

MARCH, 1915

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

RACE AND RELIGION IN CANADA
BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

THE TIDE NOW RUNNING
BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

THE
EASTERN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES
BY W. L. SCOTT

WHERE HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL
—CALGARY
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LII

Contents, March, 1919

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THE APRIL NUMBER

THE mystery of Mrs. Mackay's detective story is solved this month, but the same writer will entertain us next month, with a very different contribution—a delightful article of travel, a charming account of a trip through the Rocky Mountains. Thousands of persons have taken this trip, but it is safe to say that few have realized it in the same manner as Mrs. Mackay describes it to us. There will be numerous illustrations taken from actual photographs of places visited.

PROF. W. S. WALLACE will contribute a bit of Canadian history as a result of his researches in England. It is entitled "The First Canadian Agent in London."

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD, who is herself a poet of distinction, will begin a series of short appreciations of some Canadian poets. The first is entitled "A Little Talk about Lampman."

SIR JOHN WILLISON will follow his splendid article this month on "Race and Religion" with one equally illuminating on "Office and Patronage".

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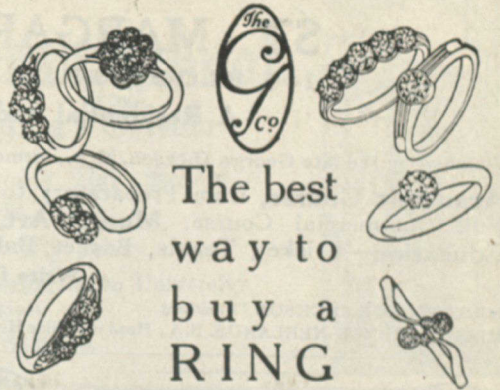
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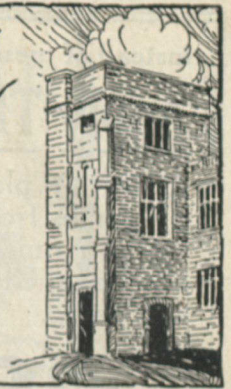
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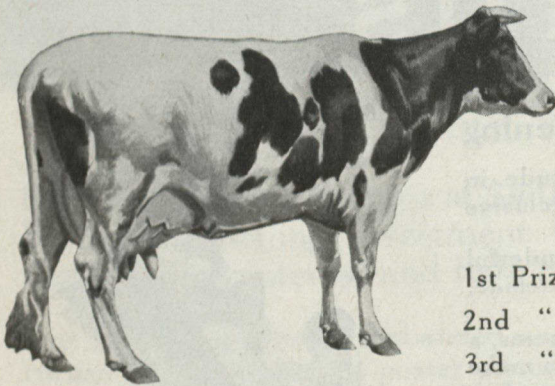
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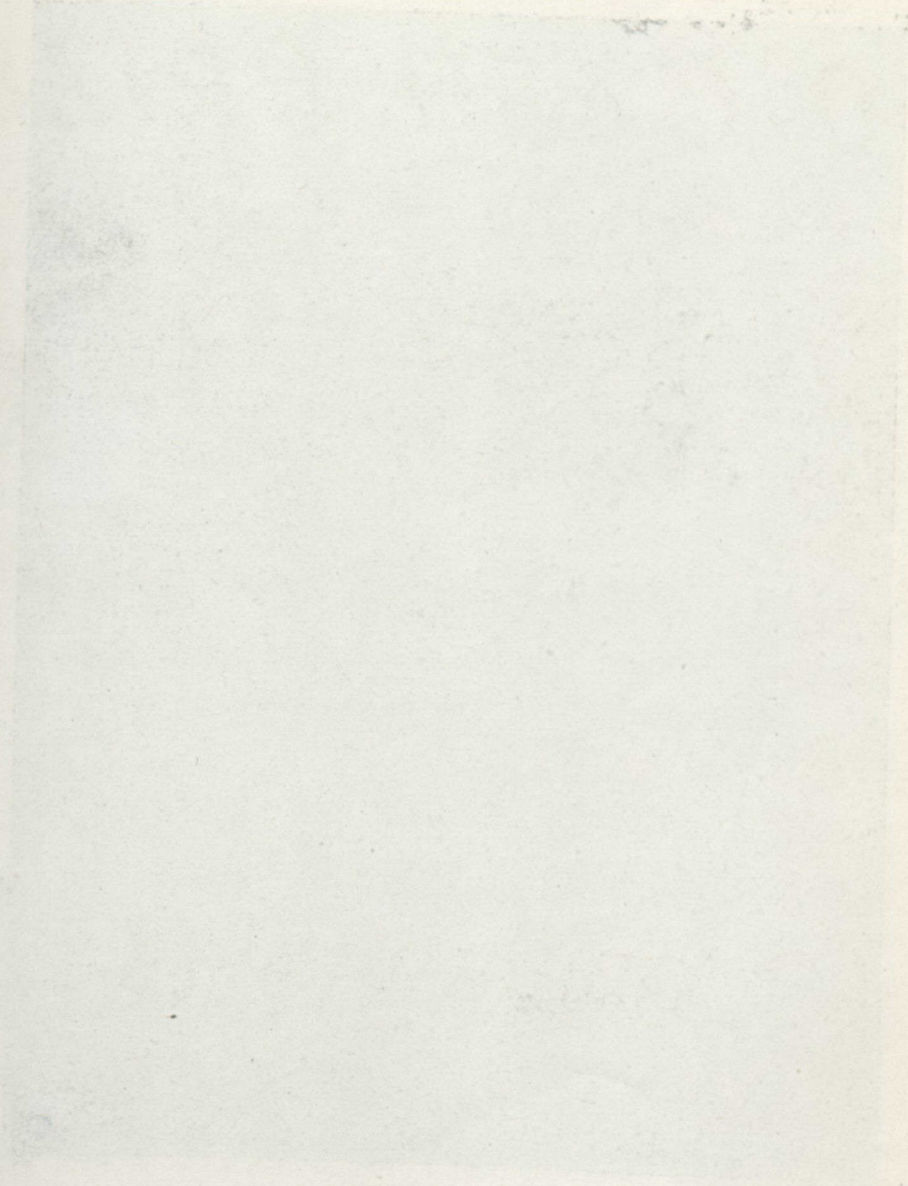
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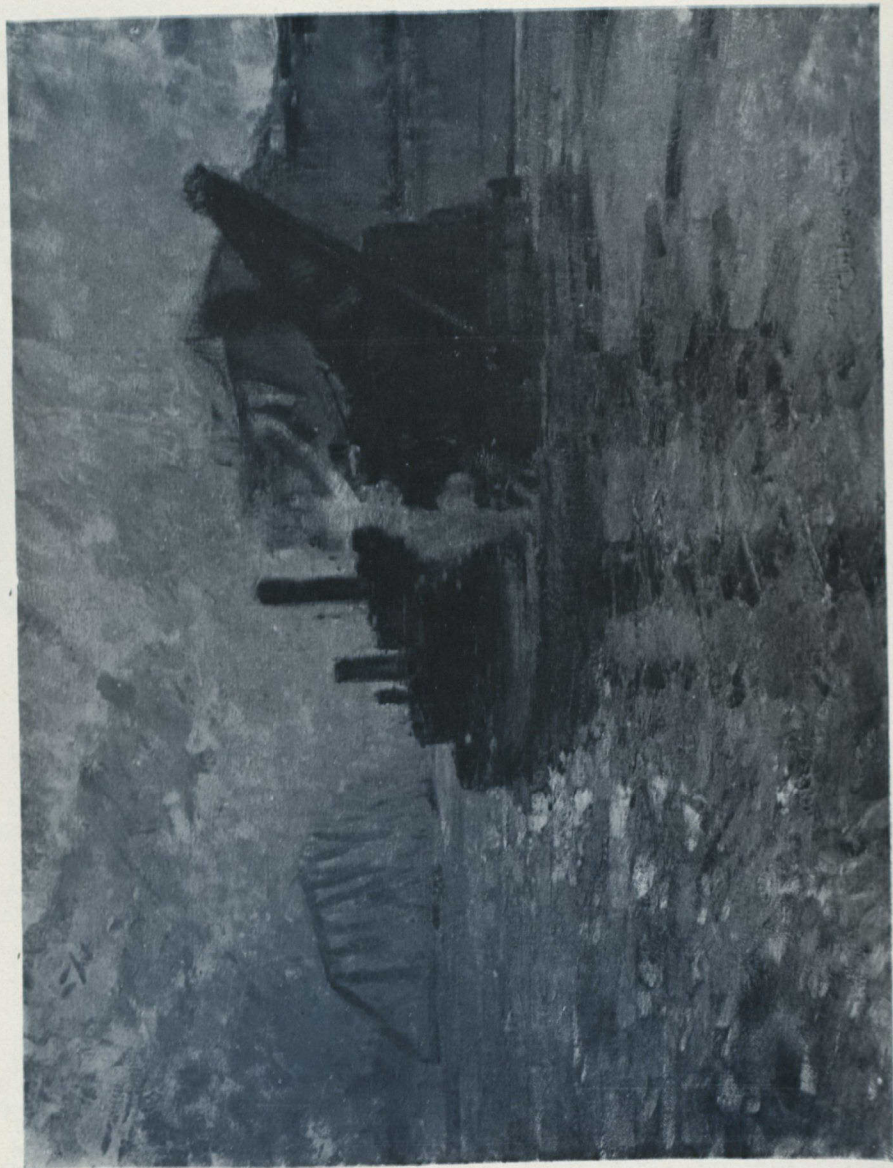
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THE

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REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XI.—RACE AND RELIGION IN CANADA

IN 1896 the Manitoba school question was the chief issue between the parties. The Conservatives, under Sir Charles Tupper, were committed to the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba which a Provincial Liberal Government had abolished. The Liberal party under Mr. Laurier opposed coercion of Manitoba, but in all the Liberal leader's speeches there is no direct denial of the constitutional soundness of the position of his opponents. He was wonderfully dexterous, but neither uncandid nor dishonest. Substantially he contended that compulsion was impracticable and that greater concessions could be secured for the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba by compromise and conciliation than by any legislation however ingeniously devised which must be imposed upon

the recalcitrant Province by Federal authority. But whatever impression his guarded language may have created in the English-speaking communities, he never suggested that he would not apply Federal pressure if the Province should refuse adequate concessions, nor did he ever admit that the grievances of the minority were insignificant or that the Provincial legislation was not a substantial violation of the spirit of the Constitution. He was attacked with such violence by the Bishops of Quebec that a multitude of Orange Protestants flocked to his support. In the Quebec parishes, however, the lower clergy and the masses of his compatriots were persuaded that he would secure greater concessions for the minority of Manitoba than the Remedial Bill would ensure. As the controversy developed all other considerations in Quebec became secondary to the senti-

ment of racial loyalty to a French Canadian who had become leader of a national party and would become Prime Minister if his own Province and his own people adhered to his standard. There is nothing more remarkable in Canadian political history than the private canvass of Quebec for Laurier in 1896 and the skill, ardour and courage of his candidates in creating an organization and a sentiment, despite powerful adverse influences, which were irresistible on the day of polling. Under an English leader the Liberal party would have been defeated and without Quebec Laurier would not have triumphed.

It has to be said for Laurier that he did not try to keep the school question open for any partisan object. The issue was as embarrassing to the Liberal as to the Conservative party. If Sir Donald Smith had succeeded in effecting a settlement between the Liberal Government at Winnipeg and the Conservative Government at Ottawa he would have rejoiced. He would have supported the settlement as a happy release from a difficult situation. Of this Sir Donald Smith was convinced or he probably would not have attempted to compose the differences between the two Governments. It is not certain that the Provincial Ministers were so willing to sacrifice the political advantages of a dispute by which they had profited in successive elections. Nor was Mr. D'Alton McCarthy anxious for an understanding between the Governments. There is reason to think that his responsibility for the abolition of separate schools in Manitoba was neither indirect nor remote. By his opposition to separate schools and official recognition of the French language he had created the nucleus of a party and he was opposed to concessions in Manitoba which would impair his strength in the country and destroy an issue upon which he relied to embarrass the Conservative Government. He was opposed also for the higher reason that any concessions in his judgment would recognize the prin-

ciple of separation in education, and he was greatly concerned to have only a common public school system established throughout Western Canada. He had closer relations with the Liberal Government of Manitoba than had the official Liberal leaders at Ottawa. When Honourable Joseph Martin determined to abolish separate schools in the Western Province neither Mr. Laurier nor Sir Oliver Mowat were consulted. They would not have approved if they had been consulted. Mr. McCarthy not only was consulted but probably directed, and there is no doubt that Mr. Edward Farrer had knowledge of what was contemplated. *The Mail* down to the amalgamation with *The Empire* in 1895 was behind Mr. McCarthy. It was the steady champion of all movements in which he was concerned, and it is curious that Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Farrer and Mr. Goldwin Smith, united against the Roman Catholic hierarchy, created conditions in the country which finally destroyed the unity of the Conservative party and gave victory to the Liberals under a Roman Catholic leader.

But among Liberals there was grave perplexity and foreboding for some time after the final judgment of the Imperial Privy Council in the Manitoba school cases. It was believed that the judgment of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the Provincial school legislation would be sustained. There was consternation, therefore, when the Privy Council decided that the Manitoba school regulations affected prejudicially the privileges of the Catholic minority and that if adequate concessions were refused by the Provincial authority the Federal Government could constitutionally give such relief as justice to the minority and fair observance of the Constitution required. It is doubtful if Conservative Ministers were grateful for the judgment. It is certain that Laurier was reluctant to move out of Torres Vedras. *The Globe* had steadily and firmly opposed interference with Manitoba. Now, how-

ever, an influential element in the Liberal party demanded that it should reverse its position and support remedial legislation. I was even provided with an editorial in which "the curve" was taken with infinite casuistry and temerity. But I resisted the appeal with such argument as I could command, took counsel with Mr. Jaffray, and on the morning on which it was desired that the retreat should begin *The Globe* restated its original position so resolutely and unequivocally that there was no further attempt to control its utterances, although there was much grieving and cursing over its precipitancy and implacability. At the time there were references in many newspapers to a dispute between the directors and the editor over the Manitoba school question so acute that I threatened to resign if *The Globe's* position was reversed. But there was no such quarrel nor any reason that I should offer my resignation. The course which *The Globe* pursued the party followed, at first perhaps with misgiving, but finally with conviction and confidence. If *The Globe* had hesitated or temporized confusion would have descended upon the Liberal party and ultimately the paper would have been repudiated or the party committed to a dubious and equivocal position on the chief issue before the country.

It is believed that Mr. J. Israel Tarte saw more quickly and more clearly than most of his parliamentary associates that if the Opposition could be united against the remedial bill the Conservative party would be disrupted in the English Provinces. With characteristic ardour and courage, he laboured to impress Liberal members from Quebec with the certain prospect of office for Laurier if they would boldly challenge the influences against which they would have to contend in the French constituencies. They hesitated, for they knew that the Hierarchy were behind the bill and would exert all their authority in behalf of members who gave the support required, and against those

who opposed or obstructed its passage through Parliament. Whatever arguments Liberal candidates may have employed in the private canvass in Quebec they displayed signal courage and remarkable resource in the ordeal to which they submitted. But courage was never lacking in the old Rouge element of Quebec. They may sometimes have fought rashly and sometimes unwisely, but they were ever gallant and resolute. In many a battle they tasted defeat, but they seldom capitulated nor ever left the field dishonoured. Between the Rouges of Quebec and the Liberal party of Upper Canada which George Brown created there was a natural alliance, and their common efforts and achievements constitute brilliant chapters in Canadian history.

If Mr. Laurier hesitated to oppose the Remedial Bill it was because he knew, as few men did, the strength of the forces which would unite in its support and the character of the contest in which he must engage. He was, too, a French-Canadian and a Roman Catholic and naturally reluctant to seem to oppose the church and the race to which he belonged. For the school legislation of Manitoba affected French Catholics chiefly and was more peculiarly the concern of the French than of the Irish ecclesiastics. In the election, however, a far greater proportion of Irish than of French Catholics supported the Remedial Bill through the candidates of the Government. But however Laurier may have hesitated, he finally determined to maintain the doctrine of Provincial Rights, which was a cardinal principle of the Liberal party, although, as I have said, he never admitted that there was not a constitutional right of Federal intervention on behalf of the religious minority of Manitoba. He moved the "six months hoist" of the Remedial Bill and sanctioned, if he did not direct, the obstruction which prevented adoption of the measure before the legal life of Parliament expired.

There was a moment of intense concern when Laurier rose to move his motion, for Mr. Clarke Wallace rose simultaneously, and if he had been recognized by the Speaker, would have offered the motion which Laurier intended to submit. A motion by Laurier to reject the bill the French Liberals had agreed to support. A like proposal from Mr. Wallace they would not and could not support. They would have stood before Quebec as the allies of the Grand Master of the Orange Association, and a situation difficult enough for French Liberals would have become intolerable and impossible. Nor is it conceivable that the Opposition by any subsequent device or manoeuvre could have escaped the consequences of such association with the Orange leader if they opposed the Bill in Parliament or in the country. Fortunately for the Liberal party, Honourable Peter White, then Speaker of the Commons, recognized Mr. Laurier, and for Mr. Wallace there was no alternative but to support the motion which expressed the attitude of the Opposition. It was natural that the Speaker should recognize the leader of the Opposition against any private member, however eminent, but there is reason also to think that Mr. Peter White disliked the Remedial Bill and believed that if Mr. Wallace offered the motion for its rejection, the Liberal parliamentary party would be divided and a majority for the measure assured. Mr. Wallace, who had resigned from the Government over the decision to restore Separate schools in Manitoba, was not aggrieved by the Speaker's action. He was among the most vigorous and effective obstructionists in Parliament and was very influential during the general election in solidifying the extremer Protestant element against the Government. But if he co-operated with the Liberal party, he entered into no actual alliance with Mr. Laurier, and unlike Mr. D'Alton McCarthy when a settlement with Manitoba was effected by the Laurier

Administration, he re-established an independent connection with the Conservative party. It is curious that Orangemen, who are commonly regarded as the "backbone" of the Conservative party, should have so often assisted the Liberal party to obtain office. A great body of Orangemen, angry over the murder of Thomas Scott at Fort Garry and dissatisfied with the behaviour of John Sandfield Macdonald, voted for Liberal candidates in Ontario in 1871 and gave Mr. Blake a victory which he probably could not have won without Orange support. Sir John Macdonald was greatly weakened in 1872 by the defection of Orangemen who believed that Riel was treated with excessive consideration and that there was feeble and indecisive handling of the Red River insurrection. In 1896 the revolt among Orangemen gave many constituencies to the Liberal party. Indeed, it is doubtful if Laurier could have carried the country without the support of an element which Liberals have seldom conciliated and generally distrusted and contemned.

I never doubted that the Liberal party would triumph in 1896, although the result in Ontario was less decisive and in Quebec more decisive than I expected. I remember that a few days before polling *The Globe* received a message from Quebec that at most only two or three Conservative candidates would be elected in the Quebec district. We thought the estimate so exaggerated and extreme that the despatch was not published. But the prophet was not discredited by the result. The tremendous energy and amazing endurance of Sir Charles Tupper vitally affected the situation in Ontario. He revived the spirit and restored the courage of the Conservative party and steadied a multitude of waverers. In all his strenuous life he never was more powerful or aggressive, more effective or more destructive, than in the campaign of 1896, although he fought upon an issue which was not of his

making and with a party broken by mutiny and dissension. I have often wondered how Sir John Thompson would have handled the Manitoba school question if he had lived, or how Sir Charles Tupper would have framed the issue if he had been recalled from England before the Remedial Bill was introduced. While Tupper was reorganizing the Cabinet, it was reported that Mr. B. B. Osler, K.C., had been offered the position of Minister of Justice. But when the reorganization was completed and the Cabinet announced, Mr. Osler's name did not appear. I had not expected that he would enter the Cabinet, for he was opposed to Federal interference with the school legislation of Manitoba. If, however, he had accepted Sir Charles Tupper's proposal the bill would have been abandoned. On his return from Ottawa after his interview with Tupper he asked by telephone if he could see me at *The Globe* office. I suggested that he should allow me to go to his office. In the interview which followed he stated that he had been offered the position of Minister of Justice by Sir Charles Tupper and had declined for only one reason. I suggested that no doubt the reason was that he could not defend the Remedial Bill before the country. He said, "No. I was not asked to do so. I had the positive assurance from the Prime Minister that he would abandon the bill if I would enter the Government." He said, further, that he would have accepted save for the single reason that he was regarded as a Liberal. He had neglected to explain his position to the country. It was not understood that aside from the school question, he had greater confidence in Sir Charles Tupper than he had in the Liberal leaders. If he joined the Cabinet he would be suspected of betraying the Liberal party for office and exacting a price, which would confuse the issues before the country and possibly aggravate rather than compose the bitter racial

and sectarian quarrel which the school question had produced. When I recall this statement by Mr. Osler I cannot think that Tupper was happy in the position which he had inherited, and I wonder that he did not insist upon a modification of the Remedial Bill or a complete withdrawal of the challenge to Manitoba when he accepted the office of Prime Minister and set himself to reorganize and reunite the Conservative party. If he believed that the Remedial Bill was strategically unwise and constitutionally unsound, he should not have attempted to force it through Parliament. If he thought there was a constitutional obligation upon the Government to give such full measure of relief to the religious minority of Manitoba as the bill provided, he should not have bargained with Mr. Osler.

I think of an incident of the campaign in Toronto. In the Centre Division Mr. William Lount, K.C., was the Liberal candidate against Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn. Mr. Lount rode "the Protestant horse" not perhaps with great skill, but with extreme ardour. When it was suggested that Mr. Laurier should hold a meeting in Toronto, Lount declared that if the proposal were not summarily abandoned he would withdraw from the contest. Two weeks before polling Mr. J. K. Kerr, K.C., and I spent Sunday with Mr. Laurier at London, where he was the guest of Mr. C. S. Hyman. Laurier intimated his desire to speak in Toronto. We agreed that it was necessary that he should do so, and that the effect throughout the country of a successful meeting in the chief city of the Province would give inspiration and confidence to Liberal candidates and workers in the last days of the contest, and do something to create in other Provinces the impression that Ontario would give a substantial majority against the Government. I had *The Globe* announce next morning that Laurier would speak in Toronto, and during the day a meeting

of Liberal workers was held to fix a date and arrange details. Mr. Lount protested that to bring the French Catholic leader to the city where sectarian feeling was so rampant was a fatal error, that he would be denied a hearing, that there would be organized interruption, tumult and disorder, and that the effect throughout the country would be infinitely damaging to Liberal prospects. When Laurier came there was such a demonstration in his honour as he can have had but seldom, even in his own Province. Hundreds who could not get into Massey Hall cheered with irrepressible fervor as he made his way to the meeting. Hundreds were still around the building when he reappeared two hours later. There was continuous cheering as he was escorted slowly and laboriously through a narrow lane of excited people to an overflow meeting at the old Queen Street Auditorium. Inside Massey Hall there was a meeting as memorable for its spontaneous and explosive enthusiasm as any ever held in Toronto. Sir John Macdonald himself never could have had a more tumultuous welcome in the Orange and Protestant stronghold of Canada. While he spoke there were frequent long rolls of applause, but not a whisper of dissent or protest. Indeed, I cannot think that I remember any other meeting in which there were such manifestations of an intimate and almost affectionate relation between the speaker and the audience, such ardour of emotion, such unity of sentiment. There was only one incident of less happy import. Mr. Lount, who was among the first speakers, held the floor so long that the audience became restive and indicated by persistent shuffling and stamping that its patience was exhausted. Thus for a few moments there were symptoms of disorder to justify Mr. Lount's prophecy. As we passed through the crowds from Massey Hall to the Auditorium, Laurier exclaimed: "Is this Tory Toronto?" It was, and Tory Toronto never more clearly expressed

itself than in that remarkable demonstration over the French Catholic leader of the Liberal party.

Only mischief results when political expediency governs in the interpretation of a statute or the reading of a constitution. We have had in the educational clauses of the British North America Act a source of misunderstanding and confusion which has not made for national solidity and more than once has filled the country with the angry clamour of violent sectarian controversy. We have had during the whole period of Confederation a resolute and unceasing effort to read into the Constitution a guarantee of sectarian schools for every Province of the Confederation, and a steady denunciation of those who insist upon a different interpretation, and contend for the right of the Provinces to control over education, subject to their conception of the constitutional limitations, as zealots and bigots, and mischievous traders in racial and religious prejudices. It may be desirable, therefore, to investigate the origin of Separate schools in Canada and to trace the evolution of the Canadian Constitution.

As early as 1841, when the first attempt was made to establish a system of schools in Upper Canada, the right of Separate schools was obtained by the advocates of dogmatic religious teaching. This privilege was recognized in the first Common School Act for the Province which was passed five years later. But it was not until 1852 that the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics entered upon an active struggle for the extension of the Separate school system. Up to that year only fifty Separate schools had been established, and thirty-two of these had lapsed in the three years preceding. Thirteen of those remaining were Roman Catholic Separate schools; three were Protestant, two of these in French districts; and two were maintained for coloured children in Kent and Essex. In 1853 the provisions for Separate schools were revised and

extended and all supporters of such schools were exempted from local or municipal school rates. Hitherto they had shared only in the Legislative grant and County school taxes; but no part of the municipal assessment could be applied for separate school purposes, and no municipal officer could be employed to collect rates for their support. The whole separate school movement was strenuously resisted by George Brown and his allies, while Bishop Charbonnel was as determined to secure absolute authority over the education of Catholic children and to establish separate schools wherever they could be supported. In 1856 the Bishop declared in a Pastoral letter that "Catholic electors who do not use their electoral power in behalf of separate schools are guilty of mortal sin; likewise parents who do not make the sacrifices necessary to secure such schools or send their children to mixed schools".

From year to year the school law was amended in minor particulars, separate schools increased in number from thirteen in 1852 to one hundred in 1858, and the clerical agitation for still more generous facilities for their support and organization was maintained with unabated vigour. Dr. Ryerson protested against the interference of priests and bishops belonging to Lower Canada with the school system of Upper Canada and denounced "this double aggression by Roman Catholic Bishops and their supporters in assailing on the one hand our public schools and school system, and invading what has been acknowledged as sacred constitutional rights of individuals and municipalities, and on the other hand demanding the erection and support at the public expense of a Roman Catholic hierarchical school system." Finally, in 1860, Honourable R. W. Scott, then representing Ottawa in the United Parliament, introduced a Separate School Bill which, after three defeats in successive years, was adopted with modifications in 1863 and is the gen-

eral basis of the law which now exists. In the final vote the representatives of Upper Canada gave ten of a majority against the measure, and it was thus imposed upon Ontario by a majority from Quebec. This in Ontario was the position at Confederation, while in Quebec Protestant public schools were maintained by the non-Catholic elements of the population.

According to Pope's Confederation Documents, the question of Education was first raised at the Quebec Conference on October 24th, 1864. On motion of Mr. Oliver Mowat it was resolved "That it shall be competent for the local Legislatures to make laws respecting (1) Agriculture, (2) Education, (3) Emigration", and various other subjects thereafter enumerated. On the next day Mr. D'Arcy McGee moved that "The following words be added to item 2—Education—'saving the rights and privileges which the Protestant or Catholic minority in both Canadas may possess as to their denominational schools at the time when the Constitutional Act goes into operation". This was the final deliverance of the Conference on the subject of Education, and it seems therefore to be conclusively established that the constitutional limitations upon Provincial control over Education were meant to apply only to Ontario and Quebec. It must be remembered also that the Conference which recommended this clause for insertion in the constitution made provision for the incorporation of British Columbia, Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory in the new Commonwealth.

But to Sir A. T. Galt, not to McGee or Mowat, we trace the educational clauses in the Confederation settlement. Galt was a resolute foe of hierarchical pretensions, a vigilant champion of the rights and interests of the English minority in Quebec, and throughout all his public career a formidable figure in the political life of the country. He was Minister

of Finance in the Coalition Government which was organized to carry Confederation, but resigned office in 1866 on account of its failure to pass legislation securing to the English minority of Lower Canada a fair share of the public funds for Protestant schools and a Protestant Board of Education. It must be remembered that no system of public schools existed in Quebec as in Ontario. In Ontario the schools of the majority were non-sectarian and open alike to Protestant and Catholic without offence to religious susceptibilities. In Quebec the schools of the majority were strictly Roman Catholic, devoted to the teaching of Roman Catholic dogma, and under the practical, if not the complete, control of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

The position was clearly stated in a petition to the Throne from the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Lower Canada which was forwarded while the Canadian delegates were in London advising with the Imperial authorities upon the terms of the Confederation settlement. They represented that "under the educational law of Lower Canada, and in consequence of the denominational character of the schools of the Roman Catholic majority, your Majesty's subjects professing the Protestant faith are subjected to serious disadvantages; first, in being deprived of the benefits of a general system of education similar to that enjoyed by their fellow-subjects in Upper Canada: secondly, in their liability to be taxed for the support of Roman Catholic schools; and thirdly, in the difficulties which they experience in establishing non-denominational or separate schools and seminaries of higher education for themselves". They argued that the result of this condition of affairs was to discourage the settlement of Protestants in Lower Canada and to cause many families to leave the country. They pointed out that pledges were made by members of the Government that the griev-

ances under which they laboured would be remedied by parliamentary action, and that though a bill for that purpose was introduced by Government at the last session, it was almost immediately withdrawn, and that unless provision to this end was introduced into the Imperial Act of Confederation, there was grave fear that their educational rights would be left to the control of the majority in the local Legislature without any guarantee whatever. They declared frankly that they would prefer a general and non-denominational system of education, but that "so long as the present system of separate schools shall continue in Lower Canada", they must claim as constitutional rights that all direct taxes for the support of schools paid by Protestants should be applied to Protestant or non-denominational education, that all public money given for the same purpose should be divided between Protestants and Roman Catholics in proportion to population, and that just and proper safeguards for the effective protection of their educational interests should be introduced into the Act of Confederation. This was the situation with which Galt had to deal and this the position of the minority for whose interests he was concerned. In Ontario, if a school section contained only a single Roman Catholic child, it could attend the Public School without impediment or embarrassment; in Quebec there were, as there still are, whole counties where absolutely no provision exists for the education of isolated Protestant families. Galt, too, was distrustful of the Quebec Legislature and fearful that the securities required by the Protestant minority would not be established under the local constitution, or would be established under conditions which would not give the necessary guarantees of permanence. Hence, at the London Conference on December 5th, 1866, Galt moved that "the following words be added to and form part of the 6th subsection of the 43rd clause:

“And in every Province where a system of separate or dissentient schools by law obtains, or where the local Legislature may hereafter adopt a system of separate or dissentient schools, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-in-Council of the general Government from the acts and decisions of the local authorities which may affect the rights or privileges of the Protestant or Catholic minority in the matter of education. And the general Parliament shall have power in the last resort to legislate on the subject.” Thus were developed the guarantees for the Protestant minority in Quebec where, as has been said, no public schools existed, and hence the clauses which the Roman Catholic hierarchy have employed in the endeavour to secure certain constitutional rights under the Public School law of New Brunswick, to create and perpetuate separate schools in Manitoba, and to establish a separate school system in the Western Territories.

The first appeal taken under these clauses of the new constitution came from the Roman Catholic minority of New Brunswick. This Province at Confederation had no separate schools, but religious teaching under liberal regulations was permitted in the schools established in Roman Catholic communities. In 1871 the Legislature passed a law prohibiting such religious teaching in the common schools, and under Galt's clauses, permitting an appeal to the Central Government against any act or decision of local authorities affecting the rights or privileges of a Protestant or Catholic minority, the disallowance of the Provincial legislation was demanded. The Legislature resisted the demand, passed resolutions asserting the exclusive authority of the Province over education, resolving that its jurisdiction and powers should not be curtailed without express sanction of the people at the polls, and declaring that without the consent of the Legislature the Imperial Parliament or the Parliament of Canada ought not to inter-

fere. Upon appeal to the constituencies, the local Government was decisively sustained. Sir John Macdonald, as Minister of Justice, in answer to the demand for disallowance, said: “The Act complained of is an Act relating to common schools and the Acts repealed by it relate to parish grammar, superior and common schools. No reference is made in them to separate, dissentient or denominational schools, and the undersigned does not, on examination, find that any statute of the Province exists establishing such special schools.” This position was sustained by the law officers of the Crown, and while the controversy extended over several years, and both sets of politicians manoeuvred in familiar fashion for the position of advantage, and the clerical demand was insistent and importunate, there was no serious attempt at Federal interference with the Province, and that clearly was the intention of Sir John Macdonald from the beginning.

The second appeal was from the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba. In 1870 the Province of Manitoba was created with the educational clauses of the British North America Act incorporated in its constitution. In 1871, not by voluntary action of the people, but in obedience to the Federal authority, a system of separate schools was established. It must be remembered that there was no public system of education in Manitoba prior to the organization of the Province in 1870, and that such denominational schools as existed were supported by the voluntary contributions of the various communions. But under the system of education established in 1871 the Roman Catholics of Manitoba received as liberal treatment as the Catholics of Ontario. The first subsection of the twenty-second section of the Manitoba Act declares that the Province shall not have power to pass any legislation which “shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational

schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the Province at the Union." This was doubtless intended to give a constitutional guarantee for separate schools in Manitoba; but when the appeal taken by the Catholic minority had made its way through the Canadian courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it was there decided that the legislation of 1890 abolishing separate schools was constitutional inasmuch as the only right or privilege which Roman Catholics then enjoyed was the right or privilege of establishing such schools as they preferred and maintaining them by their own contributions.

A second appeal was then taken under sub-section two of the twenty-second section of the Manitoba Act, which provides that: "An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General-in-Council from any act or decision of the Legislature of the Province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education." The Supreme Court decided that even under this section no right of interference was vested in the central Government, and mainly upon the grounds that every presumption must be made in favor of the constitutional right of a legislative body to repeal the laws which it has itself enacted, and that an enactment irrevocably held by the Judicial Committee to be *intra vires* could not have illegally affected any of the rights and privileges of the Catholic minority. The Judicial Committee, however, reversed this judgment and found that the Governor-General-in-Council had jurisdiction in the premises, but added: "The particular course to be pursued must be determined by the authorities to whom it has been committed by the statute. It is not for this tribunal to intimate the precise steps to be taken. Their general character is sufficiently defined by the third sub-section of section

twenty-two of the Manitoba Act." This sub-section provides for action by the Governor-General-in-Council in case a Provincial Government fails or refuses to remedy grievances of a religious minority occasioned by Provincial legislation, and authorizes the Parliament of Canada to make remedial laws for the due execution of such measures as may be adjudged necessary in the circumstances. But while the Judicial Committee declined to give explicit direction to the Federal authority, it closed its judgment with these pregnant sentences: "It is certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted, or that the precise provisions of these statutes should again be made law. The system of education embodied in the Acts of 1890 no doubt commends itself to, and adequately supplies the wants of, the great majority of the inhabitants of the Province. All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if that system were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievances upon which the appeal is founded, and were modified as far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions."

Fortified by this judgment, the Liberal Government of Manitoba declared that under no circumstances would it sanction the restoration of the separate school system, and refused absolutely to obey the remedial order issued by the federal authorities. The Provincial ministers, however, professed every disposition to consider and remove any grievance or injustice under which the minority could be shown to labour, and to modify any harsh features in the existing regulations of the Provincial Department of Education, if such could be discovered. All efforts to effect a compromise between the Federal and Provincial authorities proving unsuccessful, the Remedial Bill re-establishing separate schools in Manitoba was introduced in the House of Commons, opposed by the Liberal

party and, as has been said, defeated by obstruction, in which its opponents persisted until by effluxion of time the legal life of Parliament expired. It is interesting to remember that the party ranged behind the Remedial Order commanding the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba was led by the statesman who had abolished separate schools in Nova Scotia, while the leader of the forces opposed to the coercion of Manitoba was the statesman who, nine years later, guaranteed separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan. It is not necessary now to consider the terms of the settlement agreed upon by the Laurier Government and the Greenway Administration, since its provisions have been abrogated by the Liberal Government which now holds office in Manitoba and English made the only language in the schools of the Province. There is no doubt, however, that during his term of office Sir Wilfrid Laurier pressed again and again for concessions to the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba beyond those yielded in the settlement of 1896, and that at least in the letter nothing substantial was conceded by the Provincial authorities.

When I left *The Globe* in 1902 I had no thought of a political separation from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I knew that he desired to guarantee separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan when the Western Territories were divided into Provinces, but I doubted if he would ever give effect to his intention and doubted more strongly if the Liberal party would agree to establish in Alberta and Saskatchewan a system of schools which they would not restore in Manitoba. During the electoral campaign of 1904 I became convinced that the new Parliament would concede the demand of the Western Territories for Provincial autonomy and that separate schools would be guaranteed to the religious minority. In articles in *The Daily News* I asserted that this was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's intention and

argued that the country should not be left in ignorance of what was contemplated. But Laurier would neither affirm nor deny and the country was uninterested. When the Autonomy Bills were introduced in 1905 establishing separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan and Federal control over natural resources, no one who has read my *History of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party* can think that I had any choice but to oppose the measures. Even with the guarantees provided by Galt's educational clauses in the British North America Act, it seems to be settled by the deliverance of the Privy Council in the Manitoba appeals that a Province—always excluding Ontario and Quebec—cannot be forced to establish a separate school system, and that all the fair obligations of the constitution are fulfilled by provisions in the Public School law which protect a minority from offence to their faith or infringement upon their religious susceptibilities. Galt held that under the exceptional conditions which surrounded the English population in Quebec this protection for Protestants was essential, but it is inconceivable that he would have taken this ground if there had been any prospect that Lower Canada would establish and maintain a non-denominational Public School system such as exists in Ontario, in Manitoba, in British Columbia, and in the Maritime Provinces. In 1875, when the Act establishing the Territorial Government was before the Senate, George Brown protested against the extension of the separate school system to the Territories. He contended that: "This provision was quite contrary to the British North America Act." "Nothing was more clear," he said, "than that each Province should have absolute control over education." He thought that was the only principle upon which the Union Act could continue. If the Dominion Government interfered with local matters we would get into inex-

tricable confusion with the Provinces. The safe way was for us to let each Province suit itself in such matters. This country was filled by people of all classes and creeds, and there would be no end of confusion if each class had to have its own peculiar school system. It had been said this clause was put in for the protection of the Protestants against the Catholics, the latter being the most numerous. But he, speaking for the Protestants, was in a position to say that they did not want that protection. In this case it was proposed that the national machinery should be used for the imposition and collection of taxes upon persons of peculiar denominations for the support of schools of their kind. It was an attempt to force upon that country peculiar views with regard to education.

It is true Brown contended that from the moment the Act passed and the Western Territories became part of the Union, "they came under the Union Act and under the provisions with regard to separate schools." But we are concerned with his statement of the intention of the founders of Confederation rather than with his legal opinion. Besides, his position was not sustained by the judgment of the Privy Council in the Manitoba cases. Moreover, it was surely an extraordinary contention that the Canadian Parliament could not repeal a statute which it was under no compulsion to enact, and a still more extraordinary assumption that the four millions of people in older Canada who maintained separate school systems should undertake to determine for all time what should be the character of the local institutions over territories which in half a century will probably have a greater population than the older Provinces. There is a story of a Tammany politician who lobbied a Senator in order to secure his support for a particular concession, and when told by the Senator that the act would be unconstitutional, insisted that the Constitution

should not be allowed to interfere between friends. In this spirit we have often interpreted the Constitution of Canada, bred among the people bitter enmities and endangered the very foundations of the Commonwealth. Through the resolute intervention of Mr. Clifford Sifton the Autonomy Bills were vitally amended, although his attitude involved his resignation from the Cabinet. The Bills were opposed by the Conservative Opposition under Mr. Borden, but the party which a few years before had attempted to restore separate schools in Manitoba was not in a favourable position to resist separate schools for Alberta and Saskatchewan. Ever since these Provinces were created their affairs have been administered by Liberal Governments, and this perhaps could be offered as evidence that the educational provisions of the Autonomy Acts are consonant with Western feeling and adapted to Western conditions. It has to be said, too, that aside perhaps from unwise concessions to "foreign" elements, the educational departments of the two Provinces have been conducted with courage and efficiency and in appropriations alike for elementary and higher education the Legislatures have been liberal and far-sighted. One still thinks, however, that the educational provisions of the British North America Act should have been incorporated in the Provincial Constitutions and the people permitted to determine the character of their educational institutions. Parliament, however, decreed otherwise, and what was the concern of Canada when the Provinces were created is now the sole concern of the Western people. I opposed the reservation of the natural resources by the Dominion as strongly as I opposed the educational clauses of the Autonomy Acts, and in support of that position the Liberal Governments of the three Western Provinces are now united.

Over language, as over education, there have been bitter and dangerous political quarrels in Canada. The

French population constitutes nearly one-third of the total population of the country. There are more than 1,750,000 French-speaking people in Quebec, nearly 250,000 in Ontario, and between 110,000 and 125,000 in the Atlantic Provinces. There is a compact French settlement at St. Boniface in the old Red River Territory and French groups in the Western Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The Dominion is divided into 235 Parliamentary constituencies. Quebec elects 65 members to the House of Commons, and there is not a single division in which French voters are not influential. At Confederation the Eastern Counties of Quebec were a reserve for English-speaking people. But the pressure of thrifty French farmers and changing social and educational conditions drove out the English element. The French advance was gradual, but irresistible. The ultimate conquest was decisive. Twenty-five years ago eleven Quebec Counties had an English majority. In all these the English-speaking Protestants have become a minority. There are groups of French voters in ninety out of the 235 Parliamentary constituencies, and in at least seventy of these the French constitute a majority of the electors. The facts constitute an impressive appeal for unity between the French and English elements. But if the Constitution is observed there can be no legitimate ground for conflict. The British North America Act clearly provides that French shall be the official language of Quebec and that French and English shall have equal status in the House of Commons and Senate and in Federal courts and documents. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said when the Western Autonomy Bills were before Parliament: "The fathers of Confederation did not pretend to authorize the French language in any part of the Dominion except in this Parliament and in the Province of Quebec. Everywhere else the people were left free to deal with the matter as they thought fit." As Sir Wilfrid

Laurier interprets the Constitution, so it is interpreted by the Imperial Privy Council. Clearly outside of Quebec French has no equal constitutional status with English. What recognition French may obtain elsewhere is by consent and not by right or privilege. On the other hand, French should not be treated as an alien language in Canada. It is desirable on this English-speaking continent that French people should be able to speak the English language in order that they may have equal advantage and opportunity in commercial and industrial pursuits, in the services of the State, and in all activities and offices where English is required. But it is desirable also that, after English, French should be a preferential language in the high schools, colleges and universities of the English Provinces. How much misunderstanding would be avoided and how many misconceptions removed if the public men of the English Provinces could speak to the people of Quebec in their own language. It is vain to think that the French of Quebec can be made to speak English by pressure from outside. It is just as certain that pressure from Quebec in the strain of menace prejudices the position of French in the English Provinces. Demands for which no constitutional warrant exists excite resistance. A concession extorted may be yielded in the letter and defeated in the practice. A concession yielded in amity endures and produces the fine fruit of sympathy and understanding.

We talk much in Canada about the rights of minorities and the duties of majorities. Much of what is said in this connection is wise and wholesome. But there are other considerations. There are the constitutional rights of majorities and the constitutional duties of minorities. The obligation to respect and observe the Constitution lies as clearly upon minorities as upon majorities. A habit in Canada, which has produced infinite mischief, is that we think of the unwritten Con-

stitution of Great Britain and imagine that we, too, have an unwritten Constitution. But as a matter of fact, we have a Constitution as arbitrary and inflexible as that of the United States. It is the charter of every Province and of every element of the people. When we desire to alter its provisions, to impose new obligations upon a majority, or to restrict the privileges of a minority, we should submit the proposal to all the Legislatures or to the sovereign people and abide by the result. It has been said that "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations." In Canada, education and language have been unsettled questions for a century and chiefly because we have sought to effect constitutional changes by political manoeuvring and bargaining. The feature of the American Constitution which provides a method for constitutional changes stabilizes the compact of States and ensures popular sovereignty. One cannot but think that strict constructionists of the Canadian Constitution are the best friends of minorities, as fidelity to the Constitu-

tion is a supreme obligation upon all those who are responsible for the orderly working of Canadian institutions. When all is said, no people in the world have better learned the lessons of toleration than those of Canada. There is no necessary conflict between Ontario and Quebec or between French and English. It has to be admitted that the compact with the Protestant minority has been generally observed and respected by the Legislature of Quebec, but it is just as true that the Governments of Ontario have scrupulously observed and liberally interpreted the provisions of the Constitution affecting the French and Roman Catholic minority. But in neither Province is the minority benefited by pressure from outside for concessions which are not required by the Constitution or by agitation which excites the prejudices of the majority and endangers rights and privileges which, even if they exceed the strict requirements of the Constitution, conciliate diverse elements, nourish good will, and solidify the national structure.

The next chapter will be entitled "Office and Patronage".



THE YOUNGEST TRENHOLM

BY MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM



YOU'RE the first Trenholm to run when he ought to fight." The speaker was a girl of twenty-one. Her high forehead, insufficiently shaded by the fine, brown hair, her thin, too delicately coloured cheeks, the soft depths of her dark eyes that looked through disfiguring spectacles, and her sharp, decided voice that contradicted the softness of her eyes, all proclaimed her at once a Trenholm and a schoolmistress. In everything but the voice she was a younger and feminine counterpart of the old doctor, her father, who now turned troubled eyes from his son Bob, whose face he was patching with court plaster, to the lad who had brought the first blot upon the Trenholm 'scutcheon.

"Don't be hard on Fred, Margaret," he quavered, but doubtfully, for there was something in this affair, as there often was in affairs where his youngest son was concerned, that he could not understand.

Bob and Fred Trenholm had met the Saltzmann boys up the brook where the smelts were coming so thick you could scoop 'em out with your hands, and the Saltzmanns had called the Trenholms sons of a strange maternal ancestor. Whereat Bob had leaped to the fray, calling upon Fred to come on. Fred came on slowly, and when he perceived that Bob was engaging the attention of both the Saltzmann boys he came off again. In fact, he ran home. Thither Bob followed him, in the course of twenty minutes, with torn clothes, bleeding

nose, and irregularly bulging countenance. His story of the battle and of Fred's dastardly retreat brought the wounded hero praises and surgical aid, while it brought his brother the shamed reproaches of their sister, and the troubled, bewildered attention of their father. A Trenholm running from an enemy was a phenomenon this fine old gentleman, who had begun his career as an army surgeon in India, and was finishing it as a village doctor in Nova Scotia, could not understand.

But Fred was not all Trenholm. Had you been there you would have noted at once his resemblance to a fourth person in the room, who moved furtively about, changing the position of the books on the table and of the ornaments on the mantel-piece. She kept glancing at Margaret the while, to satisfy herself that the girl was too deeply absorbed to notice what she was doing and put a stop to it. This was the mother of the family, whose only importance in this story or anywhere else arises from the fact that she had borne seven Trenholms. Dr. Trenholm's father had been a soldier and a gentleman in the Old Country; Mrs. Trenholm's father was probably at this moment whittling a stick and spitting tobacco juice in Jim Allen's store at the Crossroads. He had whittled many sticks in his day, and had smoked infinite tobacco, but had done little else. You are wondering how his daughter came to be the wife of Dr. Trenholm, but that does not belong to this story.

Now, while Fred's sister looked at him accusingly, and his father gazed

at him sadly, and his mother shifted things about to have them for once the way she liked them and did not look at him at all, the culprit sprawled in a chair with his hands in his pockets, his head bowed to the family storm, and wished he wasn't a Trenholm. That was about the content of his consciousness until he shot a glance at his sister and surprised a flash of something behind her spectacles. Something wonderful. You and I might have known Margaret for years and never have seen it. It flashed for Fred alone, and boy though he was, and only half Trenholm at that, he was wise enough to know this, and be glad. Now, when Fred caught the flash, he slunk out, wishing he wasn't a cowardly sneak.

This little family affair I have been telling you about happened in the early summer of 1910. On a June morning of 1917 Margaret and Fred Trenholm again sat facing each other in the same room. The old father was not there; his proud, gentle eyes had closed for the last time three years before, and so had not been forced to look, with the impotence of age, upon a world in agony. Bob was not there. The mother may have been there, or may have been in some other part of the house; it really does not matter. Fred's college report had just arrived. It contained two crosses called plucks in the undergraduate vernacular, but Margaret was strangely indifferent to these. She held the telegram that had come three days before from some busy person who regretted that he had to inform Mrs. Trenholm that her son, Lieutenant Robert Marchmont Trenholm, had been killed in action. While Margaret fingered the telegram her eyes rested on Fred, and the question that for two years he had read in their dark depths had now become insistent. Her lips had never framed it. To have asked this lad why he didn't enlist would have been like prompting him in an examination. She could not understand the delay, but this beloved brother would go, of course, for he was a

Trenholm, not a sneaking Saltzmann. All his older brothers had volunteered, and three had been accepted. John, the eldest, who had five children and a leaky valve, had been turned down, as had also Septimus, a university professor who had spoiled his eyesight poring over Greek particles.

"Why don't you say it?" burst out Fred, as he sat there miserably, reading the question in his sister's eyes. "You want me to get killed as well as Bob."

Now this was a mean, disgusting speech. The Trenholm in Fred felt that it was, but it was something not Trenholm that spoke. Margaret did not answer. So Fred slunk away to the store where he worked during the summer, and his sister went to her schoolroom, for her vacation had not yet begun.

The days dragged miserably after that. Fred avoided his sister's eyes, so that he never caught a flash of that which from his babyhood had shone for him alone. Perhaps it was there no longer. Margaret draped the portraits of her soldier brothers with their country's flag, and before Robert's she kept a vase of flowers. When she spoke to Fred it was about trivial things. The boy himself broke the silence.

"You're ashamed because I don't go, Marge, but you'd be more ashamed if I did."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I should funk. Do you remember when I ran from the Saltzmanns, and you gave me the devil for it? Well, I'd run from the Germans the same way. I'd be stood against a wall and shot before I'd been in the fight a week. Think of it."

"I can't think of it."

"I know you can't. We're not the same breed."

He went on as if answering his sister's unspoken question.

"What if we get the draft? I can get exemption, I guess. There's this farm, that never had a decent hill of potatoes, and there's mother. I'm her

only support, for all you've kept things going and sent me to college when you ought to have been in the sanatorium."

He moved about the room in a hunted way.

"Look here, Marge," he said, as he sat down again, and looked with eyes that did not shift into his sister's white face. "I put it up to you. God knows I wish I'd been killed instead of Bob. It isn't the thought of that that keeps me back. I'm afraid of the way I'll act when the big minute comes, and of—well, you know what *would be* the next thing. My story will be different from Bob's. You won't be proud of it. But hang it if I'll sneak round here any longer. Tell me to go and I'll go. Might as well get it over. There's no place in the world for a coward now."

Margaret at twenty-eight was not what you would call a lovable woman. She was foolishly proud of her Trenholm ancestry, and snobbishly neglectful of her mother and her mother's relatives. People called her stuck up, old maidish, and school-ma'am. I am inclined to think they were right, though I refuse to be responsible for their choice of epithets. No man had ever coveted her for his wife, and the children she taught feared her rather than loved her. Her brothers found her tiresome, with the single exception of Fred. He alone had the key to the cold-looking, shuttered house of his sister's affections, and he alone knew that the interior was not only warm, but rich and beautiful. Not that he would have told you so in those words. He would have said that Marge wasn't half bad, if gone at in the right way. And perhaps his figure is as good as mine. As for Margaret, she loved this disappointing brother of hers with all the force of a nature whose really strong emotions were denied other outlets. This denial ended when the war began. Had you known Margaret in the years that followed you would have been conscious of a new development in her, of something

bigger than her Trenholm pride, bigger even than her love for Fred. I need not try to define it. You have felt the same in many a woman who in these strange times of ours has surrendered her heart's idols to horror and violent death. This something swelled high in Margaret's heart that summer morning when her inglorious champion placed the gage of battle in her hands. With it came a wave of understanding sympathy, a great compassion for the tortured wretch before her, that in no wise resembled the doting love of former days. She put her arms around him.

"Let us think it out together, dear Fred."

When they had thought it out together they decided that Fred should enlist the next Monday. Margaret was to be surety for his courage, though they didn't put it just that way.

"I'll go with you to Halifax," she said, "and I won't teach next fall. The doctor said I was to rest. And I'll see you every week."

As soon as Fred put on khaki he looked and felt the soldier. He fairly glowed over the thought that he was no longer sneaking about in civilian clothes. As for France and its terrors, Marge had said that would be all right, and Marge could be depended upon to make good what she said. She had bidden him enlist. It was up to her. It did not occur to the boy that by thus shifting the responsibility of his action from his own shoulders to his sister's he was putting a heavy burden upon her. He was less than half Trenholm, and his mother's people had never troubled themselves about such small things as letting others carry their private loads.

Margaret, true to her promise, saw her brother often, admired him to his heart's content, and talked of the laurels he would win. Neither spoke of the horror Fred had conjured before his sister's eyes on that June morning—the vision of the youngest Trenholm facing the firing squad. That

vision he also had transferred. Now during the long nights it swayed before Margaret's eyes, while Fred, tired with his day's drill, slept healthily.

As the time for parting drew near the boy's confidence seemed to increase. He had a few days' leave early in December. Margaret joined him in the city, where he was eager to give her the time of her life. They stood looking out upon the harbour on the morning of the sixth, that morning when ruin and sudden death swooped upon the fair city of Halifax.

"Golly, those ships act queer."

"Queerly, you mean. I don't see anything wrong, Fred. Please don't say 'Golly'."

"There! You said it yourself."

"I only repeated it after you. But there is something wrong, Fred. Oh, Fred!"

Margaret threw her arms about her brother as the loud booming roar that heralded the explosion on the Belgian ship ended with fearful crash. They both staggered, but managed to keep erect as they clung together. Then came another roar, followed by the strange and awful sounds of a falling city. Fred Trenholm clutched his sister's dress with the gesture of a frightened child. Then some hurtling thing struck them, and they fell.

Dr. Martin, with his friend Harding, found them a little later. Their arms were around each other, the boy's

hands still where he had clutched his sister's skirt, while hers were clasped behind his neck.

"Husband and wife?" said the doctor. "No, the woman's much the older. Brother and sister, likely."

He stood up after a brief examination.

"Nothing for me to do here. It will be all over for both in a few minutes. Better see them through, Harding. The woman's conscious."

And the doctor hurried on to more hopeful cases.

Suddenly the boy stirred. His hands wandered gropingly along his sister's dress, and then resumed their frightened clutch.

"Marge!"

"Yes, Fred, I'm here."

She struggled to bring her face close to his, while she gave a grateful glance to the big man who helped her.

"What happened, Marge? Are the Germans here?"

"They must be."

"I didn't run?"

"No, no. You were brave, dear, like the Trenholms. You tried to save me. Don't you see?"

But Fred saw nothing, for the darkness of death had come upon him. Mr. Harding, seeing that Margaret wished it, lifted her so that she could look upon her brother's face. She gazed until she knew that he was dead. Then, with a long and almost happy sigh, she, too, closed her eyes.



WHERE HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—CALGARY

BY C. W. STOKES



AUDEVILLE performers whose circuit takes them to Calgary usually receive, at Monday's rehearsal, one tried and proved piece of advice from the local manager. "To get a really hearty laugh," he says, "spring a joke that would give good grounds for a libel action, and fix it on Edmonton."

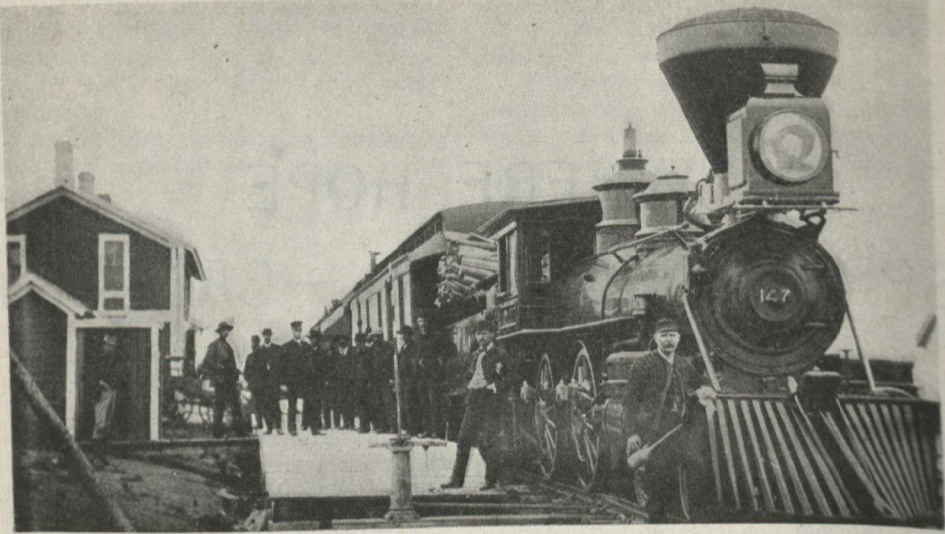
Occasionally a visiting "histrion", with more originality than acumen, will fix it on Regina. The response is sufficiently disappointing to compel him, right there, to follow instructions. He gets his laugh next time, sure enough. Regina is half a thousand miles from Calgary, in another Province, and somehow a vague entity. Edmonton, on the other hand, is only 200 miles away, the capital of Alberta, and has a very definite body to be kicked and soul to be damned. Maybe the people of Saskatoon feel exactly the same way about Regina.

Nothing good could possibly come out of Edmonton, says Calgary. It regards its northern rival as the whole West, generally speaking, regards Ottawa—as an entirely unnecessary nuisance which interferes with its rights and privileges. If Calgary could, it would raise the legions and cohorts of Southern Alberta, sending round the fiery cross amongst those well-known towns with the queer names and strenuous boards of trade, such as Medicine Hat, Okotoks and

Bassano—and, leading the multitudes itself, and sweeping through the regions of Red Deer and Wetaskiwin, would burn, sack and pillage Edmonton. The plough would be run over its site, yea even to the sky-line subdivisions; and any objects of more than transient interest, such as the Parliament Buildings and the University, would be removed lock, stock and barrel and re-erected on the banks of the Bow.

As far as one can gather, this jealousy does not seem to exist because Calgary has not had a square deal, but because it has not had a royal flush dealt. Calgary is bigger than Edmonton. It has, I suppose, more prosperity; and yet it is peeved because it is not the seat of the Government and lacks the provincial university. Just as, to Calgary, the possession of these two ornaments of civilization provides the only means of livelihood of its rival, so the lack of them withholds the very last touches from an otherwise complete and splendid metropolitan centre.

Edmonton, to be quite fair, reciprocates this amiable attitude, but its retaliatory methods take the rather maddening form of a haughty superiority. It retorts that any jealousy which Calgary may cherish is but natural, seeing that Edmonton has so many advantages. It asks Calgary where its trees are. It asks the Calgarian to admire the magnificent view from the bluff, looking across to the



This was Calgary in 1884

Parliament Buildings aforesaid. Now that it is on the main line of three transcontinental railways and the terminus of three or four others, it forgets its rancour that it was passed up, years ago, as the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway and had railway connection only by a branch line of the latter—*via* the hated Calgary. However, this is a subject that ought not to be pushed too far.

One very charming trait of Calgary—or rather, let us personify and say of its people—is that they are devout disciples of the doctrine that it never rains but it pours. Calgary is the natural boom city of Canada. A Calgary boom can be engineered in less time than the average scribe, writing shorthand, can keep pace with it. Calgary has had, for example, two separate and distinct real estate booms, the second of which culminated in 1912. Oh, the clergymen's widows, the trusting retired military men on half pay, the trustees for orphans, who, never probably having previously heard of Calgary, placing it geographically anywhere between the North and South Poles, "invested" in those ludicrously named subdivisions like Tuxadora Heights, Rainbow Park, or West

Gophermount! "Only a mile from projected car line"—"will double in value inside a month". The city limits of Calgary having been extended during the boom to rope in all the subdivisions, embrace an area sufficient, according to statisticians, to house a population as large as London's, or New York's, or Chicago's, I forget which—possibly all of them. They say that during the winter of 1911 the prominent citizens of Calgary used to play the nickel gambling machines for five dollars a throw—that banks used to employ canvassers to get men to come and borrow, offering better terms than the man next door. It is to laugh.

But dust to dust—shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves, to quote the popular American description of the rise and fall of wealth, without even allowing, in Calgary's case, for the two generations that should elapse. The boom having broken, it broke hard, and numberless brokers who were millionaires on paper were described, during the summer and winter of 1913, to be almost starving. They breakfasted, lunched and dined, it was alleged, on the cheapest kind of package cereal, although their women folk would con-

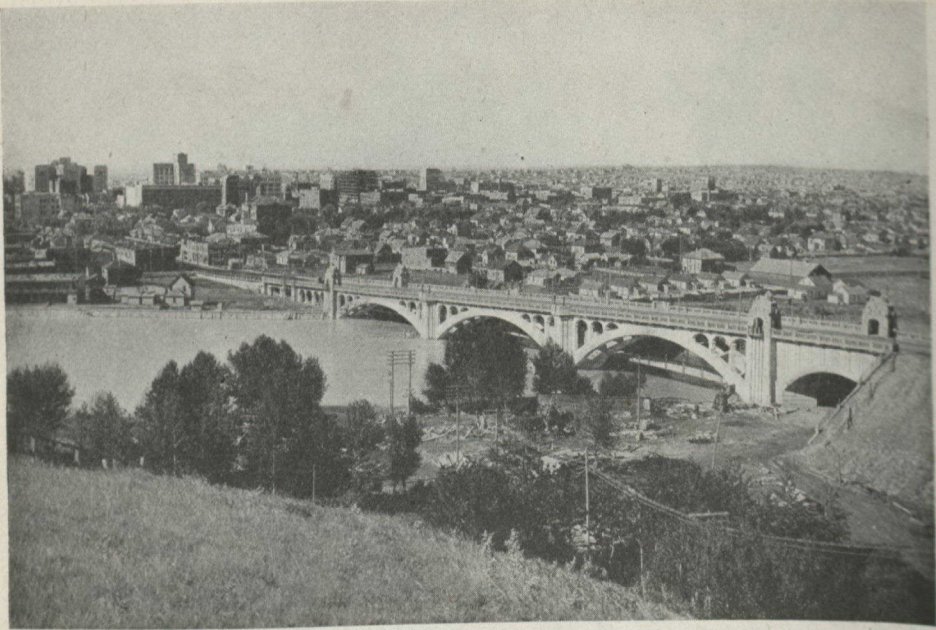


And this is Calgary now

tinue to serve afternoon tea *à la mode* in their beautiful houses, which remained in the family only because of the state of the property market. Such a gallop did the slump maintain that if you had reversed the glass you might have thought you were looking through the wrong end, and

that what you really saw was a boom. Such a belief was quite feasible. It never rains but it pours.

But the Fates gave Calgary another chance. They gave it the oil boom of the early summer of 1914. Of that hectic time let us speak in awed but anguished recollection—we, too, have



Calgary from the other side of the Bow River

a stack of oil certificates in our trunk, awaiting such time as the market may revive and we shall be millionaires again. When, in the course of three weeks, no less than 400 companies are formed for the purpose of locating, reaching and selling oil: when our own citizens are so eager to be parted from their money that office safes are too small to contain it all and currency and cheques are stuffed into wastepaper baskets; when clerks apply for their summer vacations immediately, so that they can go curbstom-broking, and, doing it, begin to prattle of their six-cylinder cars and summer cottages in the mountains—it surely sound like a real boom. For a month we lived and spoke one with the other in an atmosphere of leases and options, Dakota sands and anticlines, shales and stratas. The wires hummed with inquiries and drafts from New York, for the stony heart of Wall Street was touched. We asked ourselves in hushed voices what the Standard Oil would do now to meet the competition. Clergymen put in their offertories, office boys their week's wages, brides

their *dot*. We blossomed out into a sudden crop of high financiers, on whom studious readers of Wallingford tried to inflict the very latest piratical schemes. In short, it was some time!

And suddenly, wop! The war began, and it all went flatter than a pancake. Nothing remained but empty offices, our sheaves of ornate certificates, and the outer shell of the thirteen oil exchanges which, in an excess of joy, had been quickly built or converted from previously inoffensive stores. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

But the exchanges were not altogether wasted. One auspicious morning a bright spirit, suddenly "discovering" the high cost of living, thought there might be a field for a market. There was one already, operated by the city, but it was rather inaccessible to the majority of housewives. The floor space in his new central market (quondam oil exchange) was quickly rented to aspiring tradesmen. In less time than it takes to write it there were thirteen markets in Calgary, besides the city's. It was not their fault that they all died except one.

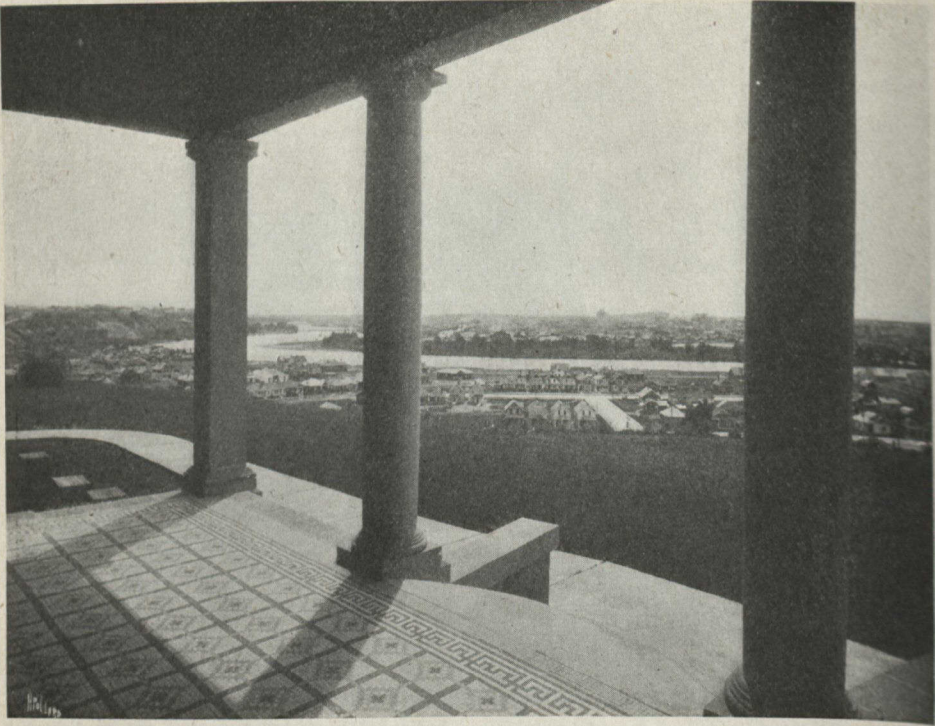


Looking over Calgary, from the Palliser Hotel, at the Foothills
seventy miles away

Calgary is not so juvenile as, say, Saskatoon; but on the other hand, it has not the hoary antiquity of Edmonton or Regina. The commercial artists of Western Canada have one un-failing refuge. When they are required to furnish illustrations for a special publicity edition of a newspaper or for the cover of a dinky little boost pamphlet, and imagination suggests no alternative, they draw on the one hand a buffalo, and on the other a vista of sky-scrapers, and connect these two by a slogan. The time consumed in travelling from buffalo to sky-scraper determines to a large extent the price of Western real estate—the quicker, the higher. Until 1875 Calgary (speaking in comprehensible terms) was not. But God moved on the face of the prairies and directed thither, to the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, one Colonel Macleod to establish a Mounted Police post there, to which he gave the Gaelic

name of his boyhood home in Scotland, "Calgary", which being interpreted means clear, running water. There are quite a considerable number of claimants to be the first white child born in Calgary, who remember how their fathers rushed out of church that famous Sunday evening to drive away the Indians who never came. None of them are elderly enough to constitute bad risks for life insurance.

For quite many years Calgarians delighted in the harmless diversion of taking civic censuses and inviting the world to watch Calgary grow. What criticism have we, at this distance, that as often as not they took the census during horse-show or Fair week, when hotels were crowded to the guards with visitors, or that censuses were seemingly conducted on the principles of the game of poker, namely, raising the bid every time it came round? Such departures from theoretical truth were incidental to the



Calgary from one of its surrounding hills

now dormant science of boosting. I sometimes wonder, by the way, whether Easterners and capitalists (the terms were then considered synonymous) ever were really interested in the increased building permits, soaring bank clearings, or other evidences of development with which we sought to appeal to their purse-strings; but again, *de mortuis*, etc. Opinion regarding the population of any Western city vacillates somewhat now, but it is easy to trust the larger hope, and more congenial. Yet it cannot but be regretted that the boosting spirit has been lost, perhaps never to be recaptured. A voice here and there in the wilderness predicts another real estate boom yet; but, speaking generally, there is at present neither the reasoned argumentation of an assured great destiny nor the joyous, unexamined enthusiasm of the mere booster. Sanity may doubtless prevail; but "them was the days!"

During the last real estate boom, streets were paved, a street car service inaugurated and many really fine office buildings erected. The Canadian Pacific Railway constructed its great repairing shops at the city limits, and completed its palatial but rather severe Hotel Palliser, which, in a spirit of ironical forgiveness, was named after the English surveyor who, in the fifties, having crossed the prairies, stated with all the force at his command that the said prairies would never amount to a row of beans and that it was madness to contemplate putting a railway across them. The Hudson's Bay Company replaced their old-time store with a six-storey structure that dazzles the eye yet. Such was Calgary's heyday, which reached its climax when the most distinguished English town-planner was invited to formulate plans for future development along the most fastidious town-planning lines. Almost invariably,

prairie cities are laid out along geometrical lines. A surveyor lays them out on a blue print, with one street paralleling the railroad ("Railway Avenue") and another in the middle at right angles ("Main Street"); and as his creation grows, it is a simple task, with the aid of a straight-edge and a T-square, to continue streets and avenues *ad infinitum*.

Mawson's elaborate plans, with their arcades, colonnades, municipal squares, parks in every alternate block, warehouses on the outskirts, and comely boulevards leading thereto, were well received. They excited some very appreciative comment in outside artistic circles. True, we rather squinted at the avenues careering across rectangular blocks at acute angles, and the segments of circles which he called "crescents"; but we reverently admired them. It was, of course, clearly understood from the beginning that there was no necessity for tearing Calgary down immediately and re-erecting it along these Utopian lines; the plans were to be a guidance for the future. Well, perhaps they will be. They are stored safely among the archives, and I doubt if anyone has consulted them since. We still rejoice in our rectangular blocks and the rigidity with which the old north-south-east-west arrangement is adhered to.

Speaking of streets reminds me that Calgary's streets are narrow. The spaciousness of Main Street, Winnipeg, or Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, is nowhere duplicated in our sixty-six-foot thoroughfares. Yet, on the other hand, ours have a homely touch that some of these famous wide streets lack. There seems a feeling of friendship in these crowded avenues that draws the whole city together in bonds of acquaintanceship. You feel lost and homeless in Winnipeg or Edmonton. Maybe this is why true Calgarians find it so hard to leave their city, or are so pleased at returning to it after absence. Eighth Avenue of a Saturday evening, filled with huge throngs and lit by sky-signs and a

very creditable electric light system, certainly feels good. A traveller once told me that, if only we had newspaper kiosks, it would remind him of Paris. Nor must we forget, whilst on this subject, that Calgary was the only city of any size in Canada that escaped the jitney pest. Amongst its very efficient and cheap public utilities (which include practically everything conceivable in the way of utilities), not the least is a municipal street car service which is second to none in Canada.

Old-timers rather like the sound of the word "cow town". It recalls to them affectionately the days when Calgary was a cow-town—oh, way back before the nineties! Yet you must not call Calgary that in public or you will have brick-ends flung at you, especially by new-timers. It is a modern city, replete with all appurtenances of a modern city; and, to escape argument, we will grant it. But it is as a cow-town that Calgary will work out its destiny—or, rather, as a cow and pork town. Like all Western cities, it has tremendous recuperative powers, and now, after the rigours of war and the drain of its visible assets, it is setting its foot on the right path by numbering its tributary natural resources. These resources comprise not so much grain-raising (although the city is the supply point of huge expanses devoted to grain-raising) as stock-raising, and for the past three or four years a perceptibly increasing stream of live stock has been filtering in and has been filtering out again, sometimes alive, but often dead. Chicago and other packing centres now include Calgary in their buyers' routes. Alberta butter goes now, *via* Calgary, to the Orient and the Antipodes. Alberta hogs now squeal their last in Calgary packing plants, and feed a Dominion-wide public. It is not altogether feasible to consider Calgary, as the booster would have us, as a potential second Chicago; but conceivably Calgary might give some other would-be second Chicagos a bad scare.

HELIOTROPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

CHAPTER IV.



REGORY sighed.

"Not much chance for shining, I fear," he said. "But we'll see what can be done by a little close reasoning. We are ahead of the police only in that we have found reason to connect some definite person with the clues of the baby slip and the box of coins. The connecting link, of course, is the scent of heliotrope, which the police have missed so far. We can be fairly certain that the coins and the slip came from the same place, and that place was nowhere inside the Simmons house. Miss Emsley ascertained that. They were brought to the house therefore by some outside person. That person was not Miss Hampden, nor was it the girl Jennie. It is possible, certainly, that they were brought by someone of whom we have no knowledge at all so far. But it is also possible that they were brought by the only other person who has emerged in this inquiry, i.e., the odd-looking deaf woman who was known to visit Mrs. Simmons occasionally and whom Mrs. Smith actually met there upon the Saturday before the murder. Our one definite reason for thinking that it might be she is the fact that she wore a heliotrope bonnet and carried a bag of the same colour. It is not a reason which would appeal very strongly to the police. Macrae would say: 'Mon, ye're daft!' But to me it seems a clue well worth working on. I have never

doubted the close connection of the slip and of the box of coins with the actual murder. Therefore, if we can get the person behind the slip and the coins——"

I had been glancing over the notes under my hand, and as Gregory paused, my eyes fell suddenly upon a date——

"Look here!" I cried eagerly, "here's something we've missed. This last date on the papers wrapped about the coins corresponds with the Saturday before the murder. The Saturday on which Mrs. Smith met the heliotrope person in Mrs. Simmons's house. If the dated coins are a record of some kind of transaction between the victim and the murderer—that also tallies!

"Right! And another thing, we haven't yet looked for a trace of perfume on the envelope sent to Miss Hampden. Let us have Miss Emsley in. If the heliotrope person is the person we want, she must be the person who sent the leaves from the diaries of Mrs. Simmons, in which case there *might* be a trace of her peculiar perfume on the envelope. Though if there is not, we should not allow its absence to discourage us. She may have used a new envelope."

With considerable excitement we submitted the envelope to Miss Emsley's cultivated nose and awaited her verdict with eagerness. It came hesitatingly.

"Yes. I think I can trace the scent of heliotrope. But I must honestly

say that I should scarcely have noticed it if I had not known what I was to look for."

Gregory nodded, and seemed satisfied.

"Hubbard," he said, with new conviction, "I am sure we are on the right track. If the woman did not actually commit the murder, she knows all about it. Our only problem is to find her. But that isn't going to be easy. If we only had time—but we haven't time!"

"Find her in twenty-four hours? It simply isn't possible," I declared gloomily.

As usual, when I grew depressed, Gregory brightened.

"We'll have a try, anyway. Now, let's see! Your notes say that this woman was accustomed to come down Carrall Street on a westbound car, therefore she came from somewhere on the south-east side——"

"Not at all. She may have come from the north-east just as easily. The north-east cars transfer to the west-bound lines at Carrall Street.

"Yes, but where is the point of transfer? Look it up and you'll see that it is at the junction of Dundas and Carrall, and Dundas is just one short block from Richly Road. No one wishing to go to any place on Richly Road would dream of using a transfer for one short block. Too much wasted time and energy. Anyone alighting from the north-east cars would walk the remainder of the distance; and in this particular case, anyone wanting No. 3 Richly Road would not go on to Carrall Street at all, but would alight at Stanley Street, two blocks up, and walk the one short block which would bring him exactly to No. 3 on the corner."

I assented, looking rather foolish.

"Well, then, let us suppose she came from a south-east car?"

Gregory got up, and drawing down a large map of the city from our roll on the wall, found the junction of Carrall Street and Richly Road with his pencil.

"The south-east car which runs down Carrall Street," he mused, "does not run through the centre of the city. It skirts the business portion—here, d'ye see?—and runs through the warehouse section for a considerable way. We can safely eliminate the warehouse section. Fortunately it does not run through any rooming-house or boarding-house area, where we would be lost as in a maze. Just here at Wardlaw Street it takes a turn and runs through a very good substantial section; not a fashionable part, of course, but a district of good homes where servants are kept and money is solidly invested. Now, if this woman is a domestic servant, she may be found in this section. Otherwise, not; for from her general appearance and from the nature of the few clues we have, it would be most unlikely that she would prove to be a monied householder. Let us look over your notes and see what we make of the domestic servant possibility."

We pored over my papers for a time in silence. Then I gave my opinion decidedly against such a probability.

"I find," I said, "that she has been seen to visit Mrs. Simmons upon different days of the week, and at different times in the day. She was not regular at all. Domestic servants are not masters of their own time. Had she been in service, it is more than likely that she would have paid her visits upon her 'day out', which would have been the same every week and always in the afternoon. Also, if she were deaf, as everyone testifies, she would hardly have hed a post as servant in a well-to-do family."

"I agree with you," said Gregory.

"Well, then, that takes us well through this prosperous section, and here we are nearing the end of the line in a very much more likely environment—Parkhurst. We ought to know Parkhurst, Hubbard—that was where we made our first success in the case of the man, you remember, with the crooked eye!"

Yes, we both knew Parkhurst very well. It was a depressing sort of place—the outskirts of a city without any of the half-country beauty which lingers in some suburban districts. I remembered it chiefly as long rows of houses, small and boxy, with front windows much given to the display of cards announcing “Dressmaking done here”. The houses were nearly all of the rented class and looked like it. In fact, “respectable” was the one kind word which might safely be applied to the neighborhood.

“Do you remember O’Donnell?” asked Gregory thoughtfully. “What do you think about going to see O’Donnell?”

I thought so well of it that I at once reached for my hat. O’Donnell was a patrolman and an Irishman. We had had a lot to do with O’Donnell in the case before referred to, and we found in him that miracle—a policeman who sees what is going on under his nose. O’Donnell, in fact, had an insatiable desire to know which would not have disgraced a scientist. This marvel was stationed in Parkhurst, and it was safe to reason that if there were an odd little deaf woman anywhere within his eager-eyed ken he would know of it.

“Half of O’Donnell’s pleasure in life lies in his watching people get on and off street cars,” said Gregory as we left the building. “And even if the woman we want is not in his particular district, he may have noticed her at some time on the line. Fortunately Parkhurst is not large.”

We drove our car slowly along the route taken by the street railway and were considerably encouraged by the fact that the warehouse and residence districts through which we passed seemed utterly unlikely as places of residence for a woman such as the one we sought. Parkhurst became more and more clearly indicated. We found O’Donnell standing upon a street corner doing something mysterious with the interior of a black iron box attached to a telegraph pole. He greet-

ed us with heartiness and a new fire of interest in his eye. Things were very quiet in Parkhurst and our artist in the ways of life was plainly bored.

“Perhaps you would be on a case again, Mr. Gregory?” he asked, with ill-concealed hope.

“Well, in a way, yes. We are looking for someone. But it is the kind of hunt that resembles that of the proverbial needle. We have little to go on, but the little we have seems to point to Parkhurst. Now, nobody knows Parkhurst like you do, O’Donnell, so we want your help.”

“You can have that,” said the Irishman, beaming all over.

“It’s a woman we want. A deaf woman, very deaf. It would seem that this is the most noticeable thing about her, since everyone mentions it. She *looks* deaf. For the rest, she is small and slight with a rather blank-looking face. She wears a purple bonnet and carries a purple bag. She may be anywhere from thirty to forty-five.”

“Lots of them may be that,” said O’Donnell with a grin. “And sometimes there’s lots of them that takes to purple.”

“But not to bonnets,” said I.

O’Donnell admitted that bonnets were not popular. He took off his cap and scratched his head, an operation which seemed to aid in the process of cerebration.

“That’s too bad, now,” he said, after a moment’s thought. “There’s several bonnets I’m thinkin’ of, and two that you might call purple bonnets, or thereabouts; indeed, there’s one bonnet I’m thinkin’ of in particular, but it’s not a deaf one. The only deaf one on the beat is a hat, a brown hat, and weighs about 200.”

“It could hardly be that one,” said Gregory, disappointed; “but, of course, your beat doesn’t take in the whole of Parkhurst. We must just make the rounds. We’ll keep to this car line first, for we must remember that people naturally travel by the most direct route, and this is the only

Parkhurst line going right through to Carrall Street. We had better separate; it will save time. We can meet here in an hour's time or as soon after as possible."

As it turned out, we were both back within the hour, displaying discouraged faces to the interested O'Donnell. We had come upon no trace of our quarry anywhere.

"Nothing for it but to go back and do the interviewing all over again," said Gregory. "The Richly Road women will have had time to brush up their memories. We may light upon some additional fact which may furnish a clue."

"It's too bad entirely," sympathized O'Donnell. "If she wasn't deaf now, or if she wasn't small and slim, I might be able to point you to what you want. It's the combination that's hard to come by."

"Well, if you do light on the combination, let us know." This despondingly from me, for I really felt as if our last chance were gone. Not so my senior partner. The harder up against it Gregory is, the keener he grows.

We hurried back to Richly Road, and with some admiration, but little hope, I listened to his masterly re-examination of those witnesses who had at some time or another seen, or spoken with, Mrs. Simmons's mysterious visitor in the purple bonnet. It was as Gregory had said, their memories (or their imaginations) had freshened up wonderfully. We found out quite a few new details, but, unfortunately, nothing bearing upon the point of our subject's past or present residence. All the evidence along this line amounted to exactly what we had already, namely, that her visits were irregular, that she came at any hour and on any day; that she never stayed long, and that she invariably got off a car at the corner of Carrall Street, and when going home, got on a car at the same point, but going in the opposite direction. At last we found one woman who was almost sure that the car upon which she had seen the wo-

man going home was the yellow shield car, and this fact, rather doubtful though it was, seemed to prove that our deductions had been correct in the first place, for the yellow shield car is the car which has its terminus in Parkhurst.

"I feel sure she is in Parkhurst somewhere," declared Gregory, "but how we are going to find her in the time at our disposal I don't know—unless we call in the police and have them make a house to house search. But I doubt if Ridley would consent to do it on the shadowy evidence we have."

It was getting dusk by now, and, as we hurried on to our next witness the newsboys were shouting an extra.

"P'lice 'bout to make arrest! All about mysterious lady in blue! Ex-tree, extree!"

"That's the beginning of the end for Miss Hampden," said Gregory, glancing rapidly over the paper. "We are her only chance now. See, here's a statement of Ridley himself, promising an arrest by to-morrow morning."

"But surely if we see him and tell him all we know, we can convince him of the girl's innocence."

"I'm afraid he won't want to be convinced—unless we have someone else to offer him as scapegoat. Well, we have one more witness to interview and our luck may change."

Our last witness was the mother of the little girl who had proved so observant in the case of the lady in blue. She was a busy, rather harrassed-looking woman, and although she tried bravely to help us, I could see that she had nothing new to tell.

"You see," she explained. "I never noticed her much. She was such an odd-appearing person and so very deaf."

"She wasn't deaf always," said little Jessie unexpectedly.

If a bomb had exploded beside us we would have been scarcely more startled. The little girl had been following our inquiry with childish in-

terest, but this remarkable observation was the first word she had offered.

"What do you mean?" asked her mother sharply. "Of course she was deaf—deaf as a post!"

Jessie shook her head. "No," she said positively, "not always. She asked me what time it was once, and she heard quite well when I told her. And once I walked down the street with her and told her all about my dolly and she heard every word."

"Lip-reading, I suppose," I hazarded. But Gregory seemed immensely interested. He took the child on his knee and questioned her closely upon why she thought the lady had actually heard what she had told her. The child could give no sensible reason, but she was unshaken in her conviction. The lady had "looked like it" was the best she could do.

Gregory waited for nothing more, but hurried me away and proceeded to break all speed limits in a mad rush back to Parkhurst.

"Don't you see?" he told me in intervals of avoiding certain and sudden death, "one error in our premises has set us all wrong. We took for granted that the woman was deaf because everyone said so, including the murdered woman herself. We have been looking for a deaf woman in a purple bonnet. What was it O'Donnell said? *'If she only wasn't deaf now, I might be able to point you to what you want. It's the combination that's hard to come by.'*"

"But you've only got a child's fancy to go by," I objected, "against all the other evidence."

"The child was right! I have a hunch that the child was right. The woman isn't deaf at all."

"But why should she—"

Here Gregory avoided a motor truck with a jerk which left me gasping and swept up to Patrolman O'Donnell in a fashion which made even that hardened officer stare.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Gregory. Sure, if it were anybody else, I'd be arresting yourself as a danger to little

chickens," declared O'Donnell, with his broad smile.

"O'Donnell," said Gregory, without preliminaries, "you said that if the party we want were not deaf you had an idea of someone who might answer to the description. Is that correct?"

"Shure, it is. But—" the man's open face clouded. "You wouldn't be wanting to do any harm to the party, Mr. Gregory, would you?"

"She is wanted for something serious, O'Donnell, I may as well tell you; we think she knows something very important in a pretty big case—murder, as a matter of fact."

O'Donnell, who had been looking very glum, relaxed at the word "murder" and began to laugh.

"Oh, well, then," he said, "I needn't worry about showing you the little lady I had in mind. Shure, she's not had anything to do with a killing, and that's certain. Why, only to-night I saw her get faint with the mere thinking of one. But she fits your description to a hair, barring the deafness. For she's not deaf at all. I see her often getting on the car to go west. A decent woman, with her living to earn—"

"Does she sew for a living?" asked Gregory suddenly.

"She does. My best girl says there's not her like in Parkhurst. It's fine work she does, ladies' *lingerry* and such. She lives right down there at this end of my beat, not far from where we're standing now. And by the same token, I spoke to her not more than an hour ago."

"How was that? Do you know her?"

"Just in the way I know all the ladies." O'Donnell's grin grew wider. "She was just coming off the car and an imp of a newsboy nearly knocked her down. He was racing along shouting 'Extree—extree. All about the lady in blue. P'lice 'bout to make arrest.' You've see the extree, haven't you, Mr. Gregory? It looks as if—"

Gregory stopped him with a hand upon his arm.

"Never mind about that, O'Donnell," he said, "what happened when the newsboy nearly knocked the lady down?"

"Why—nothing happened. I gave the gosoon a cuff on the lug, and Miss Walker bought a paper off him, to make it better. That's the kind she is. Though I expect she wanted to see who the police have got for the Simons murder, too. But she didn't like the reading of it, for she turned quite white entirely and dropped the paper.

"It'll be good if they get the one that done it, ma'am," says I, picking up the paper and glancing at it meself. "The idea of a murderer around loose is not a nice idea at all. If they get next to this here lady in blue, we'll have some interesting reading soon.

"But she didn't do it at all!" says my little lady, as certain as you please.

"Didn't she now, ma'am?" says I. "Well, that's heard in a good moment. You can just tell them that at headquarters, and they'll be letting her go at once."

"Bless the ladies," continued O'Donnell, with his spreading grin, "they always know who done it, better than the murderer himself."

"Was that all that was said?" asked Gregory, betraying none of the excitement which I knew must have consumed him.

"Why?" asked O'Donnell, startled. "It was just by way of a bit of a joke, you know. She was just like the rest of them, terrible int'rested, but sort of frightened, too—I like them that way.

"Oh, officer!" says she, "what will they do to her if they get her?"

"Well, as for that, there's only one thing to do, ma'am," I says. But she didn't wait to hear what that was. Afraid she might hear some unpleasant details. They nivir like——"

"I rather think she is the woman we want, O'Donnell," interrupted

Gregory. "You say the description fits?"

"Like a glove. She's small and slight, and sort of ash-coloured. Her eyes look as if they didn't see you, but something farther beyant, and she wears the very bonnet you were speaking of and sometimes she has a bag of the same colour. But I can't think what you gentlemen can be wanting her for at all."

We were walking along now in the direction indicated by O'Donnell as "down there", but the big patrolman's steps were slow and his face once more looked clouded and dubious.

"I wouldn't like to be the one to get the little lady into any kind of trouble," he added.

"O'Donnell," said Gregory, "you know enough of us to guess that we don't go after people without reason, and that if we make a mistake we shan't mind admitting it. I can't say more than that. Duty is often unpleasant, but it's seldom that an innocent person comes to any real harm."

"You'll find her as innocent as a babe," said O'Donnell, with conviction, "and it's my belief that she's an 'innocent' in another way, too. Her eyes are queer entirely. There is the house—the third one, with the drawn blinds."

It was quite dark now, but we could see that the house he indicated was the smallest and poorest one in the small, poor row.

O'Donnell stepped up to the door and knocked his resounding policeman's knock.

There was no stirring within. No answer of any kind.

"Are you quite sure that she isn't deaf?" asked Gregory.

"Shure and shure," declared O'Donnell, knocking again.

"We'll have to go in," said Gregory. "We haven't a moment to waste—O'Donnell, force the door."

The Irishman exerted his strength somewhat gingerly, but to our amazement the door opened without effort. In an instant we stood in the dark

little hall. Gregory pulled out his flash and we saw the electric button and pressed it. There was no response. Electric light was evidently not used in these poorer homes. One of the two doors in the hall stood open, and we entered what was plainly the living-room and lit the coal oil lamp which stood upon the table in its centre.

"She is not here at all. She is gone!" declared Gregory with sudden conviction, and with this new fear to spur us, we hardly hesitated to race back to the small hall and to try the one closed door on its other side.

A cold air, strangely sweet, blew in our faces as the door opened. O'Donnell suddenly clutched me by the arm. "Look you there!" he whispered, pointing toward the narrow bed.

I looked—and the mystery of the empty house, of the woman who had gone in and had not come out, was explained. We all felt that she was dead before we looked at her. The window stood a little open and the chill air was sweet with heliotrope. A small bottle of the perfume stood uncorked upon the dresser and by it lay an envelope, addressed in a hand which I recognized at once.

In the little sitting-room we read the contents of the envelope, which I append here without comment. The writing began abruptly:

I saw the extra paper to-night and it says that the police are going to arrest a young girl for killing Mrs. Simmons. I never thought of that. I knew they might find me and I was ready, but I didn't think there could be anybody else. So I must tell all about it, before they hurt anyone. I never wanted to hurt anyone. I didn't want to hurt *her* either. I only wanted to kill her. I wanted to kill her because I knew I was appointed to. I waited seven years until the right time came. Seven years ago Mrs. Simmons had a home for babies. I took my baby there because I had to work and couldn't take care of her. She was a lovely baby. I called her Heliotrope because she was so sweet. I was ill a long time and when I went to see baby again, she was dead. Mrs. Simmons said:

"I can't be bothered with children when I don't get my pay. I thought you had deserted it." I looked at her and I knew she had let my baby die. That night I had a vision and I heard a voice, and it said: "Seven years shall the wicked flourish." So I knew that I must let her live for seven years.

Presently I got better and went back to work, but I always kept near her. I went to see her and I let her think the fever had made me deaf. I couldn't bear to hear her voice. When she gave up keeping the babies I followed her. I found out all about her and what she did. I couldn't stop her until the seven years were up. Sometimes I carried letters for her to people she wanted money from. She always gave me a quarter for going. I kept them all in a little box, and on the last day of the seven years, I took them with me to show her that I had never used them. I couldn't use wicked money. I took my baby's little frock, too, so that she would remember and know that it was my duty to kill her.

When I had killed her I took all the papers from under the chair where she kept them, and I have sent them to the people whose names were on them; all that had names. The others I burned. I had just collected all the papers and was going away when I heard the front door open. I hid behind the kitchen door and I saw the lady in the blue dress come in. I knew who she was and guessed why she had come. When she saw that I had killed Mrs. Simmons she was frightened, but I think she was glad, too, to know that the wicked had ceased to flourish. I waited till she had gone, and then I came away through the side door as I always did. No one saw me. The revolver I threw away down a gutter hole at the corner of the street where I live. I don't want to be arrested, so I won't wait. My head has troubled me since I had the fever and my heart is bad, so the doctor gives me tablets. He has warned me not to take too many. But to-night I will take more than he said and the police can find this letter and not trouble about Mrs. Simmons any more. It was quite right that I should kill her as commanded in the vision, and this is the truth, as told by me.—Ann Walker.

We were silent after we had read the letter. O'Donnell had turned away his face to hide his not unmanly tears. The little house was very peaceful. When Gregory spoke at last, all that he said was: "God rest her—let us go."

THE END



THE FISHING FLEET

From the Painting by R. F. Gagen,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

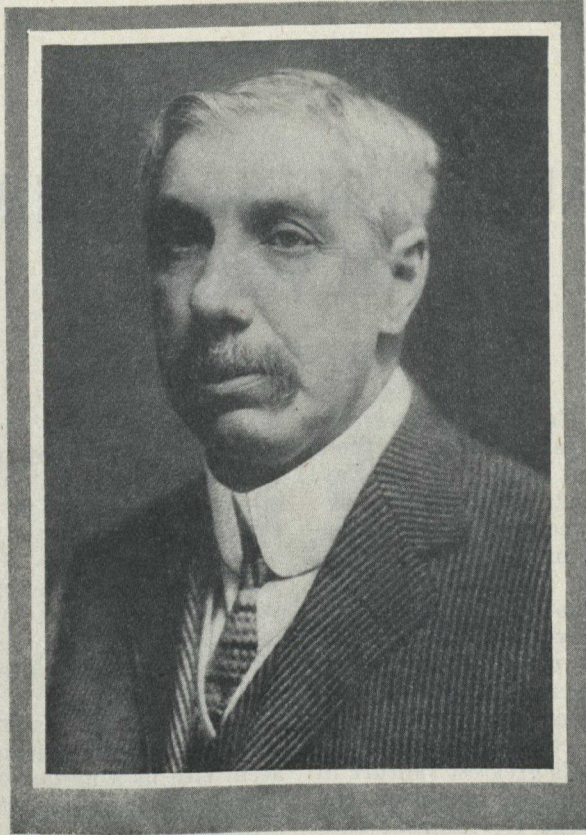


THE Canadian Government operates fourteen thousand miles of railway, which is about thirty-five per cent. of the total mileage in the Dominion. The name Canadian National Railways on rolling stock now distinguishes lines that formerly have been known as the Canadian Northern, the Intercolonial, the Prince Edward Island Railway, and the National Transcontinental Railway. As a result of this merger, which is Canada's greatest venture in public ownership and operation, the head offices of the Government railways have been transferred from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Toronto, where the administration is carried on by a board of directors, with Mr. D. B. Hanna as President. The head offices of the other great Canadian railways are in Montreal.

One may travel now on Canadian National Railways without any break in connection all the long way across the Dominion from Halifax to Vancouver. Or, if one wished to be fastidious, one could start at Louisbourg (port of retreat, on the northeast point of Nova Scotia, for the French in the days of Wolfe, and which was razed by the British at that time), and, with the exception of a short ferry trip connecting the mainland with the Island of Vancouver, make the whole trip by rail to Victoria, British Columbia. Or one could start at Yarmouth, the port in southern Nova Scotia that affords easy ves-

sel connection with Boston. Or one might wish, first of all, to go from end to end of Prince Edward Island. All other main points in the Maritime Provinces can be touched—Sydney, New Glasgow, Truro, St. John, Fredericton; and at Moncton one can start on the direct trip to Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, and the far West. All this on Canadian National Railways.

Transportation, as is natural in a broad country like Canada, always has been with us a matter of vital importance. This applies not alone to the conduct of business. The unity of idea, which is essential if nationality is to evolve, depends to a greater extent possibly upon easy communication than on any other single factor. This principle was acknowledged first in the discussions preceding the union of the Maritime Provinces with Lower and Upper Canada, and the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways were the result. When the Crown colony of British Columbia was invited to join the eastern provinces group it was again laid down as *the* essential, and the Canadian Pacific Railway was the result. Both these roads—or these three, if the Prince Edward Island be considered apart from the Intercolonial—were primarily means of rapid overland communication; in a secondary sense they were colonizing agencies. This can be said without detracting from the magnificent work both the Intercolonial Railway and Canadian Pacific Railway



Mr. D. B. Hanna
President, Canadian National Railways

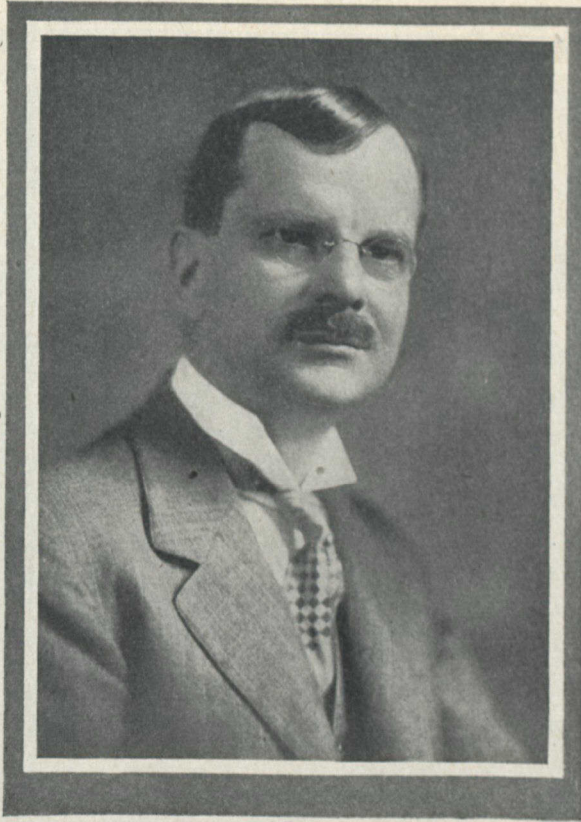
have done in colonization. But the Canadian Northern Railway, whose mileage was greatest of individual companies merged as Canadian National Railways, was admittedly a colonizing road. It was brought into being because of a widespread popular clamour for rails to serve the new North and, down to and until it became a transcontinental with termini at Montreal, Quebec and Vancouver, owning elevators, coal docks, hotels, telegraphs, and its own sleeping-cars and dining-cars, it was regarded as a pioneer in settlement.

So with the National Transcontinental between Moncton and Winnipeg through Northern Quebec and Ontario. Its most ardent champions claimed for it the function of making

accessible great stores of natural wealth in field, forest and mine, to enable those wishing to grapple with fortune there to do so with the promise of success.

These facts are significant for the reason that they point to the probable trend of development in a still greater Canada, and the rise of the Canadian National Railways—with the ships of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, as a complementing agency—to a transportation system of the highest standard and utility.

The greater portion of the mileage comprised within the Canadian National Railways was constructed with the primary object of developing, first, the sections of the country through which the rails were laid, and, conse-

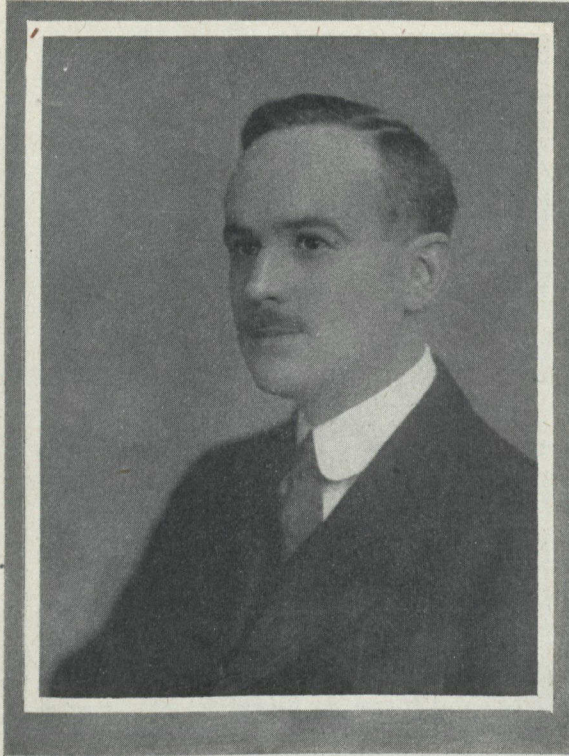


Mr. C. A. Hayes
Vice-President, Canadian National Railways

quently, the Dominion as a whole because of the expansion of these parts. Then came the war, with its attendant disturbance of normal progression. Once the restraints of war which retarded the settlement of the areas served—which had been proceeding on a large scale—are removed, there is every reason to expect that this pioneer work will be renewed. The great feature of the immediate future will be the settling and the expansion in production from the territories served by the lines comprised within the Canadian National Railways.

The transcontinental lines of the Canadian National Railways have been constructed to a standard that will make possible a vast expansion of the services by rail without the necessity of great expenditures for recon-

struction. Upon their lines the power of the locomotive can be used with efficiency that can hardly be equalled by any other system of similar importance in the world. They serve every ocean port of any consequence in Canada, with the exception of one in northern British Columbia, and every commercial and industrial centre, save two or three in the western Ontario peninsula, and one or two in western Canada. They serve the important established mining districts, and a considerable portion of the unexploited areas, where minerals are almost certain to be found—where at least exploration to a limited extent has already resulted in rich finds being made in gold and copper and other economic deposits. They serve the great unexploited timber reserves.

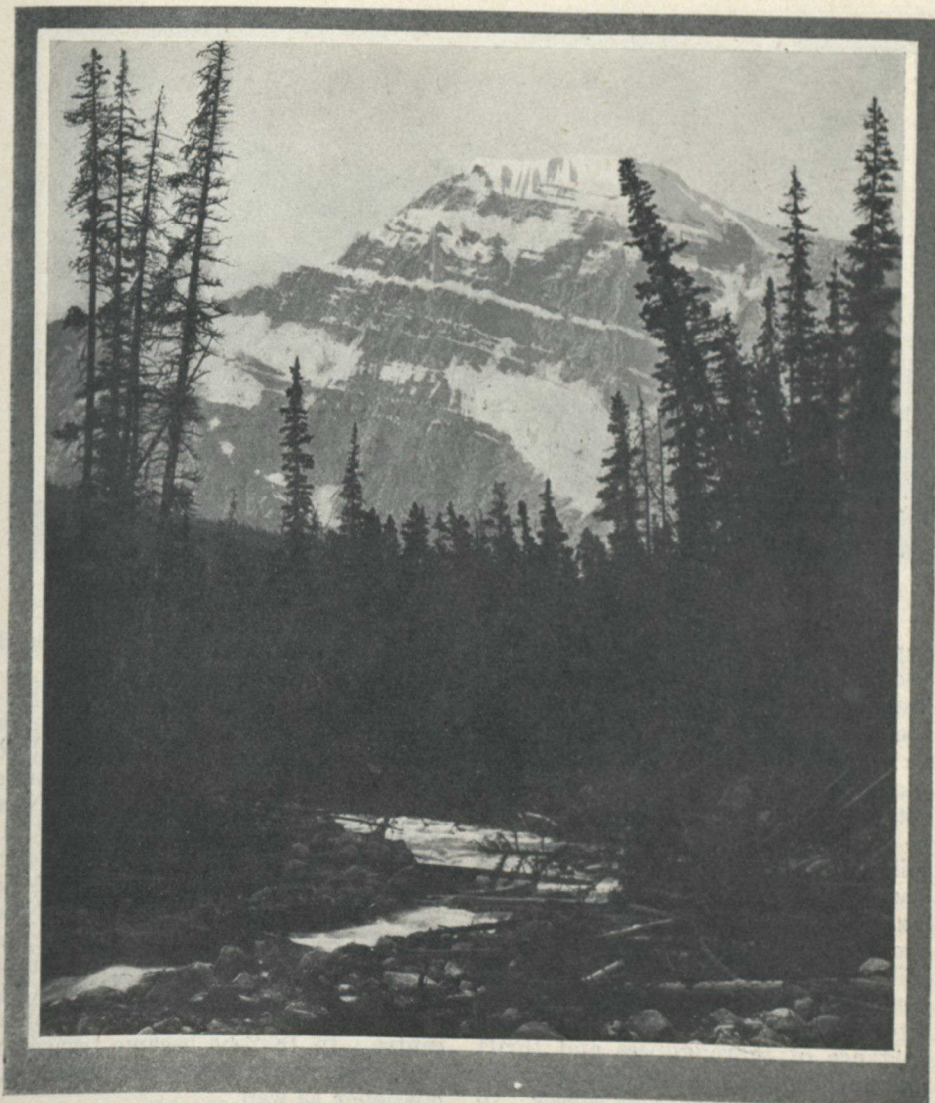


Mr. A. J. Mitchell
Vice-President, Canadian National Railways

They serve the great New North in the west, and the great New North in the east, where the developments of the future will take place. Water-powers, at present unexploited, exist in abundance on the waterways served by its various lines throughout the Dominion. All conditions, therefore, prevail for the building up of a great new traffic to the lines of the Canadian National Railways, enhancing thereby the prosperity of the people of Canada at large.

To meet the obligations resulting from wartime activities, Canadians must increase to a very considerable extent the production from the natural resources with which the Dominion has been so generously endowed. This expansion must be on the farm, in manufactures, in the forests, the mines, and on the waterways. And the plans of the leaders in Canada in-

clude as well a development of the country's foreign trade, as well as expansion within the Dominion itself. Foreign trade implies drawing upon the great reservoirs of the country's resources in order that the manufacturers in the country may produce at higher speed. It also implies that these natural resources shall be handled economically and expeditiously to the industries where they are to be transformed into finished products to meet market conditions in other parts of the world. And also adequate steamship tonnage must be provided to convey the finished products from the ports of Canada to the other lands where new markets have been found. These conditions go to show that the prosperity of Canada will have as its foundation the services of the Canadian National Railways and their complementary ocean services.

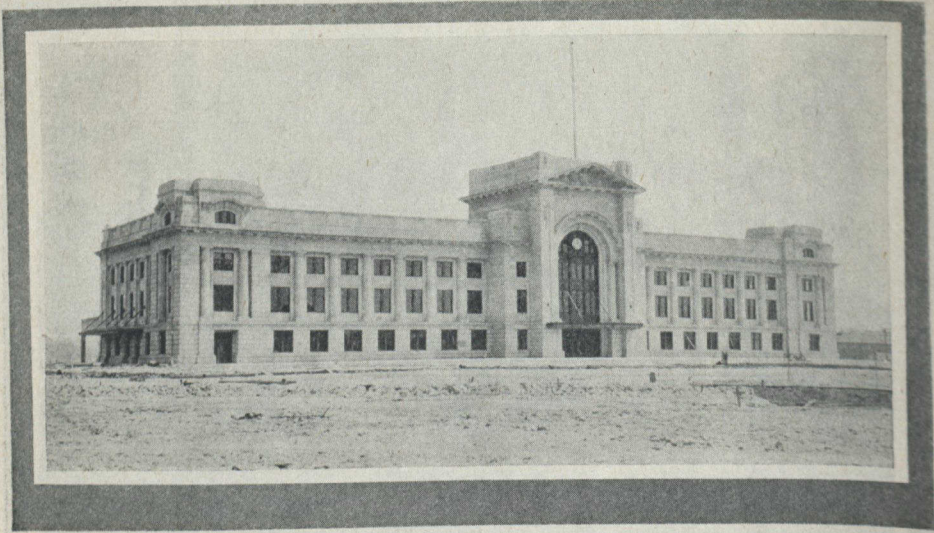


Mount Cavell, British Columbia
A Scene on the Canadian National Railways

Accordingly, the Canadian National system has within itself the germs of expansion which the board of directors will make it their special work to see developed. To this end it is being organized in order that the expected development and settlement along its lines shall be facilitated, and also that the system will be an efficient servant when the actual expansion has taken place.

Realizing the significance of developments in the past, and the important position railways will occupy in all plans for the future in Canada, the board of directors and the managing heads of the Canadian National Railways are facing their problems with open eyes and open minds.

David Blythe Hanna, the President, embodies to a striking degree the qualities of vitality, persistence and capa-



Station of the Canadian National Railways at Vancouver

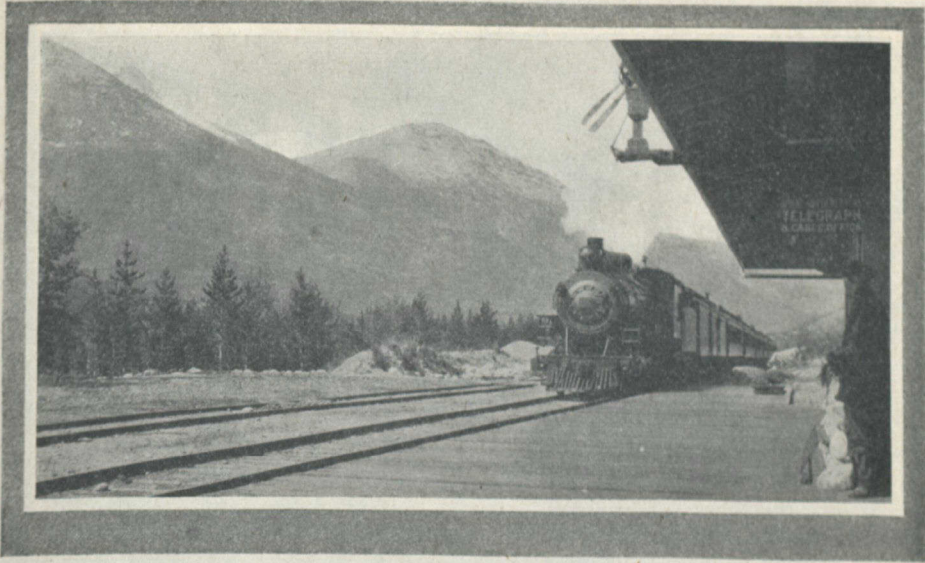
city with which so many of the successful sons of "Auld Scotia" have been endowed. For, although he has been a Canadian for the last thirty-six years, it was at Thornliebank, near Glasgow, he was born on December 20th, 1858, and it was in Scotland that he spent the first eight years of his railway experience. Forty-four busy years have passed since he worked at his first desk in a railway office and proudly pocketed the earnings of six shillings a week; but those early years with the Scotch railways impressed into his character the sense of the importance of thoroughness and thrift that has remained with him throughout his subsequent railway career. In forty-four years he has changed employers but six times, including this transition from private company operation to the administration of the group of roads embraced by the popular title of Canadian National Railway lines.

His first clerkship was with the Glasgow, Barrhead and Kilmarnock Railway, and he served with the road four years. The first change was to the Caledonian Railway in 1878, and he was cashier for that road in Stobcross Terminal, Glasgow, from its

opening to the time he left to board ship for Canada in 1882.

In this country his first railway experience was with the Grand Trunk auditing department in Montreal. Two years later he made his third change to the similar department of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway, with headquarters at New York, remaining there two years—1884 to 1886. The fourth move was from New York to Portage la Prairie, where, in 1886, he became chief accountant of the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway operating out of that Manitoban centre. In 1892 he became treasurer and, in the year following, land commissioner as well.

Three years later, Mackenzie and Mann commenced the construction, Gladstone to Dauphin, of the first hundred-mile stretch of the Canadian Northern Railway. It was not so known at that time, but bore the appellation of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company. The two railway builders, construction work nearly finished, were seeking a manager to operate the road, and the choice devolved upon D. B. Hanna. He entered the service of the Canadian Northern a few days before Christmas



The Canadian National Railways at Jasper Park, Alberta

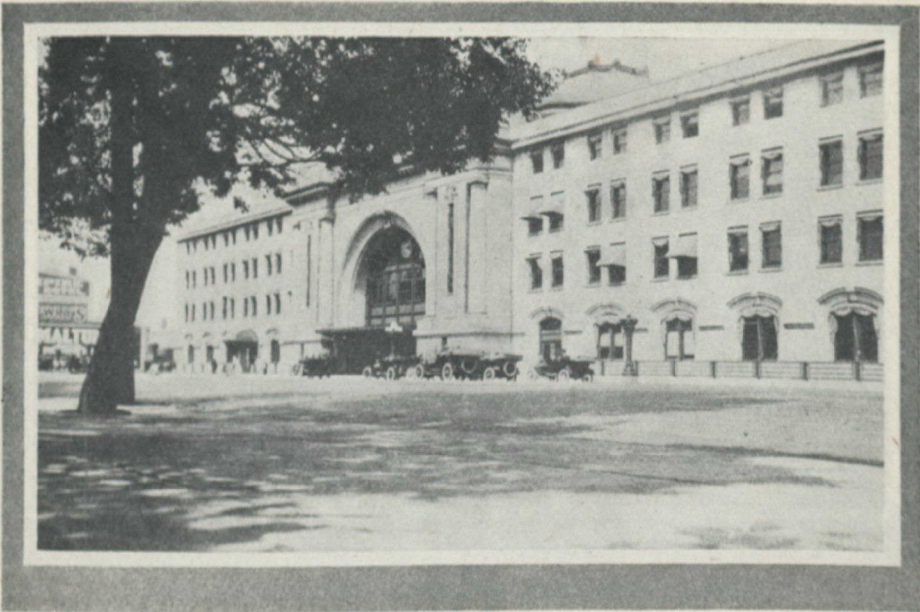
of 1896 as General Superintendent. By practically living on the line, he stirred the territory into productivity, and by making every nickel do all that even a Scotsman could expect a nickel to do, the road was made to pay its charges the first year and furnish a tidy surplus. And when the members of the Manitoba Legislative, which had guaranteed the bonds of the enterprise, journeyed up to Dauphin in 1897 they expressed themselves as positively amazed at the evidences of prosperity in the territory the line served.

When the general offices of the Canadian Northern were established in Toronto, Mr. Hanna, in 1902, came east to take up enlarged responsibilities as Third Vice-President, with supervision of all departments of the road. He has held the reins of the great operating, financial, and traffic departments, and has continued to give, by dint of long hours, the same kind of close scrutiny to the problems of the road as in its early days, only the perspective has been for ten thousand miles, with termini at Atlantic and Pacific tidewater, instead of the 100-mile "section" between the towns

of Gladstone and Dauphin in Central Manitoba.

He became, in 1903, President of the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway, and in 1907 President of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. He became President of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway Company, and also of the Duluth, Winnipeg and Pacific Railway Company—a system subsidiary which gives access from the main line at Fort Frances, Ontario, to Duluth. But despite these titles, it was as Third Vice-President, and practical administrator of the C.N.R. system he has been known for the last sixteen years among business men throughout the country, and even beyond the borders of the Dominion.

He has won through to success because he possesses the inherent ability to rise to the needs of trying situations, and because he has the driving force to carry him through most arduous work. His manner of speech is decidedly direct. The fundamental principle he works upon is to do the best he can with the resources at his disposal. And of him it may be said, if it can be said of any man, that he



Station of the Canadian National Railways, at Winnipeg

personifies "ability constantly applied".

Mr. Alfred J. Mitchell is a member of the Executive Committee of three, a director, and also Vice-President. He is in his fortieth year, having been born at Toronto September 28th, 1879. He entered transportation service when twenty years of age on July 18th, 1899, and until 1902 was chief clerk for Mackenzie-Mann and Company at Toronto. Promotion came rapidly to him. From January, 1902, until January, 1904, the accountancy work for the big contracting firm was under his care. The next step was to the Assistant Comptrollership, which he retained to July, 1908, when the assistant was deleted and he became Comptroller. As an addition, in July, 1912, he was appointed assistant to the Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, retaining that office and the office of Comptroller until September, 1918, the time passing away of "the old order" on the Canadian Northern Railway, and the ushering in of the new, of which, as already pointed out,

he is head of the organization in charge of finance and accounts.

Mr. Mitchell, throughout his railway service of twenty years, has been directly in touch with the construction of lines of the Canadian Northern throughout Canada, and, accordingly, assumes his enlarged responsibilities with the intimate knowledge of costs and methods involved in any considerable railway constructive work in this country. The passion for work that is a chief characteristic will alone suffice to keep that knowledge up-to-date. Construction of railways is by no means a dead letter in Canada, and it seems a good omen for public ownership that a man familiar with the best in construction methods should also be the Vice-President in charge of Finance and Accounts of Canadian National Railways.

Then comes Malcolm H. MacLeod, Vice-President in charge of Operation, Maintenance and Construction for Canadian National Railways. He, like Mr. Hanna, is a Scotsman born, Skye, Invernesshire, being his native place. He is in his sixty-second

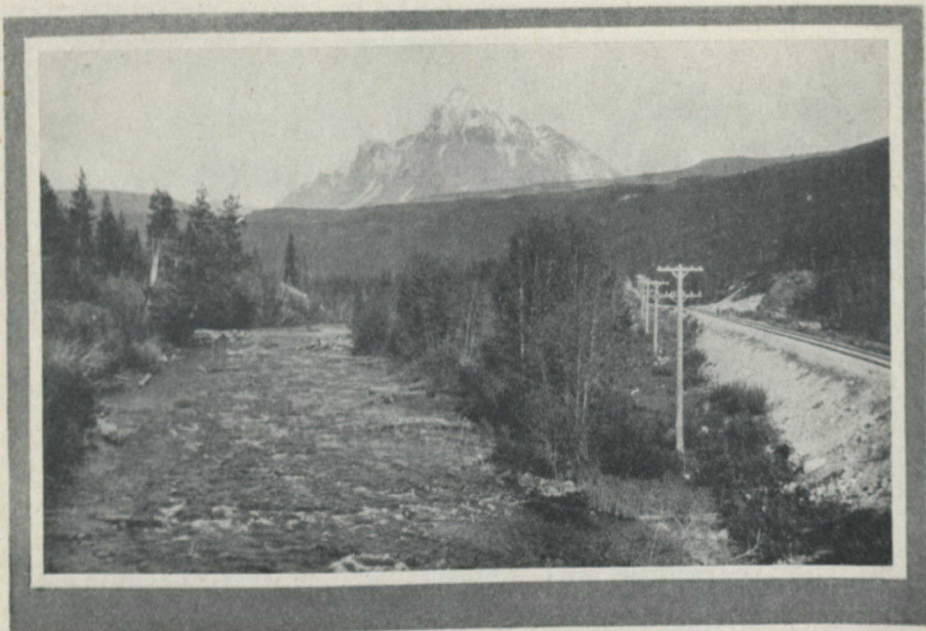


An Electric Engine pulling a train out from the Canadian National Railways Station at Montreal and heading for the tunnel under the mountain

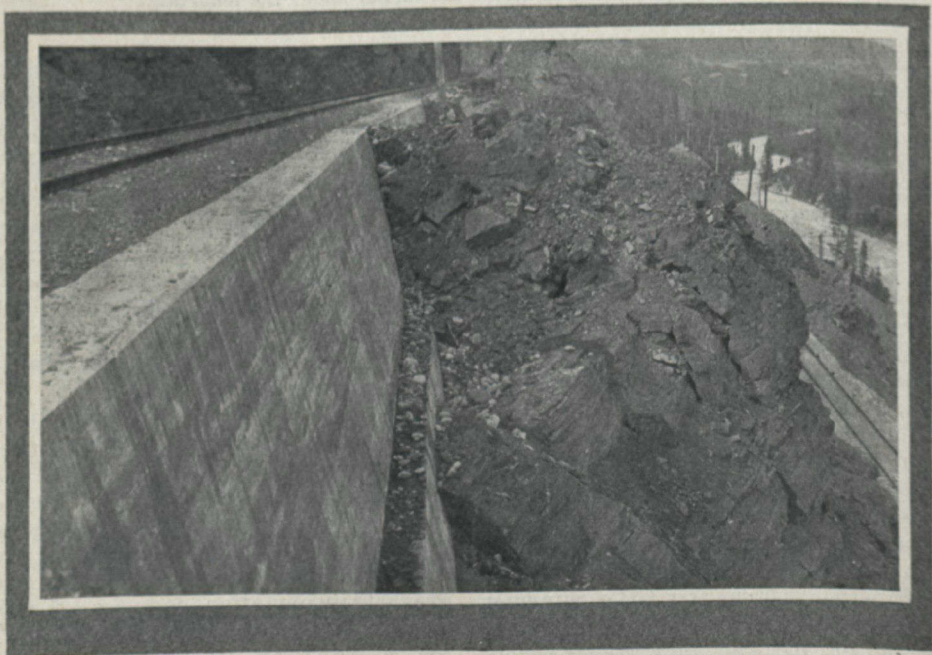
year, having been born July 13th, 1857. He came to Canada in 1862, and when twenty years of age he entered transportation service as a chainman on the Victoria Railway in Ontario, and it was through the engineering branch he rose to the post of General Manager, Western Lines, of the Canadian Northern Railway System, and, from that the Vice-Presidency of Operations of Canadian National Railways. His record, subsequent to the first experience on the Victoria Railway, is as follows: 1879 to 1880, rodman and leveller, Credit Valley Railway; 1881, transitman, location surveys, Ontario and Sault Ste. Marie Railway; 1882, resident engineer, construction Toronto and Ottawa Railway; 1883 to 1885, assistant engineer, construction Lake Superior Section, Canadian Pacific Railway; 1886, on location and construction, Canadian Pacific Railway lines east of Montreal; 1887, on construction, Canadian Pacific Railway, Sault Ste. Marie

branch; 1888 to 1889, locating engineer, and in charge of construction, Windsor division, Canadian Pacific Railway; 1890, locating engineer, Calgary and Edmonton Railway; 1891, revision surveys, Canadian Pacific Railway, and locating, Niagara Falls, Park and River Railway; and afterwards he held various important positions until in 1918 he was appointed to his present position as Vice-President in charge of Operation, Maintenance and Construction.

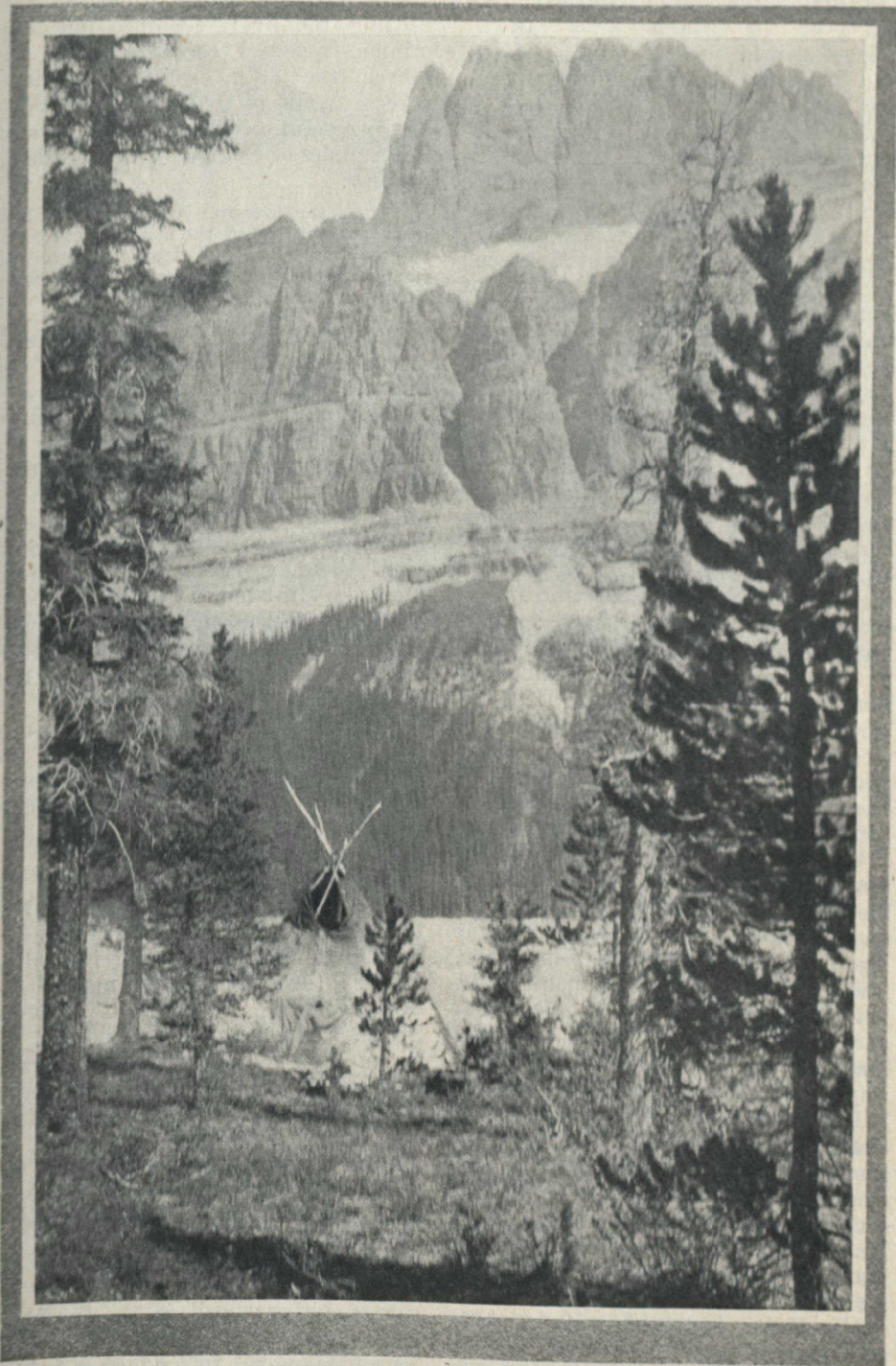
It is conceded that no other man in either the old Canadian Northern official group or in that of Canadian Government Railways is better qualified to effect the harmonizing of grades and equipment that is to make Canadian National Railways one of the great transportation agencies of the world. He has the advantage of having as assistant Vice-President S. J. Hungerford, who has the reputation of knowing to an ounce just how much any of his locomotives can handle



The Headwaters of the Fraser River, British Columbia
with a view of Mount Fitzwilliam



The Headwaters of the Fraser River, British Columbia,
showing on different levels the tracks of the Canadian National
and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railways



The Palisades, Alberta
A Scene on the Canadian National Railways

throughout the system, and just how much of the lifetime of a railway engine should be spent in the shops, and how much out earning revenue on the lines.

Mr. A. E. Warren is General Manager of western lines of Canadian National Railways. Mr. Warren's office is at Winnipeg. The General Manager for the eastern lines is Mr. F. P. Brady, with headquarters at Montreal.

The Vice-President in charge of Traffic is Mr. Carlos A. Hayes, who was born on March 10th, 1865, at West Springfield, Mass. He entered railway service in April, 1882, and held various positions in a clerical capacity in the accounting and general freight departments of the Boston and Maine Railroad at Springfield and Boston until November, 1890. From November, 1890, to June, 1892, he was General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Central New England and Western Railway at Poughkeepsie, and from June to October, 1892, Division Freight Agent of the Philadelphia and Reading, at Hartford, Conn. In October, 1892, he entered the service of the Grand Trunk Railway as New England Agent at Boston of its National Despatch Fast Freight Line, and in 1896 became Manager of the same line.

In 1903, Mr. Hayes was appointed Assistant General Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Chicago; on May 1st, 1908, General Freight Agent, Montreal, and in September, 1911, Freight Traffic Manager. In 1913 he became General Traffic Manager, and on June 1st, 1917, General Manager, Canadian Government Railways, Eastern Lines. In November, 1918, he became Vice-President in charge of Traffic for Canadian National Railways. He will have as immediate assistants, Mr. H. H. Melanson, Passenger Traffic Manager, and Mr. George Stephen, Freight Traffic Manager. All three have their headquarters at Toronto.

Mr. Hayes is recognized as a railway man of exceptional ability, and as a traffic expert he has few equals in Canada.

The British North America Act, uniting the provinces into one Dominion, received Royal sanction on March the 29th, 1867, came into force July 1st of that year. The 68th of the resolutions forming the basis of the Articles of Confederation, reads as follows:

“That the General Government shall secure without delay the completion of the Intercolonial Railway from Riviere du Loup through New Brunswick to Truro in Nova Scotia.”

On April 12th, 1867, the Imperial Parliament passed a second Bill in the interests of Canada entitled, “An Act authorizing a guarantee of interest on a loan to be raised by Canada, for the construction of a railway connecting Quebec and Halifax.”

In less than a week after the date of Union, Engineer, Mr. (later Sir) Sanford Fleming received instructions from the Minister of Public Works to proceed with the surveys necessary to establish the best route for the Intercolonial. On Monday, November 11th, 1872, there was established the through all-rail line between St. John and Halifax. In 1874, Riviere du Loup and Ste. Flavie, eighty-six miles apart, were connected. In 1876, Moncton was connected to Ste. Flavie, a distance of 296 miles. In 1879, the Federal Government purchased the Grand Trunk Railway Company's line from Riviere du Loup and Hadlow to beyond Levis, a distance of 126 miles. In 1884, the Federal Government took over from the Government of Nova Scotia a line, eighty miles long, between New Glasgow and Mulgrave. November 24th, 1890, fifty miles of line connecting Sydney, North Sydney and Grand Narrows was opened. In January, 1891, communication was established between Grand Narrows and Point Tupper, a distance of forty-six miles.

In 1898 there was leased from the Grand Trunk Railway Company the line from Ste. Rosalie to Montreal, thirty-eight miles, and the same year a line connecting Ste. Rosalie with the western bank of the Chaudiere River,



Near Baddeck, Nova Scotia
A Scene on the Canadian National Railways

131 miles, was leased from the Drummond Counties Railway Company, and bought later on.

This completed the main line of the Intercolonial Railway, Montreal to Halifax, Moncton to St. John, and Truro to Sydney.

In 1913 the last spike was driven on November 17th on the National Transcontinental, between Moncton and Winnipeg (with the exception of the Quebec Bridge).

In 1913-14 the National Transcontinental was operated, to a limited extent, between Moncton and Escourt, Quebec.

In 1914-15 operation was extended by the Intercolonial Railway between Moncton and Chaudiere, a distance of 455.15 miles.

On May 1st, 1915, the National Transcontinental Railway from Quebec to Winnipeg, a distance of 1,355.95 miles, was taken over for operation as part of the Canadian Government

Railway System, and was put in operation on June 1st, 1915.

On July 1st, 1915, the Lake Superior branch, between Lake Superior Junction on the National Transcontinental and Fort William (191 miles), was taken over for operation by the Canadian Government Railways, having been leased by the Government from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company.

Meantime, the Canadian Northern Railway, which is now the main artery of the Government system, began in 1896 to build northward from Gladstone, Manitoba. The following year 123 miles was opened for traffic, and building was carried on every year, until by the end of 1905 they had 2,846 miles in operation. The chronology is too long to be given in detail here, but it is of interest to know that the last spike in the line in the west was driven at Basque, British Columbia, in 1915.

THE TIDE NOW RUNNING

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH



It is to Brutus that Shakespeare gives credit for the aphorism "There is a tide in the affairs of men". Woodrow Wilson, giving credit to no man, utters an equally suggestive phrase—"The tide now running in the hearts of men". Lloyd George, speaking with less figure, says that the whole world must be remade. Newton Rowell, with characteristic faith in the upward tendency of humanity, asserts that we cannot go back to old conditions and that we ought not to, even if we could. While there may be much truth in these observations, we should hold to the fact throughout all the so-called reconstruction period that man never goes back to former conditions, that he is ever evolving, and that while human nature may be intensified by war, war does not change it. Values will change, as they have changed, and the currents of trade will shift. Forms of government will change, as they always have changed, and the voice of the people will be heard, as it always has been heard, with increasing force and determination. But human nature will not change. It will be just as grasping, just as selfish, just as keen to get on at the cost of others as it ever has been. Although we may have peace in so far as we are not at war with another nation, we will have social unrest, class differences, even here in Canada, and racial and religious grieving.

These social problems are the things that give the Government alarm just now, and we in Canada, where there

is no concern about territorial aggression, should try to establish a decent public attitude towards the foreigner who is here and desires to hold his job, towards the soldier who has returned and desires the foreigner's job, towards the trades unions who have both as members, towards the employers who are threatened, first by unions, then by soldiers and, lastly, by their contracts for the delivery of goods. Among these several classes the Government must inflict itself as mediator, and the Government cannot do right unless the people acknowledge what is right. The Government will get the soldiers back again to Canada, and more will be done for them than in any other country. But will the public be satisfied? Will the soldiers who have returned be satisfied? Will the shifting thousands who are sure to be out of employment realize that until the period of readjustment is over, no matter what may be the extent of that period, it will be impossible to find work for everybody, especially work that everybody is willing to undertake. Here are two good reasons: A firm of brokers, we'll say, employed in 1914 a dozen clerks, four of whom went to the war. During the absence of the four the work of the office was carried on by the eight who remained. The employers saw that eight were doing the work formerly done by twelve, and the only difference was that they were obliged to pay, say, an average salary of twenty-five dollars a week instead of fifteen or twenty under former conditions. Does anyone think that this firm of brokers

will readily take back into their employ at an advance in salary of from five to ten dollars or more a week men who have been out of touch with the business for two, three or four years and who as a result have deteriorated in value to them as a firm of brokers? Would it confirm the average opinion of human nature if they should offer to take them back? It is not a question of what they ought to do. It is a question of what they find it expedient to do, of what they find they can do while they are competing successfully against others and making as much profit as they think they should make. The same condition is revealed in a study of the problem of domestic help. In many city households where two servants were employed formerly at twenty dollars a month, one is employed now at forty dollars, and in many instances that one is a Chinaman. Then if Chinamen at forty to sixty dollars a month are taking the places of maids, what is to become of the maids? It is a fact that Chinamen are taking their places. And if the maids have found employment in factories, banks, and other places where formerly men only were employed, what is to become of the men? Thousands of young women have gone into banks, and in banks they will remain. Will the young men whom they have replaced go on the land? Will the men who have had a taste or a good sampling of town or city life be willing to take to farming under any conditions? The answer of most persons to that would be, "Not on your life". And that answer would be about right.

The land, therefore, becomes the crux of the whole situation. We have the land, but many difficulties have to be overcome before the Dominion Government can offer it in a form sufficiently attractive to the average man. Much of the desirable unsettled land is held by speculators or controlled by the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and these Provinces would not hand over eagerly to the Dominion Government one of their greatest as-

sets. This is a situation that displays the foolishness of ever allowing Crown lands to slip into Provincial control. It is true that some of the Provincial Governments have shown a disposition to conform to the needs of the Dominion Government, but everyone knows how hard it is to adjust such conditions and how long it takes. Meantime the Dominion Government has undertaken to give financial assistance on a plan similar to the one applied in Ireland. As a matter of fact, the plan offers wonderful opportunities to serious men who would undertake farming as a serious and highly absorbing business. But you hear everyone saying that the men will not leave the cities and that there were 30,000 unemployed in Toronto in the month of February. Statistics show that there are about twenty-two thousand aliens in the same city and more than eighty thousand aliens of enemy nationality in the whole Dominion. That number, together with an enlarging body of unemployed, is enough to cause the Government to take extraordinary precautions to prevent trouble. And extraordinary precautions it is taking, not only in view of the returning soldiers, but in view also of the unrest and chafing and socialistic machinations that seem to flourish in such a time as the present.

One precaution that the Dominion Government has taken is the establishment of employment offices throughout the country. That on its face looks like a simple undertaking, but it has been fraught with confusing and embarrassing situations. The idea at first was to close all private employment offices, but that could not be done because they were licensed by the Provinces, and some of the Provinces, especially Ontario, had undertaken schemes of their own to cope with unemployment. Some, on the other hand, Nova Scotia, for instance, readily gave over to the Dominion Government full control of employment in their territories. These conditions are cited merely as an indica-

tion of the difficulties that confront the committees that are trying to solve what undoubtedly is one of the greatest problems this country has ever faced.

In treating this problem of repatriation and employment the Cabinet at Ottawa already has taken an appreciable forward step in democratic government. Not only has it appointed committees of men irrespective of party affiliations, but it has succeeded in having departmental executives meet almost daily to confer with one another, outline plans and make suggestions. The great questions of how the returned soldier should be treated and of how conditions following the cessation of war should be controlled have not been decided at haphazard, nor has any one department been permitted to go ahead on its own account. Manufacturers, business men, representatives of labour, veterans of the war, educationists, journalists, heads of religious organizations and others whose advice has been regarded as of value have been summoned to Ottawa to say plainly to the Cabinet, through the Repatriation Committee and the departmental executives, just what they think should be done by the Government for the country at this crisis. That, surely, is an advance step in democratic government—citizens advising the Government through its executives. Certainly it is a new method at Ottawa.

Advice, like drugs, is a thing that should be taken with discretion. Some there are who advise the Government to plunge into public works. That at best is the policy of taking from Peter to pay Peter, but it is a policy nevertheless that is to be commended just now, inasmuch as the prosecution of public works would absorb much manual labour, the class that is most likely to cause disturbance in the event of unemployment. But it is a fallacy to suppose that good times can be maintained by spending money on public works. Money expended on manufacturing, agriculture and industrial enterprises of all kinds usual-

ly results in gain or at least in production. But when it is expended on public works it becomes a dead loss and never can be recovered. During the last four years the Government and municipalities have not found it necessary to build new bridges, new docks and wharves, new post-offices and customs offices, or to dig sewers or construct canals. But the Government itself has been the chief contractor of the country, the chief employer of labour, the chief purchaser of raw materials, the chief paymaster. It arrogated to itself, owing to the urgency of the situation, great dictatorial powers, and in order to attain its ends quickly it seemed at times as if money actually was being squandered. Raw materials were hoarded like a miser's gold. The markets shifted. Prices of commodities rose until the Government in several instances had to impose control and limit consumption. Then, suddenly, all restrictions were removed, and business men everywhere found themselves face to face with a baffling situation as to values. They were, and still are, face to face with a world whose generation of changes had been compressed into four short years. They were, and still are, face to face with new markets, with great foreign possibilities, but with the huge problem of shifting values to give them pause. That pause will increase the ranks of the unemployed unless the Government can find some means of opening the channels of foreign trade so as to admit Canadian goods and of finding the capital at home wherewith the goods can be produced. Our banking system should be such that every dollar of Canadian money would be kept in Canada and used in Canada. If the Government could begin at the bottom and make sure that capital is available to all worthy men who would pay wages if they had money to pay them with, just as they offer money to the soldier who will engage in farming, there would not be with us any longer the problem of the unemployed.



CATTLE

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THE EASTERN CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

BY W. L. SCOTT



ORIGINALLY there was but one church to which all Christians belonged. Now there are many. These fall naturally into three great divisions

—the Catholic Church, the Protestant Churches, and the Eastern Churches. The first and last of these overlap in as much as there are many Eastern churches which, though autonomous, are in communion with Rome or, in other words, form part of the Catholic Church.

It will be desirable at the outset to say something regarding "rites", a correct understanding of which is essential to any study, however brief, of Eastern Christianity. The primary meaning of the word "rite" is, to quote the New English Dictionary, "a formal procedure or act in a religious or other solemn function". There is, however, another and wider meaning which is less generally understood. A rite in this wider sense means the whole complex of the services of any church or group of churches together with the body of local customs and local canon law. The differences between rites are not therefore differences of essentials or of faith such as separate one religion from another. It follows that, on the one hand, one religion may include many different rites, and that on the other hand, the same rite may be practised by those of different religions. In other words, rite and religion are two quite different things.

The origin of the Christian rites takes us back to the very dawn of Christianity. During the first three centuries there was used in the services of the church in the various Christian communities a fluid ritual founded on the Scriptural account of the Last Supper, combined with a Christianized synagogue service, showing, however, a certain uniformity of type and gradually crystallizing into set forms. By the fourth century this indeterminate ritual had settled into three great fixed forms, associated respectively with the three original patriarchates of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. All others are modifications of one or other of these three. Together with these several forms of ritual grew up local customs and disciplinary rules which further differentiated the various local churches from each other, and all of which united in time to constitute the several rites as they now exist.

A liturgical language is a language in which the liturgy of a Church is composed and its formal services conducted. All but a very few of the languages so used are now no longer spoken, though they were all, of course, spoken languages when first adopted for the liturgy. The same liturgical language is often used in quite different rites and, on the other hand, more than one liturgical language is sometimes employed within the same rite.

It must, therefore, be carefully borne in mind that rite, liturgical lan-

guage and religion are three different things, which may occur in almost every possible combination. In fact, in the East you can never determine a man's rite by the language in which it is expressed nor his religion by his rite. People of the same rite, as I have said may, and frequently do, belong to totally different religions. Nevertheless, the tie of a common rite is very strong. A Catholic Armenian, for instance, is just as much a Catholic as anyone of the Latin rite and feels about his religion just as any other Catholic does. He knows perfectly well that he is one with Latins, Chaldees and Maronites and has nothing whatever to do with Gregorian Armenians. Yet he would feel more at home in a Gregorian Armenian Church of his own rite than in a Chaldee, a Maronite, or even a Latin Church of his own religion. Outwardly the bond of a common rite is often more apparent than what they all realize perfectly well to be the essential difference between two different religions, one of which recognizes the Pope as Christ's divinely appointed vice-gerent on earth, and the other of which totally rejects the Papal claims.

What is an Eastern Christian Church? This question again takes us back to the earliest days of church history. Immediately succeeding the Apostles we find the bishops at the head of the local Christian communities. The office of bishop was, and still is, the highest in the hierarchy of orders. But in the hierarchy of jurisdiction there are higher steps. Some bishops are known as metropolitans or archbishops, and have jurisdiction over the bishops of a province. Some are primates and preside over the metropolitans of a nation. Three of these latter very early stand out from all others as the three first bishops of Christendom. These were the bishops of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. In this larger jurisdiction they were known as patriarchs, and every portion of the Christian world fell under the authority of one or other of them.

At the first General Council, that of Nicaea in 325, this patriarchal jurisdiction was accepted as "ancient custom". At the fourth General Council, that of Chalcedon in 451, two further patriarchates, Jerusalem and Constantinople, were created. The Roman patriarch had jurisdiction over his fellows. In other words, besides being patriarch of the West, he was also head of the Universal Church. Moreover, his patriarchate was always enormously the greatest. Western Christendom may be defined as the Roman patriarchate, and all those churches that have broken away from it. With those we are not at present concerned. Eastern Christendom, on the other hand, comprises the other two (or, later, four) ancient patriarchates. These do not, however, now form in any sense one church. To find a time when there was but one Eastern Church we must go back to the centuries before the Council of Ephesus in 431. Since then there have from time to time been schisms which have resulted in the formation of numerous independent churches, and reunions with Rome from time to time of portions of these have still further added to the number. These Eastern churches are divided into four main groups: the Nestorian Church, the Monophysite Churches, the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the Uniate Churches.

The Nestorian is now but a broken remnant of what was once a great church which spread over Persia, India and even China, until almost wiped out of existence by Timur Leng and his hordes.

The Monophysites form two separate communions. One is made up of the Copts of Egypt, the Abyssinians, the Jacobites of Syria and a section of the Malabar Christians. These are identical in belief and are in entire communion, forming, in fact, one religion, although the four rites differ widely from each other. The Gregorian Armenians are a separate communion. It will be observed that there are two Armenian churches, the Gre-

gorian Armenian, which is Monophysite and independent, and the Catholic Armenian, which is in communion with Rome.

The Orthodox Eastern Church, often incorrectly called the Greek Church, with its one hundred million adherents, is, next to the Catholic, the largest single Christian denomination. It consists of seventeen separate independent bodies who profess the same faith, belong to the same rite, the Byzantine, and are all (with one exception, the Bulgarian) in communion with each other and with the patriarch of Constantinople, their titular head, whose position, however, is purely honorary and does not carry with it any authority over the divisions other than his own particular one, which is known as the Great Church, or the Patriarchate of Constantinople, and which now covers only European Turkey and a portion of Asia Minor. The only respect in which these bodies differ from one another, when they do differ, is in liturgical language. These seventeen churches are the Great Church, the Patriarchates of Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem, the Churches of Russia, Cyprus, Montenegro, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania and Georgia, the Monastery of Mount Sinai, the Churches of Carlowitz for Serbs in Hungary, of Hermannstadt for Roumanians in Hungary, of Bukowina for all Orthodox in Austria, and of Bosnia and Herzegovina for all Orthodox in those provinces.

The Greek quarter of Constantinople in which the patriarch lives is called the Phanar, and this name is commonly applied to the patriarch's government just as the Papal Court is referred to as the Vatican. Prior to the wars of independence the patriarch was something like a Pope. But the Christians in time came to identify the Phanar with the hated Turkish rule, and as soon as a state secured its independence it made its church independent of the patriarch. It has always been a principle with the Phanar that the Orthodox Church

should be Greek, and accordingly Greeks have uniformly been appointed as bishops over Slav and other non-Greek populations, much to their exasperation. This Hellenizing of the church, in which the Phanar has the active support of the Church of Greece, was a powerful factor in causing the separation of the Churches of Serbia, Bulgaria and Roumania. Nevertheless, it was persisted in even after their separation. Liturgical language is the burning question in the Balkans. While they are all Orthodox and all of the Byzantine rite, there are Bulgarians, Roumanians, Serbs and Greeks who, even within the patriarchate of Constantinople, aim at being separate churches, the bond of union in each case being nationality as well as the languages used in the liturgy.

The Church of Russia is immensely the largest of the Orthodox divisions, its adherents prior to the war numbering from eighty to eighty-five millions, or nearly eight times the number of all of the other Orthodox bodies put together. Peter the Great abolished the office of Patriarch of Moscow and brought the church under the absolute control of the State, a condition in which it continued until the fall of the Imperial Government, when the Patriarchate was restored and the church regained its independence. It is at present suffering most bitter persecution at the hands of the Bolsheviki, but signs are not wanting that the church will emerge triumphant from the struggle and eventually prove to be the force destined to rescue Russia from the anarchy in which she is now engulfed.

The relations of the Bulgarian Church, which has broken away from the Phanar, to the other Orthodox churches, is the most important question to-day in the Orthodox world. From the ninth to the eleventh centuries the Bulgars set up a great independent kingdom with an independent church, which both the Pope and the Patriarch of Constantinople re-

cognized. The primate reigned at Ochrida in Macedonia. When in the eleventh century the Bulgars lost their independence and became part of the Greek Empire, the Church of Ochrida was allowed to continue. It also survived the Turkish conquest; but eventually in 1767 it was, on the advice of the Phanar, suppressed and all Bulgars were brought forcibly under the immediate jurisdiction of the Phanar. From that time began a bitter persecution of the Bulgars, bitterly resented by them. Of all the rivalries between Balkan peoples, that between the Greeks and the Bulgars has always been by far the most bitter. The Greeks hate a Serb, a Roumanian, an Albanian—anyone who has a nationality to oppose to their dream of a Greater Hellas, but they hate a Bulgar most of all. In 1860 the Bulgars determined at all hazards to break away from the Patriarch and in 1870, through the active intervention of Russia, the Turkish Government recognized their church. What has made the quarrel especially bitter is that the Bulgars were not content that their autocephalus church should cover merely their own territory as the Serbs, Greeks and Roumanians were. They insisted that, like the Armenians, all Bulgars wherever they might live should belong to their church. So they established their ex-arch, not at Sofia, but at Constantinople, with bishops all over Turkey as well as Bulgaria. This the Phanar could not forgive. He excommunicated the Bulgars and they are out of communion with the Orthodox Churches, with the important exception of the Church of Russia, which has all along remained in communion with both sides. Mr. Brailsford, in his book on Macedonia, mentions an incident which aptly illustrates the feeling of the Greeks towards the Bulgarians. After the rising of 1903, being in charge of a British relief expedition, he asked the Archbishop of Monastir for permission to make use of two vacant floors in the Greek hospital for the purpose of caring for

certain sick and wounded Bulgarian women and children whose villages had been destroyed by the Turks. The Archbishop appeared genuinely astonished that so unreasonable a request should be made of him. "These people are our enemies," he said, and he added: "I would rather they all perished than admit one of them to the hospital."

Both the Serbs and the Roumanians have had experiences similar to those of the Bulgars. Each at one time formed an independent nation with a great national church, which later retained its autonomy for centuries under the Turks, but which in the eighteenth century fell a victim to the Hellenizing policy of the Phanar, was suppressed and its members included in the Roman millet or "nation" under the Patriarch. Then came, as usual, the Greek bishops and Greek priests and the substitution of Greek for church Slavonic or Roumanian as a liturgical language. With the subsequent attainment of civil independence, in each case came at last ecclesiastical independence eventually acquiesced in by the Phanar; but the old wrongs are not forgotten and the memory of them does not tend to promote good-will towards either the Greeks or the Phanar. The Roumanian is one of the very few liturgical languages which is also the vernacular.

We now come to the last of the four groups of Eastern Churches, the Uniates. A Uniate Church is an Eastern Church which is in communion with Rome, or which, in other words, forms part of the Catholic Church. Uniate means united—united to Rome. All of these bodies are absolutely identical in belief with the Latin Church, and all, in particular, look to the Pope as the head of the church. They are therefore all undoubtedly "Roman Catholics" in the sense in which that term is used in Canada. Yet confusion is sometimes caused by the fact that when asked they will often deny that they are "Roman" Catholics. Strictly speaking "Roman Catholic"

means a Catholic of the Roman or Latin rite, and it is so understood throughout the East. On the other hand, "Catholic" in the East, at all events in common parlance, is applied exclusively to those who are in communion with Rome. A Gregorian Armenian, a Copt, a Jacobite, or even an Orthodox would never refer to himself as a "Catholic". But every Uniate will answer to that name. Usually the Uniate churches are autonomous, under the rule of their own Patriarch or other ecclesiastical head, who is subject only to the papal authority. No bishop or patriarch of a rite different to their own has usually any jurisdiction over them. The position of these Uniate Churches is often much misunderstood and is thought to be anomalous. It is, in fact, quite simple and logical. From the beginning there has never been a time when the Latin was the only rite followed in the Catholic Church. Prior to the separation of the Orthodox Church from the Universal Church this was obviously so. The Italo-Greeks, who follow a rite closely akin to the Byzantine, did not join in the schism and have never been out of communion with Rome. The whole of the Maronite Church has been in communion with Rome since the twelfth century. The Catholic Armenian Church dates from the same period. It was not until the twelfth century that the Bulgarian Church separated from Rome. Consequently there has never been a time when there have not been churches bearing precisely the same relations to Rome that the Uniates now do. At present there are fourteen such churches, making, with the Latin, fifteen rites represented in the Catholic Church. These comprise all rites that are not obsolete. Two rites, the Latin and the Maronite, do not exist outside the Catholic Church. The other thirteen include a representative of every independent rite; excepting in the case of the Byzantine, which is represented by seven variants. These Uniate Churches are the Chaldean, corres-

ponding to the Nestorian, the Uniate Coptic, the Uniate Abyssinian, the Catholic Syrian, corresponding to the Jacobite, the Catholic Armenian, the Uniate Malabar, the Maronite, and the seven variants of the Byzantine which are the Pure Greek, the Italo-Greek, the Uniate Georgian, the Melchite (Syria and Egypt), the Ruthenian, the Uniate Bulgarian, and the Catholic Roumanian.

The rule of the Catholic Church strictly forbids anyone leaving his rite without good reason and special permission, which must be obtained from Rome. As a consequence if, for instance, a Copt desires to become a member of the Catholic Church, he cannot become a Latin or a Melchite, but must join the Uniate Coptic Church. In view of the tenacity with which an Eastern Christian holds to his rite, such a rule is scarcely necessary. And indeed the object of it is to emphasize the fact that Rome, far from desiring to Latinize them, is prepared to do everything possible to preserve these ancient rites.

The Ruthenian is numerically the largest of the Uniate Churches and is moreover of special interest to us because of the fact that it is the only Eastern Church which has a substantial following and a permanent establishment in Canada. They number in Canada about 250,000, of whom about 10,000 are in Ontario. They are under a bishop of their own rite, who resides at Winnipeg. By a Dominion statute passed in 1913 he is a corporation sole under the name of "The Ruthenian Greek Catholic Episcopal Corporation of Canada". The Ruthenian rite is a variant of the Byzantine, and is therefore almost identical with the rite followed throughout the Orthodox Church. The Ruthenians are by nationality Ukrainians and are also sometimes known as Little Russians. Once an independent and powerful state, the Ukraine was later for nearly five centuries subject to Lithuania and Poland. At the partition of Poland, Galicia went to Austria and was

thus separated from the bulk of the Ukraine. The Ruthenians are, of course, Slavs, and like the other Slav subjects of the Dual Monarchy they have always hated Austrian rule and are no more pro-German or pro-Austrian than the Poles or the Jugo-Slavs. It is therefore unfortunate that, ignoring history and ethnology, they have during the war been regarded in Canada as "Austrians" and "alien enemies" and treated as such. Their bishop and his clergy have been striving to make of them good Canadians, but such blunders on the part of the authorities and of the public are not calculated to assist towards this most desirable end. About nine-tenths of the Ukrainians of Austro-Hungary belong to the Uniate Ruthenian Church. The remaining one-tenth, chiefly those inhabiting Bukowina, are Orthodox. There were formerly 7,000,000 Ruthenian Uniates in the Ukraine, but as the result of a bitter persecution culminating in 1875 and following years they were all driven into the Russian Church. Up to the recent revolution the Russian Government would not permit a Ukrainian to be other than a member of the Orthodox Russian Church. When the Russians first occupied Galicia during the present war, the Archbishop of Lemberg, who is the head of the Uniate Ruthenian Church, together with some hundreds of his priests, were seized and sent to Siberia, and the work of forcing the people into the Russian Church was at once begun. Notwithstanding very strong representations which are said to have been privately made by the British Government, the Archbishop remained in captivity until the revolution, when he was at once released by the Provisional Government at the request of the Pope. Since the revolution the Ruthenian Church has secured a large number of adherents in the Ukraine. In common with other Uniates who belong to rites akin to the Byzantine, the Ruthenians call themselves "Greek Catholics" and, like all Uniates, deny that they are "Roman" Catholics. Yet as already

explained they are undoubtedly "Roman Catholics" as that term is used in Canadian legislation. Their Act of Incorporation, chapter 191 of the Dominion statutes of 1913, makes this very clear. No one who is not a Uniate ever calls himself a "Greek Catholic". The only other "Greeks" are Orthodox and invariably answer to that name. The answer, therefore, to the question "Catholic or Orthodox?" will always indicate the religion of anyone of a Byzantine rite. There are, of course, married priests of the Ruthenian rite in Europe, but by a recent papal decree no priests other than celibates are permitted to come to Canada or the United States. The priests shave, contrary to the almost universal custom among Eastern Christians.

Much light is thrown on the position of the various Eastern Churches by a consideration of the circumstances under which they came into existence.

The separation of the Nestorians and of the Monophysites from the Universal Church arose out of the Christological controversies of the fifth century. Nestorius taught that there were two persons in Christ (1) the mere man, Jesus, who was born of Mary, and (2) the Word of God, who dwelled in him. He denied to Mary the title of Theotokos, mother of God, since in his view her son was not God, but a mere man. The Monophysites, on the other hand, not content with affirming that there was but one person in Christ, went further and asserted that there were in Him not two natures, the divine and the human, but only one. The humanity, they said, was absorbed in the divinity, Christ was not of the same nature as we are. He had, in effect, no human nature. Theotokos was, and still is, their great rallying cry. The Nestorian made of Christ a mere man in whom God dwelt; to the Monophysite He ceased altogether to be a man and was only God. To the disputants these views often seemed the only possible ones. A Nestorian considered all

his opponents Monophysites, a Monophysite called his contradictor a Nestorian. At Chalcedon the Universal Church defined the true doctrine to be that Christ was a single person but with two natures, the divine and human; true God and true man.

It will be no surprise to learn that in neither case was the doctrinal difference the real, or at all events, the chief reason for the schism. The acceptance of Nestorianism in the East and in Persia was very largely a corollary of its rejection by the Empire, with which Persia was at constant war. Egypt rejected it because its chief opponent was St. Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, and its author was Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, whom St. Cyril had succeeded in deposing. On the other hand, to reject Monophysism, the chief champion of which was Dioscor, St. Cyril's successor, and the chief opponent of which was Flavian, Patriarch of Constantinople, seemed like disloyalty to Egypt. The Empire was the champion of Orthodoxy. The decrees of Chalcedon were made part of the civil law and they were enforced by the Government sometimes very cruelly. But to Syria and Egypt the Roman Emperor was a foreign conqueror. So plainly was this a leading factor in the dispute that those who accepted Chalcedon in those countries were known as Melchites or Imperialists, as opposed to the Monophysites, who were the Nationalists. The term Melchite still survives as the name of an autonomous Uniate Church under its own Patriarch. There are congregations of Melchites in Montreal, Toronto and some other Canadian cities.

In Armenia also there was a political reason for the adoption of Monophysism. They meant to keep their nation independent of the Empire and they welcomed a difference in faith from the Greeks.

The separation of the Orthodox Eastern Church begun by Photius in 857 was only finally consummated by Cerularius in 1053. The occasion for the original breach was as follows:

Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople (846 to 857) was in the latter year deposed by the Emperor Michael III., known as Michael the Drunkard, whose displeasure he had incurred by rebuking the Emperor's shameless incest with his daughter-in-law Eudokia. In the place of Ignatius the Emperor appointed Photius, a man already famous for his learning and ability, but as yet a layman. Both Ignatius and Photius appealed to the Pope, Nicholas I. (858-867), who after full inquiry decided in favour of Ignatius. Thereupon Photius and his friends, backed by the Emperor, determined on a breach with Rome. They were a national church and in spite of their appeal to Rome, now that Rome had decided against them, they were not going to recognize the authority of any foreigner. The breach thus created was temporarily healed in 886. But the fire that Photius had kindled was not quenched. It only smouldered, and when the Patriarch Michael Cerularius (1043-1058) was minded to fan it into flame he had no difficulty in doing so and in bringing about a breach which proved permanent.

While the quarrel was primarily one between Rome and Constantinople the influence of the latter over Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem was so great as necessarily eventually to involve those three Patriarchates also.

Prior to the schism the faith of the Eastern Patriarchates was identical with that of Rome. The differences between them were differences of rite. And it was precisely on these differences of rite that the dispute turned. Both Photius and Cerularius took the ground that Rome, because of her failure to follow certain Byzantine customs, had become schismatical and was thereby excluded from the Universal Church. Far from questioning the appellate jurisdiction of the Pope, Photius, as we have seen, appealed to him in his dispute with his rival Ignatius and it was only when the Pope's decision was given in favour of Ignatius that the quarrel was precipitated. The five points of

Photius's indictment of the Latin Christians were that they fasted on Saturday, that they did not keep the first two days of Lent which in the East begins on Monday instead of Wednesday, that their priests did not marry, that they did not permit confirmation by a priest, but required a bishop, that they had changed and corrupted the creed by adding to it the *filioque*.

All these, even the last, were merely differences of rite, since the dogma of the double procession of the Holy Ghost was not defined until much later. Michael Cerularius emphasized only one of the five points of Photius's complaint, that of fasting on Saturday, but based his objection to the Latins almost entirely on their use of unleavened or azyme bread for the Holy Eucharist, instead of leavened bread, as is the custom in most Eastern rites. Of the *filioque*, which has since become the chief dogma of the Orthodox Church, he said nothing.

It will be observed that the complaint of Photius and Cerularius was not that they were being asked to adopt any custom, formula or belief of which they disapproved. It was that the West, by differing in these respects from Constantinople, was thereby in schism, if not indeed in heresy also. Their point was that differences of rite were not permissible, but that there must be absolute uniformity in all respects. And this is the position of the Orthodox Church to this day. They said to the Pope and to the West and they say still, "We do these things and you do not—therefore you are in schism".

True, at that time Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem each followed its own peculiar rite, though these differed less from the Byzantine than did the Latin. But eventually these rites were in each case abandoned in favour of the Byzantine, which thereupon became the only rite recognized by the Orthodox Church.

It can scarcely, I think, be doubted that in assuming such a position, one which had never previously been

taken, Photius and Cerularius were but seeking an excuse for a breach with the West. The real causes of the schism lay much deeper. Rome and Constantinople spoke different languages. They were the inheritors of different civilizations and were in general unable to understand each other. The growing importance of Constantinople as the capital of the Empire, New Rome, made increasingly distasteful the superior ecclesiastical position of old Rome.

The two most outstanding characteristics of the Eastern Churches are their nationalism and their conservatism. In every one of the groups, including the Uniates, the church is the nation; the vehement and often intolerant ardour of what seems to be their religious conviction is very largely in reality national pride and national loyalty under the guise of theology.

In every case, as we have seen, the movement which brought about separation was political even more than theological. The separatists were nationalists. Later events tended to greatly accentuate this nationalism. The explanation of this is to be found in the attitude towards subject peoples of the Moslem, to whom sooner or later most of these Eastern Churches became subject. The Moslem has never distinguished between religion and politics. It is a distinction which he still cannot understand. All law and right come from God and His Prophet; and it makes no difference whether that law concern the hour of prayer or the payment of taxes. The Koran is both Bible and Code of Civil Law. The Khalifah is the head of both Church and State, or rather Church and State are the same thing. They divide conquered peoples into Kuffar, idolators or worshippers of false gods, on whom they have no mercy; they must accept Islam or die; and Kitabis, "People of the Book" or, as the Turks say, Rayahs. These latter, including Jews and Christians, follow older revelations which were inspired by God and were binding until superseded by the re-

velation contained in the Koran. These Kitabis or Rayahs are not to be persecuted. They must pay special taxes, wear a prescribed costume, limit the height of their houses and the number of their churches. Their evidence must not be accepted against a Moslem in a court of law. They must not ring bells, bear arms or ride a saddle-horse. To convert a Moslem, seduce a Moslem woman, speak openly against Islam, or make an alliance with those outside the Moslem Empire, is punishable with death. While these laws are obeyed, the Rayahs are to be free to practise their religion and are to retain all their customs. A Rayah may at any time accept Islam and thus enter the governing race. If he does it is death to go back. These were the terms imposed, but the Rayahs were at the mercy of tyrants who constantly overstepped their own laws, so that persecution was almost continuous. Moreover, from the rule of their masters they received no compensating benefits whatever. Their governing of them was confined to the exaction of a maximum of taxes, or rather tribute, and to the guarding against the possibility of revolt. For, in fact, no attempt was made or is yet made by the Moslem rulers to govern for the good of the governed. There are no terms in our language in which the system can be adequately described; for the feeble analogies within our experience convey no idea of anything so monstrous. It is not surprising therefore that the Rayahs have always been in revolt and the Moslems have always been massacring. What the conquerors omitted in the way of governmental functions their vassals had perforce to make shift to supply for themselves as best they could. And accordingly the Christian communities remained separate nations, with their own laws and living their own lives. And they were, and still are, organized by their masters according to those various "nations". By "nation" (millet) the Moslem means simply religion. To him the two terms are convertible. The Orthodox Church

and all who belong to it are the Roman nation (rum millet). The Patriarch of Constantinople is its head and his jurisdiction is, or until recently was, civil as well as religious. Then there are the Armenian nation (the Gregorian Armenians), and the Armenian Catholic nation (Catholic Armenians), each under its Patriarch, the Jewish nation and the Latin nation, including Catholics of the Latin rite, and so on. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the most outstanding characteristic of the Eastern Churches is, as I have said, their intense nationalism. Hence it is that there are practically no conversions from one religion to another. A man keeps his millet and hotly defends it, as we do our country. For a Jacobite to turn Orthodox would be like a Frenchman turning German.

I said that their second chief characteristic was their intense conservatism. This is a corollary of the first. They cling to their rite, even to the smallest custom, because it is in these that the millet consists and by them that it is held together.

The belief of the Orthodox Church is, with a very few exceptions, identical with that of the Catholic Church. So great is the body of belief common to both that mentioning the exceptions tends unduly to emphasize the differences. They reject the Catholic doctrine regarding the papacy and the double procession of the Holy Ghost—the *filioque*. There is said to be a difference in belief with regard to purgatory, but the difference is perhaps more apparent than real. Finally they reject the doctrine of the immaculate conception. That is all.

Apart from their cardinal Nestorian or Monophysite doctrine, what has been said of the belief of the Orthodox Eastern Church applies in general, though perhaps with some limitations, to the other independent Eastern Churches. The sacrifice of the Mass, understood in the Catholic sense, is the central act of worship in every Eastern Church, but the term "mass" is not used. It is universally known

among them as the Holy Liturgy. In the Nestorian and Armenian Churches the ritual begins with the baking of the bread. Sacramental confession is professed by all, but has fallen into disuse in one or two. The Nestorians seem to have inherited something from the Iconoclasts, for they abhor the idea of holy pictures and do not permit them, or even crucifixes, in their churches, though they have a profound veneration for the Cross. Yet in common with all Eastern Christians they constantly pray both to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints. The other churches make great devotional use of holy pictures and raised carvings, but do not usually permit round statues.

The priests of the various Eastern Churches are as a rule married men, but if married their marriage must have taken place before ordination. Excepting in the Nestorian Church, marriage after ordination is never permitted. In all of the churches the bishops and higher clergy must be celibate and are in consequence drawn as a rule from the monasteries. These remarks apply equally to the Uniate Churches, excepting that with them the proportion of celibate priests is much greater.

Lack of education among the clergy is the chief defect in these churches. This is true even of the Orthodox, but is much more marked in the smaller bodies. It is not, however, true of the Uniates. Rome sees to it that the education of candidates for the priesthood of even the smaller Uniate bodies is placed on the same plane as it is in the Latin rite. As a consequence of this policy there are a large number of men eminent for learning among the Uniate clergy. The Patriarch of the Catholic Syrians, for instance, is a great scholar. So among the Chaldees there are several writers of international repute. Conspicuous among these was Bishop Addai Sher. I say "was" because in May, 1915, Djevdet Bey, the Turkish Military Governor, took him and a Gregorian Armenian bishop (Yeghishe-Vartabed) to the

public square of Sairt and having soaked their clothing with oil, burned them to death.

The most wonderful fact about the Eastern Churches, or those of them at least who have been for centuries under Moslem rule, is how heroically they have kept the faith. They all have suffered bitter persecution, some of them, like the Copts, almost continuously for fourteen centuries. Moslem sovereigns, though sometimes humane, have often been fiendish tyrants. When it was not the ruler it was an excited mob that massacred the Christians, defiled their churches and robbed them of their property. They were constantly robbed of their children also, to be forcibly brought up as Moslems; and their women were never safe from the lust of their oppressors.

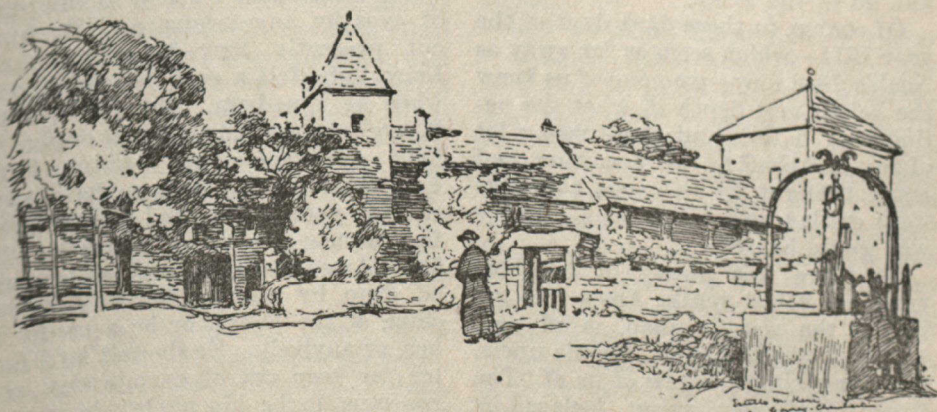
At any moment any one of them could purchase complete immunity from all this by denying his faith and embracing Islam. Immense numbers did from time to time apostatize. That is not surprising. The wonder is that so many remained faithful. Cut off from the West, forgotten by civilized Europe, ignorant and miserable, having every advantage to gain by turning Moslem, they yet kept their faith through those centuries of oppression. Vast multitudes of them sealed their convictions with their blood. Once a Christian embraced Mohammedanism it was death to return. Yet many did return and accepted death in expiation of their apostasy. It is said that there have been only extremely rare instances of the apostatizing of a Christian bishop. On the other hand, countless bishops and even Patriarchs have died martyrs for their faith. Nor can these persecutions be spoken of only in the past. The worst persecution of all has just taken place before our very eyes, one which Lord Bryce describes as "Without precedent even in the blood-stained annals of the East". The Armenians, who have perhaps suffered more than any others in the past, have been again the chief sufferers. The avowed object of the

Turkish Government was the extermination of that people. But with them have suffered vast numbers of adherents of many other Eastern Churches. The methods pursued have been almost unbelievably fiendish. Had the Government at once cut the throats of all, men, women and children, it would have been humane and merciful in the extreme compared to what was done. The record of the so-called "deportations", weeks of slow torture, with submission to every possible horror and indignity, ending in death by massacre, exhaustion or starvation, which was in the great majority of cases the fate of these people, would scarcely be credited of the savages of any age, and yet was the deliberate act of a European Government in the twentieth century. The Turks seemed to gloat over their victims, however young and helpless, and to take pleasure in prolonging the torture. For instance, when foreign residents endeavoured to save some of the children the Government forbade their doing so, announcing that the Government would itself establish institutions for the children. Some of these were opened and hundreds of children collected and housed in them.

But after a week or so all the children suddenly disappeared, to be replaced by others, who in turn met the same mysterious fate. One often hears of those who fought at Gallipoli speaking in high terms of the chivalry of the Turk and intimating that he is a fine fellow and much maligned. I would recommend any such to procure a copy of the British Blue Book describing the massacres. They will find it ghastly reading, but it will leave them in no doubt as to the true character of the Turk. I cannot do better than quote, in conclusion, the words of Lord Bryce in the preface to the report:

"The record of the rulers of Turkey for the past two or three centuries, from the Sultan on his throne down to the district Mutessarif, is, taken as a whole, an almost unbroken record of corruption, of injustice, of an oppression which often rises into hideous cruelty. The Young Turks, when they deposed Abdul-Hamid, came forward as the apostles of freedom, promising equal rights and equal treatment to all Ottoman subjects. The facts here recorded show how that promise was kept. Can anyone still continue to hope that the evils of such a Government are curable? Or does the evidence contained in this volume furnish the most terrible and convincing proof that it can no longer be permitted to rule over subjects of a different faith?"

Note:—On the subject of Eastern Christian Churches see further Dr. Adrian Fortescue's exhaustive words, "The Orthodox Eastern Church" and "The Lesser Eastern Churches", to which the writer acknowledges his indebtedness. A third, entitled "The Uniate Churches", which will complete the series, is understood to be in preparation.



A TOUCH OF "FEARFULNESS"

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS



QUIET, easy chap was Amos Burton—a man very well content to live and let live. In fact, the last man on earth that would have left his uncle's farm and gone for a soldier at any other time than this.

But left an orphan, he had been brought up by a clever aunt—one of the old sort with a streak of toughness in her—and seeing her nephew's fault was like to be that he'd sacrifice most anything for the sake of peace, she'd worked at his character in that matter and taught him that there were times when peace and self-respect couldn't drive in double harness. So it came about that when war broke upon us, Amos Burton found his aunt's teaching hold to him and he didn't wait to be called, but offered. Indeed, he was one of the first in all St. Tid parish to throw up the land and go in the army.

Of course, in those dark days of the year 1914—which seem as far away as Noah's flood now—we none of us knew the height and depth of what the nation was in for; and there was a lot of fun and chaff to the recruiting, and many thought by the time the boys were drilled and knew their job, the war would be over.

So there was plenty of laughter when we heard gentle Amos was going to the war—a chap, mind you, that even shirked sport, for his uncle, when speaking to a few of us at "The Green Man" one evening, declared he

could never get his nephew to touch a gun, or kill anything bigger than a wasp.

"But his sense of duty has called him to the wars," said Matthew Burton, "and though 'tis vain to think Amos can ever shine as a soldier, yet we may be sure he'll do his duty to the best of his limited powers."

Amos was Matthew's heir, you must know, if he didn't forfeit his hopes in the future.

"Why didn't he go in the Ambulance Corps?" asked Tom Chick, whose own son had also enlisted.

"He was told that what the nation wanted was fighting foot-soldiers," explained Matthew, "so a foot-soldier he'll be; though seeing how skilled he is along with horses and what a clever touch he has to tame 'em, I think he'd be doing more good in the cavalry myself. I've never known one beat him," he said.

But Amos wasn't a hero in one pair of eyes by any means, and it came out presently that his sweetheart, Lucy Vale, felt a good bit put about when he joined up. She didn't wish it, and she reckoned Amos ought to have considered her feelings first. For people began to say that quite enough young men had volunteered for the new armies, and so Lucy, who knew Amos was a peaceful, soft-hearted chap by nature, felt he'd never shine at the Front, or be a credit to her, or anybody. So she felt he'd better far keep out of harm's way and continue to be his uncle's horseman

and leave war to such as had a better stomach for it.

"Good powers!" she said to Amos. "What should a man like you do in battle? Your one thought would be to hurt nobody, and you'd stop to say you were sorry if you trod on anybody's toes, let alone run a bayonet into them. You'll only disgrace yourself, and if you hear a shot fired in anger, such a tender creature as you will lose your nerve altogether and very likely run away, or do something dangerous."

"I'm sorry you feel like that, Loo," said Amos to her, "and I hope you're mistaken. I hate the thoughts of war and I ain't ashamed to say it; but I don't think I should be frightened; because if a man's doing his duty, there's no room for him to be frightened that I can see."

She kept at him, however, and made it a bit painful for Amos; but she didn't change his mind and, once in khaki, of course, she could do nothing. The change dated from then, however, and there's no doubt Lucy Vale never felt quite the same to Amos after he joined the colours. She was a very fine figure of a girl, with red hair and a complexion like a wild rose, but she had no large ideas and couldn't look much farther ahead than her own interests. For that matter that's the limit of more eyes than Lucy's.

So when she'd made a rare good match for a poor widow's daughter and won Amos Burton, she little liked to think she might lose him again, and didn't give the man any credit for his sacrifice, but blamed him for it instead. And perhaps what troubled her as much as anything was that Amos withstood her; for he'd never denied her before, and she was already thinking in her heart that the gray mare would be the better horse when they came to wed.

However, she hid her mind, and I daresay it would have been all right, as more and more joined up. Indeed, before long Lucy might have been the

first to grumble if she'd been called to go out walking with a civilian. But there was another in it, and when young Jacob Warner, the game-keeper, found that Lucy was a bit under the weather about Amos, he took very good care for his own ends to harp on it and make out a black case against the girl's betrothed.

He was a big, fine fellow, to the eye, but he hadn't no use whatever for the war, and he let his master apply for him, and the tribunal gave him six months, not for his own sake, but for Squire Trecarrow's. And when Amos was fairly off to France, Master Jacob began his game with Lucy and tried his very best to get her away from the absent man.

What went on between them nobody ever knew; but a game-keeper's a chap that can amuse himself out of sight of other people by reason of his calling, and there's no doubt Lucy often met Jacob by appointment and listened to his nonsense.

She was weak, but not wicked, and she didn't think she was doing wrong to listen to Jacob's love-making, more especially as she didn't feel none forgiving to Amos for joining up; but we couldn't believe that she meant more than to amuse herself, and so Tom Chick, who was a friend of Amos Burton, decided he'd speak to Lucy.

He was a middle-aged man and had got a good few daughters of his own, so he felt he could say the word in season.

But he found Lucy Vale in rather a haughty spirit. To be plain, she told him to mind his own business. And then came the amazing thing, for suddenly two matters fell out simultaneously and we heard that Lucy had thrown over Amos and was tokened to the game-keeper, and next we heard that Amos himself, who had now been in the trenches for six months, was getting a bit of leave and returning home to his uncle and aunt.

Leave comes along by chance when it can, you see, and a man don't know much beforehand when he is to get

back; so it fell out that Lucy's letter to Amos, telling him she'd changed her mind, never reached him, and the first he heard about the adventure was at the railway station, where Tom Chick went to meet him.

He found Amos changed and yet the same. He was thinner, but a mighty lot harder; his gentle eyes had taken a different expression, and there'd come a sharp line between 'em. His voice was different, too, and him that had gone to the wars a kindly boy, came back a man and one that knew his own mind, be sure. He had come through without a scratch and seen some properly awful service. He'd killed men with his own weapons, and hoped to kill more, and weren't ashamed to say so. His outlook on life was altered by the horrors that life had showed him, and he told Tom that he'd never known the meaning of reality before he went to France.

That gave Tom his chance.

"There's a bit of reality waiting here for you all the same," he said, "and I'm very sorry to say it's in the shape of some proper bad news."

"Not aunt or uncle?" asked Amos.

"No, they're all right."

"Lucy, then? She ought to be here to meet me."

Then Tom told him that Lucy had gone over to Jacob Warner, that the thing had been done not a fortnight before, and that there was a letter waiting in France that minute with the fatal news. Knowing the gentle nature of Amos, Chick feared he'd be properly torn to pieces by this fearful mishap; but the outward change had crept to the inner man also, as it seemed. Anyway, Amos didn't take on much to the eye. When he heard who the other man was, he just gave a short laugh and bade Tom Chick come along with him to "The Green Man" and have a drink. He'd got a very fine German helmet as a trophy, and in ten minutes he was showing it to a dozen men in the bar of the inn and getting a lot of hearty con-

gratulations from his old acquaintances.

They found the change in him, too, for the work his hand had been called to perform was reflected not only in his voice and his eyes, but in his manner of looking at things and in his opinions. He didn't show off or talk big, for nothing could have made him do that, but 'twas plain to the least observing that life had lifted Amos into a pretty keen blade. He didn't contradict nor argue about the war, but he just told 'em; and he made it exceedingly clear that the old world and the old interest and amusements—the farm work and the quarry work and the chapel teas and so on—had all took another place in his mind from what they did before the war. He didn't scorn nothing, or laugh at anybody; yet there was the far-reaching change in him, and the home-staying people who saw and heard, felt it and knew that Amos had got to be a leader of men and one whose word ought to be respected and obeyed. For that matter, he had risen from private to sergeant in six months, and the stripes were on his arm.

Nobody touched on the man's great misfortune, though it was common knowledge by now; and then by chance who should saunter into the bar, with his gun under his arm, but Jacob Warner, the keeper! And the people fairly held their breath, for Tom had already whispered to them that the murder was out and Amos knew what had happened.

And then they saw a very remarkable scene.

"Hullo, Jacob, how's yourself?" asked Amos.

"I'm all right," answered the other, but he showed an inclination to be off and away that instant moment.

"Shake hands, and don't you go. I want to speak to you," said Amos, and the other put a bold face on it and shook hands and set down his gun.

"Still shooting rabbits instead of Germans, I see," remarked Amos.

"The world's work can't stand still

for the war," answered Jacob, lofty like.

"The world's work! Are you a rabbit yourself? What is the world's work *but* the war? You're so bad as the neutrals, who sit still and whimper and see their ships sent to the bottom of the sea and bleat for peace, instead of giving the Allies a helping hand to win it. 'The world's work! Much you know of the world's work, you hulking great zany!'"

Jacob stood three inches taller than Amos, and was a broader, bigger, heavier man; but he looked a loose-built, shambling sort of figure against the soldier, his voice hadn't the same clear ring in it, and his words didn't carry weight like the smaller man's; which was natural because, of course, Jacob stood in the wrong and Amos had right behind him.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the keeper.

"I'll tell you," answered Amos. "The matter with me is that I've just heard my girl, in a passing fit of weak-mindedness, have thought that you was better like to suit her as a husband than what I shall. And that means that you've been messing about after her when you ought to have been doing your master's work. So you can't even be trusted to shoot rabbits seemingly. And now you're up against it, and I've got to knock this tomfoolery out of your head and out of hers afore I go to sleep to-night."

"How?" asked Jacob. But he'd got his tail down already, and he knew by the other man's voice and straight eye that he was in for a bad time.

"I'll show you how. When you're a soldier you learn to make up your mind double quick, for your life often hangs on it. And my life hangs on Lucy Vale, for that matter, as the baggage very well knows. So now you drink your beer and come along with me."

"And if I don't?"

"There's no don't about it. I've had to handle your sort a dozen times under enemy's fire, Jacob Warner, and

if I could do it there, I can do it here. You're dust to me—dust, I tell you—in will and strength and everything. I'm ashamed to waste words on a slack-twisted, good-for-nothing lout like you. You've got to march along with me to Widow Vale's house and tell Lucy you've been a wicked young fool. And you can take off that cap and put on this German helmet. It came off the head of a braver man than you, so you needn't be ashamed of it!"

Jacob threw his eyes around to find a friend, but of the dozen men in the bar at that minute, not one was his side. He blustered and cursed a good bit; but Amos was hard as a rock and, as Tom Chick said after, that you felt he'd got a bit of the tiger-tamer in him at that moment and was good to handle man or beast. There weren't much of the tiger in Jacob Warner, whether or no, and before you could rub your eyes the battle of wills was over and there stood the keeper with a dead German's helmet on his head.

"Shoulder arms!" said Amos, and Jacob had to put his gun over his shoulder, though he'd like to have emptied both barrels into his enemy if he'd dared.

But he was a lost man before the other, and there was a proper terrified look in his face as he went out and down the street. He pretended afterwards he thought Amos was mad. Burton let up a little then, and as we crowded to the door to see 'em go, we marked that he didn't drive the keeper in front of him, as if he'd took a prisoner, but just walked in a friendly way by his side and talked as if there weren't a shadow between them. Leastways he did the talking, for Jacob was dumb.

Then they went to Widow Vale's cottage, and it was Lucy's turn.

She came out to the door when Amos knocked, and before she knew it, was in his arms with a kiss on each cheek. Then he spoke afore she'd time to faint.

"Here I am, you see, never better, and in the pink, my dear. And I'm sorry to find that you and Jacob here have been playing at some sort of naughty pretence behind my back, like a couple of silly children. But I forgive you, because it's all make-believe here at home, and your betters are just as bad as you. But I've woke Jacob up, and he's come to say he's sorry for his sins; and I'll hope you'll forgive him as you'd wish to be forgiven yourself by me for such bad conduct. Now speak, Jacob, and then you can sling your hook."

He talked as calmly as ever, but the pair knew there was a force behind far beyond their power to cope with.

And Jacob cut a poor show before Lucy. He couldn't bluff and he couldn't talk big with a dead German's helmet on his head and a dozen school children peeping over the garden wall, so he did the wisest thing and threw up the sponge and felt "least said, soonest mended".

"You hear, Amos," said Jacob, "and that's all there is to it, Lucy. He's come home like a regiment of soldiers all in one man, and he will be obeyed, and he don't regard our engagement as binding and—"

Lucy looked at him and then at Amos, standing there like the figure of Doom, and she saw the new power that had cast Jacob in the dust. For a moment she thought of putting her will against his, and perhaps if Jacob had put up a fight she'd have helped him; but seeing him down and out, as you may say, and the other so calm and resolute, she felt in a flash what a cruel mistake she'd made.

Then Amos took his helmet off Jacob's head and bade him be gone; but all quite pleasant without a spark of anger; and when the game-keeper had disappeared, the steadfast soldier went into Lucy Vale's house. Her mother was out and they had it to themselves, and then she got a taste of the new Amos Burton. He listened to her shame-faced talk, like a father listens to a child caught out

in a naughty deed, and he pardoned her, and then he said his say.

"I forgive you very willing, Lucy, but a thing like this have got to leave its mark and 'tis no good your crying out, because I shouldn't hear you if you did. My ears don't take no account of much less than a 'Jack Johnson' now-a-days. Jacob couldn't have been wicked if you hadn't helped him, and now you're going to catch it, too."

She doted on his firmness and felt like kneeling down and kissing his boots by that time. But with all the will to pleasure him and the thankfulness to be forgiven, she was more than a bit shaken up when she heard what he said next.

"On Sunday next we'll go to chapel as usual, my dear, and sit side by side and sing out of the same book. And you'll wear this here helmet instead of your go-to-meeting hat. 'Tis an officer's helmet and will look very fine on your brave red hair. And that's not all, neither. I've got a fortnight before I return to France. And during that fortnight two things will happen to me. I shall receive the Distinguished Conduct Medal, known as the D.C.M. for shortness, and I shall marry Lucy Vale. That's where we stand. And now you can give me a kiss and sit on my knee for a bit and tell me you feel thankful that you're going to marry a man after all."

He stopped with her for half an hour, and such was the potent force of him, and the look in his eyes, and the way he held her to him and rubbed his lean cheek against her round one, that Lucy never even argued about it. She'd not seen or felt such a driving power in her life, of course.

He went off to his relations presently and never even reminded Lucy about the helmet. But he let her choose the wedding-day, and when he came to fetch her to worship the next Sunday, she was wearing the helmet all right. But she'd softened it down with a bit of flimsy, and he made no objection to that. In fact, he never mentioned the subject again, either then or ever after.



THE BATHERS

From the Painting by W. H. Clapp,

Exhibited by

the Royal Canadian Academy

FRIENDS

BY BEATRICE REDPATH



IT was the dream realized. Out there in the trenches, when he could not sleep for the cold and intense discomfort of those nights, the dream would come to him as a picture projected on a screen. He would visualize it just as it was to-day, hot summer, with the hollyhocks drooping a little in the heat and the sun greedy to suck the last drop of moisture from the earth. He would think how cool was the house, throwing a thin purple shadow from the doorway up which you could walk into the dim white interior, where furnishings and draperies were white with a spotlessness that appeared incredible from the reeking dirt of the trenches. He remembered how the old porch with the queer pointed roof dominated the picture, and how the hum of bullets merged into a dim sense of humming bees. And he had waited for the sudden shattering of it. He would think, in a vague unconsciousness, of how a stray bullet might suddenly shatter the dream, and the pity of it that such should be broken. It was always the dream that he held precious, never the heart nor the mind of him who visualized it.

And now the dream realized and he in the midst of it, stretched on a long canvas chair taking a sensuous delight in the heat of the sun and in the breeze that cooled his flesh. It was all delicious down to the tiny tinkle of ice in the tall glass that stood at his elbow. He twisted in his chair and spoke lazy, indolent words to the

man sitting reading half in the shade of the porch.

"Think of them out there," he said, "can't you feel how they are sweltering this afternoon? God, how glad I am to be out of it—the flies and the stench of the trenches—if one could only forget. But there are one or two things that are burnt in on my brain, that have left scars there for all time. Even all this can't wipe them away."

David Winfield nodded, stirring slightly beneath the light rug which was thrown over him and which fell in pitifully on one side where the limb was missing, while one sleeve hung slack and empty.

"Yes," he said, "yes," and his long lean face appeared gray in the shadow, "there was that little drummer chap—I seem to hear him still sometimes—but, oh, let's forget—let's at least try to forget. 'Here comes Hester,'" and he put his hand on the crutch that lay beside him and rose clumsily with an apparent effort which he strove in vain to conceal.

Hester Lawrence, watching him from the shadowed doorway as she came forward with a tray of tea-things in her hands, was about to protest against his rising, and then suddenly caught her lip sharply beneath her firm white teeth, as though seeing her mistake in time. Instead, she allowed him to make pretence of helping her with the wicker table, while Ted Lawrence brought her a chair.

As Winfield sat down again he turned with a sigh of satisfaction to the sunlit garden. He loved the slope

of it, the patch of green lawn, the hollyhocks and tall larkspur, a blue flame in the sun. After the bleeding land of the trenches, the torn and ravished desolation of France, the beauty and peace of England was unbelievable.

"You don't know how good it all seems," he said. "It's more than good of you to keep me here all this time. A helpless incumbrance—" he began, striving to laugh, to say it lightly, but with an undercurrent of pain in his voice.

Hester Lawrence broke in sharply:

"Don't! Good of us—I don't know what Ted would have done with himself if you hadn't been here."

"I should say so," said Ted Lawrence cheerfully, helping himself to some buttered toast, "Hester would have found me impossible. I never could have convalesced so agreeably if you hadn't been here to have the benefit of my bad moods."

"I've never seen them," said Winfield, smiling; "if you had seen Ted out there, Hester. He was the little idol among the men. There was always some joke going on in his part of the trench. Larry, the old colour-sergeant, used to say—that Englishman must sure be an Irishman there's so much fun in him." Ted Lawrence laughed.

"Great old boy, Larry," he said, still smiling as he rose to put down his cup. He stood for a moment, the sun shining on his bronzed face and burning redder the little scar above his temple where a piece of shrapnel had left its mark. Winfield glanced up at him as he stood there, outlined against the garden, his khaki, which he still wore, emphasizing his large, well-proportioned frame. He liked to look at him, so much he liked his clear, keen gaze, the line of his chin which denoted the strength of character which Winfield knew so well that he possessed. But he was conscious of pain in his thoughts and he looked quickly away into the heart of the sun.

"Well, I'm off for a walk before

dinner," Lawrence said; "I'm getting too soft lying about here making an invalid of myself. I want to remain one that's the trouble," and as he spoke his eyes rested on Hester's smooth brown hair and the long line of her limbs underneath the white dress she wore. She sat with her hands busy over some work while Lawrence looked down upon her with pride in his eyes.

Never had her vitality, her robust strength and strong, reliant nature appealed to him more than now, after so long being surfeited with the sight of physical suffering. He had often thought she was almost too complete in herself, a little aloof from life, as though nothing could ever come quite close to her or touch her, so confident was she in her own strength. But lately he had seen her melt, he had watched her catch her breath painfully when Win had made any allusion to his missing limbs or had been especially clumsy in his movements. He had noted it with surprise and an added tenderness for her because it had touched her. He had sometimes thought of her as being a little hard like the petals of a white rose which in their extreme perfection of form appear as though crystallized. . . . After the wicket gate had clicked to as he passed through, the others sat silent, David Winfield's eyes resting on Hester's long fingers as she wound a ball of khaki wool preparatory to knitting a sock. At length she lifted her eyes and a faint blush covered her cheeks, fading away almost immediately. Winfield threw away his cigarette and remained silent.

"Curious, how even the garden is changed since you have come," she said, looking down into the hollow of the garden which held the sunlight as in a cup, "the leaves are softer, the colours less hard. I remember thinking those red geraniums were cruel in their intensity of colour. Now I feel that they are not vivid enough, they do not throb with enough colour to express the feeling in life as now I know it."

David Winfield's eyes narrowed and he rose clumsily on his crutch and stood looking down the path which Lawrence had taken.

"How ironical life is," he said, "what tricks it plays on us. When I lay in that hospital I prayed that I wouldn't pull through, for life appeared to be over, there was nothing more to come, I said. And if it hadn't been for Ted I never would have pulled through. He would come every day into my ward and sit for hours trying to make me laugh with some ridiculous story he had made up for the purpose. Oh, I felt at last that I owed it to him to get better—that I couldn't do less than make a try for it. And then he brings me down here—a man's never had a better friend than Ted. I could tell you things—" He broke off and then added bitterly, "and this is how I repay him for all he's done."

Hester sat watching him and then her eyes roved over the landscape, fixing on a point far away on the horizon. "You couldn't help it," she said, "neither could I. We didn't intend it. Ted and I are too much alike, both too strong, too self-reliant. He thinks it's love—so used I. It seemed real—but now just to see you put your hand on your crutch and I feel more than I could know in a lifetime lived with Ted."

"Yes," said Winfield, "it's too real. That's why I'm going away. There's a boat sailing for Australia. I've a sister out there, you know, and she's been writing for me to come."

"Oh, no," said Hester sharply. "What would I do? There's nothing but you any more. All the rest is blotted out. We're not hurting him, but just to see you every day—that's something."

"I can't look Ted in the face. Things will settle down when I go. They do, you know, they always do. You build again and you get along somehow. Life leaves you enough to build with. It may frustrate your own design, it will scarcely ever be how you have planned it, it will be more or less of

a makeshift, but it will suffice to see you through. And there comes an end even of living, it comes so soon it never seems worth while to do the thing that isn't square. You get such a few years, all told, you might as well play the game through. You couldn't do otherwise, Hester, think of Ted."

He was speaking for her, not for himself. Never for an instant would he have considered that there was any other way. Ted was his friend—the best friend a man had ever known, but Hester fought against this sacrifice of this love of theirs, she would have had it otherwise. It obscured in its brilliancy even the light of her reason, she saw nothing by the flame of it but the heat of her desire. He grieved for her pain and would strive to lessen it, but he could not compromise where Ted was concerned.

"I can't do with makeshifts," she said, "if you go I go. Ted can take care of himself, he hasn't lost a leg and an arm." She was almost brutal in the intensity of her passion, she felt she must follow it though it should lead to her shame and her ruin.

"Oh! you need me, dear," and now her voice broke on the softer note, "you can't go on alone."

"Yes, I need you," said Winfield, almost grudgingly, "but one can always go on alone."

*

Ted Lawrence returned from his walk in a flush of healthy exercise. He loved to walk along the roads between the hedges, noticing with keen pleasure the country so complete in each detail with the studied perfection of a small vignette, contrasting vividly with the bleeding havoc of that broken country across the Channel.

How would he feel to see this country devastated, those barns torn and shattered, the trees uprooted and each compact little cottage but a monument of ruin? Ah, how did they bear it over there, he wondered, those simple peasant folk of France? He could

not endure it if the hills of Surrey echoed to the German gun. He had never appreciated with a keener sense his land of England than now after the cruel desolation of France. How content he was to be back here where all the lingering sweetness of the summer days was tugging at him, and yet even stronger was the cry of that land out there. This was the dream, out there was the reality, life, terrible, cruel, naked, but life in its essence. He could not continue solely to enjoy, he could not allow the dream to envelop him in all its deliciousness while that grim reality endured. It cried to him until his pleasure died and he counted the days till his return.

He hated to tell Hester that at the most he could only remain with her a week or so longer. It was hard on the women of England, of France, of all the countries that bled and suffered. They had loneliness to endure and the vague, formless fear that never left them and against which they were powerless. Theirs was a bravery for which he felt reverence—the bravery of the trenches was as nothing in comparison to the white-lipped bravery of the women of the tortured lands.

That evening Winfield told him of his intention to sail for Australia, but Lawrence protested vehemently, pleading with him for another week before they should make any plans, and finally Winfield grudgingly assented. It was true that he was not fit as yet for the journey, and seven more days could not make any great difference in the way things were, just seven more days of living before he dropped out into an endless nullity of existence.

But it was in the middle of the week that Lawrence received a telegram one night at dinner. He read it carefully through a second time before he looked across the table at Hester, between the thin candle flames.

"I'm going back, dear," he said; "this is from Colonel Wyatt, asking

me to take a Staff position if I feel fit enough. And of course I'm perfectly fit. I had made up my mind to something like this—I couldn't have stayed. But it's not the trenches, so there's nothing for you to bother about. They need every one of us out there."

He glanced sharply and apologetically at Winfield. Poor old Win, he hadn't meant to emphasize his helplessness so brutally. But Win had done his share, more than done it, and there was no reason for him to fret about not going back. Of late he thought Win appeared quieter even than usual and he fancied that he was bothered because of his inabilities.

"You'll stay, Win," he said, "for Hester will need you. I don't want to leave her here again alone. I don't know how the women stand it. You'll promise to stay."

For an instant he wondered at the glance that flashed between them, but he was too busy with thoughts of the numerous things to be done before leaving to give it more than momentary consideration. Probably Win had some plans which Hester was aware of, but they could not be very pressing in his present invalid state. He left them early to go up and write some letters and they continued to sit on in the porch, scarcely speaking, Hester sitting in a low wicker chair where the shadow of a vine fell directly in line with her eyes. At length Winfield moved restlessly and rising stood staring out at the country which fell away in a gradual slope to the river, the fields whitened by moonlight as though thinly powdered.

"You'll stay," Hester said at last, in a voice so low that it scarcely reached him.

"No," he said, without turning, "no, of course not," and his voice was harsh and hard. He strove to make it so in awful fear of himself. He dared not look at her, for the first time in his life he was afraid. He feared her, feared that against the force of her will the time would come when he could no longer resist, when

he would listen to her white-faced pleading and the physical in him would trample mercilessly down the spirit that upheld his resistance.

"You must," she said, in a sharp, strained voice, "you can't go. I couldn't stand it here alone."

She felt ruthless in the ache of her desire for him, she would fight against his indomitableness, she would almost strive to break down the fineness in him, with all the strength of which she was capable. He would hold out against her will, she knew, with all the force which he could summon, but she was strong and the whole cry of her heart, the whole need of her flesh was for him. Physically she knew that he was not strong enough as yet for any mental struggle, and she felt a pity for his lack of strength, for his great physical weakness which forced hot tears between her lids which she closed as against pain. But over all was her aching need of him, her desire which was stronger than all else, blinding her to his need of loyalty, of honour to his friend.

It was late at night when Lawrence had finished his letters, and he came downstairs to leave them on the hall table for the morning mail. A light was still burning in the library and he moved to the door to turn it out, when he saw Winfield sitting beside the table, his head down on his arm, while long shudders shook him. He was as a man caught in the grip of an overwhelming agony of mind and spirit.

Lawrence stood for a moment wondering whether he should go quietly away, for Winfield would not wish another to look on at his suffering, and yet he could not leave him like that, and he stood there held by his indecision. It was because of tonight, of course, the news of his going back which had brought before Win with such hideous force the fact of his great helplessness. To have to remain behind, a cripple, while everyone else was out there—God—he understood—he would feel the same

himself, and his heart smote him for Winfield's suffering.

He stepped into the room.

"Win," he called softly, "Win, old man."

Winfield sat up with a startled suddenness, his face gray and lined with the mental suffering which he had been undergoing. He appeared to shrink as Lawrence came towards him.

"I thought everyone had gone to bed," he said, and Lawrence could see the effort he was making for control.

"I was writing some letters," Lawrence replied, feeling how inane it was to speak so, yet fearing to speak otherwise. Then suddenly he sat down on the edge of the wide library table and plunged straight into the heart of what he would say.

"There's plenty to do besides fight," he began earnestly, "with your brains, Win, your abilities, a man can do so much. England needs the man to direct, the man to stay at home and keep things going. Anyone can fight, but it's not everyone who has your mind. Can't you be satisfied that you have done your part, more than done it out there?" He paused, for Winfield's head had gone down on the table again and he was shuddering as though under an acute attack of nerves.

"You don't understand," he said in a muffled voice, "you don't know."

"I know, of course, I know," said Lawrence with a woman's tenderness in his voice, "but don't I know what you've given, don't I know what you've done, and how much I admire"

"God—don't!" burst from Winfield sharply, throwing up his head, "it's not that—it's Hester—"

The words were wrung from him as in agony. He could not bear Lawrence's praise of him, his pity and tenderness, he could not bear it. He would tell him, so that he would go away and leave him alone. He felt as though he would break under another word of sympathy.

Lawrence stiffened. He leaned back against the stable, staring down at Winfield, who had again hidden his face on his arm. He tried to speak, but the words fell loose in his throat and choked him. He was afraid to ask the question that was in his mind.

At last he spoke.

"And what about—her?" he said between dry lips.

Winfield did not stir, he sat motionless with his head on his arm, while Lawrence waited.

"You don't need to tell me," he said at last, and the words fell heavily on Winfield as a blow. He could not trust himself to speak, he could not look up and face Lawrence. He longed desperately for his old strength, his old resistance when he could have faced this thing, when he could have fought and conquered, but it had come upon him when he was weakened by suffering, when he had no endurance left. He looked up at last and put his hand on a revolver that Lawrence noticed now for the first time lying on the table.

"I wanted to put an end to it," he said, "just so as to be sure of myself while you were out there. For I did not feel sure—but I haven't the nerve. I couldn't. I'm as poor a thing as that, Ted—I didn't have the nerve."

Ted Lawrence winced. Even through his own suffering his strongest feeling at that moment was perhaps his pity for Win. Physical suffering, physical weakness, had always pierced him as nothing else could.

"Don't be a fool, Win," he said, and started to walk slowly up and down the long space of the library. At length he spoke as though half to himself.

"I know," he said, "I can see it now, I've seen her wince when you stumbled. . . . I've seen her shrink when you reached for your crutch—and at the time I wondered. She had always seemed to me a little cold, she was so self-reliant, so strong in herself." He paused and then continued more slowly and more thoughtfully. "But just because she is so strong in

herself she would love best where she pitied, where she heard the cry to her strength. Oh, I don't mean that she doesn't care for you for yourself, but I've seen her melt to a child who had fallen, to a dog with a wounded paw as she never melted to me. She could not pity me, you see, so she was always a little cold, a trifle aloof. It's pity that drew her to you, and it's pity that will hold her."

Winfield looked up with haggard eyes.

"You saved me for this, Ted, old man," he said brokenly, "to come between you and Hester. God, why didn't I die, or why didn't I have the nerve to end it? I didn't even have the strength of mind to lie about it."

"We don't lie, old man, you and I, even to save each other," Lawrence said quietly, and then he added in a tone of decision as though at length his vision had cleared:

"I'm going back," he said, "not on the Staff now, but back to the firing-line. And you—you're to stay here. Oh, yes," as Winfield raised his head in sharp protest, "it will be hard, devilish hard, for both of you, for I trust you—I trust you both. It won't be easy for either of us—but I feel that I can't leave her here alone, especially now, and she couldn't bear anyone else here, feeling as she will. There's not another man in the world, not one, that I'd trust in the same circumstances but you, Win—you—well, we're friends, that's all."

The silence fell thick and heavy as a cloak. It was hard to talk, the words seemed to be dragged from each of them by force, but they had to be spoken, and Lawrence was not the man to flinch because a hard thing was to be done.

He put his hand on Winfield's shoulder.

"Friendship is as big a thing to me as love," he said, "a man may love more than once, but he'll never have more than one friend, as you and I have been friends. We've chummed together at school, we've studied and played, we've worked and won, we've

helped each other over the hard bits, and we've been glad of each other's successes. There's never been a time since I can remember that you didn't stand to me for what was best, for what I looked for in other men. There never was a time when I couldn't have come to you and you wouldn't have offered me all you had and all you were for my gain. You've been my gospel, Win, from the beginning, you're knit up with all the pleasures, most of the suffering and joys of my life; we've stood together under fire, we've gone down to hell together and we're not going to break now over what couldn't have been avoided, over what fate has chosen to serve us with."

He paced again and continued his slow pacing up and down.

"I'm giving you your chance the only way I can see it. I leave you here in trust till the end of the war—but there may come a bullet before that time to release you. I love life, all the fun and all the struggle, but I wouldn't be sorry for her sake, and I wouldn't be sorry for yours if it did. You couldn't take her any other way, Win, it's not in you or I'd step back now. But it wouldn't do. We have to take our chances same as we've done before—if I come back well, then you lose—if not—you win."

But Winfield would not have it so.

"No, no," he said decisively, "you're not going back to the trenches. No, Ted, it's just what you would say, it's just what you would do, but it can't be. You're bigger than anything I've ever known in life, you always have been, but I'm not going to accept your sacrifice. As you say, friend-

ship is as big a thing as love, it may be a bit bigger even—I'm going away—things will straighten out—they must, they've got to."

But Lawrence over-ruled him.

"No, Win," he said, "it's got to be the way I've said. You're playing your bit of the game, and, frankly, I don't envy you. I'd rather be out there fighting the Germans, for I don't know that I could play your part. It won't be easy, but I'd stake my life on your playing it to the end."

He held out his hand abruptly.

"Till the end of the war," he said, and Winfield rose slowly on his crutch and stood looking into his friend's eyes.

"Till the end of the war," he repeated after him—"if you will have it that way."

It was the dream again! It was hot in the garden, so hot that the leaves drooped parched—and the sun was yellow on the gravel walk. There was the house with the thin purple shadow up which one could walk into the cool dim interior. It was white and cool inside—there was the tinkle of ice in a tall glass. He wished he could reach it, but it stood just beyond his reach, and he was too tired to move. There was a pain in his head, too—if only the bees would stop humming—God, how hot it was—but it was cool inside. He felt himself walking up that thin purple shadow—it seemed to stretch on and on—if only he could reach the doorway before the pain in his head grew so bad—and the bees—if they would stop humming.



SIR SAMUEL BENFIELD STEELE

BY R. G. MacBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST", ETC.



It is safe to say that by those who have known Major-General Sir Samuel Steele in the West as a Corporal in Wolseley's Red River expedition, as one of the Riders of the Plains, as a remarkable frontier administrator, as a peace-maker and counsellor for the white man and the red, he always will stand out against the background of history as Sam Steele, the bluff, warm-hearted friend and general all-round man. To them he was no carpet-knight. His recent death in England was widely lamented. His motto might have been that of the old Norman battle-axe, "I either find a way or make one", but one who knows the indomitable and painstaking efforts he made all through life to measure up to any duty he was called on to undertake rather saw in him an embodiment of the description in Proverbs, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men".

I first met Steele (he was then Major and in the Mounted Police) in that stormy spring of 1885, when a number of us cut out our studies to take a hand in the suppression of the Northwest Rebellion. Louis Riel, the megalomaniac, had kindled the fires of insurrection and was endeavouring to set the prairies aflame by calling on

the Indians to rise up and drive out of the country "those two curses, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government". Caron, Minister of Militia, had wired to General T. Bland Strange, a gallant veteran of the Mutiny, formerly Commandant at Quebec and the father of Canadian artillery, who was living on his ranch near Calgary, asking him to take charge of the campaign in Alberta, where the most warlike and dangerous Indians were located. General Strange, who saved Alberta and the North Country in that day, never received adequate recognition from the Government for his great services during the rebellion, but he won a reward in the respect and devotion of every man who served under him. He knew the country and the situation, and he lost no time in summoning Steele, who was then in the heart of the Rockies policing the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway on its way to the sea. What struck us about Steele on first sight was his colossal stature, powerful figure and grim though kindly, soldierly bearing. We did not then know that he had just recently passed through an attack of fever and that he had risen from a sick bed, grabbed a Winchester rifle and, with Sergeant Fury, Constables Walters, Craig, Fane and four others whose names I do not know, held a bridge and dispersed a vicious crowd of six



Major-General Sir Samuel Benfield Steele

hundred navvies who had gone on strike and were seeking to rush the railway property. The fact that eight mounted policemen could do such an almost incredible thing was a great tribute to the reputation of the Force under the intrepid Steele, on seeing whom in the front, the strikers, referring to his illness, cried out "Look at him, even his death-bed does not scare him". And that has been the record of the Mounted Police in the West for forty years. The question of the odds against them was never considered for a moment when there was duty to be done.

Steele, who was born in Simcoe County, Ontario, in 1849, came of a fighting family. His father was English, his mother was pure Highland from Argyleshire, and Steele has the qualities of both—the tenacity of the father and the chivalry and mysticism of the mother's Highland folk. He

joined the Militia at the age of sixteen and when the call came for volunteers to repress the Riel outbreak on the Red River in 1870, he joined up at once and came West, where he was to find the main sphere for his life energies. It is interesting to note that Steele enlisted in a Company whose three commissioned officers became very prominent and popular men in the West. The Captain was Mr. D. H. McMillan (now Sir Daniel), who became Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, the Lieutenant was Mr. W. N. Kennedy, afterwards Mayor of Winnipeg and Colonel of the 90th Regiment there, who died in London on his way back from the Gordon Relief Expedition, and the Ensign was Mr. Stewart Mulvey, a noted Orangeman and a leading figure in public and educational life. The Captain in one of the other companies was Redvers Buller, an immense favourite with everybody.

In later years Buller and Steele met in South Africa, when Buller was in high command and Steele was Colonel of Strathcona's Horse. Buller spoke often of the Red River days and said that the Government of that time had asked him to go out over the Northwest with the proclamation stating that Canada was in possession. But Buller said, "I was recalled to my regiment back at home and so Butler went instead, which was just as well, because he wrote 'The Great Lone Land', which I couldn't have done". That was not disparaging to Buller, for few men could have written that splendid book. And if that same Butler had been listened to when, years afterwards, he reported on conditions in South Africa, it would never have presented the problems which Buller and Steele and others were then facing.

Steele's experiences in the Red River country were not startling, but when we study his life we find that his promotion during the years from a private to Major-General and to Knighthood were not accidental or by reason of what is known as pull, but came properly on account of his persistent hard work and his habit of picking up information that might be useful to him later. When he was in barracks at Fort Garry and the Lower Fort he let conventional social evenings go by and spent his leisure time in the company of the old settlers and plainsman, from whom he gleaned much knowledge that proved very useful in after days on the frontier. Later on, from one of his officers in the Police he got a great deal of information as to South Africa that stood him in good stead on the veldt, though at the several times he got this new knowledge he had neither the frontier nor South Africa in view.

For when the Red River troubles had subsided he went back East, but in 1874, when the new corps, called the North West Mounted Police, was being organized, he enlisted under Walsh, the famous leader who when

occasion arose proved equal to the task of handling Sitting Bull, the Sioux Chief that had baffled and worried whole armies south of the line. And then for ten years Steele was in the land of the Blackfoot, the Bloods, the Piegans, the Sioux, the Stonies and the rest, south of the Red Deer, at a time when there was much war on between the Indians themselves. Whisky peddlers, horse-thieves, cattle-stealers and bootleggers were some of the interesting parties the police had to deal with in those days, besides being called on to counsel and protect the scattered settlers and ranchers who looked to the police patrol for general paternal oversight. No finer or more self-sacrificing work was ever done than by those policemen who, on a mere pittance, faced the summer heat and the winter cold over the vast plains, to keep the peace between the quarrelsome tribes and to suppress lawlessness at the constant risk of their own lives.

During those years Steele rose to the rank of major, and it was on account of his coolness, courage and administrative talents that he was sent to police the mountain sections of the C.P.R., whence he was called, as we have seen, by General Strange, at the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion in 1885. The whole immense prairie section from Fort Macleod, through Calgary and Edmonton northwards, was seething with the possibilities of an Indian uprising, which would have swept every white settler into the maelstrom. Already Big Bear, a rascal chief of the Crees, surrounded by a choice band of cutthroats, whose defiant sundance lodges we afterwards saw at several points, had massacred nine white men at Frog Lake, had looted Fort Victoria and was even then swooping down on Fort Pitt, where Inspector Dickens, son of the great novelist, with a handful of police, was in charge. Steele, during the campaign, headed a mixed body of the police and plainsmen, called Steele's Scouts. General Strange rushed our

column through to Edmonton, repressing Indian bands by the way, relieving that city, which was in the midst of thousands of Indians, towards the North, and then on to Fort Pitt, which we found in flames. Mr. W. J. McLean, the Hudson's Bay Factor, had, with his family and employees, given himself up to Big Bear as the best way of avoiding bloodshed, and Inspector Dickens having then no reason for staying, dropped down the Saskatchewan in the night to Battleford. On April 27th, at midnight, Steele and a few of his men on the advance, had a hot brush with the enemy, killing Mamanook, their giant leader, and some others. For the next two days we were all in the skirmish, and I, who was a Lieutenant in the Winnipeg Light Infantry, have a vivid recollection of being advised by Steele to take cover when in an exposed position, while at the same time he was beside me, seated on his great bay horse seventeen hands high, and with his colossal figure, red-coated, clearly outlined against the sky-line. And when the Indians scattered as the result of that skirmish, Steel took his scouts and, making a dash for Loon Lake, without any transport except saddlebags, administered the knock-out blow to the rebellion.

Following this he had many experiences before he was called to Ottawa at the outset of the Boer War and entrusted with the command of the famous Strathcona's Horse, composed of Western men. Under their experienced leader they proved themselves to be an amazingly valuable regiment in scouting and fighting and were strongly commended by such forefront men as Buller, Dundonald and Kitchener himself. But it is quite possible that history may assign as Steele's greatest service on the veldt,

the period of work in command of the South African Constabulary after the war had actually closed. For it was during that time that his sound judgment, his chivalry to a beaten foe, his keen sense of fair play, and his strong diplomatic ability, brought about amongst the Boers a change of attitude towards the British which deepened into the present loyal devotion to the flag. Everyone knows now that Germany had much to do with the Boer War, and it is interesting to find that Captain Kruger, who had been trained by German artillery-men, had been given to understand that the Germans were superior to all other soldiers, but he said to Steele, he was satisfied, after experience, that the British were more than a match for the Germans. He added that the brutality of German officers towards their men chilled the enthusiasm and destroyed the initiative of the German soldiers. History is bearing out Captain Kruger's opinion.

The last time I saw Steele and heard him speak was in Vancouver, just before he left for England in the present war. He addressed the Canadian Club, disclaiming the right to be called a public speaker, but giving a speech of thrilling human interest, holding up a lofty ideal of conduct for the soldier. There was a fine eulogy of Kitchener, under whose personal direction he had worked in South Africa. And there was a strong appeal for chivalrous treatment of women and children. An old elder of the Puritan type, who had come with me, said on the way home, "I had no idea that a man who was necessarily engrossed with material things in war, would strike such a high spiritual note." And one of the staff officers said to me: "The General would have made a great preacher."



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE VOCATIONAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS

BY ALBERT H. LEAKE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



It is a noteworthy thing borne in upon the reader of this book that its author, for his facts concerning theories advanced, experiments tried, and progress made, has had, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to go outside Canada. This fact makes his book specially welcome, for its publication is significant of the beginnings of a specific Canadian interest in what is becoming a specific and urgent Canadian problem. We are in the initial stages of taking thought for ourselves as a nation in many departments of interest. The stirring up the war has brought about in the world is meaning in Canada not a renaissance as is the case in some of the older lands; it is meaning for us an emergence. We are just coming up into things. As Mackenzie King's book is symptomatic so is this book of Albert H. Leake's.

Vocational training has long been a modifying consideration in the theorizing and practice alike of "quack educators", so called, and of conservative leaders of the teaching profession in countries that have passed the period of their adolescence. As we Canadians are now passing out of our adolescence we come into an interest in the question. Many good citizens have been feeling vaguely that "something is wrong with education". The public schools, the high schools, the universities have all been found fault

with in one way and another. The notion has developed that too many good Canadian hearts and brains are going to waste. The other day a broad-minded and co-operatively inclined manufacturer in a small Ontario town talked about his employees. "What's wrong?" he said. "What's wrong? I want to know what's wrong. The schools of this town haven't done a thing for the fellows who come into my factory to earn a living, not a thing." It is a common cry. The nation is organizing herself industrially and commercially. But the boys and girls of the nation are not being made ready to go ahead with the movement as the intelligent co-workers in it. Mr. Leake's book deals with just one department of the problem. In effect he asks: What is to be done with girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age? How is our educational system really going to help them to enter intelligently and therefore practically into the nation's practical life? In other words, how is the nation going to produce skilled and intelligent saleswomen, dressmakers, household assistants, business women, factory workers, tea and lunch-room workers, etc.? That the potentiality that is in the generations of girls from fourteen to sixteen as they come along can be developed, shaped and contributed to the national life as a whole is the optimistic implication of Mr. Leake's fine book. He cites methods adopted in other countries in the way of "prevocational schools", vocational schools, night schools, organized undertakings of various sorts, all to one end, to offer to the girls the help and encouragement they need in choosing a life

work, in making that life work intelligent and efficient and satisfying. Parents with a daughter "on their hands" in these strenuous and momentous days of change could do no better than present her with a copy of this book and study it with her. It is a book of vision.

The chapter on the problem of domestic service should be in the hands of every woman who employs household assistance. The problem is a problem of the employer as well as of the employee. Mr. Leake suggests this very clearly. Intelligent co-operation on this matter might produce among us a new and dignified vocation for women and girls, that of "household assistant", with hours, pay, overtime pay and efficient service. In Denmark there is a Housemaids' Union and a training school. The result seems to be satisfactory all round.

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THE FIGHTING MEN OF CANADA

By DOUGLAS LEADER DURKIN. SONGS OF AN AIRMAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Hartley Munro Thomas, with an introduction by S. W. Dyde, D.Sc., LL.D., D.D. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. THE LITTLE MARSHAL. By Owen E. McGillicuddy. Toronto: Frederick Goodchild.

THERE were those who, amid all the chaos and disaster when the war broke out, were able to note at least one gratifying circumstance. They were the more or less literary people who deplored the tawdry plethora of fifth-rate work which, between artistic covers and printed upon good paper, was being cast at the public. "This cheap stuff," such persons said, "will now be eliminated. The economic rigours of war-time conditions will sift our authors and all their works; only the best will survive; only the best will surmount the difficulties of publication and be worth people's scarce money."

Strange delusion! War conditions have brought about no wholesale elimination from our published output

passing as literature. With pennies as plenty as pebbles, with a public still hungry, the printers of books have cast aside all the traces of restraint and decorum. They have shrieked for the public's attention to the most weird wares and the public has rushed up to spend its pennies with the abandon of children at a circus. A fresh swing of the economic wheel, with an attendant sobering and deepening of emotion and awakening of a critical sense, may indeed result in a general uprising of opinion which will cast thousands of books to the discard as empty and unavailing. But in the meantime the thousands of books are coming off our presses and they are a phenomenon of the times. To-day a man does not wait and watch for the careful purchase of the one worthy book that will feed his soul for half a year; instead, he carries ten books home in a month and they please his palate and weaken his stomach like fantastic cereal. To-day little writers can publish little books to their little minds' content. It is true that great books that are worth while are still being written, but the little books are so ubiquitous that the significance of the great ones is often overwhelmed. Especially when almost every publisher in his anxiety for business employs his adjectival hirelings to give to mediocrity the praise due only to excellence.

All this is a sort of preliminary to the remark that under rigorous economic conditions books like these three would scarcely come before the general public. The best of their contents would probably stand the test of private reading to groups of interested friends, but in a time when people could buy but few books and then those few only after the utmost of discriminating consideration, publishers could afford to offer only what they also had considered with discrimination. Discrimination would likely omit such books as these from the list of publications. Not that the books are thoroughly bad and unworthy. They are in their way good enough books,

pleasing and wholesome and interesting. But if paper were ten times dearer than it is, and if money were ten times scarcer than it is we should not think them worth bothering about publicly, that is all. At present, however, in Canada mediocrity in books is worth bothering about.

Artistic expression, to justify itself, should be fundamental and necessary. The fundamental and necessary note is struck but seldom in any of these three books. Yet they pass current. They are in what one supposes we should call our department of arts and letters. They are part of what we consider our native artistic tradition. Of the three books, Durkin's is much the best. If anyone wants to spend a pleasant hour let him buy one or other or all of them. He will read good, bad and indifferent verse. But he will not read any really great verse.

The following citations are representative of the best the books contain.

THE TALE OF THE YEARS

Summer and winter and spring,
Heat and the cold and the rain—
This is the tale the years bring,
Blessing and bane.
Labour and reaping that's sweet,
Twilight and day and the night,
Seed and the soil and the wheat,
Darkness and light.
God made His earth for man,
Home for a little span.

Sowing and gleaming and rest,
Sorrow and mirth and a smile,
Glow in the East—in the West,
Day for awhile.

Flowers to garland the earth,
Flowers to lay o'er the dead;
Tears and some sighs and some mirth,
Earth for a bed.
God gives His call to man
After a little span.

—Owen E. McGillicuddy.

AT CAMBRAI

He flew—and has not flown back,
Like birds in the autumn he went—
Oh, when the winter is spent
Will he return in their track?

Yea, come, when the flowers are out?
Oh! when will his music be heard?
Oh! would he come like a bird
Back home in spring—dare we doubt?

—Hartley Munro Thomas.

THE MONUMENT

She stood in a city square;
Haggard she was, and worn and pale,
A thing of pity who once was fair;
Weeping about her, her children stood,
Voicing their wants in mournful wail—
Fatherless, homeless, starveling brood!

Above her an image of stone,
Stolid and chill, with rayless eyes
Looked down on the woman wan and lone—
Symbol of honour and vaunted deed
Such as a king triumphant buys,
Paying his price in hearts that bleed!

A poet who saw the two from a-far
Looked and passed and wondered alone
Which was the symbol of savage war—
Woman and brood, or image of stone!
—Douglas Leader Durkin.

*

GO, GET 'EM

BY WILLIAM M. WELLMAN. Boston:
The Page Company.

THIS is a record of the wonderful experiences of a *marechal des logis* of the Lafayette Flying Corps, a young American who joined the historic Foreign Legion of France and fought in the air against the Huns until he was hit when flying at a great height and compelled to land. As a convincing, straightforward account of what fighting with the French air forces meant this book can be commended.

*

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE AND THE RED CROSS

BY JUNE RICHARDSON LUCAS. Toronto:
F. D. Goodchild.

THIS is one of those books which justifies itself because it comes fresh out of intimate contact with affairs and happenings in which the world is inevitably interested. What happened in the lives of children in France during the past four years is of tragic and momentous interest to all humanity. The story should make the world very much in earnest about any means that will really make another war impossible. Because Mrs. Lucas tells her story naturally and illustrates it vividly her book is of real worth.

THE TWENTIETH PLANE

A Psychic Revelation Reported by Albert Durrant Watson, M.D. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

SAMUEL BUTLER, in that book of his, "The Way of all Flesh", which has so much stimulus for the careful believer, says somewhere that he imagines people would be as much scandalized at the practice of Christianity as they are at the denial of it. Perhaps that is a possible key to the hostility and indignation with which so many people receive a book like "The Twentieth Plane". It is so—if one might use the word—brazen about immortality. Dr. Watson will say, "As Elbert Hubbard remarked to me the other day . . .", or, "Coleridge thought I'd better include my own comment in the book". Such talk makes of survival a real and practical thing to be taken for granted in the familiar way we take for granted plough-handles and dollar bills and street cars. Incidentally, of course, it knocks many of our ideas about Heaven and Hell into a cocked hat. Of course, one doesn't mean the authoritatively established Christian ideas about Heaven and Hell, but the ideas that we have nursed and hugged and bandied without cherishing. The Christian ideas about Heaven and Hell that men really cherish are, as a matter of fact, very few, and very austere, and very splendid. And yet one cannot see where Dr. Watson's book is necessarily a contradiction of any of them, or a blasphemous or irreverent disregard of any of them. Nevertheless, explain it how we will, the religious hostility to Dr. Watson's books and books like it is a patent fact. That it is sincere hostility erected by sincere and good-minded people no one can properly deny.

This hostility should not go without considerate analysis at the hands of any propagandist for particular theorizings on the basis of the results of psychic research. Its source may lie in reverence which the iconoclasts and the reformers sometimes forget is a

good thing. Its source may lie in humility, which, again, is a thing the iconoclast and the reformer must not be too casual about. For if psychic research has anything vital to offer it is, after all, only humility and reverence that will properly incorporate it into the vast scheme of man's knowledge. Dr. Watson has performed a certain amount of this analysis of his public; he doesn't send his book out with a chip on its shoulder as a sort of incipient insult to all and sundry of differing opinion. I have it in my mind that Dr. Watson would have so co-operated with the reverence and humility of the congregation already referred to as to have won its confidence and even approval. One does not know, but one imagines that would have been the case. For Dr. Watson's prefaces and comments are really very cool-headed. They haven't the flare and colour of fanaticism or even the fire of the reformer. It is only when he turns from saying:

"The most fatal enemies of all newly-acquired knowledge are those who, regarding themselves as its friends, formulate a new generalization from insufficient data",

to saying:

"The whole volume is arranged in harmony with a plan prepared by the committee. This publication committee consists of Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman and Robert G. Ingersoll",

that we get the shock. Even then he makes the transition so neatly and smoothly that we have turned with him and read on quite naturally before our old inhibitions bring up the tardy gasp.

Yet there is a standpoint from which one could justify much more truculence on Dr. Watson's part in making demands for a hearing for his book. It is all very well to talk about the hostility grounded in reverence and humility, and to compromise with it, but what of the hostility grounded in the age-old intolerance to new truth which so long has held up the pro-

gress of the world, in the conservatism (not restricted to any one party, more's the pity; if one party held it all how soon the world would get rid of it!) which has been the despair of the initiator, the discoverer, the experimenter, the pioneer, in all generations? If one regards Dr. Watson and his confrères in any sense as pioneers in this particular department of investigation one is apt to lose patience with an excess of stubbornness manifested in those who are hostile. There is too much history on the side of the pioneer. What if this exasperating, amusing, silly, inconsequential, serious and pompous book is as significant as the first sputterings that came over the first crude wireless instrument, opening up new possibilities in communication, adding another achievement to the realm of life? If so, it is quite conceivable that, years hence, Watson's book will be preserved with others as the record of the earliest efforts at a then accomplished and established inter-communication between the planes of psychic being. In that day we could sing, "O grave, where is thy sting?" with new gusto if we ever wanted to bother singing it at all then. Death, in the sense of its necessitating the relinquishment of the beauties and joys of the physical earth, would not, of course, lose its elements of regret. spirit would have been more fully revealed, like a distant landscape made more visible and real by field-glasses.

Time was when all this "psychic stuff" was regarded as inconscionable tommy-rot, the maudlin ravings of frothy fanatics. But not so to-day. There is something in it. A revelation, an addition to the stock of human knowledge, is imminent. Whether it be along the lines of present theorizings concerning the future life or not may be for some minds still a question. In the meantime, one is prone to regard as all alike insufficient the indignant resentment of the sin-

cerely religious, the airy dismissal of certain psychologists and the smiling tolerance of those who say, "Benjamin is a fake, that's all; he has fooled Watson".

It might be well here to say "The Twentieth Plane" is a book containing a stenographic report of what Louis Benjamin, a commercial traveller, by using a Ouija board, or in trance, communicated at gatherings in Dr. Watson's home at 10 Euclid Avenue, Toronto. The words Mr. Benjamin uttered or spelled out purport to be the words of Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, Burke, Coleridge, Emerson, George Meredith, Lincoln, Voltaire, Stevenson, Hugo and others.

The method pursued was the question and answer method. Someone in the room, generally Dr. Watson, would put the questions as if direct to the communicating personality. The recorded conversations are fascinating reading, even for the sceptic who reads that he may ridicule. For the reader of more serious intention there is much in the book that is arresting, if not convincing. If from no other standpoint than that of a sort of quizzical curiosity which may regard it the greatest fake of a generation or the first glimmering futilities of authentic revelation, the book is well worth the two dollars which will purchase it.

The flippant probably would suggest that Dr. Watson has tapped, through Mr. Benjamin, a rich vein of the hereafter. And the really frivolous person likely would add that he supposed it would depend on the sale of the volume whether it turns out to be a good pay streak or not.

The serious-minded person will probably venture the opinion that all this flare-up of interest in psychic phenomena will mean, sooner or later, the achievement of universally accepted data as to individual survival after death or a final surrender of the idea of survival altogether.

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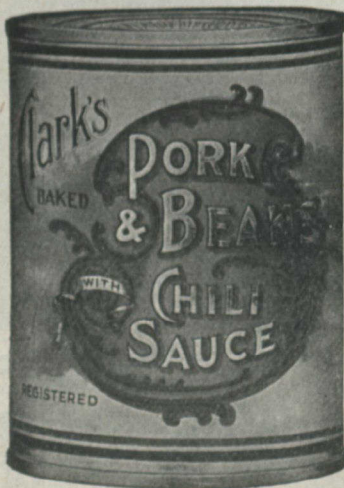
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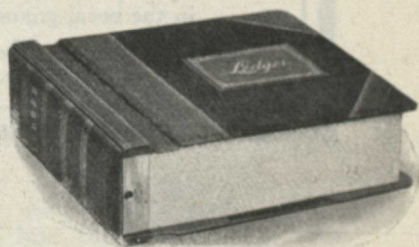
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Good chocolates are quite the vogue now for the third course and as a tasty, profitable and beneficial dessert their use is a most sensible custom.

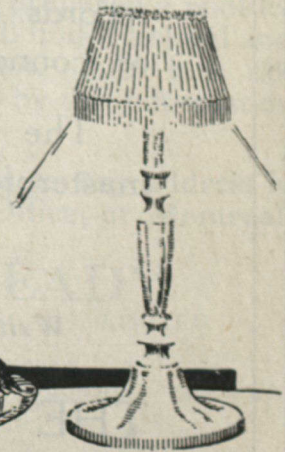
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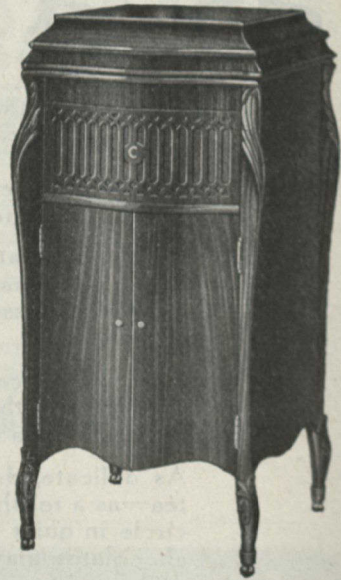
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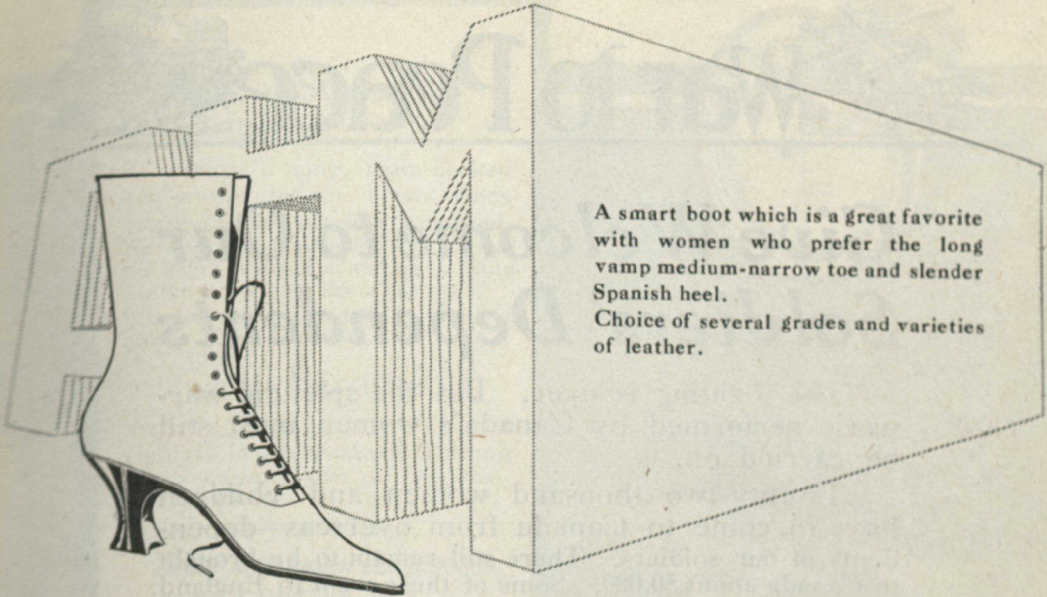
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The soldier is more interested in his dependents than he is in himself. It now remains for the women of Canada to do individually what the Government itself cannot do—to provide a fitting welcome and to help them in the work of home-building.

Some of these women and children will be settling in your town. You can display towards them a spirit of neighborliness—the type of friendly interest that Canadian women have always shown.

Women's organizations should make every endeavor to have our new Canadian citizens become members of their organizations, thus getting them into closer touch with the life and interests of the community.

In each district receptions and social gatherings should be held from time to time so that these wives of Canadian soldiers will feel the warmth of Canada's welcome.

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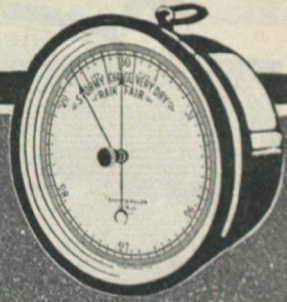
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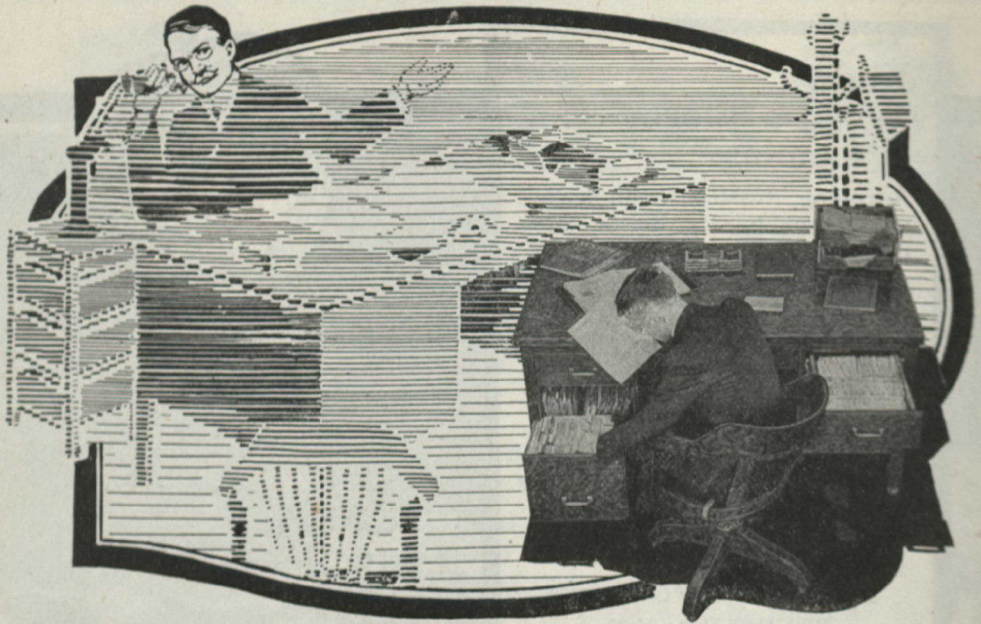
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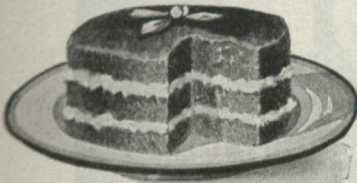
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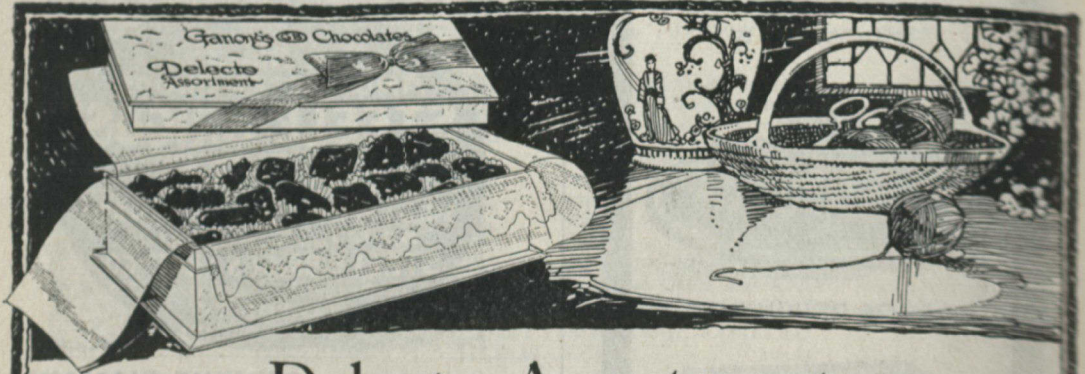
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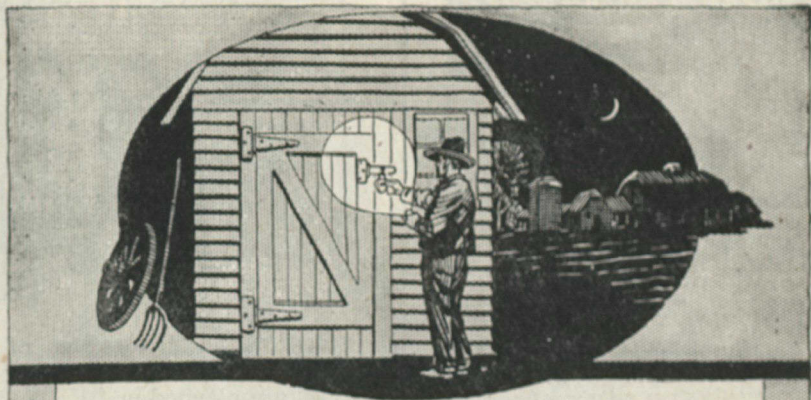
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The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the centre. *An unusually delightful assortment.*

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Carry it with you—a Reliable Flashlight. Use it indoors and out—wherever darkness makes seeing and working difficult.

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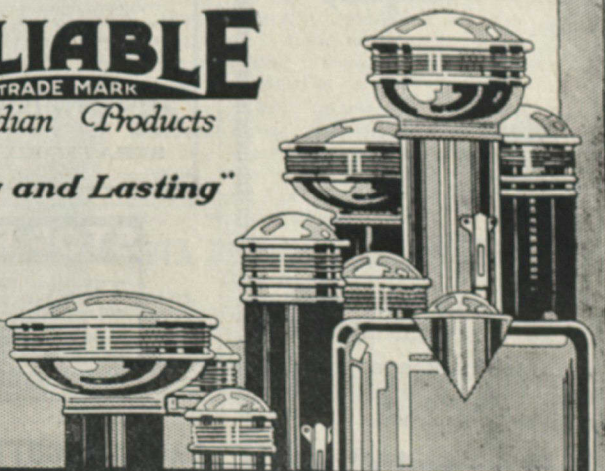
We manufacture a complete line of "Lively and Lasting" Reliable Dry Batteries for household uses, gas engines, automobiles, trucks and motor boats, and ignition unit for telephones—all fresh Canadian-made.

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Canadian Products

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"Used while you sleep"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

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It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet

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So thought a number of people whom the "flu" carried off. A \$5,000 Protection and Savings Policy would help a whole lot.



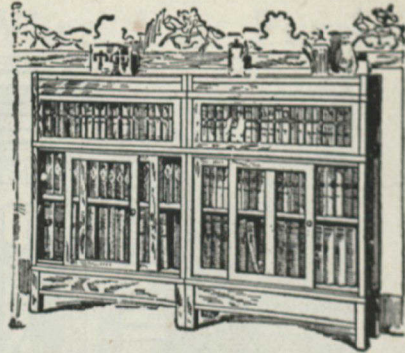
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Observe the tread on *Maltese Cross Non-Skid Tires*. The area of road contact is a continuous belt of thick, tough rubber. It is a means of reinforcement, giving extra strength, long life and endurance.

Like the keystone of an arch, this girth supports every segment of the tire. Its resistance is sufficient to reduce "flexing" to a minimum; it saves the internal fabrics from the wear of undue friction.

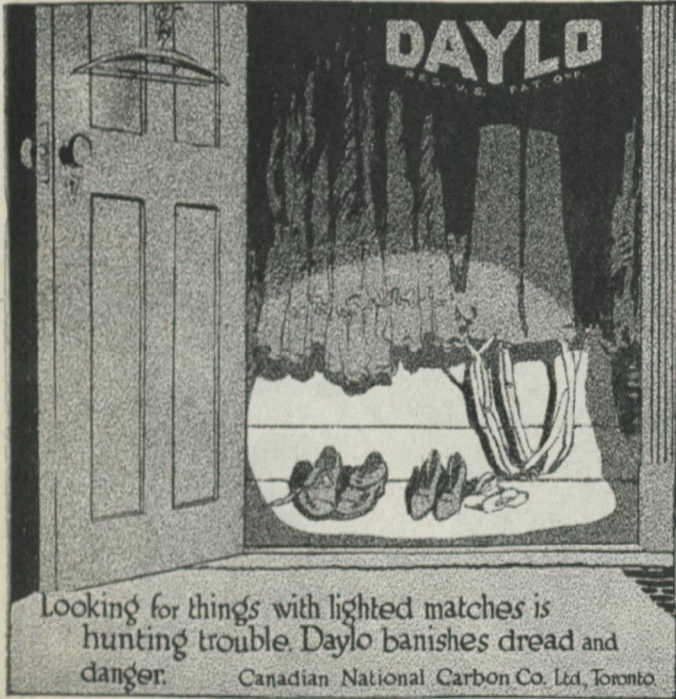
The new 1919 "continuous tread" on the *Maltese Cross Non-Skid Tire* is such a real big improvement that we want every motorist, who is keen on long mileage and freedom from tire trouble, to give this new-pattern-tread tire a trial.

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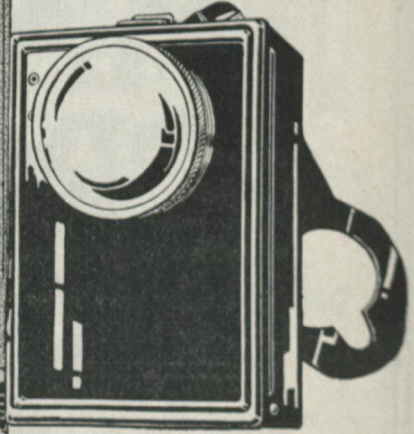
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Looking for things with lighted matches is hunting trouble. Daylo banishes dread and danger. Canadian National Carbon Co. Ltd., Toronto

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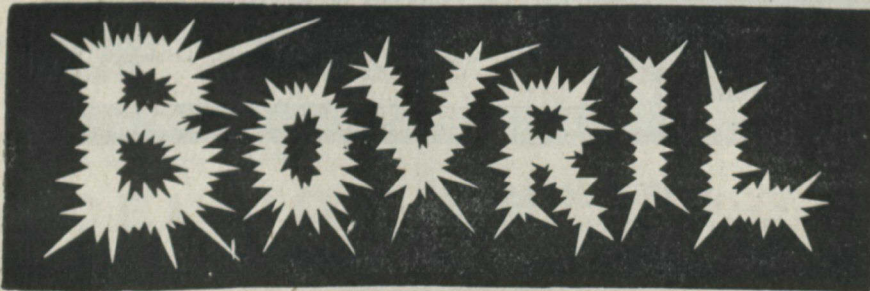
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In all your bakings—results will prove to you that there is none better.

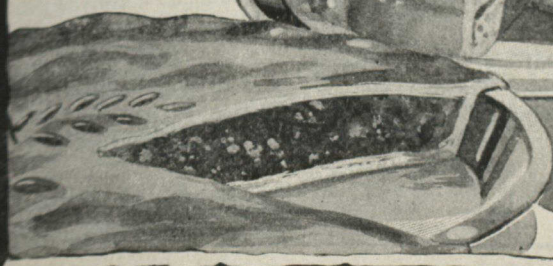
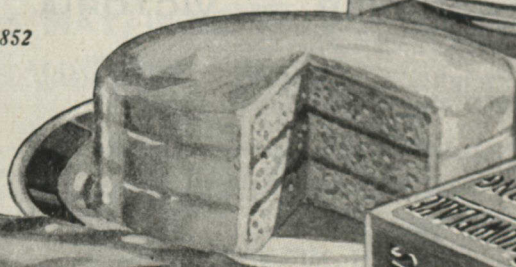
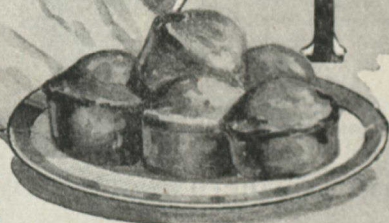
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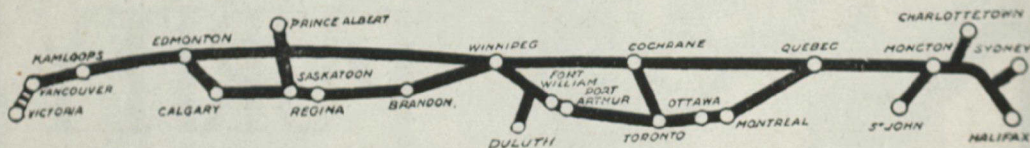
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12



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After Suffering Fifty Years!**

**Now 83 Years Old
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**Goes Fishing.
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Others May
Do It!**



HOW IT HAPPENED

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

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Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

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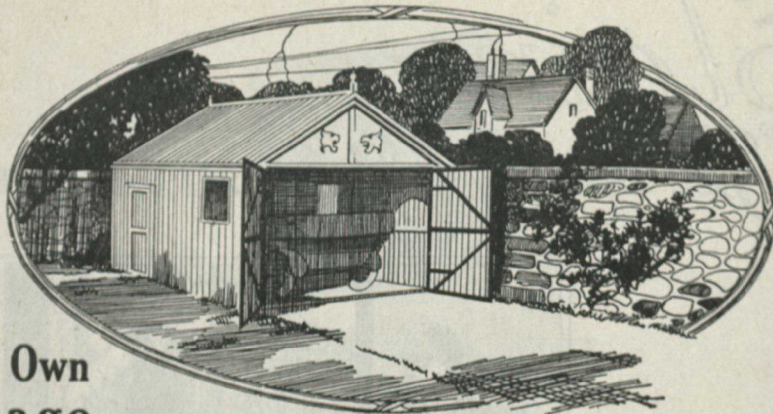


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The best tonic to waken the skin to its rightful loveliness is a soap whose pure, abundant lather delicately *creams into* tiny pores, as thoroughly *creams out again*, and rinses *out and off perfectly*—Fairy Soap!

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