

## Book of the Week.

## RANCHER CARTARET.\*

This is another Canadian story. It is told in a manner that compels the reader to catch the evident enthusiasm of the writer for his subject, and his subject is above all—the land—the joy of physical output in spite of corresponding discomfort. These are the dominant notes.

"There was in Cartaret a spice of the saving contempt for bodily weariness and physical pain, which is to be found in many an amateur athlete such as he had been, as well as in most of the small ranchers and axemen who are stubbornly driving their roads and clearings farther into the wilderness he was travelling through.

"He had set out for Canada on what he had decided should be neither more nor less than a fishing and shooting trip. It was clear, however, that he must spend at least a week or two with his Canadian relatives."

From a letter received on his journey he learns of his brother's financial ruin (involving his own) and disgrace, followed by his suicide. Feeling that it must reflect on himself, he determines to hide his identity under an assumed name. Inadvertently he is thrown amongst the people he would have wished to avoid—his uncle and Clare Cartaret, his cousin. Passing as a stranger, he works as their hired man, using his spare time for the clearing of the ranch he has purchased.

Part of his duties consist in attending his cousin on canoeing and fishing expeditions, and, as they are both possessed of more than average attractions, it is not difficult to understand that they become drawn to each other. She, with feminine intuition, divines that there is a history attached to their hired man.

"It was wonderfully exhilarating. The lash of the cold wind and whirling spray upon his cheeks set his blood tingling. Trees and rocks flew up faster and faster towards them, the craft lurched and plunged, swung in the eddies, and shot between half seen masses of stone, until there was a wild swoop and thud, and they were flying out again upon a slow and even stream. Then Clare laid down her paddle with a little soft laugh.

"'Oh,' she said, 'that was splendid!'"

Sydney admitted it, but he was afterwards silent until they reached the lake. Clare had showed him a new phase of her character, and it was one that appealed to him. . . . He fancied she rejoiced, as he did, on the silence and dimness of the primeval bush, and that the unchanging song of the river had the same charm for her. It was significantly clear that he had never felt it quite so deeply as he did then. Some of the little word paintings are wonderfully instructive, and the difficulties and uphill work of a small rancher's life are set forth in detail.

"It was a hot morning, and the heavy stillness of the woods was emphasised by the distant sound of falling water, when Cartaret stood beneath a

\* By Harold Bindless. (John Long, Limited, London.)

cedar listening attentively. He had a bundle of oat-hay in one hand and a coil of stout rope in the other, and he was very hot just then, as well as somewhat out of temper, for he had been trailing his working oxen through the bush for the last two hours, and was as far as ever from laying hands on them. Cartaret became suddenly intent, as the faint elfin tolling of a bell stole out of the scented shadow. . . . Then a pair of horns rose above the brake, and holding the rope carefully behind him he thrust forward the bundle of hay.

"'Farragut,' he called seductively. 'Poor old Farry! Come along, Tillicum!'"

A big red-and-white beast raised its massy head and regarded him with contemplative eyes. Then it walked through the thicket with an ease he envied, and while the bell upon its neck set up a mellow tinkling, moved a few paces forward and stopped again.

Sydney remembered he had left his breakfast cooking at least two hours ago, and made a determined effort to keep his temper, and spoke again in the same seductive voice, though the words were different.

"'You villainous, suspicious old beast,' he said. 'It doesn't matter to you that the bottom of my frying-pan is probably burning out by now.'"

He fancied he heard a peal of silvery laughter, and when a minute later he crawled out, hot, savage, and scratched all over, he was far from pleased to see Clare and Lucy Brattan standing upon the edge of the rock.

"'Aren't they delightful?' said Lucy.

"'No,' said Cartaret shortly. 'If you had been chasing them without any breakfast half the morning, I don't think you would call them that either.'"

It is in little episodes like these that the charm of the book consists, though the course of true love between Cartaret and Clare is sufficiently interesting.

H. H.

## DOMINION DAY.

Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!

Under this gloom which yet obscures the land  
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range  
To where giant peaks our Western bounds  
command,

A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears  
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder  
forth,

A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears  
The voice of the desire of this strong North—  
This North whose heart of fire  
Yet knows not its desire

Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.  
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the  
gleam!

From "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy,"  
By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."  
GILPIN.

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