

finally told me that it was a contemporary portrait of Melancthon, a fellow labourer of Luther. Indeed, I gathered from his vibrant tones that this small, dark wood frame contained something which money could not buy. It was valuable no doubt, but in money terms it could not equal some of the others. That made no difference to Sir William. That deep dark portrait, I am willing to wager, is still a Van Horne possession.

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AND so the day passed. Sir William smoked innumerable long black cigars and divided his time between the entertainment of his visitor and the dictating of a few business letters to a smart young man who did not go to church that Sunday morning. Perhaps the most interesting part of Sir William's conversation related to his boyhood days. His parents were poor, even for country people. I gathered that he wore patched trousers and very few pairs of boots. His education was limited. He may have done well at the country school or he may not. I doubt if he did. His real study began in a neighbouring quarry, where he discovered some fossils and learned for the first time that the earth had a history of its own which was quite aside from the history of "Old Glory."

He drew pictures of these fossils on pieces of wood with inexpensive chunks of some slaty material which made up for his lack of lead-pencils. He was apparently encouraged to do this by the local school teacher. This beginning in the study of archaeology was brought to a climax later on when someone showed him a copy of a book which described the geological formations and archaeological resources of that portion of the State of Illinois. The man who showed him this book offered to lend it to him for a few weeks. That led to the making of Sir William Van Horne.

He took the book home and set to work upon it. Even a clever boy, even a youthful genius could not have been expected to do more than to study that book carefully and to memorize a few of its most important passages. But young Bill Van Horne was not that kind of a boy. He was more thorough, more energetic and more untiring than even the cleverest boys recorded in the annals of genius and greatness. He took a few coppers over to the village store and bought two or three quires of foolscap. He went back home and commenced the task of writing that book out, word for word, in manuscript and also making drawings of every illustration in the volume. He was at it day and night for weeks. He ran out of foolscap and coppers and started in to complete his task with such wrapping paper as he could find around his little home, or beg from the village store. He completed his copy in due time, but the task must have been tremendous.

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CURIOUSLY enough, Sir William told me nothing about the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was then the active general manager. He came very near it once, when we were discussing "Made in Canada." Nobody has ever said it before, but I would like to say it now—Sir William Van Horne, born in the United States, trained in the United States, was the original "Made in Canada" man. He believed in Canada, or he would never have been at the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway. To believe in anything was not sufficient with Van Horne. He always made his efforts tell on the thing in which he believed. Because he believed that Canada could be made a great country, he started out to make it a great country.

His first work in this connection was with Sir John A. Macdonald. He and Sir John had the same point of view. They were determined to create traffic for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to lay the foundations for Canada's future industrial and commercial greatness. When they undertook this big contract they knew how big it was, but they also knew that what had been done in the United States could be duplicated in this portion of the British Empire. Once having accepted that simple but vital principle, the rest was a mere matter of working out details. From 1880 to 1891 these two men did some stirring work along this line. Then Sir John passed away, and Canada's other great man went on alone.

As an example of his attitude of mind, he told me that the man in Ontario who most deserved a public monument was Honourable A. S. Hardy, who had died two or three years previously. Naturally, I asked him for his reason, and received the answer:

"Hardy's action in passing a law whereby the export of saw-logs from Ontario was prohibited, was one of the finest pieces of legislation ever enacted in Canada. It built up a lumbering business in Northern Ontario which saved the Canadian Pacific Railway from having a long stretch of barren road. Indeed, it created hundreds of new settlements, and a tremendous traffic by lake and rail, which would not have been possible if Ontario had been content to feed saw logs to the Michigan saw mills. By a stroke of his pen he transferred the business of lumbering in the Great Lakes region, from Michigan to Ontario."

I have since thought that Van Horne's praise of Hardy was overdone, but I presume that Van Horne was thinking as much of the principle as of a particular piece of legislation. It was the example which Hardy set which was the great thing.

Any casual story about our supper with the Japanese Consul, or our evening chat with the then

Governor of Vermont, would be out of place. But it may not be ungracious to say that the Japanese Consul asked Sir William many questions about Japanese art, which Sir William was able to answer off-hand. Indeed, I gathered that the Japanese Consul knew as much about Japanese pottery and tea-cups as I did—perhaps a little more.

In our defence, let it be said, that outside the Boston Museum, Sir William's Japanese collection was the finest in the world—note that phrase, "in the world." There was nothing, is nothing, in Japan to equal it.

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ONE story I must tell, because I made a hit. Even journalists make a hit occasionally. Sir William discovered, some way or another, that I knew an etching from a pencil-sketch. So he took me into a closet, off his billiard-room, and showed me a little etching, framed in a small, cheap, gilt frame. If you had seen it in a store window on St. James Street, you would say, "30 cents," instinctively. Being with Sir William Van Horne, art connoisseur, I braced myself and looked wise.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"Curious amateur etching, eh?" said I, fencing hard and searching my limited art memory.

"Yes, but do you recognize it?"

I suppose he had worked the game on others, and it had been a triumph on many occasions. But not this time, for I was a great student of the English (not the cheap American) "Strand Magazine," and an etching by the same hand had been reproduced there. While I struggled, he pointed to the signature.

"Recognize that?"

"Is that Queen Victoria's monogram?" I asked.

"Certainly, he is not strong enough. Besides, if he was killed it would mean just the last of everything for me."

"Of course—of course," assented Mrs. Parnell, hastily. Mrs. Willoughby's husband had gone down in the Titanic, and the following winter her little girl had contracted pneumonia and died. Maxwell was all she had left.

"I don't think only sons ought to go!" fulminated Mrs. Willoughby, extricating a card from her case, and rising majestically to go.

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NOTWITHSTANDING his mother's oft-repeated opinion on the subject, however, Maxwell did at last enlist. Mrs. Willoughby, finding direct opposition futile took another tack. She closed her house in the country and rented rooms as near as possible to the camp where the soldiers were training. She saw Maxwell, if only for a few minutes, every day. And whenever she saw him, she made him feel that by indulging his selfish patriotism he was breaking her heart.

"But, Great Scott, Mother!" he would expostulate, "Somebody's son has got to go and down the ungodly German. If every chap listened to his mother we'd all be conjugating the German verb 'To obey' this time next year."

"Well, you are going, aren't you, dear? Nothing that I say—or feel—or suffer makes any difference." It made the difference, it seemed, that Maxwell worried himself into a condition to catch scarlet fever, when an epidemic of it broke out in the camp.

Mrs. Willoughby was overjoyed. Now he couldn't go. And by the time he was out of quarantine and recuperated, perhaps the war would be over, or that Oliver-Twist-like call for more men not so insistent, so stigmatizing to those who did not respond. Sheer folly to expect a boy newly-risen from a sick bed to post off to the most ruthless war that had ever convulsed the world! She had never thought she would live to see the day that she should be thankful for a malignant disease, or fearful of a rapid recovery. But she welcomed every set-back, and earnestly told every inquirer that Maxwell's was the severest case of any.

Neither she nor Maxwell referred to the war, but they both felt it like an invisible barrier between them. He could not—surely he could not—still think of going? Oh! this war! It cut both ways. Terrible to have them go—terrible to have them not go. Sometimes, when Maxwell sat looking straight in front of him with those unseeing, lost eyes, she almost wished—but no, she couldn't, she could not let him go.

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"SO Maxwell Willoughby is going after all?" It was on the way home from one of these alienating visitations that the blow struck her. Not a straight blow. An undercut. He had told

others before her, his own mother!

All that night she paced her room. Early the next morning she sent a peremptory telegram to Quebec asking Maxwell to come home at once.

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THE station platform was crowded. Women spoke to one another in whispers. Men stood about, not speaking. Where the busses usually waited, a befogged band was in attendance. Just behind, in ordered array, were massed the Home Guard, a hundred or more of the Fifth Mounted Rifles from the camp, a detachment of Westmore Dragoons and Boy Scouts. All faced one way. Presently, far up the south track a blur of smoke could be seen. It grew. In the profound silence the rails began to hum. The black bulk of a train rounded the curve. Slowed down. Stopped.

There was a little movement forward among the crowd to let a black-veiled woman, who had just got out of a carriage, pass.

"Oh, poor Mrs. Parnell!" breathed a girl. "She is so brave, and he was her only son!"

"It is just as hard for him," whispered back her companion, fiercely. Look! There he comes now."

An elderly man, who held himself very straight, stepped off the train and joined the women in mourning. There was a moment of suspended movement, then someone went up to them and shook hands without speaking, and turned quickly away, their eyes wet. Others followed. Simultaneously, from farther down the train, men lowered a casket. It was covered with the Union Jack. They carried it between the firing party to the gun carriage, while the drum began to beat like a big heartache. Soldiers fell in behind the gun-carriage and the mourners behind the soldiers. The cortege began to move, to pass up the deserted village street, at the end of which a clergyman in white robes stood waiting in the open church door. As the procession came in sight the bell began to toll.

The woman behind the heavy veil gave a sudden dry sob. "Oh, dear, I have been dreaming. I fancied that I must notice who was here, so as to write Brand. I had forgotten."

"Oh, this is not real," said her husband. "They are not doing all this for Brand. It is not Brand who is dead."

"We must think of St. Julien, Martin. As we go through with it we must think of Ypres."

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AS THEY went through with it—the procession—ing, the solemn Church of England ritual, the minister's panegyric of the boy who had sacrificed a promising career to die for his country at St. Julien—another woman in the crowd went over and over her reasons for pulling the wires that had been instrumental in getting her son "turned down," and for the hundredth time wondered if it were all to do over again if she would not act differently. But if she had he would not now be at her side. As the three volleys were fired over the grave, and the "last post" sounded, she felt jealously for his hand.

"Oh, mother, mother!" Maxwell groaned—and wrenched it away.

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And so the day closed, and the one-horse cab-driver from the stand farther down the street took me down to the station to catch the Toronto train. No, indeed, Sir William was not that kind. That cab took "us" down to the station.

AT THE WATERS OF STRIFE

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS