

THE ROMANCE OF A SEA CAPTAIN

By W. H. Alburn

CHAPTER ONE.

Captain Smith—W. S. A. Smith, of Sioux City, Iowa—was a really true yarn, it is, of his thrilling romance at sea. Years ago he sailed away on the good ship Orion, carrying a cargo out of Glasgow, Scotland.

The captain had just married a bonny Iowa lassie and they planned a honeymoon trip on the captain's ship. Off the coast of Africa, on a barren

FORCED TO LEAVE HIS SICK WIFE ON AN ISLAND ON THE COAST OF AFRICA



CAPT. W.S.A. SMITH AND THE "ORION"

"We Fought Our Way to the Cape Again."

island—but let's hear the captain himself tell of his romance at sea.

"I was born to the sea," he mused. "I came from Dundee. At 14 I was apprenticed to the Southesk, a full-rigged sailing ship. Those were days when a man EARNED the sailing business. It was knocked into him."

"From 14 I did a man's work. At 17 I was third officer. At 18 I was second officer. At 20 I was first officer. At 23 I commanded the vessel. They say I was almost the youngest master of a ship that ever sailed out of Britain."

"I had tried once to leave the sea. My mother and sister had gone to America. I went to Iowa to visit them. Maybe it wasn't only my mother I came to see. Anyhow, I was married that trip. My wife was a daughter of Major Farwell, an Iowa banker and formerly a congressman."

"The night we were married I left with my wife for Chicago, Scotland, to take a new ship, the Orion. She was poorly built. She was made to carry, not to sail. I took my bride along, and at Swansea, Wales, loaded with coal for San Francisco."

"Mrs. Smith was sick when we sailed. She kept getting worse. The rough weather and that tub of a vessel were bad enough even for sailors. I had to get her ashore, so I ran into a coaling station in the St. Vincent Islands, off the coast of East Africa. 'Such an island! It was a bare rock. Not a blade of grass grew on it. There was no living thing but a few men-Portuguese soldiers. They had no hospital, no place to care for a woman. But I found a missionary there and left my wife with him. He lived in a hut. He had no comforts to offer her. There were no dishes, even, on that island. He had to mix her medicine in an empty beer bottle.'"

The captain's eyes blurred a moment. Then he went on:

"So I sailed away and left her, expecting that she would die within 24 hours. I had to go. 'I have never seen a storm like the one that hit us at Cape Horn. It drove us back 1,000 miles. We fought our way to the Cape again, and again it drove us back half way across the Atlantic. We repaired our canvas, ropes and spars and made again for the Cape, and a third time that wind

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

beat us back 1,000 miles. 'But I didn't mind the weather so much. It gave me something to think about besides the wife I had left to die on that desert rock. 'We were weeks overdue in San Francisco. The moment I landed I wired my father-in-law in Iowa. And in reply there came a telegram from my wife! 'MY WIFE WAS ALIVE—and for five months I had thought her dead. 'And she had thought I was dead. 'The insurance men,' she told me, 'have been betting that your ship would never come in.' 'When she had improved a little, that missionary had got her passage to America. Few ships put in there, and sailors did not want a woman aboard. But the captain of the tramp steamer Dora, bound for Baltimore,

The Clothes That Set the Pace in the Tailoring and Clothing Trade of London

20th Century and W. R. Johnston Hand-Tailored

These two brands of fine tailoring are universally recognized as the foremost designers and builders of men's and young men's garments on the continent—and we show in Dowler Stores the largest selection of these makers' goods in the Dominion of Canada—tailored in their own shops under the personal supervision of men with an international reputation of being the brightest brains in all clothingdom. Careful planning and buying months ago has enabled us to get the best values in fabrics that are unexcelled for selection of colors and wearing qualities, and we have priced these exceptional garments at such low figures that every man can be well-dressed in the best clothes that he ever had—at very moderate cost.

\$10.00, \$15.00, \$16.50, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00

Raincoats

The celebrated "Glengarry" and Paramatta Raincoats. Four exceptional special offerings:

\$8.80, \$11.80, \$14

Shirts

That stand the laundry test; fast color and well made from fabrics that will wear. Especially pleasing in the subdued richness of the patterns.

79c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$4

Hats

\$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50

From the best hat shops of America, England, Austria and Italy. CAPS, too, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c

Socks

Just the kind you are looking for. Silk, silk and wool, lisle, cashmere and fine Macco cotton. "Hole-proof," too, "Alpha" and "Superba" **25c, 35c, 50c, 75c** Penman's Special, 20c, 2 pairs 25c

Boys' Spring Suits

Ask any one of the many mothers who bring their boys here for clothes season after season what excellent values she gets for her money. Ask any of the boys whose mothers buy their clothes here what "dandy" style, "just like dad's" that he gets in all his suits, then come and see for yourself the new ones we are showing this season.

\$12.00 \$10.00 \$8.00 \$6.50 \$5.00 \$4.00 \$3.50 \$2.40

Collars

Wear "Lion Brand" that do not stretch your tie or shorten your temper. The only genuine slide-easy collar made.

Work Goods

75c Overalls for **50c** Leather Label plain blue, **\$1.25..\$1.00**
\$1.00 Mole Trousers for **75c** 60c Work Shirts **45c**
50c Gauntlet Mitts, 3 pairs... **\$1.00** \$1.50 Khaki Trousers **\$1.10**

We Make Suits to Measure

Our customers say we make the best-fitting suits they ever had. We give a year's guarantee of absolute shape-retaining, under any stress of wear or weather. Suits that save you the trouble of pressing—only the best imported fabrics. Our blue cloths are making scores of friends. Come in and see them. Evening Dress Suits, Frock Suits, Tuxedo Suits, Silk-Lined and Silk-Faced Overcoats are a strong feature.

R.H. & J. DOWLER
LONDON—Limited—ST. THOMAS

ARTHUR HAWKES SCORES CHURCHILL'S LETTER TO BORDEN

Leader of British-Born Campaign Says That They Came Perilously Near Belittling the Spirit of Canada.

[Arthur Hawkes in the Canadian and British News of Canada.]

It is not easy to gauge the permanent effect of the Churchill deliverances. They were obviously written for debating effects and have introduced a new kind of English participation in Canadian politics that has not for many years been expected of cabinet ministers in London. Six months ago were told that Mr. Churchill was itching to come to Canada to preach his gospel of Canadian defence. His counsels from long distance are as interesting as his platform appeals would have been. They may deepen and embitter the present sense of cleavage at Ottawa, and may, therefore, to that extent, affect the final outcome of the crisis which has been brewing for four years; and which will be dissipated by the passing of the Borden bill, either in the present session, or after a general election, which the Opposition is trying to force. For the bill is only a temporary expedient, and will assuredly keep the greater question in the cauldron for several years.

We are suffering from the game of politics. The real situation seems to be under a cloud in Canada. It certainly is not thoroughly appreciated in British newspaper offices, however profoundly the editors write. Look at two or three aspects of the situation that columns of partisan print tend to obscure.

The Churchill letters do not vitally touch the fundamental issue as to whether Canada shall have a naval service of her own. They only help to make that issue more pronounced. They were written in response to Mr. Borden's request for arguments against Sir Wilfrid Laurier's amendment calling for \$55,000,000 to be spent on two fleet units, containing a Dreadnought apiece. Whether these Dreadnoughts should be built in Canada is only an incidental matter, even if Sir Wilfrid's amendment stated they should be built in Canada. The C. P. R. Atlantic fleet was not built in Canada. But it is most certainly controlled in Montreal.

The intimation that the admiralty could not officer Dreadnoughts in Canadian fleet units, doesn't amount to anything, even though we are told that Mr. Churchill's statements are the gravest written by a British minister for a hundred years. If the admiralty could not help us to man the Canadian Dreadnoughts in Canadian waters with Canadian men, how are they going to man the three Canadian Dreadnoughts in British waters without Canadian men?

We are bidden to pause because it takes long years to train men to fight. We are told it takes four years to train this man and eight years to

make that man efficient according to the regulations. But service regulations are apt to overlook modern conditions. Much is made of the intricate machinery on Dreadnoughts, which becomes obsolete in a few years. How many years does it take courageous men to learn to use it against the foe? It is special pleading to say that if Canada built three Dreadnoughts for the North Sea, Britain will man them fully; but if they are built for Canadian waters, Canada and Britain combined could not operate them. Besides, if Canada grows seamen, and the admiralty cannot help her, what is the intent of Mr. Borden's stipulation that the gift of Dreadnoughts may be withdrawn to Canada at any time? There is much in the Churchill scare about the impossibility of establishing naval yards in Canada on account of time and expense. The case for a Canadian navy does not rest on our ability to build Dreadnoughts in the first infancy of our naval strength. The last time the Borden produced correspondence with Mr. Churchill it was to assure Canada that the admiralty itself would build ships in Canada—not Dreadnoughts, but ships of war, which is the vital fact.

We cannot build Dreadnoughts right away—no one ever supposed we could. But if we don't make a beginning, we shall never do anything but lean upon our arms and pay to Whitehall. If that is Mr. Churchill's object, he is working cleverly to achieve it, and at the moment, it doesn't matter whether he is helping Mr. Borden or Mr. Borden is helping him. Canadianism is nothing to Winston Churchill—how could it be? But to British men who, having given their hearts to Canada, will joyfully leave their families in the land of their choice, it is everything. All the affection you bear to those who cradled you cannot make you give second place to those whom you have brought into the world. You do not love Britain less because you love Canada more.

Mr. Churchill writes as if Canada is incapable of modern scientific ship-building. He intimates that it would be too big a job for us to establish yards and that men couldn't be found to run them. Then, in succeeding paragraphs, he tells how several English firms have founded and financed and officered the one place in the world where British men cannot be induced to build vessels for Britannie defence? Whatever else Mr. Churchill knows, he doesn't know Canada.

The comparison with Spain—the cool implication that we cannot do in Canada. They curiously reflect the descending, friendless Spain by men of our breed, is too much. By some curious law of association it brings to mind the dying command of Sir Richard Grenville at the end of the fight of the Revenge—of the one against fifty-three—

Sink we the ship, master gunner! Sink her! Split her in twain! Fall into the hands of God. Not into the hands of Spain.

These Churchill documents come perilously near belittling the spirit of Canada. They curiously reflect the temper which made Mr. Churchill's progress through the Dominion as a lecturer on South Africa memorable

Are Sir Walter Scott's Novels Out of Date?

[By W. T. Allison, M. A. ("Ivanhoe")]

Is Sir Walter Scott out-of-date? A furious controversy on this question has been raging in one of the English literary weeklies. Older writers profess their undying regard for Sir Walter; representing to the younger generation vote him tireless. Personally I owe an immense debt of intellectual pleasure to the Wizard of the North, but I seriously question whether novelists like "The Antiquary" and "Quentin Durward," to say nothing of "The Fortunes of Nigel" and "Peverell of the Peak," would achieve success if published as new works today. It must be confessed that Scott wrote in an age when leisure abounded and when romances were something new. He could write his long-winded introductions and make his barons of Broadlands and other antiquaries talk endlessly in the sure and certain knowledge that his readers would not skip a single page. But the up-to-date reader hates diffuseness soon tires of Latin, in short, will turn his back upon any novelist who does not adopt the Stevensonian maxim, that the romancer must "get along with the business." Scott was notoriously prolix and ship-shod. Hence, if he still enjoys a large reading public, it is partly because we read him because of his great reputation and partly because with all his faults we love him still. But I imagine that the boys and girls who read Scott today diligently practice the gentle art of skipping.

For those who have no time in this busy age to read all the novels of Scott, a thoughtful publisher has issued a handsome volume of selections from the great romanticist's poetry and prose. This book is edited by Professor A. J. Grant, of Leeds University, and is published by G. Bell & Sons, London. In their fine Masters of Literature Series. What specially appeals to me in this series are the able introductory essays summing up the life and characteristics of each author. Professor Grant praises Scott because of his imaginative sympathy. Although he was a man of strong, even of passionate, opinions on political and religious controversies, he did not obtrude the personal equation in his novels. The most conspicuous element in Scott's work is his sympathy with the past. He was a lover of the Stuarts, but he could see the essential nobility of the

Covenant. In his day the Highland tartan was regarded by the dour citizens of Edinburgh as the uniform of a savage and a cattle-stealer, but because he could see into the heart of the Celt, Scott was able to reconcile the men of the mist to those of the lowlands. It was in reality his passion for the picturesque past which made Scott a mighty master of romance. But Scott did not owe his romanticism solely to the influence of Celtic veneration of the past. He lived in a period which served to develop his romantic genius as no other time could. The French revolution emphasized the claims and the worth of the individual and taught the nobility of sympathy for the lowly and the obscure; but at the same time the body of the people by which the upheaval was accompanied made men of any sensibility turn away in horror and disgust. The new doctrine of humanity had entered into Scott's philosophy, but at the same time the two complete triumphs of individualism, and the iconoclastic spirit prevailing not only in France but in his own country with its irreverent disregard for old institutions, led him to take an added pleasure in conjuring up the past. The only hope for the present seemed to him to be a sweetening of the harsh materialistic spirit of the age of revolution by reverting with loving remembrance to the ideals and efforts of former generations. Scott was another Cervantes trying to reconcile past and present. The chivalry of the days of old has been expressed for the last time in the Jacobite movement; this was a tangible link with the past existing in Scott's day, and he was profoundly influenced by traditions and memories of a heroic loyalty. Men were yet living who remembered the chivalric madness. Scott himself talked and we can imagine with what delight he did so—to the Taverham, the clansman who sent the fiery cross through Appin in the notable year.

Scott obtained from triumphant modern individualism a key with which to open the past, the modern idea of personality. In ancient writings and in mediaeval chronicles all remained at an equal level. Subjective character was unknown; the old writers and minstrels cast the heroes in one mould and the heroines in another; the type was everything, the individual was a mere shadow shape, like a pressed flower. Taking his new idea of personality, Scott visited the storied past and invested whole centuries with color, animation, character. It might have been said, as it was afterwards said for his disciple, Michelet, that he peopled tombs with his imagination, and smelt the dead through their marble restingplaces. He did more than this. Not satisfied with raising personality to its true station in the record of the past, he showed upon personality through the ages either for good or for evil, that the Zeit-geist acts upon and is in turn determined by the qu