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MARCH, 1915

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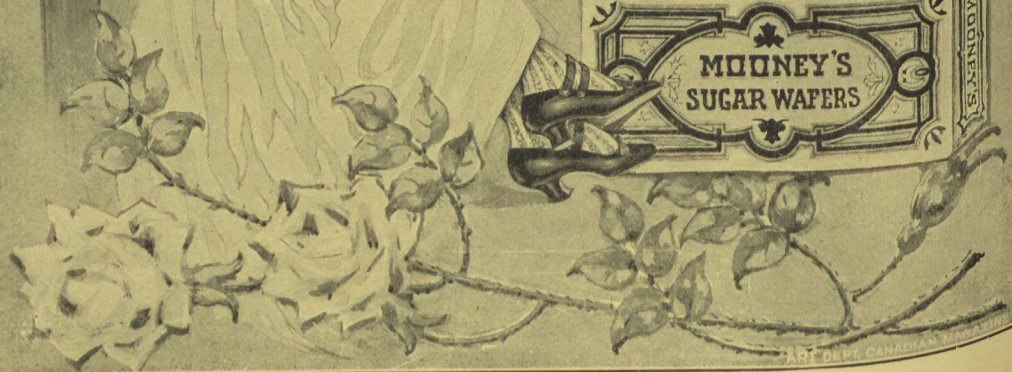
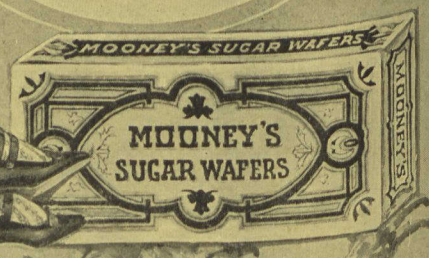
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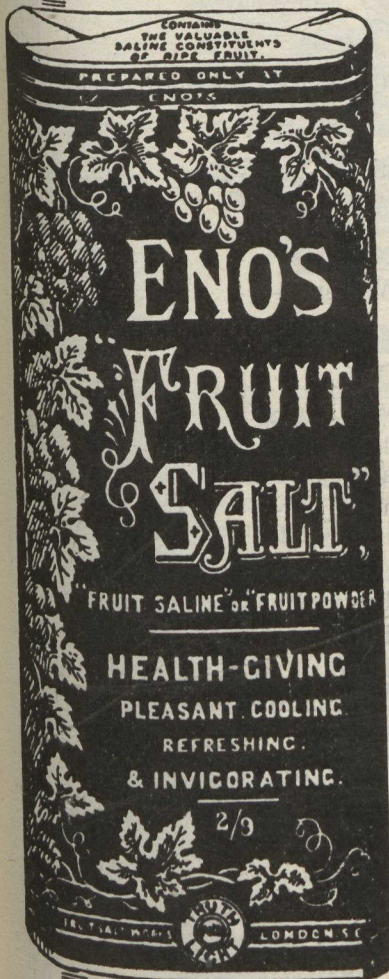
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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIV Contents, March, 1915

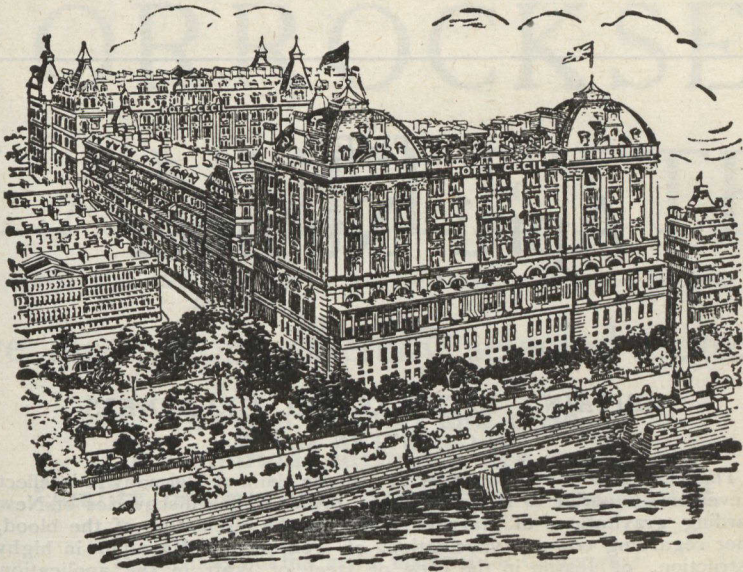
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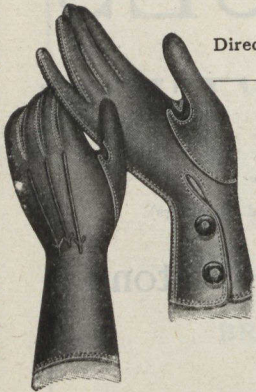
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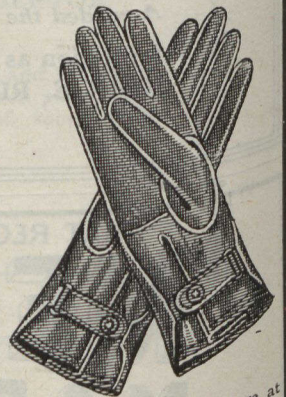
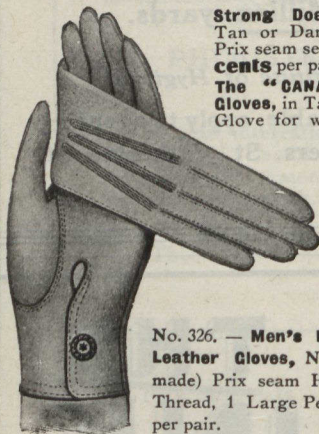
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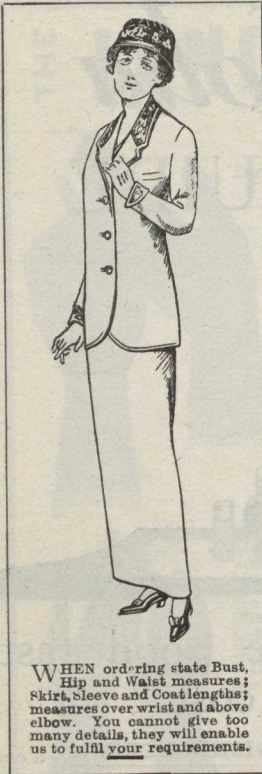
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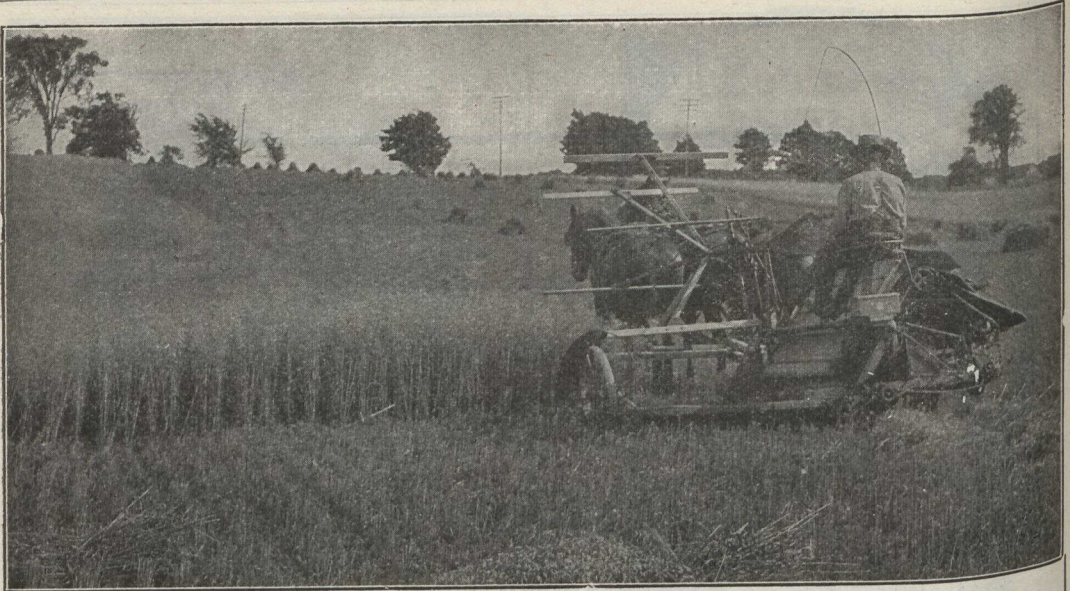
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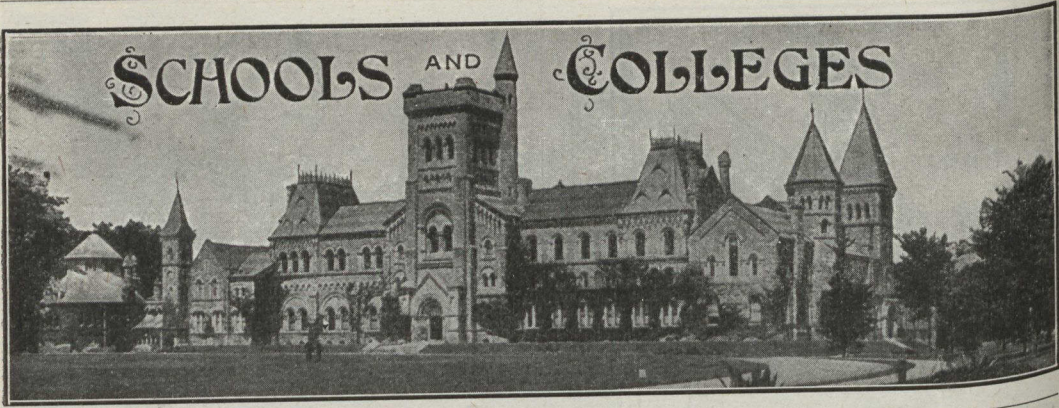
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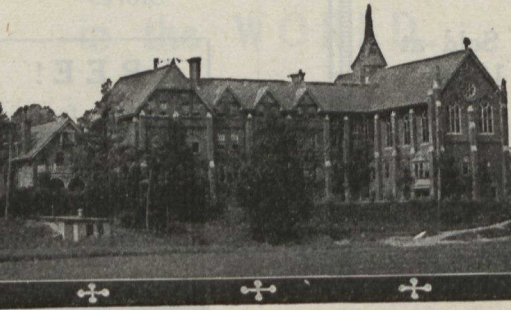
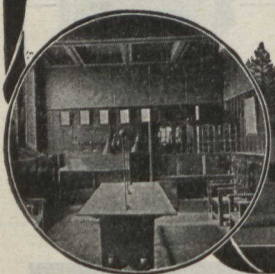
**Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.**

Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

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A Church Residential and Day School For Girls.

Full Matriculation Course, Elementary Work, Domestic Arts,  
Music and Painting,

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**WYKEHAM HALL, COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO.**

**JUNIOR DAY SCHOOL—423 Avenue Road, Head Mistress, Miss R. E. Churchard,†**  
(Higher Certificate National Froebel Union)

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FOUNDED 1865

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### Residential School for Boys!

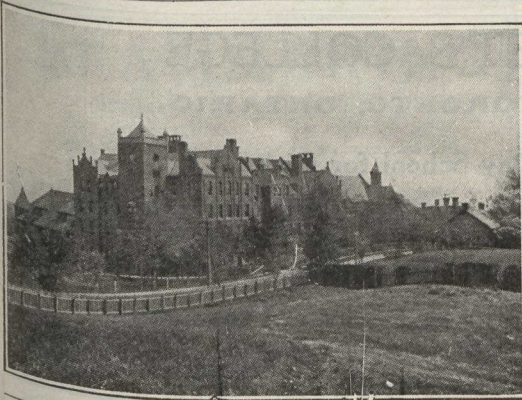
Beautiful Healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario with 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent New Covered Rink.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course, Special attention given to younger boys.

For Calendar apply to the Headmaster—

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A RESIDENTIAL AND  
DAY SCHOOL  
FOR BOYS

TORONTO  
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Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal  
Military College and Business  
UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Calendar sent on application  
Summer Term Commences April 13th, 1915.  
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., L.L.D., Headmaster

## ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M. A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson  
Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.  
Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball,  
Hockey, Swimming Bath.

Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON

President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,

Principal.

## A Boarding School for Boys

ST. ALBAN'S



BROCKVILLE

Headmaster — A. G. M. Mainwaring, M. A., Trinity Coll., Camb.

Housemaster — J. J. Stephens, M. A., Dublin University.

Visitor — The Lord Bishop of Ontario.

Separate houses for Senior and Junior Boys. The School grounds  
cover 24 acres.

Recent R. M. C. Successes: — 1913, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 13th places.  
1914, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th places.

FOR PROSPECTUS ETC., APPLY TO THE HEADMASTER.



## Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

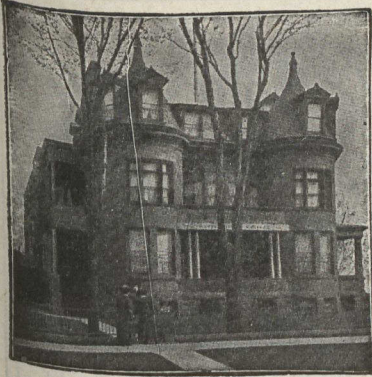
Residential and Day School for Girls

Principal—MISS J. J. STUART  
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Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, England.  
Large well-ventilated house, pleasantly situated.  
Highly qualified staff of Canadian and European  
teachers. The curriculum shows close touch  
with modern thought and education. Prepara-  
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Games, Rink. Outdoor

New Prospectus from Miss STUART.





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Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.

Music, Art and Physical Education.

The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

FOR CALENDAR APPLY—

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MRS. A. R. GREGORY  
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# STAMMERING

or **Stuttering** may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references.

*Cured pupils everywhere.*

**The Arnott Institute**

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# Branksome Hall

10 ELM AVE., ROSEDALE, TORONTO

## A Residential and Day School for Girls

Hon. Principal—Miss M. T. Scott  
Principal—Miss Edith M. Read, M. A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Well equipped Art Department Thoroughly efficient staff, large playgrounds, outdoor games, tennis, basketball, rink. Healthful locality. Primary School for day Pupils.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

# LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Head Master:  
**C. S. Fosbery, M.A.**

## MONTREAL

SUCCESSES R.M.C  
Entrance 2nd, 10th places, 1914.  
McGill Science, 1st place 1910, 1st place 1912, 2nd place 1913 Exhibition Arts, 1913.

## The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

Send for Calendar

## Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

### A Residential School for Girls.

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Young children also received.

Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training.

The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.

Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress.

For terms and particulars, apply to the **SISTER IN CHARGE**, or to **THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Major St., TORONTO.**



## Your Daughter's Education

will have a great influence in moulding her character and future life. The record of

### *Alma (Ladies) College*

covers 33 years of unqualified success in all branches. It is a Christian college-home, ideal in situation, methods and environment.

Picked Faculty.

*For prospectus and terms write the Principal.*

**R. I. WARNER M. A., D. D.,  
St. Thomas. Ont.**

A good moral home and an effective training are furnished simultaneously by

## Woodstock College For Boys

Varied curriculum, picked faculty, sound healthful environment. Correspondence invited.

A. T. MacNEILL, B.A.

Woodstock College - - Woodstock, Ont.

33

## Courses: Matriculation, Art, English, Music.

A carefully chosen faculty of twenty-five instructors are in charge of these very important subjects at

## Moulton College

34 Bloor Street East, Toronto

A residential school for girls and young women.

*Write for prospectus to*

**HARRIETT STRATTON ELLIS,  
B. A., D. Paed., Principal**

36



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THIS is what our student George Caton did after taking our course. The "Smart Set" is the most difficult magazine in America to approach—yet they took his first 5 stories all at once—

He says his whole success is due to our course. This is surely a record—What we have done for Mr. Caton we can do for you. We also teach ART—JOURNALISM—ACCOUNTING—ADVERTISING—SHOW CARD WRITING—SALES-MANSHIP.

Mark the course you prefer—cut out and mail this ad to-day for particulars.

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SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed, and convenient.

Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McGillivray Knowles, R. C. A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal.

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## ASHBURY COLLEGE

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RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Modern Fireproof Building. Pure Water Supply. Small classes. Gymnasium. Chapel. R.M.C. Entrance 1914, all candidates passed, one first place. SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th, 1914.

For Calender apply:—

**REV. GEO. P. WOOLLCOMBE, M.A. [Oxon.]**

Headmaster





**Royal Naval College of Canada**

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets, will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1915, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1915.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval service.

Department of the Naval Service,

Ottawa, January 8th, 1915.

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Hemstitching • Box Pleating.  
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70 cent kid



Jute Soles last longer than any others. Easiest for House, Shop or Factory, Cheapest for School Drill, Asylums, Institutions, D. P., Reading. "Last pair nearly 10 years in use. W. BYGRAVE, New Barnet: "Got last pair 9 years ago, now quite worn." Mrs. E., 15 Hill End, Droitwich, says: (May, 1913). **Have used your shoes for 20 years, cannot do without them.**"

Enclose length of Walking Shoe.

Children's Ladies Gents,  
Prices (add 25c. for postage.)

|   |     |        |        |
|---|-----|--------|--------|
| A. Plain Shoes (without Strapping).....   | 45c | 43c    | 47c    |
| D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration).....   | —   | 65c    | 71c    |
| E. Boots, suit fishing, climbing, &c. (non-slipping).....   | —   | 75c    | 79c    |
| Ditto, Strong Grey Canvas (Shoes 12c per pair less)   | —   | 85c    | 91c    |
| G. Superfine Shoes, no Straps (Boots 25c extra)   | —   | \$1.03 | \$1.09 |
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25c postage does 2 pairs. Send M. O. direct. Established 28 years.

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It is your duty to patronize Home Industry.

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Note Paper and Envelopes

MADE IN CANADA

Ask your stationer for these papers, they are dainty and exclusive.  
If your Stationer does not carry these, write to us and send his name.

**BARBER - ELLIS, Limited**  
BRANTFORD - ONTARIO



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Capital paid-up \$15,000,000  
Reserve Fund 13,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.  
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager. JOHN AIRD, Ass't General Manager.

With branches situated in all the important towns and cities in Canada and with direct representation in New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Ore., London, Eng., Mexico City and St. John's, Newfoundland, this Bank offers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business.

## SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention given to every account. Accounts may be opened by two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them.

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,174,000  
Total Assets - 180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

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W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

**340—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—340**

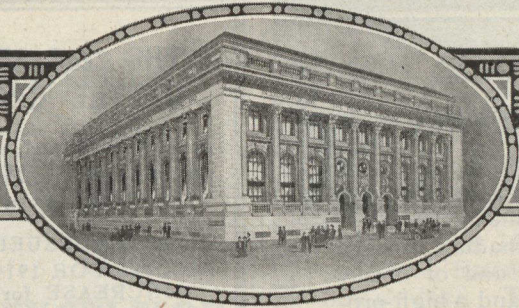
Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Grenada, Jamaica,  
Trinidad and Bahamas Islands, British Guiana and British Honduras.

LONDON, ENG., Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.

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**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT** AT ALL BRANCHES





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should include the keeping of a "Joint Savings Account" in the BANK OF TORONTO. Either of two persons in the household may then deposit or withdraw money as required.

A Joint Account in the BANK OF TORONTO is not only a convenience, but it is also an incentive to thrift, and to the accumulation of a desirable "Bank Balance."

Interest is added half yearly to the Balance.

|              |   |   |              |
|--------------|---|---|--------------|
| Assets, over | - | - | \$61,000,000 |
| Deposits     | - | - | 44,000,000   |

INCORPORATED 1855

# THE BANK OF TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA



## A Safe Place For Your Savings

If you refer to the Government Reports you will ascertain that this institution is one of the oldest established of Canadian Banks, with a Surplus Fund of nearly double its capital and a high proportion of cash reserves. We invite deposits, large and small.

### The Bank of Nova Scotia

With which is united  
The Metropolitan Bank

PAID-UP CAPITAL - - \$ 6,500,000  
RESERVE FUND - - 11,900,000  
TOTAL RESOURCES OVER 90,000,000

BRANCHES OF THIS BANK  
in every Canadian Province, and in Newfoundland, West Indies, Boston, Chicago and New York

## THE 22nd ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GREAT-WEST LIFE

is now in print, and will be mailed on request. Main features of the 1914 Business were:—

|   |   |              |
|---|---|--------------|
| BUSINESS ISSUED, 1914                         | - | \$24,412,261 |
| INCOME FOR 1914                               | - | 4,392,484    |
| INCREASE for the year                         | - | 270,594      |
| ASSETS, Dec. 31st, 1914                       | - | 16,736,444   |
| INCREASE for the year                         | - | 2,353,787    |
| SURPLUS EARNED, 1914                          | - | 892,951      |
| (the largest by far in the Company's history) |   |              |
| BUSINESS IN FORCE, Dec. 31st, 1914            | - | 108,221,932  |
| INCREASE for the year                         | - | 11,173,218   |
| NET DEATH CLAIMS, 1914                        | - | 396,449      |
| DECREASE for the year                         | - | 9,158        |
| GROSS RATE OF INTEREST EARNED                 | - | 7.93%        |

ASK FOR THE FULL REPORT

THE  
**Great-West Life Assurance Co.**

HEAD OFFICE:—WINNIPEG

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Furnishes  
a Complete  
System of  
Insurance

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

**Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000**

Total  
Benefits  
Paid  
42 Million  
Dollars

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FRED J. DARCH, S.S. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R. TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO

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**THIS INVESTMENT  
HAS PAID 7% PER ANNUM**

7%  
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half-yearly, since the Securities of this corporation have been placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. **Write at once for full particulars and booklet.**

**National Securities Corporation**

LIMITED  
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You can make sure provision for your loved ones by a policy in



## THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Our Monthly Income Policy will give your beneficiary A Guaranteed Monthly Income for twenty years after your death.  
HEAD OFFICE:—TORONTO, CANADA

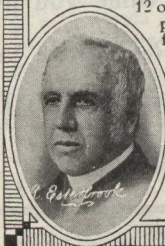
# Esterbrook Radio Pens

26 styles

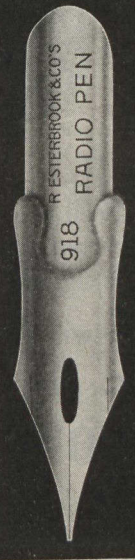
The newest idea in pens—the Esterbrook line *de luxe*. **Triple silver plated**—non-corrosive and imparts a “velvet touch” as well as a lasting brilliance and unusual durability.

Put up in handsome leatherette gold-embellished cases—a highly artistic packing which they truly deserve.

**SEND 10c.** for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.



**Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.**  
New York, Camden, N.J.  
**Brown Bros., Ltd.**  
Canadian Agents  
Toronto



# BOND OFFERINGS

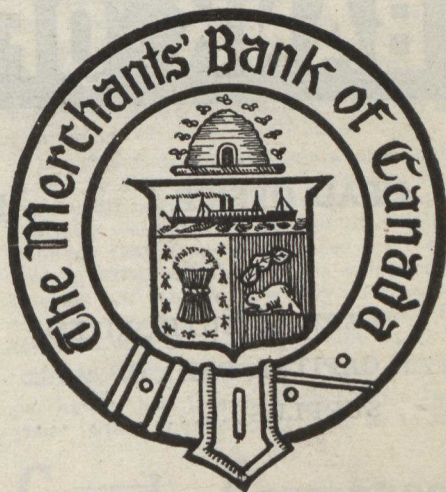
Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining **SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST** with **THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.**

**Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.**

**Yield 4% to 6%**

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED**  
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG



**Paid-up Capital** - - - \$7,000,000  
**Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits** - 7,248,134

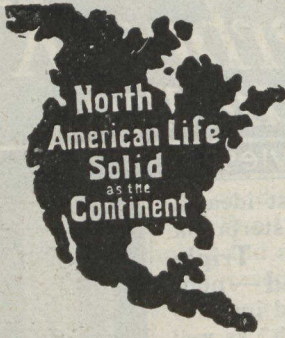
**213 Branches in Canada.**  
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**Savings Department at all Branches.**

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

**General Banking Business.**





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If that grey bearded old man of the scythe were going to cut you off tomorrow, would you listen to a proposition whereby, for a moderate sum deposited with the North American Life, your wife would be assured a substantial annual income as long as she should live? Of course you would.

Well you do not know the time, but the call is certain. Still we make you that proposition—an income absolutely guaranteed your widow every year as long as she shall live.

It will save you worry while you live; it will save the home when you die. Get the little booklet "The Real Service" which explains it fully. You have but to ask.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
 Head Office . . . . . TORONTO, CAN.

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

|                      |             |
|----------------------|-------------|
| CAPITAL AUTHORIZED.. | \$5,000,000 |
| CAPITAL PAID UP..... | \$3,000,000 |
| SURPLUS .....        | \$3,750,000 |

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
 BRANCHES





## That Satisfied Feeling

that comes to one when an investment turns out better than expected is the daily experience of Policyholders in the

## London Life Insurance Company

London Canada

Actual results under present rates exceed estimates by one-third. It is pretty safe to insure with such a Company, is it not?

Protection and provision for old age are wonderfully combined under our Endowments at Life Rate.

*Write for pamphlet.*

*Policies*  
*"GOOD AS GOLD"*

## As a Depository FOR Your Savings

we ask you to consider the strength and stability of this old-established institution. From 1855 to the present time citizens of Toronto and people in all parts of the world have found it a safe and convenient place to deposit their savings. The thrifty and conservative Scottish investors have entrusted it with many millions of pounds sterling. In the history of our city and our country there have been many "lean years," many periods of "hard times," there have been national and international financial stringencies, and several financial panics, but there has never been a moment's delay in returning any funds of our depositors when called for. To-day the Corporation has

### SIX MILLION DOLLARS

of fully paid-up capital, backed up by a Reserve Fund of

### FOUR AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS.

Its Assets, which are all most conservatively invested in the safest possible securities, exceed

### THIRTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

But, though the Corporation has grown to such dimensions, it encourages as much as ever the depositor of small sums. It has many small accounts; in fact, its invested funds are to a large extent the accumulation of many small sums.

It has also some large accounts which have grown to their present proportions from very small beginnings. For this reason it cordially welcomes the deposit of a dollar, knowing that in most instances the incentive to save and the regular addition of interest will ensure a steady increase in the balance at the depositor's credit. Interest is credited to the account at

### THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

per annum and is compounded twice each year. Open your account with us to-day.

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street - Toronto


Established 1855




## They vote for Blaisdell

American Tobacco Company  
Standard Oil Company  
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Simply to select at random several of the many great organizations which use Blaisdell Pencils wholly or in part.



**Stop!  
Look!  
Save!**



If the power of example counts for anything, the endorsement which these concerns give Blaisdell is of importance to every buyer of lead pencils.

Blaisdell 7200 is justly described an "indelible wonder." Order by number from your stationer.

*Sold by all progressive Canadian Stationers*

**Blaisdell** Paper Pencil Company  
PHILADELPHIA



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No wonder! For they are receiving from \$110.00 to \$190.00 for every \$100.00 invested in premiums, to say nothing of the protection they have enjoyed.

The amount of the return, of course, varies with the term of the Endowment. Don't speculate! Take an Endowment policy and share in the prosperity of

**THE MUTUAL LIFE  
ASSURANCE COMPANY  
OF CANADA  
WATERLOO, ONTARIO**

100

## What a Boon

To the Insuring public has the Non-Forfeiture clause, attached to all Federal Life Policies, been in the past year. By this automatic loaning privilege, we have kept in force many policies that would otherwise have lapsed, and by so doing have saved many homes.

Get particulars about this from—

THE  
**Federal Life Assurance Co.**

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONT.



**CLEANS**  
**WITH DETERMINATION**  
**SCOURS**  
**WITH DISCRETION**  
**POLISHES**  
**WITH DESPATCH**

SILVER WRAPPER

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS  
**SAPOLID**  
 SAPOLID  
 1872

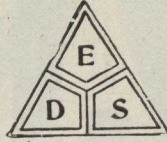
BLUE BAND

GET  
 WHAT YOU  
 ASK FOR

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY  
 SOLE MANUFACTURERS

**WORKS WITHOUT WASTE**





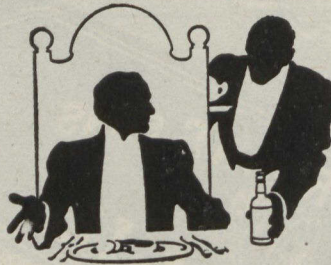
Jams Jellies Preserves Catsup Grape Juice

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Our name and label is a guarantee that the contents of any of our bottles, is the best that money, skill, care and cleanliness can produce, the contents are selected for quality.



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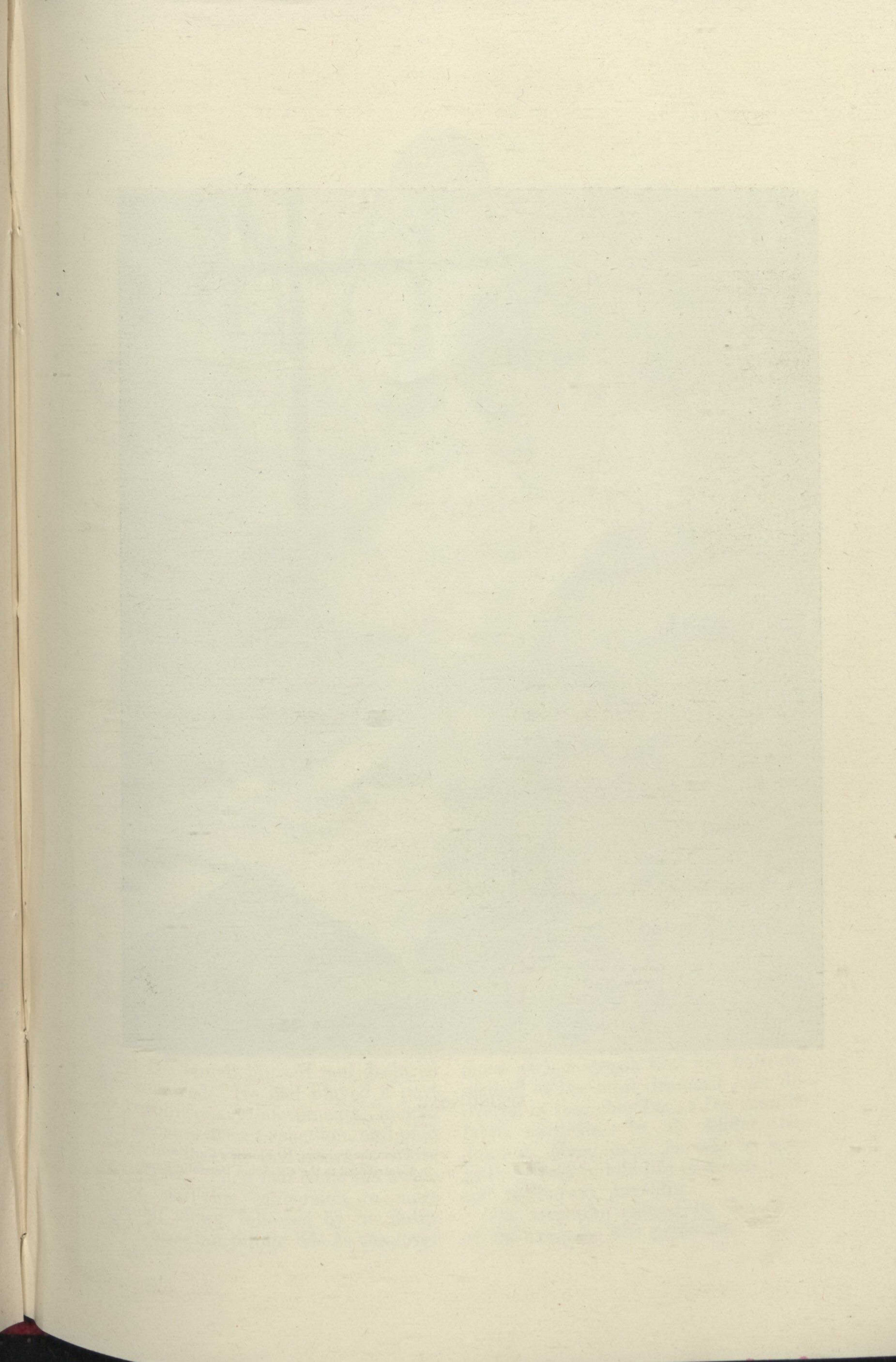
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FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

III.—THE CASE OF PATRICK JAMES WHELAN, WHO WAS HANGED FOR  
THE MURDER OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

THE assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee stands out in history as the supreme tragedy of Canadian public life. It was an event which, in the words of one who knew the murdered statesman well, "caused to mingle with his precious gore the tears of nations," and crowned with martyrdom a career that is one of the romances of political biography.

As poet, journalist, "patriot," and orator, McGee had won a reputation in both the Old World and the New. With voice and pen, on the platform and in the press, in prose and in verse, at home and abroad, he had fought the battle of Irish freedom with a power and passion which the great O'Connell himself had declared was inspired. He had played a part in revolutionary movements, incited and assisted armed rebellion, and paid the price in exile and years of storm and stress. Then had come the awakening, and his conversion to more rational views, followed by his entry into Canadian public life as the lover

of peace and constitutional reform, though not less the friend of Ireland, as the eloquent advocate of British rule and British institutions, the statesman, and the nation-builder.

Suddenly, in the early hours of an April morning in 1868, in the midst of his legislative labours in behalf of the young Dominion whose foundations he had helped to lay, when his eventful life had reached its meridian and his genius was beginning to have full play, there came the flash of the assassin's pistol, and at the door of his temporary home in Ottawa lay foully murdered one of the most gifted men who ever sat in a Canadian Parliament. A few hours previously he had charmed the House of Commons with a speech that has been described as the most dramatic ever delivered in that chamber; a few months later, according to his leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, he was to have retired from public life to devote himself to literary pursuits.

The sensation caused by the news of the tragedy was profound. It was



known that the victim had had enemies, and none more bitter than some of his own countrymen, who regarded his change of views as a betrayal of the cause he had formerly espoused so zealously. Particularly had he excited the hostility of the Fenian Brotherhood. Accordingly, it was in that direction that the authorities looked for a clue to the perpetrator of the crime, and, within twenty-four hours, the gaol at Ottawa was filled with suspects. Eventually, the circle was narrowed down to half a dozen, among whom one Patrick James Whelan, a working tailor, was marked out as the principal. His antecedents and movements were carefully traced, information was obtained from several of the other prisoners, and as a result he was indicted on the capital charge.

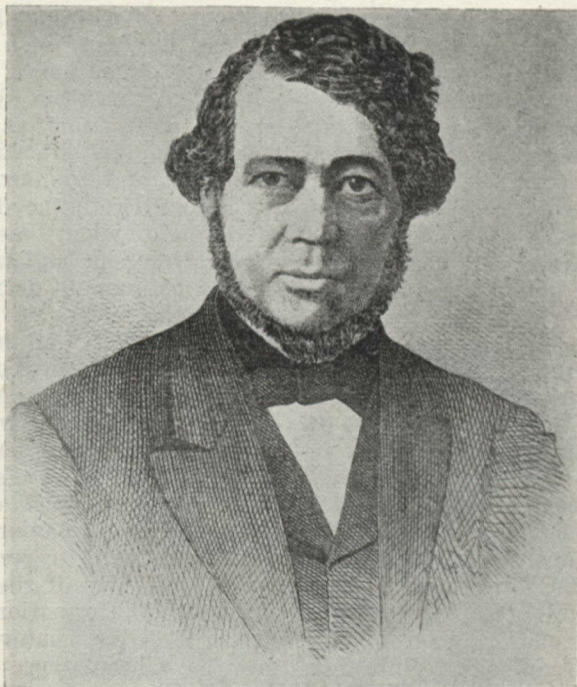
Such was the course of events that led up to a trial, the records of which, buried deep in the files of newspapers nearly half a century old, form one of the most sensational chapters in Canadian political annals, and offer an absorbing study in criminology. The character and circumstances of the tragedy, the suspected motive behind it, the celebrity of the victim, the mystery surrounding the accused and his associates, and the promise of startling revelations concerning the secret workings of the Fenian organization all combined to invest with peculiar interest and significance a case that attracted the attention of the entire English-speaking world.

Commenced in the old county court-house at Ottawa on September 7th, 1868, the proceedings extended over eight days, during which public interest was maintained at a high pitch. On the bench sat the burly figure of Provincial Chief Justice Richards, who afterwards rose to the highest judicial position in the Dominion—a capable judge, whose rough exterior and quiet manner concealed a wide and deep knowledge of law. The counsel were a somewhat remarkable group. For the Crown appeared a young and comparatively unknown

Ottawa barrister—Mr. James O'Reilly, Q.C. It was a matter for some surprise that, in a case so important, the Ontario Government had entrusted the prosecution to a single lawyer, and an unexperienced one at that; but Mr. O'Reilly had displayed marked ability in his handling of the *cause* in its preliminary stages, and the confidence reposed in him in the subsequent proceedings was amply justified by the result. Certainly his task was no light one, for opposed to him were two of the leading lights of the Ontario bar; indeed, two of the ablest lawyers who ever addressed a Canadian jury—Hon. J. Hilliard Cameron, Q.C., and Hon. M. C. Cameron, Q.C. Of the former it has been said that as a speaker he had few equals, either in Parliament or at the bar, while in cross-examination he was the terror of witnesses. Less aggressive, and more dignified in manner, M. C. Cameron had a reputation second only to that of his distinguished namesake and colleague. Associated in the defence with these two legal stalwarts were Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Q.C., and Mr. J. O'Farrel, a Quebec lawyer, who, it was generally supposed, had been commissioned by the Fenian organization to look after the interests of Whelan. Incidentally, it may be noted that while the accused, an Irish Catholic, was prosecuted by one of his own race and faith, he was defended by the most prominent Orangeman of Ontario and a member of the Government that had offered a reward for his arrest!

Largely because of his supposed connection with the Fenians, public opinion was strongly prejudiced against the prisoner. Indeed, little doubt was entertained as to his guilt, the common impression being that he was the hired or selected agent of a gang of conspirators in Montreal who had employed or encouraged him to put McGee out of the way as a "traitor." The authorities, and the Crown counsel, were of a similar opinion when the trial commenced, but the





THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

difficulty confronting the prosecution was, first, to establish complicity on the part of an organization the members of which were pledged, on pain of death, not to divulge its secrets; and secondly, to prove the identity of the prisoner with the murderer, who had carried out his infernal work so stealthily as to avoid positive recognition.

The popular conception of a Fenian in the sixties was that of a wild Irishman who combined in his person all the repellent features of the worst criminal type. To those who held this view, Whelan's appearance must have been somewhat disappointing. By a journalist who attended the trial he was described as "a respectably dressed and not at all a bad-looking Irishman, not very tall nor, apparently, very powerful; with pale face, reddish hair, full beard and moustache; light, restless eyes; an Irish nose slightly tip-tilted, and a broad and not very low forehead." All accounts

agree that throughout the trial he exhibited remarkable composure. Occasionally he showed a trace of nervousness, and irritability, but generally his air was that of one unjustly accused, and, when the opportunity offered, he strongly protested his innocence. But that, evidently, was only one side of his character. From the evidence it appeared that his demeanour in gaol was vastly different. There, it was stated, he whistled and danced, and sang ribald ditties, cursed and blasphemed, boasted that he, and he alone, had "done for" McGee, and altogether acted in a way that betrayed an utterly callous and depraved nature.

Of Whelan's antecedents little was revealed at the trial. A native of Dublin, he claimed that he had served for nine years in the army, and colour was lent to his claim by the fact that after emigrating to Canada he joined the local volunteer cavalry at Quebec. There, a witness had known him in



1865 under the name of Sullivan. Statements appeared in the press to the effect that he was a notorious Fenian who had been forced to leave Quebec on account of his sympathies, that he had then gone to Buffalo, and associated himself with the Fenian societies in that city; and that subsequently he had got into trouble at Hamilton, Ontario. But no evidence on any of these points was submitted at the trial.

There was no dubiety, however, as to his movements for some months prior to the murder. In the summer of 1867 he was in the employment of a tailor in Montreal, and it was in connection with the first Federal elections, which took place about that time, that he made his entry as the villain of the drama that ended on the gallows. McGee was a candidate for one of the Montreal divisions in which the Irish element was strongly represented. Factional feeling ran high, and the seat was fiercely contested. By his denunciation of the Fenian movement the poet-orator had made enemies of many of his former friends and supporters. He was branded as a traitor, subjected to the vilest calumnies, and even threatened with violence. Among his detractors was Whelan, who, it appeared, left his employment to join in the work of attacking and, if possible, defeating him. Allowance must always be made for the language used and the temper displayed in the heat of an election, but the evidence showed that the accused acted in a most malevolent manner, to say the least. On one occasion he flourished a revolver, and declared he would "shoot McGee like a rat." On another, he boasted that McGee would never take his seat in Parliament, or, if he did, that he would not keep it long for he (Whelan) would "blow his — brains out before the session is over."

The Crown relied upon the evidence of these, and other threats, to prove intent, and, considered in the light of subsequent events, it was certainly

ominous. But it was far from supporting the theory of a conspiracy or plot. The agent of a secret society selected to carry out the death sentence of a "traitor" is hardly likely to proclaim his intentions from the house-tops, and it is inconceivable that the Fenian Brotherhood, noted for its subtle and silent methods, would select a bibulous and garrulous braggart to execute its decree. The fact is that the efforts of the Crown to prove complicity on the part of the Fenian organization completely failed. It has been suggested by at least one historian that the whole truth was not disclosed, that important evidence bearing upon Whelan's Fenian associations was withheld or suppressed. It seems fairer to assume that, owing to the pledges of secrecy imposed upon the members of the Brotherhood, the desired information could not be procured. But whatever the reasons may have been, there was assuredly no tangible or conclusive testimony as to the hatching of a murderous plot, and the promised revelations of the inner workings of a dreaded movement failed to materialize. Indeed, the only evidence capable of being construed as proof that Whelan had accomplices was given by a witness named Wade, who stated that he had been present at meetings of a number of Irishmen held in a small room in the house of one Duggan in Montreal, and had heard them discuss the fate of McGee. "A man with a lightish complexion and large nostrils" was the vague description of the leader who had done most of the talking at these conferences, and the prisoner, addressed as "Smith," had remarked that McGee, having sold his friends, should be "had out of that." Not only was this story uncorroborated, however; it was also open to the criticism that a secret society is not likely to hatch murder plots in the presence of a stranger.

Whether Whelan had accomplices, or not, the evidence produced by the Crown left little room for doubt as to





PATRICK JAMES WHELAN

The Assassinator of Thomas D'Arcy McGee

the hostile nature of his own intentions. The threats uttered in the excitement of a bitterly contested election might not have meant much by themselves, but they assumed a decidedly sinister aspect when viewed in conjunction with the story told in the witness-box of a significant visit paid by the accused to McGee's house in Montreal early on New Year's morning, months after the election fever had subsided. When he called, Mr. D'Arcy McGee was in bed, and the latter's half-brother, John Joseph McGee, took the precaution to lock the outer door before arousing him. When admitted to the library, Whel-

an, who announced himself as "Smith of the Grand Trunk," professed to have information that the house was to be blown up a few hours later, whereupon he was asked to convey a message to the police requesting assistance, which message he failed to deliver until three hours afterwards. Subsequently, he made the statement that had D'Arcy McGee himself opened the door of his house on the occasion referred to he (Whelan) "would have shot the —— like a dog."

Having shown by his threats and actions in Montreal that Whelan was animated by no friendly motive towards McGee, counsel for the Crown



proceeded to prove how, frustrated in his fiendish purpose in that city, he pursued his prey to Ottawa and there, with almost devilish deliberation, awaited the opportunity to strike. From the beginning of 1868, McGee was shadowed at every turn. When he fell sick, and returned to his home in Montreal, the prisoner followed; when he went back to Ottawa to resume his Parliamentary duties Whelan was at his heels. Obtaining employment at his trade in the capital, he spent his days in the workshop, and his nights in the House of Commons. When McGee was in his place in the House, the prisoner sat in the gallery; when the member for the Montreal division was absent, so was Whelan. There was evidence that, on more than one occasion when the latter occupied a seat in the gallery, he carried a revolver in his jacket pocket, and seemed nervous and excited. It was also proved that twice he called at McGee's boarding-house on the pretence of getting a drink. On St. Patrick's Day he attended the local celebration and heard McGee deliver an oration in which he ominously declared that "even a silent Irishman might do something to serve his country."

The night preceding the tragedy was a memorable one in the House of Commons. The question of Nova Scotia's attitude towards Confederation was the subject of debate, and McGee was one of the principal speakers. In an eloquent and statesman-like utterance he counselled a policy of conciliation in respect to the Maritime Province, pleaded for moderation on both sides, and strongly condemned those who were seeking to foster a spirit of disaffection and disunion. In a significant phrase he charged an honourable member with "striking below the belt."

While its greatest orator held the House breathless with his noble eloquence, there sat in the Speaker's gallery the sinister figure of Whelan, following the words of the speaker with an intensity that attracted the notice

of those around him. A messenger of the House testified that the prisoner exhibited unmistakable signs of excitement while McGee was addressing the Chamber. When the words "striking below the belt" were used he leaned over the front of the gallery, gnashed his teeth, and shook his finger menacingly in the direction of the orator. He was also observed to place his right hand inside his coat, as if feeling for something in his breast pocket.

At the close of his speech McGee left the House, and it was noticed that Whelan immediately followed. He returned later, only to go out again. After going and coming several times he was seen standing in the outer lobby near the entrance, and later he took up a position in the shadow of the porch. According to the testimony of more than one witness, he was there when the House adjourned a few minutes after two o'clock.

Meanwhile, what of McGee? Sir George E. Cartier testified that, passing along the corridor on his way out with Sir Alexander Galt, he saw his doomed friend and colleague putting on his overcoat and smoking a cigar. In the lobby the latter was joined by Mr. Robert MacFarlane, the member for Perth, and together they left the building, passing out by the main exit, where a few minutes previously Whelan had been seen lurking, and walking arm in arm down the centre walk. It was a beautiful morning, the sleeping city lying bathed in the cold clear light of a full April moon. The two members, conversing gaily together, sauntered down to the corner of Metcalfe and Sparks Streets, where, after bidding each other "Good morning," they parted. McGee turned along Sparks Street towards the *Toronto House*, where he boarded, smoking his cigar and walking slowly and unsuspectingly to his fate. Reaching the door of his temporary home, he was about to insert the key in the lock when there came



the flash of the assassin's pistol, and he sank to the ground with a bullet through his head.

Up to the point at which Whelan was observed lurking in the shadow of the Parliament Buildings, presumably waiting for McGee to emerge, the evidence was clear and convincing; but there remained to the Crown the difficult task of linking up the prisoner's threatening movements with the black act which followed. The assassin had laid his plans cunningly, and done his foul work with great stealth. He had waited for the opportunity to strike when, as he thought, he would be undisturbed and unrecognized. In the circumstances positive proof of identity could hardly be expected, and yet, without it, the chances of conviction were slight. Fate, however, came to the rescue of the prosecution, and to the discomfiture of the prisoner, in the person of a young French-Canadian named Jean Baptiste Lacroix, who claimed to have been an eye-witness of the tragedy. In broken English he described how he had seen one man dressed in black with a beaver hat trailed by another clad in a dark coat and lightish pantaloons, and wearing a cap. "The man in the rear left the sidewalk, made a circuit in the street, and came behind the first man, firing at him while the latter appeared to be trying to open the door of a house." Lacroix admitted that he had not seen the murderer's face, but he was positive that Whelan was the man who fired the shot. Certainly his description of the assassin tallied in every particular with the appearance of the prisoner as it had been sworn to by the witnesses who had observed him in the House of Commons.

The credibility of Lacroix was really the crucial element in the case. His evidence formed the connecting link in the chain forged by the Crown, and, if it failed to convince, there was an end of the inquiry. On the one hand, he was held up as "a simple-minded Frenchman" whose artless

story was the best proof of his veracity; on the other, he was denounced as "a claqueur, liar, and boaster," who had concocted the tale with the object of obtaining a reward. Evidence was produced by the defence to prove that he was a man of bad repute, but what doubtless impressed the jury in his favour, as it seems to have impressed the judge, was the fact that Mr. Hilliard Cameron's cross-examination failed to shake his testimony in any important particular.

If any doubt remained in the minds of the jury as to Whelan's identity with the assassin, it probably vanished with the production of the revolver found in his possession, along with the bullet which, after passing through the head of poor McGee, had lodged in the lintel of the door of his boarding-house. The revolver had been freshly loaded in one chamber and the fatal bullet was exactly after the pattern of those used by the prisoner. Finally, there came the admissions made by Whelan in gaol. A detective deposed that he had overheard him remark to a fellow prisoner, "Yes, I'm a great fellow; I shot that fellow like a dog. My name will go down to posterity." Another witness spoke of a conversation he had heard in the prison in which Whelan blamed drink for his downfall. "Whisky is the devil," he had said; "if it wasn't for whisky I would never have shot McGee. I was as drunk as the devil when I did it." To a turnkey he confessed that he had two accomplices, but that he was alone when the murder was committed. "The other two skedaddled home," he said, and he added, "If I had not been drunk I would have gone home, too."

The evidence for the defence was mainly directed to attacking the credibility of the principal witnesses for the Crown. No attempt was made to establish an alibi. In a powerful and eloquent speech, Mr. Hilliard Cameron contended that the case against the prisoner rested wholly upon circumstantial evidence, and that his

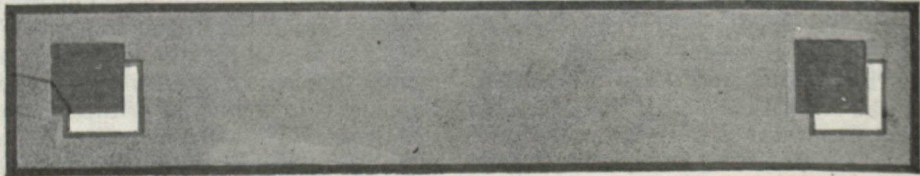


movements, both in Montreal and Ottawa, were as consistent with innocence as with guilt. The argument as to the indirect nature of the testimony was undoubtedly sound, but, as has been indicated, that evidence, though far from conclusive in some respects, was singularly complete, and closely interwoven. The threats in Montreal, the visit to McGee's house, the persistent shadowing of the deceased by the prisoner, the latter's behaviour in the House of Commons, his identification by Lacroix, the evidence of the revolver and fatal bullet, and his admissions in gaol—all these were connected links in a chain which the efforts of the ablest counsel in Canada could not break.

After a plain, unvarnished review of the evidence by Chief Justice Richards, Whelan was found guilty, and then came the most dramatic incident of the trial—an impassioned address to the jury by the condemned man, in which he vigorously protested his innocence. "He spoke," we are told, "with just emphasis, and proper action, and with considerable force and even dignity." "It was a scene," adds the reporter, "which left a painful impression upon all who witnessed it," and which provided a striking climax to a sensational trial. Sentence of death followed, and, after a temporary respite, Whelan was hanged on February 11th, 1869, his execution being the last of a public nature held in Canada.

There are those who still maintain, or rather, darkly hint that in the case of Whelan there was a grave miscarriage of justice, that he was convicted and executed for a crime committed by one who succeeded in evading the penalty of his guilt by turning "informer"; but in the light of the facts, many of them uncontradicted, disclosed at the trial, it seems impossible to form any other conclusion than that the verdict returned by the jury was a true and just verdict. While there must always be an element of doubt in a conviction obtained on circumstantial evidence, there has seldom been a case in which such testimony pointed so strongly and irrefragably in one direction as in that under review.

It would also seem that the picturesque theory cherished by his biographers, and by not a few historians, that McGee was the victim of a Fenian conspiracy or plot must, for the sake of historical accuracy, be abandoned. As has been pointed out, the efforts of the Crown to trace his death to that source entirely failed, and it is significant that neither in the prosecuting counsel's address to the jury, nor in the judge's charge, was the word "Fenian" ever mentioned. The motive of the murderer was, no doubt, political revenge, but it would appear to have been stimulated, if not inspired, by drink as much as by factional influences and by an insensate craving for notoriety.





# SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, BAR'T

BY W. A. CRAICK

THERE is a story told which so adequately explains the reason for Sir Hamar Greenwood's spectacular advancement that it might well serve as the foundation on which to erect a short sketch of his career and personality. In the early nineties when the future baronet was in the midst of his course at the University of Toronto, the local militia company of his home town, Whitby, was re-organized and he obtained a commission in it as lieutenant. Evidently there had been a good deal of dead wood in the ranks, for the captain cut down the company strength to such an extent that just before the summer camp was held, it became necessary to send to Toronto for recruits. A brother captain happened to be in a similar plight, so that all told about thirty men had to be procured in the city.

On the day that the camp was scheduled to commence at Whitby, the new lieutenant was despatched to Toronto with thirty dollars in his pocket to bring the recruits to the town. To do this with proper dignity, he donned the uniform which had been passed on to him by a former officer, but found to his disgust that both its appearance and its fit were by no means as desirable as they might be. Always a great stickler in the matter of dress, it was distressing to him to have to wear anything that was not just right. Accordingly, on arrival in the city, he betook himself to a military tailor and expended the thirty dollars in improving his sar-

torial appearance. Then he hurried to the rendezvous where the thirty men were waiting, and having produced a piece of chalk, marked on the lapels of the coats of the first fifteen the figure one, and on those of the second fifteen the figure two; which done, he lined them up and marched them down Yonge Street to the Union Station.

The brilliantly uniformed lieutenant, with scarcely a cent left in his pocket, and the thirty recruits, equally penniless, boarded the train for Whitby. They had no tickets; they had absolutely no right to travel a foot on the road. But the masterful young officer, with the utmost unconcern, fairly coerced the conductor into carrying the party to its destination.

"It's all right, conductor," said he; "I'm an officer of the militia. I have orders to take these men to the camp at Whitby. The transportation will be paid. You needn't worry." These were some of the cool remarks he addressed to the official; and the official, quite overcome by the lordly airs of the lieutenant, allowed him to have his way.

Blessed with supreme confidence in himself; at his ease in any circumstances in which he may be placed; never at a loss for the right word or the correct action, Hamar Greenwood has gone on his way mastering every difficulty that has risen before him. Even as a lieutenant of militia in a small Ontario town he possessed, as has been shown, a sense of his im-



portance and a determination to sweep things along as he deemed they should be swept along, and this confidence was bound eventually to carry him to the top.

The general circumstances of Sir Hamar Greenwood's career are by now fairly well known. Partly no doubt by design, partly through an unconscious display of natural peculiarities, attention has been constantly drawn towards him. Theatrically inclined, both in dress and bearing; gifted with undoubted histrionic powers, and withal possessed of a distinguished presence, he is one about whose personality the limelight has long been playing brilliantly and effectively.

The new baronet was born in Whitby on February 7th, 1870. His father, a Welshman, who when he came to Canada was said to have been unable either to read or write a word of English, was a lawyer by profession. According to local tradition, he was a man possessed of many of the characteristics that have since distinguished his son. His name was John Hamer Greenwood, and all his children were baptized Hamer, the future baronet being called Thomas Hamer Greenwood. In his youth referred to familiarly as "Tom," he later dropped the commonplace cognomen and, changing the Hamer to Hamar, became known henceforth as Hamar Greenwood pure and simple. The change was entirely to be expected in one of his peculiar temperaments.

The young Whitbyite attended the local schools and advanced to the point where he was successful in securing his third-class certificate. He had the teaching profession in view, for in the following autumn he registered as a student at the Whitby Model School. Hardly had he begun his attendance at the model classes, however, than he got wind of a vacancy in the school in the village of Manchester. In teaching circles this particular school was regarded as one of the plums of the county, and

Hamar, though he had not the requisite qualifications, resolved to have the position. With that tenacity and determination which have always characterized him, he wheedled one of the collegiate masters into supporting him, wormed a permit from the county inspector, and got the appointment. At the end of the model term he returned to Whitby and passed the examination with flying colours.

There are not wanting anecdotes of his school-teaching days. One—and it is most characteristic—relates to a funeral. An old pauper had died and was about to be buried in unceremonious fashion. Hearing of the proposed indignity to the dead, the young dominie decided that he would not suffer the corpse to be interred without some semblance of Christian burial. He accordingly took his prayer-book and followed the hearse to the cemetery, where he read the service for the dead in impressive style. This done, he took the opportunity to pronounce a funeral oration over the grave, which was so affecting as to cause many of those present to shed tears.

Even as a village school teacher, Hamar Greenwood was able to gratify his theatrical ambitions. In collaboration with the teacher of the school at Utica, a neighbouring hamlet, he wrote a melodrama, which was in due course staged in a hall in Manchester. He himself played the rôle of villain, and he did it well. Indeed, he had been accustomed to perform before audiences, domestic and public, ever since he was an infant. The village performance is still green in the memory of old residents, who will now have an added interest in recalling its details.

In the fall of 1892, several weeks after the term had opened, Hamar Greenwood made his initial appearance in the corridors of 'Varsity. Those who were students at the time recall the curiosity that his advent excited. He was tall, good-looking, and fashionably dressed. As he strode





SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD, BART

through the halls, his lordly manner compelled attention. Thanks to his industry while a school teacher, he was able to enter the University in the sophomore year, escaping the enforced misery of freshman existence. His course was political economy, and in his studies he contrived to maintain himself throughout in the first class. He had the brains and the desire to excel and, despite his airs and graces, was an earnest student.

The class to which he belonged was the famous class of 1895, about which heaved and surged all the storm of the memorable revolution of that year. Greenwood was one of the leaders in the insurrection, joining with Tucker and Chisholm in his defiance of the authorities and demanding both on the platform and in the press a more competent administration of university affairs.

His vacations were spent in such employment as would enable him to replenish his finances, for he practically put himself through college. He once spent some months handling freight among the 'longshoremen at

Buffalo, not so much to earn money as to acquaint himself with labour conditions. He sought and found employment on another occasion as a clerk in the Department of Agriculture. But probably his most interesting adventure was during the summer following his third year, when he joined a theatrical troupe composed of ambitious amateurs and went barnstorming through Ontario. The adventure ended disastrously. The company failed to draw sufficient patronage to meet expenses, and at Kincardine it was disbanded.

The would-be actor had meanwhile retained his connection with the militia. A fondness for uniforms and dress parades had been early instilled into him, for as a mere lad he had been prominent among the collegiate cadets of Whitby, and before leaving the school had become cadet captain. As an officer of the 34th Regiment he was remarkable for his punctiliousness and zeal. In this connection another illuminating story is told. One Sunday at the Niagara camp he was the officer in charge of the picket for-



the day. It was one of the camp regulations more honoured in the breach than in the observance that none of the troops should cross the river to the American side while in uniform. The rule was constantly broken and its infringement was connived at by the officers of the camp. In short, it was a dead letter. Lieutenant Greenwood, however, had different views on the subject. Posting his men along the bank of the river, he gave them strict orders to arrest any soldiers seen coming back from the American side. As a result, during the day some fifty men were caught and put in the guardhouse. The situation was eventually rather embarrassing for the camp authorities, but the difficulty was smoothed over.

Various motives are said to have induced Hamar Greenwood to cross the Atlantic in the summer of 1895. At the time, he undoubtedly had a hankering after the theatrical life, and it may be quite true, as some would have it, that he started for England in order to offer his services to Wilson Barrett, the eminent actor. In this he would have had a fair precedent in the course of another Torontonion, Franklin McLay. As it was he had little enough money about him to make so big an adventure, but faith in himself and his destiny gave him confidence. He crossed to Liverpool in a cattle ship and landed there with five dollars in his pocket.

The twenty years which have passed since the young Canadian first stepped on English soil have been full of a bewildering round of activities. He engaged in many pursuits, but always in such a way as to attract notice. He assumed the attitude and bearing of one who is already convinced of his success. He was not a small man pulling wires and resorting to all sorts of artifices to gain his end. He took what came to him as his right and compelled others to regard him as a person who meant to be as powerful as he felt. Though he may never

have said it in so many words, Sir Hamar Greenwood is quite confident in his own mind that he is destined some day to sit on the woolsack. With such a conviction dominating him, it is small wonder that he has progressed, politically and socially.

The newcomer was fortunately able to make a somewhat spectacular opening for himself in the Old Country. After landing at Liverpool he went to Knighton, in Radnorshire, Wales, to visit relations. Here he found an election campaign in progress. Though only familiar with British politics through what he had read in the newspapers, he was sufficiently well posted in his own opinion to venture on the platform in support of the Liberal candidate. His oratorical powers, trained during his course at the University of Toronto and embellished by his stage experiences, were considerable, and he was able to speak with good effect. Tidings of his ability reached Liberal headquarters at London and from that time he was a marked man.

In the interval between the Radnor election and his own nomination for York, the young Canadian enjoyed a variety of experiences. He worked for a time in a broker's office in London. He spent some years as a lecturer and organizer for the National Temperance League. He wrote speeches for second-rate politicians. He delivered lectures on Canada. He engaged in newspaper work. He studied law, became a barrister and began the practice of the legal profession. He joined the staff of platform workers of the Liberal party and spoke at bye-elections. Always assured, always immaculate, he left an impression of his increasing importance wherever he went.

The inevitable happened in 1906. One of the audiences which he was addressing on behalf of another candidate came to the conclusion that so eloquent a man should be himself a member. He was pressed to accept a nomination and, the way being clear-

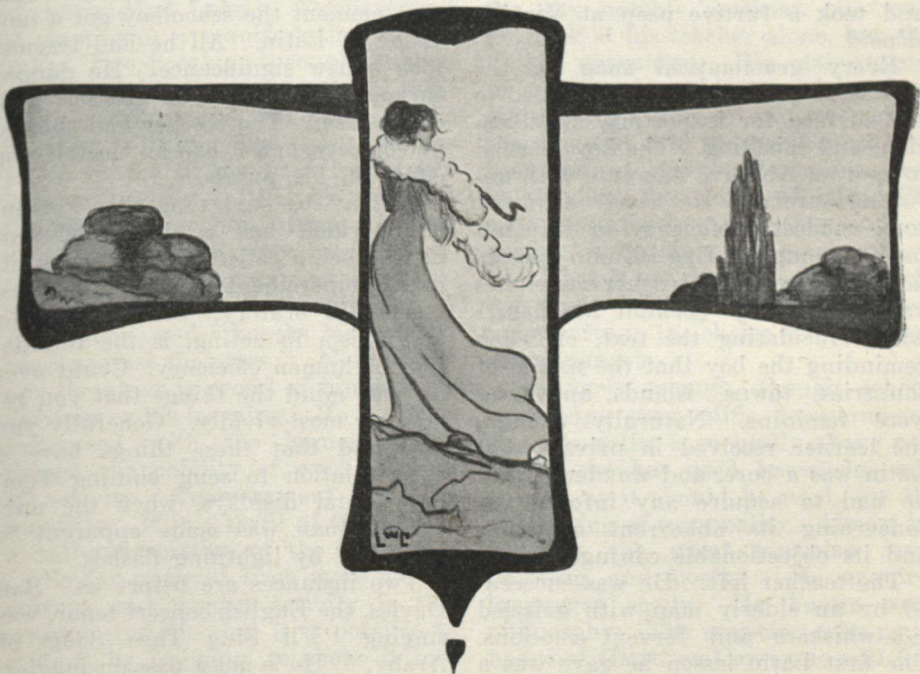


ed for him, he was put up as one of the two Liberal candidates for York. At the subsequent election he was returned at the head of the poll, and thus the first appreciable step on the road from the small Ontario town to the Imperial woolsack was taken.

The rest of his career is of too recent occurrence to require amplification. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Right Honourable Winston Churchill and was marked for early promotion, but, unfortunately, in the election of 1910, he was defeated by a narrow margin. Within a few months, however, he was able to contest the constituency of Sunderland, which he redeemed for the Liberals, and which he continues to represent at the present time. The following year he married Miss Margery Spencer, a young lady whom he had met under romantic circumstances in Jamaica, and since the outbreak of the war he has been serving with the recruiting and ammunition department of the War Office. He has evidently done such effective work that

a baronetcy has been deemed a fitting reward for his services. In November he was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of a battalion in the new Welsh army, and may yet see active service at the front.

However much one may disparage him or express dislike of his theatrical manner and masterful ways, it must be admitted that the new baronet deserves a good deal of respect. It is no light thing to have risen from humble beginnings to an eminence such as he now occupies, and that without having to resort to questionable methods. Where wealth has been the customary instrument of advancement, Sir Hamar has succeeded in winning out by sheer force of will, coupled with useful oratorical and mental powers. He has been consistent in his political career and a hard worker professionally. He has lived a clean and honourable life, and if he has some rather conspicuous peculiarities, these may very well be overlooked in summing up his outstanding achievements.





# TEMPERAMENT

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

SOME smatterings of Latin were acquired—not recently—by a lad at a Western Ontario high-school. He did not learn the language of Cicero because he enjoyed it, but because he had to “take” it. It was scholastic cod-liver oil, assimilated as a duty rather than as a pleasure, and administered before meals by a genteel personage who knew Harkness’s Latin Grammar backwards. He could detect a misplaced word or a false case as easily as a hawk detects a chicken. Under his leadership the lad plowed through Caesar’s *Bellum Britannicum*—striking a few stones—and took a furtive peep at Virgil’s *Æneid*.

Every grammatical snag in the depths of either author was hauled to the surface for inspection, classification, and labelling. The boy learned to spot an Ablative Absolute with un-failing surety. He even acquired some modest proficiency in translating commonplace English into Caesarian sentences. The teacher sometimes yawned politely (behind his hand) when elucidating the text, or when reminding the boy that the names of countries, towns, islands, and trees were feminine. Naturally enough, the learner resolved in private that Latin was a bore, and wondered why he had to acquire any information concerning its abhorrent structure and its objectionable conjugations.

The teacher left. He was succeeded by an elderly man with grizzled side-whiskers and fervent emotions. The first Latin lesson he gave was a

treat. It happened to be an Ode from Horace. He talked about the poet, his grace of expression, his manner of life, the range of his work. He drew a swift picture of the society of the period, of Maecenas, of the pride and luxury of Old Rome. He mentioned the rhythmic efficiency of Horatian verse. Then he read the Ode in its stately original, used the inflections of a trained actor, and, plainly, was so moved by its simple eloquence and its pure beauty that his eyes began to glisten. He was impelled to pull out an heroic handkerchief—and blow stentorophonically. From that moment the schoolboy got a new vision of Latin. All he had learned took a new significance. He danced through two Books of Horace with enthusiasm. The teacher had showed personality, and it had an electrifying effect on his pupils.

It may be said that this Personality, which has a dozen different names, being called Feeling in painting, Temperament in music, Persuasiveness in oratory, Fire in battle, Magnetism in acting, is the foundation of human efficiency. Count over in your mind the things that you remember most vividly. Generally you will find that these things have a close relation to some shining Temperamental displays, when the miracle of man was made apparent to you as if by lightning flashes.

Two instances are before us. Ben Davies, the English concert tenor, was singing “I’ll Sing Thee Songs of Araby.” He is not a passion-juggler.



But on this occasion he must have felt the radiant loveliness of the song, for when he finished waves of appreciation were sweeping up our spine. Again, "Shoney," a tin-smith with auburn locks and a clear blue eye, was making tin pails. The deftness he showed in cutting the metal, rounding it, wiring it, and putting it together occasioned remark. He explained the process, showed the latent art in every snip of the blunt-nosed shears, and displayed such happy enthusiasm over the privilege of working in tin that the memory of that August afternoon twenty years ago will never fade. Hundreds of times we have heard "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby." Scores of times we have seen tin-smiths at work, but Ben Davies and "Shoney" had soul, and they are remembered.

Temperament may be shown in mechanics as well as in art. It is not an intellectual manifestation. The illiterate savage showed it when he called a lake in the Huron country "the place where the sun dances on the water." (We call the same body of water Mud Lake.) Temperament is emotional, a manifestation of the naked Ego, breaking through the shell of conventionality; a sudden radiance, a mysterious revelation of the Divinity within. The man who rejoices in the fitting of a machinery joint so accurately that his sensitive thumb roving over it cannot discover an inequality is a temperamental machinist. The temperamental mathematician turns to the intricacies of Astronomy, and "knocks his sublime head against the stars." Neither one nor the other is proud of himself, his deftness or his learning. He is rather impressed with the bigness of all things, the nobility of work, of life, of activity. Temperament comes of humility. It is a thrill of the soul at a half-appreciation of the Infinite.

So far removed from mere mental culture and mental activity is this strange soul-life that it is possible to stifle it by learning, to choke it into

insensibility. Schools of painting, schools of music, schools of literature tend to a dead-level of uniformity. They teach technique. They are supposed to encourage temperament, when, often, all they do is to stimulate the unhappy practice of imitation. Technique is a necessity. A speaker cannot have the essentials of oratory until he possesses a sub-conscious and perfected acquaintance with the language he uses. Neither in any of the arts can the soul be free until the hands have won freedom. It is possible for a girl to play a Beethoven sonata or the great Chopin Ballade without a false note, and still to be a million miles away from the message of the music.

Students rush to hear Paderewski play a familiar Etude. Afterwards they seek to play it like him. How did he learn? Not from his teacher, not from other pianists. He is greater than they are. He had the sensitiveness to see the composer's thought in the music, and the emotional responsiveness to interpret that thought—in terms of Paderewski. To account for any notable musician one must not look at his teacher alone, but also at his genealogy. His clairvoyance in art may be a heritage from some artistic superman or superwoman in the dim past, and the spark must have been fanned by suitable environment in the first five years of life. The conservatories turn out thousands of graduates, but only an occasional artist. That is not the fault of the teaching wholly. Many of the pupils were not careful in the choice of their great grand-parents.

Strangely enough, though school-knowledge may stifle temperament, the true artist is mentally above par. He or she has used knowledge and culture as it should be used, for the quickening of personality. Almost invariably the great musician loves painting and poetry. He acquires languages easily. He knows some philosophy. The musician who never heard of Giotti or Correggio will find



no message in Palestrina. He who is not familiar with Luther will be blind to Bach. The labours of Hegel and of Brahms are co-related. A true artist has a selective mind, one which can and will choose from all the range of human knowledge what is best adapted for its own development. And always the development is towards the thinning of the crust which covers the soul.

Temperament may be cultivated, but only by subjective treatment. A complete, well-rounded artist is a self-made man, no matter how many university degrees may trail after his name. There are times when a Mus. Bac. degree may be a badge of servitude. The genius for self-expression comes not by courses and lectures and degrees, but in spite of them. Temperament is honest. It must not be confounded with mere emotionalism—usually a counterfeited passion which shows in music by theatrical pauses, unexpected and languishing *diminuendi*, and affectation in phrasing. In Literature we do not put Laura Jane Libbey on a parity with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or "Bertha M. Clay" with Christine Rossetti. Laura Jane may have fine moments, but a cob of corn with only

o dozen kernels is always a poor cob.

The artist is big in his thought. He has something to express. He has a self beating against the bars, eager to be free. And he is not ashamed. It is the honesty of temperament which makes progress. Men are not content to abide by mere rules. Wordsworth thought the rules of poetry in his time were fetters. He cast them aside. Beethoven began his First Symphony with a chord which every theorist declared was impossible in such a position. Corot dispensed with the indispensable "figures" in his landscapes. Honesty of purpose, courage and determination shine in the works of these men.

There are thousands of lawyers, but only a few great pleaders; thousands of surgeons, but few with genius; thousands of music-students, but few great musicians. Knowledge, aptitude, enthusiasm, energy, and toil are all good, but back of them must be the personality which gives life, the heavenly grace of temperament. How can it be stimulated? By teaching that all technique is subordinate to the passion of life, the greatness of self-expression, and the glory of having something worth while to express.

## QUERY

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A WIND that comes out of the West,  
And passes on to the East,  
A kettle that sings at home,  
A wayward man, and a priest.

Three young girls with their wishes three,  
Under the face of the moon,  
Two old men with their blind eyes,  
A scientist, and a loon,

A cripple crouching in a door  
With a cracked song on his breath,  
White clouds in a blue, blue sky,  
A red new birth, and a death. . . .

. . . Who shall understand these?



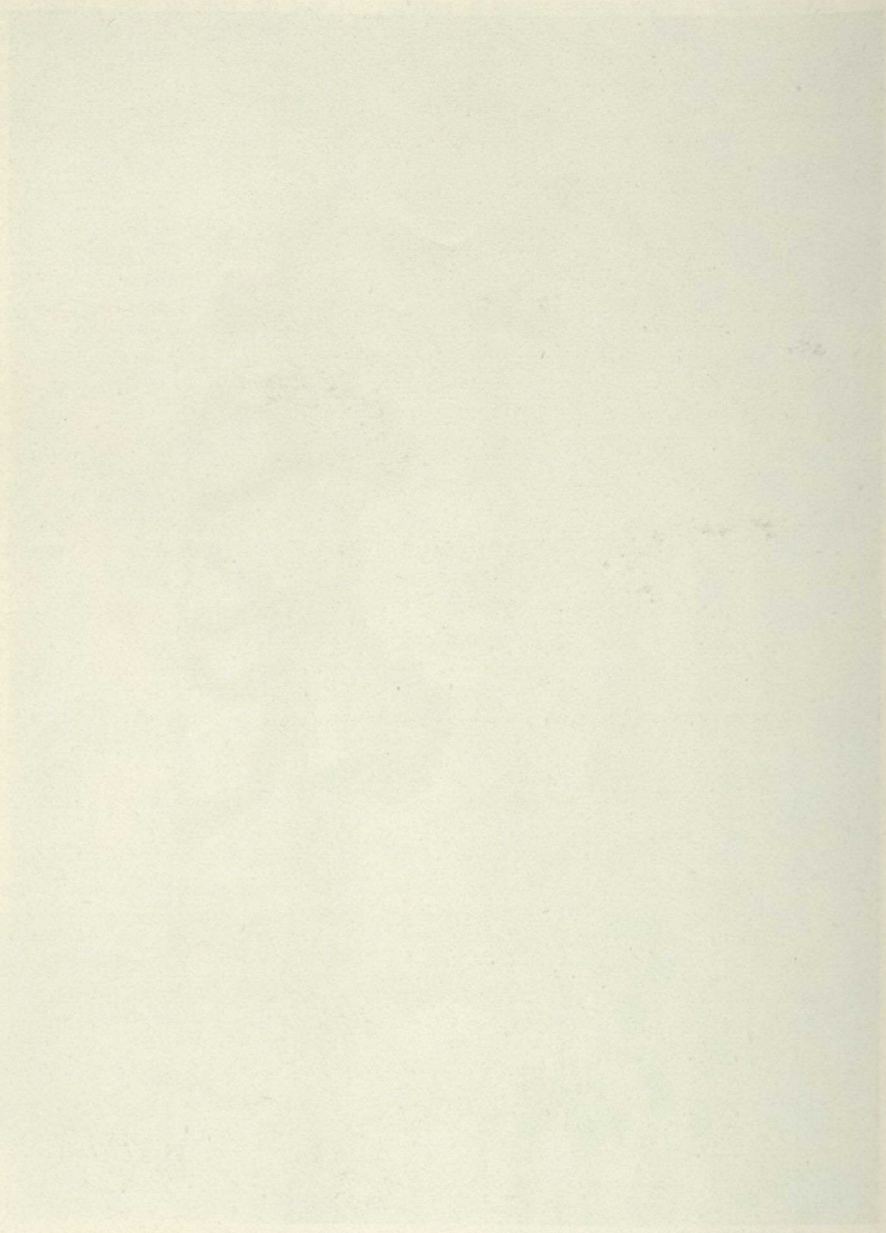


THE ORLEANS MAIL

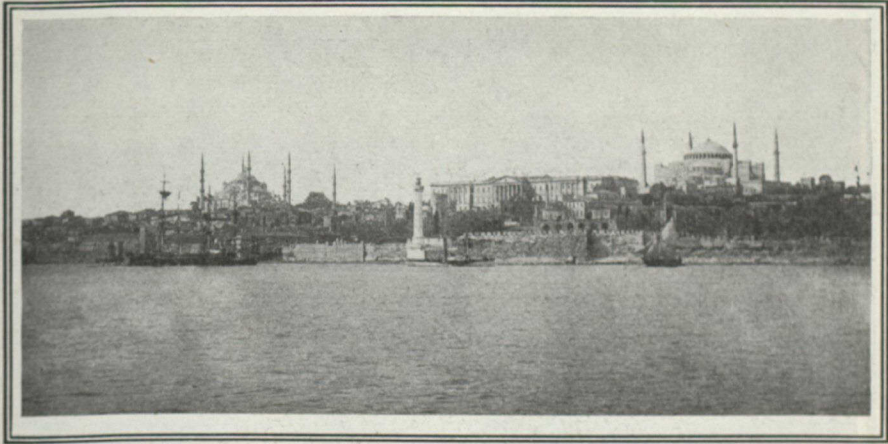
From the Painting by Horatio Walker. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



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'STAMBOUL FROM THE SEA OF MARMORA

Showing the Ahmedieh Mosque (left)—the only Mosque with six minarets in the world, except one in Mecca which has seven—and the celebrated St. Sophia (right), which was a Christian Basilica, founded by Constantine.

## 'STAMBOUL OF THE SULTANS

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

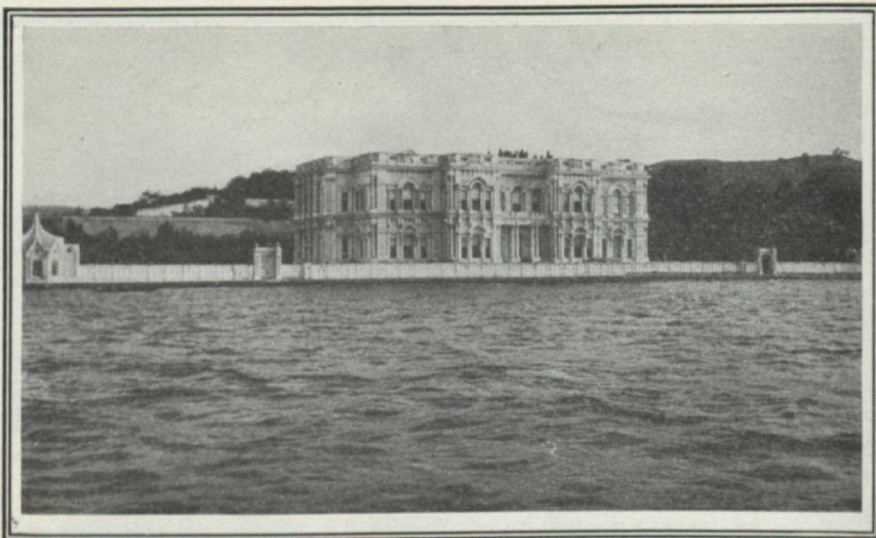
IT is one of my cherished mental possessions that I saw "Istamboul" while it was still securely Turkish. The difference between a Moslem city, overshadowed by a Christian Power—as, say, Cairo or Algiers—and one wholly under the rule of the Faithful, where the Christian and the Hebrew are but inferior immigrants, is very marked. You see this in passing from Cairo to Damascus. In Cairo, the Moslem native may be resentful and assertive—he is subtle and clever beyond even the appreciation of the Western mind—but he lacks that air of calm confidence, of good-humoured toleration of the unhappy ones "beyond the pale," of serene satisfaction with his own lot in life, which characterizes the true Damascene.

When I was in Constantinople four years ago, I had come from a Tripoli still imperturbably Turkish and Moslem, with a Turkish gun-boat of the vintage of the American Civil War slumbering under its crescent flag in the harbour. There was then no

thought in its picturesque streets of an Italian occupation. As for 'Stamboul, the Bulgarians had not yet thundered against the lines of Tchataldja, and there was no notion in the shaded alleys of the Great Bazaar or the fluttering dusk of the "Pigeon Masque" or the stately silences of St. Sophia that the rule of the Turk on the Bosphorus might not last forever. There was no echo of the swiftly approaching foot-falls of Fate.

'Stamboul was wholly Moslem. You probably know that the Western or non-Moslem sections of the population of Constantinople, live and do business in quite a different city. This European city is across the Golden Horn from 'Stamboul, and is called Galata below the ridge which shoulders through the middle of it, and Pera on top of the ridge. There are plenty of Turks in both Galata and Pera; but here are found the European hotels and banks and embassies and post-offices and shops. You land at the wharf in Galata, and after pass-





THE PALACE OF BEYLERBEY

This palace is now used as a Seraglio, the greater part of the front being reserved for the Harem. It is on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, is built of white marble, is the most Oriental of the Palaces, and was occupied by the Empress Eugenie during her visit to the Sultan in 1869.

ing the customs—I let Cook's man attend to that—you are driven up a winding hill-street to the hotel plateau in Pera. There is a funicular railway climbing the hill through a tunnel; but you learn to use that afterward.

The hotel proprietor—I think he was a Greek—showed us to our room, and proudly threw open the blinds. He had good reason to be proud. For we stood at the open window, and looked over into 'Stamboul. We seemed to be on the edge of the plateau of Pera. Below us, the houses—mostly Turkish—fell away down the cliff to the Golden Horn, alive with craft and rippling in the sun. Here you looked into a court-yard—there on a vine-clad stone wall enclosing a garden. But when you raised your eyes, the age-darkened domes and graceful minarets of the many mosques of 'Stamboul filled in the picture. We saw much of 'Stamboul from this point of view—alive with sunlight, distant and misty through fog and rain, sprinkled at night with the few winking lights of a city of mystery.

But the true way to get the "feel" of 'Stamboul is to go there on foot across the Galata bridge. Much has been written of this bridge—especially of the old one which had been replaced, when I was there, with a much broader, firmer modern structure. They say that you see more varieties of mankind on that bridge than in any similar space in the world. You ought to; for it is the bridge which connects Europe with Asia (though 'Stamboul is geographically in Europe)—which leads from Lloyd's Register and the British Consular Office straight into the Arabian Nights. Just at the 'Stamboul end of the bridge rises the Sultan Valideh Mosque. The guides never thought it important enough to take us there; but it made more impression on me than any other mosque in 'Stamboul. It rose a massive, almost black, heavily-domed, secret shrine of a mystic religion, impending over this bustling bridge with its modern traffic like an impregnable fortress of Islam, guarding the entrance to what was then regarded as the capital of





PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGTCHE

In white marble. The most imposing of the Sultan's Palaces. It is used for official levees, and is situated on the European side of the Bosphorus

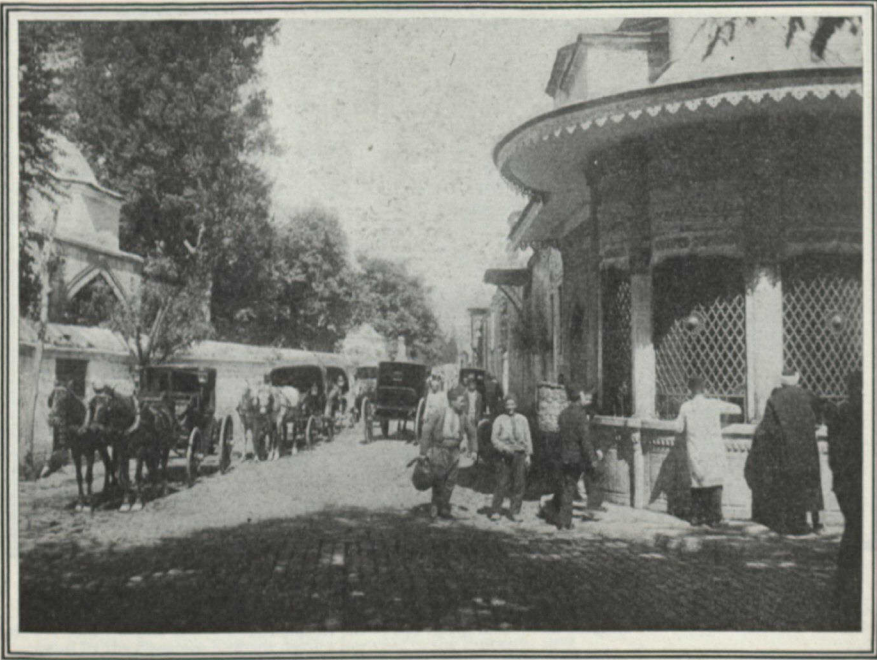
the Mohammedan world. I always said, when we were crossing the bridge: "Now we will go into this mosque"; for, so far as I knew, there was no objection. But when we got there, it seemed to retire behind its forbidding outer walls, and there was no inviting entrance, and we were always in a hurry to go somewhere else—so we never got inside. It was one of the million sensations which you regret having missed when you return from abroad. If I could only walk down to-day and find that mosque at the bottom of Bleury Street, how eagerly I would go in—and what an interesting experience it would be! But, in Europe, there is so much of it—such an unending feast of countless "courses"—that your appetite flags, and it requires something very piquant, indeed, to seem imperative.

And 'Stamboul is full of the piquant. Not far from this bridge-head was a little native sweet-shop, into which you dropped below the level of the pavement. Here the knowing went to purchase "Turkish Delight," fresh from the oven. You

could see it mixed and made and cooked and cut into pieces and parcelled up for you. It is too much like gum for my taste; but *connoisseurs* in candy rave over it. Farther along was a corner fountain, of which I have a picture. These are very picturesque and characteristic features of a Turkish street. Some benevolent Moslem donates them to the people; and through them run forever streams of fresh water which the passers-by may drink from metal cups. And water is a great boon in a land where it is sold from goat-skins by professional water-carriers to thirsty souls.

We might be on our way to St. Sophia. I shall not tarry here; because St. Sophia is probably the thing in Constantinople you know most about. It is the Church of Justinian, built on the site of the first Church of Constantine, turned into a Mohammedan mosque by Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople. It has long been the dream of every Christian monarch of the East to recover the city and re-convert this





TYPICAL CORNER FOUNTAIN IN 'STAMBOUL

Water is the great blessing of the Moslem. The Mohammedan "Carnegie" establishes fountains, free to all comers

mosque into a church. For a time, it looked as if Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria might have that honour. Now—though written long before publication—I am betting confidently on Czar Nicholas of Russia. There has always been, under Moslem rule, one striking evidence that St. Sophia was originally Christian. As you enter what we would call the nave, you notice that the carpets and matting, which always cover the floors of a mosque, are not directed right down the middle of the building as is usual. They have a twist to the right. That twist is caused by the fact that Mecca is a little to the right of the exact centre of the old Christian choir; and, as the Moslem must face Mecca when he prays, he cannot face the site of the old altar—he must turn slightly to the right. So the carpets are put down facing Mecca, and not the centre of the choir. It gives the sacred edifice a "skew-gee" appearance, and

advertises the fact that it was not built by Moslems.

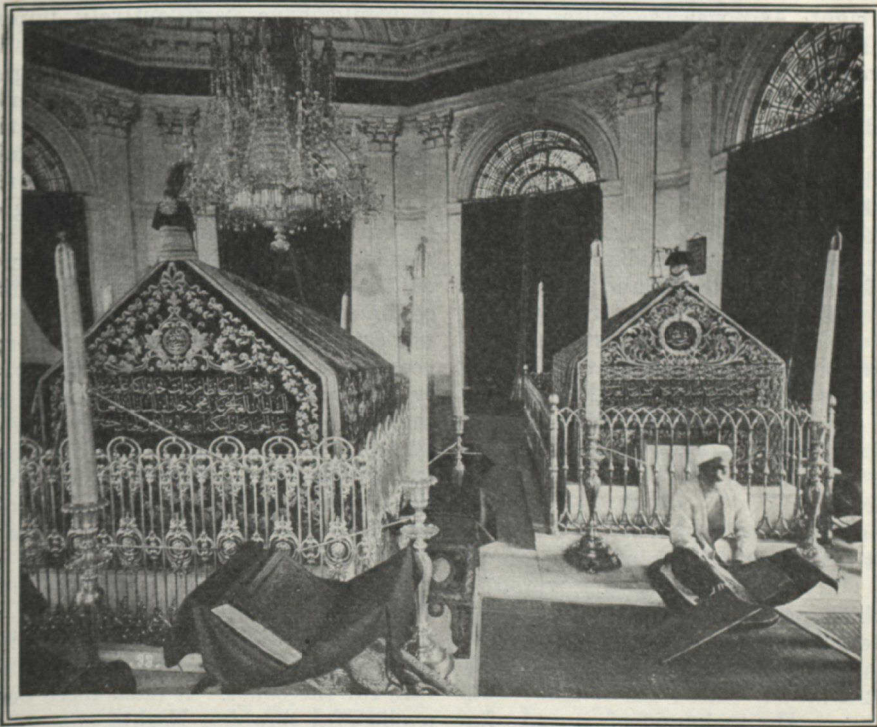
There are a number of other converted Christian churches in Constantinople—I have a record of six—but the Ahmedieh Mosque and the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the "Pigeon Mosque" are of Turkish construction—and very beautiful they are. They are Byzantine architecture at its best. The effect of the minaret—when it is tastily handled—is most pleasing, especially when seen against a dark and soaring dome. The mosques miss the possible gorgeousness of a Christian interior—altars and aisles and choir-screens and side-chapels and all that sort of thing. But their pulpits are sometimes lavishly decorated and their marble *mihrabs* (altars) are beautifully done, and their rugs are frequently the loveliest work of Eastern looms. They are great houses of prayer—practically nothing else—and



faithful Moslems are always praying in them; and the faithful Moslem prostrates himself before a real Deity—he is not content with a polite bowing acquaintance, indicated by leaning gracefully forward on a gloved hand resting on the back of the pew in front.

You probably remember your "Prince of India" and the great cisterns under the city. They are there yet; and you may go down and see them. We ventured into one which was reached by going into a private Turkish court-yard. The woman of the house showed us down what looked like long cellar stairs under her home, but they disappeared in a dark mass of water which stretched away into the shadows among the forest of pillars which support the roof—pillars put there by Constantine. They

say that the houses over it still draw water out of it—but I did not ask for a drink. Then there are the bazaars—better by far than the bazaars of Cairo, but not so imposing as the lofty bazaars of Damascus. The Oriental bazaar is the original version of the departmental store. They sell everything in it which an Oriental wants to buy. But it is much better than the departmental store in one feature—it offers you plenty of competition. In the shoe department, for instance, there will be gathered all the shoe-makers and merchants of the city; and, if one is too dear, you step on to the next. You literally "step" on; for each merchant sits in a little alcove about as big as a bay-window, and it is only a step from one to the other. How you chaffer and "bluff" and bargain and drink coffee over



TOMB OF SULTAN MAHMUD II

That of his son, Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, is on the right. Two copies of the Koran repose in front. Costly inscribed shawls cover the tombs. The large chandelier was gift of British Government to Sultan Aziz.



every purchase, you have read in dozens of books of travel.

But we must hurry away from 'Stamboul if I am to get you to the Bosphorus before "ye editor" rings off our chat. Still first let us step into this tomb—so typical a sight in 'Stamboul. It is the tomb of which we have a picture—the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud II. The building is a low, richly-decorated, and domed structure, standing amidst a grove in the corner of a cemetery abutting on the street. It is a most sacred place—like all Moslem tombs—and you see a priest reading the Koran in the right foreground. Mahmoud II. lies to the left, under heavily embroidered shawls, the script in view being texts from the Koran. The railing and candelabra are silver; and the chandelier, apparently just over the tomb, was a gift of the British Government to Sultan Aziz, who lies to the right. Aziz was the Sultan whom the Empress Eugénie visited when she stayed in the Palace of Beylerbey—that marble wonder of which I am sending on a picture. You will note the two fezes on the front of the tombs. They are each the invention of the Sultan who lies beneath. Mahmoud was the first Sultan to substitute the fez for the turban; and Aziz preferred a shallower and less gaudy style of fez. It may interest you to know that Mahmoud destroyed the great force of the Janissaries by the simple process of killing them all off in one day, appropriately called "Black Hell"—much as Mohammed Ali massacred the Mamelukes in Cairo.

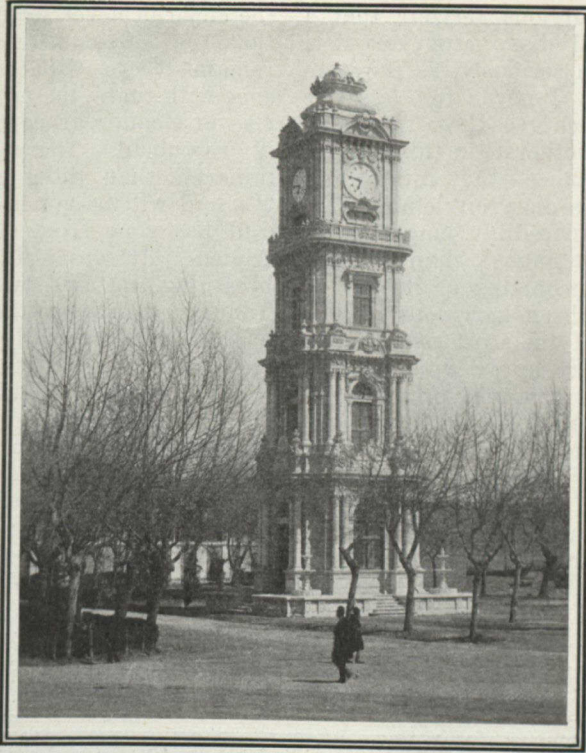
But to the Bosphorus. You catch a little steamer at one of the piers of the Galata bridge. I discovered a Turkish peculiarity while buying my tickets for this steamer. They were cheap; and I had to give the clerk a coin which called for considerable change. He took out of it pay for the tickets, and then additional pay for "making change." We had picked up a bright little boy to act as

guide on this occasion; and he explained it to me—else I would have only thought that I had been "short-changed." The sail up the Bosphorus is an experience. When you get away from the wharves of Galata, the beauty of the shores of this vitally important highway of trade constantly delights you. I have pictures of the two chief palaces which mark the opposite banks; and you can easily imagine how lovely they are, shining in all their marble splendour against the green of the hills behind them and over the blue of the Bosphorus. We landed just about opposite Beylerbey to visit the Yildiz Kiosk which had recently been opened to the public by the abdication of Abdul Hamid who had, while still Sultan, imprisoned himself there.

It seemed curious to be walking through the rooms and gardens of the Yildiz where but a few months before it would have been entirely impossible for any foreigner and most Turks to penetrate. It was dangerous, during the reign of Abdul Hamid, for a stranger to be found even in the streets near the Yildiz. Abdul Hamid went in constant fear of assassination; and that was why he kept rigidly within the guarded "prison" of this kiosk and its grounds. Below him on the Bosphorus stood two magnificent marble palaces, in which he dared not dwell. The Yildiz is a fairly large country-house in a garden, luxuriously furnished in the Eastern style. Attached to it is a diminutive theatre—stage, boxes, orchestra, pit, and galleries complete. The Sultan could enter his private box in what we would call the gallery by a secret passage from his own rooms, and he could sit there unobserved and watch the performances on the little stage. There were other hidden passages for the ladies of the harem, and ways of access for the court. It must have been a cheerful Arabian Nights entertainment.

Behind the kiosk was a toy zoo—the guide said for the entertainment





THE CLOCK-TOWER OF THE PALACE OF DOLMA-BAGTCHÉ

of the ladies of the harem. There were cages of animals in plenty, and a museum of stuffed fauna of all sorts. The Sultan himself loved this part of his show. Through the garden ran a very small artificial pond, in which aquatic birds lived, and on which were several of those swan-headed boats propelled by the feet so popular for children in the public gardens of our cities. Doubtless the grown-up children of the royal harem had many a fine sail here—and with the wonderful waters of the Bosphorus rippling in the sunshine hopelessly out of their reach just below the garden. About a half-mile from the kiosk, though still in the grounds of the Yildiz, was a marble bathing-house which suggested the courts of Alhambra in Granada. There was first a circular pavilion with several apartments and retiring rooms upstairs; and this gave upon a flight of

broad steps leading down to a carefully-covered and enclosed circular marble "swimming-pool." Or, rather, I should call it a splashing-pool. Here—the guide said—I am not responsible for the statement—the Sultan brought his harem and watched them play in the water through the hot days of summer.

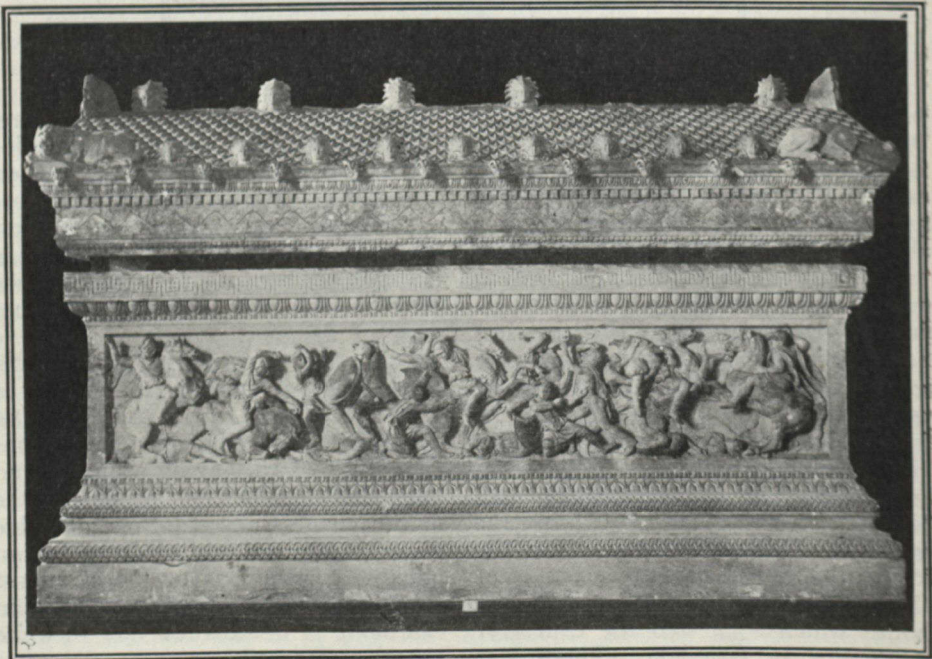
And then we hurried back from *Selamlık*, I remember, to swallow a quick lunch and go to the Dancing Dervishes. The Philistine infidel has enough, in Pera, having a quaint and quiet little monastery just off the main business street. We got fine gallery seats and looked down for an hour or two on one of the strangest spectacles which an earnest religion can offer. I never know how to write about such a subject as the Dancing Dervishes. The Philistine infidel has so often taken a humorous view of these anything but humorous out-



growths of religious fervour that I know I should disappoint you if I talked of them seriously, as they appealed to me. I never felt less like laughing. Of course, these fanatically devoted "brothers" in this strange order do not dance—they rotate; and they rotate in a dizzy circle about the room for an incredibly long time to a wierd monotonous chant which set my head swimming of itself.

But I have been garrulous beyond the patience of the most patient editor—if one may apply a superlative to a non-existent virtue, so far as editors are concerned. And I will not get a penny more for it, either. Still as I generally must pay people to listen to me, when I indulge in a travel-monologue, I suppose I ought not to grumble. Constantinople is a memory which seems never to be exhausted. And if the Turks go as the result of this war, it is a memory which those who have not already seen

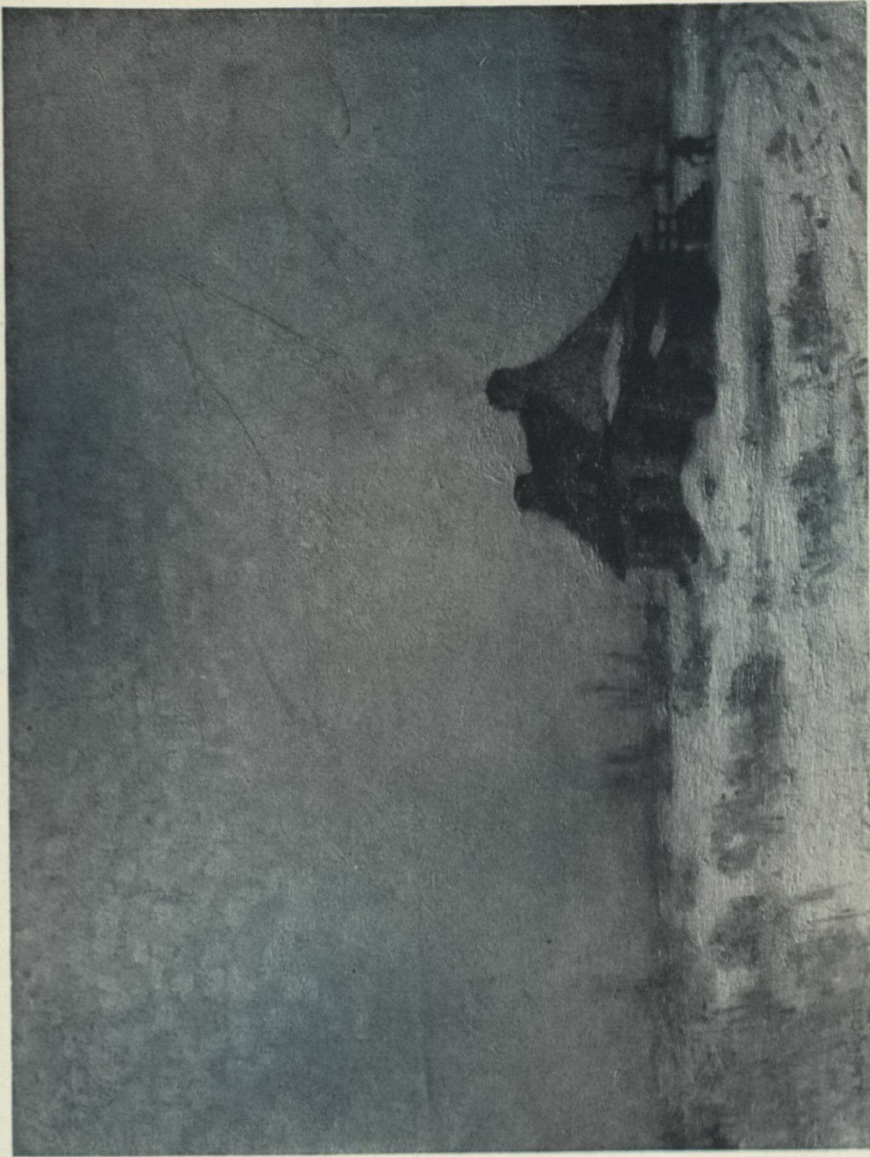
the city can never secure. Oh! I know that the Mohammedan religion will remain—there will be no interference with that—the minarets will still rise in slender grace over the domes of 'Stamboul. There are no lovelier minarets than those of Cairo. But the soul will be gone—as the Moslem soul has gone from Cairo and from Algiers. It was still to be heard breathing in the twisting lanes of Tangier when I was there—it hovered over Tunis, especially at night. It met you at the wharf of Tripoli, and it dominated everything at Damascus. 'Stamboul slept under its mystic charm—its other-worldliness—its scorn of time—its indifference to the baubles we Westerners strive for. It is the spirit of the East. And whenever I am tired, or experience a sensation of somnolent calm my friends describe differently, I wonder—. I listen to the clanging street-car gongs; and I wonder—.



TRADITIONAL SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

It is in the Museum at 'Stamboul, is certainly a Greek antiquity, and possibly the tomb of one of Alexander's Persian Satraps

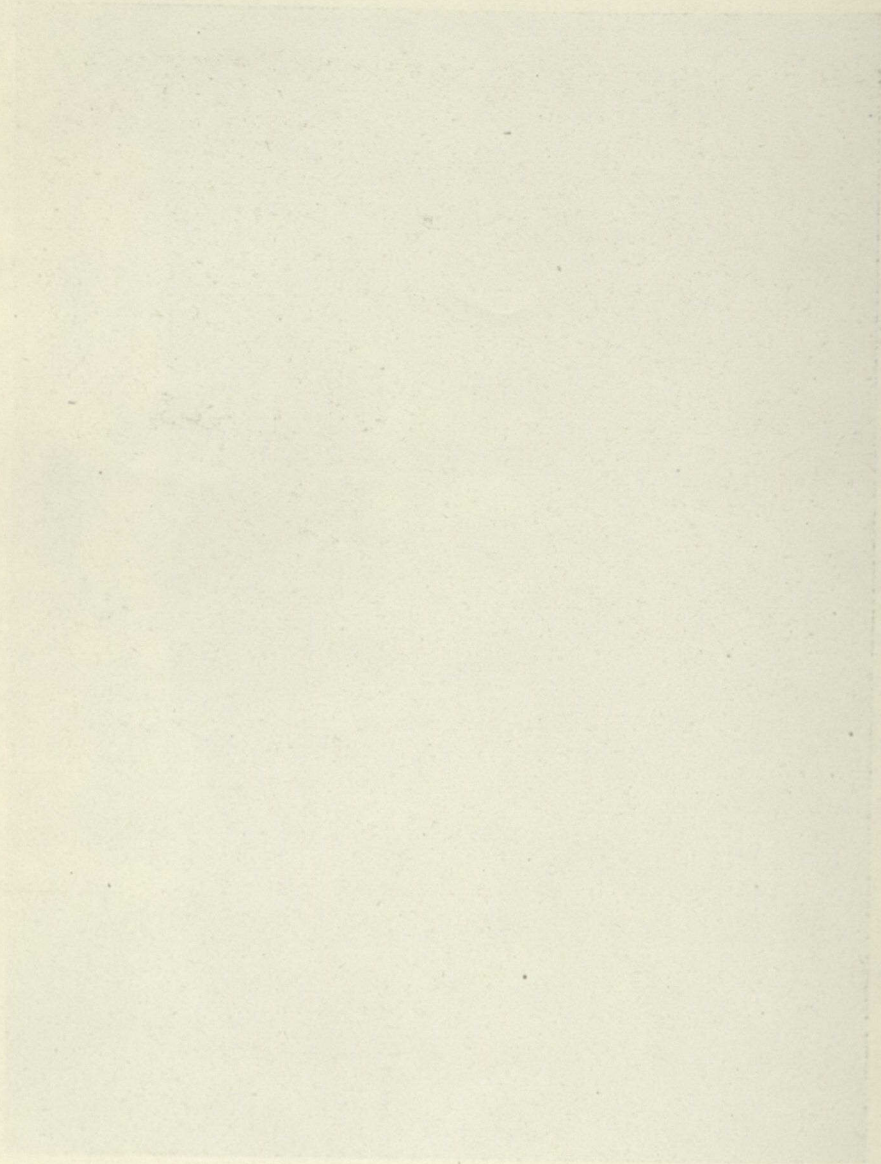




**ISOLEMENT**

From the Painting by  
A. Suzor Cote  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian Art Club







# THE DEATH-SICKNESS OF KRONAH

BY R. J. FRASER

"THE old Kronah is now sick two days."

"Have I not said I would draw Kronah's toboggan as well as my own until her sickness passes? My mother will not be sick long."

"The old good-for-nothing will never be better again—she has the death-sickness. Have I not let her lie in my tepee for these years now, and fed her? Was she ever hungry that we were not hungry? She cannot make the trail to Nemiskau; therefore we leave her. Has it not been the custom of our people to leave the old men to die when they could no longer hunt, and the squaws when they could no longer raise children, or work? For many moons the old mother has done little work; her eyes are blind like the bush-cat's in daytime. She is no longer fit to sew moccasins or net snowshoes. The old Kronah has the death-sickness! I have spoken!"

Thus Wapestan, the Cree, passed sentence on his wife's mother across a lonely camp-fire beside the frozen Woswonabie River. Here they had halted on their annual trip to the trading-post, while all around stretched the wastes and ridges of the snow-clad land. While the talk waged hot between them, a heap of rabbit-skins slowly came to life, the object of their contention. Feebly and painfully a withered arm crawled forth and pushed the coverings aside. Two sunken black eyes, deeply set into a mask of

parchment, looked forth pitifully beneath straggling gray locks. In spite of her four-score winters, Kronah, daughter of Muskwatin, the last of the proud Nastopia chiefs, still exhibited in pose and feature the blood of the former lords of Ungava.

Her fever-weakened voice was faint—her words were slow.

"You speak not the truth. Kronah has not the death-sickness. In a day or two I shall be well. Were the snow not so deep I could even now find the root that would drive away the fire from my body. Still without it I shall grow well."

Patiently, as was their nature, the two squaws waited for their lord's answer. No entreaties could evoke a sign of feeling, of sympathy, on that stolid, immobile countenance. The primitive brute heart within him had never known pity; and, when he answered, it was to repeat his heartless determination.

So at dawn, old Kronah, daughter of the one-time lords of the Ungava, was left behind to die.

An epidemic had swept the Nastopia as a tribe out of existence. On its heels, unresisted, the apathetic, improvident Swampy Crees swept eastward over the depopulated domain.

Kronah, last descendent of the race, widowed at twenty, with a babe at her breast, was brought by a returning band of Crees into the yearly gatherings at Lake Nemiskau, and in



their tepees she found a home. The missionary raised his little chapel alongside of the trading-post, but Kronah, steeped in the superstitions and rites of the paganish Nastopia, rejected and despised the white man's faith. Hers had been a religion of strife and the letting of blood, where might was right—a faith of strong warriors and exacting sagamores, and she could not be reconciled to the missionary's story of peace.

Nada, her daughter, grown to girlhood, became the squaw of Wapestan, the Cree. Upon the two women he was a hard lord, for they were not of his tribe and he treated them as captives. They suffered his jeers and curses—often his blows—and through it all obeyed their harsh lord meekly. They dragged their belongings over his trails and paddled and portaged his canoe up and down the swift Ungava rivers. In camp they performed all the drudgery.

And now sick and defenceless, her usefulness ended, the elder woman was left to die—just like a worn-out sleigh dog. It was midwinter and the snow was deep on lake and river, and deeper in the great pine woods. Game had been scarce and what little food that they now had left Wapestan kept for himself and Nada. He saw no use in wasting any on one who was about to die. Before leaving they built her a rude wattle-house out of the alders that lined the bank. Nada had laboured while the Indian slept, gathering a supply of firewood which she piled within reach of the tired arms. "The old woman cannot recover," thought the Cree, but as a further precaution he destroyed her snowshoes. Nada contrived to leave some matches and a hatchet behind, and at the last moment she found an opportunity to slip a fish-hook into the old squaw's feeble hand. Then she was dragged away and the fever-stricken Kronah was alone in the wilderness of snow.

Wrapped in the folds of her rabbit-skin, the old squaw fell into a deep

sleep. As she had predicted, when she woke, the fever's violence had passed. Weak and shaken by its attack, she was able to struggle to her knees. Food—she must have food! so her strength would come back. Then she would make the trail of vengeance on him who had lied, who had left her to die before her time, who had wanted to be rid of her.

With the patience of her race she went to work. Threads from her sash furnished her with a fishing-line for the hook she had, thanks to Nada's thoughtfulness. Her careful search for bait was fruitless, for as she lay in the wattle-house the ermine and the whiskey-jacks had forestalled her, and the camping-ground was bare.

Weakened by the exertion, but still clutching at life, the old woman crawled back into the wattle shelter. Bait she must have! She drew forth her crooked knife and whetted it to sharpness on a buckskin moccasin. Then, with the stoicism of her race, she hacked from her own flesh bait for the hook. With the hatchet she broke the thin sheeting of ice over an air-hole on the river and soon hooked a fish.

From juniper saplings she fashioned snowshoe frames, filling them with a mesh of willow roots. The wattle house on the Woswonabie was soon well stocked with fish and her leg quickly healed. Once more Kronah was ready for the trail, her feet in the lashings of the rude snowshoes.

A short journey from the Woswonabie had brought Wapestan and Nada to the Nemiskau post. They were stretching their smoke-stained caribou skins about the teepee poles when the trader appeared and greeted them.

"Whatchee, Whatchee, Nada!" he said, and grasped the hand of each in turn. "Where is the old mother, Kronah?" he asked. "I do not see her with you."

Nada threw up her head and her eyes flashed two tiny sparks of fire. What little of the blood of the old



tribe she had inherited from her spirited mother showed itself in the gesture. But it gave only a flash. Ere she could speak, Wapestan gave her one glance, so brutal in its meaning that with a shudder of fear she dropped her head in obedience and passed inside the wigwam.

"The old Kronah grew feeble on the Woswonabie; last moon she took the death-sickness, and many days ago she died. The old Kronah is no more."

The days passed by and Nada still mourned the loss of her mother. Then one morning Wapestan came out of the store with an ugly-looking bear trap slung over his shoulder.

"I go to set a trap for muskwa, the black bear," he said, "may be five, may be six miles up the river. Help me to open the trap, for a single man cannot open a bear-trap in the woods."

The squaw silently obeyed and with her assistance he forced open the strong, sharp-toothed jaws and locked them so that they could not spring close upon him. Picking up his gun and bait-bag, he slung the huge steel trap onto his shoulder again and strode off into the woods. The broad hunting shoes he wore carried him along over the hard, packed snow at a fast pace till, about five miles above the post, he came to the banks of a little stream. This was the spot that the hunter had in mind, and on the near side he proceeded to set and bait the trap.

The operation was nearly finished. The trap was almost covered with dry, powdery snow, when the snapping of a frost-hardened twig caused the Indian to start up in alarm. The sight that met his gaze held him rooted to the spot. On the opposite bank, close beside a towering dead spruce, stood Kronah, the deserted one! In her tattered caribou skins, travel-worn and tortured by hunger pangs, with the vengeful spirit of the old tribe flashing from her eyes, she might have been a spirit of the dead.

From the bundle of rags that clothed her shrunken frame the squaw slowly raised a hand. "Thou, son of a white-hearted Cree!" she cried, "it is I, Kronah, whom you left behind to die."

At her speech the Indian's fear vanished. This was no spirit, then, but flesh and blood, that confronted him. The old one had recovered after all, and taken his trail to Nemiskau. His rage was kindled at the thought and he sprang toward his gun. Seeing the movement, Kronah drew her axe and started to cross the stream. A shot—and the squaw stumbled to her knees, but rose again! Like a wounded she-wolf she was upon him ere he could reload, and the Indian had but time to raise his gun in defence when the furious axe-blow fell upon the steel. Both weapons flew from the fighters' hands and struggling madly the two became locked in one another's arms.

With one last mad effort the old woman forced the Cree backward, throwing her weight upon him. Down he went into the open trap that he had forgotten, with a terrible cry of agony.

By a frantic effort he hurled the other off and attempted to rise. But the strong-toothed jaws had closed about his loins and no single man could release them. In a mad frenzy of pain he thrashed about, while his shrieks and curses rent the air. Deeper and deeper the cruel teeth bit into the flesh and bone, and the whiteness about the dying Indian grew stained with splotches of red. His struggles grew fainter, till, with a last horrible shudder, Wapestan lay still.

From where she had been tossed, but a few yards away, Kronah, with a broken leg, lay on her side watching him.

"Wapestan, you will die, and I shall die," she said, "but you will go before me."

And lying there side by side amid the snow hummocks, while the long



winter night began to shroud the great white North, they waited the coming of death, each mocking the other, "you will go first." And the silent forces of nature, inscrutable and unfathomable as the wastes of snow and ice, looked on at their petty human hate, and the stars, silver and scintillant, shone like a myriad mysterious cressets over the dying Indian and his victim, witnessing God's justice.

## THE WAR MAKER

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HE lay on the gray of the earth  
 In the gray of the dawn;  
 Above him the stars faded out,  
 And the planets swept on;  
 A little wind woke from its sleep on the hill,  
 A sleepy bird stirred, trilled a note and was still.  
 He said:  
 "Ere the sun's first, swift lances are hurled  
 My soul must find wings to be gone  
 O'er the rim of the world!  
 What wings shall you find, O, my soul?  
 Have you fought to be free?  
 Have you killed for some terrible good  
 In a day yet to be?  
 Red dew, fallen thick as God's dew on the mould,  
 Lies it there for an altar defiled  
 Or a hearthstone made cold?  
 You have fought; you have slain,  
 And the death that you gave has been given;  
 Dead men, questioning, lie around  
 With their faces from heaven.  
 War is just; death is kind.  
 For a cause high and true,  
 Did these die, as night dies,  
 That new day might shine through?  
 In terrible silence they lie, mutely challenging one  
 Who would darken a world that an Eagle might build in  
 the Sun!

"O God, blind the eyes death has cleared,  
 Blind the soul that has seen!  
 I have entered thy temple of war  
 With a spirit unclean.  
 I have fought without faith, without flame,  
 For a fair-sounding lie;  
 For pride have I slaughtered my brother.  
 O God, let me die!"



# BETSY LOO AND THE ELEPHANT

BY PAUL SHEARD

"UNCLE GRANDAD," said Betsy Loo, "I know what I want."

This statement was in confirmation of my opinion that Betsy Loo was no ordinary child. I put away my paper.

"Yes, Betsy Loo," I said with deference. "What do you want?"

"An elephant," said Betsy Loo.

"An elephant?" I said. "What sort of elephant, Betsy Loo?"

Betsy Loo was silent for a time, as if mentally reviewing a herd of elephants, with a view to selecting a good one.

"An elephant," she replied at length, "with a trunk on it."

"Come, come," I said with some impatience, "you must be more specific; if you mean an elephant with a trunk, why that's no description at all, as trunkless elephants are not done, I believe. But when you say 'a trunk on it' you put me in mind of something to pack things in. Do you mean an elephant wearing a trunk on his back like a houdah?"

Betsy Loo regarded me anxiously for a minute, and then smiled.

"Uncle Grandad," she said, "I mean just an ordinary elephant—to play with." She waved a chubby hand in a motion suggestive of all kinds of elephants.

"Oh," I said, "I see; you want an elephant."

Betsy Loo nodded until her curls bobbed.

"You don't mean one of those stuffed, shoe-button-eyed affairs they sell in shops, do you, Betsy Loo?" I

said, adding somewhat adroitly, "that run around so attractively on wheels."

"No, indeed," said Betsy Loo. "I mean a real one, real live."

"Real live," I repeated.

"Like a horse," said Betsy Loo.

"Not like Maud here," I said, indicating the flannel duck long since cherished beyond any symmetry of outline.

Betsy Loo's curls shook.

"Why not?" said I coaxingly. "Show Maud a little attention, and twist her head around to the front. She must find this constant Lot's wife's attitude a bit trying."

"Lot's what?" said Betsy Loo, performing the surgical operation on Maud with great speed.

"Never mind," I said, "but I dislike seeing dumb animals neglected, even in effigy."

"Is Maud an eff—eff—?"

"Yes," I said, "Maud is, or, if you prefer it, a symbol, a quacking tribute to all ducks—the sincerest form of flattery; and as such, due to constant respect and great care."

I picked up my paper and smiled behind it at my own subtlety in changing the subject.

My smile, however, was short-lived.

"When can I have him, Uncle Grandad?" said Betsy Loo.

"Who?" I said ungrammatically.

"The elephant," said Betsy Loo, rolling her blue eyes at me.

"Well, well," I said, not having anything else to say. "Now, let me see."



For be it known that among all my mundane as well as spiritual possessions I valued the good opinion and confidence of Betsy Loo above all other things. When one has striven hard against all odds to gain and hold something, then that thing becomes of the greatest importance and value. Hitherto I had satisfactorily filled my position of Bottle-Imp, or whatever you may call one who executes strange missions with infallibility. What Betsy Loo had demanded I had prided myself upon procuring without excuses, and now it was an elephant. I recalled the lessons I had given some time back, in which I had explained, with an eye to future demands, the mystery of the moon and stars and the difficulties one would confront in attempting to procure them as nursery ornaments. Inwardly I regretted my short-sightedness in not having included elephants at the time.

"An elephant," I said, "Why an elephant? What started all this talk of elephants, anyway, Betsy Loo?"

Betsy Loo disappeared like an otter in a burrow, underneath the sofa.

"What now?" I wondered.

"Here it is!" said Betsy Loo, rustling the shiny pages of last week's comic supplement.

Dolt that I was! Surely here was the elephant. I beheld again the very series of pictures I had taken such pains to explain two days before. I recalled with chagrin how thoroughly I had enthused over the pachyderm in the pictures, enlarging upon his excellence and intelligence.

"Betsy Loo," said I, rising and pacing the floor, "that settles it. I would have preferred it in some ways, had you chosen something that could be wrapped up in a package, such as, say, one of those grocery shops with the lovely red sausages hanging up." I stopped and cocked an eye at her. "But," I continued hastily, "elephants come under my range of office quite as completely and practically as do the other things. There are ele-

phants *and* elephants, however, and it is for you to decide whether you prefer a tame one who eats hay with his trunk, or a wild ferocious one who goes charging madly through a jungle. For my own part, I would give the decision to the hay-eater."

"And could I ride on his back, and call him Peter?" said Betsy Loo, dancing on one foot.

"Child," I said, "twenty of you could ride on his back, and you could call him Christopher Julius Caesar Napoleon and it please you."

For this I received a bear hug and a moist kiss. I deposited Betsy Loo on the floor, and assumed that briskness of attitude necessary to the procurer of elephants.

"Betsy Loo," I said, buttoning my coat, "why should we quibble the matter further? Action is the watchword, and so we shall fare forth together. An elephant we shall have by nightfall, according as you suggest."

Betsy Loo danced up and down on the other foot.

"Get your hat, rubbers, and mittens," I continued still with great briskness, "and we shall seek the elephant marts, viewing by the way many other species of the animal kingdom, including the humorous hyena, and the camel of humpish fame. To the Zoo, Betsy Loo," I chanted. "To the Zoo, me and you, Betsy Loo!"

Betsy Loo donned her accoutrements in high glee; and so, hatted, rubbered, and mittened, we started out. I was glad that our city boasted a zoological institution. Betsy Loo and I braved the spring sunshine, and boarded the necessary street-car in less time than it takes to tell. Betsy Loo was jubilant. She allowed the conductor to whom she handed the tickets, as well as the gentleman on her left, to share the secret of our faring forth.

"And so you're going to the Zoo to *get* an elephant?" said the gentleman on her left.



Betsy Loo's curls bobbed again. The gentleman smiled knowingly at me.

"Funny ideas children get," he said, "to one who understands them."

"To one who understands them," I replied, "their ideas are the salt of the earth. They know what they want."

"And the elephant?" said he.

"Will be led home in state, sir," I replied with dignity. "Betsy Loo, as mistress and owner, will ride on top, and I will lead the way in front. Is that not right, Betsy Loo?"

"Yes," said Betsy Loo, smiling in a way to ease my conscience.

The gentleman came to his station and rose to go.

"Don't get too old an elephant," he said gravely, "and take a good look at his teeth before closing the deal. This is the right time of year to bag one. I wish you luck—and you, sir, I envy very much indeed."

"What did he mean, Uncle Grandad?" said Betsy Loo, after waving this new friend out of sight through the ear window.

"He meant," I said, "that he was sorry he couldn't come along with us and ride home on the elephant."

All in good time we reached the park and stepped out. We trod the path to the menagerie with a firm step and proud bearing, as befitted the dignity of our enterprise. To set out empty-handed and return with an elephant on the leash! Surely a mission that Sir Galahad himself could not have despised.

We halted many times on reaching the cages. Betsy Loo, ever a prey to the pleasures of the moment, insisted on gazing her fill at each. We waited to witness the hippopotamus yawn, which requires patience. We saw the king of beasts play lazily with a wooden ball. We marvelled at the fortitude of the polar bear in his icy tub. We came upon the camel, as I had predicted we would, and also the hyena, who, I thought, seemed inclined rather to sadness than hilarity.

And so we loitered down the pleasant paths, stared at by the blinking eyes of caged beasts from many lands. And as we walked I was wont to change my gaze from them to Betsy Loo, skipping in the sunshine. We stopped before the giraffe, and discussed him at some length, jocularly referring to the advantages he had over poor human beings. Never had I known Betsy Loo to be more enthusiastic and buoyant or more extravagant. Peanuts she dispensed impartially to all, extending a fat palmful with equal gravity to the Sacred Bull and the surly rhinoceros, displaying, it occurred to me, a startling ignorance of what the creatures really feed on. But although the child's quick steps seemed to weary ever so slightly as we wandered through, and although she held me in conversation as to the qualities and habits of the various beasts, still would she hark back to the object of our pursuit, until at length, as I handed over the fourth bag of peanuts, we reached the elephant-house.

We entered the large door and beheld our quarry. A large black elephant stood in a stall, whisking thoughtfully about with a trunk full of straw, and as we gazed, I felt Betsy Loo's hand creep into mine.

"Isn't he a nice elephant?" I said.

Betsy Loo gazed round-eyed, and said nothing.

"Come, Betsy Loo," said I, "we must find the keeper of this most excellent pachyderm. The keeper will be our man, and we shall engage him in profitable talk. Nothing can stop us now, Betsy Loo."

She followed mutely down the aisle, her hand still in mine, and her gaze on the elephant, strangely quiet. I located a little gray man in a blue cap, sweeping with a broom, and halted before him.

"Are you the keeper of the elephant?" I asked.

The little man stopped sweeping long enough to move his hat back on his bald head.



"I look after ol' Sal a bit," he said, "yis, sor."

Mentally I blessed the Irish.

"Then," said I, feeling in my pocket for a good cigar, "you are just the man we want. This little lady and I have come from afar, in order to own, obtain, and possess an elephant. You seem to have an excellent elephant here, which will suit us in every way. We would like also to ride him home through the streets."

I stooped to look at Betsy Loo, but she was still gazing at "Ol' Sal," and clutching my hand.

"Through the streets?" said the keeper, pocketing a good cigar. "Thank you, sor. Ol' Sal through the streets, did you say?"

He looked at me, and, catching my expression, let his gaze rest on Betsy Loo.

"'Tis an easy thing ye ask, sor. Shall I wrap her up in a bit o' paper, sor?"

"Hm," said I reflectively. "In that case you would send her up, I suppose. We had rather intended riding her, hadn't we, Betsy Loo?"

Betsy Loo looked up and smiled—an uncertain smile, I thought, and edged a step nearer to me.

The three of us sauntered over to old Sal's stall.

"His teeth," said I, remembering instructions. "They are in the best condition, I suppose?"

"Sound," said the keeper, "sound as rocks, barrin' the one she had pulled off her in August. She suffered terrible with it, sor."

I winced.

"Does he, or she, rather, eat peanuts?" I inquired.

"She does that, sor," said our guide.

"Betsy Loo," said I, "how about donating a peanut or two on the altar of friendship?"

Betsy Loo clutched the bag, and edged closer to me. At the movement a huge trunk was thrust invitingly through the bars.

"Uncle Grandad," said Betsy Loo, running behind me and extending the peanuts, "you feed him."

The keeper chuckled.

"Sure, she's quiet as a lamb," he said, "but a trifle skittish at times with that trunk o' hers. Easy, Sal, ol' girl!"

In the elephant's eagerness, the bag of peanuts in passing became upset, and the nuts rolled upon the ground. We stepped back while the huge animal began gobbling up those within reach.

"Uncle Grandad," said a small voice, "I don't want the elephant."

I smiled to myself.

"Why not, Betsy Loo?" I said.

"He's—he's so big and—so—so big!"

I looked at Betsy Loo shrinking beside me and back at the elephant.

"He is big," I said, "but that, I fear, is a fault common to elephants. They don't come in smaller sizes."

"If the little lady," said the keeper, "would care to step inside, and git up on ol' Sal, I could stan' by an' see that nothin' happened to her, or she didn't fall off like."

I turned on him with scorn.

"Man," I said, "does the tending of elephants do nothing towards sharpening your human perceptions? The little lady has changed her mind and will not own an elephant. She has taken advantage of her feminine prerogative."

"'Tis an instinct," said the keeper, "attained early and frequent, I know me perceptions ain't as sharp as they once was. I'm right sorry ol' Sal cut up so and spilt them peanuts."

I reached for another good cigar, and handed it to him.

"You have been very obliging and considerate," I said, "and we are grateful indeed. Every man to his trade, and the keeping of elephants is not for me. I salute you as a man who understands his work."

We strolled out of the elephant-house and along the path to the gate. The small feet lagged a bit, and so I



impersonated an elephant as best I could for the last hundred yards. Betsy Loo slept soundly going home on the car.

We reached the house just as the lamps were being lighted, and, going up to the nursery, found that Clara had started the fire. Maud, the flannel duck, stood on guard, seemingly much gratified at having her head once more facing the right way.

Betsy Loo seized Maud, and clambered on to my knee.

"Uncle Grandad," she sighed (some day, when I have the time, I'll explain how I come to exist in the combined capacity of uncle and grandfather), "Uncle Grandad, I'm so tired."

"But," said I, "we had a pleasant time."

Betsy Loo put down her head and gazed at the fire.

"Lovely," she murmured. "I loved feeding peanuts to the bunnys."

"The bunnys," said I, "doubtless appreciated the spirit of the giving,

but I think they would have preferred carrots."

Betsy Loo reflected.

"Next time," she said, "we'll take carrots, won't we, Uncle Grandad?"

"Yes, indeed," I said, "and some fish for the seals."

Nothing disturbed the silence for a long time, save an occasional crackle from the fire.

"Uncle Grandad—we didn't get —"

"It was a small matter," I said.

About an hour later Betsy Loo's mother came in, pulling off her gloves, and in a whisper at my raised finger, asked what we two had been up to all afternoon. I said we had been hunting elephants. And when she said, "My goodness, where?" I replied, "In the land of Lost Elusion," at which Betsy Loo's mother smiled and called me an "Old Silly."

I smiled, too, and did not answer the charge, for I felt that if Betsy Loo had heard she would have answered it for me.





# A FRONTIER RIVALRY

BY JOHN CAIN

BLUEFIELD'S first citizen had arrived. Standing on the grass-covered townsite near the spot where later the Grand Hotel proudly reared its high board front, he admiringly surveyed its undulating beauty.

Building material formed the most conspicuous portion of his outfit, which was now to be unloaded. It was not of a character to warrant hope of ornate architecture. The lumber was of common grade, and there were black rolls diffusing a pungent smell that prairie animals with nostrils expert in odours of the plain had sniffed from afar and wondered at. These rolls were of tar-paper for outside finishing, which, however much it may have offended the æsthetic eye or the sensitive nose, won the devotion of early settlers for its prized virtues of lightness and economy. But though the structural supply was a modest one, its owner felt a radiant satisfaction in its possession. For was not the first building of Bluefield to be fashioned from it! And was not Bluefield to be the pet town of the Chicago and Western and the Milwaukee and St. Peter, which companies, except in matters affecting Bluefield, were soon to fight a duel with steel for supremacy in the new Northwest!

But the base upon which young Ashton's enterprise was to rest was a box wherein was a machine, small but potential in giving civilization a start. It was an "army" printing press, the simplest contrivance for the diffusion

of printed intelligence. The owner had held the reins on the wagon carrying the printing plant and the commissariat. To hired drivers having no proprietary interest in the project might be committed the task of guiding the other freight. But the man who was not only to be Bluefield's first editor, but its first inhabitant as well, justly occupied the place of honour in the driving.

And yet Ashton's display of pride in his plant did not have complete inward justification. He had hoped to buy a hand-press. But his capital was not sufficient—the expense of getting established being so indefinite—to justify paying for one. And who would give credit to a man proposing to start a newspaper in an almost uninhabited country? So the hand-press ambition had been put aside.

When the wagons had reached the site yet without a structure to distinguish it from the rest of the sweeping plain, the "army" surely seemed large enough for the field. Ashton felt that it would do for the present. But being a pioneer he had faith in the future, and out of his faith came a vision in which he saw, not an "army" machine, nor yet a hand-press but that glorious possession, a cylinder press run by steam.

A shout by one of his drivers directed his attention to a forerunner of the multitude which would make this vision a reality. There was an object far off to the east, where the ground rose higher.



"It's an outfit," called Joe lustily. An outfit! A thing to thrill the young pioneer! Bringing other people into his new world—people with hope and faith like his!

"Somebody else's just fool enough to want to locate in this infernal country," was Joe's guess.

Joe Weeks was a freighter when he worked, and regarded raw prairie as fit only to be teamed across. His sarcasm missed its mark. The editor was already planning to give whoever was in the schooner a send-off in the first issue of his paper. He rightly assumed that this vessel of immigration was being steered to the haven of Bluefield.

Frequently he turned from the work of unloading to watch with much satisfaction the approaching schooner navigating the prairie main. When it came near he had been on the ground several hours and had a consciousness of being at home, which imposed a frontier obligation to extend to newcomers an effusive welcome.

"It's probably a stock of groceries," he remarked to Weeks. "That is what a town really needs at the start. If it is, it ought to be good for a half-column ad. in the *Pioneer*."

Ashton walked toward the craft in a cordial spirit. The schooner hove to and a young fellow disembarked.

"Howdy. This is Bluefield, I suppose," exclaimed the newcomer, jauntily taking the initiative.

Ashton had seen within the canvas a young woman, who, being so entirely unexpected a person, was responsible for his failure to promptly perform his semi-official duty. "Yes, this is the coming city," he responded, striving to recover his balance.

"Well, we've come to stay," said the other. "My name's McCargar, Jim McCargar, and this is my sister," nodding toward the young woman. "It's a little raw, I know, for a woman here now, but she's a good compositor and I brought her along."

"Compositor!" exclaimed Ashton.

"Yes. You know what a compositor is? She sets type," explained McCargar. "I'm going to start a newspaper here."

"A newspaper!" The object Ashton had seen on the horizon was a cloud, and it had now covered his sky! "But you mustn't do that. I've come here to start one myself." Ashton grasped at a claim of exclusive right by reason of priority.

"Oh, yes, I must," said McCargar, also striving against the force of bad news. "I'm here, and you've got to make room for me. We're getting a little thick, I admit, for the size of the town," he added, with an effort at facetiousness, "but she's going to grow."

"What kind of a press have you?" asked Ashton, wishing to know the worst.

"Only an eight-column hand-press," replied McCargar, airily, "It'll do for a while until business picks up. What's yours?"

"I brought in an army," said Ashton in a tone implying that it was a matter of choice. "When I get the field sized up I'll decide whether to get a large hand-press or a cylinder."

McCargar smiled incredulously. "Well, we're hungry," he said abruptly, "and if you'll let us start a fire in your town we'll fix up something to eat. Here's my pasteboard," he added, handing his competitor a card.

As Ashton turned to go, McCargar's sister was leaning forward at the front of the wagon, her hand upon a hoop of the over-arching canvas, and a most objectionable suggestion of sympathy in her eyes. On his way Ashton glanced at the card he still held in his hand. Amazed, he stopped, staring wide-eyed at it, then turned as if to go back, but changed his mind, and still looking at the bit of cardboard, strode on. He had read: "James G. McCargar, editor and proprietor of the *Bluefield Pioneer*."

Fierce resentment burned its way through Ashton's being. He would



insist upon having for his paper, alone, the title of "Pioneer!" What right, anyway, had this interloper to come to Bluefield? There were other townsites not yet pre-empted where McCargar could go. Here, where there was no local government, no law, the primitive policy of force seemed to him righteous, and he was sure he could drive his slender rival forth.

But his fever soon ran its course, and in a saner state he saw the absurdity of the scheme of violence. Besides, there was the fellow's sister. He hated her, too, of course, but being a woman she was entitled, especially on the frontier, to respectful treatment. And furthermore, he was conscious of a feeling, which was doubtless inspired by his strong public spirit, that her presence might have a gracious influence in starting the young city aright.

Ashton had wavered, to be sure, in choosing between *Vidette* and *Pioneer*, and the choice had at last been made by means of a toss-up, but now he would have nothing but the name that had been decreed by that agency of fate. Even if he had been willing to change the title it would have been a matter of weeks to get a new "head" from the type foundry. It was, for all reasons, out of the question. He would rush his type-setting and fortify his prior right by getting out his paper ahead.

Six days later Ashton's journal came from the press. It was not much of a paper compared with issues he has put out since, but it is highly improbable that he has ever thought as much of even his celebrated twenty-page special edition, illustrated, as he did of this little number. It chronicled at length the arrival of a stock of merchandise, the starting of a blacksmith shop, and the coming of a crew of carpenters to erect a hotel. It made very brief mention of a saloon outfit, the owners of which, he noticed, had been greeted in a most friendly manner by McCargar, which

incident placed Ashton more firmly on the side of temperance. Most space was, however, given to prophetic statements concerning the coming greatness of Bluefield, with some fervid words about the devotion of the editor to its best interests.

It had been reported to Ashton that his rival had been overheard in a conversation with his sister cursing the country, its winds and its water, and pronouncing it unfit as a place of habitation for anyone not having the willingness of an Indian to endure nature at its worst. This news caused Ashton to put his item about the McCargars in this form:

"James G. McCargar and his sister, Miss Mary McCargar, are here from Yankton. Mr. McCargar is looking the town over with a view to starting a newspaper, but as he is not pleased with the country, and finds the field already occupied, he may decide not to locate here. If he concludes to seek further, we fraternally wish him good luck in finding a location to his liking."

This brotherly statement was regarded by Mr. McCargar as offensive, and when his paper appeared, it contained this reply:

"A wandering printer, whose name in this country is Ashton, blew in here the other day with a box of old type and a second-hand toy press, and has started what he calls a newspaper. In this sheet, which we would not take any notice of, except for the fact that it may become a disgrace to the town, the fellow attempts to be funny with us, intimating that we do not like the country, and are ready to quit. Our faith in the country was shown when we brought in our complete printing outfit, and we can truly say that we have never liked any place we ever lived in more than we have the city of Bluefield during the seven weeks we have been here. And we have a right to feel that this is where we belong, judging from the many words of appreciation we have received from the day of our first publica-



tion, and the liberal patronage that has flowed in on us. We are here to stick, as this nomad will discover. With a fine plant, and backed by ample capital with which to enlarge it when necessary, we are prepared to keep right on publishing such a paper as Bluefield deserves."

When Ashton read this fulmination his anger reached the degree that inspires violence. "The colossal liar!" he exclaimed, as there in the date line he saw the whole scheme to beat him by claim of prior publication revealed in: "Vol. 1. No. VI."

The fellow's insults demanded that he be choked into an admission of his depravity. Ashton was at once striding toward McCargar's tent. The personal thrusts alone might have started him on the way to vengeance, but it was the injustice of the contemptuous allusions to his entirely new plant that really enraged him. He would see that the shameful disparagement of his facilities was stopped. But when McCargar's sister met him at the door of the tent and told him that her brother was ill, he awkwardly tried to make her understand that he was merely passing that way, and even failed to decline a sprig of goldenrod she offered him from a bunch she had gathered on the prairie. As he walked away, he reflected at length upon the subject of the great difference there could be between members of the same family. Such cogitation led him to decide to bear himself in the controversy in a dignified manner, and in the next issue of his paper he dealt with his rival in a properly disdainful way.

Bluefield grew rapidly. The track of the Chicago and Western soon reached it on its way West, and then came daily trainloads of people looking for business or professional openings, or most of all, quarter-sections of free Government land. The blue-joint grass which gave the town its name was trampled down all over the site by buyers of lots. The tough sod which had never before been disturb-

ed by human kind was ruthlessly cut for excavations over which were raised structures which were later regarded as small and unsightly, but were now looked upon as altogether admirable works of the builder. With hammer and saw men were hurriedly striving to make the place worthy in its infancy of its great destiny. To the hundreds of enthusiasts who were founding a city, the strife of the newspapers was but an incident. They easily distinguished the papers as Ashton's *Pioneer* and McCargar's *Pioneer*, and any objection that may have been felt because of the titular sameness was soon waived. But it remained a very serious matter to the editors, and rivalry for the growing patronage of the community intensified the bitterness.

The need of local government being felt at Bluefield from the beginning, steps were soon taken to organize the county in which it was situated. Bluefield was, of course, made the temporary county seat, and the matter of making it the permanent one at the first election was regarded as a mere formality, until the promoters of a townsite ten miles away attracted contemptuous notice by announcing their intention to compete. But Bluefield presently realized that it would be necessary to conduct a campaign. The presumptuous manager's of Oakton's candidacy had begun work among the voters, and strangely enough, were convincing some of them.

Committees were quickly formed to guard Bluefield's interests, and the work that followed gave McCargar opportunities for gaining prominence, of which he took ample advantage. So clever did he seem to be that in addition to other honours he was given the chairmanship of the important committee to keep advised of the movements of the enemy.

One evening Ashton sat on his office doorstep. He would have been utterly dejected over the eminence his rival was maintaining, except for the odd



reason that he had that afternoon heard that the rival's sister had spoken appreciatively of him. The kind words that had been repeated to him were the first positive evidence that she did not believe it her sisterly duty to hate him. He was pleased now that he had put that sprig of goldenrod away somewhere, and he would try to remember where. As his thoughts were hurrying into a rather attractive field, they were checked by the arrival of Chairman Stackpole of the county seat executive committee.

"We've got important work for you, Ashton." Mr. Stackpole spoke with an intensity befitting a serious matter. "Those Danes up the river must be kept in line. They have been friendly to us, you know, but McCargar is on to a scheme of the Oakton people to win them over. There must be all of sixty votes there, and you know how clannish Danes are. If the Oakton notion got around among them they might swing over in a body. McCargar wanted this work. But he figured it would take several hundred dollars and we can't afford that much. He'll be more disgruntled when he finds we've given you the job. But in this fight we can't let people's feelings interfere, and we know the leaders of the Danes like you for the way you've mentioned them in your paper. So there's the proposition, and, of course, you'll tackle it?"

Ashton was already planning his campaign. In his elated state he could already see how proud he would be when the returns came in, showing the Danish vote solid for Bluefield. But he controlled himself sufficiently to say in a calm tone: "I'll do the best I can."

"Well, if you do that, we'll feel safe there," an expression of confidence Ashton resolved to sustain.

But he was not so sure of success after a week of electioneering. Oakton emissaries had been making alluring talks, and the colonists were showing an annoying disposition to consider the matter. "Ay tank Ay tank

'bote et," was too often the aggravating reply to Ashton's best arguments.

Ashton soon saw a chance for a master-stroke. The Jim River, which runs through the district occupied by these settlers, was without good fording places there. This was having some influence on the county seat question, as the colonists on the east side of the river had to cross it in going to Bluefield, whereas they could go to Oakton without that thrilling experience. While listening to the maledictions of a worthy east-side citizen stuck in midstream with a pair of mules, it occurred to Ashton that it would be wise for Bluefield to build a bridge. No massive structure was required, but one could be built cheaply that would hold the Danish gratitude until election day. But the executive committee did not approve the project. Any bridge that would serve the purpose would be too expensive. And besides, if it enabled Eastsiders to come more conveniently to Bluefield, the west-side settlers could go more easily to Oakton. No, the best plan was to assure the Danes that as soon as the country was organized, Bluefield would see that a fine public bridge was built for them.

But when Ashton a few days later reported that Oakton proposed to build a bridge for the settlement, the Bluefield committee found it could spare the money, and gave a hurry order for timber. And that was how it happened that two bridges were built at the bend near Cottonwood gulch.

Ashton's confidence was greatly strengthened in the succeeding days. A week before the election he knew how every man felt on the momentous question. His report was that the sentiment was entirely favourable to Bluefield. This greatly encouraged the committee. Oakton had conducted a despicable campaign, and the result would be close. It was possible that the Danish vote would decide the contest.

McCargar was busy getting out



the issue of his paper which was to appear the day before the election. It was being filled with Bluefield arguments, to be distributed widely among the voters. The night before the day of publication the press work was to be done. When McCargar entered his office to do this printing he locked the door. A form of type stood on the imposing stone, all made up except a portion of a column reserved for a final article. The copy of this article he now gave his sister, with an injunction to hurry it up. As she stepped to a case of type to set it she saw that it was about the Danish vote. Disregarding his desire for haste, she read it through. Then she turned angrily upon him. He had been watching her.

"You are not going to print this!" she exclaimed.

"I just am. Why not?"

"Because it is an insult to those Danes, and will drive them all to voting for Oakton. It'll make Oakton the county seat."

"Well, what if it does—it's nothing to me."

"Nothing to you!" cried the amazed girl. "Why, it'll ruin our paper and kill you in the town. That's what it will do to you."

"See here, you. I know what I'm doing. These fellows haven't done the square thing. They think Ashton's pretty smart, but I'll show them they don't know what smartness is. I want this thing set up as fast as you know how. An Oakton man is coming here to-night, and I want papers ready for him to take out."

"I'll not set it," said the girl.

"You've got to set it. You talk about me ruining myself," he went on, "but if you don't help me get the paper out with this in it, you'll do the ruining."

The awful conviction forced itself upon her that he was in a plot to betray his town.

"I'll not set a word of it," was her ultimatum.

"Well, sit down there and keep

quiet," he commanded, and commenced the slow task of setting the article himself.

The girl sat in a limp state, hopeless of thwarting the scheme, which was now very plain. Papers containing the offensive article would be distributed among the Danes in the last hours of the campaign, and the damage would be done so late that Bluefield would not be able to repair it. But how could she prevent it? How save her brother from disgrace and her town from defeat? She could think of no plan. No, there was nothing she could do. What! Could she do that? The limp figure straightened up and became rigid. She could try. It was a rather desperate thing to attempt, but she could try. It was not fair, maybe, but there was the old justification of the importance of the end. She looked over at her brother. He was awkwardly picking up the type.

Oh, well," she called, "if you insist, I'll set the stuff up!"

"Now you're showing some sense," he responded, and gladly turned over to her the composing stick. She was an expert typesetter, and soon the article was up.

When the article was ready, McCargar became confidential. "I hope you can see this thing as I do," he ventured. She said nothing. "This is the only way Oakton can reach the Danish vote. The fellows who are backing it have plenty of money, but it wouldn't work with the Danes. The trouble with them is that they are too all-fired conscientious. Of course, it seems strange to you that I should help Oakton. But Bluefield hasn't been fair with me, and you know I don't like the layout anyway. I have merely sold Oakton advertising space, but you can bet it pays me a big price for the space. I know I can't live here after this is discovered, and so I got enough cash," he went on shamelessly, "to make it an object to get out of the country, and I'm going. I am to have \$300 more if Oakton



wins, and you can get that and apply it on what I owe you. The plant is yours, of course, and you can probably sell it. Then I'll have you come where I locate."

She did not reproach him. She had listened to his recital with rising indignation, and now so bitter was her feeling that she dared not speak. But it made the deed she had resolved on easier to perform.

He placed the article in the form and tightened the type in its steel frame. The heavy page was raised, and McCargar and his sister carried it to the press. Here it was rested on its edge before being lowered to the flat surface of the bed. The editor had a weak arm, and needed assistance in putting forms down on the press. Now, as they were steadily lowering the page, the girl's foot seemed to slip, she fell heavily against her brother, weakening his hold and losing her own, and the type fell with a crash! The metal letters, thousands of them, were jarred from their alignment into confused heaps of "pi," and it would require days to assort them. McCargar's *Pioneer* would not be issued before election!

"It's all gone to h—!" cried McCargar as he gazed at the wrecked page, while his collapsed sister lay at his feet on the floor.

"What infernal thing happened to you?" he demanded.

She pointed with shaking finger to an oily spot where she had stood. As she thus mutely answered they heard three light knocks on the rear door.

"That's Ferguson," he whispered.

"He's after the papers for Oakton."

The knocks were repeated.

"I'm off, Mary. Tell him what I've told you to say."

He stepped to the front door noiselessly and went out.

Again there was knocking on the rear door. This time it was more forcible. The young woman, rising, called out: "Who's there?"

"I want to speak to McCargar," was the reply.

"He's not here."

"Oh, yes he is. Say, McCargar, let me in. It's Ferguson."

"My brother has gone, Mr. Ferguson. He told me to tell you he had gone to Oakton by the upper road."

Ferguson swore.

"How long has he been gone?"

"Only a little while."

"Did he take the papers with him?"

"I didn't see him when he started."

The Oakton emissary hurried away.

The next day when Ashton heard of the disaster at McCargar's he went right over to offer the use of his material. He found there, leaning over the confused heaps of type, a disconsolate figure. Only a very hard heart could remain unmoved by so pitiful a scene, and Ashton's that morning was by no means stony. What occurred there is gathered sufficiently from what appeared in the next issue of Ashton's *Pioneer*. This was mainly devoted to election returns, and accounts of the celebration of Bluefield's victory. The returns showed that the Danish colony gave Bluefield fifty-two majority, and as its majority in the county was but the narrow one of thirty-five, it can be seen that but for the Danish vote it would have been defeated by seventeen, which fact, aided by a certain comparison, made Ashton a hero in the community.

But other decidedly interesting news appeared under the head of "Consolidation," in an article which announced that the *Pioneers* had been combined by the owners, Edward Ashton and Mary McCargar. A month later the firm of Ashton and McCargar formed another union. The ceremony would have been performed sooner, it is understood, but for the natural desire of the bride to appear on the occasion dressed to conform to the advancing requirements of society at the county seat.

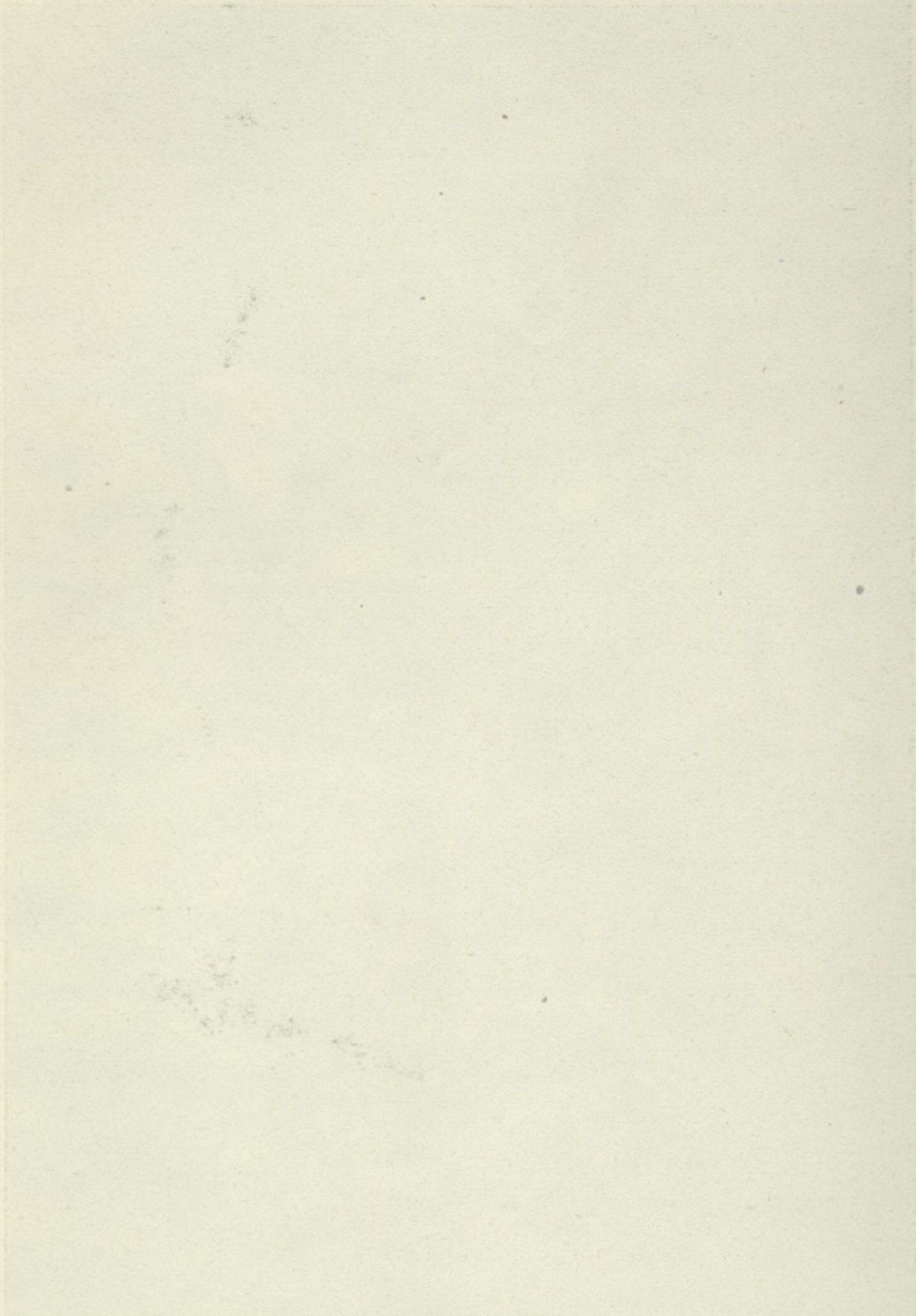




TIME, DEATH AND JUDGMENT

From the Painting by Frederick G. Watts, in the National Art Gallery of Canada







# "LONG LIVE THE KING!"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE crown prince sat in the royal box and swung his legs. This was hardly princely, but the royal legs did not quite reach the floor from the high crimson velvet seat of his chair.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto was bored. His royal robes, consisting of a pair of blue serge trousers, a short Eton jacket, and a stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him.

He had been brought to the opera house under a misapprehension. His aunt, the Princess Annunciata, had strongly advocated "The Flying Dutchman," and his English governess, Miss Simpkins, had read him some rather inspiring literature about it. So here he was, and the Flying Dutchman was not ghostly at all, nor did it fly. It was, from the royal box, only too plainly a ship which had length and height, without thickness. And instead of flying, after dreary eons of singing, it was moved off on creaky rollers by men whose shadows were thrown grotesquely on the sea backing.

The orchestra, assisted by a bass solo and intermittent thunder in the wings, was making a deafening din. One of the shadows on the sea backing took out its handkerchief and wiped its nose.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm looked across at the other royal box, and caught his cousin Hedwig's eye. She also had seen the handkerchief; she took out her own scrap of linen, and mimicked the shadow. Then—the Princess Annunciata being occupied

with the storm—she winked across at Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm.

In the opposite box were his three cousins, the Duchesses Hilda, Maria, and Hedwig. Personally he liked Hedwig best. She was the youngest and prettiest. Although she had been introduced to the court at the Christmas eve ball, and had been duly presented by her grandfather, the king, with the usual string of pearls and her own carriage with the spokes of the wheels gilded half-way—only the king and Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had all gold wheels—she still ran off now and then to have tea with Ferdinand and Miss Simpkins in the school-room at the palace, and she could eat a great deal of bread and butter.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm winked back at the Duchess Hedwig. And just then—

"Listen!" said the Princess Annunciata, leaning forward. "The 'Spinning Song'—is it not exquisite?"

"They are only pretending to spin," remarked Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm.

Nevertheless, he listened obediently. He rather liked it. They had not fooled him at all. They were not really spinning—anyone could see that—but they were sticking very closely to their business of each out-singing the other, and collectively of drowning out the orchestra.

The spinning chorus was followed by long and tiresome solos. The crown prince yawned again. Catching He-



wig's eye, he ran his fingers up through his thick yellow hair and grinned.

Hedwig blushed. She had confided to him once, while they were walking in the garden at the summer palace, that she was madly in love with a young lieutenant of the palace guard. Ferdinand had been much interested. He had asked to have the lieutenant ride with him at the court riding-school, and his grim old grandfather had granted the request.

Ferdinand liked the young officer. He assured Hedwig, the next time she came to tea, that when he was king he would see that she married the lieutenant. But Hedwig was much distressed.

"I don't want him that way," she said. "He—he doesn't care about me. You should see the way he stares at Hilda!"

"Pish!" said Ferdinand over his cup. "Hilda is not as pretty as you are. We talk about you frequently."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Princess Hedwig, colouring. "And what do you say?"

Miss Simpkins's back being turned, Ferdinand Wilhelm took another lump of sugar.

"Say? Oh, not much, you know. He asks how you are, and I tell him you are well, and that you ate thirteen pieces of bread at tea, or whatever it may have been. The day Miss Simpkins had the toothache, and you and I ate the fruit-cake her sister had sent from England, he was very anxious. He said we both deserved to be ill."

The Duchess Hedwig had been blushing uncomfortably, but now she paled.

"He dared to say that?" she stormed, and picked up her muff and went out.

Only—and this was curious—by the next day she had forgiven the lieutenant, and was angry at Ferdinand Wilhelm. Women are very strange.

So now Ferdinand Wilhelm ran his fingers through his light hair, which

was a favourite gesture of the lieutenant's, and Hedwig blushed. After that, she refused to look across at him, but sat staring fixedly at the stage, where Frau Engel, in a short skirt, a black velvet bodice, and a white apron with two yellow braids over her shoulders, was listening, with all the coyness of forty years and six children at home, to the love-making of a man in a false black beard.

The Princess Annunciata, sitting well back, was nodding. Just outside, on the red velvet sofa, General Mettlich, on guard, was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with its gold braid, was rising and falling peacefully. Beside him lay the prince's crown, a small black Derby hat.

The Duchess Maria looked across, and smiled and nodded at Ferdinand Wilhelm. Then she went back to the music; she held the score in her hand and followed it note by note.

It was very wearisome! If one could only wander around the corridor, or buy a sandwich from the stand at the foot of the great staircase—or, better still, if one could only get to the street, alone, and purchase one of the fig women that Miss Simpkins so despised! And, after all, why not? His aunt and General Mettlich were asleep; Miss Simpkins, the governess, was at home with a headache. Why not?

With the trepidation of a canary who finds his cage-door open, and, hopping to the threshold, surveys the world before venturing to explore it, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm rose to his feet, tiptoed past the Princess Annunciata, who did not move, and looked around him from the doorway.

In the royal dressing-room behind the box, a lady-in-waiting was sitting and crocheting. A maid was spreading the Princess Annunciata's carriage wrap before the fire. The three duchesses had shed their carriage boots just inside the door. They were in a row, curiously of a size.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm picked up his hat and concealed it by his side.



Then nonchalantly, as if to stretch his legs by walking ten feet up the corridor and back, he passed the dressing-room door. Another moment, and he was out of sight around a bend of the passageway, and before him lay liberty.

Not quite! At the top of the private staircase reserved for the royal family, a sentry commonly stood. He had moved a few feet from his post, however, and was watching the stage through the half-open door of a private loge. His gun, with its fixed bayonet, leaned against the stair rail.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm passed behind him with outward calmness. At the top of the public staircase, however, he hesitated. Here, everywhere, were brass-buttoned officials of the opera house. A *garde-robe* woman stared at him curiously. There was a noise from the house, too—a sound of clapping hands and “bravos.”

The little prince looked at the woman with appeal in his eyes. Then, with his heart thumping, he ran past her, down the white marble staircase, to where the great doors promised liberty.

Olga, the *garde-robe* woman, came out from behind her counter, and stood looking down the marble staircase after the small flying figure.

“Well, well, well!” she said, wondering. “How much that child resembled his royal highness!”

The old soldier who rented opera-glasses at the second landing, and who had left a leg in Bosnia, leaned over the railing.

“Look at that!” he exclaimed. “He will break a leg, the young rascal! Once I could have—but there, he is safe! The good God watches over fools and children.”

“It looked like the prince,” said the woman. “I have seen him often—he has the same bright hair.”

But the opera-glass man was not listening. He had drawn a long sausage from one pocket and a roll from the other, and now, retiring to a far

window, he stood placidly eating—a bite of sausage, a bite of bread. His mind was in Bosnia, with his leg.

And because old Adelbert’s mind was in Bosnia, and since one hears with the mind, and not with the ear, he did not hear the sharp question of the sentry who ran down the stairs and paused for a second at the *garde-robe*. Well for Olga, too, that he did not hear her reply.

“He has not passed here,” she said, with wide and honest eyes, but with an ear toward old Adelbert. “An old gentleman came a moment ago, and got a sandwich, which he had left in his overcoat. Perhaps that is whom you are seeking?”

The sentry cursed, and ran down the staircase, the nails in his shoes striking sharply on the marble.

At the window, old Adelbert cut off another slice of sausage with his pocket-knife and sauntered back to his table of opera-glasses at the angle of the balustrade. The hurrying figure of the sentry below caught his eye.

“Another fool!” he grumbled, looking down. “One would think new legs grew in place of old ones, like the claws of sea-creatures!”

But Frau Olga leaned over her checks, with her lips curved up in a smile.

“The little one!” she thought. “And such courage! He will make a great king. Let him have his prank like other children, and—God bless him and keep him!”

Sheltered behind the rows of coats from Adelbert’s spying old eyes, she crossed herself.

## II.

The crown prince was just a trifle dazzled by the brilliance of his success. He paused for one breathless moment under the *porte-cochère* of the opera house; then he took a long breath and turned to the left. For he knew that at the right, just around the corner, were the royal carriages, with his own drawn up before the



door, and Beppo and Hans erect on the box, their haughty noses red in the wind, for the early spring air was biting.

So he turned to the left, and was at once swallowed up in the street crowd. It seemed very strange to him. Not that he was unaccustomed to crowds. Had he not, that very Christmas, gone shopping in the Stadtplatz, accompanied only by General Mettlich and Miss Simpkins, and bought his grandfather, the king, a burnt-wood box which might hold either neckties or gloves, and his cousins silver photograph-frames?

But this was different, and for a rather peculiar reason. Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had never seen the back of a crowd! The public was always lined up, facing him, smiling and bowing and God-blessing him. Small wonder he thought of most of his future subjects as being much like the ship in the opera, meant only to be viewed from the front.

Also, it was surprising to see how stiff and straight their backs were. Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had never known that backs could be so rigid. Those with which he was familiar had a way of drooping forward from the middle of the spine up. It was most interesting!

The next hour was full of remarkable things. For one, he dodged behind a street-car and was almost run over by a taxicab. The policeman on the corner came out, and, taking Ferdinand Wilhelm by the shoulder, gave him a talking to and a shaking. Ferdinand Wilhelm was furious, but policy kept him silent; which proves conclusively that the crown prince had not only initiative—witness his flight—but self-control and diplomacy. Lucky country, to have in prospect such a king!

But even royalty has its weaknesses. At the next corner Ferdinand Wilhelm stopped and invested his small change in the forbidden fig lady, with arms and legs of cloves. He had wanted one of these ever since he

could remember, but Miss Simpkins had sternly refused to authorize the purchase. In fact, she had had one of the raisins placed under a microscope, and had shown his royal highness a number of interesting and highly active creatures who made their homes therein.

His royal highness recalled all this with great distinctness, and, immediately dismissing it from his mind, ate the legs and arms of the fig woman with enjoyment. Which, not the eating of legs and arms, of course, but to be able to dismiss what is unpleasant—is another highly desirable royal trait.

His movements, although agreeably indeterminate, had by now a definite object. This was the park, and a certain portion of the park at that.

It was not the long *allée* between rows of trees trimmed to resemble walls of green in summer, and curiously distorted skeletons in winter; not the coffee-houses, where young officers in uniform sat under the trees reading the papers, and rising to bow with great clanking and much ceremony as a gold-wheeled carriage or a pretty girl went by.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had the fulfilment of a great desire in his small, active mind. This was nothing less than a ride on the American scenic railroad, which had secured a concession in a far corner of the park. Hedwig's lieutenant had described it to him—how one was taken in a small car to a dizzy height, and then turned loose on a track which dropped giddily and rose again, which hurled one through sheet-iron tunnels of incredible blackness, thrust one out over a gorge, whirled one in mad curves around corners of precipitous heights, and finally landed one, panting, breathless, shocked, and reeling, but safe, at the very platform where one had purchased his ticket three eternities, which were only minutes, before.

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had put this proposition, like the raisins, to Miss Simpkins. Miss Simpkins re-



plied with the sad story of an English child who had clutched at its cap during a crucial moment on a similar track at the Crystal Palace.

"When they picked him up," she finished, "every bone in his body was broken!"

"Every bone?" queried the prince.

"Every bone," said Miss Simpkins solemnly.

"The little ones in his ears, and all?"

"Every one," said Miss Simpkins, refusing to weaken.

The prince pondered.

"He must have felt like jelly," he remarked, and Miss Simpkins had dropped the subject.

So now, with freedom and his week's allowance, except the outlay for the fig woman, in his pocket, Ferdinand Wilhelm started for the Land of Desire. The *allée* was almost deserted. It was the sacred hour of coffee. The terraces were empty, but from the coffee-houses along the drive there came a cheerful rattle of cups, a hum of conversation.

As the early spring twilight fell, the gas-lamps along the *allée*, always burning, made a twin row of pale stars ahead. At the end, even as the wanderer gazed, he saw myriads of tiny red, white, and blue lights, rising high in the air, outlining the crags and peaks of the sheet-iron mountain which was his destination. The Land of Desire was very near!

There came to his ears, too, the occasional rumble that told of some palpitating soul being at that moment hurled and twisted and joyously thrilled, as *per* the lieutenant's description.

Now it is a strange thing, but true, that one does not reach the Land of Desire alone; because the half of pleasure is the sharing of it with someone else, and the Land of Desire, alone, is not the Land of Desire at all. Quite suddenly, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto discovered that he was lonely.

He sat down on the curb under a

gas-lamp and ate the fig woman's head, taking out the cloves, because he did not like cloves. At that moment there was a soft whirring off to one side of him, and a yellow bird, rising and falling erratically on the breeze, careened suddenly and fell at his feet.

Ferdinand Wilhelm leaned over and picked it up. It was a small toy aeroplane, with yellow silk planes, guy-ropes of waxed thread, and a wooden rudder, its motive power vested in a tightly-twisted rubber. One of the wings was bent. Ferdinand Wilhelm straightened it, and looked around for the owner.

"Gee!" he said in English. "Did you see it go that time?"

A small boy was standing under the next gas-lamp.

Ferdinand Wilhelm eyed the stranger. He was about his own age, and was curiously dressed. He wore a short pair of corduroy trousers, much bloomed at the knee, a pair of yellow Russia-leather shoes that reached well to his calves, and, over all, a shaggy white sweater, rolling almost to his chin. On the very back of his head he had the smallest cap that Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had ever seen.

Now this was exactly the way in which Ferdinand Wilhelm had always wished to dress. He was suddenly conscious of the long trousers on his own small legs, of the ignominy of his tailless Eton jacket and stiff, rolling collar, of the crowning disgrace of his Derby hat. But—the lonely feeling had gone from him.

"This is the best time for flying," he said, in his perfect English. "All the exhibition flights are at sundown."

The boy walked slowly over and stood looking down at him.

"You ought to see it fly from the top of Pike's Peak!" he remarked. He had caught sight of the despised Derby, and his eyes widened, but with instinctive good-breeding he ignored it. "That's Pike's Peak up there."

He indicated the very top of the



Land of Desire. The prince stared up.

"How does one get up?" he queried.

"Ladders. My father's the manager. He lets me up—sometimes."

Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm stared with new awe at the boy. He found the fact much more remarkable than if the stranger had stated that his father was the King of England. Kings were, as you may say, directly in Ferdinand Wilhelm's line, but scenic railroads—

"I had thought of taking a journey on it," he said, after a second's reflection. "Do you think your father will sell me a ticket?"

"Billy Grimm will. I'll go with you."

The prince rose with alacrity. Then he stopped. He must, of course, ask the strange boy to be his guest. But tickets! Perhaps his allowance—

"I must see first how much it costs," he said with dignity.

The other boy laughed.

"Oh, gee! You come with me. It won't cost anything," he said, and led the way toward the towering lights.

For Bobby Treat to bring a small boy to ride with him was an everyday affair. Billy Grimm, at the ticket-window, hardly glanced at the boy who stood, trembling with anticipation, in the shadow of the booth.

"Remember, Bob," he said, passing out the two tickets to fairy-land as if they were mere bits of paper, "I haven't pulled your ears for luck yet. Just wait until closing-time!"

"It's my birthday," explained Bobby, as they climbed the steps to the waiting car. "In America they pull your ears on your birthday. What do they do to *you*?"

Now Ferdinand Wilhelm had had a birthday lately. He had a vivid recollection of early mass in the palace chapel before dawn, with the prelates of the church praying for his long life and health and wisdom; of being taken at eleven o'clock to see

his grandfather, the king, and of suffering a grilling examination in army tactics at the hands of that grim old man of blood; and of a tiring reception that afternoon, when the court had brought its respects and good wishes, as well as the admirals of the fleet and the generals of the army, and the burgomaster had read him a long address, while he stood until his legs ached. Also, he remembered that he had had preserved pineapple at tea that day, by way of special jollification. Nobody had pulled his ears.

"They—oh, they don't do very much," he said evasively.

"Doesn't your mother let you order what you want for dinner, or give you presents?" Bobby asked.

"My mother's dead," said Ferdinand Wilhelm.

He did not have a lump in his throat when he said it. His mother had died years before, as had his father—both felled by the dagger of an assassin. To Ferdinand Wilhelm they were two pictures that hung on his bedroom wall, and, of course, there was his father's sword. He rather fancied the sword. Once or twice, in his rare moments alone, he had buckled it on. It was much too long, of course, unless he stood on a hassock.

The car came just then, and they climbed in. Perhaps, as they moved off, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm had a qualm, occasioned by the remembrance of the English child who had met an untimely end; but if he did, he pluckily hid it.

"Put your lid on the floor of the car," said Bobby Treat, depositing his own atom there. "Father says, if you do that, you're perfectly safe."

Ferdinand Wilhelm divined that this referred to his hat, and drew a small breath of relief. And then they were off—up an endless, clicking roadway, where, at the top, the car hung for a breathless second over the gulf below; then, fairly launched, out on a trestle, with the city far beneath them, and only the red, white, and



blue lights for company; and into a tunnel, filled with roaring noises and swift-moving shadows. Then came the end of all things—a flying leap down, a heart-breaking delirious thrill, an upward sweep just as the strain was too great for endurance.

“Isn’t it bully?” shouted Bob against the onrush of the wind.

“Fine!” shrieked his royal highness, and braced himself for another dip into the gulf.

Above the roaring of the wind in their ears, neither child had heard the flying feet of a dozen horses coming down the *allée*. They never knew that a hatless young lieutenant, white-lipped with fear, had checked his horse to its haunches at the ticket-booth, and demanded to know who was in the Land of Desire.

“Only the son of the manager, and a boy friend of his,” replied Billy Grimm rather curtly. “What’s wrong? Lost anybody?”

But Hedwig’s lieutenant had wheeled his horse without a word, and, jumping him over the hedge of the *allée*, was off in a despairing search of the outskirts of the park—despairing, because those who had slain the father still lived to threaten the son. The terrorists! He shut his teeth to stifle a groan.

As the last horse leaped the hedge and disappeared, the car came to a stop at the platform. Quivering, Prince Ferdinand Wilhelm reached down for the despised hat.

“Would you like to go around again?” asked Bobby quite casually.

His highness gasped with joy.

“If—if you would be so kind!” he said.

And at the lordly wave of Bobby’s hand, the car moved on.

### III.

The old king was dying. To the Princess Annunciata, his spinster daughter, the news had come as she sat dozing in the royal box at the opera.

And the crown prince, who might

now at any moment be king—the crown prince was missing!

The news had spread quickly. There was wild consternation at the palace. In the public squares crowds were silently gathering, and in every group there was whispering of the terrorists who had stabbed Prince Marmaduke and his young wife, and who might now—but then, such a child! It was incredible!

Across from the palace, with only the great square between, lay the Royal Opera. Old Adelbert, having locked up his opera-glasses—for, with the king dying, there would be no opera that night, nor, indeed, for no one knew how long—old Adelbert limped down the marble stairs and into the square, black with people.

The crowd was very still. Always it stood facing in one direction—toward that wing of the palace where the old warrior had his apartments, and where now he lay dying.

The curtains were open, and the casement of one window, which opened on a balcony, was thrown wide. Now and then shadowy figures passed it and once the Princess Annunciata, with wide, grief-stricken eyes, had come as if for air, and had stood for a moment, unconscious of the eyes below.

“A good woman!” said old Adelbert, finding himself, in the dusk, beside the *garde-robe* woman. “She remained unmarried to be with her father. And now he goes, and she is alone. It is the way of the world.”

Olga had been staring before her with dull and sunken eyes.

“They—have they found the—crown prince?” she asked thickly.

Adelbert stared.

“The crown prince!”

“He is missing. I—I thought it was only a prank, but—two hours!”

“What did you say?” Adelbert was old, and the soft hum of the crowd confused him. “What was two hours?”

“Nothing.” She drew a long breath. “He is missing!”



Old Adelbert started violently.

"He is not there, in the palace?"

"No. He disappeared from the opera-house this afternoon. Every regiment in the city is out."

And true enough, at that moment, the crowd surged back against them to allow the passage of a company of soldiers. For the first time in the knowledge of man the palace was practically unprotected. The king's guard, every man of noble birth, marched through the crowd, young faces eager and intent under their tall black shakos, lanterns swinging in time to the muffled beat of a solitary drum. It was General Mettlich's own regiment, and the crown prince himself wore its uniform on gala occasions.

Up-stairs, in an anteroom of the king's bedchamber, General Mettlich, old friend and comrade of the dying monarch, had been placed under restraint. Twice, in frenzy over the loss of his charge, he had tried to fall on his sword. Now he sat between two guards, his face whiter than the king's own, waiting for what must soon come—for the dreaded moment when, the archbishop having solemnly announced from the balcony the death of their old ruler, the people below would call to him, General Mettlich, to show them from the rail their boy king.

As the sound of the solitary drum came through the open window, the old warrior stirred. One of the guards—crowning humiliation, a captain of his own regiment—laid a quieting hand on his arm.

Down in the square, old Adelbert at the same moment put a hand on Olga's arm. His mind moved slowly.

"From the opera-house!" he said. "Impossible! There were the usual guards—unless—" He turned and peered into the *garde-robe* woman's face. "It was *he* then!" he muttered. "And you knew!"

"He was so little, and he has so few pleasures," cried Olga passionately. "It is always study, study—

and I saw his eyes. They were like his father's!"

Old Adelbert made no reply. He caught her arm, and, struggling, pulled her behind him through the crowd. Where it refused to yield, he brought down the iron point of his wooden leg, and his progress was one of oaths and groans.

"Where are you taking me?" gasped Olga.

"To the Princess Annunciata," said the old soldier. "The child is only lost, wandering. It is not the terrorists, after all. Only—may be he found in time!"

Olga wept softly. She complained that her shoes were bad and her jacket old. If she had only time to go home and put on her braided coat—

"Come! Use your breath to pray," said old Adelbert roughly, and planted his iron toe on her shabby ones.

So she was led as a lamb to the slaughter. Finally they came to an open space under the stone balcony, where one sentry kept the crowd back, and walked sadly to and fro with his gun over his shoulder.

Adelbert stepped boldly into the lighted square, and faced the sentry.

"I would see the Princess Annunciata," he said, and saluted.

The sentry stared.

"Adelbert, from the Royal Opera"—under his breath—"with news of the crown prince."

The sentry swiftly turned the geometrical right angle that is a specialty of sentries, and crossed with rapid strides to the arched stone doorway which was the old king's private entrance.

"Adelbert of the Royal Opera, with news of the crown prince," he repeated to the sentry there.

And so it happened that into the ante-room where General Mettlich sat on a sofa between two captains of the guard; where the Duchess Hedwig, kneeling at a shrine with her sister, was crying over a small silver photograph-frame; where the Princess Annunciata, distracted, walked back—



ward and forward, wringing her hands—into this room, preceded and followed as far as the door by sentries, and then left to stumble into the bright light by themselves, came Adelbert of the opera-house and the *garde-robe* woman, Olga.

The Princess Annunciata stared. Then she came toward them swiftly. Old Adelbert could not kneel, having lost his leg fighting for the old man in the next room. Also, he was out of breath.

“Highness!” he said. “Highness!”

Then—oh, pitiful climax to a martial career! It came to him suddenly that just beyond that door his king lay dying; and old Adelbert burst into ignominious tears.

Women rise better than men to great emergencies. Olga forgot her worn shoes and the braided coat which was at home. She saw only the frantic eyes of the Princess Annunciata, and her fear left her.

“Highness,” she said gently, “the little crown prince was—was not abducted by the terrorists. I think he is safe. He—he ran away, quite by himself. It was only a boyish prank, highness—the desire of a caged bird to fly.”

“Why, if you knew this, did you not raise an alarm?”

“I saw him running down the staircase of the opera-house, excellency. He looked at me, as if to ask me not to tell. And I did not.” She looked bravely at the princess, although she knew that her confession might cost her dearly.

“Highness, I have but this moment learned it,” said old Adelbert, getting his voice. “I brought the woman here at once. I thought it might distress the—his—majesty, and I—I was in the Bosnia campaign. He—he came once to the hospital, where I lay, and patted me—”

The disgrace of old Adelbert was complete. He broke into snivelling sobs. Throwing his arms up against the side of the doorway, he wept unrestrainedly into the velvet hangings,

with the royal arms in gold and silver.

The Duchess Hedwig came over to Olga, and patted her on the sleeve of the jacket which was not the braided one.

“We are grateful to you,” she said softly. “No harm will come to you, I am sure. Will you tell the gentlemen in the next room what you have told us?”

So Adelbert and Olga were taken to another and a larger anteroom—a room all gold and blue, where the court was gathered, and where the prelates of the church and the generals of the army and the admirals of the fleet were waiting with white faces and strained eyes. And there Adelbert was himself again, and a man among his peers, wearing, instead of a jewelled order, his insignia of valiant service, a wooden leg with a sharp iron point.

And there he told his story.

#### IV.

On his narrow iron bed the old king lay peacefully dying. He had not moved for an hour, and it was the prayer of the court that he might not recover consciousness before the end. He would wish to see the little crown prince.

Beside him knelt his private chaplain. The three court physicians had withdrawn from the bed, and stood consulting in an alcove. The two sisters of mercy who had cared for the old king for years, stood looking down at him.

“I should wish to die so,” whispered the elder. “A long life, filled with many deeds, and then to sleep away!”

“A long life full of many sorrows!” whispered back the younger one. Her mild blue eyes rested on the writing-table, where, under the lamp, were the photographs of his dead wife, his slain son. “He outlived all that he loved.”

“Except the little Ferdinand.”

Their eyes met, for even here there was a question.



As if their thought had penetrated the haze over the old king's faculties, he opened his eyes.

"Ferdinand?" he asked, with difficulty. "I—I wish—"

"Yes, yes," said the younger sister. "You shall see him soon."

Which, of course, was literally true, and no prejudice to the good sister's soul. The chaplain had so instructed her. For if the terrorists—

The old monarch closed his eyes, but a moment later he opened them again.

"Mettlich?" he asked.

The elder sister tiptoed to the door.

"His majesty is conscious; he has asked for General Mettlich," she said.

The Princess Annunciata took the general's hand and led him to the door of the bedroom.

"Courage!" she said. "And not a word!"

General Mettlich stood a second just inside the door. Then he staggered to the side of the bed and fell on his knees, his lips to the cold white hand on the counterpane.

"Sire!" he choked. "It is I—Mettlich!"

The old king looked at him, and put his hand on the bowed gray head. Then his eyes turned to the Princess Annunciata and rested there.

"A good friend and a good daughter! Few men die so fortunate, and fewer sovereigns!" said the old ruler, and placed his other hand on the head of the princess as she knelt beside him. His eyes, moving slowly, travelled to the photographs on his writing-table and rested there.

The elder sister leaned forward and touched his wrist.

"Doctor!" she said sharply.

The doctors came forward hastily, and grouped around the bed. Then the eldest of the three, who had ushered her into the world, touched the Princess Annunciata on the shoulder.

"Madame!" he said. "Madame, I—the king has passed away."

General Mettlich staggered to his feet and took a long look at the face

of his old sovereign and friend. Then, his features working, he opened the door into the large anteroom.

"Gentlemen of the court," he said, "it is my duty—my duty—to announce—" His voice broke; his grizzled chin quivered. Tears rolled down his cheeks. "Friends," he said pitifully, "our—our good king—my old comrade—is dead!"

## V.

Three glorious times the car had made its trip to Pike's Peak and return. Three rapturous, breathless times it had swept into the sheet-iron gulfs of the Grand Canon, only to climb out again of its own momentum. Three times it had swept through the blackness of the tunnels, and as many times had brought up in safety at the landing-platform.

Then, having no charm of novelty for him, the scenic railroad palled on Bobby. They climbed out and stood on the platform, and by the light of a gas-lamp the small American consulted a large nickel watch.

"Gee!" he said. "It's supper-time; I thought I was feeling empty. Say, can't you come home to supper with me?"

Ferdinand Wilhelm consulted his own watch. It was gold, and on the inside of the case was engraved:

To Ferdinand Wilhelm Franz Otto, from his grandfather, on the occasion of his taking his first communion.

It was seven o'clock! Miss Simpkins would be very irritable; she disliked waiting one moment for her supper. But perhaps she had been frightened, and if she had, a little more alarm would probably make her glad to see him.

"Do you think your mother will be willing?" he asked.

"Willing? Sure she will! The only person—but I'll fix *fräulein*. She's a Bohemian, and they're always cranky. Anyhow, it's my birthday. I'm always allowed a guest on birthdays.



So home together, gaily chatting, went the two children, along the cobble-paved streets of the ancient town, past old churches that had been sacked and pillaged by the very ancestors of one of them, taking short cuts through narrow passages that twisted and wormed their way between and sometimes beneath century-old stone houses; across the flower-market, where faint odours of dying violets and crushed lilies-of-the-valley still clung to the bare wooden booths; and so, finally, to the door of a grim building where, from the porter's room beside the entrance, came a reek of stewing garlic.

Neither of the children had noticed the unwonted silence of the streets. What few passers-by they had seen had been hurrying in the direction of the palace. Twice they had passed soldiers, with lanterns, and once one had stopped and flashed a light on them.

“Well, old sport?” said Bobby in English. “Anything you can do for me?”

The soldier had passed on, muttering at the insolence of American children. The two youngsters laughed consumedly at the witticism. They were very happy, the lonely little American boy and the lonely little prince—happy from sheer gregariousness, from the satisfaction of that strongest of human inclinations, next to love—the social instinct.

The porter was out. His wife admitted them, and went morosely back to her interrupted cooking. The children hurried up the winding stone staircase, with its iron rail and its gas lantern, to the third floor, where the parents of Bobby Treat made their temporary home.

In the sitting-room, the sour-faced governess was darning a hole in a small stocking. She was as close as possible to the green tile stove, and she was looking very unpleasant; for the egg-shaped darner only slipped through the hole, which was a large one. With an irritable gesture, she

took off her slipper, and, putting one coarse-stockinged foot on the fender, proceeded to darn by putting the slipper into the stocking and working over it.

Things looked unpropitious. The crown prince ducked behind Bobby. The *fräulein* looked at the clock.

“You are fifteen minutes late,” she snapped, and bit the darning thread—not with rage, but because she had forgotten her scissors.

“I’m sorry, but you see—”

“Whom hast thou there?”

The prince cowered. She looked quite like his grandfather when his tutors’ reports had been unfavourable.

“A friend of mine,” said Bobby, not a whit daunted.

The governess put down the stocking and rose. In so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand, and she staggered back.

“Good heavens!” she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy, and her colour came back. “For a moment,” she muttered, “I—but no. He is not so tall, nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!”

Which proves that, whether it wears a crown or not, royalty is always measured to the top of one.

In the next room, Bobby’s mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the centre of the table. Pepy, the cook, had iced the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the “b’s” in “Bobby,” so that the cake really read:

BOBY—XI YEARS.

However, it looked delicious, and inside had been baked a tiny black china doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln’s head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke of Pepy’s, Bobby being aggressively masculine.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. He rushed into the dining-room and kissed his mother, with one eye on the cake.



"Mother, here's company to supper! Oh, look at the cake! 'B-O-B-Y'! Mother, that's awful!"

Mrs. Treat was very young and girlish. She looked at the cake.

"Poor Pepy!" she said. "Suppose she had made it 'Booby'?" Then she saw Ferdinand Wilhelm, and went over, somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends—"

There she stopped, for the prince had brought his heels together sharply, and, bending over her hand, had kissed it, exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annunciata's every morning at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Treat was fairly startled, not at the hand-kiss, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand Wilhelm, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With the quick tenderness that all good women who have been mothers feel toward other children, she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Caresses were strange to Ferdinand Wilhelm. His warm little heart leaped and pounded. At that moment, he would have died for her!

Mr. Treat came home a little late. He kissed Bobby eleven times, and one to grow on. He shook hands absently with the visitor, and gave the *fräulein* the evening paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the café on the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and, of course, it's not our funeral, anyhow—but there's a report out that the crown prince has been kidnapped. And that's not all. The old king is dying!"

"How terrible!"

"Worse than that. The old king gone, and no crown prince! It may mean almost any sort of trouble. I've

closed up at the park for the night. The whole town is packed in front of the palace." His arm around his wife, he looked through the doorway to where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting the candles. "It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby mustn't go around alone the way he's been doing. All Americans here are considered millionaires. If the crown prince could go, think how easy—"

His arm tightened around his wife, and together they went in to the birthday feast.

Ferdinand was hungry. He ate eagerly—chicken, fruit compote, potato-salad—shades of the court physicians, who fed him at night a balanced ration of milk, egg, and zwieback! Bobby also ate busily, and conversation languished.

Then the moment came when, the first cravings appeased, they sat back in their chairs while Pepy cleared the table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Treat had excused himself for a moment. Now he came back with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Robert's coming of age, but marking his arrival at years of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"Howard!" objected the big boy's mother.

"A teaspoonful each, honey," he laughed. "It changes it from a mere supper to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses, and filled them up with water. Then he filled the others, and sat smiling, this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea and was trying to make them happy up three flights of stone stairs, above a porter's lodge that smelled of garlic.

"First," he said, "I believe it is customary to toast the king. Friends, I give you the good king and brave soldier."



They stood up to drink it, and even Pepy had a glass.

Ferdinand was on his feet first. He held his glass up in his right hand, and his eyes shone.

“To his Majesty the King!” he said solemnly, but firmly. “God keep the king!”

Over their glasses, Mrs. Treat’s eyes met her husband’s. How they trained their children here!

But Ferdinand Wilhelm had not finished.

“I give you,” he said, in his clear young treble, holding his glass, “the President of the United States. The President!”

“The President!” said Mr. Treat.

They drank again, except the *fräulein*, who disapproved of republics, and only pretended to sip her wine.

“Bobby,” said his mother, with a catch in her voice, “haven’t you something to suggest—as a toast?”

Bobby’s eyes were on the cake; he came back with difficulty.

“Well,” he meditated, “I guess—would ‘home’ be all right?”

“Home!” they all said, a little shakily, and drank to it.

Home! To the Treats, a little house on a shady street in America; to the *fräulein*, a thatched cottage in the mountains and an old mother; to Pepy, the room in a tenement where she went at night; to Ferdinand Wilhelm, a formal suite of apartments in the palace, surrounded by pomp, ordered by rule and precedent, hardened by military discipline, and unsoftened by any love other than the grim affection of the old king.

Home!

## VI.

After all, Pepy’s plan went astray, for the *fräulein* got the china baby, and Ferdinand Wilhelm the Lincoln penny.

“That,” said Bobby’s father, “is a Lincoln penny, young man. It bears a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Have you ever heard of him?”

The prince looked up. He knew the

Gettysburg address by heart, and part of the Proclamation of Emancipation.

“Yes, sir,” he said. “The—my grandfather thinks that President Lincoln was a very great man.”

“One of the world’s greatest. I hardly thought, over here—” Mr. Treat paused and looked speculatively at the boy. “You’d better keep that penny where you won’t lose it,” he said soberly. “It doesn’t hurt us to try to be good. If you’re in trouble, think of the difficulties Abraham Lincoln surmounted. If you want to be great, think how great he was. If you want to be good, just remember how good he was.” He was a trifle ashamed of his own earnestness. “All that for a penny, young man!”

The festivities were taking a serious turn. There was a little packet at each plate, and now Bobby’s mother reached over and opened hers.

“Oh!” she said, and exhibited a gaudy tissue-paper bonnet. Everybody had one. Mr. Treat’s was a dunce’s cap, and *fräulein’s* a giddy Pierrette of black and white. Bobby had a military cap. With eager fingers Ferdinand Wilhelm opened his; he had never tasted this delirious paper-cap joy before.

It was a crown—a sturdy bit of gold paper, cut into points and set with red paste jewels—a gem of a crown. He was charmed. He put it on his head, with the unconsciousness of childhood, and posed and smirked charmingly.

From a far-off church a deep-toned bell began to toll, slowly.

Ferdinand caught it—St. Stefan’s bell! He sat up and listened. The sound was faint; one felt it rather than heard it, but the slow booming was unmistakable. Only once before had Ferdinand heard it, except for mass, and that was when his uncle—

He got up and puffed his chair back.

Other bells had taken it up, and now the whole city seemed alive with bells—bells that swung sadly from side to side, as if they repeated:



"Alas, alas! Alas and alas!"

Something like panic seized Ferdinand and Wilhelm. Some calamity had happened—some one was—perhaps grandfather—

He turned an appealing face to Mrs. Treat.

"I must go," he said. "I do not wish to appear rude, but something is wrong. The bells—"

The *fräulein* had been listening, too. Her face worked.

"They mean but one thing," she said slowly. "I have heard it said many times. When St. Stefan's tolls like that, the king is dead!"

"No! No!" cried Ferdinand Wilhelm, and ran madly out of the door.

## VII.

With the first boom of St. Stefan's bell, the great crowd fell on its knees. Other bells took up the dirge, and above their slow, insistent peal rose the nearer sound of a people mourning.

The archbishop came out upon the balcony, and stood for a moment with both hands raised. What he said no one heard, but all knew.

Hedwig's lieutenant, riding frantically up one street and down another, heard the bell. With his horse's bridle over his arm, he knelt on the cobblestone in the street, and prayed at the passing of his king's soul. And if the lieutenant shed a tear or two, why, there were few dry eyes in the city that night.

When he had crossed himself and risen, behold, running down the street, sobbing and panting, a small figure in blue serge trousers, a short Eton coat, and a rolling white collar, with a gilt paper crown on its head. The boy, who did not recognize the lieutenant, having cried much and run more, gasped:

"Take me to the palace instantly!"

Without ceremony, Hedwig's lieutenant flung his king into the saddle, and, springing up behind him, rode wildly to the palace.

The Princess Annunciata had come out of the death chamber, and stood staring at the archbishop.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "*What are we going to do?*"

From a corner the Duchess Hedwig sobbed aloud. She was sitting alone, holding the silver photograph-frame.

And then, suddenly, the door was flung open, and in it, with the lieutenant behind, stood the boy king.

"My grandfather!" he said, and, seeing their faces, fell to snivelling into a very soiled pocket-handkerchief.

General Mettlich opened the door from the room where the court had assembled. He saw the disreputable figure of his sovereign, and, with a cry of thankfulness, he knelt and kissed the small, not over clean hand.

Ferdinand Wilhelm straightened his shoulders. It had come to him that he was a man now, and must do a man's part in the world.

"I wish to see my grandfather," he said, fighting back the tears.

General Mettlich rose and stood looking down at him.

"Your people are waiting," he said gravely. "To a ruler, his people must come first!"

And so, in the clear light from the room behind, Ferdinand Wilhelm I. first stood before his people. They looked up and saw the erectness of the small figure, the steadiness of the blue eyes that had fought back the tears, the honesty and fire and courage of this small boy who was their king. And they rose and cheered mightily.

Down below, in the crowd, a young American woman clutched her husband's arm, and together they stared up.

"Dick!" she said. "Dick, it's Bob's little friend!"

"Nonsense!" he retorted uneasily. "It looks like him, but the thing's absurd. See, they've crowned him already!"

"Oh, they haven't crowned him!" She was half weeping, half smiling.



“The absurd little chap! They’ve forgotten to take off his paper crown!”

VIII.

The king, having been pronounced safe and well by the court physicians, had a warm bath and was put to bed. There was much formality to this process now, but finally he was left alone with Oskar, who had put him to bed and got him up since he had passed the wet-nurse stage—alone, of course, as much as a king may be alone; for there were guards outside each door and below his windows.

“Oskar!” said the king, from his pillow.

“Your majesty?”

Oskar was gathering the royal garments, which were to be burned, as Heaven only knows where his majesty had been, and what germs—

“Have I a small box anywhere, a very small box?”

“The one in which your majesty’s seal ring came is here, as is also the larger one which had school-room crayons in it.”

“Give me the ring-box and my trousers,” said Ferdinand Wilhelm I., and sat up in bed.

Having received both articles, he proceeded to feel carefully in all the pockets of the trousers. At last he found what he wanted, and the new Lincoln penny rested in a cushion of white velvet, on which were the royal arms.

Ferdinand Wilhelm looked carefully at the penny, and then closed the lid.

“Whenever I am disagreeable, Oskar,” he said, “or don’t care to study, or—or do things that you think my grandfather would not have done, I wish you’d bring me this box. You’d better keep it handy!”

He lay back and yawned.

“Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln, Oskar?” he asked.

“I—I have heard the name, your majesty,” ventured Oskar curiously.

“My grandfather thought he was a great—man. I—should—like—”

The excitements and sorrows of the day left him gently. He stretched his small limbs luxuriously, and half turned upon his face. Oskar pulled the blanket around his shoulders, and put out the light.

Half an hour later, General Mettlich passed the guard and tiptoed into the room. He knelt by the bed in silence, and into the old soldier’s prayer went all his hopes for his country, all his dreams, all his grief for his dead sovereign and his loyalty to his new king.

In his stone-floored room behind a milk-shop, old Adelbert prayed also. The events of the evening had awakened his warrior spirit again.

“Oh, God, make him a soldier!” he prayed. “Let him lead this country to victory!”

Olga, the *garde-robe* woman, sat late that night sewing, for the *garde-robe* alone would not support her.

“How like his father he looked!” she said. “And he smiled at me, God bless him!”

The Duchess Hedwig, having sent away her maid, sat in front of her dressing-table and looked long at the silver photograph-frame.

“Dear little Ferdinand!” she thought, and then her mind travelled to the young lieutenant. After all, she thought, the young officer was noble, and such things as she dreamed of had been known. “I hope I shall look well in black!” she reflected, and held one of her black silk stockings to her cheek to see.

The American mother bent over her boy’s bed, and kissed him softly on the lips.

“I wonder,” she said, “in all that great palace, did any one kiss the little king good-night?”



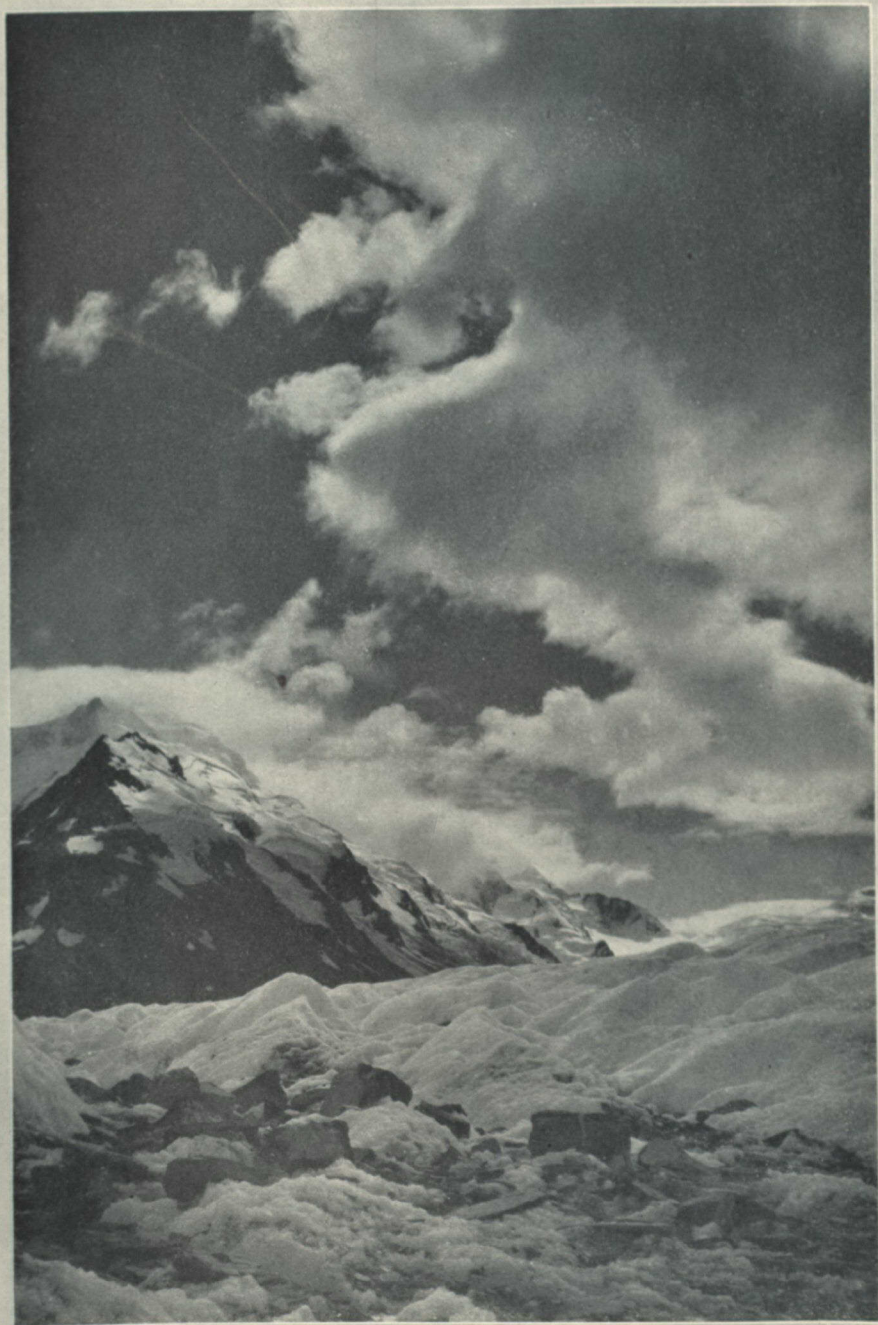
## THE OLD PROSPECTOR

By CARROLL AIKINS

WELL, I may be a mad old crank  
Without a dollar in the bank,  
One of a thousand other fools  
That burn their hands with miners' tools;  
I may be that and more, but still  
I know there's gold on Cougar Hill,  
And if I were a younger man  
I'd hear it rattle in my pan.  
But way down East in Hamilton  
I've got a well-off only son  
Who rides to office every day  
In what he calls a *landaulay*,  
And every night he dresses up  
And has the fine folks in to sup.  
But he's not proud, sir, not a mite,  
And he's prepared to treat me right,  
And I can see myself already  
A-drinking tea with his good leddy,  
Or sitting in the cosy seat  
Beside the fire, with my cold feet  
In velvet slippers, and a maid  
To mix my whiskey-lemonade.

A fine life that, a fine life sure,  
And what an old man could want more  
I cannot think—unless he might  
Miss the keen air, the sense, and sight  
Of mountain peaks, a-gleam with snow  
Or the green, glacial freshet flow  
Of bubbling creeks, or the big pines,  
Or any of the forest signs;  
Unless he was so used to camp,  
With only the high moon for lamp,  
That any four-walled room would seem  
A lonely place to lie and dream;  
Unless that mad old crank had learnt  
To love the tools that seared and burnt,  
To live to-morrow every day,  
Knowing the streak would surely pay—  
And so it will—by God, it will;  
So I'll go back to Cougar Hill!





Photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

THE WARNING

Storm clouds crossing the main divide of the New Zealand Alps







# THE AFFINITY

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

CHRISTOPHER HOGUE, head bookkeeper and private secretary to a New York millionaire occupying palatial offices on the sixteenth floor of one of the Metropolitan skyscrapers, came forth from the iron cage which shot him and a score of other hot and tired people earthward to life and liberty one sweltering August day, and swinging his Malacca cane jauntily, walked slowly through the yellow marbled tessellated corridor and down the wide granite stairway to the crowded street.

Mr. Hogue was in a particularly suave and contented frame of mind that late August afternoon. Through a "tip" handed him a few days before by his employer, who was one of the restricted group of "big" Wall Street magnates, he had cleared up a little matter of nine hundred dollars in tobacco stock preferred; and the cheque had been passed over to him scarce fifteen minutes before, and now lay securely tucked away in the right-hand inner pocket in his coat. Also he had incidentally received what was, practically, assurance that his salary after the New Year would be augmented to the extent of five hundred good American dollars. Thirdly, he and his wife had recently attained the coveted five-thousand-dollar-mark in their savings in the Fifth Avenue Commercial Bank, and were already looking forward to their second decimal, which touched, they intended to purchase their own home in a convenient suburb and with an automobile at best—a horse and carriage

at worst — live like "somebody" thenceforward. Lastly, he had had an especially gratifying lunch that day in a Spanish restaurant off Wall Street to which a fellow-clerk had brought him—a lunch in which Spanish omelet and *frijoles* and roast chicken and red wine had figured prominently. All the long hot afternoon he had felt dozy and comfortable, and now, because of the savoury memory lingering with him still, and all the other circumstances already enumerated, he was going home to his wife and family in a very happy and, if I may so express it, "prosperous" state of mind.

For at the age of forty-four he felt, with some ground of reason, that he had done well. His position was solid and responsible; a full dozen of clerks and bookkeepers were, to all intents and purposes, subservient to his orders; his wife was devoted and affectionate as well as a good manager; his son and daughter were doing well at school and college—he lived well, ate well, slept well, and steadily grew stout and bald and prospered.

Hence did his mild blue eyes, somewhat round and prominent, shine benignly through his gold-rimmed spectacles; his rotund, ruddy face beam sweet contentment on all who sat before him in the up-town Broadway subway; and many a fagged-out, ten-dollar-a-week clerk — high-collared and flat-chested—and many a pale, anæmic, nervous girl stenographer gazed on his benign and smiling face with envy, as they swayed and stag-



gered in the swiftly-moving train which roared and thundered on its underground up-city course.

"Some men have luck," thought the ten-dollar-a-weeks, with that peculiar bitterness which only the inefficient and "not-counters" experience (most illogically!) when confronted by the incarnation of success. And the girls wished their fathers or brothers were as well dressed, with a fancy waistcoat as well filled out; and a suit as well tailored and shoes as shapely and well shined; and a real gold cameo ring upon the third finger of the right hand and shining gold spectacles and a Stetson hat as glossy on their heads. The dirty, sweating Italian labourers, jabbering in their staccato Sicilian dialect and blissfully unconscious that they were chastely if not scantily clad only in undershirt and trousers, paid no attention to him at all, so far as he was aware, but had he known it, one of them—the dirtiest and most offensive of them all—was already with his neighbour commenting on Mr. Hogue's benign and prosperous appearance.

"Oh, the devil, look at the rich chap!"

And the other had answered him with a muttered curse, as he thought of his own hard lot, with resignation withal—

"Oh, yes, when a man gets up in the world. . . ."

But of this Mr. Christopher Hogue knew nothing. He had purchased himself an *Evening Sun* and was enjoying, with inward chucklings, that playful journal's capitalized and editorialized scoffings at Boston, the universe's hub.

He took a peculiar satisfaction in always turning first to the editorial page, because he thought it suggested an air of importance, but he soon found himself turning with more eagerness to the columns that record the transactions in stocks and bonds.

At Forth-second Street the train stopped with its usual vicious jerk; the usual motley throng got off and

the usual motley throng got on; and the Broadway Express started again with the same usual jerk, and the proceedings from start to finish were just as usual and as nightmarish as the underground railway offers in its diurnal way.

What was unusual was the prettiness of the girl who tripped as lightly and as nonchalantly in as though subways and express trains did not exist; and sat down directly facing Mr. Hogue. "Pretty, indeed!" thought Mr. Hogue, as at a sudden lurch of the train, he looked up momentarily from the *Sun's* Bostonian chucklings and innuendoes, and his eyes fell upon her face.

Mr. Hogue had never known much of women. A raw country boy, he had married at the age of scarce nineteen, an insipidly pretty girl who lived in the Connecticut village whence, some score of years before, they had migrated with all their goods and chattels to the great city, which with its muffled roar and long tentacular feelers had reached out at last and sucked them, bag and baggage, in. His wife, with all the cooking and dish-washing and child-bearing of the early days, had paled and withered and become angular and unattractive; this he vaguely realized; but he had become used to her, and they had fought and struggled on together, and she was very close to him; his life had been busy; he had never had bad habits or evil associates; he had never departed from the path of rectitude or even thought of the possibility of so departing. Hence had his life been morally quite impeccable and monotoned; to paraphrase Rostand "a woman's skirt had never crossed his life," (Wives, in such comparisons, never count!)

Usually, when Mr. Hogue saw a pretty girl he gazed on her with a species of kind but furtive interest, as becomes a married man who feels the chain. But to-day, for some inexplicable reason—perhaps it was the sense of confidence engendered by his



prosperity; perhaps it was just the striking piquancy of the girl's dark eyes and creamy face or the jaunty elegance of her attire—a suit of dark blue, whose tailored skirt, very short, exposed two slim and dainty ankles, shimmering through hose of fine silk and remarkably small, neat feet; perhaps it was the red Spanish wine in the *Café de Madrid* off Wall Street. But why speculate further? Mr. Hogue's glance was no longer furtive; this time at least he did not feel the chair, and his round and ruddy face became even rounder and ruddier; and his prominent blue eyes fairly popped through his round and shining spectacles; and his wide, clean-shaven, somewhat prognathous lips pursed—I will dissemble no longer—Mr. Hogue stared in open admiration of a young girl's beauty, for the first time in his life. And strange dreams and yearnings of his youth which he had thought long dead within him surged suddenly and unaccountably out from some obscure corner of his brain; and danced a wild elfin dance in his methodical, well-grooved and well-oiled consciousness, as, forgetting all rules and precedents, he gazed at the girl across the aisle.

Catching his fixed, insistent gaze, the pretty girl lowered her dark eyes the fraction of a second modestly; but immediately raised them and caught his glance again; she smiled, suddenly and as it seemed involuntarily; Mr. Hogue also smiled, with his heart, quite unused to such new and strange emotions, beating a highly virtuous and indignant tattoo against his ribs; then Mr. Hogue, embarrassed, turned his gaze away and back again upon his paper, into which he plunged with a strange ardour, considering that he was reading over and over the same identical sentence which he could not comprehend.

At Seventy-second two things happened. Mr. Hogue got out to change to local; the pretty girl smiled openly at him again as he departed.

One—or rather, two—little smiles from a pretty girl—what of it?

This of it. Mr. Hogue was fluttered and discomposed. Mr. Hogue was filled with dream and reverie; pervaded with a nameless melancholy. His wife and children could make nothing of it; at dinner he was absent-minded and abstracted; he had lost his wonted appetite; he was cross and irritable. And after dinner he went off by himself to sit in his "den" in the darkness, where he smoked innumerable pipes of tobacco (The Prince Charming, of course, the kind that's got the punch that hits the spot on every fire-up; say! that's Prince Charming—the national smoke (add, *ad libitum ad nauseamque*, other chastely and elegantly worded eulogiums of the same sort)—and growled at his "half orange" (as they say across the border line in Mexico) when she came in after the woman's work was over, and in general made himself so conjugally and paternally undesirable that Mrs. Hogue's feelings were aroused.

"Christopher," she ultimated querulously (she was tired both in mind and body after a fretful day), standing before him in the darkness, "Whatever is the matter with you? You're quite unlike yourself—has anything happened?"

"No," growled back Mr. Hogue's voice sepulchrally from the smoke-filled darkness.

"Then what, in mercy's name, is the matter with you?"

Silence.

"Did you hear me?" asked Mrs. Hogue with some sharpness.

"Yes, I heard you!" exploded Mr. Hogue like an overcharged cannon from behind a cloud of smoke. "Go away now and let me alone; I won't be hen-pecked. Don't bother me!"

"Well, I declare!" retorted Mrs. Hogue, with rising indignation. "One would think from the way you talk that you were Sultan of Turkey!"

And with fire in her eyes—happily Mr. Hogue could not observe it—she



turned and left the den, banging the door after her. For some subconscious reason, Mr. Hogue, despite his sultanian propensities, expected her to return, but one hour passed away and then another, and she made no re-appearance. Then Mr. Hogue became deep down in his consciousness byronic.

"Of course! All women were the same. Nagging and fault-finding—confound it all, they were all hen-peckers anyway, even the best of them!"

A man couldn't be blue and melancholy in any comfort with such a woman—who wants to know everything and gets mad if you don't tell her your inmost thoughts.

"What was marriage anyway—slavery? Can't a man have any private feelings to himself?"

His wife's face rose up before him—thin, sere of tint with tell-tale lines and wrinkles grooving their inexorable way everywhere. He suddenly realized that though scarcely his own age she was already old; he, on the contrary, still young.

Then he thought of the girl. Ah, the girl!

A thrill like that of a thousand violins went over him as he thought of those dark and glowing eyes, that complexion of velvet cream—those bewitching ankles, translucent through shimmering silk.

Oh, beauty—beauty—what was that line of poetry he had learned at school?

That day he had discovered that he was young—young and—well, why shouldn't he say it, if only to himself?—attractive. (Mr. Hogue stared truculently and defiantly at the darkness). Yes, attractive!

How she had smiled—with such softness—such bewitching favour. For *him!*

His heart swelled big within him as he went up to bed. His wife had already retired, and lay very still in the big, four-poster bed. She did not speak a word as he undressed in the

darkness and lay beside her. Plunged deep in his new inner world he felt only a cold and hard indifference as, much later he heard her niffing and sniffing in the darkness.

This was, mind you, their first serious disagreement in many years. Mr. Hogue was usually as bland and placid as the surface of a summer lake. Mr. Hogue had never in twenty years' time exploded like an over-charged cannon into Mrs. Hogue's nocturnal face. Hence you will easily understand Mrs. Hogue's astonishment, her indignation, her feeling of hurt and offence. Half the night she lay awake, thinking of it; in the morning she was listless, heavy-eyed, more sere and yellow than ever.

Mr. Hogue took his coffee, eggs and rolls in silence behind his paper. Mr. Hogue departed silently, morosely, without a word, without the parting kiss which for twenty years had lightened and sweetened Mrs. Hogue's toilsome, lonely day.

Mrs. Hogue retreated after breakfast to her unmade bedroom and on the unmade conjugal couch cried as though her heart would break. . . . For some unaccountable reason, for some unexplained, unexpected way, like a bolt from a summer sky, she had lost her husband's love. And this to a woman who has lived and slaved and planned and pinched and saved for a man for twenty years is the same as saying that she had lost her world.

Ah, Mr. Hogue, do you know, as you sit scowling and frowning over your books to-day that your wife's heart is breaking?

Mr. Hogue was a changed man. He wore his glossy Stetson at a rakish angle and looked boldly now as he walked or rode into the faces of every pretty girl he met; looked with what he felt was a knowing, devilish air; the air of a young and dashing blade, who knows, as he plunges his gaze into the langorous eyes of some fair



young beauty, that her heart responds to the undisguised tribute of his admiration. He turned around after they passed with a muttered "Doosed pretty girl"; he estimated their beauties openly. And always he looked for the dark-eyed girl with the creamy complexion who had so charmed him on that eventful day. But New York is either strangely small or strangely vast. You may meet once and meet by accident again the very next day in the most unexpected place; or you may never meet again; so was it in Mr. Hogue's specific case.

Was it because of this that Mr. Hogue, beneath his new character of tardily blossomed Don Juan, was secretly ill at ease and melancholy? Or did he think of the seared and withered little woman at home who did her duty silently, waiting, waiting, with heart-burn and longing and many secret tears for the mighty tide of love, now antipodally remote, to turn with joyous cymbal-clash and harps of canorous foam and bear back to her upon its gigantic crest one little human heart—to her, a universe?

One week, two weeks, three weeks. Mr. Hogue travelled regularly back and forth each day from home to business, from business to home; and life to him now was a totally new strange thing, a vast and perilous empire. His world was no more an orderly well-oiled groove; the centre of his universe had shot forth from its orbit like a comet on a wild tangential course; his earth revolved dizzily about a dark and unknown pit; his sun and moon and stars had dimmed, and died; or rather, a strange nightmarish brilliancy had replaced them all, which dazzled and bewildered him in equal parts—the fallacious light (alas!) in woman's eyes.

Fallacious? Of course, he knew it was fallacious! Had he not read in the window of a picture dealer the eloquent and epigrammatic toast, "Here's to the light that lies in woman's eyes—and lies—and lies—and lies?"

Fallacious in the majority of cases, of course; for *most* men, not necessarily so in *his* case. His heart still glowed with happiness and pride when he remembered the smile, nay, by the immortals! the two smiles of the dark-eyed, creamy girl.

The main interest and end of his existence now revolved concentrically around one thought—to have one single soul-adventure — one *grand amour*. At night, in the darkness, lying by his wife's side, hardly conscious of her breathing, he placed each and every one of the girls whom he had met that day—blonde girls, dark girls, rosy girls, pale girls, all kinds and varieties—but always pretty girls, under the relentless searchlight of this thought and always they were weighed and found wanting. And always the procession and cortège was banished and eclipsed by the vision of the dark-eyed creamy girl who had first opened his eyes to this new world. *She* was the mystic and unobtainable ideal of his dreams; she and she only was his soul affinity.

It was after the third week that he had his unique experience, which brought to him a great illumination.

Down-town as usual he rode in the tightly jammed subway express; strap-hanger from long experience among the best, he successfully negotiated the complex problem of keeping his balance, reading his paper, holding his cane, and baulking the frantic and concerted efforts on the part of those around him to perform a minuet upon his well-shined feet.

At Fourteenth Street, as usual, a motley and heterogeneous throng got off, and Mr. Hogue among them. With a sigh of relief, he entered the comparatively empty local and sank into a seat. Two girls sat in the corner across the aisle talking with animation. Boldly Mr. Hogue, with his now habitual Don Juanesque glance stared, at the one—a ravishing blonde Juno wearing a suit of white linen with purple revers and a big white plumed hat—by gad! a beauty! The



other girl was hidden behind the hat—so he feasted his eyes upon the blonde alone. After a time she turned, as though drawn by some magnetic attraction and caught his gaze—she giggled and nudged her companion, who peered out beyond the periphery of the encircling plume. With a suddenly thumping heart Mr. Hogue recognized the dark-eyed, creamy girl whom he had solemnly elected as his soul-affinity.

The whole world seemed to whirl before him. It was now or never!

He rose and walked, with the solemnity of one who marches to wedding strains, across the aisle, stopped squarely before the dark-eyed girl, and with what he fondly imagined was a composed yet fascinating smile deliberately raised his hat.

The dark girl suddenly grew pink and dimpled, and as suddenly seemed to choke—a convulsion which she checked indifferently well by means of a lacy handkerchief. She smiled up to him then, a flashing smile, turned and whispered to her broadly-smiling companion, who also choked, and cast her glowing mischievous eyes up to meet him again.

Mr. Hogue hanging gracefully from his strap, leaned over her.

"I have been looking for you for over three weeks," he began with, in his low and ardent voice, a species of kind and tender reproach.

The creamy girl looked at her openly laughing friend severely.

"O, have you?" she countered neatly.

"Yes; always I thought I saw your face—but always it turned out to be some one else," pursued Mr. Hogue with a smile, yet with a melancholy air.

The creamy girl gazed at him gravely and intently.

"How sad!" was her only comment.

Mr. Hogue, encouraged, kept up the conversation bravely.

"I have never forgotten the day I met you in the subway—"

"Haven't you?" interrupted the girl sweetly.

"No—never. I have longed so much to meet you again—to make your acquaintance."

"Well, you've made it, haven't you?"

"No," replied Mr. Hogue, with ardour. "Not till I know your name."

"My name—" The girl again seemed to choke. "You tell me yours first."

"My name is Christopher Hogue," said Mr. Hogue with weight and dignity.

"Really?" asked the girl with great seriousness. "What a surprise! I thought it might be Christopher Columbus, or something like that."

The two girls suddenly and contemporaneously screamed with laughter. Mr. Hogue, disillusioned, grew pink and gazed down at the creamy girl severely. This surely was not love, which, as everybody knows, is founded on respect.

"Your pleasantry, my dear young lady," he said, with kind reproof, "seems a little out of place."

"Does it?" said the girl quickly, as the train pulled into Astor Place. "Not more so surely than your attempt to flirt—a man of your age—with such a foolish face!"

And she suddenly arose and fled with her companion, both shaking with inextinguishable laughter.

Mr. Hogue stood literally rooted to the floor as the guard slammed the door after them. He turned and found a good half-dozen pairs of amused eyes fixed on him intently and most discomfortingly and over in the opposite corner (O, unkind fate!) sat little Timmins, his under ledger clerk, all bent over to catch every word and grinning a hyena grin.

With chill, majestic dignity Mr. Hogue stalked to the other end of the car and got off at the next station. He was too crushed even to feel melancholy. All his rainbow-tinted dreams lay like a heap of fragile and



exquisite china shattered to pieces at his feet. All his cloudy castles of inner vision suffused as with the golden radiance of Eos, rosy-fingered, ringing with the divine strains of the lyre of Apollo, god of Music, had become dark and mute and vanished in an impenetrable void. Only life was left—life—stripped bare and naked—forever bereaved of its immortal consolation—Love—and the Ideal!

All day as he worked over his employer's millions, Mr. Hogue was thinking. As his fingers juggled with great numbers which waxed and waned like ocean tides beneath his busy pen, so was his subconscious mind, which functioned independently of all mathematical processes, busied with the great problems of our human life.

And finally when the hands of the office clock marked exactly five, Mr. Hogue's calculations, alike psychical and mental, were completed.

He suddenly brought his fist violently down upon his ledger—

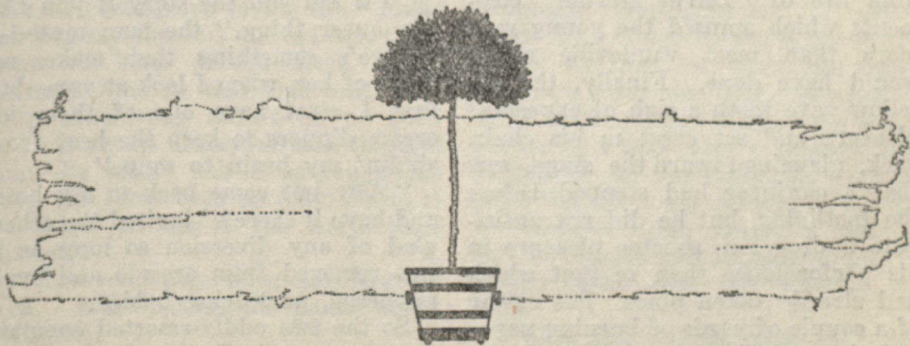
"I'm glad!" he ejaculated, half aloud, scowling fiercely at little Timmins upon his stool, who, suddenly alarmed, made frantic efforts to conceal his hyena smile behind his hand.

The soul of Mr. Hogue as he shot down in the iron cage that night in a purified and chastened frame of mind, might be compared to a nugget of base metal transmuted in a

solution of black acid to 14-karat gold. No longer flew the centre of his universe upon its wild, tangential way; but radiated calmly in its accustomed orbit, its pure and mellow ray. Hard work and the daily duty of man, and a stainless conscience, glorified by the confidence and love of one good woman—this was the cosmic secret of the ages; this—this only—brought self-content and happiness.

So thinking, Mr. Hogue, for the first time in three weeks, beamed forth again benignly upon his fellow passengers in the up-town subway from behind an enormous box of American Beauties and other mysterious boxes and packages of various sizes and shapes—a warm, refulgent, triumphant ray, like a sun that has been but momentarily eclipsed by dark and ugly clouds. And for all the pretty girls he had but a kind and paternal glance—silly, futile little things—they were unworthy of a strong man's scorn!

No longer was his glossy Stetson cocked at a rakish angle, but reposed soberly upon his head; no longer shone forth his mild blue eyes through the round gold spectacles the ardent Don Juan conquering ray. Soul experience? *Grande passion*? I blush with shame at the word that epitomized Mr. Hogue's emphatic thought; I will not transcribe it. The tide of love had turned.





# THE MAGICIAN'S BOX

BY MADGE MACBETH

JACK DENNIS, bored to extinction and trying to reduce the temperature of his burning skin, sat listlessly in an open-air theatre. The amusement park was crowded with steaming humanity and a preponderance of babies under one year; Jack had accidentally trodden upon them as they crawled about the grass until their shrill cries racked his already over-taut nerves to the breaking point, so he flung himself into the less crowded theatre hoping that no one under the age of seventy would be admitted. He was a stranger in Montreal, was obliged to spend the night there, and did not know what to do with himself.

The seat upon his immediate right was vacant and remained so during the whole of a very poor performance; that upon his left was occupied by a man who seemed to come pretty well within the age limit set by Jack. He appeared to find the performance uninteresting also, and kept up a running fire of "David Harum" comments which amused the young man more than most vaudeville shows would have done. Finally, the old fellow gave forth a sigh of expectant pleasure and sat erect in his chair. Jack, glancing toward the stage, saw that a conjuror had stepped before the footlights, but he did not anticipate finding any greater pleasure in his performance than in that which had already taken place. The eating of a couple of yards of burning paper and the evolution of a common handkerchief into a Union Jack did not

seem feats worth while on such a hot night. So the youth smiled with tolerant and lofty amusement at the other's attitude. Becoming conscious of this, the old man grinned an amiable, toothless grin and waved a deprecatory hand.

"I always takes partie'lar notice of them jugglin' tricks," he said by way of explanation, at the end of the performance, "sence I seen a girl disappear for good out of one of them magician's boxes."

"A case of the quickness of the hand deceives the eye," suggested Dennis. "A good conjuror can make black look white, any day."

"No, sir!" The old man shook his head positively. "It can't be called a usual case, but the girl, she got sperited clean away—out of the box—out of the town—out of the country—clean."

"That certainly was remarkable," said Jack, as they walked with necessary slowness down the aisle.

"I'll tell you the story if you like—a queer thing," the man mused—"there's something that makes me think of her, when I look at you—but first I must have one of them ice cream dippers to keep the heat from sizzlin' my brain to soup."

"Why not come back to my hotel and have it there?" invited the other, glad of any diversion so long as it was removed from crowds and heat-peppered, perspiring babies.

So the two oddly-assorted companions were presently seated at a small table where they soon became so en-



grossed in one another that the constantly changing scene about them lost all interest.

"You see, I come from a little town that you've likely never heard about—bein' an American. It's in the Lower Provinces where we live slower and more easy-like than they do hereabouts. We don't aim to be so progressive, except when our Member comes on a visit and talks a lot about home improvements and all that! I've seen a heap of life's ups and downs—mostly downs! Not my own," he added hastily, "but them of other people's. Everybody tells me their troubles, because they claim I haven't got none of my own—not bein' married." He chuckled.

"You surely are not a woman hater, Mr. —" Jack laughed back.

"Holcombe's my name, Julius Holcombe, and if ever you get into trouble, you call on me; why, I've got a reg'lar reputation—but that ain't the story. I s'pose it ought to begin with a feller who lived in our town called Ben Hargrave. He was the cussedest kid you ever knew, and grew up into the sallow, long-faced, sneaky kind of a man who favours in appearance an olive with a moustache. He had the worst disposition of anybody livin'; just like a blood-sucker out on a Sunday school picnic. Ben wasn't happy unless he was makin' someone else miserable. You've seen a boy torture an animal or a smaller boy who couldn't hit back? Well, sir, that was Ben Hargrave to the life! Folks used to say that his ma fed him thick soup to keep people from seein' through him, he was that thin. But even thick soup didn't do no good as he grew up. Everyone seen through him—he wasn't subtle, as you might say. He lived with no other thought or objee' or aim in the world than himself."

"You evidently were not fond of him," said Jack in the pause which followed.

"No one was! Why, son, he was the kind of man who hated anyone to

do him a favour, fearin' that some sleepin' sense of decency might prompt him to be grateful; and thankin' anyone for anything wasn't in Ben's line. Figger, then, how hard we all took it, when Belle, the jedge's daughter, gave out that she was goin' to marry him."

"She was a nice girl?"

The old man's eyes grew misty.

"The sweetest ever," he exclaimed. "I knowed her sence she was a baby; she—oh, but what's the use of tryin' to tell you how sweet she was? How she took care of her pa jest the same as if she was a grown-up person, how she carried baskets to the sick and needful when she wasn't higher than that, how she brought happiness and goodness into places where they never been before? People used to say that it was better than hearin' one of the parson's sermons to talk to Belle—" he shamelessly wiped his sleeve across his eyes and Jack did not smile.

"Well, you see, Ben he was like a kind of loathsome disease in the town. When people seen him comin' they would cross the road, or duck in a store, or get out the way, the best they could. But because he was so terrible mean, he was about the richest of us, and the jedge borried money from him he couldn't pay."

"The old story of the lovely young daughter selling herself to pay the mortgage on the farm," sighed Jack.

"Not precisely, as you might say," Holcombe contradicted. "I don't think she knowed so much about the money till she had give her word. She was sorry for Ben; she didn't think he would have been so mean if people had give him a chance, and he played for her with all his bulldog strength. He done it cleverly, too—throwin' his worthless self on her tenderness and sympathy. Oh, he knowed that was the way to get Belle!

"Well, son, the old jedge took sick and died. Then Mis' Hargrave said Belle was to come to her house till



it was decent for the marriage to take place. Poor girl, she must have got many a shock from that time on; livin' under the same roof with a man, specially a mean, low-down brute, don't show him up in a noticeable rosy light! But she stuck to her word and all of us poked our fingers in her pie and tried to get her away from the Hargraves. Ben told her about the money the judge owed him, and I have no doubt made her feel that she was acceptin' charity from him and his ma."

"Why didn't she run away—why didn't she go to work?" Dennis broke in with sympathetic anger.

"You forget that I'm speakin' of nigh onto thirty years ago, in the Province of New Brunswick. Girls didn't go gallivantin' off to the towns alone in them days, an' suitable, payin' jobs for 'em wasn't so plentiful as they are now. I do think, however, that if Belle could have persuaded Ben to give back her promise, she'd have found some way of makin' the money due him, right. As it was, she worked out her debt to the last cent. A couple of weeks after she'd moved to the Hargraves along comes a young feller from the States—a crackerjack as ever was! Snoopin' round with an eye to some of our timber, he was, and all the girls went plum crazy over him. Bein' in mournin' and all that, I reckon Belle wouldn't have seen much of the stranger, hadn't he asked Mis' Hargrave to take him in as boarder, and she couldn't refuse the chance of makin' a little more money for Ben. At that time parties was so thick and fast, gossip was runnin' purty free, and it took the stranger just about three hours to l'arn the story of Ben and Belle.

"They say Ben ordered her not to speak to him after he seen 'em together a couple of times."

"And did she obey him?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Not her! Livin' under the same roof with Ben wasn't calculated to make her more respectin' of his no-

tions, you see, and besides, don't let me give you the idee that Belle Nolan hadn't no sperit. She had. And she vowed she'd hold off marryin' him till she was out of his debt. As soon as she seen Ben makin' that other sort of fool of himself, she up and told him there was no reason for her not bein' civil to the stranger, and he had to be content with that."

"She grew to know—the fellow well, then?"

"It don't take long for certain folks to know each other," remarked old Holcombe, sententiously. "They met at table, at the store, at church, and such; mind, there was no sneak-in' love-makin', passin' of notes, or the like, but their ordinary 'good mornin',' and 'good evenin',' was a darn sight more than a greetin'. By gosh, young feller, I ain't nothin' with fancy language, but let me tell you, ceremonious as their few words always was, underneath all the square deal they was givin' each other and that skunk, Ben, they was just a-hungerin'—a-hungerin'!"

Holcombe stopped and Jack was jealous that he could not follow him in memory back through the years to the time when Belle and the American stranger were playing the game of honour as only two upright souls can play. He signalled a waiter, who brought another plate of ice cream, and the old man back to the present.

"I allow most every one of us in town had the same thoughts about them two—they was matched in heaven, if there is any truth in what the Bible tells us! And all durin' the summer Ben cut up as only devils can, urgin' the girl to marry him one minute and half threatenin' to throw her over the next. You might think that was what she wanted—but don't you see, she felt she owed him an awful debt and could hardly marry anyone else and ask them to pay it. And the longer she lived in the Hargraves' house—workin' though she were, the harder it was for her to break away. You see, little things



counted with us in that quiet town thirty years ago, and Belle was awful partic'lar. The stranger, he couldn't see it just that a-way. You couldn't blame him. But he knowed he couldn't persuade Belle that she'd be right in breakin' her word to Ben, till she'd worked out her time, at least."

He stopped and Jack waited impatiently for him to go on.

"You could hear him scream at her all the way to the town hall, when he'd go blind mad with jealousy, and the next minute he'd be on his knees prayin' for her not to give him up when he most needed help. I tell you, young man, things come to sech a pass that there was a lot of the boys who held a meetin' and was goin' to kidnap Ben for a while and give him a piece of their minds before the weddin'—but before they got the thing pulled off he was took with typhoid.

"Stinginess kept him from gettin' a nurse. Course, in them days they didn't have trained ones plentiful, but there was people he could have got to help. He wouldn't take medicine from no one but Belle; wouldn't eat the food his mother cooked; wouldn't let no one else set with him. And in his crazy delirium, when he was more human than ever before, he used to scream for her or against her by the hour!

"Imagine him gettin' well!" the old man hurried on, "him that ought to have died before he was born! She did it—she pulled him back from the place that is just a shade hotter than this town to-night. And do you think he was grateful?" Holcombe laughed mirthlessly.

"Do you think he could see that she was sicker than he was by the time he was able to set up a while, and did he ever consider her a little? No, sir! If she left the room, he worked himself up into a terrible fever, thinkin' she'd gone out to meet the American, and at last one day, before the doctor, he accused her of tryin' to kill him with neglect."

"Well?" asked Jack with an ugly look.

"Well, the doctor hauled off and hit him, but Belle, she turned dead white and slipped to the floor in her tracks. In spite of that the mother and son got her up and around by evenin' and that is where the magician's box comes in."

Jack leaned forward so as not to miss a word.

"The whole town was goin' to turn out for the performance. We hadn't got a show for some months and the magician's comin' was an event. Ben and Belle had some words over it, she claimin' that she wouldn't go on account of bein' still in mournin', to say nothin' of bein' poorly—and Ben arguin' five months was long enough to mourn, and as for bein' poorly, she might just as well be settin' in the town hall as home flirtin' with the American! With that, his ma up and accuses Belle of not bein' true to Ben, of tryin' to torture him by heartlessness; her, and her alone, that brought him back from the valley of sinkin' souls into the world he done his best to blight.

"Belle give in. Then she shet her lips tight and said no more.

"The whole town was there, includin' the American feller. He was sittin' a wee mite behind Belle, and I bet my shirt he never even knew there was a performance goin' on! He just sat and watched her. Finally, along about the end of the evenin', the magician comes on the stage and addresses us. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he says, 'my last trick will be my best. It's a cabinet trick which is seldom attempted because of its difficulty. I will ask any lady in the audience to oblige me by steppin' on the stage and takin' her place in the box yonder. I will then show you how the lady will disappear out of the locked and roped cabinet. Disappear—entirely.'

"He waited a minute, and when no one moved, he looked plum at Belle, sittin' in the front row all dressed in



black, and he says, 'Won't you oblige me, miss? I assure you there's nothin' in the least disagreeable about it.'

"Bell looked at Ben, hesitatin'. Now, son, listen to me!" Holcombe emphasized each word with his fist upon the table. "Just to show how ornery he was, he made Belle go on that stage because he thought she didn't want to! Somehow the notion tickled him—the idee of havin' her locked up in one of them boxes, specially when he had a hand in it! He and Tom Hodgins tied the ropes round, same as we seen done to-night, and they also tied up an empty cabinet standin' on the opposite side of the stage. Then they took the chairs on the platform while the magician give 'em a long spell about havin' trouble to make her disappear on account of the knots they tied. In the meantime the American got up and went out.

"'Now, friends,' said the feller, and I can hear him as if it were yesterday, 'these gentlemen will unlock the box—the one which they tied, and you will find it empty.'"

"Yes?" breathed the boy.

"Well, durn me, if it wasn't true!"

"Ben was up in the air in a second, 'Where is she?' he yelled. 'In the other cabinet, of course,' answered the magician, calm-like and believin' it, too.

"We didn't, but we looked on quiet while Ben he tore at the ropes. There was an awful hush as he turned the key . . . he turned the knob . . . he flung wide the door . . . the cabinet was empty!

"He was terrible surprised, that magician! We wasn't, for we didn't expect the impossible. Belle was sperited clean away, and the American, too, right out of town, with the assistance of a horse and buggy and the railroad train some miles farther on. And there wasn't a man jack of us but was glad; Ben knew it and made very little row for him. But

one day when the doctor was bold enough to tell him how everybody felt, he just naturally bust a blood-vessel in his rage and died."

"But what became of *her*?" asked the young man.

"I wish I knew," answered Julius Holcombe, wistfully. "I always thought she would have written, except for lettin' Ben know where she was at, but, son, she ought to known me better; I was mighty nigh as old as her pa, and I loved her a lot, I did. I wouldn't have told. I haven't got long to live, boy, but I'd cheerfully give five years out of my life, to look into her purty face once more, and hear her say she was happy. Five years," he murmured dreamily.

Jack motioned a waiter and sent him away with a card. The two men sat in silence a few moments, then Holcombe rose slowly.

"It's about time I was movin' along," he said, "but I've enjoyed tellin' you about Belle, and if you ever meet—My God!" he reeled a little and clung to the chair, as a beautiful woman wound her way between the tables toward them. Admiring glances followed her and the waiter who acted as pilot held himself with particular erectness, as though proud of his position. She stopped at Jack's chair and laid her hand upon his shoulder. He looked up at her with the adoration of an erring man for an angel, in his fine gray eyes.

"Mother," he said gently, "I sent for you to meet an old friend of yours—Mr. Julius Holcombe. We have been talking about the time of long ago and he wants to hear you say that dad and I have tried to make you happy, mother mine."

The woman looked up with a radiant smile.

"Belle—little Belle," whispered the old man brokenly. "I do believe it's dear little Belle!"

And it was!



## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

HERE may be a real battle of Armageddon after all. A Cairo despatch to *The Daily News* (London) says: "Armageddon, on the historic highway connecting three continents, is passed through daily by Jews and Christians fleeing to the sea coast. A division of the fourth Turkish army is encamped in the immediate neighbourhood. The strategic position of Armageddon makes it not improbable that one of the battles of the present war will be fought there." The place referred to is probably El Lejjun, which by most authorities is said to be on or near the site of the Biblical Megiddo, or Armageddon, the last great battle between the forces of good and evil at the day of judgment.

In the meantime the Turks are on the run in Egypt and the Caucasus. Their sufferings up in the storm-swept passes of the snow-clad Caucasian hills have been terrible, and the big army organized by Enver Bey has practically ceased to exist. The occupation of Tabriz in northern Persia completed the discomfiture of Enver Bey and destroyed all hopes of the Persians aiding Turkey and Germany against Russia. In the south the British have likewise convinced Persia that the future of this war lies with the Allies. The occupation of Mesopotamia by British Troops will kill German ambitions in this quarter and exercise a potent influence over the Oriental mind, liable to be swayed by appeals to religious fanaticism.

In Egypt the long-awaited invasion

took definite shape in two concerted attacks on the British lines guarding the Suez Canal. The official report of these engagements says: "In the engagement at El Kantara, on the Suez Canal, the Turks made their first attack before dawn. Owing to the British inundations the enemy was forced to advance on a narrow front over very soft ground, where some of them were stuck waist deep in the mud. The attack failed before dawn came. At daybreak another attack was pushed from the southeast. From all accounts the enemy never had a chance of succeeding. The Syrian troops came bravely on, but the British fire was too much for them. A shell from one of the warships wiped out a party of officers. A low ridge where the Turks were attempting to entrench was swept by artillery. The advance of the Indian troops completed the work of the guns, and by three o'clock in the afternoon all was over. The next day the British, pushing out from the canal, found the hostile column had retreated, and had even abandoned a position several miles to the east, which had been strongly entrenched as a *point d'appui*. Since then prisoners with rifles and other trophies have been streaming in. The prisoners, some of whom expected to be delivered up to torture, were delighted to find themselves well treated and well fed." By the time these notes see the light of day the fate of the main Turkish army of invasion in the arid desert over which it must cross will be known. Those who know



the country through which it has to pass to reach the Suez Canal express the opinion that the whole force may perish in the desert as the British have destroyed the wells for one hundred miles east of the Suez Canal. The invasion of Egypt has fizzled out, the only advantage reaped by Germany—and this is not unimportant—being the retention in Egypt of one hundred thousand men whose services would be invaluable in France and Flanders.

The fighting on the eastern and western fronts has been fierce and costly, but beyond the terrible slaughter among the Germans, there is as yet no serious inroads into German territory. Germany still has the advantage of fighting on the enemy's soil. Big operations are on foot in the east, where Austria-Hungary, reinforced by Germany, is making another desperate effort to obtain a footing in Galicia as a line of defence against the threatened invasion of Hungary. There has been desperate fighting in the Carpathian passes, but at time of writing the Russians are not worrying as to the outcome. Simultaneously with this fresh Austrian offensive, Hindenburg hurled dense masses of his troops against the Russian defences in Central Poland, only to be thrown back, mangled and discomfited. Thousands of Germans went bravely to their doom on the Bzura River, thrust forward to certain death by succeeding ranks that gave them no time for pause. Many of these troops—mere lads—arrived at the Russian trenches too exhausted to do more than call for quarter, which could not be given because of the dense ranks that followed them. Were the people of Germany acquainted with the true facts it is impossible to conclude that this wanton slaughter, barren of any military advantages, would be allowed to go on very much longer.

The war has been brought home to Canadians by the attempted destruction of the C. P. R. bridge between

Maine and Canada, at the St. Croix River. A German-American named Von Horn placed dynamite under the bridge, but the damage was not so great as he had expected. Canada has applied for his extradition, and the press on the other side seems to be fairly unanimous in condemning the outrage, and in leaving to Canadian courts the trail of Von Horn for the serious offence for which he has been placed under arrest. The prisoner has set up the plea that his crime was "political" and "an act of war." The New York *Evening Post*, writing of the outrage, warns Germans in the United States against a repetition of such acts. "It needs merely to be said that, if anything of the kind results, and if excited Germans, singly or in a body, attempt outrages anywhere along the Canadian border, the whole power of this Government must be exerted, if necessary, to suppress and punish them."

The law is very explicit in regard to "acts of war" by those residing in the United States. Section 5286 of the Revised Statutes of the United States provides: "Every person who, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, begins, or sets on foot, or provides or prepares the means for, any military expedition or enterprise, to be carried on from thence against the territory or dominions of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people, with whom the United States are at peace, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and shall be fined not exceeding three thousand dollars, and imprisoned not more than three years."

Two events of great importance during the past month were the decision of the German Government to take over all foodstuffs in Germany, and the announcement from the same quarter of a blockade of the British coast. The cornering of the food of Germany by the authorities made it incumbent upon Great Britain to place food on the list of contraband



shipments. The blockade of the British Isles is an equally serious affair for Germany as it has brought her into direct conflict with neutral countries whose shipping is exposed to danger. Protests have been entered by the United States and other countries, but the feeling at Washington is that no action will be taken until a German submarine blows up an American vessel. German submarines have been active around the British coast since the naval battle in the North Sea and the loss of the Blucher. That raids by German submarines on British commerce might make a United States merchant marine valuable to Great Britain as a means of supplying food, is the opinion of the London *Daily News*, which in an editorial justifies President Wilson's attitude on the Ship Purchase Bill now before Congress. The paper says this "unprecedented development of state socialism is the only means whereby the United States can recover its place in the world of shipping." The editorial sets forth that in the present war the submarine has become a serious menace to England's food supply, and in any future war will dominate her position unless in the meantime science should discover some effective means of defence. "Should it then threaten our shipping with destruction and ourselves with starvation," says the *Daily News*, "it will not be an unimportant fact that a great neutral country, possessing a mercantile marine of its own, can send its ships into our ports unmolested and unafraid."

The Princess Patricia Regiment—the first Canadian force to reach the firing lines—has been in the trenches off and on since Christmas. The lists of casualties are beginning to arrive, six being killed in action.

Mr. Alexander Powell, war correspondent of *The New York World*, and the author of "Fighting in Flanders," addressed the American Club in Ottawa last month. His stories of German atrocities witnessed by him-

self created a profound impression on his auditors, who included members of the Cabinet, military men, and several other prominent people, including Sir Wilfred Laurier. In one case a man and his son were dragged out of their house and bayoneted in the presence of the mother and daughter as revenge for the killing of a Uhlan who was really shot by a Belgian soldier. Mr. Powell said: "I counted twenty bayonet wounds on the face and neck of the father. I helped to bury the victims." A fleeing woman, carrying a baby, was overtaken and the baby shot. He also himself entered a cottage and saw a girl still alive with both hands and feet cut off. He said he felt it his duty to make these facts public, as he found many in Canada and the United States who were not willing to believe the reports of atrocities. He said he wished to impress on Canadians that a long and hard fight was ahead. "It will be a terrific struggle," said Mr. Powell, "to drive the Germans back upon their own soil, but you've put your hand to the plough, and there should be no turning back till the furrow is completed."

From time to time reports appear alleging that Irishmen are shirking the fight in Europe. It is true that many Irishmen are sceptical as to the outcome of the Home Rule Act, and the willingness of their opponents, or the ability of the British Government to allow the Act to go into operation without further mutilation by an Amending Bill. On the whole, however, the Irish are behind the British Government in this fight, trusting in the Government and people of Great Britain to see an Irish Parliament established. An ex-member of the Irish Party, Mr. T. M. Kettle, now Professor of Economics in the new National University, and a lieutenant in the Irish Division of Kitchener's army, spoke recently at a recruiting meeting in Nanan, near Dublin. Speaking in this Nationalist district, Professor Kettle said:



They had been told that the war did not concern Ireland, and the two ideals proposed to them were to stop at home and sneer, diversifying their leisure with praises of the barbarism of Berlin. It was even said that the German outrages in Belgium had been exaggerated, and that Belgium had brought them on herself by not standing aside and letting the Germans through. But with the exception of a small section of dissentients, Ireland was heart and soul with the Allies in their battle for justice and for the foundations of civilization. The cause had been made plain by Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral, which was one of the noblest documents in the whole epic of human freedom. Let Irishmen now recognize the changed conditions under which they lived, and be with the Allies "not in thought only, but in deed, and take a strong and positive part in the war. It was the supreme moral crisis of our time. . . . Ireland had never been a success as a neutral or a trimmer." They had established the Volunteers for national defence, but the war had made it clear that "unless the liberties of Ireland were defended on the Continent they could not be defended at all. Call it a paradox, but the absentee at the present time was the man who stopped at home. If the Volunteers were either to learn their trade as soldiers or to fulfil their functions as defenders of the liberties of Ireland, they could not stop in Ireland. A great many of them had come, but he deliberately asked more of them to come, not in separate units, but in organized bodies. . . . "I cannot help hoping that when Catholic and Covenanters, Unionist and Nationalist, have written in blood their joint acceptance of this bill of honour on the Continent they may pos-

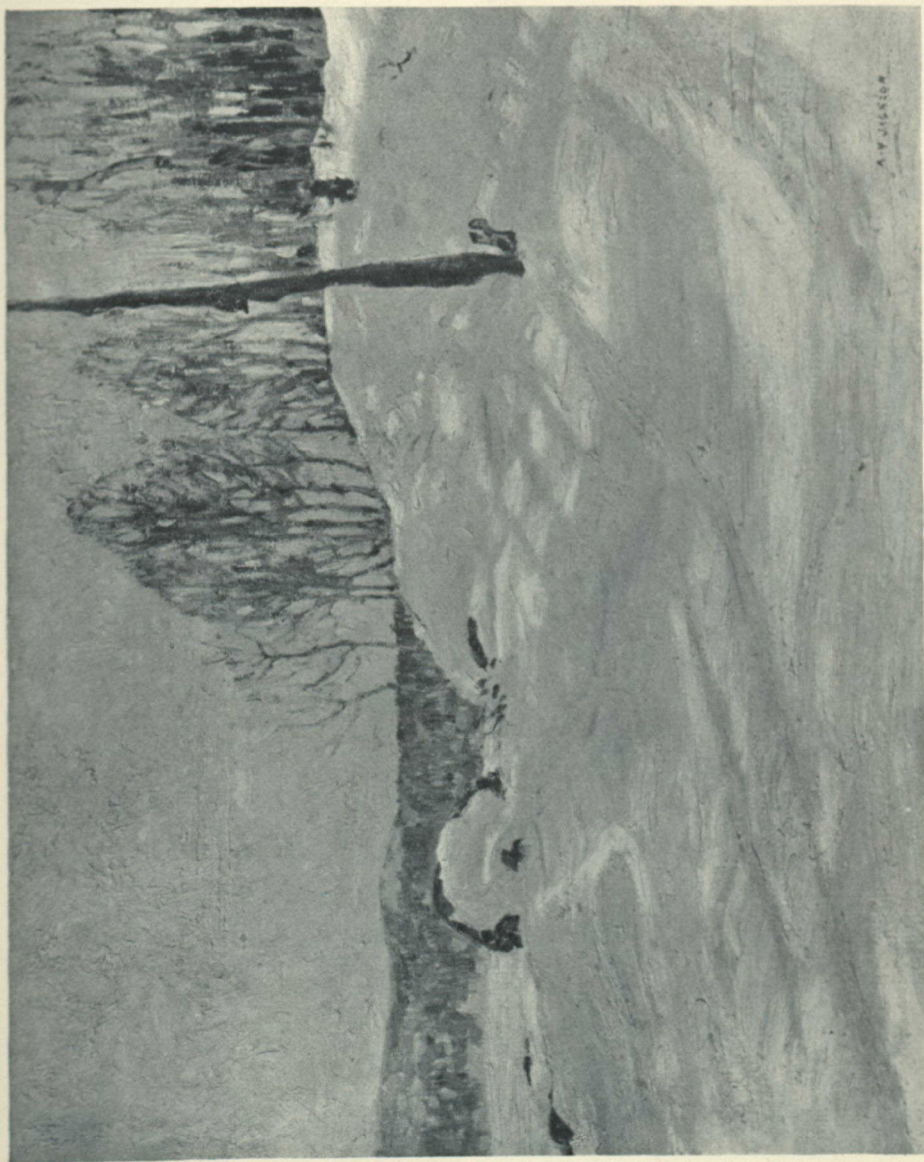
sibly find an easier way of settling their differences at home after the war. I should like to think, at any rate, that the four Kingdoms of Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales, as a result of that unity and comradeship between soldiers, which is the strongest bond that binds men, should come into the new Europe after the war with all the good omen that, as we know, goes with the four-leaved shamrock. It means, at any rate, that we are against the modern gospel of Prussia." He wondered if anybody who spoke lightly of a German invasion wanted a new confiscation of Ireland, which would be its first-fruit, and a new language problem which would be its second.

The most interesting despatches from the front are to be found in the letters home of soldiers in the firing line. A letter from the front, printed in *The Manchester Guardian*, says:

I stopped for a few seconds by the side of a German who was dying. He was in great pain, and when I asked what I could do for him he said, in a pathetic tone that went to my heart, "Nothing, unless you would be so good as to hold my hand till all is over." I gave him my hand and stayed to the end. It seemed to comfort that poor chap a lot. He was able to speak good English, and we had quite a pleasant chat, considering the circumstances. He thought the war would last another year at least, but had no doubt that his own country would be beaten in the end. "Our people didn't make enough allowance for the fighting spirit of the British."

The British "fighting spirit" is one of the most inspiring and hopeful evidences of British progress at the front, and will in the end prove too strong for the boastful militarists of Prussia.





THE NORTH COUNTRY

From the Painting by  
A. Y. Jackson

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# POETRY WITH A PREFACE

A REVIEW OF MR. ARTHUR STRINGER'S VOLUME ENTITLED "OPEN WATER"

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A MAN writes in serious and urgent contention about poetry. We may not agree with his arguments; we may repudiate all that he says. Yet we welcome the fact of his contending. It indicates a revival of interest of a proper sort in a subject that should not be neglected. Much versifying is being indulged in in the world to-day. We in Canada are not behindhand in the matter. Indeed, did not an American editor exclaim that he thought we must grow poets over here as plentifully as we grow mullein stalks? But, this notwithstanding, our general output of verse is not likely to suggest that much mental stress went into its production. Versifiers from all over the country are hawking their spontaneity—fluff-candy stuffed in paper sentiment. But few offer for consumption the bread of beauty or the meat of thought. They do not write prefaces. They have not taken their work jocularly enough to understand it seriously. Their regard for it has been full of too tragic hopes and too serious despairs. They have not laughed over it and thought about it. Poetry they have never conceived of in the light of its tradition and classic inheritance as an art demanding care, technique, and craftsmanship. Perhaps the poetasters have not been alone at fault. Our publishers have not stood united in making the suggestion that poetry is an art. Too often it has been that if a poet

paid his money he could take his choice—as to what he published! So we welcome Mr. Stringer's recently published book, "Open Water."

Mr. Stringer is regarding his work seriously in the real and proper sense. Evidently he is apprehensive of the fact that poetry is an art. He has in mind the great traditions. In fact, so much has he them in mind that he feels justified in suggesting a step beyond them. He would be the serious, elate herald of an advance movement. He would venture. That is why, I imagine, he calls his book "Open Water."

In his preface (for he writes a preface, and that is the thing we welcome) through some ten pages he urges the contention that poetry must advance as have the other arts, that we have too long been trammelled by the conventions and a sort of iron-bound tradition of poetic form. He says:

"The iambic pentameter of his native tongue . . . has been found by the later singer to be ill-fitted for the utterance of those more intimate moods and those subjective experiences which may be described as characteristically modern. Verse in the nature of things has become less epic and racial and more lyric and personal. The poet, consequently, has been forced back into the narrower domain so formally and so rigidly fenced in by rhyme . . . This verbal embroidery, while it presents to the workman in words a pleasingly decorative form, at the same time imposes on him both an adventitious restraint and an increased self-consciousness. The twentieth century poet, singing



with his scrupulously polished vocalization, usually finds himself content to re-echo what has been said before. He is unable to travel light; pioneering with so heavy a burden is out of the question. Rhyme and metre have compelled him to sacrifice content for form. It has left him incapable of what may be called abandonment. And the consciousness of his technical impediments has limited the roads along which he may adventure. His pre-occupation with formal exactions has implanted in him an instinctive abhorrence for anything beyond the control of what he calls commonsense. Dominated by this emotional and intellectual timidity, he has attributed to end-rhyme and accentual rhythm the self-sufficiency of mystic rites, in the face of the fact that the fewer obstacles between feeling and expression the richer the literary product must be, and forgetting, too, that poetry represents the extreme vanguard of consciousness, both adventuring and pioneering, along the path of future progress."

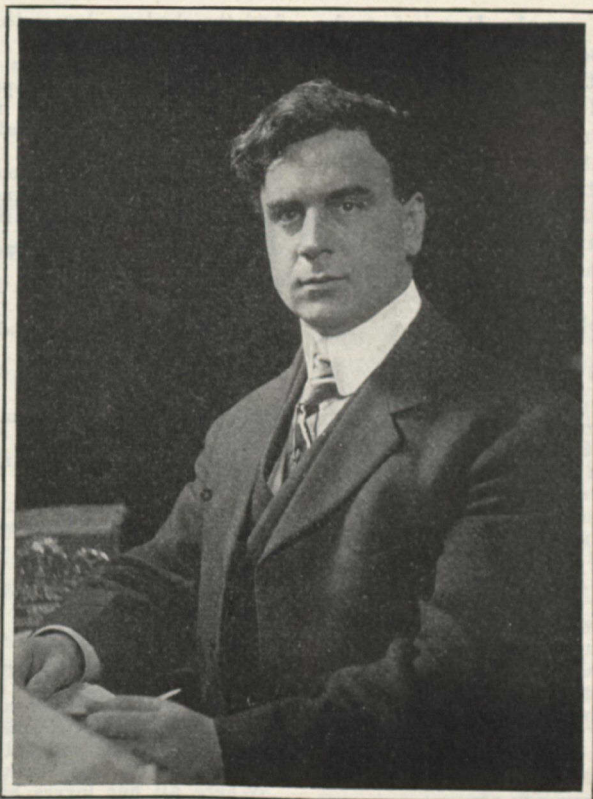
Such writing as this is serious writing. The writer has thrown out a challenge. He has asked for a thoughtful hearing. And before going beyond such a preface the reader pauses to consider. One of the first things noticed is the fact of the use of certain words. It may be possible to regard them as suggestive of a line of criticism. The words, on the one hand, are these: "Technical obligations", "Restraints", "Too fixed", "Impossible", "Incarceration"; and, on the other hand, "Freedom", "Emancipation", "Rebellion", "Abandonment". Now, generally speaking, such words upon the lips of a propagandist mean that one day he will be called prophet, or accused of short-sightedness. In this connection, before time has proved the matter out to a conclusion, opportunity for present opinion arises. In a literary sense, is Mr. Stringer short-sighted or is he an emancipator? Is he sounding the bugle and calling to poetry to move forward? Of course, he is not alone in doing all that he has done. Hundreds have been doing it of late. But he has come out into the open seriously contending for it. How shall we regard him? He says a few things upon

which criticism may definitely impinge. Speaking of the fact that poetry has remained stable in the matter of structure for the last century, he says:

"This has resulted, on the one hand, in a technical dexterity which often enough resembles the strained postures of acrobatism, and, on the other, in that constantly reiterated complaint as to the hollowness and aloofness of modern poetry. Yet the poetry is remote and insincere, not because the modern spirit is incapable of feeling, but because what the singer of to-day has felt has not been directly and openly expressed."

This "hollowness and aloofness of modern poetry" we have all felt and deplored. But surely it has not been brought about solely because convention has demanded that our poets use rhyme and accentual rhythm! If our poetry has lacked content, may it not also be suggested that the writers had no content to put into it? Is not Mr. Stringer doing a rather dangerous thing when, even though he admits rhythm of some sort as fundamentally necessary, he is advocating the repudiation of rhyme and accentual rhythm in order to promote freedom and abandonment? He says: "The fewer obstacles between feeling and expression the richer the literary product must be." Even leaving aside the fact that the sculptor's obstacle is his medium and its possible suggestions, and granting the truth of Mr. Stringer's statement as it stands, it might be no argument for his contention. Poetry pleases us by virtue of many characteristics; its intellectual and emotional qualities, its structural form, its music, its rhythm. If we leave out at least two of these characteristics because they seem like obstacles, will not poetry become impoverished to that extent? And, further, as we are talking, of course, of great poetry and what constitutes it, by the supreme craftsman, the born poet, would these things be regarded as obstacles at all? Shelley possessed abandonment in sufficient degree surely? Mr. Stringer, wittingly or





MR. ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "Open Water"

not, raises some great questions by his challenge. He is surely right in finding fault with much of our modern poetry. But whether his diagnosis of the trouble is a convincingly correct one is a matter which remains somewhat in doubt. One is still a little afraid of the "free verse" poets. There lurks the suspicion that to write "chicken tracks all down a page," as the irregular lines of free verse have been called, is an easier thing than to embody the content in the pleasing garb of music and accentual rhythm, but not a greater, more consummate thing. However, one definite implication of Mr. Stringer's work is a plea for more content in the poetry which is being written. Such a plea is to be applauded today without question. Opinions may

differ as to whether he should contend for less structural exactness and traditional form.

After all of which has been said—comes his own verse! One picks up the volume, digests and challenges or accepts the preface. The poetry one reads and enjoys. There is "something in it." Perhaps just that is the final criticism Mr. Stringer would most desire. Apart altogether from what some might regard as the theoretically dangerous theories of the preface, the practical result of the theory as embodied in the poems of the volume is quite pleasing. The characterizations, the transcriptions of human moods and passions, the phrasing, the descriptions, indicate a certain amount of poetic insight and passion and power of which we as



Canadians are proud. But it is to be hoped that too many less endowed poets will not arise among us demanding all Mr. Stringer's "emancipation" in matters of form while they possess little or none of his insight and craftsmanship.

Certain of the poems are here appended without comment other than the remark that they may be regarded as fairly representative of the work in the volume:

#### I SAT IN THE SUNLIGHT

I sat in the sunlight thinking of life;  
I sat there, dreaming of Death.  
And a moth lit on the sun-dial's face,  
And the birds sang sleepily,  
And the leaves stirred,  
And the sun lay warm on the hills,  
And the afternoon grew old.

So, some day I knew that birds would sing,  
And the leaves would stir,  
And the afternoon grow old—  
And I would not be there.  
And the warmth went out of the day,  
And a wind blew out of the West where  
I sat,  
And the birds were still!

#### THE PILOT

I lounge on the deck of the river steamer,  
Homeward bound with its load,  
Churning from headland to headland,  
Through moonlight and silence and dusk.  
And the decks are alive with laughter and music and singing,  
And I see the forms of the sleepers

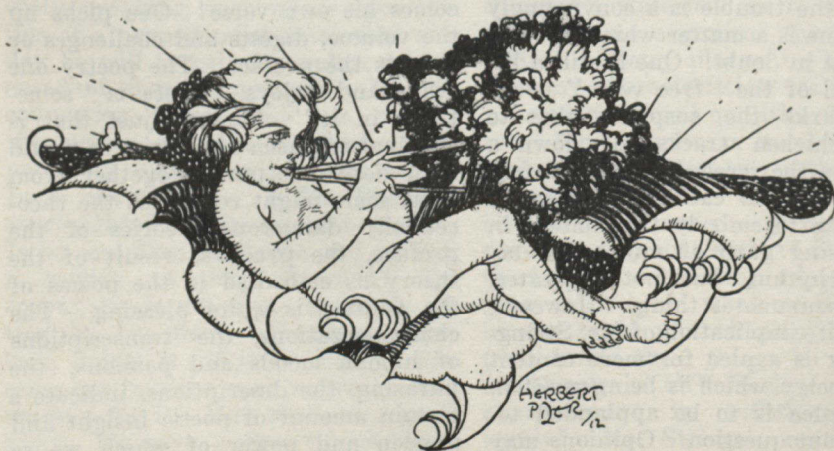
And the shadowy lovers that lean so close to the rail,  
And the romping children behind,  
And the dancers amidships.  
But high above us there in the gloom,  
Where the merriment breaks in a wave at his feet,  
Unseen of lover and dancer and me,  
Is the Pilot, impassive and stern,  
With his grim eyes watching the course.

#### AUTUMN

The thin gold of the sun lies slanting on the hill;  
In the sorrowful grays and muffled violets of the old orchard  
A group of girls are quietly gathering apples.  
Through the mingled gloom and green they scarcely speak at all,  
And their broken voices rise and fall unutterably sad.  
There are no birds,  
And the goldenrod is gone.  
And a child calls out, far away, across the autumn twilight;  
And the sad gray of the dusk grows slowly deeper,  
And all the world seems old.

#### A SUMMER NIGHT

Mournful the summer moon  
Rose from the quiet sea,  
Golden and sad and full of regret  
As though it would ask of earth  
Where all her lovers had vanished  
And whither had gone the rose-red lips  
That had sighed to her light of old.  
Then I caught a pulse of music,  
Brokenly, out at the pier-end,  
And I heard the voices of girls  
Going home in the dark,  
Laughing along the sea wall  
Over a lover's word!





# The Library Table

## WESBLOCK: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AUTOMATON

By H. McD. WALTERS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

**T**HIS seems to be a book without plot, purpose, or motive. It is so intimate that one feels that it was written for close friends or relatives, and not for the inquisitive outsider. The incidents to Wesblock's life, as recorded in the book, are commonplace, and one wonders just why the author was prompted to put them before the public. The various stages of Wesblock's career—his home life with his parents, his course at McGill, his period as manager of a saw-mill near Montreal, and other ventures leading finally to a position in the civil service at Ottawa—are undoubtedly of peculiar interest to certain persons, but they scarcely will move the great reading mass of the people. However, that frequently is the fate of great books.

\*

## MEMORIES

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Illustrated by Maud Earl. London: William Heinemann.

**L**OVERS of dogs the world over cherish the memory of this story of the life of a Cocker Spaniel, and even those who do not love dogs love the story on its own merits. The story appeared first in Mr. Galsworthy's volume of studies and essays entitled, "The Inn of Tranquillity."

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Now it appears in a fine book of its own with many charming illustrations by Maud Earl. The book is eight by eleven inches in size, and some of the illustrations are in colours and occupy a full page each.

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## CANADIAN ETCHERS

By NEWTON MACTAVISH. London, 44 Leicester Square: The Studio.

**T**HE January number of this excellent art journal contains an article by Newton MacTavish, entitled "Notes on Canadian Etchers." This, we believe, is the first distinctive treatment of the art of etching in Canada. Not all Canadian etchers are mentioned, and indeed the review is confined to the work of Clarence A. Gagnon, Dorothy Stevens, H. Ivan Neilson, Gyrrh Russell, and Percy Grassby. But even with these few names Mr. MacTavish has been able to make a good case, and the reproductions display work such as would merit acceptance anywhere.

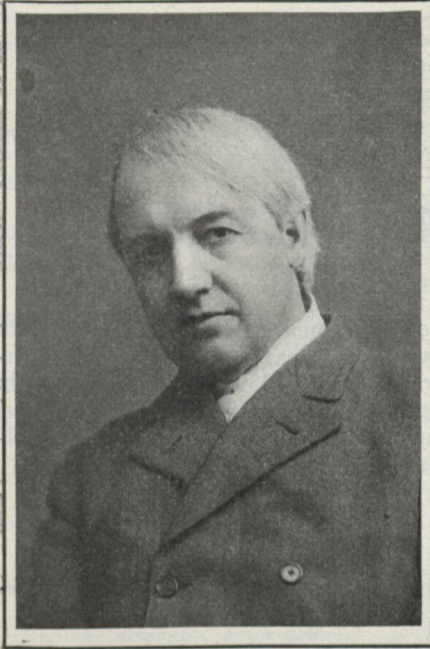
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## McCAUL: CROFT: FORNERI

By JOHN KING, K.C. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HESE sketches of three outstanding personalities of early university days in Toronto compose a volume that gives the reader more than a glimpse of the beginnings of higher education in Ontario, but as well an acquaintanceship with three professors who had much to do with the





H. McD. WALTERS  
Author of "Wesblock"

moulding of the character of the Canadian youth of that time. The Reverend John McCaul, LL.D., was the first President of University College, Toronto. He took a leading part in the founding of Upper Canada College, of which he was the Principal from 1837 to 1842. He occupied the position of Principal of University College from 1853 to 1880. Henry Holmes Croft was the first professor of chemistry and experimental philosophy in King's College and in the University of Toronto; he served in that capacity from 1842 to 1880. James Forneri was the first professor in modern languages in University College (1853-1865). The careers and accomplishments of these three early educationists in Ontario make material for valuable and interesting history, and one suspects that the author has been able to embellish his pages with touches of personal reminiscence.

## SAILOR TOWN: SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

By C. FOX-SMITH. London: Elkin Mathews.

THIS is the second volume of delightful sea verse that Miss Fox-Smith has contributed to the Vigo Cabinet Series. The first, "Songs in Sail and Other Chanties," is memorable especially for its "Paradise Street," which runs:

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,  
A bonny young maiden I chanced for to meet:

She gave me good morning all as I went by,  
With lips full of laughter and love in her eye.

"Here's wine in a flagon, and white bread  
and brown,  
And a bright pretty parlour where you  
may sit down,  
A fiddle to dance to, and friends two or  
three:

Turn again, turn again, lad, from the sea!"

In the second volume we do not find anything quite so gripping as the foregoing, although "Hastings Mill" is the kind of verse that one reads again:

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going  
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and  
feel the salt wind blowing,  
To hear the cables fret and creak and  
the ropes stir and sigh,  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone  
by.

\*

## BIG TREMAINE

By MARIE VAN VORST. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IT is amazing how conservative we remain in the matter of plot-making. From our youth up we have been familiar with the heroic lad who suffers for the sake of his weaker brother. We know how nobly he carries his undeserved odium and how meekly he allows himself to be misunderstood and "put upon." We are so well acquainted with him in all his phases



that his reappearance in "Big Tremaine" is like the return of an old friend. Perhaps we have grown critical, but in "Big Tremaine" the reason for the hero's long sacrifice seems hardly adequate. He shields his brother for his mother's sake and keeps silence until his brother's death brings the truth to light. One fancies that Mrs. Tremaine might just as well have faced the truth in the first place. The story deals with the return of the supposed prodigal and his efforts to make a name and a position for himself in the place from which he had fled under a cloud. The love interest comes in when he meets Isobel Malvern, the daughter of the man he is supposed to have defrauded. The situation is easily full of misunderstandings and heart burnings of a somewhat stereotyped order, but all comes right when Isobel triumphantly vindicates her love by refusing to believe the slander. When the truth comes out she is in the proud position of "I told you so," and John Tremaine is happily conscious that, at least, one person believed in him despite appearances.

\*

### THE WINNOWING FAN

BY LAURENCE BINYON. London: Elkin Mathews.

FROM one whose work has been admired for its mystery and gentleness we might not have looked for these strong, vengeful "Poems on the Great War." But it all goes to show that even a gentle poet may on occasion be stirred to fighting passion.

The little volume includes "The Fourth of August", "Louvain", and "Ode for September", but the one that stirs us most is "To the Enemy Complaining":

#### TO THE ENEMY COMPLAINING

Be ruthless, then; scorn slaves of scruple;

avow

The blow, planned with such patience,  
that you deal

So terribly; hack on, and care not how

The innocent fall; live out your faith  
of steel.

Then you speak speech that we can comprehend.

It cries from the unpitied blood you spill,

And so we stand against you, and to the end,

Flame as one man, the weapon of one will.

But when your lips usurp the loyal phrase  
Of honour, querulously voluble

Of "chivalry" and "kindness," and you praise

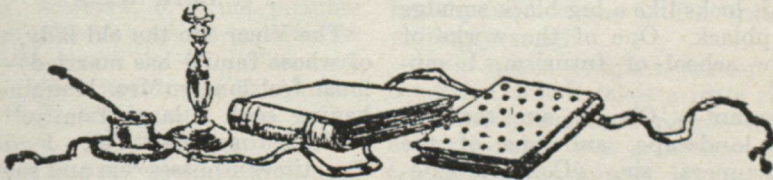
What you despise for weakness of the fool,

Then the gorge rises. Bleat to dupe the dead!

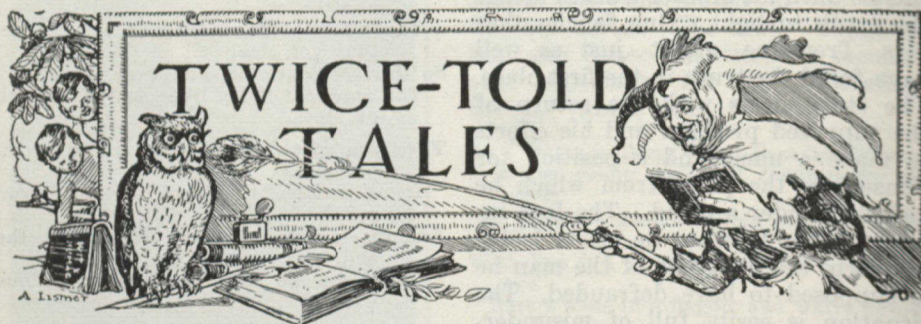
The wolf beneath the sheepskin drips too red.

\*

—The Macmillan Company of Canada are issuing at ten cents a copy the following booklets on the war: "Why Britain is at War," by Sir Edward Cook; "Why India is Heart and Soul with Great Britain," by Bhupendranath Basu; "Neutral Nations and the War," by Viscount Bryce; "Our Russian Ally," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and "How Britain Stroved for Peace," by Sir Edward Cook.







#### GOOD FOR THE DRESSMAKER

Harrison Fisher, the illustrator, tells the following at his own expense:

"I was once lounging about a hall wherein certain of my illustrations were being exhibited when I chanced to overhear a woman, standing in front of one of them, exclaim, with heartfelt fervour:

"'Ah! If I only knew the artist of this!'

"'Pardon me, madam,' said I hastening up, 'but I am the artist.'

"'In that case,' said she, with a winning smile, 'won't you tell me the name of the dressmaker who made that perfectly dear frock your model wore?'"—*Lippincott's*.

\*

#### A DEPRESSION

Visitor at the Art Gallery—"I'm afraid I don't get this picture at all. To me it looks like a big black smudge in lampblack. One of the works of the new school of futurism, I suppose?"

Attendant—"Oh, no, sir; that's a regular landscape, and one of the prize winners, sir. (Consults catalogue.) It's called 'Montreal Harbour at Noon.'"—*Montreal Herald*.

#### THE LOVER TO THE CUBIST PORTRAIT OF HIS INAMORATA

Beautiful brown and blue eyes!  
Spread over the front of your blouse!  
Oh, most adorable nose!

Is it a nose or a mouse?

Chin where your mouth used to be,  
Oh, how it fascinates me!

Red, green, and yellow, and blue,  
Those wonderful sharp teeth of  
you!

Poing-pointed, tapering ears,

Each of a different size!

Strands of a strange-coloured hair,  
Hiding some of your beautiful eyes!

Oh, adorable being look down,  
From the top of the wall where  
you frown,

And tell me what is it you're in,  
A landscape, a dress, or your skin?

\*

#### BOTH WAYS

The Vicar (to the old lady, the last of whose family has married)—"You must feel lonely, Mrs. Muggine, after having such a large family."

Mrs. Muggine—"Yes, I do, sir. Sometimes I misses 'em and sometimes I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more nor I wants 'em."



# WHAT IS AN INTERNAL BATH?

BY R. W. BEAL

**M**UCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconceptions as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experiment would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little

thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is certainly too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten min-



utes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

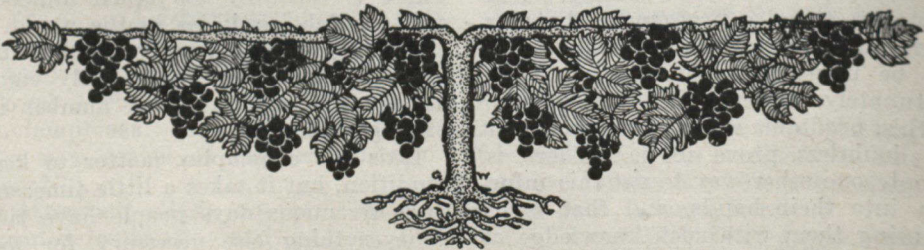
If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in the booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.

B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell, at Room 215, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in *The Canadian Magazine*, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity of learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?





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Many famous names appear in the vegetarian list. Names whose owners are champions and prize winners in their chosen field.

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Certain it is that those who have never tried it, have some facts to learn by breakfasting this way:

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Plenty for a strong man—day worker or brain worker.

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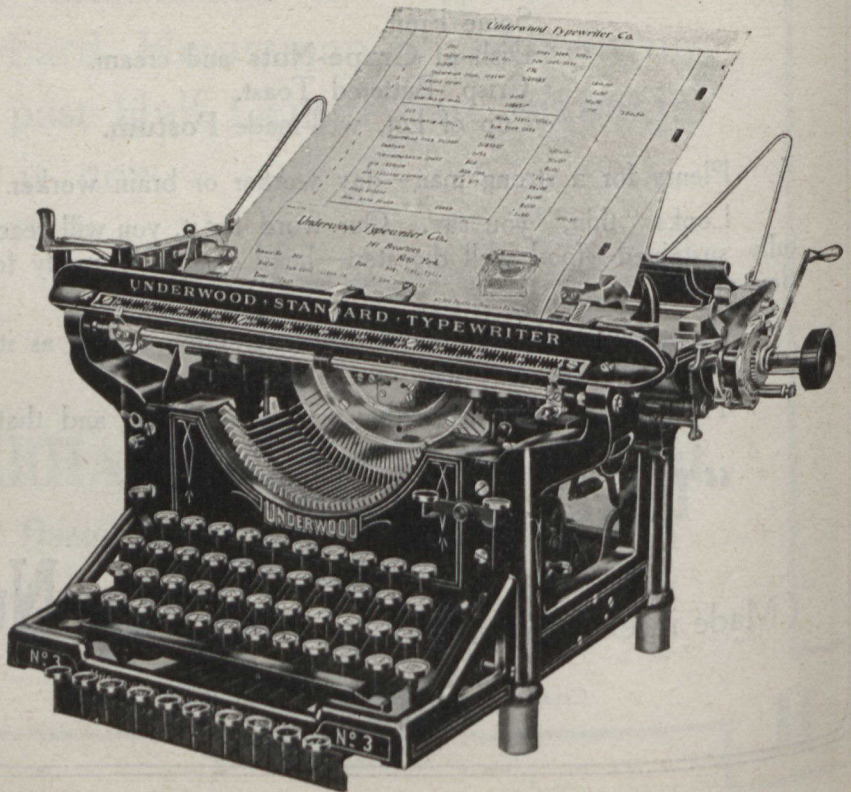


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Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal





## This Story Told a Billion Times

Here is a story we have told a billion times in magazines like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the land.

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night, revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them. For their sake we repeat the story over and over here.

### The Premier Food Delights

Puffed Grains stand pre-eminent among cereal food delights. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. They are the only foods in which every granule is blasted by steam explosion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific

foods, endorsed by all authorities. Every atom feeds. Digestion is easy and complete. The one regret is that all grain foods can't be treated likewise.

They are bubbles of grain, airy, flaky, porous. They are thin and crisp and fragile. The wheat and rice kernels are, by steam explosion, puffed to eight times normal size. And terrific heat has given the morsels a taste like toasted nuts. Nothing more unique and inviting ever came to a morning table.

Imagine these bubble-like dainties, with a myriad toasted walls. Do you serve anything else so fascinating as these tit-bits puffed from grain?

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in Extreme West*

Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts, or doused with melted butter.

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best. Each has a different flavor. These are table

joys which every home should have. And as food which do not tax the stomach these stand unique.

There are all these reasons for getting Puffed Grains. Do you know a single reason for not?

Order now the one you haven't had.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Sask.

(841)





**“ He has done Remarkably Well on it.”**

Yew Tree Farm, Peasenhall,  
Suffolk, Jan. 18, 1914

Messrs. Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

Would you care to see a photograph of our little son, who was brought up entirely on cow's milk and Robinson's "Patent" Barley until he was fourteen months old. He has done remarkably well on it, and we send you a splendid photograph of him taken naked, when 16 months old.

Yours truly,

(Signed) B. M. MOORE.

## Robinson's Patent Barley

*When a child is so delicate that it rejects all other food, it will readily assimilate and enjoy Robinson's "Patent" Barley—this preparation will build up your child as no other food will. It is nourishing wholesome, palatable and very digestible.*

**MAGOR SON & CO., Limited, Canadian Agents - MONTREAL**



**The best surprise is always Ganong's**



# SEAL BRAND



## COFFEE

As near perfection  
as you can get in  
this world.

**CHASE & SANBORN**  
MONTREAL

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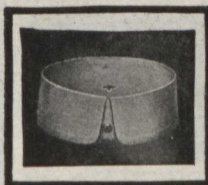


**Drudgery and Hard Work Avoided**  
Like the sewing machine and other great labor saving devices

### BISSELL'S "Cyclo" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper

—the handy, inexpensive cleaning device for every day use—has contributed its share to woman's emancipation from drudgery. It runs so easily it is hard to believe that it can be sweeping so perfectly. It confines the dust, freshens, brightens and preserves carpets and rugs. An extra sweeper for upstairs adds to the comfort and saves steps. Prices \$3.00 to \$4.75 at the best stores everywhere. Booklet on request.

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Grand Rapids, Mich.                      Niagara Falls, Can.



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Acknowledge to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

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of Canada, Ltd.  
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### WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



# It Does Really End Corns

After all these years many people still ask if **Blue-jay** really does end corns.

What a question!

**Blue-jay** is ending a million corns a month. Perhaps half the corns that develop are being removed by it.

Were there any question do you think we would offer to send you samples free?

You can prove in two days that corns are needless. Apply **Blue-jay** tonight. It is done in a jiffy. Then forget the corn. In 48 hours the corn will loosen and come out.

That's the usual thing. Stubborn corns may take a little longer, but they come out just the same. And without any pain or soreness.

When will you let it end yours?

## Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists  
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies



# Tobacco Habit BANISHED in 48 to 72 Hours

No craving for tobacco in any form after the first dose.

Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's a losing fight against heavy odds and means a serious shock to the nervous system. Let the tobacco habit quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer**, according to directions for two or three days. It is the most marvelously quick and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit the world has ever known.

## Not a Substitute

**Tobacco Redeemer** is absolutely harmless and contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company  
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The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

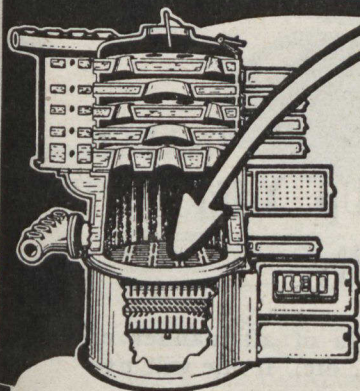
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Highest quality. Silent operation. No vibration. Controls like the finest Motor Car engine. Extremely economical on fuel. Used as standard equipment by over 60% of the world's leading boat builders. Catalogue on request.  
\$180 to \$360 depending on equipment.  
KERMATH MFG. CO., Dept 42 Detroit, Mich.



# WHY <sup>THE</sup> SOVEREIGN HAS

## ROCKER DUMPING GRATE



The "Sovereign" the improved modern hot water heating system.

THERE are some features in Hot Water Boiler construction that have been so satisfactorily worked out there is no occasion for any further experimental work, or departure from the thoroughly tried lines.

One of these features is the Rocker and Dumping Grate. It is of a pattern that is tight enough to prevent loss of coal as a set of grate bars, yet it affords plenty of draft. By working the Shaker the bed of ashes on the grate is loosened and the waste falls away readily. Should a fire go black out the Shaker may be turned completely over, reversing the grate and dumping all the unburned coal without breaking it into small pieces. The selection of Rocker and Dumping Grate for the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler was made after considering every other design of grate practical for hot water boilers.

"WESTERN JR."  
BOILERS

## TAYLOR - FORBES

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RADIATORS

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# You Owe Your Face a Good, Clear Skin

---

**And Stuart's Calcium Wafers in a very  
Short time Will Clear Up Your  
Complexion Naturally.**

Just in a few days one may clear the skin of all manner of blemishes such as pimples, blotches, liver spots, etc., if one will use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Don't use pasty lotions and creams to fill up the pores when they are working constantly with the blood to throw off the impurities of your system.

Many a face is made with beautiful contour and artistically lined, but when the skin is discolored one cannot see the beauty of the face lines. One notices only the skin blemishes.

It's because pimples and eruptions come from the inside—from impure blood—and you can't cure them by rubbing stuff on the outside of the face. Purify the blood and the blemishes will disappear.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often clear the complexion in a few days' time. That's the wonderful part of it—they act right off—in a hurry. That's because they're made of just the ingredients needed to drive all poisons and impurities from the blood. That's why doctors prescribe them so constantly.

You will speedily enjoy a beautiful complexion if you use these wonderful little Wafers. Your face will become as clear and pure as a rose. Nobody likes to have pimple-faced people around. With Stuart's Calcium Wafers you don't have to wait for months before getting results. Even boils have been cured in a few days' time with these remarkable effective blood cleansers. Your whole system will feel better in a marvelously short time, and my, what a difference in your looks!

You can get Stuart's Calcium Wafers of any druggist at 50 cents a box. A small sample package mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.





**Canadian Beauty  
Electric Air Heater**

This portable Heater is specially designed for the Spring and Fall months, as it will take the chill from the air in a good sized room in a short time, and even in moderately cold weather will heat an average sized room at little cost. It is very convenient for the bath room, nursery, den or library.

The Radiator is supplied with seven feet of Heater Cord and attachment plug and can be attached to any lamp socket.

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if you are to have carbon paper that will do its almost inconceivably delicate work and fulfill its heavy responsibilities.

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**MULTIKOPY**  
MARK  
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**PILSENER LAGER**

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And this incomparable genius was lost for want of proper food.

Brain power, as well as physical energy, depends much on the way the body is nourished.

The man who works with his head as well as with his hands finds renewed health and vigor in

**O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" LAGER**

Rich in food value, refreshing and mildly stimulating, it is an ideal food tonic and strength-builder

If your dealer will not supply you, 'phone us Main 4202, and we will see that you are supplied at once.



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**O'KEEFE BREWERY CO LIMITED · TORONTO**



# In Regard To Wire Fence

Under our established trade-name **DENNISTEEL** we have placed on the market this year a very superior line of wire fabric fencing.

This fencing bearing as it does our trade-name has behind it our lengthly reputation for high quality.

It is sanitary and will increase not only the intrinsic value of your home but also its "home" value. It costs less than wood and lasts years longer. It's a fence we're proud of.

Let us tell you about it. Right now is not too early. **WRITE TO-DAY.**

**THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON  
WORKS CO. LIMITED  
LONDON  
CANADA**

**Agents Wanted**



There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as **Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.**

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

*Ask your Grocer for*

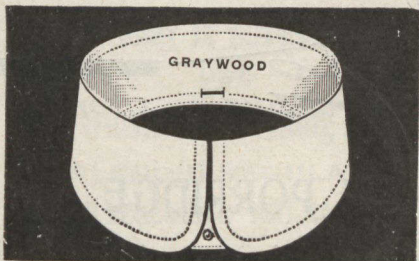
**Fearman's Star Brand**

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,  
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**EARL & WILSON**  
**RED MAN**



**The Collar That Made the Red Man Brand Famous**

**20C. OR 3 FOR 50C.**

The acme of perfection in a high close fitting double fold collar. The most popular collar in America to-day.

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**COSGRAVES**  
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Will make a most fitting refreshment when a friend drops in of an evening. Just telephone your dealer —he will do the rest.

In pint and quart bottles, at all dealers. Also at hotels.



# Edwardsburg "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup



## POUR IT ON PORRIDGE

**Y**OU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "*Crown Brand*" Corn Syrup.

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with "*Crown Brand*"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

"*LILY WHITE*" is a pure white Corn Syrup, more delicate in flavor than "*Crown Brand*." You may prefer it.

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A great boon to the busy housewife, is the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Washes clothes spotlessly clean three times as fast as she can do it with a wash board. Does the trick, too, without loosening a button or fraying an edge. Treats delicate fabrics very gently.

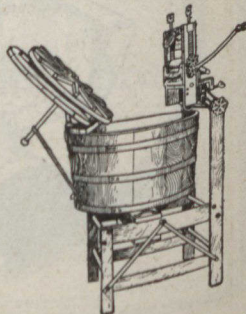
## CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER

Just think of all the washboard wear on your clothes that the Connor Ball Bearing Washer would save. Just think how much longer your clothes would last. Think, too, how much easier it would be to do the washing on a machine that almost runs itself—runs on ball bearings. It's the handy helper you've needed for a good long time.

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USE  
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A SPLENDID REGULATOR  
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Its sprightly fragrance is accept-  
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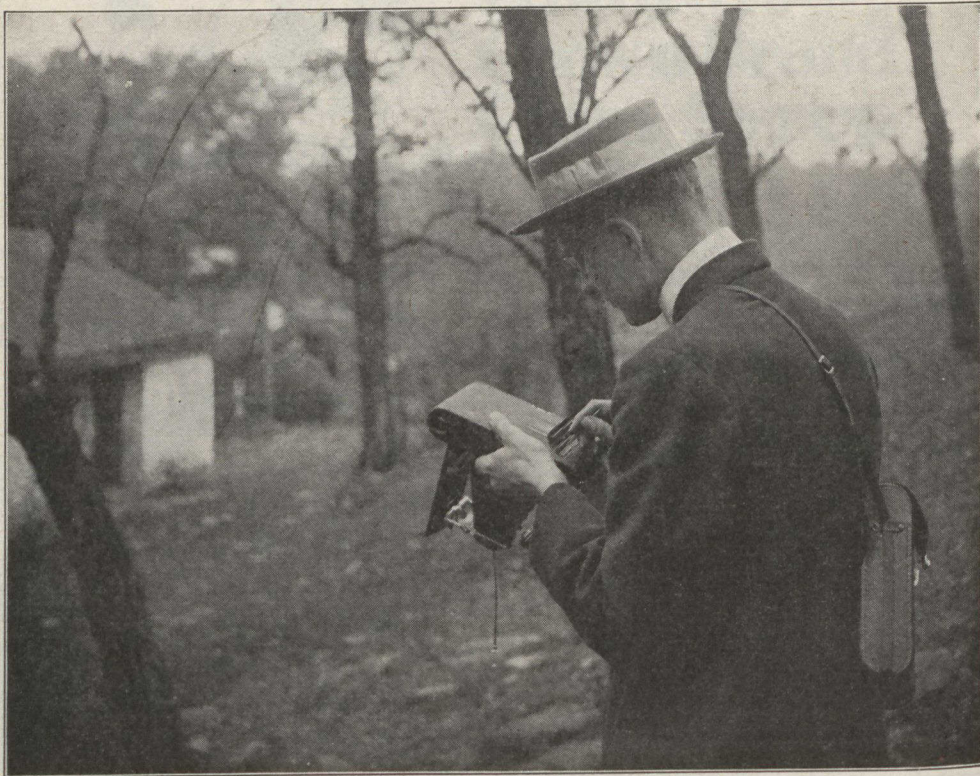
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"I find it so hard to economise, but I must do  
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"Why not do your own washing? It isn't hard if  
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I have a "**Household Globe**" it's a wonder-worker  
—loosens the dirt so easily—and I never tear the  
clothes."





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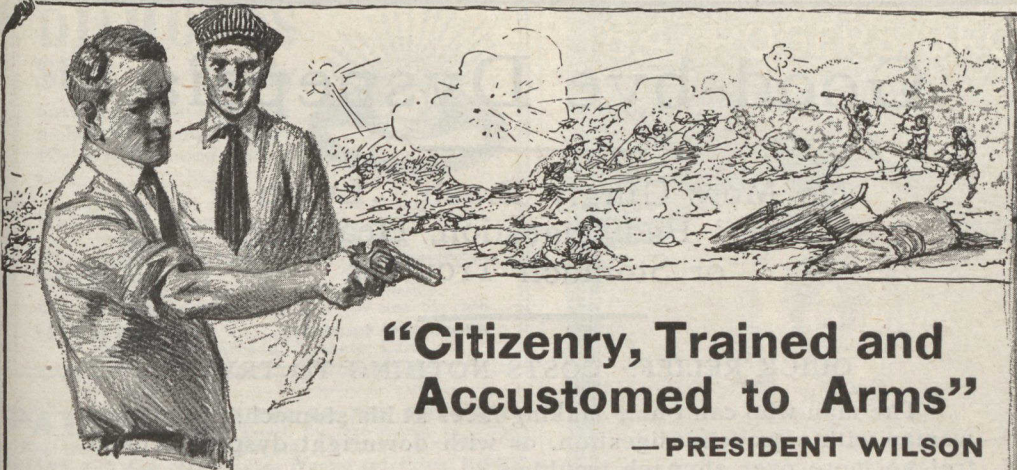
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— PRESIDENT WILSON

Get accustomed to gun powder. Learn to shoot straight. That's at least 50% of a soldier's equipment.

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# Good-bye Dyspepsia

No More Gurgly Brash, "Lump of Lead," Bad Digestion, Heartburn or Stomach Troubles

QUICK RELIEF. COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

The man who can't help making faces at his stomach, the man or woman with a grouchy digestion, or with downright dyspepsia need fret no more over stomach troubles.

The heaviest, richest dinners, the most unspeakable quick lunches, all can be taken care of without imposing on the stomach. A scientific digestive can do the digesting, where the stomach either did not do it before, or did it very imperfectly.

When you take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after a meal, the food is digested by the tablet even better than your own stomach can do it.

This is why the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets has become so universal among those who suffer from any kind of stomach troubles.

Take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after your next meal and if you are given to belching, sour risings, fermentation, heavy, lumpy, feeling in the stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, loss of appetite or any other stomach derangement, you will find at once a remarkable improvement.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the most wonderful tablets on earth for any kind of stomach trouble.

They enrich the gastric juices, and give the stomach the rest it needs before it can again be healthy and strong.

Try one after your next meal, no matter what you eat. You'll find your appetite return for the meal after and you will feel fine after eating.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale at all druggists at 50c a box.

Send coupon below today and we will at once send you by mail a sample free.

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### Who Would Have Guessed

that behind the piano was a full sized table, reposing peacefully against the wall, ready to be set up at a moment's notice! Just see how easily it is put up! Feel how light it is—only eleven pounds! Try to shake it—isn't it firm! Never a wobble! This is our new



**ELITE**  
FOLDING TABLE

—the very latest model. We are proud of this table, and we know you'll be delighted with it too. Once you set eyes on it you'll want it—and when you learn the price you'll buy it. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

**Made in Canada**

Write for **FREE** Booklet A, describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

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Sole Licensees and Manufacturers  
LONDON, ONTARIO

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"



## The Continental Pattern

The Continental is an example of the beauty that lies in simplicity. Charming for its historical suggestion and most fitting to the line of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate - the trade mark which is an American institution.

Sold by dealers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

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The World's Largest Makers of  
Sterling Silver and Plate





# KELSEY

## ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

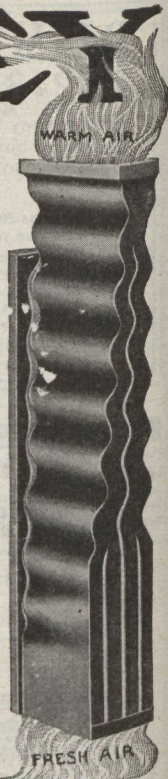
### The Irish Rangers to the Front

On Mobilization the Irish Rangers were detailed to the Armouries at 91 Stanley Street, Montreal, which was the old Stanley Street Methodist Church. On account of the high ceilings and immense space area, about 500,000 cubic feet, the question of heating it at once arose. Several of the officers felt sure that steam or hot water heating would be necessary but the majority of the Rangers came to the front and decided on hot air heating, consequently four No. 24 Kelsey Generators were installed and are now doing more than the contract called for and with a minimum amount of fuel.

*Full particulars furnished and estimates given*

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are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

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The happy solution to this frequent problem is

## Mapleine

The deliciously different flavor and its rich golden color makes the dish doubly attractive.

Dept. "H."

Grocers Sell Mapleine.

Send 2c. stamp for recipe book.

**Crescent Manufacturing Co.**  
Seattle, Wash.

Puddings  
Sauces  
Frostings  
Custards  
Ice Creams  
Cakes  
Candies



### IN COMMEMORATION OF LORD ROBERTS To the Editor DAILY CHRONICLE

Sir,—General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien wrote to me with regard to my fund, and has kindly given me his full consent to quote his letter.

He says:—  
No suggestion has been so practical as your offer to provide the men in the trenches with Bovril, and such a project, bringing strength to our soldiers as it will, would, I am sure, have met with the approval of our much-regretted late Field-Marshal.

I have already forwarded to the trenches sufficient to make over 23,000 cups, which has been very much appreciated by the soldiers themselves. The expense of this gift has been partly defrayed from the entire profits derived from the sale of the "Lord Roberts" postcard, which contains his photograph, a facsimile of his handwriting, and his address to the troops. Six of these cards will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope and a postal order for 6d.

I am desirous to raise a fund to secure a constant supply of Bovril, as there are many weeks of bitterly cold weather still to be faced. I am anxious to send out 100,000 cups at once, and should be most grateful to those who will support my fund by sending me a donation.

GLADYS STOREY,

39 Broadhurst-gardens,  
South Hampstead, N.W.,  
Jan. 20th, 1915.



## Let the Knox Cooks cut your "high cost of living"

It isn't necessary to stop eating delicious desserts, puddings, salads, etc., to economize. For by using

# KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

you can make quickly and cheaply all these dainty dishes.

The gelatine in each package is so divided that the housewife can use it to serve a small family or a large party—each package makes TWO QUARTS (½ gallon) of jelly—enough to serve sixteen people.

This Evening Serve a Knox Snow Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. Whites of two eggs. ¾ pint cold water. ¾ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is very light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar. Different fruit juices may be used in place of part of the hot water.

NOTE—If you use Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which contains Lemon Flavor, you will not need to buy lemons.

Send for this Free Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, Etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

**CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY**  
499 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.  
Packed in Johnstown, N.Y. and Montreal, P.Q.





# Tone—

The superb reproducing tone of the Columbia Grafonola makes it the supreme musical instrument. Because of its fidelity, richness and naturalness, Ysaye, the world's supreme master of the violin has perpetuated the marvellous purity of the Ysaye tone exclusively on Columbia Records. And this same surpassing tone distinguishes every one of the thousands of Columbia Records.

## YSAYE

*All Ysaye records are Columbia Records but you can play them on your own instrument whether it is a Columbia or not.*



Any one of 8500 Columbia dealers is waiting to demonstrate to you Columbia Grafonolas and Columbia Records. He will gladly play any records you choose including the Columbia Dance Records, which are personally supervised in the making by Mr. G. Hepburn Wilson, the world's greatest authority on modern dancing. Your dealer will send any model of the Columbia Grafonola and any list of records to your house on approval—and for your convenience easy terms of payments may be arranged.

# Columbia

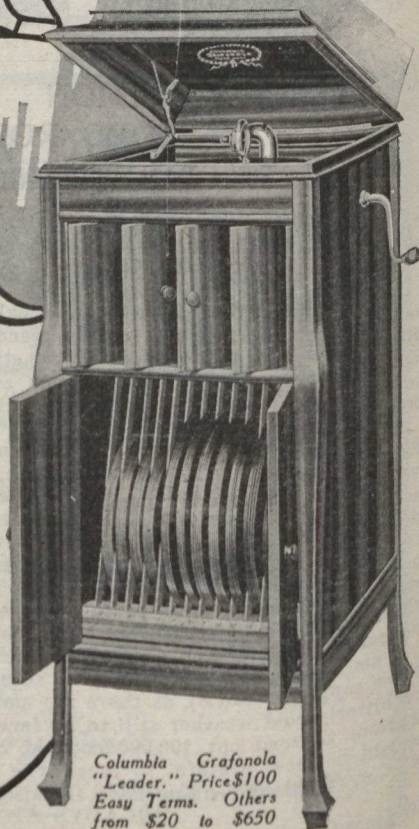
GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Toronto - Canada

Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented.

Write for particulars.

"MADE IN CANADA"



Columbia Grafonola  
"Leader." Price \$100  
Easy Terms. Others  
from \$20 to \$650



NON  
RUSTABLE

# D & A

## CORSETS

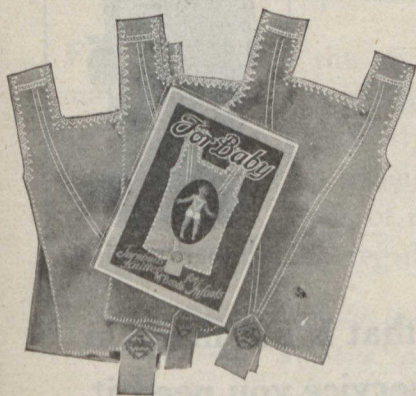
**Shrewd Shoppers Buy  
"D & A" or "La Diva"  
Corsets because not only are they  
made in Canada, but because,  
dollar for dollar, they are better  
value than corsets imported from  
the United States, Etc.**

540 624

Dealers who are not blinded by prejudice, or the hope of unduly large profits, sell and recommend the "D & A" and the "La Diva" Corsets.

Made by the "Dominion Corset Company," one of the best equipped Corset factories in the world.

## For Baby



Every mother knows that one of the most difficult tasks is attending to her baby's toilet. If the little infant baby could only speak, how much easier it would be for Mothers to make them more comfortable.

With what anxious care and love a Mother will watch her little baby, doing everything in her power to prevent it from being chafed or uncomfortable.

Turnbull's "M" Bands are, we believe, the only article made that will give the baby real comfort when wearing a diaper.

Turnbull's "M" bands are made from only the purest, softest and cleanest Australian

Merino Wool. They are worn next the skin and underneath the vest.

You will notice in the illustration how tapes are attached to the linen tabs on the front and back and go over each shoulder. This absolutely prevents the garment stretching when the diaper is pinned to the tabs.

This keeps the diaper in proper place, no matter how active or restless the baby may be. Prevents all chances of accidents or soiled clothes, and keeps the little one comfortable and happy. They are a comfort to the baby and a delight to the Mother. Three garments in each box, mailed post paid for \$1.00 per box. Buy a box to-day. From your dealer, or

**C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited - Galt, Ont.**

Manufacturers of Turnbull's famous "CEETEE" Underclothing, Turnbull's high-class ribbed Underwear for ladies and Children, Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants, and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.

*A Box of "M" Bands makes a most appreciable gift.*



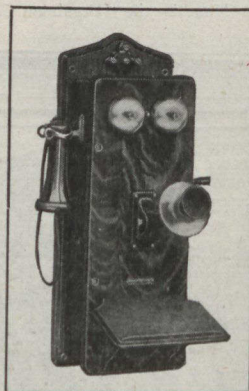
# MADE IN CANADA TELEPHONES



**QUALITY GUARANTEED  
PRICES ARE RIGHT**

**WE MAKE HIGH-CLASS TELEPHONES**

For the CITY  
For the TOWN  
For the RURAL LINE  
For the FACTORY  
For the APARTMENT HOUSE  
For the SCHOOL  
For any SERVICE



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**No need to buy a Telephone that is not made in  
Canada no matter for what service you need it.**

---

**Canadian Independent Telephone Co.**  
LIMITED  
TORONTO



# “Julian Sale”

THE NAME BEHIND THE GOODS IS  
YOUR GUARANTEE FOR THE QUALITY.



## “Rite-Hite” WARDROBE TRUNKS

For your winter trip to Cuba, to Bermuda, to Florida, to California. You may travel in comfort, ease, and luxury, if your travelling companion be a “Rite-hite” Wardrobe Trunk.

For excellence, the most superbly fitted trunk on the market to-day, greatest in capacity, most conveniently appointed, most perfectly arranged for carrying your wardrobe with the least possibility of mussing or wrinkling, a wardrobe and chest of drawers under “one roof”, splendidly finished, the regulation size, and minimum weight.

*A Post Card will get you a special booklet telling you all about “Rite-hite” and “Berth-high” wardrobe trunks.*

“RITE - HITE” Trunks  
\$50. to \$100.

“BERTH-HIGH” Steamer Trunks  
\$45. and \$60.

---

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited**  
105 King Street West, Toronto.



## In Times of War

the income of the person whose capital is invested in stocks and bonds, even of the highest class, is liable to be adversely affected. At such times the value of a substantial balance in the Savings Department of THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA is apparent.

**Your capital is safe**, unaffected by disturbed conditions, and always at your disposal; while at the same time your income is assured.

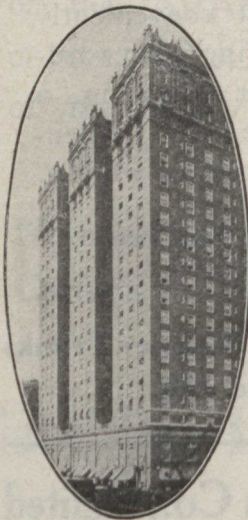
### THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

CAPITAL (Fully Paid) \$4,866,666      ∴ Reserve Fund \$3,017,333

Head Office:—LONDON, ENG.      ∴ Head Office in Canada:—MONTREAL

H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager, Montreal

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES



THE  
VANDERBILT  
HOTEL

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at Park Avenue

NEW YORK CITY

AN IDEAL HOTEL WITH AN IDEAL  
SITUATION

WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager.



OWNED BY CANADA OPERATED BY CANADA

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RYS.**



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
RAILWAY**

**MARITIME  
EXPRESS**

**8.45 a. m. Daily**

Leaves Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot for

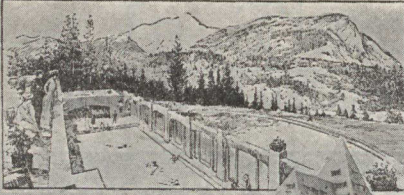
**St. John and Halifax**

 Where Canada's next contingent will embark 

Connection for Prince Edward Island, The  
Sydneys and Newfoundland.

**Excellent Sleeping and Dining Car Service.**





**Kill two birds  
with one stone**



and travel via THE

# CANADIAN ROCKIES

to the

## PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

If you are planning your 1915 trip to San Francisco, make sure your ticket reads via Canadian Pacific, otherwise you will miss the grandeur beauty of nature's most stupendous works—The Canadian Rockies.

**BANFF      LAKE LOUISE      FIELD      GLACIER**

Are important tourist stop-over points on the Canadian Pacific Railway route to the Pacific Coast. These have excellent hotel accommodation, with opportunities for riding, climbing, swimming, boating and golf.

Agents will personally call on you to arrange your itinerary.

Write, phone or call on nearest C. P. R. Representative.

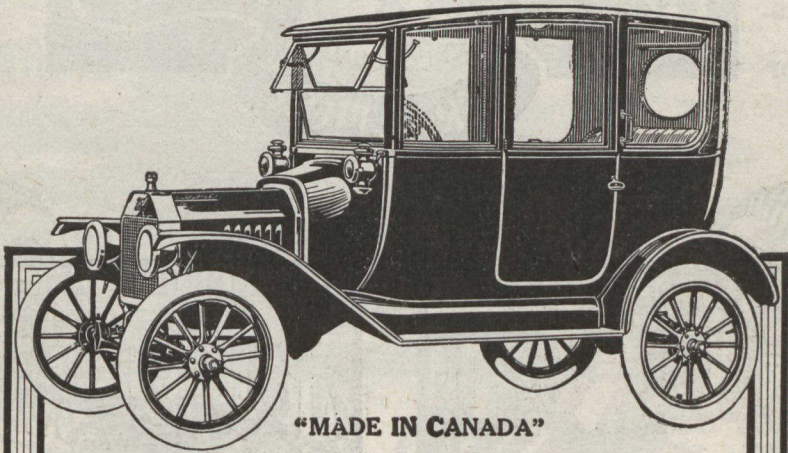
**E. F. L. STURDEE**

Ass't. District Passenger Agent  
TORONTO

**M. G. MURPHY**

District Passenger Agent  
TORONTO





"MADE IN CANADA"

## The Ford Sedan Price \$1150

Prices of other Ford cars are: Five-passenger Touring car \$590, Two-passenger Runabout \$540, Two-passenger Coupelet \$850. All cars fully equipped, including electric headlights. Prices F. O. B. Ford, Ont. Buyers of all Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915. Write Ford Factory, Ford, Ontario, for catalogue E-1.

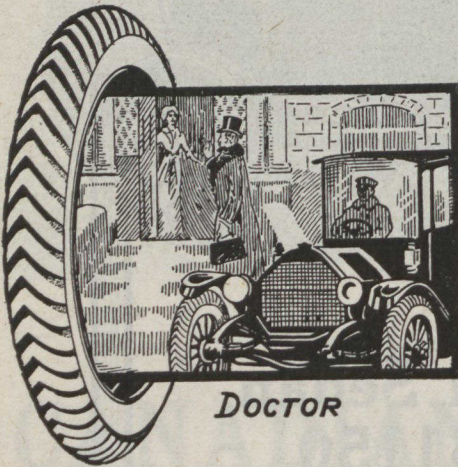




66  
Cubic  
Inches  
Larger



Never  
Did  
Rim  
Cut



*DOCTOR*



*MERCHANT*

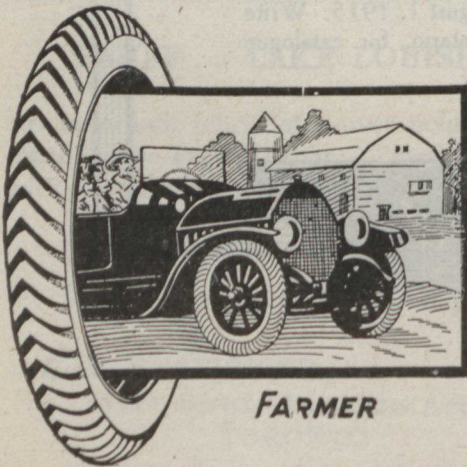
It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things: Safety, Service.

Speed for the Doctor.  
Reliability for the Merchant.  
Comfort for the Farmer.  
Durability for the Manufacturer.

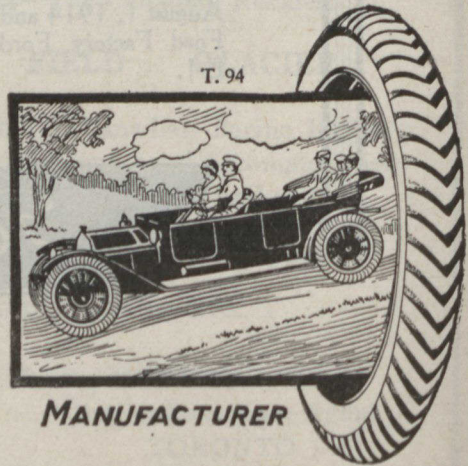
**SAFETY-FOR-ALL**

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the "Most Envied Tire In All America."

And these hosts of motorists not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.



*FARMER*



*MANUFACTURER*

T. 94





*Overland*  
TRADE MARK REG.  
 Coupe

**\$2150**

*f. o. b.*  
 Hamilton,  
 Ont.

## Just What She Wants

**T**HE Overland Coupe is especially designed for *madam's* comfort and requirements.

The doors are of extra width and height. This permits her to wear her largest hats, without the inconvenience of stooping or turning sideways when she alights or enters.

As the body is very low only a short step is necessary when getting in or out.

This model comfortably seats four—without crowding the occupants or crushing their gowns.

The seat cushions are deep and soft.

The method of driving is the simplest yet devised.

On the steering column is a small set of electric buttons. By just pressing these buttons the car is started, stopped and lighted.

The interior is finished in that fashionable mouse gray Bedford cord cloth.

The first look at this little beauty will bring you to the full realization that there is but *one* Coupe for you—the Overland.

Deliveries can be made immediately.

See it today.

*Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4.*



**The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited**

HAMILTON, ONT.



# If You Don't Like The Color Of Your Clothes, Dye Them With Diamond Dyes



Light Tan Suit dyed  
Navy Blue

To have your clothes exactly the color that you like is a simple matter if you will but use **DIAMOND DYES**.

Recoloring garments is not an intricate process, but very simple.

Many other women use them with complete success and you can too.

Miss S. T. Green, writes:—

"I have proved to my satisfaction that **DIAMOND DYES** are very easy to use.

"My light tan suit, which I bought late last summer, did not please me. I thought quite a while about dyeing it before I made the attempt because I had an idea that **DIAMOND DYES** were very difficult to use.

"I decided to recolor my suit and really it is wonderful how simple it is to produce magical changes with what you have correctly termed the "Fashion Helpers." My suit is now navy blue and very much prettier than it ever was before."

Mrs. J. R. Farley, writes:—

"I had often heard friends of mine talk about how easy it was to dye articles, but I always took what they said with 'a grain of salt.' I have often thought that I would like to dye things, but it wasn't until a fourteen year old niece of mine recolored some curtains that I felt I could surely use **DIAMOND DYES** successfully.

"The brown gown that the picture I am sending you shows was originally light brown. I thought that it looked a little bit too summery for winter wear, and so recolored it. This I found was very easy to do, and my chief regret is that I have not used **DIAMOND DYES** for years."



Light Brown Gown dyed  
Dark Brown

## Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

### Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

**Wool and Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool or Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the **Very Best Results on EVERY Fabric.**

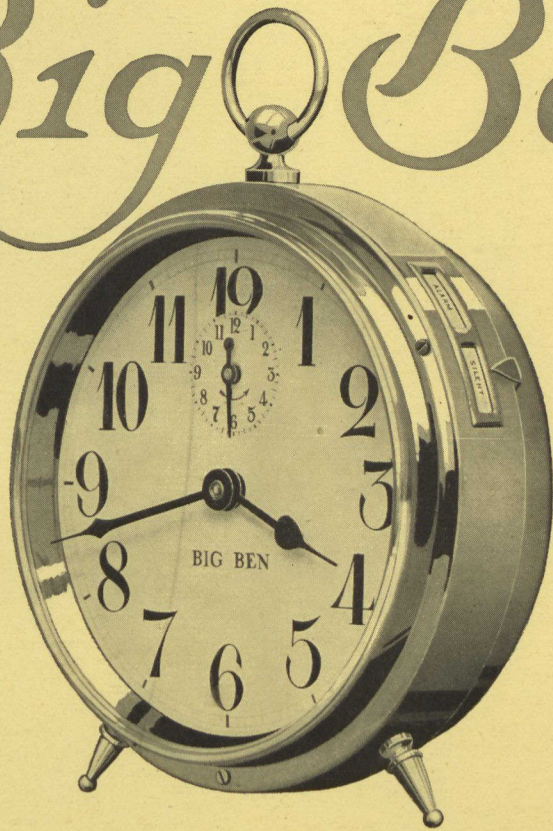
**DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.**

**Valuable Book and Samples Free.**—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED  
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA



# Big Ben



## Just Plain Big Ben

**Y**ES, Big Ben made his mark in this world by helping live-wire men make theirs; he was less than eight months old when he broke the world's record as a success.

For five years he's occupied the pedestal of fame in the alarm clock field—23,000 dealers have placed him on a mahogany pedestal, but in three million homes he's just plain Big Ben.

Big Ben stands seven inches tall; big, strong, handsome, alert, smiling, true. His bold, black hands and numerals show up plainly in the early morning light.

He'll call you with one straight five minute ring or ten half-minute notes at half minute intervals unless you switch him off. A drop of oil a year will keep him fit for a lifetime of service.

His price is \$2.50 in the States; \$3.00 in Canada. If not found at your dealer's, send a money order, addressed to his makers, "Westclox, La Salle, Illinois," and he'll come to your door—charges prepaid.



## The Morning Cup

will be just as hot, just as snappy,  
just as satisfying and no hurt fol-  
lowing if you use

# POSTUM

in place of coffee.

Why tear down nerves, heart and  
stomach with coffee, when you can  
do better?

**Regular Postum**—must be well-boiled.

**Instant Postum**—soluble—no boiling—  
made in the cup with hot water, instantly.

Both kinds are delicious  
—cost per cup about the  
same—sold by Grocers.

**"There's a Reason" for Postum**



A "DRUGGY" taste  
is not necessary to  
make a dentifrice effi-  
cient.

The delicious flavor of Rib-  
bon Dental Cream makes  
the regular care of the teeth  
a treat. Its thorough, anti-  
septic cleansing checks  
decay-germs and leaves  
the mouth wholesome and  
non-acid.

Send 4c. in stamps for a generous trial tube  
and our Booklet "The Jungle Pow-Wow."

**COLGATE & CO.**  
Dept. "P," Drummond Bldg., Montreal.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL  
Sole Agent for Canada.

## COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN CANADA  
**ACCOUNT BOOKS**  
**MEMORANDUM**  
and **PRICE BOOKS**  
**LOOSE LEAF**  
**LEDGERS** and **BINDERS**  
**COMPLETE STOCK OF**  
**EVERY KIND, OR SPECIAL**  
**PATTERNS OF ANY STYLE**  
**MADE TO ORDER**

*Established Over Half a Century*

## BROWN BROS. LIMITED

Manufacturing Stationers.  
SIMCOE AND PEARL STS., TORONTO.

*Taylor's*

**BLUE  
BIRD  
PERFUME**

DISTILLED IN CANADA  
"THE PERFUME  
OF HAPPINESS"  
MEDALS 38 AWARDS  
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.  
TORONTO