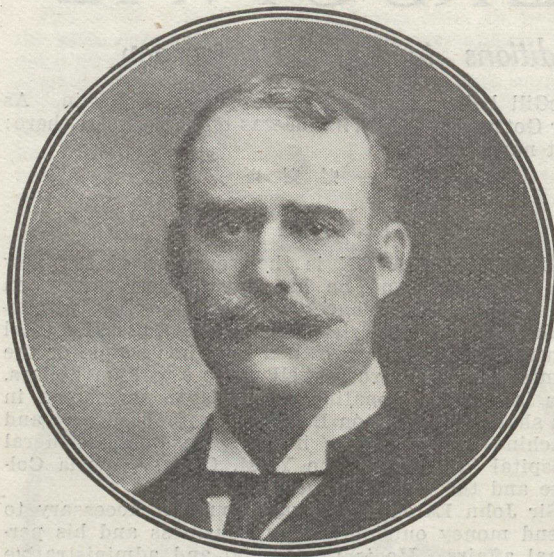


most of these topics and has the virtue of meaning what he says by putting it into practice. Sir Herbert is a good French scholar, for he studied both French literature and language in France when he was a very young man. He is an extensive traveler and observer in almost all parts of the world—Australia, Japan, Egypt, India, Europe and the United States.

From King's Plate to K.C.M.G.

TWICE in his career as a sportsman Sir John Hendrie won the King's Plate, in 1909 and 1910. Now he has won also a title from the King; not, however, because he is a horseman. It is a mere coincidence, but worth mentioning that in accepting a knighthood he makes the second Sir John from Hamilton to occupy the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Like Sir John Gibson, his immediate predecessor in that office, Sir John Hendrie is a military man, though he chose the artillery as his medium, while Sir John Gibson chose the rifle. He was born and brought up in Hamilton, where he has lived all his life, and for the past forty years has become identified with a great number of affairs in private and public life. By original profession he is a railway engineer; not the kind that is turned out from a school of science, but a practical man working his way up from the chain-gangs to the engineer's office. He has had long experience as a railway contractor, and has become an expert in bridges—being lately manager and now President of the Hamilton Bridge Co. Publicly, he has been Mayor of Hamilton, member of the Ontario Legislature, member without portfolio of the Ontario

Cabinet under Sir James Whitney, chairman of the Railway Commission of the Legislative Assembly, member of the Hydro Commission, and of the



SIR JOHN HENDRIE, K.C.M.G.

The second Sir John from Hamilton to occupy Government House in Toronto.

National Battlefields Commission, appointed in 1908. As a military man, he has been President of the Ontario and the Canadian Artillery Associations. As

major in command of the 4th Field Battery, he commanded the Canadian Artillery at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897; was afterwards made Lieut.-Col. commanding the Second Brigade of Canadian Artillery, and received the long service decoration, the Diamond Jubilee Medal and the C. V. O. After he added to his distinctions by becoming Lieutenant-Governor, there was nothing left but to make him a Knight—and a K.C.M.G. at that.

The Philanthropist

LEAST known but by no means least deserving of the six new knights is Sir Charles Fraser, of Halifax, who is the first man in Canada to receive a knighthood for educational work based on philanthropy. Sir Charles Fraser had but one great hobby in life, which became a passion. A doctor by profession, he kept out of the beaten track of those who make money by charging high fees, and interested himself in the people who are without sight in their eyes. Thanks to Dr. Fraser's benevolent zeal and untiring industry, the blind people of the Maritime Provinces get free education in the Halifax School for the Blind, of which Sir Charles Fraser has been Superintendent for no less than 43 years. He had been eight years in this position when he undertook the campaign to get free education for all blind people in Nova Scotia. He afterwards conducted a similar campaign in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. As a public benefactor, working unselfishly all his life for the good of others, Sir Charles Fraser signally deserves the honour of knighthood.

The Fate-Defying Smile

Not Such a Long Way from Tipperary to the Heroism of the French Revolution

By EDITH G. BAYNE

TWELVE years ago, in Ottawa, I first saw Martin Harvey play "The Only Way," and I have never forgotten the poignant tragedy of it. Particularly have I always remembered the debonair grace of a gallant French courtier who had been sentenced to the guillotine. I can still see him as, clad in pale blue satin doublet and hose, with buckled shoes, powdered wig and lace-ruffled coat, he preceded Sidney Carton to the scaffold, marching head-up, deliberately and coolly, across the courtyard between his guards, quite as though he were merely taking an afternoon stroll in the Champs Elysees. He ascended the steps and about midway up passed a lace handkerchief carelessly and with a flourish across his lips and smiled at his executioners.

Two minutes afterward his head was severed from his body! The "gameness" of that proud spirit that refused to be crushed, thrilled us. That vital thing in the man, that very essence of sublime courage that sustained him to the dread moment of the axe's descent was incomprehensible to us—a row of gaping school-girls.

THE troop-train that was taking our quota of soldiers from the little prairie town was due in a very few minutes. The station platform and waiting-rooms were crowded with a seething, close-packed mass of humanity, and over the spirit of the throng and underneath the forced gayety lay a suppressed tone of sorrow. About each khaki-clad figure stood a little group of particular friends and acquaintances. In the centre of the ladies' waiting-room was a young lieutenant with a jolly, ringing laugh, surrounded by a bevy of girls. A limousine whisked suddenly up to the station and a well-dressed woman sprang out and began to force her way through the crowd. By dint of much elbowing, and also because it is human nature to give a good-looking woman leeway, she finally weaved her way through to the middle of the room and grasped the young lieutenant's arm. "Mother!" he exclaimed. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming."

"It's Mrs. K—," said a voice near me. "She's been to a bridge-whist. Got six sons—three of them gone already—this is the fourth."

"Looks as though she kinder hated to leave the cards," drawled a man's tones, in response.

"And you've brought Ping-Pong!" exclaimed several voices in the lady's group.

Hereupon ensued a great fuss over a saucy little Pekinese, whose collar was adorned with a huge bow of ribbon in colour to match his mistress' helio-velvet gown.

Mrs. K— appeared to be of that type of woman who hires servants to bring up her children while she pursues her own course amongst a set of people for whom she does not care a rap, and who in turn care nothing for her. However, now that she had come, she remained close to her son and every moment or two glanced at the clock. As the precious minutes sped away, she grew quite pale under her rouge.

In the farthest corner sat another mother with her son, and this pair seemed to have nothing at all to

say. They appeared to have had the last dear intimate talk, and to be now, only waiting—waiting and dreading the inevitable, final moment. The boy, a fine, broad-shouldered young private, held his mother's thin hand, and looked from the crowd (moving and ever-changing like the sections in a kaleidoscope) back to her. His dark eyes were grave and yet held an eager light now and then, as though he already glimpsed the first line of the enemy's trenches. This was the first scene—this going away—the first scene in the Great Adventure. His mother was dressed in unobtrusive and somewhat shabby black, and wore cotton gloves that had been mended and darned a hundred times.

"You'll write—just as soon as—"

She broke off and her yearning, patient eyes finished the sentence, as she looked up at him.

"Yes, I'll sure write, Mother," he answered. "I'll send you a card from every place we touch at, and a letter as soon as we get time for letter-writing. Then—" it was his turn to pause. After all, this war was a very queer thing. A fellow didn't know what part of France he was going to be sent to and when he did find out he wasn't allowed to tell.

"You don't know just when you'll—be sent?"

A great deal depended on that "when." She hoped—oh how she hoped—that the war might terminate before his regiment was called out, to that mysterious place that was designated "the front."

He shook his head slowly.

"No, you see we are just so many cogs in the big wheel. We obey orders. That's our job."

A new stir rippled over the crowd and the rapid message flew about:

"She's coming!"

THE shabby little woman and her son rose. The throng began to thin out, as the foremost in the crowd hurried through the doors to the platform, then to melt into a still larger concourse. The band had struck up "O Canada," and an army of school children sang lustily as the big headlight of the engine flashed into view about a curve in the track and flung its blinding ray over us. Then the wheels slowed down with grindings and creakings and there was a chorus of good-byes as the khaki boys swarmed up the car steps.

I had lost sight of my little shabby woman and so did not see when she said farewell to her boy. But at this juncture, as the train-bell began to ring, there was a sudden commotion at the upper end of the "Make way there!" bawled an official voice.

We fell back obediently. Then the words, "lady fainted" struck the ear.

It was the lady in helio, and she was being half-led and half-carried into the station, someone following with the spaniel.

As she disappeared there were sympathetic faces and voices all about.

"Hard on the women—deuced hard on the women," commented a man, in gruff, husky tones.

And here and there glistened a tear on a bronzed cheek. Then suddenly I saw my little plain woman

again. She was standing quite alone, as the train moved slowly out.

"He's on that car," she said, pointing to the one approaching. "He said he would come to a window, but I guess the crowd's too thick inside."

She kept an eager watch on all the windows and was rewarded at last, when a bright, boyish face appeared surrounded by half a dozen others in the last window of all.

She waved her hand, while delighted pride shone in her eyes. It was evident she looked upon this giving up of her son in the light rather of a privilege than a stern duty. I marvelled. Then suddenly I remembered the French court-gallant, he of the blue blood who had mounted the scaffold with a smile on his lips.

HERE beside me was that selfsame, fate-defying smile. This woman was of the blue blood, too, though in shoddy clothes and bearing every evidence of hard daily toil. The band started "Tipperary." The last car swung away, growing smaller as the train gathered momentum, until at length nothing was to be seen down the track but a dark speck that disappeared finally in the growing dusk.

I laid my hand upon my neighbour's hard, toil-worn, shabby-gloved one. It was one of those uncontrollable impulses that sometimes seize the coolest of us.

"He is my only son," she said. "My only support, too. Just twenty-one, is Davey. I've been a widow these ten years an' more. He's my widow's mite," she added, with a slight smile.

I noticed the up-turning lines of her mouth. It was a mouth accustomed to smile away difficulties. I knew, then.

"Yes, Miss, it's hard on me," she went on, "but—I ain't complainin'."

"You are very brave," I said.

"My sister—she's more unfortunate than me," she continued. "Her boy, he's in the hospital. Consumption. . . . I take him flowers in summer an' little bits of jelly an' fruit now an' then. He's lamentin' on account of not bein' fit to go off, too—like Davey."

Something told me, then, that she would visit the sick boy oftener now, would sit with him and with many another, tending and cheering all vicariously, for Davey's sake.

I never saw the little widow again, but the other day I found Davey's name in the Roll of Honor, and after the phrase, "killed in action," his name and regiment appeared this distinguishing sentence:

"Specially mentioned for gallantry. He was hit while bringing the body of his Captain back to the trenches."

And once more I thought of the French aristocrat, and his sad, proud smile. I could see, in fancy, the face of Davey's mother—the little widow of the heart courageous—and shining through her tears, that wondrous Spartan glow that bespoke the thoroughbred. She had given her "mite" which was her all, to her country when along the line the signal ran: "England expects that every man this day will do his duty."