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Contents of Volume LVI.

NOVEMBER, 1920 to APRIL, 1921, inclusive

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
ADAM AND EVE AND THE WORLD GOD MADE	<i>Marjory MacMurchy</i> 3
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, THE	<i>Frank Yeigh</i> 507
BRITISH COURTESY	<i>L. A. M. Lovelock</i> 514
CONFIDENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT	<i>Lacey Amy</i> 89
CARLYLE AS PROPHET	<i>P. M. MacDonald</i> 314
CARLYLE IN CANADA	<i>Herbert L. Stewart</i> 320
CANADA'S RED ARMY	<i>W. Everard Edmonds</i> 340
CANADA'S ESTATE	<i>N. R. I.</i> 471
CARMAN, BLISS	<i>R. H. Hathaway</i> 426
EDINBURGH SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.....	<i>D. Fraser Harris</i> 223
FRENCH CANADIAN FOLKE SONG	<i>Florence Randal Livesay</i> 53
GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS	<i>Albert R. Hassard</i> 176
GREAT OIL SCRAMBLE, THE	<i>Charles Lugrin Shaw</i> 201
HISTORY OF A PICTURE, THE.....	<i>E. Alfred Jones</i> 106
INDIANS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA	<i>R. E. Gosnell</i> 381, 480
IN THE HUSH OF THE CORN	<i>George Mather</i> 484
LOYAL INDIAN, THE	<i>E. C. Stewart</i> 303
LUIGI MARIOTTI	<i>F. W. Vroom</i> 345
NATIONS WITHIN THE EMPIRE	<i>Hon. W. E. Raney</i> 291
PILGRIM FATHERS AND THE MODERN WORLD	<i>E. E. Braithwaite</i> 296
QUEEN OF HEARTS, THE	<i>A. Wylie Mahon</i> 319
RUPERT BROOKE	<i>R. H. Hathaway</i> 426
REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE	<i>Hon. Justice Longley</i> , 61, 147, 210, 309
SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE CARLYLE FAMILY	<i>James C. Hodgins</i> 317
SECOND CHAMBER, THE	<i>Senator L. G. Power</i> 544
TWENTIETH CENTURY UNIVERSITY, A	<i>Thomas Fisher</i> 21
WAYSIDE SHRINES	<i>Victoria Hayward</i> 137
WHEN A TEACHER PLAYED SCHOOL.....	<i>Roy R. Tarvis</i> 165
WESTERN UNIVERSITY	<i>Prof. W. F. Tamblyn</i> 417
WRIGHT'S BIBLE	<i>Sada V. Blair</i> 68

CONTENTS

iii

FICTION.

	PAGE
ALONG THE ATHABASCA	<i>Mary Russell</i> 363
BOLT FROM THE BLUE, A	<i>Charles Dorian</i> 333
CLOSED SHELL, THE	<i>Constance Smedly Armfield</i> 10
CHANGED ROAD, THE	<i>Mary Russell</i> 247
"CARELESS"	<i>Billee Glynn</i> 387
EVERLASTING SQUARE, THE	<i>Theodocia Pearce</i> 273
FIZZICAL CULTURE IN CAMP	<i>G. L. Redmond</i> 219
FAMILY NAME, THE	<i>Perceval Gibbon</i> 453
GOING EAST	<i>Charles Dorian</i> 237
HERRIE'S ROSES	<i>Adrian MacDonald</i> 399
IN HARRISON'S OFFICE	<i>George Hyde Preston</i> 31
JUNGLE CAT, THE	<i>F. St. Mars</i> 154
LOVE AFFAIRS OF ODETTA, THE	<i>Mary Lovett Cameron</i> 183
MAN WITHOUT AN IDEA, A	<i>H. W. Gendreau</i> 489
ONLOOKER, THE	<i>William Hugo Pabke</i> 113
OFF CAPE HORN	<i>R. J. Templeton</i> 327
POSTERITY VS. AMES BENNETT	<i>Frank R. Adams</i> 255
POMPEY	<i>H. F. Parkinson</i> 410
QUILLIGAN AND THE MAGIC COIN	<i>Harry Stephen Keeler</i> 499
WAYFARER, THE	<i>Frederick Whelan</i> 93
WHEN GRANNIE SLEPT	<i>Laura A. Ridley</i> 121

POETRY.

BAD PURITAN	<i>Louise Morey Bowman</i> 59
BITTERSWEET	<i>Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald</i> 263
CONFESSIONAL	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i> 432
COVE ISLAND	<i>Margaret Hilda Wise</i> 352
DEFINITION	<i>Florence Deacon Black</i> 396
END, THE	<i>J. W. G.</i> 323
FROM THE JAPANESE	<i>Beatrice Redpath</i> 180
FIRE	<i>Clare Shipman</i> 520
IS IT WELL WITH YOU?	<i>Beatrice Redpath</i> 498
I SAW THE SPRING	<i>Louise Morey Bowman</i> 513
LILACS	<i>Arthur S. Bourinot</i> 479
NOVEMBER	<i>Florence Deacon Black</i> 52
PILGRIMS, THE	<i>Helen Fairbairn</i> 120
PRAIRIE, THE	<i>Jack Damusey</i> 486
QUIET SHE RESTS	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i> 432
REED BIRDS	<i>Francis H. Donaghy</i> 306
SONG OF NIGHT MAGIC	<i>Clare Giffin</i> 72
SPRING IN TOWN	<i>Mary Susanne Edgar</i> 386
TWO MEETINGS	<i>Helen Fairbairn</i> 120
TO-MORROW	<i>Leraine Katherine Hoffman</i> 263
WHEN SPRING COMES BACK	<i>Goodridge MacDonald</i> 536
YOUNG DAWN	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i> 126

CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS.

		PAGE
FROM MONTH TO MONTH	<i>Sir John Willison</i> , 75, 173, 264, 353	435, 537
LIBRARY TABLE, THE	<i>Book Reviews</i> , 81, 188, 279, 370,	546
THROWN IN	<i>Newton MacTavish</i> , 84, 192, 283, 374, 462,	550

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACOMA TRAIL, THE	John W. Cotton	235
ADMIRATION	Paul Peel	470
CANADIANS ON THE RHINE	Ingles Sheldon-Williams	163
CANADIANS ENTERING MONS	Ingles Sheldon-Williams	200
CARCASSANNE	A. D. Chaffee	325
CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF CANADA		505
DEATH OF WOLFE, THE	Benjamin West	109
DOUKHOBOR WOMEN AT WORK	Edith S. Watson	129
EI, EI, LAMA, SABACHTHANI	Edith S. Watson	92
GRAND FLEET	George M. Tyrell	55
HALIFAX HARBOUR	A. Y. Jackson	217
IN THE STUDIO	L. J. Geddes	37
MADONNA OF THE PLAINS, A	Edith S. Watson	290
MATERNAL CARE	A. R. Blackburn	363
MANCHU PRINCESS	Chinese	487
ON THE HILLSIDE	Alfred Wilkinson	73
OLD LA SALLE HOUSE	Georges Delfosse	145
OLD MILL, THE	Manly MacDonald	415
OUT TO THEIR MIDNIGHT TOIL	C. S. Spackman	343
PEELING ONIONS	Edith S. Watson	19
PASTORAL, A	Homer Watson	181
PRAYERS OF BUDDHA	F. Bauer	271
STEADY, THERE	Edith S. Watson	253
STREAM, THE	S. Suzor Cote	307
STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE	Edith S. Watson	380
STORMY DAY, A	Charles E. DeBelle	397
TAMBOURINE, THE	Mabel May	2
WINTER TAPESTRY, A	Lawren Harris	127

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THE TAMBOURINE

From the Painting by Mabel May
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Academy of Art



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 1

ADAM AND EVE AND THE WORLD GOD MADE

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY

THERE are those who believe that in the world God is making Adam and Eve must help each other if either is to achieve a respectable and comfortable life. In many formal activities, such as employment, education, religion, organization and politics, the share of women has been greatly enlarged. A question may be asked whether there is some increasing purpose common to such changes. To what desire are we marching, consciously or unconsciously? What was sometimes known before the War as the woman question is now one of the problems of higher statesmanship.

Probably all over the world, and certainly in English-speaking countries, the numbers of women who earn a living in a paid occupation of some kind are increasing. This development has not been fitful and it began long before the War. Nor has the social and political position of women suffered on account of the greater

numbers of wage and salary earning sisters. But rather the contrary is true. In the United States of America, one out of every four girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one was at work in 1910. In the next group of women workers, from twenty-one to forty-four, the census of that year gave the same proportion. After forty-five one woman in seven was a paid worker. The eighteen per cent. of American women over ten years of age engaged in gainful occupations in 1900 had grown to twenty-three per cent. in 1910, an increase of 2,756,375. Progress in the employment of women and girls in Canada before the War was comparatively slow but noticeably steady. In 1891, there were one hundred and eleven women workers in each one thousand of the female population of ten years of age and over; in 1901, the number had grown to one hundred and twenty; in 1911, the proportion was one hundred and forty-three. But the great American and Canadian increase be-

gan after the last census in either country. It is too soon to be able to judge with accuracy what stable effect will remain in women's employment from the War. The greatest addition to war-time industrial production by women in English-speaking countries was in Great Britain. Board of Trade figures, July, 1919, showed that the total number of occupied women in Great Britain had increased, as compared with 1914, twenty-two and one-half per cent., from 5,966,000 to 7,311,000. The latter figure included a reduction in the numbers of domestic employees of four hundred thousand. In each of these countries, the period of readjustment for men and women workers has not yet ended. But as far as women workers are concerned, they have common problems, and their problems are of the same character as before 1914.

The rate of payment for work, and freedom of choice in entering an occupation, are so closely joined in the minds of many leaders among working women that they are regarded as almost the same question. The formula "Equal Pay for Equal Work" has been endorsed by individuals and organizations. It is looked upon with doubt, however, by such leaders as Miss Mary McArthur and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who consider that it may be used to restrict the employment of women. The principle has been accepted by American and Canadian women apparently without the same reservations. It is evident, however, that the phrase "Equal Pay for Equal Work" does not always have the same meaning for men workers as for women. Many of its advocates are not wage-earners, and to them as well as to many working women the fundamental appeal of the expression is for justice. To repeat the formula is simple enough, but to arrange for its fair and useful application to everyday life is a different matter.

One of the most moderate statements of the case for women workers has been made by Sir Lynden Macas-

sey, a member of the British War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry, who during the War worked in adjusting employment difficulties. In an article which appeared in *The Quarterly Review* for July, 1919, on "The Economic Future of Women in Industry" he points out in the first place that the woman worker is essential to the re-establishment of the prosperity of civilization and proceeds to ask a question as to the place of women in reformed industry. In his opinion there are three principles which should regulate the future status of women workers. They should be entitled to the employment for which they are economically and industrially equipped. The work at which they are employed and its conditions should be suited physiologically and psychologically for women. They must not be allowed to undercut and displace men. Generally speaking, those who have had most to do with the employment of women especially during the War have come to these or similar conclusions. It is agreed on the whole that women workers should have freedom of opportunity when that is possible, that all work is not suited to women and that it would be disastrous to bring down the rate of payment through a supply of cheap women workers. Concerning their ability as workers and rate of payment, it is interesting to quote Sir Lynden Macassey's own words: "Without any doubt, as things are to-day, a woman of efficiency equal to a man, if obtainable—as she is in many cases—can always be secured, especially in unorganized trades, for substantially less remuneration than the man. It is imperative that this should not take place."

A great deal might be written of the employment of women, their character as workers and the advance in woman as comrade which seems to come through well-conditioned employment. But the present effort is not so much to prove the justice of the claim of women workers as it is to

discover whether there are tendencies of a certain character common to the activities of women in different departments of life. In the department of employment, they are seeking freedom of choice in occupation and a readjustment of payment. They are asking, not so much possibly for wages equal to men's wages, as for a recognition in terms of payment of the value of their work and of themselves as human beings. These statements are generally true of the aspirations of women workers in the United States, Great Britain and Canada.

Many women of the younger generation recognize that employment of the best kind increases their opportunities for suitable marriage, and since suitable therefore happy marriage. A publication of the American Statistical Association contains an article by Mr. Donald M. Marvin on "Occupational Proximity as a Factor in Marriage Selection." He finds as a result of his investigations that "men are now marrying women whom they meet in their work". Of a thousand cases, taken from the Marriage License Bureau at Philadelphia, five hundred and forty-five women worked, and of these, two hundred and seventy-five, or more than half, married men in the same occupation. Of the thousand men, more than twenty-five per cent. married into the same occupation. An examination of the statistics of the graduates of Bryn Mawr College showed that "about ninety per cent. of the married alumnae had married college graduates. More than sixty per cent. married men in professions. Out of ten doctors who graduated from Bryn Mawr and later married, seven married doctors". Mr. Marvin gives instances of marriage between men and women explorers, photo-play managers, college secretaries, an art student and a landscape engineer, a newspaper writer and a reporter, a secretary of a children's bureau and an assistant superintendent of a children's bureau. It is a legitimate consequence that evidence

such as this will tend to increase the numbers of women who enter employments from choice.

A crusade which began in grandmother's time, or thereabouts, called itself "higher education for women". It may be described in reality as a movement for equal opportunity in education. This development has varied somewhat in the different English-speaking countries. Women's colleges exist within the influence of the old universities in Great Britain. But Oxford and Cambridge did not grant degrees to women until 1920. Men and women students are together in a number of the newer British universities. The women's colleges of America are famous. In many of the American universities men and women students are on an equality. Where this condition does not exist, it is conceded that the university has a right to retain its individual practice. Canadian universities, generally speaking, admit women on the same terms as men. There is no longer keen feeling about closed universities in English-speaking countries, and it is held that equal opportunity has been granted generously on the whole to the woman student. In passing it may be noted that the keenest contest for opportunity occurred in medical training, and that the contest had a direct relation to occupation as well as education.

A development of a slightly different character has shown itself on this side of the Atlantic. Feeling with regard to the principle involved appears to be shared about equally by American and Canadian women. In universities where men and women are admitted on an equality, it is held that a qualified woman should have a responsible position on the staff. This opinion is not asking precisely for equal opportunity. The theory is explained in Miss Lois Kimball Mathews's book, "The Dean of Women". Women students, it is believed, in order to develop successfully into the finest type of woman should not

receive their highest intellectual and character training solely from professors who are men.

The teaching profession in the lower schools of republics and commonwealths is often said to be passing or to have passed into the hands of women. But this circumstance as far as it is true is not satisfactory to women. They would rather that men remained in the teaching profession. When a reasonable proportion of men teach in the lower schools, which are the only schools attended by a majority of children, conditions will be more normal and healthy. Women will be better satisfied with the teaching profession. Pay will be higher in all probability for teachers. The schools will be of more benefit to the children. Had school masters been organized, teaching might not have been entered so largely by women. Must we regard the schools as an example of what the community allows to happen to an occupation when the workers are unorganized? Summing up the meaning of these various tendencies in education, it would seem that the effort of women has been to develop as fully as men. To enter into truth by exactly the same door may not have been their ambition, although so it has been judged. The old legend of the apple ought to have some meaning.

The church may be expected to move more slowly than education, and far more slowly than matters of employment which on the whole are governed urgently by the Biblical injunction, "If any would not work neither should he (she) eat". No special development had been apparent in the religious standing of women for centuries at least on the surface of church affairs. But some influence must have been moving underneath. Within a few years changes have been manifest which could not have taken place without a stirring of the multitude. Possibly a date should be set for the beginning of this development in the work of Mrs. Booth. Women of

the Salvation Army sometimes say that the progress of their church was built on the equal part of men and women in the teaching ministry. The extraordinary story of missionary effort by women reached a climax in the life of Mary Slessor, a woman of moral strength so great that already she stands apart from her contemporaries in the imagination of the world like one of the ancient prophets. A woman is sometimes spoken of as being the most noted preacher in the communion of the Church of England. Miss Maude Royden was for some time an assistant minister of the City Temple, London. The Report of the Archbishops' First Committee of Inquiry on "The Teaching Office of the Church", published in 1919, printed the following resolution as having been passed by a majority of the Committee, fourteen in favour, five against, and two abstaining from voting: "We recommend that, subject to further light to be expected from the Committee now investigating this question, this Committee is prepared to agree that what is recommended with regard to the teaching office of laymen applies also to women." Each of the Committees appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as an outcome of the National Mission in 1918 included women in its membership. Little comment has followed this remarkable development in the religious life of Great Britain.

In the United States and Canada, members of the great women's missionary societies are members of church committees with men. At the General Conference of the Episcopal Church, held in Detroit, October, 1919, women delegates from the sixty-eight dioceses of the country were present in conferences on missions. A special committee of the Presbyterian Church of the United States on "Official Relations of Women in the Church" has been appointed to consider three questions brought before the General Assembly by three presbyteries. (1) Whether women shall be ordained to

the eldership. (2) Whether women shall be ordained to the ministry of the church. (3) Whether women shall have the same rights as men in the sessions, presbyteries, synods and assemblies of the church. In what is known as the "Forward Movement", women delegates in the States and Canada are associated with men. They speak to congregations at the regular morning and evening services from platforms and pulpits, and have appeared before presbyteries and other church courts, addressing the "brethren" at meetings which have been convened with no apparent sense of consternation.

For a better understanding of this religious change, it is necessary to turn to the development of organization among women. The explanation must be looked for mainly in the growth of women's missionary societies. What is it that women desire in the church? Very few indeed wish to be ministers or preachers in the ordinary sense of the words. A number of them have unusual gifts as speakers and would employ these gifts. Others with teaching ability want instruction such as fits the individual to be a teacher and expositor of religious truth. The majority, who have built up organizations in their churches by means of which they raise great yearly contributions of money, train missionaries, support and manage hospitals, publish magazines and direct other activities, desire to retain the control of this church work which they naturally regard as belonging to themselves. On the whole, they would welcome a change which would bring about an amalgamation of men's and women's committees on equal terms. But they have had great missionary responsibility in the past and do not mean to devote themselves in the future to carrying out plans made for them by men's committees. Why, if we are members of a committee with men, they ask, do the men make the plans first, and then call us in and tell us what we are to do?

The powers of the human race in organization are amazing. Men, practically without the organizing assistance of women, as Eve should remember, have built up systems of business, commerce, finance, transportation and politics which bring the contemplative mind to a pause of astonishment as before what is superhuman. The War developed organization to such a degree that it may be said with truth no previous war had been organized. It would be a strange circumstance if women as part of the human race did not begin at some time to organize themselves. This development was long delayed and did not arrive on a large scale until the latter part of last century. The first form of women's organization was probably religious. Social clubs, literary societies and self-improvement associations began about the same time. The trade union and the professional or occupational club have been slow in growth, but by this time they are well rooted and show strength, greater possibly than that belonging to other forms of organization promoted by women. The need for social reform and social assistance have brought into being a number of associations of national and international character. International associations of women have been somewhat vague and as far as they exist are not to be compared with organized trade, commerce or labour. They resemble rather a graceful gesture. But for the purposes of work during the War, women organized practically overnight. The advance might be regarded as incredible if it had not been for the incredible nature of the cause. They know now what can be brought about by organization. Whether this knowledge will be retained, or used, no one can judge yet. The organized work of women in the War was probably the chief factor in persuading governments to extend the franchise to approximately one hundred and twenty-five million women voters since 1914, according to statistics compiled by the

National American Woman Suffrage Association.

The political situation of enfranchised women is fairly well known. They are coming out to vote creditably. But voting by women is still in its very beginning. Few women are being elected in the United States, Great Britain or Canada compared with the strength of the vote polled by women. Yet an occasional candidate is successful, not by the help of women specially, but with the support of both men and women. Governments sometimes appoint women to act on commissions and as delegates at conferences. What, however, of the underlying tendencies which can be perceived in politics for women? What is their political desire? Whatever it is, its nature is difficult to discover, just as their desire in the church conceals itself at least to some extent. Women evidently do not mean to use their votes to elect women as their representatives above all other considerations. Any woman candidate will not do; she must be of a special character. What is required apparently is a woman who will really represent the average, a high average possibly, but of a character and inclination that her supporters may deeply trust. Women voters do not mean to be committed beyond their instinctive knowledge of what is wise and workable. This attitude towards women as candidates is surely one of the most interesting manifestations so far of the woman elector. Another political conviction has been plainly shown. Women do desire greatly that women of ability and training should work with men when action, political or otherwise, is being taken which will affect the life of the country, on such matters, for instance, as education and social legislation. They do not think that laws should be framed which will change their lives and the lives of those for whom they are responsible without a woman's intelligence and point of view being brought to bear

on the problem which is to be solved. About such representation as this, they are seriously in earnest; and oddly enough, they would rather have elected women representatives than women chosen by favour of governments. Their political position is reasonable if examined without bias. The woman candidate must have qualifications other than just being a woman or having contended for woman suffrage.

The purpose of this article has been to arrive at tendencies of to-day which belong to women in general. No matter how able or conspicuous members of a minority may be, their actions do not tell, or rarely tell, the direction of general progress as well as the attitude of a great majority. Both consciously and unconsciously, it is contended, women are endeavouring to remove restrictions which may obstruct their development into the perfect Eve. They do not want to be perfect men, but perfect women. If they are hindered by artificial boundaries, women will endeavour to escape from them. Someone at once will ask the question, what boundaries are artificial? Certainly there are natural boundaries, both for men and women. Part of the problem of the race is to discover what its natural boundaries are. It should, however, be admitted in fairness that women have had more trouble with temporarily imposed limitations than men have had. If the race may be described in a figure as a single human soul, borne onward by wings (since we are at liberty to venture on the methods of Ezekiel), then the one wing nobly outspread is man and the other woman. Should the woman wing fail in its development, the progress of the soul, the race, is not only retarded but suffers unnecessary dangers.

Let us pass in brief review the tendencies which seem to belong to the departments considered, and examine the result. Many women undoubtedly work because they must for a living. Employment is often craved because

it is a natural outlet for energies and gifts. Women are not found pressing into an occupation which isolates them from life, men, or indeed other women. For purposes of self-development, a woman must work. Well-chosen employment increases the probability of happy marriage, see "Occupational Propinquity". But paid work for women is not an end in itself. It is rather a necessity and experience. Women do not enter employment to escape marriage and home life. In most cases they go to work so that it may be possible for them to marry and return to home life. Consider the instances of women who have been geniuses in creative work, such individuals as Christina Rossetti, George Sand and George Eliot. The genius increased the womanliness and the power to be a companion which is connected in some way with the quality of womanhood. In education the result of the inquiry is the same.

Religion, organization and politics present an aspect of the woman question which is somewhat surprising. In religion and organization, women have been compelled so far to progress if possible mainly by themselves. This statement perhaps should be modified a little, but not very much. As a consequence, less interchange and comity of interest are indicated in these developments than in others. Adam in religion and organization has not been so wise perhaps, considering the well-being of the race. If the conclusion is doubted, go back over the facts. Politically, there is the women's party, under various names in different countries, the trade union movement in which women have some part, and the farm movement of men and women which has recently developed in strength in Canada and the United States of America. When political parties do not invite women into their organizations, the women's party is formed. The farm movement and the labour movement have proved that women when organized

politically with men, have weight in elections. But the majority of women in English-speaking countries, as far as appearances indicate to-day, do not want a women's party and do not believe in political segregation. Nevertheless, when enfranchised they are voting. If they did not believe that a more charming and responsible type of woman would come through enfranchisement, that this is indeed inevitable, they would fail for one unexplained reason or another to exercise the franchise.

Three general observations seem to detach themselves from this inquiry. The first indicates on the whole a sane and patient development on the part of Eve. The second conclusion is that women do not appear to be interested in individual ambitions as much as they are in their own loyalties. What these loyalties are would take too long to tell. The third observation suggests that it would seem the proper course for the established orders to assist in an approaching change when it is evident that there is a well-defined tendency towards development on the part of great numbers of women. To allow these developments to go on unassisted and not understood surely would be unwise.

Yet how very limited anyone's knowledge must be of the tendencies of growth in men and women towards perfection? Sometimes the actions of a finer soul in both men and women seem to be at work here and there in daily affairs. But on the whole the increasing personality hides itself. The observer is left, however, with the conviction that the endeavour of Eve to fulfil herself is not contentious. Those who say that she ought not to go to work but should remain quiescent except for loving and and being lovely may recognize presently that her aim is to be far more lovely and good to live with than in the past or present. The world is becoming more dependent on human relations and human relations are women's vocation.

THE CLOSED SHELL

BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY ARMFIELD

WHEN Mrs. Darrell opened the telegram and cried, "Oh, aren't we honoured! The Blythes are motoring over and want to know if we can put them up to-night," I had a premonition which was confirmed by Lydia Siddon's gasp and Susie's excited, "Oh, but mother, we've nothing in the house and the butcher doesn't call to-day."

"I can bike over to Hamilton," said Roy, obviously sharing in the general elation.

"Though she's so wonderful you feel you could ask her to sit down to anything," gushed Lydia.

"Still, we must give them something," said Mrs. Darrell in a flutter, and turned to me and said, "She really is the most amazing person. I am so glad she's coming while you're here."

Abnormally inflated personalities are to me as uninteresting as prize vegetables. I rebel against the claim their egotism makes on popular attention. It merely amounts to a colossal imposition of one person's tastes and ideas on the community.

When Mrs. Darrell proceeded to explain that she had been to school with Aurelia, and she had never dropped her though she had married a wealthy man and become a social star of the first order, I rebelled still

more. Lydia, the school-teacher niece, was sensitive of my unresponsiveness and interpolated a description of the idol's lonely childhood. She had been brought up by an invalid aunt, and had met Calvert Blythe at some foreign health resort.

"Just like the fairy prince one reads about," said Lydia, who has a strong vein of childishness in spite of her thirty years. "He is like a Greek statue, and so cultured. They married almost at once and he lifted her out of a dreary, dragging-round existence into ideal happiness."

And yet it's wonderful how she remembers everyone," said Mrs. Darrell. She's so big-hearted, all her success hasn't spoiled her. You'll see how she'll be one of us."

"I'd better start," said Roy, fidgeting about with fifteen-year-old awkwardness.

I listened with about as pleasant anticipation as that with which I should await an earthquake. We had been a comfortably humdrum party, the Darrells and their gawky healthy youngsters, Lydia Siddons, who was possessed of nice intelligence, and myself. The cottage sheltered us adequately, and Darrell and I fished steadily through the long, drowsy days. We had music in the evenings and read to ourselves or strolled through the woods. I like vacations to be uneventful.

When Darrell and I came up from the water in the afternoon we heard a flutter and chatter from afar, and as we stepped on to the lawn, I met a flashing gaze challenging attention as though by divine right.

The Blythes had come.

Mrs. Blythe was a large and youngish woman, who would have been heavy if it had not been for her unusual lissomness. She was not particularly beautiful; one really did not see her "points", one was only conscious of her inexhaustible vitality.

She bent forward in her chair, levying tribute as naturally as she breathed in the air. Immensely interested in everything and everyone, like a child, Darrell's stereotyped salutation was greeted with a wholesale illumination and her eyes explored my elderly visage as if rejoicing in a prospect of undreamed-of revelation.

The sensation was akin to receiving a full charge of spring water in one's face when one raised one's glass for a mild sip.

The curious thing was that everyone was clustered round with an air of delighted expectation. She was not the ordinary siren who says, "Look at me!" She was a far more dangerous variety, the one who says "Let me look at you".

I recognized the influence at once as mesmerism, no less potent for the fact that it had become second nature to her. If a dog looked another way, she'd know it and send out a thought-wave in its direction. Consequently, all the humdrum little house-party was sitting tranced, thinking of nothing but Aurelia Blythe, and hungering for her attention. She dispensed personal questions and remarks to each and all, like sweetmeats, and they almost had the appearance of yapping as they gulped them down.

I cannot describe the mental strain of such an atmosphere. It was like living in the suction of a vacuum cleaner. Not a bad analogy; what she

drew from people was not of much use to them or her.

Some minutes after the shock of new adjustment, when I was eating cake and drinking in Aurelia Blythe, I caught sight of the husband, sitting in the shade trying to talk to Lydia—a difficult process, as her eyes were constantly straying to the one pole.

He was good looking, but you know the squeezed look husbands of stars usually have? He had that, only he seemed to have been squeezed hard, not pulpy. I encountered the blankest eyes I had ever met; and as I looked again, I saw they were cold and dead, behind their weariness. For all his good looks and distinction, he had not the look of life.

Then I saw his wife glance across at him, in a comprehensive ardent way, and I saw she still insisted on the right of way in, plumb in and through, her husband's soul. And I saw, too, that his return smile was polite and thin; and that he did not let her in.

I went on studying Mrs. Blythe from under the cover of my insignificance, and I saw she was drugging herself with all of us and bluffing herself into a belief that she was reigning. There was just the one corner of the universe that was denied her—the one ewe lamb—the one green field—the one shell that would not open.

That the shell had once opened and let her in, and then closed up and ejected her because no single shell could stand the drain of so devouring an intruder, I was inclined to believe. There is no condition of mind so unresponsive as the mind that lives in the shadow of an overpowering personality. A quarter of an hour on the outside edge of a tea party graced by Mrs. Blythe had wearied me. Imagine living with her! Imagine oneself the recipient of her concentrated, undivided interest! And her husband had it even now. As I sipped my tea and crumbed my cake, a sort of sixth sense told me

that however Mrs. Blythe might tunnel into those around her, back of her thoughts was one big overmastering desire—the right of entry to her husband's soul. I suppose she called her feeling love.

And yet I did not dislike her.

She did not worry one with false gestures or forced notes; her dramatic instinct was that of an artist. The performance of a child could not be improved upon; one forgot her mature years and matronly proportions, and smiled in spite of oneself when one met the infectious twinkle of those hazel eyes. She was intuitive, too; she said what you wanted her to say, and she knew just what pleased.

Some egotists keep the footlights between them and their audience, but Mrs. Blythe was with us, close among us; at any minute, her keen bright eyes might be searching our soul secrets.

As we went up to the house to dress for dinner, the curtain pulled aside for a moment and I caught sight of the ugly, dreary "behind scenes". I had gone back to collect my fishing tackle and came upon the Blythes at the entrance to the apple walk. As I did so, I heard that fretful, angry intonation which sounds *baffled*; heard also the stubborn ring which a woman's strong will wakes in most men. There was no child note in Mrs. Blythe's demand; she was asking him in a hurt, bad-tempered, powerless sort of way, why he wanted to go down to that telegraph office before dinner, and he was inflexibly refusing information.

I judged it best to come on quickly. As she saw me, she slipped into the childlike manner with miraculous adroitness.

"Oh, here's a minister of light!" said she. "Now you can tell Calvert the best way to the village. I am so afraid he'll be late for dinner. Jennie is so strict."

There could not be a less punctilious woman than Mrs. Darrell. Mrs. Blythe was resorting to one of

those quick little lies clever people use to screen an awkward turn.

While I spoke, Calvert Blythe moved off and we were forced to walk up to the house together. Her ripple of talk was rather feverish.

And yet while I raged at her, I pitied her. She was facing a proposition that I fancied would break even her indomitable spirit.

You can destroy yourself if you spend your life in trying to master vacuity. She could not anger her husband, nor please him. He had detached himself, become demagnetized. You cannot close your hand about a vacuum.

She came down to dinner in a snow-drift of a gown, and played the child to a spellbound audience wherein sat one deadhead. I joined Mr. Blythe after dinner and found him a gentleman well-read and well-travelled, though he spoke with the restlessness that most travellers have. I remembered having been told he had a good deal of money and felt inclined to ask him if Aurelia was a satisfying substitute for a life-purpose.

When I got up to my room, I saw Aurelia's appealing eyes, insisting on affection from everyone in her vicinity, and I wondered if Sisyphus had had a worse time rolling up his stone than she mustering up her force before a closed-up shell.

The curious thing was that the rest of the house party accepted the Blythes as an ideally happy couple. She imposed such an impression of her charm upon her circle that no one dreamed of her husband not appreciating her. And she adopted the pose of a successful wife. She exacted publicly just what he would give—politeness. Politeness was ingrained in him and she traded it off as devotion.

I do not know why I sensed the hollow ring. Perhaps because I was not mesmerized. I saw those two among the unhappiest souls I had ever known, and I was sorry. Very sorry.

When they left us, it was not only

the emptiness that followed that made me depressed, though it was exactly as if the sun had dropped out of the sky. Positively, the very leaves looked gray.

It was five years after when we met again.

The Blythes had flown down from an utterly different stratum of society into the Darrells' halfway hospitality. I had not forgotten them. I do not see enough people to forget the few striking ones I have met. So when I encountered Mrs. Blythe in a boarding-house at Florence, I knew her in spite of her great change.

The child had gone, and behind that mask of childhood there turned out to have been a middle-aged woman with pouches under her eyes and a mouth that drooped into heavy muscles at the corners. Her cheeks sagged, too. She looked as if her whole face had loosed suddenly from the unnatural tension which had screwed it up firm and young and sparkling.

Yet Mrs. Blythe's eyes looked out of that worn face, though their appeal was gone—that is, the appeal to the outsiders. The drug had lost its taste; only the hunger inside stayed and that was lively now. I have seen hurt people, but I have never seen a woman ravened on by a consuming fire; and that is what I saw.

She did not know me. The look that met mine was as blank as that her husband used to show to her. I did not introduce myself at first. Then I noticed that she sat alone at table and that she was dressed in black, unbecomingly dressed, as if she did not care.

I watched her quietly for the next day or so, wondering how she had been driven to this boarding-house, for I found she had still her maid, and costly rings glittered on her fingers. I wondered, because the people who frequented the Pension Smythe did not bring maids. We came because it was English, and cheap,

though run with the usual *pension* pretensions of long-course dinners and coffee essence after. Everything was essence, or pretense. The owner lived at a fear-stricken pace, striving to keep up with what she felt the guests might be accustomed to; consequently we never sat down to an honest dish. She had become inured to the complaints. She knew she gave the most that could be given for the money; and when clients are reduced to the twenty-five-francs weekly pension level, the most well-merited complaints have no authoritative ring. I have spent my life in boarding-houses, and take little notice of anything as long as the bill stays within my means. But Mrs. Blythe, with her silk stockings and French shoes and diamonds, seemed more cryingly anomalous here than in the Darrells' modest cottage.

I did not bestow my presence on the company that assembled nightly in the stuffy, over-ornamented parlour, and even curiosity could not keep me in to see if she did. I left the table for my evening stroll before the company dispersed. I am a man of habits.

But a higher power than habit had arranged our meeting. I was leaning on the low stone wall at San Miniato, gazing down on the olives and the bewildering array of spires and towers and lights, a shimmer of silver in the moonlight, when I perceived a veiled figure hurrying through the inky gateway. Then the sound of men's voices caused me to look round, and I saw Mrs. Blythe. I stepped up, therefore, from no volition of my own, and raised my hat, using the Darrell name as introduction. The flash of relief was mixed with recognition. We turned and walked at a dignified pace along the terrace, leaving the young officers to retreat as best they could.

It seemed obvious to remark her husband was not with her; she hesitated before she disclosed the news that he was in the Rockies. I knew

by her voice that I had cut her on the raw. But she had not gained reticence. An hour after, we were still leaning on the wall.

She could not stay anywhere; she was travelling from place to place, choosing the quietest *pensions* in big cities because there was less chance of meeting people who knew them both.

I apologized for my presence, unnecessarily. She said she did not mean people like me—I did not talk! Dear, dear, how she had been hit! Yet I felt it was healthier for her to be writhing with her vanity cast down in a sort of flood, than keeping the fountain playing, knowing there was no real current feeding it. She was ravaged now, but she was honest in her wretchedness.

Of course she saw herself as one of the world's martyrs. There she had given her great woman's love, all of it, to some one who did not care. He did not seem able to care. He could not love. There was no one else she had to fear, because he was incapable of feeling anything for anyone. What little he did feel, had been given to her. But he was a classic image and so the hunger and the longing to help him and mother him and love him had to turn within herself, to devour—

She was undeniably suffering. I do not think I have ever met anybody so wholly sorry for herself. And all the time she spoke, I thought of Calvert Blythe, and I wondered that he considered the Rockies sufficiently remote. I should not have felt comfortable myself at the extreme tip of the North Pole. The whole force of woman seemed to reach out from her and clutch at that unfortunate man.

Then I found she was crying to me to help her; because if something did not happen soon—soon—she could not live.

I trust I have quoted enough of what had passed to show we had left the conventional trammels of a casual conversation far behind. The fright

she had received before I came up, added to the dissolving influence of Italian moonlight, had burst the never very substantial bonds of her first silence. After three months' wanderings with no one but her maid to talk to, she was, so to speak, pent up.

I think I have said before that through all my accurate diagnosis of the quality of her trouble I had kept a distinct liking for Mrs. Blythe. As she trembled and panted and let herself go to the full limit of superlative emotionalism, I could not help feeling there was a faint spark of something real in what she called her LOVE.

She *would* have gone to the stake for him; she would have done anything, if it had been sufficiently colossal and dramatic. What she could not do for anyone was to leave him alone. She had made a mistake common to many large-hearted, wide-sympathied women—she confused her province with the Deity's.

A man wants a human being beside him, who is there when he wants some one, but who will let him alone when he wants to be alone. Aurelia wanted to be omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent. Hence her impositions and pretensions had come toppling down with a proportionate exposure of their impotence.

It seemed a plain if hateful duty to give Mrs. Blythe an unbiased point of view. Squirm as she might, she had not really let go one shred of all the vanity. She had only changed its colour of success into self-pity.

"My dear," said I (I am a gray-haired old professor), "you smothered him."

"Mothered him," said Mrs. Blythe, wide-eyed. "Oh, perhaps I did! Yes, I do feel like a mother to him. I feel every possible sort of love that can be—"

"Smothered," said I, very clearly. "It's not unlike the other feeling, pushed to a conclusion. Every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone; he has an hourly reckoning which he alone can

make to his Creator; he has an inward light or voice which guides him, which he alone can see and hear. You could not get in between your husband and his Maker, Mrs. Blythe, and you never will."

"Don't you believe in love, then?" gasped Mrs. Blythe.

"Yes, I do," said I, for though I do not go in for creeds, I have some sort of a faith tucked behind the knowledge of this world. "But where do you think love comes from?"

"Mine comes from me!" said Aurelia Blythe, with the fountain spurting up miles high.

"And where do you come from?" said I.

"Calvert," said Mrs. Blythe in a sort of gasp. "And I want to get back to him."

All very well in supreme moments to rise to a supreme consciousness of unity; all very well to live in the happy quiet knowledge of being of one mind in most things, all the important ones, at all events; but when Mrs. Blythe threw out her arms and cried, it was as if some overmastering parasite exclaimed, "Mine! Mine!"

It is one person's work to live his life. Calvert had not the responsibility of supplying life for her. She had been in the world for some twenty odd years before she had known of him. How, then, could she claim him as her reason for existence?

The more one studied the claim she was making, the more clearly one saw she was asserting her right of feeding on a stubbornly resisting victim. She complained of his lack of mental sympathy as if she received her ideas from him, instead of from the source of her existence.

If Calvert would not let her into all his ideas, apparently she had to starve. She had no thoughts of her own. She was cut off from her rightful supply of thoughts. She was cruelly denied the right of thinking.

She drew an ideal picture of a sort

of tap root, plunged deep into Calvert's heart and mind and soul, forever gormandizing spiritually, intellectually; and then talked of her attitude as one of sublime self-effacement. She said she only wanted to live for him, but she confused the preposition "for" with "on"—a trivial mistake but a profound one.

I laid my view of the proposition before Aurelia. At first she fought, refusing to admit initial premise or deductions. But I stuck to it. She had come up against a stronger force than magnetism, that of truth. She wriggled and cried but, in the end, she saw. Then I looked on a poor battered thing from which no glittering rush of anything proceeded; and oddly enough, the child looked up at me, a real child this time, who held on to the wall, and asked what it was to do. She was scared, looking as if her world had toppled into fragments and she did not know what to hold to lest it should give way.

"Oh, poor Calvert!" said she. "I didn't know. Oh, am I like that to everyone?"

The wonderful herself had gone, and her world was void and she had lost her bearings.

I talked the usual moralities. She quoted, rather unexpectedly, a verse which showed she understood what I was driving at.

"Every wise woman buildeth her own house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands," said she. "That's what I've done. Plucked it down."

She could not get away from "I".

I gave her some more plain speaking, rather desperately. How could one hope to change a nature which had been turned inward from babyhood, worshipping itself.

From fragments she let drop, I visualized the lonely childhood, starved of natural activity and fed with dreams in which she (of course) played heroine, then the romantic marriage and unlimited audiences and materials for romances.

I was sorry for the child that stood there asking what it was to do. How should I know? One does not learn how to heal lives in universities.

The particular one I caught at could not defer the opening of its classes until I had settled Mrs. Blythe's affairs; I had to go on the morrow.

We had not exchanged addresses. At breakfast we both sat stiff in our respective places, and were mutually relieved, I fancy, not to say good-bye. She was out when I drove off. Funnily enough, she went out of my mind from this time; it was as if a problem that had bothered had been solved. Anyhow, my part in the solution had been done.

When, two or three years later, I returned again to Italy, this time on a brief Easter trip, I approached the Pension Smythe without a thought of her.

I noticed the place was painted up; the hall was white and cool; the stairs fresh laid with matting. I glanced into the stuffy English-seaside parlour and beheld a restful room with big hospitable chairs, and new reviews, and pleasant decorations which included flowers and barred the usual ornaments.

When Miss Smythe trotted down the passage, I saw she was spring-cleaned, too. She received me with the repose of one who is successful. I commented upon the changes, which she dismissed, I thought, a little cursorily, merely saying she had now a partner but the business was still hers. It seemed to me she was slightly insistent on the latter fact.

The meals were up to the new standard; even a different type of boarder seemed to have appeared. The atmosphere was not congenial to genteel grasping. The people were more homely; perhaps the surroundings brought out their pleasant qualities.

I diagnosed the partner to be the shrewd-faced woman who sat opposite Miss Smythe and said good morning with extra geniality. Two days after,

the early sun awoke me so persistently that I had to leave my bed and sally forth. Florence was awake and full of flowers. I found myself close to the market square. As I paused to feast my eye upon the blaze of colour set jewelwise midst the houses still in shadow, I ran against someone with a basket, and found I was apologizing to Mrs. Blythe.

Was it sunshine, or the unexpected nature of our meeting that had sent the light into her eyes and rounded out her cheeks again? I looked once more and found Mrs. Blythe was smiling in a friendly way and knew me. Dear me! How that third picture stays! A pleasant picture of a woman in a simple gown, short-skirted and white collared, and yet oddly graceful.

I held the basket while she marketed, in proficient Italian and with a knowledge of values that suppressed miscalculations. When we turned up the narrow street I had realized that the surging force had turned into a deep channel and was being utilized. Inquiries followed.

Mrs. Blythe's eyes opened rather wide. Did I not remember this had been my plan?

As I stared, mute with astonishment, she reminded me of that far-off evening at San Miniato.

"You said, 'Do something for somebody else,'" said she. "And when I said who, you said, 'Begin where you are. Think of the wretched little woman who runs your boarding-house. She's got far bigger worries than you?' I saw her the first thing the next morning and found she was on the verge of bankruptcy. Some angel must have guided us. I stayed on from day to day. There was so much to do when one began. And there was no reason why I should go. Besides, in a little while, when I'd wakened up a little more, I saw more things that needed setting right. By that time, she was glad to take me into partnership. I'm the working member of the firm and do not appear."

Mrs. Blythe glanced for a second at her sunbrowned hands—bereft of rings.

"And Mr. Blythe?" said I irresistibly.

"I haven't heard from him for a long time," said Mrs. Blythe in a steady voice. And I saw her eyes sought a passing fruiterer's with no ulterior motive than to scan a mound of lemons.

"You see, I'm self-supporting now," she added. "It's a sensation that is still fresh enough to be consciously enjoyable. How long are you staying?"

"Longer than I intended. An epidemic kept the college closed, and extended my leave in convenient fashion. Thus I was still at the Pension Smythe when Aurelia heard. She accosted me in the hall one morning after breakfast, looking a little like her old self; that is, her eyes shone humidly and her lip trembled.

"Calvert's coming, to-night," said she. "I saw his writing on Miss Smythe's desk. She does not know; nor does he. I mean, he doesn't know I'm here. Funny that he should come here—he is the last person to meet at a *pension* of this kind."

"Now, I should have said he was a man of refined taste," said I. I had discovered she liked me to say things about him.

"Exactly," said she. "He used to be foolishly exclusive."

"And the fame of the *pension* has reached him," said I. "Don't you realize what you've done?"

"It's simple and clean . . . and cheap, that's all," said she, with a faint shrug of her shoulders. "I can't see Calvert sitting down to dinner with them all; still, I shan't have to."

She smiled faintly as she went upstairs.

I went off for the day. I seemed to need big spaces, and the hills around Florence give one that. Sullen clouds were hanging on the mountains; when I returned the town was gray and the Arno, swollen muddy yellow, foamed

and churned beneath the many bridges.

I was glad to get inside the *pension* even though its quiet atmosphere was troubled by the prescience of something coming. We were all seated when the new arrival came. He sat some way down the table, opposite, just as blank as ever. His vacation did not seem to have rested him. I did not want to speak, but he recognized me, and after dinner contact was inevitable.

He was passing through for one night only.

His eyes travelled round the harmony of gray and white and fawn which comprised the background of the bowls and pots of flowers, and he added that he rather wished he had known of this *pension* sooner.

"I feel I could almost live here," he volunteered.

His gray eyes were set deep beneath level brows; I realized a face was evidence of certain qualities. It occurred to me that a very simple, straightforward, honest soul would feel blank beside the old Aurelia. If truth was a matter of course in daily living and thinking, one would not understand perpetual drama.

To this day I cannot explain why I persuaded him to visit the market in the early morning. I heard myself as in a dream singing the praises of the flower stalls and market women and the exquisite surroundings. He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Eventually I felt a spark was awakened. I went to bed early, but could not sleep. I knew I was a fool. Mrs. Blythe had not looked unhappy—I should have known if she had been. And yet here I was lying awake like a green girl, nervous, fevered, even while I told myself their fate was not in my hands.

There was something unusually wistful about him, though. I had always liked him, I remembered.

How it was I overslept I cannot say; just before I had intended getting up I must have fallen into a

sound sleep for I woke to hear a muffled sound which resolved itself into the gong. Brilliant sun; the scent of coffee; breakfast!

When I got down, the room was empty save for—the Blythes, both of them, sitting at the end of the long table with an indescribable air of intimacy. I was just edging out when Calvert saw me. Then they turned. It seemed they had met at market.

I ate my roll as quickly as possible.

Later, Mrs. Blythe met me on the landing, her arms round a big pile of clean sheets.

"Has your husband gone," said I.

She shook her head with a faint blush.

"I thought he was going this morning," said I purposely, grim as ever.

"We're both going, when we go," said Aurelia, rather incoherently as far as words went. I asked no explanation, so she had to give it.

"He's tired of travelling. He used to be a sculptor before his uncle left him all his money. It's gone, most of it; been mishandled. Fortunately, he's paid in my allowance to my bankers all this time and that's been accumulating. We're going back to buy a home with it." She paused a minute.

"He said, directly he came in, he felt this was like a home," she murmured.

Oh, dear me! She was as much in love as ever.

"Well," said I. "You may have learned your lesson."

She took a deep breath and smiled.

"I think—Oh, I do think—the *pension* has taught me how to let people go away from me," said she, and then turned to me with the smile that was steady now, no flashlight imitation.

"I couldn't bear to let the people go at first," she said. "I talked to everyone and got interested and wanted to help and advise, and then—oh, the wrench, as one after another moved on. Then, of course, they didn't write. And I saw I couldn't keep up with all the people's problems. So I made myself content with giving them what they'd come here for, food and shelter, just a resting-place."

"And that's what he wants, is it?" said I.

She looked over the banister. He came up, two steps at a time, not seeing me.

"I've got a carriage," said he, and his voice was that of a man who has full charge of his responsibilities. "You must take a holiday to-day. Put on your hat and bring a wrap."

I caught the faintest gleam of light along her face, as if for a fraction of a second the heavens had opened.

Then she put down the sheets upon the chest.

"Very well. I'll go tell Miss Smythe," said she, and moved away, with her composed swift tread, the keys at her side jingling slightly.

It was his turn to stand still, looking after her, as if he, too, saw a rift where he had only known a gray expanse of mystery.



PEELING ONIONS

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson



A TWENTIETH CENTURY UNIVERSITY

BY THOMAS FISHER

SHORTLY after the migration of the United Empire Loyalists to British territory, it was said that there were more graduates of Harvard in Canada than remained in the United States. The scholarly traditions of many of the U.E.L. families have had a marked effect on Canadian education, but these immigrants on their first arrival had to wrest a living by manual toil from their forest clearings, and their intellectual influence did not come till later.

The oldest university in Canada was founded on a legacy by a Montreal merchant, James McGill, who came from Glasgow to engage in the fur trade, and out of his profits in the famous North-West Company provided the means for establishing the college which blazed the trail for other universities in this country.

The first American universities such as Harvard and Yale had their origin in religious zeal. Harvard

was started as a theological seminary dedicated to "the advancement of all good literature, arts and sciences and the education of English and Indian youth in knowledge and godliness". Yale was founded by the churches of the New England colonies "to educate ministers in our own way".

McGill on the other hand from its very inception was connected with scientific research and application. The Faculty of Medicine is the oldest Faculty in the University, and the first degree conferred was a medical one. In this respect McGill repeats the history of the oldest university in Europe, that of Salerno in Italy, which became known as a school of medicine as early as the ninth century. At Bologna also when the various student guilds were co-ordinated into a university in the thirteenth century, the Faculty of Medicine preceded that of Philosophy or the Arts. The university ideal of Salerno and Bologna differed from that of Paris, where it was sought "to provide a general mental train-



The Redpath Museum

ing and to attract the learner to studies which were speculative rather than practical". The Italian conception of learning was more professional, "designed that is to say to prepare for a definite and practical course in after life". Oxford has fallen in with the Paris tradition, McGill has followed the Italian way and thereby filled Canada in needs more readily.

The enrollment of students at McGill for 1919-20 was as follows:—

Applied Science	643
Medicine	642
Arts	516
Agriculture	157
School for Teachers	146
Law	136
Music	111
School of Commerce	99
Dentistry	93
Household Science	80
Pharmacy	33

giving a total of only one-fifth for arts. The McGill Faculty of Arts includes professors of such subjects as modern languages, mathematics, geology, political economy, chemistry, botany and business organization,

while other officers of instruction in the same department include associate professors of histology and embryology, of physics, of biological and physiological chemistry, of mineralogy, and lectures in accountancy and commercial law. Of the 110 professors and associate professors at McGill only six are concerned with the dead languages (Latin, Greek and Hebrew) and with philosophy, while the additional army of assistant professors, lecturers and demonstrators are almost without exception concerned with practical subjects.

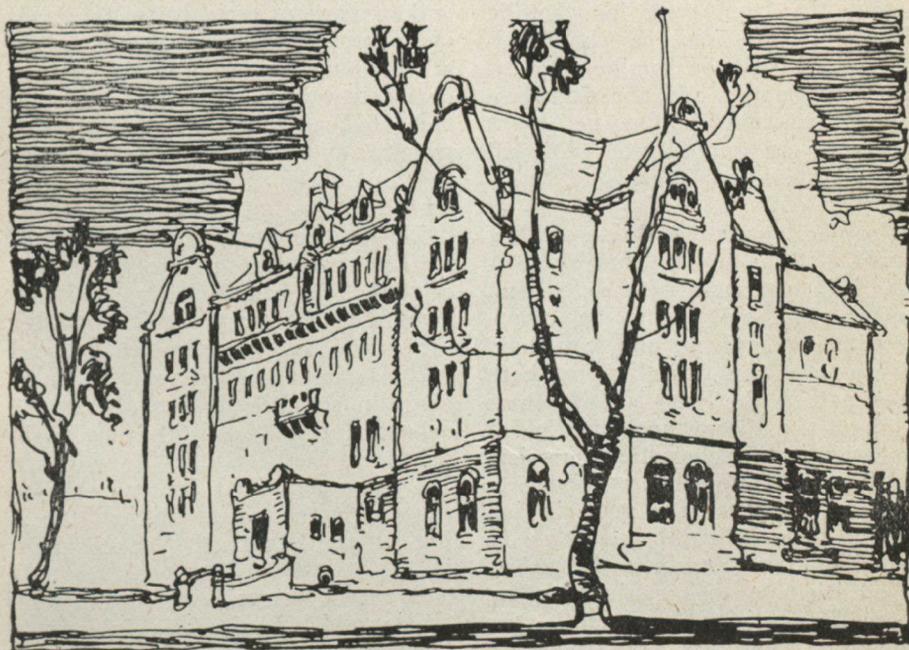
The practical trend of the education offered by McGill University is accounted for by its history and the record of its benefactors. After the initial foundation on the legacy of Mr. James McGill, it was built up by endowments from practical men such as Peter Redpath, Sir William Macdonald, Lord Strathcona, various members of the Molson and Drummond families, Robert Reford, R. B. Angus, D. J. Greenshields, Henry Birks, Dr. James Douglas, and Mr. J. K. L. Ross, while its Board of

Governors includes a railway president (Mr. E. W. Beatty), a newspaper proprietor (Lord Atholstan), two bankers (Sir Vincent Meredith and Mr. C. E. Neill), a stockbroker (Mr. P. P. Cowans), and representatives of brewing, electrical, sugar, textile and silverware industries. Its Board of Governors recently emphasized its practical spirit by appointing Sir Arthur Currie, the brilliant General of the Canadian Army Corps, as Principal and Vice-Chancellor, in spite of the fact that Sir Arthur had few academic qualifications. He had, however, a fine record as organizer and administrator, and had all the practical qualifications of governing a great popular university in the commercial metropolis of a democratic nation.

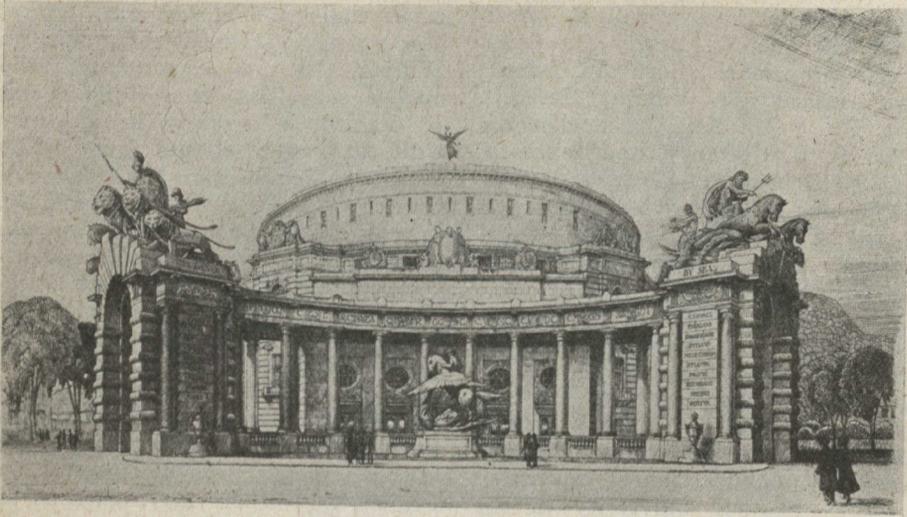
There is no university on this continent where the medical degree ranks higher in general estimation than that of McGill. Hospitals serving a city of seven hundred thousand people provide the clinical experi-

ence, while McGill has also always been strong in scientific research. Sir William Osler, who reorganized the medical schools at Johns Hopkins and at Oxford, is perhaps the graduate with most international fame, while other notable names on McGill's medical record are Sir James Grant, Dr. Wyatt Johnson, prominent on the history of bacteriology and preventive medicine, Dr. Adami, now Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool, Professor Oscar Klotz, the distinguished pathologist, now Dean of the Medical Faculty at Pittsburg, Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie, the sculptor surgeon, Dr. H. S. Birkett, organizer of the famous No. 3 Hospital in France, and others too numerous to mention.

Applied Science is another field in which McGill is pre-eminent. This is due in no small degree to the energy of Sir William Dawson, who when Principal amplified the Course of Engineering into the Department of Practical Science, which in turn



The Engineering Building, McGill University



The proposed War Memorial Hall

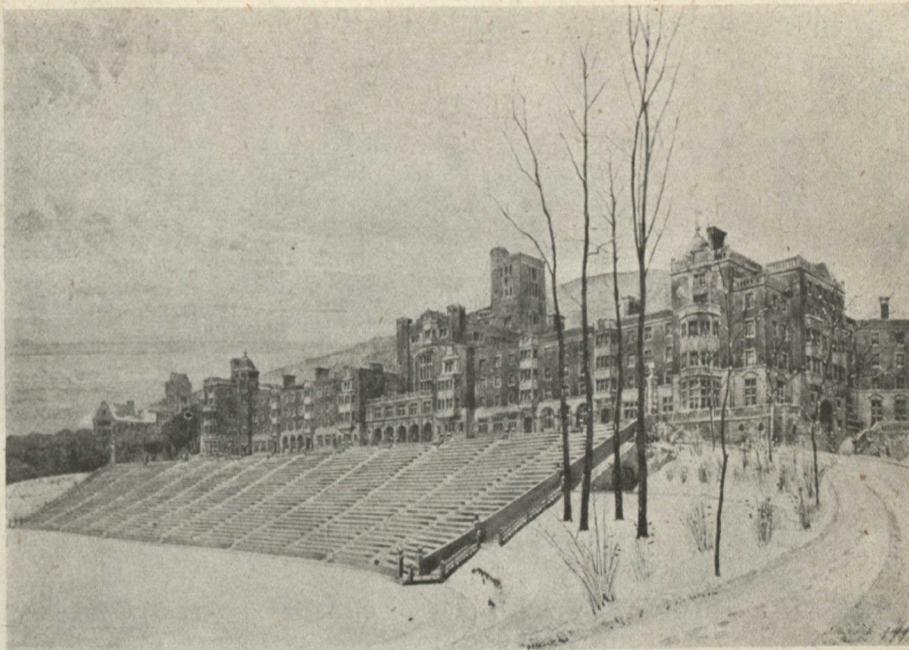
was absorbed into the Faculty of Applied Science. The Engineering and Physics Departments were so munificently assisted in buildings and equipment by the late Sir William Macdonald, that McGill was able to take the front rank in scientific education. Montreal is the headquarters of both the Engineering Institute of Canada and the Canadian Mining Institute — due no doubt largely to the importance of McGill in their respective spheres of interests.

The magnificent institution of Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue is incorporated with McGill and enables the university to teach scientific agriculture, and household science to young Canadians of both sexes, and in the School of Teachers to direct the theory and practice of education in the scholastic profession. Macdonald College has become a powerful influence for good in improving agricultural methods throughout the Province of Quebec. In addition to the regular courses, where free tuition is given to the sons and daughters of farmers in the Province of Quebec, free winter

short courses are held in agricultural engineering, animal husbandry, cereal husbandry, horticulture, poultry and the farm home at Macdonald College or at different centres in the Province of Quebec, provides judges and speakers at agricultural fairs, advises farmers by correspondence on all farming subjects, sends trained demonstrators to assist in organizing home-makers' clubs and co-operative societies and supplies a demonstrator to help in the organization of rural schools.

The Department of Pharmacy of McGill represents the incorporation of the old Montreal College of Pharmacy, which since 1867 provided theoretical and practical instruction to those intending to practise pharmacy in the Province of Quebec. A department of dentistry was established at McGill in 1903, which in 1919 was amplified into a separate Faculty with special clinical teaching at the Montreal General Hospital.

A recent extension of McGill's activities which is of special interest to business men is the School of Commercial Studies open to both sexes



Proposed student residences in Macdonald Park, McGill University



The Arts Building, McGill University



The Medical Building, McGill University

with courses of instruction in such subjects as business organization, accountancy, commercial law, industrial organization, banking, insurance and economics of transports. The policy of the school is frankly of a practical nature, the course in English for example aiming to train students to deal with such problems of expression as arise in commercial life.

McGill's interest in the industrial expansion of Canada is illustrated in the Forest Product Laboratories maintained in the old Molson residence under the direction of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior in co-operation with McGill University. The Division of Timber Tests uses the testing laboratory of the university, the Division of Pulp and Paper analyzes and endeavours to solve the chemical and other such problems of the cognate industries, the Division of Timber

Physics studies the structure and character of Canadian woods with special studies of sources of decay, the Division of Wood Preservation experiments on methods of preserving Canadian timbers.

The up-to-date university seeks to attract the masses as well as the classes, and McGill is nothing if not up-to-date. Extension classes with evening lectures are given to the public, for which no examination test is required. The programme of extension covers such subjects as industrial chemistry, Spanish, commercial law, political economy, English composition and business correspondence, accountancy, English and French literatures.

Another indication of McGill's interest in social welfare is the recently established Department of Social Service, a post graduate course for the scientific training of social workers



The Chemistry Building, McGill University

in such subjects as child welfare, the treatment of poverty, public health and housing, home economics, social research, political economy, industrial history and business administration.

The McGill Library though handicapped by lack of funds is well administered and excellent service is provided by a system of travelling libraries consisting of thirty to forty selected volumes supplied for a nominal fee to reading clubs and small communities which possess no public library. One hundred and thirty-seven of these were sent out last year, covering every province in Canada except the Yukon.

McGill has museums illustrating architecture, hygiene, botany, natural history, mineralogy, geology, ethnography, entomology, paleontology, and the recent acquisition of the McCord National Museum is rich in historical records with a particularly interest-

ing collection of Indian handiwork. These museums are all open to the public, and have many visitors from Montreal schools.

McGill has automatically become the nursery for professors and teachers at the younger universities springing up throughout the West, as for instance in the University of Alberta, where we find McGill graduates such as Dean Rankin, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. R. W. Boyle, Professor of Physics; Charles A. Robb, Associate Professor of Mathematical Engineering; Alan A. Cameron, Assistant Professor of Mining Engineering, and Dr. P. L. Backus, lecturer in Physiology. At a recent banquet, President L. S. Klinck, of the University of British Columbia, a McGill man, who has McGill men as instructors in Agronomy and Horticulture, said "McGill laid the foundation on which our University was built".



Entrance to McGill campus from MacTavish Street, showing the Presbyterian College, on the left, and the Library, on the right

McGill's war record includes the names of 2,529 graduates, undergraduates, and past students, of whom four rose to the order of Brigadier General, two won the V.C., sixty-three won the M.M. or D.C.M., sixty-eight the D.S.O., thirteen the D.S.C. or D.F.C., one hundred and three the M.C., twenty-three the C.M.G., C.B.E. or C.B., and fifty-five other honours. The fighting units organized by McGill included five University Companies of the P.P.C.L.I. with several drafts of fifties from an uncompleted sixth, two Siege Batteries, and a contribution of 26 officers and 186 men to a tank battalion. Especially notable was the work of McGill No. 3 General Hospital, described by the British Director-General of Medical Services in France, as "the best Medical Unit in France".

This was the first hospital of its kind in the British Empire, was the first hospital unit to take the field, and was conducted with such efficiency that of its patients only .05 per cent. died, while the mortality of patients operated upon was only 2.5 per cent. The capacity of the first tent hospital at Camiers was 1,500, four times that of the Montreal General Hospital, while the second hospital at Boulogne, had a capacity of over 2,000 patients.

McGill took a prominent part in the organization and equipment of the now famous Khaki University, where eight hundred university students whose courses at Canadian universities had been interrupted by enlistment, followed regular university courses of study, where serious courses of study were found for 50,000 other men, and where 5,000



Royal Victoria College, McGill University

men in the ranks found to be illiterate were taught to read and write.

A large number of returned soldier students were specially coached in free tutorial classes at McGill, so as to make up for lost time, and vocational training was provided for others, particularly in Applied Science where there was an average monthly attendance of 250 men, and at Macdonald College where 146 students were given an agricultural course of about eight months.

During the hostilities, the chemical force of McGill was largely applied to the solution of war problems, such as the production of acetone and other requisites for high explosives and methods of defence against poison gas. Dr. A. S. Eve, Director of

the Physics Building, while Resident Director of Research, supervised the experiments in anti-submarine warfare at the Admiralty Experimental Station at Harwich, and was assisted in the important discoveries made there by several men of McGill University.

From this brief survey, it will be seen how closely McGill is associated with the practical life and with the interests and ideals of the progressive elements in Canada, and how much it deserves an increasing support and backing for its great educational work. The university of to-day has been happily described as the "producer of producers". In *The McGill Annual Report*, for 1918-19, Dean F. D. Adams, the Acting Vice-Chancellor and Principal, makes an excellent

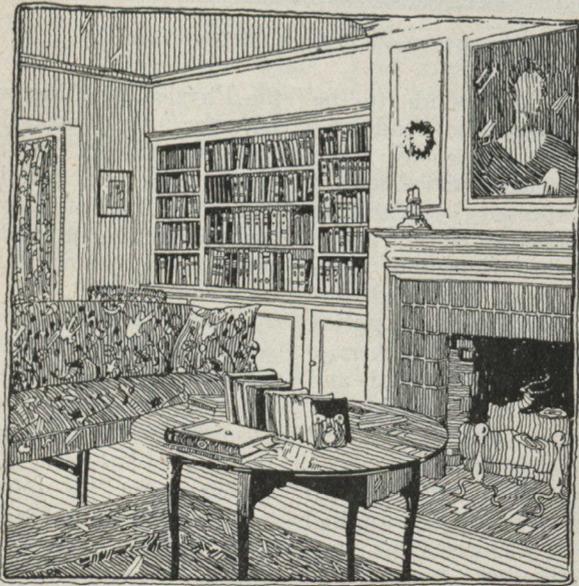
quotation from President Butler of Columbia University:

The most significant thing that has happened to the university teacher during the past decade is the number and variety of contacts that he has established with the practical affairs of life. These contacts were once confined to the teacher of law, of medicine, or of engineering. They are now shared by pretty much all types of university teacher. Moreover the world at large is showing a new respect for men who have spent years in scholarly discipline and association. The President of the United States was for a quarter of a century a teacher of history and political science in three colleges: the President of the Council in France once taught his native language and its literature to a group of American students at Stamford, Connecticut; the Prime Minister of Italy holds the chair of Economics in the University of Naples; the first President of the Czechoslovak Republic is the most eminent teacher of philosophy among his people; one university professor has just resigned as American Minister to China, and another is still serving as American Minister to Greece; and so it goes through other European countries and in the South American Republics. The fact of the matter is that the university tea-

cher has some time since ceased to belong to a class apart, to an isolated group leading a life carefully protected and hedged about from contact with the world of affairs. The university teacher is everywhere as adviser, as guide, as administrator; and as his personal service extends over a constantly widening field, so his influence marks the increasing interpenetration of the university and practical life.

Dean Adams goes on to say about the University of McGill itself:

In thus bringing to a close a century opening with a hard struggle for existence and concluding with a period of substantial growth and marked achievement a new era in the life of the university will be ushered in. In celebrating this epoch in the university's history it will be fitting that steps be taken to secure a large additional endowment which will be adequate, not only to meet the present and pressing needs of the Foundation—much accentuated by the recent rise in prices—but also to provide for that development along many lines of effective work which the university must show if it is to assume that great role which is opening up before it—and which it alone can play—in the development of the national life of the Dominion.



IN HARRISON'S OFFICE

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON



WALCOTT HARRISON, junior partner in the firm of James & Harrison, New York, extensive dealers in Mexican mines, was returning that afternoon from a business trip to Philadelphia.

He was in a hurry to get back, for his partner James had gone to Mexico on a deal, and a wire from him might come at any time.

As Harrison sat waiting for the train to start, a girl entered the car and took a seat on the opposite side and some distance from his. As she passed, Harrison looked up. "A charming face," he commented to himself, and returned to his paper.

It had been a dull day in the market, and there was not much in Mexican news except a report of a big strike in the Con Amore mine, hitherto considered an undesirable property. Harrison held a few shares of the stock, which he had taken in a trade, but not enough to make the report more than mildly exciting, and he found himself glancing again at the girl.

"She looks troubled," he thought. "I suppose even pretty girls have their worries. I wonder what hers is." He smiled. "Perhaps her dress-maker has disappointed her."

The train was under way now. The girl took a letter from the dainty leather bag which hung on her arm.

"Scotch granite paper," nodded Harrison approvingly. "I like that kind."

She read the letter through, and he saw that she was breathing quickly.

"She must have an exciting correspondent," thought Harrison. "No! by Jove, she is sending it away!" he ejaculated, as the girl took a stamp from her purse and affixed it to the envelope.

She put the letter back into her bag and sat looking listlessly out of the window, oblivious of her surroundings.

"I wonder why she did not seal it," thought Harrison. "I suppose she wants to read it again before she mails it. On the whole, I am glad that I am not the man to whom the letter is going. I do not believe that it contains pleasant news for him. Perhaps it isn't a man, though; but I think it is."

He tried to read, but found himself constantly wondering what was in the letter and glancing at the girl who sat looking so listlessly out of the window.

When the train was nearing Jersey City, she roused herself, and taking the letter out, read it again. Then she thrust it back into the envelope, which she sealed hurriedly. As the train pulled into the station, she stood holding the letter in her hand, and it seemed to Harrison that there was a desperate look in her face when she turned to leave the car. Just as she reached the door some one jostled against her, and the letter fell out of her hand, almost at Harrison's feet, with the addressed side up. He stooped to get it, and there on the

envelope, in plain letters that he could not help seeing, was his own name and office address.

For a moment he eyed the letter in speechless amazement, and then, quickly recovering himself, he picked it up as the girl turned.

"I think you dropped this," he said, holding it out.

"Yes, thank you," she murmured, taking it and looking rather at the letter than at him.

In a moment more she was walking through the station, glancing about her uncertainly as she went.

"She expects some one to meet her," thought Harrison. "What the deuce is she writing to me about?"

Suddenly the girl seemed to see what she was looking for, and walked quickly to a letter box in a corner of the station.

"She is going to post my letter!" ejaculated Harrison in suppressed excitement.

The girl lifted the iron flap of the box, and half inserting the letter in the slit, held it there and stared at it, her face the picture of contending emotions. Suddenly a flood of colour surged into her cheeks. She snatched back the letter and fairly ran from the box. The iron flap came down with a bang that made Harrison jump.

"Confound it! I am nervous over a letter," he muttered impatiently. "What do I care whether she posts it or not? The first thing I know she will see me watching her."

But the girl had no eyes for him. She walked rapidly toward the ferry and went aboard the boat without a backward glance, and Harrison mechanically followed her.

As the craft sped across the busy North River she stood leaning against the rail looking vaguely back at the dying sunset. A pathetic picture of loneliness she seemed to Harrison, who took pains to stand where she could not see him watching her, though it appeared to be a needless precaution for she took no heed of her surroundings.

"Little girl," he ejaculated impulsively, "you are in some trouble, and I will help you out if you will only post that letter and give me half a chance!" Then he took another look at her as she leaned, slim and pretty, against the rail.

"By Jove, Walcott Harrison! I half believe the girl has turned your head!" he murmured, smiling whimsically.

The boat bunted its way into the slip on the New York side, the gates opened, the passengers crowded ashore, the girl among them, and Harrison following.

He saw that she still had the letter in her hand. She stopped and bought an evening paper, and then walked quickly to one of the cabs which stood waiting for a fare, and, saying something to the driver, which Harrison was too far away to hear, she got in. The door slammed, and the cab drove rapidly away.

Harrison started forward with a half-formed idea of following her in another cab, and then suddenly checked himself with an exclamation, for there in the muddy gutter he saw the little gray envelope which he had looked at so often. He seized it eagerly. Yes, there it was, sealed, stamped, and addressed to him. She had dropped it when she got into the cab with her hands full of newspapers.

He looked down the street. The cab had disappeared.

"I can't return it to her this time," he declared to himself, "for I don't know where to find her."

He turned the letter over and over, and eyed it curiously. "What shall I do with it?" he demanded of himself. "I can't leave it here in the gutter for some one else to find. I can't return it to her. I might post it," he laughed. "What nonsense!" he argued. "It is addressed to me. It is my letter. I will open it. And, besides," he concluded weakly, "if I don't I shall never know who she is." The temptation of this last argument was irresistible. He tore open

the envelope, unfolded the letter, and read:

Mr. Walcott Harrison.

Dear Sir: A man and a young woman named Margaret Almore will call at your office to-morrow (Tuesday) morning with a mining proposition. Do not believe what they say.

There was no signature.

Harrison turned the sheet over. There was not another word. He looked at the letter with a savage sense of disappointment.

"Why is the girl warning me?" he exclaimed. "She might be in better business than writing anonymous letters about another woman. Confound it!" he went on irritably, "who would have thought that a girl with a face like hers would be mixed up in that kind of thing? It shows that I know nothing about women!"

He passed a restless night, and reached his office at an unusually early hour the next morning. He ran rapidly through his mail, and then a look of relief came into his face. "She did not intend to post that letter," he thought, "for if she had she would have written me another when she found that she had lost it."

Then right at the beginning of a busy working day Walcott Harrison fell into a reverie which, from the expression of his face, seemed not unpleasant. Finally he roused himself with a laugh. "Why should I care whether she would or would not send an anonymous letter?" he asked himself. "But I do," he added; "I like to think that she is square."

As he turned again to his mail, Holmes, his chief clerk, came in from the outer office and said, "Mr. Harrison, a Miss Almore and a man giving his name as Black are waiting to see you."

"Why do you say 'giving his name as Black'?" asked Harrison sharply.

"Because I feel quite sure that he is Jake Derry, who got into Parr & Dunham out in Denver about three years ago to the tune of \$20,000 in a bold mining swindle. He vanished along with their money. It happened

while I was out there. I saw him only once, but I have a good memory for faces, and I feel sure that he is the man."

"All right, Holmes; thank you. Ask them to come in, and please remain within call."

In a moment the door opened again and a well-dressed, stocky little man, whose quick, narrow eyes took in the room like a snapshot, appeared, and turning with a deferential smile held the door open for his companion to enter.

At the sight of her Harrison started to his feet and stared, for she was the girl who had lost the letter!

The man's smooth voice brought Harrison to himself. "My name is Black, Mr. Harrison, and this is Miss Almore. We would like a few moments of your time if you will give it to us."

"Certainly," answered Harrison. "Sit down. Take this chair, Miss Almore."

"Thank you," she said quietly; but Harrison saw that her hand trembled.

"Well, Mr. Black, what can I do for you?" he asked, turning to the man.

"Do you know anything of the Con Amore Mine, Mr. Harrison?" asked Black in a smooth, purring voice.

"Yes, in a general way. Not been a very productive proposition, has it?"

"Ah, but a big strike has just been made there," insinuated Black smoothly.

"Yes, I saw a report of it in yesterday's paper," said Harrison.

Miss Almore stirred nervously as he spoke, and out of the tail of his eye Harrison caught the swift warning look which Black immediately flashed at her.

That look decided Harrison. "I will see the game through," he said to himself, and settled back in his chair.

"Miss Almore owns three fifths of the stock," went on Black.

"I congratulate you on the strike," said Harrison, turning to her.

"But," put in Black hastily, "she is in danger of losing her holdings. You see Miss Almore borrowed \$15,000 on the stock to put into another venture, which turned out badly. The loan, amounting with interest to \$16,000, is due to-day. The man who made the loan is named Jenkins, and is what you may call—er—strictly business, and if the loan is not met promptly he will, in the light of the big strike, take the stock. It is deposited, together with the note, with the Longfield Trust Company. The instructions are to deliver the stock absolutely to Jenkins if the note is not paid to-day. Here is a duplicate of the agreement," he added, laying it on the desk. "And now, Miss Almore," he went on, looking steadily at her, "suppose you put your proposition."

She looked back at him and hesitated, but his face was like flint. Then she began to speak like a child reciting something by rote. "A big strike has been reported in the Con Amore Mine. I thought perhaps, since you deal in Mexican mines, that in view of the strike you might be induced to advance the money necessary to redeem the stock for a half interest in it." As she spoke her face flushed and her voice faltered a little.

Harrison knew that a game was being played, but the charm of the girl and the appeal of her beauty impressed him strangely. Something of this must have shown in his face, for as he turned he caught a gleam of greedy satisfaction in Black's eyes.

Harrison affected to consider. "Excuse me for a moment," he said. "Let me see what information we have in the office concerning the mine."

Going into the outer room he beckoned to Holmes and held a whispered conversation with him. At the end of it Holmes nodded quietly, and Harrison returned to his private office. "Well, Miss Almore," he said, smiling, "it is something of a gamble, but if everything is as represented I don't know that I mind taking a chance." And sitting down at his

desk he wrote a few words on a sheet of paper and passed it to her. "The first step will be sign this order on the Longfield Trust Company to deliver the stock to our firm on receiving from us \$16,000 for Mr.—er—Jenkins."

The girl looked at the paper and hesitated.

"It is all right, Miss Almore; sign it," said Black, and his words snapped like a whip.

The girl looked swiftly at him. His face was bland, but his eyes were cold as ice.

She signed the paper.

Harrison took it, and writing a check for \$16,000, called Holmes and said:

"Here is the order on the Longfield Trust Company in the Con Amore stock transaction which I explained to you a few moments ago, Holmes, and here is my check for \$16,000. As soon as you have concluded the business, bring the stock to me."

"Very well, sir," answered Holmes. "Here is a telegram which came a moment ago." And laying it on the desk, Holmes left the room.

Harrison opened the telegram. It was from his partner, James, and in their private code.

"If you and Mr. Black will excuse me," said Harrison, turning to Miss Almore, "I will decipher this wire while we are waiting for Holmes. Here is the morning paper if you care to see it."

She took the paper mechanically, and Harrison began to translate his telegram. The office was very still. Black watched the door nervously.

When Harrison had finished translating the wire, he read the result with a start of amazement, and glanced swiftly at Black. Then he returned to the message again and was reading it through a second time when he was interrupted by a sharp cry, and starting up he saw Miss Almore gazing fixedly at the newspaper which he had handed her.

"What is the matter, Miss Almore?" he exclaimed.

"My brother," she gasped, pointing to the paper. "He is dead!"

As she spoke Black's face changed and he rose hastily. Harrison saw the motion, and quickly walking across the room, stood before the door.

At this moment Miss Almore sprang forward impetuously and exclaimed: "Call back your clerk, Mr. Harrison! The loan is a pretense! I have not borrowed a penny! This man is Jenkins! He will get your \$16,000! All of it! The report of a strike is false! It was sent in by this man's confederate! The stock is worthless! We have defrauded you!"

In her excitement she seized Harrison's arm.

Black started toward her. "You must be crazy!" he exclaimed. "I—"

"Stand back there, Mr. Black!" ordered Harrison. "It will be better for you. Now, Miss Almore," he added, turning to her, "go on."

"We have defrauded you," she declared again. "My brother had—had done wrong. This man held him in his power, and threatened to expose him and send him to a Mexican prison unless I would do—what I have done. My brother was incurably ill. He was weak and despairing. He pleaded with me not to let him spend the last months of his life in prison. He was my only brother—hardly more than a boy—and I loved him—and so—I did this to save him. I am only telling you why. He is free now. Do what you like with me."

There was silence in the room. Then Harrison looked at Black. "What have you to say?" he asked.

As he put the question there was a quick knock, and Holmes appeared in the door. "Here is the stock, sir," he said, and handing Harrison an open bunch of *Con Amore* certificates he went out and closed the door.

Black took a quick, triumphant glance at them, and turning to Harrison with an easy air of assurance, said: "You want to know what I have to say, do you? Well, I say this: You have the stock. I am going to the

trust company for my money. If you relied for the value of the stock on a mere newspaper rumour, that is your lookout. The papers regarding the loan are duly executed, and the trust company will recognize my right." Saying this, Black started toward the door.

"Just a moment, Mr. Black," retorted Harrison. "If you will look a little closer at these *Con Amore* certificates you will see that they are not Almore's at all. They are a few which I own myself. Holmes brought them in at the psychological moment, so to speak, at my request. The trust company still has Miss Almore's stock."

Black's face changed.

"Did you suppose, you scoundrel, that you could take me in with such a clumsy trick?" went on Harrison hotly.

Black took up his hat with an insolent smile. "Would you like to prosecute—us?" he asked.

"No," answered Harrison.

"I thought not," said Black suavely. "For protection there is nothing like having a charming—er—accomplice."

Harrison took a step toward him with clinched fist.

"Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door," said Black ironically. "Good morning."

"Just one moment before you go," returned Harrison in a voice as smooth as oil. "Miss Almore is entitled to her stock, Mr. Black, the loan being a mere pretense."

"Well, she won't get it," snapped Black.

"Oh, yes, she will, Mr.—Derry."

The man looked up quickly, and the expression on his face changed. "Oh, well, perhaps she is entitled to the stock," he said with a shrug.

"I thought that that would be your conclusion," nodded Harrison, and turning to his desk he picked up the agreement which Black had handed him. "Now, Mr.—er—Jenkins, please write across this a release of all claims and an order to the Longfield Trust

Company to deliver the note and the stock to Miss Almore."

Black complied without a word.

Harrison turned to the telephone and called up the trust company. "I have the trust company on the wire, Mr. Black," he said. "Kindly tell them in my presence what you have done so that there may be no mistake."

The man did so.

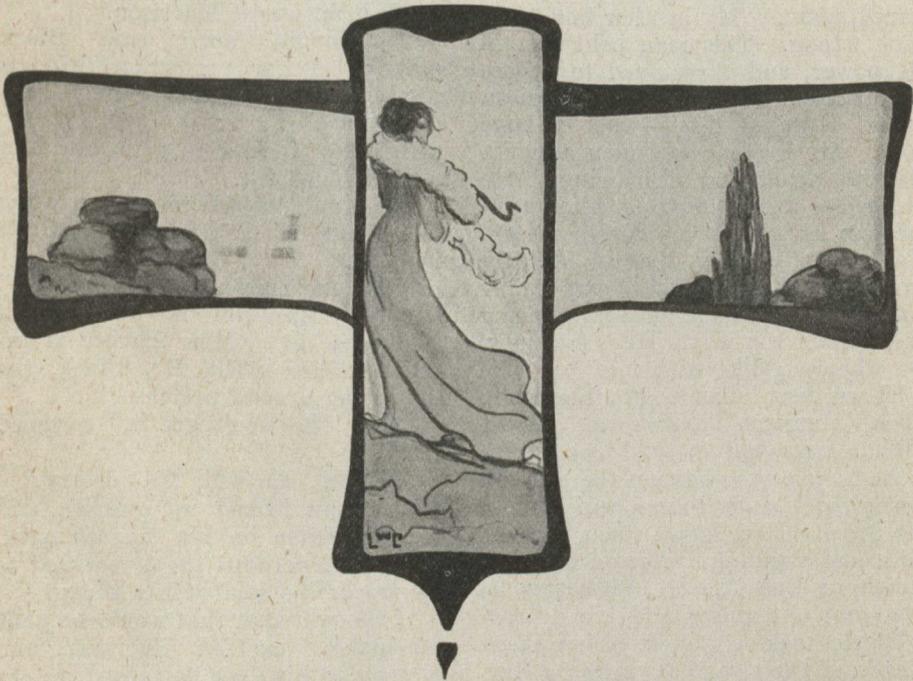
"Now," went on Harrison, opening the door, "there is just one more favour I will ask of you, Mr. Black: Kindly tell Mr. Jenkins that if he ever crosses my path again his name will be—Derry. Good morning," he added coldly.

The door closed, and Harrison turned to Miss Almore and said cheerfully: "I want to congratulate you on owning such a large block of

Con Amore stock. The gentleman of the many names seems to have been something of a prophet without knowing it. The cipher telegram which I received a little while ago was from my partner who is in Mexico. He wires confidential information of a rich strike just made in the Con Amore Mine. That is why I was so anxious to get your stock released."

Miss Almore looked at Harrison, her lip trembling. "You are heaping coals of fire on my head," she murmured. "There is no reason why you should want to help me."

"Oh, yes, there is," he said quietly. "I cannot tell you all of the reason now, but a part of it is because you did not post this," and he took from his pocket the letter which he had picked up in the street.





IN THE STUDIO

From the Photograph by L. J. Geddes
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

CONFIDENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

BY LACEY AMY



HE hectic flush that once bathed the work of the war correspondent passed into memory with the outbreak of the Great War. Like a

change in the colour of the stage calcium light departed much of the nerve-breaking strain of news gathering in battle, all the endless conflict and uncanny ingenuity of news despatching. The correspondent became a part of the military machine—with unique privileges and freedom, of course—and the process of getting his "stuff" to his newspapers was as formally prescribed as the provision of food to the armies.

Nerve strain did not cease to be a daily diet. More ground than ever had to be covered by the man who sent out the news—the reading world demanded it—but he had his own car to do it with; or rather, General Headquarters rented him a car at sixty dollars a week if he were a Canadian correspondent, or part of that price was included in the weekly bill for keep at the Press Chateau, where the British correspondents resided. The strain was the result more of competition where "scoops" were practically impossible, of irritating censorship, of possible break-down of car or chauffeur, of greater physical danger within sight or sound of battle, and of that overhanging control which agitates the soul of every natural news-gatherer.

War correspondents in this Great War traduced all the traditions of the profession, even of newspaper reporting. They became gregarious even in their gathering of news. They exchanged items of interest as a matter of policy, not for mere friendship's sake. Every correspondent at the Press Chateau, the headquarters of the men who reported the operations of the British Army, saw precisely what his fellows did and he heard almost precisely the same stories. He couldn't help it. Lord Kitchener started the idea. The particular kind of war this was did the rest. So that if Philip Gibbs, or Beach Thomas, or Phillips, or Nevinson, or any of the rest of them pleased the reader better than his mates it was only because of a more vivid imagination or a more fluent pen.

The Canadian war correspondent was a very different cog in the war machinery from the British correspondent, that prolific and hard-working writer who supplied the news to the world under difficult conditions. In privileges, in authority, in location at the Front, in experiences, the Canadian news-gatherer was unique.

The two Canadian war correspondents during the fighting of the Canadian Corps in 1918 were Mr. J. F. B. Livesay — than whom there never was a more indefatigable and unselfish news-gatherer at the front—and myself. Mr. Stewart Lyon had preceded us. Our sleeping quarters

were never more than seven or eight miles from the front lines. We were eye-witnesses of every "kick-off" in which the Canadian Corps was concerned. Every day, rain or shine, we looked on the actual battle from points of vantage, usually in front of the guns. We talked to the wounded as they staggered back, while they waited to be dressed, as they lay patiently awaiting their turns for the ambulances. We went unattended where we liked when we liked.

Our writing was done by night to the light of a candle stuck in its own grease. Often as I pulled the slim coverings over me during those vile weeks near Wancourt Livesay's typewriter was clicking from his tent; and sundry officers with red tabs were wont to make violent remarks about both our machines.

The British correspondents were less—and more—fortunate. Owing to the necessity of being with the censors at the centre where the wires from the whole British Army converged, they slept and ate at what we called the Press Chateau, which was located for years before the 1918 fighting at Hesdin, and later moved to different points as the successes developed. At no time, however, was it less than thirty-five miles from the front lines. Their messages had to be filed in mid-forenoon or mid-afternoon, and their car capacity was limited. They could not visit the Front without an attending officer. That they did so well under these handicaps is one of the brilliant features of the war.

The Canadian war correspondents of 1918 probably saw more real fighting in two months than their British confrères did throughout the war. Yet only at one period to my knowledge did the men at the Press Chateau make errors in fact that were worth correcting. And that period was interwoven with brainstormings of the censorship that make another story.

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My experiences commenced long before reaching France — seven

months before. Having undertaken the assignment for a group of important Canadian papers, the first wall I had to scale was precedent. Never before had there been with the British Army a war correspondent whose duties were confined to the writing of descriptive articles instead of news, and who sent them by mail instead of by wire. "Colour" writers were a new genus to the War Office, demanding as much ponderous rumination as a new type of machine gun or a new national policy. Besides, the Australians had no equivalent attached to them. And it was a recognized condition of internal harmony that when a ray of sunlight was permitted to shine on the Canadians a consignment of moonlight or rainbows had to be despatched by special messenger to the Aussies—and vice versa.

At first it seemed fairly clear sailing. The fact that the group of papers I represented covered Canada and included both parties earned me official backing. But five months passed before I even learned the reason why I was refused the white pass which is the open-sesame of the war correspondent.

For months I had been running a series of magazine articles on different phases of war effort in England. Naturally there was criticism as well as acclamation. It happened that in a treatment of the alien question there was more of the former, though the article presented every possible mitigation. And in the light of the revelations of a committee of investigation in 1919 that there were still 835 employees in Government Departments both of whose parents were enemy subjects; that a Lieut.-Col. Reichwald, whose father was for many years Krupp's adviser in England, had been recently appointed to a liaison position in British affairs in Turkey; and that a naturalized British subject, Austrian born, who fought against the Allies in the Austrian Army, had been permitted to return to England and resume his

business—my position in the article requires no defence. Indeed, the worst I said was as a mere acid drop to calomel compared with what the press of London was handing almost daily to the Government for its persistent kindness to enemy aliens. However it is much easier to exercise restraint over a mere Canadian in London than over the London press; and for months I was so busy in a war of my own, defensive and offensive, that the one over there in France seemed to have lost its nip.

Every wire within reach I began to pull. And finally I discovered that which has entirely altered my conception of English Government—that its faults are not in the men at the top but in the system that robs them of real authority and places it in the hands of bloodless and cut-by-measure assistants and departmental officials who bring to the consideration of every problem a mechanical device invented probably to relieve the real heads of the worry of government. The full significance of this came to light not long ago when it was admitted officially in the British House of Commons that a civil service employee *cannot be dismissed for incompetence*. England is “governed” by gentlemen of the first water. It is ruled by underlings who protect their authority more zealously than most men do their honour, who can work more destruction in a week than their nominal superiors can rebuild in a lifetime.

A wire invited me to a certain Government office. There occurred an interview with a general and colonel that was a pleasure from greeting to farewell.

“When do you want to go?” suddenly inquired one.

“Saturday,” I replied, and I said it as if I hadn’t to take a firm hold of my chair to keep me from falling off.

“Saturday, then.”

But I was not in France yet. On the morning before I was to leave the War Office called me up to read me a

cable just received from G.H.Q.: “Canadian Corps now say that Mr. Lacey Amy must be regarded as an officially attached journalist and must have his own car. Corps cannot supply car. Canadian representative consulted says under these circumstances Mr. Amy cannot be received.”

Phew! Without divulging what steps were taken, I can say that that parley was cut so short that several of us had time only to get mad. But new papers had to be made out; and on Tuesday, June 25th, I almost sneaked to Victoria Station, climbed inconspicuously aboard the Staff train for Folkestone, unobtrusively handed my papers over at the boat, stumbled through the formalities at Boulogne—and after seven months of brain-racking uncertainty and worry struck across France towards Canadian Corps Headquarters in a high-powered car.

I was there.

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The Corps was then in rest camp about Pernes, fifteen miles north-west of Arras and about twelve from the nearest point in the front lines. My first impression of war correspondence as a permanency—I had been across before on those Cook’s-Tour trips for newspapermen—came from the sight of several large fresh shell-holes close to my first billet. In part of my billet itself were sundry conspicuous chips. And that night the raiders came over and bumped me about disturbingly—though I had already experienced twenty-eight such raids in London. But then one is such a speck in London—and there were six women in the house there to lord it over. I began to wonder if war was really a proper place for a war correspondent.

Trouble visited me early owing to my ignorance of army regulations. The first exhibition might have earned me a bullet, the second a court-martial. With characteristic ignorance I failed to appreciate either escape.

North of Pernes was a hill from which was obtainable one of the finest distant views of the spectacle of war I ever saw. Every evening after dinner a Montreal artist friend, a Belgian artist then working with the Corps, and I used to climb to the practice trenches of the hilltop and thrill with it far into the night. In time I came to consider that hill my personal property. So that when I wandered up alone one night and came on a British battalion at night practice I simply looked on without a thought of the outward similarity between a spectator and a spy—until the whining of an occasional bullet about my ears warned me of the unreliability of blank cartridges and drove me to the edge of the hill where I lay in the grass overlooking distant Bethune and its strafing. Behind me the mimic warfare continued.

About midnight I rose to return to my billet, passed carelessly about the end of the first trench—and was suddenly halted by a shadowy figure. A company that knew me not had the trenches now. After explanations I continued my way. At the other end the silence was eerie, especially as I could see heads moving cautiously against the sky and long things protruding towards me. Once I heard the click of a trigger. Then a stentorian voice—must have been a sergeant-major—roared: "Stop that officer. Don't let even your own commanding officer pass in front of you without challenging him."

Naturally I didn't wait for the order. Once more I gave my pedigree and was permitted to pass. And just when safety was in sight, a voice called to me from the top of the hill. Looking up, two tremendous soldiers, capped by two tremendous rifles, were visible against the sky running for me. They took me back to the officer, a mere chit of a child who pretended to examine my papers in the darkness. "Do you know you are in great danger?" he inquired solemnly, but with an indifference that appealed to me as unnecessarily hard-heart-

ed. And with apparent disappointment that there would be no execution at dawn, he let me go.

I still contend that two smaller men and two ordinary rifles could have effected my arrest and sustained the dignity of the Army.

The other display was a terrible breach of Army—especially of First Division—discipline. Calling on General Macdonnell, whom I had met only once eight months before, I found him closeted with General Currie. To my credit let it stand that I waited. Leaning wearily on an urn at the front door—mentally polishing the introductory paragraph of an article in plan—someone passed me from behind. I was conscious of the officer beside me springing to the salute. Lazily, more by instinct than by consciousness, I waved a negligent hand towards my cap as the back of a gray-haired head moved out before me.

But General Macdonnell has eyes in the back of his head—he demonstrated it to me later; it was the reflection in his glasses. And I returned to Etrun and the Canadian Corps with a start when the gray head whirled and a pair of fiery eyes and fierce mustachios made the air crackle. I was ignorant of the orthodox line to pursue under the circumstances—but I noticed from the corner of my eye a wobble in the knees of the staff officers about.

General Macdonnell speaks fast. In moments of excitement he might be said to hurry. But he never trips.

"Who are you? . . . What's your name? . . . Where do you come from? . . . What Division do you belong to? . . . Don't you know how to salute . . .?"

That is all I recall—but there was more like it in Macdonnell's eyes. Once or twice I managed to ejaculate the first letter of a word, but gave up helplessly while he was pausing for breath.

Then I shot at him in a dash of words who I was, for I didn't like the thoughts of a second spasm.

"No, General," I added, "I'm afraid I don't know how to salute."

It was a trying moment for a general whose reputation in matters of discipline can't be added to by anything with a very sensitive body and a vivid thing I can say—to say nothing of how trying it was to a correspondent without much reputation to lose but imagination. But General Macdonell was equal to the occasion. Swiftly but easily he did the only thing possible without embarrassment. Throwing back his head he laughed—and even with those eyes and that ruddy face and that moustache no smile is pleasanter; at least, that's my opinion.

"Oh, it's you, is it? I thought I had to knock someone's head off." And the knees about began to stiffen; circulation resumed its duty in blanched faces.

After lunch the General and I retired to a quiet place where I practised a salute that might pass me over the initial meetings with strange generals who had not yet learned that I knew no better.

The path of the war correspondent was beset by other trials. Thrown into the discomforts of the front without the hardening process of training, I was unprepared for tent life. By advice in London I neglected to provide myself with a sleeping bag, being assured that I would always be in billets. Fortunately for my adviser, his name has slipped my memory.

Tent life started for me at Moliens Vidame (or, as even the G.O.C. must have called it, Mollyann be damned). It was there we stopped for the first week after our unexpected flit to the Amiens front. The heat during the day was almost unbearable; at night there would have been frost in Western Canada. Thus the dark stained tents in the orchard were furnaces by day and refrigerators by night; and even the early morning sun was denied us by the trees in which we had pitched to escape detection by Hun planes.

By dint of the most pathetic begging I managed to borrow two blankets from the quartermaster. But there was not another to beg, borrow, or steal. I proved the hopelessness of begging and borrowing, myself; my batman experimented fruitlessly in the other. And when he failed to wangle anything I needed it was because it was chained down and guarded night and day. I recall his return to the incomplete tent "home" one day after a round of the town and tents, such a look of disgust on his Scotch face that I feared his category had been raised. "Everybody's sitting on their kits!" he growled. Then, with that look of guileless indifference which served him—and me—so well, he sauntered into the yard of the engineers' chateau and "picked up" sufficient material to make me a cot and wire mattress. A great find was that batman; especially fortunate was the officer who had him, in that he was protected from anyone else having him.

And so my first few nights in a tent were spent on the damp ground; and during that first week two blankets had to do duty under as well as over. The margin between freezing and the limit of human endurance was filled by trench coats and papers my friends contributing to the supply. I grew almost accustomed to awaiting the morning sun to thaw me out—but the other tents never grew fond of the rustle of paper when I moved or shivered.

But never was there a camp in all the last year of the war the equal, in dreariness and discomfort, of advanced headquarters out there between Neuville Vitasse and Wancourt, where we existed during the three weeks and more preceding the Bourlon Wood attack. The utter desolation of the waste that stretched to the horizon was appalling. When it blew, our tent pegs worked loose in the sand. When it rained most of the tents were flooded out and the batmen were busy for days rebuilding the walls and refilling the floors. One

night's storm tore down a half dozen tents and landed the occupants in a couple of feet of water.

By this time, thanks to my assiduous collection, my bed coverings, under and over, consisted of three blankets (my batman gave me his own and slept in his clothes), two British warms, a sweater coat, a trench coat and lining, heavy socks, a woollen cap, several layers of cheesecloth-backed maps—That is all I remember, but in late September and early October no heterogeneous assortment of make-shifts can take the place of a pair of good wool blankets when the frost is whitening the ground and the wind persists in filtering under the tent wall.

And the ugly lonesomeness of it! Out across the slopes the evenings settled to absolute lifelessness, though we knew that thousands lay there within bugle call. The drab spirit of it came up through the darkness in sad part-song from a hundred desolate funkholes. Someone broke out, night after night, on a cornet, and the rest of us shuddered. "If I could get hands on that fellow," exploded an officer in the mess one night, after we had struggled in vain to ignore it, "I'd knife him. Makes me feel like the night before going over."

After the move to the outskirts of Queant, following the successful Bourslon Wood battle, the two correspondents developed a fed-up feeling. We had reached our limit. The grind of typing by night in leaky tents, with our hands so cold we could not feel the keys, of living conditions that drove us to bitterness and over-powered our mental capacity by physical sensitiveness, impelled us to appeal to General Currie. Only the previous night I had spent hours dodging the trickling streams in my tent—and then failed. In the morning my underclothing was wet, a toad jumped on my face as I slept, and my typewriter case and paper were soggy. It was presented to a sympathetic Commander-in-Chief that the product of such conditions would

be good neither for the Corps nor for the people of Canada.

We flatter ourselves that Canada owes General Currie an additional debt for responding immediately. Next morning an Armstrong hut was erected for us—and all our worries ended. Thereafter lots of table space, dry beds and typewriters and paper, an oil stove that made night work a comfort, canvas cots, ample transport, dignity. The Canadian war correspondents ranked now as Staff Officers.

It was the happy conclusion of a personal struggle which, during the six weeks when I was the only Canadian correspondent, the Camp Commandant and I had waged in a friendly, but none the less persistent, way to establish the position of the news gatherer of the Corps. To the Camp Commandant the war correspondent was a necessary evil; and as he arranged the billets and located the personnel of Headquarters there was ample opportunity to him of expressing his conception of values. I inherited from my predecessor the rear Echelon of Headquarters as the correspondent's home. That was no serious disadvantage until the advanced Echelon moved a dozen miles away to Duisans. Appeals to the Camp Commandant failed on the plea that Duisans was full. So I carried the question to the Commander-in-Chief. But just then we fitted to Amiens.

When Headquarters was again split into two echelons for the battle, my name was down to remain at Molliens Vidame, fifteen miles from the front lines. Again an appeal to the Camp Commandant was useless. But General Currie was fortunately of a different mind. In just as long as it takes to walk four hundred yards at a good pace, orders were put through that I was always to be attached to advanced Headquarters. And that ended that. But the Camp Commandant, with a fertility worthy of his job, almost got even with me. The billet he assigned me in the deserted village of Dury was a filthy, shattered

ground-floor cubicle not more than seven feet square—not a stick of furniture but a straw mattress that could have walked out by itself had it had the mind, window gone, stone floor. But a still hunt found me a fine house that had not been discovered by the billeteers. It was locked but—

That very day, the day preceding the Second Battle of Amiens, came my introduction to the sleepless nights and midnight strain of keeping in touch with the Canadian fighting. All day we had been struggling at settlement in new quarters. Livesay, just arrived, had to be found billet, mess, and batman. At 11.40 we threw ourselves on our beds. At midnight we were tiptoeing through the streets to the car to start for the Front—for no one left in the village but three or four of us knew the exact hour of the attack—even the day of it. In disturbing darkness we rolled towards Boves, my eyes substituting for the chauffeur's, who was night-blind from years of ambulance driving. We had never seen a foot of the way before. No lights were permitted, of course. The road was cluttered in almost endless stream with the traffic of battle. In a clear spot we lost our way.

Through the nights preceding every attack thereafter we were the sole "joy-riders" on the roads. Often it was raining. Now and then—as on the way to the Bourlon Wood battle—the burning of a distant dump was our only light. Once we drew up intuitively, to find the car within a foot of the end of the arm of a temporary bridge. Once the leg of a dead horse caught in a wheel. Often we were forced to back up in search of a wider spot for passing.

Our aim in the attacks was to choose the best points for observation. Sometimes, as at Amiens, we looked on from in front of *all* the guns; always we were ahead of most of them. At the fight of August 26th, before Arras, we narrowly escaped being blown over to the Germans from the muzzles of a battery of field

guns which suddenly shattered the heavens in the darkness close above our heads. The flames seemed to sear my cheek. We ran—just plain ran. Only the barbed wire about a deep overgrown trench prevented our outstripping the attacking party and perhaps winning V.C.'s. On such slender threads, so to speak, do great achievements hang.

Our approach in the early morning to the kick-off that broke the Hindenburg Line was marked by a German plane bombing the slope behind us as we climbed towards the height overlooking Cherisy. For one attack we were awakened at midnight, following a dinnerless conclusion to a weary 150-mile motor ride; and hungry and weary we turned out into the rain. At Bourlon Wood we sat on the paradises of the trench filled with one of the waves of the attack, until the barrage opened; and we accompanied the soldiers moving up, until depressions in the ground cut off the spectacle and induced us to return to the heights.

Of course it was fatiguing—those sleepless nights and hungry exciting days. The messes were rationed so closely that there never was sufficient for proper lunches to be made up for us. Had it not been for the chocolate, coffee, and biscuits of the Y.M.C.A. at the advanced dressing stations the post-war physical condition of two Canadian war correspondents would have entitled them to pensions. As it was, we ate bully beef sandwiches two inches thick, and great hunks of cheese, until we hated the sight of them and hunted round for the welcome Y.

Spectators were we of every daylight hour of the fighting around Cambrai. For hours we lay on the crest overlooking the city that we were not permitted to shell as a preliminary to attack, or dodged in and out of the villages that preface it on the road from Arras. The gas that soaked the region gave us colds in the head and prophesied certain influenza until we understood. A

Brigadier and I removed from a dead German pilot the first aeroplane parachute taken intact—at least, *he* removed it; I never reached the point where I could handle dead bodies.

Incidentally I sent to the world the first despatch announcing the use of parachutes by German aviators. Within a few minutes of the fall in flames of a German raider one night I was in connection by telephone with a battery near the spot. And the news of the escape by parachutes of two of the crew of nine was sent out within a few hours. Unfortunately the Air Officials seemed to take umbrage at the innocent suggestion that if parachutes were found serviceable the British would quickly adopt them, for I understand an official contradiction of their use by the Germans was issued. Within the next week thousands had seen them in use, and I had one in my hands.

The world does not appreciate the severity of the fighting in which the Canadian forces were concerned north of Cambrai on the last day of September and the first of October. But from my own experience there is a complete reply to Sir Sam Hughes's charge against General Currie of "bull-head" recklessness and heartlessness. In the first place, Cambrai was not taken "by suburbs or street fighting," as the former Minister of Militia asserted, but by the very means he advocated: "Agoing round the darn thing." And far from General Currie's attitude being marked by recklessness, there was on his face at that time the first shadow of faltering confidence. One incident—which General Currie will not mind coming to the light now for the first time—dispels any doubt of that.

On the evening of the first of October, while Livesay and I were seated at our typewriters in our hut writing up with heavy hearts the incidents of the day, General Currie opened the door and entered. It startled us for a moment. Accessible as he had always been to the war correspondents, he had never visited us. His eager-

ness that all the news should get back to Canada had been satisfied by our frequent conversations in his own office or billet. Now he entered slowly and thoughtfully, sank wearily into my chair, and leaned his arm on the table. Sober as is his ordinary expression, we had never seen him so grave, never so mentally and bodily fatigued. For once he had thrown aside every breath of the dignity of the Commander. A new dignity was there—the Canadian, responsible for the lives of a hundred thousand men and anxious that Canada should have the full story of their sacrifice. For twenty minutes he talked—and two mere correspondents were weighted with the responsibility that was their's of giving Canada the proper perspective of the hardest days of fighting in the career of the Corps. When he had gone we looked at each other and in silence turned to our typewriters.

It is little use attempting to hide the fact that certain Imperial units on our flanks often held us up, either through unexpected obstacles in their path or through a leadership not quite up to the demands of the occasion. I could give several inside stories of this. But only once did I come on a case of what looked like sheer funk.

In the attack of August 26th a famous Imperial regiment was attacking on our right. An hour and a half after the capture of the outskirts of Neuville Vitasse I was creeping along the sunken road in the ruined village when a member of this regiment dashed down to me from over the bank, inquiring where his battalion was. I did not know; nor did the innocent query convey anything more to me. A few minutes later two more made the same inquiry. But when, twenty minutes later, after ducking shells along a knee-deep trench on the eastern edge of the village, in company with a Canadian officer friend whose duties kept him there until his time came, a group of this same battalion came into view seated on the parapet of the trench watching a rapid succession of shells

falling about our ambulances — when at sight of us they ran towards us with the same question, I began to wonder.

Not long afterwards we passed along the sunken road farther east still and came on a cross-trench in which an entire company of this battalion was madly digging itself into funk holes.

In a burst of anger my companion demanded to see the guilty officer. We found him peering out carefully over the parapet at the Canadians attacking in a semi-circle before him. What was exchanged between them was not conducive to Imperial fraternity. The Imperial officer admitted that he was supposed to be attacking on our right, but insisted that he thought he was holding the front line at the moment; he explained that he had lost his way. The Canadian officer pointed in disgust to the ruins of the village all about him, to the Canadians going over in attack, to the map carried by the shirking officer. And the company slunk off southward to the flank of the Canadians exposed by their cowardice.

The bad taste of the thing was partially forgotten in the record event that occurred a few minutes later. I took a prisoner. It wasn't exactly the sort of thing that wins the V.C. Indeed, the Censor thought so little of it that he forbade my using the story to lighten the tragedy of battle description. But it was a record for a war correspondent, at least in this war. As I stood on the parapet trying to pierce the secrets of the valley before me, marvelling that so much machine-gunning could continue without a visible German, a gray figure suddenly leaped from an angle of a partially shattered trench before me and rushed up the slope. I was the only human being in sight this side of the attack, and in my trench coat I probably seemed to present the opportunity of capitulating to a Brigadier or a Major-General. For a moment I hesitated as to whether I could beat him running or not.

But when I saw his upraised hands and streaming white face, and heard his whining "don', don'!" I decided to carry through my part. Never have I seen such terrible fear in a human face. It was inhuman in its abjection. I should have searched him as a primary fulfilment of a captor's obligations. Instead I swanked back with him along the road until I met two Tommies. To them I presented the German and the duty of search. To do them justice, they accepted both with avidity. So now Canada knows for the first time that only the ineligibility of war correspondents precluded the addition of at least one to the list of decorations.

Our desire to see all there was to see kept us so close to the fighting that our car was not infrequently the first over some of the roads to the Front. It also brought sights that made me shudder to recall but meant next to nothing at the time. Another thing it did for us was to run us into suspicion and arrest.

On the second morning of the Amiens attack we reached Marceleave. According to precedent I should have turned faint hundreds of times on that trip—a mere drop of blood has made me uncomfortable in civilian life. Dead Germans and horses lay everywhere, and in the heat were beginning to notify their presence in other ways than by sight. I do not care to remember that it was to me nothing more than a great spectacle—except the odour.

It was when it came to our own dead that I began to recognize myself. To that I never hardened. Always there came to me the thought that perhaps I was talking to these very men only a few hours back—perhaps I knew them. Perhaps some of these living ones before me would lie like that to-morrow. Down the Amiens-Roye road, where our cavalry had superbly galloped its hopeless attack and the shelling was still too severe for burial parties, I passed them, lying as they fell, their arms thrown over their horses. Back be-

hind Rumancourt, where the enemy looked down on us from across the Canal du Nord, I came on it again; and out there north-west of Cambrai—in Monchy, too, and a host of other places. Always I turned away, though I could look on a machine-gun post full of dead Germans without a twinge. It was all a part of the life.

From an observation post in the holed church tower in Rosières we looked out over the ground that had been in German hands within the hour. And the signallers gaped at us as a new species. That day we teaed with a battery that was inclined to magnify our interest in the fighting. We swung our car along the road to Meharicourt, the first since the Germans moved back, twisting about dead horses and stared at as mental deficient by the soldiers in the trenches by the road, for the fighting was only a thousand yards away.

The prevailing idea, especially among the Imperial artillerymen with our Corps, was that the war correspondent was a swivel-chair gentleman who sat back among seven-course dinners and wool mattresses, and produced second-hand descriptions to the smoke of big cigars.

Arrest several times put a temporary period to our curiosity. In a wood near Demuin a motor machine gun officer satisfied his suspicions by inviting us to tea, and when he had us all alone a Major of the 16th received us suspiciously and conducted us through a long zig-zag trench to the mouth of a dugout, where he proceeded to shave. Nothing was said of arrest but I knew the symptoms. So excited was he that he gashed himself badly — but then he had the two spies. A mile walk to Rouvroy and we were ushered into the presence of Lieut.-Col. "Si" Peck. The most absorbing feature of the incident was that Col. Peck and his staff were eating. The most disgusting was that they didn't ask us to join them. And we had not eaten for nine hours, had a ten-mile walk ahead of us—the car was away with despatches—and

certain prospect of reaching home too late for dinner. But perhaps "Si" believed we were spies but didn't want the bother of arresting us.

Two or three days later we had an afternoon of arrests. Leaving the car as far towards Z Wood, on the way to Roye, as we dare take it, we struck along the road to Damery, passing through a corner of the French front, across the muzzles of several batteries of Imperial guns, and reached the ground held by the 7th Battalion. At a small wood before the tiny village I struck off to find the Battalion Headquarters, Livesay keeping on for the village and the sight we had come to see—the piles of dead Germans mowed down in a fruitless counter-attack.

In a tremendous dugout I found the staff of the 7th and was led by two of them to the village. Then, a strafe being due in a few minutes, I returned to the car. Livesay was not there. In the warm sun I went to sleep, to the tune of a battery dropping pip-squeaks about our artillery horses near le Quesnoy, four hundred yards to the north. Two hours later I wakened—still alone. In something of a panic I started back on foot to look for my friend. And as I neared the protecting rise in the road he came wearily over it.

Three arrests had been his reward for curiosity. Up in Damery the 7th had laid hands on him. Released, the Imperial artillery did not like his looks and invited him to explain. In the French lines they picked him up again, and as his French was not fluent enough to satisfy them and they could not read his papers, he was forced to wait for an interpreter.

Next day we visited the Tank Corps and the 11th Brigade, near Caix. Selecting a Y.M.C.A. stand as a good centre for news, I began to ask questions. An unusual coldness met me. A towsle-headed carrot-top came up.

"I know what I'd say if you asked me," he growled. "'Go to hell!' You seen that slip?" And he drew from

his pocket a little folder, "Keep Your Mouth Shut", that had been issued to the troops just before leaving for the surprise attack at Amiens.

"What rank are you anyway?" he demanded with the confidence of virtue. I humoured him. "And you wear a Sam Browne! That's a new one on me." I tried to get even by suggesting that he might find many new things before the war was over.

But he had the last word. A month later I saw General Currie pin the Military Medal to his tunic near Wancourt. There was more beneath that red hair than impudence to a war correspondent.

One of the group, a member of the 75th, volunteered to get me some stories and to show me a few interesting souvenirs he had collected in the fight. Leading me out of the woods, he took me to his own little funk hole in the side of the hill. Then he turned on me.

"Say, who are you? I don't like your looks. You look to me like a spy." It had at least the virtue of frankness.

But our most disturbing experience of this description occurred in the dead o' night, in the deadness of a deserted village that hung together only as a tangle of beams and crumbling mud walls. Returning from the front on foot, having sent the car back with despatches, we were picked up by an officer who would pass within a mile of Headquarters at Demuin. As the Germans were bombing the Amiens-Roye road every night, he decided to keep to the side roads. Maps were useless in the darkness and we kept to the side roads hours longer than we wished. And all the time the raiders were about, the throb of their propellers, the bursting of the bombs, the darting searchlights, the roar of anti-aircraft guns, and the knowledge that out there on the road and in the woods along it thousands of Canadian soldiers were absolutely without protection, gave a thrill to the starlit night probably beyond any in my experience. We

completely lost ourselves, even as to direction. Once we were stopped by a rushing soldier who warned us that the road ahead was blocked by an anti-aircraft gun about to fire at an aeroplane over our heads being searched for by a cluster of lights.

After two hours of blind running about we struck the Roye road almost where we had started. Opposite Demuin Livesay and I alighted to walk to Headquarters. It was a wonderful night from that hill, clear as crystal, windless, moonless, the black sky a ceiling of diamonds. All about us was the throb of raiding aeroplanes, and far to the east the night was slit with a score of searchlights feeling for more. Two miles to our left, over Domart, the raiders were trying for a great dump there. And they found it as we looked. Then they sped homewards straight above our heads, scattering the rest of their bombs indiscriminately.

By the time we reached the ruins of Demuin we were—at least I was—in the condition that sees ghosts and imagines strange things. The wild orgy of war by night had put me on edge. I might even have written poetry then.

In the deserted streets a French civilian and a French soldier passed us, talking volubly but low, and I wondered why they were there. Still swayed by the mystery and immensity of things, we were proceeding silently down a narrow street when a sudden and terrific "halt!" brought me up so short it hurt. Never have I heard so much concentrated emotion in a single word. I could feel bullets puncturing my most sensitive spots, and I wondered hurriedly if one of us would be left alive to give the other's address and the other things usually looked for in tragedies of that nature.

"Where the blazes are you?" I called, not feeling a bit as casual as that.

Livesay pulled us through. "A friend!" he announced. (I had forgotten that this was a real military

war; it seemed to me like a little bit of hades).

"Advance, friend!" replied the voice—with, oh, so much of its feeling flattened out.

We found a soldier before a ruin ahead of us, revolver in hand. And if ever I see the terror of darkness again I will know it. His voice was trembling; so agitated was he that he almost wept as he talked with us. And yet I doubt if I ever met a braver man. He had seen the two Frenchmen, suspected them when it was too late to stop them, and was waiting there alone at midnight to satisfy his suspicions.

"I haven't a gun," he explained, "but I thought my old pipe would look enough like one in the dark to fool them." It certainly fooled me. I have an infinite respect for that brave terrified man. I would like to meet him in Canada.

The perils of a war correspondent were, compared with those of the man in the lines, scarcely worth considering. Even the Canadian correspondent might have taken no risks and still have sent back to Canada stories of real interest and importance. He might have remained with the rear Echelon. Advanced Headquarters were always within shellfire, though the danger was negligible.

Four shells dropped in rapid succession on the ridge above the camp the first morning after I arrived at the Wancourt camp. They exploded before my eyes as I shaved in the door of my tent. I had my doubts about that camp immediately. Every night some big German gun emitted the bark one came to recognize even in one's sleep as sending over a shell worth listening for. Almost every night a long-range gun dropped a half-dozen or a score shells into Arras, four miles away. The brittle explosion of a facing gun would be followed quickly by the slow whistle of a big shell, then a moment of silence, and last of all a long roar broken in the middle by a violent shatter of sound. It was an atmos-

pheric effect none could explain. At Queant the enemy developed a nasty habit of sending big shrapnel by night to explode above the town, perhaps in search of a huge railway gun that was there when we arrived but much more menacing to our hospitals, over which they burst without injuring anyone.

The greatest danger was from bombs. None dropped close enough to Headquarters in my time to damage things, but that was good fortune. It was the knowledge of that which made me—I have never confessed this before—funk the raiders one night. Wakened in my tent after midnight by the disturbing throb of two German planes, I listened as they came straight towards the camp. My dreams had been unpleasant. Three bombs crashed, each nearer than the last. And then I made for the sole dugout in the camp—where the Generals slept. A relic of German occupation, it was vast and snug. Its snugness appealed to me. But in the mouth of the dugout I realized that I alone of all the camp was astir. And I slunk back to my tent and talked to myself like a brigand.

Our real exposure came from a desire to see. One day, after a German battery had opened our day by sniping us with five shells as our car laboriously climbed a hill near Dury, on the Arras-Cambrai road, another group of three followed us all the way up the slopes from Rumancourt as we were returning in the evening to the car. That stretch of rising ground was under direct observation, and there was only a sunken road to hide it. Thus our only resort was to lie down when a shell was heard coming. It filled up two hours of our valuable lives to get out of view. To be sure there were two machine-gun posts that might have concealed us, but they were just then crammed with dead Germans of the vintage of three days before, and we preferred the shells.

Just as we were within sight of the sunken road two of the Richtofen Red Squadron decided that we were im-

portant enough for their attentions, so they dived at us. But two of our 18-pounders broke loose at them when they were about seventy feet up, the shells bursting somewhere above our heads and showering the ground about us with metal. At the moment the Red Squadron seemed almost friendly by comparison.

Twice, in Arras and in Sains les Marquion, only a brick wall separated me from exploding shells.

Our worst experience was a mere movement of excitement compared with what, from our grand-stand seats, we saw thousands of the fighting men face without visible agitation. It was above Cherisy, that village of ill-repute, near which one of my best friends in the Corps, Lieut.-Col. McKenzie, of the 26th, was killed a couple of days before, and every officer of the 22nd in the engagement, except one, was wounded or killed. A battery of 5.9's caught us with a half dozen officers in a sunken road, within direct observation from Hendecourt, and tried to wipe the road off the map to get at us. Only a minute earlier a soldier had dropped a few yards ahead of me with a gash in his thigh from "big" shrapnel, and I was prepared for the worst.

The shells landed everywhere but in the narrow sunken strip where we huddled tight against the bank. The explosion of one was so closely followed by the whistle of the next that I had no opportunity of telling my friends how frightened I was. Stray pieces were thudding in the bank about our heads; a weak one struck Livesay on the helmet and another stopped against an officer's leg without injury. I knew a real nice dug-out a hundred yards back—and this seemed about the time to make its acquaintance. But I closed my eyes and left it to the officers to lead the way. And presently they did, with me well up with the winners.

I have said I saw only one wound actually received. Another came so fast that I only felt it. At the base of the little finger of my right hand

I carry the best memento of the war and a reminder of what might have happened were there not a special Providence for certain irresponsibles.

The day following the capture of Monchy Livesay and I wandered up to the hill-top to see what was left of perhaps the most famous and hard-fought village on the Western front. From behind a huge block of stone I was watching the battle in the hollow and on the slopes beyond, when an officer crept up the hill to volunteer the information that the last officer who had looked from behind that same stone was in the hospital now. One doesn't argue questions of that kind.

On the way back to the road I picked up one of those beautifully made and outfitted German ammunition boxes that make ours look like the efforts of a woman carpenter. Each of us seized a handle. Just as we reached the main road a gang of German prisoners carrying back a casualty in plain view of the German observation balloons brought on us a shower of whizz-bangs. The prisoners, beyond the shelling but nearer it than we, moved on unperturbed. Their example seemed worthy of emulation. But the shower came nearer. We turned to skirt the corner. And something tugged viciously at my hand and I looked down to see blood gushing. Even at the moment I noted that it was the hand carrying the stolen box—though the farthest from the explosion—and on the point nearest the box.

But that box is with me yet. It stayed with me until we found a friendly shellhole where we lay wondering what the brain of a soldier would advise under the circumstances. I clung to it when later I was forced to discard more valuable possessions for lack of space. Nothing the German can do will make me give it up.

Thus I established, through no effort of mine, another record for a war correspondent. Besides the unfortunate French newspaperman who

was sniped, I believe I was the only correspondent on the Western front whom the Germans hated enough to damage.

*

The incentive of the old-time war correspondent to attempt the impossible may have been removed by the formal control under which the modern edition of the fraternity works. Individuality may have been largely smothered in official red tape—and red tabs. The war correspondent of to-day will be forgotten when his predecessor of the petty wars of the past still looms large in public memory and reverence. But when the next war comes—I hope it never will—I want to be there with notebook and pencil. For one thing, it's ever so

much more comfortable and remunerative than holding a rifle. For another it is a grand stand seat at all the world's spectacles crowded into a few months of reckless expenditure and unstinted human ingenuity. And the third reason is that I am of the opinion that in the next war the war correspondent will be permitted to paint a picture less sullied by the bloodless hand of the Censor. I have a palette daubed with paint I was never permitted to use on my pictures. It grieves my heart that, with the end of the war the colours must lie there to dry and fade. But it was war—the Great War—and my fellows and I were but the smallest links in a great chain which was under too great a strain to worry about the eyes of the world.

NOVEMBER

By FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

THE year is dead,
 Growth and achievement are done,
 Like a fair young woman
 Lying coffined,
 Her gold-haired youth and energy awaste,
 So lies this splendid desolation.

The empty trees stand clear
 Against the drifting clouds,
 Their gold, rustling underfoot,
 Stirs in the questioning airs.
 Soon, soon this sunshine too
 Will die away,
 And winter come.

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK-SONG

BY JUDGE PRUD'HOMME

TRANSLATED AND SUMMARIZED BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY



THE Latin peoples have preserved a very deep impression of folk-song because their exceptionally receptive spirit vibrates with greater intensity to the lyrical breath of the poets. Hence the exuberance of native gaiety in the very blood of the French Canadians, expressing itself in songs diverse and varied. Sir George Cartier seized this mental trait of his compatriots when he wrote the following stanza:

Le Canadien, comme ses pères,
Aime à chanter à s'égayer.
Doux, aisé, vif en ses manières,
Poli, galant, hospitalier.

These fine characteristics have been deeply rooted in the soil—its first outshoots. A ray of the French soul illumines us—gaiety—the quality of our ancestors which sustained them in the day of testing and struggle. Not only did our fathers keep their smiles, but even the tears in their eyes knew how to laugh! This explains why the Gallie wit, decently habited, holds so large a place in the songs of our people, from the earliest days of the Colony.

The greater part of this poesy comes to us from France. In so far as our ancestors attached themselves to Canadian soil, without expectation of return, new songs sprang from the ground, rose from our banks. Without doubt the language is not always classic—it is often poor in rhythm—

but what would you have? The common people sang neither Racine nor Corneille; the tongue of the Academicians is, unhappily, neither singable nor sung.

"Malbrook s'en va t'en Guerre" has gone down to posterity, a song which has neither rhythm nor measure—not even French. Everyone knows by heart "A la Claire Fontaine" and "Quand Marie Anne s'en va t'au Moulin". No one has attempted to say what constitutes models of literature, but that which graves itself eternally in the memory, that which one learns without knowing it, what the great mass of the people loves to repeat, that is the true song, lyric and melody. To sing it the poet must make himself one of the folk of whom he sings, and subtly convey in his songs the symbolism which has the tang of the country.

The distinctive character of the songs in question is to be light, gracious, sometimes vague, tormented and rambling as a dream. I shall not dally here over the literary value of these fugitive pieces. Rather let us consider the signification of the songs, their historic worth, the lesson to be drawn from them, their inspired thought.

The most ancient French song acclimated in Canada is certainly La Guignolée. Usually on the eve of festivals, most often on the last day of the year, a group of young people headed by an older citizen, made a

tour of the parish in quest of any family in need. This was called "courrir la guignolée". The peasants generally gave provisions and clothes which were heaped up in pockets and placed on a sledge. The joyous troop went thus from house to house. On arriving at the door they began to sing, beating the measure with their feet. Then they chatted gaily with the master of the house, giving the names of families in distress, receiving alms and '*ma foi! bien oui!*' they accepted refreshment for the inner man, heady and hot.

"La guignolée, la guignoloche,
Mettez du lard dedans ma poche.
Et du fromage sur mon pain,
Je reviendrai l'année qui vient.
Nous lui ferons faire bonne chère,
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds,
Pour le dernier jour de l'année
La guignolée vous nous devez.

This song, writes M. Ampere, is perhaps the only trace of a memory which goes back to Druidical times. "Nous prendrons la fille aînée, Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds" is an allusion to the human sacrifices of the ancient cult of the Gauls.

Another very old song is the "Moulin Banal". Under the French régime the king granted seigneuries to gentlemen or officers, on the sole condition that they should colonize them. The censitaires or tenants of ninety arpents were bound to grind their grain at the Seigneur's mill. I can remember my grand-father singing a whimsical little song, which, under the above-mentioned title, was greatly in vogue long ago. Five or six peasants sat round a table and at the first note they set a big tin plate whirling on the board, to imitate the sound of the grinding mill-stones, while at the same time, with another plate, they knocked beneath the table, to give the jerking noise of the hydraulic wheel which turned the mill-stones. Given good-will, the illusion of the Moulin Banal was quite often presented.

Of the first Frenchmen who established themselves in Canada the

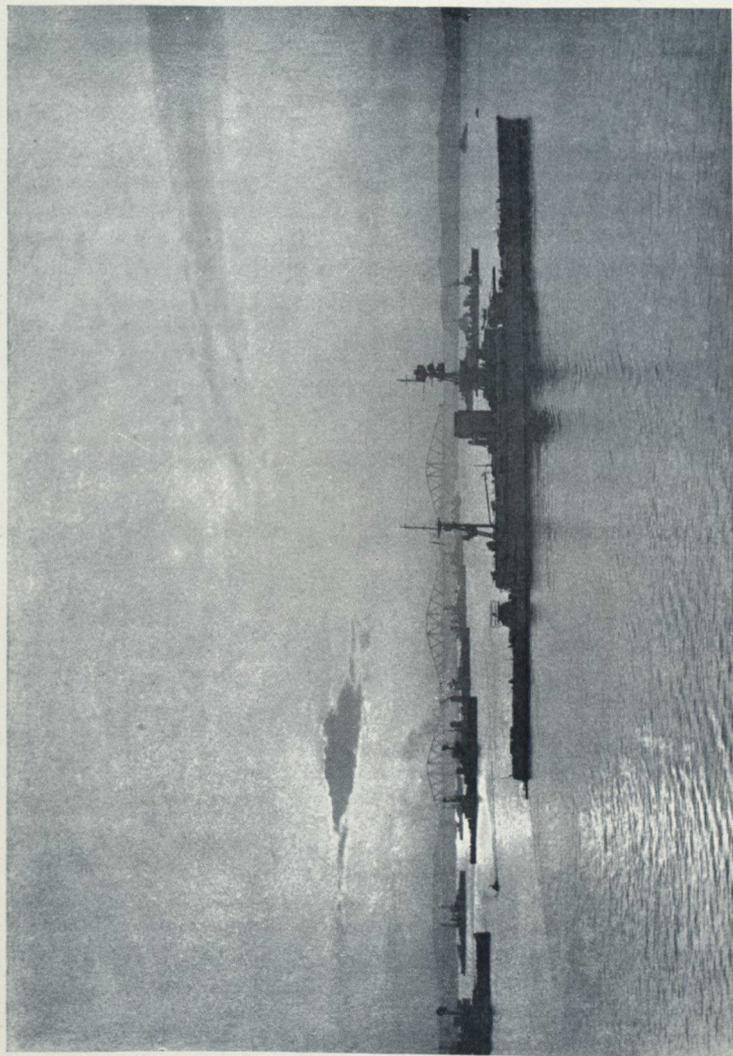
greater number came from Brittany, Poitou and the environs of Paris. But the first French women were chosen with religious care in Normandy. Naturally the children inherited the maternal accent, and that is why, today, the vocabulary of the French Canadians approaches so closely to that of Normandy. This explains why "My Normandy" has become such a popular song here. It was sung over the first cradles, and our forefathers, nursed in the maternal arms, went to sleep to the sound of the spindle and spinning-wheel, while the souls of the singers flew to their native land in reverie, repeating as they did, with a sigh:

Quand tout renait à l'esperance
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de notre France
Quand le soleil devient plus doux,
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime à revoir ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

The discoverers of Canada were Bretons—hardy sailors who had furrowed all the seas and continue still to frequent the bays of Terre-neuve. The land of Bottrel has never lacked its singing men to give us again the virile faith of these lovers of the deep sea. Where is the hearth that has not heard "Dodo mon p'tit gars", the fine lines which proclaim the attachment of the Breton to his faith? It is on his knees that the Breton sings:

La voile est à la grand hune,
Disait un Breton à genoux,
Je pars pour chercher la fortune
Qui ne veut pas venir à nous.
Je reviendrai bientôt, J.'espère,
Sèche tes yeux, prie, attends moi.
En te quittant, ma bonne mère,
Mon âme à Dieu, mon coeur à toi!

A nation which intones such chants, does not know perishing. Bottrel received an ovation in the Province of Quebec, and well was it merited. "Le petit Gregoire", "Par le petit Doigt", and "Fais dodo, mon petit Gars", to cite only three of his compositions, have given him the freedom of the city here, and have received from the people a certificate of naturalization.



GRAND FLEET IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH

From the Photograph by George M. Tyrrell

Exhibited by the

Canadian National Exhibition

There was a time when "La Mar-seillaise" had no footing in Canada. This warlike cry, sung at the foot of the guillotine, in spite of its patriotic accents, found no echo with us. It recalled too much the bloody hecatombs of the Reign of Terror to be in favour with the Catholic enemies of the Jacobins. But Time, making distant the theatre of its birth, has given it another signification; to-day it only can express the heroic resistance of the French against the despot foes of their country. Before this, the French Canadians had, however, adopted as the national hymn of France "Le Beau Dunois". There is an echo here of the paladins of Charlemagne, with their cry of "Dieu et ma Dame!" I will quote only the first couplet:

Partant pour la Syrie
Le jeune et beau Dunois,
Venait prier Marie
De benir ses exploits.
Faites, Reine Immortelle,
Lui dit-il en partant,
Que j'aime la plus belle
Et sois le plus vaillant.

If the French Canadians are not indifferent to the Muse of France it is not less true that they preserve a marked preference for the poetic flowers springing from Canadian soil.

It would be wrong to imagine that the greater part of our songs have no sense, no preconceived idea, that they have been composed for the pleasure of rhyming or toying with a fortuitous sentiment. No doubt we have some songs of which the sense escapes us, but they are rare exceptions. The people which have the flair of knowing what suits them will trill only the words which recall memories dear to them. The songs most in vogue are those which tell of one's native land, military glory, the sufferings of exile, the struggles of the first colonists, the high qualities and unwearied devotion of the Canadian women. With his affection for Canada, and Canada only, homesickness attacks the wanderer who eats the bitter bread of a strange country.

Un Canadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourrait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.

With no companions near, he sends
a message by a fugitive wave:

Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux!

Our statesmen have known how to combine song with the exercise of power—there is no need of referring to "O Canada", by which Sir George Cartier will always be remembered. In many a little French village during the last days of 1918, bandsmen wreathed with flowers played the air, followed by throngs of women and children hailing the men of Canada as their saviours.

In bringing to your attention "La belle Françoise [al]lons, gaie" I am sure I can bespeak for it a welcome. It is written with Spartan simplicity, laconic, naïve. Two have plighted their troth, one goes to the war. In the adieu the soldier swears he will marry her on his return if no ill befalls him. She is in tears: "On m'a dit hier soir qu'à la guerre vous alliez." It is true: "Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle, ont dit la vérité." But she has his promise, and if he must sacrifice la belle Françoise for his country it is only his duty, his sad fate. This song had its origin in the formation of the Canadian militia to combat the Iroquois, in 1650. They saved the Colony—nothing could resist the élan of their advance; on the banks of the Potomac, at Oswego, they were found, and who knows what might have ensued if Montcalm had waited for the arrival of the Canadian militia before engaging in battle with Wolfe? Later we find these men guarding the frontier on the river Chateauguay. And Garneau has pictured one of them on the ramparts:

'Hélas!' dit-il, 'qu'elle est donc ma con-
signe,
Un mot Anglais que je ne comprends pas!
Mon père était du pays de la vigne,
Mon poste, non! je ne te quitte pas!'

A shell strikes him, lonely with his watchword: "Pour son pays de mourir il est doux."

The couplets of "A la Claire Fontaine" are on all lips—it is a national song indeed. It contains one thought only. A lover has lost the affection of his Dulcinea, who has refused to accept his bouquet of roses. Put other bagatelles in place of this: for a dish of lentils Esau lost his birthright. Pride is strong in our Latin race. A little act of humility could have prevented the disaster of this poor bouquet of roses, which our lover in his despair would throw into the sea. If we too, instead of exaggerating each other's faults, would but look "en rose", then might we always walk "à la claire fontaine" and like the lark sing with a light heart.

Coming to a more recent date, "Vive la Canadienne" has been our favourite air. We are the only people whose national chant is in honour of the angel of our hearths. Well-merited homage to the domestic virtues and to the admirable devotion and ravishing charm of our wives, mothers, sisters and the sisters of others. A thousand times have they deserved the place they hold in our national fêtes.

Il y a un bois joli
Un rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit.
("Par derrière chez ma tante")

We are back in war and the sadness it brings. The Dutch early settled in the United States. Radisson, promoter of the Hudson's Bay Company was there a long time, detained as a prisoner. These Dutch were at war with the French. One of the sons of La Verandrye took part in an expedition against them. Accordingly, this "tante banale" of the song had had the misfortune to lose her husband, a prisoner of the Dutch. The warbling of the birds had no charm for her because

Son mari n'est pas dans la danse,
Il est bien loin d'ici.
Il est dans la Hollande
Les Hollandais l'ont pris.

She is so desolated that for his ransom she would be ready to give up Quebec, Sorel and Saint-Denis. It is probable that the King of France would have found the price too steep for this dear "uncle", whose wife, Calypso-like, could not console herself for his absence. The author of this song hoped to seize "sur le vif" the sadness and mourning of Canadian families in the midst of interminable wars, and the faithfulness of the wives to their conjugal vows. But it was peasants rather than soldiers who were the fathers of the French-Canadian race.

In my review of our songs I would like to touch on Pierre Falcon, métrist poet of the Red River. Trapper as he was, he caught rhyme as it suited him, but piquancy and local colour are not lacking in his verses on the Bois Brulés. Mention too should be made of our worthy Father Blain, who has translated much of Drummond into French, with remarkable fidelity; he has given this verse even fresher colours. His "Coteau de Saint Sebastien" is a veritable triumph—an epic of our pioneers.

"Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu! sois mon soutien,
Loin du coteau St. Sebastien!

Octave Cremazie in his "Drapeau de Carillon," wished to hymn the attachment of Canada for France—the voice of our blood will always cry out to us to love her. But listen to Fréchette:

Jadis la France sur nos bords
Jeta la semence immortelle.
Et nous secondant ses efforts
Avons fait la France Nouvelle.

Judge Routhier in "O Canada, Terre de nos Aïeux", has fixed forever our national hymn. He recalls our past glories, urging us to bear proudly the Cross and the Sword.

In brief "le chant national" is a tonic to arrest the bowing down of our souls. It raises from the dust that which languishes, and opens the tombs to dress the dead in the very attitude of the living. One finds

there choice things which sound forth the true Canadian soul, and salient traits which reveal the "grand air" of the race. Popular songs have their morality. They resuscitate the "beaux gestes" of the past, fixing our gaze on noble actions and hard sacrifices to preserve the moral virtues in the hour

of struggle. They make people better. Intoxicated by these touching memories, these glories, one can hear repeated: "There, where our fathers passed, the sons will pass also." Louis Veillot it was who once said: "Il y a des choses qu'on ne voit qu'avec des yeux qui ont pleuré."



BAD PURITAN

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

(Green Fire)

I watch a little green flame leap
To tops of swaying willow trees,
And through the orchard softly creep
Fanned by a velvet-fingered breeze.

A month ago my world was white,
On orchard trees snow-blossoms lay;
The gray sky gave dull silvery light
In cold white gloom of wintry day.

Green flame—oh green fire—reach my heart!
Turn my white, silent mockery
Of bloom to fire—I would have part
In Life's consuming ministry.

(Sabbath Day)

The church is ugly, dull and bare,
 The folk within grin, righteous, warm!
 We are not there with them to-day—
 Bees took to-day to swarm.
 Nathan and I are here outside
 All stifling walls—God bless the bees:—
 Such turbulent, noisy, rebel things,
 Under our rosy trees.

Oh—oh—this day of wind and sun!
 Nathan and I have had several stings—
 But nothing matters—Nathan, I,
 And the brown bees, have wings.

(The Bright Blue Cloak)

My baby lies
 Wrapped in blue cloak
 Beneath blue skies,
 And the kind village folk,
 All smiling say,
 "What blue, blue eyes!"
 They never say,
 "What blue, blue skies!"
 Or "What a wondrous blue
 The laughing bay!"
 Nay, Nay!
 Ah, once they frowned
 At my blue cloak, and me,
 But since they see
 His blue eyes
 We
 Forgive them—
 All!

(The Faith Kept)

They wonder that I do not weep.
 They talk of "death" and "sins" and "sleep".
 But we who've lived—Nathan and I—
 Do we not know we cannot "die"?

Here in the house I'll wait awhile.
 Till through the grayness God will smile,
 And say to me, "Good day to you—
 Here's Nathan and your cloak of blue!"

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

II.

I WAS, during my whole life, extremely interested in politics. My father was a Liberal and I was a Liberal, and ultimately the question of confederation became more than anything else an issue. I was an anti-confederate and remained an anti-confederate as long as there was any chance for anti-confederates to live. I was identified with the Liberal party under MacKenzie in the Dominion, and was identified with and supporting the Liberal party throughout all my career until I accepted a position on the Bench.

I first took part in the election of 1867, actually going on the stump and making addresses, at the age of eighteen, but my chief interest in political matters arose later. I graduated from college in 1871, and went down to the farm on which my father lived. He was then exceedingly ill, and I took charge of the farm for the summer of 1871. He died in August of that year, and in November I came to Halifax and commenced the study of law. My idea in going to Halifax was that I should do editorial writing for *The Chronicle*, as it was the leading paper; but I found that the editorial part was fully taken up, and I met a certain brisk young fellow named W. S. Fielding, who was the chief reporter of the paper and sat opposite Dunn, the editorial manager,

and who seemed to take an active interest in the management of the paper. This W. S. Fielding will be recognized as the one who in 1882 became Liberal candidate for Halifax, was elected, and afterwards became Finance Minister of Canada. I obtained editorial work from *The Acadian Recorder* shortly after coming to the city. It was excellent practice, but the paper was not so well known throughout the Province generally as was *The Chronicle*.

I was admitted to the bar in 1875. Before completing my law studies, I concluded it would be desirable to take a term in Toronto, and I went there accordingly in the beginning of the year 1875, but as it was too late to get into the regular classes at Osgoode Hall, I devoted myself to the study of law and was in the office of Bethune & Hoyles, and learned considerable during the three or four months that I was there of the situation about Toronto and the leaders of the Liberal party there. I made a visit to Ottawa in the month of March and saw Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Alex. MacKenzie, Edward Blake, David Mills and a number of other leading men of both parties, and became more familiar with the methods and modes of doing business in the House of Commons.

In 1875, when I was admitted to the bar, I entered into partnership with H. H. Bligh. This lasted for nearly

two years, and then I was invited to take a partnership with Mr. W. F. McCoy, K.C., which added considerably to my income, and I occupied a position in McCoy's office until 1882. Before this time, however, I had made myself fairly conspicuous in political matters. I had addressed many public meetings in Halifax, Annapolis, Kings, Colchester, Pictou and other places, and was most deeply concerned in the welfare and development of the Liberal party.

At last there came a time when the Liberal party were selecting candidates for the House of Assembly in Nova Scotia and the House of Commons in Ottawa, in the early part of 1882, and as my name had appeared a great deal in public, and particularly in the election of 1881, my name was mentioned and several men from the constituency wrote to me. I took the course which would naturally be supposed I would take under the circumstances. I refused to go down in advance and show them a specimen of my qualities. I did not decline the offer, but left everything to the judgment and right thinking sentiment of the community. The result was that in April of that year at a convention called by the party I was almost unanimously selected as a candidate, with Mr. Henry Munroe for the local and Mr. W. H. Ray for the Dominion.

This was my first chance. The constituency was represented wholly by Conservatives in the previous House. My uncle, Avard Longley, had been the Dominion member and Messrs. Troop and Schaffner were the local members and were nominated the second time. For some reason or other, Mr. Avard Longley was not preferred as a candidate by his party, and his place was taken by Mr. Robert Fitzrandolph, a very worthy and popular candidate. I knew very little of the county of Annapolis then. I had not been there except on vacations since 1866. I had been almost five years at academy and college and the rest of the time in

Halifax attending to law matters, and I felt reasonably assured that unless I should win that election my opportunities might not only vanish but grow smaller as time went by, and the consequence was that I devoted an entire month previous to the election and addressed public meetings in many sections of the county. At the conclusion of the campaign I became very ill with measles and went to bed, and by election day I was somewhat delirious and remained so for a day or two. I did have a recollection of hearing that I was elected, but there was no one to tell me of the figures, no one to tell me how the different districts had gone, and I remained puzzled; but it seems that after the election, the other side had demanded a recount. I was not present to attend to it, and had no idea how it had gone, but the result was that I was elected by a majority of seventy-nine, my colleague by a majority of sixty-one, and Ray by a majority of seventy-two.

I was now fairly embarked on my political life. The great question was what to do. The result had been that the Government, led by Mr. Simon Holmes at first, but subsequently by John D. Thompson, was defeated and a majority of seven was elected opposed to it. There was some doubt as to what the Government would do, whether they would resign or would not. In order to prevent such a thing happening, a messenger was sent out by the Liberals at that time to the various constituencies to get pledges from the members in writing promising to oppose the present Government. However, they realized the condition of affairs so well that they retired in July. I may state that at this period of time I was still recuperating from measles, which I had had very severely, and I was not able to go to Halifax until two or three weeks after the election and had not the opportunity of discussing fully the situation. However, the resignation was sent in, and Mr. Alfred Gayton, who had been as near as one person could

be supposed to becoming the leader of the Opposition, was sent for.

Mr. Gayton, though a very worthy man, was not a person of sufficient ability to lead a government, and fortunately he realized this and consulted with leading friends of the party, who advised him to call a convention and put the whole matter of forming a government in the hands of the convention. This convention consisted of various members opposed to the Government, twenty-two, and all the members of the Legislative Council in sympathy with the Government. It was the most peculiar and startling method by which a Government could be founded. Usually some man is chosen to be the leader, and he makes his selections, consulting whom he pleases in doing so. In this case it was referred to a promiscuous assembly of twenty to forty persons, and finally a committee was appointed for the purpose of naming a government. This party named Mr. Fielding, Provincial Secretary, Mr. Gayton, Commissioner of Works, and Mr. Pipes, Attorney-General. On going in and submitting his name to the general body, Mr. Fielding at once got up and stated his inability to accept such a position because he was not aware at the time of how the constituency would go in regard to the matter. Thereupon, the committee went out again and formed a government consisting of Hon. W. T. Pipes, Premier without office; Hon. Chas. E. Church, Provincial Secretary; Hon. Alonzo J. White, Attorney-General; Hon. Albert Gayton, Commissioner of Works, and certain other members without office. It may be stated that, taken as a whole, with the exception possibly of Mr. Pipes, the Premier, this Government was the most impossible and hopeless that could have been selected, but it would have made no difference as the Government thus formed, under succeeding Premiers, is now in office in 1920.

The Government at this stage was run by Mr. Pipes in consultation with Mr. Fielding and myself, though nei-

ther Fielding nor myself was in it, and it pushed along this way during two sessions. At last, after the second session was over, Mr. Pipes got tired of holding the position without any emolument whatever and resigned, and recommended Mr. Fielding as his successor, and Mr. Fielding, after some considerable difficulty, made up his government, with Mr. White as Attorney-General, Mr. Church, Commissioner of Works, and he himself Provincial Secretary. He asked me to join him, and afterwards he and I very largely managed the affairs for two years. At the end of the term, when the four years were about up, Mr. Fielding arranged with Mr. A. J. White to take the office of Registrar of Deeds in Halifax, and that left the Attorney-Generalship vacant, which he at once offered to me, and my second election of 1886 was run with this office attached to it.

It happens that considerable interest attaches to that election. Mr. James A. Fraser, the representative for Guysboro in the local House, had started an agitation in favour of repeal and had induced members of both Houses to make a very solemn protestation to the Dominion Government about our standing financially and in the end Mr. Fielding, who from his previous connection with *The Chronicle* and Repeal party, had considerable sympathy with their repeal movement, actually took a step which rather bound the Government to agitate after the elections for repeal. It was opposed by all the members of the opposition, especially Mr. A. C. Bell, who was the Leader of the Opposition, but it was carried. For myself, I must secretly confess now, that I was not in sympathy with the movement, nor did I consider it a wise and proper thing on which the Government should go to the country. I naturally looked upon confederation as having been established and recognized for years by parties, and that any attempt to bring the Province into controversial relations with the other Provinces would

be hopeless in the extreme, but, after all, I felt compelled to support it. In the first place, as Attorney-General, without any particular means whatever, I would have had to give up that office and all the prospects which had opened before me, and it seemed safe enough to proceed with the course which he was taking and run my chances in the future of its being carried out. As a consequence, we went to the country that year on the Repeal issue, which was not as fully developed in all parts of the Province as we expected, and having so gone to the people, we obtained a large majority of seats and came back with only nine or ten opposing us in the House.

Nothing, however, was done after the election, which was in June, for some considerable time, because it was perfectly apparent that the Dominion Government would go to the country, and it was necessary for us to see how the matter was going in that particular. The elections took place in the month of February, 1887. The electors voted very considerably on this issue of repeal, and Sir Charles Tupper, who had been appointed in 1884 to the position of High Commissioner for Canada in London, came back and took a leading part in the contest, with the result that out of nineteen members elected in Nova Scotia only six were elected who were favourable to repeal, the rest being all carried by the Government.

The position which the Government of Nova Scotia now occupied was extremely awkward, and it became necessary at the approaching session of Parliament for the Government to take certain measures to withdraw themselves from the position they were in, and, after some considerable haggling in convention, many of the members being determined, against all reason and common sense, to carrying on the agitation, a resolution was agreed to declaring that, in view of the result of the Federal election, it would be useless for the Government to go

any further in the matter of repeal, and that may be regarded as the end entirely of the Repeal movement in Nova Scotia.

I probably might say, with truth, that the very best kind of wisdom would have prevented the Government from ever taking the step that it did. Mr. Fielding afterwards, in 1896, became a member of the Dominion Government and carried on its affairs successfully, never hinted at repeal or anything of the kind, and occasionally he must have looked with some degree of pain, if not mortification, on the fact that he had embarked on an enterprise of that character; but it was never urged against him and the matter was never broached in any form which made it particularly awkward for him, or any person, to have been engaged in it. The House proceeded with the general affairs of the country, with Mr. A. McKay, as Leader of the Opposition, and at the next election, 1890, the Government was returned by a large majority.

So far as Annapolis county was concerned, I felt that the repeal issue was not an entirely satisfactory one for me, and with my colleague, Mr. Munroe, we fought a desperate contest, and when the election returns came in, after a re-count had been gone through, I found the votes stood as follows: For myself, 1561; for my leading opponent, 1440; for my colleague, 1434; and for the Conservative nominee, 1431.

In 1891, with Mr. Chute for a colleague, I had a majority of 262, and all my difficulties in running elections in the county of Annapolis were henceforward past.

During the time I was in the local House, in addition to carrying on the work of the department and incidentally attending to my duties in the House, I devoted more of my attention really to endeavouring to destroy the Government at Ottawa under the leadership of Sir John A. Macdonald. At each election I visited the different Provinces and took an active part in

endeavouring to stir up opposition to that Government, and did the same in Nova Scotia, and held public meetings in all parts of the country, using the best efforts in my power to convince the people that there should be a thoroughly Liberal Government formed.

During his term of office as Prime Minister of Canada Mr. MacKenzie made a visit to Halifax and addressed a public meeting at the Temperance Hall in 1877. I was personally acquainted with Mr. MacKenzie and always had for him a high esteem. I believe he was a man of considerable honour and worth, but I have always looked upon him as unadapted to the task of leading a great political party in the Dominion. The methods by which he conducted Government during the four and a half years he was in office to my mind makes it clear that he had not the qualities. He found the country in a very bad condition financially, of diminishing revenues, and manufactures at a standstill. If he had had sufficient ability he would have attempted to grapple with matters in such a manner as would have satisfied the country and not left it eager to accept the remedies proposed by his opponents. It may be said that his failure to introduce a protection policy in 1877 was due to the opposition of Mr. Jones of Halifax, and possibly Mr. Burpee of St. John, added to it. But these men were wrong in the view they were taking, as was abundantly proved in their failure to secure an election themselves when the election of 1878 came round. A man with the right force of character would have impressed his wishes on the party and the public without paying attention to the repinings of men who looked to the past traditions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

But at all events, Mr. MacKenzie appeared in Halifax at a public meeting and spoke at some considerable length. The meeting was neither large nor enthusiastic. Mr. MacKenzie,

with his plain unsophisticated manner, directed attention to those things which were necessary to be said in defence of the Government, and the meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to him.

Shortly afterwards Tupper appeared in the same place in Halifax to a meeting crowded to suffocation, and with all the elements of power and strength in his accents, he began as follows:

The ringing cheer which has just gone up from this vast assembly satisfies me that I was right in coming to this metropolitan constituency, there to discuss with the intelligent electors the great public questions of the day.

Any attempts on the part of his opponents to interrupt the meeting were met triumphantly and successfully, and no person could fail to be impressed with the speech, which occupied two and one half hours in its delivery, with its matchless power of burning satire.

Mr. MacKenzie came again during the campaign of 1878 and addressed a large meeting in the rink. The opposition to him, while not present on the platform, was apparent throughout the meeting. Both he and Cartwright delivered their best addresses, but without producing any effect of value corresponding to Tupper's. Mr. MacKenzie had not a powerful delivery and was not a public man that could venture before an audience that had heard Howe, Johnstone and Tupper for years. Sir Richard Cartwright must always be regarded as Sir Richard Cartwright. He was very able and cutting in his remarks, but made many observations sufficiently hostile, if not even insulting, to his opponents, which rather weakened the force of anything he had to say. He will always go down as a master of speech, but as a person who did not achieve a great deal by his speeches.

On various occasions I heard some of the leading men of Canada make great speeches under circumstances of the most exciting and interesting

character. First was the occasion of Sir Charles Tupper and A. G. Jones, who met in the early part of 1878 in Halifax. Both Mr. Jones and Mr. Vail had been called upon to run an election over again by reason of their connection with the newspaper *The Citizen*, which had obtained certain contracts from the Government. Mr. Vail's election was held first, and Mr. Jones's election a week afterwards. The election in Digby was a very exciting one. The Conservatives had put up Mr. John C. Wade, who was not himself an exceedingly strong man. Tupper had gone down to assist in the defeat of Jones, and I had gone down to uphold him.

The meeting was called in Halifax very shortly before the Jones election in February, 1878, and it was held in the old rink, and as many as four thousand people had crowded into it. Mr. MacKenzie's Government was then coming to an end, although it was not so believed by the friends of that Government. Both of the leaders of the parties in Nova Scotia appeared then before the electors. Mr. Jones, although a very good speaker and able man, was not the equal of Dr. Tupper in the power to exert a tremendous influence upon the masses of the people, but on this occasion Mr. Jones appeared to the best possible advantage and was placed, as it were, on the defensive. Tupper appeared first in a speech entirely characteristic of him, in which the thunders of his wrath and the fury of his denunciations it was impossible to exceed. He charged the Government with lack of regard for the industrial interests of the country in not introducing a policy of protection, charged them with having taken away the railway works from Richmond. "But they shall come back again," he said, with amazing strength, which was received with very great applause, although he knew then, and every one else knew, they were not coming back. Jones replied with all the force and power that he had. He was popular at that time

with the people of Halifax, and he put forward a good defense of the policy of the MacKenzie Government.

But it must be mentioned that the Vail election took place on the very day that this meeting was to be held and before the meeting was half over a telegram had been received that Vail had been defeated by a majority of three hundred or so, which was received by the Conservatives with tremendous applause, but it inspired Mr. Jones with fresh power, and it was arranged at once that he should step on board of the train the next morning and be sworn into the vacant office and come back to Halifax in order that he should not have to run again for the position. There was just barely time for him to accomplish this, but it succeeded, and by dint of tremendous working on the part of himself and his friends he was declared elected by a majority of between two and three hundred.

This was the last victory previous to the defeat of the Government. It remained clear that the people had become enamoured with the Protective policy. The hard times which were prevailing had produced that effect, and, although Jones was elected this time, yet six months afterwards he and his colleague, Mr. Power, were defeated in this same constituency by many hundreds, and the Government of MacKenzie was defeated overwhelmingly in all parts of the Dominion.

The period of opposition to the Government of Sir John Macdonald, formed in 1878, was one of great stress from the many incidents happening worthy of being referred to. They carried successfully a policy of protection, although rumours are that Sir John had his doubts as to the propriety of such a policy, but, it having been so cordially endorsed by the people, he adopted it. Mr. Tilley was made Minister of Finance, and on his shoulders rested the responsibility of introducing all measures in that direction.

Mr. MacKenzie remained leader of the opposition during the first session, but the members were rather dissatisfied with him and hoped to place another man in his place, and various steps were taken in that direction, until at last a caucus was held, which all the opposition members attended but MacKenzie himself, who sat in the House of Commons in his seat alone. The result of it was that the majority had adopted the idea that Mr. Edward Blake should be the leader of the party, and Mr. MacKenzie announced at the conclusion of that day in Parliament that he had occupied the position of leader for the last time. Mr. Blake sprang into the leadership and was a man of exceptional power and ability, and capable at times of rising to the highest degree of eloquence. It is sometimes difficult to judge of a man. He was successful, and unsuccessful. Blake had qualities which would have made him a successful leader, and, if the people had adhered to his views and opinions, he no doubt would have been at the head of a Government and carrying on the business fairly well, but the fact is that Mr. Blake fell under unhappy circumstances, and he was withal possessed of certain qualities which were not adapted to gaining and securing the popular will. I had a correspondence with him which extended over years. My whole heart and soul were bent on giving him the best assistance that could be given, but his faults of temper and his inability to see the humorous side of things rendered him unequal to Sir John Macdonald, although a man of far greater ability and strength.

In 1881 Mr. Blake, when Leader of the Opposition, visited Nova Scotia and delivered a series of addresses from one end of the Province to the other, and I accompanied him on

most of these occasions. He had first a meeting, not too large, in Windsor; the next meeting which was still larger and very successful was held in Kentville, and the next day a large meeting was held in Bridgetown. At all of these meetings Mr. Blake spoke with great power and strength and he was sustained in them by Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who was along with him, although at that time it seemed as if he was far behind Mr. Blake in the power which he exerted and in the speeches which he delivered. It was little thought at that time that he would in the course of time be leader of the party, and presently, as Prime Minister of Canada for fifteen years, achieve a position which was scarcely equalled by any previous Premier.

After going through the Province generally, Mr. Blake at last held a meeting in Halifax, which was attended by three or four thousand people. He delivered then an address worthy of himself and exerting great influence and power over the masses. He was finer at this meeting than at any previous one, but the election came on in 1882 and he was beaten badly, and in the election which came on in 1887 he was again beaten badly, and he became dissatisfied with the task of leading, fell into the dumps as it were, and Mr. Laurier was appointed leader, and upon him developed the whole of the responsibilities and duties of keeping the Opposition together.

It was strange that at last a Roman Catholic had been appointed to lead the party, but it must be acknowledged that the Liberals in the Lower Provinces and in Ontario and in the West adhered firmly to the principles of the party, and it was only occasionally that the narrow issue of denominationalism was raised in the Province of Ontario.

(To be continued).

WRIGHT'S BIBLE

BY SADA V. BLAIR



IN the summer of 1769 a handful of Scotch Presbyterians, who had settled in Truro, Nova Scotia, sent a Macedonian cry to the Reverend Daniel Cock of Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland. In leaving New England, their first haven in the New World, they had also left behind the three brave clergymen, William Boyd, James McGregor, and William Cornwall, who had piloted their flocks from Ireland in search of a larger religious freedom; and now when settled in their new homes were, as one writer put it, "beginning to feel the loss to themselves and their children, from the want of a Preached Gospel".

Mr. Cock responded to the call at once, although it necessitated his leaving behind his wife, Alison Jamison Cock, and six young Cocks. By his coming he took upon himself a double duty—that of missionary to the entire province, and pastor to the flock made up of Onslow and Truro Presbyterians. In return for this he was to receive "sixty pounds a year for the first two years, and seventy pounds a year for the next two years, and eighty pounds a year for the time to come, the one-half to be paid in cash, and the other half in neat stock, or produce at cash price!" In addition to this, there was set aside, "one right of land for the first minister who would settle in Truro, to himself, his heirs and assigns forever. Also the use of the glebe right. They, the elders, bind themselves to keep both these rights of land fenced and dyked, and to pay the sum of thirty pounds towards the expense of mov-

ing his family from Scotland". This latter donation was probably heartily welcomed, and it was well for the gentle pastor that the purchasing power of that thirty pounds was considerably greater then than now.

At this distant date, it is not known just what Bible the Reverend Daniel used in his Truro pulpit, but dying, he left to his heirs a copy of an edition so unusual that it is possible that no other copies found their way across the Atlantic. While this latter statement has not been verified, history records the fact that this particular edition met with so little favour that very few copies were either circulated or printed.

Since the date of its issuance was 1792, it is evident that it must have been sent to Mr. Cock from England when he was no longer young in the Truro ministry.

The volume is large and unwieldy, measuring about ten by fifteen inches, with a thickness of not quite four inches. Fresh from the binder's hand, it must have been very good to look upon, with its warm, brown leather binding chastely embossed with a narrow scroll-like border. Now after 128 years of alternate care and neglect, its original elegance is largely a matter for the imagination, but as if in mute acquiescence to its commentator's vanity, it still bears in a brilliant gilt across its back the startling caption: WRIGHT'S BIBLE. One reads the title at a glance, thinks there is something amiss, and reads it again. There it stands—WRIGHT'S BIBLE—in the place where the usage of hundreds of years has taught us to expect—HOLY BIBLE. It has been hinted

that this arrogant assumption of place by the Reverend Doctor Wright was responsible for the disfavour into which his volume fell, despite the fact of his assurance that it was "The result of more than forty years' Study and Experience (and not a hasty production, undertaken to serve Pecuniary Purposes), and is executed in a Manner far Superior to other Publications of the Sort".

Not satisfied with this commentary on his achievement, he goes on to state on the title page that, "All the *difficult* and *obscure passages* are clearly *explained*; the seeming *contradictions* in every respect *Reconciled*; the *Miss-translations* corrected; the *Errors of former Commentators* rectified and *pointed out*; the *Objections of Deists and Infidels* answered; the *Prophecies and Parables* faithfully elucidated; *sublime Passages* properly noted; the *Offices of the Jewish and Christian Churches* thoroughly *investigated*; every minute *Circumstance* of the revealed *Will of God* faithfully recorded; all proper *Names*, together with *Scripture Weights and Measures*, accompanied with the necessary *Interpretations and Illustrations*; and the Whole of *Divine Revelation* (upon which all our Hopes of *Eternal Happiness* depend) displayed in its original *Purity*, and rendered *Easy, Pleasant, and Profitable to every Capacity*, both with respect to *Faith and Practice*."

Having worked himself into a fine frenzy, he winds up in Great Primer type after this fashion:

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UNIVERSAL LIBRARY OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE, ANTIQENT AND MODERN.

Being calculated on a Plan Entirely New, and containing among the other great Improvements never before attempted, every Remark Valuable or Worthy of Notice, in former Works of this Kind."

By PAUL WRIGHT, D.D.

Vicar of Oakley, Etc., in Essex, late of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; and Author of other Learned, Pious, and Useful Works, Universally Approved of by Christians of every Denomination.

Dedicated to the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of London.

The Whole Embellished and Enriched with the most Elegant Set of LARGE FOLIO Copper-Plates ever published in a work of this Kind; finely *engraved* from the *Original Drawings and Paintings* of Hamilton, Dodd, Wale, Cipriani, Rubens, Van Dyke, Raphael, and others, by those *ingenious and celebrated Artists*, Pollard, Grignion, Golder, Noble, Renoldson, Conder, Jenkins, Smith, Parker, etc., etc., etc.

LONDON:

PRINTED for ALEX. HOGG, at the KING'S-ARMS, (No. 16) PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

And Sold by all Booksellers, Stationers, and Newscarrriers in every part of the Town and Country."

If history is to be trusted, it is probable that a great number of "Booksellers, Stationers, and Newscarrriers" had to explain to anxious customers that the volume was out of print.

The page containing the Contents tempts one to linger long in meditation as to what manner of man this must have been, who could willingly spend his own, or another's, time in digging up such curious yet useless facts as are to be found therein.

For others as curious as he, it may not be amiss to set down a part of the results of some one's unremitting patience.

"THE OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS contain

	In the Old	In the New	Total
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1,189
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words	592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,556,480

The Apocrypha contains:

Books	14
Chapters	172
Verses	6,081
Words	152,185

The Middle Chapter, and the least in the whole Bible, is Psalm CXVII. The Middle Verse is the VIIIth of Chronicles, 1Vth chap. 16th ver. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times. The same word on the New Testament, occurs 10,684 times. The word "Jehovah" occurs in the Bible 6,855 times."

The foregoing list represents perhaps a third of Doctor Wright's research in the fabric of words, but on another page he has gone still deeper into the problem which took forty of his best years for solving. On this page he has prepared what he calls—"A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF REMARKABLE EPOCHAS, Etc."

Interesting as are his deductions, modern impatience and lack of space alike forbid the copying of this page in its entirety. Perhaps his summary will be sufficient to indicate the ingenuity of his conclusions. The following are his several summaries of the various ages of the world, all of which are reached by intricate calculations:

"From Adam unto Noah's flood, are 1656 years.

"From the said flood of Noah, unto Abraham's departing from Chaldee, were 422 years *and ten days!*" Of this ten days more anon.

"From Abraham's departing from Ur in Chaldee unto the departing of the children of Israel, are 430 years.

"From the going of the Israelites from Egypt, unto the First building of the Temple, are 480 years.

"From the first building of the Temple, unto the captivity of Babylon, are 419 years and a half.

"Jerusalem was re-edified, and built again after the captivity of Babylon, 70 years.

"From the re-edifying of the city, unto the coming of Christ, are 483 years.

"Whereupon we reckon that from Adam unto Christ, are 3974 years, six months and ten days; and from the

birth of Christ, unto this year, are 1792. Then the whole sum and number of years, from the beginning of the world unto this present year of our Lord God 1792, are just 5765, six months, and *the said odd ten days!*"

There is a quaint confidence in his deductions expressed in that "said odd ten days" that is most illuminative of the Reverend Doctor's egotism. He, who dared to compute the time from Creation's dawn to date, and then calmly announce his results as showing so many years and the "said odd ten days", must have moved, impervious to the barbs of scoffers, in a realm remotely above that where carping critics could assail his reasoning. He had added and subtracted among the generations of buried antiquity, and had carried his calculations down not only to his own generation, but to the very day of going to press, and then he rose from his desk and set forever at rest all queries as to the age of the ages, by merely announcing in an off-hand manner, "Gentlemen, here are the figures. The whole sum and number of years from the beginning of the world unto this present year of our Lord God 1792, are just 5765, six months and the said odd ten days". What was there left to be said?

His elucidations of the Biblical text are quite as ingenious as his chronological computations, but one hesitates to speak lightly of his interpretation of sacred mysteries, for his labours in this field were so painstaking that they leave nothing to the imagination. In a few instances he seems to have forgotten his promise to explain "all the difficult and obscure passages", for he sidesteps the predicament with the remark, "The meaning of this doth not quite appear, nor would it profit us to attempt a better understanding of it".

From a note inserted just preceding the Apocrypha, it appears that this volume must be a compilation of parts put out periodically at some earlier date, for the author has this to say:

"N.B. Our numerous *SUBSCRIBERS* and their *FRIENDS* are requested to observe, that the *APOCRYPHA*, belonging to this Work, with the necessary Commentary, Notes and Practical Reflections, will commence immediately after the *New Testament*; and that the whole Work (consisting of the *OLD* and *NEW TESTAMENTS* at large, together with the *APOCRYPHA* Complete) will be comprised in only Eighty Numbers, or the *OVERPLUS* given *GRATIS*, agreeable to our Promise made in the Proposals."

The fact that this work was issued periodically probably accounts for the lavish use of illustrations. There are not less than one hundred large folio copper-plates, many of them being extremely interesting from an artistic standpoint, while others evince such a wealth of imaginative conception as leaves the reader quite bewildered. Perhaps the plates made by Rennoldson, although few in number, show the most finished artistry and depth of feeling. His *Christ conversing with the Woman of Samaria* is noteworthy. With the manner of a true promoter, Rennoldson has run the following statement across the top of this particular plate—"Engraved for the Rev'd. Dr. WRIGHT'S *Complete BRITISH FAMILY BIBLE*. WORK universally acknowledged to be the Best Exposition and Commentary on the Holy Scriptures ever Published."

Although Dr. Wright did not name Van Stadt among the engravers, the latter prepared at least two-thirds of all the illustrations. Modesty may have kept Van Stadt from signing his name to them, but whatever the motive, the fact remains that only one bears his signature, although there is a note so individualistic running through them all that his hand is unmistakable. The frontispiece is the work of Pollard and Hamilton, but unfortunately it is not quite as well-preserved as the others, at least not in this particular volume.

There are several interesting maps,

one of them bearing the caption: "The WORLD as Divided between NOAH'S three SONS according to the Antients." Another plate frankly claims to be "A Map of the SITUATION of the GARDEN OF EDEN as also the MOUNT ARARAT whereon the Ark rested."

Were Solomon to return and examine this volume he might not be able to recognize his temple, and yet it is reproduced in all its grandeur with this statement which admits of no mistakes—"An exact representation of Solomon's Temple" In Van Stadt's graphic illustration of Joab's execution he has inserted this title, "JOAB beheaded by order of KING SOLOMAN", yet in several other plates in which he has depicted Solomon at his idolatrous devotions, or serving as host to the Queen of Sheba, he has not slipped in the spelling of that august monarch's name.

Just when Dr. Wright's British Family Bible crossed the Atlantic and landed on the study table of the Reverend Daniel Cock is not known, but it must have been not less than twenty-four years after the pastor's own arrival in Truro. His six children, born on Scotch soil, and the two born in the Province, had married and left the family circle, so it is not strange that the Bible was passed down from generation to generation in a fair state of preservation. It seems quite too bad that there were no eager little eyes to gloat over the many illustrations. One likes to fancy just how the reverend father would have enjoyed turning the pages for them. But it never happened, although it may be that as one by one the children came home with children of their own, the fond grandfather may have held them on his knee and shown them the wonderful book that had come across the sea to him. After its original owner's death, it gradually came to be looked on as more or less of a white elephant, an heirloom of no extrinsic value so far as its possessors knew, and one rather cumbersome to

be carried from one home to another as ownership in it changed from one generation to another.

Not many years ago it left its last resting-place in Nova Scotia to become the honoured member in the family of one of the Reverend Daniel's great-great-grandchildren, and so rich

is it in material for conversation and even perchance for argument, that whenever all other topics pall in the evenings before the fireside, some one produces Wright's Bible and then the great-great-great-grandchildren can scarcely be persuaded to a proper bedtime.

*If by chance this volume has relatives on the American continent, the writer would like to ascertain from their owners something more concerning the history of the work, for historians of the English Versions are a unit in ignoring the handiwork of Dr. Wright.

A SONG OF NIGHT MAGIC

By CLARE GIFFIN

IN my own country the stars are wondrous bright,
 The moon in her shining-time makes magic in the night;
 The great skies are wide above, the cold seas below,
 And all across the spaces the singing winds go.

Last night I saw the moon here, but, oh, her spell was gone,
 And faint she was, and pale she was, and dimly she shone!
 A stronger magic worked on her, and changed her silver gleam
 To an opal light, a charmed light, the light of a dream.

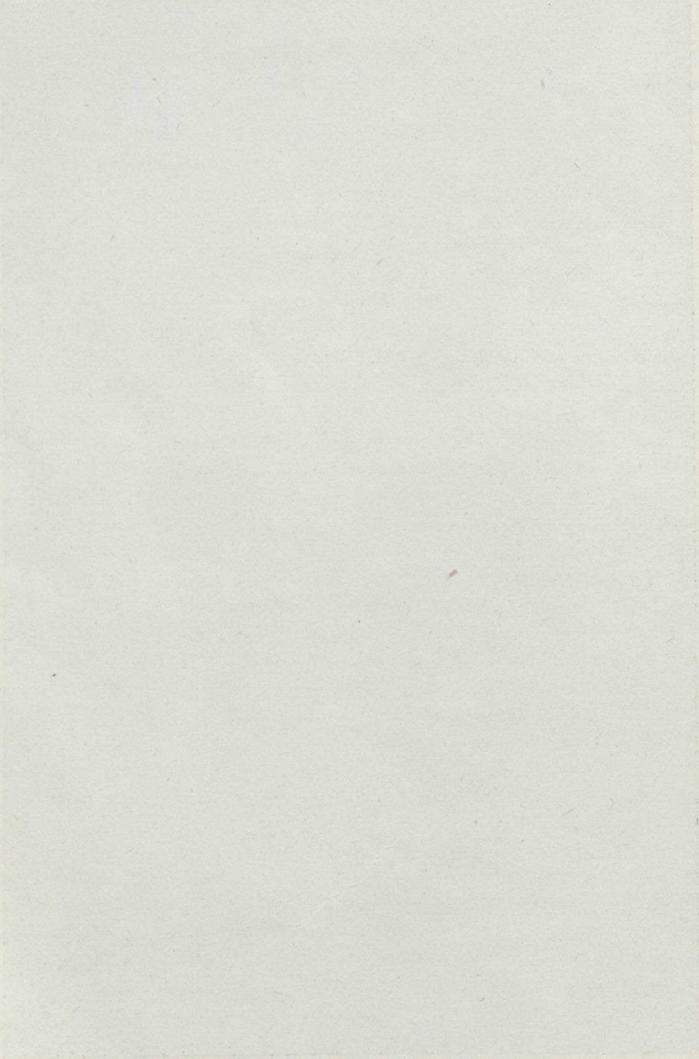
The lights ablaze upon the earth gleamed white and red and green,
 Their brightness mocked the shadowed moon across the mists between;
 The restless water caught their flame and doubled it below,
 And the mists bore it upward to dim the wan moon-glow.

Oh, I have known moon-magic, afar in my own land,
 Between the forest and the flood, beside the vexed sea-sand,
 But here a stronger witch-spell has bound me with its might,
 The magic of the earth-fires that burn beneath the night!



ON THE HILLSIDE

From the Photograph by Alfred Wilkinson
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

There are many indications that the Democrats will sustain a decisive defeat in the Presidential contest. Mr. Cox seems to be a more attractive figure than Mr. Harding and on the platform displays greater power and vigour. But there is a strong and general feeling that the Wilson Administration has bedevilled the business of the country, has usurped authority which Governments cannot wisely exercise, and that under Mr. Wilson a personal autocracy has been established at Washington. Indeed no man who has ever held the office of President has been hated as Mr. Wilson is hated by his political opponents. In private many Democrats are hardly less bitter in depreciation, criticism, and attack. So among the press correspondents at Washington he is disliked with an intensity that borders on ferocity. Even his illness, from which there seems to be no prospect that he will fully recover, evokes few expressions of sympathy. All this is difficult to understand outside of the atmosphere of Washington and particularly by people of other nations who find nothing in his policy or utterances which reflects dishonour upon himself or his country.

At least he has been more fortunate in his performances than in his phrases. When he suggested that his country was "too proud to fight" he used language that was bound to be misunderstood and bound to provoke jeering and scoffing. He knew that Americans would fight and could fight if there was a cause great enough and good enough to call men to arms and the provocation was adequate. To the eternal gain of the world they did fight and at his command. And because they fought in the glorious company of the free nations they have an honourable partnership in the restoration of freedom in Europe.

As the President was misunderstood in that connection, so he had to explain that "equality of trade" did not mean what the language suggested. His words were interpreted by the Press and spokesmen of the Republican party as a demand for universal free trade. It was "good politics" so to read his language, but it was manifest that the interpretation was partisan and misleading. So the President's call for "freedom of the seas" was certain to produce misunderstanding. Great Britain has kept the seaways clear for the commerce of all nations. Her sea power has saved free institutions. Under the protection of the British navy the American armies were carried to Europe and the products of the New World made available for the allied nations and the allied armies. It may be that the submarine has created new problems. Possibly international law must be altered to ensure freedom of the seas against new perils. But there was no offence to Germany or any other nation in British practice on the seas nor was there need for new regulations to ensure "equality of trade" or freedom for the naval or commercial fleets of any nation on the waters.

II

In the League of Nations, however, Mr. Wilson had a great moral, human and almost divine conception and it is impossible to believe that he was possessed as many of his opponents suggest by sheer desire for personal glory and a great place in history. In Paris he was in a strange atmosphere and France had no sympathy with his idealism. He was perhaps too anxious to dominate the Peace Congress and too fearful of any open alliance with Great Britain. He was rash and inconsiderate in dealing with Italy and possibly his "open diplomacy" had some of the characteristics of competitive journalism. But when the Conference ended he stood foremost among the statesmen of the world and even in his own country he seemed to hold a position of absolute pre-eminence.

There were, however, those in influential places in his own party, actuated by conviction or smarting under long-hoarded grievances, or governed by personal ambition, who saw that there were formidable elements in the United States which could be moved to oppose any definite alliance with European nations, while among Republicans there was bitter resentment over his single-handed action at Paris and failure to associate any of the Republican leaders with the great negotiation which followed a war in which Republicans had devoted themselves to all military and patriotic objects with a zeal and devotion as eager and single-minded as Democrats had displayed. Indeed with singular arrogance and unwisdom he set even the Democratic leaders of Congress aside and seemed to arrogate to himself all the authority of an autocrat. Thus he excited the uncompromising and unrelenting hostility of Republicans and alienated the sympathy of powerful men in his own party without whose loyal support he could not prevail in Congress or in the country.

There is reason to think that if he had shown a more accommodating temper a compromise could have been effected with Republicans in the Senate which would have been equivalent to substantial acceptance of the Covenants of the League of Nations. This clearly was the view of Viscount Grey or his now famous letter to *The Times* would not have been written. This, too, was the hope and confidence of Mr. Taft who has revealed throughout the whole controversy a freedom from narrow prejudices, a great-mindedness, a conception of public duty, and a high concern for the honour of his nation and the common welfare of mankind which should give his name an imperishable lustre in history. But Mr. Wilson was determined that the contract to which he had set his hand at Paris should be accepted without a single alteration or amendment. He would not conciliate nor bargain nor admit that there could be force in any contention of his opponents. It may be that the Republicans exploited the situation for party advantage but probably they also believed that the President was more concerned to achieve a personal triumph than to unite Congress in support of the best agreement that could be obtained. There is no evidence that Mr. Wilson has lost the respect of the thinking and independent section of the American people but he has achieved a remarkable unpopularity with Republican partisans and failed to secure the affection of those in his own party with whom he would have done well to take counsel, but to whom he would give only orders.

III

So he has earned the distrust of the leaders in industry and a great section of the conservative classes who believe that he is the dangerous ally of impracticable idealists and revolutionary agitators. When all is said the forces of individualism and conservatism are probably stronger in the United States than in any other country and apparently these forces are behind the Repub-

licans in the Presidential contest. When Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, the most sagacious and powerful of all the Republican "Bosses", was asked to say if the party had such a huge campaign fund as its managers were alleged to have collected he cynically but courageously asked another question, "Isn't it worth a hundred millions to the country to get rid of Wilson?" Mr. Penrose is too wise a man to have uttered any such sentence unless he were soundly convinced that a good many people shared his opinion. A statement by Mr. Taft is illuminating as revealing the causes of the business revolt against the President. He says in a contribution to *The Yale Review* for October: "Mr. Wilson has appointed many persons of socialistic tendency to office and power. The Assistant Secretary of Labour and the Commissioner of Immigration at New York were of this kind. His selection of Mr. Herron and Mr. Bullitt to represent him in Russia with the Bolsheviki was another instance. The support which the socialistic *New Republic* gave Mr. Wilson until he went to Paris and his preferment of individuals from the group who guide the course of that periodical were another. His improper interference in the Mooney murder case and in that of another anarchist murderer in Utah, and both at the request of radical labourites and Socialists, is another instance of his acting under socialistic influence. Beginning with the Adamson law, Mr. Wilson has created the impression in the country that he was largely influenced by Mr. Gompers, and the control exercised by the latter in the Labour Department confirmed this view. The frequency of strikes, the failure of unions to keep their agreements, the excessive demands for wages, and the inefficiency of labour at the highest prices have roused the indignation of the business and farming communities, and this has made them sensitive to what they have deemed the subservience of the Administration to labour-union domination."

It remains to be seen how far organized labour will respond to the appeal of Mr. Gompers and other Union leaders to cast their ballots against the Republican candidate and the Chicago platform, but apparently the Republican managers believe that their gains among the farmers will offset any losses they may sustain among the organized workers. It is significant that nearly all the more extreme advocates of railway nationalization in the last Congress have fared badly in the Primaries and that in Maine where the Republicans had an unprecedented majority advocates of nationalization were overwhelmingly defeated. In contrast with Canada public opinion in the United States seems to have gone decisively against public operation of railways and although Mr. Wilson sanctioned the restoration of the railways to the private companies the country seems likely to hold the Democrats responsible for an unsuccessful experiment in nationalization. It is remarkable, too, that *The New York Times*, perhaps the most powerful of all Democratic newspapers, opposes nationalization as strongly as do the Republican press and the Republican leaders and is as unfriendly to the Labour extremists with whom Mr. Taft alleges the President had too intimate relations.

A straw vote taken through 8,000 Rexall drug stores gives Mr. Harding 182,491 votes and Mr. Cox 117,601. Of these votes women, for whom separate ballot boxes were provided, have cast 72,928, or 47,216 for the Republican and 25,712 for the Democratic candidate. Mr. Cox has failed to secure a majority in any State outside of the South and even in the South Mr. Harding has 24,428 votes against 42,107 for his opponent. In New York, which the Democratic managers hope may go to Cox, the straw vote is two to one in favour of Harding. All the signs, therefore, foreshadow a sweeping Republican victory, and a signal personal defeat for Mr. Wilson and the policies of his Administration. One feels, however, that Mr. Wilson will remain a great figure in

American history, and that it is far from improbable that the United States under a Republican Administration will enter into the partnership of nations upon conditions not very different from those which he with so much ardour, energy and devotion strove to persuade his country to accept.

IV

During the first week of November Scotland will vote on proposals to subject the liquor traffic to far more stringent regulations. Although many of the cable despatches have produced a contrary impression, something far less than actual or complete prohibition is at issue in the contest. The voter has the choice of three resolutions. He may declare for "no licence", for reduction of 25 per cent. in the number of licences in any local area, or against any change in the existing licensing system. But even in an area where the people adopt "no licence" the Licensing Court may "grant one or more certificates for an inn or hotel" in which however liquor may be taken only at meals and in which no drinking bar may be maintained.

The Act under which the voting is authorized is intended only to abolish or limit the number of public drinking-places. It does not forbid private drinking, nor the purchase of liquor in quantity for that purpose, nor is the manufacture or transportation of liquor affected. Moreover a resolution for "no licence" must have the support of 55 per cent. of all the votes cast, and 35 per cent. of all the votes registered in the area. If, however, the "no licence" resolution fails to carry the votes cast in its favour must be added to those polled for reduction in the number of licenses which may be issued.

The contest seems to have developed into a direct struggle between "no change" and "no licence". The Scottish churches, except the Episcopal and Roman Catholic bodies, which are uncommitted, are stated to be united against licences. A national Citizens' Council directs the campaign of the prohibitionists. Many American speakers are engaged who emphasize the benefits which the United States has derived from prohibition and there has been an attempt to evoke feeling because these speakers are paid from American sources. In their literature the prohibitionists declare that "Scotland's drink bill for 1919 was £36,000,000 or £12, 12s. per head of the adult population". It is also stated that in 16 weeks of 1918 the convictions for drunkenness in Glasgow were 1,296 men and 383 women as against 6,077 men and 1,345 women in a like period in 1920. It is submitted in explanation that special causes explain the increase in the number of convictions. Among these causes the return of the demobilized armies and the immensely greater spending power of the "working classes" are emphasized.

The opponents of prohibition deny that the churches are united in support of "no licence" and it seems that many ministers favour less radical measures. There is energetic protest against the attempt of Americans to dictate to Scotsmen in their private affairs. Prohibition is denounced as "political insanity" and a "violent invasion of individual liberty". What, the advocates of licence ask, is the game of the Yankees? They point out that while the Americans promise that prohibition will promote efficiency the abolition of vodka in Russia has had very different results. They suggest that the Yankees are trying to "ruin our industries" and breed unrest. They recall German efforts at "peaceful penetration" and ask, "Do you wish to take another dose of 'peaceful penetration' from adventurers and cranks from another foreign nation?"

A special correspondent of *The Times* (London) states that both parties in the struggle profess to be certain of victory but that neither really has any great confidence in the result. Editorially *The Times* declares that opinion

has hardened against the liquor traffic. It agrees that under the stringent liquor regulations maintained during the war there was a great reduction in drunkenness but that "since 1918, although the relaxation of the regulations has been slight, there has been a disquieting and apparently progressive increase in convictions for drunkenness". *The Times* thinks that many of the old arguments for the trade have lost their effect. It asserts that the episcopal preference of a "free England" to a "sober England" has become a faded paradox. "We are all agreed," *The Times* says, "that the restrictions of licences and of the hours of public drinking, the reform of public-houses, the quality of liquors are matters in which legislation can promote temperance."

The Times admits that the real question which the country must soon consider is not regulation or restriction but absolute prohibition. It asks if alcohol is a drug so meagre in its benefits, so insidious in its appeal and so calamitous in its mental and moral effects on the individual and the race that its use must be treated as a crime and drinking be not only punished but prevented. "Must we even reject the illogical, but, if we are to judge from the American example, very practical defence, that degenerate human nature, deprived of alcohol, will turn to stimulants admittedly more destructive". It is clear from its reasoning that *The Times* is not ready to take the long and last step towards complete prohibition but that it has no great confidence in the old defences of the liquor traffic, and recognizes that the arguments of prohibitionists and restrictionists cannot be evaded. "We shall," *The Times* frankly confesses, "have to face these questions; let us get ready to face them in the proper atmosphere—an atmosphere not contaminated by the sale of bad drink, too long hours, unsanitary and disgraceful bars, slack administration of the laws against drunkenness, insufficient provision for healthy recreation, houses in which the hours of leisure cannot be passed tolerably."

V

It is significant that few of the witnesses before the Tariff Committee of the Cabinet have demanded any increase in protectionist duties. Much evidence has been submitted in favour of industrial stability and against revolutionary reduction of customs taxes. But whatever may be the virtues or defects of the Canadian tariff there is a far stronger demand in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa for higher protection for native industries than we have in Canada. Roughly the Liberal party and the organized Farmers advocate lower tariff while the National Liberal and Conservative party favours the principle of protection and the existing customs schedules with such alterations and modifications as investigation may show to be necessary in the general interest. So in the United States the tariff has not been a dominant issue in the Presidential contest. There has been no agitation for lower duties by the Democrats and only a firm and moderate defence of adequate protection by the press and speakers of the Republican party.

Mr. Harding, as is perhaps natural in a statesman who represents the McKinley tradition, is rather more aggressive in defence of protection than most of his political associates. In one of his speeches he said: "Proper protection American industry and American labour have the right to expect. This much they should properly receive. It would be an intolerable thing if we stood by and beheld our enterprise impaired and our labour injured. If it be placed in responsible control in the November election the Republican party solemnly engages that this shall not come to pass. The stability of American industry, the prosperity of American agriculture, the security of American labour—these shall be its purpose—to be achieved by deliberate tariff revision, protective revision, whenever and wherever the necessity exists."

It is believed that Mr. Taft in 1912 lost hundreds of thousands of votes among American farmers through his support of the trade agreement with the Dominion which the Canadian people rejected. From the first Mr. Harding has cultivated American farmers and unquestionably there is a formidable element in the Republican party which would increase duties on agricultural products. Just now, too, there is an energetic, organized demand by Western farmers for prohibition of wheat imports from Canada. There is no reason to think that the McKinley duties will be restored but there is some danger that a Republican Administration at Washington will give a greater degree of protection to American farm products and incidentally new phases may be developed in the fiscal controversy in this country.

VI

There is nothing in the platform adopted by the Republican Convention at Chicago to which Canadians can seriously object. This is true also of the platform adopted by Democrats at San Francisco. We do wonder, however, when Congress and State Legislatures go out in support of the "Irish Republic" and submit to the blandishments of a De Valera. We are amazed, too, when the American Federation of Labour meeting on the soil of a loyal British Dominion adopts a resolution "with tremendous enthusiasm" in favour of the dismemberment of the British Empire. One suspects that there are tens of thousands of labour unionists in Canada who will resent the Federation's action and that by what has been done, international unionism will not be strengthened. This is all the more unfortunate because international unionism has been well regarded and its Canadian leaders have always been among the most responsible and respected of Labour statesmen in Canada.

Nor does one understand the ground of American protest against regulations which restrict or prohibit exportation of pulpwood from the Dominion. Many American newspapers seem to believe that restrictions and prohibitions are established by a federal statute. As a matter of fact under the Canadian Constitution all the old Provinces control their own natural resources. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta impose no restrictions upon export of raw materials to the United States. Over the resources of those Provinces the Dominion retains control. Again and again demands for national legislation to prohibit export of pulpwood have been refused by the central Government. But restrictive regulations are maintained by Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, with the clear object, no doubt, of compelling manufacture in Canada. These resources, however, belong to the Provinces and absolutely no constitutional right of interference lies in the Canadian Government. This Washington should understand and this the American press should not forget when an impression is created that the Federal Government is responsible for restrictions which compel manufacture of newsprint in Canada.

Moreover, it is difficult to challenge the position of the Provinces. There are no restrictions upon export of paper. Surely the Provinces have the right to require home manufacture of their raw materials. Nor would it be easy to challenge Federal legislation which would require the manufacture of raw materials to the last processes in Canada. No such legislation, however, exists, nor is there any prospect that such legislation will be attempted by the Canadian Government. But all one means to suggest is that whatever may be said by American Presidential campaigners Canada is likely to be "more than usual calm" until the contest is over, and beyond this lies perhaps the secret hope that when the Dominion has its next general election there will be reciprocity in restraint on the part of Americans.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE RESCUE

By JOSEPH CONRAD. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.



WHAT is a good novel? Remembering, with Professor Phelps, that "definitions are dangerous", and, with Oscar Wilde, that "to define is to limit", we may yet agree, with Henry James, that

"A novel is, in its broadest definition, a personal, a direct impression of life: that constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression."

Or, we may accept also the view of another American novelist, James Lane Allen, that

"The novel is a long artistic prose work of the creative imagination which, by the use of ideas lying within the experience of mankind, attains its desired effect of arousing great and varied emotion."

For ourselves, we should define the novel as an artistically conceived and plotted interpretative analysis (whether realistic, impressionistic, naturalistic, idyllic or romantic in method), in extended prose form, of some human experience or experiences, skilfully and sympathetically mediated through the imagination of a great personality; or, again, as a comprehensive fictional reaction to some especially interesting aspect or problem in the welter of life. The true novel requires keen observation, a high order of imagination, both vicarious and gregarious sympathy, the humour bred of tolerance, and an intelligibly articulated theory of life.

The work of Joseph Conrad (styled during his boyhood in the Ukraine

Teodor Josef Konrad Karzeniowski) satisfies all of these definitions and requirements. It is deeply and sincerely imaginative; it has style in Pater's sense of the word; it has its own coherent philosophy, which, if reminiscent of Hamlet's irony, is reminiscent also of his sympathy, of his courage, and of his inalienable loyalty to that great monitor which men call honour. Since the appearance of "Almayer's Folly", in 1895, "The Nigger of the Narcissus", in 1898 ("His most perfect work", as Hugh Walpole asserts; "He alone has ever written such a book," declares Richard Curle); and "Lord Jim", in 1900, this famous Polish-Englishman, now sixty-three years of age, has produced, in general, a cumulatively powerful series of novels, especially successful, perhaps, in "Typhoon", "Nostromo", "The Secret Agent", "Chance", "Victory", and "The Shadow-Line", besides those mentioned above, and now in this stern, strong book whose subsidiary title is "A Romance of the Shallows".

Conrad's heroes are usually quiet men of a rare simplicity, the slow revelation of whose soul-processes constitutes both the essence of his stories and the extraordinary emotional inspiration of his tone or quality. In the present novel, Captain Tom Lingard, known as "King Tom", "Rajah-Laut", etc., is recognized by Mrs. Travers, a highly complex yet "imperfectly civilized" woman, both his complement and his antithesis, as possessing "true greatness", as "a limpid soul". These are the two chief characters, brought face to face in Malayan waters and jungles through a

strange accident of fate, which hinders and at last prevents the execution of a gallant and honourable adventure to which Lingard had committed himself on behalf of a deposed native chief, Rajah Hassim, before the stranding of the Travers's yacht brought into his life unknown and unwanted people. It equally complicates and endangers the very existence of these enforced sojourners in the Shallows. Honour and passion contend for the mastery, as the days go by, and although the battle is balanced, seemingly, honour is at last not indeed forsaken yet foregone, through another accident (yet "What is an accident?" asks Lingard), a series of accidents, rather, which serve, ironically, as symbols both of Lingard's unconscious forgetfulness of his trust and of Mrs. Travers's willing-unwilling recognition and refusal of her power to confirm his spirit in its own high sense of truth.

Through six parts does this intricate plot of motives and cross-motives, of danger and death, unfold itself. The intimate characterizations of the "savage" figures on the one hand with whom Lingard has cast his life and, on the other hand, of the husband of Mrs. Travers, his Spanish friend d'Alcaicer, and the young seaman Carter, and Jørgensen, a disillusioned ancient, are as consummately wrought as anything elsewhere in Conrad's work. And we have here the same grave, stoic dignity of style, with its subtle cadences and affirming iterations. Indeed, the manner of Conrad's novels is the major part of the secret of their power, his remarkable interweaving of romance with realism, his atmospheric symbols and portents, his brooding subjectivism. It is interesting to observe the effects he creates through the use of what we may call negation-words in *in*—*im*— and *ir*—, particularly the words "imperishable", "invulnerable", "irresistible", "incredible", "incomprehensible", "impassive", "impenetrable", "inscrutable", "inconceivable", "immobile", "imper-

ceptible", "intolerable", "inflexible", "indefinable", and, through page after page in all his work, "immense" and "immensity"! Even the Malayan princess who serves as a foil to Mrs. Travers is named Immada. There is a colour, a savour in these and kindred words which Mr. Conrad very delicately perceives to be indispensable to the creation of his haunting twilights and darkening menaces.

The correspondence in the several 'folds' of the plot are skilfully suggested, and the prophetic incidents and focus-moments complete and justify the considered, detailed patterning of a master.

Conrad's own words, in "A Personal Record", may serve to imply the more experimental grounds of his ability as a literary artist. He speaks of

"... the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world and all that makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn. For that, too, is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator, in a great isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of overmatched littleness for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude."

If "The Arrow of Gold" (1919) left something to seek, "The Rescue" is, we think, Conrad at his best. Like "The Nigger of the Narcissus", "Lord Jim" and "Nostromo", it is fully worthy of his great gifts.

G. H. C.

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BLUESTONE

BY MARGARET WILKINSON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE title poem of this book, which is a metrical study of an American heredity, won for Mrs. Wilkinson one of the annual prizes given by the National Arts Club through the Poetry Society of America. There are in the book also "Songs from be-

side Swift Rivers", which is a group of lyrics of the out-of-doors. Canoeing, swimming, sleeping out, shooting rapids—"Songs of Poverty", "California Songs", "Preferences", "Songs of an Empty House", a group of love songs and others of a miscellaneous character. Mrs. Wilkinson, in an unusually interesting introduction, tells of her early tendency towards poetry, especially towards rhythm, and she gives examples, by musical settings, of what her verses mean to her as music. "My melodies," she writes, "observe some law of quantity, or enforce it, I am not sure which. A plump, well-rounded syllable is likely to go with an ample, long-sounding note. Quick, slight syllables hurry and scurry along with notes of small-time value. The musical accent and the stress of speech fall together. Something of what I mean by this is suggested by the first lines of "The Pageant" and the tune that goes with them. The two long-sounding syllables, 'long' and 'road', in the first line, are mated with musical notes relatively long. The word 'highway', on the other hand, which ends the balancing phrase in the same line, is more quickly sung." We quote the first stanza of "The Pageant":

Forever is a long road; Forever is a highway
Whereon go marching through arching
nights and days
Proud dreams with golden crowns fair upon
their foreheads,
Shining Dreams with haloes and bright
Dreams with bays,
And all along the flowered edge the little
Dreams go dancing,
Singing gay canticles of praise.

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OTHERWORLD CADENCES

By F. S. FLINT. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

HERE is another good-looking small book of verse, and its goodness is not all in its looks. The author writes an introduction in which he makes the claim that there is only one art of writing, and that is the art of

poetry; and that wherever you feel the warmth of human experience and imagination in any writing, there is poetry, whether it is in the form we call prose, or in rhyme or metre, or in the unrhymed cadence in which the great part of this book is written. The book itself is full of emotion, of human experience; and, if that be the test, then it is full of poetry. We quote "Gloom":

I sat there in the dark
Of the room and of my mind
Thinking of men's treasons and bad faith
Sinking into the pit of my own weakness
Before their strength of cunning,
Out over the gardens came the sound of
some one
Playing five-finger exercises on the piano.

Then
I gathered up within me all my powers
Until outside of me was nothing:
I was all—
All stubborn, fighting sadness and revulsion.

And one came from the garden quietly,
And stood beside me.
She laid her hand on my hair;
She laid her cheek on my forehead,—
And caressed me with it;
But all my being rose to my forehead
To fight against this outside thing.
Something in me became angry;
Withstood like a wall,
And would allow no entrance;
I hated her.

"What is the matter with you, dear?" she said.

"Nothing", I answered,
"I am thinking."
She stroked my hair and went away;
And I was still gloomy, angry, stubborn.

Then I thought:
She has gone away; she is hurt;
She does not know
What poison has been working in me.

Then I thought:
Upstairs, her child is sleeping;
And I felt the presence
Of the fields we had walked over, the roads
we had followed,
The flowers we had watched together,
Before it came.

She had touched my hair, and only then did
I feel it;
And I loved her once again.

And I came away,
Full of the sweet and bitter juices of life;
And I lit the lamp in my room,
And made this poem.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE TEMPERANCE LODGE

*The I. O.
G. T.*

THE Scott Act never reached our village, and local option, that spasmodic forerunner of the Ontario Temperance Act, had not yet come into fashion. Nevertheless we were fortified against the direst ravages of strong drink by a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars. We did not go the length, as some communities did, of building a temperance hall, for we were able to procure for a modest rental the township building, proper enough place, and large enough, especially as there was not in those days a preponderance of opinion in support of total abstinence.

Total abstinence, as a matter of fact, was the shoal on which the frail craft of temperance always stuck, for many men who were not out-and-out tipplers were, even so, not averse to a social glass on any occasion or a pull at the bottle on bitterly cold days. Cold itself was always a good reason for drinking whiskey, and in summer beer was tolerated by many an erstwhile squeamish soul. Therefore it was not without trepidation that the organizer of the lodge came into our midst. But he found immediate sympathy and support in most of the Methodists, while others, perhaps of more suspicious faith, said that they guessed it was the right thing to do, but they would rather wait and see how it turned out.

Out-and-out tipplers, those genial specimens of the genus homo who took delight in leaning against the bar, with full glasses in front and empty pockets beneath, laughed the project to scorn. They were of the kind that loaf around, waiting to be treated, and who have the serene type of mind that imagines they can take it or leave it alone. To leave it alone, however, was not their purpose, for to refuse a drink was the same as to lose five cents. And five cents in those days was the difference between being a pauper and being independent.

The Order of Good Templars was, above all other things, independent. It provided its own regalia, had its own form

*Five cents
In those days*

of initiation, and even went the length of contriving an ante-room and inventing a password. The password, in fact, was the bulwark of protection against invasion by the philistines. Every member, quite rightly, swore to keep it secret, and much conjecture ensued as to its actual worth and composition. The question arose as to whether the guard could properly refuse admittance to anyone who could pronounce it. If he could not refuse, then it was the bounden duty of every member to protect the secrecy of the password as he would protect his own life. Maria Smith declared that if Charlie Mitchell, for instance, who boasted that he knew the password, were to whisper it, like the real members, at the door, they could not refuse to admit him, and that if he were admitted they could not refuse to provide him with proper regalia.

That was a serious situation. For, what good was a temperance lodge if any drunken loafer could enter at will, demand regalia and observe every sacred ceremony? The Chief Templar, who in the common walk of life was the blacksmith, advised us to wait until the iron was at least in the fire. He did not think it possible for any outsider, especially Charlie Mitchell, to know the password, but he urged the members not to pronounce it aloud when they presented themselves for admittance, but to whisper it. He admonished them also against repeating the word aloud to themselves, while at work or in periods of meditation, because no one knew what enemy might be within hearing at that very moment.

Henry Perkins was the guard. He accepted the position with becoming gravity, and afterwards made the profound declaration that no one would get by him without giving the password.

The password, in all seriousness, was the cause of much conjecture during the next fortnight, because someone rashly had said that it was the name of an article of food in daily use. The folly of giving even a clue was discussed generally, and here and there one or two names, and one in particular, stood the brunt of considerable criticism. Guesses as to the actual word were made on all hands. "Meat" was the favourite and "Bread" was a close second. Most of the old women guessed "Tea" and two or three were sure it was "Butter". Whatever it might be it caused much conjecture and even aroused some debate.

A debate, indeed, and in keeping with a good old practice, became the form of the forthcoming evening's entertainment. It was the second Lodge Night, and perhaps there are others

The Importance of the Password

A Good Old Practice

*The Chief
Templar*

beside myself who remember the subject of the debate. For it was resolved that the works of man are greater than the works of nature. The Chief Templar, who was known to have other accomplishments than shoeing horses and setting tires, was asked to move the resolution. Miss Simpkins told us afterwards that he tried to wiggle out of it, but when they told him that the schoolteacher would speak for the negative, he pulled the string of his leather apron tighter and began to survey the heavens. The schoolteacher, with her head still "fu' o' edication", took the precaution to say that the affirmative had the better opportunity but she fell at once upon the task of preparing evidence in rebuttal, and with some dark motive requested that I be one of her supporters. The judges were to be the Methodist parson, the miller, and old Mr. Johnston.

It was a notable fortnight in our history. Quite apart from the debate and the announcement that Lizzie Lavery would sing a solo, much information went about relative to the effects of alcohol on the alimentary tract. If taken in sufficient quantities whiskey would make the lining of the stomach like a piece of tanned leather. If taken even moderately it would dull the senses, loosen the purse strings and cause untold misery. Look at the shoemaker. What had whiskey done for him? His children were in rags, his work was behind and his wife had left him for a whole month. And yet there were others who seemed to thrive on it. To be sure, Joe, the teamster, never was very much in pocket, but he enjoyed life, always was jolly, except when in a fight, and it was a safe bet that there was nothing wrong with his alimentary tract. The moderate element thought, with Paul, that a little sling at bedtime was permissible. But we Good Templars were the total abstainers. We included about a third of the women within driving distance, a man or two here and there, the blacksmith, the postmaster, and Ted Smale's hired man. We walked past the tavern with our heads in the air, and it rather galled us on Lodge night to see the place a little more lively than usual, just as if they were setting up wholesome competition. But we knew our cause was right, and we were determined to overcome evil with good.

Henry was on guard at the lodge door. One by one his freinds and neighbours, being challenged, advanced, whispered the password and were permitted to enter. Mrs. Simpkins looked unusually severe. It was of course a solemn performance; and, having entered, she proceeded to bedeck herself with proper regalia. Betty Butson was so excited over the

impending debate that she absolutely forgot all about the regalia, having done her hair in a Psyche knot, and would not have remembered the regalia at all had not Mrs. Perkins stood up and brought the fact to the attention of the Chief Templar. Betty was greatly upset. She blushed crimson as she walked across the hall to where the regalia lay in a heap on a bench. Never before, she confessed afterwards, had she felt so completely flabbergasted, but Mrs. Jones assured her that as far as the other members were concerned, they wouldn't hold it against her.

*Betty was
Greatly upset*

And at length, with Betty in proper regalia, the Chief Templar opened the meeting in the form printed in the book. But just at this juncture there was a slight disturbance at the door, caused by Charlie Mitchell, evidently, as Jimmie Jackson expressed it, "three sheets in the wind", demanding admittance.

"Advance and give the password," we heard Henry exclaim. "Cheese!" shouted Charlie.

Henry opened the door and bade him enter. He stood for a moment looking stupidly at the meeting, then came forward and took a seat. There was an ominous silence, and then someone observed that Charlie was not in proper regalia.

"How can he wear proper regalia," remarked the chief, "when he has not been duly initiated?"

"He must have been initiated," argued Henry, trying to justify himself, "or he couldn't tell the password. I claim he has the right to enter and wear proper regalia."

"How did you find out the password?" asked the Chief, addressing Charlie.

Charlie blubbered as he looked up with bleary eyes.

"I smelt it," he said thickly.

"Yes," said the Chief, rising and coming down towards the intruder, "I knew someone would smell it sooner or later. But if it smells half as strong to you as you do to us, you'll be glad to get out. In any case, the door is still there and you're going through it right now."

Everyone knew Charlie's reputation as a fighter, and of course we expected a struggle. But everyone knew also, and Charlie knew, that the blacksmith was the strongest man in the township. Charlie, therefore, offered no resistance when a powerful hand reached down and grasped him by the shoulder. Instead, he rose, wobbling at the knees, and, responding to the obvious intention of the hand, moved somewhat uncertainly towards the door. We saw the door opened and Charlie thrust inelegantly through it. There was a clutter of

*Charlie
offered no
Resistance*

*He read from
the Book*

steps on the porch, and then the Chief Templar entered, alone, and resumed his place as head of the Order. He began to read from the book, just as if he were reading from Proverbs:

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine? Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

"In view of the evening's entertainment," said Tom Jones, interrupting, "part of which is to be a debate, I move an adjournment of the regular meeting, especially as there are no candidates for initiation."

Mrs. Simmons bobbed up and down, like a flash, and then, like an echo, the faint sound of her voice reached us:

"I second the motion."

Maria Smith rose immediately, in full regalia, and said that as it was a temperance lodge and not a debating society, temperance should come first.

Ted Smale's hired man, standing up at the back and pulling at the tinsel on his regalia, said he believed that them as be temperance should remain temperance and them as bain't shouldn't.

The minister said that as nobody had moved an amendment it would be in order for the chair to put the motion.

Mrs. Simmons bobbed up and down again, like another flash, and then we heard, just like another echo, the sound of her voice piping faintly,

"I withdraw."

"Then I second the motion," said Maria Smith, very inconsistently, as everyone agreed, but Maria as she sat down again, only drew her lips a little tighter and folded her hands on her lap.

"All in favour," shouted the Chief, as he saw several members rising.

A dozen hands went up, a huge majority, and the gavel came down.

"I now call on Miss Lizzie Lavery," said the Chief, "for a solo entitled, 'The Cows are in the Corn'."

Lizzie sang, unaccompanied, as only Lizzie could sing, and after prolonged applause she obliged by singing a song entitled "The Walkerton Murder", after which the Chief Templar announced the subject of the debate—resolved that the work of man is greater than the work of nature—named the judges and proceeded to make his introduction. He took North America for instance. When our forefathers crossed

*North
America for
Instance*

the briny deep, he asked us to admit, this continent was a howling wilderness. It was as nature had left it. But see what a change man had wrought! The work of man was greater than nature's because man had improved on nature, and so on and so forth.

*A Howling
Wilderness*

Fred Freeman, who had been pathmaster for two seasons and was thinking of running for council, led the negative. He, too, took North America for instance, and he admitted that when our forefathers crossed the briny deep this continent was a howling wilderness. But that is about all he did admit. He held that if nature had not provided for man, man would have had nothing to work on. And so on and so on.

Betty Butson came next with an attempt to reclaim for the affirmative any ground that might have been lost in North America. Obviously, she was much flustered, owing no doubt to her consciousness of the fact that Psyche knots were as yet not properly appreciated thereabouts. But she started right out with an attack on North America, and became so vehement in her declarations and shook her head so vigorously that the Psyche knot began to untwist. One strand stood straight up behind, giving Betty a most defiant air, and as she traversed North America her hair gradually fell apart. The audience began to laugh, and as Betty did not know the cause she became very much excited and actually went all the way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia in one desperate leap.

My turn was coming next, and in my exuberance I whispered to Susie Taylor, who sat beside me and on whom I looked with much tenderness, that if I couldn't get off North America I'd get off the platform. And, as it happened, Betty, just at that very moment did get off, her hair having tumbled down in absolute disorder, and I got on.

I turned and faced the audience. Perhaps, hardened and unsympathetic reader, you too, in the course of your conquered career, have spoken in public. Perhaps you know what it is to have the mind become blank, even for ever so brief a space of time, to see the heads of the audience bobbing confusedly in front; in fine to lose control of your nerves and your tongue and to be glad to blurt out anything, just so long as it is something. I blurted out the very thing that had caused my derision.

"All right," I said, "take North America for instance. I admit that when our forefathers crossed the briny deep this continent was a howling wilderness."

*I, too, took
North
America*

A Geographical Discourse

Then I floundered. I caught at this and I caught at that, until at length I caught my breath and launched upon a geographical discourse. I traced the St. Lawrence to the foot of the Great Lakes, went up the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi, began to wander helplessly through Louisiana, wallowed hopelessly in Florida and ended somewhere, somehow, in the quagmires of the South.

Henry Perkins followed. He believed every claim his leader had made as to the situation in North America. One thing he was sure of was that if he hadn't given his squashes, for instance, a good deal of personal attention, if he had left them entirely in the hands of the Almighty, they wouldn't have taken first prize at the Fair.

The schoolteacher absolutely ignored North America. To hear her speak, you wouldn't know there ever had been such a place. She clung to flowers and birds and beautiful scenery, and ended with what everyone agreed was an eloquent appeal for reverence of the Giver of all Good.

The judges took down all the points with great pains and impartiality. And after much deliberation they announced that the debate was a tie, each side having scored two points. The spokesman said that if in going over the waterways I had thought to mention the artificial canals I would have made a point and won the debate. But it all went to show that, besides being temperate, we had some first-class latent talent. All that was needed was development. My own opinion always has been that the debate rang the death-knell of the lodge. If it was not the debate, then it was the unhappy situation that forced an isolated few to pay lodge dues for the doubtful distinction of being total abstainers. We heard much about teetotalism, moderate indulgence, freedom of conscience, taking it and leaving it alone, tipping and treating, but nothing could save the lodge from early desuetude and final collapse. It was after all a situation described by Ted Smale's hired man in words which we requote:

A Temperance Axiom

"Them as be temperance should remain temperance, and them as bain't shouldn't."

