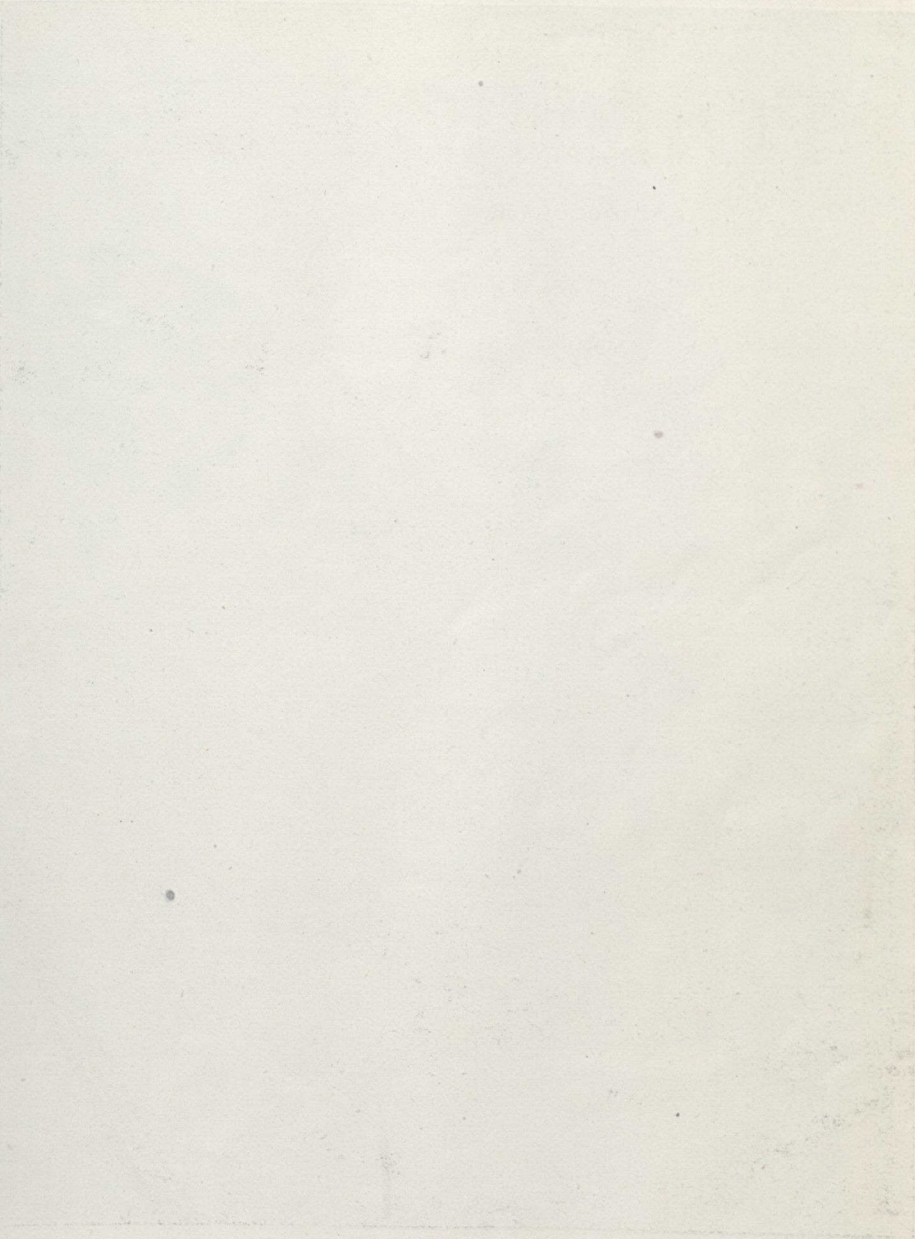


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ADMIRATION

From the Painting by  
Paul Peel



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## CANADA'S ESTATE

BY N. R. I.



HE Dominion of Canada may be regarded as a property owned by nine partners on an equal footing and by two minors. From a business point of view the nominal head of the firm exercises a cohesive and indirect influence, but has little real executive power. Being in the status neither of an owner nor a manager his importance and value to the estate lie in occupying a position above the dust of politics and rival jealousies and thus securing to the partners the comforting feeling that his signature, though by tradition automatic, could, if need arose, save the firm from dismemberment and from decisions fatal to its interests or could at least delay the fatal day.

Each of the nine partners manages the section of the estate that it owns as seems right in its own eyes, but entrusts all its intersectional interests and those which relate to the world beyond its private domain to a committee of management elected and removable at short notice, and to an advisory board holding semi-control.

This Canadian estate cannot go into liquidation nor do its owners die.

The important points for us shareholders to know are what the estate must produce in order to carry on its federal, provincial and municipal governments, to pay for what it imports, and to provide a highly civilized standard of comfort and living for all.

To meet present requirements the average production of each shareholder, man, woman or child, lunatic or prisoner must be at least \$1,175, the equivalent of which must be derived from land, water or air.

Fortunately the owners of the Canadian estate have not been marooned in destitution on a barren island, nor are they men of the palæolithic age with no tools but flint and bone; they are in a land already known for its riches and are established in business with \$2,000 a head in capital, with generally lusty physique, inventive brains and the power that comes from inherited and accumulated knowledge.

To analyze thoroughly the ledgers of the Canadian estate it would be necessary to examine not only the

positive natural resources, the preservative influences and transportation facilities, but to call equal attention to the destructive forces, the neglect of by-products and economic waste and leakage. This negative aspect is disturbing to our complacency and embraces too large a variety of subjects for present detail. The shareholders as a body should however be reminded how much they lose by their carelessness in forest fires, by their insatiable demand for commodities which are neither useful nor beautiful, by the levelling of individual production and the combinations in restriction of competition, by the multiplication of retail stores and the neglect of co-operation in buying and selling, by the waste in advertising, commissions or graft, and all other needless "spreads" between producer and consumer, by the loss of by-products of coal, lumber, wood, or fish and by the exports of raw material for refinement and manufacture.

It is more soothing to devote space for the present to stock-taking and the care of what is perishable.

Canada has an area of 3,750,000 square miles, of which 3.37 is water. To develop this estate there is need of men, women and capital.

Deducting the 1,500,000 square miles of the Yukon and the Northwest Territory, which, though they can never be populous, have resources known or credible of gold, silver, copper, coal, oil, fur and fish, and are feeding grounds for vast herds of caribou, smaller herds of musk ox and buffalo, and in time for Siberian reindeer, the remaining 2,225,000 square miles have fewer than four persons to the square mile. The total population of Canada in 1911 was not quite as much as the present population of London.

Natural increase would take centuries to even sparsely populate the land. Immigrants of the right sort therefore are needed.

The managers of the Canadian estate are now wisely discarding the

dragnet efforts of a certain period in favour of careful selection of new blood. The attractions of Canada as a field for emigration have been brought home to the British Isles as never before; Canadian men and women have during the war unconsciously but most effectively increased the pace of the movement across the narrows of the Atlantic. Such influences added to the normal pressure of population in Britain and Scandinavia and to the inevitable decrease in fertile land in the border States of the U.S.A. must fill the needs of Canada for settlers quite as fast as they can be properly absorbed despite the very heavy migration from Canada to the south. It is as much as enlightened labour bureaus, settlement boards, and productive works can do to steer clear of the hard time of unemployment, and to-day the social organism rejects the idea of encouraging immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe or anywhere else for the purpose of keeping ready to hand a floating supply of labour to be used in times of great demand and flung aside at will. Imported live stock are not left by the wayside and human beings are now claiming a certain amount of care.

The growing wish of the most progressive countries is to have all its members healthy, nappy and loyal. To attain this end Canada passes rigid alien immigration statutes and protects her patrimony from lunatics, degenerates, criminals, fanatical agitators and paupers. Nor is it only the state or the municipality that is caring for the physical and mental well-being of its units; several large corporations steel, pulp, coal and textile, are working on such ideal layouts as Ojibway, Kipawa, Cassidy and the Canadian-Connecticut garden city of Sherbrooke.

The policy adopted for the benefit of the returned soldier and through him for Canada as a whole is on similar lines. That policy is to settle the soldier on whatever available land

he chooses provided that it gives promise of yielding a fair living for himself and family. Such land cannot be sold or alienated in the way that old-time soldier grants could be. It cannot, at any rate for years to come, be staked on the green cloth or drowned in the saloon, and many a prosperous home is now in growth in the fifteen-mile-from-railway limits of districts in Northern Alberta, the Peace River District, the valleys of the Bulkley and Nechako in British Columbia, the clay belt of Northern Ontario, and elsewhere.

With a male population of less than one for each section in nine provinces lack of employment can only be a disease of the towns, recurrent when manufacturing industries outstrip the demand for their products. Too much work can never be done on the land or in forest and mine till everybody is well fed, clothed and housed and has well lined pockets.

With the proviso that no natural resource is of any continued use without applied labour, and feeling that brains and capital are the more useful as cultivation becomes less simple, we may itemize the material on which the work must be done.

When the first French settlers came to Canada the land was covered by a practically unbroken forest from Cape Breton island to a point between Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg and again from a hundred miles west of Calgary to the extreme western limits of Queen Charlotte and Vancouver islands. In fact, apart from this prairie belt varying in breadth from 200 to 400 miles, a forest covered all Canada diminishing in density to the northern limit of tree growth. East of the present Manitoba the interesting and perhaps the only exception was the salt marsh land of the Bay of Fundy, which would recall to the immigrant from the region of the lower Loire the lands he had left. Even now the cleared area of this vast

forest looks small upon the map, the only large strip marked as such being that which comprises the St. Lawrence valley west of Quebec, the Eastern townships, the Ottawa Valley and the peninsula of Ontario.

Commercial timber in spite of the inroads of axe and fire, still covers 200 million acres, and the balance of growth is suitable for pulpwood. British Columbia, the native land of Douglas fir, Western cedar and Sitka spruce by recent and wise legislation and co-operation with the Dominion Government, which controls a diagonal railway belt forty miles in width, is ensuring that the natural growth shall keep pace with the annual cut and be a permanent source of revenue to the province. The example of the thoroughly scientific forestry system of France is in several provinces leading to tree planting and reforestation. The demonstration plantations in forty counties of Ontario, the Quebec government forest nursery at Berthierville, and other nurseries kept up by the great pulp and paper companies are encouraging signs that the science of forestry has taken root. But whether such steps are on a scale large enough to meet a daily cut of 6,000 acres for pulpwood alone, is another question. Every schoolboy knows that it is the destruction of forests just as much as the rule of the Turk that has made of Asia Minor a desert from a park, and all should know that if the United States as now cuts forty million board measure feet and wastes seventy million in so doing, a drain on Canadian timber is in sight, and that fifteen years of such a drain would denude our forests as they now stand.

The Dominion spends  $1\frac{3}{4}$  cents an acre on her forests as compared with the three cents an acre of the United States, the  $14\frac{1}{2}$  cents of Sweden, and the \$1.04 of France. Canada's permanent forestry staff in 1919 was 271.

The mineral supplies in any country being indestructible by fire or pestilence are an asset depending solely on immutable geological facts plus the application of labour and capital.

The mineral yielding areas of Canada may be broadly classified as three, the Northern Appalachian, the Laurentian and Cordilleran.

Coal is confined to the far foothill region of the Appalachians in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and to the Cordilleran system, including the lignites extending east, but forming part of the Rocky Mountains slope.

At the present time the Laurentian system produces most of the gold and silver, and all of the nickel and cobalt; the Cordilleran produces most of the copper, lead and zinc; the Appalachian yields eighty-five per cent. of the world's asbestos. The balance of output may and does shift, however, from one geological system to another, as the prospected area widens, now one province and now another comes to the fore.

Looking to world economics, it is wise for Canada to produce as much gold and silver as she can, these metals being the only definite medium of exchange by which balances of foreign exchange of commodities can be settled regardless of currency inflation. It is also the best business to develop the "key" metals of Canada, nickel, asbestos and coal, the possession of which whether in large quantities or as practical monopolies has great effect in the negotiation of commercial treaties with foreign nations.

It may seem strange that with a bituminous supply estimated in Alberta alone at a double-figure fraction of the world's supply of coal, to say nothing of the long-time prosperous coal mines of Nova Scotia and Vancouver Island and in the other partially developed districts of British Columbia, Canada imports more than seventeen million tons and pro-

duces only thirteen millions; but economic laws of freights and distances always speak loud when tariffs are low.

The lignite utilization Board has now demonstrated its ability to properly carbonize the prairie lignites and produce a satisfactory binder; the briquetting plant now in course of erection at Bienfait, Saskatchewan, will have a yearly capacity of 30,000 tons of a fuel equal to anthracite. This pioneer work of a great industry has been done by the Council for Industrial Research, and the time is nearly ripe for private enterprise, as was intended, to come upon the scene, and avail itself of the knowledge acquired.

Peat fuel also from the very large and widely separate bogs of Canada will be on the market as a result of continued experiment by the department of mines. Already the 50,000 tons produced scientifically at the Alfred (Ontario) plant finds a ready sale at \$4.00 a ton f.o.b. Alfred.

Beyond experiments showing that the billion ton oil shale deposits of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia would yield from twenty to 110 gallons of crude oil to the ton and thirty to ninety pounds of sulphate of ammonia, nothing has yet been done to utilize them nor the less known deposits at Gaspé. The probable life of existing oil fields, the commercial demand for the by-products, and the trend in the cost of refining plants are some of the factors on which hangs the development of this reserve of fuel and fertilizer. On the interpretation of a tariff clause on "sundry articles of metal, when for use exclusively in mining or metallurgical operations" and on similar clauses referring to "machinery not made in Canada" the future of a great industry may depend. A duty of fifteen per cent. to twenty-seven per cent. ad valorem would probably add a million dollars to the cost of a five-million-dollar plant.

From the mysteries of the Mackenzie basin rich resources may in time emerge. What legitimate inference may be drawn from these notes? Here, a gas well struck twenty-six years ago and only under control finally on March 18th, 1920; there bubbles of inflammable gas floating on the river, and a shore where you scratch a hale, cook your meal, cover the fire with sand and move on; or outcrops of "coal" burning since seen by Alexander Mackenzie in 1769. Consider again the asphaltic or bituminous sand in the area lying along the Athabasca river, 150 to 200 feet thick for seventy-three miles and cropping up here and there from latitude 57 degrees to beyond the Arctic circle. Oil in 1920 is already flowing at Fort Norman and the steamers on the Mackenzie River may be converted to oil while many ocean steamers are still "unregenerate".

There is all the difference between the value of a tree on the stump and its ultimate price as paper or furniture. The same difference applies to non-precious metals, notably to the Canadian specialties, nickel and asbestos. The raw material of the extensive United States exports of chrysolite asbestos products are drawn entirely from Quebec mines and all United States nickel manufactures originate in Ontario. Recently, however, asbestos manufacture has taken hold in Canada and the nickel refining plants of Sudbury, Deschenes and Port Colborne curtail the shipments of raw material for refinement in New Jersey and South Wales. The manufacture of graphite is another object lesson. In Quebec there is now an up-to-date plant turning out full lines of perfected products from graphite mines, comparable in quality to those of Ceylon. In spite of this, however, the Canadian buyer often prefers this identical graphite after shipment to and reshipment from the United States, on the principle no doubt that

graphite, like Madeira, is better for travel!

The position of Canada giving her the leading interest in the North Atlantic and North Pacific fishing areas supplies her not only with native seamen, without whom no country can long maintain a dominant merchant marine, but with food for home consumption and export growing in importance. Four hundred years of fishing by many nations have not depleted of cod the great shallow banks where the gulf stream still, as in Tudor times, generates the organisms on which fish feed, and the fleets from the indented harbours of the Maritime Provinces can still reap the harvest of the sea within twelve miles of the shore.

Though we do not see ships "stayed" on their course by masses of fish as the early explorers relate, the fish should have a better chance of surviving here than in the North Sea, which still yields plenteously in spite of the systematic fishing of centuries and the last four years of exploding mines. Yet the "no man's sea" beyond the three-mile limit in the North Atlantic is threatened by increasing squadrons of steam trawlers, just as the coastal seas of the Pacific are being swept clean of the halibut by Japanese. The deep sea banks, however, are beyond the purview of the managers of the Canadian estate.

The protection of salmon, lobster, oyster and other coast fish and of those in all fresh water rivers and lakes is a domestic matter. Exclusive of the expenditure of British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec which maintain provincial fisheries' departments, the Dominion spends annually about \$900,000 on conservation, storage, transportation, inspection, breeding, biology and patrols. In spite, however, of hatcheries and regulations, the fate of the lobster causes anxiety especially since the shad has almost disappeared from the Bay of Fundy and the sockeye salmon no longer



crams the inland creeks and reaches of the Fraser.

If the shad has been lost in eastern Canadian waters, it has been successfully transferred to the Pacific, and anglefish, lumpfish and others are ready to take its place in the east. Though the Bay of Fundy "sardines" (young herrings) meet with a good market, the still greater shoals of true sardines on the British Columbia coast are so far disregarded by all but the inspector of fisheries. Pacific cod too, red, black and gray, are on the market, and up-to-date freezing methods put the Pacific flounder on the eastern breakfast table. In the 200,000 square miles of inland fresh water an immense supply of cheap white fish, pickerel, perch and many others are abiding the time when shallow purses will create a heavy demand and untrammelled methods of distribution satisfy it. Canada's fisheries, whether in ocean, river, lake, estuary, or peri-Arctic bays and seas are carefully watched by Dominion and provincial powers, and will not diminish.

In 1759 the running water of Canada was used only to turn the feudal mill of the seigneur; in 1919 a single development delivers power to 194 municipalities in a range of 250 miles. The horse-power available in practicable areas is estimated at 18,803,000 and of this 1,813,210 have been harnessed. The power of 17,000,000 wild horses has yet to be tamed. Two-thirds of the development is the work of the last twenty years, the ratio increasing with the conquest of problems of transmission, dynamos and turbines. In the location of her energy Canada is singularly fortunate. Practically every commercial centre from coast to coast has abundance available not only for the present but the future. Though this is less true of the prairie provinces, in spite of their combined power exceeding the 3,000,000 of British Columbia, yet the distances from the sources is offset by the fact that

these provinces, as above pointed out, have far more coal than can ever be used, to say nothing of the barely prospected oil fields and the gas already in use. Within the range of present markets 8,000,000 h.p. are now available, and at the current rate of progress in bringing it into use, this may all be productive within fifteen years.

Whatever hindrance man may put in the way of utilizing Canada's share of the power of the St. Lawrence, which runs into two million horse power between Lake St. Francis and Lake Ontario, Canada knows that it is not nature that says "No", and that the titles to water generally are almost wholly the property of the nation. For a long time to come the need of this power may not be pressing, and if developed might for the most part lie idle or be rented for transmission across the border. It is therefore well worth consideration whether this alternative plan of an all-Canadian canal from Cardinal, Ont. to the Ottawa river would not secure the great advantage of a deep-water way from the great lakes without the necessity of harmonizing international interests and expending a much vaster sum for the benefit of our neighbours.

The Dominion Government controls all navigable streams in Canada and the water-powers of the prairie provinces, Yukon and the North West Territories. In the other six the water-powers are under provincial control, and it needs no more than an allusion to La Loutre dam in Quebec with its storage capacity of 160 billion cubic feet and to the various plans on foot in Ontario and British Columbia to prove that this control is effective. The nation has not yet given away this heirloom of water-power. What it means is this, that Canada has at her service 376 millions of "steel-muscled man-power units" or forty-four mechanical slaves to every head of her present population.

In Canada, with 300 million acres of land fit for farming, agriculture must always be the chief factor of wealth. In 1918 the products of the farm left for export after feeding the whole population were valued at \$715,618,518 or forty-seven per cent. of the total combined exports, manufactures coming second with forty-one per cent. And yet of the 300 million acres only one-sixth is being cultivated. Further, the yield of the crop of crops, wheat, varies from as low as ten bushels an acre in a poor year to twenty at the best, as compared with an average of about thirty-two in the United Kingdom or Germany. As has been often pointed out, the lower yield in Canada is no slur on the farming methods; it simply means that with any amount of fertile land available, it pays better to raise fewer bushels from a large than more from a small acreage. The use of the figures is to show that when more intensive cultivation becomes necessary as population grows, Canada's yield on the same acreage can be doubled at will.

Horses, cattle and hogs make a good showing on the books of the national farm. The success of Canadian horses at shows, the demand for export of pure bred beef and dairy stock, and the amount of bacon Canada supplied to Europe in wartime are evidence. The sheep industry is less assured; in all Canada there were fewer sheep than in Ireland alone. The co-operative marketing and careful grading of wool, however, in which several provinces are now interested, and the distribution as in 1919 of 1,700 pure bred rams to farmers' associations bid fair to pull the sheep out of the pit. Beyond the Selkirks at any rate the climate is not to blame, and as clearings wax and cougars wane the moist climate of Vancouver island so suitable for high-grade wool will claim attention.

The growing of flax for linseed has long been a flourishing industry of the prairie provinces where more than a

million acres give their annual yield, but the production of spinning flax for fibre and seed is an outcome of the war. Experiment has shown that the fibre flax grown in S. W. Ontario, the St. Lawrence valley, the Maritime Provinces and Western British Columbia is equal to the best Irish and that Ontario flax seed is equal to the best Dutch and Russian. Canada's present offering of 6,000 tons of fibre flax may prove an instalment of an important industry. It may be noted here that the seed industry in general is another thriving war baby, the demand for red clover and alsike being especially pressing.

It is now proved that hemp can be properly grown and retted in the prairie climate and last spring 5,000 acres were secured for the commercial venture. The plant derives eighty-five per cent. of its nourishment from the air and it yields up to 2,000 pounds an acre of fibre which can be "broken" by a newly-invented machine. As Canada imports twelve million pounds of binder twine yearly, the hemp to make it could be grown, even if the promise of utilizing the straw of linseed flax is not fulfilled.

That dried fruit should be mostly imported and most vegetables in a winter market should be beyond a slender purse points to an economic weakness whether in conservation or transportation or in methods of marketing. Germany used to save at least a quarter of her vegetables by drying, and nobody should have, as in 1920, to pay \$3.00 to \$6.00 a bag for potatoes when the crop is equal to eight bushels a head. The nigger in the fence of the fruit farm is that only the very cream of the crop can be sold and that only in a limited time. When the new dehydration plants are in general use, so that the fruit farmers of a district can use their "surplus fruit" and gain access to the illimitable world market, there will be fewer disappointments and many more happy and self-sustaining five-acre irrigated holdings.

Closely related to the economics of agriculture is the good roads problem. With motor traffic, proving that there are other fish in the sea besides railroads, the market is nearer the gates of the farmer. Apart from the carriage of produce, a complete system of good roads would save, it is estimated, seventy million dollars a year to the 300,000 automobile population of Canada.

The development of irrigation districts, whether for alfalfa, fruit or general farming, tends steadily to the relief of congestion in towns, to compact agricultural areas, and to the certain production of food. In the 50,000,000 acres of the semi-arid district extending east of the Rocky Mountains into Saskatchewan there are now more than a million acres irrigable from constructed canals and one and a half million irrigable from those projected. The water supply of South Alberta and Saskatchewan would be enough to just double these figures and scientific boring discovers from time to time artesian water in areas of little previous value. In the irrigated districts a cycle of wet years between 1896 and 1909 threw a damper on irrigation, and led to repudiation of the term "semi-arid" and a neglect to keep the works in repair. A city that lets its hydrants remain frost-bound is caught by an unexpected fire, and the like happened to certain irrigation districts in the dry years 1917-18-19. The dry belt of British Columbia has no such doubts. Irrigation there means a garden instead of a desert, and even in the fruit growing parts of the peninsula of Ontario irrigation would be cheap insurance against dry spells.

No acts of the Dominion or provincial legislatures have brought more satisfaction to the owners of the Canadian estate or promises such returns in unalloyed pleasure, pride of possession and hard cash as the appropriation "to the benefit and enjoyment of the people" of parks and reserves.

But for the 140 acres of the St. Lawrence Parks in the "Thousand Islands", there would be no spot in that playground where a Canadian would have the right to fish, camp or land. If the tiny New Forest or Fontainebleau are most precious relics of the hunting Kings of England and France, neither Dominion nor provinces were blind in nationalizing the four million acres of the eight Cordilleran parks and about 200,000 square miles of forest reserve, scattered here and there from the bird sanctuary of Percé, Quebec, to Strathcona Park, Vancouver Island.

These wonderlands of forest, mountain, lakes, hot springs and glaciers, and wild life are also of great commercial value to Canada. Not to speak of the immense stores of timber made safe for democracy and the conservation of water resources, one figure is suggestive: in 1915 the visitors to the Rocky Mountains Park left \$16,000,000 in Canadian pockets—a good return on an appropriation of \$300,000 to Dominion Parks in general. As motor-roads are farther extended in and out of the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, and form links in a highway connecting the scenic roads across the boundary with Vancouver, the stream of cash-spending tourists will swell.

The Canadian Government merchant marine is a natural outcome of the wartime effort to fill the gaps made in the allied freighters by submarines. The armistice found many ships in the yards and others under contract. These are now used to supplement the carrying trade of Canadian bottoms and thus not only save freight cost to the nation but to open or revive such markets as those of Havana, Buenos Aires and India. The linking of the government marine with the National railroads, the working agreement with two strong British steamship companies, and the absence of the harassing legislation Canadian ocean services promise well

for the venture. The essentials of a national merchant marine are products for export, a demand for imports not readily found at home, a seafaring population, shipbuilding capacity, harbours and connecting railroads, and more than all the absence of the harassing legislation which ultimately makes a gift of the carrying trade to a freer and wiser nation. Canada is blessed with all these conditions.

Such then are in the main the material resources of the Canadian estate, but when once the barest necessities are provided, the true value of all national wealth depends on the kind of dividend that comes to the shareholding body.

The first duty of a nation is to establish conditions under which every

unit in the organism has freedom and opportunity to live a healthy and happy life. Civilization means something when all have a chance to enjoy it, and when no blame can attach to the community if they do not. One essential is free access for all to a fair education, and a toll-free way for talent to the higher level. As the general standard of living rises, the sense of what befits a self-respecting nation rises also. Discontent at unsightly streets and hideous slums takes the place of "good enough". As community wealth increases, the layout of the towns and villages, the beauty of small homes, the equipment of its factories and the architecture of its public buildings should be plain evidence of the general well-being of a nation.

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## LILACS

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

THERE is a window in a house I know  
 Through which I watched the wind so softly blow  
 The dew-wet lilacs that they swayed as though  
 By spirit moved; to me, at break of day  
 There stole a haunting breath, a roundelay  
 Charming the lattice with the lure of May.

And one there was who loved the lilacs too.  
 And so I picked them wet with morning dew  
 And gave them for their beauty's thrilling hue.  
 The lilacs now are dreams of long ago;  
 Yet still is seen their dew-impassioned glow,  
 Watched from a window in a house I know.

# INDIANS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA

BY R. E. GOSNELL

II.—THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES



DEALT in a former article more fully with the claims of the Six Nations Indians than I had intended at the outset, but the subject grows on one with interest and the temptation to expand on it grows with the writing, especially as one feels that the general public is not very familiar with the details of the question that Parliament was called upon to review. As no others of the nations of Canada are making claims to the kind of sovereignty which the Six Nations wish to have recognized, we may turn to British Columbia. The grievances there, so far as they exist, are of a different character. They are those in connection with what is known generically as Indian title, a subject which has had much consideration in America, and whose principles have been defined, in so far as such elusive principles can be, by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and settled in the only practical way possible without upsetting the entire arrangement of present-day land titles. I desire to go over as little as may be of the ground covered in the very able article of the late Dr. McKenna in the April issue of *The Canadian Magazine*, but it is necessary for a better understanding of the subject to traverse some portions of it. As he tells us,

when British Columbia was organized as a Colony, the Governor, Sir James Douglas, was enjoined to "consider the best and most humane means of dealing with the native Indians", reference being made to the recommendations of the Aborigines' Protective Society alluded to in my first article about a treaty being made with them and stringent laws enacted and enforced as to its provisions being maintained, etc. This estimable and well-meaning society knew little or nothing about the extent and distribution of the Indian population. There is no exact data as to the number of Indians in the two colonies then, but basing conclusions on an old Hudson's Bay census, there might have been any number between fifty and sixty thousand. The members of that society had no conception of the wide area of British Columbia and the financial obligations which would have been involved in extinguishing title, especially as the money resources of the Colony were extremely limited and treasury demands always pressing. When Douglas took that phase of the matter up with the Colonial Office, he was informed that "the acquisition of the title is a purely colonial interest". In fact, when the Governor, pressed as he always was for funds, made application to the Home Government for grants or loans of money for any

purpose, he was invariably met with the reply that British Columbia must stand on its own bottom. The impression in England at the time, so exaggerated were the reports about the riches of the new Colony, almost was that gold grew on trees. So, for lack of means alone, no policy looking to the extinguishment of Indian title, or Indian policy of any kind, in fact, was ever developed up until the time British Columbia entered Confederation. The Indians did not suffer as a consequence. There were no injustices perpetrated upon them of any kind and their means of subsistence in fish, forest, game and fur-hunting was ample. One of the terms of Union stipulated that the Dominion of Canada should assume charge of the Indians and the trusteeship and management of the lands reserved for their use and benefit, and, the federal authorities might have smiled over the further responsibility involved, that "a policy as liberal as that hitherto pursued by the British Columbia Government shall be continued by the Dominion Government after the Union" in respect of the Indians of the Southern end of Vancouver Island. In 1851 Sir James Douglas, who had just been appointed Governor of the Colony in succession to Richard Blanshard, effected a treaty with some of the tribes, whereby their interest in the land was purchased at a rate which figured out at about \$10 a square mile, and reservations were set apart for the Indians. The celebrated Songhees reserve in Victoria West just across from the business centre of Victoria was one of these. The difficulty of effecting its removal to a less urban situation was one of the knottiest problems the province and the city ever had to deal with, and it was finally achieved by the payment of a very large sum of money and rehabilitation in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt.

Undoubtedly, one of the things that should have been provided for at the time of Union was the formal extinguishment of the Indian title, as has

been done elsewhere in Canada and in the United States, but even at that time the great majority of the Indians of British Columbia were far removed from the few sparse settlements. The entire white population of the province at that time according to a census taken by the old colonial government was less than 10,000, and that was largely centred in Victoria, New Westminster and the Cariboo mining camps. Nobody thought about it apparently, and certainly not the Indians, very few of whom were conscious of the change that had been made in their relations from colonial to federal. It was not until several years later that the Indian question was taken up seriously. In 1876 a convention was agreed upon between the two governments to the effect that British Columbia should set apart land as reservations from time to time as selected by the Indian Commission, sufficient for the needs of the Indians, it being further understood and provided that the lands so selected should be increased by the province as the Indian population increased and be decreased and revert to the province as the Indian population decreased. In other words, the province retained a reversionary interest in all lands set apart. From 1876 for some years afterwards reservations were selected, surveyed and allotted under the terms of the convention, until approximately about 700,000 acres of the best lands of the province were alienated for Indian reservations, this out of less than 10,000,000 acres of agricultural areas. At the time of Confederation the Indian population was roughly estimated to have been about 35,000. Some years later, it was reduced to a little more than 24,000, and it now stands in the latest report on Indian affairs at 25,694. It would appear that the Indians in British Columbia are on the increase again, and I have reason to believe that is the case. There are six or seven racial stocks and about the same number of nations, and when it is understood that there are about 225 tribes in all distributed fairly uni-

formly over an area of 381,000 square miles the task of dealing with the Indian problem in the Pacific province was no light one. Taking the male population of sixteen years old or more at 7,000, it meant about 100 acres each, not more than two per cent. of which has been put under cultivation. That would certainly seem to comply with the law of nations as laid down by Vattel about the right of other nations settling in new countries, "providing they left the natives a sufficiency of land". When I say that the Indian reservations comprise the best lands of the province, that refers to the districts to which tribes belong. There are long stretches on the coast and in the northern interior where there is scarcely any good land at all, and in such cases it is not available for any purpose.

The fact, however, that there was no treaty with the Indians of British Columbia as a whole by which their rights were extinguished has given rise to claims that the Indians are still entitled to their native *habitat* until settled with. These have been formulated by an organization known as "friends of the Indians", who may or may not be interested in the results. I lived a good many years in British Columbia, and I never heard of any dissatisfaction or unrest among the tribes about the land allotted to them or any claims in connection with unextinguished titles until ten or twelve years ago when these friends got busy. With the exception of a few tribes in the northern interior, they all accepted the reservations set apart for them without protest. Both the Governments of the Dominion and the Province refused to recognize any such title as existent after lands had been set apart for them, or to be parties to a reference of the question to the Imperial Privy Council, holding that in setting apart lands for reservations for the use of the Indians which have been accepted and settled upon there has been a virtual equivalent made to them for any title they may have pos-

essed, which title was not a specific one but one of use and occupation of sufficient lands for their purpose. As Dr. McKenna very tersely put it in his article already referred to, "Aboriginal title is not a claim enforceable at law. The natural law of nations out of which it arises has no court or enforcement". As he further explains, it is not in the nature of a fee, and is too shadowy and indefinite to be expressed in terms upon which a court could make a ruling. "No unearned increment," he states, "accrues to the land it covers. Neither the passing of years nor work of development adds to it. The value of its removal is today what it was at the creation of the colony." Having that excellent and judicial statement of the case in view, I want to show how much better off the Indians of British Columbia are than if their title had been extinguished, say, in Sir James Douglas's time.

In 1913 a joint Royal Indian Commission was appointed to investigate the Indian land question in British Columbia, and as a preliminary an agreement was made with British Columbia known as the McBride-McKenna agreement, whereby the province consented to give up its reversionary rights in the Indian reservations. The Commission after several years of exhaustive investigation submitted a report in which it confirmed 666,640 acres to the Indians, valued at \$17,000,000; the Commission recommended as cut-offs 47,000 acres valued at \$1,200,000. It also recommended increases of 87,000 acres valued at \$444,500. Under the agreement referred to, the Indians get fifty per cent. of the proceeds from the sale of the cut-off lands. Sir James Douglas in 1851 settled with the Indians in the vicinity of Victoria at the rate of \$10 a square mile. If we took the 261,000 square miles not negotiated for, the amount coming to the Indians at that time would have been only \$2,610,000, and it must be remembered that the present value of the Indian lands was not given to

them by anything the Indians have done, but by the incoming and work of the whites. The Dominion Government expends in British Columbia annually on Indian account, about \$400,000, which capitalized at 4 per cent., would be a considerable sum. The Indians have one-fourteenth of the best agricultural lands of the province and constitute one-fifteenth of the population. The good lands of the province by virtue of their limited area alone carry value of from three to ten times that of average land in the Middle West. In view of all these circumstances, it does not appear that the Indians of British Columbia have fared worse—they are, in fact, very much worse off — than the treaty Indians of other parts of Canada.

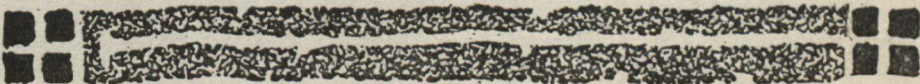
The Indians of British Columbia, or really the “friends of the Indians” on their behalf, complain also that the act passed last session bringing into effect the recommendations of the Indian Commission, does not make provision for negotiations with the Indians in connection with the surrender of lands. That would be supererogatory. The right of negotiation with the Indians is one the Dominion already possesses and has always possessed. Naturally the Indians will be asked to surrender lands which they do not require, and to which surrender they do not object, but in case of refusal on sentimental or factious grounds, there must be authority to cause such surrender. In writing to a local paper on the subject, I remarked on this phase of the question: “What, for instance, would be the situation in the case of right of way for a railway or public highway, if the Indians made refusal on the grounds of eminent domain of unextinguished sovereignty? Indians are British subjects and must obey all

British laws, from obeying which they are not specifically exempted”. So much for the grievances of the Indians of British Columbia which were heard before the special Indian Committee of last session.

I cannot conclude this article without reference to the part taken by the Indians in the war. They subscribed liberally to patriotic and other war funds. More than 4,000 Indians enlisted for active service, or approximately 35 per cent. of the male population of military age. At the front they won many honours in the way of military decorations and they were highly commended by their officers for their courage, intelligence, efficiency, stamina and discipline. But I had better let the latest report of the Department of Indian Affairs speak in its own language. It says, summing up in a general way:

“In daring and intrepidity they were second to none and their performance is a ringing rebuttal to the familiar assertion that the red man has deteriorated. The fine record of the Indians in the great war, appears in a peculiarly favourable light when it is remembered that their services were absolutely voluntary, as they were specially exempted from the operation of the Military Service Act, and that they were prepared to give their lives for their country without compulsion or even the fear of compulsion. It must also be borne in mind that a large part of the Indian population is located in remote and inaccessible locations, is unacquainted with the English language and was, therefore, not in a position to understand the character of the war, its cause or effect. It is, therefore, a remarkable fact that the percentage of enlistments among the Indians is fully equal to that among other sections of the community and indeed far above the average in a number of instances. As an inevitable result of the large enlistment among them and of their share in the thick of the fighting, the casualties among them were very heavy, and the Indians in common with their fellow countrymen of the white race must mourn the loss of many of their most promising young men.”

*(To be Continued)*





# THE HUSH OF THE CORN

BY GEORGE MATHER



BEING in the corn-field is rarely, if ever, conducive to the creation of sentimentality. It is usually so engrossing in the desire to kill the foreign element, that such a thing as falling into a "pensive mood" seems to the farmer akin to the unpardonable sin. He thinks upon it rather in the past tense and would prefer to call it an "Expensive Mood".

However, in these days when the call of the farm has gone forth with no uncertain sound, telling out the truth that the world must produce or the world must starve, it has resulted in all sorts and conditions of mankind taking up the hoe. Hence the diversity of moods which the ex-city clerk is liable to enjoy when he comes close to nature, for although "his brow is wet with honest sweat", nature is kind and recompenses her children with sweet visions and keen insight into the wonders she is ever unfolding. It was, therefore, in one of these sudden silences when the sea of green leaves seems to cease its troubled sound that Charles Kingsley's message most opportunely seemed to be "wireless" to me. He says, "Many a sight and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory and helps to shape our characters. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower and thank for it Him, the

fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

So, in the work-a-day life on the farm, when one is so often alone with one's thoughts, memory is the kindest friend a man has; and to-day whilst the sky was lit up with a perfect blending of soft colours from an ideal rainbow, the corn leaves never looked so beautifully green, just as the vegetation in the tropics after the parched growth is refreshed by a torrential shower, so my mind went back to Sunny Ceylon and one gloriously happy year of my life out there.

In the early growth of the plant the marked regularity of distances between the "hills" recalls to me John Masefield's beautiful lines:

"The corn is sown, again, it grows; ,  
The stars burn out, the darkness goes.  
The rhythms change—they do not close,  
They change, and we, who pass like foam,  
Like dust blown through the streets of  
Rome,

Change ever, too; we have no home."

In some places the rag-weed grows apace and in such wild profusion that the delicacy of its frond-like tendrils in the very early stages is apt to cause the man with the hoe to hesitate and consider whether it be a noxious weed or not; but here, as in the passing of a right judgment in human nature, he who hesitates is lost; down comes the hoe and its place in the cornfield gives better chance for the more healthy growth of fodder that is very often good either for man or beast. Then again the power

of discernment is brought into play when the minor weeds, etc. (such as summer grass, spear and quack grasses, although not really of the noxious family) do not help but rather do they hinder, and greater care with a sharp-edged hoe is essential so that the root of the plant is not injured thereby, but rather that more earth is drawn around it, so causing the protection necessary for its survival in its natural element. Once more one reflects that in this stage of its growth, it affords a simile to the training of the youth of the human family in the mad rush to cram a child's mind with the highest scientific educational methods ere it has scarcely had time even to observe the rudiments of nature—out here in the cornfield one realizes all the significance of the poet Whittier's words,

No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,  
But the calm beauty of an ordered life.

And to that end the brain of a child should not be forced too much until it has had its chance to learn to love the trees and birds and flowers and all such things that sink almost unconsciously into its brain in the first seven years of life.

Surely that man who in passing, said to me, "Why do you seem so satisfied when you are at work in the corn? I always found it so deathly monotonous, in fact I hate to work among the corn in any form!" Surely his vision was impaired, his love of nature demoralized, he could never have enjoyed the pleasure of reaping the harvest. Such a man would be tired to death of seeing a repetition of miracles, and he forgets the lesson of the cornfield, "That a man is not only what he is, but what he *has been.*"

On the old rail fence that skirts the winding creek, I noticed to-day a grape vine with several bunches of fruit hanging over reminding me

again of the wayside sacrament, which Kingsley suggests; but I made a mental note of the geography of that particular spot, and probably I shall find myself wandering along that way some evening, if that man who "hated to work in the corn" has not previously made the same pilgrimage. The skirl of the sandpiper when the hoe has disturbed its little brood, is apt to startle one into alacrity—which reminds me of a personal friend of mine whose duties in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons made him almost a recluse and dwarfed his ideas of conventionality. His way was not to worship in any building made by man's hands—"Shew me the stars," said he.

I think if he had been privileged to see those little sandpipers he would also understand that there are many chances for building up character in human life by listening to the call of more familiar forms of God's handiwork, than the brilliancy of some other world than ours.

In a wonderfully short time the tassels on the corn seem to burst and the silk shows out in all its beauty of colour, and then the joyous call of the harvesters as they pick off the milk-laden ears and place the bundles of ripened cornstalks together awaiting the time of the husking bee. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock," is, undoubtedly, a consummation of the farmer's doubts and fears, a fulfilment of "the substance of things hoped for", and last year especially was he indeed thankful for the abundant crop that was his to be reaped and garnered into his erstwhile treasure house; surely then as one of the muses tells us,

There is a place where each man keeps his  
heart,

Where weariness is bathed in sweet content—

His own peculiar shrine, serene, apart,  
A sanctuary where dreams with life are  
blent.

There is nothing happens in the time of corn harvest more worth while to the young folks especially as an invitation to a good old-fashioned "corn roast", and year by year a neighbour of our makes it part of his religion to practically express his "Te Deum" in this manner.

Surely there are many happy hearts, sweethearts, I was going to write, down in the dingle, some dancing around the blazing faggots, others

toasting their corn-cobs, yet the glare of the fire in the evening's fading light makes the scene somewhat weird; but the hearty spontaneous laughter, after some smart sparring in repartee, dispels all the mysticism, and as I meander homewards I hear the echoes of harmonious voices ringing out the melody of that good old-time chant of the Moravian nuns—and then comes in that great hush—"that almost seems a sigh, and breathed by earth to a listening sky".

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## THE PRAIRIE

By JACK DAMUSEY

I HAVE place for men,  
 With windy spaces for their square-walled homes;  
 My lonesomeness awaits the laugh of those who are young.  
 Young men I want:  
     Young men,  
     Stripped,  
     Ploughing,  
     Building,  
     Scheming,  
     In sweaty jeans,  
 Young men with blood and muscles taut and backs of steel  
 To tame my winds of winter bleak,  
 To bear my summer's heat.  
 My breast is rich for them.  
 But let them be cruel,  
 Eager like wolves for gain.  
 I have no valleys for the old;  
 No sacred woods for ancient gods,  
 Only the dry, windswept waste  
 That must be quelled.



MANCHU PRINCESS IN STATE ROBES

An ancestral Chinese portrait of the Kien Lung period, painted on silk.  
In the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.



# THE MAN WITHOUT AN IDEA

A SATIRE

BY H. W. GENDREAU



AS I sat comfortably in my corner of the "smoker", I commanded a full view of the occupants, and I found a certain enjoyment in classifying these men according to profession or business, and speculating as to personal character. Being of a rather critical and analytical trend of mind, I often give way to this tendency, and although my delineations sometimes may be wide of the mark, still I find it always amusing and often profitable to tabulate the men with whom I come in contact and keep them well indexed. After a few moments of keen observation and close attention to the general conversation, I put down my classifications as follows—a country lawyer, a stockbroker, an insurance agent, a hotelkeeper, a retired farmer, two country merchants, three travelling salesmen and a clergyman. Concerning their respective characters, discretion compels me to remain silent, for a too close delineation might be reflective of certain professions represented there.

My classification seemed perfect, as far as it went, but there was still one man unlabelled, and he baffled my art. He sat in the corner seat opposite me, quietly smoking and reading a "monthly review" which I feel sure neither the hotelkeeper nor the clergyman had ever read. Occasionally he looked up from his reading and

listened to the conversation, but took no part in it. He was a man of about forty, of medium height and athletic figure, with clean-cut features and eyes that masqueraders would try to evade. He radiated a personality too complex for analysis, but a personality that one could not help but feel. Like his gaze, however, certain members of society would have found it objectionable. Apparently he was not unknown to the majority of his fellow travellers, for several had given him a cold nod as they entered, which greeting he had returned with polite indifference, but he was evidently not of their immediate circle. One of the travelling salesmen, who was his nearest neighbour, offered him his copy of *The Evening News*, but the man in the corner politely declined the proffered paper saying,

"I thank you, sir, I take mine distilled," and resumed his reading.

This remark brought a look of contempt into the otherwise placid face of the preacher and a quizzical expression into the bloated face of the hotelkeeper. The hotelkeeper had heard the expression before, but not in connection with "newspaper dope", and he did not quite understand its present application. The problematic question did not vex him long, however, for the process of thinking is so difficult to one who is inexperienced in it, and he was soon expounding the merits of a new gambling device he had seen and tried in Chicago—

this very much to the edification of the stockbroker and to the mortification of the preacher.

As is usually the case when men are brought together by incident or accident, they run to the most unprofitable employment of their time by talking idly, without thought or purpose, about great issues or about the most trivial things. Following this practice, these men discussed, from different angles, the questions of the day, with a prodigality of words and an economy of thought that was amazing.

The discussion ultimately drifted to the question of reconstruction, but as these eleven men held eleven divergent opinions on this most important subject, and the necessity for immediate and united action seemed urgent, they appealed to me, each hoping that I might agree with him and thus prove by a plurality that his solution was the right one.

"You have said nothing yet," said the lawyer, addressing me. "Let us hear what you think of the matter."

Trying to make amends for my sins of omission, I began by asking what was really meant by reconstruction.

"Why, my dear man!" replied the preacher amazed at my ignorance, "the reconstruction after the war! The rebuilding of the countries and the nations! After each war there has been a reconstruction period. Have you not heard of the reconstruction after the American Civil War?"

"I have heard the expression used many times," I replied meekly, ignoring his direct question, "but it has always appeared to me to be as meaningless as it is misapplied, for is there not a general and continual constructive force at work, whether we are at war or at peace? Why, then, speak of this process as a thing of a day or of a definite and limited duration? I believe that there is a universal and perpetual process that you and I can neither help or hinder, and the outcome of which we can only speculate

upon. Besides, why should we speak of reconstruction? I am sure we would not wish to reconstruct some of the old standards the war has destroyed. I believe that new ideals, new opportunities, new necessities will ever outline the course we must follow."

The man in the opposite corner had now focused his attention on me, and seizing the opportunity I said to him, "What do you think of it?"

"I believe as you do," he said deliberately, but said no more. A moment later he left the compartment, and I felt sorry our conversation had not been prolonged, for he interested me intensely. I was soon to learn more about him, however, for as soon as the door closed behind him, a local tribunal was automatically created and began to sit.

"That man," said the preacher, addressing me and the salesman, "hasn't an idea of his own. He said he believed as you did," addressing me particularly, "because he had no idea of his own to express. As for believing,—he believes nothing! He is a rank atheist—a dangerous man in our community."

"An atheist!" I exclaimed, "this is interesting, for I have never met one," I confessed.

"You may have a chance yet, 'cause you're still young," said one of the merchants patronizingly, "and there's many of that ilk in the world to-day. Anyway that feller's going as far as Toronto, and you'll see him in here again 'fore he gets there. You won't get much out of 'im though, 'cause as Mister Doolittle says, he's a man without an idea."

"That's right," said the insurance agent, "and it's the verdict of everybody in Brierwood. Don't you agree with us, lawyer?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have never heard him express an opinion worth while yet, but the fact of the matter is that I don't go to people for their opinion. They come to me."

"And they pay damn dear fer it too," said the farmer, sotto voce.

"Here's a splendid opportunity for business," said one of the salesmen, "demand on the part of that man, supply on the part of our friend here. This is the whole secret of trade—demand and supply. If you were as commercially inclined as I am, sir," he continued, addressing the lawyer, "you would open up a new line of trade."

"Professional etiquette forbids me to offer my *goods* though," replied the lawyer, "and furthermore, I doubt whether there really is a demand or not. There may be a shortage and yet no demand."

"That's right," said the merchant, who had not spoken before, "and if that feller was given ideas he wouldn't know what to do with 'em."

"Who is he, anyway?" asked the salesman.

"Tell 'em about their comin' to Brierwood, Josiah," said the merchant to the retired farmer, "you had more to do with 'em than any of us."

"Wal'," drawled the farmer in nasal tones, "he fust come here 'bout twelve year back. Sed his name wuz Blaisdell an' they wuz jest married. The woman wuz there alright, but if they wuz married or not, nobody knows. He wanted to buy a little place I hed on the aidge of the village. He'd seen it on a fishin' trip down the river, summer b'fore, an' he wanted it bad. He bein' willin' to pay a fair price fer it, I sold it to 'im on the spot, thinkin' as he wuz a decent sort of man."

"You got twice what it was worth too," said the lawyer tauntingly.

"Wal', why not? He wanted it bad 'nuff ter give what I ast, an' he aint squealed 'bout it sence naither. When we wuz makin' the writin's my wife she ast 'im lots of questions 'bout w'ere he come from, what he does fer a livin', an' other things like that—wimmen have the knack of doin' that sort of thing, you know—but she could get nothin' from 'im. He ans-

wered everythin' polite like, but when he got through he'd sed nothin' she wanted ter find out. He paid me cash down fer the place an' settled there right off, buyin' a few things ter start with from Deacon Brown here," nodding towards one of the merchants, "an' the Deacon, he soaked 'im wuss than I did."

"The furniture had to be in keepin' with the house," laughed the lawyer.

"Wal', after buyin' the place in the spring," continued the farmer, "he fixed up the house, made a gardin, planted some trees an' flowers an' made the place look like as if decent folks stayed there. But Maria an' me, we wuz always 'spicious of them, sence the day of the writin's, fer folks that don't answer straight questions when put ter them, aint our sort, an' we told the neighbours what we 'spicioned. The fust Sunday mornin' they wuz there, all the wimmen in church kept turnin' roun' in their seats ter see 'em come in, 'cause it had been noised about that they wuz rather queer folks, but never a foot did they set in church that day, nor sence. Folks all talked 'bout it a lot, 'cause when people don't go ter church Sundays, an' don't take no least interest in r'ligion they can't be much good in 'em. Nex' day wuz Ladies' Aid at the Church Hall an' all the wimmen talked 'bout it, an' they all 'greed that they wouldn't 'sociate with no unchristian woman, who's likely 's not wuzn't married ter 'er husband; so nobody wo'd call on 'er, as wimmen do 'mongst theirselves. Some wuz for makin' this into a reg'lar res'lution, but the minister's wife wuz dead set 'gainst it, 'cause it would 'ave ter be writ in the minutes of the meetin' an' it didn't make good readin' she sed. Our minister then wuz the Riverint Mister Fairweather, an' a good man he wuz—with all respec' ter our present pastor," bowing to the minister, who smiled in return, "so durin' that week, Mister Fairweather, he went over one after-



noon, an' he stayed fer a long time talkin' ter Blaisdell an' the woman he called his wife, but he never sed much 'bout it when he come back; he only looked sad like an' sed nothin' 'cept that they wuz not Methodis' folks. Anyway, they never come ter services in them twelve year. S'posin' they'd been Baptists, couldn't they of come ter church jest the same? So long's they didn't ast us ter baptize 'em their way. But they never come. One day he hed me come over ter plow his gardin fer 'im—I oftern done odd jobs like that fer 'im, so long's there wuz money in it—an' while we wuz workin' I says ter 'im, says I, 'Mister Blaisdell, whar do you an' the Missus go ter church?' He pointed ter the little grove back of the gardin, an' he says, says he—'That's my church, Perkins. It's bigger'n yours, aint it?' 'But whar's your preacher?' says I. 'He's thar too,' says he. 'I can't see him,' I says. 'No,' says he, 'he can only be seen by the few, but he's thar jest the same.' 'By golly, thinks I, the man's gone plum crazy, but the nex' minit he wuz talkin' 'bout plants an' weeds as 'telligently as you an' me. Queer jest the same, how the Devil helps some folks—his place is got ter be the purtiest in the whole village, an' I'll be da—!!! I, I, could never make it look like anythin' when I hed it."

"What does he do for a living?" asked the salesman.

"We don't quite know," answered the lawyer. "Jim Sawyer, the Town Clerk, has him down on his Valuation Roll as a *Gentleman*, but Sawyer makes a gentleman out of almost anything. He has even Josiah Perkins down as a *Gentleman*, since he quit farming and lives on us doing odd jobs."

"Well," said the Deacon, cutting off the farmer, who was about to retaliate, "he's no good to our town anyway. Takes no interest in any public reform, such as Sunday observance or prohibition." The hotelkeeper winced

but said nothing. "We went to him twice with petitions for reforms of that kind—not because we cared a straw for his opinion, but because every signature counted, as the women said, but he turned us down both times and he was most insulting. Said he did not believe in our methods, and could not see much difference between our vices and our virtues, they were so mixed up. In fact he does not believe in anything, and what can a man who never goes to church know about vices and virtues. Soon after he came to Brierwood he spoke to me, one day, about a Public Reading Room and Library. He said no village was too small to have such an institution, and the cost would be so little that no one should mind paying his share, and so forth. He was great on what he called a liberal education. I let him talk on for a while, and then I told him that we had a good Sunday School Library, containing fifty books, as good as any on the market to-day—well bound and good print—that I had selected them myself, when we opened the Library twenty-five years ago—and that these books were loaned to any child who was a regular attendant of our Sunday School, and that these books were good enough for anybody. I gave him to understand that we didn't need any advice or interference from any outsider when it came to the education of our children. I shut him up so that he hasn't mentioned library to me since. Later he went to the Town Council and suggested that they build sidewalks and lay sewer pipes in the village, just as if we people who have lived there all our lives did not know how to run our town. The Councilors soon showed him where he got off at, and he hasn't bothered them since either. He built a sidewalk himself in front of his own place, where the boys and girls go walking now evenings, and I hear that he also laid a private sewer which empties into the river; but he paid for them himself, as any man should who wants those

useless things. Our taxes are high enough as it is, without increasing them to pay for such things."

"He's only been in my place once sence he come to Brierwood," said the hotelkeeper, "and that wuz to leave a feller's hat he found on the street one mornin'."

"Whose hat was it?" interrupted the lawyer, but Kelly continued undisturbed:

"You know how 'tis! All of you fellers drop in evenin's fer a chat or a little game of cards, and 'casionally a few social glasses—'ceptin' Your Riverince, here, of course, who's in a line of business that won't 'llow him ter—but what's the harm fer us others? There aint none, as I can see! But that Blaisdell, he's never taken a glass of anythin' in my place yet—the only man in the village who haint, 'cept His Riverince, as I remarked before."

There were uneasy shuffles, and covert glances at the preacher, who seemed to have turned a new page of the Book of Revelation, but no one spoke, so the innocent Kelly continued:

"'Taint that my house aint alright, nor my liquors aint the best, 'cause you fellers know what I hand out over the bar. The very best! That's what!" After a moment of silence, he continued: "Yet, the feller aint 'gainst my trade naither, 'cause when that wimmen's society—the W. C. P. U., aint it? got busy, and you men to keep peace in the family circulated that 'ere petition to close me up—he was the only man who didn't sign it. Of course 'tween ourselves, we know the whole damn thing was a farce—but his refusin' to sign it showed plainly how he stood on the liquor question, jest the same."

"Perhaps his wife didn't belong to the W. P. C. U., Kelly," said the lawyer laughingly.

"P'raps," returned Kelly, "for it appears she don't belong to anythin',—not even to her husband, 'cordin' to Perkins."

"Have they any family?" asked one of the salesmen, apparently much interested in the gossip.

"Yes, four children," said the lawyer, "two boys and two girls—as smart as crickets and as pretty as their mother."

"All born without Christian baptism," lamented the preacher, "and being brought up in a Godless way."

"An' mos' likely as not, illegitimate too," added Perkins, who felt very keenly on that point.

"When their first child was born," said the stockbroker, "some very funny things happened. The next day, Blaisdell went to Jim Sawyer, the Town Clerk, and he said, 'Mr. Sawyer, I have a baby-girl I wish to register.' 'That's easy,' says Jim, 'far easier to register their births than their marriages.' Jim had brought up ten girls on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and seven were still unwed. 'Are you a Protestant or a Catholic, Mr. Blaisdell?' 'Neither,' says Blaisdell, 'but I am the father of a fine girl and I am too happy to enter into a religious controversy to-day.'

"'But the poin tis this,' says Sawyer, with the ease of a man who has had ten experiences, 'the child will of course, be baptized, and whoever baptizes it will register it as well. So it's up to you, Mr. Blaisdell, to take the child to the Catholic Priest, in the Lower Town, or to the Methodist Minister, in the Upper Town, and either will administser the Sacrament of Baptism — one with water and oil, and the other with water only but both forms are good and according to Scripture, and the registration will be legal.' 'No, the point is this, Mr. Sawyer,' says Blaisdell, 'whoever registers the child will do so without either baptism of Holy Water or Sacred Oil, but with Profane Ink, and that registration will be both legal and impartial, and it's up to you to do it.' 'But I am neither a priest nor a minister,' argued Sawyer, 'how can you expect me to regis-

ter your child?' 'By virtue of your office as a Town Clerk. It is part of your official duties.' 'But I have no register for that purpose.' 'Then you are in default, and liable to a fine,' laughed Blaisdell, 'however, you may prepare the necessary forms and I will come in again later.' With this he went home and Sawyer went to Nicholson for legal advice. Nicholson did not think it a legal obligation of a Town Clerk, because he could find no precedents, and precedents are everything in law, you know, but the matter ended in Jim Sawyer getting from the proper sources a register, in which appear, to-day, the names of the four little Blaisdells, and it is called 'the Blaisdell Birthday Book'."

"This would demonstrate that this man has some very strong ideas of his own," I remarked.

"Not at all," answered the preacher with fine finality, "somebody else's idea converted into a prejudice."

As this judgment was pronounced the man without an idea re-entered, and as his seat had remained vacant he returned to it, and prepared to light another cigar.

"Mr. Blaisdell," I said, "you do not know me, and we have never met before to-day, but I have heard a great deal about you, and I am going to bribe you into further acquaintance," proffering him a cigar. He hesitated a moment, but detecting the sincerity of my advances he accepted the cigar. "My name is Fairfield, of *The Winnipeg Emancipator*," I added.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Fairfield," he replied, "but I am surprised at your statement that my fame has reached you in that far Western Metropolis. I am on my way to that city now, and I was congratulating myself on the score that I would be received there at face value—without having to live up or down to a reputation."

"Your fame has come to me in the East, Mr. Blaisdell. In some instances

a man's fame travels before him, in other instances it follows him, but in this instance your fame is travelling with you," I said pointedly. Our companions gave signs of uneasiness, but the man without an idea laughed in genuine amusement.

"You have staked your cigar on a very doubtful issue then," he said laughingly. "What reckless gamblers some men are."

"I am not of that number, Mr. Blaisdell. I usually win by going contrary to the opinion of the book-makers."

"Then you are a free and unprejudiced judge of the race-course?"

"Yes."

"And what of precedents and past records, do you consider them?"

"Precedents are no criterions and records often false or untenable—they both count for little."

"What hoss is your fav'rite?" inquired the hotelkeeper, recognizing in this a congenial topic of conversation.

"The one that runs the best race," I replied, "Whatever may be his name, colour or pedigree, and I never shout till the final heat. But now, Mr. Blaisdell, being as I said to you before—a newspaper-man—I much prefer the role of interviewer to that of interviewed, and that cigar which you are now smoking with polite endurance entitles me to some consideration from you in my demand for enlightenment on certain questions pertaining to the East, which I cannot view with the vision of an Easterner. The vision of Canadians, from the days of Champlain to our own day, has been westward, and those of us who have staked our claims beyond the Great Lakes find it easier to speculate on the West than to realize the East. To us the distance from Winnipeg to Montreal is far greater than is to you the distance from Montreal to Winnipeg. Therefore, you find it less difficult to understand our problems than we to understand yours. In the first place, what is, in

your opinion, the main cause of the trouble between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec?"

"Ignorance," he replied, and after a pause he continued, "and ignorance fosters prejudice, prejudice fosters hate, and hate finds vent in riots, wars, and murders. Fortunately, only the transition stage between prejudice and hate has been reached, if we size up the situation generally. Still a few are, even now, advocating revolutionary acts."

"You say that it is a question of ignorance, while I had always understood that it was a question of education," I replied.

"Then, I shall compromise with you," he said smiling, "and call it *educated ignorance*, or *ignorant education*—whichever you prefer. One term is as good as the other, and both might be applied — the former to Quebec, the latter to Ontario. Let it be said to Ontario's credit, however, that she does not impose her standard of *education* beyond her own confines — except perhaps, through the medium of her Press, which, after all, is not compulsory. Quebec, on the other hand, wishes to impose her standard of *ignorance* on certain sections of Ontario willy-nilly, and to establish there schools where she can teach the sophist drill and create mental cripples in her own image. Now, Mr. Fairfield, I am generalizing, and you must allow for many exceptions in both Provinces."

"I understand that perfectly, but the point that I do not understand is this: What right has Quebec to interfere in Ontario's internal affairs, and why is it tolerated?"

"It may be that westward tendency of which you spoke a moment ago. She has looked upon Ontario so long that she believes she has discovered certain interests there, and she is now looking closely after those interests."

"Continue!" I said, as he paused.

"She is looking after the interests of what she calls the *minority* — a

factor that she has sadly neglected at home."

"But, what interests?"

"Ah, my friend, you must step lightly! We are approaching sacred grounds. They are religious interests."

"And what about the French language? I thought that was the main issue," said the lawyer, relieved at the turn the conversation had taken.

"The French language," replied Blaisdell, "was only the camouflage,— the religion was concealed within."

"But, Mr. Blaisdell," I said, "you stated a moment ago that ignorance was the cause of the trouble — how do you reconcile that with your present statement that it is religion?"

"By starting my deductions one step lower in the scale and saying that organized religion fosters ignorance."

"You are referring to the Roman Catholic Religion, of course?" said the preacher.

"Yes," replied the man without an idea, "the Roman Catholic Religion in Quebec, the Protestant Religion in Ontario, and all *organized religions* wherever they operate."

"But, sir, how can you say that the Protestant Religion fosters ignorance, when the Church stands behind all educational institutions and reforms?" argued the preacher.

"The Church," replied Blaisdell, "does not stand behind these things. It stands over them, with a lash, and it is only when reforms are adopted in spite of her opposition that she embraces them as her own. Even today, she is opposed to the very Laws of Nature, and she denounces as a heretic and an atheist any man who dares to live according to the Universal Plan. A little study and some sound and serious thinking will soon disclose to a man with an unprejudiced mind that organized religion closes the avenues to the highest spheres of education. It will also disclose to him that there is a re-

ligion that is peculiar to the individual, but which relates and unites him to the Universal. And it is only when a man realizes 'the Universal that he becomes truly educated. But, Mr. Doolittle, we are drifting from the main issue, and I cannot explain to you in a few moments what it has taken me years of study to realize. If you are genuinely interested in my conception of religion, I will be pleased to send you a complimentary copy of my book on the subject." Besides, it was Mr. Fairfield who gave me the cigar, and I am bound to him while the incense from this choice weed ascends to his Cuban gods. You do not smoke, sir?"

"No," replied the preacher freezingly, "it does not become a Minister of the Gospel to smoke. I am sitting here to be with my friends," nodding towards the lawyer and other fellow citizens.

The man without an idea again turned his attention to me inquiringly.

"Mr. Blaisdell," I said, "you have diagnosed the case very well, I think; now what do you think is the remedy?"

"To prescribe is simple when the right diagnosis has been made, but to administer the remedy to an unwilling patient, or to one who does not realize that he is ill, is a different task. In this case, the disease is chronic, and of long standing, and it will take time to eradicate the trouble, even with the best possible treatment. The treatment that I should recommend, however, is the most simple. It is to let Nature take her course. Her Law of Universal Evolution will eventually effect the cure."

"Then, you believe in Universal Evolution?"

"Even as you, for did you not express the same belief in connection with reconstruction?"

I was about to answer in the affirmative when a well-groomed man of about sixty-five entered the compartment, and seeing Blaisdell came

to him with extended hand. After a hearty greeting, the new-comer sat in the seat just vacated by one of the travelling salesmen who had left the train.

"Now," said he, "tell me about Mary and the children."

"Mary," replied Blaisdell, "is at the present moment in the adjoining compartment buried in your latest philosophical work and the children are busy interrogating the porter. Before we go to them though, I would like you to meet Mr. Fairfield of *The Emancipator*. Mr. Fairfield, this gentleman is Professor Gordon, President of Harwood University. You gentlemen should know each other."

"We have known each other for years," said the professor, as we shook hands, for we had carried on an extensive correspondence, although we had never met.

"But, John," he continued, "you never told me that you knew Mr. Fairfield."

"No," replied Blaisdell, "our acquaintance has only been the length of a cigar," taking a last whiff and throwing away the butt.

"Then, Mr. Fairfield, you do not know to what extent your reputation may suffer from your association with this man."

"Mr. Fairfield has heard a great deal about me already," said Blaisdell.

"A discerning man can never hear too much, but he may not yet have heard enough to arrive at a true estimate of your character. I feel it my duty, therefore, to acquaint him with your past, and prove to him that the relationship existing between us was not of my own choosing."

"Nor was it of mine, for I was equally powerless in the choice of my father and of my father-in-law. Providence was kind, however."

"You disarm me, John, but I must nevertheless make certain disclosures to Mr. Fairfield. This man, sir," he continued, addressing me again, "is the product of our University. Do

not, however, judge that great institution by what you may have seen in him, for he is, I assure you, quite different from the average product. When we sent him forth from our Halls of Learning, he carried away with him all the medals in sight, and not satisfied with that booty, he even carried away the President's daughter. This innocent child he has since held captive in the midst of a savage tribe in the wilds of Quebec."

Blaisdell protested warningly, but the professor did not heed.

"Does he belong to the tribe?" I inquired.

"No, he is an outcast. He has desecrated their totem poles and will not smear himself with their war paint."

"Did he carry the poor girl away against her will?"

"No, but being the son of a Medicine Man, he threw a spell upon her which made her submissive to his will."

"And did he take her as his *squaw* according to the rites of the ancestral tribe?"

"No, not exactly, for he had conceived an idea from his contact with *white men*, that a man can be born, married, and buried, without those ancient rites, and he is proving it as occasions offer. It was done according to the code, however, and the official who pocketed the fee and gave her the written guarantee, said it was as good as any, and would last just as long."

"Were you present?"

"Why, yes! I was kidnapped to the place."

"Where was it?"

"Some Gretna Green of their own choosing. I was too much dazed to remember much about it."

"It must have been near some Fire Water Springs," said Blaisdell, suggestively.

The professor laughed heartily at this, but I could not tell whether the other occupants of the compartment were enjoying themselves as well, for

they were each enveloped in a cloud of dense smoke—except the preacher, of course, whose mask was one of righteousness.

"John has made amends since though," continued the professor, in a more serious vein. "He is giving to the world, to-day, some of his best thoughts and ideals, and if the world of to-day does not want these, the world of to-morrow will. Now, Mr. Fairfield, if you will excuse us, I am anxious to see my daughter and grandchildren. Let us go to them now, John."

The man without an idea rose and as he walked away he said to me—"Mr. Fairfield, I should like you to meet my wife."

"I thank you," I answered, delighted, "I shall join you in a few moments," and the two went out, leaving me very much alone.

My remaining companions were all stoically silent and the mental atmosphere was oppressive.

"Where is the Methodist Conference this year?" I asked the lawyer, in order to relieve the situation a little.

"At Gananoque," he replied tersely.

"You are a delegate?"

"No, some of us are only going to watch the proceedings, and at the same time to enjoy the trip."

This had the effect of starting the conversation again.

"What d'you think they'll spring on us fust, Mister Doolittle?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, I don't quite know. Likely the resolutions of protest against those things which are not in accordance with the true doctrines of the Church," answered the preacher. "That being of first importance usually comes first."

"We want ter watch 'em when it comes ter the 'pointments, Deacon, 'cause they'll pawn any kind of a minister on us sure, if we don't watch out.

"'Fwe can't keep Mister Doolittle

fer another year we don't want no wuss minister than 'im."

"It's in the slatin' and in the committee meetin's that the dirty work is done," said the other merchant.

"Wal, I say, we simply got ter watch 'em, that's all."

I did not remain to hear more, but walked into the other compartment to join *the man without an idea*.

## IS IT WELL WITH YOU ?

By BEATRICE REDPATH

AND is it very well with you  
 Who suddenly are grown so wise?  
 Does laughter shine still in your eyes,  
 And have you found there deep content,  
 And no undue astonishment?  
 What of the things you loved and knew:  
 The sea's white drift, the closing view  
 Of evening, wind along the hill.  
 Oh, have you these? Oh, have you still  
 The intimate red warmth of fires,  
 Moons and their reluctant light,  
 The awful spaciousness of night,  
 Green alleys where the shadows run  
 To hide from the too constant sun?  
 And what of all your old desires?  
 Oh, dear, is it so well with you  
 That you no longer want for these—  
 Old sights, old sounds, old memories?

# QUILLIGAN AND THE MAGIC COIN

BY HARRY STEPHEN KEELER



UPHEMISTICALLY speaking, Quilligan was suffering from the toxic effects of a common grain derivative. Mechanically speaking, his condition was such that it required the expenditure of more than the usual number of ergs to maintain his centre of gravity directly above his point of support. Geometrically speaking, he was travelling along the path composed of a series of horizontal curves, each of which was halfway between a catenary and hypocycloid.

For the ninety-ninth time, Quilligan was drunk!

Possibly Arabian Nights adventures happen only to those who are drunk. Perhaps not. Very likely there was nothing mysterious about Quilligan's peculiar adventure with the magic coin, considering its prosaic outcome. And, on the other hand—

But, we reiterate, Quilligan was drunk.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Since five that afternoon he had been wandering aimlessly back and forth through the mazes of the Loop, vainly searching for one person. He had inquired in all-night drug stores and fly-by-night auction houses; in ten cent stores and Salvation Army soup kitchens; in pawnshops and penny arcades; in photo-postal studios and chop-suey restaurants; from traffic cops and blind beggars; from shoot-

ing galleries and home-scurrying shop girls; from chauffeurs and newsboys; from nickel show cashiers and street-corner shoestring merchants; from—

But the only result so far achieved had been the taking on of a cargo of the aforesaid grain derivative, each increment of which had drowned its inciting rebuff.

With such a rigorous search as this going on before our very eyes, it behoves us to investigate it a little more closely. Perhaps we can be of assistance—and thus stem the flowing tide of bitterness and booze that threatens to engulf Quilligan.

The object of Quilligan's search, it seems, was one August Heinze Shutenthaler, a friend of his boyhood days. Exactly forty-eight hours before, Quilligan received over the general delivery of the postoffice at Kokomo, Indiana, a postcard which proved to be from Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler himself. In it the latter announced that in two days he was opening up his new and glittering palace of free lunch and fiery liquor, bowing bartenders and bottled beer, in Chicago's downtown district, and that he hoped to see his boyhood friend, Quilligan, there on the opening night. In view of the fact that the postal had eluded the argus-eyed Mrs. Quilligan, Quilligan was in Chicago ready to greet his old friend, Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler. But in view of the fact that he had forgotten to bring the postal



carrying the address of the new and glittering palace of music boxes and matchless brew, brass railings and bottled rum, there was no Shutenthaler to greet—no Shutenthaler to find.

Earlier in the evening a sympathetic druggist had looked up the name of Shutenthaler in the city and telephone directories for Quilligan—and had found no entry whatever. So that trail, therefore, was nipped in the clue. Hence Quilligan was becoming discouraged. He longed to see Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler, with whom he used to paddle in the old swimming hole. He longed to see Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler's new and glittering establishment, and to imbibe a convivial glass with him. To return to Kokomo without seeing Shutenthaler would be no less than a—hic—crime.

For the ninety-ninth time, Quilligan perked up and approached a blue-coated traffic cop that loomed up in front of him from an alcoholic fog.

“'S this way, ossifer,” he murmured, “'S m' fren' Shutenthaler. Shutenthaler — bran new s'loon—roun' here somew'ere.” With a majestic sweep of his hand he indicated the whole 156 square miles of Chicago. “Here—somew'ere. Where'll I fin' Shutenthaler?”

“Now f'r th' third and last time,” said the cop testily, “I'm tellin' ye it'll be roonin' ye in I will, do ye be troublin' me wid annymore quistions about y'r friend Shoohootenthaler. As I told ye wanst before, I know nahthing about anny Tootenshaler. If th' name's not in ather a 'phone directory 'r a city directory, thin I do be advisin' ye to consult a fortintiller—'r somethin' like that. Now be aff wid ye.”

Sadly Quilligan turned away and resumed his wanderings along South State street. Always the same. No one knew anything about Shutenthaler and the new saloon. What a—hic—fool he had been for forgetting to bring that postal with Shutenthaler's location on it. What a

shame to have to return to Kokomo without seeing the old friend of his boyhood days. The cop had advised him to consult a fortune teller. If he didn't get any better results than he had so far, he might consider the idea and—

He brought himself gradually to a position of oscillating quiescence. He stared. In front of him was the entrance of a rusty looking building, placarded all over with dentists' signs advertising gold fillings for fifty cents—and up. And, crowning all the tooth scenery, was a sign that held great potentialities for Quilligan. It announced that:

#### MADAME ASTRO

Revealer of the Hidden, Discloser  
of the Future, Crystal Gazer,  
Trance Medium,  
Is to be found in Room  
202—Walk up.

Special for to-day:  
Crystal reading with trance: 50c.

Swaying back and forth like an inverted pendulum, Quilligan read the sign from beginning to end. Then he dipped his hand into his trousers pocket and brought up all that he found there: two ten-dollar bills, a silver fifty-cent piece, and a return ticket to Kokomo. So far, so good. With punctiliousness he returned the two tens and the ticket to Kokomo. And with the fifty-cent piece clasped in his fist, he ascended a long flight of creaky, wooden stairs to a land of false teeth and gold fillings.

May heaven guard Quilligan and those two ten-dollar bills in his mad journey through the jungles infested by the tooth vultures. If he ever knocks at the wrong door he'll come out minus the two tens and plus a diagnosis of nothing less than pyorrhœa alveolaris. Ah—even heaven must be on the job, for he stops in front of Room 202. He knocks. Once more we draw a long breath, and pause while the story slides ahead out of the present tense.

A long delay followed Quilligan's knock. If he had been able to see through a wooden door panel he might have observed a huge, florid woman hastily hiding an ice-cold bottle of beer beneath a stand which carried a long black cloth and a great crystal ball. At the same time he would have seen her scrambling into a sombre robe covered here and there with white crescent moons. But finally the door opened.

"Lookin' f'r a Madame Astro," said Quilligan, bowing through a small and safe angle.

She bowed in return.

"I am Madame Astro," she replied in clear, grave tones.

"'S m' fren' Shuthenthaler," he explained concisely. "Can't locate Shuthenthaler. Augustus Heinze Shuthenthaler. Been ever'wher'. Thought I'd—hic—try fortune teller. Last resort, you know."

"Be seated," she commanded, beckoning him to a chair which stood in front of the crystal sphere. He dropped into it. Whereupon she closed the door and seated herself opposite him.

"Already I perceive that you wish the hidden revealed. I, Madame Astro, seer into the far, student of occultism, unveiler of the mysteries of the Orient, stand ready to help you. Speak, layman, speak—and—er—cross my palm with the sum of fifty cents. What wouldst know?"

Quilligan dropped the half-dollar at the side of the crystal ball. Madame promptly performed the vanishing trick with it.

"'S m' fren' Augustus Heinze Shuthenthaler," he elucidated. "Star Shuthenthaler," he elucidated. "Started new s'loon downtown. Jus' wan' fin' Shuthenthaler. Thaz all. Thaz all."

Madame nodded understandingly and sympathetically. Madame realized that there was a victim, who, properly handled, was good for a double or even a triple fee. She commenced staring fixedly at the crystal ball. After a full minute had passed she began to sway gently from

side to side. The swaying became more violent and then subsided, leaving her sitting stiff and rigid, her eyes glued mechanically to the transparent object in front of her.

Quilligan, rapt, watched her every movement.

Suddenly she leaned forward a trifle and commenced speaking in a dull monotone.

"I see—I see—I see—a—a—man. He is tall—and thin. He is clad in a checked suit. He is seeking vainly for— for— for—something. Ah!— what that is—I cannot see. He asks everyone. They shake their heads. He stops. He appears discouraged. He stoops. He picks—picks up—picks up—as, nothing less than the magic coin—the all-powerful coin of the four wishes. Ah, fortunate, fortunate mortal, to hold in his possession the magic coin itself. Does he know that four wishes shall that coin give to its owner before it loses its potency? Four wishes! Wishes for health, for fame, for riches, for love, for knowledge, for what not else. Does he realize that he holds in his hand a coin that a king's ransom could not buy? (Either that bottle of beer has gone to Madame's head—or else she's spreading herself.) Four wishes! Wishes to be used wisely. Wishes to be used foolishly. Ah, fortunate, fortunate mortal. But will he remember—will he remember the number 4? The magic number 4? Will he remember? Will he?"

Quilligan reached over and gently tapped Madame on the shoulder.

"All ver' nize—majick coin—four wizzes," he said thickly. "But how 'bout m' fren' Shuthenthaler?"

Like a flash she relaxed. Her eyes opened wide. She stared stupidly about her.

"Idiot," she exclaimed, "you broke my trance. You snapped the most wonderful uninterrupted chain of vision I've had for a week. I could have told you everything you desired to know. As it is, it'll cost you another fifty cents."

Quilligan rose and pushed back his chair to the wall.

In Madame's second demand for cash he detected the faint creakings of a follow-up system. She was like all the rest. No one could tell him the answer to his problem: Where was Shutenthaler located? Without a word he walked to the door, opened it, and made his way down the squeaky stairs to the street. As for Madame Astro, however, she merely doffed her black robe, deposited her fifty cents in the Woman's National Lisle Bank, and resumed her bottle of cold beer.

Quilligan proceeded gloomily down the street. The clock on the corner of Van Buren and State showed the time to be 8.30 in the evening. Undecidedly, he paused, figuring whom to ask next. As he swayed to and fro in the breeze from the lake, the glint of something shiny met his eye. With infinite patience he stooped and picked it up. The light from the show-window of a nearby clothing store fell full upon it. A brief inspection showed him that his unsteady fingers held a bright metal disk on which the words were stamped:

"Remember the number, '4.'"

"Odd that," Quilligan ruminated. The crystal gazer; her vision of a tall, thin man in a checked suit picking up a magic coin, her warning—"Remember the number 4"; her statement that the coin held exactly four wishes for its owner and then became valueless!

He scratched his head.

After which he clutched the metal disk in his hand and continued along the street, still picturing Madame Astro staring into the crystal sphere. All bunk, of course, he reflected. No such thing as a magic coin. No such thing as four wishes coming to a man in the twentieth century. And yet—well, he'd take a try at it.

"Lez see—lez see," he mumbled gravely to himself. "I wizz zat—zat—someone would—hic—walk up t' me and thrust a nize fat purse in my hand. Nize fat one. Nize fat one. Greenbacks — sparklers."

Scarcely had he covered thirty feet than a tall, thin young man with sandy complexion and a pair of steely blue eyes, stepped up behind him and apologetically tapped him on the shoulder.

"Beg pardon," he observed smoothly, "but—er—you must have dropped your purse. I came near holding on to it because of the hard times, but I've always—er—tried to be honest—so I want to hand it back."

Quilligan wheeled sharply. With amazement he looked down at the slim young man. His eyes travelled to the latter's out-stretched hand. Then they bulged out, for the hand was tendering him a fat leather purse, open just barely enough to disclose a bulky roll and a string of sparkling brilliants.

Only for a second did Quilligan hesitate. Then his own hand shot down into his trousers pocket and immediately reappeared, the fingers holding one of the two ten-dollar bills. With the other he reached out for the purse.

"You're the—hic—honestest man in the city," he affirmed genially. "don't see how I ever losht it. Ver' honest man, m' fren'!" He pressed the crisp ten into the slim young man's palm. The latter clinched it eagerly. "There's reward—small, triflin' reward—f' ver' honest young man." He jammed the bulging purse into his coat pocket and hurried around the corner.

As soon as he reached an alley he turned and made his way down it for a space of ten or twelve feet to a point directly beneath a hissing arc-lamp. Then he withdrew the purse and prepared to count the contents. But, to his dumfounding, he found only a tight roll of narrow slips of green crepe paper—and a string of cut-glass beads.

"Beau'fully, beau'fully stung," he murmured, after the explanation had gradually sifted in on him. "Stung beau'fully. Ol' game—and caught Quilligan from Kokomo al' ri'. Well, got my wizz anyway—nize fat purse

—but cosht me \$10. That a majick coin, all ri', all ri'. Jus' goin' t' watch that coin."

He threw the purse and its contents in a dark corner of the alley; then he returned to the street.

He covered another block. By degrees he began to forget about the magic coin and to ponder once more about the question that had engrossed him all the evening: How and where was he going to find Shutenthaler?

Finally he stopped. The fact had dawned on him that it was high time to buy another drink—for there was still \$10 left in the bank roll. But as he reached a decision in the matter, he caught sight of a big black negro, leaning nonchalantly against a doorway close by. Since the latter appealed to him as a possible source of information, he stepped over to him.

"'S m' fren' Shutenthaler," he explained. "Fren' Shutenthaler—"

"Shoot a dollah, sah?" interrupted the negro. "Yessuh." He peered carefully up and down South State street. Then he leaned over and whispered in Quilligan's ear: "Go straight to the fo'th flo' an' rap fo' times on the fo'th do'. Jes' rembah the numbah fo', sah."

Quilligan began the long, wearisome climb. Evidently he was on the trail of Shutenthaler at last. In turn he came to the second, the third, and finally the fourth and top floor. There he paused and counted the doors from the top of the stairway: one, two, three, four. He went down the hallway and rapped exactly four times on the fourth door. Instantly it swung open as if operated by an invisible genie. And as he walked in, it closed noiselessly behind him.

He peered around, discovered that he was in an immense room. At the rear of it was a long, green baize table, presided over by a black moustached man. Around the edges twenty or thirty men were crowded, some sitting and some standing, but all watching intently the spinning of a roulette wheel. With a sinking

heart Quilligan realized that the wires of fate had crossed once more—and that he was as far as ever from the trail which led to Augustus Heinze Shutenthaler.

As he stood there irresolutely, his attention was riveted by one of the spectators at the green baize table raking in a handful of silver and paper money. That was interesting. So he stepped over, wedged himself in the spellbound audience, and began to watch the ceaseless play on the black and the red, the odd and the even, the high and the low. Soon he caught sight of the great square which was painted on the green cloth and divided into thirty-six smaller squares, each of which was numbered with one of the numbers on the roulette wheel. He turned to a man at his side.

"Whaz nummers for?" he asked.

"Sh-h-h," whispered his companion. "Go easy, pal, on th' gab. They're runnin' under cover here. It's this way, friend. You lay your mazuma on any number. If that number comes up on the next spin of the wheel, you get thirty-six times your stake."

With an effort Quilligan steadied himself, for he suddenly remembered the magic coin in his pocket—the coin with three more unused wishes. And he recollected at the same time that his total wealth was reduced to a lone \$10 bill and a return ticket to Kokomo. Since his mission to Chicago had failed, here was a heaven-sent opportunity to go back to Kokomo with a roll big enough to choke the postmaster's mare. So he turned to the man at his side once more and said,

"'F I—hic—put \$10 on the numner—any numner—" He paused. More and more he began to see that he had nothing less than a half-Nelson on the Blind Goddess, for he possessed three A. No. 1 wishes as well as the red-hot hunch: Remember the number four. "'F I put \$10 on th' numner four—an' th' numner four comes up—do I get \$360, fren'?"

"Righto, pal," said the man addressed, watching with unconcealed admiration an individual who, drunk or sober, contemplated risking a ten spot on a thirty-six to one chance. "It's thirty-six times your stake on a number bet."

Majestically Quilligan reached down into his pocket. He gave the magic coin an admonitory pat. Then he drew up his last \$10 bill. A number of the players were depositing their stakes on the coloured squares. Quilligan leaned over and placed his piece of paper money on the square marked "4".

"I wizz," he said sternly, to no one in particular, "that the number four comes up."

The black moustached man looked around. All the bets were placed. So he gave the disk an energetic twirl. It spun swiftly, the black and red merging instantly into a hybrid colour, and the ivory ball giving a sharp rattling noise like a machine gun on the banks of the Yser. The wheel ran with undiminished speed for a quarter of a minute. Then it began to slow down. Quilligan looked on fascinated, steadying himself on the shoulder of his companion. Still more slowly it turned. The ivory ball now began to bounce several spaces at a time. Slowly and slowly the wheel revolved. And finally, with a last saucy leap, the marble dropped squarely into the slot marked "4".

"Well, by Hectofer," said the black moustached man, smiling gamely. "Stranger, you win. The first number bet placed to-night. Gentlemen, didja ever see the beat of it for sheer—" Crash!

An axe blade shivered the panels of the door. The shrill sound of police whistles and men cursing began in the outside hallway. Instantly confusion reigned supreme inside the room. The black moustached man sprang to the electric switch and snapped it. In a trice the room was plunged into utter darkness. Blow after blow continued to smash in the door. Amid the sounds of splinter-

ing wood and falling plaster, some excited person tipped over the roulette table. Men shoved, fought, struck out, kicked and tripped over each other in their wild efforts to elude the gambling squad that was breaking in the doors.

Quilligan, entangled in a mass of cursing, stumbling figures, found himself pushed and shoved through a small doorway. At once he felt a cool draught of air on his face. A second later he discovered that he was on a gravelled roof in company with twenty or more fleeing men. He descended hurriedly, swaying dizzily at every rung; but he clung on like a fly until he reached a dark alley. Here he threaded his way through a number of barrels and packing boxes, and finally came out on the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare.

He walked hastily in a northerly direction and soon found himself a block away from the scene of the excitement. Whereupon he leaned up against an arc-lamp post and made an effort to collect his fuddled wits.

At once he remembered that he hadn't had time even to collect his \$360 winnings on his \$10 bet. So he ruefully thrust his hand down into his pocket and drew up the magic coin.

"Y'r some majick coin, all ri', all ri'." he groaned. "Got m' firsh wizz—an' cosh me \$10. Got m' shecond wizz—an' losh \$10 more. Now I'm broke entir'ly." He paused, frowning at the coin. "Y're a big fake. Thought sho all th' time. Jus' a big fake, thaz all. I wizz I had jus' price of a drink—an' wizz I knew where I could fin' m' fren' 'Gustus Heinze Shutenthaler."

He flipped the metal disk idly over on his palm. Its reverse side read:

Remember the Number

"FOUR"

South State Street

Good for one drink at

SHUTENTHALER'S



### CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF CANADA

This rare old map, published in 1632, has been worked into the decorations of the Railway Committee Rooms in the new Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It shows the discoveries of Samuel de Champlain during his visits to Canada between 1608 and 1632. An amazing amount of territory was covered during the twenty-four years. This included cruises along the Labrador and southern Greenland coast, a journey into Hudson Bay, an exploration of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and a circumnavigation of Newfoundland. The exit of the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario is also shown and the products of the sea carefully indicated.





Sweeping view from the Minaki Inn

# THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY

BY FRANK YEIGH



ANADA is a land of great rivers, of great lakes, of great mountains. Mighty streams, hundreds of leagues in length, course through every province—life-giving waterways they are giving the soil to drink and helping it to bring forth its fruits; carrying the ships that men build, and they in turn carrying men and their merchandize; streams that hold within their depths such a harvest of fish as no man can number; streams that make a trail through forest and farm and over tablelands of prairie for the silent canoe; waters that, in leaping to lower levels, in cataract and cascade, not only create pictures of natural beauty for the eye to feast upon, but representing, in leaping floods of foam-crested waves, vast power only awaiting release for man's use.

God be thanked for our Canadian rivers, little and longer; deep-hearted

here, singing a song over the shallows of pebbles there, and making, with their irrigating qualities, wide stretches of country habitable.

One of the relatively great rivers of the Dominion is the Winnipeg. Traced on the map, it runs its sinuous course for hundreds of miles from the Lake-of-the-Woods to Lake Winnipeg, with Mee-Naw-Kee (Minaki), as the Indian word for beautiful country, half way or so between the two big bodies of water. The river thus finds its way through two provinces. No wonder it is both broad and deep for the most part, as the chief outlet for the vast volume contained in the Lake-of-the-Woods watershed that drains an immense area. The river seems to be conscious of its task as it flows eastward and northward: it seems to say, "I am the chosen channel for deep, moving waters, carrying them from their granite basin, in Ontario's far north-western corner, to Manitoba's great inland sea of Lake Winnipeg."

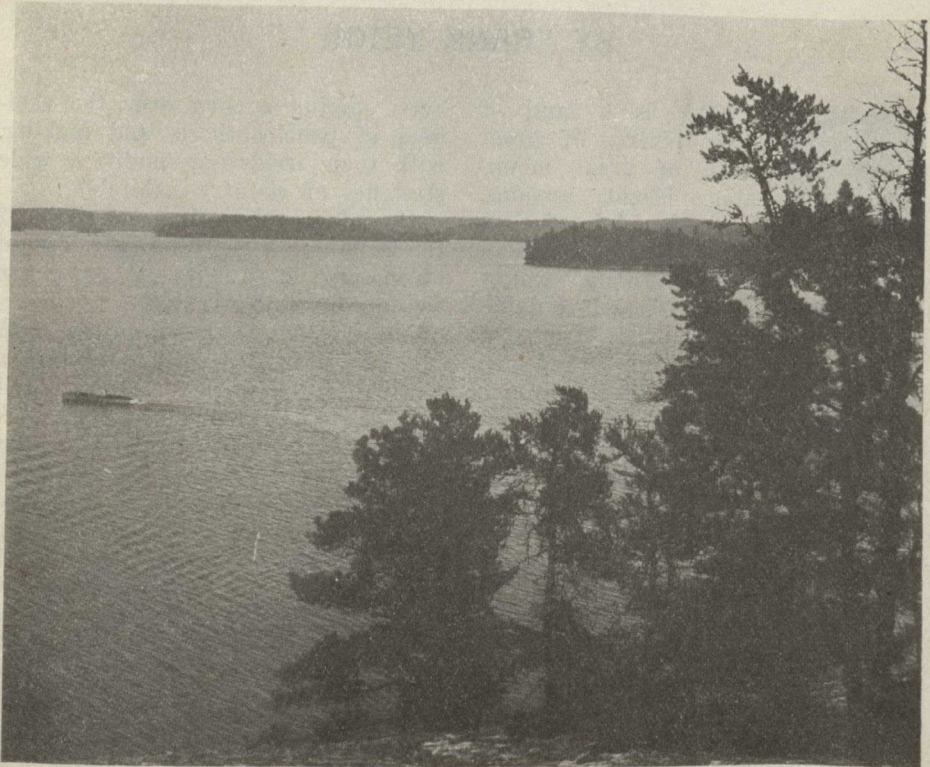


The Winnipeg River is, to use an Hibernianism, a river of lakes. Every few miles it grows tired of a restricted channel and thereupon enlarges into a body of water wide enough to carry a white-capped sea in a blow, and large enough as well to confuse one as to the real and false channels. Islands, of assorted sizes, add their charm to the superb scene, mostly tree-clad to the water's edge, excepting the hog-back rocks, worn smooth by ancient glacial action, where the smallest of Jack pines fails to find a crack of earth for a roothold.

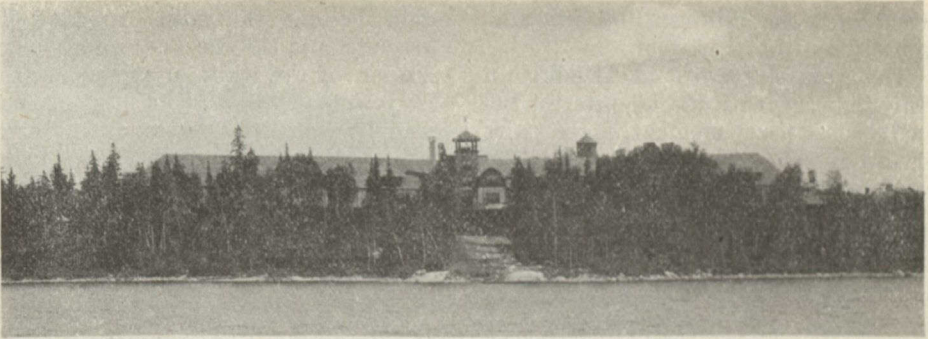
The Dalles are passed on the way from Kenora to Minaki—a half mile of a contracted course between rocky banks where the circumscribed waters fight for the right of way in racing rapids and miniature whirlpools, creating a current that carries one's craft along with exhilarating speed, or thwarting its passage on the up-trip.

The forests on either bank of the river are sanctuaries for the wild and furry folk, the antlered beauties, the portly porcupine and big bruin. A summer cottager near Minaki tells of looking out of his window, arrested by an unusual sound, only to see a Moose peering in with equal curiosity! Indian caches along the way have food supplies swung high and safe from animals that make no moral distinctions of ownership when hunger-driven. Bird life, too, abounds, from a lonely pelican, the one-legged philosopher of the marshes, or a huge hawk being pursued and pecked by a diminutive bird, to swallow or crow, or a stray gull having an immense realm of sky to itself.

Fish, too, real ones for size, and putting up a real fight for life when captured. Think of a thirty-four pound sturgeon (a relatively small one) choosing the outside of the



Where the Winnipeg River widens into a lake



The Minaki Inn

Minaki wharf for a rendezvous, where a keen-eyed boatman saw him enjoying a summer afternoon sleep, like some of the guests in the big hotel.

It is not necessary to tell the number of visitors who were snap-shotted beside the late Mr. Sturgeon! Lunge also. They have a meeting-place below the beautiful White Dog Falls, but it is a death place for many a monster, for Indians and expert white fisherfolk there patiently lie in wait for them.

The White Dog Falls are splendid Niagaras, rushing down in four great leaps. The unharnessed power is but a sample of the white coal wealth of the Winnipeg River, which is already serving the Portal City with both light and power. Winnipeg has wisely constructed its own Hydro-Electric Power Plant as a municipal enterprise, 175 miles from the city. It is now developing 47,000 horse power, with a capacity for an additional 60,000 horse power on the present plant, but with room for extensions that will supply 100,000 horse power. This is an addition to the 34,000 horse power now developed by the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company. No wonder Manitoba's capital claims to supply the cheapest power in the world.

The red men are everywhere, members of the once powerful Ojibway tribe. They make a significant contrast in cabin and teepee, to the white-

folks in their bungalows and cottages. It is a contrast, too, between a weather-beaten old canoe, holding a numerous Indian family, and an up-to-date motor launch swiftly shooting over the waters. There is something pathetic about these original Canadians, who once thought the entire land was theirs in perpetuity, and who now find themselves corralled into reservations, as wards of the nation, though it is satisfactory to know that they have been and are being well treated by the Government.

Their summer camping sites are seen all along the river, on ideal locations. Wherever there is a summer colony of cottages or campers, groups of Indians suddenly appear. Perched on a knoll of rock, or on the outskirts of a station platform, they watch the palefaces come and go, while one wonders what lies behind their own impassive faces. Judging by the frown on the time-creased countenance of a most ancient dame, she manifestly disapproved of the goings-on of a coterie of youths, singing lightsome songs intermingled with unmusical college yells. But her sister in brown smiled on the pleasure seekers as if she realized that the young must have their fling, but the gayety of the white-featured company emphasized anew the sadness that characterizes the Indian, young or old. Even the solemn little papooses seem to smile but rarely, while one

wonders if the children find any adequate play-life expression.

The annual regatta at Minaki, on Gun Lake, was of special interest because, at the last moment, three pairs of Indians entered the contest for the tandem single paddle race, putting themselves against eight canoes of whites. Keen was the interest and intense the excitement as the little craft were driven through the quiet waters, but though the first two winning boats were members of the Winnipeg Canoe Club, the third and fourth canoes were close on their heels. Where there are Indians there are also Hudson's Bay posts, or rather, the post attracts the red men. Centres of this great business, the oldest Joint Stock Company on the continent, are found in unexpected corners of our far-flung wilds, and the explorer of the Winnipeg River for the first time is not surprised therefore to discover them along its shores, sometimes as a miniature departmental store, or as a fur storehouse in the woods, open for business when the hunting season is on. Pelts have

again become the most valuable of currency, and the successful hunter or trapper, of the white or red race, can easily defeat the high cost of living enemy. Several Indians on a Northern Ontario Reserve cleared \$2,000 each last winter from the results of their trapping.

Pursuing one's journey from White Dog Falls to Lake Winnipeg, nearly thirty portages have to be overcome on account of the succession of falls, each having its beauty and setting. It is all part of "The Beautiful Country" of Minaki.

In addition to the infinite variety of scenery along a great river like the Winnipeg, for each of its hundred or more miles forms a new picture, there is much also to hold the interest. What stories the very stones tell! What revelations of inconceivable power are made by the upheaved rocks, when the world of this continent was fashioned in fire and when the Laurentian formations resulted; what traveller's tales the gigantic boulders would tell of being carried half way down a continent by the irresistible



Beach, Bathing and Boats



Presbyterian Camp, Big Sand Lake, Minaki

momentum of an ice-age and movement, and how these stray masses, fashioned in roundness as if they were marbles, playthings of a God, mock our circumscribed conceptions of time, making the span of a human lifetime a mere breath of existence. They are often balanced on sloping rocks that are worn smooth by ice pressure, or lodged in a forest whose roots and trunks are as of yesterday, gauged by the calendar of the Creator.

A river like the Winnipeg is moreover a medium through which nature expresses her many moods. Sit with me at eventide, on a promontory of rock, thrust into one of the lake enlargements of the noble stream. We are facing the west and the pathway of the sun, which ends its diurnal journey in a blaze of golden glow that sets the world of its range on fire, making puny the red glow from a nearby forest fire, or the point of light from a camp on the opposite shore.

Watch with me this daily sundown display, and wait for the after glow. All the shades in the colour box of the great Maker of Suns and Sunsets, are revealed during the succeeding hour until the last glimmer of colour, more of a suggestion than a reality, melts into the night shades and the sleeping waters.

A sleeping world as well as sleeping waters. Tree tops asleep with never a stir of twig or branch; all nature asleep, in birds and beasts and all creeping and flying things. One remembers the line in Browning's sonnet, on Westminster Bridge, at the zero hour of the night, "Dear God, the very houses seem asleep".

So here, in a realm far removed from London town, quiet is in possession of a world, broken only by the echo of the "National" train as it whistles its way into little Minaki station, or the refrain of a song from a camp-fire group, silhouetted against the red and leaping flames, as if they were fire worshippers at their chanting devotions.

All the silence, so impressive and so soothing to nerves jangled out of tune by the discordant noise of the city, makes more startling the contrast when a storm is born among the distant hills and, in all its black menace, covers the face of the sun, blots out its golden pathway, and makes the star to retreat. Soon the crash of thunders rolls among the dark-treed islands; the waters of the combined lake and river become uneasy, and a distant bird sounds its alarm.

From the brooding silence of the night to a thunderous bombardment, from a world of darkness below and

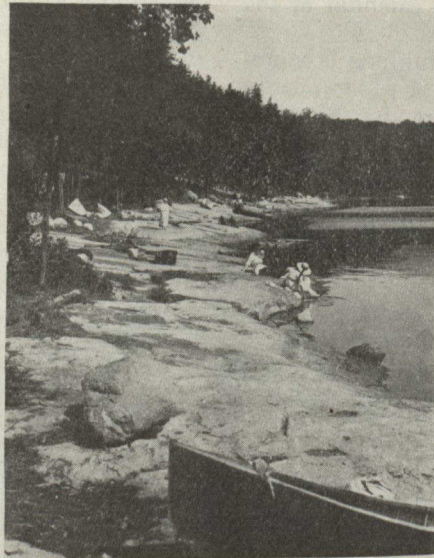
an unclouded sky above, to windrent clouds riven with savage lightnings is surely a contrast of contrasts. Then the deluge of rain, a crash of sound that seems to fill all the earth, a shaft of electricity that dazzles, revealing for the instant the clustered isles and the farther shore—this too, is an experience and memory of the Winnipeg, and when there is added thereto a rare exhibition of the Aurora, when the dancing skyghosts of the Northern skies have their frolic in the heavens, some of them clad in diaphanous white and some in ethereal colour-tinted garb. The revelations of God's glory are overpowering in their mystic beauty and grandeur; on-looking man realizes his unit smallness and instructively worships him who has made such a wondrous world; such a Beautiful Country.

Finally, there is the rich historic background of the Winnipeg. One's imagination revels in the picturesque procession of canoes that made its way over the silent waters by La

Verendrye. How long ago 1743 seems, and how much history has been made in Canada since the great French-Canadian explorer faced the unknown west and north of the Continent.

The mind also pictures a later scene when an army used the big river as a part of its route to the scene of battles, when Lord Wolseley led a force from Toronto to Fort Garry to quell the first Riel Rebellion. Even half a century ago, the Northwest was literally a great lone land. Winnipeg was scarce a village, and the prairies were unpeopled.

Thus the River that makes a "Beautiful Country" by itself, not only links two great lakes, but links the past with the present; the East with the West. And as the last glimpse of its inviting waters are caught from the receding train, one wonders if there is another corner of Canada so beautiful, so health-giving, so rich in history, romance and natural scenery as in and around and about Minaki.



A shelving rock head on  
Big Sand Lake

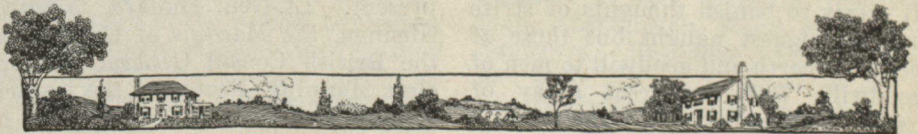


Photograph by Samuel Foote Morey

## I SAW THE SPRING

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

I SAW the Spring to-day,  
Not as a flower wreathed maiden in green gown,  
But an old man,  
Who, in a cloud of soft blue smoke, bent down  
Over a smouldering fire of long-dead leaves,  
And dry, dead branches:  
Patient, hopeful, calm,  
Steadfast as pine-trees through the winter snows;  
Yet with an eager fire in his deep eyes,  
He burns the winter's refuse.  
He *is* Spring—  
Old, gentle, wise,  
Expectant as the rich, brown, waiting sod,  
While incense of his Spring fire mounts  
To God.



# BRITISH COURTESY

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RETURN OF THE ROYAL AMERICAN REGIMENTAL  
COLOUR TO GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN



VISITORS to New York have doubtless noted the fortified island near the entrance to the great river named after the English explorer Henry Hudson, who sailed into its waters in 1609. Named, officially, Governor's Island in 1784 in recognition of the fact that for a century and a half it had been held in fee by the Dutch and English governors, it has witnessed many changes. In 1698 it was set aside by the Assembly as "part of the Denizen of His Majesty's Fort for His Majesty's Governors" and among those during the period 1674-1783 were Sir Edmund Andros, Knt., the Earl of Bellamont, Col. Abraham de Peyster, Sir Denvers Osborne Bart., the Earl of Dunmore and William Tryon, the last of the Governors. Since the island has passed into the hands of the United States it has become a very important military position and is now the Headquarters of the Eastern Division of the U. S. Army, Lt.-Gen. R. L. Bullard being at the present in command. Not the least prominent and attractive feature on the island is the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, beautiful in architecture, rich in offerings of gold, silver, marble and silken embroidery. It seems to banish thoughts of strife and to suggest naught but those of peace on earth and goodwill to men of goodwill. But the great array of battle flags upon the walls, and a

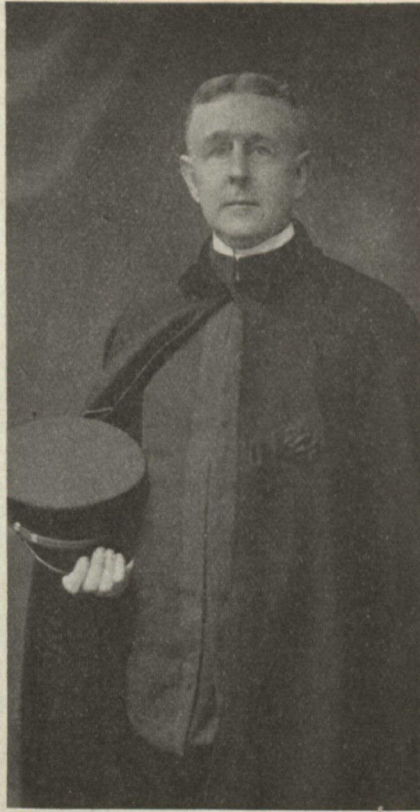
"devilish cannon" as a trophy of war near the chancel screen, remind the visitor that wars have not yet ceased to afflict the earth.

Many imposing scenes have doubtless been witnessed in its vicinity but probably none more imposing and solemn than the recent deposition in the chapel of the regimental colour of the famous Royal American Regiment. "Only a bit of Silk", and old at that, but its silence spoke volumes and its faded folds awakened many stirring and sad memories. Those who witnessed its consignment to what is probably its final resting-place may have been reminded of Tennyson's lines, put into the mouth of Nelson, as the body of Wellington approached the place of his repose in death:

Who is he that cometh like an honoured  
guest,  
With banner and with music, with  
soldier and with priest?

For with like "great pomp" was the more than a century and a half old banner brought back to the continent which witnessed its birth.

The Governor-General was represented by Capt. Balfour, Military Secretary. Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador and General Bethel, Military Attache, were also present. Lt.-Gen. Bullard, Admiral Glennon, the Marquis of Carisbrook, the British Consul General, Bishop-elect Manning, Rector of the historic Trinity Church, and a great array of



Rev. E. Banks Smith, D.D.,  
Chaplain, Governor's Island, N. Y.

societies, National Guards and others made a brilliant assembly on the occasion.

The Royal Americans of 1755 were the military ancestors of the 60th King's Royal Rifles of the Imperial Army of the present. From the outset the regiment has been closely associated with Canada, and the first names in its list of honours recall Ticonderoga, Louisburg, Quebec, Sillery, Canada 1758 to 1760. But the regiment antedates these years and carries us back to the disastrous July day in 1755 when General Edward Braddock, an able soldier of the European pattern of the period, advancing with a column of some two thousand men against the French and their Indian allies met a disastrous defeat on the banks of the Monongahela river.

Failing to grasp the fact that the tactics which were possibly effective on the battle grounds of Europe were not adapted to the necessities of a country still in a rough and raw condition, Braddock advanced his force with such fatal results, it has been said, "no pen could describe". He was a good and able soldier of his school, and had the rare merit of being selected for his position on that account. But his merits were swamped by adverse conditions and a hard lesson taught him. Similar rude awakenings have been experienced by British commanders in later years, in New Zealand, Afghanistan, South Africa and elsewhere. Braddock seems to have had some gloomy forebodings, for it has been recorded that, on making his will on the eve of battle, he spoke



somewhat bitterly of being called on to "conquer worlds with a handful of men and to do so must cut his way through unknown woods". Undoubtedly he faced great difficulties, not the least of which may be counted a want of sincere and honest local support, amounting in certain cases to actual opposition, and a lack of cordial understanding and co-operation between "regulars" and the local forces, a common weakness not of particular place, time or circumstance.

It is needless to repeat the variously told story of "Braddock's defeat". His column which included two veteran British regiments the 44th (The little fighting Fours) and 48th, 1,350 strong, with 500 men from Virginia, New York, Maryland and the Carolinas, and eighty artificers went to destruction. Braddock saw, as Butler tells, his force "disorganized under the fire of an invisible foe and his men, fine trained soldiers, reduced to the state of helpless mob". A certain stage of the action changed it from a battle to a massacre and those who massacred were Indians. More need not be said. Of Braddock's staff only one lived to tell the tale and that was Col. George Washington, who conducted what has to be termed the "retreat". Mortally wounded himself the defeated General was carried away and in his dying moments he is reported to have said, "We shall learn better how to do it next time". And part of the primary lesson was the formation of the Royal Americans.

The blood of Braddock's force was the seed of the famous corps referred to in the beginning of the present sketch. First it was the 62nd Loyal American Provincials, 1755-1757, then, owing to a regiment being disbanded, the 60th Royal Americans 1757-1816; the Royal American Light Infantry 1816-1820; the Royal Americans 1820-1824; the Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps 1824-1830 and from the latter date the 60th King's Royal Rifle Corps.

The Duke of Cumberland, Commander in Chief, learned of the disaster and grasped the situation. He saw that the tactics of Frederick, useful at Mollwitz, Dettingen, Laffeldt and other great fields, were useless under such circumstances as Braddock had to face. The Duke was no mere carpet knight, though unlucky in the field, and had himself had an unpleasant personal experience during the "Forty-five", and had then devised some tactical movements designed to meet the peculiar methods of fighting brought into play by the Highlanders. He gladly accepted the scheme presented to him by a Mr. von Harden, a Swiss gentleman, which outlined the embodiment of a special force of Germans and others in America of the hunter, settler and woodsman type, the officers to be chiefly selected from the ranks of professionals in Europe. The organization was fortunately committed to Col. John Prevost, a Genevan, at the time an officer of the Prince of Orange's Swiss Guards. As it was contrary to law for aliens to be British soldiers a special Act was passed by Parliament authorizing the formation of the proposed regiment of four battalions. The first of them was given to Lt.-Col. Henri Bouquet, a most happy selection as it proved. Although an officer of the Prussian Guards and doubtless of the most rigid military school of his day, he very quickly showed that he could cast formality to the winds and adapt himself to local requirements. He has left behind him the outline of a perfect regimental organization of the kind needed to meet such conditions as confronted General Braddock. He advocated the Chasseur or Yager model, the men to be lightly and loosely clothed and armed with a rifle. This weapon had already been made more familiar in America than it was in Europe by its introduction by the Tyrolese settlers. A short sword was also to be carried and a small axe. The use of this had been demonstrated in a terrible manner by the Indians.



The Regimental Colour of the Royal American Regiment,  
returned to this Continent

Bouquet, also looking somewhat ahead of his time, saw the value of mounted riflemen and advocated the establishment of two troops to each regiment. And his progressive tendencies were further demonstrated by his proposition that dogs be employed as scouts.

The four battalions gradually came into being, Lord Loudon being Colonel in Chief, Sir Jeffrey Amherst succeeding. The 1st battalion had for its Colonel, John Stanwix; Lt.-Col., H. Bouquet; 2nd, Col. Joseph Dusseaux; Lt.-Col., Frederick Haldimand; 3rd,

Col. Chas. Jeffrey; Lt.-Col., R. Chapman; 4th, Col. James Prevost; Lt.-Col., Sir J. St. Clair. These are names which bear more or less conspicuous places on the pages of American, and especially, Canadian history, notably that of the gallant, able and wise Governor, Sir Frederick Haldimand. Col. Prevost's older and younger brothers, Augustin and Jean Marc, also held commissions. The name of one of a later generation, Sir George Prevost, is probably better known through his connection with the War of 1812.

Space does not permit any lengthened recapitulation of the services of the corps after its formation. They range from the early stages of its career to the last phases of the recent strife "in Flanders fields". Its shield of honour, Rifles now bear no colours, is emblazoned with the names of nearly half a hundred battles, all prior to the late war. Its early fights were, of course, on the continent where it was chiefly raised. It, to quote an address by General Sir Edward Hutton, once Commandant of the Regiment, delivered to the American Society (London), on the 4th July, 1910, "was recruited for the most part from settlers and backwoodsmen of the North American colonies . . . four battalions, each a thousand strong, for the special purpose of destroying the combined power of the French and the Redskins. It contributed two battalions to Wolfe's army and to the remaining two was assigned, with other British and colonial troops the task of fighting the French power on the Great Lakes and of destroying the Red Indian menace in the regions west of the Alleghany range. Under Bouquet, Haldimand and Bradstreet (the latter a New Englander) the Royal Americans, inured to backwoods life and Indian methods of fighting, took a leading part and it is largely to this regiment of the British Army, born as it were in the States of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and Massachusetts, that the United States to-day owes the vast regions beyond the western slopes of the Alleghanies and the verdant valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers".

It is therefore not surprising that the interest of Americans in the regiment should have been aroused of late and a very interesting event witnessed in New York in connection with the return to this continent of the Regimental Colour of the Royal Americans in its early days, and its deposition with "all holy rites" in the military Chapel of St.

Cornelius the Centurion on Governor's Island.

The story of the colour is interesting and is told, very carefully, as follows in a letter written by Col. Butler of the King's Royal Rifles, to Rev. Edmund Banks Smith, the military chaplain on Governor's Island:

So far as is known the old 1st Battalion received during its existence only two pairs of colours, one in 1756, the other in 1788. Lord Grenfell therefore infers that the colour in question is that presented in 1788. It ought, however, perhaps to be mentioned, in the interests of strict accuracy, that in the year 1808 the colours were reported on as in bad condition and it is possible that others were presented to the Battalion later. If such a thing happened there is no record of it. The Battalion was disbanded in 1819 . . . . In regard to the history of this particular colour . . . . in the year 1882 my brother officer, Major Holbeck, who had property in Canada in some remote part, had occasion to visit it and stayed at the home of a man who gave him the colours, stating that he had received them from the family of Col. Alexander Andrews, the commanding officer of the 1st Battalion at the time of its disbandment. Col. Alexander died in 1823 and it may well be that he left them as heirlooms to his family. Major Holbeck died some years ago and his widow gave me the pair of colours. That which I send you is the regimental Colour. The King's Colour I retain myself. Regimental colours bear the Union Jack in the left top corner. This colour has no Union Jack, and Mrs. Holbeck tells me she has no recollection of ever noticing that it had one. The presumption therefore is that it wore away and disappeared before the date that it came into the possession of the Holbecks.

It has not escaped notice that the small "union", customary on regimental colours in the upper corner, is absent and the suggestion that what is now the upper part of the flag has been shortened is not unreasonable. The pieces of silk sent to the United States have been carefully photographed. As suggested by the Rev. E. Banks Smith they were placed between plates of glass. The colour was originally blue and though faded is not torn. It is embroidered with the Royal cipher and motto, with a wreath of the national floral emblems and



Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Governor's Island, N. Y., in which the Colour now reposes

the regimental number. The Corporation of Trinity Church, N.Y., is responsible for the religious ministrations on Governor's Island and so the relic was committed to that body by F. M. Lord Grenfell, the following being the deed of gift:

"The Officers and Men of The King's Royal Rifle Corps have the honour to request that the accompanying Regimental Colour which was presented to the 1st Battalion in 1788, under its original name of The Royal American Regiment, may be taken in charge by the Rector, Churchwardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, New York, and be deposited in the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Governors Island, in memory of the fact that Governors Island was the Depot of the Regiment from 1756 to 1783, and Trinity Church that in which the Officers and Men habitually worshipped.

"It is hoped also that this Colour may serve as a memento of the fact that The Royal American Regiment and the Regiments of New York fought shoulder to shoulder not only during the many years of warfare which ended in the conquest of New France and the subjection of the Indian Tribes bordering on the Great Lakes; but also, after the lapse of a century and

a half, against a common enemy in a more terrible European contest.

"GRENFELL, *Field Marshal*,  
"Colonel Commandant King's Royal Rifles.

"May 29, 1920.

The ceremony of reception and deposition was very imposing. A detachment of the 22nd U.S.A. Infantry with band received the old colour from the chaplain and flanked by the American Standard and regimental flag marched to the Chapel, the route being lined with a large assembly of military, naval and civilian representatives of the republic and many British and other visitors. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the playing by the 22nd Regiment Band of the old march of the Royal Americans, composed in 1789, and copied from the British Museum. The ceremony in the Chapel was grand and solemn. A short service was sung by Dr. Banks Smith, the "bidding prayer" recited, and after a commemoration of the faithful departed, Dr.

W. T. Manning, Rector of Trinity, formally received the colour from the hands of Mr. E. A. Hart, a great-grandson of Mr. Aaron Hart, Commissary General to Lord Amherst. The name of Hart is one well known in Canada and our parliamentary records tell how it figured in a noted constitutional dispute, in the old days of our political development. Mr. Hart, in depositing the colour in what will probably be its last resting-place, said:

Sole Witness that we have to the surrenderers of Louisburg, Quebec and Montreal, all three won partly by the prowess and bravery of the Royal Americans, May Thou rest in Peace in this Sacred House of God, until thou art no more.

The colour was then hung over the high altar of a church which is already the depository of a very large number of battle flags, paintings, memorials and pious offerings. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the reception, during the service, of a cable message signed by Lord Grenfell addressed to Dr. Banks Smith as follows:

"The King highly appreciates invitation and hopes that ceremony may further strengthen ties of friendship between British and American armies. Rifles, all ranks with you in spirit."

And to the King's expression of hope all well-wishers of Empire and Republic will add a hearty Amen.

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## FIRE

By CLARE SHIPMAN

FIRE is a vampire, with no life beside

The feeding on the hurt of other things;

Its strength arises on destruction's wings;

Its beauty is the ghost of that which died;

Its joy leaves only ashes for its pride.

Where fire doth walk, there gray death flings

A shower of vain and silenced sufferings,

And mercy lies forgotten and belied.

Fire's flame is fury uncontrolled: it knows

No instinct save to ever seek its prey,

And feed desire with longing unashamed.

Yet here my hearth-fire does my will, and glows

Domestically, for joy by night or day:

I wonder could you too, O Love, be tamed?

# BLISS CARMAN: AN APPRECIATION

BY R. H. HATHAWAY



It has been said on authority which cannot be disputed that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and the same thing might well be said of the poet, for it happens almost as frequently in the case of the poet as in that of the prophet, perhaps, that he obtains recognition and reward in other countries long before the people of his own awake to his significance and importance. Instances many and conclusive might be mentioned, but I forbear; nor shall I attempt to discuss the reasons for the truth indicated. I have another and, to me, more immediately important purpose in view. That purpose is to point out that this Canada of ours has produced a poet who carries on the great succession of English poets, and whose name, in fact, is not unworthy to be linked with the great names—to mention only those of the century but recently passed—of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, Browning and Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and George Meredith, and that we as a people have been utterly blind and deaf to the fact.

The poet to whom I refer is Bliss Carman, or, as his full name is, William Bliss Carman. I do not wish to be understood as asserting or even suggesting that Mr. Carman's work is not and has not long been known

and admired in Canada, for to say or to suggest such a thing would be absurd. What I mean, and what I wish to emphasize, however, is that practically no one among us has realized that Mr. Carman is more than simply a "singer of gypsies and vagabondage," as he was described recently in an address by a man who, himself a Canadian poet of consequence, has a wide acquaintance with Canadian poetry; that he is more than merely one of the "New Brunswick school of poets", as another recent speaker called him; that he is more even than "one of our Canadian poets," as he is ordinarily termed. Mr. Carman in reality not only stands clear above all other Canadian poets, fine and estimable though some of them indubitably are, but his place is among those men whose poetry is the glory of our common English literature.

Nor do I wish to be understood as saying that Mr. Carman has been generally and freely recognized in other lands to be the poet he is. Those, however, across the border and over in England, who early perceived that there was something both in what he had to say and in his manner of saying it that marked out his work from among the great mass of verse being produced in our time have never ceased quietly to do what they could to make others know and share with them the satisfaction and the delight which they had found in him; and as a

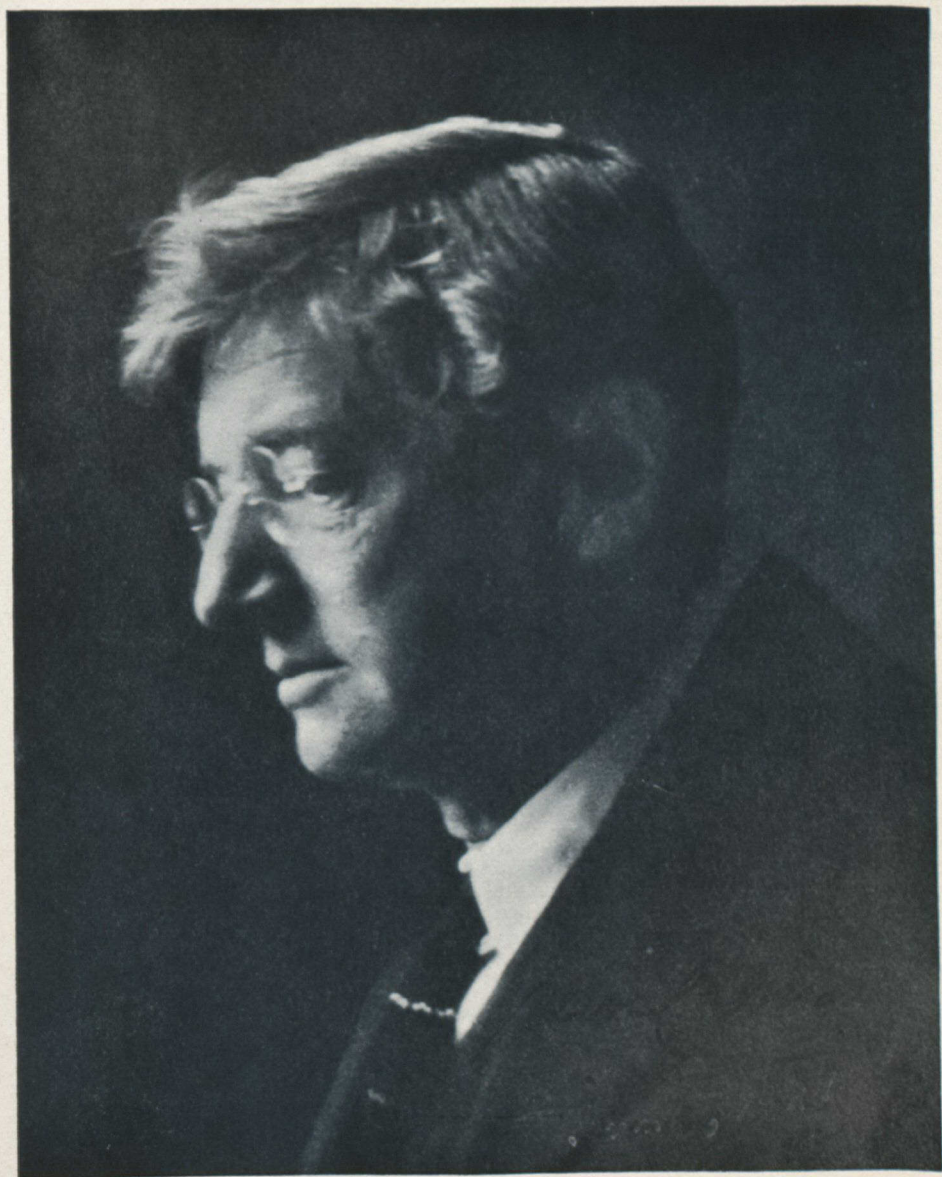
result, all over the length and breadth of the United States and also in England are staunch and fervent admirers of our Canadian poet. And among them, I may add, are many whose pleasure it is to occupy themselves with gathering the original editions of the books and other publications of Mr. Carman, and who treasure these as if they were gold or silver. This is not difficult of understanding, however, for all who once come fully under the spell of Mr. Carman's poetry are held by it ever after.

It may be admitted at once that if full recognition and appreciation of Mr. Carman's work have not yet been forthcoming from his fellow-Canadians there are plausible, if not good, reasons therefor. First of all, Mr. Carman, as thousands more of our young men of ambition and confidence have done, early took up his residence in the United States and until recently, except for rare and brief visits to his old home down by the sea, has never returned to Canada—though for all that, I am able to state, on his own authority, he remains a Canadian citizen. Then all his books have had their original publication in the United States, and while a few of them have subsequently carried the imprints of Canadian publishers, none of these can be said ever to have made any special efforts to push their sale. Another reason for the fact above mentioned is that Mr. Carman has never advertised himself, while his work has never been the subject of the log-rolling and booming which the work of many another poet has had—to his ultimate loss. A further reason—and it is perhaps the most important reason so far named—is that Mr. Carman follows a rule of his own in preparing his books for publication. Most poets publish a volume of their work as soon as, through their industry and perseverance, they have material enough on hand to make publication desirable in their eyes.

And everything goes into the pot, whether it has a proper place there or otherwise. Not so Mr. Carman, however. His rule has been never to publish until he has sufficient work of a certain general character or key to make a volume. As a result, his books have each and all a harmony, a unity, of their own; so that you cannot fully know or estimate Mr. Carman's work by one book, or two books, or even half a dozen of them; you must possess or be familiar with every one of the score or more volumes which contain his output of poetry before you can wholly appreciate the many-sidedness of his genius.

But beside and beyond all these reasons why Mr. Carman is not known among us as he ought to be is the indisputable fact that we in this country are more concerned—and who shall say not unnaturally so?—with material things than with the things of the mind and the spirit; we are so much occupied with the grim business of making a living for ourselves and those dependent on us that we have little time—or at least so we tell ourselves—to devote to the finer things of life. All the same, however, I venture to assert that it will be a reproach to us in the years to come that "our eyes were holden and we did not see" what a gift, not only to Canada, but also to the world, was the genius of Bliss Carman.

It is a common remark on the part of those who respond readily to the vigorous work of Kipling or Masefield, or our own Service, that Mr. Carman's poetry has no relation to or concern with ordinary, everyday life; that it is, in fact, an "escape from life". One would suppose that most persons who cared for poetry at all turned to it as a relief from or counter to the burdens and vexations of the daily round; but in any event, the remark referred to seems to me to indicate either the most casual acquaintance with Mr. Carman's work, or a complete misunderstanding and misappre-



Photograph by M. O. Hammond.

BLISS CARMAN

Canadian poet, whose recent first visit to Toronto resulted in an unanticipated and unusually successful series of readings, in Ontario towns and cities, from his own poems.





hension of the meaning of it. I grant that you will find little or nothing in it all to remind you of the grim realities and vexing social problems of this modern existence of ours; but to say or to suggest that these things do not exist for Mr. Carman is to say or to suggest something which is the reverse of true. The truth is, Mr. Carman is aware of them as only the sensitive organism of a poet can be; but he does not feel that he has a mission or call to remedy them, and still less to sing of them—for he is, more truly—I venture to assert—than any other poet of our day, a singer. He therefore leaves the immediate problems of the day to those who choose, or are led, to occupy themselves therewith, and turns resolutely away to dwell upon those things which for him possess infinitely greater importance.

“What are they?” one who knows Mr. Carman only as, say, a lyrist of spring or as a singer of the delights of vagabondia probably will ask in some wonder. Well, the things which appeal to Mr. Carman above all, I would answer, are first, and naturally, the beauty and wonder of this world of ours, and next the meaning and mystery of the earthly pilgrimage of the human soul out of eternity and back into it again. He turns and returns to this greatest of all the problems of man almost constantly, probing, with consummate and almost unrivalled use of the art of expression, for the secret which surely, he clearly feels, lies hidden somewhere, to be discovered if one could but pierce deeply enough. Pick up “Behind the Arras”—described, and truly, by a recent writer as the most remarkable book of English verse issued during the past quarter of a century—and as you turn over page after page you cannot but observe how incessantly Mr. Carman’s mind—like the minds of his two great masters, Browning and Whitman—works at this problem. In “Behind the Arras”,

the title poem: “In the Wings”, “The Crimson House”, “The Lodger”, “Beyond the Gamut”, “The Juggler”—yes, in every poem in the book—he takes up and handles the strange thing we know as life, turning it now this way, now that, in an effort to find out its purpose and meaning. He comes but little nearer success in this than do most of the rest of men, of course, but the magical and ever-fresh beauty of his expression, the haunting melody of his lines, the depth and range of his thought, and the variety of his images and figures put the results of his searchings and ponderings in a class by themselves. Quotation from the poems named above is almost impossible, so interwrought are they, but I must make the attempt in the hope of convincing the doubting and converting the unbelieving. Here, then, are the concluding verses of “Behind the Arras”:

O hand of mine and brain of mine, be  
yours,  
While time endures,  
To acquiesce and learn!  
For what we best may dare and drudge and  
yearn,  
Let soul discern.

So, fellows, we shall reach the gusty gate,  
Early or late,  
And part without remorse,  
A cadence dying down unto its source  
In music’s course;

You to the perfect rhythms of flowers and  
birds,  
Colours and words,  
The heart-beats of the earth,  
To be remoulded always of one worth  
From birth to birth;

I to the broken rhythm of thought and  
man,  
The sweep and span  
Of memory and hope  
About the orbit where they still must  
grope  
For wider scope,

To be through thousand springs restored,  
renewed,  
With love imbrued,  
With increments of will  
Made strong, perceiving unattainment still  
From each new skill.

Always the flawless beauty, always the  
chord  
Of the Overword,  
Dominant, pleading, sure,  
No truth too small, to save and make  
endure,  
No good too poor!

And since no mortal can at last disdain  
That sweet refrain,  
But lets go strife and care,  
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,  
The wind knows where;

Some quiet April evening soft and strange,  
When comes the change  
No spirit can deplore,  
I shall be one with all I was before,  
In death once more.

And now follow some verses from  
"Beyond the Gamut", to my mind Mr.  
Carman's greatest single achievement.  
No one else, I am convinced, living or  
dead, could have written it, so indi-  
vidual is it:

As all sight is but a finer hearing,  
And all colour but a finer sound,  
Beauty, but the reach of lyric freedom,  
Caught and quivering past all music's  
bound;

Life, that faint sigh whispered from  
oblivion,  
Harks and wonders if we may not be  
Five small wits to carry one great rhyth-  
mus,  
The vast theme of God's new symphony.

As fine sand spread on a disc of silver,  
At some chord which bids the notes  
combine,  
Heeding the hidden and reverberant im-  
pulse,  
Shifts and dances into curve and line,  
The round earth, too, haply, like a dust-  
mote,  
Was set whirling her assigned sure way,  
Round this little orb of her elliptic  
To some harmony she must obey.

Did the Master try the taut string merely,  
Give a touch, and she must throb to time?  
Think you how his bow must rouse the  
echoes,  
Quailing, triumphing on, secure, sublime!

And here are a few more verses  
from the same poem:

While the streams go down among the  
mountains,  
Gathering rills and leaving sand behind,

Till at last the ocean sea receives them,  
And they lose themselves among their  
kind,

Man, the joy-born and the sorrow-nurtured  
(One with nothingness though all things  
be,—

Great lord Sirius and the moving planets  
Fleet as fire-germs in the torn-up sea,—),

Linked to all his half-accomplished fellows,  
Through unfrontiered provinces to range—  
Man is but the morning dream of nature,  
Roused to some wild cadence weird and  
strange.

Poems of a similar and almost  
equally arresting character are to be  
found in nearly every one of Mr. Car-  
man's books, even in those in which  
he gaily sings of the delights of vaga-  
bondage. Here, for example, is a  
little poem which is to be found on  
the endpapers of one of his "Songs  
from Vagabondia" volumes. Those  
who know their "Rubaiyat" will be  
reminded thereof by it:

With the orient in her eyes  
Life my mistress lured me on;  
"Knowledge," said that look of hers,  
"Shall be yours when all is done."

Like a pomegranate in halves  
"Drink me," said that mouth of hers.  
And I drank, who now am here,  
Where my dust with dust confers.

Another poem, in which Mr. Car-  
man strikes a more sombre, but none  
the less characteristic, note, is called  
"In the Great House":

I hear a sound of weeping,  
A dirge of bitter tears,  
Like the long sea rains keeping  
The tally of the years.

I ask myself what sorrow  
Must needs be loosened so,  
Whence mortal grief could borrow  
Such litanies of woe.

And the strange voice, replying,  
Is strange and yet well known:  
It is my own soul crying  
Through God's great house alone.

Here, now, are some verses from  
"Pulvis et Umbra", a poem which is  
to be found in Mr. Carman's first  
book "Low Tide on Grand Pre", and

in which the poet addresses a moth  
which has been blown into his  
window:

For man walks the world with mourning  
Down to death and leaves no trace,  
With the dust upon his forehead,  
And the shadow on his face.

Pillared dust and fleeing shadow  
As the roadside wind goes by,  
And the fourseore years that vanish  
In the twinkling of an eye.

That, however, is not the last  
word:

Comrade of the dusk, forever  
I pursue the endless way  
Of the dust and shadow kindred,  
Thou art perfect for a day.

Yet from beauty marred and broken,  
Joy and memory and tears,  
I shall crush the clearer honey  
In the harvest of the years.

Thou art faultless as a flower  
Wrought of sun and wind and snow,  
I survive the fault and failure,  
The wise Fates will have it so.

For man walks the world in twilight,  
But the morn shall wipe all trace  
Of the dust from off his forehead  
And the shadow from his face.

Here, from the same volume, is  
"The Eavesdropper", sombre and  
strong as a Rembrandt etching:

In a still room at hush of dawn,  
My love and I lay side by side  
And heard the roaming forest wind  
Stir in the paling autumn-tide.

I watched her earth-brown eyes grow glad  
Because the round day was so fair;  
While memories of reluctant night  
Lurked in the blue dusk of her hair.

Outside, a yellow maple tree,  
Shifting upon the silvery blue  
With small innumerable sound,  
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The live-long day the elvish leaves  
Danced with their shadows on the floor;  
And the lost children of the wind  
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon  
We watched the great deliberate sun  
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,  
Counting his hilltops one by one.

Then as the purple twilight came  
And touched the vines along our eaves,  
Another Shadow stood without  
And gloomed the dancing of the leaves.

The silence fell on my Love's lips;  
Her great brown eyes were veiled and  
sad

With pondering some maze of dream,  
Though all the splendid year was glad.

Restless and vague as a gray wind  
Her heart had grown, she knew not why.  
But hurrying to the open door,  
Against the verge of western sky

I saw retreating on the hills,  
Looming and sinister and black,  
The stealthy figure swift and huge  
Of One who strode and looked not back.

I cannot turn to other features of  
Mr. Carman's work without going  
back to "Behind the Arras", and  
quoting in full therefrom "In the  
Wings", a poem which careful  
students and competent critics con-  
sider not unworthy to be placed beside  
"The Conquering Worm" of Edgar  
Allan Poe:

The play is life; and this round earth,  
The narrow stage whereon  
We act before an audience  
Of actors dead and gone.

There is a figure in the wings  
That never goes away,  
And though I cannot see his face,  
I shudder while I play.

His shadow looms before me here,  
Or capers by my side;  
And when I mouth my lines in dread,  
Those scornful lips deride.

Sometimes a hooting laugh breaks out,  
And startles me alone;  
While all my fellows, wondering  
At my stage-fright, play on.

I fear that when my Exit comes,  
I shall encounter there,  
Stronger than fate, or time, or love,  
And sterner than despair,

The Final Critic of the craft,  
As stage tradition tells;  
And yet—perhaps 't will only be  
The Jester with his bells.

The concluding verse of the poem  
just quoted may seem to certain minds  
to indicate that, whatever Mr. Car-

man may be as a poet or a thinker, he is not very sound in religious matters. This may be so, or it may not; nevertheless I venture boldly to say that Mr. Carman is profoundly religious. His is indeed a spiritual mind; his whole work is, to all who read with understanding, a protest against materialism and scepticism. In support of this assertion I here present a poem entitled, "Lord of My Heart's Elation":

Lord of my heart's elation,  
Spirit of things unseen,  
Be thou my aspiration,  
Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward,  
This mortal self alone,  
To selfhood or oblivion,  
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened  
And blown along the sea,  
Or sink and merge forever  
In that which bids them be,

I, too, must climb in wonder,  
Uplift at thy command,—  
Be one with my frail fellows  
Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column  
Of dust and mountain rain,  
To walk the earth a moment  
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation  
Or fortitude of mien,  
Lord of the world's elation,  
Thou breath of things unseen!

While Mr. Carman's speculations upon life's meaning and the mystery of the future cannot but appeal to the thoughtful-minded, it is perhaps as an interpreter of nature that he makes his widest appeal. Mr. Carman, I must say here, and emphatically, is no mere landscape-painter; he never, or scarcely ever, paints a picture of nature for its own sake. He goes beyond the outward aspect of things and interprets or translates for us who are blinder or less sensitive as only a poet whose feeling for nature is of the deepest and profoundest, and who has gone to her whole-heartedly

and been taken close to her warm bosom, can do. Is this not evident from these verses from "The Great Return" (originally called "The Pagan's Prayer")?

When I have lifted up my heart to thee,  
Thou hast ever harkened and drawn  
near,  
And bowed thy shining face down close  
over me,  
Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers  
hear.

When I have cried to thee in lonely need,  
Being but a child of thine bereft and  
wrung,  
Then all the rivers in the hills gave heed;  
And the great hill-winds in thy holy  
tongue—

That ancient incommunicable speech—  
The April stars and autumn sunsets  
know—  
Soothed me and calmed me with solace  
beyond reach  
Of human ken, mysterious and low.

Who can read or listen to those beautiful and stately lines without feeling that Mr. Carman is in very truth a poet of nature—nay, Nature's own poet?

As becomes such a poet, and particularly a poet whose birth-month is April, Mr. Carman sings much of the early spring. Again and again he takes up his woodland pipe, and lo! Pan himself and all his train troop joyously before us. And the strange and wonderful thing is that the singer's notes for all his singing never become wearied or strident; his airs are ever new and fresh; his latest songs are as spontaneous and winning as were his first, written how many years ago, while at the same time they have gained in beauty and melody. Whose heart will not thrill to the music of these verses from a fairly recent poem, "The Saraband of Spring"?

Over the hills of April,  
With soft winds hand-in-hand,  
Impassionate and dreamy-eyed,  
Spring leads her Saraband.  
Her garments float and gather  
And swirl along the plain,

Her headgear is the golden sun,  
Her cloak the sliver rain.

The bluebird in the orchard  
Is lyrical for her,  
The starling with his meadow pipe  
Sets all the woods astir,  
The hooded white spring-beauties  
Are curtseying in the breeze,  
The blue hepaticas are out  
Under the chestnut trees.

O heart, hear thou the summons,  
Put every grief away,  
When all the motley masques of earth  
Are glad upon a day.  
Alack, that any mortal  
Should less than gladness bring  
Into the choral joy that sounds  
The Saraband of Spring.

Now listen to this little lyric, called "An April Morning":

Once more in misted April  
The world is growing green.  
Along the winding river  
The plumey willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows  
The looming mountains rise,  
Like battlements of dreamland  
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley  
The buds are breaking through,  
As through the heart of all things  
No langour ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds  
Call to their heavenly choirs,  
The pines are blue and drifted  
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden  
Where little breezes run,  
The golden daffodillies  
Are blowing in the sun.

Here is another April lyric, but one with a somewhat deeper note, entitled "The Soul of April":

Over the wintry threshold  
Who comes with joy to-day,  
So frail, yet so enduring,  
To triumph o'er dismay?

Ah, quick her tears are springing,  
And quickly they are dried,  
For sorrow walks before her,  
But gladness walks beside.

She comes with gusts of laughter,—  
The music as of rills;  
With tenderness and sweetness—  
The wisdom of the hills.

Her hands are strong to comfort,  
Her heart is quick to heed,  
She knows the signs of sadness,  
She knows the voice of need.

There is no living creature,  
However poor or small,  
But she will know its trouble  
And hasten to its call.

Oh well they fare forever,  
By mighty dreams possessed,  
Whose hearts have lain a moment  
On that eternal breast.

Not all Mr. Carman's poems are as joyous as are those just quoted; many of them have a touch, or more than a touch, of wistfulness; the poet knows well that sorrow underlies all things human. Note the tender poignancy of this little "Spring Song", as it is called:

Oh, well the world is dreaming  
Under the April moon,  
Her soul in love with beauty,  
Her senses all aswoon.

Pure hangs the silver crescent  
Above the twilight wood,  
And pure the silver music  
Wakes from the marshy flood.

O Earth, with all thy transport,  
How comes it life should seem  
A shadow in the moonlight,  
A murmur in a dream?

And now harken to these verses, called, "At the Portal of Spring":

Along the faint horizon  
I watch the first soft green,  
And for the first wild warble  
Near to the ground I lean.

The flowers come up with colour,  
The birds come back with song,  
And from the earth are taken  
Despondency and wrong.

Yet in the purple shadows,  
And in the warm gray rain,  
What hints of ancient sorrow  
And unremembered pain!

O sob and flush of April,  
That still must joy and sing;  
What is the sad wild meaning  
Under the heart of Spring?

The poems just quoted should be sufficient to show how Mr. Carman joys in and dwells on spring, but I

feel that I must quote part at least of one more of his spring poems. It is entitled "Spring Magic", and the magic of spring pervades it through and through. The tendency of the would-be poet to write of spring has long been the subject of jest, but amazed and delighted wonder is the only feeling with which one can read Mr. Carman's rendering in verse of the spirit of that joyous season:

This morning soft and brooding  
In the soft April rain,  
The doors of sense are opened  
To set me free again.

I pass into the colour  
And fragrance of the flowers,  
And melt with every bird-cry  
To haunt the mist-blue showers.

I thrill in crimson quince-buds  
To raptures without name;  
And in the yellow tulips  
Burn with a pure still flame.

I blend with the soft shadows  
Of the young maple-leaves,  
And mingle in the raindrops  
That shine along the eaves.

I lapse among the grasses  
That green the river's brink;  
And with the shy wood creatures  
Go down at need to drink.

I fade in silver music,  
Whose fine unnumbered notes  
The frogs and rainy fifers  
Blow from their reedy throats.

No glory is too splendid  
To house this soul of mine,  
No tenement too lowly  
To serve it for a shrine.

Mr. Carman sings equally finely, though perhaps not so frequently, of summer and the other seasons of the year. From among his poems dealing with summer, I select "The Tent of Noon", which I rank among the very best of all his poems:

Behold, now, where the pageant of high  
June  
Halts in the glowing noon!  
The trailing shadows rest on plain and hill;  
The bannered hosts are still,  
While over forest crown and mountain  
head  
The azure tent is spread.

The song is hushed in every woodland  
throat;  
Moveless the lilies float;  
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea  
Sighs only fitfully;  
The cattle drowse in the field-corner's  
shade  
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,  
That bears the pilgrim Man  
Across the desert of uncharted time  
To his far hope sublime,  
Rests in the green oasis of the year,  
As if the end drew near.

Ah, traveller, hast thou naught of thanks  
or praise  
For these fleet halcyon days?  
No courage to uplift thee from despair  
Born with the breath of prayer?  
Then turn thee to the lilled fields once  
more!  
God stands in his tent door.

I feel that I must quote here a little lyric, called "The Dancers of the Field", which seems to me not unworthy to rank with Wordsworth's "Daffodils", and I feel sure that I shall find many ready to agree with me:

The wind went combing through the grass,  
The tall white daisies rocked and bowed;  
Such ecstasy as never was  
Possessed the shining multitude.

They turned their faces to the sun,  
And danced the radiant morn away;  
Of all his brave eye looked upon,  
His daughters of delight were they.

And when the round and yellow moon,  
Like a pale petal of the dusk,  
Blown loose above the sea-rim shone,  
They gave me no more need to ask

How immortality is named;  
For I remembered, like a dream,  
How ages since my spirit flamed  
To wear their guise and dance with  
them.

Here, now, is an autumn song called "In October", which, it will be noticed, is more immediately a picture than is usual with Mr. Carman:

Now come the rosy dogwoods,  
The golden tulip-tree,  
And the scarlet yellow maple  
To make a day for me.

The ash-trees on the ridges,  
The alders in the swamp,  
Put on their red and purple  
To join the autumn pomp.

The woodbine hangs her crimson  
Along the pasture wall,  
And all the bannered tamaracks  
Have heard the frosty call.

I cannot omit to present one of his poems on winter, but in doing so must remark that practically all such poems treat of winter as a presage or promise of spring. Listen to "Before the Snow":

Now soon, ah, very soon, I know,  
The trumpets of the north will blow,  
And the great winds will come to bring  
The pale wild riders of the snow.

Darkening the sun with level flight,  
At arrow speed, they will alight,  
Unnumbered as the desert sands,  
To bivouac on the edge of night.

Then I, within their sombre ring,  
Shall hear a voice that seems to sing,  
Deep, deep within my tranquil heart,  
The valiant prophecy of spring.

One could go on to quote literally scores of other poems equally magical from Mr. Carman's books expressive of the beauty and majesty of the seasons as they pass in pageant before us, but he has other claims upon our attention. One of these is as a writer of love poetry. Here is a little lyric from the volume, "Songs of the Sea Children", which will find an echo in every lover's heart:

The day is lost without thee,  
The night has not a star,  
Thy going is an empty room,  
Whose door is left ajar.

Depart: it is the footfall  
Of twilight on the hills,  
Return: and every rood of ground  
Breaks into daffodills.

Thy coming is companioned  
With presences of bliss;  
The river and the little leaves  
All know how glad it is.

Here is another equally lovely lyric:

Thou art the sense and semblance  
Of things that never were,  
The meaning of a sunset,  
The tenor of a star.

Thou art the trend of morning,  
The burden of June's prime,  
The twilight's consolation,  
The innocence of time.

Thou art the phrase for gladness  
God coined when he was young,  
The fare-thee-well for sadness  
By stars of morning sung,

The lyric revelation,  
The rally and rebuoy,  
The darker earth's half-sinking  
Temerity of joy.

Out of the hush and hearkening  
Of the reverberant sea,  
Some happier golden April  
Might fashion things like thee.

Or if one heart-beat faltered  
In oblivion's drum-roll,  
That perfect idle moment  
Might be your joyous soul.

And the long waves of sorrow  
Will search and find no shore  
In all the seas of being,  
When thou shalt be no more.

Space must be found for yet another brief one:

The very sails are singing  
A song not of the wind;  
A fire dance is creaming  
Our wake that runs behind.

In all the shining splendid  
White moonflower of the sea,  
There's not a runnel sleeping  
For ecstasy of thee.

A multitude of other lyrics as beautiful and lovely as these clamour for quotation, but I must put them aside in favour of a poem which, it seems to me, whatever the final estimate of Mr. Carman's work, must inevitably rank, with certain other poems of his, among the very finest poems of our time. No one possessing any real feeling for poetry can read it without experiencing that strange thrill of the spirit which only the very highest form of poetry can communicate. It is entitled "At the Great



Release", and is taken from the volume called "From the Book of Valentines":

When the black horses from the house of  
Dis

Stop at my door and the dread charioteer  
Knocks at my portal, summoning me to go  
On the far solitary unknown way

Where all the race of men fare and are  
lost,  
Fleeting and numerous as the autumnal  
leaves

Before the wind in Lesbos of the Isles;

Though a chill draft of fear may quell my  
soul

And dim my spirit like a flickering lamp,  
In the great gusty hall of some old king,  
One one mordant unassuaged regret,  
One passionate eternal human grief,  
Would wring my heart with bitterness and  
tears

And set the mask of sorrow on my face.

Not youth, nor early fame, nor pleasant  
days,

Nor flutes, nor roses, nor the taste of wine,  
Nor sweet companions of the idle hour  
Who brought me tender joys, nor the glad  
sound

Of children's voices playing in the dusk:  
All these I could forget and bid good-bye  
And pass to my oblivion nor repine.

Not to the green woods that I so dearly  
love,

Nor summer hills in their serenity,  
Nor the great sea mystic and musical,  
Nor to the drone of insects, nor the call of  
birds,

Nor soft spring flowers, nor the wintry  
stars:

To all the lovely earth that was my home  
Smiling and valiant I could say farewell.

But not, O not to one strong little hand,  
To one droll mouth brimming with witty  
words,

Nor ever to the unevasive eyes  
Where dwell the light and sweetness of the  
world

With all the sapphire sparkle of the sea!  
Ah Destiny, against whose knees we kneel  
With prayer at evening, spare me this one  
woe!

To some minds perhaps the finest of Mr. Carman's work is contained in his elegiac or memorial poems, in which he has commemorated Keats, Shelley, Blake, Lincoln, Robert Louis Stevenson, and other men for whom he has felt a kindred feeling, and also

friends whom he has loved and lost. One of the best of them all, in my estimation, is "Death in April", a lament for Matthew Arnold, which, for some reason, has never been reprinted by Mr. Carman from the magazine in which it first appeared, thirty odd years ago. This poem, it seems to me, will not suffer greatly by being compared with either Tennyson's or Shelley's famous elegiacal poems, but I dare not commence to quote from it here, lest I should not know when to stop. But listen to these moving lines from "Non Omnis Moriar", written in memory of Gleeson White:

There is a part of me that knows,  
Beneath incertitude and fear,  
I shall not perish when I pass  
Beyond mortality's frontier;

But greatly having joyed and grieved,  
Greatly content, shall hear the sigh  
Of the strange wind across the lone  
Bright lands of taciturnity.

In patience therefore I await  
My friend's unchanged benign regard,—  
Some April when I too shall be  
Spilt water from a broken shard.

In "The White Gull", written for the centenary of the birth of Shelley in 1892, Mr. Carman thus apostrophizes that clear and shining spirit:

O captain of the rebel host,  
Lead forth and far!  
Thy toiling troopers of the night  
Press on the unavailing fight;  
The sombre field is not yet lost,  
With thee for star.

Thy lips have set the hail and haste  
Of clarions free  
To bugle down the wintry verge  
Of time forever, where the surge  
Thunders and trembles on a waste  
And open sea.

In "A Seamark", a threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Carman calls "R. L. S." (of whose tribe he may be said to be more truly one than any other man of his day)

The master of the roving kind,  
and goes on:

O all you hearts about the world  
 In whom the truant gypsy blood,  
 Under the frost of this pale time,  
 Sleeps like the daring sap and flood

That dreams of April and reprieve!  
 You whom the haunted vision drives,  
 Incredulous of home and loss,  
 Perfection's lovers all your lives!

You whom the wander-Spirit loves  
 To lead by some forgotten clue  
 Forever vanishing beyond  
 Horizon brinks forever new;

You who can never quite forget  
 Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed,  
 The well-head where her knee was pressed,  
 The dew whereon her foot was cast;

O you who bid the paint and clay  
 Be glorious when you are dead,  
 And fit the plangent words in rhyme  
 Where the dark secret lurks unsaid;

You brethren of the light-heart guild,  
 The mystic fellowcraft of joy  
 Who tarry for the news of truth,  
 And listen for some vast ahoy,—

Blown in from sea, who crowd the wharves  
 With eager eyes that wait the ship  
 Whose foreign tongue may fill the world  
 With wondrous tales from lip to lip;

Our restless loved adventurer,  
 On secret orders come to him,  
 Has slipped his cable, cleared the reef,  
 And melted on the white sea-rim.

"Perfection's lovers all your lives."  
 Of such, indeed, it may be said with-  
 out qualification, is Mr. Carman him-  
 self. Here, now, is a poem from a  
 more recent volume, written in mem-  
 ory of his friend Edward Nathan  
 Gibbs:

Out of doors are budding trees, calling  
 birds, and opening flowers,  
 Purple rainy distances, fragrant winds,  
 and laughing hours.

Only in the loving heart, with its unfor-  
 getting mind,  
 There is grief for seasons gone and the  
 friend it cannot find.

For upon this lovely earth immortal sor-  
 row still must bide,  
 And remembrance still must lurk like a  
 pang in beauty's side.

Ah, one wistful heartache now April with  
 her joy must bring,  
 And the want of you return always with  
 returning spring.

I have dwelt on Mr. Carman's  
 love of nature, but he has another love  
 —for the sea. Few poets, indeed, have  
 pictured the glamour and the mys-  
 tery, the beauty and the glory, of the  
 sea better than he. Listen to this little  
 lyric from "Ballads of Lost Haven",  
 a veritable treasure-house for those  
 whose spirits find kinship in the wide  
 expanse of moving waters. It is call-  
 ed "A Son of the Sea":

I was born for deep sea faring,  
 I was bred to put to sea;  
 Stories of my father's daring  
 Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;  
 I was cubbed beside the foam;  
 All my heart is in its verges,  
 And the sea wind is my home.

All my boyhood from far vernal  
 Bourne of being came to me  
 Dream-like, plangent and eternal  
 Memories of the plunging sea.

Another poem from the same  
 volume which surely none but a man  
 with a deep, intimate, if not, indeed,  
 passionate, feeling for the sea could  
 have written is "The Ships of St.  
 John". I feel that I must quote it in  
 full:

Smile, you inland hills and rivers!  
 Flush, you mountains in the dawn!  
 But my roving heart is seaward  
 With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August.  
 Meadow island, shingly bar,  
 Open barns and breezy twilight,  
 Peace and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country  
 The old habitude takes on,  
 But my wintry heart is outbound  
 With the gray ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,  
 Till the man-child was a man,  
 Canada, great nurse and mother,  
 Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me  
 Through the dreams of boyhood shone;  
 Now far alien countries call me  
 With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!  
 Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!  
 I was born to be your fellow;  
 You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,  
Doubt, the derelict, is gone;  
Sane and glad I clear the headland  
With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded  
This gray port of the gray sea,  
When the duty to ideals  
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting  
Puts the wreath of maple on,  
I must cheer, too, slip my moorings  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,  
Be a word to lift the world,  
Till the many see the signal  
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,  
Past the crimson rising sun,  
There are dreams go down the harbour  
With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them  
As they clear the island bar,—  
Fade, till speck by speck the midday  
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight a vaster sea-line,  
Wider lee-way, longer run,  
Whose discoverers return not  
With the ships of gray St. John.

And now follow some verses from a poem published in the earlier "Songs from Vagabondia", bearing title, "A Captain of the Press Gang", which I quote not so much because the poem deals with the sea as because the verses exemplify Mr. Carman's daring imagination and boldness of expression. Our poet makes the captain, who may stand for life—it is always life, its mystery and marvel, with him—appeal to the human soul to "leave the ghostly shadows", and put out to sea for the regions

Where the heart is never old,

Where the great winds every morning  
Sweep the sea floor clean and white,  
And upon the steel blue arches  
Burnish the great stars of night.

There the open hand will lose not,  
Nor the loosened tongue betray,  
Signed and with our sailing orders  
We will clear before the day:

On the shining walls of heaven  
See a wider dawn unfurled. . . .  
The eternal slaves of beauty  
Are the masters of the world.

In another poem called "The Cruise of the Galleon", Mr. Carman represents the pilot (life again!) as taking charge of a stormdriven vessel and thus addressing his new shipmates:

We'll crowd sail across the sea line,  
Clear the harbour, reef and buoy,  
Bowling down an open bee-line  
For the latitudes of joy.

Till beyond the zones of sorrow,  
Past grief's haven in the night,  
Some large simpler world shall morrow  
This pale region's northern light,

And the dauntless seaworn spirit  
Shall awake to know there are  
What dominions to inherit,  
Anchored off another star.

No summary of Mr. Carman's work, however cursory, would be worthy of the name if it omitted mention of his ventures in the realm of Greek myth. His volume, "From the Book of Myths", is made up of work of that sort, every poem in it being full of the beauty of phrase and melody of which Mr. Carman alone has the secret; but I must regretfully pass it over for a poem which is to be found in the later "April Airs", and which is called "Daphne":

Through the shadowy aisles I flee  
From the ardour of the sun;  
Straining throat and trembling knee  
Scarcely can bear me farther on.

Grat Selene, kind and cold,  
Hide me in thy silver light  
Of enchantment, fold on fold,  
Lest I perish of affright.

Mother of the frail in heart,  
To thy forest I am come,  
Let the tender branches part,  
And their twilight take me home.

Let my wilding bed be made  
By a mossy beech tree bole,  
Deep within its healing shade,  
Soon, come soon, that saving goal!

Speak, oh, speak, the mighty ban,  
And thy spell about me shed,  
Faster reels the darkening span,  
Fiercer burns the nameless dread.

Ah, thy breath begins to cool  
All my beauty with its balm!  
Here beside the darkling pool,  
Like the beam within its calm.

I who Daphne was of yore,  
 Changed by thy mysterious might,  
 Now am Laurel evermore,  
 Gleaming through the tranquil night.

I must not fail to speak of Mr. Carman's "Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics", one of the most successful of the numerous attempts which have been made to recapture the poems by that high-priestess of song which remain to us only in fragments. It is a volume of the loveliest lyrics which have come from Mr. Carman's master hand, and so many of them clamour for quotation that I hardly know how to choose. Here, however, is perhaps the best of them, although he would be a rash man who would boldly use the word "best" where all are among the very best of their kind:

I loved thee, Atthis, in the long ago,  
 When the great oleanders were in flower  
 In the broad herded meadows full of sun.  
 And we would often at the close of dusk  
 Wander together by the silver stream,  
 When the soft grass-heads were all wet  
 with dew,  
 And purple-misted in the fading light.  
 And joy I knew and sorrow at thy voice,  
 And the superb magnificence of love—  
 The loneliness that saddens solitude,  
 And the sweet speech that makes it durable—  
 The bitter longing and the keen desire,  
 The sweet companionship through quiet  
 days,  
 In the slow ample beauty of the world,  
 And the unutterable glad release  
 Within the temple of the holy night.  
 O Atthis, how I loved thee long ago  
 In that fair perished summer by the sea!

And now follows another poem—a real Sapphic lyric—from the same volume:

Softly the first step of twilight  
 Falls on the darkening dial,  
 One by one kindle the lights  
 In Mitylene.

Noises are hushed in the courtyard,  
 The busy day is departing,  
 Children are called from their games—  
 Herds from their grazing.

And from the deepshadowed angles  
 Comes the soft murmur of lovers,  
 Then through the quiet of dusk  
 Bright sudden laughter.

From the hushed street, through the portal,  
 Where soon my lover will enter,  
 Comes the pure strain of a flute  
 Tender with passion.

I feel that in bringing this discursive and, I fear, lamentably inadequate paper to a close I must do so on a high note, and to that end shall quote a poem of Mr. Carman's which, to me, is a masterpiece—one indeed of the very finest poems written in our time—and which, like many of the poems quoted above, is taken from his last published volume, "April Airs". I do not yield to anybody in admiration for "Low Tide on Grand Pré" and the other volumes of that period, but do not hesitate to say that I regard Mr. Carman's work of the past few years with even greater admiration. It may not possess the force and vigour of his early work, but anything seemingly missing in this respect is more than made up for me in increased beauty and clarity of expression. Although Mr. Carman, following his recent regrettable illness, is in anything but robust health, I hope to see further volumes of verse come from the press to strengthen and make certain his name and fame; but if this is not to be, "April Airs", I am convinced, will stand for all time as the fine flower and crowning achievement of his art. Here then, is "A Mountain Gateway":

I know a vale where I would go one day,  
 When June comes back and all the world  
 once more  
 Is glad with summer. Deep in shade it  
 lies  
 A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,  
 A cool dim gateway to the mountains'  
 heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come  
 down,  
 Hemlock and beech and chestnut. Here  
 and there  
 Through the deep forest laurel spreads  
 and gleams,  
 Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness.  
 Among the sunlit shadows I can see  
 That still perfection from the world with-  
 drawn,  
 As if the wood-gods had arrested there  
 Immortal beauty in her restless flight.

The road winds in from the broad river  
lands,  
Luring the happy traveller turn by turn  
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.  
And as he marches with uplifted face,  
Far overhead against the over-arching blue  
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,  
Scarred by a thousand winters and un-  
tamed.

And where the road runs in the valley's  
foot,  
Through the dark woods a mountain  
stream comes down,  
Singing and dancing all its youth away  
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,  
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree  
trunks hang  
Drenched all day long with murmuring  
sound and spray.

There light of heart and footfree, I would  
go

Up to my home among the lasting hills,  
Nearing the day's end, I would leave the  
road,

Turn to the left and take the steeper trail,  
That climbs among the hemlocks, and at  
last

In my own cabin doorway sit me down,  
Companioned in that leafy solitude  
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of  
peace,

While evening passes to absolve the day  
And leave the tranquil mountains to the  
stars.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,  
Among the cool-leaved beeches in the dusk,  
The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening  
hymn,

So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,  
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,  
The seraphs singing at the birth of time  
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

## WHEN SPRING COMES BACK

By GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

WHEN spring comes back you will return  
To those dear paths we knew last year;  
You'll find the first unfolding fern  
Along the Pink's Lake Road; and near  
The end of May I know you'll hear,

Some night, when a wet moon hangs low  
Over the common, and the hill  
Is touched with gold, the broken flow  
Of some song from that same whippoorwill  
We heard last summer from the hill.

And he'll untangle all his song,  
Predestined passion, praise or prayer,  
Nor ever wake to note more strong  
Or glad, though all the night be rare  
With spring, and you be listening there.

# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

The opponents of Mr. Harding in the United States were convinced, or professed to be convinced, that he was in the hands of "the Bosses" and that their power would be expressed in the constitution of the Cabinet. But Mr. Harding is less pliable than they thought he was or has known better where to go for good advice than they thought he did. Mark Twain said that in the library of the ship in which he crossed from Vancouver to Australia there were none of Jane Austen's books and that this in itself almost constituted a good library. The exclusion of certain Republican politicians from office by Mr. Harding almost constitutes a good Administration. Those who thought that he would be advised by Hearst or Bryan have been deceived. He has not been submissive to Johnson of California nor even to the able and aggressive Borah of Idaho. The "Bosses" may be acquiescent but it is clear that they have not controlled.

Hughes and Hoover alone would give distinction to any Administration. Mr. Hoover has exceptional independence of character and has the practical capacity which is so greatly needed in the industrial crisis through which the country is passing. He is respected in Europe and trusted by the American people, firm but sympathetic in his attitude towards Labour, and with the knowledge and the courage required in dealing with the organized commercial and financial interests. He will not be the tool of "Big Business" nor of the levellers and disruptionists who were too powerful under Wilson. Mr. Hughes has held great administrative and judicial offices with honour to himself and advantage to his country. If he ever seemed to show weakness and flabbiness it was while he was a candidate for the Presidency. Then his utterances often seemed to be evasive and indecisive while his attitude towards the war was in strong contrast with the robust straightforwardness of Root and Roosevelt. He could not forget that Wilson was glorified as the man who kept the United States out of the war and failed to make any convincing appeal to that formidable element of the American people which believed the Country should enter the war with all its resources of men and money. Aside from this incident Mr. Hughes's public career is distinguished for decision and courage, for freedom from extreme partisanship and for a high conception of the duties and responsibilities of the Republic in world affairs.

Less is known in Canada of other members of the Harding Administration, but it is significant that a special correspondent of the *New York Times*, which has not often opened its columns to eulogy of the President, declares that "out of the myth of Harding a real man seems to have emerged". The correspondent adds that "he has chosen a Cabinet of Best Men and as yet he stands firm in his purpose to conduct the affairs of the State courageously in the light of their counsel". It is a fact that few contemptible figures have

ever held the great office of President of the United States. Even those who most distrust government by democracy must be comforted by any impartial and unprejudiced study of the long roll of American presidents. There was an Andrew Johnson but he stands almost alone in dubious distinction in a great line of statesmen and patriots who give lustre to American history and command the world's regard and respect.

## II

It seems such a short time ago that Mr. Wilson had the nations at his feet. Upon few men have rested such a weight of glory. Upon few men have so contred the hopes of mankind. Now he passes off the stage in physical weakness, under the shadow of utter defeat, lonely and sad and silent, but still brave enough to smile and strong enough to accept the hard decree of fortune without open repining. But he must feel that posterity will be kinder than his contemporaries and that even in the hour of his humiliation he stands upon a hilltop which his countrymen will yet climb and from which they will see his vision. The correspondent of the *New York Times*, who eulogizes Harding says that "what is needful above everything else is a President humble in counsel and firm in leadership". Wilson was firm in leadership but he was not humble in counsel and there perhaps history will find the secret of his final failure and defeat. The failure, however, was not so great as it now seems to have been, and whether he lives to see it or not one believes that the defeat will turn into triumph. But for the moment the tragedy is pathetic and profound. Seldom have more poignant sentences been written than these in *The Round Table*: "Government is a simple thing after all," Harding has said. But on the day when the Senator becomes President, above the tumult and the shouting on Capitol Hill, a small unattended group will leave the White House. In their midst will be carried a man with snow-white hair, bowed back, distorted features and emaciated frame—a man with body broken and heart broken in the service of a great ideal—a man who knows that government is not a simple thing after all."

## III

The law is not to punish Rev. J. O. L. Spracklin for the death of Beverley Trumble at the Sandwich roadhouse. Whether or not Trumble was armed and threatened to shoot Mr. Spracklin need not be considered. There is no doubt that Spracklin thought his life was in danger and that he shot in self-defence.

But one wonders if Mr. Spracklin should have taken the position of License Inspector. He was a crusading prohibitionist. He was shamed and outraged by the flagrant failure of public officers to enforce the law, and the organized demoralization of whole communities. He seems to have had more zeal than tact and an energy and confidence unrestrained by adequate discretion. No doubt it was hard for Mr. Spracklin to be judicial. A man aflame with holy wrath should think twice before he "carries a gun". All his outlook and training unfitted him for the task he undertook.

A man who hated the rum-runners as Mr. Spracklin seems to have hated them was certain to inspire like hatred among those he was pursuing. There are probably few people who wanted the jury to give a verdict against Mr. Spracklin. Thousands rejoice in his acquittal who feel that he did a doubtful thing when he abandoned the role of a preacher for that of a policeman. He has demonstrated his courage and one does not withhold admiration for his

bearing under tragic circumstances. But he should not go back to work for which he has not the temperament or the training. If he is wise he will return to his pulpit, humbled but not ashamed. He will be content to proclaim mercy for sinners and inspire men to live cleanly and decently, to respect the laws which the State enacts, and to love their neighbours as themselves. "The Master whom ye serve" carried only the Sword of the Spirit.

## IV

A leading journal denounces authors who leave Canada to live in the United States or Great Britain. But if they are to live at all, what else can they do? Literature is the most precarious of all human pursuits. Nowhere is it more difficult to earn a living with one's pen than in Canada. Nor does blame lie upon the newspapers or magazines or even upon the publishers. At least one-third of the population of Canada do not speak the English language. Among these English writers cannot hope to get many readers. There would be even a smaller constituency for French Canadian writers if it were not that the best books produced in Quebec are republished in English. If Canadian writers deal peculiarly with Canadian history or with native conditions and problems they are unlikely to get any considerable market for their work in other countries. There is practically no demand for such books in the United States and only a slightly greater demand in Great Britain.

Unless a writer holds one of the best positions on a newspaper or is taken into the Civil Service a bare living is the best he can expect. Even in the Civil Service there are few good positions for authors while the scale of newspaper salaries is modest. There is a poor demand for special writers because the revenues of Canadian publications leave no margin for very generous payment for contributions. Rev. Dr. Gordon's novels sell as freely in other countries as in Canada and Dr. Leacock has an international reputation. But fiction and humour find a market which more serious books cannot hope to secure. For Canadian history and biography and for political and economic studies of Canada there is not much demand either at home or abroad. Hence a Canadian book, however interesting and valuable, which cannot secure a general circulation in the United States and Great Britain will give the author only a meagre return. Many Canadian authors therefore leave Canada in search of a constituency and not a few find both fame and money. Many of them still retain their Canadian citizenship.

One cannot see that they have any choice nor do they seem to be guilty of any serious treason to Canada. Not many of the critics of writers who leave the Dominion are content to accept poverty as the test of patriotism. Native authors who achieve distinction abroad bring honour to their country and we should rejoice that they have the genius to achieve eminence in the world of letters. It was not thought that Sir William Osler betrayed Canada because he left McGill for Johns Hopkins and Johns Hopkins for Oxford. If the Canadian people will give more generous support to Canadian publications and show a less decided preference for American magazines and periodicals native productions will have greater revenues and literature will be a less hazardous occupation in this country. But we cannot determine what people shall read by legislation nor put any embargo upon the movements of Canadian writers. It is remarkable that Canadian publications are as good as they actually are when we consider the difficulties against which they have to contend and the limited constituency to which they must appeal. If the people will show greater consideration for magazines and periodicals "made in Canada" they



will become even better in quality, and Canadian contributors, as well as subscribers, will share in the greater prosperity which such publications unquestionably deserve.

## V

The *Manitoba Free Press*, which we can all agree is among the most powerful newspapers in Canada, is engaged in an energetic crusade against the "Imperialists". Some of us may think that it is fighting ghosts but to *The Free Press* the ghosts are very real and very mischievous. It demands the abolition of appeals to the Imperial Privy Council, approval by the Canadian Cabinet of appointments to the office of Governor General, a Canadian navy as distinguished from a navy under any system of joint control, direct communication between the Government of Canada and that of Great Britain, appointment of Canadian ambassadors to Washington and other foreign capitals, and complete national equality with Great Britain and other independent nations. In short *The Free Press* expresses the teaching of Mr. John S. Ewart K.C., and the Kingdom papers. There would still be the bond of the Crown to bind Canada to the Mother Country but the Throne is remote and when all is said can have no intimate relation to measures of political policy in this country.

It is true, as *The Free Press* contends, that every advance towards responsible government in Canada was denounced as a movement towards separation. There was an age-long attempt to persuade the colonies that resistance to Bureaucrats in London was disloyalty to the Sovereign and the Empire. There was actual denial of the political freedom which is the basic principle of British institutions, but Downing Street in fact has been only a tradition for a generation however the officials of the Colonial Office may have convinced themselves that they were holding the Empire together and directing the destinies of the oversea British communities. There was a conviction, too, that the commercial interests of the colonies should be subordinated to those of the Mother Country and that British treaties with foreign nations entered into without consultation with the oversea governments were binding upon the colonies in all their provisions and implications. We have in Sir Joseph Pope's "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald" the story of the Canadian Prime Minister's struggle with the British negotiators when the Treaty of Washington was framed and we remember how reluctantly British Governments terminated the old German and Belgian treaties which restricted the fiscal freedom of Canada.

It is possible to find evidence that for long years the colonies were regarded as step-children of the Empire and when to a degree British citizens in the colonies were the subjects of subjects in Great Britain. But conceivably if the seat of government for the Empire had been at Ottawa instead of at London the history of the evolution of the Empire would not have been so different. Once indeed Canada forced modifications of a fisheries treaty between Newfoundland and the United States because the agreement was inimical to Canadian interests. Then surely we have had a security under British sovereignty which we could not have had as a feeble, independent country and for generations British taxpayers bore burdens for our defence. It is not enough to say that we have never involved the Empire in any quarrel with other nations. We cannot know what our fortune would have been if the protecting arm of Great Britain had been removed. There is no profit in any calculation of gains or losses through the Imperial connection and when all is said Great Britain has been the chief architect of free government for mankind.

## VI

What we all desire is equal citizenship in the Empire. There cannot be equal citizenship with centralization of authority in London. If there are Imperialists who still dream of centralization they are few and impotent. The old chapter has been written to its close and the book will not be reopened in the future history of the British peoples. What we have now to consider is whether we are moving towards co-operation or separation. It is in the nature of things that we shall go in one direction or the other. If we put all the emphasis upon nationality the fact of Empire must become steadily more remote and the machinery of co-operation become ineffective through disuse.

No one can think that the Empire would be shattered by abolition of appeals to the Privy Council. When we talk of going to the "foot of the Throne" we use language that will not bear examination. What we actually do is to appeal from Canadian judges to British judges. The Privy Council, therefore, must be truly representative of the Empire and must embrace judges from the Dominions or its very composition will suggest colonial inferiority. In Canada questions of a constitutional character arise, and questions affecting relations between religions, races and Provinces, which can be wisely settled by an Imperial judicial tribunal. But at best there is nothing more at issue than political convenience and constituted harmony and whatever value there may be in unity of legal practice and precedent throughout the Empire. Any system which increases the cost of litigation or gives an advantage to wealthy suitors or powerful corporations is open to challenge and unless action is taken by Canada to restrict appeals the Privy Council itself will be well advised to consider only such cases from Canada as can be wisely settled by an outside tribunal and which involve considerations greater than those which enter into disputes between private litigants.

There are still conveniences and advantages in British appointments to the office of Governor General and there are respects in which such appointments emphasize the intimate relation between the Throne and the Dominion. Whether or not it is expressly provided that approval by the Canadian Government shall be obtained it is certain that in practice Ottawa has been and will be consulted and that no Governor General will be appointed without the sanction of those who have the official right to speak for Canada. Moreover if the appointment of a Canadian was desired there is little if any doubt that the Imperial Government would acquiesce. There is no sound reason why there should not be appointments of Canadians to the office of Governor General in Australia, or New Zealand or South Africa or why a resident of any of those Dominions should not be Governor General of Canada except possibly the suspicion that such appointments would be less acceptable to the Dominions than those which are made by the Imperial Government.

## VII

There is surely some danger to the unity of the Empire in the appointment of Dominion ambassadors to the capitals of foreign nations. It is certain that we should have a commercial representative at Washington, but it is not evidence of a subservient Imperialism to suggest that difficulties surround the appointment of an ambassador with diplomatic functions equivalent to those possessed by the British minister. If he should have less authority than the ambassador from Great Britain his position would involve personal humiliation and it would not be easy to avoid occasional friction and misunderstanding. There is no doubt that the determination of Australia to send an ambassador

to Washington, consequent upon the decision of Canada to have a diplomatic representative at the American capital, disturbed the understanding effected between the Imperial and Canadian Governments under which the ambassador from Canada was to share in the authority of the Imperial minister and represent the whole Empire if the Imperial minister should be absent from Washington. The situation would be vastly more complex and difficult if New Zealand and South Africa should also desire to send ministers to the United States. If the view of the extreme autonomists could prevail the confusion and conflict at Washington would be duplicated at other foreign capitals and inevitably the British Empire would develop some of the aspects of a comedy to other peoples. It is the habit of all officials to exalt their powers and guard their prerogatives with jealous concern for their own dignity, and one wonders how unity and harmony could be maintained among five British ambassadors at a foreign capital since even the Dominions cannot provide angels for diplomatic positions.

Here and there in Canada one finds a suggestion of rejoicing because differences developed between Canadian and British delegates at the Geneva Conference. This spirit is not manifested in the utterances of any of the Canadian delegates but unquestionably the fact does afford satisfaction to some of the ultra autonomists. But surely there is no reason to rejoice when Canada goes with Washington instead of with Westminster, and surely what is to be desired is machinery of co-operation under which differences will be minimized and common action assured. If the attitude of Canada towards Great Britain is exactly its attitude towards the United States or France or Japan the tendency will be to drift apart and throughout the world the British Empire will lose some of its significance and some of its prestige. There is something beyond the ideal of equal nations within the Empire. There is the necessity for co-operation, for common diplomatic action, for unity in organization and defence. Unless we travel that way we may separate on the journey.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the Dominion Prime Ministers should be required to meet this year in London. In Canada and in Australia political conditions are disturbed and uncertain. In New Zealand regret is expressed that the leader of the Government should have to go to London when urgent domestic problems are pressing for consideration and solution. Only Mr. Smuts, fresh from a contest which has brought comfort and rejoicing to the whole Empire seems to be free from immediate political perplexities. In Canada Mr. Meighen has only begun to establish himself as the leader of the Government and the Cabinet is absorbed in problems of industrial, political and national reconstruction which cannot be neglected. During the war the political leaders of Canada had to make many journeys to London and spend months of every year out of the country. It is doubtful if they can afford to go so often to London in future with the inevitable neglect of domestic interests, political and national, which such long and frequent absences involve. In this attitude there is no indifference to Imperial considerations nor any slackening in devotion to the Empire. For when all is said the Empire is in the hearts of the Canadian people and few even of the anxious autonomists in their extremest proposals have any thought of separation. It does seem, however, that some of their proposals are impracticable and divisive and conceivably would have consequences which they do not foresee and would not desire. No doubt among the extreme wing of the autonomists there are those who aim at independence for Canada and ultimate separation from the Empire but it is significant that their object is not avowed. Whatever differences may prevail

over projects of Imperial organization and whatever concern the uneasy autonomists may profess over the imaginary plotting of jingo Imperialists in London Canada never forgets that "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together".

## VIII

## MAN

**I**NDOMITABLE man  
 That will not be denied;  
 Ruthless since Time began  
 And truculent in pride.  
 Defeated oft and oft  
 And bearing many scars,  
 But still with eyes aloft,  
 And mind beyond the stars.  
 Contending foot by foot  
 With powers of Fate and Force  
 Intrepid, resolute  
 And Godlike in resource.  
 O'er waters lone and wide,  
 Through forests deep and vast;  
 Wrestling with wind and tide  
 And conquering at last.  
 Forcing strange things to birth;  
 Baring to mortal eye  
 The very bowels of earth  
 Where infinite mysteries lie.  
 Meddling with rock and stone—  
 Their secrets are revealed,  
 He seizes for his own  
 What God Himself concealed.  
 He takes what God begun,—  
 Even to flowers that spring  
 From hillsides in the sun  
 He gives new fashioning.  
 The pity of the Lord  
 Is in his healing touch;  
 The blind have power restored,  
 The lame forsake their crutch.  
 Affluent in heart and mind  
 Compassionate, divine,  
 Insensate, brutal, blind  
 And feeding with the swine.  
 But through the eternal years,  
 However gross or vile,  
 Held by a woman's tears  
 Or by an infant's smile.

# THE SECOND CHAMBER

BY SENATOR L. G. POWER



MOST persons who have thought over our constitution in a judicial frame of mind have realized that absolute power should not be placed in the hands of the members of a single chamber. Before attempting to form a judgment as to what the character of the second House should be, it will be well to look at the weak points of a body such as the House of Commons of Canada.

Many bills and resolutions are, owing to haste or other cause, imperfectly drawn and fail to carry out the intentions of those by whom they have been drafted, and consequently need revision and amendment by an authority distinct from, and independent of, what is known as the Popular House.

Measures are often passed in a single chamber under the influence of party spirit and with a view to securing the support of the electorate or a section of it, which would not be approved by any one acting with a single eye to the public good. Such measures call for amendment or rejection.

Measures are often passed under the influence of panic or other temporary feeling; and a second House is necessary to modify or reject them.

Measures are not seldom passed in the interests, real or supposed, of Members of Parliament or their friends, and a second chamber is

needed to protect the interests of the general public.

Generally, and never more than at the present time, a brake is needed on the wheels of the House of Commons, to prevent the adoption of mischievous legislation.

The existing Senate exercises the above functions fairly well but with a certain timidity and lack of independence. There is also this drawback to the present system of appointment to the Upper House, that after a government has been in power for a few years that portion of the Senate which supports the administration becomes much stronger than that which opposes it. The House which should keep things balanced becomes lopsided and is likely to be partisan in its action.

The Dominion should be divided into ninety-six Senatorial Districts, one of which should be assigned to each of the members now occupying seats in that body. As vacancies occurred, they should be filled by elections for the districts in which they took place. The franchise should be the same as that for the House of Commons; and the manner of election should be the same, *mutatis mutandis*, as that for the Lower House. The Senators should be qualified as at present and should be elected for life. The number of Senators should not exceed ninety-six. The United States, with a population of over one hundred and five millions, have only about that number in their Upper

House; and there would be no justification for Canada's having any more.

One great advantage of this system would be that it would involve nothing revolutionary and would operate smoothly and gradually. When once set going, it would do away with, or at least diminish, the weaknesses of the existing system.

Almost from the inauguration of the proposed change, it would tend to lessen the timidity and increase the independence of the Senate in dealing with public affairs.

As each senatorial district would have a population nearly three times as great as that of the average House of Commons constituency, it might be reasonably expected that the members elected would be men of marked ability and high standing.

In old Canada, for some twenty years immediately preceding the union of 1867, the Members of the Legislative Council were elected by Districts, whereof there were twenty-four in Upper Canada and the same number in the Lower Province. The members elected were men of note and of more than ordinary capacity. In my humble opinion, the adoption of the nominative in preference to the elective method of appointment was a mistake.

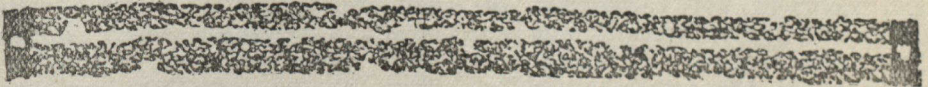
It has been suggested that there should be an age fixed, on his attaining which the place of a Senator should become vacant. The number

of Members whose presence in the Chamber would be ended by such a provision would be small, and even where they took no very active part in the business of the House their membership would not be open to serious objection. The spectacle of a gentleman who had served the country faithfully for a score of years being driven from his sphere of usefulness would not be pleasing, even though the usefulness was not as great as it had been.

A serious objection to the holding of general elections for the Upper House, with the consequent change of its personnel, would be that the House would be liable to be swayed by party feeling or by the popular prejudice or panic of the day and would cease to be the check upon the Lower House that it is now.

Another objection is that it would put an end to the continuity and consistency of the Senate's line of action and would prevent that House exerting the conservative influence that it should.

The proposed reform is not dramatic or radical, and its advocacy would not be effective in an election campaign; but it would excite no hostility, would strengthen the popular element in Parliament, and if it wrought no great immediate change, would harmonize with the spirit of that constitution wherein "Freedom broadens slowly down".



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## MARQUERAY'S DUEL

BY ANTHONY PRYDE. Toronto. J. M. Dent and Sons.



In this day of over-production in writing, one finds a novel in which one does not wish to skip a line or a chapter, one pays it a high compliment. This may be said of Anthony Pryde's "Marqueray's Duel". When the last page is finished it is difficult to define the attraction. Marqueray is a self-appointed spy for the British Government, a man of tremendous strength, tremendous passions, cynical about women, not "a marrying man", yet who masters himself gradually through his affection for Aubrey West, a man of the straightest moral character as well as utmost kindness, and through his love for Phyllida, otherwise Lady Marchmont, a much sinned-against young Irish girl. It is not only Phyllida's beauty but her extreme innocence and purity that appeal to Marqueray. Marqueray's theory had been that the only women who do not fall are those who have never been tempted. Phyllida disproves this theory to his ample satisfaction and before the book ends he perceives, too, the fine self-sacrifice and virtue of Val Yarborough, the other chief woman character, who is in love with Aubrey West, private secretary to her father, a Cabinet Minister. Marqueray's Eastern morality is accounted for by three unhappy, hardening years spent in an English private school between the ages of twelve and fifteen, where he

stayed during both term and vacation, and to the fact that his mother was a Russian.

For the villain, too, Lord Marchmont, apologies may be made—a mother who ran away with another man, a father who left him millions but who cared nothing for him, and not least, the morphia habit.

Four of the five principal characters are met in the first chapter, one at a time, through the following simple method: West is returning late from Parliamentary duties to his home in Chelsea; he is buttonholed by Lord Marchmont, who tries to bribe him to give away some Foreign Office secrets; Marqueray, West's cousin, recently returned from the Balkans, sees them from a flying taxicab and joins them. They walk on together and crossing the Chelsea bridge come upon a waif lying in a corner hugging a little bundle. It is Phyllida, whom Marchmont has deserted in Austria with the expectation that she would die. Marchmont betrays his interest by his agitation. He escapes. West and Marqueray take her to West's home. Thus the duel between Marqueray and Marchmont is begun.

The story moves naturally, easily, forcefully, without a shred of padding. The denouncement is not foreseen even till the last sentence in the book, and then the hoped-for happens. What could be more satisfactory? True, at the last there are some melodramatics, which one feels the author rather despises himself, and yet how is one to evolve the death of the villain and rescue a pretty maiden without using pistols, a marble palace

built in a lake into which from any window a human body may be thrown, or without having the hero after being shot and severely wounded in the thigh, by force of will drive a high-powered motor-car fifty miles to place his beloved in safety? But the rest of the book is not of this character.

"Marqueray's Duel" was published anonymously in England where it was one of the most notable and popular novels of the past season. Its author, Anthony Pryde, is a master in the use of words as well as in vividness and humour of characterization and in plot construction. Some of his minor characters are delightful, Mr. and Mrs. Fielder for instance, West's servants, and Joanna Drew, the vicar's wife. Descriptions of scenery are only the necessary ones and briefly done but they are a delight. Take the phrase "all silk and steel" as an example of exactness in description. The sentence runs, "Broad and tranquil, the Thames crept seaward, all silk and steel."

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#### WORLD WITHOUT END

BY GRANT OVERTON: Toronto. S. B. Gundy.

THIS book by Grant Overton is as striking in its originality as the title. It is told in a disconnected manner by a quaint old lady—a remnant of the family whose lives are interwoven into it, and also a replica of that time (though only a generation or so since their time to seemingly date back almost centuries) when the perfume of roses and sweetness and maidenly modesty were synonymous with womanhood.

The scene is principally on Long Island in the beginning of the "eighties". There were two sisters, Chastity and Helen, also a young brother. The story opens about the time of their mother's death under peculiar circumstances, not so much in the cause of her death as in the fact

that she seemed to take with her a secret regarding a strange misunderstanding between her and her husband. Her maiden name was Leda and like the Leda of legend her daughter Helen was beautiful beyond description as was Helen of Troy. Lovely in form and movement and above all beautiful in thought. "A divine carelessness of the things of this world seemed to underlie all her moods", so that, to use the author's words in the prologue, "she looks out upon a world in which nothing ever dies—nothing, nothing!" One remembers the words of the Doxology, as it is oftentimes quoted:

As it was in the beginning,  
Is now, and ever shall be,  
World without end."

After a violent scene between her lover and her father, caused by malicious tongues wagging in the village where she and her sister attended school, her father was found dead. Circumstantial evidence pointed to her lover, Dion Calvert, an orphan who knew nothing of his parents, not even his proper name. Then follows the trial and on Helen's testimony revealing different theories which would lead to the opinion that some shadow of the past darkened her father's life, and also of a "spiritual message" received in the court-room from her departed mother, the lover was acquitted. Then follow the mysteries to be cleared up concerning her father, her grandfather and also the mystery surrounding Dion Calvert's name which seemed to be connected with her problems.

Then follow the unwinding of the tangled skeins and the story of the beautiful brocaded wedding dress of Leda, Helen's mother—which was never worn.

Unlike in most novels, Helen's and Dion's marriage is not reserved for the happy ending, and although the ending for all parties is quite just and satisfactory, one must lay down



the book with a sigh for Debbie Conklin. One feels there is a deeper feeling in her heart which she conceals when she says, "Cadiz prepares a woman perfectly for widowhood. You marry a mariner and find yourself alone most of the time anyway."

\*

### HUNGER

By KNUT HAMSDUN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE mere fact that the author of this novel, a Norwegian, is a winner of the Nobel prize for literature has aroused an interest in his work, with the result that translations of some of his novels are being made into English by George Egerton. "Hunger" is represented as one of his greatest achievements. Certainly it is a very vivid picture of life as Hamsun has seen it, and it is also an intensely moving record of the struggle, ambitions, deprivations and disappointments of most persons the world over who strive to rise above the common level. Edwin Björkman, who has written an introduction to this edition, says that since the death of Ibsen and Strindberg, Hamsun is undoubtedly the foremost creative writer of the Scandinavian countries. He is well known in Europe, especially in Russia, where several editions of his collected works have appeared and which are regarded by critics as the equal of Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. Björkman classes him as an individualistic romanticist and a highly subjective aristocrat, whose foremost passion in life is violent, defiant deviation from everything average or ordinary.

\*

### THE ELFIN ARTIST

By ALFRED NOYES. Toronto. The Copp, Clark Company.

MUCH is being written just now about present-day poets who are carrying on worthily the tradition of our great line of singers. Among

others it has been written of Alfred Noyes, who while he is a first-rate minor poet scarcely takes a place with Hardy, Carman, Brooke, or many of the so-called Georgian poets. In this, his latest volume, some of the matter is quite ordinary, but in "Sussex poems" there is much of real interest and merit, such, for instance, as Peter Quance":

Peter Quince was nine year old  
When he see'd what never was told.

And also in "The Green Man":

In those days at Brighthelmstone,  
When art was half Chinese,  
And Venus, dipped by Martha Gunn,  
Came rosy from the seas;  
When every dandy walked the Steyne  
In something strange and new,  
The Green Man,  
The Green Man  
Made quite a how-dy-doo.

But we like best "The Sussex Sailor":

O, once, by Cuckmere Haven,  
I heard a sailor sing  
Of shores beyond the sunset,  
And lands of lasting spring,  
Of blue lagoons and palm trees  
And isles where all was young;  
But this was ever the burden  
Of every note he sung.

O, have you seen my true love  
A-walking in that land?  
Or have you seen her footprints  
Upon that shining sand?  
Beneath the happy palm trees,  
By Eden whispers fanned . . .  
O, have you seen my true love  
A-walking in that land

\*

### RIGHT ROYAL

By JOHN MASEFIELD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book promises to be quite as memorable as "Reynard the Fox", although one has to confess that it does not equal the other in sumptuous colouring, variety of character sketching, and action. But it has an advantage in concentration of interest. As "Reynard the Fox" had to do with a typical English hunt, so "Right Royal" has to do with a

typical English horse-race. And as "Right Royal" is a horse, the hero of the race, we shall quote Mr. Masefield's description of him:

In a race-course box behind the stand  
Right Royal shone from a strapper's hand.  
A big dark bay with a restless tread,  
Fetlock deep in a wheat-straw bed,  
A noble horse of a nerry blood,  
By O Non Roi out of Rectitude.  
Something quick in his eye and ear  
Gave a hint that he might be queer.  
Some thought him a trifle light behind.  
In front, he was all to a horseman's mind,  
By two good points might his rank be known

A beautiful head and a Jumping Bone.  
He had been the hope of Sir Britton Budd,  
Who bred him there at the Fletchings stud,  
But the Fletchings jockey had flogged him cold

In a narrow thing as a two-year-old.  
After that, with his sulks and swerves,  
Dread of the crowd and fit of nerves  
Like a wastrel bee that makes no honey  
He had hardly earned his entry money.

The poem displays sympathy, insight, and love and appreciation of animals.

\*

### SHIPS AND FOLKS

By C. FOX SMITH. London: Elkin Matthews.

THIS book pictures in swinging, rhythmic lines the outlook on life of sailors in the British Merchant marine. The English sailor's love of his ship and his ship's home, England, sailors' yarns, words of wisdom from an old sailorman, sailors ashore,—these and similar topics are set to sea-music in thirty-four poems. Most of which were published originally in *Punch*, and others in *The Sphere*, *The Westminster Gazette*, *Spectator* and in several other such famous journals.

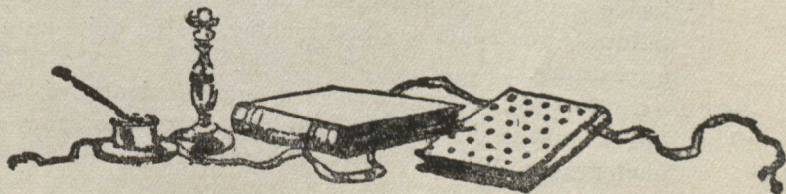
Almost all of the poems are in

rhythms similar to this refrain from "The Portsmouth Road":

East—west—home's best—you'll wander  
far and lone, lad  
But of all the lands you'll find on earth,  
there's none just like your own, lad.

But there is one poem called "Missing", descriptive of a boat that never comes home, which beats to more serious periods and in which the following fine lines occur:

Where rests she now? . . . On what  
Antarctic shore  
Where nothing grows but lichens, grey  
and hoar  
As the pale lips of death . . . and nothing  
moves  
On the long beaches, in the deep sea-  
coves,  
But uncouth sea-beasts in their secret,  
strange  
Matings and breedings . . . nothing seems  
to change  
Year by slow year . . . and the fog comes,  
and the floe,  
And the sea thunders, and the great  
winds blow  
And on still wings great birds go sailing  
by,  
Seeking, with slantwise head and watch-  
ful eye,  
Scraps for their naked nestlings . . . and  
the time  
Comes and the time goes, and the ocean  
slime  
Coats her with foulness and the seaweeds  
green  
Clothe her, whom once men tended like a  
queen.  
Let be! . . . She is one with all things  
that have been—  
Embers of longing—ashes of desire—  
And hope grown cold—and passion  
quenched like fire—  
Friendship that death, or years, or the  
rough ways  
Of chance have sundered . . . all things  
meet for praise,  
Lost yet remembered that were ours of  
yore—  
Things lovely and beloved, that are no  
more . . .



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

## THE TWO ALBUMS

*Beside the  
Wax Fruit*

THE photograph album lay on the walnut centre table in the parlour, beside the wax fruit, the stuffed owl and the family Bible. It was large, handsomely bound in full Levant, hand tooled, and was fastened with a clasp that shone like gold. It was revered not only because it contained the physiognomical record of the family and its immediate ancestry, but also because whenever visitors came it was an unfailing source of interest and entertainment. After the weather had been discussed, the stereoscopic views exhausted and prognostications exchanged as to whether it would be a hard or soft winter, the album was opened with full appreciation of its importance, and the visitor had the privilege of seeing what father looked like before he married mother.

Father's photograph was the first in the album. It was only a tintype, but mother always told everybody that she liked it best of all because it was like father was when she first knew him. He wore a full beard then, for that was the style, and really he looked older than he looked twenty years later. And what clothes! We used to laugh at them, and I should have been just as well pleased if we hadn't shown that photograph at all, it was so ludicrously out of fashion. You see, at that time it hadn't become old enough to be antique, and the velvet coat, trimmed with wide braid, to us actually seemed to be comical. And the trousers! They were more like sausages than anything else, and they were made of cloth different from the coat—a kind of dove-coloured moleskin that gave, they said, a heavy odour in damp weather. The boots ran up inside the legs of the trousers and were of fine leather, well tallowed, you could see, and making, really, quite an elegant appearance.

*Other  
Photographs  
of Father*

But, of course, appearances do not count always. If they did we never should have had the courage to show all the photographs. For we had other photographs of father and

all his folks and of mother when she was a little girl in pantalettes and all her folks. There was, for instance, a perfectly hideous photograph of mother's mother-in-law. If it wasn't hideous mother made us think it was. She was sitting knitting, and had a frown on just as if she had dropped a stitch. Her hair was parted in the centre and brought down tight over the ears, where it was knotted with velvet ribbon. She wore a comical little checked cape, and her spectacles were pushed up on to her forehead so that she could see things at a distance. And to top everything, the pupils of her eyes, which no doubt had been dim in the original, had been touched with black ink, so that they fairly jumped out in front of everything else. That gave her a wild, glaring look, which we understood was in harmony with her disposition.

*A Little  
Girl in  
Pantalettes*

We had more photographs of mother's folks than of father's. One we used to point to with pride was of a cousin of mother's who once played on the piccolo before the Queen at Windsor Castle. And the Queen was so deeply stirred that she presented him with a purse of gold and expressed the hope that he never would have to play for a living. He was the only son of mother's oldest brother, Harry. Of this brother, who of course was our uncle, we had two photographs, one taken just before he was married and the other a year later. You wouldn't have known they were of the same person. Everybody used to remark the difference. Aunt Flora, who always looked through the album every time she came to see us, just to make sure that her own photograph was still there, used to say that as a young man uncle Harry really was very striking. For he had black curly hair, which he kept well oiled, and parted in the middle, back and front. He travelled for a nursery, and in the natural course of events saw much of the country. Mother always was thankful we had the two photographs of him, even if one of them was only a tintype, because, poor man, he never would sit for another.

Then there were the photographs of grandfather and grandmother on mother's side and of grandmother on father's side. Our other grandfather never could be coaxed to have his photograph taken. Mother used to tell us that she remembered him just as if it were yesterday, and then she would whisper that he was a very vain man. He had two hundred acres of land, and his monument when it was erected was the tallest in the graveyard. When the hearse that bore his last mortal remains reached the church door the last rig had not yet left the driveway back on the farm. It was a wonderful

*Tallest in the  
Graveyard*

Photograph  
of  
Grandmother

tribute. But father never said very much about it, although mother, whenever she showed the album to anybody, always mentioned it, because, as she said, nobody would ever know what grandfather had to put up with while he was alive. A photograph of his widow, taken in her weeds, was our constant reminder of him.

This grandmother had a marvellous memory. She could repeat the text of every sermon that had been preached in the Methodist church ever since it was, as she said, inaugurated. And she hadn't missed a funeral in those parts during twenty years. Nevertheless time began to tell on her, and naturally enough her memory weakened. But she never forgot the number of rigs that turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to her husband, and it would have helped her greatly to slip away happily in the end if she could have had any assurance that her own funeral would be even half as large. But before she died she gave all her near relatives a copy of her photograph, the one taken in her weeds, and to father she gave also, with tears in her eyes, and because, as she said, she felt it was father's due—she gave, appropriately framed in black plush, the nameplate from grandfather's coffin. We all were greatly moved. And what moved us even more was her last request, that we take the nameplate from her own coffin, have it framed to match her husband's, and then keep the two always hanging side by side on the west wall of our sitting-room, just opposite the photograph of all the flowers that decorated uncle Harry's coffin. *Ars longa, vita brevis!*

Brief in reality is the span of life as one sees it while turning over the leaves of the album. Many whose representations, especially near the front, reveal youth and beauty and virility, long ago returned to their original clay, and faces that were familiar and dear to us are held now only in memory. But towards the back there were likenesses of a younger generation, many of whom still are with us. There were, for instance, photographs of all us youngsters, taken when babies, some of us in mother's arms, and others all by themselves. There are George and Harry and Frank, and Mary and Margaret and Isabel. And then there is my own, taken when I was but three, when, standing on the chair and doing my mightiest, I couldn't see the canary bird that the man said would pop out if I just kept on looking into the glass without moving. How angry I became when the bird didn't appear! How I tossed up the hair that mother, taking great pains, had parted and combed and brushed! These photographs we

When the  
Bird Didn't  
Appear

passed over quickly, because we knew that most of our visitors were not greatly interested in them. And, anyway, we were eager to have the visitors read from another album, the album of autographs, which always reposed on the whatnot in the corner, over a tidy crocheted of Berlin wool.

The autograph album, in its heyday, became with us almost a malady. Everybody had one, and everybody was composing something suitable, even if, perhaps, not original. It was much too cold and formal to write merely one's name, and therefore it became the ambition of the upcoming generation to think out something that would be arresting, appropriate and to one's credit. And consequently it was with obvious impatience that we waited until the visitor had seen all the photographs of father's folks and mother's folks, had heard about uncle Harry and grandfather and grandmother on father's side, and had seen the nameplates hanging on the wall. We always stood right at mother's elbow with the autograph album ready in our hands and a bottle of frostproof ink, with pen, on the centre table. Then when at length the moment did arrive, when the first album was closed and fastened with the clasp that shone like gold, we pressed forward with the most important item in the entertainment, and asked with, I fear, some timidity whether the visitor would deign to write in our album.

It was, quite properly, the duty as well as the privilege of the visitor, before writing, to read what already had been written. And he would read on the first page this fervent tribute:

Ah, all who know our glorious Kate  
Admire her form so full and straight.  
Tender her glance; from her sweet lip  
Enamoured bees might honey sip!

This reveals not only ability to rhyme, but also admiration and an appreciation of what such beauty might bestow.

Then follows something in the form almost of a prayer; at least it was written by a more pious hand:

Smooth be life's pathway before thee,  
And bright with the sunshine of love,  
May garlands of flowers enwreath thee  
Till angels shall crown thee above.

As "Above" meant, we must suppose, Heaven, it plays an important part in the wishes and sentiments recorded in the album. For the visitor would proceed to read:

As our friendship has budded on earth,  
So may it blossom in Heaven.

*Hopes of  
Heaven*

*In a Less  
Pious Mood*

And then again :

Canada is your native land,  
Ontario is your home,  
May Heaven be your resting-place,  
When on earth you cease to roam.

It seems only natural that there should be some who had not written in a pious mood. For instance :

If scribbling in an album  
Friendship secures  
With the greatest of pleasure  
I'll scribble in yours.

There was something very personal and sometimes very intimate in these autographed sentiments, and in a few instances the meaning seemed to be obscure. For example, when the music teacher wrote,

As brevity is the soul of wit,  
Therefore I shall be brief,

we were not sure just what he meant. Jessie Littlejohn used to remark that he meant to say that shortness is everything. Perhaps that was because she herself was short of many things—short of stature, short of breath, short of that elusive substance that makes both ends meet. And although she used to say that she would rather do a day's washing any time than write her autograph, her name could be found in every album from Dublin to the Boundary. Her favourite text, a text indeed favoured by many others, was this :

I wish you health, I wish you wealth,  
I wish you friends in store,  
I wish you Heaven after death.  
What could I wish you more?

Oftentimes in those days a verse of this character written in an album was decorated with a device in the form of coloured flowers, idealized or classic landscape, doves of peace, cornucopias, or gates ajar stuck on with mucilage. And some of these devices bore mottoes of their own :

Of all that is near  
Thou art the nearest;  
Of all that is dear  
Thou art the dearest.

The sea may rise,  
The mountains fall,  
But my love for thee  
Will live through it all.

*The Motto  
on the  
Device*

Others, again, had only simple and brief inscriptions, such as "Trust in me", "Ever thine", "Think of me" and "Un-

troubled be thy days". Then there were some of more pretension:

Loyal friendship, pure and true,  
Such is what I feel for you.

Believe me or believe me not,  
Thy smiles can never be forgot.

It was the cause of much pride whenever anyone was able to show an original composition written by the school teacher. For the teacher had an enviable local reputation as a poet, a reputation gained by the simple process of never failing to record in appropriate stanzas every death that occurred in the community. But the album, I fear, was a distressing test of versatility. For there the teacher had to depart from the long, solemn cadences of the obituary and set down in quicker, brighter measure lines that, even if coy, were cheerful, felicitous and perhaps urbane. The quality, of course, was determined by the appreciation of the reader; and one might readily imagine the eagerness that attended our first glimpse of what he had written for us:

Here on this pale palimpsest  
I do not write for fame,  
Because I think it's for the best  
That I merely sign my name.

Miss Cherry, our esteemed dressmaker, who had passed a winter in Detroit, said that it revealed the simplicity of the man; and Henry Perkins when he read it just couldn't say a word. He closed the album slowly, got up, bade us all good-bye, went out and untied his horse, and the last we heard of him or his was the sound of the buggy going over Hotham's bridge.

We had hoped that Henry himself would write in the album; but we could see that he was too keenly affected. He told Jessie Littlejohn afterwards that the ordeal was altogether beyond him, that whenever he attempted to write in an album his mind actually became a blank. Then Jessie told him in confidence that in some albums one could find specimen verses. With that information he examined every album he could find, and when at length he found the printed sheet this is what he chose:

Remember me when far away,  
And only half awake;  
Remember me on your wedding-day,  
And send a piece of cake.

Mention of the wedding-day makes one think of the minister. For the minister always responded to a request for his auto-

*The School  
Teacher  
As Poet*

*Readymade  
Sentiments*



*From  
Jessie's  
Album*

graph, and Jessie Littlejohn used to say that she had read quite a number of his verses and that everyone was different from the others. In her album, for example, according to her own quotation, he wrote:

Trust no lovely form or passion,  
Though they look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school or fashion;  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Jesse never was sure whether she liked these verses in her album as well as the ones the minister wrote in ours:

Here's the marble, here's the chisel,  
Take them, work them to thy will.  
Thou alone must shape thy future;  
Heaven give thee strength and skill.

And then, after the visitor had read,

May your cheek retain its colour,  
And your heart be light and gay,  
Till some handsome fellow whispers,  
"Norah, darling, name the day",

and

Choose not your friends from outward show,  
For feathers float and pearls lie low;

after he, or more likely she, had written,

When you're sailing down the stream of life  
In your little bark canoe,  
May you have a jolly time  
And room enough for two,

the album, with becoming reverence, would be replaced over the tidy upon the whatnot, just under the motto, suitably framed in walnut, with walnut shells decorating the corners—this motto, worked also with Berlin wool:

*Back on the  
Whatnot*

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

