

133

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY

The New Governor-General

By Hugh S. Eayrs

**Our Strangle-Hold on the German
Spy System**

By William Le Queux

Abel and His Great Adventure

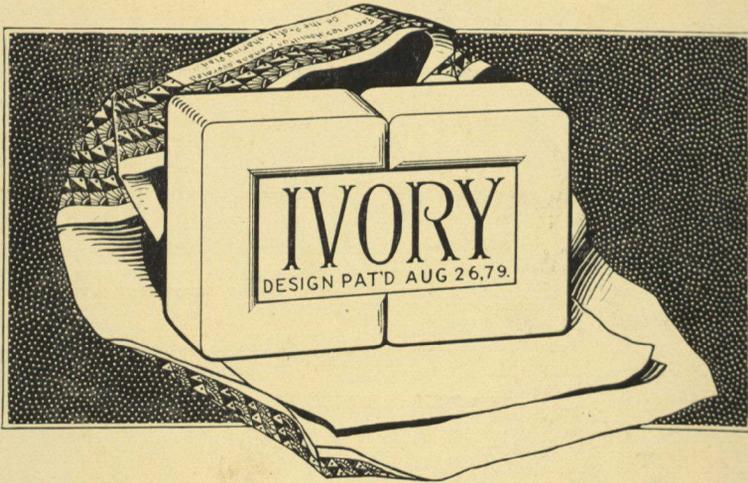
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVIII Contents, February, 1917 No. 4

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The March Number

CANADIAN POETRY OF THE GREAT WAR. *By J. D. Logan.* While British, American, Belgian, and French Literary critics and historians have published estimates of the poetry occasioned by the current war in their respective countries, it has remained for Dr. Logan to present a critical, but popular, estimate of similar poetry by Canadians. This is an interesting and instructive essay, and should be read by all who turn aside to see the Dominion advance in other ways than the purely commercial.

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LITTLE METIS AND THEREABOUTS. *By Frank Yeigh* Mr. Yeigh, who has been lecturing throughout the States and Canada, under the auspices of the Bureau of Economics at Washington, contributes this entertaining sketch of that portion of Quebec lying down near the Gulf. The illustrations are from excellent photographs.

THE ARMY OF TO-DAY. *By Patrick MacGill.* The author of "Children of the Dead", "The Amateur Army", "The Red Horizon", etc., who contributed a notable series to the Canadian Magazine entitled "From the Trenches", here presents a fine and moving appreciation of the forces now enrolled under the Union Jack.

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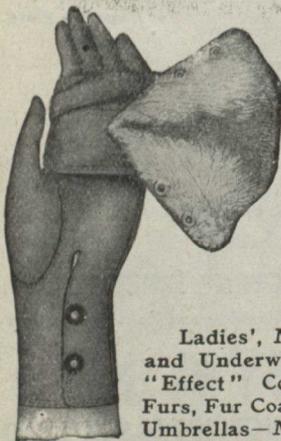
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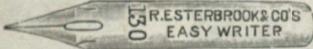
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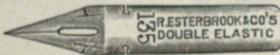
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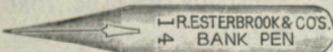
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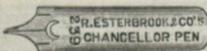
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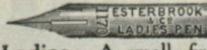
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THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

The new Governor-General of Canada



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 4

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL *By Hugh S. Eayrs*

THINK," said John Bright, "of what the Cavendishes have done in days gone by."

One of them, the present Duke of Devonshire, is now at Rideau Hall. He has come in momentous times, and if he wants to keep up the tradition of the Cavendishes upon which John Bright remarked and to which he paid his tribute, he has abundant opportunity. In few other years could a new Governor-General take up the work of His Majesty's representative in Canada and know it for so crucial and so important work as the office involves in 1916. These are troublous days, my masters, no less for dukes than for commoners.

The Duke follows a line of governors-general whose terms of office here in Canada have been unusually successful. Earl Grey's record was so good that the whole country felt genuinely regretful when he left our

shores. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught succeeded him, and the experiment of a royalty-governor—for it was an experiment, following, as it did, upon the regime of the so popular Earl Grey—turned out excellently well. His Royal Highness left behind him the record of a people's affection for himself and his gracious wife, not merely as the representatives of the King in Canada, but as leaders of the nation, whose leading was wholly good.

The Duke of Devonshire, being but shortly with us, has been little "written up," to employ journalese. About the best history, and the truest, of his activities so far is to be found in "Who's Who", that institution so remarkable for some of its inclusions and more so for some of its omissions. Baldly, here is the Duke's history. Victor Christian William Cavendish, the ninth Duke of Devonshire, was born on May 31st, 1868. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College,



"He is said to have the temperamental failing of melancholy"



"Companionable, a good story-teller . . . and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense"

Cambridge. From 1903 to 1905 he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Mr. Balfour's government. In 1908 he succeeded to the title on the death of his Uncle. He is the son of Lord Edward Cavendish. From 1891 to 1908 he was member of Parliament for Derbyshire. He has been a borough mayor. He is Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire. He is Chancellor of the University of Leeds. In the first year of the great war Mr. Asquith made him a Civil Lord of the Admiralty in the Coalition Government.

So much for facts.

His choice for Governor-General probably astonished many people in Canada and in Great Britain. Of all the many rumours as to the successor of the Duke of Connaught, his name was not mentioned. We were first of all to have "Lulu" Harcourt, one-time Mr. Asquith's Colonial Secretary. Probably "Lulu" himself desired it. He never lets anybody forget that he is a Plantagenet and born to rule. Also he is the most immaculate of the British Ministers, and his training in the Colonial office might have been a useful link with the country which he aspired to govern. His name, however, soon gave place to that of Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of Queen Mary, and some absurd person, not grasping the vitality

and reality of our democracy, suggested that he be Prince of Canada! The suggestion received no official notice, however, and beyond causing a general laugh was unproductive. The Prince came not. At last rumours were set at rest by the official announcement that the Duke of Devonshire was the man.

The Duke has always been "the" Duke; the house of Cavandish is the supreme glory of the British aristocracy. This is the result of a combination of circumstances. To begin with, His Grace has 186,000 acres, and is therefore the territorial chief in a land where many have large holdings. On this land are to be found enormous forests with their wealth of lumber, more deer than on the estate of any other English landlord, mines worth fabulous sums, palaces the equal of which even royalty does not possess. His picture galleries outdo even those of American millionaires who mistake themselves for *connoisseurs*. His libraries contain some of the glories of literary England, and when two hundred thousand dollars was offered for it, the offer was refused with something like disdain. Devonshire House in London stands stately and second to none in a city of many mansions.

The Duke's Eastbourne house is one



Photograph by Lyonde

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Mistress of Rideau Hall, Ottawa, where she lived formerly as a daughter of the
Marquis of Lansdowne



"The Norfolk Suit . . . of the English sportsman—
golfing or shooting"

of the sights of the South of England. Chatsworth, an estate of eleven miles in extent, rich in itself but richer far in tradition and historic meaning, was built in 1706, and it housed among others the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. The Duke's castle in Ireland, for he is a big Irish landlord, is Lismore, a rare beauty spot in a land of such. His personal wealth is enormous, despite the raids made thereon by the radical legislation of Premier Lloyd George, in his ruthless progress beginning with the Budget of 1909. Most certainly, Devonshire is "the" Duke.

These are the outward signs and tokens of the position of the man who has come to fill the office of the first gentleman in Canada. His journeyings across our farm lands and prairies, and from cities of half a million to towns of a few thousand, set like jewels amidst imposing mountains and quiet vales, will contrast oddly with his comings and goings from one of his palaces to another. He will miss the pomp and circumstance of his ducality, yet, from what we know of him, he will count them well laid by for a year or two.

He has, to be sure, some connection with Canada already, for his father, Lord Edward Cavendish, was here in the early sixties. He was a Rifle

Brigade officer, and, amongst other things, taught Sunday school at Hamilton. The Duke himself, however, has not been to Canada before. His wife, the Duchess, knows the Dominion generally and Rideau Hall in particular. She spent her early teens here, for her father, the Marquis of Lansdowne was Governor-General from 1883 to 1888. She was then Lady Evelyn Mary Fitzmaurice. The Duchess is a kindly and gracious woman who will be very popular. In disposition she is much like the Duchess of Buccleuch, a life-long and intimate friend of Queen Alexandra, and famous in her day, for she has a sprightliness and vivacious charm expressed in a winsome smile. One wonders how she agreed with the present Court in England, where soberness not to say austerity has been the ruling mood since the Queen so ordained. They say—"they" being Dame Rumour again—that the Duchess of Devonshire, who before the war held, by the way, the glittering office of Mistress of Robes, pleaded with the Queen when the latter condemned the irreligiousness of the Prince of Wales, who dared to stay away from church six Sundays hand running.

The Duke himself is very much of the Cavendish type, and to understand the manner of man he is, it is necessary to see the characteristics of those in his line who came before him. The house of Cavendish has had one of the world's supreme scientists and one of the world's supreme statesmen. The Cavendish type comes to us from the fourteenth century. The wealth of the Cavendishes came largely from the destruction of the monasteries, that act of Tudor despotism which gave so many members of the British aristocracy the foundation of their wealth. James I. created the then Cavendish an earl: it remained for a later king, whose kingship the Earl had helped by contriving, with others, the dethroning of the reigning monarch, to express his thanks by the presentation of a dukedom. Since



From the Painting by Gainsborough

GEORGINA

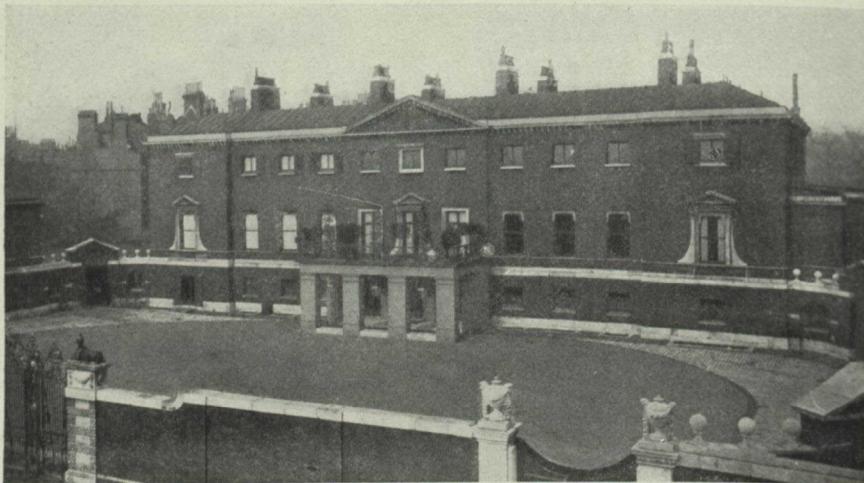
First Wife of the Fifth Duke of Devonshire

then there have been nine dukes. Invariably, each has had the "garter", that rarest of orders which, until a couple of years ago, never included a commoner. An exception was made for Viscount, then plain Sir Edward, Grey.

Yet none of the Cavendishes has ever been remarkable for brilliance and only one for genius. The outstanding quality has been a certain desire for service and a solidity and stolidity which make a good governor or administrator. The exception was the Cavendish who was England's

in synthetic chemistry, which passed to them at the end of the last century. Were this done, it would help a great deal to give England that industrial priority which, after the war, is a goal. The Duke of Devonshire is heart and soul behind the movement.

So far as the women of the Cavendish family are concerned, they have included some famous personalities: Christian Bruce, Bess of Hardwick and Georgiana Spencer. This last was one of the world's supreme beauties, and one or two of the Cavendish



DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

The London residence of the Duke of Devonshire

greatest chemist, Henry Cavendish, who ascertained the composition of water and arrived at the defining of the density of the earth. The present Duke, incidentally, is keenly interested in science. His laboratories are extensive and replete, and it is said that he personally is so interested in science that his main ambition is to make some sort of mark in the scientific world comparable to that made by his great ancestor. This is important, because it is index to the desire in England that the English shall conquer the Germans in the matter of their possession of the superiority

ladies have been famed for their clever wit, their daring, and their love for gaming. The Cavendish type is picturesque, modest, self-repressing, perennially courteous; their men strong and virile and clean and hard-working, but rarely brilliant.

The present Duke accords pretty well with the type. His is an interesting face. To begin with it is large and heavy. It is the Cavendish face in its length and heavy jaw. The forehead is broad, the hair is inclined to length and was reddish, tending darker, and readily turning gray. The eye is rather sleepy, the very anti-

LISMORE CASTLE

The residence in Ireland of the Duke of Devonshire



CHATSWORTH

The Derbyshire residence of the Duke of Devonshire

thesis of bright, and it is indicative of the mind which works slowly and somewhat ponderously. But if a steamroller moves slowly it moves certainly and to some purpose. The Duke takes his time to decide, but his decision pays for it. The heavy moustache, like that which most of the Cavendishes have worn, droops down, in the case of the present Duke, and gives one the impression of a certain dourness and moodiness, as if its owner was not very well pleased with things in general. In the main the conclusion would be wrong, though he is said to have the temperamental failing of melancholy. His Uncle, the famous Duke of ten and twenty years ago, had it, too. He has fits of abstraction, almost morbidity, during which he has the quality of aloofness, amounting to something like sullenness. It is a family characteristic, and has come to him from his ancestor the chemist, who lived a more or less lonely and monotonous life. History says that the latter dined for years at solitary and simple table, and his dinners rarely varied from the menu of a mutton chop and a glass of ale. Londoners have it that the present Duke is much the same and likes to be alone with his moodiness, when simplicity of diet and circumstance best fits him. Roast beef, a London chronicler says, is his favourite dish. If it be so it is another proof that, in many ways, the Duke is a typical John Bull. He has all the solidness and mental weight which are supposed to be that gentleman's outstanding traits.

Simplicity is the keynote of the Duke's disposition, simplicity in its best sense. He is extremely democratic, and therein he will well suit us in Canada. Mr. Balfour once remarked to him that the most useful word in the language is "Hallo".

"I agree with you," said the Duke, laconically.

This simplicity causes him to rebel, sometimes, against the circumstances and world into which he was born.

He would rather pass his time with a friend or two walking across the moors, or, in old and comfortable clothes—the Norfolk suit and knickers of the English sportsman—shooting or golfing. He delights in such small parties, rambling abroad, taking things as he finds them, dropping his ducal rank, and as plain Mister So-and-So, putting up at a country inn and taking what he can get like anybody else. In that connection a story is told which is significant of the man. A few friends and himself put up one night at a country inn in the year when Mr. Lloyd George was out for the scalps of the aristocrats. A grocer, a furniture dealer and a tailor were in the room and with these the Duke and his friends conversed.

Said the grocer: "This 'ere Lloyd George is on the right road. The big estates of these country gentlemen keeps such as me from making a living."

"Yes," said the furniture dealer, "if wealth was properly distributed everybody would want a few new sticks of furniture, and that's where I'd come in."

"You wouldn't be wearing such things as them," said the tailor, pointing to the Duke's old and worn clothes, "if the land hadn't passed into the possession of the few."

"I agree with you," said the Duke heartily and with a grave face.

The Duke's somewhat phlegmatic temperament has been the subject of several anecdotes, some of which may be true and again may not. Unlike many of his rank, he had a good business training, for he was in a chartered accountant's office. He knows something of the law, too, for he was entered at one of the Inns. In those times, his younger days, the reigning Duke, whose features and habits the political cartoonists and writers delighted to lampoon, said to his young nephew one day, blaming him for some sin of omission or commission, "You are a silly ass."



FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Ladies Rachel, Dorothy, Anne, and Blanche Cavendish

The young man did not answer.

"You are a silly ass," repeated the Duke.

No answer.

"You are a silly ass," came again.

"Yes," said Victor Cavendish, agreeing and long-suffering and somewhat bored.

In British politics His Excellency was neither brilliant nor outstanding, but simply hardworking, plain and straightforward in his opinions. He was a Unionist whip at one time, and

a good one, though he occasionally got tired and somewhat bored with his duties. It was the first stage of the moodiness and fits of abstraction to which I have referred. His duties as whip, of course, were to get his men in for a division. One day he fell asleep when he should have been very much alive, and a *confrère*, a young lordling, said to him later:

"Cavendish, you owe me a hundred pounds."

"Why?" said Cavandish drowsily.

"Well, if you hadn't been asleep but had been doing your duty I should have been here in the House, instead of in a music hall, where I lost my watch."

Later on, however, he knew what he was about, and when Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire—the old Duke, if the appellation is not disrespectful—championed Tariff Reform, and Mr. Balfour, past master in the gentle art of sitting on the fence, would not agree with them, Victor Cavendish stuck to Balfour.

"The family is terribly divided over the fiscal question," wrote the late Duke. "Victor is a Balfourian, Dick a free trader, and Heaven only knows what I am."

If his Excellency is still a free trader his attitude and views should be interesting to some Canadians, though officially, of course, he will have no views.

The Duke should suit Canadians to a "T". He does not overpower with his brilliance, nor is his intellect an amazingly bright one, but he has a pleasing manner, and to him has descended the indescribable but definite charm of Georgiana, the "queen of fashion", the lady who had to be in at everything which was going, even if she tumbled in. Gracious *camaraderie* will do far more for a governor-general than brilliance or intellectuality. We have little time for the former in Canada, and intellectuality here, on account of its supposed synthesis with a quality adjectivally expressed by the word highbrow, is not positively booming. The Duke, in short, is a man's man. Companionable, a good story-teller, somewhat cynical and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense, he is essentially democratic. He has been known to be guilty of irreverence towards his own ducal estate, and has staggered his

guests at Chatsworth before now by telling them that the portraits of departed kings and queens, which hang in his gallery, are really rubbish. Ancestry particularly his own, has been the target for his tilting before now, and it is said that he has been caught helping in dramatic travesties of the traditions and historic happenings which are connected with Chatsworth. He has the modern mind. He is quietly philosophic. He needs to be, for more than fifty per cent. of his immense income has been taken from him for war tax purposes and, before that, democracy was typified by the figure of "the little Welshman" looking towards Devonshire's holding as mee (a) t for repentance.

He has ardour and enthusiasm in abundance, and the very deliberateness of his mind in thinking and his mind in acting infers his quality for throwing himself wholly into what he has to do, and doing it with all his might. Despite this strength of mind and character, the Duke is a "nice" man, in the sense that the word may explain his personal charm and courtesy and capacity for meeting with cooks' sons as easily as with dukes' sons. It is this happy ability for commingling and its counterpart, which he has too, of yet retaining the marks of his birth, that is the outstanding Cavendish trait. Disraeli tried to clothe one of his fictional characters with it.

He may be relied upon to steer a middle and tactful course between extremes of democracy and aristocracy, for like his ancestress Georgiana he might be dubbed "the most amiable and the best bred person in England". He will be faithful in all things to the heraldic motto of his house, "Cavendo Tutus," and will make a worthy successor to the line of governors-general at Ottawa.



DR. EMILY HOWARD JENNINGS STOWE
The first woman who practised medicine in Canada

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN *By Emily P. Weaver*

II.—DR. EMILY HOWARD JENNINGS STOWE

IT is difficult to add a descriptive epithet to the name of Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, because she was a pioneer in so many fields. She was the first of Canadian women to become principal of a public school and the first to practise medicine in Canada. She was also the founder of a women's club which developed into the first Canadian association organized to work for the extension of the parliamentary franchise "to

women who possess the qualifications which entitle men to vote". As a pioneer, she had to face misunderstanding, obloquy, ridicule, and it has been said, "It is difficult to realize the intellect, energy, perseverance and courage necessary to be and do what Dr. Stowe was and did".

Like other valiant fighters in freedom's cause, Dr. Stowe was descended from a Quaker ancestry. Her parents were pioneers in the literal sense of the word, for they settled in Oxford County when the country was cov-

ered with the great forest primeval.

Her mother, who was born in New York State, was a woman of remarkable ability and energy. She was brought to Canada as a small child, when her maternal grandfather, a relative of the American historian Lossing, settled in the township of Norwich, but returned in her sixteenth year to the United States, to attend the "Friends' Yearly Meeting Boarding School in Rhode Island". Her school days ended, Hannah Howard came back to Norwich. Soon afterwards she married Solomon Jennings, a young settler from Vermont, and became the mother of one son, who died in infancy, and of six daughters, three of whom qualified for the medical profession. Mrs. Jennings was particularly zealous in preparing remedies for the sick from the roots and herbs to be gathered in the woods. These decoctions were too often somewhat nauseous, but no doubt her interest in the treatment of disease helped to turn the thoughts of her children towards the art of healing.

Mrs. Jennings's eldest daughter, Emily, was born about 1832 and received her early education from her mother. At the age of fifteen, this young girl became the teacher of a small country school near Norwich. Amongst her scholars were boys older than herself, and in order to keep ahead of her pupils, she used to sit up studying till long after midnight.

Eager for knowledge, she desired to enter the University of Toronto, but its doors were closed against her, as a woman. Saving money from her small salary, she resolved to take a course at the Normal School. This plan she carried out, attending the session of 1853-1854 and receiving her First-Class Teacher's certificate.

Soon afterwards she was appointed principal of the public school at Brantford, a position which she resigned in 1856, to become the wife of an Englishman, Dr. John Stowe, who was by profession a dentist. He was

"a liberal-minded man," and his brilliant wife could always count upon him for sympathy and assistance to the utmost of his power. Unfortunately, soon after their marriage, his health gave way; thus Mrs. Stowe was obliged to take what is generally felt to be the man's part and act as breadwinner for the family.

When this necessity came upon her, Mrs. Stowe returned to the profession in which she had already scored a success, and again, as in her very youthful days, took charge of a country school—this time the school at Mount Pleasant, a few miles out of Brantford.

But she was not destined to remain a teacher. About 1865, after the birth of her three children, she determined to study medicine, with a view partly to obtaining a better means of livelihood, partly to meeting that need (which she herself had felt most keenly) for women doctors to attend on women patients. Happier than many who venture from the beaten path, she had the sympathy of her own immediate relatives in her undertaking; but of course outsiders poured discouragement on her plans.

An initial difficulty was that she could not qualify for her chosen profession in Canada. Accordingly, she arranged to leave her home and her family for a time, to attend the New York Medical College for Women, which had been established a year or two earlier by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the pioneer woman-physician of the United States. Mrs. Stowe was graduated in 1868.

She might have found life easier had she remained to practise in the United States, for there other women, as mentioned above, had defied the prejudices, which cried shame on the woman doctor. Instead she went back to her own land, to break entirely new ground, and began to practise in Toronto. At that date "the fees were pitifully small," and she had to overcome numerous obstacles in the road to success.

She had made an excellent beginning, however, when an act was passed to prevent practitioners from the United States coming to establish themselves in Ontario. Unfortunately for Dr. Stowe, the time that had elapsed since the commencement of her regular practice was too short to entitle her registration under the new regulations, without a period of further study, which would have involved much trouble, expense and interruption to her practice. But it chanced that she had at one period acted as assistant to Dr. Lancaster of London (who was one of the first doctors to give electrical treatments) and she was allowed to date the commencement of her practice from this time, with the result that her name was duly inscribed on the roll of legally qualified physicians.

At this stage in her career the temptation that often besets clever and successful women may, in all probability, have presented itself to Dr. Stowe. What so delightful as now to rest upon her laurels and take up the self-flattering rôle of "the exceptional woman," drawing scornfully away from her struggling sisters? If such a temptation came, it was thrust aside. Dr. Stowe had no wish to be raised upon a pedestal. Rather she felt that the fight had only begun, for the disabilities, which had made her own way hard, still rested heavily on other women and needed breaking for all women. Especially she was determined to gain for women entrance to the University, and to lift them from their too lowly position of political non-entity, with all it involves of social and economic injustice.

In this fight, she knew that she would have to face the prejudices of men and women alike (excepting only the far-sighted few) so she went to work "discreetly and warily," as the Prayer Book has it. She strove to educate public opinion by lectures while she gathered about her a few kindred spirits, for the deepening of

their convictions, in a society bearing the innocuous name of the "Toronto Women's Literary Society".

For several years, Dr. Stowe continued to be its president, and amongst its members were Mrs. Sarah Ann Curzon, Mrs. Anna Parker, Mrs. D. McEwan and other women of earnestness and intelligence.

In looking over the minutes of the club, it is interesting to note the range of subjects discussed. From time to time the president gave illustrated talks on the eye, the ear, and other organs of the human body; and members read papers on notable women; on fern-culture, dress, food, etc., etc. The club was influential in obtaining seats for shop-girls and improved sanitary arrangements in stores and factories, and, though the problems were stated in slightly different terms, it seriously debated many questions which still occupy public attention, such as the provision of boarding-homes for business girls and the need of vocational training for women. Before it was three months old that larger question of "Women's Enfranchisement" came to the fore, with the result that, after some half dozen years of usefulness, the Toronto Women's Literary Club resolved itself out of existence, or rather merged itself in a new organization, under the name of the "Toronto Women's Suffrage Club".

This new club signaled its coming into being by a bold attempt to secure publicity. The City Council was asked to allow the use of the Council Chamber for the holding of a *conversazione* in the interests of women's suffrage. The request was granted. The Mayor and other influential men attended the meeting, and some came out timidly, others boldly, in support of "votes for women".

But the forward movement was very slow. In 1884, widows and spinners, who were ratepayers, were given the right to vote at municipal elections. In 1889 Attorney-General Mowat received a great deputation of

suffragists to urge the passage of a bill, brought in by Mr. Waters, member for North Middlesex, to extend the Parliamentary franchise also to widows and spinsters. On this occasion, Dr. Stowe read an able address, setting forth the claims of women to the ballot on the same conditions as it is granted to men, but stating that she and her supporters would gladly accept any portion of the desired reform. Mrs. McDonell, representing the W.C.T.U., followed with a rather sarcastic speech. In reply, Mr. Mowat declared his sympathy with the cause and his unwillingness, as "a practical politician" to prophesy that they would get what they wanted "this year or next year," concluding with a pious hope that he might "remain long enough in power to be the humble instrument of carrying "their wishes into effect". He voted against the bill. That was twenty-eight years ago, but with the women's cause triumphant throughout the West, it cannot be that the present-day practical politicians of the older provinces will venture much longer to trifle with the rising tide.

With respect to educational privileges, victory was not so long delayed. Dr. Stowe's only daughter indeed had a similar experience to her mother and, seeking admission to the University, was informed (as were other young women) that "the doors of the University are not open to women". "And," added the President to Miss Stowe, "I trust they never will be." The girl accepted the challenge, replying, "I will make it the business of my life to see that they shall be opened." She kept her word, and the Toronto Women's Literary Club, of which she was a member, struggled unceasingly to break down the barriers, an end which was achieved in 1885.

In the meantime, Miss Stowe had taken a course at the Toronto School of Medicine, despite the fact that

some of the professors and students deliberately made it as unpleasant for her as possible, and on May 16th, 1883, had received her degree of M.D. from the Victoria University at Cobourg. She had fought her way to victory, with a resolution hardly to be expected from a young girl, and many were the compliments and praises showered on "the first woman who had ever taken a medical degree in the Dominion".

But she had not suffered in vain. The trials she had undergone so appealed to one of her professors, Dr. Barrett, that he decided to try to establish a medical school for women. A meeting was called under the auspices of the Women's Suffrage Club, and the project was taken up so warmly that in the autumn of that same year (1883) the Women's Medical School was opened in Toronto, with Dr. Barrett as its first dean, and Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen (for she had just been married to Dr. J. B. Gullen) on the staff as demonstrator of anatomy. The college had twenty-three years of usefulness, but was closed in 1906, after women were admitted to study medicine in the University of Toronto.

Dr. Emily Stowe did not live to see this last step forward. In 1893 she met with an accident which interfered with her general practice, but not by any means with her interest in social and economic questions. In these later years, she spent much time at her summer home, on an island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

The end to her busy, effective life came suddenly on April 30th, 1903. Those who knew her best lay stress on her motherly and womanly qualities, whilst those still in the struggle to gain for women full political recognition, with all its greater opportunities, are thankful for the courage, ability and resourcefulness with which Dr. Stowe served her own generation, and those to come after.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

SYMPATHY

"If I catch you looking so sad again, I'll send you to Germany after your father"

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By *F. McKelvey Bell*

CHAPTER VII.

IT was my fate, or fortune, to be in charge of the advance party which was detailed to prepare for the opening of our hospital.

Captain Burnham and I, with about forty N.C.O.'s and men and two days' rations, left Boulogne one cold November afternoon, a few days after the concert. At the end of a slow journey lasting three hours, we were deposited at the railway station of a fishing-village on the coast.

If Boulogne prides itself on its odour of dead fish, this little place must be an everlasting thorn in its side; for all the smells of that odouriferous city fade into insignificance before the concentrated essence of the back streets of Etaples. We didn't linger unnecessarily in the village, but pushed on at the quick march and, crossing the bridge, were soon on the broad paved road which runs through Le Touquet forest.

It was just dark, and snow had fallen to the depth of about two inches; the most we saw in two winters, during our stay in that part of France. It was a crisp, cold evening, and the swinging pace of our march did much to keep us warm.

From time to time we passed large summer residences and artistic villas partly hidden in the woods, but all the doors were closed, and all the windows were dark. Not a human being passed us on the road, and the noise of our shoes crunching through the crusted snow was the only sound which broke the solemn stillness of the air.

Our men, too, seemed oppressed with the weird solitude of the forest and seldom spoke above a whisper.

"Seems as though the world were dead," said Burnham, after we had walked nearly two miles in silence.

"Yes," I replied, "it gives one a creepy feeling passing through this long dark avenue of pines. The houses, too, look as if the inhabitants had fled and that no one had the courage to return."

"I understand the Bosches were through quite close to here," Burnham remarked, "in their first mad dash for Paris, and that some German soldiers were killed near the outskirts of this wood."

"By the gruesomeness of it, I can imagine they were *all* killed," I replied.

By this time we had turned at right angles to our former path and entered

another long avenue of trees. The white walls of an isolated mansion stood out in the distance against the black-green of the forest, and the fading purple of the evening sky. The grounds about it were enclosed by a high pointed iron fence; it looked a veritable prison.

After tramping another mile we emerged into an open space between the trees and the rolling sand dunes of the coast, and saw before us a large limestone building, three storeys in height and almost surrounded with broad, glass-enclosed balconies. The tracks of a disused tramway ran to the gate, and the rust upon the rails spoke more forcibly than ever of desolation and desertion.

We passed through the stone gateway and crossed the snow-covered lawn. Everything was as dark and dreary as the grave. Surely no one was within! We mounted the steps and rang the bell. Its peal reverberated strangely through the empty halls. After a few moments, however, a light appeared and a solitary man entered the rotunda; he turned the electric switch, flooding the room with a bright light. He came to the door, unlocked it, and rolled it back slowly upon its wheels.

"Gut evening, zhentlemen," he said in English, but with a peculiar Franco-German accent, difficult to diagnose. "It iss fery kolt, iss it not?"

We acknowledged the fact.

"You are from the Canadian Hospital?" he queried.

"You were evidently expecting us?" I replied. "We are the advance party from that hospital."

He pushed the door wide for us to enter. We didn't debate as to whether we should accept the hospitality of a German, but marched in at once.

"Your dinner vill be retty in a leedle while. I vill haf Alvred ligh'd you the grate, und you soon fery comfortable vill be."

"Show me to the kitchen first," I asked him, "and let me see what ar-

rangements you have for supper for the men. When they are made comfortable, it will be plenty of time for our dinner."

He piloted us into a large room with red tiled floor. There was good accommodation for the men, and the kitchen ranges were close by. They had their cooks and rations with them, and as soon as we had seen that everything was satisfactory, and had chosen their sleeping quarters, we returned for our own dinner.

In a commodious room, just off the rotunda, a roaring coal fire was blazing on the hearth. Big easy-chairs had been conveniently placed for us, and Burnham and I fell into them and stretched our tired feet toward the fender upon the rich red Turkish rug. The table was spread close by, and we noticed the fine linen, the sparkling cut glass, crested silver and Limoge china. The scent of delicious French cooking was wafted to us past the heavy silken hangings of the door. Presently our German host appeared once more:

"Vat vine will the zhentlemen have mit zehr dinner?" he inquired politely.

Burnham threw himself back into his seat and laughed aloud. "Holy smoke!" he chuckled, "and we are at the war!"

"What wines have you?" I inquired tentatively.

"Anyzing you wish to name, zir," he responded with a certain show of pride.

I thought I would put him to the test.

"Bring us a bottle of 'Ayala', vintage '04," I commanded.

"Mit pleasure, zir." And he bowed and retired to get it.

Burnham slapped his knee and burst out:

"Am I awake or dreaming? We walk four miles through a stark forest on a winter night, enter a deserted hostel, are received by a German spy and fêted like the Lord Mayor. I expect to fall out of the balloon any

minute and hit the earth with a nasty bump!"

"I'm a little dazed myself," I admitted, "but it's all a part of the soldier-game. Some other day we'll find the cards reversed, and have to play it just the same."

Our host, however, was not German, although that was his native tongue. He came from that little-known country of Luxembourg, which, sandwiched in between France and her Teutonic enemy, has still maintained a weak and unavailing neutrality. Being too small and unprotected to resist, the German army marched unmolested across it in the early days of war.

'Alvred,' who was a French-Swiss, and spoke more languages than I can well remember, waited upon us at table. We were just finishing an excellent five-course dinner with a tiny glass of *coin-treau*, when the sound of a motor-car stopping at the door aroused us from our dream of heavenly isolation.

As we stepped into the hall, the door opened, and in walked the colonel, the senior major and the quartermaster, who had followed us from Boulonge by road.

"Well, how do you like our new hospital?" the colonel demanded with a satisfied smile.

"We love it," Burnham exclaimed. "It is weird, romantic and altogether *comme il faut*."

I suggested that a liqueur and a cigar might not be unacceptable after their long drive. The colonel smiled appreciatively as he replied:

"We *are* a bit chilly after our journey; I think a little drink will do us good. What do you say, Major Baldwin?" This question was addressed to the senior major, who, with the others, had now entered our dining-room.

The artistic surroundings drove the major into poetry at once. He exclaimed:

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears.

"Splendid!" cried Burnham enthusiastically. "Now, let's have Gunga Din. You do it so well! How does it go? You're a better drink than I am, Gordon Gin!"

"No, no!" said the major deprecatingly. "You mustn't abuse Kipling—it's too early in the evening."

Whether the major intended abusing that famous author at a later hour, or merely reciting from him, we didn't inquire. We talked until late, formulating our plans for the morrow and for many days to come. We made a tour of inspection about the building. The colonel unfolded his plans as we walked along the halls.

"This suite," he said as we came to the end of the hall, "will make a splendid pair of operating-rooms, an anæsthetic and a sterilizing-room. The fifth will do for a dressing-room for the surgeons, and in the sixth Reggy will have full sway—that will be his eye and ear reformatory. On the left we'll install our X-ray plant, so that all surgical work may be done in this one wing."

"What about the hotel furnishings?" I inquired, "are they to remain in place?"

"Everything must go, except what is absolutely necessary to the comfort or care of patients," he replied. "It seems a pity, but we are here not only to cure patients, but to protect the Government from needless expense. In the morning set the men to work dismantling the entire building."

We walked along to the opposite end of the hall.

"Here's a fine room," exclaimed Major Baldwin, as he peeped into the dainty boudoir which I had chosen as a bedroom. "Who sleeps in this luxurious state?"

"I do—for to-night," I replied.

"I want that room for myself," he declared. "It looks like the best in the place."

How is it we always want that which the other fellow has? Its value seems enhanced by its inaccessibility.

"It shall be yours to-morrow night," I replied to this covetous request. It was no deprivation to give it up as there were fifty other rooms, which the major had not seen, more richly decorated and more attractive than mine. This little room was cosy and prettily furnished in bird's-eye maple. It boasted an Axminster rug, a brass bed, and the glow from the open fire lent it a charm which had captivated Major Baldwin's eye.

There were other suites of rooms, with private baths attached, and hot and cold running water. The floors were covered with costly Persian rugs, and the furniture was of hand-carved olive wood or mahogany. Private balconies overlooked the golf course and the forest. Every detail bespoke wealth and luxury combined with the most modern contrivances for comfort.

The colonel was amused at us. "Pick out whatever rooms you like," he said, "and enjoy yourselves while you may, for in three days' time no one but patients will live in this building. The men will sleep in the golf clubhouse, the nurses in one of these deserted villas, and we shall have another villa for ourselves."

We discovered that our hospital building was owned by an English company; hence the great number of bath-rooms—thirty-four in all. The halls and glass-enclosed balconies were steam-heated throughout, and each room had its old-fashioned open fireplace to combat the chill of winter days.

At midnight the colonel and his party left us and commenced their return journey to Boulogne. Burnham and I climbed the stairs to my bedroom, our footsteps echoing loudly through the untenanted halls. We sat and chatted for an hour before the fire. I was getting very sleepy—we had dined well—and as I looked at Burnham his form seemed to dwindle to smaller and smaller proportions until he looked like a pygmy from Lilliput. I amused myself

awhile watching this strange phenomenon. By and by his diminutive size provoked me to remark.

"Do you know, Burnham, although an hour ago when you entered the room, I mistook you for a full-grown man, I can now see that in reality you are only about ten inches tall—yet your every feature is perfect."

"Much obliged for the compliment implied in your last clause," he laughed; "you corroborate suspicions which I have long entertained that I'm a handsome dog whose beauty has remained unappreciated. It's a strange coincidence, but I am labouring under the opposite delusion, and although an hour ago you waddled into the room—just an ordinary fat man; now I view you as a Colossus.

I rather approved his regarding me as a Colossus, but saw that I must at once frown upon that "waddling" idea. It's an impression I can't afford to let go abroad.

"Come, let's to bed," I cried, "and sleep 'will knit your ravelled sleeve of care'—I really think your wide-awake impressions are the worst!"

We arose at six, and under our direction the men commenced the work of disrobing the hotel. The stern necessities of war permit no sentiment. Everything had to go: The beautiful paintings, the silken hangings, the Oriental rugs, the artistic statuary were all rapidly removed and packed away for safety. The card and dining-rooms and lounges were stripped of their carpets, and before night, its former guests would scarce have recognized the place. Sanitation is the first and paramount law of a military hospital; carpets and unnecessary furniture are a source of danger, for such a variety of diseases follow the troops that special care must be given to every possibility for infection and its prevention.

By five that evening the colonel, the matron and the nursing sisters arrived, and a few hours later came the balance of our officers and men. Motor lorries and ambulances toiled

through the gates, laden with our equipment. Hundreds of boxes, crates of iron beds, bales of mattresses and blankets, folding bedside tables, bags of tents and poles were brought to the door in an apparently endless stream. As fast as the lorries arrived the men unloaded them, piling boxes and bales under the balconies for protection.

Huxford and the team did their share, too, bringing up loads of food from the train for the men and for prospective patients.

The senior major was pale and tired; he had been up since dawn and had worked hard. Nothing had been forgotten, and the transport of men and accoutrement had been accomplished systematically and well. He was a good soldier, true to his duty, stern and unflinching, and he never asked others to work without being willing to do more than his own share. Tired as he was, he would neither rest nor eat until the last box was unloaded, and the last lorry had left the grounds—and the men shared his deprivation.

It was almost nine p.m. as Tim and Barker, staggering under the weight of a tremendous case, came across the driveway and dumped the last box to the ground. Tim sat breathless for a moment upon it, then looked wearily up at Barker, with his head on one side as was his custom when he soliloquized.

"Dat's a heavy load t'get offen an empty stummick," he gasped, "I can't lif' annuder poun' until I gets a slab o' roas' beef under me belt. I'm dat hungry I could lick de sweat off a bake-shop window."

"I smell supper cookin' now," said Barker. "Did ye see th' ranges? *Some* cookery, I kin tell ye—they kin roast a whole cow at one time!"

"An' I kin eat dat same cow jus' as fas' as dey kin roast it," Tim declared. "I'm dat weak from starvation dat a drink uv holy water 'ud make me drunk!"

About nine-thirty p.m. the men fell upon supper like hungry wolves.

"Gee! Don't food taste good—when y'er hungry," drawled Wilson, with his mouth full.

"Dat's right," Tim replied, "glad t' see y'er perkin' up an takin' a little notice agin. I t'ought youse and Huxford wuz about all in."

"Where'd you get the onion?" Wilson queried.

"I foun' dis in d' hotel garbage," said Tim as he took a large bite out of a Spanish onion, "an' I wuz jus' tinkin' wat a diff'rence dere is 'tween an onion and a cake. Hev ye' noticed it yerself?"

"I hev'n't eat cake in so long, I don't s'pose I could tell 'em apart now," Wilson replied.

"Well, dey say ye' can't eat yer cake an hev it, too; but wit an onion its diff'rent—wen y' eat it, it's like castin' yer bread upon de troubled waters—it'll always come back t' ye."

Cameron looked up as if he were about to correct this Scriptural misquotation. It seemed to harass his religious sense. He opened his mouth to speak, but it was too full for utterance, and he had to content himself with a reproachful look at Tim.

Ten o'clock found everybody sleepy and exhausted. The boys didn't trouble to go to their quarters, but, crawling into any available corner, threw themselves down upon bundles or empty beds, and soon were fast asleep. The sergeant-major was too tired to care, and for one night at least discipline was happily forgotten.

In the morning early we were at it again, tooth and nail. If some of our friends at home, who think the trained nurse is too proud to work, could have only seen those splendid girls on their first day in the new hospital, they would still be lost in wonder. They washed woodwork and windows, helped to put up unruly beds, swept the floors, and did a hundred other menial labours—menial only because in our artificial life we call them so—cheerfully and speedily.

If some day, by chance, one of our nursing sisters reads these lines, and

blushes at the recollection of her work that day, let her remember that by that very labour, in our eyes, she was glorified. We shall always remember with pride those brave Canadian nurses who were not afraid, when duty called, to "stoop and conquer".

The following evening I was despatched to interview the A.D.M.S. regarding our hospital. I was met at the office door by the D.A.D.M.S., who was one of that breed of cocksure officer—now happily almost extinct.

"Hello," he cried brusquely, "is your hospital ready for patients?"

"We should prefer another day or two of preparation, sir," I replied.

"How long have you been out there now?" he demanded.

"Two days, sir."

"What! At the end of two days you mean to tell me you're not ready! You're very slow."

It was the first time we had been accused of sluggishness. It was undeserved, and I resented it accordingly. I replied—not too politely, I fear:

"You will please remember we had to dismantle and remove the carpets and furniture of a large hotel, take stock of the fixtures and house-clean the building before commencing the setting-up of our hospital equipment. We are ready for two hundred patients now—but we prefer another day or two to make everything complete."

"I'll send you two hundred patients to-night," he cried. "Be prepared for them."

The A.D.M.S., a typical English gentleman of the old school, interfered. He called his deputy aside and said to him:

"You mustn't rush patients into a new hospital in this manner. Give them a few days' grace." He turned to me and continued: "You will receive a trainload of patients three days from now. That will give you plenty of time. Kindly inform your commanding officer to this effect."

Some men brush one's fur the wrong way, and others smooth it back again. I had been so ruffled by the D.A.D.M.S. that every bristle of my not too gentle nature was standing on end—it was not only what he said, but the manner of the saying; yet the A.D.M.S., with one gentle, kindly stroke of common-sense, had soothed and made me human once again. I felt my wrath slipping quietly away, and I basked for a moment in the sunshine of a genial personality. I gratefully murmured:

"Thank you, sir. I shall tell him."

"I trust your hospital will soon prove itself a credit to your staff and to Canada. Good-night, and good luck," he said, as he shook me warmly by the hand.

It was midnight of the third day after this interview. The orderly on duty in the hall was suddenly startled by the sharp ring of the telephone-bell. He sprang to his feet and put the strange French receiver to his ear.

"Yes, this is the Canadian Hospital," he answered; and a distant voice gave this message:

"A train-load of three hundred wounded will arrive at the station at two a.m. Be ready for them!"

CHAPTER VIII.

At last the time for action had come. Three hundred wounded would arrive in two hours. One-fifth of that number would throw the average city hospital into confusion. Nurses and officers hurried from their villas. The cooks and orderlies were already on duty, and the hospital presented a scene of bustling but systematic activity.

Our ten wards, each named after a Province of our beloved Dominion, were soon ready for the reception of patients, and the deft hands of the nursing sisters added the final touch of extra preparation.

The colonel's motor-car throbbed in waiting at the door, and ambulance after ambulance, with its quota of

stretcher-bearers, whirled away into the darkness of the forest on the road to the station. It was a clear, cold night. The ground was hardened by the frost, and the pale quarter-moon cast a faint chill light over the trees.

Reggy and I clambered into the colonel's car as it started, and in a moment we were moving swiftly through the gaunt, trembling shadows of the wood. As we approached the turning of the road, we could see in the distance the flashing headlights of other motors from the English hospital, as they, too, sped toward the train.

When we reached the station a constant stream of vehicles was pouring through the gates, and as fast as each car or ambulance arrived it was backed into the waiting line. Every few yards carbide jets spluttered in the wind, adding their fitful glare to the strangeness of the scene.

After about an hour's wait the shrill whistle of the incoming French train warned us that our vigil was almost over. In a few minutes more the coaches, each with its big Red Cross, came clanking slowly into the station-yard. Car after car passed by: one, two, three, ten, twenty—it was a tremendous train. At last it stopped, the doors opened, and we had our first glimpse of the brave boys who had held the line.

Dozens of Scots and English battalions were represented, but there were no Canadians save ourselves as yet in France. Some of the boys could stand or walk, and they clambered slowly and painfully down the steep steps and stood in little wondering groups. God knows they looked tired, and their clothes were still covered with the dried mud from the trenches; for, during a battle, speed and the necessities of the moment are the important things—the refinements of civilization must await time and opportunity. Many were smoking cigarettes. Some had bandages about their head or hands or feet. Some had their arms in slings. From none was

there the slightest groan or sound of complaint. They waited with soldierly but pathetic patience until we were ready to take care of them.

One tall young man who was standing apart from the others and whose face was unusually pale approached me and saluted. His right hand was thrust into the bosom of his coat, and with his left he nervously drew a cigarette from his pocket.

"Would you mind helping me light this, sir?" he asked respectfully. "I can't protect the match from the wind."

As I assisted him I inquired: "Have you had your right hand wounded? I see you keep it in your coat."

"It's not exactly that, sir," he replied, with a faint smile. "I have no right hand—had it blown off this morning." He drew the bandaged stump from his breast as he spoke and held it up for inspection.

"But you must be suffering frightfully!" I exclaimed in pity, surprised at his coolness.

"It does give me 'gip' now and again. I can bear it better when I smoke," and he pulled tremulously at his cigarette.

I helped the brave fellow into one of the waiting motors and turned to see what I could do for the others. There were dozens with bandaged feet who limped slowly toward the ambulances.

"What has happened to you chaps?" I inquired, as I came to a group of six, all apparently suffering from the same condition, and who could scarcely walk.

"Trench feet, sir," they answered readily.

At the time this was a new disease to me, but we soon saw all too much of it. It corresponds quite closely to what in Canada is known as chilblain, but is much more painful, and is in some ways equivalent to frostbite. It is caused by prolonged immersion in ice-cold water or liquid mud. In those days, too, the trenches were not as well built as they are to-

day, or the ground was lower and more boggy. Men were subjected to great privations and suffered untold hardships. "Trench foot" has now almost entirely disappeared and conditions in the trenches are altogether better.

"Were you standing long in the water?" I asked them.

"We've been in it night and day since Sunday," they replied—and this was Friday!

"Was the water deep?" I asked.

"The mud was up to the waist," one answered; "an' poor Bill Goggins stepped in a 'ole in the trench an' were drowned afore we could get to 'im."

Another spoke up: "A lad from my platoon got into a part of the trench that were like a quicksand, on'y 'e went down so fast—like as if there was a suction from below. We seen 'im goin', an' 'e called fer 'elp, but w'en we got to 'im 'e were down to 'is chin, an' we couldn't pull 'im back."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed in horror, "was he drowned, too?"

"'E were that, sir. It were jolly 'ard to see 'im go, an' us right there!" and there were tears in the good fellow's eyes as he spoke.

"Climb into the motor, boys," I said. "We'll try to make up a little for the hell you've all been through."

There were others who had been severely wounded; some with broken arms or legs; some shot through the head or chest. It was wonderful to see the gentleness and kindness of our own rough lads as they lifted them tenderly from bed to stretcher and carried them from the train to the waiting ambulances.

I stepped inside the train for a moment. It was a marvel of a hospital on wheels. It had comfortable spring beds and mattresses and soft woollen blankets. There were kitchens, a dispensary, an emergency operating-room, and even bathrooms. A staff of medical officers, nurses and trained orderlies did all which human

power can do to make the men comfortable during a trying journey. Every man had had his supper, and his wounds had been dressed *en route* as scientifically and carefully as if he had been in a base hospital.

The ambulances rolled slowly away from the train with their precious loads, the drivers cautiously picking their way along the smoothest parts of the road; for to the man with a broken leg or arm the slightest jolt causes pain.

We saw the boys again at the entrance to the hospital, lying in rows on stretchers or standing patiently in line, waiting until their names and numbers were duly recorded. Each one, as this procedure was completed, was given a little card on which the name of his ward and the number of his bed was written. He was then conducted or carried to his allotted place.

How tired they looked as they sat wearily upon the edge of their beds, waiting for the orderlies to come and assist them to undress! But even here they were able to smile and crack their little jokes from bed to bed.

As soon as they were undressed they underwent a refreshing bath, in which they revelled after their weeks of dirty work and mud. After the bath came clean, warm pajamas, a cup of hot cocoa or soup, a slice of bread and butter, and last, but to the soldier never least, a cigarette.

To him the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips—the last favour they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort; if he is restless, he smokes for solace; when he receives good news, he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well, he smokes; when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he *always* smokes.

As I entered the ward, a Highlander, not yet undressed, was sitting upon the side of his bed puffing contentedly at his cigarette.

"Are you badly wounded?" I asked him.

"Not verra badly, sir," he returned, as he stood at attention.

"But you have a lot of blood on your tunic," I said, pointing to his right side and hip.

"It's not a' mine, sir," he replied, as he grinned from ear to ear. "It's a souvenir from a 'Boche', but he did make a sma' hole in ma thigh wi' his bayonet."

"And what happened to him?"

He laughed outright this time.

"He's got ma bayonet an' ma rifle, too," he cried. "Oh, man, but it was a gran' fight!"

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I hae his top-hat wi' me noo," and he held up a Prussian helmet to our admiring gaze.

I congratulated him and passed on; but I had little time just then for chatting. All the wounds had to be unbandaged, washed and freshly dressed, and although we worked rapidly, the nurses undoing the bandages and attending to the minor cases, while I did the more serious ones myself, it was broad daylight before we had finished. The morning sun, stealing gently over the trees, found patients and doctors alike ready for a sleep.

A similar scene had been enacted in every other ward. It was nearly six a.m. as the other officers and myself, with the exception of the unfortunate orderly officer, started down the road toward the villa. Our billet was about a quarter-mile away, but our mess was in the hospital building. I crawled into bed at last, very, very weary, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

It was Tim who finally roused me from this heavy slumber. He was standing at the foot of my bed with his head on one side in his customary bird-like attitude. His stiff black forelock hung straight over his brow. I was just conscious enough to hear him saying:

"Wake up, Maj! Wake up, there!"

Before strangers, or before brother officers, Tim was always respectful to us. He was a trained soldier, and when occasion demanded he could be, and was, very regimental. But in the privacy of our home (of which he was in charge) Tim treated us like children whose pranks might be tolerated but must not be encouraged.

"What's the trouble, Tim?" I inquired sleepily.

"It's time to git up," he complained. "D'ye spouse y'er goin' t' sleep all day, jes because ye loss y'er beauty sleep las' night? Dis is war—dis is!"

"What's the hour?" I asked.

"It's ten o'clock," he replied, "an' dat Cap' Reggy's in de nex room—chloroformed agin; wit his knees drawed up an' his mout' open ventilatin' his brain. Dey ain't a Pullman in de whole worl' dat's as good a sleeper as dat gent."

By this time I was fully awake, as Tim intended I should be. I turned over on my side and addressed him.

"Run downstairs now, Tim," I said, "and make me a good hot cup of coffee, and a slice of toast with fried mushrooms on top."

Tim stared at me a moment in open-mouthed amazement. We were not supposed to eat at the villa, but Tim was a good cook and those he favoured with the "friendship" might coax a cup of tea before rising.

"Fried mushrooms," he repeated as he went toward the door, shaking his head slowly from side to side. "Fried—mush—rooms! Gee, an' dey calls dis 'active service'!"

But in spite of this show of pessimism, he returned shortly with the breakfast as ordered.

When we reached the hospital that morning everything was as neat and clean as though nothing had happened the night before. No adequate description can be given of the trained nurse at the front. She is one of the marvels of the war. Patient, industrious, cheerful, self-sacrificing and brave; she has robbed war of much

of its horrors. She has made the wounded soldier feel that a sister's care, a mother's love and a clever woman's skill follow him wherever he goes. Her smile has cheered his lagging day; her gentle touch has soothed his pain and the warm sympathy of her kindly heart has made the foreign land a home. Under stress of work and nervous strain, ever forgetful of self, always thoughtful for others, no truer or nobler band of gentle women ever left the shores of Canada.

The patients had had a refreshing sleep and a good breakfast and were now snugly tucked in their clean sheets and warm blankets, looking very happy and contented. Even those who were badly wounded had partly forgotten their troubles. Some had souvenirs; German rifle bullets or bits of shell which had been extracted at the clearing hospital, farther up the line; and these they exhibited with great pride to their fellow patients. The German helmet was always an object of interest. The slanting cut in the glossy leather of one spoke better than words of a bayonet thrust which had gone home. Each little bedside table had a few priceless trinkets, bought with blood, and brought with great difficulty and care from the battlefield.

It was our custom to postpone surgical operations, except urgent ones to save life, for one or two days, in order to give the tired soldiers a chance to get a much-needed rest—a simple expedient whereby many lives were saved. The patients were grateful for this little reprieve, and showed their gratitude by recovering more rapidly.

But sometimes it was necessary to operate at once. That morning I found a poor chap who had been shot through the brain with a rifle bullet. The missile had entered the temple and emerged at the back of the skull, fracturing the bone both at the point of entry and exit. His heavy breathing and stupour told us the case call-

ed for immediate relief. In the operating-room pieces of the skull were removed, the depressed bone lifted, and in about an hour the patient was taken back to his ward. We had little hope of his recovery.

The following day when I entered the hospital his bed was empty. I thought: "Poor fellow! He has died in the night and no one has sent me word." I turned with a feeling of disappointment to the man in the next bed and asked:

"What has become of your neighbour?"

"Oh," he replied, "he's just gone out to the wash-room. He'll be back in a few minutes. He stole out of the ward while the nursing sister was in the other room."

While we were talking he walked in, got quietly into bed and reached for a cigarette. I bade him good-morning, repressing, as well as I could, my astonishment.

"You are feeling better this morning?" I remarked, as casually as if he had had a cold in his head.

"Oh, yes, I'm very well in myself, sir," he replied with a contented smile, "but I have a little headache—I'm thinkin' the bandages are a bit tight."

I loosened them and gave him a warning not to get up. He seemed disappointed, but promised not to transgress again.

It is surprising and pleasing to know that a large percentage of men shot through the brain recover. Seven out of nine who entered the hospital one day, some months later, made a good recovery, and when they left were apparently mentally sound.

A young lieutenant who arrived with one train-load of wounded, walked unassisted up the steps and smilingly addressed the registrar:

"About a week ago a sly bullet popped over the trench and caught me in the temple. Fortunately it passed out through the opposite side. They took me down to the field ambulance, and, as the surgeon wasn't very busy

that morning, he said he'd like to take a look inside and see the works." He laughed aloud at this gruesome witicism and continued: "So he gave me a whiff of ether, opened the skull and, just as I expected, found 'no-body home'. He closed the door, and here I am, fit as a fiddle. What a lucky devil I am to have no brains!"

A number of wounded officers had arrived with the men, and many of our private rooms were filled. We had retained the brass beds, a few practical chairs and small rugs for these rooms, and with a good fire in the grate they looked particularly cosy and attractive.

The nurses, too, took special pride in supplementing the meals of the patients, both officers and men, with delicacies of their own. To the hot roast chicken was added creamed asparagus or French peas, appetizing salads of fresh green vegetables—which may be had in France the year round. A bottle of ale or wine and hot-house grapes or Spanish canteloupe helped to make life pleasant and hastened them along the road to health. Oh, you may well believe that nothing was omitted which made for their comfort or well-being. We felt, and justly so, that for the men who "held the line" there was nothing in this wide world half good enough. As the inspecting general remarked to the colonel a few days later:

"Give the boys the best the land affords—if they want Malaga grapes, get them. If they want beer or wine, let them have it. Spare no expense that will make them happy and well—they deserve it all!"

As I entered the room of a young English captain, I found him propped up in bed with a few magazines and books beside him. He was looking very cheerful.

"How are you feeling?"

It was our stock question.

He smiled pleasantly as he replied: "Splendid, sir, splendid. Your nurses

are charmingly attentive and kind. The rooms and meals are delightful. I'm in great dread lest I get well too soon!"

He handed me a little crumpled square on which a few lines in pencil were scrawled, and continued: "I showed that note to my commanding officer before they carried me away. It was a humiliation, but it was my duty."

"What does it mean?" I asked him. "I'm sure this little bit of paper has a history."

He smiled reminiscently and began: "Our company had been holding a point in the lines which, under a terrific bombardment, had become untenable. The commanding officer ordered us to withdraw to a safer trench in the rear. I called my men and we succeeded in retiring to the position indicated, in good order and with few casualties."

"I thought every man had left the advanced trench, but a few moments later when a small body of Germans attempted to storm it, we were astonished to see it defended by rapid rifle fire from some unknown source. The battle raged for some hours all along the line, but still this little spot was stubbornly held. Again and again the Germans assailed it; but each time with the same lack of success—each attack they lost twenty or thirty men, and those who reached the trench were apparently unable to oust its mysterious defenders. When dusk fell the fighting ceased; and shortly afterwards I received this little note—it speaks for itself."

I spread the paper upon my knee and read:

Sir,—Two other men and I were left behind when the company withdrew. During the fight we collected in eight stragglers from other battalions, so we are now eleven. We held the line against all the attacks. If you, sir, and the rest of the company wish to come back now, the trench is perfectly safe.

Sergeant.

To be continued.

THE COLONEL'S PAIR OF REDHEADS

By Archie P. McKishnie

IN Martin's defence let it be said that he started in the race to Marion Nevill's favour sadly and woefully handicapped. Perhaps no wooer since man was made and woman placed beside him to awaken yearning and discontent had ever found himself in quite such a dilemma as did he this momentous season when, in response to Colonel Nevill's invitation, he was spending the closing autumn days in Shag Villa, the country home of the girl he adored.

Now, had it been an open field and no favour—but, you see, it was not; very much not! Two competitive wooers toed the scratch with Martin in the race to Marion's favour, either of whom, he felt assured, could have given him five yards and beat him to the rope with time to spare.

And the devilish part of it all was, he confessed to himself, he knew it. Yes, Martin knew it all right, and the knowledge did not serve to help him in the least. He liked Captain John Simms as a man, very much indeed, and he possessed a wholesome admiration for Billy Gregory, too. Man to man, and with man that is; as rival to rival, he hated both, and would have enjoyed tying them together and hurling them over the highest cliff into the lake.

There was something prehistoric about Martin's nature, and it was nothing for him to jump back a couple or more of centuries and become a cave-dweller. Particularly was this liable to happen when, as now, he played golf with his rivals and heard their derisive chuckles and Marion's sigh of sympathy when he missed a drive. At such times that slender, steel-nosed golf-stick took on enormous proportions with knotty protuberances along its sides, and he longed to make one fell swipe at the captain and Billy, grasp Marion by the hair and drag her to his lair among the cliffs.

Only there were impediments to the design. In the first place, Martin was not fashioned by nature to carry it out. He stood only five-foot-three, which fact, perhaps, explained why he was being frequently mistaken by visitors for the caddy; in the second place, this spirit of outlawry was but an obsession that lasted not longer than the flicker of an eyelash.

However, of one thing he was positive. Neither the captain nor Billy cared for Marion just in the way he cared for her. They were not capable of it. They were both big, raw-boned, aggressive individuals delving away at life for the kernel the shell afforded. In other words, they were brute men, veneered by civilization into fair-

ly perfect specimens, with their aims and motives selfish; and they drank too much and played poker too late. Martin was no saint himself, but he knew a girl who was as near one as it is possible for human being to be, and he wanted the man to whom she granted supremest happiness to be worthy of her, that's all.

This morning Marion came upon him seated on a mound behind the wood-hedged links, slowly and carefully filling his pipe. A broken golf-stick lay at his feet. The peak of a plaid golf-cap protruded from the much-battered piece of sod, mute evidence of Martin's recent mental soliloquy on golf in general and two players in particular.

Laughter danced in the girl's eyes at sight of him and quickly she unslung the kodak from her shoulders. At the click of the instrument Martin turned inquiringly, and admiration and appreciation of the picture before him wiped out six weeks of failure from his memory. She matched the environment so well, the gold of her hair, the pink of her cheeks, her wild bubbling life.

Then he turned the picture to the wall. She had frowned.

"Exhibit number one hundred and twenty," he shivered. "What are you going to name this one, Marion?"

"The Quitter," she returned icily.

"Eh?" Martin sat up. "What do you mean, the quitter?"

"That's what you are, aren't you, Jimmy?"

He looked away. "I'm not long on golf," he said rather lamely. "I can't play golf with any degree of success any more than I can play billiards or ride horse-back; but listen, Marion," pleadingly, "I'm no quitter."

"No?"

"No, siree, I'm no quitter. Haven't I stuck and done my level best, only to be beaten by the Cap. and Billy every time? They're players, those chaps," he acknowledged. "I'm just a misfit, that's all."

"You allow the captain and Billy

to beat you at everything, Jimmy." There was banter in her tones, but Martin did not get it. To him, it was a brief, cold statement of fact. According to her own words, he was done.

He sat frozen of soul, numb of mind. A man sentenced to be hanged may live a thousand deaths before the big day, but, after all, there's nothing to be compared with the real hanging.

Martin plucked his cap from the earth and flapped it on the log. There was a certain finality in the action which the girl intuitively read.

"Jimmy," she said gently.

He looked up at her. "I'm going back to the city to-morrow," he said shortly. "I'm not going to spoil your last snap-shot, Marion. I'm a quitter."

Perhaps the autumn day was in harmony with his depression of soul. As he spoke the sun went out from the skies and the gold on shrub and tree-top faded to bronze and gray. Even the face of the girl he loved better than anything in the wide world seemed to grow sad and dreary in expression. A cold wind whipped in from across the marshy lake, lifting her cap and unloosing a strand of gold-brown hair. Never before had she seemed so dear to him—and yet so far away.

Yet all she said as they turned up the path together was:

"Of course, if you wish to go, we cannot think of asking you to stay, Jimmy."

Wasn't that like a woman! Jimmy bit his tongue and stood it like the quitter she believed him to be.

That night, in the smoking-room, Martin casually let drop the intelligence that he was striking cityward on the morrow. He fancied he detected a look of mingled contempt and relief on the faces of his rivals at the news, though both were profuse in their expressions of regret at having to part with him. However, they hoped to meet him later on in the city,

and if he would visit a certain club of which they were members, they could promise him a sociable evening, etc.

It was the old colonel, who had known Martin from boyhood, who, upon learning of his intention, came looking for him on the jump."

"What's this I hear, you young rascal?" he shouted, catching sight of Jimmy. "Jumping away just when the shooting is on! Gad, boy, it's not like you to want to get out now when the ducks are coming in. You can't go, that's all. To-morrow we'll go and have a day's ducking on the lake. Here, you fellows," he appealed to the captain and Billy, who had resumed their game of billiards, "come over here and help me reason with this young outlaw. Want's to skip out just when the duck-shooting is on. Ever hear the like of it?"

Captain Simms came over smiling. "Perhaps he is not sufficiently expert at the game of shooting to wish to try his hand," he smiled. "Of course, if you will stay, Jimmy," he added saucily, "we'll see that you have first choice of blinds, and all that."

"Sure, we'll do our best to place you so's you can make some kind of a showing," backed Billy magnanimously.

The old colonel doubled up in a loud guffaw. "Why, you hanged idiots, let me tell you something," he cried when he could get his breath. "Do you know that this same Jimmy Martin—"

Jimmy grasped his arm warningly and broke in with, "I hate to go, colonel, of course, but I've simply got to, that's all."

"I'm going to leave him in your hands," said the colonel, turning to the captain and Billy. "Convince him that his idea of going away now is a crazy one. I've got to go over to the boat-house with Williams to look over the decoys." And he stamped away.

"Better stay," suggested the captain mildly, and "Do stay, old top," grinned Billy.

"Thanks," grunted Martin. Then, glancing up, he caught sight of Marion in the doorway. He beckoned her over.

"And what is the question before the house?" she smiled, glancing from one to the other of her guests.

"We're trying to persuade Jimmy to remain over for the duck-shooting," explained the captain and Billy in a breath.

Martin wanted to look straight into Marion's gray eyes, but he knew he would find the word "quitter" there, so he squirmed and looked fully as uncomfortable as he felt.

Low chuckles from the captain and Billy brought him back to himself. Under the circumstances an ordinary chuckle was bad enough. A derisive chuckle was worse. Martin wheeled on his rivals.

"I'll stay on one condition," he said quietly. "That condition is, if I bag fewer ducks to-morrow than both of you gentlemen bag together, I go back to the city. If I bag more ducks to-morrow than both of you together—you go back to the city."

Silence, dead and awesome silence, followed Martin's challenge. He glanced at Marion and was sure he read approval in her eyes. "Of course," he smiled, addressing the other two, "if you feel the odds against you are too great—"

"Oh, we'll take the wager," cried the captain, "that is, providing Miss Marion is willing. Of course, it will look as though we were forcing you to leave, and we don't want it that way, you know."

"Certainly not," murmured Billy. "Oh, dear me," smiled Marion, "do not let me interfere. While I and my father will hate to see anyone leave Shag Villa, I'm sure I voice his sentiments when I say—have it all your own way, gentlemen. Suit yourselves."

Jimmy caught a flash of approval from the hazel eyes, as with a laugh she turned away. He rolled a cigarette under the cynical, contemptuous

gaze of his rivals, slowly lighted it and walked towards the door.

"Going to pack up, Jimmy?" sneered Billy.

Martin paused and half turned. "No," he answered, "going up to un-pack."

Dawn crept tardily up from the east to show the curling waves of the lake champing white teeth at the low, dun-coloured sky. Martin, crouched in his blind, eyed his bobbing decoys and wondered if Billy and the captain were yet in their respective hides.

The sharp "tak-tak" of two double barrels, speaking almost in unison, gave him his answer. He gripped the pump-gun on his knees and glanced up towards the blinds at the curve of the lake. Apparently the captain and Billy were shooting from the same hide. Had they bagged any? Martin wondered.

As if in answer to the thought a long line of low-flying red-heads grew up out of the mist and swung in towards his blind. As the frantic ducks swept in and turned against the wind with set wings, the Winchester coughed six times, deliberately as the ticking of a clock. And at every cough a duck crumpled up and fell sprawling on the wind-whipped water.

Again came the report of the other fowlers' guns. This time Martin saw their skiff dancing on the waves and knew that they were gathering dead birds.

He produced his pipe and tobacco. Well, let them bag them, he thought, as he filled and lit the old brier-root.

"Swee-swish-swee-swish," and a flock of blue-bills darted above his decoys and went down with the wind at express speed.

Now, a novice at the work of duck-shooting would have taken a snap shot at that retreating flock of ducks on the chance of body-crippling a bird or two. But Martin was no novice. He simply sank lower in his blind and waited.

Far out on the lake the flock turn-

ed and curved back towards him, dropping low as they sped towards the decoys. Once again they swept outside the wooden ducks—then, as before, sped outward. Still Martin did not shoot. He knew, from experience, that a flock of blue-bills will invariably come above decoys three times. He knew also that, on returning for the third time, if they did not light, they would not return again. Accordingly he braced himself and waited the incomers, which had again turned and were speeding towards him.

This time as they flashed above his decoys, Martin's "pumper" spoke again, sharply and deliberately. Through the deepening light he was able to count the birds which the wind had driven into shore. Twelve all told. Not a bad beginning, thought Martin.

Other ducks came in to him, in singles, twos and in tattered remnants of flocks. Noon found him with eighty-one ducks as a showing. He wondered how the captain and Billy had fared. All morning their guns had been kept busy. In another hour would come the grand show-down, when he would know whether he or his rivals would have to go back to the city. He squatted in his blind and waited. But the wind had changed, the sky had become clear, the ducks had ceased to fly.

An hour later Martin loaded his ducks into his skiff and paddled shoreward. He had seen the other boats going in a few minutes before. Marion and her father had gone first, Billy and the captain close behind.

Martin had a premonition that he had failed—failed by a shade. Try as he would, he could not shake the feeling off.

They were waiting for him at the landing. "How many?" were the first words of Billy and the captain as he landed. Martin saw Marion's eager face as she waited for his reply.

"Eighty-one," he answered. "And you?"

"Eighty-two," shouted the captain, and Billy danced a hornpipe on the sands. "Tell the fellows in the city that we'll see 'em later, Jimmy," he chortled.

Marion, clad in a heavy hunting-coat of her father's, came forward and bent to examine Martin's ducks, in the bottom of his skiff. Martin longed to see her eyes, but her head was bent as slowly she counted the birds. The colonel, official referee of the contest, stood by, smiling and watching her.

Martin was gravely shaking hands with his competitors when the colonel's voice came to his ears. "I say, Jimmy's beat you two fellows, at that! He was just kidding you when he said eighty-one. He has eighty-three ducks here!"

Martin pinched himself to see if he were awake. The captain and Billy, their faces anything but smiling now, stood beside the colonel and Marion, slowly counting the birds.

Then slowly they turned and faced Martin.

"Jimmy," spoke the captain, "you got us. Shake, and good luck."

"Same here," echoed Billy in soulless cordiality. Then they turned up the path.

"We're on our way," waved the captain from the knoll. But Billy did not echo the words. He was plodding along, head down.

The colonel had returned to his own

skiff to secure the birds he had bagged. Martin turned slowly and faced Marion. She was looking away across the now blue and tranquil lake. "Marion," he said softly, "you know, of course, why I made that wager."

She nodded.

He reached for her hand and took it in both of his.

"And are you sorry I won?"

She turned her gray eyes upon him. They were misty and full of a new and beautiful light. "No, Jimmy," she said chokingly, "I'm glad, I wanted you to win, Jimmy."

"Because?" he persisted.

"Yes," she whispered, "that's the reason."

They were standing, arms about each other's shoulders, planning, when the colonel's voice spoke for the third time, behind them.

"Jimmy," it said in mock severity, "you are an ambitious hunter, I must say. You have, I see, bagged the queen duck of Shag Villa."

"I have," agreed Martin frankly.

"But what I can't understand," said the colonel perplexedly, "is where the mischief the only pair of red-heads I bagged went to. Some sneaking bog-shooter must have found them in the skiff and took em—eh?"

"Quite likely, sir," said Martin.

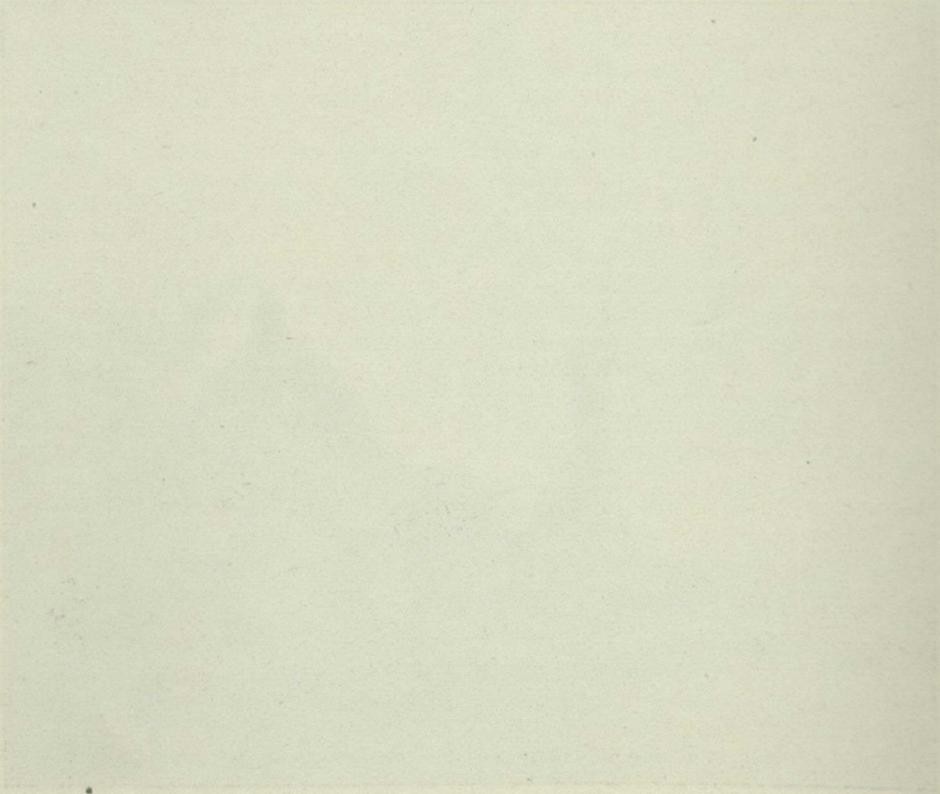
He was trying to read Marion's gray eyes. But they were turned from him, gazing across the blue, untroubled lake.





A CANAL SCENE

From the Painting by
J. W. Beatty



OUR STRANGLE-HOLD ON THE GERMAN SPY SYSTEM

By William Le Queux

THAT spies of Germany have been very active among us for the past ten years cannot be denied, but in this, the third year of war, Great Britain may certainly congratulate herself upon the possession of a very adequate and effective system of counter-espionage and, indeed, upon having secured a veritable strangle-hold upon the enemy's spies.

To the average man or woman the working of the Intelligence Departments of both branches of the services is shrouded in mystery, as it must obviously be.

The discovery of the "Spy's post-office" in the Caledonion Road, London, in 1912, was a most fortunate incident, because letters sent there from Germany to be re-forwarded to spies were intercepted and copied. They gave us the clue to the existence of a very remarkable state of affairs, and revealed the identity not only of the spies amongst us, but also showed that German military desperadoes had been despatched to England in humble guises, but with special instructions to carry on certain sinister work, quite distinct from espionage. These Huns were raiders whose hope it was to strike, on the outbreak of war, sudden and deadly blows with

explosives and by other means, with the object of crippling our naval and military organization. For a time they constituted a very grave menace to our country. What blows they actually struck cannot here be revealed. Certain disasters were, rightly or wrongly, attributed to them.

As one who was in touch with the work of counter-espionage for several years before the war, I can testify as to how excellent were the staff, and how untiring their constant efforts. Frequently, when public opinion declared that "our police were no use"—for in ignorance the public thought that the police were charged with such work—I begged those in authority to allow me to satisfy the minds of the people by lifting the veil just a little in order to show what was really in progress. But the decision was always in the negative.

Personally, I think that when an outcry was raised in 1913 against spies, the public might have been shown that we were not exactly asleep, as some speakers and writers would make out.

The "Spy's post-office" was allowed to proceed merrily for over a year, and in that period much interesting correspondence passed through the *cabinet-noir*. Persons who were quite unsuspected were found to be agents

of Germany, and the possession of a list of these gave the Intelligence Department a decided advantage on the outbreak of war, for some twenty or so dangerous persons were very quickly placed under lock and key.

The secret agents of the Kaiser sent here as desperadoes to commit outrage were a horde which, at the time, could not be effectively grappled with. For that reason guards were set upon railways, waterworks, power-stations, and such like. The very fact that these guards are now withdrawn is, surely, silent evidence of the effective measures taken to combat Germany's evil machinations. Germany established a canker-worm in England's heart, but happily this has been, in a very great measure, crushed out.

Though so much excellent work has been done it is unfortunate that public opinion has been inflamed by the apathy of other departments of the State. For example, successive Home Secretaries have bungled very badly over the enemy alien question, and it was not before the people began to riot against the policy of apathy which was inviting disaster, and Lady Glanusk held her great woman's demonstration at the Mansion House, that the Cabinet could be brought to realize the great peril, so apparent on every side. The screaming farce of the ex-German Consul Ahlers caused universal anger. This German official, who had been solemnly condemned to death for traitorous acts, was not only reprieved, but allowed to hide his identity under an English name, and entertain his brother Huns in a snug abode in a London suburb. At the moment we had Germans in every walk of life, and in all our public services. Indeed, in the first eighteen months of war, with the thousand and one examples of Mr. McKenna's paternal leniency towards the enemy alien, of which the reader is too well acquainted by the comments of his daily papers, it seemed to the people as though the British

Government actually protected the Hun.

I happen to know full well that this feeling was, unfortunately, also growing among our Allies. As one who since 1906 had had something to do with secret service among Great Britain's enemies, I can assure those who read these lines that although our Intelligence Services, directed as they are by a nameless but most astute official, to whom the highest credit will be given when peace is proclaimed, have done their level best to combat the German in our midst, until some months ago they, however, unfortunately, did not receive such a hearty measure of support from the Home Department as might have been expected. Further, certain unfortunate Ministerial statements had been made in the House and in the press before the war, which were, in the light of subsequent events, proved to be not in accordance with fact. Hence the man-in-the-street believed himself misled—as he undoubtedly was.

In the first year of war he was as much misled by political juggling as he was by the Kaiser who, in that famous interview published on October 28, 1908, declared to us in those winning words: "My dearest wish is to live on the best terms with England. Have I ever been false to my word. Falsehood and prevarication are alien to my nature." Yet, at the same moment, England was swarming with his spies craftily endeavouring to plot our downfall! Indeed, the All-Highest One, when he went to the Guildhall to make a speech of friendliness, took his chief spy, Steinhauer, with him! Three months after the bursting of the war-cloud the Home Office sent a long and delightfully misinforming statement to the press in which we were gravely assured that "espionage has been made by statute a military offence triable by court-martial". As a matter of fact the laws relating to espionage had been settled by the Hague Convention years before!

Again, in this statement we were also gravely assured that the action taken by the authorities in arresting about thirty known spies who had long been watched, was "believed to have broken up the spy organization in this country".

Could anything be more calculated to irritate a discerning public?

A few months later Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, rose in the House of Commons and informed us that "every enemy alien is known, and is under constant police supervision". Such a statement did not improve the growing feeling of insecurity, and even if it was intended to place the enemy off his guard, it was but a clumsy ruse, for there were at that moment thousands of the enemy in our midst allowed to roam at pleasure and plot against us—persons who were unregistered and unknown. So far, indeed, from that statement being the truth, Sir R. Cooper, M.P., stood up in the House and boldly declared that there were aliens in every department of our public services, and that these persons were daily transmitting reports of our movements to Germany. Not a soul rose to contradict him. Why? Because the secrets of our Budget had been known and published in Frankfurt before they were known in the House of Commons! And again, a later and more glaring instance of the leakage of information to our enemies was when the news of Lord Kitchen-er's tragic death was published in Berlin half an hour after it had reached London. Who was the traitor?

Further, the Home Secretary's recent figures were certainly not very reassuring, for he admitted that no fewer than 7,233 enemy aliens had been granted certificates exempting them from internment. One wonders why? He also told us that there were 9,355 male enemy aliens loose in London alone, while 471 male enemy aliens were still allowed to live in "prohibited areas!" One cannot help wondering what these dear good Ger-

mans and Austrians had done to be granted such a privilege, and how many Englishmen to-day are living in prohibited areas in Germany.

Naturally such admission caused considerable anger, for it revealed the fact that the Intelligence Department was not receiving due support from the Home Office. Fighting a crafty and unscrupulous foe, as we are, we should surely not give them a single loophole.

Happily few loopholes to-day exist, yet these few must be closed. We have a strangle-hold upon German spies, and we must retain it. In most districts in England the army of secret agents has been dispersed and broken, and the desperadoes are either repatriated, or are among the 26,000 civilian enemy aliens we hold to-day behind stout barbed wire. The courts of internment have long ago discovered themselves to be a mere farce, for the Hun secret agent, a graduate of one of the spy-schools in Leipzig, Friedenau, or elsewhere—is far too wily and his purse for too potent. Happily we have learned a serious lesson. Germany intended to spring some big surprises upon us, and one of those big surprises was the sudden rising of an army of military desperadoes who were to act at a given signal, destroy our communications, our waterworks, our power-stations, our shipping, and commit serious outrages in our arsenals and munition works. But by the secret knowledge acquired before the war, acquired only by patient inquiry, continual watchfulness, and often by undertaking long journeys into the enemy's camp, the authorities held information which enabled them to strangle the serpent which the Kaiser had placed with such cunning within our gates—within the country whose hospitality he accepted—and over whose suspicion he bleated so pathetically in that famous interview in 1908.

Germany herself admits that we have upset her plans and discovered her plots, for she has now expressed

herself ready to exchange her 4,000 half-starved civilian prisoners interned at Ruhleben for our 26,000. This is a bargain which, though certainly one-sided, is nevertheless one which, if accepted by us, would meet with public approval, for we have no desire to feed and clothe them further. Probably, however, a good many of those interned at Alexandra Palace and elsewhere would hesitate considerably to return to Hunland, dreading the fate there awaiting them.

Even though so much has been done to combat the spy menace, I go further, and contend that every German, no matter what he may be, should, in these days of grave events, be placed securely under lock and key. I, long ago, suggested to the authorities that the 26,000 men now interned should be repatriated, and that the remainder of the Germans at large should be interned in their place. It is to be hoped that this will be done.

The only serious menace now re-

maining is the release of interned enemy aliens and the leniency shown to German women. The female spy is much more dangerous than the male of that genus, and we should not forget that before the war Germans conducted the white slave traffic in the West End of London, and in certain provincial centres. They conduct it to-day, and, without doubt, a good deal of important military and naval information is gathered and transferred by German women of a certain class within the two-mile radius of Piccadilly Circus.

In the third year of the war, however, it is certainly a matter of congratulation that we have rectified many of our political blunders in dealing with espionage, and that we have gripped Germany's spy system with a strong hand.

As one who has some knowledge of what has been done—things which the public little dream—I personally view the present aspect of affairs with the greatest satisfaction.



THE TRIAL of NILES von SHOULTZ

By Irving E. Struthers

A MYTH OF HISTORY EXPLAINED



OPPOSITE the City of Kingston, on one of the points which reach out into the bay formed in part by an arm of Lake Ontario and in part by the mouth of the Cataraqui River, rise the massive but weather-scarred walls of Fort Henry, a fortress that belongs to the stone age of fortifications whose works are as obsolete as is the flint-lock musket or the muzzle-loading cannon.

Before time had laid a hand heavily upon it, Fort Henry must have been a sight to see; and to-day, if the visitor will for the moment forget the existence of sixteen-inch guns and shells of a ton in weight, the walls and towers and sallyports of the old fortress are impressive even in their decay. They are built of the beautiful light gray limestone found at every turn in Kingston. The stonework of Fort Henry is a credit to the engineers and masons who planned and constructed those massive walls and picturesque martello towers whose most destructive enemy has been time and the elements.

Before the outbreak of the war, which led to the use of Fort Henry as a place of detention for dangerous subjects of the enemy, the visitor was shown everywhere, and one spot no well-informed guide ever neglected was the dungeon in which was con-

fining one of the victims of the troublous days of 1837-38. It truly was a dungeon in every sense of the word—a small space in the centre of a great stone structure, enclosed by massive walls, without light except for the few faint rays that struggled through the heavily grated ventilating aperture high up in the wall, and secured by sets of barred and bolted doors of oak opening upon a narrow, winding passage that could only be lighted by torch or lantern. To-day the interior of the dungeon is in ruins. The floor of planks is gone and the masonry on which it once rested is covered by a pool of water formed by the little streams that during every rain trickle down the slimy walls. A brief survey satisfies the visitor who gladly clammers over decayed timbers and fallen stone, threads the gloomy passage, and so returns to the fresh air and cheerful sunshine.

On December 8th, 1838, there went out from that dungeon to meet death on the scaffold a man whose trial and tragic end are associated with the name of Kingston's most famous citizen and one of Canada's leading statesmen. That criminal was Niles Gustof Schobteviski von Shoultz, and his counsel at his trial was John A. Macdonald.

Among the legion of anecdotes based on the life of Sir John Macdonald

perhaps none has been given wider circulation than that recounting the manner in which he made his start in the practice of the law by his able yet futile defence of the filibuster leader, Von Shoultz, and the tellers of this story, and even biographers and historians have dilated upon the eloquence of the plea of the young Kingston lawyer—a plea, they said, that established the advocate's reputation and launched him upon a career the ultimate goal of which was the premiership of the Dominion.

In his detailed history of the Upper Canadian Rebellion, Dent tells the story in these two sentences: "He [Von Shoultz] was ably defended by the present Premier of the Dominion [written in 1884 when Sir John held that position] then a young man whose way in the world was yet to be made. The eloquence and forensic skill displayed by the clever young counsel did much to advance his own fortunes, but were of no avail to save the life of his client, who was hanged at Kingston on the 8th of December, 1838."

Collins in his *Life of Macdonald* falls into like error, for he writes: "Every one was struck with the masterly character of young Macdonald's defence, and though they knew that it lay not in the power of human tongue or brain to save the prisoner, they admired the skill with which he led up his arguments, the tact with which he appealed to the inexorable judges, and above all the soul-felt interest he seemed to have in his client".

That young Macdonald took a deep interest in the welfare of his client is established by facts that will be referred to later, but that he made the eloquent plea that the biographer himself grows eloquent over, is entirely false, as the records of the case make clear, and as more careful biographers have pointed out.

The painstaking Kingsford states that Von Shoultz "was defended by the late Sir John Macdonald, then a

young barrister starting in his profession, but it was simply impossible to offer any defense for him." Those were the facts, but Dr. Parkin in his *Life of Macdonald*, goes farther and gives the tale its quietus. "The romance of political biography," writes Dr. Parkin, "long credited Macdonald with a defence of the accused man [Von Shoultz] so brilliant as to establish his legal reputation, but this myth has been dispelled by the sober facts of authentic history, which show that the counsel for the defence neither made nor could make before the court-martial any speech at all in behalf of the prisoner, who pleaded guilty from the first, and, in the absence of all extenuating circumstances, was condemned and executed."

The circumstances for which Dr. Parkin says no extenuation could be found, make up what is known as the filibuster raid into the Johnston District below Prescott, Ontario, which came to an inglorious end at the stone windmill standing on the bank of the St. Lawrence River about a mile and a half below the town of Prescott. To-day the old windmill is used as a lighthouse. It also stands as a landmark in the history of two of the most troublous years Upper Canada has known for fully a century.

The mill was erected in 1822 by a West India merchant. It is a structure of considerable strength, as its walls are several feet thick. In the autumn of 1838 there stood near by several other stone buildings in front of which ran the highway leading from Kingston down to Montreal. The situation was exceedingly strong, as it commanded the approaches by both land and water; and against musket-fire the stone buildings afforded perfect protection. It was this position that, on November 12th, 1838, was taken possession of by the filibusters from Oswego, Sackett's Harbour, Ogdensburg, and other places on the American side of the International waterway. Then followed the battle.

Troops soon drove the invaders into the stone buildings which their position commanded, and prevented other raiders from crossing over from the south shore of the river, but against musketry the stone walls afforded complete defence. Artillery was despatched from Kingston to Prescott, and the two days required for bringing it down were spent in comparative inaction.

On the afternoon of the 16th the guns arrived, and were placed in position at about four hundred yards from the windmill. An hour before sunset they opened fire. Soon the filibusters' position was untenable; a white flag was displayed, and an unconditional surrender followed. The prisoners were 160, including eighteen wounded. Dent writes that the filibusters' "loss was at least 20, and probably twice that number. The loss on the British side was 2 officers and 14 rank and file killed, and about 60 wounded."

One of the prisoners taken at the windmill was Von Shoultz, the leader of the filibustering expedition—"A gentleman," says Dent, "altogether too good for the company in which he was found, and with which he had allied himself. He was a man of liberal education, of soldierly character and bearing, and of high aspirations, who under favouring circumstances might well have won honourable fame. The *Kingston Spectator*, a publication long since dead, in an issue of a date a little subsequent to these events wrote that "Von Shoultz was of Swedish descent, a Pole by place of birth, and of noble extraction."

The prisoners captured at the windmill were conveyed to Kingston by the old mail steamer *Canada* and landed at Scobell's wharf, at the foot of Brock street. The greater number, including their leader, were marched to Fort Henry, there being no room in the common jail, already full of like offenders. Von Shoultz was confined in the dungeon that thereafter became one of the sights of the place.

A little more than two years before the fight at the Prescott windmill and the incarceration of Von Shoultz in Fort Henry, John Macdonald had been admitted to the Bar of Upper Canada. At the age of five years he had come with his parents and their other children from Glasgow, Scotland, to Kingston, then one of the principal cities in the Upper Province. From the Grammar School he had passed into the law office of Mr. George Mackenzie, and, completing his apprenticeship to the profession of the law, he was called to the Bar on February 6th, 1836, and immediately entered upon practice on his own account at the early age of twenty-one years.

Offenders such as Von Shoultz fell within the jurisdiction of the court-martial which sat at Kingston, and before this court the leader of the Prescott raiders came up for trial. At his request Von Shoultz was allowed counsel, and he engaged young Macdonald.

The trial took place on November 28th, and upon being arraigned Von Shoultz pleaded guilty to the capital charges of attacking the Queen's Dominions and killing the Queen's subjects. A Kingston newspaper of the time gave this brief account of the trial:

"The judge-advocate cautioned the prisoner respecting the consequences of such a plea to him; that in the present circumstances of Upper Canada he could hold out no hope for mercy, and, therefore, the prisoner must consider his situation well, and if he thought proper he might withdraw his plea and plead not guilty.

"The prisoner answered that he had been induced to take command of the invaders under false impressions, and now that he saw through the whole and discovered the delusion under which he had laboured, he was aware of the nature of his conduct. It was no use to say anything in defence, and he should persist in his plea of guilty."

Von Shoultz was found guilty and condemned to be hanged on December 8th. As Dr. Parkin writes, Von Shoultz's counsel, Macdonald, "neither made nor could make before the court-martial any speech at all in behalf of the prisoner."

One other service Macdonald tried to render Von Shoultz, but his efforts were only partially successful. Von Shoultz was condemned to a felon's death by hanging, and Macdonald endeavoured to have the sentence changed so that the condemned man might be shot as a soldier. The request was refused, but the authorities yielded this much—they permitted the execution to be carried out on a special scaffold erected at Fort Henry instead of in the yard of the common jail of Kingston, where several other prisoners taken at the windmill were hanged. And so Von Shoultz met his death within the precincts of Fort Henry which, since the outbreak of the present war, has been the place of internment of several hundred Germans and Austrians.

"The romance of political biography," as Dr. Parkin calls it, which credited Macdonald with having made an eloquent plea in defence of Von Shoultz, was based on an error easily accounted for, because a short time before the sitting of the court-martial there was a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench sitting in Kingston in which the charge grew out of events resulting from the raid, and in which Macdonald played the part that has been erroneously assigned to him in connection with the case of Von Shoultz.

Many military prisoners were confined in the Kingston jail, and on a certain night several made their escape. The jailer was a Mr. Ashley, in politics an ardent Reformer. Colonel Dundas of the 83rd Regiment, Commandant at the Fort, had Ashley arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting the escape. Ashley retained Macdonald to defend him, and the

case came up for trial at the autumn term.

Mr. Gunn, who spent the closing years of his life in Walkerton, was engaged in the shipping business in Kingston during the years of the Upper Canadian rebellion. He attended Ashley's trial, and long after he wrote a brief account of it.

"John A. Macdonald, then a very young lawyer who had not hitherto distinguished himself in any way," wrote Mr. Gunn, "defended Mr. Ashley. I was present during the whole of the trial, which lasted two days or more. Mr. Macdonald handled the military authorities with great severity, for which they never forgave him, and this feeling of antagonism was kept up, each new-coming regiment evidently receiving the tradition from its predecessor in the garrison, but John A. cared nothing for that.

"Although Mr. Macdonald's friends did not sympathize with him in his onslaught on the military authorities, yet all were surprised and delighted at the wonderful tact and the forensic ability he so suddenly displayed in that trial. The jury, after long deliberation, acquitted Mr. Ashley. The name and praise of the young lawyer were on every tongue. He had made his mark."

Out of these circumstances grew the myth respecting Sir John Macdonald's eloquent defence of Von Shoultz, but it was not in defending the raider but in defending the jailer of the raider's associates that Sir John first made his mark as a lawyer and public speaker. His feet were now on the rungs of the ladder—the lower rungs to be sure, but they were there, and then he began to climb. He was soon solicitor for a bank and a large trust and loan company; five years later he was elected an alderman of the City of Kingston, and, in the autumn following that advancement, the city chose him as its representative in the House of Assembly of the Legislature of United Canada.

THE BLACK SHEEP

By John Markey

CHARACTERS: Mary Nolan, an old woman. Bessie Nolan, her daughter-in-law. Patrick Nolan, son of Mary and husband of Bessie. A child.

SCENE I.

A room in an apartment house in a Canadian city. Time, September, 1914. The furnishings are old-fashioned but respectable. Mary Nolan is seated in an armchair and knitting. She is over sixty, and maybe over seventy. Her hair is white and her face is deeply lined.

Mary (*to herself*): O, these wars, these cruel wars. Bad luck to them and to the man that first invented them. It's a sore heart they left me before, and it's a sore heart they are likely to leave me again. But, then, who am I to be complaining, as if I were the only one that ever carried a sore heart. (*Knocking at the door*). Come in.

Enter Bessie Nolan, carrying a baby. She is about twenty-five years of age. She is cheaply but tastefully dressed.

Mary (*rising and offering her hand*): I'm glad to see you, Bessie. I was afraid you wouldn't come.

Bessie (*ignoring the offered hand*): And why not, when you sent for me? I have done nothing that I should be afraid to go anywhere.

Mary: I'm glad, in troth, to hear you say that. I sent for you because I had been hearing different, and I didn't want to be hearing anything from anybody's lips but your own.

Bessie: I suppose you want me to tell you about the separation?

Mary: I just want to hear from your own lips that it's not true. Some people in this neighbourhood have long tongues, and you couldn't believe a word they'd say, more especially if it was bad.

Bessie: Well, I guess they're telling the truth this time. I got a legal separation two days ago from the magistrate. I have the papers signed and sealed, and Patrick Nolan has no more right to come into my house now than any other tramp, and if he did come I could have him arrested. Yes, and I would, too.

Mary (*laying her knitting down in her lap, and folding her hands in an attitude of prayer*): Never in all the days of my life have I questioned the rulings of the Almighty, and never did I try to shirk the cross that was intended for me; but I wish to God the grave had closed above me before I ever heard such words. O, my poor boy. That this disgrace should come upon you!

Bessie (*warmly*): Your poor boy, indeed! The dirty drunken loafer that has broken a young girl's heart.

Mary (*with calmness*): If you have no respect for his old gray-headed mother, remember he is your lawfully wedded husband and the father of your child.

Bessie (*rising with agitation*): That he is the father of my child is my misfortune and the child's, who certainly did nothing to deserve it; but henceforward and forever he is no husband of mine.

Mary: Sure you can't say that. Weren't you lawfully married according to the rules of the church? And wasn't he a good husband to you, barring the drink?

Bessie: Yes, but he didn't bar the drink, and when the drink was in him he was a brute. He destroyed my life, and he has all but destroyed my soul. But I will not let him do that. I have done with him forever. I will go my own way and try to make the best of what little faith and courage I have left.

Mary (*rising to her feet and approaching Bessie*): But the child—remember the child.

Bessie: Thank God, I have still my two hands and a stout heart, and with their help I'll look after the child. Neither you nor your son will need to worry about it.

Enter Patrick Nolan. He is slightly under the influence of liquor, but not quite drunk.

Patrick: Hello, mother! Hello, Bessie! What's all this? Swapping news? I'll bet I have a fresh bit neither one of you has heard.

Bessie turns as if to leave.

Mary: Wait a minute, woman. Maybe you'd be interested in Patrick's bit of news.

Bessie: It wouldn't interest me now to hear that he was dead.

Patrick: Well, you may hear it sooner than you think. I've enlisted. What do you think of that?

Bessie: I think it's one of your drunken lies. You're too big a coward. Mary: He may be a fool, but he's no coward. No one of his blood, on either side, was ever a coward. Still, I hope it isn't so.

Patrick: Yes, mother, it is so. And I have made over the separation allowance to Bessie and the kid. And the chairman of the patriotic committee pledged me his word that he'll look after you. So you'll see me in khaki in a few days, and I'll bother neither of you any more.

Bessie: I'll believe it when I see it. But I've listened to your lies too long to be easily taken in.

Exit Bessie.

Mary: What in the name of all that's sacred put that into your head?

Patrick: I think it was a bit of poetry I read in the paper the other day, where it said that this war was a great chance for the black sheep, and that many a man who had spoiled his life was now making good, and many others who had brought nothing but disgrace on their families were now bringing honour. I wish I could remember the lines; but that's the meaning of it. And that little poem got on my brain. Maybe the war will make a man of me, too. I'm afraid it's the only chance I have, now that Bessie has got a legal separation and turned me out on the street.

Mary: Your old mother hasn't got a legal separation from you, nor has she turned you out on the street.

Patrick: I know that, mother; but if I stayed here it would be the same old story over again. I got it into my head now, and I think I must go.

Mary (*deliberately*): Yes, if you got it into your head you must go.

You're your father's son for that. He got it into his head, when the American war broke out, that he must go. He was as fine a young man as you ever laid an eye on, and we were to be married in a year. But he got it into his head, like many another Canadian boy, that he ought to go to the war. And when he came back to me there was but the ghost of him left. The war didn't make a man of him, Patrick. I nursed him for five years, and then they laid him away in what they called a hero's grave. Musha!

Patrick: But you wouldn't have me stay, mother, when I have made up my mind to go? Besides, they need men, and I may be some good over there. I'm no good here.

Mary: I didn't bid your father stay, and I won't bid you stay, though God knows—(*Mary buries her face in her apron*).

Patrick: Cheer up, mother; it's all for the best. I must go up to the Armouries now. I'll see you again before long.

Mary (*following to the door, and looking after him*): And there he goes, just as his father went. And what matter if he went out to be killed by decent people, and it was the will of God? But to be massacred by them that have no regard for the laws of either God or man, and maybe left to die without a kindly hand to raise his head or a Christian voice to say, "God have mercy on your soul!"

SCENE II.

A year has passed. Mary Nolan is sitting in her old armchair and is still knitting. She has aged noticeably. Bessie Nolan is sitting beside her. She is well and fashionably dressed. The child is playing on the floor.

Bessie: Did Patrick have any news in his last letter?

Mary: What news would he have, except that he is in good health and spirits? And, of course, that's of no interest to you now.

Bessie: Sure you're always interested in hearing about anyone you know in times like these. Not that he's anything to me more than a stranger. Still you might be interested, even in a stranger, who was in the thick of the war.

Mary (*dryly*): Especially if you were getting a tidy lump of money each month by way of separation allowance. Not that I blame you, at all. Still there are women that wouldn't put it all on their backs as fast as they get it, but would put some of it away for the child, and maybe for himself, so that if he should come back without an arm or a leg he would have something to fall back on.

Bessie: The money is my own, and I'll do what I like with it.

Mary: Did you tell them that you had a legal separation from your husband when they came to pay you that money? Or that you had turned him out on the street and disowned him?

Bessie: You have a good memory and a bad tongue, and that's a terrible combination for any old woman.

Mary: My memory was so good that I never forgot either my husband or my child.

Enter messenger boy with telegram.

Bessie: Shall I read it for you?

Mary: Yes, do, Bessie. Your eyes are younger than mine. But it's too well I know what's in it.

Bessie (*reading to herself*): O, this is terrible!

Mary: What is it, Bessie? Is he dead?

Bessie: It's from Ottawa, it is, from the Department of Militia, it must be, and it says that Patrick Nolan died the death of a hero, somewhere in France. O, dear, it is terrible!

Mary (*quietly*): The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be His holy name.

Bessie (*crying violently*): O, what shall I do? O, why did I let him go!

Mary (*puts down her knitting and covers her face with her apron*): Cry your fill, Bessie. God help them that haven't any tears left to shed. My poor boy! And to think that your old mother hasn't a tear left for you!

Bessie: Well, it's some consolation to know that he died like a hero.

Mary: It may be for you, Bessie. You were only his wife, and if it hadn't been for the war that killed him you would never have known that he was worth crying for. But I was his mother, and I didn't need a telegram from Ottawa to tell me he was a hero.

Bessie: Your tongue is very bitter.

Mary: I suppose it is. I am getting old and my heart is drying up. I had a husband, and I had a son, and now in all the wide world I have nobody.

Bessie: But won't you forgive me, even if I confess that I wasn't worthy to be the wife of such a man?

Mary: It's not for me to sit in judgment on anyone. But I could find it in my heart to curse all wars and the man that invented them.

Bessie: But, after all, the war, which took your son and my husband, left us a hero, so that we may honour his memory and be proud of him all our lives.

Mary: Speak for yourself, Bessie. Two heroes had I in my lifetime, and to me they were as real as any that was ever put in a ballad or a story-book; but the war's took both of them. No, Bessie, wars may make heroes for other people, but not for mothers. Mothers raise heroes for wars to destroy.

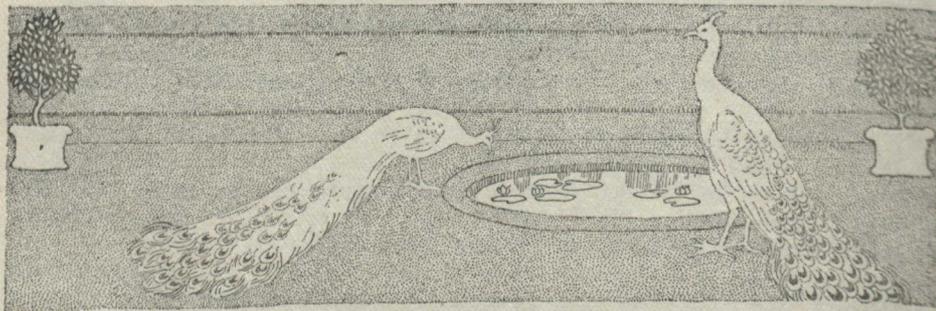
Bessie: But, at any rate, he died in a good cause.

Mary: I'm not denying that, Bessie. If there was ever a country that a young man ought to be proud to die for, Canada is that country. I don't begrudge him to Canada, Bessie. It isn't that. But it didn't require the war to make him a hero to his old mother.

Bessie (*holding up the baby*): Well, you still have Patrick's child. Won't you take him to your heart, for his father's sake, even if you do despise his mother?

Mary: I'm a hard old woman, toughened by the storms of many years; but I think if you would give me the child to nurse for a while I might have a quiet cry, and that would do me good.

CURTAIN.



SHAKESPEARE, ^{THE} GERMANIS AND THE COMIC SPIRIT

By *A. Haire Forster*

ACCORDING to George Meredith, we know the degree of refinement in men by the matter they will laugh at, and there is no doubt that the audience in Shakespeare's time laughed at many things which we do not consider laughable at all.

The comic, then, is a co-operative process: the culture of the audience has to be considered as well as the performance on the stage, and Shakespeare wrote for an audience which he understood thoroughly.

His first aim in constructing his plays was to fill the theatre, his wit had to be such as could be understood by the people, that so much of it is still wit after three hundred years is another example of his genius.

Wit and the comic are closely connected, though easy to distinguish. Wit is made, the comic is found. The comic is the object at which wit aims. For example, Bardolph's nose is a frequent object for Falstaff's wit. It serves him for a lantern. "Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches," Falstaff says to Bardolph. "Walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern." But Falstaff, the philosopher, at once remembers that there is another side to the question. "But the sack thou

hast drunk me," he goes on, "would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it." In "The Midsummer Night's Dream", Bottom appears with an ass's head; this is a comic sight. The remark of Quince: "Bottom, thou art translated", is an example of harmless wit, being a play on the word translate, used of shoemakers putting new tops on old bottoms.

Punning is a lower form of harmless wit, a pun being merely a play on the sound of words. To find an illustration of punning in Shakespeare, it is only necessary to open any of his plays anywhere; and if Charles Lamb be right in maintaining that the worst puns are the best, then Shakespeare was a good punster; in "The Tempest", he puns even on the word dollar.

A pun, Lamb says, is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear, not a feather to tickle the intellect. The example which Lamb gives is, however, something better than a pun; in its hopeless absurdity it is more than a mere play on the sound of words. An Oxford scholar, he says, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare

through the streets accosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare—or a wig?" As Lamb says, there is no excusing this and no resisting it. It has the economy of expression and the unexpectedness and the escape from reason which are the marks of wit. There is a story of Lamb which shows another common element in the technique of wit, namely, faulty logic. A friend said to him, "You owe me half-a-crown." On the contrary, Lamb replied, "You owe me half-a-crown, for, if you remember, I asked for the loan of a crown and you only gave me half-a-crown."

Falstaff is well aware of this deceptive power of logic. "Thou knowest," he reasons, "in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty."

The function of harmless wit, in fact, seems to lie in evading reason by faulty logic or in discovering the familiar, as in punning and playing on the meaning of words. Wit of this kind gives pleasure because it is like a return to the state of childhood. But wit is a weapon as well as a toy; it is a weapon of unlimited range. With it the lowest can assail the highest, the most absolute despotism can always be tempered with epigrams and cartoons. It is an unfailing weapon against incompetence or injustice in high places.

Now, Shakespeare is not remarkable for hostile wit. Englishmen seldom are, perhaps because the English have been a successful people, they have never suffered for long from oppression or injustice, and injustice is the mother of hostile wit. Hence the one great English wit of this kind, Dean Swift, had to be born in Dublin. Ireland during the eighteenth century was an ideal environment for the development of hard and hostile wit. So another master of hostile wit was Disraeli, a member of a race

which has suffered injustice for centuries. But the world had used England and Shakespeare well, and so his wit is on the whole of the harmless variety, it is the play of a great and vivid and genial mind. His wit is seldom bitter, for he is seldom out of sympathy with those whom he makes fun of. Hostile wit is often partial and one-sided, and Shakespeare was neither of these. He can suffer fools gladly, at any rate, while they are only characters in his plays. Consider, for example, the dramatic character of Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing". He is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a watchman. These are his instructions to the watch. (They are not unlike one period of the United States diplomacy with Germany, on the submarine question):

"You shall comprehend all vagrom men," he says; "you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name." "How if he will not stand?" asks the watch. "Why, then," says Dogberry, "take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave. . . . You are to call at all ale-houses," he continues, "and bid those that are drunk, get them to bed." "How if they will not?" asks the watch. "Why, then," Dogberry replies, "let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for." Yet this Dogberry does good service in setting wrong right, in spite of his extraordinary density of mind.

Such people, in Shakespeare's view, justify their existence and excuse their incompetence by their honest dullness and by the amusement they afford. It would be foolish to attack them, it is better to accept them with a smile. Stupid people are useful in their proper place; that is one of the revelations which Shakespeare's wisdom has given to us. But when the stupid or pretentious person is in the wrong place, that is, near the top and

not near the bottom, then there is a different reckoning. If Dogberry were killed by mistake in the play, how intolerable it would be, but who regrets the death of the doting statesman Polonius. There is the true mark for hostile wit, the pompous fool in high position, the mean man, dressed in a little brief authority and by the mouth of Hamlet Polonius gets his due. Few can think his epitaph inappropriate. "Indeed, this counselor," says Hamlet, "is now most still, most secret, and most grave, who was in life a foolish prating knave." Shakespeare could suffer fools gladly, but not bores; he was probably a man who could forgive everything except being bored. He had so few antipathies that he can easily be accused of falling short in that kind of morality which consists in perpetual prohibitions. His heaven would be a place where not only the wicked, but the good, too, cease from troubling. If we can judge of his philosophy from the plots of his plays, goodness is, in his opinion, of little use, is even a positive danger when unaccompanied by spirit and intelligence. Desdemona and Ophelia, how good they are, how submissive, how dull, how ruinous. These women make tragedies, but it is the spirited and sharp-tongued Beatrice who exposes the villain and by her loyalty turns a potential tragedy into a comedy. The character of Beatrice is one of the best examples of Shakespeare's wit, that wit which might be called mental acrobatics, a metaphorical standing on one's head, that play of the mind which in Shakespeare's view both covers and uncovers a multitude of sins.

As the comic is the object of wit, it is impossible to consider wit and the comic quite separately. Wit is the arrow, the comic is the target, the shafts of wit vary in sharpness according to the nature of the target. The comic varies in accordance with the spirit of the age. The comic is the incongruous, the inability to fit

in the environment through being either too feeble or too serious.

Slender, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor", is thus a typical comic character. He is on the verge of nonentity, he is a most incompetent lover. "Mistress Anne, my cousin, loves you," says Shallow, by way of helping him, but Slender misses his opportunity sadly. "Ay, that I do," he says, "as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire."

That the comic is the incongruity, the disproportion between men and the situations in which they find themselves, can be illustrated from another side by Malvolio in "Twelfth Night". Malvolio is not below the standard for his situation, like Slender, but he swells himself out like the frog in the fable until his opinion of his own importance goes beyond all reason and he becomes a comic character. In fact, he takes himself too seriously, and thus takes the sure road to becoming comic.

"Oh! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio," says Olivia to him, "and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets."

There is perhaps no character in any play who suffers such ignominious treatment as Malvolio, the man who held too serious an opinion of his own importance.

This type of the comic is well illustrated by the German nation to-day. Germany has brought about a catastrophe for the world, but none the less, Germany is a comic spectacle. There is just that disproportion between their own opinion of themselves and reality, just that superseriousness, that seriousness about the wrong things, which makes a figure comic. The Germans have lost, at the suggestion of their rulers, all sense of the proportion of things, that is, they have lost the spring of laughter, and so, in spite of the unspeakable misery they have caused, they are in them-

selves comic beyond all expression.

In his essay on comedy, published in 1877, George Meredith tells a story of how a German professor made himself ridiculous by his vanity, and then Meredith makes this interesting comment: "I am mindful that it was in Germany, when I observe that the Germans have gone through no comic training to warn them of the sly, wise emanation eyeing them from aloft. Heinrich Heine has not been enough to cause them to smart and meditate. Nationally, as well as individually, when they are excited they are in danger of the grotesque, as when, for instance, they decline to listen to evidence and raise a national outcry because one of German blood has been convicted of crime in a foreign country." The sly, wise emanation eyeing from aloft, to which Meredith refers, is the comic spirit. He describes it elsewhere in these words: "When men wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, preten-

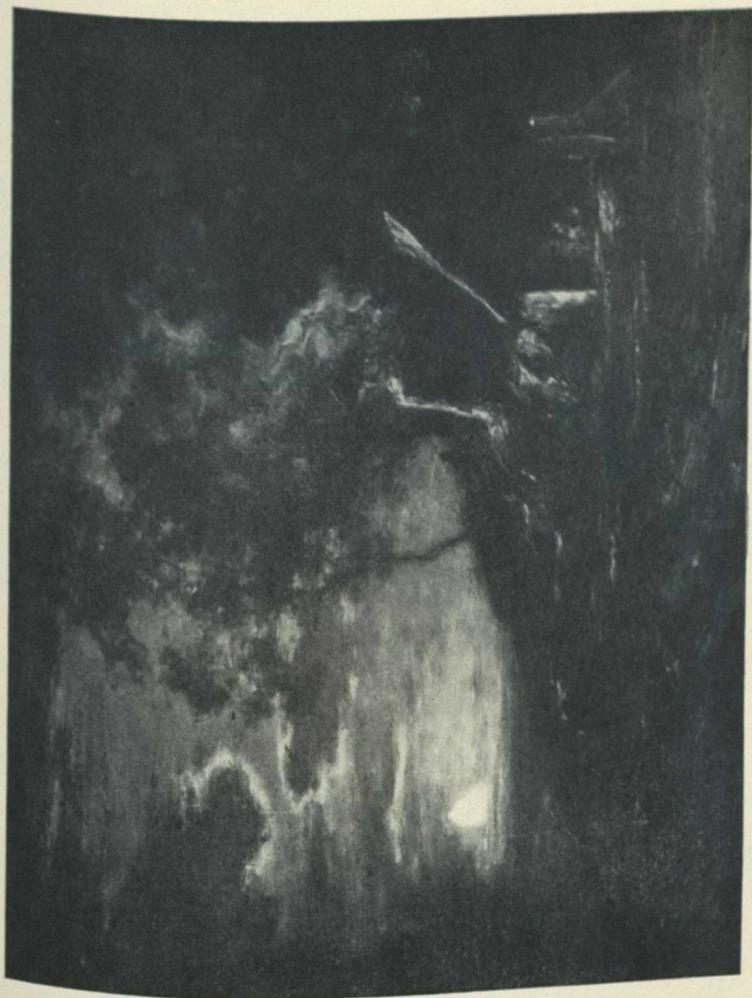
tious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning shortsightedly, plotting dementedly; when they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk—the spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter". That, he concludes, is the comic spirit. That, we may add, is the spirit with which Shakespeare is often inspired, and yet the Germans assert that only they understand him. They even claim him as a German. By these boasts, the Germans once more make themselves a comic spectacle.

THE GOLDEN STRIPE

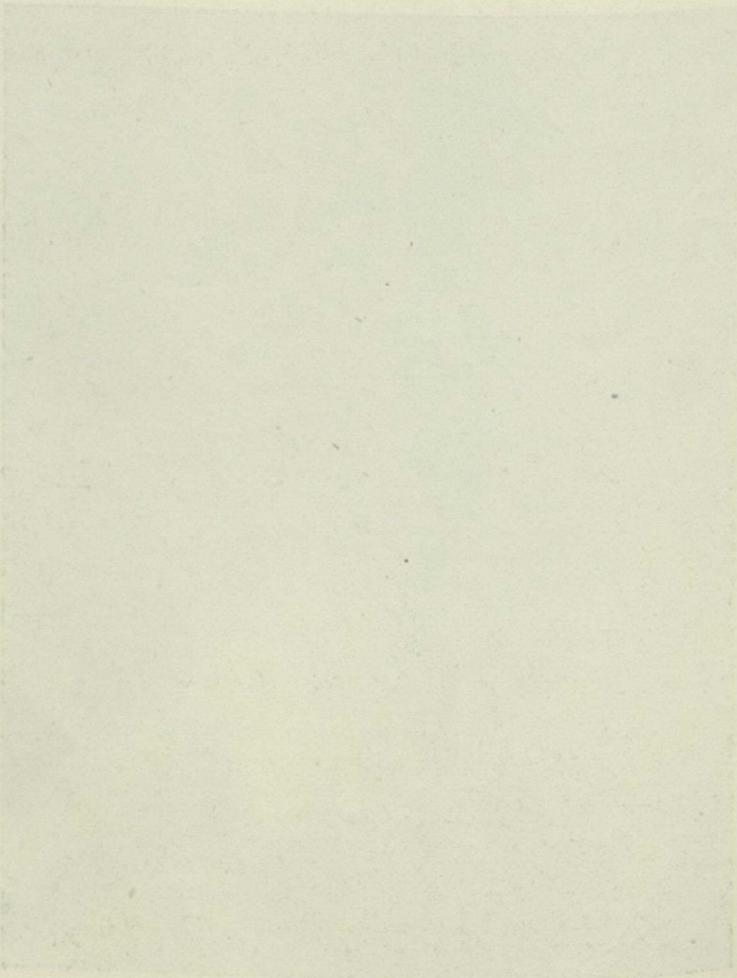
By JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

WITH cane in hand he walks the public street,
 Easing his pain. Cautious, each step a blow,
 The well-known haunts he seeks, while to and fro,
 Intent on work or pleasure, ceaseless fleet
 The multitude. Not theirs to rise and greet
 The interminable years of pain or grow
 Into another life by effort slow—
 Protected by his might in their retreat!

See on his palsied arm the golden stripe!
 See on his face the tense-drawn look of pain!
 Forever shall he stand amid that host
 Who scorned the golden apples hanging ripe
 Upon the tree of life and, souls astrain,
 Breasted the tides of Hell and scorned the cost.



EVENING
From the Painting by
Horatio Walker



ABEL & HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

By *L. M. Montgomery*
Author of "Anne of Green Gables" &c.



COME out of doors, master—come out of doors. I can't talk or think right with walls around me—never could. Let's go out to the garden."

These were almost the first words I ever heard Abel Armstrong say. He was a member of the board of school trustees in Stillwater, and I had not met him before this late May evening, when I had gone down to confer with him upon some small matter of business. For I was "the new school-master" in Stillwater, having taken the school for the summer term.

It was a rather lonely country district—a fact of which I was glad, for life had been going somewhat awry with me and my heart was sore and rebellious over many things that have nothing to do with this narration. Stillwater offered time and opportunity for healing and counsel. Yet, looking back, I doubt if I should have found either had it not been for Abel and his beloved garden.

Abel Armstrong (he was always called "Old Abel", though he was barely sixty) lived in a quaint, gray house close by the harbour shore. I heard a good deal about him before I saw him. He was called "queer", but Stillwater folks seemed to be very fond of him. He and his sister, Tamzine, lived together; she, so my garrulous landlady informed me, had not

been sound of mind at times for many years; but she was all right now, only odd and quiet. Abel had gone to college for a year when he was young, but had given it up when Tamzine "went crazy". There was no one else to look after her. Abel had settled down to it with apparent content: at least he had never complained.

"Always took things easy, Abel did," said Mrs. Campbell. "Never seemed to worry over disappointments and trials as most folks do. Seems to me that as long as Abel Armstrong can stride up and down in that garden of his, reciting poetry and speeches, or talking to that yaller cat of his as if it was a human, he doesn't care much how the world wags on. He never had much git-up-and-git. His father was a hustler, but the family didn't take after him. They all favoured the mother's people—sorter shiftless and dreamy. 'Tain't the way to git on in this world."

No, good and worthy Mrs. Campbell. It was not the way to get on in your world; but there are other worlds where getting on is estimated by different standards, and Abel Armstrong lived in one of these—a world far beyond the ken of the thrifty Stillwater farmers and fishers. Something of this I had sensed, even before I saw him; and that night in his garden, under a sky of smoky red, blossoming into stars above the har-

bour, I found a friend whose personality and philosophy were to calm and harmonize and enrich my whole existence. This sketch is my grateful tribute to one of the rarest and finest souls God ever clothed with clay.

He was a tall man, somewhat ungainly of figure and homely of face. But his large, deep eyes of velvety nut-brown were very beautiful and marvellously bright and clear for a man of his age. He wore a little pointed, well-cared-for beard, innocent of gray; but his hair was grizzled, and altogether he had the appearance of a man who had passed through many sorrows which had marked his body as well as his soul. Looking at him, I doubted Mrs. Campbell's conclusion that he had not "minded" giving up college. This man had given up much and felt it deeply; but he had outlived the pain and the blessing of sacrifice had come to him. His voice was very melodious and beautiful, and the brown hand he held out to me was peculiarly long and shapely and flexible.

We went out to the garden in the scented moist air of a maritime spring evening. Behind the garden was a cloudy pine wood; the house closed it in on the left, while in front and on the right a row of tall Lombardy poplars stood out in stately purple silhouette against the sunset sky.

"Always liked Lombardies," said Abel, waving a long arm at them. "They are the trees of princesses. When I was a boy they were fashionable. Anyone who had any pretensions to gentility had a row of Lombardies at the foot of his lawn or up his lane, or at any rate one on either side of his front door. They're out of fashion now. Folks complain they die at the top and get ragged-looking. So they do—so they do, if you don't risk your neck every spring climbing up a light ladder to trim them out as I do. My neck isn't worth much to anyone, which, I suppose, is why I've never broken it; and my Lombardies never look out-at-elbows. My

mother was especially fond of them. She liked their dignity and their stand-offishness. *They* don't hobnob with every Tom, Dick and Harry. If it's pines for company, master, it's Lombardies for society."

We stepped from the front doorstep into the garden. There was another entrance—a sagging gate flanked by two branching white lilacs. From it a little dappled path led to a huge apple-tree in the centre, a great swelling cone of rosy blossom with a mossy circular seat around its trunk. But Abel's favourite seat, so he told me, was lower down the slope, under a little trellis overhung with the delicate emerald of young hop-vines. He led me to it and pointed proudly to the fine view of the harbour visible from it. The early sunset glow of rose and flame had faded out of the sky; the water was silvery and mirror-like; dim sails drifted along by the darkening shore. A bell was ringing in a small Catholic chapel across the harbour. Mellowly and dreamily sweet the chime floated through the dusk, blent with the moan of the sea. The great revolving light at the channel trembled and flashed against the opal sky, and far out, beyond the golden sand-dunes of the bar, was the crinkled gray ribbon of a passing steamer's smoke.

"There, isn't that view worth looking at?" said old Abel, with a loving, proprietary pride. "You don't have to pay anything for it either. All that sea and sky free—'without money and without price.' Let's sit down here in the hop-vine arbour, master. There'll be a moonrise presently. I'm never tired of finding out what a moonrise sheen can be like over that sea. There's a surprise in it every time. Now, master, you're getting your mouth in the proper shape to talk business—but don't you do it. Nobody should talk business when he's expecting a moonrise. Not that I like talking business at any time."

"Unfortunately it has to be talked of sometimes, Mr. Armstrong," I said.

"Yes, it seems to be a necessary evil, master," he acknowledged. "But I know what business you've come upon, and we can settle it in five minutes after the moon's well up. I'll just agree to everything you and the other two trustees want. Lord knows why they ever put *me* on the school board. Maybe it's because I'm so ornamental. They wanted one good-looking man, I reckon."

His low chuckle, so full of mirth and so free from malice, was infectious. I laughed also, as I sat down in the hop-vine arbour.

"Now, you needn't talk if you don't want to," he said. "And I won't. We'll just sit here, sociable-like, and if we think of anything worth while to say we'll say it. Otherwise, not. If you can sit in silence with a person for half an hour and feel comfortable, you and that person can be friends. If you can't, friends you'll never be, and you needn't waste time in trying."

Abel and I passed successfully the test of silence that evening in the hop-vine arbour. I was strangely content to sit and think—something I had not cared to do lately. A peace, long unknown to my stormy soul, seemed hovering near it. The garden was steeped in it; old Abel's personality radiated it. I looked about me and wondered whence came the charm of that tangled, unworldly spot.

"Nice and far from the marketplace, isn't it?" asked Abel suddenly, as if he had heard my unasked question. "No buying and selling and getting gain here. Nothing was ever sold out of *this* garden. Tamzine has her vegetable plot over yonder, but what we don't eat we give away. Geordie Marr down the harbour has a big garden like this and he sells heaps of flowers and fruit and vegetables to the hotel folks. He thinks I'm an awful fool because I won't do the same. Well, he gets money out of his garden and I get happiness out of mine. That's the difference. S'posin' I could make more money—what

then? I'd only be taking it from people that needed it more. There's enough for Tamzine and me. As for Geordie Marr, there isn't a more unhappy creature on God's earth—he's always stewing in a broth of trouble, poor man. O' course, he brews up most of it for himself, but I reckon that doesn't make it any easier to bear. Ever sit in a hop-vine arbour before, master?"

I was to grow used to Abel's abrupt change of subject. I answered that I never had.

"Great place for dreaming," said Abel complacently. "Being young, no doubt, you dream a-plenty."

I answered hotly and bitterly that I had done with dreams.

"No, you haven't," said Abel meditatively. "You may *think* you have. What then? First thing you know you'll be dreaming again—thank the Lord for it. I ain't going to ask you what's soured you on dreaming just now. After awhile you'll begin again, especially if you come to this garden as much as I hope you will. It's chockful of dreams—*any* kind of dreams. You take your choice. Now, I favour dreams of adventures, if you'll believe it. I'm sixty-one and I never do anything rasher than go out cod-fishing on a fine day, but I still lust after adventures. Then I dream I'm an awful fellow—blood-thirsty."

I burst out laughing. Perhaps laughter was somewhat rare in that old garden. Tamzine, who was weeding at the far end, lifted her head in a startled fashion and walked past us into the house. She did not look at us or speak to us. She was reputed to be abnormally shy. She was very stout and wore a dress of bright red-and-white striped material. Her face was round and blank, but her reddish hair was abundant and beautiful. A huge, orange-coloured cat was at her heels; as she passed us he bounded over to the arbour and sprang up on Abel's knee. He was a gorgeous brute, with vivid green eyes, and immense white double paws.

"Captain Kidd, Mr. Woodley." He introduced us as seriously as if the cat had been a human being. Neither Captain Kidd nor I responded very enthusiastically.

"You don't like cats, I reckon, master," said Abel, stroking the Captain's velvet back. "I don't blame you. I was never fond of them myself until I found the Captain. I saved his life and when you've saved a creature's life you're bound to love it. It's next thing to giving it life. There are some terrible thoughtless people in the world, master. Some of those city folks who have summer homes down the harbour are so thoughtless that they're cruel. It's the worst kind of cruelty, I think—the thoughtless kind. You can't cope with it. They keep cats there in the summer and feed them and pet them and doll them up with ribbons and collars; and then in the fall they go off and leave them to starve or freeze. It makes my blood boil, master."

"One day last winter I found a poor old mother cat dead on the shore, lying against the skin and bone bodies of her three little kittens. She had died trying to shelter them. She had her poor stiff claws around them. Master, I cried. Then I swore. Then I carried those poor little kittens home and fed 'em up and found good homes for them. I know the woman who left the cat. When she comes back this summer I'm going to go down and tell her my opinion of her. It'll be rank meddling, but, lord, how I love meddling in a good cause."

"Was Captain Kidd one of the forsaken?" I asked.

"Yes. I found him one bitter cold day in winter caught in the branches of a tree by his darn-fool ribbon collar. He was almost starving. Lord, if you could have seen his eyes! He was nothing but a kitten, and he'd got his living somehow since he'd been left till he got hung up. When I loosed him he gave my hand a pitiful swipe with his little red tongue. He wasn't the prosperous free-booter you

behold now. He was meek as Moses. That was nine years ago. His life has been long in the land for a cat. He's a good old pal, the Captain is."

"I should have expected you to have a dog," I said.

Abel shook his head.

"I had a dog once. I cared so much for him that when he died I couldn't bear the thought of ever getting another in his place. He was a *friend*—you understand? The Captain's only a pal. I'm fond of the Captain—all the fonder because of the spice of deviltry there is in all cats. But I *loved* my dog. There isn't any devil in a good dog. That's why they're more lovable than cats—but I'm darned if they're as interesting.

I laughed as I rose regretfully.

"Must you go, master? And we haven't talked any business after all. I reckon it's that stove matter you've come about. It's like those two fool trustees to start up a stove sputter in spring. It's a wonder they didn't leave it till dog-days and begin then."

"They merely wished me to ask you if you approved of putting in a new stove."

"Tell them to put in a new stove—any kind of a new stove—and be hanged to them," rejoined Abel. "As for you, master, you're welcome to this garden any time. If you're tired or lonely, or too ambitious or angry, come here and sit awhile, master. Do you think any man could keep mad if he sat and looked into the heart of a pansy for ten minutes? When you feel like talking, I'll talk, and when you feel like thinking, I'll let you. I'm a great hand to leave folks alone."

"I think I'll come often," I said, "perhaps too often."

"Not likely, master—not likely—not after we've watched a moon-rise contentedly together. It's as good a test of compatibility as any I know. You're young and I'm old, but our souls are about the same age, I reckon, and we'll find lots to say to each

other. Are you going straight home from here?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to bother you to stop for a moment at Mary Bascom's and give her a bouquet of my white lilacs. She loves 'em and I'm not going to wait till she's dead to send her flowers."

"She's very ill just now, isn't she?"

"She's got the Bascom consumption. That means she may die in a month, like her brother, or linger on for twenty years, like her father. But long or short, white lilac in spring is sweet, and I'm sending her a fresh bunch every day while it lasts. It's a rare night, master. I envy you your walk home in the moonlight along that shore."

"Better come part of the way with me." I suggested.

"No." Abel glanced at the house.

"Tamzine never likes to be alone o' nights. So I take my moonlight walks in the garden. The moon's a great friend of mine, master. I've loved her ever since I can remember. When I was a little lad of eight I fell asleep in the garden one evening and wasn't missed. I woke up along in the night and I was most scared to death, master. Lord, what shadows and queer noises there were! I darsn't move. I just sat there quaking, poor small mite. Then all at once I saw the moon looking down at me through the pine boughs, just like an old friend. I was comforted right off. Got up and walked to the house as brave as a lion, looking at her. Good-night, master. Tell Mary the lilacs 'll last another week yet."

From that night Abel and I were cronies. We walked and talked and kept silence and fished cod together. Stillwater people thought it very strange that I should prefer his society to that of the young fellows of my own age. Mrs. Campbell was quite worried over it, and opined that there had always been something queer about me. "Birds of a feather," she quoted darkly to her husband.

I loved that old garden by the harbour shore. Even Abel himself, I think, could hardly have felt a deeper affection for it. When its gate closed behind me it shut out the world and my corroding memories and discontents. In its peace my soul emptied itself of the bitterness which had been filling and spoiling it, and grew normal and healthy again, aided thereto by Abel's wise words. He never preached, but he radiated courage and endurance and a frank acceptance of the hard things of life, as well as a cordial welcome of its pleasant things. He was the *sanest* soul I ever met. He neither minimized ill nor exaggerated good, but he held that we should never be controlled by either. Pain should not depress us unduly, nor pleasure lure us into forgetfulness and sloth. All unknowingly he made me realize that I had been a bit of a coward and a shirker. I began to understand that my personal woes were not the most important things in the universe, even to myself. In short, Abel taught me to laugh again; and when a man can laugh wholesomely things are not going too badly with him.

That old garden was always such a cheery place. Even when the east wind sang in minor and the waves on the gray shore were sad, hints of sunshine seemed to be lurking all about it. Perhaps this was because there were so many yellow flowers in it. Tamzine liked yellow flowers. Captain Kidd, too, always paraded it in panoply of gold. He was so large and effulgent that one hardly missed the sun. Considering his presence I wondered that the garden was always so full of singing birds. But the Captain never meddled with them. Probably he understood that his master would not have tolerated it for a moment. So there was always a song or a chirp somewhere. Overhead flew the gulls and the cranes. The wind in the pines always made a glad salutation. Abel and I paced the walks, followed by Captain Kidd, and held

high converse on matters beyond the ken of cat or king.

"I like to ponder on all problems, though I can never solve them," Abel used to say. "My father held that we should never talk of things we couldn't understand. But, lord, master, if we didn't the subjects for conversation would be mighty few. I reckon the gods laugh many a time to hear us, but what matter? So long as we remember that we're only men, and don't take to fancying ourselves gods, really knowing good and evil. I reckon our discussions won't do us or anyone much harm. So we'll have another whack at the origin of evil this evening, master."

Tamzine forgot to be shy with me at last, and gave me a broad smile of welcome every time I came. But she rarely spoke to me. She spent all her spare time weeding the garden, which she loved as well as Abel did. She was addicted to bright colours and always wore wrappers of very gorgeous print. She worshipped Abel and his word was a law unto her.

"I am very thankful Tamzine is so well," said Abel one evening as we watched the sunset. The day had begun sombrely in gray cloud and mist, but it ended in a pomp of scarlet and gold. "There was a time when she wasn't, master—you've heard? But for years now she has been quite able to look after herself. And so, if I fare forth on the last great adventure some of these days Tamzine will not be left helpless."

"She is ten years older than you. It is likely she will go before you," I said.

Abel shook his head and stroked his smart beard. I always suspected that beard of being Abel's last surviving vanity. It was always so carefully groomed, while I had no evidence that he ever combed his grizzled mop of hair.

"No, Tamzine will outlive me. She's got the Armstrong heart. I have the Marwood heart—my mother was a Marwood. We don't live to be

old, and we go quick and easy. I'm glad of it. I don't think I'm a coward, master, but the thought of a lingering death gives me a queer sick feeling of horror. There, I'm not going to say any more about it. I just mentioned it so that some day when you hear that old Abel Armstrong has been found dead, you won't feel sorry. You'll remember I wanted it that way. Not that I'm tired of life either. It's very pleasant, what with my garden and Captain Kidd and the harbour out there. But it's a trifle monotonous at times and death will be something of a change, master. I'm real curious about it."

"I hate the thought of death," I said gloomily.

"Oh, you're young. The young always do. Death grows friendlier as we grow older. Not that one of us really wants to die, though, master. Tennyson spoke truth when he said that. There's old Mrs. Warner at the Channel Head. She's had heaps of trouble all her life, poor soul, and she's lost almost everyone she cared about. She's always saying that she'll be glad when her time comes, and she doesn't want to live any longer in this vale of tears. But when she takes a sick spell, lord, what a fuss she makes, master! Doctors from town and a trained nurse and enough medicine to kill a dog! Life may be a vale of tears, all right, master, but there are some folks who enjoy weeping, I reckon."

Summer passed through the garden with her procession of roses and lilies and hollyhocks and golden glow. The golden glow was particularly fine that year. There was a great bank of it at the lower end of the garden, like a huge billow of sunshine. Tamzine revelled in it, but Abel liked more subtly-tinted flowers. There was a certain dark wine-hued hollyhock which was a favourite with him. He would sit for hours looking steadfastly into one of its shallow satin cups. I found him so one afternoon in the hop-vine arbour.

"This colour always has a soothing effect on me," he explained. "Yellow excites me too much—makes me restless—makes me want to sail 'beyond the bourne of sunset'. I looked at that surge of golden glow down there to-day till I got all worked up and thought my life had been an awful failure. I found a dead butterfly and had a little funeral—buried it in the fern corner. And I thought I hadn't been any more use in the world than that poor little butterfly. Oh, I was woeful, master. Then I got me this hollyhock and sat down here to look at it alone. When a man's alone, master, he's most with God—or with the devil. The devil rampaged around me all the time I was looking at that golden glow; but God spoke to me through the hollyhock. And it seemed to me that a man who's as happy as I am and has got such a garden has made a real success of living."

"I hope I'll be able to make as much of a success," I said sincerely.

"I want you to make a different kind of success, though, master," said Abel, shaking his head. "I want you to do things—the things I'd have tried to do if I'd had the chance. It's in you to do them—if you set your teeth and go ahead."

"I believe I can set my teeth and go ahead now, thanks to you, Mr. Armstrong," I said. "I was heading straight for failure when I came here last spring; but you've changed my course."

"Given you a sort of compass to steer by, haven't I?" queried Abel with a smile. "I ain't too modest to take some credit for it. I saw I could do you some good. But my garden has done more than I did, if you'll believe it. It's wonderful what a garden can do for a man when he lets it have its way. Come, sit down here and bask, master. The sunshine may be gone to-morrow. Let's just sit and think."

We sat and thought for a long while. Presently Abel said abruptly: "You don't see the folks I see in

this garden, master. You don't see anybody but me and old Tamzine and Captain Kidd. I see all who used to be here long ago. It was a lively place then. There were plenty of us and we were as gay a set of youngsters as you'd find anywhere. We tossed laughter backwards and forwards here like a ball. And now old Tamzine and older Abel are all that are left."

He was silent a moment, looking at the phantoms of memory that paced invisibly to me the dappled walks and peeped merrily through the swinging boughs. Then he went on:

"Of all the folks I see here there are two that are more vivid and real than all the rest, master. One is my sister Alice. She died thirty years ago. She was very beautiful. You'd hardly believe that to look at Tamzine and me, would you? But it is true. We always called her Queen Alice—she was so stately and handsome. She had brown eyes and red gold hair, just the colour of that nasturtium there. She was father's favourite. The night she was born they didn't think my mother would live. Father walked this garden all night. And just under that old apple-tree he knelt at sunrise and thanked God when they came to tell him that all was well.

"Alice was always a creature of joy. This old garden rang with her laughter in those years. She seldom walked—she ran or danced. She only lived twenty years, but nineteen of them were so happy I've never pitied her over much. She had everything that makes life worth living—laughter and love, and at the last sorrow. James Milburn was her lover. It's thirty-one years since his ship sailed out of that harbour and Alice waved him good-bye from this garden. He never came back. His ship was never heard of again.

"When Alice gave up hope that it would be, she died of a broken heart. They say there's no such thing; but nothing else ailed Alice. She stood at

yonder gate day after day and watched the harbour; and when at last she gave up hope life went with it. I remember the day: she had watched until sunset. Then she turned away from the gate. All the unrest and despair had gone out of her eyes. There was a terrible peace in them—the peace of the dead. ‘He will never come back now, Abel,’ she said to me.

“In less than a week she was dead. The others mourned her, but I didn’t, master. She had sounded the deeps of living and there was nothing else to linger through the years for. *My* grief had spent itself earlier, when I walked this garden in agony because I could not help her. But often, on these long warm summer afternoons, I seem to hear Alice’s laughter all over this garden; though she’s been dead so long.”

He lapsed into a reverie which I did not disturb, and it was not until another day that I learned of the other memory that he cherished. He reverted to it suddenly as we sat again in the hop-vine arbour, looking at the glimmering radiance of the September sea.

“Master, how many of us are sitting here?”

“Two in the flesh. How many in the spirit I know not,” I answered, humouring his mood.

“There is one—the other of the two I spoke of the day I told you about Alice. It’s harder for me to speak of this one.”

“Don’t speak of it if it hurts you,” I said.

“But I want to. It’s a whim of mine. Do you know why I told you of Alice and why I’m going to tell you of Mercedes? It’s because I want someone to remember them and think of them sometimes after I’m gone. I can’t bear that their names should be utterly forgotten by all living souls.

“My older brother, Alec, was a sailor, and on his last voyage to the West Indies he married and brought home a Spanish girl. My father and mother didn’t like the match. Mer-

cedes was a foreigner and a Catholic, and differed from us in every way. But I never blamed Alec after I saw her. It wasn’t that she was so very pretty. She was slight and dark and ivory-coloured. But she was very graceful, and there was a charm about her, master—a mighty and potent charm. The women couldn’t understand it. They wondered at Alec’s infatuation for her. I never did. I—I loved her, too, master, before I had known her a day. Nobody ever knew it. Mercedes never dreamed of it. But it’s lasted me all my life. I never wanted to think of any other woman. She spoiled a man for any other kind of woman—that little pale, dark-eyed Spanish girl. To love her was like drinking some rare sparkling wine. You’d never again have any taste for a commoner draught.

“I think she was very happy the year she spent here. Our thrifty women-folk in Stillwater jeered at her because she wasn’t what they called capable. They said she couldn’t do anything. But she could do one thing well—she could love. She worshipped Alec. I used to hate him for it. Oh, my heart has been very full of black thoughts in its time, master. But neither Alec nor Mercedes ever knew. And I’m thankful now that they were so happy. Alec made this arbour for Mercedes—at least he made the trellis, and she planted the vines.

“She used to sit here most of the time in summer. I suppose that’s why I like to sit here. Her eyes would be dreamy and far-away until Alec would flash his welcome. How that used to torture me! But now I like to remember it. And her pretty soft foreign voice and little white hands. She died after she had lived here a year. They buried her and her baby in the graveyard of that little chapel over the harbour where the bell rings every evening. She used to like sitting here and listening to it. Alec lived a long while after, but he never married again. He’s gone now, and nobody remembers Mercedes but me.”

Abel lapsed into a reverie—a tryst with the past which I would not disturb. I thought he did not notice my departure, but as I opened the gate he stood up and waved his hand.

Three days later I went again to the old garden by the harbour shore. There was a red light on a distant sail. In the far west a sunset city was built around a great deep harbour of twilight. Palaces were there and bannered towers of crimson and gold. The air was full of music; there was one music of the wind and another of the waves, and still another of the distant bell from the chapel near which Mercedes slept. The gar-

den was full of ripe odours and warm colours. The Lombardies around it were tall and sombre like the priestly forms of some mystic band. Abel was sitting in the hop-vine arbour; beside him Captain Kidd slept. I thought Abel was asleep, too; his head leaned against the trellis and his eyes were shut.

But when I reached the arbour I saw that he was not asleep. There was a strange, wise little smile on his lips as if he had attained to the ultimate wisdom and were laughing in no unkindly fashion at our old blind suppositions and perplexities.

Abel had gone on his Great Adventure.

A PRAYER

BY ANNA M. HENDERSON

DEAR God, I ask not that along my way
 The path be smoothed; nor to direct my tread
 The trail be blazed, a chart before me spread,
 Nor that the dark too soon be turned to day.
 The untried virtue, shrinking in dismay
 From life's turmoil, its bitterness and dread,
 I cannot praise. Where strength and Men are bred
 In dust and heat of conflict, let me stay.

Teach me the truth that triumphs over pain.
 Grant that to me the sweat of toil be sweet.
 I ask no rich reward, I only crave
 A spirit singing to the lashing rain—
 A lifted heart that never knows defeat.
 God help me to be strong! God make me brave!

AN ASPECT OF THE BILINGUAL QUESTION

By Hilton M. Radley

WITHIN the last few months there has been some talk of substituting Russian for German in the high schools of Toronto. Since the broaching of this subject the respective merits of Russian, Italian and Spanish have come up for debate. There are many who think that Italian or Spanish would be preferable to Russian.

The concern displayed over this particular point strikes one as being a little uncalled for, because one is so familiar with the practical results of the teaching of French and German in our high schools. One pupil in ten, perhaps, has his or her taste sufficiently whetted to make a further study of these languages, but the smattering acquired by the majority of graduates is soon forgotten.

This is only to be expected in view of our system. The English or German child commences the study of foreign languages at a relatively early age, but we defer instruction in this regard until our children have passed finally out of the stage when the acquisition of languages would have been most easy. In this our system resembles the American, and the inability of the average American to speak any language outside his own is notorious.

An American educationist and psychologist, Frederick Elmer Bolton, in pointing out the ease with which the children of immigrants learn to speak two or three foreign languages, lays emphasis on the fact that there is a special period in the life of a child when his capacity for acquiring vocalized speech is at its best. Evidence sufficient in itself is given of this, he points out, by the amazing ease with which in a few months a child acquires a vocabulary which it would take an adult as many years to acquire. This period is at its best from about one and a half years to ten or twelve.

"And yet," he comments, "*in spite of such ample evidence, we persist in America in organizing our curriculum in such a way as to give practically no opportunity to learn foreign languages until it is too late.*"

So do we—in Canada, and with evidence as to the folly of it just as practical as that afforded the American. For have we not with us in Ontario thousands of French Canadians who (in spite of our anxiety on the subject) are usually able to converse as fluently in English as in French. How often have I been impressed upon going into some of our large stores in Ottawa, for example, by the ease with which a clerk will

exchange fluent English for French! Quite often in addressing such a clerk I have been unable to distinguish her from an English Canadian. Her English is at least as good and grammatical as the ordinary clerk's, and her French, in spite of what we say about *patois*, is on a par. When we ask how the French Canadian in Ontario acquired the enviable ability to speak two languages with such ease, we find the answer in the existence of the bilingual schools. There English is taken up in Forms I. and II., and gradually it replaces French as the medium of instruction. Thus the ideal method of acquiring a foreign language is followed, to wit, the oral or conversational method, and at an age when the capacity of the child to benefit by this method is at its best.

We, in our English schools, recognize the value of the oral method of instruction in the teaching of foreign languages.

"The work in French," runs Note I. on the study of French and German in the high school regulations, "should at first be wholly without a text-book, for the training of ear and tongue," and Note II. states specifically that "Special importance should be attached to oral work".

We have grasped a principle, but have failed to apply it at the psychological period. Do we not show in this regard a short-sightedness similar to that charged against Americans by Mr. Bolton?

But it is not only our system which makes one skeptical of the practical results of the teaching of Russian in our high schools. Outweighing this is the fact that, with all the good reasons offered us, all the opportunities afforded us, and the practical example set us, we in Ontario have not gone out of our way in the least to acquire the language of our compatriots—French!

Is it likely, under the circumstances, that we shall be more successful in the case of Russian—or any other foreign language?

A few months ago, Henri Bourassa, before an "applauding audience", declared that it was the mentality of Quebec and the preservation of the French tongue and French-Canadian characteristics which prevented Canada from becoming wholly "Americanized".

Is there not some justice in his contention? From a superficial point of view, at least, it would appear so. In tastes, mode of speech, manner and tendencies, the average Canadian resembles the average American, down to a fine point which one might almost set at the pronunciation of a few such words as "zed" and "lieutenant!" It is American literature, in the shape of magazines and novels, which makes the popular appeal in Canada—not English, or even Canadian. Canadian and American hotels and theatres are modelled along similar lines. The business, educational, and, alas, political, life of Canada is coming to show no striking divergence from the American. In the case of these two countries, with no barrier of language existing between them, and with the problems common to new and democratic lands, the larger and more powerful nation tends to absorb the weaker by a method of "peaceful penetration" so insidious that it is not divined that the absorption includes no counter-acting influences of the weaknesses peculiar to both—that, in short, under the incorporating process we discover no America strengthened by interaction with a virile and peculiar people, but simple America again—larger writ.

And of the weaknesses common to the English-speaking part of Canada and America, one is a spirit of racial intolerance which purblindly blinds the nations manifesting it to the merits and claims of those who speak a different language, and thus too flagrantly emphasize the fact that they spring from a different race.

Composite in his origin as the American of to-day often is, he is the

product of a very effective school system—a system which early hall-marks him “American”, and under which he seems to imbibe the characteristic Anglo-Saxon spirit of self-complacency along with the Anglo-Saxon language. He has abundantly revealed this spirit in his dealings at home and abroad. One of the reasons, for instance, why he has failed to win the love or respect (to put it mildly) of the Mexican has been due to his own satisfaction with himself as he is.

“Our unwillingness to take the trouble to speak his language grammatically,” says one American frankly, “our curt forms of address, our impatient disregard of the amenities of social intercourse, and our general point of view in regard to the ‘innate superiority’ of our race, our language and our manufactures, are abundant evidence to his mind of our barbarity.”

Take again, the attitude of the average American toward the immigrant. Invariably when he speaks of “foreigners” a contemptuous or patronizing note will steal into his voice. Very often he will declare that they are “undesirable”, and express fear that the “manners” of his children will become corrupted by contact with them in the schools! Judging so much by externals as he does, he is repelled by the pall of poverty which unfortunately usually enshrouds the immigrant—a pall, which owing to prejudice and exploitation, he often finds it difficult to lift. And yet any settlement worker will tell of the wealth of talent, artistic and scientific, which exists among the children of immigrants, the “pure gold” which it is necessary to dig for, and which is so often passed over in favour of dross. Jane Addams and her co-workers have made rich discoveries in this respect. Recently Mary Antin, in her book, “They Who Knock at Our Gates”, strove to open the eyes of the men and women of her adopted country to the possibilities for enriching the national life which existed in their

very midst. One passage in this book illustrates very effectively the difference in outlook between the average American and the despised foreigner. It does this because nothing is more significant of a man than the way in which he spends his leisure. Because the type of American depicted resembles so strongly a certain type of Canadian, I cannot resist quoting the paragraph:

“Let a New Yorker on Friday night,” she says, “watch the crowd pushing out of a concert hall after one of Ysay’s recitals, and on Saturday afternoon let him take the subway uptown, and get out where the crowd gets out, and buy a ticket for the baseball game. If he can keep cool enough for a little study, let him compare the distorted faces in the bleachers with the shining faces of the crowd of the night before; and let him say which crowd responded to the nobler inspiration, and then let him declare in which group the foreigners outnumbered the Americans.”

And she goes on to comment succinctly that “We shall not look in the sporting columns for the names of contemporary Americans who are likely to secure us a place of honour on the scrolls of history.”

We can trace, also, the peculiar spirit of self-complacency common to Canadians and Americans in the honest conviction which up to recent years, at all events, animated their minds. This conviction was to the effect that as it was only a matter of time before English became a universal language, English-speaking people were to a great extent exonerated from any serious effort to acquire foreign languages! Only a few years ago, Professor Brander Matthews seriously discussed the probability of English soon becoming international in its use. In looking over some numbers of *The Popular Science Monthly* for 1911, I came across, and read with edification, the views of two well-known American professors on the same subject:

“Learning to speak a foreign language is not a school problem,” says one of

them, "and I can foresee no conditions in the near future under which it is likely to become one. For use, as speech, French, German or Spanish, are under the conditions which obtain as dead as Latin."

"We may predict with confidence," says the other, "that those persons whose native tongue is English, will have less and less reason to learn any other, except for a more or less protracted residence abroad."

Well, times have changed since 1911. Americans are now even agitating the study of Chinese to meet the needs of expanding trade relations with the Orient. Slowly we are coming to realize what a sensitive point language is to the heart of a race, and we are getting over the notion that all the nations are going to learn *our* language while we are to be relieved of any corresponding effort to learn theirs. We have begun to realize that if we are to win the good-will of the countries with which we desire to trade, we must study their languages, not only as a means of communicating with them, but as a matter of courtesy or business diplomacy.

"Language," says a French writer, "has become such a symbol of racial patriotism that the balance of power is preserved as jealously in the linguistic domain as in the political."

But our awakening is only partial. Theoretically we have advanced, but practically we have made little or no advance; and the self-sufficient spirit which prompted our long neglect still remains a stumbling-block to that great *desideratum*, international good will.

That spirit is manifesting itself in English-speaking Canada in a way which is really more reprehensible than in the case of the average American's attitude toward the immigrant. Let Canada turn her eyes homeward before she aspires to deal tactfully with other races. Matching the contemptuous attitude of the American toward the immigrant, is the condescending attitude of the English-speaking Canadian toward the French Canadian.

"If you seek to draw the attention of the English to their French fellow-citizens," says André Siegfried in "The Race Question," "they will discuss them either patronizingly and somewhat disdainfully, or else in tones of harsh severity, seldom sympathetically or without prejudice."

The statement of this singularly fair-minded writer, we all know, could be abundantly corroborated out of our own experience. Here are a few of the utterances of some typical men, quoted recently in a newspaper article:

"This country has been made great by our race—the English, Scotch and Irish. The French have some good qualities, but they are an inferior race."

"When I see in a train in Ontario, *Defendu de Cracher*, I don't like it. This is an English province. If the French are allowed to grow into a majority here, I suppose it will be *Defendu de Cracher* everywhere. If this is to be a bilingual Province, I don't think I shall want to live in it."

"I can't make out why they (the French) should make so much fuss over such an intangible thing as speech."

"Go down to Quebec to get acquainted with the people? Not by a jugful. When I go to Quebec it will be with my gun."

Do not such utterances as these reveal the very quintessence of that worst quality of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, racial intolerance? The inability to comprehend why the French should attach so much importance to their language—the prompt repudiation of any suggestion to become better acquainted with conditions in Quebec by personal investigation—how they betray states of mind which Bourassa, with some justice, has called "insular"!

Now, as in the past, it is lack of imagination, of the ability to put oneself in another's place, which plays havoc with human relationships. The cultivation of "imaginative reason", one hopes, is to be one of the great tasks of the future.

The fact that Canada is a bilingual country—in the sense that in it two languages are officially recognized—is a distinguishing characteristic of this land, and one can see in it possibilities for a very decided differentiation from the United States; but such a differentiation can only take place from greater intercommunion between the French and English in Canada.

Is not such an intercommunion desirable? Dare we deny—at this time when the friction between the two races has become strained to the point where the possibility of a civil war is seriously discussed—that the lack of understanding and sympathy on both sides is disastrous? Does not such a state of affairs constitute a very real home problem which concerns us individually as Canadians? And are we doing our share toward attempting to understand the case and point of view of our compatriots, putting aside for the moment any question as to whether they are attempting to understand ours?

Of course, it is inconvenient that the French persist in retaining their own language. Things would be so much simplified if they would consent to becoming completely absorbed by the victorious race, sink their own consciousness of race, and become good Canadians—after the Anglo-Saxon pattern; but since they resolutely refuse to do this, let us exercise our imaginations a little and strive to understand their point of view.

Through language, as through nothing else, are preserved the culture, characteristics and traditions of a race—the experiences peculiar and dear to it—the mentality which marks it. Race consciousness, though we may find it hard to believe, is as strong in other races as in the Anglo-Saxon. Consider, as an illustration of this, with what persistence the inhabitants of Finland, after a century of union with the Russian Empire, have resisted all attempts to impose upon

them the language of their conquerors, and how the Magyar, Czeck and Polish have asserted themselves against German. The failure of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia to impose upon conquered peoples their tongues, should teach the student of history something of the value set by a race upon its language. The French Canadians spring from a race not less proud than the Anglo-Saxon—a race which was first in the field in Canada, and has left, as an impress of its presence, some of the most romantic and glowing records in our history.

Suppose conditions reversed, as easily they might have been, and our race in Canada had been conquered! I think we can imagine something of the tenacity with which we would cling to our language, and insist upon carrying it into Quebec whenever conditions made it desirable for us to reside there, and how strenuously we should resist any apparent attempt to curtail the privileges which had been accorded to us. I think, too, we can imagine something of the resentment we should feel if, in spite of the sufficiently “fair treatment” accorded to us in our “separate schools”, we found that our fellow Canadians practically ignored our language, addressing us always in French, requiring of us to learn their language, but making no special effort to learn ours, and betraying in their attitude towards us either disdain or an avetted indifference.

Granted that the French are here to stay, and in the words of M. Paul Lamarche, “to stay French”, are we not pursuing rather the wrong tactics in our dealings with them? Perfectly “fair” treatment will not take the place of warm human treatment, and a desire to go at least half way in an effort to understand those with whom our lot is cast.

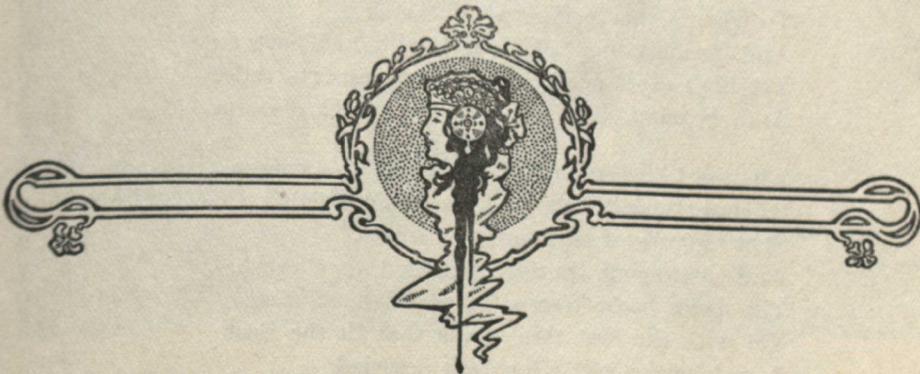
Surely some of the “good reasons” for our making a special effort to study French should now be self-evident. Are we only to be awakened

to the realization of them by such significant resolutions as that of the Nationalists to "boycott" those Ontario firms which refuse to recognize their language? The pertinacity with which the French insist upon carrying on their business communications in a language which is only too unfamiliar to the average Ontario business man has certainly made matters embarrassing to one who is anxious to retain their commercial good-will, and usually he is not very successful in locating linguistic ability among his employees to help him out. After this war, as we frequently remark, we expect to extend our markets by doing business with some of the allied countries, and we see ourselves, no doubt (with the tentative provision for teaching Russian as well as French in our high schools), communicating easily with these countries in their own languages—we, who find it so difficult to construct one letter in the mother tongue of the French in our midst!

Of the opportunities afforded us, and the practical examples set us in

regard to the psychological period for acquiring foreign languages, I have also spoken. We have not benefited by them. It is true, no doubt, that if we adopted the methods followed in the French schools, we should run a grave danger, the danger of converting every Canadian boy and girl into a bilingualist—and the word "bilingualist", we know, has a horrid ring in our ears—but are we so sure that such an outcome would be wholly undesirable? If every Canadian were a bilingualist, he would fittingly represent the two-fold and characteristic quality of his country—and he would do far more—how much, I have attempted here to adumbrate.

But the danger of general bilingualism at present is remote—so remote that, as I have said, I can see little cause for concern in regard to the respective merits of Russian, Spanish or any other language as an optional subject in our high schools. Either one, under the conditions which prevail, is likely to be quite as innocuous as the study of French has proved to be.



SEA GULLS

By A. D. MERKEL

WE came upon them at the harbour's mouth—
Great legions, ranged about the cliffs that hurl
Defiance to the onrush of the sea.
And some, as if submissive to an ordered plan,
Contented were to bide their rugged base,
And some soared, circling, skyward,
While others followed us.

Their tireless pinions beat into the gray
Of heaven, and their naked shapes
Clear-glistened in the early light of morn;
Anon they rested, and, with wings outspread,
Swooped downward to the sea, from whose embrace
They noisily emerged, and mounting strove
To gain the heights abandoned.
And on we bore into the flaming sun
That now, with awful majesty and power,
Sheer rose from out the golden rim of sea.

The day wore on, and ere it died
The waters that had laughed but hours before
Were darkened, and the wind uprose
To whistle in the rigging of the ship,
And, triumphing, belch forth with hideous roar.
Yet high aloft our white-winged consorts rode,
And, rearing, battled with the swirling storm.

All night the steamer laboured in the trough
Of seas tempestuous, great lowering clouds
Shot tongues of lengthening flame,
And answering thunder rumbled to a crash.
The dawn broke o'er a furied waste of seas,
Yet with the first thin streak that lit the East
A watcher on the after deck descried
The measured beat of wings that followed us.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE BELGIAN MASSACRES

"Men to the right; women to the left"

RE-VIEWS of the LITERARY HISTORY of CANADA

By J. D. Logan

ESSAY IV.—CANADIAN POETS AND POETESSES AS LYRISTS
OF ROMANTIC LOVE



THE present essay is much more an appreciation of certain Canadian poets and poetesses than an historical critical article. It has the advantage, however, of novelty, inasmuch as the theme, so far as I can recall, has not been treated by another Canadian critic. Moreover, inasmuch as I must note a singular defect in the Canadian heart and imagination and also interpret the metaphysical meaning of love, the essay has thus far forth a constructive side and value. Still further, if taken, as it should be, as complementary to a former essay which dealt with the Martial Verse of Canadian Poetesses (*The Canadian Magazine*, April, 1913) and which was in method historico-critical, the present article may be regarded as constructive.

Unlike Canadian martial verse, especially the martial verse by the poetesses, Canadian love poetry is not unique. Particularly the commemorative martial verse of Canadian poetesses had this distinction given it by English poets and critics. But no such distinction can attach to Can-

adian love poetry, either of the poets or of the poetesses. It is important, therefore, to discover and disclose the reasons why Canadian love poetry, romantic and spiritual, has not a quality as unique as Canadian martial verse, inspirational and commemorative.

Many would find the answer in the fact that war, utterly destroying, as it does, that which men and women, especially women, hold most dear, causes a total upheaval of elemental human nature and wholly sets free from the bands of conventional repression the elemental emotions. Thus a psychological phenomenon by itself appears in human experience and in that species of human emotional expression which we call poetry. As it were, the woman-heart in men uprises from the recesses in which it has been confined, and the merely destructive war instinct in men gives way to a sort of womanly tender and passionate regard for dear possessions which must be preserved inviolable at all hazards. On the other hand, the man-heart—or, if I may, without bemoaning her, say, the tiger-heart—in woman uprises from the recesses in

which it has been confined, and the passion in her for peace gives way to a much more fiery passion for vengeance and reprisal, as well as for the protection and preservation of what is precious to her. In general, then, in time of war, while the men do the actual fighting on the field of battle, it is the women who are in heart the essential warriors. Consequently, it happens that when women essay martial verse, inspirational or commemorative, they sing their war lyrics with an abandon, infectious lilt, inspiring fervour, and a pervasive and moving thrall that are altogether compelling, and when their war lyrics are finely wrought, on the whole these martial songs surpass those written by men.

Something, then, relatively unique may be expected in martial verse, for the reason that repressed elemental nature and emotions are totally set free. In love poetry, on the other hand, no matter how passionate it may be, always the emotions remain somewhat conventionally repressed. There is never in love poetry the same wild abandonment to free expression as there is in martial verse. But in noting that the absolute freedom of the emotions, on the one hand, and the partial repression of the emotions, on the other hand, causes, or at least assists, martial verse to have a more unique quality than love poetry possesses, a critic has not given an ultimate explanation of the phenomenon. For as individuals differ in the degree of emotional expression of love in verse, so nations or peoples differ in emotional genius and freedom of expression of emotion both in daily speech and in literary forms. The constructive critic, then, has on his hands the solving of the problem of what makes the difference in the degree of free expression of the emotion of love on the part of Canadian poets and poetesses as compared, say, with similar expression on the part of French or Italian poets and poetesses. To the solving of that problem I now turn, before apprecia-

tively considering the love poetry of certain Canadian poets and poetesses.

The original basis of Canadian civilization is Keltic or Gaelic and Calvinistic. Now, the Keltic genius is essentially poetical or highly imaginative. Its essential formula, as I have said elsewhere, is "a natural and lively sense of divinity everywhere and in everything in the universe." I call this sense of an enchanted, haunted world, of spiritual presences in the woods, the hills, the streams, the mists, the clouds, the sunsets, the daisies and the dews—I call this natural piety. But there is another kind of piety, namely, a denial of divinity immanent in the universe, and a devotion to a God who is afar off—"deus ex machina"—and whose presence and glory in the finite world is never manifest, on which account the things of the world are to be despised and rejected. This far off or absentee God is the exclusive and supreme object of human love. That is the doctrine of Calvinism. Now, the Keltic or Gaelic genius is naturally pious in the inclusive or pantheistic sense; it is naturally metaphysical and poetic; it naturally sees God in all things and loves passionately all phenomena, earthly and spiritual, as expressions of God. But in Ireland and Scotland, the imaginative genius of the Gael came under the baneful influence of Calvinism, and the writing of poetry, which is the sublimated expression of the natural magic and the majesty and mystery of the world, was regarded as a function of ungodly superstition. In Canada, which has much more of the magic and the majesty and mystery of earth than Ireland and Scotland, the Calvinistic bane had its effect both in a decay of natural piety and a disenfranchisement of love. This is not a private opinion; it is indubitable fact. In English-speaking Canada, particularly in Nova Scotia and Ontario, I note the Calvinistic bane, which, in the interest of absolute devotion to a jealous God, put rigid repression on all

expression of emotion and of love, parental, filial, sexual. I remark some cases of this repression, the horrid memory of which still remains with men and women not yet past the fiftieth year of their age.

It was Calvinism, for instance, that compelled mothers to fear to show passionate affection for their children, especially infants, lest a jealous God should send the angel Death to take their offspring away from the too-loving parents. It was Calvinism that caused the filial grace of a pure kiss of affection from son to mother or from brother to sister to be tabooed as unseemly and unmanly. It was Calvinism that caused the natural love of a lad for a lass and conversely, and of a man for a woman and conversely, or at any rate any show of passionate preference of a lover for his beloved and ravishing enjoyment of mutual companionship, to be regarded as sensual affection, born of the wiles of Satan, sinful and unholy. Finally, it was Calvinism that caused men and women, otherwise sane and avid of all experiences of joy, to consider the exercise of the poetic faculty on any theme save the Deity, Heaven, and Hell, to be a silly use of brains; and as, in their view, love itself, especially love of the sexes, is the silliest of human sentiments and emotions, to consider the exercise of the poetic faculty on love as the vain imaginings and vapid utterances of incurable idiots.

Now, there is a very vital and pervasive, profoundly metaphysical and religious connection between poetry and love. Both have their seat and inspiration in the deepest function of man's spiritual nature, namely, the imagination or the idealizing faculty. The greatest thing in the world is love, because its ultimate object is the heart of the universe; that is to say, Immortal Love or the Deity. For God is Love. It was the loving faculty, in order that it might feel *at home* in the world, first peopled the universe with spiritual presences, that

is, with divinity, including the supreme divinity, whom we call God. If we stifle the faculty of love, we kill not only poetry as a mere mundane exercise, but also the very soul of religion. For religion is only a natural lively sense and acknowledgment of divinity in the world; and pure poetry is only the emotional expression, in beautiful rhythmic form, colour and music, of the religious ideal. The poetic faculty reasserts perennially, against all rationalism, doubt, or cavil, the supremacy of spirit everywhere—in the heart of man and in the natural world. Kill the poetic imagination, which is the faculty of love, and we slay Immortal Love, which is God. Cultivate and sustain that faculty, and we transform a brute world of matter in motion into the fair, green, delectable Garden of the Eternal Spirit. Let us, then, have love, and let us have our poets and poetesses to sing of it for the joy, support, purification, and ennobling of our mundane sojourn and existence—for the sweet sustaining of our finite spirits.

Turning to consider Canadian love poetry appreciatively, I observe a general distinction in inspiration and quality between that written by the poets and that written by the poetesses. The poets think only of painting the beloved and her virtues or charms for the sake of the imaginative enjoyment of their own pictures of a beautiful, winsome, or ravishing object; or they think only of their own lack, what they want or need for themselves; or, in that same spirit, they bemoan the presence in their dreams of an ardently desired, but unpossessed, object, and sing sadly, if oftentimes withal sweetly and winningly, of their dear "Dream-Goddess," who is but a dream and a fatal futility in their existence. The poetesses sing of love almost wholly, so far as I can discover, as a source of pure joy and as a mode of absolute giving of self to spiritual companionship and service. The Canadian poets, as

lyrists of love, are idiocentric and selfish—negative; the Canadian poetesses, as lyrists of love, are allocentric and sacrificial or altruistic—positive.

This general distinction does not obtain in the love verse of two Canadian poets, namely, the sonnet-sequence, "A Lover's Diary," by Sir Gilbert Parker (1894) and the sonnet-sequence, "His Lady of the Sonnets," by Robert W. Norwood (1915). In both these sequences, which are altogether beautiful and noble, and which belong to the world's treasury of love poetry, the attitude to love is wholly spiritual: uppermost in these two poets' heart and imagination is the refining, redemptive, transmuting power of love and absolute joy in the thought of the spiritual union of the lover and the beloved. To them love is a holy ideal; and loving, the infusion of soul into soul, of spirit into spirit, until they both become one soul, one spirit, enamored of holiness in thought, speech, and deed. For pure beauty of conception, imagery, and artistry, and for spiritual elevation, consider this noble love sonnet by Sir Gilbert Parker:

It is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright,
The rest—what does it matter? Soon the
night
Will come to whelm us, then the morning
chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes
us true;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us
what to say?
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there
standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely every-
where,
As God folds down the banners of the
sun.
Warm is my place about me, and above,
Where was the raven, I behold the dove.

Much more sensuous in imagery, but equally spiritualizing in intent is this sonnet by Mr. Norwood:

My love is like a spring among the hills
Whose brimming waters may not be con-
fined,

But pour one torrent through the ways
that wind
Down to a garden; there the rose distills
Its nectar; there a lily fills
Night with anointing of two lovers, blind,
Dumb, deaf, of body, spirit, and of mind
From breathless blending of far-sundered
wills.

Long ere my love had reached you, hard
I strove
To send its torrent through the barren
fields;
I wanted you, the lilyed treasure-trove
Of innocence, whose dear possession yields
Immortal gladness to my heart that knows
How you surpass the lily and the rose.

Parker and Norwood are, as it were, the only Canadian *systematic* poets of love, and they are certainly master-artists in that *genre* of poetry. So far as Canadian literature is concerned their love poetry is *sui generis*. Their conceptual scheme is so big in spiritual compass, and their artistry so refined and formal, that seemingly they have pre-empted the field of formalized love poetry. The other Canadian poets and the poetesses who essay the theme of love are strictly lyrical in inspiration and artistry. There is, however, one Canadian poetess who is fitted by genius to emulate Parker and Norwood, and who could compose a sequence of love sonnets that in imaginative conception, spiritual dignity, and artistic beauty would be worthy to stand beside the best work of Mrs. Browning or of Christina Rossetti. I mean the gifted and accomplished Katherine Hale (Mrs. J. W. Garvin). So far her love poetry has been essentially lyrical in inspiration and form, as, for instance, in "The Ultimate Hours," or in "Noonday," containing the memorable alliterative and musical line, "With dear, indefinite delight," and "In the Trenches," both of which that delectable Canadian song-composer, Gena Branscombe, who has set to music several of Katherine Hale's poems, regards in her own womanly colloquialism, "as her two pet love songs". I find the required spiritual quality for a noble sequence of sonnets of love in Katherine Hale's "At

Noon," beginning, "Thou art my Tower in the sun at noon" and in "The First Christmas," taken from her highly original booklet of verse, "Grey Knitting and Other Poems" (1914). I quote it in full:

As that Judean land which long ago
 Waited through centuries to find a face
 Where human and divine met first in grace
 And proved high love incarnate here below—
 A little world that worshipped pomp and show,
 Yet lay, as many a strange, imperial race,
 Whom haunting dreams forevermore encase,
 Calling a vision that the soul must know—
 So through the ways I could not understand,
 Through light that dawned to disappear again,
 And pale mirage upon the distance cast,
 I waited even as that lonely land,
 And no dark night has ever been in vain,
 Since heaven shines through thee to me at last.

The names of other Canadian poetesses who have written winning or compelling love lyrics is legion. The most famous, winsome, dainty, joyous, and exquisitely wrought love lyric by a Canadian poetess is the late Isabel Vallancey Crawford's universally known poem, "The Master Builder," or, as it is sometimes called "Love's Land." I shall quote it in concluding. In the meantime I quote another love lyric, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's "Always," which in daintiness, joyousness, musical lilt, and poetic truth—or in pure lyricism—rivals Miss Crawford's poem. Thus sings Mrs. Mackay:

Love is never an alien thing;
 Love set the gay world spinning;
 Love sat light on the first bird's wing,
 Sang in the chorus of earth's first spring,
 Danced in the first green fairy ring—
 For love has no beginning.

Love is never an alien thing—
 When the last stars are sending
 Their paling beams through an empty sky
 And the mad earth reels and the sweet winds die—
 Chaos and darkness! But you and I
 And love that has no ending!

The most passionate love lyrics in

Canadian poetry seem to be those by the late Pauline Johnson. In them the poetess shows two attitudes—elemental abandonment to the pain and the cruelty of love or melancholy over the loss of love, and happy joy in the sweet graces of love. Mr. Charles Mair (*The Canadian Magazine*, July, 1913) is my authority for the statement that the first phase of her love poetry was inspired by "an ill-fated engagement" and that "the defeat of love runs like a gray thread through much of her [love] verse." That phase ended with her writing of "The Prodigal," a pathetic lyric which concludes with the scornful line—"Back to my God I turn." For a sample of her other or positive quality—joy in love—I quote Miss Johnson's posthumous poem, entitled "Song" (*Canadian Magazine*, October, 1913):

The night-long shadows faded into gray,
 Then silvered into glad and gold sunlight,
 Because you came to me, like a new day
 Born of the beauty of an autumn night.

The silence that enfolded me so long
 Stirred to the sweetest music life has known,
 Because you came, and coming woke the song
 That slumbered through the years I was alone.

So have you brought the silver from the shade,
 The music and the laughter and the day,
 So have you come to me, and coming made
 This life of mine a blossom-bordered way.

That is a pure, sweet, exquisitely wrought love lyric, with the *vox humana* tones heard gently through it all.

Other sweetly engaging Canadian poetesses of love are, for instance, Miss Clare Giffin, as in her fine and lofty sonnet, "The Questing Heart," and Lucy M. Montgomery (Macdonald), as in her piquant, happy, assuring lyric, "You." Whichever Canadian poetess of love we choose, we find in each and in all the notes of joy in giving self to spiritual companionship and service, expressed in

musical diction, pleasing or sublimating imagery and metaphor, and winsome suggestions of happy and tender communings in the gardens of life. In them all, the bird of the morning is singing his early matins or the nightingale of joy and peace is liting his transporting evensong. I conclude by quoting Miss Crawford's universally admired and appealing love lyric:

Oh, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land!

Oh, if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land!

Oh, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

To the March number Dr. Logan will contribute an article entitled "Canadian Poets of the Great War".

VERSES FOR THIS YEAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I.—Lost Faith.

ALL our hopes are dead.
No more may we sail
These black seas of dread,
Stern and proud and pale.

Wrench the colours down,
No home haven now,
No warm twinkling Town
To await our prow.

On the wide gray sea,
Loneliness and night;
Never a bold free
Star—never Light!

II.—A Voice.

Child—thou art a child—
Compassed with design
Of foes stark and wild,
—Yet I hold thee Mine.

Thou hast never sailed
When the sea was kind;
Ever hast thou paled,
Stern and proud and blind;

Yet hast thou sailed on,
Dreaming, blind but wise,
Confident of Dawn
Behind blackened skies.

So sail thou these hours;
Let My Sight avail.
Yet amid bright flowers
Thou may'st strike thy sail.

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

V.—THE LISTENING-POST AND THE DESPATCH-BEARERS

HE was a woeful looking figure when I saw him first—thin, sickly, stoop-shouldered, with a light growth of fair hair in constant rebellion. His white, wan face carried a story I longed to hear. As the kind treatment of the convalescent home began to have its effect, he brightened to its influence, his cheeks began to fill, his colour to return, and the misery in his eyes passed into a deceiving innocence that covered depths of mischief. But always the mere mention of his life in the trenches drove him back to sober thoughtfulness.

He never should have been there at all. Only the sheer grit of him had kept him from the hospital many a time. And when he left us once more for the front there was grit in his last smile. He had not learned to look forward to the bully beef and mud with any greater pleasure; but he knew what was expected of him, and his friends—the very friends who had always taken advantage of his mild ways—would tell you that he had never been found wanting in that.

A Canadian to the tips, he was not born in Canada. Indeed, even when I knew him, he spoke English imperfectly. He was born in France. Perhaps that accounted in part for his willingness to face the fight again

as soon as the doctors thought he could, when many a bigger, better lad was adding a touch of limp or cough or a twist of pain when the examining doctor came.

From what level of French society he came is immaterial. His father died when he was very young, and his step-father was cruel to him. At thirteen he ran away. He had heard of Canada even at that age, and it sounded good to him. But the French boats would not take him without his parents' consent; so he shipped on a Norwegian.

His story of the trip across is a series of brutality worthy of the Germans. His mild manners, I suppose it was, and his immature age made him a butt for the cruel sailors. He was kicked and cuffed. A favourite pastime of the crew was to force him to climb the mast when it was caked with frozen spray; and at every slip they kicked him up again. And then he came to Canada, undergrown, ill-nourished, his constitution undermined.

Landing first in the Maritime Provinces, without a word of English at his command, he nevertheless found work. From job to job he drifted into the lumber woods. And there he was, where the harshest conditions of life demand the strongest, hardiest frames, when the war broke out.

One would think that such a career

would have hardened him to anything the trenches had to offer. Lads from homes of luxury had stood it, most of them with less grumble than comes from those who had always existed beneath the knocks of life. But the little French lad's constitution had been weakened when he was too young to profit physically from the buffets of his experience. The new kind of exposure told on him from the first. He did not drink, and some of his mates have told me what a pitiful sight he was in the cold, wet dawn, shiveringly refusing his grog, while everyone else was clamouring for the touch of liquid fire that opened each day through the cold season.

But to a man they repudiated the thought that the boy was any the worse for it in the long run, certainly not in morale. "Whenever there was any particularly dirty job on, V. was the first to volunteer," they said. "He never funk'd. He was on listening-post longer and oftener than anyone else in the company. Grit clear through!" And his illness came to him when his perils seemed to be over for the time. "I thought I was going to Heaven," he breathed to me, in that sentimental way of his, "when I got my first leave." He nearly did. In England but a day or two, he developed pneumonia—as many another has done. That was how I met him.

Always back in his eyes was a sadness, as of looking at pictures he did not like to talk about. But when he did talk I could see a little of what he felt; he described it to me with the simple clarity of a mind that does not make a habit of speaking all it thinks.

It was his listening-post duties of which he was always thinking—those lonesome, terrible, perilous hours of which he had spent more than his share out before the front lines. "Often I used to wish a bomb would fall beside me," he confided, "and get me out of it. But they never would. Fellows all about me were killed, boys who didn't want to die,

but I always escaped. From November when I went in I was never dry. Two or three times I found dry places to sleep, and it was wonderful." And never a hint that his duties had been volunteered, that he had offered to go out and lie in the mud before the German trenches while his comrades held back.

V.'s battalion had a particularly bad spot in the line. The trenches were shallow; to go deeper was but to wallow in deeper water. The German line was out across a brutal No Man's Land where water lay in every depression. Men were drowned there. The trenches were bad; the listening-post was inhuman. And the shivering lad returning from before the German fire had no warm dugout to look forward to. He was never dry.

Listening-post duty is the local spying system of the front lines. Every night No Man's Land is inhabited by two parties, the patrol squads and the listening-posts. The latter usually go in pairs, their duty to listen to the Germans in their trenches if they can approach close enough, to waylay enemy patrols, to uncover working parties. They are the spies, the doorkeepers, the watch-dogs, and altogether the uncomfortable ones of the company. They are selected for the things that make a good soldier—steadiness of nerve, intelligence, discrimination, knowledge of German, quick-wittedness, and endurance. Which does not imply that all on listening-post possess these traits. If they do they are the more valuable.

After dark they crawl out over the parapet, often alone, conscious that their return is uncertain, aware that ahead of them stretches an interminable two hours of danger and discomfort. As close as they can get to the German trenches is their goal—through the German wire barricades if possible. And there they lie motionless, silent, low as the ground will let them, in water and mud. The deepest depression, where the mud and water await them, is their saf-

est resting-place. To be against the skyline is certain exposure. And all the time the nervous German is sending up star-shells in search for such as he. He has orders not to shoot—as have all in No Man's Land at night—save as a last extremity. Three bombs he carries for protection if pressed, and a password for his own patrol parties who are prowling about. In his hand may be the end of a string attached to a bell in the trench he has left, and by it he can say all he need say in a hurry.

For the rest he trusts to Providence and to the luck of the soldier. If the luck of the soldier is according to his deserts I know there is good fortune in store for such as V.

The patrol party is the listening-post in action. It combines the spying of the other with the beat of the policeman and the destructiveness of the soldier. Those of the regular patrol party are relieved of fatigue duty, but into the hours of darkness they cram thrills and danger enough at times to earn them more relief that they get.

Perhaps you, in your Morris chair to-night, can picture the weird work of the patrol in No Man's Land. Out there where not a finger dare show in daylight, where any careless bullet from either side may find its billet in him, where every second is a possible encounter with a thousand lurking dangers he cannot see, he prowls about in search of anything of value. He may crawl through the barb-wire before the German trenches and lie listening to the conversation of an enemy who fancies himself secure. He may run suddenly into a dark form, or a score of them, and have to hold his hand until he knows them as friend or foe. If friend there is the password. If foe—well, some quick thinking is necessary first of all. He must not reveal his location to either trench by bullet or bomb, except as a last resort. The knife or the bayonet are the safest weapons; failing these, bombs. The

scene of a couple of patrol parties throwing bombs indiscriminately in the darkness contains all the mystery and excitement and uncertainty of a detective story with the possible solution the death of all concerned. When the patrol is out the trenches they left have orders not to fire towards the Germans; a friend is as vulnerable to a rifle bullet as a foe.

And yet the boys like it when there is no other excitement. There is action in it, the chance of getting even. There is about it that uncertainty that gives gambling its lure—and then there may be a V. C. To poke around in the darkness with the thrills running down your spine, uncertain what is ahead of you, whether a German, a clamorous machine-gun bullet, a sudden jab from a bayonet, or a six-foot hole filled with water, is more exciting than "playing the ponies" or dodging the police for a crap game. It even has its points over being caught in the open when the fog rises and shows you up to a thousand or two of snipers whose only interest in life is your death.

A patrol party usually consists of an officer, a sergeant, and six men, and a connection may be retained with the trenches by means of a bell at each end of the platoon.

Connection between the various parts of the army is vital. That is so obvious that its development has been affected less than any other department by the exigencies of this novel war. Communication between General Staff and army, between army and division, between division and brigade, between brigade and battalion, between battalion and company, between company and platoon, and even between scores of individuals off in hiding by themselves and their officers. And the guns must never lose touch with the infantry.

There is a system that keeps all these units together, and this war has culled out the useless details and leaned on those which have been found not wanting. The backbone of con-

nection is the telephone. There are telephones everywhere on the field of battle, sometimes from far before the front line right back to General Joffre. Every tree may have its telephone, every shell hole, every dug-out; and every fence skeleton and hedge is certain to be the trail of wires that direct the conflict.

Wire layers and repairers are a part of every branch of the service, and their work is never complete. But the telephone is not always vocal. Back of battalion headquarters it may be a buzzer, and sometimes in front if the German lines are not too close. The buzzer can be tapped by the enemy more easily. The vocal telephone, when within some hundreds of yards of the enemy, is on metallic circuit for the purpose of retaining its secrets. And at the front end of the wire is the signaller.

Of course you have watched with more than ordinary interest the drilling in Canada of the signaller before he is sent overseas. You have seen a group of them, each with a pair of flags, wig-wagging to another group across a field. And you have been awed by the swiftness of gesticulation and the certainty of reply. It is there for you to see. So it would be for the enemy if it were in use where there is one.

The disillusioning feature of it is that these spectacular evolutions are nothing more than a course of calisthenics, so far as their usefulness to the present-day line of battle is concerned. The signaller is a signaller no longer. His flags are probably somewhere back in England with the rest of the junk of war waste. In the first place battles don't wait now for an officer in one field to wig-wag to an officer in another field that his guns are cutting up his friends instead of his enemies, or that the enemy is about to come over. In the second place signallers are not immortal—not in this life,—and the supply would run out before a single flag had been raised. The enemy is

not the least bit considerate when it comes to passing along messages by anticipated methods.

I am not certain of it offhand, but I should say that not a flag has waved in battle since 1914. It is a preparatory exercise for the consumption of open-mouthed civilians, and to convince those who enlist for the signal corps that they are signallers.

And the signallers have profited by it as well as the army. There is no straining of eyes, no nervous doubt, no mistake, no exposure. The signaller lies under cover taking the orders of his officer and transmitting them to their destination. And up at the front he has to do his own repairing of wires.

If anyone should guess at the miles of telephone wire that have been used in this war he would probably go mad with the immensity of it. At first the wire was a nice rubbered affair that cost so much per inch and when required elsewhere was taken up in order to limit the cost of the British army to \$25,000,000 a day—as it is at the time of writing. Then common sense awoke. It struck someone that service was the thing, not polish; that a wire that could be ignored when of no further use, at the saving of time and human life, was what this war needed. So they produced an enamelled wire that worked as well without costing enough to make it worth while to send a gang of men to remove it. Now there must be thousands of miles of cheap wire that has served its purpose, kicking about France for peace to collect and sell as souvenirs. It is everywhere over the ground, and everywhere it has been smashed to powder by a thousand guns.

Of course there is other wire. The nicely insulated variety is still used in the rear and removed with the removal of the units it feeds. Armoured cable is still in use for permanent posts and for headquarters. But where a flag used to deliver a message from the open on clear days in a

couple of minutes, a bit of flimsy wire staked to the ground or run through a hedge transmits the same message more surely in a second. And seconds count.

There are times when the wires fail—when there is not time for their laying, when movement is too swift to be followed by the wire gang, when the bursting shells make dust of formal communication. It is then man comes into his own—with all the tight places and impenetrable barriers into which the carrying of despatches throws him.

Orders are carried under these conditions by three distinct bodies of orderlies. Back in comparative safety, although still within range of the guns and sometimes under excitement, the despatch riders whizz from headquarters to headquarters on motor-cycles. With the distances they have to cover and the large urgency of their reports, speed is important. Between the smaller units behind the lines bicycle orderlies do the work, their course facilitated by the lightness and mobility of their machines.

But while there is a certain glamour thrown on the work of the despatch riders, largely because they are the snobs of the despatch service and roar and rave and rattle about from point to point on mounts whose effectiveness seems to be based upon the noise they make and the speed they can maintain, there is a third branch of the service that performs the really dangerous, unsung work up at the front where the fury of the fight makes wire too mortal, where advance of small units has separated them from their companions, where the extreme pressure of the enemy makes immediate reinforcements and supplies necessary to the very life of the struggling men. Those who figure there are the battalion runners.

Were the services of the battalion runners narrated in full there would be books of bravery and sacrifice, of grim perseverance and reckless dar-

ing that would pretty nearly discount any other branch of the service. But because these young fellows work at sudden emergency, because they are too busy to demand their dues from the press, because they are few in number and small of size and come into contact only with a few officers, they pursue their imperilled path without a publicity agent.

I have talked to despatch riders whose many months of active service has earned nothing more serious for them than a spill at sixty miles an hour or thereabouts, or a hundred yard acquaintance with a "coal-box." But the despatch rider—like certain of the Flying Corp before they have heard the sound of a gun—is primed with a luridness of description that savours of the exhaust of their motor-cycles while carrying perhaps nothing more momentous than an invitation to a brother officer to come over and make up a table.

I have also talked with battalion runners who, having not the capacity for description, treat the most hair-raising experiences as the details of an ordinary day's work. In fact I have never yet drawn a story from a battalion runner except by the exercise of all my "pumping" ability. They are modest boys, trained in a silent, modest school, and their very isolation from the usual trench life deprives them of that ready exchange where the ordinary soldier is crammed with stock experiences.

Battalion runners seem to be selected for their smallness of size, their quickness of foot, their stubbornness and determination, and their ability to go on to the end without being swerved aside by the incidents about them. The latter is the main qualification. The battalion runner must close his eyes and ears to everything but his destination. His work is not to fight except against the obstacles in his path; and nothing but death must stop him.

Battalion runners are the connecting links between units that have be-

come separated. They must keep these units in touch, whether across the very mouths of German rifles or backward to the sources of relief and supply. Their orders are simply to get there, using every facility available. Usually they are on foot, sneaking along through shattered trenches, crawling from shell hole to shell hole, skirting danger by the merest hair's breadth to save time—running, creeping, lying down until danger is past, in silence and alone looking only to their own resources for the fulfilment of their purpose.

There are stories in my mind of the suffering and grim endurance and persistence of these despatch-bearers, that are almost monotonous in their lack of lurid detail. But anyone with some conception of conditions among the trenches may fill in without difficulty. I have heard of battalion runners on their way through enemy lines to reach a unit beyond, who were forced to worm along on hands and knees for miles and hours, always within touch of the foe. One runner hid for a week in the remains of a small woods, sneaking out at night to sustain himself on the pickings from the dead bodies that lay

about. Germans by the hundreds were around him. But he delivered his message at the end—days after it was of any value. Often in their silent passage they meet the enemy on equally silent errands, and fight or run as the occasion or opportunity demands.

And such service is not rendered unscathed. They lie down and die out there where none knows what has happened, their message undelivered and their devotion unrewarded—and they are only casualties. The one thought in their minds it to last out to the moment when they can place the message in the hands they seek. Wounded to death they stagger on, and sink to final rest with the last words of the message on their lips. Even they hide their wounds that they might bear back the reply awaited.

A brave, tireless, defiant, silently suffering band of devoted soldiers, these runners who tempt to their own bodies the wounds they are trying to save their comrades. A modest group whose reward is in duty performed, not in the applause of the casual public. Some day their historian will earn them their deserts.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Non-Combatants", which describes the work of the vast number of men in the army who never see the firing-line.



THE MINISTER OF FINANCE

By William Lewis Edmonds

SIR THOMAS WHITE, the present Finance Minister of Canada, is the ninth to occupy that office since the birth of the Dominion forty-nine years ago. Among the eight who preceded him have been some big men—men who will, for the service they have rendered, live long in the history of the country. Five of them—Sir John Rose, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Sir Charles Tupper—assisted at the birth of the Dominion.

Among his other predecessors in the office of Finance Minister were the Honourable A. W. McLelan, Sir George Foster, and the Honourable W. S. Fielding. Sir Thomas has held the office for over five years. Only three of his predecessors held it for a longer period. They were Tilley, Foster, and Fielding. And but three of the eight were called upon during their term of office to perform feats which might be considered very much out of the ordinary.

Upon Sir Leonard Tilley devolved the duty of introducing the protective tariff of 1879, in accordance with the mandate of the electorate at the general election of the preceding year. Sir Charles Tupper's masterpiece was the inauguration of the iron and steel tariff of 1887, which was even a more difficult undertaking than that of his predecessor Sir Leonard Tilley. That for which the Honourable W. S. Field-

ing will be most remembered is the preferential tariff of 1897, which inaugurated a new fiscal policy toward the products of the British Empire, which has since been imitated by Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

While Sir Thomas has not had to undertake any general revision of the tariff, such as some of his predecessors had to do, he has had to do some rather delicate tinkering. This was particularly true of the changes he made during the regular session of 1914. On the one hand he had to face the demand of the manufacturers for a re-modelling of the iron and steel duties, in order that certain important lines, then unprotected, might have the benefit of the protective tariff. On the other hand he had to face the no small voice in the West which was crying for free trade and larger markets. He managed to fairly well satisfy the iron and steel interests, but although he threw a sop to the farmers in the West in the shape of a reduction of five per cent. in the duty on agricultural implements, yet they were not satisfied because it was not sops they were after. Free trade, and nothing but free trade, would have served them.

But that which has put the acid test to Sir Thomas's ability as a Minister of Finance is, of course, the measures which the war demanded from him for financing Canada's necessities. No previous Finance Minister

has ever had such a severe test applied to him. More than one of them has had to face just as difficult problems in regard to the financing of home necessities. But none of them ever had, plus their home necessities, to find the wherewithal to finance Canada's undertaking in a great war.

When the war broke out the adverse turn which the trade situation had taken in Canada was in itself enough to try the metal of a Finance Minister. Great public expenditures had been undertaken, while, the public revenue, on the other hand, was declining at an alarming rate. At the special session of Parliament called immediately after the declaration of war an increase in the duty was imposed on a number of commodities for revenue-producing purposes. Excise rates were increased with a similar object in view. Legislation was also enacted to provide for the increase in the amount of Dominion notes which might be issued against gold; to temporarily suspend the gold basis of our circulation in order to make notes legal tender; and to authorize a war credit of \$50,000,000.

At that time Canada, like the mother country, had by no means a full conception of the magnitude of the task it had in hand. And so during the 1915 session of the House still further measures had to be introduced by the Minister of Finance in order to provide the necessary funds. The most heroic of these was, of course, the increase of five to seven and one-half per cent. in the customs duties. A great many people were quite confident that this increase would not produce the desired revenue. They argued with apparent reason that the higher rates would tend to curtail imports, and hence lead to a decrease rather than an increase in the revenue.

But the results have once more proved that economic theories do not always in practice work out in accordance with expectations. They didn't in this particular instance at any

rate. As luck or good management would have it, the higher duties have produced the desired greater revenue, for in his last budget speech Sir Thomas was able to inform us that the increase in the customs duties was responsible for an increase of no less than \$19,000,000 in the revenue of the country. That Sir Thomas was equally fortunate in his other special provisions for the enhancement of the country's revenue is evident from the fact that the latter, for the present fiscal year, is expected to exceed the expenditure by fifty million dollars.

In the raising of money through loans it must be conceded that Sir Thomas has been equally successful. In order to relieve the pressure upon the British money market he, in August, 1915, made bold to borrow \$45,000,000 in New York. It was the first time a Canadian Finance Minister had ever gone to Gotham for funds, and although Sir Thomas was criticized severely in some quarters for paying such a high rate as 5 per cent., yet, when a few months later Great Britain and her Allies had to pay the same rate for the half-billion dollar loan they floated in the same market, it took the wind out of the sails of his critics. How high Canada's credit stands to-day is evident from the fact that during the eleven months ending November last she was able to borrow nearly \$304,000,000, of which nearly \$193,000,000 was obtained in the United States against \$54,000,000 two years ago.

But possibly Sir Thomas White's most successful venture was his domestic loans. In his first loan he asked the people of Canada to subscribe \$50,000,000. They more than doubled it. The success with which this loan was floated seemed to strengthen the view of those who held that he should have sought on the home market the funds for which he went to New York the preceding August. That he could have obtained them here there can be no doubt. But it must be remembered that the conditions obtaining in Can-

ada in August, 1915, were not exactly the same as at the beginning of 1916, when the first domestic loan was floated.

In the first place, although a bountiful crop was promised, it had not been garnered and threshed. And sometimes there is a slip between the cup and the lip. Then, again, when the banks are conserving their funds in order to finance the moving crops it is an inopportune time to float loans of any kind, and particularly large ones. But these were not the only reasons why Sir Thomas did not attempt, in 1915, to float a domestic loan. A still stronger reason was the adverse character of our trade balance. In 1913 it was \$300,000,000 against us; in 1914, \$180,000,000, and in 1915, \$36,000,000. At the close of the fiscal year 1916 the trade balance was in our favour to the extent of \$249,000,000. For the first five months of the present fiscal year it was \$141,100,000.

As long as this state of affairs existed it was sounder economic practice to sell securities abroad rather than at home. When the trade balance is substantially in our favour, as is the case to-day, it is a horse of another colour. As a matter of fact, had we attempted to borrow large sums at home when the trade balance was so enormously against us, we might have had to ship gold out of the country. By waiting to float a domestic loan until the existence of the favourable trade balance Sir Thomas was able to prevent this contingency, with the result that Canada is to-day holding more gold than she did at the commencement of the war, and has been able to float a second domestic loan of \$100,000,000.

As a result of this sound financing Canada has not only been able to provide for her own necessities, but to assist in establishing a line of credit in this country in order to facilitate the financing of orders placed here by Great Britain and her Allies. Up to the present, Sir Thomas has been able,

by the aid of the domestic loans and the co-operation of the banks, to establish a line of credit to the extent of \$250,000,000 for the specific purpose of paying for munitions and supplies ordered in this country by the British Government.

With what success Sir Thomas's business tax will meet remains to be seen. Of all his financial undertakings this is apparently the most complex. But the indications are that it will produce a larger revenue than was anticipated.

That Sir Thomas White's career has so far been a somewhat remarkable one there can be no doubt. If wealth were the *sine qua non* to success in life Sir Thomas's chances would have been poor indeed, for there was very little of it about the little farm near Bronte, Ontario, on which he was born fifty years ago. But Tom White came into the world blessed with better things than material wealth. He was blessed with a mother who was exceptionally rich in qualities of mind and soul, and was left early in life with two small children on her hands. And although she is far past the allotted age she still possesses a keen and vigorous intellect.

Young White obtained the fundamentals of his education at the little school at Bronte. Although like other boys he participated in the customary school games and was popular with his fellow scholars he did not neglect his studies. Early in life he developed a strong taste for good literature, history and mathematics. His evenings were chiefly occupied in working out mathematical problems. History he principally mastered while wending his way to and from school, to the envy of his fellow scholars, who did not find history either as easy or as pleasant to learn. Shakespeare he learned by heart with surprising ease, also to the envy of the other fellows. His retentive memory has stuck to him to this day.

The men of to-day who attended

school with him remember him for his strong manly character. One who was his teacher thirty-odd years ago told the writer "that Tom White was known among the boys for his clean, manly character. I never knew him to do an unworthy act. Always strictly true; very energetic and ambitious."

After he had graduated from the high school at Brampton nothing but a university career would satisfy him. That, however, was no easy matter. But where there's a will there's a way. He found the way by reporting for the newspapers while he carried on his studies at the University of Toronto. When he left the University in 1895 with the initials "B.A." after his name it was as an honour graduate in classics. Then after a couple of more years spent at the reporter's desk he entered the assessment department of the city of Toronto, taking up at the same time the study of law as a side issue. He studied law "so carefully" that when he graduated in 1899 he had a gold medal and two scholarships to his credit. He did not, however, take up the practice of law, but continued his duties as one of the city's assessors. He had, however, in the meantime become one of the city's most efficient assessors.

In the performance of his duties he was characterized by exceptional thoroughness. He would take nothing for granted. The conclusions of a previous assessor did not satisfy him. He wanted to know for himself even to the minutest details in regard to the law governing this or that point.

And thereby hangs a tale. For it was the thoroughness with which he prepared his cases, and the clear and incisive way in which he argued them when he appeared before a judge to defend his assessments, that attracted the attention of certain capitalists, who, when subsequently forming the National Trust Company, selected Tom White as its general manager.

That this was an important step in the career of Sir Thomas's subsequent

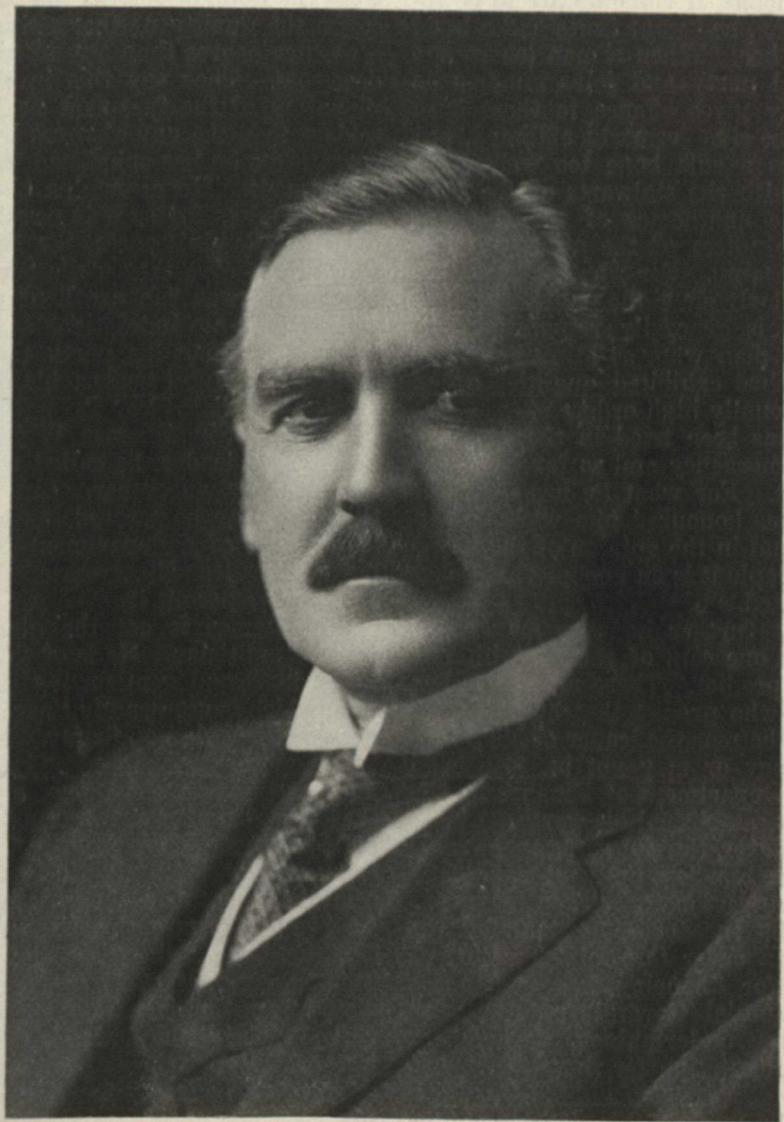
events clearly prove. If he had not gone with the National Trust Company he would probably in time have developed into a great lawyer, because he undoubtedly possesses the qualities for such. But it is of very little use speculating on that which the fates had in store for Sir Thomas (then, of course, plain Mr. White). At the end of eleven years' service as general manager he resigned and became vice-president of the Trust Company.

But as the fates would have it, just at that time the Dominion was in the throes of a general election, with reciprocity as the issue. Mr. White, although up to that time had ranked as a Liberal in political faith, jumped over the traces and took the platform against ratification of the agreement. Being clear and forceful, although not eloquent, he was soon in demand.

At a mass meeting one night in Massey Hall, Toronto, he was one of the speakers. The way in which he handled his subject greatly impressed Sir Robert Borden, who was present on the occasion.

When after the general election Sir Robert was making up his Cabinet he made it known that he wished to give a portfolio to one of the Liberals who had bolted from their party over the reciprocity issue. Among the names suggested was that of William Thomas White. The latter, however, told a close friend it was perfectly ridiculous to think of his entering Parliament. Then some of his personal friends high in the confidence of the new Premier were deputed to wait upon him, but he was adamant. He would not consent.

Finally, Sir James Whitney was asked to try his persuasive powers upon him. Sir James accepted the task. At first he, too, failed. That somewhat irritated the old gentleman, and in plain and forceful language he told Mr. White that to refuse the portfolio of Finance Minister was to refuse to do his duty to his country. Mr. White then surrendered. A seat was found, and he entered Parliament.



SIR THOMAS WHITE

Who as Minister of Finance in the Borden Government, is financing
Canada's part in the great war.

As to whether or not Sir Thomas White will live in history as a great Finance Minister time alone will tell. In the political party to which he now belongs, if rumours are to be relied upon, he has at times had a hard row to hoe. When a man leaves one political party and joins another he not only gives offence to those with whom he was formerly affiliated, but he is as a rule none too welcome a guest with the stalwarts of the new. But the anathemas of the one and the prejudices of the other are fast disappearing. For what he has done, particularly since the outbreak of the war, it is generally recognized that he is a man who, as Minister of Finance, has exhibited qualities of an exceptionally high order.

He has been tried in the fire of a great emergency and so far has stood the test. For what he has done the King has honoured him with knighthood, and in the opinion of the Canadian people it is an honour that is not unmerited.

What further honours may await him no one can, of course, with certainty predict. There are not a few people who predict that he will ultimately become the leader of his party. That may or may not be. As head of the Department of Finance he has already established his worth.

Whatever the future may have in store for him as a political leader, one thing at least may be taken for granted: His success in organizing the banks in order to establish a line of credit for financing war orders for the Imperial Government has, with his other undertakings, earned for him a reputation for financial leadership.

In the work of his department he has been characterized by the same quality of thoroughness that characterized him in his previous vocations. He knows how to delegate to experts in his department the work which they are specially qualified to perform. By this means he does not burden himself with the performance

of unnecessary details, which is the bane of those who have not acquired the art of efficiency in management. In the department over which he presides the opinion obtains that he possesses the quality of thoroughness to a greater degree than any of his predecessors. They say this in the explanation of the fact that he has so seldom to make any changes in measures after he has submitted them to Parliament. He ascertains his facts beforehand as far as it is possible.

In his Reminiscences, Sir Richard Cartwright says that while Sir John Macdonald was "an excellent parliamentarian and indefatigable in the work of keeping his party together, he might and did neglect his departmental work".

Possibly Sir Thomas White may never, as a leader, be called upon to keep his party together. But of one thing we may be assured: as long as he is head of a department he will not neglect it. His sense of duty is too keen to permit it.

Sir Thomas is not the glad-hand type of politician. He is of the courteous, kind and gentlemanly description, which is not usually the sort that possesses a wide popularity. Neither is he a man who is moved by impulses. He is cool and calculating, and like the man from Missouri, wants to know before he acts. This may be a handicap at times, but it is a quality that a minister of finance can scarcely afford to be without, especially in times like these, when there are many men, both in and out of Parliament, who would put the ship of state on the rocks if they could persuade the country to adopt their harum-scarum schemes as penance for all financial ills.

"Nations," says Lecky, "seldom realize till too late how prominent a place a sound system of finance holds among the vital elements of national stability and well-being." That Canada's present Minister of Finance would subscribe to this doctrine there can be no doubt.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

By Lindsay Crawford



THE roll of Honour is lengthening. More than two years of war have brought to light refined metal richer than all the mineral wealth of Canada, metal that stands the acid tests of war. Some misapprehension exists as to what really constitutes a Roll of Honour. In some quarters it is reserved for those who have fallen in action or who have died from wounds received in action. Others again give a more elastic interpretation to the term by including all casualties. But a greater number refuse to limit the honours of war to those who have fallen in battle or who are wounded. There are few churches, public buildings and homes in Canada that do not contain some memorial of those who have gone out to adventure with death on the blazed path of war and duty. These memorials of the dead and the living, who have shared the common dangers and who have been parted by death, will long remain as witnesses to the spirit and the temper of the fighting races that have built up an Empire and a tradition that stand the incalculable strain and stress of an unexampled military campaign.

Like the gentle rain from Heaven the honours of war belong to the quick as well as to the dead—to all who have felt the hot breath of the fiery dragon. To the dead, hail and fare-

well! To those who come back honour is no less due because they live to tell the tales that will be recited in the ears of their children's children as the logs crackle and blaze and throw ghost-like shadows around the hearth that recall the deathless armies which in the watches of the night sentinel the battlefields of Europe. Honour to whom honour is due. All who don the armour and who enter the great tournament of war to tilt with death on his red harvest field have done all that men may to vindicate their honour and courage as—to quote Dr. J. D. Logan's apt phrase—"Insulters of Death".

Robert W. Service in his latest book of war poems humorously portrays the feelings of a Cockney who has won distinction for his bravery in an engagement. The chief point about the story is that the deed of bravery that won coveted recognition was largely done while in a state bordering on funk with just the desperation of despair that makes a man sell his life dearly in the presence of danger. But most brave deeds in the heat of battle are of this kind. There are times when men in cooler moments risk their lives voluntarily and deliberately; when they climb over the parapet to bring in a wounded comrade; but in a great many cases bravery is a moral quality that fights against physical odds. It is well to honour those whose deeds stand out,



LIEUTENANT GORDON HUME SMITH

Who has been recommended for the D.S.O.

but every man who takes the risks of war is a hero who deserves a place on the Roll of Honour.

The romantic side of this war will continue for generations to be valuable raw material for the weavers of literary fabrics. Thrilling tales of adventure that would delight the heart of any schoolboy devotee of Buffalo Bill may be found in the reports from the battle fronts in Europe. It is an old mother's tale, and not always believed, how religious books carried in a pocket over the heart have saved the owner's life as the bullet found its billet in the book-binder's material instead of in the owner. But such a case has been reported recently. The fortun-

ate bearer of the talisman or mascot in this case was a Canadian officer, Lieutenant Gordon Hume Smith. That he has been recommended for the D.S.O. has nothing to do with his fortunate escape. Asleep in his dug-out or shelter while shrapnel and "Black Johnsons" and machine-gun fire rained down on the trenches, Lieutenant Gordon's den was penetrated by flying shrapnel. There is a superstition among the Anzacs that the shot that finds its billet in the vitals of a soldier must bear his name and number. Although the shrapnel found a billet in this case, luckily for Lieutenant Smith it did not bear his name. Instead, it penetrated his hard pillows, frayed the edges of his



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT JOHN H. FIRSTBROOK

Who fell wounded into the enemy's camp.

prayer book that lay below and continued its journey until it struck the text, "Send unto them help from above and evermore mightily defend them". This was during the Somme advance. The book has reached home bearing traces of the strafing to which it was subjected by the enemy. One of the texts cut by the missile was: "For Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it Thee." Another, and perhaps more appropriate text, marked by the enemy's shrapnel was this consoling thought: "Who saveth thy life from destruction and covereth thee with mercy and loving kindness." The young officer's father, Dr. Harley Smith, prizes this memento beyond gold or silver. The bit of shrapnel

that did the damage is now pinned in a silken flag to the mutilated book of prayer. Lieutenant Gordon Hume Smith prizes something more than this relic of his lucky escape and that is the Distinguished Service Order which he obtained for gallantry in the field. Starting out as a private in the Canadian forces he distinguished himself during one of the advances at the Somme and received a commission in the British army.

Flight-Lieutenant John H. Firstbrook of the Royal Flying Corps, woke up in a German hospital last July to find that a bullet had penetrated one of his lungs. He was scouting over the enemy's lines, giving but scant heed to the curling balls



SERGEANT "JACK" RAMSDEN

Who was promoted on the field for gallantry

of smoke that broke around him as he skidded, volplaned, and went through all the tricks known to the aviator when passing through the enemy's fire. Travelling at a great height and at a speed of over fifty miles an hour a bullet caught him in mid-air. Feeling weak he mechanically volplaned to earth, falling into the enemy's hands. For seven days he was unconscious but he recovered sufficiently to be transferred to an internment camp in Switzerland, following an operation that necessitated change of air. A graduate of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, and of Woodstock College, Lieutenant Firstbrook first joined the Corps of Guides. Later he went to England and ob-

tained a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. Aerial scouting imposes a very severe strain on the physique of the pilot, and for this reason great care is exercised in the selection of the candidates.

Promoted on the field of action "Jack" Ramsden, son of Alderman J. G. Ramsden, of Toronto, should have special mention among those deserving of honour. Although he qualified for a commission, Lieutenant Ramsden decided that the shortest cut to the muddy trenches in Flanders was in the uniform of a Sergeant. He threw up his commission, parted with his cane and the other accessories of an officer's kit and donned the tunic with three stripes. He cast away



MAJOR G. V. NELSON

Who earned his promotion at the early age of twenty-one

also any chance of riding on anything more animated than an ambulance wagon or a stretcher. He felt nearer the enemy as he stepped down in rank, for does not Holy Writ itself testify that the first shall be last and the last first. Arriving in England he discovered that to get to the front he must jettison all rank. So he abandoned his Sergeant's stripes and as a private marched into the front trenches with the boys of the 95th when that battalion was broken up to reinforce the front lines. But his merit was soon recognized and he became a Corporal. Then in one of the charges across the field of death Corporal Ramsden led his men with such dash and intelligence that he was

made Sergeant after his platoon came out of the action.

Major W. W. Denison, D.S.O., belongs to a fighting breed. A nephew of Colonel George T. Denison, the well-known Toronto magistrate and Imperialist, one would expect to find a Denison winning honours at the front. Major W. W. Denison has not only won his D.S.O. but has also been mentioned in despatches by General Sir Douglas Haig for his bravery and courage during a year of service in the trenches, where ten days' leave in London or Paris is regarded as "a little bit of heaven". A year in the trenches! At Zillebeke Major Denison displayed great bravery under trying circumstances. His battalion

suffered heavy losses, but it held the line. The enemy resorted to every known device to break the Canadian resistance, but he failed. The cemetery near Zillebeke tells its own tale of the heroic struggle against big odds, but the Canadians held firm. Major W. W. Denison, D.S.O., went to the front with the 3rd Division. He was formerly in command of the Governor-General's Body Guard.

The sporting instinct is one of the great factors that go to the making of the British reputation for military prowess. That the British soldier looks on war with the eye of the sportsman and adventurer is something the enemy cannot understand. In one of Boyd Cable's books there is an amusing chapter in which the author describes the astonishment of the enemy when a British battalion in the trenches fifty yards opposite picked up the tune of the German "Hymn of Hate" and sang it vociferously in the trenches and on the way back to billets. They thought the Tommies had gone crazy when, in a charge across No Man's Land, they dribbled a football up to the Hun trenches, just to show their contempt for the enemy and their joy at being in action. For years there was constant grumbling at the time wasted on sports by British officers, but the critics now understand what a valuable part in war the sporting proclivities of officers and men play in maintaining the *morale* of the Army and provoking deeds of heroism that have immortalized British arms. Canada has given a Sportsman's Battalion, but this unit does not by any means exhaust the number of sportsmen from the Dominion who are serving at the front. There are few names better known in the sporting world than that of Nelson. Few men more popular than Francis Nelson, the Sporting Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto, and a familiar figure, as judge, on the principal race-courses of the continent.

Among the first to enlist for overseas service was the son of Mr. Nel-

son who at the time was still eligible for junior hockey. After joining, he qualified for a commission and went overseas as lieutenant with the 83rd Battalion in 1915. He has been through some of the heaviest fighting on the Somme front since May last, coming out unscathed. Major at the age of twenty-one would seem almost incredible to a Crimean veteran, but these are days when youth is quickly matured on the field of battle, and when gaps are too numerous to permit of an age clause depriving merit of its rewards. Riding at the head of a half battalion down the roads of Flanders one may frequently observe majors who in the eyes of the law are still minors. Major Gregory Vincent Nelson is a type of the native-born Canadian who carries the spirit of the sportsman into the army. In his case it is hereditary. From his earliest years his father taught him every form of sport that goes to create initiative and self-reliance. Hockey, lacrosse, canoeing, wrestling, swimming and the other manly arts were included in the curriculum of this young Old Boy of St. Andrew's College. The quick promotion that has come to him is due to his bravery and dash in action—qualities that shine on less hazardous fields of battle.

To lie in a trench for a whole day while the Hun is *strafing* the lines with heavy shells, gas, and other deadly abominations, to hear the eternal screaming of the big missiles as they hustle through the air; to endure the awful din of one's own guns from the rear and from the trenches as they take up the enemy's challenge, must be an unnerving prelude to either attack or defence. To see the advance into the open of men who have stood this ordeal for hours is a sight to enthuse the onlooker. The men who have gone through the hell of fire that scorched but did not deter them at such places as Zillebeke and Courcellete have set new standards of bravery which no generation of warriors has exceeded.

EUGENIA: one of CANADA'S GREATEST WATER-POWERS

By Lyman B. Jackes

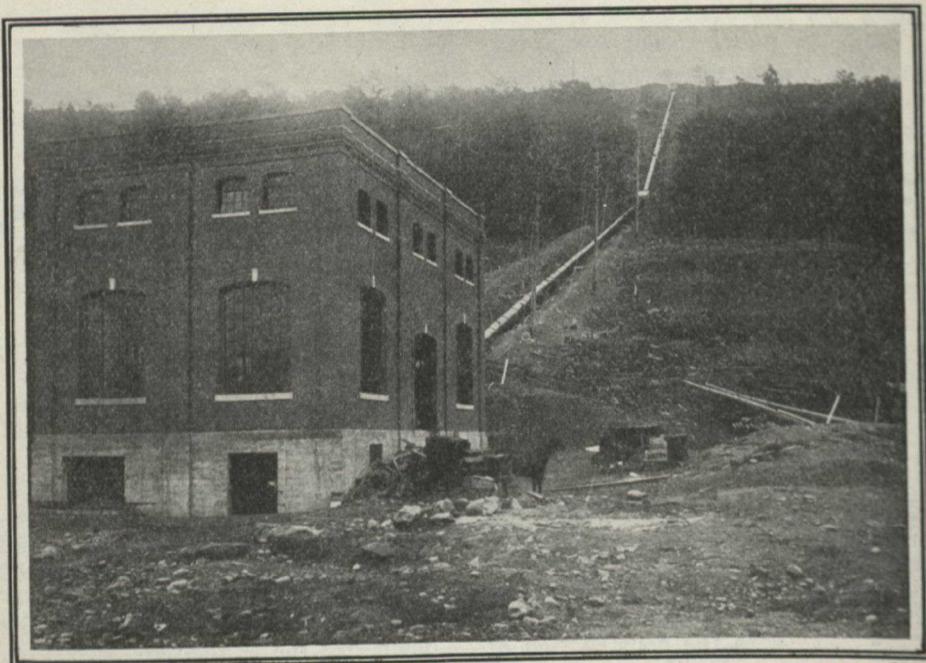
THERE is no branch of manufacture that has experienced development during the past twenty-five years comparable with the construction of water turbines. Until recently engineers were unable to develop the magnificent water-powers that nature has lavished upon us, owing to the inability of the mechanic to build a water-turbine that would withstand the enormous pressure and tear of the water. This is beautifully illustrated at Niagara, the visitor looking across stream from Queen Victoria Park seeing the various stages of water-power development set out by reason of the streams that flow from the rock on the opposite shore, at varying levels. The earlier attempts to harness Niagara were limited to a water turbine that would withstand a head of some twenty feet. Then followed an improvement and a deeper shaft was sunk. Improvements in steel metallurgy allowed the turbines to be placed at still greater depths until the days immediately preceding the advent of the great hydraulic electro plants the turbines had reached a perfection that allowed them to be sunk to eighty or ninety feet.

All this was less than three decades ago. Witness, then, the development of the science when Sir Adam Beck

and his engineers have succeeded in harnessing the falls of Eugenia and utilizing the full drop of five hundred and forty-five feet.

Eugenia is a fall not generally known to the Canadian travelling public. It may be that its remoteness from Switzerland or South America is a factor in the strangeness. It is not difficult to locate on the map, however. Take a pencil and draw a line south from Collingwood, and intersect this with a line drawn eastward from Flesherton, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The junction of the pencil lines will give you the location of Eugenia, the scene of a daring hydro-electrical engineering development.

Eugenia does not make the drop in one unbroken plunge. Its first leap is ninety feet, the water falling in a limestone basin one hundred feet across. The overflow from the basin forms a second fall, and this gives the water to a series of foaming rapids and intermingled fall until the valley is reached. Previously to the development, the volume was significant and the cataract would stand comparison with the Montmorency in Quebec. But even in its wounded state it is a pleasant sight to stand beside the brink and watch the water roar away into a depth and distance dwarfing stately pines into pygmies.



POWER-HOUSE AND PIPE LINE AT EUGENIA

Where Power is harnessed from a drop of almost 600 feet

Eugenia had defied previous attempts of engineers to develop power from its racing waters; ruined brick and timber-work bear silent witness to the defeat. The present scheme was carried out on a basis new to Eugenia, the basic fact being to regulate the flow of water.

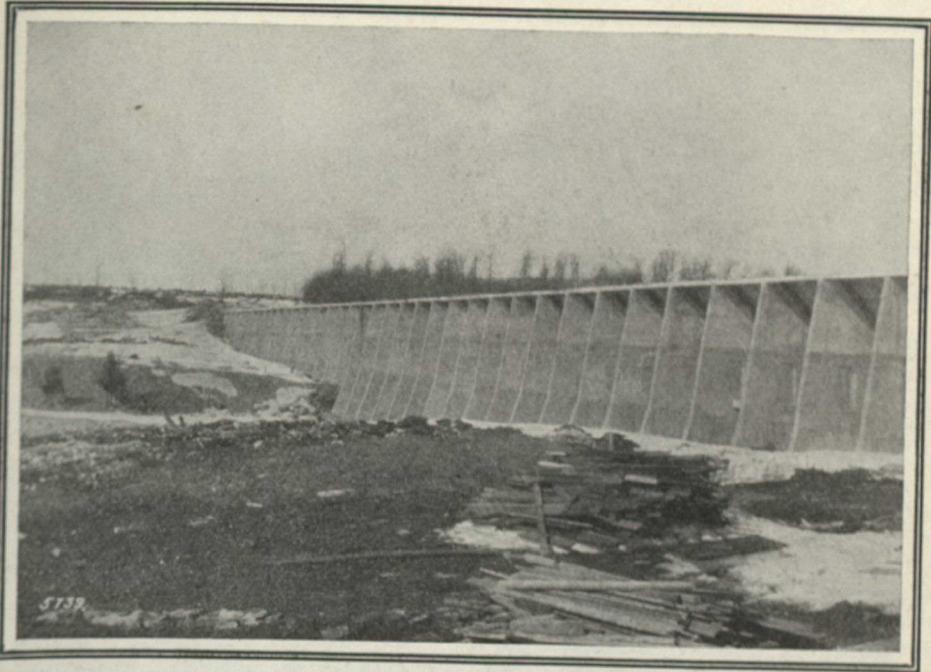
All streams that course regions suddenly denuded of lumber are subject to extremes of flow. With the thinned woods the thaws of spring are not controlled as formerly, and the stream reaches a volume not previously experienced; and in the lean months of late summer and autumn the stream bitterly shows the result of the spring rush. To regulate this flow and ensure ample water, a series of dams have been thrown across the river, starting from a point a few hundred feet above the falls. The dams create vast storage reservoirs, indeed, it would be more fitting to term them lakes, for they have an area of more than two thousand acres

and when filled contain more than a thousand million gallons of water.

As the turbines only require to be fed some three hundred gallons a second, dry season dangers have been reduced to a minimum. The upper dams have been constructed of earth-work and the lower, where the pressure is great, of reinforced concrete. To look at this lower dam from the down-stream side is to imagine a greatly magnified edge of a dish-pan braced up with massive walls of concrete.

To sympathize with the problems of the engineers we must not overlook the fact that this reservoir system is sitting on the top of an ambitious hill and that the power-house is in the valley five hundred and fifty feet or more below and two miles away. The reservoir must be connected with the power-house turbines in a manner completely under control of the engineers and operators.

The miller of bygone days would



ONE OF THE GREAT DAMS AT EUGENIA FALLS

It makes possible a reservoir capable of containing 1,000,000,000 gallons of water.

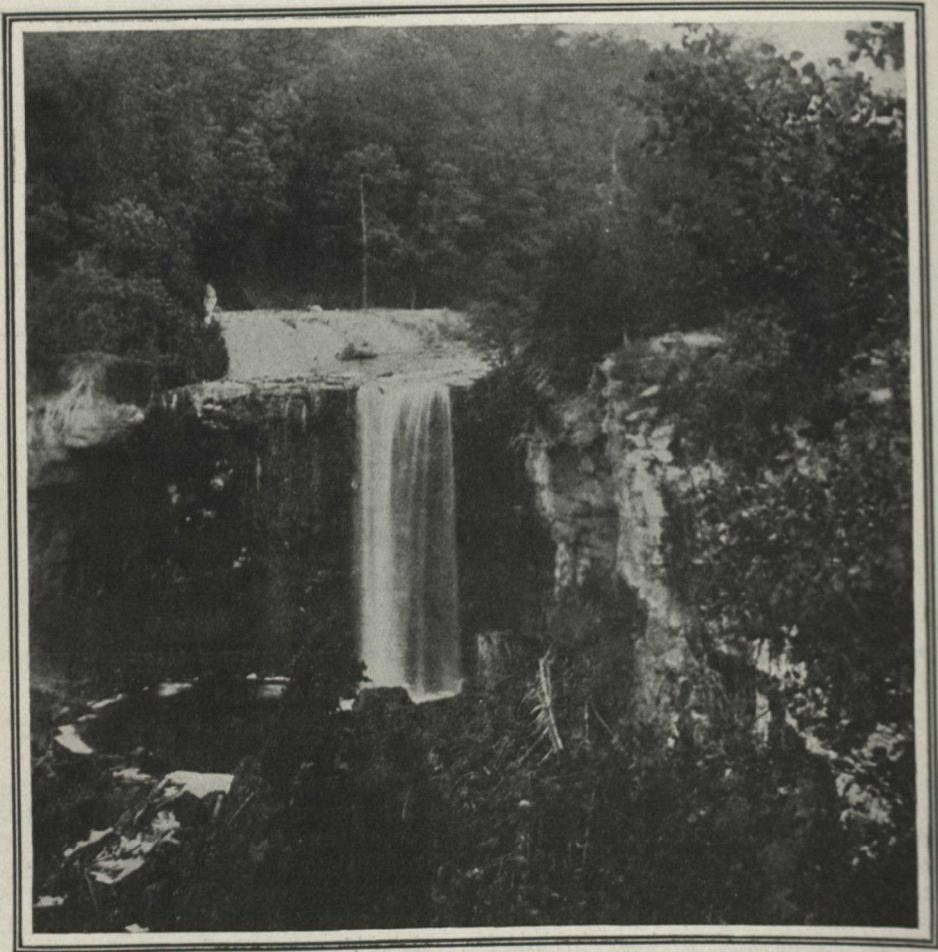
be satisfied to see the water trickling through a mill-race and revolving a paddle before it rushed to freedom down the hill. We, however, must not overlook the fact that the problem was to utilize Eugenia's power to the fullest extent and to bear in mind that any pipe-line thrown down the hill would bear a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch at the bottom, in addition to the water travelling at a rate that would shame an express train.

With these facts before them, the engineers built a wooden pipe-line from the concrete dam to the brink of the hill. The words "wooden pipe-line" must not be construed to mean a similar article to that used by miners in sluicing and washing operations. Eugenia's pipe-line is constructed like a wash-tub. It is three feet across and bound, every six inches, with an iron ring.

At the point selected for descent the wood line enters a gigantic steel

tank, one hundred and five feet high. This is the surge tank, or the safety-valve of the system. In the event of a sudden stoppage of the turbine machinery this tank will settle the water and absorb the shock of the recoil, which, if not passed into the surge-tank, might blow the pipe-line to pieces. On the down side of the surge tank the construction of the pipe-line changes from wood to steel.

The power-house is a small brick structure, and the visitor realizes for the first time the latent powers of Eugenia when he enters the building and notices the diminutive size of the units that are going to convert the water energy into electrical energy. As he looks at the units, not much higher than his head, he is at first inclined to doubt that ten thousand horse-power will come from these. But the brass plates say so, and his examination of the powerful turbines will soon convince him that it is so and that Eugenia has only been con-



THE FIRST FALL AT EUGENIA

Ninety feet over a wall of Limestone

quered by realizing it as a powerful water-course.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission have prepared power lines to serve eighteen municipalities from Eugenia, with Owen Sound at one end of the line and Orangeville at the other.

Eugenia is not an experiment, it is another step in the development of great things for Central and Northern Ontario. If the market for Eugenia's power materializes to expectation this plant will be coupled with a development planned for the

Saugeen Falls, not many miles distant from Eugenia, and these in turn may be coupled with five or six developments on the Severn River, making a total of more than thirty thousand electrical horse-power available in the north country for manufacturing and development work.

In a few years the people will own the system, as will be the case of the Niagara and other branches of the Hydro system, and when that time arrives it will be the largest instance of public ownership in the world at the present time.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADIAN POETS

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY JOHN W. GARVIN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.



R. GARVIN has performed a notable service to Canadian letters in presenting to lovers of poetry this handsome anthology. Landor has said that "while sculpture and painting are moments in life poetry is life itself, and everything around us and about us"; and though we know that he is not speaking the truth, and that there are such things as beef-steaks and committee meetings, the emotional rapture that is in the heart of a man who can make such a statement has a value for all who are subject to the appeal of poetry that is far greater than any exact description of phenomena can be.

"What is it to be a poet?" asks Lord Dunsany; "it is to see at a glance the glory of the world; to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations; to feel ugliness like a pain; to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own; to know mankind as others know single men: to know nature as botanists know a flower; to be thought a great fool; to hear at moments the whisper of God."

It cannot be pretended that this high seriousness of poetry is an easy or popular emotion. The dogmatic journalist who writes on "The Plague of 'Poetry,'" and is often associated with a journal that will print anything in the shape of verse so long

as it costs nothing, would probably find little but amusement in Phillips's desire "to give up all the world and live chiefly for that glory in his soul, the glory which he felt had been placed there that he might give it out again as a beauty and protection for the people; as a stimulus for creation and a splendour that would live for ever in the eyes of God", yet such high seriousness is the indispensable condition both for the creation and appreciation of what is great and beautiful in poetry.

Mr. Garvin has been aware for many years that the resources of this country included not only "tillage, crop rotation, marketings and good or evil husbandry of the economic earth" as Carlyle once put it in reviewing the work of the Corn-Law Rhymer—but also a group of singers who have seen something of the glory of the world and are striving to be obedient to the heavenly vision. As a teacher he knows quite well that the only effective way of teaching literature is the communication of an enthusiasm. Experience has taught him, too, that, of all writers, the writer of verse has the least chance of adequate recognition at the time when it is of most use to him. Knowledge and sympathy, love of country, of poetry and of men have gone to the formation of this anthology and without these endowments criticism is but a clanging cymbal.

The volume has sent me to Carlyle's notice of the poetry of Ebenezer Elliott, in *The Edinburgh Review* for 1832, one of the most beautiful specimens of critical writing I have ever

seen. "The works of the Corn-Law Rhymers", he says, "we might liken rather to some little fraction of a rainbow; hues of joy and harmony, painted out of troublous tears. No round full bow, indeed, gloriously spanning the heavens, shone on by the full sun, and, with seven striped gold-erimson border (as is in some sort the office of poetry) dividing black from brilliant. Not such, alas, still far from it. Yet, in very truth, a little prismatic blush, glowing genuine among the wet clouds; which proceeds, if you will, from a sun cloud hidden, yet indicates that a sun does shine, and above these vapours a whole azure vault and celestial firmament stretch serene."

Mr. Garvin's faith in his country includes this high element that above the vapours of indifferent verse there is a whole azure vault where the sun is shining. Such a faith is clearly good for him; it is good for his country; it is surely good for our poets that they should know that some of us are ready to say: "I believe in the holy spirit of poetry", for the soul of the artist cannot live without love. It is surely better than writing funny articles on "The Plague of 'Poetry'" and "The Worst Poet in the World".

"Painted out of troublous tears"! Would not Carlyle say this of Grace Blackburn's "Epic of the Yser"?

"Dead with his face to the foe!"
From Hastings to Yser.
Our men have died so.
The lad is a hero—
Great Canada's pride:
We sent him with glory,
For glory he died—
So ring out the church-bells! Float the
flag high!

Then I heard at my elbow a fierce mother-cry.

On the desolate plain
Where the dark Yser flows
They'll bury him, maybe,
Our Child of the Snows:
The message we sent them

Through fire and through flood
He signed it and sealed it
To-day with his blood—
United we stand! Our Empire is one!

But this woman beside me? . . . The
boy was her son.

Or of Katherine Hale's beautiful
song, now called "Dear Lad o' Mine"
in its musical version:

IN THE TRENCHES
(Christmas, 1914)

War gods have descended:
The world burns up in fine!
Warm your hands at the trench's fire
Dear lad o' mine.

Bullets cease this Christmas night,
Only songs are heard.
If you feel a phantom step,
'Twas my heart that stirred.

If you see a dreamy light,
'Tis the Child-Christ's eyes;
I believe He watches us,
Wonderful and wise.

Let us keep our Christmas night
In the camp-light shine;
Warm your hands at the trench's fire—
They still hold mine.

"Hues of joy and harmony" are
here; "prismatic blushes, glowing
genuine among the wet clouds". Wit-
ness Ethelwyn Wetherald's "The In-
digo Bird":

When I see,
High up on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
This is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

Here also are the sacred fire and
the illuminating vision and, at least,
some moments of impassioned
strength and elemental power. Wit-
ness Dr. Logan's "Timor Mortis":

That I, who've heard my God's, my
King's, my country's claims,
And, though belated, have at length begun
A larger life of holier aims

Than was my wont, may suddenly depart
This shattered world to utter oblivion,
Ere I, in Christian chivalry,
With brave, devoted comrades dauntlessly
have stood face to the foe. . . .

Or Arthur Stringer's "Lure of Life":

When my life has enough of love and my
spirit enough of mirth,
When the ocean no longer beckons me,
when the roadway calls no more,
Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake
me, God, that day.

Witness Grace Blackburn's "Chant of the Woman", perhaps the strongest poem in the volume:

Myself and yet yourself, we two inexplicably one—
Flesh in its consummation, soul in its incompleteness—
And because of the incompleteness of soul,
Woman to man,
I chant you the chant of my being.

Level! Level! Level!
Level with your lips and your eyes, my comrade,
Swing to the height of your heart,
Caught in your soul and kept there
Pervading and peerless!

So, and so only, your lover, your servant:
Every passionate pulse-beat
Under the blue veins in my white wrist
Your servant and lover—
I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from a table.

Here, too, is the sonnet, satisfying the Miltonic dictum, "simple, sensuous and passionate." This one, by Robert Norwood, is surely clothed in beauty:

Last night I crossed the spaces to your side,
As you lay sleeping in the sacred room
Of our great moment. Like a lily's bloom,
Fragile and white were you, my spirit-bride,
For pain and loneliness with you abide,
And death had thought to touch you with his doom,
Until love stool angelic at the tomb,
Drew sword, smote him, and life's door
opened wide.

I looked on you and breathed upon your hair—
Your hair of such soft, brown, translucent gold!
Nor did you know that I knelt down in prayer,
Clasped hands, and worshipped you for the untold

Magnificence of womanhood divine—
God's miracle of water turned to wine!

And, indeed, about the eight selections chosen from Mr. Norwood's "His Lady of the Sonnets" there is the unmistakable perfume of the best work.

The four pieces from Beatrice Redpath's "Drawn Shutters" reveal an original and daring spirit akin to Laurence Hope's, and with such courage and virility of imaginative power Mrs. Redpath should justify all expectation.

Needless to say, within the limits of this article only a few points of interest can be indicated; and needless to say, also, no anthology ever satisfied everyone. The present writer would have liked to see some mention of Arthur Stringer's "Irish Poems" and the inclusion of such fine poems of his as "The Wife" and "Clويدna of the Isle", and Mair's beautiful song from "Tecumseh"—"Fly far from me", with its finely dramatic close:

Fly! for my senses swim—Oh, Love! Oh,
Pain!—
Help! for my spirit fails—
I cannot fly from thee.

But this is only to say that there is much else in Canadian poetry that is beautiful and true that has not found a place in this volume and Mr. Garvin knows this, perhaps better than anyone else, and has probably planned a second volume already.

It remains to be said that the volume appears in the fiftieth year since the Confederation of the British North American provinces, and includes selections from fifty Canadian poets, together with critical and biographical notes and photographs.

ALFRED BUCKLEY.

*

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

By THE HONOURABLE J. W. LONGLEY.
Makers of Canada, New Series.
Morang and Company.

A MAN who spends forty-five years in conspicuous rôles in the public life of a country naturally affords

much material for the biographer. Sir Charles Tupper is no exception, and just now he is getting his share of attention. Following Edward Manning Saunder's two volumes of a few months ago, we now have a concise biography by Mr. Justice Longley of Halifax, a personal friend but not a political follower.

Justice Longley has written a judicious life of the great Nova Scotian. While giving full praise to Tupper's public services, he is not blind to certain faults, and his discreet treatment of these things gives confidence to the reader. It cannot be said that he adds materially to the knowledge of Tupper; that could hardly be expected. He does give the story of his life in a concise form, in good perspective, but lacking perhaps in colour. What it omits in atmosphere it makes up in judicial calm.

Sir Charles was ever an optimist, and favoured large schemes when timid men quailed. His support of the Chignecto Railway scheme cannot now be defended, and Justice Longley makes this comment:

"In the light of subsequent events it is clear that it would have been wiser for Sir Charles Tupper to have frowned upon the enterprise rather than to have encouraged it. It can only be said that he acted as most public men in his position would have done, and it must be further borne in mind that in the opinion of some experts the project was a practicable one."

Sir Charles, while standing up for his country vigorously and backing large projects for its development, was a firm believer in the virtues of his own party as the only proper instrument of government, and long after the Conservative Government had resigned office on account of the Pacific Scandal disclosures he persisted in calling it the "Pacific Slander". In connection with the famous Onderdonk contract for a section of the C.P.R. in British Columbia, Justice

Longley points out that Onderdonk's price was \$209,255 higher than the lowest tender but that Tupper awarded it to him on the ground that McDonald & Christie, the lowest tenderers had marked their cheque "Good for two days only." At the same time, the author points out, Tupper had in his possession a telegram from the general manager of the Bank of Montreal extending the cheque until paid. Justice Longley points out, however, that no evidence was submitted to reflect on the honour of the Minister, despite the insinuations of the Opposition, but so much feeling developed through the incident that Tupper was persuaded by Sir John Macdonald to go to London as High Commissioner.

Wherever there was a fight to be waged, Tupper was on the scene. He was sent far and wide to do battle for his party and unflinchingly went to the heart of any trouble. "Tupper was possessed of masterful qualities," says Justice Longley. "To a clear intellect were added indomitable courage and a seriousness of manner and action which impressed all who were brought into contact with him. He was not one of those easy-drifters who wait upon Providence, avoid all dangers, and get on by amiable negation; Tupper always knew his own mind, always had a clear idea of what he believed should be done, and was ready to give to the work in hand all the vigour and force of his nature. He did not shirk responsibilities or waste his time in wooing the chances of fortune, as many successful politicians do. His methods were direct. He declared openly and unequivocally what he proposed to do and depended upon main force to remove difficulties and secure success. In this respect he was, and remained, a unique figure in the public life of Canada; a dynamo of force, he depended upon his own strength and persistence to accomplish the objects he had in view." M. O. HAMMOND.



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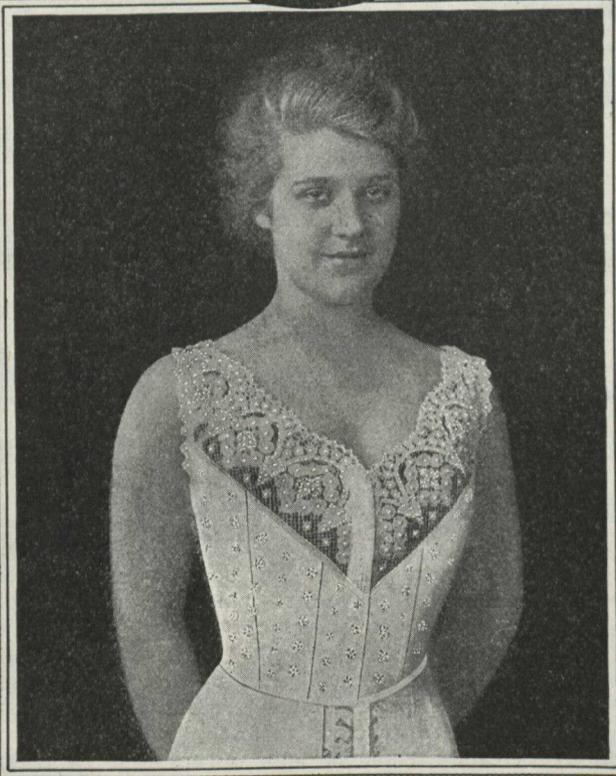
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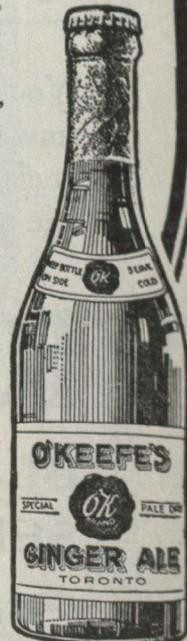
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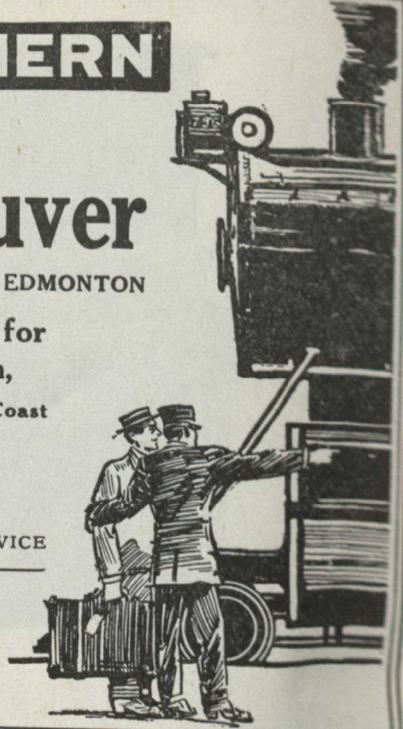
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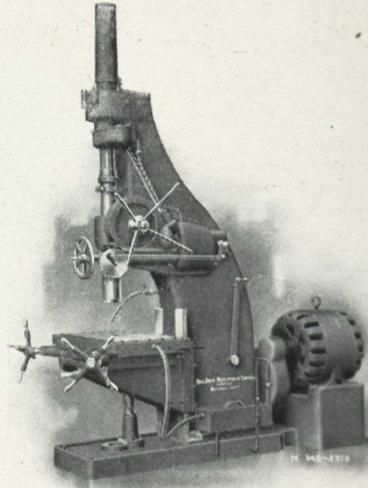


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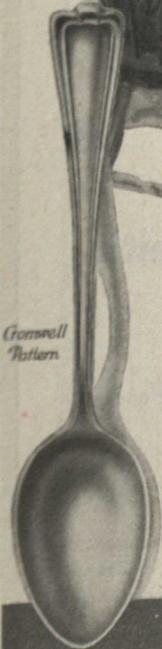
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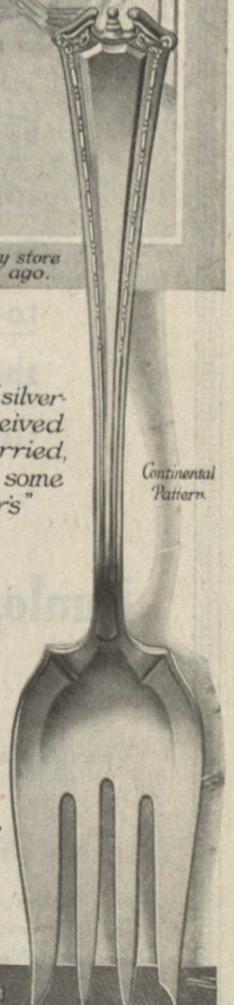
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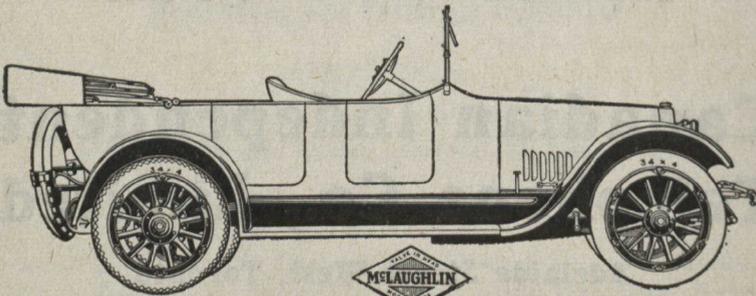
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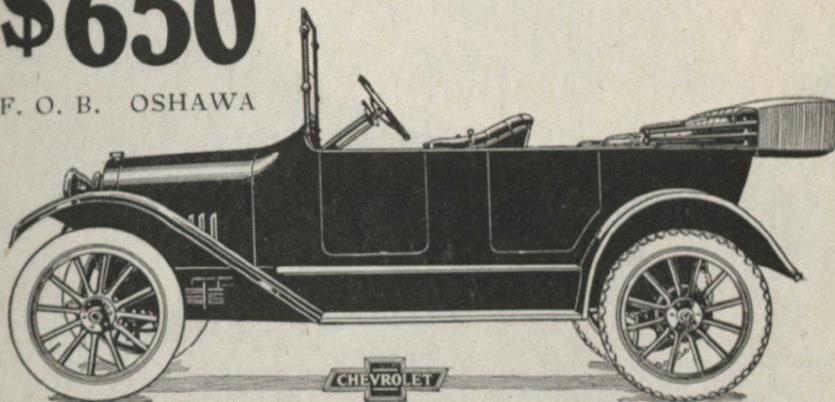
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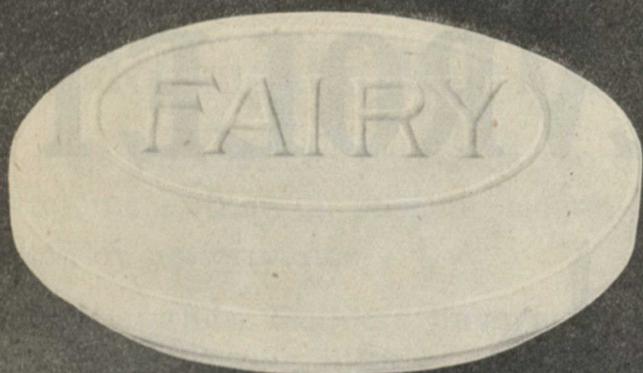
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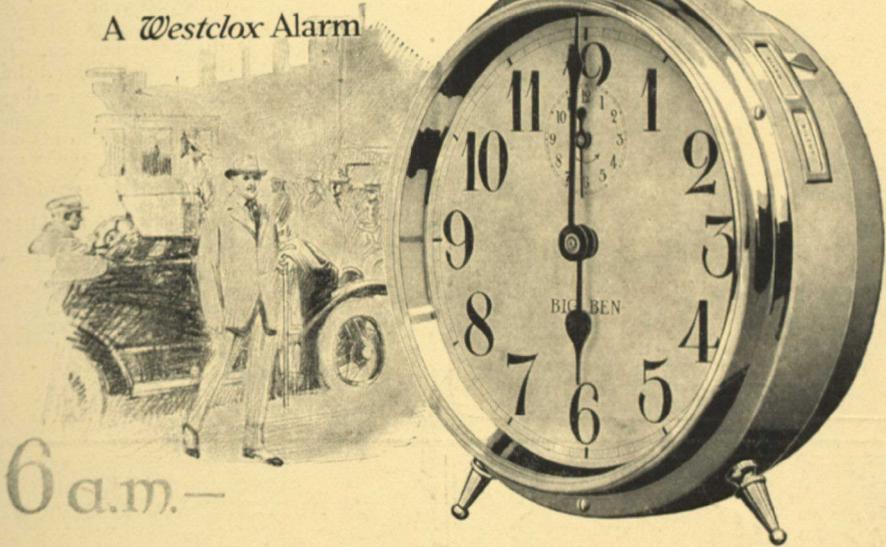
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