greater strength should return, but he had shaken his head, fastened the thongs about his feet and departed, the snowshoes seeming to drag after him, as he bent forward, apparently overburdened by the light load of his gun and the small pack containing his blankets and food, with some bait.

They had a small dog with them, of the nondescript breed found among the canoe Indians. They prefer small animals, for the heavier ones take room in the canoes and require more food. Those who take larger dogs are compelled to let them run along the banks of rivers, where they have to find their way through frightful tangles and swim many smaller streams to follow their masters. Mititesh was fond of the little roughcoated thing, that was as yet little more than a pup and followed her in the woods whenever she went out to her traps.

Jean Caron had been gone but a few hours when Mititesh, who had left

soon after, going in an opposite direction, returned to the camp with a hare she had snared and a fine marten. She was happy. It was a good day's work and the mother, who had been mending a ragged pair of trousers belonging to her man, smiled at the child and praised her.

"Wilt thou skin the hare?" said Mititesh. "I will go out and cut more wood. There will be light for a short time yet."

The woman swiftly prepared the hare and cut it in pieces, intending to cook a small portion of it and to keep the rest for Jean. She placed some pieces in the frying pan, after melting fat in which the meat soon sizzled, and turned it over with a sharp stick. Presently it was nearly done and she went out, in the intense cold, to call the child. But the latter was some distance away, for all the near-by wood had long been used up, and she had to walk a short distance before calling.

In the meanwhile the small dog, with the never-satisfied hunger of his kind, had been sniffing outside the shack. The woman had forgotten to latch the door from outside, in her haste, and a small paw pulled it open. The meat was still frying, sending forth heavenly odors, and the pup leaped for it. There was a yell as he fell back with scalded feet. He had borne down on the handle of the pan, which upset. Some of the fat fell on the stove, where it blazed at once, and ran down to the floor, covered with long-dried boughs of balsam. In a moment they were burning fiercely. The woman had heard the yell, and saw the dog running out of the place. She hurried back and a blinding cloud of smoke was issuing from the door. She shouted for Mititesh, who dropped her ax and came running through the heavy snow. The river was frozen hard and they had been in the habit of melting ice for water. The child sought to enter the shack but was driven out by the flames. Her futile efforts to throw snow inside were of no avail, and an hour later the two were standing, haggard and terrified, near the remains of their winter home that was now a mass of charred, smoking logs. Jean's provision of black gunpowder had ignited and caused a severe explosion. Though Mititesh continued to throw snow on the ruins, while her mother had sunk down at the foot of a tree, they continued to smolder during the whole night, the cloud of smoke rising high and drifting over the woodland.

The food stored in the place was gone, as were the blankets and the meager lot of fur caught until then.

Fortunately there stood outside an old tent, quite worn out, that had served to cover the two canoes. With

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The Way of the Sea



By F. William Wallace

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

IT'S the story writers what does it. The jokers with the imagination, plenty of blank paper and a full ink-pot. They know all about the sea and a sea life. Writing their thrilling yarns of Jolly Jack by the open window of a sea-side hotel and with a gramophone buzzing out "A Life on the Ocean Wave" for inspiration. It's all plain sailing and Trade Winds with those jokers. Stormy weather gives them a grand topic for heroics in their literary slush. "Jack Devereux, hearing the Captain whimpering in fear at the rage of the storm, steps into the breach; takes the wheel himself, and putting heart into the frightened officers and crew by his manly bearing, brings the bark safely through the hurricane." That's the line of talk. The bold 'prentice boy on his first voyage taking charge of the ship and working her around Cape Stiff single-handed.

But it sends the boys to sea. "It's a grand life—a man's life!" says they who know no better. "It's a hell of a life—a dog's life!" say we who have been through the mill and come out ground.

I mind when the Nipper first joined us. His name was Percy Smith. His father was a well-to-do grocer in the West End of Glasgow. Percy was full to the back teeth with the romance of a sea life. He'd read every sea yarn to be got, and when he left school, pestered his old man to send him asailing. Old Smith, knowing no better, dug into his bank account; ponied up sixty pounds of a premium to a firm of sailing ship owners for the Nipper's

apprenticeship, and looked forward to the time when his investment would see his son skippering a ten thousand ton liner.

The Smiths and my folks were neighbors out Kelvinside way, and when I hit the beach after two years' blue-watering, the kid came and told me that he was joining our bark and that we'd be shipmates together. He had his 'prentice's brassbound uniform on then. He'd been wearing it around for a month. . . and the kid hadn't even trod a windjammer's decks! It didn't matter. We were all the same. The natty blue serge with the gold braid, brass buttons, and badged cap makes a boy look like a very devil of a fellow. . . and the girls go crazy over him.

The Nipper told me he was practising swimming at the Baths. Didn't I think that was a wise thing? I laughed and told him he'd better learn to wag his tail. He couldn't see the joke. We had three weeks ashore before joining the ship. He spent the time calling on all his relations and friends in his brass bound rig and showing the girls his sheath knife, oilskins and sea-boots. I spent mine in laying abed until I felt like getting up; eating the best meals I could get, and spending my evenings at the Grand, Royalty, Empire and Princess Theatres. I could appreciate those things.

Sailing day came—the usual dirty Glasgow rain with it—a miserable drizzle with an east wind. I got aboard the *Loch Royne* at four in the morning; had changed my clothes and was handling wet, coal grimed towing

hawsers to the accompaniment of the old Hieland mate's curses, when the Nipper and his old man came down the dock in a cab. They came aboard—the kid with a black oilskin bridge coat over his brass bound uniform—and the cabby lugs the youngster's bag, mattress and sea chest to the gangway. "Here, you!" growls the mate to me. "Git Williams (another apprentice) an' pit Mister Smith's dunnage intae th' hauf-deck." Williams and I, grimy with coal dust and unrecognizable, trundled the dunnage aboard and into the apprentice's quarters—a house on the main-deck for'ard of the poop and known as the half-deck. "Mister" Smith, not recognizing me in my dirty clothes, favored Williams and I with a haughty stare as we yanked his sea chest aboard, and while the mate was talking to his father, the kid's eyes roamed aloft with a weatherwise glance. "Lookin' t' see where they put th' splice in th' main-brace," says Williams with a laugh. "Will ye note th' strut o' th' kid? An' jest listen to Old Bully-be-damned smilin' at him an' patten' him on th' back as if he was th' prodigal son. Next time he feels th' mate's hand, it'll be a clip on the ear, I'm thinkin'. It won't be 'Mister Smith, our new apprentice' but 'that bloody young sculpin, Smith.'"

While the officer was chinning away with the Nipper's gov'nor, Williams, Case and I loafed inside the door of our berth and watched the trio. The skipper joined them a few minutes later, and as he was a mighty busy man that morning, he didn't encourage long farewells. "Yes, Mr. Smith," he said.

"We'll look after him an' by the time ye see him again he'll be a full fledged sailor an' big enough to eat a horse. Our company look after their boys well, sir, an' Mr. McDougall and I will keep an eye on him. (Hard lines on the Nipper if they do). Now, m'lad, ye'd better say good-bye to yer Pa. It's sailin' day, Mr. Smith and a busy time for all hands."

Young Smith said his farewells—carrying it off pretty big although I'll bet he was near blubbering—and Smith pere went ashore leaving the youngster lolling over the poop rail and feeling pretty blue, I'll bet. There was mighty little romance about a sea life that morning. Cold, raining, decks wet and filthy with coal muck, and the fo'c'sle drunks coming aboard.

We other 'prentices went on the poop again to bear a hand singling out our mooring lines, and passed the Nipper just as the "benevolent old sea dog" of a mate gave Percy his first impression of ship board politeness. "Noo, young shaver! Git awa' doon tae yer berth an' change that brass boond rig fur yer wurrkin' claes an' bear a hond. There's nae skulkin' or sojerin' aboard this packet, so step lively." And in a loud aside, he growled. "God peety us win' jammer mates! Every—y'ge we get anither bluidy young cub tae lick intae shape." And to us, wrestling with a squirming wire hawser at the after bitts, "Noo, there, what th' hell are ye tryin' tae dae wi' that? Damn ma bluidy eyes, but ye're th' most hondless crood o' skulkin' boys I ever saw. Wind that wire on th' drum. D'ye think ye can coil th' bluidy thing like a—tawps'l halliard?" And so on. Old McDougall was a pleasant swab on sailing days.

A few minutes after, the Nipper came up on the poop rigged out in dungaree and sea boots and with the badged cap still on his head. Lord! but he looked miserable. A sixteen year old schoolboy trying hard to believe that there was Romance aboard of a grimy, coal laden Scotch bark bound around the Horn for a South American nitrate port. But he was game, the little kid, for when the mate ordered Case to lay aloft and cut the rigger's stops adrift on the main, young Percy asked to be allowed to go with him. "Naw, naw," growled old Mac "I wouldny send ye aloft higher'n th' shear-pole. Ye'll fa' an' brek yer bluidy neck afore we're oot o' dock.

Get a broom aft here an' sweep this deck up. Ye'll get yer belly full o' goin' aloft afore we make fufty-six South." Blow Number One for Romance. No thrilling, adventurous climb for him, but, instead, the menial task of sweeping the grimy slush off the bark's poop deck.

The "Jolly Jack Tars" were coming aboard now. In two's and three's, convoyed by hard-faced wives, tailors, boarding-house masters, and friends, they hove their sea bags over the rail and rolled aboard—drunk, quarrelsome and bestial. From every low dive on the Broomielaw, Briggate, and Stobcross they were dragged by those who had an interest in their bodies for the worth of a half-pay note. "A grand bunch o' Govan Road sailors," growled the mate. "Hauf o' them arena fit tae serve afore th' funnel o' th' Finnieston ferry. . . . mair scum tae lick intae shape afore th' Horn's t' wind'ard."

A miserable looking woman with a shawl over her head was engaged in a high pitched argument with her drunken scrub of a husband on the quay. Bow legged, stunted of growth, bullet head with the hair cropped short but for a "brushing lick" on the forehead—a steamship fireman by the look of him, but on our Articles as Able Bodied

Seaman—he was endeavouring to turn a deaf ear to her pleadings for more money. "Come on, Joak," she was wailing. "Gie us anither twenty shullin's. Hoo am Ah tae leeve on whit ye've gien me fur fower weeks. There's th' rent tae pey, ye ken, an' claes tae buy fur th' wains. Gies anither quid, or we'll sterve—"

"Then sterve an' be damned tae ye!" mouthed the husband breaking away from her restraining hands. "Gang tae th' Poor Relief if ye want mair money, or tae th' Poor's Hoose—"

"Come, you, git aboard!" roared the mate. "D'ye think we can stand by waitin' fur you an' yer Ta-ta's?"

"A'richt, sir, Ah'm comin'," and giving the woman a vicious shove Bullet Head stumbled up the gangway.

Coal dust over everything; drizzling rain; decks littered with gear and fighting drunks. The three mates and the bo's'un swearing, bullying and pushing the drink sodden seamen around, and we three apprentices doing the work of all hands. Tugging viciously at heavy lines in the wet; black with the coal grime; bullied and cursed at by the ill-tempered officers—three gentlemen's sons, whose parents had paid a big premium for their nautical schooling, sweated and panted in their soaking clothes and damned the day they ever thought of going to sea. And the Nipper? He was seeing it all and pinning his ideals on the future. The future? Poor kid! He was like a young bear—all his troubles before him.

They opened the swing bridge of the dock for us when the Clyde Trust tug whistled. The second mate, racing aft to attend to the stern hawser, stumbled over the Nipper sweeping up the poop. There was an oath from the officer; a savage blow accompanied by a string of Cockney curses about "young sojers bein' in everybody's wye arahnd decks" and the youngster reeled to the rail with his hands clapped to his ear. The broom lay athwart the deck; the mate stepped on the head of it and the handle flew up and struck him on the chin. More oaths (in a Hieland brogue this time) and Mister Smith was dragged by a savage fist to the poop ladder and given a rude shove. "Git awa' tae hell oot o' this! Awa' tae yer berth an' stay there, or, by Gode, Ah'll mak' a spread-eagle oot o' ye, yuh bluidy young pest!" Oh, yes, Percy was receiving his training. The training which learns a man to keep a stiff upper



The Nipper was seeing it all and pinning his ideals on the future

lip; to grovel in servile obedience to ignorant, unfeeling brutes vested with authority; to do things, even to the risk of life and limb, and be thanked with a curse. That's the Way of the Sea!

We swung out into the black, foul-smelling tide of the Clyde with the *Flying Squirrel* and the *Flying Phantom* straining at our lines ahead and astern. "Caleta Buena and God knows what or where is ahead of us now," muttered Williams. "Wonder how Mister Smith's makin' out?"

"He's learnin'," growled Case. "Jest saw th' mate shovin' him off th' poop with a few prayers. He was blubberin'—"

The mate came for'ard to where we were standing. "Noo, then, whit arre ye loafin' there fur? D'ye think ye're aboard th' bluidy *Conway* an' staundin' by tae receive lady veezeectors? Awa' aft, th' three o' ye. Tell th' second mate I want ye tae overhaul th' runnin' gear on th' main. There's rigger's holydays everywhere—even th' bluidy to' gallant clewlin's have a double turn roon th' royal backstay. Awa', noo, an' clear them!" Before he mounted the fo'c'sle head, he added, "An' git that young Smith shaver tae bear a hand. He micht as well begin an' earn his saut."

Case found him seated upon his chest in the half-deck crying. "Come on there," says Case. "Stow that blubberin'! What th' hell are ye greetin' about?"

The Nipper turned a tear and coal begrimed face to the big apprentice. "I—I've been badly treated on this ship," he sobbed. "One of the officers hit me and Mister McDougall swore at me—an' I—I wish I'd never come—"

"What did ye come for anyway?" growled Case.

"I came to learn to be a sailor—"

"You came to learn to be a dog!" said the apprentice. "An' ye've only just started in—that's th' hell of it. You ain't goin' to have your Ma an' Pa to wind'ard of you for th' next year'n half, me son, so buckle down an' make th' best of it. Ye probably worried hell out yer Dad an' got him to send ye to sea. He's paid a big whack o' money to the owners for your apprenticeship, an' don't you forget it. You've started in an' ye'll have to stick it out for four years anyway, so belay pipin' yer eye or I'll give ye somethin' to blubber about. Come on now! Get out here an' bear a hand, or th' bloody mate'll warm yer hide with a rope's end!" Small sympathy for a boy outwardbound on a long voyage, but sympathy is conspicuous by its absence on shipboard. Case was a decent warm hearted chap, but he'd been three years to sea and it had bitten into him. "Poor little kid,"



"Awa tae yer berth an' stay there, or ah'll mak' a spread-eagle oot o' ye!"

said he to me as we laid out on the topgallantyard a few minutes later. "I had to speak rough to him. . . . It's the only way to toughen him up for what's ahead of him. Give him sympathy an' he'll always look for it. Give him hell, an' he'll keep his troubles under his hat. That's the way aboard these bloody lime-juicers." We knocked off for dinner, and Percy was told off to bring the scouse and tea aft from the galley. Salt beef hash, tea and hard tack made up the meal, and I could see the Nipper sniff in disgust at the miserable fare. "Is this the usual kind of grub we get?" he asked timidly. "Not by a long chalk," growled Case. "This is Hotel

fare compared to what ye'll be glad to swaller later on. Make the most of it while it lasts, for ye'll eat yer fill o' rotten truck afore ye smell ham an' eggs again. After ye've made a voyage or two, son, ye'll learn to appreciate table cloths, silver an' cut glass. Ye'll say a mighty long Grace for plain bread an' butter and a penny herrin' when ye hit th' beach, I can tell ye—aye, even for a cup o' clean water. Wait 'til ye swig water three months in th' tanks—red rust an' lime-wash. Ye'll pay a dollar a tumblerful for honest Loch Katrine!"

Yes, the Nipper was learning, as we all learnt. Learning to take abuse

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Ten Years After the Rube Broke the Record

By Harry Moore

Illustrated by Bruce Cameron



OLD DAD GROOM ran slowly over the sporting pages of *The Gleaner*, *The Times* and *The Globe* of June 10th, ten years back, and sadly shook his head. Then he carefully folded up the papers and replaced them in the lid of an old metal trunk. Arising,

he dropped the lid and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"The world is cold—is cold," he ruminated. "No," he corrected—"It's the people. Ten years ago when I gave *The Rube* a mark of 2.04 1-4 on the Grand Circuit, it was 'Well-Done, Jimmie, my boy,' 'Dear old Dad,' 'Help yourself to the best in the house—for the best is none too good for you.' Then when they seized my horse for a debt that wasn't on the square, the world said, 'Beat it—be on your way.' And then *The Turf Club*—*The Turf Club* that I worked so hard for—said, 'It serves him right—it serves him right—' And yet, 'Serves him right,' is mighty little thanks to the man who drew three thousand people to their track opening to see *The Rube* go an exhibition mile? The world and the people are cold—and thankless."

He crossed the floor of his mean, ill-kept quarters and, lifting a glass from the cupboard, he poured the contents into his hand. Five coppers!

"Five cents from absolute poverty, Dad! One loaf of bread, and that eaten—what? But I can make that one loaf do three days—"

He broke off in his reverie, put on his hat, brushed the dust from what was once a black coat, and went downstairs.

At the door below he stopped and looked up and down the street. It was ten o'clock, June, and the citizens were flying around like bees homing to the hive.

None of them spoke to him, and he felt it. Ten years ago, they——. Well, ten years had made a big change in the city and in the people. The city was growing so fast that it was impossible to keep track of acquaintances. One face in the passing throng he thought he knew and he opened his mouth to return the salutation, but the man's eyes never looked his way.

Still ruminating on the coldness of the world, Dad Groom turned up the street. He would go and get his bread. He passed a bake-shop, but he didn't go in. He had learned from experience that the bread made there wouldn't keep as long as that made in the shop



"Five cents from actual poverty, Dad!
One loaf of bread—but I can make
that loaf do three days!"

a mile or more on down. He would go that mile for economy's sake.

Continuing on his way, he saw a crowd gathering at a repository, and getting closer he read the large sign, "Fifty Horses at Auction To-day."

He forgot all about his bread and went into the sale stables. All these men were strangers to him and he did not speak. The sale was going on when he entered and a stout, blocky mare was on the floor. The bidding was brisk, and she was readily purchased. Horse after horse was brought out and sold, and Dad finding his tongue commented on the animals to those around him. And they were soon aware that this ragged, red-faced, little old man knew a good horse when he saw him.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "We have sold all the heavy horses. I have here"—and he pointed to a long, rangy, awkward-looking chestnut brute that an assistant led in. The animal was white over the eyes, badly sprung in the nigh front leg and had a long scar across his ribs.

There was a craning of necks, then the crowd began to titter.

"What is it?" yelled one. "A living skeleton?" questioned another. "Sell him to a Jew," commented a third. Then there was a silence.

Dad Groom separated himself from the crowd and hurrying across the floor, he flung his arms around the whinnying horse's neck. For a minute he hung there and his body shook with sobs. Then he turned on them.

"Laugh!" he said, "Laugh! The mirth of fools! A horse? I knew this horse before some of you were out of dresses. And I beat the best of them with him. Didn't I, old Rube? That scar," he pointed to the animal's side—"Do you want to hear about it? At Columbus in the 2.07 pace, I turned out to pass Clancy on the home-



Some one had usurped his home during his illness. The floors were carpeted, large pictures adorned the walls, a vase filled with flowers sat on a new centre table

stretch, and he struck him with a wire lash. Look, he cut him from flank to shoulder. Oh, the dirty hound! But I won—I got a mark of 2.04 1-4, and I broke the track record. And Clancy? Do you want to hear about him?" His voice lowered and his eyes were hard—"I hurt him so bad that he spent three months in the hospital—"

The old man's hat rolled to the floor and he stooped to pick it up, but the exertion was too much for him, and it was the auctioneer who caught him as he was about to fall.

They led him back behind the crowd and sat him down on an old buggy seat. The feeling of mirth had forsaken them and the sale proceeded.

Through his dazed mind, the old horseman heard the bidding.

"Twenty-five—twenty-five, remember, gentlemen, this is your last chance—twenty-five, once; twenty-five, twice;

twenty-five, third and last call—anybody else? Nobody? Fair warning—then this horse goes to Sam Rosenthal for twenty-five dollars."

"Sam Rosenthal,—the man who buys broken-down horses and makes glue out of them? Don't tell me Rosenthal has bought The Rube," and Dad staggered to his feet. "Bought The Rube for twenty-five dollars, did you say Mister?" He was laughing now, and talking more to himself than to those around him. "Say, friends, I mind the day when twenty-five dollars wouldn't buy a hair out of his ear."

They quieted the old man and he sat there stupid and sober.

Then Rosenthal passed through the door with the horse in tow, and Dad turned his face to the wall. He didn't want these men to see the tears that were running down his cheeks.

Suddenly he turned around and the

crowd saw him get up and go out. He tore madly up the centre of the street after the Jew and The Rube and he waved his hat and yelled.

"Rosenthal—Rosenthal—bring back that horse—don't kill him, I tell you—don't kill him—"

He came to a corner and he looked down the street. The Jew was leading the horse into an alley. Across the alley was the sign, "Worn-Out Horses Wanted Here."

Dad's hands opened and closed convulsively and a street urchin handed him five coppers he had dropped.

"Keep them," he snapped—"Keep them. Poor old Rube—poor old Rube—"

Then something gave in his brain and he dropped to the sidewalk. He had been lying there for some time, knowing, and hearing what was going on about him, but he couldn't speak.

"Who is this man?" asked a policeman to the gathering crowd. "Anybody know this man?"

"Dad Groom, the old horseman, who lives over the vacant store on Baxter street," volunteered one.

"Got any friends?"

"Don't think so."

"Better send him to the hospital," ventured another.

And so Dad Groom was hustled to the city hospital.

When Dad opened his eyes again, it was day, and a very kind face was smiling into his. He grinned and the face above him withdrew.

"Feeling any better?" the nurse asked him, to which Dad replied, "Splendid—but say, nurse, do you think I'll pull through?" He raised a hand, and for the first time knew his head was bandaged—"What——"

"Oh, you just had a little operation, Mr. Groom, and you will be better presently. The surgeon found a small piece of bone out of place over your brain——"

"I'm not an old man," he broke in—"I'm only fifty; trouble, nurse, trouble, has brought me to this. How long have I been here?" His thoughts were disconnected.

"Two weeks, Tuesday."

"Two weeks?" The old man swallowed hard and turned to her.

"I'm a stranger to you—and you are a stranger to me," he confided. "But necessity makes acquaintances. I need assistance—financial assistance in the very worst way."

The nurse stood at attention while Dad rambled on.

"I haven't got any money, and I haven't got any friends. Ten years ago when I gave The Rube a mark—ten years ago—it has been a long, long time to me. But, say, nurse, I want you to lend me twenty-six dollars. If you haven't got it, I want you to borrow it. If you can't borrow it, for God's sake, steal it for me—it won't be any sin——"

"Why—why—Mr. Groom, whatever is the matter with you?"

"They didn't tell you they sold my old Rube to Sam Rosenthal, the Jew, for twenty-five dollars, did they? They didn't tell you that that is what brought me here. Say, nurse, I saw the Jew lead poor old Rube into the alley, and I know he will kill him. Do me a favour, and lend me twenty-six dollars—the Jew has my horse and he will sell him to make a dollar—I know a Jew would do anything for a dollar. Oh, I'll pay you back—I'll learn the money some way—I'll draw ashes to the city dump—I'll do anything," his voice sank into a whisper, "But I want The Rube, and Rosenthal—Rosenthal—is going to—oh, maybe he *has* killed him——"

The nurse caught up his hand and endeavored to calm him.

"I haven't got that much money, Mr. Groom," she said, quietly, "But if I had it, I would lend it to you. I don't know anybody who would lend it to me. Mr. Groom, can you think of anybody who might help you out in this?"

Dad thought for a while before answering.

"Yes, I know some people who might help me if they wanted to. Go to the Bellechamber and ask for Mr. Dawson, the secretary-treasurer of The Turf Club. Tell him for me that Sam Rosenthal has bought The Rube, and that if he kills him, I'll die. Tell him—but, nurse—tell him anything—you see how it is——"

Some time later he heard her leave the room, and completely exhausted he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

It was day—another day—when he awoke. The nurse came into his ward, and asked him if he desired to eat. He was hungry, and he ate heartily of the food placed before him.

"Did you see that man for me?" he asked the nurse, and she replied, "No, Mr. Groom, I didn't see him, but I left a note for him. I went to Rosenthal's, but the horse wasn't there——"

"Then the brute has killed him," Dad ejaculated, his knife extended—"Oh, I knew he would—I knew he would——"

"Now, Mr. Groom, what's the use of talking like that? Because the horse wasn't there, doesn't mean that he is dead. Now, does it? And look at these pretty flowers that were sent here for you to-day. The world isn't as cold as you think it is. You have friends. I'm your friend—oh, there are lots of people who are your friends, in this city. Now, Mr. Groom, promise me that you'll forget about this horse and that you will try to get better and I'll do everything I can for you. You are only fifty years old, Mr. Groom, and the doctor says when you get better that you will be good for many, many years. Won't you try to get better, Mr. Groom?"

"Not if that Jew has killed my horse——"

"But he hasn't killed your horse. I'll promise you that."

Day after day saw a continual struggle. There is no crosser individual than a person who is recovering from a long illness. The nurse had to humor him as she would a little child for his progress was of necessity slow. The world was good to him—flowers, fruit, everything that makes the sick person and his sick-room pleasant, was provided, and of course Dad got curious to know who was doing all this for him, but the nurse would merely

say, "You'll know in time." But he began to know. In a bouquet of carnations he found a card upon which was scribbled the words, "To Dad, from Gladiolus." Gladiolus? There was only one Gladiolus he had ever known—ten years ago—he was at her christening—and the minister christened her "Gladiolus Dawson," for her father was secretary-treasurer of The Turf Club.

August came and with it the recovery of Dad. On the tenth of the month he would leave his ward and go home. The thought of returning to his poverty-stricken existence worried him, and he spoke to the nurse about it.

"Oh, you'll be all right, Dad," she said. "I'll go often to see you, and I'll send you flowers. You like flowers, don't you, Dad?"

"Like flowers, Miss Campbell, I do. And I like little children and—and—horses. Give me a horse, Miss Campbell, and a little garden where I can grow violets and tulips and roses and morning glories, then give me the love of a little child—like—like—Gladiolus——"

He turned to her and there was a mist in his eyes.

"You know, Miss Campbell, horsemen are considered a rough lot. But the world doesn't see the inside. I've known men to cry when anything went wrong with their ponies. Now, as for me, Miss Campbell—I'd kill Rosenthal, if he ever harmed a hair of The Rube."

It was the tenth of the month and the nurse was helping Dad on with his coat. He was going home. Outside the sun shone in all its glory, and the birds were twittering in the trees.

"Take good care of yourself, Dad," Miss Campbell cautioned him, but he was too full for words. The door closed behind him and he was back in the cold world again, and not a single cent in his pockets.

Due to the weakness occasioned by his long illness, that walk to his quarters was a long, slow one. Finally Dad reached the door, opened it and started up the stairs, stopping now and then to get breath. He reached the landing and turned the knob. Then he entered, staggered back and stood with his hand on the jamb. Somebody had usurped his shabby home during his illness. The floors were carpeted, large pictures adorned the walls, a vase filled with flowers—carnations they were—sat on a new centre table, it was new for the dealers' tag was yet on it.

For some minutes he stood in the deepest perplexity. A horse and rig drove up to the door below and he heard the driver say, "Whoa!"

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The Victory of a Faint Heart

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

At first nobody knew him; then the Hotchkisses knew him, and then it seemed as if everybody had always known him. He had run the gantlet of gossip and come through without a scratch. He was first noticed sitting in the warm corner made by Willcox's annex and the covered passage that leads to the main building. Pairs or trios of people, bareheaded, their tennis clothes (it was a tennis year) mostly covered from view by clumsy coonskin coats, passing Willcox's in dilapidated runabouts drawn by uncurried horses, a nigger boy sitting in the back of each, his thin legs dangling, had glimpses of him through the driveway gap in the tall Amor privet hedge that is between Willcox's and the road. These pairs or trios having seen would break in upon whatever else they may have been saying to make such remarks as: "He can't be, or he wouldn't be at Willcox's;" or, contradictorily: "He must be, or he'd do something besides sit in the sun;" or, "Don't they always have to drink lots of milk?"; or, "Anyway, they're quite positive that it's not catching"; or, "Poor boy, what nice hair he's got."



She had a beautiful, clean-cut face, not delicate and to be hidden and coaxed by veils and soft things

With the old-timers the newcomer, whose case was otherwise so doubtful, had one thing in common: a coonskin coat. It was handsome of its kind, unusually long, voluminous and black. The upturned collar came above his ears, and in the opening his face showed thin and white, and his eyes, always intent upon the book in his lap, had a look of being closed. Two things distinguished him from other men: his great length of limb, and the color and close cropped, almost molded effect of his hair. It was the color of old Domingo mahogany, and showed off the contour of his fine round head with excellent effect.

The suspicion that this interesting young man was a consumptive was set aside by Willcox himself. He told Mrs. Bainbridge, who asked (on account of her little children who, et cetera, et cetera) that Mr. Masters was recuperating from a very stubborn attack of typhoid. But was Mr. Willcox quite sure? Yes, Mr. Willcox had to be sure of just such things. So

Mrs. Bainbridge drove out to Miss Langrais' tea at the golf club, and passed on the glad tidings with an addition of circumstantial detail.

Mister Masters never remembered to have passed so lonely and dreary a February. The sunny South was a medicine that had been prescribed and that had to be swallowed. Aiken on the label had looked inviting enough, but he found the contents of the bottle distasteful in the extreme. "The South is sunny," he wrote to his mother, "but oh, my great jumping grandmother, how seldom! And it's cold, mummy, like being beaten with whips. And it rains—well, if it rained cats and dogs a fellow wouldn't mind. Maybe they'd speak to him, but it rains solid cold water, and it hits the windows the way waves hit the port-holes at sea; and the only thing that stops the rain is a wind that comes all the way from Alaska for the purpose. 'Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?' I am getting to kennst it very well. But Willcox, who keeps a record of such things, says that this is

the coldest winter Aiken has known since last winter!

"But in spite of all this there is a truth that must be spoken. I feel a thousand times better and stronger than when I came. And yesterday, exercising in the privacy of my room, I discovered that there are once more calves upon my legs. This is truth, too. I have no one to talk to but your letters. So don't stint me. Stint me with money if you can (here I defy you) but for the love of heaven keep me posted. If you will promise to write every day I will tell you the name of the prettiest girl in Aiken. She goes by eight times every day, and she looks my way out of the corner of her eye. And I pretend to be reading and try very hard to look handsome and interesting. . . . Mother! . . . just now I rested my hand on the arm of my chair and the wood felt hot to the touch! It's high noon and the sun's been on it since eight o'clock, but still it seems very wonderful. Willcox says that the winter is practically over; but I begged him not to hurry."

Such was the usual trend of his letters. But that one dated March 7th began with the following astonishing statement:

"I love Aiken. . ." and went on to explain why.

But Mister Masters was not allowed to love Aiken until he had come through the whole gantlet of gossip. It had first been suggested that he was a consumptive and a menace ("though of course one feels terribly sorry for them, my dear"). This had been disproved. Then it was spread about that he belonged to a wealthy family of Masters ("very well in their way, no doubt, and the backbone of the country, my dear, but one doesn't seem to get on with them, and I shouldn't think they'd come to Aiken of all places"). Then it got about that Mister Masters was poor (and that made people suspicious of him). Then it got about that he was rich (and that made them even more so). Then that he wrote for a living (and that was nearly as bad as to say that he cheated at cards—or at least it was the kind of thing that they didn't do). And then, finally,

real truth about him, or something like it, got out; and the hatchet of suspicion was buried, and there was peace in Aiken.

This was the truth that got out about Mister Masters. He was a nephew of the late Bishop Masters. His mother, on whom he was dependent, was very rich; she had once been prominent in society. He was thirty, and was good at games. He did not work at anything.

So he was something that Aiken could understand and appreciate; a young man, who was well born, who didn't have to work—and who didn't want to.

But old Mrs. Hotchkiss did not know of these things when, one bright day in passing Willcox's (she was on one good foot, one rheumatic foot and a long black cane with a gold handle) she noticed the young man pale and rather sad-looking in his fur coat and steamer rug, his eyes on his book, and stopped abruptly and spoke to him through the gap in the hedge.

"I hope you'll forgive an old woman for scraping an acquaintance," she piped in her brisk, cheerful voice, "but I want to know if you're getting better, and I thought the best way was to stop and ask."

Mister Master's steamer rug fell from about his long legs and his face became rosy, for he was very shy.

"Indeed I am," he said, "ever so much. And thank you for asking."

"I'm tired," said the old lady, "of seeing you always sitting by yourself, dead tired of it. I shall come for you this afternoon at four in my carriage, and take you for a drive. . . ."

"It was abrupt," Mister Masters wrote to his mother, "but it was kind. When I had done blushing and scraping with my feet and pulling my forelock, we had the nicest little talk. And she remembered knowing you one summer in the Adirondacks, and said why hadn't I told her before. And then she asked if I liked Aiken, and, seeing how the land lay, I lied and said I loved it. And she said that that was her nice, sensible young fellow, or words to that effect. And then she asked me why, and I said because it has such a fine climate; and then she laughed in my face, and said that I was without reverence for her age—not a man—a scallawag.

"And do you know, Mrs. Hotchkiss is like one of those magic keys in fairy stories? All doors open to her. Between you and me I have been thinking Aiken's floating population snobbish, purse-proud and generally absurd. And instead, the place seems to exist so that kindness and hospitality may not fail on earth. Of course I'm not up to genuine sprees, such as dining out and sitting up till half-past ten or eleven.

But I can go to luncheons, and watch other people play tennis, and poke about gardens with old ladies, and guess when particular flowers will be out, and learn the names of birds and of hostile bushes that prick and of friendly bushes that don't.

"All the cold weather has gone to glory; and it's really spring because the roosters crow all night. Mrs. Hotchkiss says it's because they are roosters and immoral. But I think they're crowing because they've survived the winter. I am. . . ."

Aiken took a great fancy to Mister Masters. First because Aiken was giving him a good time; and second because he was really good company when you got him well cornered, and his habitual fright had worn off. He was the shyest, most frightened six-footer in the memory of Aiken. If you spoke to him suddenly he blushed, and if you prepared him by first clearing your throat he blushed just the same. And he had a crooked, embarrassed smile that was a delight to see.

But gradually he became almost at ease with nearly everybody; and in the shyest, gentlest way enjoyed himself hugely. But the prettiest girl in Aiken had very hard work with him.

I don't mean that the pair sat or stood or walked in absolute silence. Indeed, little Miss Blythe could never be silent for a long period nor permit it in others, but I mean that with the lines and the machinery of a North Atlantic liner, their craft of propinquity made about as much progress as a scow. Nevertheless, though neither was really aware of this, each kept saying things that cannot be put into words to the other; otherwise the very first cornering of Mister Masters by little Miss Blythe must have been the last. But even as it was way back at the beginning of things, and always will be, Beauty spoke to Handsome and Handsome up and spoke back.

"No," said little Miss Blythe, upon being sharply cross-questioned by Mrs. Hotchkiss, "he practically never does say anything."

Mrs. Hotchkiss dug a little round hole in the sand with her long black cane, and made an insulting face at little Miss Blythe.

"Some men," said she, "can't say boo to a goose."

Little Miss Blythe had many brothers and sisters; no money, as we reckon money; and only such prospects as she herself might choose from innumerable offers. She was little; her figure looked best in athletic clothes (low neck didn't do well with her, because her face was tanned so brown) and she was strong and quick as a pony. All the year round she kept herself in the pink of condition ("overkept herself" some said) dancing, walking, running,

swimming, playing all games and eating to match. She had a beautiful clean-cut face, not delicate and to be hidden and coaxed by veils and soft things, but a face that looked beautiful above a severe Eton collar, and at any distance. She had the bright, wide eyes of a collected athlete, unbelievably blue, and the whites of them were only matched for whiteness by her teeth (the deep tan of her skin heightened this effect, perhaps); and it was said by one admirer that if she were to be in a dark room and were to press the button of a kodak and to smile at one and the same instant, there would be a picture taken.

She had friends in almost every country-clubbed city in America. Whenever, and almost wherever, a horse show was held she was there to show the horses of some magnate or other to the best advantage. Between times she won tennis tournaments and swimming matches, or tried her hand at hunting or polo (these things in secret because her father had forbidden them), and the people who continually pressed hospitality upon her said that they were repaid a thousandfold. In the first place, it was a distinction to have her. "Who are the Ebers?" "Why, don't you know? They are the people Miss Blythe is stopping with."

She was always good-natured; she never kept anybody waiting; and she must have known five thousand people well enough to call them by their first names. But what really distinguished her most from other young women was that her success in inspiring others with admiration and affection was not confined to men; she had the same effect upon all women, old and young, and all children.

Nothing would have astonished her world more than to learn that little Miss Blythe had a secret, darkly hidden quality of which she was dreadfully ashamed. At heart she was nothing if not sentimental and romantic. And often when she was thought to be sleeping the dreamless sleep of the trained athlete who stores up energy for the morrow's contest, she was sitting at the windows in her nightgown, looking at the moon (in hers) and weaving all sorts of absurd adventures about herself and her particular fancy of the moment.

It would be a surprise and pleasure to some men, a tragedy perhaps to others, if they should learn that little Miss Blythe had fancied them all at different times, almost to the boiling point, and that in her own deeply concealed imagination Jim had rescued her from pirates and Jack from a burning hotel, or that just as her family were selling her to a rich widower John had appeared on his favorite hunter

and carried her off. The truth is that little Miss Blythe had engaged in a hundred love affairs concerning which no one but herself was the wiser.

And at twenty-three it was high time for her to marry and settle down. First because she couldn't go on playing games and showing horses forever, and second because she wanted to. But with whom she wanted to marry and settle down, she could not for the life of her have said. Sometimes she thought that it would be with Mr. Blagdon. He *was* rich; and he *was* a widower; but wherever she went he managed to go, and he had some of the finest horses in the world, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Sometimes she said to the moon:

"I'll give myself a year, and if at the end of that time I don't like anybody better than Bob, why. . ." Or, in a different mood, "I'm tired of everything I do; if he happens to ask me tomorrow I'll say yes." Or, "I've ridden his horses, and broken his golf clubs, and borrowed his guns (and he

won't lend them to anybody else) and I suppose I've got to pay him back." Or, "I really *do* like him a lot," or "I really don't like him at all."

Then there came into this young woman's life Mister Masters. And he blushed his blush, and smiled his crooked smile and looked at her when she wasn't looking at him (and she knew that he was looking) and was unable to say as much as "Boo" to her; and in the hidden springs of her nature that which she had always longed for happened, and became, and was. And one night she said to the moon: "I know it isn't proper for me to be so attentive to him, and I know everybody is talking about it, but—" and she rested her beautiful brown chin on her shapely, strong, brown hands, and a tear like a diamond stood in each of her unbelievably blue eyes, and she looked at the moon, and said: "But it's Harry Masters or—*bust!*"

Mr. Bob Blagdon, the rich widower, had been content to play a waiting game; for he knew very well that

"beneath" her good nature, little Miss Blythe had a proud temper and was to be won rather by the man who should make himself indispensable to her than by him who should be forever pestering her with speaking and pleading his cause. She is an honest girl, he told himself, and without thinking of consequences she is always putting herself under obligations to me. Let her ride down lover's lane with young Blank or young Dash, she will not be able to forget that she is on my favorite mare. In his soul he felt a certain proprietorship in little Miss Blythe; but to this his ruddy, dark mustached face and slow moving eyes were a screen.

Mr. Blagdon had always gone after what he wanted in a kind of slow, indifferent way that begot confidence in himself and in the beholder; and (in the case of Miss Blythe) a kind of panic in the object sought. She liked him because she was used to him, and because he could and would talk sense upon subjects which interested her. But she was afraid of him because she knew that he expected her to marry him some day, and because she knew that other people, including her own family, expected this of her. Sometimes she felt ready to take unto herself all the horses and country places and automobiles and yachts, and in a life lived regardless of expense to bury and forget her better self. But more often, like a fly caught in a spider's web, she wished by one desperate effort (even should it cost her a wing, to carry out the figure) to free herself once and forever from the entanglement.

It was pleasant enough in the web. The strands were soft and silky; they held rather by persuasion than by force. And had it not been for the spider she could have lived out her life in the web without any very desperate regrets. But it was never quite possible to forget the spider; and that in his own time he would approach slowly and deliberately, sure of himself and of little Miss Fly. . . .

There is no reason to doubt that he was a good husband to his first wife, and wished to replace her with little Miss Blythe, not to supplant her. To his three young children he was more of a grandfather than a father; though strong-willed and even stubborn, he was unable half the time to say no to them. And I have seen him going on all fours with the youngest child perched on his back kicking him in the ribs and urging him to canter. So if he intended by the strength of his will and of his riches to compel little Miss Blythe to marry (and to be happy with him; he thought he could manage that, too), it is only one blot on a decent and upright character. And it is unjust to have called him spider.

Continued on page 361.



"I am tired of seeing you always sitting by yourself, dead tired of it. I shall come for you this afternoon at four in my carriage"

Timagami and a Grey Trout

By M. Parkinson

Illustrated from Photographs



Here and there were isles of peculiar beauty, while in the distance rose the blue hills of the far away mainland, an undulating border of the horizon

THE Pedagogue had long been talking of Timagami, of its scenic beauties, of its myriad miles of sinuous waterways hidden in the interminable green of the Great Forest Reserve, of its countless isles and islets resting like emerald gems on its breast of cerulean blue, but most of all of its fish, fish for all, pickerel, speckled trout, black bass, and grey trout. He seemed to be obsessed by this Grey Trout *Christivomer naymacush* he learnedly called him. Never was he tired of relating stories of the size of this denizen of Timagami's deep, pellucid waters. Twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty-two pounds were quoted as the weights of specimens brought in to Bear Island by venturesome fishermen who had tried out these far away waters.

We were standing at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, when it happened. A sizzling July sun was burning all Toronto up. "Let's go fishing to Timagami," said the pedagogic disciple of Izaak Walton; "let's get somewhere out of this killing heat;" and he mopped his perspiring brow with a sadly smeared pocket handkerchief as if to give emphasis to his determination.

So it was all arranged in a moment.

The Grand Trunk ticket office stood before us. We stepped inside. A smiling clerk informed us that the return fare good for three months was \$13.15, and that the *Cobalt Special*, carrying through standard sleepers, left the Union Station every night at 8.30, arriving at Timagami Station on the lake at 8.39 next morning. The coin was quickly exchanged for a bit of pasteboard on which was inscribed the mystic word T-i-m-a-g-a-m-i, which the pedagogue said was pronounced *te-mog-a-me*, with the accent on the second syllable and a full, open, deep chested vowel sound. After practicing it several times we confessed it did smack of the wildwoods and gave promise of something in the shape of stolid Indians, quaint squaws, birch bark canoes, pine forests and singing waters.

Eight-thirty saw us safely ensconced in the train with the porter assiduously busy doing everything he thought would add to our comfort. Soon the berths were made up and we were in the land of sleepy oblivion, dreaming dreams of placid lakes, foaming torrents, roaring waterfalls, straining lines, and tugging trout, all inextricably tangled with business worries, and home affairs—clanging street cars,

honking autos, the soft sound of mothers' voices and the laugh of merry children. But presently the dreams were all ended. Our refreshed eyes opened, for the early morning light was streaming through the blinded windows. We raised the curtains quickly and there, stretching as far as the eye could reach, a sea of billowy green, lay the pine, and fir, and balsam forests of Northern Ontario basking in the sunlight of a perfect July day.

It did not take us long to doff our pink pyjamas, don our khaki trousers and hunting shirts, and, thus attired, we stood in the smoking room after a dash of cold water over our faces, which sent the blood tingling to our finger tips, and we were ready for any deed of "high emprise" which looked to the landing of one of those finny monsters of deep Timagami. The porter informed us we were now on the steel of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, having left North Bay on time, some two hours ago, and that in less than an hour we would be at our destination. As the train rolled on, there passed before our dazzled eyes, one long vista of pine clad hillsides, blue lakes, smiling valleys, and brooklets in which the foam-flecked shallows and deep, placid pools sug-

gested the *Salvalinus Fontinalis* of the pedagogue, the beautiful speckled trout, which is the fisherman's especial delight. All too soon the clanging bell, the long drawn out sigh of escaping steam, and the sonorous voice of the porter, intoning the mystic syllables *te-mog-a-me*, aroused us from our day dream, and, before we were fully awakened we found ourselves standing on the platform, before us the tiled-roofed stone-built station which is the gate-way to this wonderland of lake, and island and forest.

Mr. Allen, the genial manager of the Timagami Steamboat and Hotel Company, was ready to conduct us at once to the Hotel Ronnoco, and make all provision for our passage up the lake. At 8.45 a.m., just twelve hours and fifteen minutes since leaving the Union Station, Toronto, three hundred miles away, we were seated in a comfortable and commodious dining room discussing a trout-steak, pink and luscious, fresh caught from Timagami's cool waters. Through the windows, we caught rivishing glimpses of the blue lake, rippling in the sunlight, and we sniffed happily the breeze laden with pungent health-giving odors of pine, and fir, and balsam.

"Ding-dong; Ding-dong!" We heard the warning bell of the good ship *Belle of Timagami* lying at her wharf at the foot of the hill on which the Hotel Ronnoco stands. All was bustle for a few minutes. Trunks and suitcases, fishing rods, lunch boxes, and countless other impediments of a score or more of tourists, were at last stowed on board. The hawsers were cast off. The engines throbbled, the propeller began to revolve, and the boat sailed into the waters that she seems to love so well. In five minutes she threaded a narrow passage, when the over-reaching balsam boughs seemed to sweep her very sides. A swing to the right brought her to an open passage,



Pointing with his forefinger to a spot, our grizzled guide said, "You go thar"

stretching for two or three miles straight ahead into which she glided, when we lost sight and sound of the rumbling, smoky T. and N. O., the picturesque Ronnoco, the barking dogs and screaming children clustered on the wharf where amid the pine covered banks of the intervening islands we were lost in the forest primeval. Civilization was a thousand miles away. Far as the eye can reach there is nothing but green hillsides and blue waters. The rhythmic pulsation of the engines added to our sense of isolation, and we sat in our comfortable steamer chairs and grew pensive. All sense of responsibility and care had gone and we began to enjoy our Timagami holiday.

For seventeen miles the *Belle* steamed on, down the North East Arm through a maize of rocky islands, clothed with interminable green to the water's edge. We saw new vistas

of ever increasing beauty at every turn of the labyrinthine passage through which the steamer made her way. Never is the passage more than a mere wide and often it narrows to a mere passageway for the boat herself.

Toward the end of the seventeen miles the *Belle* took a sharp turn to the right around Metagama Point, with its rustic summer home; and then swept to the left around the end of Timagami Island and opened to our astonished eyes an open sea, stretching for five or six miles, north and south, and three or four miles wide—the largest body of open water in Timagami. Here and there, were isles of peculiar beauty, while in the distance rose the blue hills of the far away mainland, an undulating border of the horizon.

Bear Island next appeared with its picturesque Indian village; its romantic Church; its striking Fire Ranger's Hall, perched upon the bluff; Hudson Bay Post, reminiscent of *Coureurs de bois*, of Jesuit Missionaries, of trappers and traders, of furs and birch bark canoes. This is the center of Timagami. From here stretch out those innumerable bays, inlets, arms, and sinuous passages which, with the 1,600 islands and islets, gives this marvelous lake its 3,000 miles of surveyed shore-line. We were soon on the wharf at the Hudson Bay Store. Here the genial and well-known factor, Harry Woods, attended to our wants, and produced the necessary tackle and canoe.

The first question to settle was, where to go for big trout. The Pedagogue had been studying the map of Timagami, found in the Grand Trunk folder, at every favorable opportunity on the way up the lake. Standing now on the wharf beside the Hudson Bay canoe, he took out the well-thumbed map and pointed out this place and that and discussed their relative merits and demerits. We were joined by a Fire



The sun was sinking in the sky and flooding the lake with a mellow golden light. For over two hours we had paddled up and down between the island and the mainland, over the supposed haunts of the great grey trout

The Pedagogue seemed lost in contemplation of the big fish. He felt, I suppose, that he had to make good. He talked of nothing but copper wire, otter tail bait and Bristol rods. He seemed oblivious of his surroundings



Ranger who had evidently overheard our conversation.

"Say Stranger," the old man said, "if you want to catch a trout—and a big one—I can show you were to go."

Here was certainly our opportunity. The Pedagogue held out the map, and pointing with his finger to a spot south of Bear Island, between a small island and the mainland, our grizzled guide said, "You go thar."

"What makes you think that a good fishing ground," we chorused.

"Wal, Oderick Perrow, took a party thar yisterda and they brought home five of the purtiest grey trout that you ever sot eyes on," he replied.

That settled it. That was the spot for us to try.

"How do we get to this spot between the small island and the mainland, which you recommend?" the Pedagogue inquired, turning to the old man.

"Come here," he of the mystic sign T. F. R. (Timagami Forest Reserve) rejoined. And leading us to a clump of small trees a rod or so from the wharf he said, "Look out between the two small fir trees on your right and that big pine on your left. That's the little island where the big trout are caught. Fish to the right and along the shore."

We looked. And we might well have stood there, looking to the end of time. We were peering out from the clump of overhanging pines and firs, and balsams at a scene, lovely beyond description. There lay the blue lake. Not a ripple broke its surface. Away off in the middle distance nestled the little green island, of which our companion spoke, while beyond stretched, in narrowing vista, a glorious archipelago of evergreens.

"Come, that's enough," broke from us both. Where can we get something to eat. For the sun now hung at the meridian, and the clear, cool, Northern air had begotten in us a ravenous appetite.

"Why, just over at Walsh's Wigwam," rejoined the old man. "And a right, good meal you'll get, too," he added.

Walsh's Wigwam turned out to be a modern, up-to-date tourist hotel. The meal was delicious, the sirloin was done to a turn and the aroma of the coffee filled the whole room.

No time was to be lost. We must have that big trout before the set of sun. So 1.30 saw us in the canoe paddling the two miles to the island and the waters which promised big sport. The Pedagogue seemed lost in contemplation of the big fish. He felt, I suppose, that he had to make good.

He talked of nothing but copper wire, otter-tail bait, and Bristol rods. He seemed oblivious of his surroundings. Many times my paddle left the water, to hang in air while I gazed in rapture on the scene.

Now the fishing ground was reached. The Pedagogue elected to do the trolling. Slowly the copper wire with the spinning Otter-tail at its end was payed out. The Pedagogue descanting meanwhile, on the dangers of catching the bottom, the proper speed to paddle the canoe, etc., etc.

The time was speeding. The sun was sinking in the sky, and flooding the lake with a mellow, golden light. For over two hours we had paddled up and down between the island, and the mainland, over the supposed haunts of the great grey trout. Nothing had happened. Once or twice a glad cry from the patient fisherman had indicated a bite, but each time a strained ejaculation, "Nothing but a snag," had carried the information, that there were rocks at the bottom, and that our Otter-tail was twirling perilously near them.

At last the fateful moment came. The Pedagogue sat drowsily in the bottom of the canoe. The Bristol rod hung lazily over the side. The copper wire ran innocently back to where its burnished sheen was lost in the engulfing waters. I had taken to watching the shimmering globules of water as they fell from my paddle and sped glittering over the polished surface of the lake, when a glad cry from the somnolent fisherman brought me back to earth.

"By hokey, I've hooked him," he yelled.

It seemed that he had. The wire ran from the reel with a low, singing sound as our fish sought in a headlong rush the cool recesses of Timagami, some two hundred feet below. Excited instructions followed.

"Don't paddle so fast!" Paddle faster!" "Take him out into the open lake!"

At last our quarry seemed to tire. Bit by bit the gleaming copper strand, glistening with the drops from the lake, was restored to the reel. There were more mad rushes, but slowly, surely, the almost invisible shackle shortened, and little by little our prey approached the surface, and air, and death.

At last he broke the surface. "By hokey" again exclaimed the Pedagogue, "he's a whale! When I get him along side, drop your paddle, stick your hand in his gills, and jerk him aboard."

A flood of fire seemed to run through

my veins. The blood pounded in my ears. There lay the fish almost on the surface of the water, his silver belly upward, showing white in the sunlight. Nearer and nearer he came. No motion of his fins showed signs of life. Well I knew that at the merest touch that body would be instinct with energy. Well I knew that one plunge of that energized body, one shake of that monster head, and our three hours fishing would be in vain. Well I knew the Pedagogue had played his part. Would I be able to play mine?

At last the command came. Like a true sport the Pedagogue restrained his voice. The moment was too tense for noise.

"Grab him" was the laconic order. Down went the paddle. One fierce thrust of the right hand at the yawning pink gills, one convulsive jerk of the right arm, one encircling embrace of the left arm around his dripping body as he came over the gunwale, and our prize lay flopping and floundering in the bottom of the canoe.

My watch marked just 4.30. But twenty short hours ago we had pulled out of the Union Station, at Toronto. How could we measure the wealth of those twenty hours?

"By hokey," again ejaculated the man of grammar, "he's a beauty."

Instinctively we grasped the paddles. Our tense wrists jammed the blades through the waters. We were racing for Walsh's, the measuring rod, the scales, and the gaping tourists.

Not many minutes passed in covering those two miles. The fish was measured and weighed. Twenty-eight inches from tip to tip, and twenty-two pounds was not bad fishing for our first half day.

The sun was still fairly high in the west when we all stood on the steps of Walsh's Wigwam, the Pedagogue biting hard into his cigar as he held his trophy up before the camera, old Timagami Ned, the octogenarian, native of these northern wilds, at his right, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, standing bareheaded behind, the guests of the house, and an Indian guide grouped around, while I, coatless and hatless, looked on, inwardly comforting myself with the reflection that I had landed him. But it was not the day's luck alone that had left me in this lyric mood. I was thrilled anew when I recalled the play of light and shadow on the pellucid waters of the lake. I promised myself the joy of frequent vacations to this spot and I intend to make good my promise, for it is in such rapturous detachment that a man gets acquainted with himself.

The Death of Beda

By Bertha E. Cassidy

So the days rolled on to Ascension-tide and still master and pupils toiled at their work, for Beda longed to bring to an end his version of St. John's Gospel into the English tongue. Green: A Short History of the English People.

FORTH to his scholars Beda goes at morn,
And with a look of saintly spirit horn,
Regards them tenderly with tear-dimmed eyes,
And as the sweet smile dies,
Speaks thus to them: "Learn with what speed ye may,
My strength departs, my life ebbs fast away."

The scholars weep, "Oh, rest, dear Master, rest!"
But Beda answers, "Hasten, it is best:
Time but to finish; that is all I ask,"
And turns unto his task,
"Time but to finish; cometh soon the night."
The scholars, grieving, take their pens and write.

At length the joyous Easter-tide draws near
And Spring in ecstasy awakes the Year
From his long sleep; and with a lavish hand
Drops blossoms o'er the land,
Birds sing and Earth in all her beauty lies
Radiant beneath the happy skies.

Warm through the cloisterd arches shines the sun,
But Beda toils, "My work is yet undone,
Oh not for me the op'ning bud, the flower!
Swift speeds the parting hour;
My breath is failing, these too weary eyes
Shall ne'er again see God's fair sun arise."

The little scribe speaks softly in his ear,
"One sentence still remains, O Master, dear. . . .
Now all is finished." Beda turns his face
Unto the sacred place
Where he is wont to pray; his head rests light
Upon his scholars' arms throughout the night.

Again dawn comes; the waking birds rejoice,
The dying monk lifts heavenward his voice,
The Gloria steals softly from his lips,
His gentle spirit slips
Into eternity; dawn grows to-day
And o'er the monastery sunbeams play.

The Spider's Web

By Ernest DeLancey Pierson

Illustrations by P. J. Monahan

A LIGHT fog hung over Riverside Drive. The shining pavements reflected like black mirrors the lights on the street corners; shadowy vehicles swept by with jingling harness and lamps gleaming redly. In the air were the melancholy sounds of dripping water, of the regular thudding noise of horses' feet, and harsh cries from the waterfront.

A young woman in a long automobile cloak and hood paused in her rapid, nervous walk to consult a scrap of paper under a street lamp, disclosing as she raised her veil a white, anxious face of singular loveliness and distinction. She glanced inquiringly at the row of detached villas standing on a terrace above the street, and one of these, painted white, with toy towers and many balconies, seemed to arrest her attention. Presently she moved towards it with slow and hesitating steps. Before a narrow path that seemed to lead up to a side entrance to the villa she stopped, looked around a moment timidly and then, with sudden determination, ran up the incline and disappeared among the shrubbery.

A young man who had been an interested observer of her movements for some time now crossed the road. As one who knew the city he was familiar with the white villa, and the sinister reputation of its tenant, Frederick Collamore, whose skill in fleecing young men of property had gained for him the name of "The Golden Spider." Of all women in the world, what possible business could have brought Louise Etheridge to this house of evil associations? Dorrance had expected to spend the evening with her, but at the last minute he received a hastily scribbled note announcing that she was ill and could not see him. It was to visit this place that she had put him off with a flimsy excuse! He was deeply hurt and at the same time bewildered by her strange conduct. It was not pleasant to discover that the woman he had hoped to marry in a few weeks' time was guilty of duplicity. What unfortunate circumstance had made it necessary for her to visit this

house? He tormented himself with idle conjectures, always returning to the incontrovertible fact that she was there, within those walls, in the web, as it were, of The Spider, and that it was manifestly his duty to see that no harm came to her. Just how he expected to accomplish this chivalrous purpose he had no very clear idea, as he strode up the path where she had passed a few moments before.

Here was the entrance, protected from view of the street by a high hedge, where she must have been admitted. A handsome bronze shield near the door bore the inscription—FREDERICK COLLAMORE. GENERAL BROKER.

Dorrance knew that it was not an easy matter to meet the man at that time of night, unless a client or properly introduced. Collamore was engaged in a dangerous business; money-lending at usurious rates of interest was merely a branch of his activities. It was well known among the powers that prey that he was always ready to pay handsomely for compromising papers; that he had numerous agents—treacherous valets and ladies' maids who kept him well supplied with material on which to levy blackmail.

Dorrance had no intention of making his presence known in the usual manner, for he was quite sure that he would not be permitted to pass the door. He noticed as he made his way cautiously around the house that all the windows of the lower floor were either barred or protected by steel shutters; at this hour closed and firmly fastened. For all the villa resembled its more innocent neighbors in outward aspects it was a veritable strong-box.

On the south side of the house the wall was thickly covered with vines now bare of leaves. A sharp wind from the north had scattered the fog by this time, a pale moonlight enabling him to judge the details of the building with some accuracy. His attention was attracted to a window on the second floor whose upper sash had been lowered a few inches. Before it, more for ornament than use, projected a little bal-

cony scarcely larger than a bookshelf. Dorrance, recognizing the need for immediate action if he was to be of service, was prepared to take a risk. His athletic training proved a valuable asset at this juncture, for, aided by the matted vines, he succeeded in scrambling up to the toy balcony, which fortunately proved strong enough to sustain him. He rested for a moment to recover his breath, and at the same time to listen for any disturbing sounds from within. Hearing nothing alarming, he lowered the sash softly and clambered into the room. It was so dark and the place so encumbered with furniture that he lit a wax vesta before proceeding. The light showed that he was in a richly furnished bedroom crowded like a Christmas bazaar with elegant trifles. In one corner stood a monumental bed with a silk canopy top. It was some relief to find it unoccupied.

Dorrance was too eager to learn of what was passing below to more than glance at the garish splendors of the place. He hurried into the hall and down the stairs, the heavy carpets deadening the sound of his steps. His nerves were all ajar as he turned in the direction of the rooms where Collamore conducted his ignoble affairs. Soft lights glimmering in opalescent globes made his progress easy. Here was the side entrance by which she had entered, then a dignified reception room, furnished in walnut and red leather. A small library adjoined, and now the inner shrine, the private office, whose entrance was hidden by thick embroidered plush curtains. The sound of voices reached him, as he paused on the threshold. Louise was speaking, in agitated tones, making an appeal it seemed, though he failed to distinguish the words. A man's voice responded—then a pause. Dorrance, vexed at being unable to hear what was said, drew nearer, and peered through a slight opening between the curtains into the room. Collamore, a large masterful looking man, with black hair, thick mustache, ruddy cheeks and bright, insolent eyes, was in evening

dress, and stood with his back to the fireplace where some gas-logs were flickering. A few paces away, very pale but determined, was Louise Etheridge, an erect and striking figure. She had thrown aside the automobile cloak, and appeared in an oriental looking dress of a peculiar metallic-green shade, elaborately embroidered with gold thread. Dorrance remembered that it had been made to wear to a fancy-dress ball. Did the poor woman hope to impress Collamore with this theatrical costume that gave her the appearance of an Egyptian princess, he wondered?

She stood leaning slightly against a small table, on which lay a splendid collar of diamonds and pearls, and several bracelets and rings set with brilliants.

"There are notes and notes, my dear young lady," Collamore resumed. "The money was advanced solely on the strength of Tremaine's endorsement. He has pronounced the signature a forgery." He took a folded paper out of his coat pocket and tapped it significantly with thick, jewelled fingers. "This note has therefore risen considerably in value. My price for it is now five thousand dollars."

There was a look of dismay, of fear on the young woman's face as he made this announcement in bland, measured tones. But only for a moment did she appear startled; outwardly at least she was again calm and determined. But the manner in which she moved her hands clasping and unclasping them, showed the disturbed state of her mind.

"Before I pay such a large amount of money or its equivalent," she said slowly, "of course I must see the note. Is that it in your hand?"

"Yes, I have it here." He made no move to hand it to her, but continued to study her face, a strange inscrutable smile on his lips.

"Surely you don't expect me to pay for a document I have never seen?" she said, puzzled by his attitude. "Can you suspect me of trickery?"

"In this business one cannot be too careful; I have seen some very great ladies do queer things on the impulse of the moment. They were sorry for it afterwards," he added sig-

nificantly. "However, I'll venture to trust you," holding out the paper. She accepted it eagerly and turned to examine it under the hanging lamp, Collamore watching every movement intently.

"The note is for five hundred, and you wish me to pay five thousand?" she asked, raising her eyes.

"Exactly, and I am letting you have it at a bargain. I am always weak where a pretty woman is concerned." The insolent smile that accompanied these words seemed to anger her.

"The jewels there are worth three or four thousand dollars. They are yours, but this I am going to keep," and thrust the paper suddenly in the bosom of her dress. Then as Collamore sprang towards her, something bright, metallic, flashed in the light. A sharp report followed and the sound of a heavy falling body.

"Oh God, what have I done!"

Collamore lay at full length on the floor near the table. Leaning over him, her eyes dilated with fear, stood Louise Etheridge. Suddenly, with a choking sob, she turned and ran blindly

from the room, brushing by Dorrance in her flight. He heard her hurried steps in the hall beyond, then the sound of a door being violently closed, and knew she had left the house.

This tragic scene, so unexpected, had shaken Dorrance out of his usual calm, and for some minutes he could only stare at a smoke wreath floating above the still figure on the floor. He could not understand the silence. Surely there was someone in the house who had heard that sharp report. Of course, she had only intended to frighten Collamore, and in the struggle the weapon was discharged. But he knew the police would require abundant proof that it was an accident, and in any case her name would be dragged through the mire. The most important service he could render her now was to remove every evidence of her presence in that room. And there was need of haste; at any moment someone might sound an alarm.

He lit a cigarette, feeling the need of something to relieve his jarring nerves. The jewels lay in a glittering heap on the table. He swept them into the little satchel that lay near. It was some time before he recovered the pistol dropped in her flight. It was one of a pair she had bought in England for the beauty of the carving and fine inlay work. It was a satisfaction to secure this very incriminating bit of evidence, for it would be easy to trace the owner of such a unique weapon.

Her automobile cloak lay on a chair, and, as this seemed too cumbersome to remove, he satisfied himself by cutting off the maker's name from the collar. He must not forget anything. Was it fancy that made him think that the curtains at one window were stirring, as if someone stood there watching his movements? He laughed, hummed a tune softly to give himself courage, walked softly back and forth. Ah, her veil! It was not very important, but still— There seemed to be nothing more. He hurried out of the place, feeling that he could not have supported the strain much longer, or the presence of that thing on the floor.

He had reached the hall which led to the side entrance when the sound of a key grating in the lock, of several voices brought him



The most important service he could render her now was to remove every evidence of her presence in that room

to a standstill. Confused, and not knowing which way to turn, he retreated. They were in the house now, several men, he judged, from the voices. He found himself again in the private reception room. He had been so busy in her interest as to forget his own precarious position. If he were found there, with the jewels in his possession, the very weapon——!

He was standing on the threshold facing the direction from which the sound of voices proceeded. A clicking noise caused him to turn around. Someone had switched off the light; someone who must have been there all the time he was at work. The gas-lights still flickered in the fireplace; strange shadows seemed to fill the room. They were coming this way, the men who had just entered the house, talking somewhat boisterously together.

"Keep quiet!" whispered a voice. "Come," and he felt a hand laid on his arm. He permitted himself to be guided along, too bewildered to care where he was being led. He even closed his eyes. Presently the hand was withdrawn, and he could feel a breath of fresh air on his face. He opened his eyes slowly. He was standing quite alone before a partly opened French window through which he could see the garden of the house in the moonlight. Behind him fell heavy curtains. He did not concern himself at the time as to how he came there; the way of escape was open. Climbing through the window he dropped lightly on the ground and sped away with a feeling of wild elation, inspirited by the cool night air. He crossed other gardens, clambered over fences, performed astonishing athletic feats, before he came to a rest in the shadow of a wall in a dim and quiet street.

He did not dare linger for fear of falling asleep, and with that precious satchel in his possession. And he must get home somehow afoot. A carriage was a risk. When the newspapers had made the most of the affair and the police department got busy, some night hawk would have a story to tell of the man he had picked up not far from the scene of the sensation who acted strangely, and whose clothes were torn and stained.

By circuitous routes, choosing the least frequented streets, with many pauses for rest, Dorrance finally reached home in a half-fainting condition. He had just strength enough remaining to climb the stairs to his rooms, and, having tossed the satchel into a closet, flung himself on the bed, dressed as he was, and slept.

II.

"If you please, sir, there is a gentleman here wishes to see you." Jack Dorrance in dressing-gown and slippers, lingering over a late meal, dropped the

newspaper he was reading and scowled at the card presented.

"Samuel Pendrick. Private Investigations." The name seemed to annoy him. "Oh, well," shrugging his shoulders, "tell him to wait, Simmons, until I get on a few clothes and I'll see him."

After the servant had gone out, Dorrance, ill at ease, examined his visitor through a crack between the folding doors that divided the parlor and dining-room. He knew Pendrick by reputation, as a detective of some renown, who conducted a private agency, and was often called in by the police department, with which he had once been connected. His appearance was not formidable. A little man, all in black, very bald, with a long white face, prominent nose like the beak of a bird, and brilliant dark eyes, he might be taken for a respectable lawyer's clerk or a waiter. Dorrance did not feel reassured by the man's harmless appearance. Pendrick was there for a purpose, and that purpose must have something to do with last night's tragedy.

He tried to appear careless and unconcerned when a few minutes later he sauntered into the room where the detective was waiting.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Pendrick," he said cordially, "I have often heard of you, and——" The coldly brilliant eyes of the visitor confused him so that he did not finish, but sat down abruptly and tried to appear at ease.

"The pleasure is mutual," said the other blandly. "Now then to business. Have you any theory concerning this Collamore affair? To-day's papers are full of it."

Dorrance felt himself flushing to the roots of his hair.

"Oh, that story about a rascally money-lender found dead in his room?" he hastened to say. "A bad lot was he not, and well deserved his fate."

"Collamore's character need not concern us at present. A crime has been committed and it is my duty to find the criminal. I am sure you will be glad to help me."

"Why—why, what a question. I assure you I never knew the man."

"Possibly not, but you were there last night in his private reception room where he was killed." This was said with such conviction that Dorrance trembled.

"How came I to know that you were there?" continued the detective briskly. "There is no magic about it. I don't often explain how I arrive at conclusions, but perhaps what I am going to show you may assist your memory." He drew a paper out of his vest pocket and unfolding it disclosed a half-consumed cigarette. "It is a harmless folly to have your cigarettes stamped with

your monogram; it is very dangerous to leave them around on the scene of a crime. This bears the initials 'J.H.D.', standing for 'John Haviland Dorrance.' There is no one else in the city with those initials who would be likely to have his cigarettes made to order, and stamped with his monogram." He folded up the paper and returned it to his pocket. "Now that you understand how easily we get facts, for your own sake, perhaps for the sake of others, tell me exactly what happened at Collamore's last night," darting an inquisitorial look at his host whose uneasiness was manifest.

Dorrance was at a loss what to say. How much more did the detective know? He was afraid of betraying her by an indiscreet admission. Better the suspicion should rest on him alone. At whatever risk to himself, Louise must be protected.

"Well?" asked Pendrick after a long pause. "Well?"

"Oh, I'm willing to acknowledge that I was there on a matter of business, naturally one is ashamed of having relations with a man of that character. I am not going to tell you what my business was." Pendrick smiled grimly and shrugged his shoulders.

"There will be no difficulty in finding that out," he said with calm assurance. "But you would strengthen your own position and facilitate matters if you spoke out frankly. An entirely innocent man tries to help, not to hinder the police."

"You are brutally frank," grumbled Dorrance.

"I have to be—at times." He rubbed his long nose reflectively. "As you freely acknowledge that you were there on the scene of the crime last night, you can have only one reason for remaining silent concerning what happened there. You wish to protect someone."

Dorrance started.

"Perhaps a woman," continued the detective in a suave, insinuating voice. "For a woman was there last night, and left in such haste that she forgot her automobile cloak—and something else——" He paused to give effect to the last words. "We have discovered a list of the late Mr. Collamore's clients. Those who called on him last night will be asked to explain what happened while they were there. If they decline to answer, we shall go further. We shall look up their friends, intimates, whom we may suppose they are trying to protect. So bit by bit the evidence will accumulate. Did you speak?" turning suddenly to Dorrance, who during this speech was twisting uneasily on his chair.

"No, I said nothing," murmured the young man miserably.

Pendrick rose and moved towards

the door. Here he paused with his hand on the knob. "Isn't there something that you would like to say before I go. Think. I assure you that I have only the friendliest feelings towards you." The voice, the look was kindly, but Dorrance shook his head.

"I have said all I care to."

"Too bad! Too bad!" muttered the detective. "Still I understand your motives; I might act in the same way if our positions were reversed. I thank you for your patience and wish you good day."

Dorrance did not move from his seat for some time after the detective had left the house. He had been impressed by the little man's kindly manner. Perhaps it would have been better to confide in him, but no, he could not bring himself to describe Louise's connection with the tragedy. What evidence could they find against her, when he had been so careful to remove every trace of her presence. But, remembering the cigarette, he was far from feeling satisfied. He might have committed some other error through inexperience. What must be her feelings to-day, when she read the papers? He must take steps at once to return to her the satchel and its contents; to assure her that she was safe. And yet he did not wish her to know at this time that he had spied on her movements. He would return the things with an anonymous note that would calm her fears. How was this to be managed, for he knew that his every movement would now be watched, and those of his man-servant as well? When it was dark he would try and reach her house unobserved, and without making himself known find means of placing the things in her hands.

He could hardly wait for the night to set out. What if the police should send someone here with a search warrant, if he were arrested? He looked anxiously into the street. A man in the dress of a respectable mechanic was leaning against the railing of a house opposite. From time to time he glanced up at the windows of Dorrance's rooms. There was no attempt to conceal his purpose in being there; the police wanted Dorrance to know that he was under surveillance. It was a novel and irritating experience.

As soon as the street lights flashed out, he dismissed his man Simmons for the day, dressed himself in an old canvas fishing suit, and, with the jewels and things made up in a neat parcel, slipped out of the house through the rear, and finally reached a side street. It seemed to him so important that his purpose should not be discovered, that he exhausted his ingenuity in confusing the trail, doubling in and out of streets, dodging down alleys, snatching an occasional ride. Several hours passed



He tried to appear careless and unconcerned when a few minutes later he sauntered into the room where the detective was waiting

before he came in sight of the Etheridges' house, which stood in the midst of considerable grounds on a corner near the North River. Satisfied that he had outwitted those sent to watch his movements, he entered the garden through a door inscribed "Entrance for Tradesmen." He felt elated at the thought of getting rid of his precious but troublesome parcel, and he could fancy her intense relief in having the things returned.

As he came into the shadow of the big house he saw that only one window on the lower floor displayed a light, which shone through half-closed shutters. What if she were there, in that room? He must see anyway. By reaching up and grasping the window sill he might raise himself to a position where he could look into the room.

It was worth the strenuous effort required. Louise Etheridge was there, almost in reach of his hand. She lay back in an invalid's chair apparently

asleep, a half-opened book in her hand. He was shocked by the change in her appearance, the lines of care about her mouth and eyes. He was deeply moved.

He dropped softly to the ground, eager to carry out his intention. It was worth all the anxious hours he had spent to be able to bring such consolation. A sudden chill passed over him. The paper parcel had disappeared! Fool that he was to have left it out of his hands for a moment! There was no one in sight. Not likely; they must be far away by this time. He carefully searched the ground under the window, knowing perfectly well that the effort was useless. He had thought to outwit the police, to match cunning with cunning, triple ass that he was!

Pendrick's strategic mind could be traced in this. The little man had warned him that they would prove too strong for him, that to be frank and tell all he knew, was the better part.

Continued on page 373.



A mellow soil falls into a fine dust mulch about the roots of the growing crop

The People in the Land

By Hugh J. Hughes

Illustrated from Photographs

THE man who wore a skull cap instead of a scalp pushed back his chair and rose from the table.

"B'ar ketched 'im thouten no time to load 'is gun," was the succinct explanation with which a neighbor, noticing my glance at the departing figure, brought me back from juicy beefsteak to the People of the Land.

"B'ars" of various sorts have caught many of the makers of the Nechako—the bears of chance, of birth, of ill fortune, of love of adventure—but like the hero of this shortest story, they are men and women who have-pulled their knives in the battle and who live to count their particular bear's pelt as one of their trophies. Stall-fed and prosperous folks don't go adventuring. They sit at home and smoke clay pipes, or gather on the sunny side of the street and swap stories. Believe me, it is the Downs-but-not-outs of the

world who steer Mayflowers to new shores, break Laramie trails through hostile lands, win wildernesses and found empires.

Of course, every new epoch of pioneering has its own solution for its own problems. Outside a hotel so new that it was sans floors, sans office, sans windows, sans beds, sans register or clerks or bill of fare or paint, the scaffolding yet up, the workmen rushing to usability one room for the first travelers in its history—outside a motor car chugged. Its running-board had been smashed on a stump and its fenders were dented, but its presence was as much a symbol of to-day's pioneering as the ox-team and cart were of the Great Crossing that peopled the Middle West.

The Spirit of Youth

WE stepped out into the sunshine. The town of Vanderhoof, six weeks young, lay about us. A washerwoman

was hanging out clothes. A gang of men were building a street over the corner of a slough. Every few minutes a tree crashed to earth, and the air was heavy with smoke of burning brush piles. Cows strained at the end of picket ropes. Chickens scratched at the turf for worms. A storekeeper, hatless, coatless, was hammering shelves into place while his partner was unpacking their just-arrived stock. Lot buyers were inspecting lots and estimating possibilities. A banker cashed a check on Minneapolis with more readiness than I have seen used far closer to home. An editor stood surveying his press, wondering how the whatever-editors-say various parts fitted together. A barber was painting his pole and the proprietor of a "flop-down"—a tent with bunk space and blankets—was laying out with square and chalk line the outlines of a more substantial building.

The first granite dishes had come. The first oranges were in town. The first drum beats of the war that is now shaking the world had but faintly sounded in their ears. There had been a farmers' picnic and dance two days before—too bad I had not been present! There was to be a six-round bout between the local champion and the Endako fistic "professor"—too bad we couldn't stay over and enjoy it! But, of course, we would plan on attending services. Held them in the town hall—had to go over and clean up after the dance—would have to get some sawdust for the bout Tuesday night—Brother Blank's work was a powerful help to the town!

"Very strange!" the reader will remark. Not strange at all in a new land. Later on men would come to worship the Lord according to one of several different prejudices, but now they all joined together; later the farmers might or might not make holiday with the men in the town, but now they were united; later on the bars might go up against a prize fight in the town hall, but now it was a public function attended by deacons, elders—I shall not vouch for the preacher, his business called him away on the same train that bore us eastward. Later on little social cliques would put on a capital S, but the democracy of a new land is charming, because it is wholesome and natural.

It is this charm that attracts men to new lands and conditions. I have an ingrained sympathy with the boy or man who strikes out for himself. In his home neighborhood he has been taken at other folk's valuation; in a new neighborhood he is taken at his own. It's his one big adventure. Soon the shell hardens and his life finds him fixed in a place—but it is a place of his own choosing. Here, from Emond-

ton to the sea, are not merely individuals, but whole neighborhoods, a vast inland empire rather, whose pioneers came day-before-yesterday, and where citizenship is acquired by unpacking a grip in a lodging house. It is the Great Adventure on a nation-making scale.

Superimposed, of course, on an older civilization. The Omnicia is a generation old. Bearded men have farmed in the Nechako since boyhood. But the new rush is bound to be thought of, in days to come, as the real first opening of the land. Hunter, trapper, guide, miner,—all these of Yesterday remain and merge into the new order of things—and the New Order arrives with the automobile, printing press, Paris fashions and napkins at dinner. Just exactly as our fathers brought into the Middle West the culture and customs of the New England of their day, so the new migration is carrying with it the present culture and customs of the East.

The Water Quest

IN all new lands settlement first follows the streams and clusters about the lakes. Our fathers came up the Hudson and Mohawk, crossed the Alleghanies, found the Ohio, built rafts and floated down that river to the Mississippi. Up the Miami, the Scioto, the Illinois, the upper Mississippi and the Missouri they made their way, or by another route they ascended the St. Lawrence and rode the Great Lakes into the harbors of Green Bay and Duluth.

All this is history that we have quickly forgotten. The same thing is

*Through the grey of the dawn mist riding,
In camp when the sun set low,
By trails where the Indians, hiding,
Awaited the covert blow;
Their women and children beside them,
Our fathers came up from the sea,
And won them a place on the world's fair face
That you and I might be.
And we as the sons of our fathers
Must follow the trails we see.*

happening to-day in the new lands, wherever they are. The reason is simple. The greatest need of human beings is water. One of the hardest things to get, surely, sweet to the taste, is water. I sometimes think there is no water between the Red and the Rockies. What there is certainly has not the tang of that which drips down the limestone ledges of the East, or flashes out of the granite of the West. Beyond the Rockies the water is sweet and toothsome, something to delight in for its sparkle and its tang.

And it does not, like that on the dry plains to the eastward, lie deep. It runs close to the surface, as the later comers have found.

The early settlers of a new land, if it is timbered, as is the Nechako, have a further reason for settling close to the water's edge. Here nature has made clearings, sometimes many acres in extent, and grasslands, a path for the plow, and by the mid-courses of the stream, a road to market.

Along the Nechako the old rule runs true, and one might go by motor boat past field and garden, pasture and

landing, down a stream where the Siwash still guides his canoe. Let us rather strike off through the wood trails away from the river into the farming country south of Vanderhoof. It is a sample of what can be seen in any direction through the wide basin between the Coast Range and the Rockies, as one follows the Grand Trunk Pacific eastward.

The Clothing of the Soil

THERE is no better way to judge the crop possibilities of a new land than to take notice of the native plantlife. It tells us whether the soil is quick or slow, whether it will welcome our friends, the grasses and grains, or whether it will not. As the horses swing into the stride, and the buggy rolls forward along the Francois Lake trail, poplars stand straight and massive on either hand—the poplar that always loves a rich quick loam, such as we boys always chose for our bean patches. And the bean, you know, is a legume, like the clovers and alfalfas.

Beneath the poplar runs an undergrowth of brush, with berry patches here and there—more evidence of a quick soil. The surface billows away in crests not too steep for the binder, and in hollows that lie brown with rotting leaf mould beneath their summer harness of green.

The trail dips down into a creek valley, and beneath a pole bridge, safe in the waters below, are a dozen or more trout, their tails moving lazily, their sides gleaming with spots of gold. All that is needed to complete the scene is a bare-legged boy and an alder pole, for the alders are there,



Oats that gleam yellow in the sunlight meet one as he turns from the road, climbs the fence and makes his way over the plowed ground

and willows, bending over the water just as they used to do back in Boyhood Land.

A little farther on lies a Siwash village, deserted for the time, its inhabitants all gone to the june-berry fields, gathering the harvest, and to the lakes where the salmon are caught and smoked for the winter. We meet and pass one Indian family, the men looking wrinkled and old, the women—the young women—fresh with a beauty that soon fades into fatness, the children black-eyed and wondering. The Siwash are a simple people, devoted to the church, seeking nothing

better than to live in peace with the white men and to follow the scheme of life known to their fathers. At their best, they are loyal, friendly, indolent; at their worst, they are what still worse white men have made them.

The Shadow of Things to Be

ABOUT Noolki Lake runs a fringing neighborhood of "old-timers"—people who came into the Nechako before the railroad, and here, in their fields and gardens, it was given to us to see all the promise of the roadside fulfilled.

A mellow soil that crumbles beneath

the heel, possibly, very probably the deserted bottom of a lake that spread far and wide over the Nechako basin before the deepening gorge of the Fraser released its waters. This soil falls into a fine dust mulch about the roots of the growing crop. Potatoes, nutty in flavor; oats that gleam yellow in the sunlight; wheat and barley, plump and bending low with the burden of a heavy yield—all these meet one as he turns from the road, climbs the fence, and makes his way over the plowed ground. There is alfalfa, richly green, its roots covered

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The Khaki Spy

By Charles Dorian

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton



CAPTAIN DAVID BARKER was a hero before he had ever drawn his sword in battle; quite an ordinary hero, one would say, considering what is just naturally expected of a man.

Life for him was only a cheerful existence until he met the Creightons at Onyx Lake, a summering place among the islands of the Georgian Bay—that is, until he met *one* of the Creightons.

The Creighton family consisted of the Nickel Magnate, Stanley Creighton, his wife and only child, Constance. Stanley Creighton called her his daughter only when it was necessary to be very formal. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen, possessed of all the mischievous proclivities, and not a few of the graces of sensible, healthy youth. She was a little below the correct height and rather plump for perfect form. These are details one might expect an army officer to notice but be it said to the credit of Captain David Barker that the first look into her limpid blue eyes disarmed his regard for mere physical proportion. He was bathed, so to speak, in an eminence of some ethereal quality refining to his artistic perceptions.

Before the summer was far advanced he had caught glimpse after glimpse of the wonderful eyes and was nearly

swept off his feet time after time by the tiny thrills they caused. Yet to all outward appearances she was like any other girl to him. The only pain he ever felt was while suppressing the emotions which prompted him to allow himself to be swept off his feet, and he suppressed them resolutely through some foolish notion.

Although potentially feminine her love of sport had earned for her not so long ago the title of tomboy. Her physical attributes were apparent because she exercised them so much. At tennis the dexterity which tossed the sleeves of her middy blouse revealed muscle adroitly clothed with soft skin of healthy pinkness in arms of shapely conformity. Her hair shone like a shower of freshly-minted sovereigns, a burning brilliance happily relieved in the cooling glances of her blue eyes. No wonder that Captain Barker playing on the other side of the net existed in a maze of dazzling sunshine in a garden of pink roses—yet it was the cerulean pools of blue which disturbed him most!



"Oh, she's all right. It's an easy matter to assume a name when you are travelling on your own," and he scrutinized the book again

One day she donned a crimson bathing suit with cap to match and after a short preamble of splashing in the beach surf she ran to the high rock

where the men usually adjourned for their deep-water stunts. She essayed the fifty-foot dive alone while demure maidens and effete youths puddled around the shallows and gasped at her audacity, predicting dire things.

Captain David Barker was just emerging from a cove in one of the thirty-thousand bays in his broad-thwarted birchbark canoe and glimpsed her as she made the plunge.

The water was deep, as the rock was high. The green waves closed over the crimson dart and the spectators watched breathlessly, murmuring as time passed and the red spot did not reappear.

Then Captain Barker used all the power in his strong muscles to gain the spot. He was lightly clad and needed only to cast off shoes and hat before he dived. He seemed an interminable time beneath the surface before he came up with the limp body clothed in crimson. He floated her to shallow water and with the aid of the other bathers bore her to shore. Then it took an hour to bring back a spark of life. The girl was taken to the hospital while Captain Barker ran, teeth chattering, to his hotel.

He changed clothes and repaired at once to the Creighton cottage. He told Mrs. Creighton in plain speech that her daughter would be the death of herself and some man if she was allowed to persist in her dare-devil feats.

"My dear boy," Mrs. Creighton said, good-naturedly. "I don't wonder at your speaking so crossly. You have suffered a nervous strain in your heroic effort. I have rescued her from similar perils time and again since she was able to toddle and I can assure you that I have been mad through and through—but she is such a dear after all. The doctor called me up a minute ago to say that she is talking of repeating the act and regretting that she stunned herself trying to get a glimpse of you in your canoe while she was in the act of diving. She is blessing you in her heart for saving her life just the same. She will be anxious to see you and tell you how much she owes to your prompt action."

"I don't want her to. I hope you will restrict her amusements or else, I believe I shall have to do it. Mrs.



"Mother—can you realize that he is going where the men who command are picked off by the enemy like flies? We might never see him again"

Creighton, if that girl had not recovered I should have repeated her act."

"Oh! Captain Barker, don't talk that way. I did not know you thought so much of her."

"I love her, madly," confessed Captain Barker, vehemently. "She may laugh at me when I tell her—I feel that she will—because I have concealed my feelings for fear I might not be acceptable to her."

"If she doesn't love you, Captain Barker, I'll—I'll make her," stammered Mrs. Creighton, who was half-hysterical over the whole episode.

They were on the verandah of the Creighton cottage facing the lake, she seated in a wicker chair, he standing. Stanley Creighton came along at this moment.

"What's this yarn I hear about Conny?" he demanded, looking from one to the other.

"She's all right, Stan," said his wife. "She tried to dive from Devil's rock and stunned herself. Captain Barker rescued her. We owe everything to Captain Barker," she finished.

"Tried the Kellermann stunt, eh?" commented the girl's father. "Did you ever see such a hoyden, Captain? You'll say no, of course! You've got good stuff in you Barker. I'll always

feel grateful for what you have done."

He grabbed the Captain's right hand and wrung it warmly. "Stay with us this evening," he invited. "They're going to bring her home after supper."

"Sorry, Mr. Creighton, I promised to leave on the five o'clock local to meet some other officers in Toronto."

"So? What's up?" asked Creighton, laconically.

"Nothing that I know to be serious. I hope to come back in a week but if I have to stay I shall wire you."

"My dear boy," interjected Mrs. Creighton. "Don't tell us that there is anything to this talk of sending troops to Europe—Oh! it can't be as bad as that!"

"It may end in talk," he stated. "But we are asked to show ourselves at the Armouries anyway."

"Oh, you must see Constance before you go," she declared. Her husband added. "Why certainly, you can't go without giving her a chance to thank you."

"I'd rather come back and see her," he avowed. "Don't make the going too hard in case of—in the event of—Oh! I guess I'd better be going."

"H'm," grunted the Magnate.

"Don't let her dare so much—she's too precious to lose. Good bye, Mrs. Creighton, Mr. Creighton."

"Good-bye lad," said Mr. Creighton—while his wife choked back her farewell. "I hope we'll see you back next week."

They watched him depart in silence, tall and straight in his Norfolk suit and sweater and light canvas shoes. He was tawny-skinned, brown-eyed and handsome as any man with perfect limbs and athletic habits can be.

The daily papers recounted the Captain's heroic act and said much of such valor reflecting creditably upon one expected to face the foe shortly on the field of battle. There was something in the paper every day about Captain Barker, in fact, and inside of a week he was gazetted to be one of the officers chiefly engaged in the transport of troops first to Val Cartier, thence to the Continent. He telegraphed the Creightons as promised. Stress of duty prevented his revisiting them, he said—he expected to leave for Val Cartier in a few days.

Constance, who had been on the verge of a passionate declaration for the Captain every day since the accident, now that her mother read the telegram to her became strangely resentful.

"Bless his precious body," she mocked. "What could prevent his coming up for part of a day? If he wanted to see us very badly he would contrive it some way."

"You always reason from your own standpoint of risk," chided her mother. "Captain Barker is a soldier. We do not know what his duties are, but it seems that he must stay with his men—he commands, you know!"

The talk drifted into desultory comment and at last the emotion which Constance had been bravely suppressing burst forth.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, pitifully. "Mother—can you realize that he is going where the men who command are picked off by the enemy like flies? We might never see him again! Oh, I wonder why he thought me worth the effort to bring me back to life when I was beyond feeling? Mother—I *must* see him again. He thinks that I do not care—that I am just a headstrong, irresponsible kid who laughs at heroism. Must I go to him, I wonder and tell him that I do care—that I want him—want him?" If he does not come to me I'll go to him; there's nothing else for it. I cannot let him go into a hostile country and not tell him that I love him. I cannot stay and know that he may be facing death any moment. I would rather go in his place."

"Oh, now, Conny, be sensible. I believe the boy loves you and you can't gain anything by going to him. Why don't you write him and tell him what you think of him? He's a brave lad and a little encouragement will cause him to act with the same heroism on the battlefield as here. You know the brave usually escape injury!"

That was Constance's own theory.

"Oh, I can't write," she said, helplessly. "I must see him—speak to him."

Nothing could lull the welling emotions which increased day by day in the heart of Constance. The healing power of time had no effect upon her. Already her hero was preparing for the trans-Atlantic trip which would bring him nearer to death. It was unbearable. He did not come to her—so she went to him. At least, she went to Val Cartier.

And she did not tell her mother or her father. It was another of her reckless episodes. Again she had taken a plunge which only the chivalry of a high-minded man could construe as an act of courage, at least not an act of indiscretion.

Her mother prayed for her; her father threatened to go and bring her home and cut her allowance so short it would not admit of transcontinental jaunts on a whim of mistaken conscience, or whatever she thought she had.

Then it came like a thunderbolt. The papers were making fun of the daring girl who ventured into the lines at Val Cartier dressed in a khaki uniform! True, the girl's identity was not revealed and the published sketch of her profile was a bad one—not like her at all (so her mother said).

"It can't be Conny," she confirmed, illogically.

"It's nobody else," growled her father. "There's only one girl in Canada would do such a thing, and she's Conny Creighton."

More details came out in the paper each day but never the name. The important part was that she was in prison as a spy or something.

"Let us close camp and go down. It's too darned cold here anyhow. Lots of people are going down just to see the review before the lads sail. Let's go," urged Creighton.

And close camp they did.

Stanley Creighton's first act on their arrival at Val Cartier was to examine the hotel register for the name, "Constance Creighton," but he was not rewarded with success. There was no such name written upon the pages of that huge book.

"Maybe she didn't come at all," moaned her mother in a panic.

"Oh, she's here all right. It's an easy matter to assume a name when travelling on your own," and he scrutinized the book again for a trace of her handwriting.

Mrs. Creighton watched the men in khaki while her husband gave up half an hour to his fruitless task. She expected to get a glimpse of Captain Barker. She was, therefore, disappointed.

They were at Val Cartier several days before anything was hinted at revealing the part their daughter was supposed to have taken in the military manoeuvres.

It came about from a casual remark made by the Magnate to a Member of Parliament whom he knew.

"These men are well trained," he pronounced expertly. "What, then is delaying their departure to England?"

"It's common gossip, now," said the Member, "that their sailing has been postponed because of the existence of a German plot to wreck systematically the trains taking them to the embarkation point. The information was given out by one of the transport officers who gained it in some mysterious manner. If that woman who dressed as a soldier and got a job as orderly

to the transport officer had not bungled her job, the Canadian Contingent would now be victims of a diabolical act of extermination. The plot was to let all but the last four trains leave safely and then a systematic raid was to be made on the sectionmen covering sixty miles of track and their places were to be taken by interested Germans with the necessary explosives to demolish the four trains. This was intended to divert the attention of the authorities from the dastardly act and the loading of the transports would get scant scrutiny. The plot was thicker, however. It was learned that the transports were to lie at anchor in the harbor and the troops loaded from lighters to avoid any unforeseen danger around the docks. The plan was to employ a diver to go down close to shore and wade out to the anchors and fasten a contact bomb to the hawser of each vessel so that the moment the anchor was pulled up and struck the side of the vessel she would be blown into pieces."

Mr. Creighton listened with interest but the thought uppermost in his mind was, "Who was the girl? And how did she bungle the job?" and presently he asked the Member.

"It hasn't been revealed who she was but she gave the information as to the date of entraining (which she very easily obtained from the transport officer) to the wrong party."

Stanley Creighton talked it over with his wife in the hotel lobby.

"That couldn't be Conny, now could it?" he asked. "It isn't like her—unless she just wanted to detain the troops for obvious reasons."

"Not likely—I don't believe the woman in khaki was our Connie at all."

"I'm doubtful, too," confessed Mrs. Creighton.

While they were thus expressing their doubts Captain Barker stepped into the hotel and walked up to the desk. Stanley Creighton jumped from his chair and stalked over to him. The Captain turned a smiling face upon him.

"Mr. Creighton," he exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you. Ah, I see Mrs. Creighton is here, too. Let's go over." He linked the Magnate's arm in his and walked over to where Mrs. Creighton sat. The Captain had not finished his salutation before she asked abruptly:

"Where's Connie?"

"She's here — in this hotel," he answered.

"Here?" they exclaimed together.

"Didn't you know," he asked, surprised. "She gave me the idea that you were here with her, but now that I come to think of it she did not say so. I wanted to see you both and this is really the first time since she came that I've been at the hotel."

"What's all this nonsense about being arrested for a spy?" asked her father, impatiently.

"Who? Oh, the German lady who donned soldier's clothes! She's detained all right. She was a pretty clever spy, all right."

"Then Constance had no hand in it?"

"Yes she did—that is——"

At that moment Constance herself appeared on the staircase. Captain Barker ran forward to escort her into the presence of her parents.

"Do you mean to say?" her mother demanded, severely, "that we have lived under the same roof for a week and never met before?"

Constance did not laugh as she might have done. She looked almost solemn in her grey tweed suit and little smoke-velvet turban.

"I've kept pretty much to my room since I arrived. I have had all my meals sent to my room and go out only when Captain Barker telephones for me."

"Well, now that we're all here tell us about this plot to wreck the Canadian Contingent," urged the Magnate.

"Oh, that was a funny episode," explained Constance.

It was such a coincidence that ended happily for the soldier boys. When I came I registered as 'Madge McKenzie.' That started the whole thing. I was not in my room ten minutes before a visitor was announced. My heart jumped when I went to the parlor and was greeted as 'Madge' by a good-looking khaki soldier who seemed to be in a dreadful hurry. 'I brought the clothes,' he blurted, and commenced right there to undress. I was dumbfounded. The parlor door was ajar and someone might have come in at any moment. He proceeded calmly but quickly to shed his khaki. 'It's all right,' he explained. 'I've got fatigue clothes on underneath,' and the fatigue clothes consisted of a green tunic and long trousers, badly crushed from being squeezed by the other uniform over it. He took off his broad-brimmed hat and replaced it with a small 'forage' cap. He was still a uniformed soldier while the khaki outfit lay on the chair, even to the boots which he took off and replaced by soft black shoes. Then he left me abruptly.

"I took the uniform to my room and went out to find Captain Barker to whom I told what had happened. Between us we figured out a plot. I was evidently taken for someone else who was to arrive on the same train. The boy in khaki was a German spy and I was to be his accomplice. He left it all to fate. I was evidently to don the garments and go to a certain quarter of the camp to get information. I was supposed to know all about it."

"Captain Barker and I returned to the hotel and looked over the register to corroborate a belief of his—and sure enough on the next page was entered 'Madge Kingsley' so near like my own nickname that the inference was plain. Her room number was sixty-one. Under Captain Barker's instructions I wrapped the clothes up and addressed them to 'Madge Kingsley'—room 61 and Captain Barker sent it up with a boy. Then we watched room sixty-one.

My room was opposite and I could see her door from my transom. Captain Barker commanded the view from the parlor. In half an hour a soldier in khaki about my size emerged timidly from room 61. I got a good look at 'her' and Captain Barker got a mental photo of her—and then he left me. Now, David can tell you the rest."

"She headed right for the horse lines opposite my tent and began to take

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"Between us we figured out a plot. I was evidently to don the garments and go to a certain quarter of the camp to get information. I was supposed to know all about it!"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



SYNOPSIS.

"Wouldn't you rather not talk about it now?" Jeffrey urged. "We're terribly interested, but we're not inhuman, really. Don't you want to wait until some other day?"

She shook her head. "I want to tell it now," she said, "and then perhaps not tell it again, ever."

"After we'd bought our sandwiches and started on again, Dr. Crow began telling me, for the first time, about my aunt's mental condition. He said she had lucid periods and periods that weren't lucid at all, and it was dangerous for her to see people—impossible really, for any one to be with her, except himself.

"I felt a vague discomfort about my journey then—felt that if he'd been playing fair he'd have told me that before we started. But it seemed foolish to insist on going back, so we went on. It wasn't till we got inside the gates that he told me his plan.

"He said he'd take me up to his wing of the house and leave me there to make myself comfortable and freshen up from the journey, and perhaps have a cup of coffee or something, while he went and saw my aunt. Then, he said, if she was all right, he'd take me in to her. If not, I could wait until morning and see her then. She was more herself in the daytime, he said.

"I didn't like that at all, but I assented to it. I thought, of course, there'd be servants there, possibly some old ones who remembered me, and that I could take matters more or less into my own hands.

"He drove me up in the car—not to the big door, but to one at the side, a wing that I didn't remember, though I remembered the rest of the house perfectly the moment I saw it. He let me in with a latch-key instead of ringing. There didn't seem to be any servants anywhere. I spoke of that, but he laughed in a perfectly natural way and said that everybody went to bed with the chickens out here, and I

Jeffrey undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens with Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew. Dr. Crow is announced. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in the portrait, particularly in a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. A seance is held at Gwendolyn's house, where the medium, terrified by the sight of an unplanned manifestation—the murdered girl—screams and faints. An unknown man rushes to her aid and asks her, "What was Irene Fournier to you?" A sudden shot summons the police. The woman says she has fired on her husband, and then tells how Irene Fournier lived in their house, became their confederate, discovered Miss Meredith, but was unable to induce the client to return to Beech Hill, Miss Meredith's country place. Jeffrey poked around the grounds alone, discovered the boathouse open and a skiff on its side with its painter cut. He afterwards rang the bell at Beech Hill and met Miss Meredith. Having invited him to lunch, Miss Meredith left him to Miss Martin, her companion, who countermanded the order in the doctor's name. Jeffrey saw again a baby raccoon which had waked him on the boat, thus establishing the identity of Miss Meredith and Miss Martin with the occupants of the next stateroom. He remembered the crazy voice which repeated over and over, "She's dead! I killed her with a pin!" While telling all this to Drew at the latter's office, late at night, the two men are interrupted by a knock. Dr. Crow tells Jeffrey of his first meeting with Miss Meredith. Crow finished his narration. Just before he leaves his face changes suddenly. Jeffrey tells Drew that, "Crow has seen it," and that to-night the two conspirators must go to Beech Hill and commit a burglary. Gwendolyn and Jack come with them. On the road an auto is passed. Arrived at Beech Hill, Drew and Jeffrey slip past two unknown guards and enter the lighted but apparently deserted house. They find Barton, wounded and incoherent, and they hurry him to the hotel where Jack and Gwendolyn are staying. When Bar-

ton is able to do so he recounts his supposed murder of Irene and the peculiar behaviour of Crow. Barton's story confirms Jeffrey's suspicions of Crow's guilt, and when he finds that Barton has in his possession a photographic likeness of the dead girl, he measures the plate and is astonished to find that it is of American rather than French manufacture. This discovery impels him to hurry with all possible speed to Beech Hill. He makes the journey with Drew and Richards in the police motor boat. The engine gives out and Richards returns for more gasoline while Drew and Jeffrey swim ashore. Here they discover Claire Meredith, who is dripping wet—she has fled, terrified, into the river to escape from Crow. After they have allayed her fears and warmed her at a fire, she explains the strange resemblance between herself and Irene Fournier—her half sister, owner of the mate to her jade earring. An attack of smallpox had resulted in aphasia, she explains, and had caused her to lose sight of her aunt. In the years intervening she had made her home with the Williamsons, friends of Jeffrey, who had occupied an apartment next to his in Paris. She gradually recovered her memory and made up her mind to seek out her aunt in America but she has been foiled by the designs of Dr. Crow, who plans her death so that he can acquire the old woman's money. Hence his efforts to counterfeit her photograph.

knew that was so. There was nothing I could do without making a scene, and even that would probably not have done me any good if his intentions were—sinister. And, of course, if they were all right, it would only make me look foolish.

"He showed me into a little dressing-room where I could freshen up after my long ride, and when I came out he had a cup of hot coffee and some sandwiches all ready for me. He said he didn't want anything himself, but that he'd go and make his regular evening visit to my aunt, and that if she was all right he'd come and get me."

"I don't believe you drank that coffee, did you?" Jeffrey asked quickly.

"No," she answered, and then her eyes widened as she looked at him. It was a full minute before she went on with the story.

"He was gone a long time, but at last I heard footsteps in one of the

down-stairs corridors. I thought he was coming back. But the next thing I heard I didn't like. That was somebody letting himself into the study down-stairs with a key. The grate of that key sounded unpleasant somehow; made me feel as if I had been a prisoner.

"I supposed, of course, it was he down there, and I expected every minute that he'd come up. But he didn't come, and at last I went to the head of the stairs and looked down. And then I saw that the room wasn't lighted. Whoever was down there was working in the dark.

"I don't pretend that I wasn't frightened, but after all, it only makes your fright worse to keep still and wonder what you're frightened about, so I lighted a candle and went down. I saw a man down there that I knew wasn't Dr. Crow, searching through some papers by the light of an electric torch.

"I was fairly in the room before I saw that, because, of course, the light of my own candle was shining in my eyes. If I had seen it a little sooner I shouldn't have gone in. But he heard me and turned around and gave one look at me. It was the most horribly terrified look I ever saw in a man's face. He made a little clicking noise in his throat and then turned and ran. He bolted through a door—a different door than the one he'd come in by—and left it unlocked behind him, and for quite a while I heard him running this way and that through the passages.

"I thought of calling out for help or something, and then quite suddenly I decided not to. I decided, too, that I wouldn't go back to the room where Dr. Crow had left me. I'd go over to the other part of the house—the part I knew, in the hope of finding somebody—somebody else than the doctor.

"So I walked down the corridor the burglar had come in by and hunted around and found myself at last in a part of the house that I recognized. I wandered around for a while, and then I made up my mind to go straight to my aunt's sitting-room. If she were at Beech Hill at all, even if she weren't in a condition to see me her-

self, she'd surely have a maid, or nurse, or companion, or somebody I could go to.

"I got a little confused in the passages, but finally I found my way there. The room was empty, and somehow it looked as if she weren't using it any more. And when I went into her bedroom, that was empty, too. I had got back to the sitting-room when a puff of wind from somewhere blew my candle out. I hadn't a match, and—well, I was about at the end of my resources,

or I thought I was. I didn't feel equal anyway to exploring that horrible house any further in the dark—for I was beginning to have a horror of it.

"I just sat down on a couch in the corner and waited. It was storming then. The rain was roaring down furiously so that I couldn't hear anything else, till pretty soon I felt another puff of wind like the one that had blown out my candle, as if some one had opened a door somewhere. And then I saw that a man was standing in the room. I hadn't heard him come in, but it seemed as if he had come out of the clothes-closet.

"I didn't cry out. I don't often do that. I suppose it was partly fright that held me perfectly still and almost kept me from breathing—like a nightmare, you know.

"He stood there for a minute, perfectly still, too as if he didn't know which way to go! And then there came a blinding glare of lightning and I saw who it was. It was Dr. Crow. He had a revolver in his hand. But that wasn't the terrifying thing about him. It was the look in his face. If ever you could see murder in a man's eyes, and in his horrible savage smile, it was in his face then.

"As soon as the lightning flashed into the room he began looking around—rather slowly and carefully. But his eyes hadn't got around to me when the lightning went out and everything was black again—black, of course, to his eyes and mine, than it had been before.

"He stood there waiting for the next flash. When it came he would see me. I wanted to use the darkness to run away in, but I couldn't move. I had to sit there. And then, before another flash could come, we heard a shot out in the grounds somewhere, and the sound of a man running, plunging through the underbrush. At that he darted across the room and out of the door.

"I don't know how long I sat there before I could get strength enough to stand up again. When I did I felt my way out of the room and down the stairs, and finally, following a little breeze that kept blowing in my face, I found a door that had been left unlatched, and that let me out of doors.



She had gone pretty white during the last part of the narrative. For myself I felt guilty that we had let her tell it, even though she had wanted to

"The rain had almost stopped by then, and I could hear a motor-boat throbbing along out in the river. I hurried down the drive as fast as I could. The one thing I wanted to do was to get away from Beech Hill—to put miles and miles between the dreadful place and me, and then go and ask for shelter somewhere.

"But long before I got to the park gates I heard some one coming. I left the driveway and hid among the trees. The sky was getting brighter then, and it was almost moonlight. Anyway, it was light enough for me to see who it was that was coming. It was Dr. Crow again. He was still carrying his revolver in his hand.

"I waited quite a while among the trees for him to get by, and then I went on to the gates. I found them locked, and I knew I couldn't possibly get over the wall. The only way out was the river. I knew that Dr. Crow would go back to the house and search it, and when he found I wasn't there he'd lock it up and begin searching the grounds. So I went down to the river and waded out as far as I could, and then—well, I kept on.

"I am a pretty good swimmer, but I have never swum in heavy clothes before. But, really, I didn't care much what happened—whether I ever felt land under my feet or not. I just wanted to get away from that horrible, horrible place. The current carried me along pretty well, and presently I found myself wading out again, here on Hog Island."

She had gone pretty white during the last part of the narrative. For myself I felt guilty that we'd let her tell it, even though she had wanted to.

Jeffrey reached over and laid a steadying hand on her shoulder. "Our adventures are over now," he said. "Everything's come out all right. We'll brighten up the fire a bit and that boat of ours should be coming back before long."

"But he—he," she whispered, and nodded mutely in the direction of Beech Hill. "He's still there."

"Never mind him," said Jeffrey. "We'll attend to him presently. We'll brighten up the fire a little and— isn't there a drop or two of that brandy left?"

"You're very good to me," she said unsteadily. And then suddenly she reached out and caught one of his hands in both of hers. "But—but, please don't go away. Never mind the fire. I don't want to be left alone. Somehow—somehow the old fear is all coming back."

"After all," said I, "it only takes one of us to get the firewood."

I rose somewhat stiffly, for the cold had struck in, gave them a cheerful nod and tramped off into the thicket. She

didn't seem to mind my going somehow, though she seemed grateful enough over my offer to replenish the fire.

I wasn't sorry to tramp around a little and get some of the stiffness out of my legs, and I went rather farther afield than a search for fire-wood made necessary. Before I came back I decided I'd go down to the bank at the lower end of the island and see if Richards and the police-boat weren't in sight anywhere. But before that I wanted a look at Beech Hill and the boat-landing.

I thought it possible that I might catch a glimpse of Crow. I suppose it was the thought of him that made me pick my way rather quietly through the undergrowth and down the slope toward the river's edge.

From where I stood I commanded a pretty good stretch of the Beech Hill shore line, and my eyes were busy with the shadows that still lingered in the thicket above, when something—I suppose it must have been a sound—made me look around.

Just past the end of a little point here on Hog Island I saw projecting the stern of a little boat—a skiff.

I went toward it automatically. We wanted a boat, and here was one come ashore—one that had drifted here likely enough. For all that I moved cautiously, and my footsteps in the soft sand didn't make a sound.

I rounded the little point clear of an overgrowing bush and saw the boat's oars were still in it, not unshipped. But the thing that engraved itself on my mind—the thing I can see yet, and that still brings back a certain horror, was the trailing end of the painter tied around the forward thwart.

I stared at it for a breathless instant, then looked up and saw Crow crouching there, revolver in hand.

He saw me at the same instant, smiled wickedly, and raised his revolver. There wasn't time even for a shout. I ducked my head, plunged at him—he wasn't more than six feet away—got a tight grip around his waist and we went down together. Then there was a blinding flash, and silence.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW IT ENDED

IT WAS a soft, warm, alluring May morning; the spring sky had just the thinnest of gauzy cloud veils drawn across it to keep the impetuous young sun from making love too ardently to the half-grown foliage that sheathed the trees, when I issued my ultimatum. Madeline was alone in the room with me watching me finish my breakfast when I began it. But Jack dropped in to see how I was before starting downtown, and, of course, Gwendolyn came

along, too, and they were in time to hear the finish. I never summed up before a jury more eloquently.

"I'm not ill," I said. "There hasn't been anything the matter with me for a week. I'm not going to be treated any longer as if I were marked 'fragile—perishable—with great care.' If you people will just go away and let me dress, I'll get up and show you a few things. And you needn't think it's a joke, either," I concluded; for they were smiling at each other, as if my stern decision were not to be taken seriously.

"It happens," said Madeline, "that Dr. Armstrong said last night that if you slept well, and if this turned out a fine day, we could take you out for a ride."

"Well," said I, partly mollified, "that's all right as far as it goes. But it doesn't go half far enough. I want to be told what's happened. I have lived on intellectual malted milk long enough. Oh, I know everything's all right, of course! Jeffrey's come up and grinned at me every day, and you've been bringing me bunches of sweet-peas and things with Claire's regards. So I know that she's all right, too. But I want to know what happened after Crow hit me on the head. I want to know whether he got off. I want to know whether Barton's still in jail. I expect he deserves to be; but I hope he isn't, all the same. I want the whole story without any gaps in it, and without being patted on the head and told not to worry about that just now."

"You're getting to be a detective," said Gwendolyn impudently, as if I hadn't a claim to be called one already. "How did you know Dr. Armstrong said that we could tell you all that to-day?"

That took all the wind out of my sails in a hurry. "Did he really?" I exclaimed. "Well, then, begin."

"Oh, it's all settled!" said Jack. "That's Jeffrey's job. We're all going to the studio at eleven o'clock, and he's going to tell his tale."

"You, too!" I exclaimed. "I didn't think anything could tempt you from the office."

"From church, you mean," he said. "This is Sunday. Oh, I confess it's a loss, but I've made up my mind to it."

"You'll have to hurry, though," said Madeline, as if hurry weren't the thing I had been demanding; "it's after ten o'clock."

I was a bit wobbly about the knees, to be sure, and my head had a way of turning giddy, the natural result of being kept flat on my back while the crack in my skull had time to knit together again. So I hadn't much energy left to bother them with questions while I was being dressed and helped

down-stairs and bundled into Jack's limousine, which had all the glass down in honor of the day.

But there was a sort of determined look about all my family that convinced me that I shouldn't get any answers yet, anyway. So I admired the park as we drove through, and talked politics with Jack, just as if the word curiosity had never been printed in my dictionary.

But once I was safely deposited in Jeffrey's Morris chair, with Madeline on the arm of it, and my best pipe drawing comfortably, the whole story came back over me with a rush. Perhaps it was the studio itself. I hadn't been there since the afternoon when Richards and I had watched the face—the face we had thought to be Irene Fournier's—appear from under its mask of disguising paint on Jeffrey's canvases.

Jeffrey never seemed so slow as when one tried to hurry him. But at last he turned to me with a grin, and asked me where I wanted him to begin the story.

"Where to begin!" I cried. "Begin by telling me how it happened that Crow didn't get you and Miss Claire as well as me. I hadn't time to give you any warning, and if ever I saw a man hunting human game, he was that man."

"I can't explain that reasonably myself," said Jeffrey. "It was all Claire's doing. She kept getting whiter and whiter after you had gone away, and at last she said she couldn't stand it. She'd got to know what had become of you. She said she was sure you couldn't be gone as long as that, though you hadn't been gone long really. So I got up and handed her my revolver. 'That's just for company,' I said. 'There's absolutely nothing to fear now from anybody.'"

"All the same, her mood had rather got hold of me, and I tacked along northwest—the direction you'd started in, making as little noise as possible. I told myself I was doing that in order to have a better chance of hearing you. But that wasn't the reason.

"There is a second little ridge on the island beyond the main one, and when I climbed that I got a clear view of the branch of the river, and of Beech Hill on the other side. And then I glanced down and saw Crow. He hadn't got very far from his boat then, and I could see you lying there in the mud behind him. I thought he'd finished you. I imagine he thought so, too. But—well, luckily a man's feelings don't have time to operate in a situation like that. He doesn't do anything but think.

"Crow snapped up his revolver and covered me, grinning, just as Claire had described him. But it was the



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For Face, Hands & Hair

Tubes 25c; Jars 35c and 75c At the Stores

Only Jars: 50c, 75c and \$1 At the Stores

Pompeian NIGHT Cream. Some women find it is all their skin needs. Hundreds have written us that when the face, neck and hands become roughened and reddened by winds or cold or dry climates, Pompeian NIGHT Cream soothes, softens and beautifies while they sleep. So fragrant! So white! A new delight! Try it tonight!

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. Other women write us this suits them best. You see, it all depends on a person's skin. A sallow, cloudy or "lifeless" skin needs this pink Pompeian MASSAGE Cream to wake it up. It rolls in and out of the skin in its own peculiar way, beautifying and refreshing tired, drawn faces. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream also cleanses pores wonderfully.

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if you are going outdoors, remove excess NIGHT Cream, leaving enough on the face and the hands to protect the skin against the weather. Moreover, Pompeian NIGHT Cream is not only an excellent powder base, but also protects the skin from the powder's drying effect. Try these two entirely different creams. Cut out and save this hint.

Pompeian HAIR Massage makes the hair healthy, strong and lustrous. It removes Dandruff, one of the biggest causes of itching scalp and falling hair. Pompeian HAIR Massage is no experiment. For many years it was known as Hyki Tonic. We bought the business because Hyki had been so successfully used by more than a million people.

Pompeian HAIR Massage (remember the new name) is a clear, amber liquid containing 6 finely combined ingredients. Can't discolor the hair. Not oily. Delightful to use. *Hair roots once dead, always dead.* Don't wait until too late. Use Pompeian HAIR Massage.

With each 25c, 50c or \$1 bottle (at the stores) is a booklet, "Your Hair and Its Care." The advice in it is alone worth the price of many bottles. If your chemist does not have this new product, tell him he can get it very quickly from his wholesale dealer.

- THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
Toronto, Canada
Also, Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

last grin he ever wore. He was nearly thirty paces away, and I figured he had a pretty good chance to miss at that distance, so I turned a little away from him, leaned back a little, and made a slight signal with my hand, as if to somebody else who was coming along behind and to the right of me.

"His eye wavered at that—almost any man's will—and I jumped aside and got cover behind a tree. 'Come on, Richards!' I yelled. 'Down to the left and get his boat. I'll get him myself!' Then, making all the noise I could, I came crashing down the hill a little farther.

"It was an old trick, of course; and yet there was a certain plausibility about it, because he didn't know of any way that I could know that Rich-

ards was up there, unless I really had him with me. He hesitated a second and then made a dash for his boat. He pushed off and then backed away a few strokes with the sculls.

"Then he hesitated again. I think the fact that he wasn't fired on may have convinced him that he had been tricked. But the next minute there was a shot from over at the right. Claire fired it when she heard me call out, and that decided it.

"He began pulling straight out toward the river. But a couple of minutes later Richards and the police-boat hove in sight around the end of the island. I swear I never thought I should be so glad to see the lieutenant. Crow waved to him as if nothing was the matter, and began pulling deliber-

ately enough toward the Beech Hill landing, just as if he meant to get there first and welcome him ashore. But he hadn't gone three boat-lengths when I heard another motor, and saw Jack's limousine come tearing down the drive and pull up in the circle just at the head of the bank.

"I shouted to Richards: 'Get him! Get Crow! Don't let him go ashore!'"

"Crow stopped rowing at once and waited for the police-boat to come alongside. I didn't pay attention to anything more just then, because as soon as I saw that Jack and Gwendolyn were safe I was down over you, trying to find out whether he'd left anything of you or not."

His voice made amends for the jocularity of his words. Indeed, I could see that that was the only way he could speak of a moment like that. There was a little silence, then he went on with his story.

"Richards gave me the details of what happened next. Crow unshipped his sculls and stood up in the boat when the police-boat came alongside, just in the act, apparently, of climbing aboard the other boat. And then it looked as if something had tripped him. Richards doesn't think he meant to do it. I can't be sure. Richards says it was the painter—that very same long painter, Drew—"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

"Anyhow, he threw up his arms in an attempt to gain his balance, and went overboard, capsizing the skiff as he did so. Of course, they expected him to come up, and wasted a minute or two for that to happen. But he never did come up until they found him with the grappling-hooks. His pockets were weighted—not with regular weights, but with all sorts of heavy things.

"There were two revolvers—one of them was Barton's automatic—and a bag of English sovereigns. Oh, and a lot of documents and note-books and things that he evidently hadn't time to destroy. He was ready to make a good getaway if he got the chance.

"We rigged a blanket for you, and took you and Claire over to Beech Hill and—well, that's about all to that part of the story."

"One more question, Jeffrey," said I. "Why didn't Crow kill her as soon as he got her down there to Beech Hill? Why did he wait?"

"I've an idea," said Jeffrey, "that we found the reason down at the boat-house. Some one had been working down there very recently on a dragnet, putting the weights on it. He didn't mean to make Barton's mistake, and he wanted everything ready first.

"And then—well, there was chloral enough in the coffee he left for her to drink, and that she happened not to

want, to have put her sound asleep, if not to have killed her. Oh, it was complete enough! It was the net that finished Richards. He looked as sick as I felt when he saw it, and as soon as he could get to a telephone he sent word to turn Barton loose."

"How did Richards feel about the whole thing?" I asked. "Rather sore and aggrieved, I suppose, over having gone after everybody but the real criminal."

"Thank the Lord for something cheerful to talk about at last!" said Jeffrey, and the rest were all shaken with sudden laughter.

"Can you find it?" asked Gwendolyn. "You lose nearly everything, you know."

"Never this!" said Jeffrey proudly, and he took from his pocket what proved to be an editorial clipping from one of the more serious evening papers.

It is often the unpleasant duty of this newspaper to speak in sharp criticism of the police department. And consequently it is doubly refreshing to have an opportunity to offer it unqualified praise as well as our hearty congratulation on the possession of so brilliant and efficient an officer as Lieutenant Richards. The solution of the mystery of the Beech Hill murder would be a credit to the police department in any of the European capitals, and in our own annals it is unique. With an absence of bluster and noise, with admirable reticence, with perseverance and logic, and occasional flashes of intuition almost uncanny, this officer unraveled the tangled threads of that mystery and brought it to a triumphant solution.

From the fact that the suicide or the accidental drowning of the criminal at the moment of his capture obviates the necessity of a sensational trial—and for this the community is to be congratulated—it is only fair to attempt to give Lieutenant Richards some portion of the *reclame* that would have been his if the trial had taken place.

"I wanted Richards to come around this morning," said Jeffrey, "but he told me he was busy. In fact, he has told me that every time I have asked him since that editorial appeared. But, judging by his voice over the phone, he isn't sore a bit." He pulled out his watch. "Claire ought to be here now," he said. "She—she still doesn't feel much like hearing the story told over again, but she's awfully anxious to see you."

There was something new in Jeffrey's tone—something almost shamefaced about his expression. The carefree impudence that one associated with him on most occasions had somehow disappeared. And—yes, by Jove, he was blushing!

Just then we heard a step in the corridor. "There she is!" he cried, and sprang to the door and flung it open.

Yes, there she was! If ever it was possible to see the personification of spring-time come walking into a room and turn the cool north light of a studio golden, we saw it then.

She didn't look at Jeffrey; just held

out a momentary left hand to him. But—well, she was blushing a little, too.

She came straight over to me, holding out both hands. "I've wanted to see you before," she said; "but they told me it mightn't be good for you to have another look at me until you were quite well."

"I'm sure it would have," said I.

"Have you shown him the portrait yet—the new portrait?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I thought I'd give him a glimpse of the original first. I didn't want him to be disappointed."

"Aunt is coming to see it this afternoon," she said.

"Miss Meredith!" I exclaimed. "Is she—"

"She's getting better," Claire said soberly. "I think in a few months more we'll have her quite recovered."

But the subject was a little difficult to talk about. "Well, I'm glad to see *this* Miss Meredith so fully recovered, anyway," said I.

"You're not going to call me that," she said. "The others—Madeline and Gwendolyn and Jack—all say I'm to be one of the family."

"H-m-p!" said Jeffrey. "They're not the only ones who say that. As a matter of fact, I said it first myself."

(The End.)

Ten Years After the Rube Broke the Record

Continued from page 334.

"The owner," said Dad, drawing outside—"I'll have to apologize—I didn't know."

On the dark stairs he heard steps approaching and he turned and looked down. A man was coming up.

"I beg your pardon for being here," Dad began as the stranger got up to him. Then his mouth formed an "O" and he gasped:

"Mr. Dawson?"

"And how are you Dad?" asked Mr. Dawson, catching him by the arm, and leading him to the door. "Aren't you going in? Think somebody had moved in while you were away, eh, Dad?"

For once in his life, the driver of The Rube was unable to utter a single word. He permitted the secretary-treasurer of The Turf Club to lead him to a seat, and he sat down.

"Dad, with your confounded false pride, you are an old fool," Mr. Dawson began. "Ten years ago you helped us out when our club needed assistance, and I told you then that we were unable to pay you anything, but should that time ever come that you needed anything, you were to call us up. Why didn't you do it?"

Dad Groom couldn't say a word.

"We are going to help you now, Dad, whether you will or not," continued

How Condensed Milk is Made

IT IS important that the facts concerning the manufacture of Evaporated and Condensed milk should be widely known. These products are coming more and more into daily use, as the convenience of their use is appreciated by the home keeper of Canada, and if our people can use them with every confidence in their purity and cleanliness, their use would be still further extended.

We are not in a position to speak authoritatively on the imported brands of tinned milk. Some excellent food products are produced in the United States, but there is also much that is not up to the standard demanded by Canadians. There is, however, no necessity for considering imported brands, as milk of the highest quality and excellence is produced in our own country. This being the case, Canadians will prefer Canadian brands, as they always do when quality and price offer no impediments.

The method we describe is that followed by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Company of Aylmer, Ontario, the makers of "Canada First" Brand of Evaporated and Condensed milk and is a fair example of the process that is, or at least should be, followed by every manufacturer of these products.

First, it is possible that some of our readers do not know the difference between evaporated and condensed milk. Both are made from pure "whole" milk, that is with the cream included, Evaporated is homogenized by special machinery so that the cream does not separate, and is just what its name indicates. The excess water is evaporated, making a rich creamy product that is very much like cream, except for a wholesome, clean "cooked" taste that comes from the application of heat in sterilizing. Evaporated milk contains no artificial preservative and no sugar. It keeps perfectly in the air-tight tins until opened and for several days afterwards. Condensed milk is treated in the a similar way, but pure cane sugar is used as a preservative. The Condensed, therefore, keeps longer after being opened than does the evaporated.

The first care in guarding the purity of the milk is on the farm. Milk is purchased only from farmers that maintain their premises in a sanitary and hygienic condition and who will agree to give the company's inspectors every facility for checking their methods, the health of their cattle and other features that would affect the quality and purity of the milk. Even

the most careful farmer, however, is not trusted to clean his own cans. Before these cans, in which the milk is brought to the factory, are returned to the farmer, they are cleaned and sterilized with live steam. The farmer's wife may be most conscientious, but she has not the facilities for thorough sterilization. Even boiling hot water is not sufficient.

Complete dependence is not placed on even these precautions. Every lot received is tested not only for purity, but also for acidity and the percentage of butter fat, solids, etc.

The copper vacuum pans in which the milk is evaporated, are scoured with emery and sterilized with live steam after each batch has been treated. The same treatment is applied to the filling machines and other apparatus. The homogenizing process is similar, in a large scale, to that of the chemist who makes oil into an emulsion. That is, the fat globules of the cream are broken up and incorporated into the milk so it cannot separate. That is the reason that none of these globules rise on the surface of a cup of coffee in which this milk is used. When fresh cream is used these globules do rise and, to put it mildly, are not particularly appetizing. They suggest soup instead of coffee.

The cans used are known as "sanitary". They are sealed without the use of lead or solder.

As stated, all milk is sterilized, but in the case of the evaporated, this process is repeated after the cans are sealed. This is made possible because the evaporated milk contains no sugar. The intense heat would "Caramel" or brown the sugar if the condensed were treated in the same way. This second sterilization however, is not essential for the condensed, as the sugar acts as a preservative, the same as it does in preserves and jams.

The evaporated is recommended for baby food, because the sugar desired may be added, according to the physicians' directions. The condensed contains too much sugar for some infants' stomachs, although in some cases it is quite satisfactory. It is safe, however, to use the evaporated and add dextro-maltose or milk sugar as the physician prescribes.

The Evaporated and Condensed milks are doing much to lessen the troubles and anxieties of the home-keeper. These products are really superior to fresh or perishable milk for cooking, and they are certainly safer than uncertain or uncertified dairy milk. The "cooked" taste is very

agreeable to most people. Others soon acquire the taste; it is so suggestive of wholesomeness, cleanliness and purifying heat.

Even those who claim they cannot accustom themselves to the cooked taste in milk used as a beverage, can appreciate the advantages of non-perishable milk for culinary purposes. The milk is to be cooked in any case.

The careful housewife is constantly inconvenienced by an inadequate supply of perishable or dairy milk, as she is loath to order more than actually necessary. Anything over and above that will go to waste. With evaporated or condensed milk, this difficulty is overcome. It is always available and keeps until required.

The food value of milk is not properly understood. As a matter of fact, its nutritive value is very high and costs less than half the same amount of nutrition in meat.

Raw, or pasteurized milk is acceptable to some stomachs, but in cases of impaired digestion, it is not suitable. The food value is there, but it is not in a form that can be assimilated. Evaporated and Condensed milk being sterilized or cooked is found to be more readily digested. It is the same as with many vegetables. They cannot be eaten raw, but are delicious and digestible when cooked.

Possibly the greatest benefit of non-perishable milk, is its safety as a food for infants. The first year of baby's life is the dangerous time, and unfortunately many families are not so situated that they can secure dairy milk that has been scientifically treated. Untreated dairy milk is a source of danger, there is no doubt about that. Even commercial pasteurization is not entirely satisfactory. The Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto thought it necessary to install a Pasteurizing Plant of their own at an expense of \$20,000.

It is comforting, therefore to know that any person in any part of the country can now secure *safe* milk for babies. As stated before, the evaporated milk is best for this purpose as it contains no sugar, and some babies cannot digest ordinary cane sugar.

We could enlarge on the uses of evaporated and condensed milk, but probably it will be as well to let the makers tell their own story in the advertising columns—at regular rates. It is sufficient for us to say that the product is good; that proper safeguards are taken to protect their purity and healthfulness and that our readers may use them with safety.



**Nick and Pull—
save time and money**

Quick as a wink the pencil's sharpened—no fuss, no muss, no soiled fingers, no bother of whittling; and how the smooth easy-writing leads do glide over the paper!

That's *speed* for you!

No wasted leads—there's no scraping necessary. With ordinary wooden pencils two-thirds of the lead is lost in sharpening. The Blaisdell uses *all* the lead in writing, and lasts two-thirds longer.

That's *economy* for you!

The biggest corporations are users of Blaisdell pencils, and the biggest factor that determines their use is Blaisdell's downright economy.

And there's positive fascination in learning to "nick and pull." You soon become an adept and wonder how you ever took the time to whittle down a wooden pencil.

This makes Blaisdells a joy for the business man, clerk, stenographer, student and everybody who writes much and often.

Blaisdell 202 is a special favorite with many. Blaisdell 151 blue pencil is a world-beater—outsells all other blue pencils combined. Order by number from your stationer.

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including regular, colored, copying, indelible, extra thick, china marking, metal marking, lumberman's and railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.



**Nick and Pull—
the
modern way
to sharpen
a pencil**

- Cut through one thickness between perforations
- Loosen the strip once around
- Done in 5 seconds
Pull the strip straight away

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mr. Dawson. "But before I go any further I want you to say, 'Thank You!'"

Dad opened his mouth for the first time.

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Dawson, but——"

"There you go. Dad, you were always a mean man to handle. But you must get over it." He put his hand in a pocket and pulled out a long, well-filled wallet.

"Here, Dad," he said, handing it over—"Is a little present from the boys. And I have been asked by them to tell you that they hope you live a thousand years and that you are happy every minute of it. But while I am here, there is something else, I want to tell you about."

Mr. Dawson arose and beckoned Dad to a back window.

"In that barn over there you will find hay and oats. Use it—it is your property——"

"Hay and oats?" Dad questioned.

Mr. Dawson's hand stopped him.

"Now, just a minute, and then you can do all the talking you have a mind to. I want to show you further how the boys appreciate what you did for them ten years ago."

They were at the front windows now and Dad was rubbing his eyes. Wasn't that The Rube in new harness and attached to a neat rubber-tired buggy?

The old veteran drew out a handkerchief and then he broke down. Mr. Dawson watched him for a minute with a smile on his face.

"Well, well, Dad! And what, tell me, is there to cry about? Don't you think it about time to put in your horse and give him something to eat?"

The Way of the Sea

Continued from page 331.

and rough words without whimpering. Learning to do dirty, hard, menial work and do it quick with oaths for thanks. Learning to eat vile food; to sleep in cold, damp quarters; to arouse from deep sleep at a savage hail; "Turn out, you sojers, an' be dam' quick about it!" Learning to hide his better instincts under a cloak of roughness; to regard such things as sympathy, love, and feeling with scorn. It was a tough schooling, but it makes a man of a boy.

The Nipper found it hard, but we all find it that way. Seasickness, after we let go the towing hawser off the Cantyre, claimed him for two or three days. Days of abject misery when death was welcomed and consolation was lacking. No mother there to nurse and comfort. No, indeed!

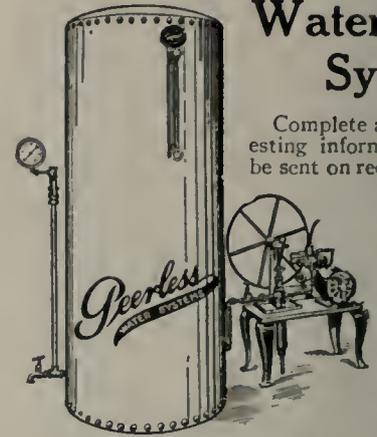
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The PEERLESS WATER SYSTEM pumps water from your source of supply to an air-tight tank in your cellar, where it is held under pressure. You have water on tap anywhere in the house—hot and cold—and for sprinkling purposes outside—water enough for your every need. It costs you nothing to investigate the

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Complete and interesting information will be sent on request.



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**Corson's
CHARCOAL
TOOTH PASTE**

A TOOTH PASTE that combines the cleansing and purifying qualities of refined charcoal in a dainty and delightful dentifrice. It polishes the teeth beautifully, purifies the breath and gives a fine feeling of freshness and mouth cleanliness.

Send 25c to-day for full sized tube of this fine Tooth Paste and free sample bottle of Corson's "Ideal Orchid" Perfume.

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED
116 BEEK AVENUE TORONTO

Superior Toilet Requisites, Made-in-Canada Exclusively

BOYS, LOOK

On page 317 of this magazine you will be interested in my proposition.
R. G. TOBIN, Mgr., Mail Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS Wanted to Sell Rebuilt AUTOMOBILES on installments. Pay while you ride. Write for agents' contract and illustrated catalog.
EUREKA AUTO CO., BEAVERTOWN, PA.

Nothing but an unsympathetic crowd of youths who smoked, quarrelled, cursed and played rough jokes with the sufferer. "Try a piece o' fat greasy pork, son. Tie a piece o' marline to it; swaller it, an' pull it up again. Nothin' like it for greasin' th' ways an' gittin' all th' longshore swash out o' yer stomach."

And the Romance? Alas! the only sign of it was in the blue-skied Trades, when with braces strung and every kites aloft and drawing, the old bark slugged through the deep unfathomed azure of sea. Cleaning, scraping, chipping rust and painting gave us little time to appreciate the beauties of the latitudes, while the star spangled nights were devoted to snatching odd moments of blissful sleep around decks with rude awakenings of "Boy! Where th' hell has th' lazy brat got to? Aft here an' trim th' binnacle!"

The Nipper got his sight of the Horn—the storied Stormy Horn—from the elevation of a topgallantyard furling sail, and with the sight came a curseful hope that he'd never see it again. "Damn good thing when the Yankees get the Panama Canal cut," said he. "It'll sweep these old Cape Hornin' windjammers off the seas an' th' best thing for them!"

So the days passed. Work, work, and more work. Come day, go day, God send Sunday, 'till we overhauled the ground tackle and got the anchors over the bows. On a fine day, we raised the blue Andean loom and stood in, and in the peace and calm of the second dog watch, Case and I sat on a spare spar, smoking and listening lazily to the Nipper talking with the other apprentice.

"Aye! She's made a fair passage. Could ha' done better though if the Old Man had only put sail to her while we was to the east'ard o' Cape Stiff. . . Used t' make me sick every time I'd hear 'All hands wear ship' sung out. How'd he expect to make westing with his bloody upper tops'ls stowed 'most th' time. An' lyin' to for four days—th' bloody old fool! Why, he sh'd ha' put it to her then. . . an' th' wind sou'west for a slant. That's th' trouble with them old swabs. Always shortenin' down when it comes away strong from th' west'ard 'stead o' ratchin' her into it under all she'd stand."

Case gave me a nudge. "D'ye hear who's talkin'? Criticisin' the Old Man's seamanship. A cub on his first voyage deepwater slingin' Old Mike that has doubled th' Horn twenty-four times. Oh, yes, th' Nipper is learnin' all right. He'll work his four years with these opinions, then, if he sticks it out, he'll learn all over again. . . an' I don't know which lesson'll be th' hardest."

Her Second Childhood

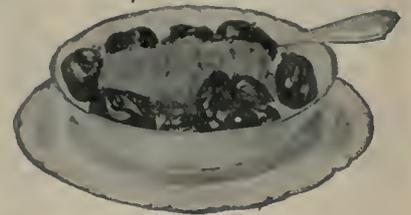


Eating the simple, nutritious foods that keep the mind buoyant and the arteries soft and pliable is the surest road to the bounding, exuberant health of children. You can postpone Old Age through the constant companionship of children and through eating the simple, natural and well-cooked foods.

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supplies in well balanced proportion the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It contains all the material for replenishing the daily waste of tissue and at the same time supplies a laxative element that keeps the colon clean. A food for all ages—for babies, mothers and grandmothers—for invalids and athletes—for outdoor men and indoor men.

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People in the Land

Continued from page 348.

with nodules showing that the land is a natural alfalfa country. There are dense fields, and field peas ready for the mower. Just beyond where the timber still stands, the wild pea-vine that the cattle love so well is growing shoulder-high. This is essentially a forage growing soil—one glance at the roots and another at the meadows is enough to convince one. And, of course, forage is at the basis of profitable stock farming.

This fact helps to solve the freight rate problem—the cattle that browse on the wild pastures, and the hog and the sheep and the hen. The pea-vine becomes butter, and a large value bulks small in the express or freight car. The bulky hay crop, the relatively cheap grains, the roots that take the place of ensilage in the ration go to market disguised as beef or pork or eggs. This is the story of profitable farming in older lands; it is a story which will be repeated wherever men mix brains and muscle with the soil.

There is a dinner in a home beside the road—venison and garden stuff and good wheaten bread and berries smothered in cream; there is a ride over the dancing waters of Noolki, tramping across meadows, the song of the reaper, the voices of men and women, the laughter of little children, the ride home through the twilight of a perfect day. Only now and then is one privileged to see, as we have seen, a land in the making, its people confident and strong, its resources unmeasured, its future great.

The Khaki Spy

Continued from page 351.

an interest in my horse. Now, it happened that one of our orderlies was sick and the Major had asked for another to be sent along temporarily. He noticed the new arrival and calmly took my orderly and said I could have the green one. I did not mind. I got the quartermaster to do some detective work for me. I arranged to receive a number of bogus messages about the movement of the troops and left them carelessly lying about in my tent while I went out to watch my orderly from behind another tent. She was not long getting familiar with the contents of those messages and she was tracked by the quartermaster to three different orderlies in the camps to whom she imparted information. It was then necessary to put on more detectives to watch the three. We soon ran them down to their central Bureau, who was the bartender in this

hotel. My orderly deserted me after a couple of days but instead of escaping she ran into the arms of our detective force. But you've read all about it—I can't add any more. We are going to embark just as we had planned and we expect to land safely in England, too."

Captain Barker expected something else, hoped for it, and he gave voice to it now that the moment was opportune: "Mr. Creighton; Mrs. Creighton," he bowed and addressed them seriously:

"I am about to embark upon a hazardous campaign. I hope to come back, but the odds are heavy. It will be with deep regret that I leave you all. Constance knows my feelings. It will make us both happy if you will consent to our marriage before I go."

"You know I'd never object," said her mother.

"She'd never get a better man," acknowledged her father.

"And I could not have had better parents," responded Constance, kissing each in turn.

The Victory of a Faint Heart

Continued from page 337.

But when Mister Masters entered (so timidly to the eye, but really so masterfully) into little Miss Blythe's life, she could no longer tolerate the idea of marrying Mr. Blagdon. All in a twinkling she knew that horses and yachts and great riches could never make up to her for the loss of a long, bashful youth with a crooked smile. You can't be really happy if you are shivering with cold; you can't be really happy if you are dripping with heat. And she knew that without Mister Masters she must always be one thing or the other—too cold or too hot, never quite comfortable.

Her own mind was made up from the first; even to going through any number of awful scenes with Blagdon. But as time passed and her attentions (I shall have to call it that) to Mister Masters made no visible progress, there were times when she was obliged to think that she would never marry anybody at all. But in her heart she knew that Masters was attracted by her, and to this strand of knowledge she clung so as not to be drowned in a sea of despair.

Her position was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Sometimes Mister Masters came near her of his own accord, and remained in bashful silence; but more often she was obliged to have recourse to "accidents" in order to bring about propinquity. And even when propinquity had been established there was never any progress made that could be favorably noted.



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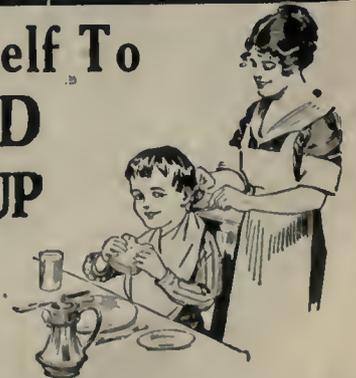
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Behind her back, for instance, when she was playing tennis and he was looking on, he was quite bold in his admiration of her. And whereas most people's eyes when they are watching tennis follow the flight of the ball, Mister Masters' faithful eyes never left the person of his favorite player.

One reason for his awful bashfulness and silence was that certain people, who seemed to know, had told him in the very beginning that it was only a question of time before little Miss Blythe would become Mrs. Bob Blagdon. "She's always been fond of him," they said, "and of course he can give her everything worth having." So when he was with her he felt as if he was with an engaged girl, and his real feelings not being proper to express in any way under such circumstances, and his nature being single and without deceit, he was put in a quandary that defied solution.

But what was hidden from Mister Masters was presently obvious to Mr. Blagdon and to others. So the spider, sleepily watching the automatic entanglement of the fly, may spring into alert and formidable action at seeing a powerful beetle blunder into the web and threaten by his stupid, aimless struggle to set the fly at liberty and to destroy the whole fabric spun with care and toil.

To a man in love there is no redder danger signal than a sight of the object of his affections standing or sitting contentedly with another man, and neither of them saying as much as boo to the other. He may, with more equanimity, regard and countenance a genuine flirtation, full of laughter and eye-making. The first time Mr. Blagdon saw them together he thought; the second time he felt; the third time he came forward graciously smiling. The web might be in danger from the beetle; the fly at the point of kicking up her heels and flying gayly away; but it may be in the power of the spider to spin enough fresh threads on the spur of the moment to rebind the fly, and even to make prisoner the doughty beetle.

"Don't you ride, Mister Masters?" said Mr. Blagdon.

"Of course," said the shy one, blushing. "But I'm not to do anything violent before June."

"Sorry," said Mr. Blagdon, "because I've a string of ponies that are eating their heads off. I'd be delighted to mount you."

But Mister Masters smiled with unusual crookedness and stammered his thanks and his regrets. And so that thread came to nothing.

The spider attempted three more threads; but little Miss Blythe looked serenely up.

Continued on page 375.



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Serve none but Quaker Oats.

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Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

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land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. **YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL.** We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

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VANDERHOOF
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"The Dominating Center of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

Running Riot

Continued from page 325.

Senators are appointed by the Governor-General in Council and subject to certain conditions, hold their appointment for life. A Senator may by writing resign his seat. His place becomes vacant if for two consecutive sessions of Parliament, he fails to attend; if he becomes a subject or citizen of a foreign power; if he becomes a bankrupt or defaulter; if he is attainted of felony or convicted of felony or crime; if he ceases to be qualified in respect of property. This last means that he must be possessed of real property, free of all encumbrances to the value of four thousand dollars.

Wags with little originality are prone to assert that Senators seldom die and never resign. The late Hon. David Wark, who was gathered to his fathers at the advanced age of 103, and who was one of the most active members of that august body until very shortly before his death, was an intense Liberal, and could find no excuse for the longevity accredited to Senators—in the Opposition! During the first part of the Laurier administration, the Conservative majority resembled the Liberal majority, to-day, in that it was rapidly decreasing. Those in the minority hung on grimly, and made superhuman efforts not to lose seats by default; however, the Man with the Sickles occasionally marked one for his own.

A Conservative Senator from the Maritime Provinces had missed one session and almost all of the second. Daily, his vacant chair was looked upon with anxiety by one side and elation by the other. The Liberals counted the seat their own. But just a few days before the lapse of the two years, the aged Senator, dragged from his bed and his Province by the insistence of his party, tottered into the Red Chamber, on the arm of a husky hireling. A croaky cheer arose from the Conservatives; a grunt of disappointment and disgust from the Liberals. But Senator Wark expressed himself coherently.

"Good Lord," he ejaculated. "The old scoundrel! At his time of life he ought to be thinking of another world."

He was at least twenty years the feeble Conservative's senior.

A number of persons will perhaps be surprised to learn that theoretically, the Galleries are not supposed to be occupied, and should the Speaker's attention be called to the fact, they must be cleared. A good story occurs in this connection:

A successful candidate was followed to Ottawa by his defeated rival who daily sat in the Gallery and looked

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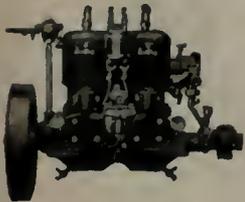
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down upon the new member with anything but admiration. This annoyed the nervous M. P., who took refuge behind the Parliamentary law, and each day he would rise in his seat, scan the Galleries and spying the obnoxious presence, he would exclaim,

"Mr. Speaker, I see a stranger in the Gallery!"

Whereupon Mr. Speaker had, of necessity, to depute the Sergeant-at-Arms to clear the entire Gallery!

The Naval Bill stands out in large type as a combination of business and pleasure—may I be spared the wrath of some of the members for saying so! It is history, however, how they made a virtue of a necessity, bringing air cushions, pillows, and even rugs into the Commons, during that continuous session when they slept in their seats. It is history how Dr. Clark was "named" by the Speaker, and didn't care a rap.

And it is history how Mr. Miller, of Montreal, was committed to the Tower which has so recently yielded to the hunger of the flames, because he refused to answer some questions when called to the Bar of the House. Being a prisoner of the Government is not nearly so trying as being the prisoner of the State, I understand. There is no enforced boot making, or stone breaking. Indeed, there is a current rumor to the effect that a Government Prisoner may have any thing but liberty, and the first one incarcerated in the Tower (Mr. Miller was the second) made exceeding merry each night at the expense of the country!

It is doubtful, however, whether anything in Parliamentary history makes any more interesting reading than the magic which was worked in the Victoria Memorial Museum in order to fit it for the housing of the present session. It had been the home of the Geological Survey, the National Art Gallery, the National Museum, and latterly, it was the birth of the National Theatre. It is the building famous for its CRACK, and the tower, said to be responsible for the crack, had just been pulled down.

Hardly had it been decided at the weird Cabinet Council held in the Chateau Laurier while the fire was raging on the Hill, that there would be no interruption in the sitting of Parliament; hardly had it been decided to use the Museum as its temporary home, than an army of workmen set about the reconstruction. On Friday afternoon, the day following the fire, the House of Commons sat in the Theatre—the only place available, with the exception of one of the larger theatres—the Speaker on the stage, under a Florentine curtain and over footlights; Parliament was beyond question dramatic in tone.

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If you want to put your name on my list, write me at once, before some other boy beats you to this chance. Just a little work after school hours will bring you money to spend for a lot of nice things most boys enjoy. Send the letter to-day before you forget it.

R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 467 Mail Building, TORONTO.

outside the building. To begin with, an entrance had to be effected. The main door had been closed many months during the destruction of the tower and the tons of stone thrown down, or lifted down by cranes, had been piled at the entrance. Talk about your buried Pompeii! In an unbelievably short space of time and with the assistance of dozens of huge motor trucks loaned by the Militia Department, a miracle was accomplished, and the front door opened. Simultaneously, the side door was closed. The side door had been considered good enough for the employees of the Museum, by the way.

Inside, there was a hideous din, all day and all night, caused by ringing hammer and rasping saw. The spacious halls were partitioned off by means of beaver board and moulding into offices; and the specimens which had once held undisputed sway?

Vandals in hand-to-hand conflict grappled with Greek gods and goddesses, carrying them away in prehistoric manner to some hidden lair.

"I love February," sang a cheerful worker, in whose defiling arms lay a divinely fashioned marble maiden, "but oh, you September morn!"

In a shorter time than it takes to tell, the halls of statuary were cleared of everything except a few chips from some angel's wings, or the combings from the beard of Moses. The Art Gallery was dismantled; but the bones and fossils, the rocks and carbons suffered most of all. Regardless of tags which were appended on their day of christening, these specimens—the light of the geologist's life, the pit of darkness to the layman—were dumped into any receptacle which came to hand, and carried away—I know not whither. The nude animals, which had stood patient and unashamed as visitors looked at daylight through their slatty ribs, suddenly moved and moved with alacrity. Rumor has it that some St. George had the temerity to twist the tail of the Mammoth—indeed, he twisted it right off, and bound it for safe keeping against the ribs. A youthful warrior inspired by his example tore the horns off something better to crowd it into a small box. As for the ichthyosaurus, it was ripped from the wall and removed in sections—a couple of yards at a time!

By Monday practically all the offices were completed and furnished. The Auditorium apportioned to the Commons had lost its theatrical effect; it was equipped for the business of the country, even to its green carpet. The Senate held its first sitting in the new quarters on that Monday night, in a very Red Chamber, cleverly concocted from a combination of beaver board and red paint. It was furnished

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with red baize doors, and waste paper baskets, red in colour. In the press of work however, the trifling matter of a sign had been overlooked, and upon entering this section one read in large black letters,

INVERTEBRATE FOSSILS TEMPORARY EXHIBIT.

Upstairs however, a keener observance had been shown. There was nothing to signify that upon the spot where No. 18 had been erected, a graceful hand with index finger extended, used to point out the words,

LOBSTER EXHIBIT.

But apart from frivolous comment, a great work has been accomplished in the reconstruction of the Museum. The gratitude of the country is due to the Minister of Public Works, his Deputy and the immediate assistants. None of them slept for fifty-five hours! One must salaam before brains which can grapple with a thousand details continuously for a matter of fifty-five hours.

The new temporary home of Parliament is running as smoothly now as did the home of yesterday; its hundreds of telephones—for each member's office has one—buzz throughout the day and night; its two Post Offices are as convenient as before; its telegraph clatters out messages to the country as regularly, and little remains of the old Museum but a couple of enormous totem poles which still guard the entrance.

Son of the Otter

Continued from page 328.

this Mititesh managed to build a very inadequate shelter, outside of which she built a big fire, for warmth. Her mother had wept during the livelong night and, when she lay down, shivering, looked so jaded and exhausted that the child's tears finally came also. Finally she went away to make the rounds of her snares, hoping to find another rabbit, but returned an hour later with empty hands.

For two long days they waited, starving, the little dog whining dismally with hunger and the pain of his burns, and finally Jean Caron, tottering, arrived and saw the ruins of his camp and collapsed at the side of the weeping women. He had a mink, which Mititesh skinned, and they roasted the little animal before the fire and ate it, scarcely a mouthful apiece.

Then Mititesh arose. Her snowshoes, fortunately, had been outside the cabin, and she took them, and



The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

Back in 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario, was possessed of a concern called the Walkerville Wagon Company.

If, on some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. McGregor, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes by the factory clock.

Nobody would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop into the largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square feet and making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire. But so it has come to pass.

Through the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has been turned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

The factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

Here are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into the building of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

Here are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the industrial world.

Many of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or so, but because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

Here a new Canadian Ford Car is born every three and one-half minutes.

Here workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars may keep pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs of men were not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

Look in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. What a contrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel of a Model "C" car!

In the immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of steels, is heat-treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the stress and strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

The machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows of very expensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48 cylinders at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from sides, top and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

Then there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. In all there are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support.

In this plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as mentioned above, is refined here.

Furthermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but \$16.88 worth of the material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here in Canada. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford car.

Consider what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense purchases as 25,000 tons of steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and

other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism, is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over \$1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being constructed and installed.

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No stops have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this \$652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced \$120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ont.

Ford Runabout - - \$480
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All cars completely equipped,
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kneeling, began to fasten them to her feet.

"Where art thou going?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"I must go north to the camp of Ahteck the big hunter," she said. "I must bring back food."

The woman wept again, declaring that it was too long a journey for the child, that she would be lost, as she had never been there, that she would fall by the way and freeze to death.

"Thou shalt stay with thy mother," suddenly declared Jean Caron. "It is hardly thirty miles but the country is rough. A very strong man could do it in one day, but I fear it will take me two. There is no food here, but the *Ahtum*, the little dog is left. Thou shalt kill it so that thy mother may not perish with hunger, and eat some thyself. I go at once and will return as soon as I can. Look to thy snares again, every day, for a hare might help to save your lives. Good-by!"

He was the man. His authority had never been discussed. They let him go but the woman moaned at his departure, and Mititesh felt a sense of terror overcoming her, as she looked at the little dog she loved, which she would have to kill with her own hands.

Bravely Jean Caron faced the frightful journey. There was no beaten path. At times the way was over the frozen surface of the little river and its rugged covering of snow, blown in great drifts or waving in ridges through the sweep of the winds. But there were many rapids where the ice was terribly broken up, and in which air-holes, sometimes deceptively concealed by thin layers of snow-covered ice, were a source of danger. Then the man would have to scramble up the banks again and find his way through the tangle of alder thickets, push through dead vines twined among old windfalls, scramble over prostrate trunks of trees and around rocks scattered at the foot of the big hills. He had never gone over this country, and, although he was greatly helped by his lifelong experience of journeying in the wilderness, met with such toil as would have deterred most white men.

Late in the day, as he stumbled on, harassed by the cough which often brought blood to his lips, he saw a spruce-hen, most foolish of birds, sitting on the limb of a sapling. With a string looped and fastened at the end of a stick he snared it and stopped to eat it, sitting before a small fire, over which he also made some tea.

When afternoon drew on a new fear came upon him, and he hurried faster. Unless he reached Ahteck's camp that night he would have to stop again in the wilderness, and the coming of another day would find him unable to go on, or sleeping his last sleep. He

must reach the place before the darkness came, and again he hurried as if under the prick of spurs or the blows of the long-lashed dog-whip.

He was compelled to remain in sight of the river, as much as was possible. A vague idea came to him that he had perhaps already passed the camp, and was going on and on through the forest, running away from the haven of safety. He actually stopped for a time, panting and coughing, obsessed with the awful idea. But he went on again, and, coming once more in sight of the river, close to some rapids, saw a blaze mark showing the direction of the portage. None but the two young men could have marked the tree, for there were no trappers north of them in that country, and he went on again, while the sun came down lower and lower towards the horizon, threatening soon to leave the world in darkness.

Again he had to leave the river-side and clam^{ber} over a rocky hill, to avoid thick alder swamps and the hummocky ground. He tried to urge his limbs to faster travel but they refused and he tottered on, leaning hard upon a stick he had cut as the crimsoning sky threatened him with fast approaching blackness.

Soon, under the trees, the duck began to come, threateningly, and he stumbled on, beginning to despair yet unwilling to stop, until he was stumbling and falling and it took frightful effort to rise again and keep on his way.

And then, suddenly, his nostrils caught the blessed scent of wood-smoke drifting towards him. The fire might yet be far away, but it was there, there, ahead of him, burning brightly, warming food, giving comfort to men and awaiting his coming.

The stick dropped from his hands and he scrambled on, drunkenly, sometimes falling and keeping on, crawling on hands and knees. The darkness was coming but the smell of smoke was growing stronger. At last he saw small sparks arising in the sky, that twinkled like beckoning stars. He was near! The women would be safe! He would be able to lie down, in a place that would be warm, and they would pour warm tea between his frosted lips, and give him food and then a rest under warm blankets, and sleep would come, restful, heavenly!

And then he fell again and could not rise, in spite of all his efforts. Yet he could see the shack, it was near, and through the small window a light was shining. Then he called, his voice raucous and halting, and called again.

The door was opened, and he saw the shadow of a man standing there, and presently another joined him. Then, hoarsely, he called again and rolled over, unconscious.

To be continued.



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All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

The Spider's Web

Continued from page 345.

III.

Jack Dorrance returned home early in the morning. He had sought distraction and found it, and his head was aching horribly in consequence. But he was exhausted sufficiently in mind and body to sleep, and that seemed to be the most desirable thing in the world in the present crisis. It was nearly noon when he awoke. One of the first things that his eyes rested on as he glanced around the room was a familiar object on the table near his bed. He was startled, for it bore a close resemblance to that precious package he had done up with his own hands the night before. There was even a spot on the corner of the wrapping which he remembered. Could he have dreamed everything, his visit to the Etheridges'. Louise——? Impossible! Every incident of that unfortunate mission stood out clearly in his mind.

He tore the package open with eager shaking fingers. Everything was there; the pearl collar, the veil, even the revolver. There was something else—a letter. It was from Pendrick: "Dear Mr. Dorrance:

You will find everything here intact, and may thank me for having borrowed them for a short time, for otherwise the lady you serve might have incurred some unpleasant notoriety. With the best intentions in the world you have sadly muddled things. I warned you a free confession was best, but you wanted to show how clever you were. I cannot, however, help but admire your pluck, and honor your motives, and, as a reward, I send these things, that you may return them to the lady in person. This is unprofessional, a detective has no business to be sentimental, but nothing would be gained by dragging her name into the case when it can be avoided. I am convinced of her entire innocence. I shall soon see you again, when I trust you will have no reasons for concealing any of the facts concerning your visit to Collamore's.

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL PENDRICK."

"What a man! What a man!" cried Dorrance when he had read the letter over several times, hardly able to credit what was written there. Then he rose with feverish haste and dressed. He was glad his man Simmons was not present to disturb him with fussy attentions. He wanted to be alone with only his joyous thoughts for company.

Half an hour after he had opened the letter he was on his way up town in a taxicab, having feed the chauffeur handsomely to put on his best speed. To the excited Dorrance it seemed hours before they reached their destination.

He found Louise in the very room she had occupied the previous night and apparently asleep. He was glad he had asked the servant not to announce him, for he wanted to enjoy her surprise. Laying the parcel softly down he withdrew out of sight, and watched her with shining eyes. A few moments and she stirred uneasily, sighed and looked round. Then she stared at the parcel, and finally opened it with languid interest. There was a startled cry of delight, and her face flushed redly.

Dorrance came forward smiling. "I thought you would be pleased to get your things again, my dear."

"Oh, Jack, I have been so unhappy," leaning her head against him and weeping bitterly. And he comforted her in the way approved by most lovers; rehearsed his adventures that night in Collamore's house; described what had happened since, and Pendrick.

"I only intended to frighten him, Jack, but I was so nervous."

"Of course, I know that dear," soothingly. "Thank God the worst is over! But why, why were you there?"

"She hesitated a moment with troubled face. Presently it cleared.

"You ought to know, you shall know," she began with determination. "That note, you remember, which Collamore pronounced a forgery?"

Dorrance nodded.

"Perhaps you heard me speak of Dick Onslow, the son of my old nurse? We were brought up together, boy and girl, like brother and sister. He was, is, a weak fellow, fallen into dissipated ways since his mother's death, but I always felt kindly towards him. He was continually hard up and I helped him. The note was his; he had obtained money on it from Collamore, who pronounced the endorsement a forgery. Dick protested that he had obtained it honestly; anyway he was threatened by the money-lender, and I could do nothing less than try and help him out of his scrape for old time's sake. Collamore's demands were, however, too exorbitant and—well you know the rest."

"You are a dear darling little heroine," murmured Dorrance as he kissed her. "I knew that you must be acting for another," and he became suddenly thoughtful. So much still remained to be cleared up. Pendrick, who did such unexpected things, what was he contemplating now?

"I believe I have seen such a person here in the neighborhood lately," she said. "Though I did not pay much attention to him." Then after some moments' reflection. "If you have a cab here, there is something I want you to do for me. Wait a moment until I have made myself presentable," and hurried out of the room, leaving Dor-



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rance to wonder what this new move portended.

"If it is not impertinent perhaps you might give me a hint as to where we are going," Dorrance said.

"He is ill, and we must get him away," was the enigmatic reply, and that was all she would say until the cab drew up before a modest-looking brick house on the East Side. Miss Etheridge opened the door with a key and led the way silently and swiftly up the stairs. On the landing she paused. "Wait here. I will tell you when I am ready." She opened a door, was about to enter; then drew back with a startled exclamation, which Dorrance felt like echoing, for the little detective stood before them.

"The poor young man passed away a few moments ago," he said gravely as he bowed to the lady.

"The Collamore case is no longer a mystery," continued the detective. "There will be no arrests. The guilty man, and perhaps he was only a blind instrument of justice, has been called before a higher court." He nodded in the direction of the room Louise Etheridge had entered.

"It was Dick Onslow then, and he is dead?" asked Dorrance.

The detective bowed his head.

"Exactly. After she had promised to help him that night, it seems he had misgivings, and followed her to Collamore's; got into the house somehow, secreted himself in the room where they met and shot the money-lender when he thought Miss Etheridge was in danger."

"And helped me to escape, added Dorrance.

"I did not know that, but he acted as he thought best; for though a weak, foolish—but I must not speak ill of the dead. If you had not been in such an agitated state of mind you would have heard two shots, for they must have come almost simultaneously. Now Collamore was killed by a .38 bullet. That toy belonging to Miss Etheridge carries a .22. You can understand that as soon as I set eyes on the latter I knew she was innocent, and you thought to outwit the old fox, eh?" with a quizzical look at Dorrance.

"It is true that I made some grievous blunders, but remember my inexperience," replied the young man.

"I sincerely trust it will be your last experience of the kind, my friend, in this sort of business, for there seemed to be every prospect at one time that your name and that of a certain lady might be dragged through the mire of the courts."

"I think we both owe it to Samuel Pendrick that we escaped," cried Dorrance heartily as he grasped the little man's hand.

"It is one of the few compensations



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Send Me a Post Card To-day telling me your name and address and that you would like to have one of these strong, well sewed, Soccer Footballs. I will send you full information by return mail about how you can secure this and other attractive articles such as Baseballs, Gloves, Mitts, Bats, Kodaks, Wrist Watches, etc. Be sure to send the post card to-day.

R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 135 Mail Building, Toronto, Ont.

to be found in the life of a detective; the infrequent, all too infrequent, opportunities that come to him to do a good turn, to save a reputation. And now the drama is over, I will leave you to join the young lady," and he went out.

The Victory of a Faint Heart

Continued from page 362.

"I never saw such a fellow as you, Bob," said she, "for putting other people under obligations. When I think of the weight of my personal ones I shudder." She smiled innocently, and looked up into his face. "When people can't pay their debts they have to go through bankruptcy, don't they? And then their debts all have to be forgiven."

Mr. Blagdon felt as if an icy cold hand had been suddenly laid upon the most sensitive part of his back; but his expression underwent no change. His slow eyes continued to look into the beautiful, brightly colored face that was turned up to him.

"Very honorable bankrupts," said he, carelessly, "always pay what they can on the dollar."

The next day, there being some dozens of people almost in earshot, Mr. Blagdon had an opportunity to speak to little Miss Blythe. Under the circumstances, the last thing she expected was a declaration; they were in full view of everybody; anybody might stroll up and interrupt. So what Mr. Blagdon had to say came to her with something the effect of sudden thunder from a clear sky.

"Phyllis," said he, "you have been looking about you since you were seventeen. Will I do?"

"Oh, Bob!" she protested.

"I have tried to do," said he, not without a fine ring of manliness. "Have I made good?"

She smiled bravely, and looked as nonchalant as possible; but her heart was beating heavily.

"I've liked being good friends—so much," she said. "Don't spoil it."

"I tell her," said he, "that in all the world there is only the one girl—only the one. And she says—'Don't spoil it.'"

"Bob——"

"I will make you happy," he said. . .

"Has it never entered your dear head that some time you must give me an answer?"

She nodded her dear head, for she was very honest.

"I suppose so," she said.

"Well," said he.

"In my mind," she said, "I have never been able to give you the same answer twice. . . ."

They may disagree on the merits of the play—and on many other subjects—but they agree that motoring there and back with

Dunlop Traction Treads was "just fine and sure!"

T. 120

DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD

"A decision is expected from us," said he. "People are growing tired of our long backing and filling."

"People! Do they matter?"

"They matter a great deal. And you know it."

"Yes. I suppose they do. Let me off for now, Bob. People are looking at us. . . ."

"I want an answer."

But she would not be coerced.

"You shall have one, but not now. I'm not sure what it will be."

"If you can't be sure, now, can you ever be sure?"

"Yes. Give me two weeks. I will think about nothing else."

"Thank you," he said. "Two weeks. . . . That will be full moon. . . . I will ask all Aiken to a picnic in the

woods, weather permitting. . . and—and if your answer is to be my happiness, why, you shall come up to me, and say, 'Bob—drive me home, will you?'"

"And if it's the other answer, Bob?"

He smiled in his usual, bantering way.

"If it's the other, Phyllis—why—you—you can walk home."

She laughed joyously, and he laughed, just as if nothing but what was light and amusing was in question between them.

Along the Whiskey Road nearly the whole floating population of Aiken moved on horseback or on wheels. Every fourth or fifth runabout carried a lantern; but the presence in the long, wide-gapped procession of other vehicles



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or equestrians was denoted only by the sounds of voices. Half a dozen family squabbles, half a dozen flirtations (which would result in family squabbles), and half a dozen genuine romances were moving through the sweet-smelling dark to Mr. Bob Bladgon's picnic in Red Oak Hollow.

Mr. Bob Bladgon had preceded his guests by half an hour, and was already at the scene of the picnic. Fate, or perhaps the weather bureau at Washington, had favored him with just the conditions he would have wished for. The night was hot without heaviness; in the forenoon of that day there had been a shower, just wet enough to keep the surfaces of roads from rising in dust. It was now clear and bestarred, and perhaps a shade less dark than when he had started. Furthermore, it was so still that candles burned without flickering. He surveyed his preparations with satisfaction. And because he was fastidious in entertainment this meant a great deal.

A table thirty feet long, and low to the ground so that people sitting on rugs or cushions could eat from it with comfort, stood beneath the giant red oak that gave a name to the hollow. The white damask with which it was laid and the silver and cut glass gleamed in the light of dozens of candles. The flowers were Marechal Niel roses in a long bank of molten gold.

Except for the lanterns at the serving tables, dimly to be seen through a dense hedgelike growth of *Kalmia latifolia*, there were no other lights in the hollow; so that the dinner table had the effect of standing in a cave; for where the gleam of the candles ended, the surrounding darkness appeared solid like a wall.

It might have been a secret meeting of smugglers or pirates, the Georgian silver on the table representing years of daring theft; it seemed as if blood must have been spilled for the wonderful glass and linen and porcelain. Even those guests most hardened in luxury and extravagance looked twice at Mr. Bob Bladgon's picnic preparations before they could find words with which to compliment him upon them; and the less experienced were beside themselves with enthusiasm and delight. But Mr. Bob Bladgon was wondering what little Miss Blythe would think and say, and he thought it unkind of her, under the circumstances, to be the last to arrive. Unkind, because her doing so was either a good omen or an evil one, and he could not make up his mind which.

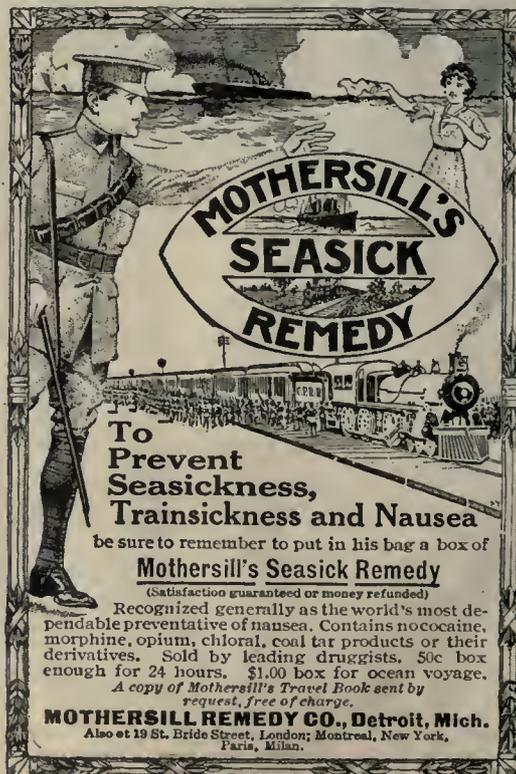
Mr. Bladgon's servants wore his racing colors, blue and silver, knee breeches, black silk stockings, pumps with silver buckles, and powdered hair. They were men picked for their height, wooden faces and well-turned calves. They moved and behaved as if utterly



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untouched and uninterested in their unusual and romantic surroundings; they were like jinns summoned for the occasion by the rubbing of a magic lamp.

At the last moment, when to have been any later would have been either rude or accidental, little Miss Blythe's voice was heard calling from the darkness and asking which of two roads she should take. Half a dozen men rushed off to guide her, and presently she came blinking into the circle of light, followed by Mister Masters, who smiled his crookedest smile and stumbled on a root so that he was cruelly embarrassed.

Little Miss Blythe blinked at the lights, and looked very beautiful. She was all in white and wore no hat. She had a red rose at her throat. She was grave for her—and silent.

The truth was that she had during the last ten minutes made up her mind to ask Mr. Bob Blagdon to drive her home when the picnic should be over. She had asked Mister Masters to drive out with her; and how much that had delighted him nobody knew (alas!) except Mister Masters himself. She had during the last few weeks given him every opportunity which her somewhat unconventional soul could sanction. In a hundred ways she had showed him that she liked him immensely; and well—if he liked her in the same way, he would have managed to show it, in spite of his shyness. The drive out had been a failure. They had gotten no further in conversation than the beauty and the sweet smells of the night. And finally, but God alone knows with what reluctance, she had given him up as a bad job.

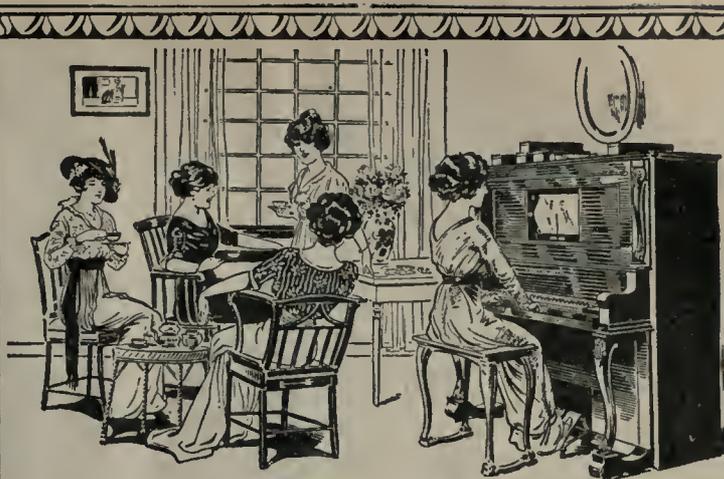
The long table with its dozens of candles looked like a huge altar, and she was Iphigenia come to the sacrifice. She had never heard of Iphigenia, but that doesn't matter. At Mister Masters, now seated near the other end of the table, she lifted shy eyes; but he was looking at his plate, and crumbling a piece of bread. It was like saying good-by. She was silent for a moment; then, smiling with a kind of reckless gayety, she lifted her glass of champagne and turned to the host.

"To you!" she said.

Delight swelled in the breast of Mr. Bob Blagdon. He raised his hand, and from a neighboring thicket there rose abruptly the music of banjos and guitars and the loud, sweet singing of negroes.

And then suddenly, toward dessert, laughter died away and nothing was to be heard but such exclamations as: "For heaven's sake, look at the moon!" "Did you ever see anything like it?"

Mr. Blagdon had paid money to the owner of Red Oak Hollow for permission to remove certain trees and thick-



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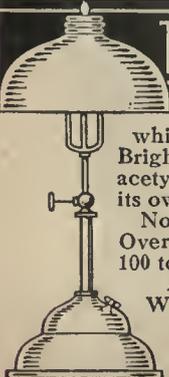


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ets that would otherwise have obstructed his guests' view of the moonrise. At the end of the vista thus obtained the upper rim of the moon now appeared, as in a frame. And, watching in silence, Mr. Blagdon's guests saw the amazing luminary emerge, as it were, from the earth like a bright and blameless soul from the grave, and sail clear, presently, and upward into untroubled space; a glory serene, smiling, and unanswerable.

No one remembered to have seen the moon so large or so bright. Atomized silver poured like tides of light into the surrounding woods; and at the same time heavenly odors of flowers began to move hither and thither, to change places, to return, and pass, like disembodied spirits engaged in some tranquil and celestial dance.

It was not wholly by accident that Mister Masters found himself alone with little Miss Blythe. Emboldened by the gayety of the dinner, and then by the wonder of the moon, he had had the courage to hurry to her side; and though there his courage had failed utterly, his action had been such as to deter others from joining her. So, for there was nothing else to do, they found a thick rug and sat upon it, and leaned their backs against a log.

Little Miss Blythe had not yet asked Mr. Blagdon to drive her home. Though she had made up her mind to do so, it would only be at the last possible moment of the twelfth hour. It was now that eleventh hour in which heroines are rescued by bold lovers. But Mister Masters was no bolder than a mouse. And the moon sailed higher and higher in the heavens.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said little Miss Blythe.

"Wonderful!"

"Just smell it!"

"Umm."

Her sad, rather frightened eyes wandered over to the noisy group of which Mr. Bob Blagdon was the grave and silent center. He knew that little Miss Blythe would keep her promise. He believed in his heart that her decision would be favorable to him; but he was watching her where she sat with Masters and knew that his belief in what she would decide was not strong enough to make him altogether happy.

"And he was old enough to be her father!" repeated the gentleman in the Scotch deer stalker who had been gossiping. Mr. Blagdon smiled, but the words hurt—"old enough to be her father." "My God," he thought, "I am old enough—just!" But then he comforted himself with "Why not? It's how old a man feels, not how old he is."

Then his eyes caught little Miss Blythe's, but she turned hers instantly away.

"This will be the end of the season," she said.

Mister Masters assented. He wanted to tell her how beautiful she looked.

"Do you see old Mr. Black over there?" she said. "He's pretending not to watch us, but he's watching us like a lynx. . . . Did you ever start a piece of news?"

"Never," said Mister Masters.

"It would be rather fun," said little Miss Blythe. "For instance, if we held hands for a moment Mr. Black would see it, and five minutes later everybody would know about it."

Mister Masters screwed his courage up to the sticking place, and took her hand in his. Both looked toward Mr. Black as if inviting him to notice them. Mr. Black was seen almost instantly to whisper to the nearest gentleman.

"There," said little Miss Blythe, and was for withdrawing her hand. But Masters' fingers tightened upon it, and she could feel the pulses beating in their tips. She knew that people were looking, but she felt brazen, unabashed and happy. Mister Masters' grip tightened; it said: "My master has a dozen hearts, and they are all beating—for you." To return that pressure was not an act of little Miss Blythe's will. She could not help herself. Her hand said to Masters: "With the heart—with the soul." Then she was frightened and ashamed, and had a rush of color to the face.

"Let go," she whispered.

But Masters leaned toward her, and though he was trembling with fear and awe and wonder, he found a certain courage and his voice was wonderfully gentle and tender, and he smiled, and he whispered: "Boo!"

Only then did he set her hand free. For one reason, there was no need now of so slight a bondage; for another, Mr. Bob Blagdon was approaching them, a little pale but smiling. He held out his hand to little Miss Blythe, and she took it.

"Phyllis," said he, "I know your face so well that there is no need for me to ask, and for you—to deny." He smiled upon her gently, though it cost him an effort. "I wanted her for myself," he turned to Masters with charming frankness, "but even an old man's selfish desires are not proof against the eloquence of youth, and I find a certain happiness in saying from the bottom of my heart—bless you, my children."

The two young people stood before him with bowed heads.

"I am going to send you the silver and glass from the table," said he, "for a wedding present to remind you of my picnic. . . ." He looked upward at the moon. "If I could," said he, "I would give you that."

Then the three stood in silence and looked upward at the moon.

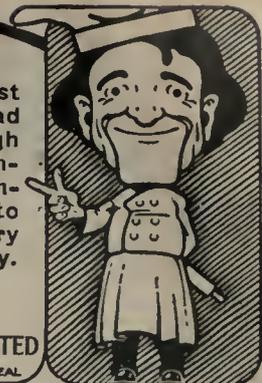


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