

# **THE CANON IN RESIDENCE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649050642

The Canon in Residence by Victor L. Whitechurch

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH**

**THE CANON  
IN RESIDENCE**



BENN'S THREE & SIXPENNY LIBRARY

# THE CANON IN RESIDENCE

VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

LONDON  
ERNEST BENN LIMITED

PP6045  
H61C35

<i>First Published</i>	1904
<i>Second Impression</i>	1906
<i>Third Impression</i>	1908
<i>Fourth Impression</i>	1909
<i>Fifth Impression</i>	1921
<i>Sixth Impression</i>	1925
<i>Seventh Impression</i>	1926
<i>Eighth Impression</i>	1928
<i>Ninth Impression</i>	1929
<i>Tenth Impression</i>	1931
<i>Eleventh Impression</i>	1933
<i>Twelfth Impression</i>	1935
<i>Thirteenth Impression</i>	1937
<i>Fourteenth Impression</i>	1939
<i>Fifteenth Impression</i>	1939
<i>Sixteenth Impression</i>	1943



*This Book is produced in  
Complete Conformity with the  
Authorized Economy Standards*

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY  
HARRISON AND GIBB LTD., LONDON AND EDINBURGH

# THE CANON IN RESIDENCE

## CHAPTER I

THE Reverend John Smith, Vicar of Market Shapborough, got out of the little narrow gauge train at Thusis, gave his Gladstone bag into the hands of a porter, and strolled up the steep ascent from the station to the "Hotel des Postes," pausing now and again to admire the ruby glow of the sunset on the snowy peaks of mountains that towered above the valley through which he had just been journeying.

There was nothing particularly striking about the Reverend John Smith, any more than his name. He was a middle-aged man of medium height, dressed very correctly as an English clergyman. His hair was just a little tinged with grey, as were also his short side-whiskers. The rest of his face was clean shaven and of rather an ecclesiastical cast, but there was that half-apparent upward turn in the corners of his mouth that told he was by no means devoid of humour, while his eyes were distinctly of a kindly type.

He was not unknown in the Clerical world. There are pages of "Smith" in *Crockford*, but this

particular one, who was Vicar of Market Shap-borough, a small town on the outskirts of the Diocese of Frattenbury, had a list of books of which he was the author after his name, and by the titles of them, it was easy to see that Ecclesiastical History was his hobby. In fact, Smith's "Frankfort Controversies" was well known as a text-book, and his treatise on "Some Aspects of the Reformation in Switzerland" had been described by a certain learned bishop as being "the work of one who had a thorough grasp of the Continental ecclesiastical intrigues of the sixteenth century."

It was this literary hobby of his that had brought him to Switzerland. He had taken a few weeks' holiday in the slack period between Epiphany and Lent, leaving his parish in charge of his curate, and had run over to Zürich for the purpose of consulting certain dry old tomes in the library of that city, to get information for the book he was now engaged in writing. Here he found, to his no small satisfaction, that his reputation had preceded him; and so courteous and kindly were the authorities, that his notebook was full of the information he required long before his time was up.

So, having about ten days to spare, he had determined to put in some of them at St Moritz, and having got as far on the road as Thusis, was looking forward to the wintry drive over the Julier Pass the following day.



At this particular time of the year the hotels at Thusis can boast of but few guests, and those only passing travellers staying for just the night on their way. There were one or two other passengers besides Mr Smith, but they evidently were not bound for the "Hotel des Postes," and when he walked up the steps he saw that he was the only arrival.

There was a solitary individual seated in the hall smoking a cigar, with a cup of coffee by his side. He was a man of about the same build and height as the clergyman, but of a very different type. He was dressed in a suit of a loud check pattern, he had brilliant, turnover stockings beneath his knickerbockers, and a large gold pin flashed out from a gaudy-coloured tie. He wore a heavy, dark moustache, and was, in all respects, the sort of man that at a glance one would have put down as a typical British tourist of a class to be met with all over the Continent. One cannot go up the Rhine on a summer's day, one cannot take a trip on the Italian Lakes in spring, one cannot go inside a cathedral without meeting such men, similarly dressed. The foreign hotel keeper knows them well, and invariably charges them a couple of francs or so per day above his usual *pension* price, because he knows he will get it—these men being Britishers abroad with purses.

He looked up quickly at the entry of the clergy-

man, taking stock of him with eyes that were sharp and alert. He surveyed him narrowly from head to foot, with a restless, apprehensive expression, which only passed from his face when Mr Smith addressed the proprietor, who hustled up to him, welcoming him in very fair English.

Mr Smith said: "Er—can I have a bed?"

He said it in the tone of voice of an English clergyman, a tone that no other profession ever adopts. An expert in human nature can sit with his back to an hotel entrance when a host of tourists comes rushing for rooms from an incoming train, and he will pick out the English parson abroad nine times out of ten by the simple intonation of his voice as he asks for a bed.

Perhaps it reminds one of the Litany monotoned.

Anyhow the stranger smiled slightly as he heard the question put, and went on sipping his coffee tranquilly. The Reverend John Smith was immediately taken upstairs by mine host, and shown room Number 9, which he was assured was the best in the house.

It was not; but room Number 10 had already been ascribed to the individual in the hall. Both rooms were warmed by the same stove, and mine host charged each guest for warming.

They are hotel keepers by instinct in Switzerland.

The Reverend John Smith made up his mind not to dress for dinner. Enough that he was in

black. He turned on the electric light, undid his bag—which the hotel porter brought up—and took out a few requisites. After a leisurely toilet he produced a large manuscript book from the bag and perused it with much satisfaction until the bell rang for dinner. It was his book of Zürich notes.

At table he met the other man. He, too, had not troubled to dress. The two sat face to face; they were the only guests. Being English, they ate in silence half through the meal. Then Mr Smith had to ask the other to pass the salt. He hesitated, but the waiter had left the room for something—and he wanted salt. Having asked for it, and thanked his companion for passing it, he felt the silence ought no longer to be maintained. Etiquette had been satisfied without formal introduction. Of course, for the next ten minutes the conversation was confined strictly to the weather—its present state, its biography in past years and seasons, and its probabilities on the morrow. Then Mr Smith grumbled at Swiss railways, and the stranger abused the hotel wine. This put them on a more friendly footing, and the conversation became general.

They went into the hall together, lit cigars—for Mr Smith was fond of a smoke—and chatted quite familiarly. The stranger was a well-informed man, and was able to tell his companion much about St Moritz and the winter season there. Then