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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LI

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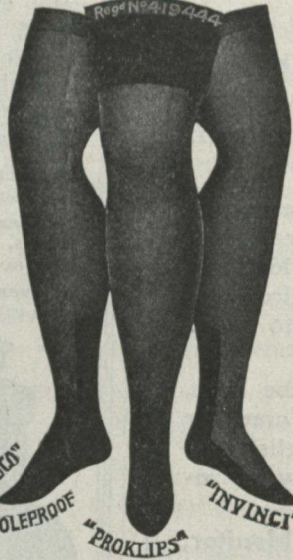
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Two contributions announced for the August number had to be held over, "The Indians of Alert Bay," and "Marriage in Upper Canada in Early Days." These will appear in the September Number.

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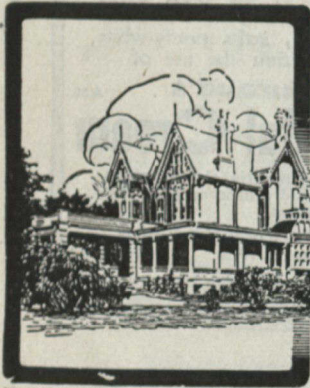
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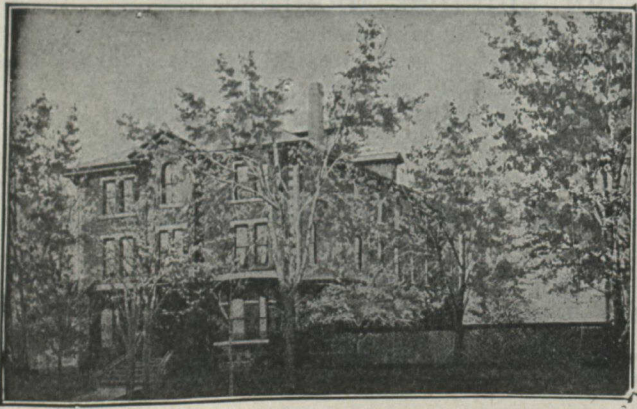
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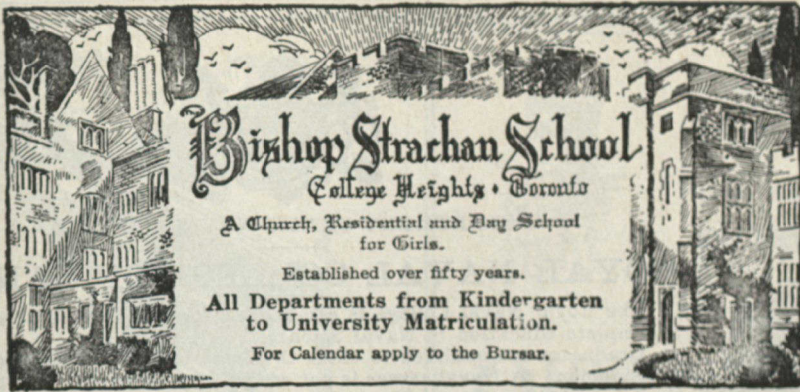
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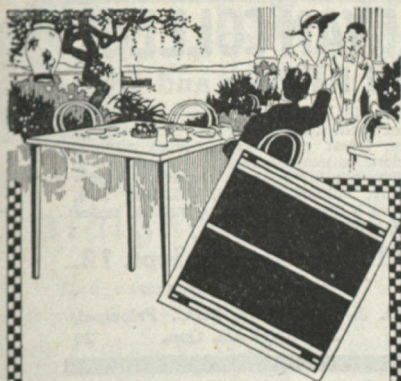
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THE HARVEST OF THE WEST
The Binders at Work.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL LI.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1918

No. 4

HISTORICAL CHURCHES OF CANADA

BY MADGE MACBETH

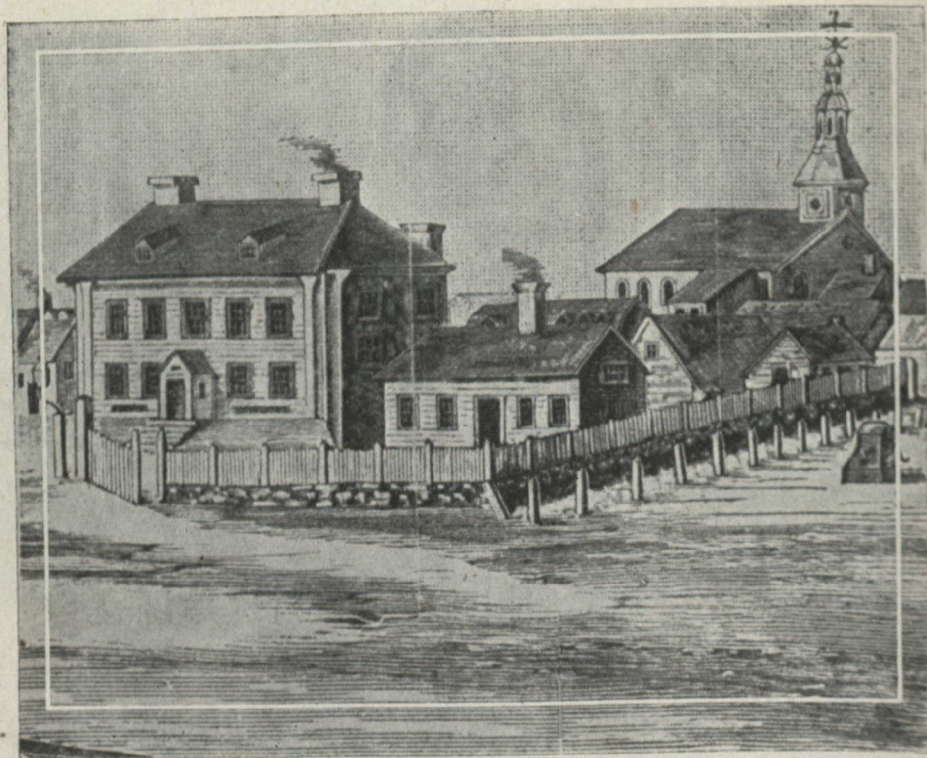


THE religious history of Canada dates back to 1534, when Jacques Cartier landed upon what is now Douglas-town and erected a cross thirty feet high. Before this symbol the explorers knelt and prayed. No church or chapel, however, followed to mark the spot upon which mass was said, so we pass on. In like brief manner, too, do we mention an item found in the Huguenot records which states that "In Canada the first to represent the doctrines of the reformed churches were the Huguenots". Under Chauvin they made their first attempt at colonizing, founding Tadoussac in 1598. But they left no monument to indicate their place of worship, from which there must have been sent heavenwards many a fervent prayer for

deliverance from their many troubles.

And so in a breath we dispose of many years and come to 1604, when, history tells us, the first church edifice was erected by the Huguenots under Sieur Pierre de Monts on an island in Passamaquoddy Bay.

Tadoussac really should have claimed this distinction, for some assert that de Monts landed there intending to make it the nucleus of a flourishing colony. Associated with him was Champlain, the most prominent figure of the French régime in Canada, and Champlain had secured for his co-worker a monopoly of the fur trade. But de Monts rejected Tadoussac and the whole of the St. Lawrence as being an unsuitable field for colonization, and insisted upon turning back on the graveyard of the earlier pioneers. He and Champlain explored the Bay of Fundy, discov-



St. Paul's, Halifax, the pioneer protestant church in British North America.
From a drawing made in 1773

ered Annapolis Basin and the St. John River and shifted the scene of their operations to Acadia, establishing settlements at Ste. Croix Island and Port Royal. At the former place, de Monts and his 120 emigrants, including artisans of all trades, labourers and soldiers, erected the first church edifice in Canada. Its supporting pillars were living trees.

For three years this settlement struggled for existence. Nearly half of the company died of *mal de la terre*—a much prettier name than scurvy—during the first winter, and the priest who was responsible for the spiritual welfare of the survivors, gives a rather damaging tribute to our Canadian climate when he explains this appalling fatality. He says—“They were a jolly lot of hunters who preferred rabbit hunting to the air of the fireside, skating on ponds

to turning over lazily in bed, making snow balls . . . to sitting around the fireside and talking about Paris and its good cooks!”

The assassination of Henry IV. brought about the recall of de Monts and the failure of his venture. A little later, too, Port Royal disappeared from history for twenty years. Its little church disappeared forever.

Primitive architecture, it goes without saying, was much in vogue in those early days, and it is recounted that several churches were built in a rather unstable manner. In 1616, Friar Huet is described as celebrating mass in a “chapel” composed of branches and foliage, which may have excluded evil spirits but not the determined Tadoussac mosquito. Two sailors stood beside the reverend gentleman and tried to protect him by waving boughs about his person.



The old Parish Church of Ville Marie

The congregation smote themselves and one is apt to imagine that they uttered imprecations scarcely less audibly than their prayers!

All of Canada's early churches, however, were not constructed in so temporary a fashion.

Undaunted by the failure of his earlier schemes, Champlain returned to Canada in 1615 bringing with him Father d'Olbeau. They landed at Quebec and immediately set about planning and building a comparatively substantial chapel there. Laverdiere writes that Champlain was given not only money but portable ornaments and vestments for his churches in the colonies. This first one was opened on June 25th, 1615, and the occasion regarded with extreme solemnity. Father Leclercq describes the celebrant and his congregation as being bathed in tears.

In the church of these Recollet fathers who came to the infant Quebec in 1615 several of the French Governors were buried. Frontenac's

body was laid to rest there, though it was afterwards removed to the Basilica. In it too, prior to its destruction by fire in 1796, the English Church population used to worship on Sunday mornings, one congregation going in as the other came out. In *The Quebec Gazette* of May 21st, 1767, is found the following: "On Sunday next, Divine Service according to the use of the Church of England, will be held at the Recollets' church and continue for the summer season, beginning soon after eleven; the drum will beat each Sunday soon after half an hour past ten and the Recollets' bell will ring to give notice of the English service the instant their own is ended."

The Recollets of Montreal were equally generous, lending their chapel to the Protestant congregation established there when it was not required for mass. The first Presbyterians of Montreal borrowed this chapel and an old record quaintly states that "when they moved into an edifice of



Notre Dame de la Victoire.

From an early print of one of Quebec's oldest churches

their own, they presented the chapel with candles for the high altars and wine for mass, as the Recollets politely refused to take any remuneration for the loan of the chapel."

Quebec's most interesting church is, without doubt, Notre Dame de la Victoire, standing to-day after more than two hundred years just as it did in 1688 when it was built. Naturally there were other sacerdotal edifices which antedated Notre Dame, and of these perhaps the Hotel Dieu merits most attention.

One of the first works undertaken by the Colony of Champlain after its restoration to the French in 1633 was the founding of an Hotel Dieu. Residents of the colony, particularly the Europeans, strangers to climate and the many hardships necessarily the lot of pioneers, were discourag-

ingly victimized by disease and suffered excessively for want of proper attention. The colony was too poor to establish any sort of refuge for the sick, so the wealthy people of France interested themselves in the work. The most notable contributor was the Duchess d'Aiguillon, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, who resolved to found an Hotel Dieu at her own expense. "By contract passed in 1637 she and a relative" (who begged for the privilege of joining with her in the gift) "gave an annual rent of 15,000 livres, on a capital of 20,000, as a commencement of their laudable design, on condition . . . that masses should be said forever for the repose of the founders". The Duchess received a considerable concession of waste lands and a grant of ground within the precincts of the city, this



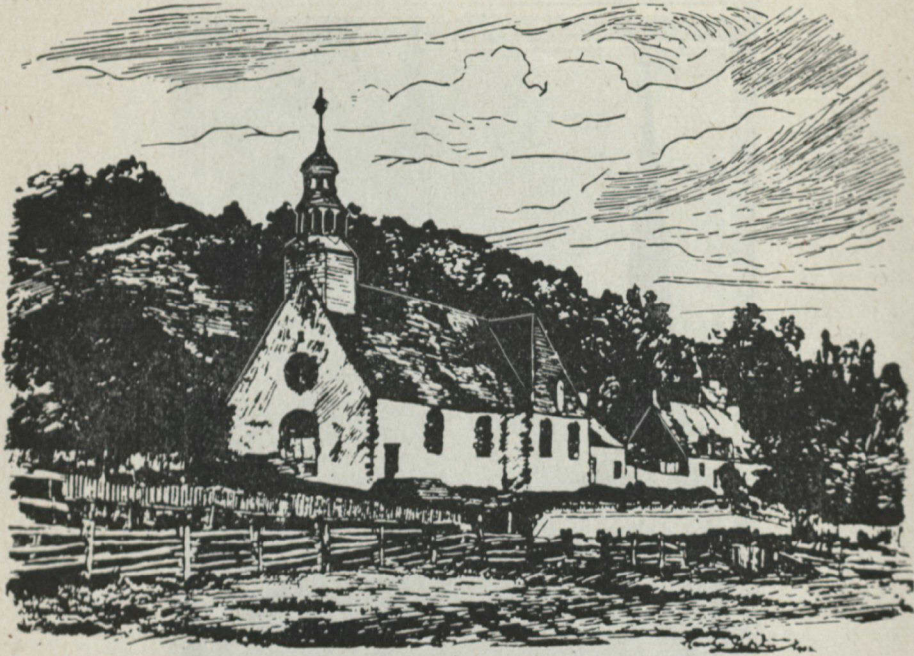
Old Trinity Church, Kingston, New Brunswick.
It was built by United Empire Loyalists

being the site now occupied by the Hotel Dieu, its buildings, and spacious gardens.

In like manner the Ursuline Convent owes its existence to the generosity of benefactors in France. Its object was to provide religious instruction and education for the female children of the French residents and also for those of the converted Indians. The convent was finished in 1641 but destroyed in 1650. It was immediately rebuilt and scarcely twenty years later, it became once more a prey to the flames. Most of its treasures were saved and it was built again.

Within its precincts lie buried the remains of the gallant Montcalm,

whose death is commemorated by a plain marble slab, placed there by His Excellency Lord Aylmer, more than fifty years ago. The chapel also possesses many valuable works of art, a Vandyke, a LeSueur, a picture by Restout, historical painter to the King of France, and several of Champagne's pictures. This last-mentioned artist was a Flemish painter, afterward painter to the Queen of France. In the Ursuline chapel, too, there are treasures in the way of books and vestments brought from France. There is also the votive lamp of Marie Madeline de Repentigny. The flame was first kindled in 1771 and has never been extinguished since. Even through the



The old church at Ste. Anne de Beauré

disastrous times of the fire, it was kept steadfastly burning.

While Quebec was still in its early childhood, Montreal was born. In 1642 Maisonneuve founded Ville Marie and built within its fort, a little church of bark. This was replaced by the first Parish Church, the site of which is marked with a tablet reading: . . . "Here was erected the first Parish Church of Ville Marie in 1656". About sixteen years later this in turn was replaced by what is now called the Old Parish Church which stood across Notre Dame Street. "Its picturesque belfry tower remained alone on the corner of the square for some years after the removal of the church, but it was taken down in 1840. The foundations yet exist under the south gate of the square."

And even at this, the Old Church has not entirely disappeared. For the front was used on the Recollet Church, and when the latter was demolished, the handsome cut-stone

front was incorporated in the back walls of a store built upon its site, where some pieces of it are still to be seen. The furniture and pictures were sent to the Church of Bonsecours and the pulpit chair of the Unitarian Church is made out of the old timbers of the tower.

In Mr. Lighthall's interesting volume, "Montreal after 250 Years", there is recounted a whimsical legend told of the corner which marks the location of the present church, on St. Sulpice Street, where there is always a little breeze even on the hottest day in summer. The Devil and the Wind were walking down Notre Dame Street when this church had just been built. "Why," said the Devil, "what is this? I never saw this before." "I dare you to go in," said the Wind. "You dare me, do you? You wait here till I come out," cried the Devil. "I'll be at the corner," said the Wind. His Majesty went in. He has never yet come out, and the Wind has remained ever since

waiting impatiently for him at the corner."

Notre Dame de Bonsecours is probably conceded to be the most interesting historically, of the Montreal churches. The foundation of stone was laid in 1657 or 1658 at the instigation of Sister Marie Bourgeoys, whose intention it was to found a Nunnery of the Congregation. The wooden chapel, only thirty by forty feet, was built partly by Maisonneuve himself, who cut and drew from the woods the first timbers. This little place of worship, named on account of the escapes of the colony from the hostile Iroquois, soon became too small for its congregation and in 1671 another church was built on the same site and upon foundations of the same size as those at present. Almost one hundred years this stood and then it was destroyed by fire,

after which the church of to-day was reconstructed upon the old foundations. It is told of the Bonsecours that during its building, Sister Marie Bourgeoys encountered so many obstacles, that she decided to abandon the venture and return to France. Arrived in her native land, however, she was approached by a Baron de Fancamp, a noble of Brittany, who owned an ancient image of the Virgin and who was very desirous of having a chapel built for it. This image was supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers. The Sister reconsidered her decision, returned to Canada, and took up her work where it had been left off. The church was completed, the image installed and there it remains to-day, the patron of French sailors for more than two centuries and a half.

It may be surprising to those who



The present Basilica at Ste. Anne de Beauré



The Chapel of the Mohawks at Brantford, Ontario.

It contains a silver Communion Service and a copy of the Bible, presented by Queen Anne

have given the subject little thought, to learn how early was Jewish immigration into Canada. The Jews appeared in Montreal shortly after the British Conquest, about 1760. Many of the families were of considerable mark and means and soon became prominent, not only in public and civil affairs but in the Canadian Militia. By 1777 these early settlers had organized themselves into a congregation and built themselves a synagogue—the first on Canadian soil. It was called Shearith Israel. A brief description of this is enlightening: . . . “The constitution of this congregation, unlike those of most synagogues which are extremely democratic, was pronouncedly autocratic and aristocratic, befitting the Castilian exclusiveness of the families composing it. The officers sat apart from the congregation on raised seats and were empowered not only to reprimand but even to fine those who violated the articles or absented them-

selves from worship”. The interior was spoken of as “being extremely neat, fitted with benches which are occupied by the male congregation. The gallery is supported by four handsome pillars and is assigned to the female part of the congregation. Opposite this . . . in the Egyptian style is a very beautiful mahogany Ark, over which are placed the Ten Commandments in Hebrew.”

Montreal is called the City of Churches, a designation borne out by some visitor who remarked that one could not take a step without treading on the shadow of a church. Mark Twain incorporated the same idea in somewhat different language when he wrote that one could not throw a brickbat without breaking a church window!

Older than the Parish Church and Bonsecours, however, possibly by several years, is the most famous church in Canada—that at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The events leading up to



St. John's Church at Bath.
One of the oldest churches in Ontario

its founding stretch far back into the dimness of antiquity. . . . The mother of the Virgin Mary was Saint Anne, who was buried in Jerusalem and who enjoyed several centuries of undisturbed repose. When the Paynims came to Jerusalem, however, they tried to desecrate the tomb and tear the body from its resting-place. In some miraculous manner, the coffin refused to give up its dead, and the desecrators threw it into the sea. After a long and wearisome journey it was buried in the sand off the coast of Brittany, where many years later it was revealed to some Breton fishermen. They took it to a priest who immediately recognized it as the coffin of Saint Anne, and he had a crypt made for it in his church. Thus Saint Anne became the patron saint of sailors and fishermen throughout Brittany. Early in the seventeenth century, three Breton sailors caught in a tempest on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, prayed to Saint Anne, vowing to erect a church in her memory in

the new world if they were spared from the fury of the sea. They were spared and on the first spot they touched—Cote de Beaupré—they built a crude little chapel. In a discouragingly short time ice and flood demolished it and another frame building was erected on its site. This still stands—a vivid contrast to the imposing cathedral to which pilgrims flock from all over the world.

In 1657, when Governor d'Argenson laid the corner stone for the new building, and the pious inhabitants were about to set themselves to work, a miracle happened. . . . The people carried stone in turn, and when a man named Louis Guimont stepped forward to do his bit, he could hardly lift the stone, so crippled was he with rheumatism and so racked with pain. But as soon as he touched the stone, lo, he was healed and accomplished his work with briskness and vigour. This was the first of Saint Anne's many miracles in Canada. Just inside the entrance

visitors may see large pillars composed of the crutches of those who journeyed with their help to the famous shrine and who suddenly felt the need of them no longer. The blind are said to have regained their sight, the deaf their hearing, the palsied their strength.

There are perhaps few ecclesiastical relics of which Canadians may be more justly proud than the Silver Communion Service and the Bible, sent by Queen Anne to the Mohawk Chapel. This is in Brantford and claims to be the oldest church in Ontario. Before the Revolutionary War the Mohawk Indians lived in the present State of New York where a church was built for them by the British Government. It was to this edifice that the Queen sent the silver and the Bible already mentioned. The former is inscribed with the Royal Arms, and the words: "The Gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and Her plantations in North America, Queen, to Her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks, 1712". The Bible is more simply inscribed, "To Her Majesty's Church of the Mohawks".

The assistance given the British by Joseph Brant, a famous Mohawk Chief, who after his conversion became just as famous a Christian gentleman, is too well known to require chronicling here. The church was moved to Brantford, named after the Chief, and the sacred relics which were buried during hostilities were restored to the new chapel, in perfectly good condition.

It should be mentioned before passing on to St. Paul's, Halifax, that when Nova Scotia became English in 1710 service was held in the picturesque old Garrison Church of Annapolis. Unfortunately for us, nothing of these ruins remain.

St. Paul's is called "the pioneer Protestant Church in British North America", and of it has been written:

Timbered in times when men built
strong,
With a tower of wood grown gray,
The frame of it, old, the heart still
young,
It has stood for many a day.

It was erected on the Parade in 1749, His Majesty King George the 2nd, is designated as the "Royal Founder", and the church, a "Royal Foundation, and of Exempt Jurisdiction".

Lord Cornwallis wrote in March 1750 that "he expected the frame of the church to arrive the following month from Boston", then a part of the British Dominions. He further described the architectural plan as being modelled after that of the Marblebone Chapel. It is generally understood, however, that in the original form, St. Paul's was an exact copy of St. Peter's, Vere Street, London.

The services were held in English, French, German and for a considerable time in Mic-mac. And the custom of lending churches, so prevalent in Montreal, did not escape St. Paul's, for it is recorded that "the Protestant Dissenters met there regularly for worship under Rev. Aaron Cleveland, every Lord's Day where he preached to a good acceptance, and will continue to do so until a meeting house can be built". This Rev. Aaron Cleveland was a progenitor of the late Grover Cleveland.

St. Paul's can boast of having had the first organ in Canada. It was played by Honourable Richard Bulkeley, and the second organ (now in use in North Sydney) was obtained from a Spanish prize ship in 1765 when it was captured by a British man-of-war.

Beneath the church are twenty vaults in which lie buried Governors, Admirals, Barons, Clergy, Jurists and many famous persons, among them Charles Lawrence, the first Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, and Lord Charles Greville Montague, son of the Duke of Manchester. St. Paul's

has been called the Westminster Abbey of Canada. The walls are covered with memorial tablets, and some one has truly said that the history of the Province is written there.

Trinity Church, St. John, had its humble origin in a frame house—the first in the settlement called Parr Town, after Governor Parr. A frame house was distinguished from other houses which were built of logs. The summit of architectural ambitions was, of course, an edifice composed of stone. The first decided step to obtain a church building was taken in 1788, when the corner stone of one was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Inghis, D.D., first Bishop of British North America. In 1792 a bell was installed, but stoves were not placed in the church until 1804, so for many years the congregations were constrained to keep themselves warm in a frame building, by the heat of their religious fervour.

Over the pew occupied by His Excellency the Governor hung the Royal Arms. For many years they were displayed in the Council Chamber in the old State House, Boston. They still exist and are carefully preserved in Trinity Church. They came into the possession of the church in rather an interesting manner, as far back as 1776.

On the evacuation of Boston, in the year mentioned above, Ward Chipman and Edward Winslow accompanied the British Army to New York and thence into Canada. In 1785 Mr. Winslow, who was at Halifax wrote to Mr. Chipman in St. John, saying, "Give my old Custom House Seal to Mr. Leonard and tell him I will forward the famous carved Coat of Arms by the first conveyance from Halifax". This, he subsequently did, writing, "In the box with your stationary is a venerable Coat of Arms, which I authorize you to present to the Council Chamber or any respectable public room which you think best entitled to it. They (the lion and the

unicorn) were constant members of the Council at Boston (by mandamus) and ran away when the others did; have suffered, and have a claim for residence in New Brunswick."

Older than this, though, is Trinity Church, Kingston, N.B., built also by the Loyalists and continuing its usefulness to-day, in its original form. The 125th anniversary of its founding was celebrated quite recently.

There are several churches of equal historic interest dating from more modern times. In Sackville the Baptists built a church in 1763, the year in which Acadia and New France became permanent possessions of the British Crown. Sackville, too, was the cradle of Methodism. In Halifax as early as 1761 the Lutherans erected a church edifice which still stands. The old kirk at Cornwall glows with historical romance. In Bath stands old St. John's Episcopal church, which with one other in the Niagara District claims the distinction of being the oldest church fabric in Ontario. It was begun in 1793 and built of timber taken from the lot on which it stands.

For several years after the settlement of Bath by the Loyalists a number of families met in the home of one of the residents and read the church service. Finally a church was built and a request was sent to England that a clergyman be sent to look after the spiritual welfare of the people. The Rev. John Langhorn, a pious but eccentric bachelor answered the call. Rigid punctuality was with him an inborn vice; no matter what condition the parish roads, no matter how extenuating the circumstances, for tardiness, he would not perform the marriage ceremony one minute after eleven o'clock in the morning!

His method of dealing with the boys of the parish was unique. He compelled them to kneel whenever they met him—in dust or mud, in the road or a snow bank, on a bed of violets or nettles—and repeat the

Lord's Prayer. If they made mistakes, their treatment was severe; if the recitation were correct, he would show his pleasure by requesting them to say it again.

Horses were scarce in those days, and Mr. Langhorn was forced to visit many of his parishioners on foot. One time, during a long drought he walked to another parish to which he had been invited to come and pray for rain. His prayer was answered by such a down-pour that the roads remained utterly impassable for several days.

"I protest," he was often heard to remark, thereafter, "that I will never again pray for rain!"

He was an indefatigable missionary and did not confine his ministrations to members of the English Church. He travelled through sections which were but virgin wilderness in order to reach some scattered settlers who gladly availed themselves of his visit, no matter what their denomination might be. His death is shrouded in mystery, for the ship on which he sailed for England on a well-deserved furlough was never heard from after leaving port.

But to return to the church itself. All the ancient original ornaments, with the exception of a chalice, paten

and a pair of handsome brass candlesticks, were stolen by an escaped negro convict who, though afterwards caught, never revealed the hiding-place of the treasures. The candlesticks were the cause of some dissension in the congregation, many of whom could not tolerate anything approaching High Church. An incumbent of broader views, however, finding the candlesticks rusting and tarnished hidden away in a cupboard, cleaned them and placed them, to the dismay of the congregation, on the altar. Expecting a show of protest, the broad-minded gentleman watched, and was rewarded by seeing some of the members take the candlesticks from the church and throw them into the bay. Observing the exact spot where they fell, he dived down, recovered them and the following Sunday they were back in their place on the altar . . . but with coal oil lamps burning in them.

And so with the good gentleman's "light shining before men", we must leave the subject of Canada's historical churches, not because it is anything like exhausted, but because the gentle reader may wish to turn the page to more frivolous and modern topics.



TROOPS

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE



HERE is a divisional point on the Canadian Government Railways in New Brunswick through which have passed all the fighting men of the Dominion who have taken ship at Halifax for overseas. Not to be too accurate, and to save possible heartaches, let us call this town Fraserton.

One day last week I was sitting in my private room at the bank thinking of my boy who had gone over in 1915. He writes me quite regularly, does Douglas; but there had been no word from him for a month and I was worried that afternoon. The telephone rang and I answered it absently. It was George Saunders, the superintendent of the railroad.

"Mac," he said; "there's a troop train scheduled to arrive at 3 o'clock. Thought I'd let you know. You like to see the boys go by."

"Thank you kindly, George! I'll be there!"

We old fellows in Fraserton are kind of nice to each other, and considerate, these days—especially if we've got any of our young ones "over there".

A little before three I hurried up to the station. The news had got about and the platform was quite crowded with old fellows and young girls. Pretty serious we were, too. A good many of the lassies had the Red Cross insignia on their sleeves. It is different nowadays watching the troop trains come through from what

it was at the beginning of the war. Then there was much laughter and holiday spirit. But now—well—it's different.

Soon there was a familiar sound around the curve beyond the yards, and the crowd became very quiet and tense. Then Engine No. 483 (strange how you'll remember those details) came crawling in with a long, long load behind it. A cheer started in the crowd; but we felt we weren't making a success of it, and it died away quickly. The boys on the train were eager enough for a wee bit of distraction after their interminable journey from one of the Western Provinces. The windows were thrown open wide and became crowded with faces in a moment.

In the enthusiasm of entraining some of the youngsters had chalked on the sides of the coaches boyish challenges to the grim enemy awaiting them "over there". Each car bore its legend. One was inscribed "Berlin or Bust" in two-foot letters. The next in the rear announced "—th Batt'n Kaiser Bill's Death Warrant!" The year before I had watched boyish fingers at work on similar inscriptions—fingers that by now were rigid and cold for all time to come.

As the train came to a stop the Red Cross lassies pressed close to the sides of the cars offering to mail the soldiers' letters for them, to make small purchases, to deliver messages. Everywhere was the spirit of service. One dainty little girl, Bob Graham's

daughter, offered to shake hands with a laughing-eyed, tow-headed boy who was hanging far out of a window. He became serious in a moment, and dolefully regarded his boyish paws that were anything but immaculate.

"Aw Gee!" he demurred; "my hands're too dirty!"

"As though that made any difference!" she flashed, reaching up her small white hand.

A tall girl in deep mourning walked slowly down the length of the platform, eyes staring straight ahead. The whole town was sorry for poor Alice MacBeath. She was to have married Bill Scott in September of 1914. But Billy felt it his duty to leave with the "First Contingent", and they decided to postpone their wedding until the war was over. A recent casualty list had brought to Alice the grim knowledge that her marriage to Billy could never be in this life. Besides, her young rig of a brother, Gordon, was in hospital in England, "seriously wounded—details to follow."

Alice stopped before a window that was crowded with faces. She raised her eyes to them and her lips quivered.

"I hope you boys come back safe," she said brokenly.

A harsh voice from somewhere in the car cried: "We ain't such fools as to expect that, sister! We know what we're up against!"

She shivered and turned hastily away.

"I know!" she murmured. "I know!"

An old woman—a rather ludicrous old woman—halted before a tightly-packed window. She scanned the young faces piteously for a long moment.

"I'll pray for you! I'll pray for you boys!" she husked. "I've got three of my own over there in that hell. Take a mother's blessing, boys!"

She held up a gnarled hand, and

one sunny-haired boy reached down and grasped it. He laughed loudly although his eyes became suddenly moist. His laugh sounded unreal, to the onlookers on the station platform. Now it was all grim earnest but hysterical.

Yes, it was different from the passing of troops in 1914 and 1915. Then there was much frolic; a holiday spirit pervaded the boys on board. Most of these youngsters had merely waited until they reached an age acceptable to the recruiting sergeant. Amongst them were some oldsters, too. These had finally put their pitiful little personal affairs in more or less order and had joined on to do their duty—had joined on for the purpose of making the world a safe abiding-place for democracy.

It struck me forcibly as I walked along the platform that probably not one man or boy on the long train was there because he wanted to be. The last two years had educated these volunteers out of the idea that the battle line in France or Flanders was a picnic. The old vague peacetime conceptions of war had crystallized into the realization of something very real, very tangible, entirely horrible. These fellows knew what they were up against, as they said. No, there wasn't one of them that *wanted* to go! Much rather would they stay at home and attend to their workaday little affairs, living their lives in the kindly ways of peace. But a sinister ruler on a far-off throne unleashed his maniac ambition that besmeared the world with blood, and sane men had to shoulder the task of wiping out the abomination.

These long, grim trains attested most convincingly to the innate decency of humanity; they proved beyond peradventure that the spirit of self-sacrifice still lives. That was the most wonderful thing about them!

The thought popped into my mind that I would like to induce that would-be Napoleon in Berlin to

pass just one day (incognito, of course) in our quiet, decent little town some time when there was a big movement of troops due. He would see hundreds upon hundreds of simple, earnest men and boys crowded into long trains on their way to make him behave himself. He is so used to machine-like service that it might impress him to view the best manhood of a nation arraying itself promptly against what it considers a wrong in the sight of God and man. Or is he so imbued with the sense of his own importance and the equity of his belief that might makes right that a thousand more men going to their death would gain from him merely a cynical shrug and a muttered "canon-fodder?"

George Saunders came out of his office and approached the Colonel, who, with two or three younger officers, was walking up and down the platform.

"Colonel," he said, "there is a freight off the track down the line and I'll have to hold you here about an hour."

"Fine!" exclaimed the grizzled, old soldier with a twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes. "The boys are suffering for exercise. This is a great chance!"

In a moment the bugles blew, and a sea of khaki overflowed the platform. Like boys released from school the troops tumbled out of the coaches, their spirits soaring with the chance of change. Old war-worn sergeants shepherded their charges; eager-eyed young lieutenants, enthusiasm shining from their boyish faces, barked commands; the milling mass took on form. The band began to play "Keep the Home Fires Burning", and away they trudged through the April mud. There *was* cheering then! The whole town turned out to do them honour. The battalion marched the entire length of Main Street "way out to Blakeley's Mill", where they turned, then back to the

square beside the station platform.

As the boys were forming for setting-up drill the local manager of the telegraph company rushed up to the Colonel, his eyes shining, his whole body atremble with excitement.

"Colonel," he gasped; "the news just broke—just this minute came over the wire! The Americans are coming in! They're coming in!"

"Thank God!" breathed the Colonel. "I knew they would! Gentlemen"—turning to his officers—"please have this announced to the men. Better let them stand at ease first to save infractions of discipline—also to save our faces," he ended with a smile.

"Stand at ease!" rasped the sergeants down the line, and immediately came the scuff and shuffle of feet on hard ground and the splash of heavy boots in the mud on the outskirts of the formation. The old sergeant-major faced the troops. He raised his arms high above his head, his face was alight.

"Boys!" he cried, "the Yankees have declared war on Germany! They're in with us!"

There was absolute silence for the space of ten heart-beats while the import of his announcement was gaining recognition in the minds of his hearers. Then a full-throated roar went up that seemed to rend the low-flying April clouds. A brilliant ray of sunlight burst through that made of the drab earth a wonderful thing of gold. For awhile the noise they made seemed to satisfy the boys; but this palled in time, and their enthusiasm cried out for the relief of physical action. The sergeant-major approached the group of officers who were excitedly commenting on the news.

"Please, sir," he said, addressing his captain; "may we break rank? It would seem advisable, sir."

The captain glanced at his *superior*, who nodded a brisk "All right".

"Break ranks!" At the welcome

command the ordered lines broke into a confused mass, formless, turbulent, but imbued with a spirit of gayety withal. Soldiers pounded each other on chest and back, shook hands ecstatically, bandied back and forth vile, endearing soldier epithets. Wrestling matches broke out sporadically that lasted until the participants rolled together in a glorious muddy embrace on the trodden ground.

There happened to be much American blood in this particular battalion—settlers in the Canadian West who had come across the line from the Western States. One strapping, big, raw-boned chap drew a small flag from the bosom of his tunic. His comrades made a pedestal for him—stout and firm—and he mounted on their shoulders. There, high above the seething mass he waved the Stars and Stripes while the crowd cheered itself into a frenzy.

While the commotion was at its height George Saunders came out on the platform again.

"We're all right now down the line, Colonel," he said. "Any time."

A sharp command, and the bugles again sent their clear, insistent call out over the jumbled throng. As though by magic the square cleared; the long platform became alive once more; and finally the waiting coaches engulfed the living stream. It was unreal, like a conjurer's trick, and left us a bit dazed. Out of these hundreds of red-blooded, husky, very real men who, a moment ago were pranking in the sunlight before us, not one was left. Of course, we could still see them—indistinctly in the semi-obscurity of the coaches; but there was a sense of loss, somehow. The train did not seem adequate to hold that wealth of pulsing life. It seemed to me like an exemplification of war; this swallowing up, this obliteration of multitudes.

Again the faces crowded the windows. The boys were in hilarious mood now, what with the momentous news they had heard combined with the purely physical reaction of outdoor exercise and play. We remaining behind found it hard to respond. Ours was the role of inaction and our spirits refused to soar.

Slowly the long train started up. Car after car passed as though in review before us, the troops hanging out of the windows, cheering and shouting good-bye. We waved, but we didn't cheer much. The last car passed. On the rear platform was a group of officers, who saluted gravely. Their faces became dim, blurred, finally vanishing in a gray haze. The end of the train grew smaller, vaguer; the sound of the cheering grew faint—just a murmur in the distance—then nothing.

I stood for a long time gazing after the train. The potential misery of its human burden came over me suddenly, and my throat contracted queerly. Every one of the human atoms on it was embarking on a long, long journey as we know journeys in this life. And some among them would go on an even longer, more mysterious voyage. Into my mind rushed the words of a noted divine: "This war is the kiss of Christ upon the lips of humanity!" "The kiss of Christ!" If we would but take it that way there would be real spiritual beauty in it—real beauty!

The sun had gone behind the clouds again; a raw wind blew across the deserted platform. The noise, the enthusiasm, the exaltation had passed—had been swallowed up in those grim coaches, hurtling down those shining rails to the eastward. There remained only the workaday, the drab. I shivered, turned and started slowly back to the bank to resume the interrupted thoughts of my boy.



COUNSEL

From the Drawing by John Russell



Seal of the Province of Gaspasia,
Canada, 1654-1738

THE LAST ROYAL GOVERNOR OF GASPASIA

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE FORSYTH COLLECTION,
DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND

BY THE VICOMTE DE FRONSAC



HE Province of Gaspasia was the smallest of all the provinces of Canada. Strictly speaking, it was not a province any more than Acadia or Newfoundland were provinces, but a State in the Province of Canada in the same manner that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, were States in the British Dominion of North America before Confederation. Before Confederation the military and naval forces were under one command, which was at Halifax. Under the ancient kings of France, the military and naval forces of all the States of New France were under one head, which was at Quebec.

It is true that all the governors of these States were commissioned by the King directly and were sovereign within the borders of their States, but the supreme provincial authority was at Quebec after the Royal Edict of

1663 raised Canada to the position of a province with its representation of the noblesse in the council and a feudal code derived from the *Coutumes de Paris*.

The commission of 1654 of Nicolas Denys, governor of Gaspasia, Newfoundland and Acadia (1654-1669) gave him the extraordinary powers of making war and peace in the interests of his domain, and even of conceding the honours and distinctions of feudal rank to those of his followers deemed worthy (*Raportes des Commissaires de la Nouvelle Ecosse*), but this was before the Edict of 1663 raised Canada to provincial rank.

Of the provincial State of Gaspasia very little is known. It consisted of the land south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, extending towards Cape Canso. Its territorial depth from the bays and inlets of the sea was indefinite, but included the entire Gaspé Peninsula.

Nicolas Denys was the first governor and admiral, in 1654. He founded the settlements of St. Pierre, in Cape Breton, and Chedebouctoo, where Guysborough, Nova Scotia, now is.

The Denys family, being the principal family of the feudal noblesse in this district, became the hereditary governors of the same, with the willingness of the King.

Poorly prepared writers on these and kindred subjects, who have rushed into print with blazing ignorance, have left the charred remains of their folly as stumbling blocks in the historian's pathway. One of these, who wrote the Life of Nicolas Denys, left the most deplorable effect that incompetence could achieve; he did not even know why the name of Fronsac was given as the name of the seignorial viscounty granted the family in 1687, nor did he know the coat-of-arms which went with the lordship and which became the seal of the hereditary governors of Gasparias. This seal would have explained to him, were he versed in heraldry, as an author on ancient history ought to be, that the name of Fronsac came by connection of the Denyses with the family of Forsyth of Dykes and Fronsac. Fronsac was the name of the district in Aquitaine whereon whose hill Karl der Grosse built the Castle of Forsath de Fronsac, which gave a name to the Forsyths (Forsath) of Dykes of Scotland, whose progenitor was the first lord of this castle and ancestor of the succeeding vicomtes de Fronsac.

Mathieu Forsyth, last Royal governor of Gasparias, was born in Scotland in 1699, a son of Captain James Forsyth by Margery, daughter of Major Hugh Montgomerie, of County Ayr. Mathieu was the last titular Baron of Dykes and chieftain of the Forsyths.

Ever since the loss to the family of the feudal barony of Dykes in 1628, the family had been engaged in commerce and privateering on the

high sea in company with their relatives, the Denyses of Honfleur, Normandy. Jehan Denys, of Honfleur, cruising in his own privateer, had discovered Canada and had published a chart of the same at Honfleur in 1506, which chart enabled the King of France, Francis I., to claim Normberg, or Canada, for the Crown of France. For his deed the Denys family received large grants of feudal sovereignty in Canada and were incorporated in the Order of the Noblesse of Canada. Nicolas Denys, the first Governor of Gasparias, was succeeded by his son, Richard Denys, Seigneur Vicomte de Fronsac, and he was succeeded both as Governor of Gasparias and as Vicomte by his son, Nicolas II., who died in 1732, with all his family, of an epidemic.

It was then that Mathieu Forsyth (descended from Marguerite, daughter of Nicolas I.) came next in succession. He arrived in Canada that year in his privateer, sailing under the flag of the King of France. The fief of Fronsac comprised that territory situated between the Miramichi and the Restigouche Rivers to a depth of forty-five miles, with all the islands of the coast to a distance of nine miles towards the sea.

Nicholas I. had built a château near the Nipisiguit, protected by a battery of six four-pounders, and Richard had built another château near the Miramichi. It was this latter that Mathieu occupied. The coat-of-arms of the Denys and Forsyth families blended in a shield was his official seal as governor and was carved in wood over the door of the château.

Mathieu was very much troubled by Anglo-American pirates, who sailed in armed boats along the shore from Cape Cod. He made a war on these with his privateer, *La Mouette*, sinking, burning and destroying them to such an extent that it attracted their patrons, the English, who sent two warships to drive him from his stronghold on the Miramichi. He was

unable to prevail against their greater ships and heavier guns, and he sailed away in his swifter *La Mouette*, leaving behind the château in flames. These marauders of the shore had come with the pretension of fishing in the Baie des Chaleurs. They had depredated during this period of peace between England and France in America. They were Yankees from Cape Cod, and sailed from Chatham and Gloucester in that colony.

After the departure of the Governor (1738), the abandonment of the settlement and the fall of Quebec, they returned in increasing numbers like rats to an unprotected granary. At first they landed for bait, afterwards they established camps, and finally the town of Chatham sprang up, named for Chatham, Massachusetts, and the viscounty of Fronsac was rubbed off the map and the name of the County of Gloucester (Massachusetts) took its name — both changes of name being the usual tricks employed to hide the squatter origin of ownership to property belonging of right to the heirs of the former lords and governors of the district.

The same proceedings were adopted by the anarchists of the French Revolution, who brushed away the names of all the provinces of feudal and monarchical France and destroyed the records of the seigneurial domains for fear of the return of the rights of the nobler race whose offspring they had despoiled.

In departing in 1738 Mathieu shaped his course towards the north-west coast of Ireland, for reasons apparent in this narrative. On the way, he changed his flag and ran up the British ensign, as was the custom with Scottish and Irish privateers under Royal French commission. The north-west coast of Ireland was also the meeting-place for those of Ireland and Scotland who were hostile to the English connection.

Mathieu's father had early acquired

a locality in Ireland for this purpose. Mathieu had married there Esther, daughter of Robert Graham by wife Janet Hume, of Castle Hume. Robert Graham's family had also lost their estate in Scotland, and Robert was following the calling of an armourer, notwithstanding the fact that he was accredited with being the nearest heir to the Earldoms of Men-teath and Stratherne.

James Macgregor, a chieftain of Clan-Gregor and a friend of the Forsyths, had already led a colony into the Province of New Hampshire as early as 1719, and settled at what is now Londonderry, New Hampshire. This colony of Scots, most of whom had sailed from Belfast and Carrickfergus, were refused land in the New England colonies, because they were not English. At that period no Scot was permitted to settle in an English colony. But they were allowed to settle on land to the north, in New Hampshire, between the French and Indians on the one side and the English colonists on the other side, with the charitable expectation that, as a "buffer" colony they would be exterminated beneath the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savages".

But, through the efforts of Macgregor, acting with the intermeditation of the Forsyths and Denyses, he came into communication with the Marquis de Vaudreuil, military commander in Canada, and a secret understanding was had so that the French and Indians, in warring on the Anglo-Americans, might not disturb the Scots, and the Scots might refrain from any but friendly acts to them. Cochrane, in his "History of New Antrim, N. H.," and Parker, in his "History of Londonderry, N. H.," go into detail regarding this transaction. It was through the Denys and Forsyth families that Macgregor was brought into relationship with de Vaudreuil. Macgregor had never before been on territory under the Crown of France and de Vaudreuil had never been on territory

under the Crown of England—it was their first introduction.

After Macgregor's death, letters from a surviving member of his family reached the Province of Ulster, on whose coast Mathieu had established his headquarters since leaving Canada in 1738. These informed him of the success of the Scottish colony in New Hampshire, of the continued good understanding with the French, and of the desirability of his obtaining a nearer approach to his old lands of Fronsac in Canada. These were what induced Mathieu to sail again for the New World.

He and his family and some of the Grahams embarked about 1741-2 and entered Boston harbour under the papers of an Irish port. His little colony established themselves at Chester, N. H., where he bought 2,000 acres of land, the woollen mill, the grist mill and the saw-mill. During his stay, he kept up communication with the noblesse of Canada, of which order he was a member, but he did not desire to return to the Miramichi, since all the buildings had been destroyed there and what few of the inhabitants were living along the coast, were cohabiting with the Indians and were without those means of existence which were necessary for the education of his young children.

The Scots continued to have trouble with the provincial Yankees, by whom they were surrounded, and Mathieu represented the grievances of his Scottish parish several times before the Provincial Government. He was on the Council of the Selectmen of Chester and aided to lay out the town of Deering, of which he was one of the founders.

During all this time, he was obliged to remain quiet on his Canadian connection and his membership in the noblesse. Although the Scots colony owed its tranquil existence to the French, yet on account of the hostility existing between the English-American colonies of which the Scots colony was now a part, and

the French in Canada, the knowledge to others of that connection would have been decidedly embarrassing to him and his. Yet the connection existed in such strength that, says Cochrane: "No Scot of the colony armed against the French up to the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, which finished the war."

From 1740 to 1750 there had come to the colonies many of the Scottish Cavaliers who had formed the "Order of the Mountain Eagle" under Prince Charles Edward, in honour of Clanranald, who had been the first to join the Prince, when in 1745 the Prince landed in Scotland to fight for the Crown of his fathers, for legitimacy and the cause of Scotland. This order with other "Jacobite" titles was recognized by the King of France in all the provinces of his kingdom. Captain Alexander Grant, of Blairfindy, of this order, came to Canada and married the daughter and heiress of Lemoyne, Baron de Longeuil, whose posterity inherit that title. Another, Macleod, of Rasey, lies buried at Bennington, Vermont. Another was Major Alexander, heir of the Earls of Stirling and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, which order at the cession of Nova Scotia to the Crown of France in 1632 had been incorporated in the Noblesse of Canada. Others, like the Macdonalds, of Moydart, went to the Carolinas, the Camerons of Fassafarn to Virginia, the Mackintoshes of Borlum to Georgia, John Erskine-Marr to Portsmouth, N. H., carrying in a silver snuff-box his patent to the title of Marquis of Garioch; Jonhstone, heir to the Marquisate of Annandale, to Carolina; Hamilton, the younger, of Bangowrie, and Hume, heir to the Earldom of Marchmont, to Virginia; Houstoun, Baronet of Nova Scotia, to Georgia, and many more to various other British-American colonies, showed where were the strands to be woven into a future organization.

A little while later, in 1763, arrived the Treaty of Paris, which sep-

arated Canada from Louisiana, ceding the former to the King of Great Britain and the latter to the King of Spain.

Immediately the English immigrants, who had followed in the military train of the cession to the Crown of Britain, began a crusade against the rights of the Noblesse, to which a reference might be made to General Murray's reports on the same.

General Murray, the first British Governor at Quebec, describes this rabble as "camp-followers, valets, barbers, domestics and petty shopkeepers, who hated the noblesse and demanded a democratic régime, which by its suffrage would exclude the aristocracy from a representation in the government". By their clamour, by letters to politicians in England, they secured the imposition of such régime in 1763 and the recall of Murray, whom they hated. Several British officers had already been incorporated in the Noblesse by seigneurial concession on the part of King George III., among them Captain Fraser, Major Nairne, Captain Schobrode, General Amherst-Hale, Major Cuthbert, etc.

The very next year (1764) the British politicians began their attack against the other American colonies by passing, March 10th, a bill to levy duties on all articles brought into the colonies from the French and other West Indies, and ordered that this revenue be paid in specie into the London treasury.

At once were the American colonies aroused. Their inhabitants decided to abstain from the use of these articles. Plans for resistance were made. The Scots of the former race looked to their friends among the noblesse of Canada, while the noblesse looked to the King of France. The Anglo-American colonists were also becoming ripe for rebellion against this parliamentarian usurpation, but they had no connection with the royalist Scots and French.

These Scots regarded the exiled

Stuart King as their legitimate monarch. He was now in France, where by the French noblesse he was also regarded as the legitimate monarch of Great Britain. The noblesse in Canada under English parliamentary tyranny were led by this recognition of the Scottish cavaliers and of the French courtiers to think of him as their rightful King as well. Both Scottish cavaliers and Canadian seigneurs, friends and allies of yore against the English and now suffering from the effect of the usurpation, were brought to consider a plan for a separation from England under the legitimist Stuart dynasty in America. The other American colonists, at present exasperated against England, formerly hostile to both Scot and Frank, might be eajoled into the plan, or else coerced by the allies of the Stuarts, who were the Kings of France, Spain, and Prussia, and the Princes of Holland, all ready to recognize the independence of the provinces of the Empire in America on these conditions.

The English officials in Canada soon became aware of this intrigue. Among the governor's memoranda, published in the Constitutional Documents by Doctor Doughty and Professor Shortt, is this: "A lieutenant-governor is absolutely needed at Montreal, since that town is in the heart of the most populous part of the province. . . . It is there where reside the most opulent of the clergy and the greater part of the noblesse, and it is there that plots and intrigues against us are most likely to be engendered."

William Forsyth, a son of Mathieu, was one of the Scottish cavaliers who were in Montreal in 1763-4 for a conference with the noblesse, of which he was a member, presided over by his cousin, the Chevalier d'Aailleboust, regarding a confederation to maintain their treaty and constitutional rights; to chase out the English and to proclaim Prince Charles Edward, then in exile, as the legiti-

mate sovereign in America. Although the meeting was in secret, the espionage of the British discovered something, and the governor was commanded to carry out the following: "For the greater security of the government . . . and to end the hopes of the Pretender (Prince Charles) and of his partisans, avowed and secret . . . the oath of allegiance must be taken before persons commissioned by you . . . If any refuse to take this oath, you will oblige him immediately to quit our said government."

The governor of Canada wrote this letter to the British Minister, the Earl of Shelburne: "As the seigneurs exert a profound influence on the people, I transmit to you a report on the condition of the noblesse, indicating as nearly as possible the age, rank and actual residence of the nobles. You will here find the names of those who have returned to France and who, from youth, have served in the colonial troops, are familiar with the country and with the inhabitants and have acquired an influence that is equal to that of the nobles in the country of the same rank. It follows that there must be a hundred of these officers actually in France, ready to depart in event of war for a country which they know perfectly and whose people they are able with the aid of certain troops to arouse in arms against us. It appears that there remain in the colony not over seventy of those officers who have served in the colonial troops. The King has not a single one of these in his service, and not one of them could be induced under any circumstances to defend the government and authority of his Majesty. They are gentlemen who, in becoming subjects of his Majesty, have at least lost their employ; and considering that they are not bound by any charge of confidence, or that brings them any profit, we but abuse our good sense in supposing that they will devote themselves to the defence of a nation that

has cheated them out of their honours, their privileges and their laws."

The Anglo-American Puritans of New England were democrats and had been incited by the English democrats in Canada to declaim against the rights of the noblesse, as well as against those of the Catholic clergy. The intention of the British governor, Carleton, to sustain these rights, seemed to these Puritans and Democrats an additional menace to themselves. These Democrats and Puritans held meetings against the noblesse and clergy in Canada and throughout New England.

It was just at this time that the seigneurs of Canada and the Scottish cavaliers had about made ready to confederate for action. The Comte de Grasse had reported favourably to the French King. The white cockade was to be the common badge, and with the Scots the mountain eagle.

In the meantime the hostility of the Yankee Puritans and Democrats showed the danger of any change to the noblesse. Therefore, under the Baron de Longueuil in council at Montreal in 1773, they determined to make one more demand on the British King and parliament, and if this were refused, they would join the American colonists and trust to the outcome, but if the demand were conceded, they would remain loyal to the British Crown. The result may be seen in the Quebec-Canada Act of 1774.

The Seigneur Chartier de Lotbinière was the envoy of this Seignorial Council of the Noblesse to the British Government. He presented the demand of the noblesse in this manner: "Property, rights and privileges are accorded Canadians in so far as is in accordance with their allegiance to the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain. Is it to be understood by this condition, expressed in terms so general that they may be deprived of a part of those rights and privileges? That is not a reason-

able supposition, since the whole is assured without exception from the moment when they became British subjects."

Attorney-General Norton, of England, seconded this demand by declaring: "I conceive that the definitive treaty, which has been signed by the King and ratified by both Houses of Parliament, cannot have such construction put on it that would dishonour the Crown and the national faith."

Secure in the acknowledgment of 1774 by the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain regarding their rights in Canada, the noblesse withdrew from active participation in the conspiracy to put a Stuart on the throne of the colonial monarchy. But many of the Scottish cavaliers were too hostile to the idea of English rule to submit. Among these was Mathieu Forsyth. In 1774, he was a deputy for Chester at Exeter to choose a delegate to the Continental Congress. When hostilities began between the English parliamentary forces and the colonies, he assisted to raise and arm the Chester company. But later on, when he discovered that the majority, consisting of the lowest and mongrel part of the population, were determined on establishing a democratical republic on the ruins of the Royal colonial charters, he withdrew into private life. He was a lover of music and well acquainted with European languages and literature. On those occasions when the clergyman of the parish was absent, he was the one to address the congregation, and when the clergyman was present, and at the intermission, the two would walk arm-in-arm to the village inn, there to take their "cup of kindness" of good old "Scotch" as a "bracer" for the rest of the day. He died at Chester in 1791, in the 92nd year of his life. His children were:

(I.)—Mathieu, born in Ireland and being a physician. He succeeded in command of the privateer *La Mouette*, vowed he would take toll

from English shipping for the loss of the fief of Fronsac in Canada; went to Cherbourg, Normandy. Being unmarried, he adopted in 1786 as his heir and successor, his nephew Thomas, son of his brother William. At outbreak of French Revolution in 1792, his life as a Royalist was threatened by the terrorists of the French democracy. He packed his effects on his privateer, which was intercepted by two armed sloops as she was leaving the harbour. At their demand to surrender, he hoisted the Royal Flag and poured a broad-side into them, leaving shattered and broken remains, and with his vessel covered by the shot-sent-spray of the land-batteries of the revolutionists past which he swept, he turned his prow to the high sea and soon left them behind. With his nephew Thomas, then a young man, he landed at a German port. Thomas, filled with the spirit of adventure, joined the Royalists in the Prussian and Austrian armies against the French Republic. Doctor Mathieu went down in battle with his ship *La Mouette* near Guadaloupe in 1798, leaving his title of Fronsac, together with his shipping interests and a million francs in gold, to Thomas, whose descendants yet remain in Canada.

(II.)—David, born in Ireland. Ensign in the Chester company. Killed at Ticonderoga.

(III.)—Jonathan, born in Ireland. Soldier, Chester company. Died of wounds received at Ticonderago, unmarried.

(IV.)—Hannah, born in Ireland, married Wilkes West.

(V.)—William, born in Ireland. Mentioned in Atherton's "History of Montreal," volume II., page 53, as commanding an independent patrol of Scots' settlers on the borders of New Hampshire in 1763. Deputy of the noblesse at the Council of Montreal, 1764-5. Went to Deering, N. H., in 1765. Married Jane, daughter of James Wilson, surveyor of the highways of Chester, but who was a Scot

from Ulster, whose wife was Mary, daughter of John Shirley, of a noble Norman-Irish family.

(VI.)—Esther.

(VII.)—Robert, born at Chester, 1742. Lieutenant in the war of 1776-83. Married Mary, daughter of William Tolford, of Walnut Hill.

(VIII.)—Josiah, Lieutenant in war of 1776-83. Married Katherine, daughter of Caleb Richardson. His descendants continue to reside on the site of their first house at Chester and have the old battle-sword of the first Mathieu when he commanded *La Mouette*, and was Governor-Royal of Gasparias.

There is in front of the hospital at Bathurst, New Brunswick, one of the four cannon which were on the battlements of Denys's fort in 1678, and

there is in the Miramichi Natural Historical Museum at Chatham an ancient metallic punch-bowl, dug up near the ruins of the Denys and Forsyth establishments in that vicinity.

In the Macgregor family there is a volume of French history presented to the first Macgregor by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, with his name as donor and with his title and rank, in memory of the first lien of friendship between the Scottish colony and the French commander in Canada.

Among the titles which the first Governor, Nicolas Denys, created was that of Baron de Miscou (raised later to a magistrate). The name of the harbour, Anse du Griffon, is derived from the first ship of Mathieu Frasyth, *Le Griffon*, which anchored off Miscou Island.



THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING THING

BY FILSON YOUNG

“For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.”—Ezekiel i. 20.



AMURK of smoky amber was the sky over St. George's Hospital, where, looking westward from the balcony of the Motor Club, you could see the busy tides of traffic ebbing into the gloom. Night had fallen in the hollow, although the sky was stained with the last of the daylight.

I turned away from the balcony into the long smoking-room, and looked round the scattered groups of men there in search of momentary companionship. It was not a promising prospect. A fat man was sitting smoking a pipe in an arm-chair, snorting heavily after each respiration; three rather dissipated young men, with their heads very close together, were talking in eager undertones of the formation of a motor company. One of them had bought a second-hand car, and the others were showing him by various penciled calculations on the margin of an illustrated paper that, by renting a small office in the Haymarket and calling themselves "The Automobile Salon, Limited," they would each make ten thousand a year and spend a lifetime of happy week-ends driving powerful cars. Someone else was trying to corrupt the manager of a motor omnibus company with a view to "placing" a large consignment of lubricators; apparently he was not having much

success, to judge from the immobility of the omnibus manager's face. A door at the far end opened and three little elderly gentlemen, mild as lambs, entered and gave an order for tea and muffins; they had been sitting since three o'clock on the sub-committee on "Explosive Impulses". As they waited for their tea they talked gently about mathematics, and penciled queer inscriptions on sheets of note-paper—inscriptions in which a great many letters and figures and brackets appeared in strings over straight lines, under which were more letters and figures and brackets.

A group of voices in another part of the room rose above the murmur. It came from that little constellation that is always visible in the automobile heavens, now in this place, now in that—here on the verandah of a hotel in the Riviera, there on some Scottish mountain road—in which the automobile Lie is nourished and exercised.

"I was coming home the other night from Hatfield," said one man, "and I tell you, my car *did* go. She's only a Sixteen, but I timed her over one mile at sixty-two miles an hour."

"Well," said the second star, "I find ten horsepower quite powerful enough for safe use in this country. I do not mind telling you that I can very seldom really let my ten-horse Flogalong out. But the other day on the Portsmouth road I really opened her up. There was a ninety Mercedes

in front; the fellow heard me coming behind him and put her at it for all she was worth; but—well, I simply mopped him up. I passed him as though he were standing still, and never saw him again from Esher to London.”

“I have always heard they were good cars,” said the third star; “but of course you fellows go in for speed, and I don’t. I find that I can get all I want out of my six-horsepower Puncher. I can drive as fast as anyone if it is necessary; but as a rule if I can keep up a thirty miles an hour average with two up and luggage behind, up hill and down dale, I am quite satisfied. Six horsepower is fast enough for anybody; and if I do want a bit of a burst, why I’ve always got something up my sleeve. Why, the other day—but I don’t suppose you’d believe me.”

“What was it?” asked the other two stars.

“Well, it was after the Wraxley Hill Climb, and I was coming home just after dusk. I had taken the silencer off my six-horse Puncher because there were so many racing cars about and it really was not safe to go about quietly; you were on top of people before they heard you. I left Wraxley at half-past seven and I drew up at the club here, a distance of exactly fifty-one miles, at twenty-five to nine. I had Krupstein, of the Oriental Tire Company, beside me, and MacTavish, of *The Morning Mail*, sitting on the step. I simply don’t know how we did it, but we did it. Krupstein said I drove like the devil, and I must say I went at it blind and took everything—corners, villages, bridges—all out. Krupstein said he had been driven by Janatzy and Jarrott and Lancier, but he had never been driven so fast before.” The speaker laughed benignantly. “I don’t profess to know how it was done,” he said; “all I know is we did it—fifty-two miles in sixty-five minutes, including ten miles of London traffic. It was a pitch-dark night, and I had no lamps.”

One of the stars finched a little, but the other, with a good grip of the arms of his chair, remained cool and collected.

“Yes, I’ve always heard those six-horsepower Punchers were good cars,” he said; “still, that means travelling.”

“Yes,” said the driver of the Puncher; “and I forgot to say we had a puncture ten miles out of Wraxley; and you may deduct twenty minutes for that.”

Something fell to the floor with a clatter. It was the second star’s pipe, which had fallen out of his mouth.

“Clumsy,” he muttered as he stooped and groped for it with a very red face.

Why be a fisherman, I thought, if you can be a motorist?—and at the same moment turned and saw Shellcraft, who had just come in and ordered an absinthe. He sat down in an armchair and stretched out a shaking hand for a pile of automobile papers and magazines. Shellcraft was then a man of about forty-five, worn and old, with a curious steel quiver in his eyes and a certain tremulousness about his well-cut mouth. He was clean-shaved, and in normal health would have been a good-looking man; but there was something about his appearance now that was the reverse of attractive. His shoulders had a curious forward stoop and his head and neck were inclined forward on his shoulders; the face was fallen in and prematurely wrinkled, and the effect of the fine, intelligent brow was discounted by a pathetic weakness of the chin.

“I see they have reduced the flying kilometer by another two seconds,” he said, as I took a seat beside him. “I should like to have seen that!” and something like enthusiasm glittered in his pale, steely eyes.

“Not much to see,” I objected, and he involuntarily straightened up in his chair. “Personally I don’t understand where the fascination of record-reducing comes in.”

“Ah!” said Shellcraft, sipping his

absinthe, "it is the only thing I care about—going fast. I used to like motoring for the sake of the things I saw on the roads, then I used to like it for the places I could go to and the journeys I could make; now I simply like it for itself. Speed—pace—there's nothing like it!"

A flush came into his sallow cheeks and his eyes grew bright. "And I tell you solemnly," he added in a low voice, with a kind of dogged emotion that was curiously impressive, "that this thing which you sometimes call the speed mania and which is regarded as the childish fad of the mischievous rich, is but another embodiment of those terrible, uncomprehended forces that are in the world beyond the veil. They dwell out there in the darkness, but they send out their antennæ to us here in the light. I know," said Shellercraft.

There was a fragment of sugar left in the bottom of Shellercraft's glass; a little white island in a little milky acid sea. He took up the glass and watched the tiny island crumbling and corroding away, one particle after another sinking into the liquid until it had all been absorbed.

"You think," he said slowly, "a motor car the most commonplace and matter-of-fact thing that man has ever designed; I tell you that, equally with the dentist's chair, the operating-table, the hangman's noose, it may be the instrument and scene of prodigies beyond our belief. It's nothing in the motor car itself; but the forces I speak of are enthroned in strange places, and distributed by strange conductors."

Anxious to bring him back to saner things, I asked him what kind of car he drove. Immediately a change came over his face. The enthusiasm faded from it, and was replaced by a furtive and almost cunning expression.

"I have two or three cars," he said; "the one I drive most is a fifty-horse car of no particular make at all; it's an experimental car. My other two are a Fiat and a Daimler. I see that Marlow has been experimenting with

oxygen," he said, as though he were anxious to change the subject; and our talk drifted on into more normal channels, and continued until, at dinner-time, we went our separate ways.

Our conversation in the club smoking-room had been on the occasion of a flying visit to London; I had been busily occupied with things far different from motor cars; and I did not recognize the writing on the large envelope that brought me Shellercraft's letter. It came to me at the breakfast-table, but the glance I gave to it showed me that it was too long and important to be read then, and presently I took it out into the mild, fragrant air of the October morning, and began to read it walking up and down the terrace in the autumn sunshine. The letter was dated from Shellercraft's place in Surrey; I had not turned the first of its closely-written pages before I was arrested in my walk and stood rooted in amazement.

II.

"I have hesitated many times whether or not I should write to you," he began. "I have even once or twice taken up my pen and begun a letter, and have put it down again with a sense of the hopelessness of my intention. Now, however, something has happened that makes the help and advice of a friend necessary; and I turn to you in confidence that, even if you don't and cannot understand me, you will at least believe me and give me your advice. I want to tell you that I am a maniac—a *speed maniac*. Do you understand? In order that you may not think that I am talking lightly or foolishly (which you are apt to think when we are simply conversing face to face), I am writing down in words something of the experience that has led up to this crisis in my life, and the strange mania that holds me a helpless victim.

"I was, in my childhood, very fond of mechanical things, and had, as a boy, that worship of railway trains which is experienced by so many, and

that in some degree lasts a lifetime. All vehicles that approximated in their action to the rush or heavy gliding dignity of trains interested me; and when the motor car became possible in this country I was, as you know, one of the first to suffer and enjoy in its cause. I began with a small Panhard that would not travel at more than fifteen miles an hour, and I went from that to a Locomobile because it could be made to travel a little faster.

"From this car I went on to a ten-horse Panhard, and from that to a sixteen De Dietrich, and so on to other and faster cars until now, as you know, I have reached the limit, not indeed of horsepower and speed as expressed by the modern motor car, but of my capacity as a driver. I cannot hold a car on the road of which the speed is greater than seventy miles an hour; so I am forced to put up with that, although in my heart of hearts I hanker for greater powers.

"I hear a great deal about the exhilaration of speed; but although I am addicted to speed as men are addicted to drugs and drink, I can never find any exhilaration. Such effect upon me as it has, however, has been lately becoming much more definite and apparent; and although I am incapable of analyzing anything when I am on the road, I think that now, as I sit in my quiet study in the lamp-light, I can analyze very clearly my sensations.

"In the first place, I am conscious of being dominated by the neighbourhood and personality of my motor car. I find myself often thinking about it, or rather not so much thinking about it as picturing it in various places. In this sense I find myself suddenly picturing my car standing in its garage; I see the curves of its body, the sweeping lines of its wings, the angles and circles of its wheels; and I am conscious of deriving a kind of dull pleasure from this imagining. It is followed as a rule by a desire to look upon the car, and to be sitting in

it and driving it; an impatience of other occupations, a succession of imagined pictures of myself driving the car along various stretches of road. This oppression of mind may last for a little time or a long time; but it results in my going out for a drive in the car. Often I am held back by the thought that there is nowhere I want to go to; and this difficulty is generally resolved by my always going on the same road—the road which is best for the car, and on which one can drive fastest. I think that the highest moment of enjoyment I have in connection with my motor car is either that in which I finally make up my mind that I will go out for a drive, or that in which I am sitting in the car and just making ready to set out. Actual driving, I realize, is not in itself a pleasure to me.

"My disenjoyment of the motor car continues after I have come home from a drive. I am then sapped and exhausted; I cannot eat; I continue driving in imagination; I am unable to bring my mind to any other subject, although I am always willing to talk about my journey or about my car. Often, although I am tired, I would rather go out and see the car washed and cleaned, and talk to the man about it, than go and rest or find a change of subject; and often in the evening I can find no better occupation than the working out of calculations regarding petrol consumption and such unimportant matters.

"I am, as you know, fond of the mechanical details of motor cars, and do a great deal in the way of adjustments and small repairs in my workshop here. I have noticed, like every other motorist, that on some days my car has gone better than on other days; often there have been mechanical reasons for this, but on at least an equal number of occasions there has been no intelligible reason at all. It is now some time, however, since I first made a curious discovery, namely, that just as my car went better and worse on various days, so on

various days I felt more or less well on returning from my drive.

"I have since then certainly ascertained that the car is sensitive to me and I to it; that we act and re-act on one another in a manner which is not psychic or neurotic, but physical; that the car, through some obscure channel of sympathy, makes use of my strength and vitality; that every sane instinct I possess struggles against and resists this drain; and that, on the days on which my system is well tuned and able to resist, the car draws from me a smaller supply of vitality and suffers correspondingly in its own being; and that, inversely, when I am untuned and unable to resist, the car revives and thrives on its increased draught of life.

"I have also tried—I cannot tell you how earnestly—to break away from this uncanny union; I have abstained from using the car for days together; and during those periods I have suffered all the miseries and dreadful ebb tides of the spirit that are commonly associated with the struggles of the abstained drunkard.

"The inevitable hour always comes when I go back to it. As my health has declined, the power and speed of the car have increased, and within the last week it covered a flying mile on the level road near my house at a speed of 78.9 miles per hour.

"It is to the carburetor that I believe I have traced this very mysterious and to me dreadful increase in vitality. I should tell you that the carburetor on my car, unlike any other I have seen, is constructed almost entirely of very light and thin steel. It is of very simple, although original construction, and the variation of the air admission, in accordance with the speed at which the car is running, is produced by pressure upon a series of steel discs or diaphragms of the thinness of paper. That is all that can be said of it mechanically; yet I believe that this small steel box is sensitive to and, within a limited degree, governed by, forces other than mechanical, other

than physical; in a word, that in its structure of steel parts and gossamer discs, acted on by the volatile essence of the petrol, is contained that balance of principles the co-ordination of which we call *life*.

"This is a statement wild and impossible enough; I cannot prove it yet, nor give you here all the reasons that have led me, however unwillingly, to so dire a belief; I will only tell you of one experience which you may account for if you can.

"It was during a week in which the car had not been used, in which I was trying to break myself of its habit. The magneto had been dismantled and sent away, so that it was mechanically impossible for the engine to have been running for five days. In the depths of melancholy one evening, when I was still brooding on my strange experience, I took an electric lamp and went across to the motor-house. While I was examining some unions on the inside of the engine, I heard a clinking sound, very faint and minute, but unmistakably coming from the engine. It seemed to come from under the float of the carburetor; the sound was very faint and intermittent, as though a tiny grasshopper were imprisoned there. As I was passing my hand over it I was conscious of a different feeling from that caused by the dead cold of the metal of the engine. I put my hand on the carburetor and found that it was warm. No one but myself had been in the motor-house for three days; there was no artificial heat of any kind in its neighbourhood; the petrol supply was turned off; yet here was an unmistakable difference of temperature and a positive warmth as though of life or movement.

"I took a small thermometer from the bench and laid it on the engine. It registered fifty-three degrees. I paused in my movements and listened intently; I could hear this tiny and otherwise inaudible ticking or fluttering sound. I took a wrench and removed the cover of the carburetor, listening again and testing with

the thermometer as before. The ticking sound ceased, and the mercury fell gradually to the temperature of the surrounding metal. I screwed on the cover again, and when I had done so I accidentally switched off the light from my lamp; and in the dense darkness, while I was fumbling over the pipe, I was aware of a hovering patch above the carburetor that was no more radiance than it was darkness, but a dimly luminous transparency of the atmosphere, bluish in tone, as though there were indeed some ghostly or infernal existence breathing about the metal. At the same time the clinking sound recommenced; and my nerves, which for days had been over-tired, gave way with a snap; I switched on my lamp and fled from the place; and that night I had recourse, for the third time in my life to an agency that is my only means of escape from such nerve derangement, and I went to sleep under the influence of morphia.

"I have not been near the machine since then. I have made a great effort to pull myself together and to write this statement to you, which, although it is somewhat diffuse, is as clear and exact as to facts as I can make it, and I beg you, my dear friend, to hold all criticism in suspense and to put any engagement which you may have on one side and to come to my assistance. I feel the thing pulling at me. I feel the tides of my vitality shrinking and ebbing, and I have this dreadful craving for speed gnawing at my system; but if there is any strength left in me, I will endeavour, until you come, to do nothing but exist and suffer.

"Yours in extreme anxiety,
"EDWARD SHELLCRAFT."

III.

An hour after I had read the letter I was in the train for London, having telegraphed for my motor car, which I had left there to be overhauled, to be waiting for me at Paddington. It was not quite noon when I reached

Bracken Hall. Shellcraft, who was a bachelor, lived alone but for his servants; and when I entered the house I was struck with the gloom and silence that pervaded it. Shellcraft had been missing since the night before.

The butler, an old servant, could tell me very little.

"The master hasn't been in health for weeks and months, sir, and latterly he has only been a shadow of himself. He doesn't seem to take no interest in anything; he never sees anybody nor goes anywhere; when he isn't out driving on the car he is either sitting here brooding by himself, or else he is out in the garage working. Merton (that's the chauffeur, sir) can tell you more about that than I can; all I know is that the master has been in a very strange way for the last week. He wasn't out on the car; he spent the whole of one day here writing; sometimes he sat for hours in that armchair as though he were in a dream, and sometimes he'd walk and rage about the house like a man with the toothache. He scarcely touched his meals; it's my belief he lived on brandy and water for the last three days; and then, late last night, just as the servants were going to bed, my bell rang and he told me to send for Merton. The car was to be got ready, and it took Merton some time, because he'd had part of the machinery dismantled. Merton set to at eleven o'clock, but the car wasn't ready till close on four in the morning; and all the time Mr. Shellcraft was raging about between the house and the garage like a man possessed. When it was all ready and lit up he got into the car and drove off, and that's the last we saw or heard of him. He was in a terrible state, sir."

I went out to the garage, which was fitted up partly as a workshop. The place struck clammy on my senses. It was cold and dark, and as clear of all litter as the play-room of a child that has died. Merton had been putting things in order. He was a capable-looking mechanic of the better class,

and seemed to be genuinely distressed.

"He's done nothing but pull the car about, and make tests and experiments for the last four weeks," he said; "no other car'd have stood the treatment. I've been working night and day; and as for tires! We've used up four sets in the last four weeks."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the car, Merton?" I asked.

The man looked at me narrowly. "How do you mean peculiar, sir? The car was all right."

"I ought to tell you that your master wrote to me at some length during the last week and told me of some of the experiments he had been making. He seemed to think——" I stopped. It seemed hopeless even to mention poor Shellercraft's ideas to this brawny, matter-of-fact-looking mechanic.

"What Mr. Shellercraft thought I don't know, sir; nor I don't exactly know what he was doing, for when he was working at the car the door of the garage was locked and no one was allowed to come in. There's no doubt he'd done something to the car to give her more power; she was doing speeds that she'd never been able to do even when she was new. But there was nothing wrong with the car; the car was all right," said the man in the tone common to his kind when they are defending their charge from blame or suspicion.

There was nothing more to be learned here, but as one of Shellercraft's few intimate friends, I decided to trace, if I could, his movements on that fatal day. From the direction he had taken on leaving the house, it seemed that he had gone by the Bath road instead of the directer route to Exeter. My own car, powerful and swift, would carry me in the track of his prefervid wheels, and I might be able thus to get some trace of him. I therefore made ready for a long journey and, taking Merton with me, as well as my own man, set out early in the afternoon.

The first news I had of Shellercraft

was just beyond Reading, where a big, powerful car had been seen to rush through the town in the small hours of the morning. At Marlborough he had taken in petrol—ten gallons, and had gone about the town from one shop to another in search of a particular brand. He was out again on the road while it was yet early morning; he had knocked over a tradesman's hand-cart turning a corner just outside Bath, and had gone on his way without pausing. There was a summons out against him at Taunton, where he had been timed through a police trap at the rate of eighty-two miles an hour, and had refused to stop when signalled. At Exeter he again took in petrol at the New London Hotel; the waiter in the courtyard there remembered a motorist, very dusty and exhausted, who ordered a glass of brandy and drank it down neat.

There was no further trace of him until we got to a lonely stretch of the road over Dartmoor between Launceston and Okehampton. The wide road lies there for a mile or two as straight as a ribbon over the moor. There is a dip down for a mile, and then an ascent for a mile, a small culvert marking the junction of the two gradients. There is a hump in the road over this culvert, familiar to me by unpleasant experience, and I slowed the car down to pass over it instead of taking the innocent-looking road at full speed. Merton's eye was attracted to something lying out on the heath, and we stopped to see what it was. There we found a cushion, two floor-boards and part of a lifting-jack which had been stowed in the tonneau of Shellercraft's car. Apparently he had taken the bump in the road flying, the floor-boards had come loose, and the contents of the tonneau been thrown out of the car.

At Bodmin the town was still talking of Shellercraft's passage through it, where he had taken the double turn through the narrow streets at a shocking speed, had skidded round and

smashed a shop-window, grazed a lamp-post on the opposite side and rushed on before anyone had had time to stop him. A dog had been killed on the road just leading out of town; and the engine-driver of the "Cornishman", it appears, had seen Shellcraft's car tearing along the empty, straight road over Bodmin Moor at a speed which he (the driver) estimated at between seventy and eighty miles an hour.

At Helston he slid down the hill, as the man said, like a toboggan, narrowly escaping collision with the slow procession of 'buses that were wending their way up the hill on their return journeys to the various hamlets in the Lizard district. Curiously enough, as we advanced, the vision of Shellcraft became less and less distinct. I had more and more the sense of following feverishly in the wake of a small steel box with a hovering patch of radiance above it.

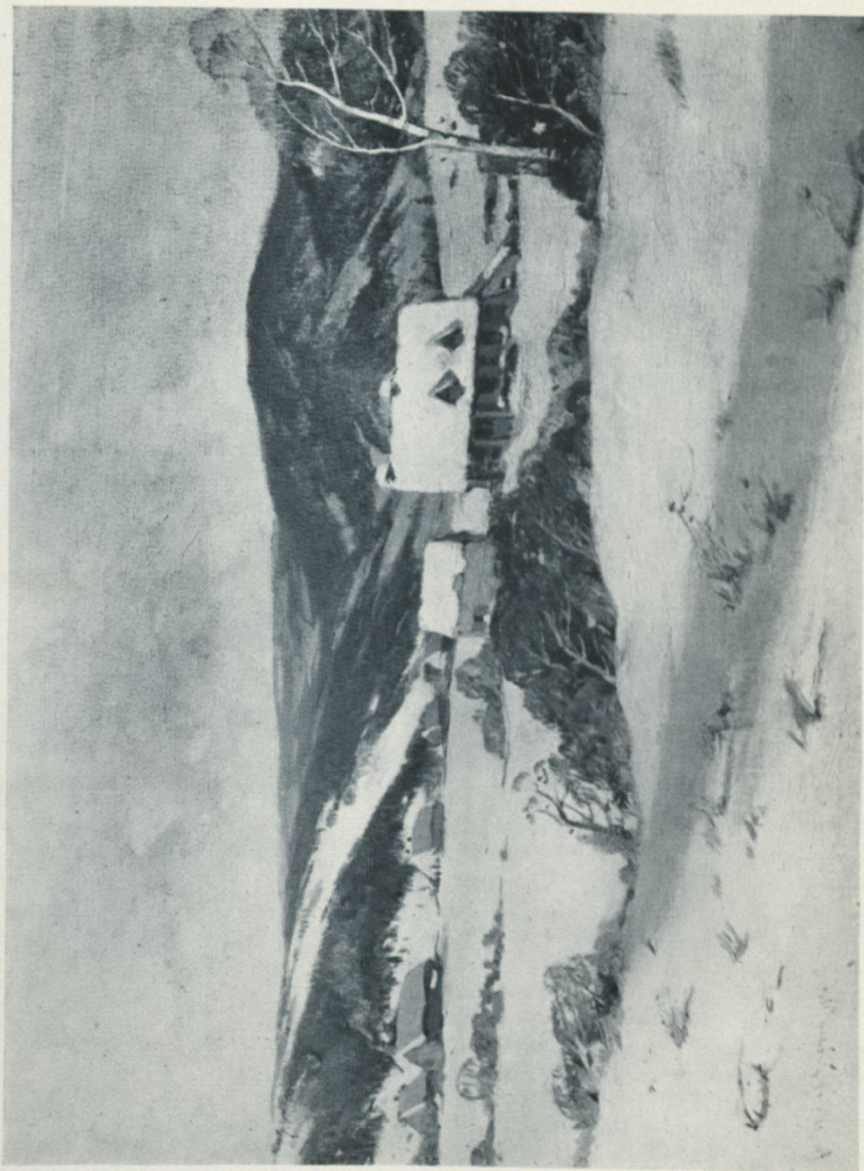
It had been almost dark when he reached Penzance, and a policeman had tried to take the number of his car, but the number-plate was obscured with dust. In a narrow and winding bit of road near Sennen he had passed and narrowly escaped collision with the Great Western motor 'bus; the driver said he had never had such a fright in his life. The car, he said, came round the corner like a gray ghost in the dusk, and was upon him and past him, scraping into the hedge as it passed, before he had time to draw breath or do more than pull over to the side of the road. And that was all until Shellcraft reached the Land's End.

We understood by this time that we were on the trail of a tragedy, and when the landlord of the little hotel that stands on the cliffs at Land's End told us of the final catastrophe, we listened as men listen to a story they have heard before. The consciousness had been growing upon us that this trip of Shellcraft's was a final journey. We knew, even before we looked on the landlord's face, that there was death in the air.

Just as it was growing light that morning, the landlord told us, he heard the sound of an approaching motor car. He ran to the door and saw a large and powerful car advancing at a terrific speed along the road. The car carried no lights, and though the proprietor waved his arms and shouted, it came on without slackening speed. When it reached the corner of the house, instead of following the road, which turns sharply to the right, it went straight on to the smooth grass which borders the edge of the cliff, distant only about twenty yards. Here it struck an upstanding rock, bounced to the edge of the declivity, and was literally hurled into the sea below. The car crashed into the rock-imbedded sea, and the driver fell clear of it, striking on a flat rock at the foot of the cliffs.

I thought of Shellcraft as we stood there on the cliff and watched the last of the daylight fade out of the sky, and the lighthouses on the Wolf and the Longships open their bright eyes to blink and stare into the night. I thought of Shellcraft, and pictured him in the dust of that long autumn day, clinging to the wheel of his car, impelled by forces within and without him, and inspired for once with a superhuman power to hold to its course the living energy of the machine beneath him.

Before we turned in for the night the landlord took us to the little shed where my friend's body lay awaiting the inquest. I had been afraid of what I might see there, but the reality was not fearful. The body, looking strangely small and crumpled, lay as it had been found, the clothing stained with dust and salt water. The face, washed by the waves from the grime and soil of the miles, was strangely calm and composed. It was mild and smiling, and although the hands within the gloves were clenched as if they still gripped the wheel, the eyes were open, the lips a little parted, and the face was the face of a man who, after a long journey, rests and dreams.



IN THE LAURENTIANS,
WINTER

From the Painting by
Clarence A. Gagnon, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

The Canadian Magazine



BY HELEN M. EDGAR

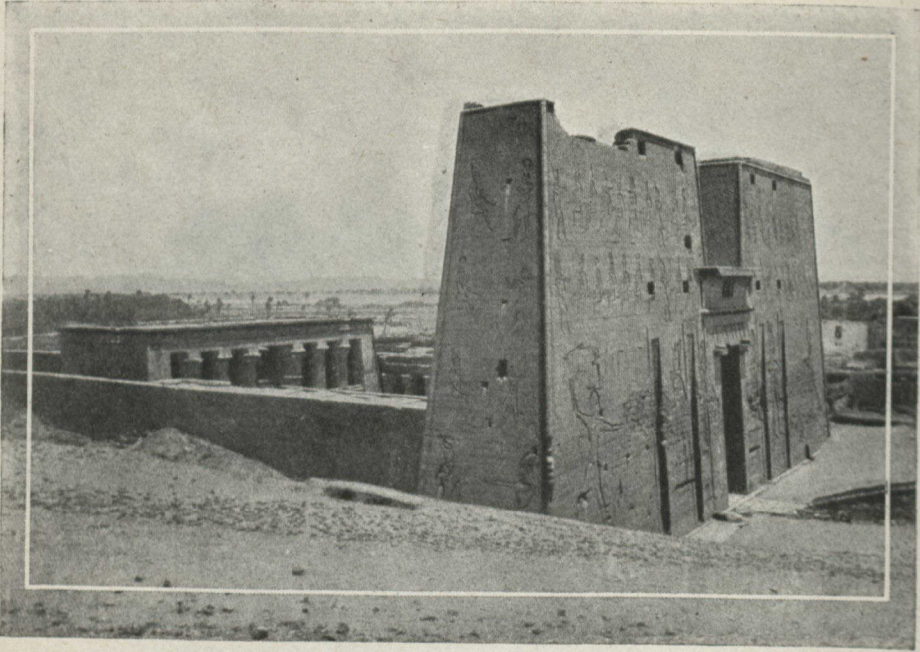
IV.—THE WONDERS OF EDFU AND PHILÆ

THE dusk of evening on Feb. 23rd found us anchored at Edfu, whose massive temple pylons had towered before us long ere we reached the village. After dinner we walked to the Temple, passing through narrow ways and crowded huts, where dirt and the simple life were perfectly proportioned. The moon was shining brightly when we reached the flight of steps that led us into the courtyard. Close under the shadow of the great pylons stood a gaffir waiting to inspect our cards and let us through the iron gateway. The carvings on the pylons could be clearly seen, so deeply cut are they. The warlike king Neos Dionysos holding his enemies by the hair is smiting them in the presence of the hawk-headed Horus. We entered the peristyle court and stood in the centre to see the beauty of its thirty columns surrounding it on three sides. When we entered the small hypostyle court the attendant guide lit his calcium light, which but dimly

showed the beauty of the twelve columns crowned with floral capitals. The soft hootings of disturbed owls and the fluttering of their wings was all the sound we heard as we passed through vestibules and spacious courts to reach the sanctuary which shelters the empty granite shrine dedicated to Horus, the presiding god of Edfu.

After the rest of our party had returned to the outer court, P. and I penetrated into the depths again, this time with no calcium light to guide us. So still it was and full of mystery that when we entered the sanctuary and found the shrine now bathed in a shaft of moonlight that fell from a square opening in the Temple roof, we experienced a thrilling sense of awe as if the shade of Horus had called on high heaven to protect him from the desecrating eye of strangers.

When a week later we were on our homeward journey we spent three daylight hours at Edfu. We then had time to examine the detail and beauty of the Temple plan. The capi-



The Pylons of Edfu

tals of the many pillars could now be seen crowning with gracious curves the massive pillars as naturally as a flower blossoms on its stem. The faint daylight that now filled the sanctuary showed us, in carvings on the walls, the King Philopater (1221—15 B.C.) opening the door of the shrine, and, that accomplished, standing with down-dropped arms in reverential attitude before his God. Again the King offers incense to his parents and makes obeisance before the sacred boat of Hathor. We dived into many a tiny chamber all carved and beautiful with lotus blossom. Up a winding stairway we reached the top of the pylon, passing on our way a wall where proud Napoleonic soldiers had scribbled "Les Francais sont vainqueurs partout". From the top of the pylon we gazed into the dazzling sunlight, relieved by the green of ripening fields and the curves of the subtle Nile. The roofless mud huts clustering about the Temple walls looked like dirty

honeycombs, and their inhabitants were distinctly dirty and not over busy bees. My last impression of Edfu was a painful one. As we were about to board the *Dodo*, a village child rushed out from her lair and gave me a most savage pinch. I was decidedly hurt in mind as well as body.

Feb. 24th.—We steamed very slowly, for our second tug seemed ailing. We had ample time to see the quarries of Gibel Silsileh, where huge blocks of sandstone, half dislodged by the sinewy hands of centuries ago, still waited for their release. We spent a long time in the Rock Chapel built by Haremhib (1350 B.C.) and embellished during succeeding centuries with inscriptions in honour of Kings and high officials. We could have tarried a much longer time, but the gaffir in charge was a sportsman, and the skins of freshly killed jackals made the atmosphere a trifle pungent. Our journey onward took us through the narrow channel, where



Kom Ombus Temple before excavation

the Libyan and Arabian mountains almost meet, and where the sandstone zone of the Nile Valley begins. The rocky hills so near the river that they formed a most convenient quarry for the temple builders.

At dusk once more we neared a temple—Kom Ombos. It crowns a height at a bend of the river, and long before we reached its broken pillars we could see the sunset rays light up the inner courts. This temple has two Gods. Sobk, the crocodile-headed, occupies the right half, Haroësis, the hawk-headed, the left. Two entrances open out of the court, and as far as the sanctuaries the temple is in duplicate. Before each shrine is a black granite slab on which used to rest the sacred boat of the gods. The Ptolemys began Kom Ombos, and later Tiberius and his Romans left their mark in the deeply-cut figures of the outer wall. Though the Gods be divided in their worship, they stand together against two foes, the Desert and the Nile. In 1893 naught but the palm-leaved capitals were

visible, for the desert sand had filled the colonnades, while the river gnawed voraciously at the crumbling pylons. Now a high wall built by sand and a strong embankment stays the hungry Nile. The outer court is a forest of broken columns, but the inner courts are perfect, the colours as bright as when the painters put them on. On the stone roof can still be seen the squares lightly marked for the artists' guidance.

The winged disc of the sun and other zodiacal signs are the chief emblems. A Cook's steamer had just left her moorings when we landed, so the shore was still lined with eager sellers, beads and mummy crocodiles being the articles of commerce. We purchased of both, but the crocodiles were not popular on board the *Dodo*. Daylight failing us, we returned for dinner, and when the moon had risen we once more mounted the sandy bank and walked the short distance to the temple. We sat for an hour at the base of the ruined pylon. The moon shed light from a cloudless



Quarries of Gibel Silsileh

sky, while the Nile, smooth, sinister and swift, swept past our feet. Owls and bats flew in and out of the inner chambers.

As we walked back to the *Dodo* we saw a sudden bending of the grass beside us and a low scraping noise told us a snake of some size was taking a zig-zag course to its lair.

Between Kom Ombos and Assouan the country is not very interesting, and the creak of the shadouf seems unending. The sandstone formation ceases and granite takes its place. The Island of Elephantine, clothed from crest to river edge in delicious verdure, comes as a most refreshing sight to eyes sand-wearied and dazzled by unclouded sun.

Feb. 25th.—We reached Assouan about 11 a.m., and, as our time was short, we proposed to stay only a couple of days. Knowing our crew were not given to rapid action, we told them of our date of return. The Rais, being spokesman, replied for our information that he and his crew intended to take a holiday and indicated the friends and relations now assembled on the bank. Quite forgetful of his domestic ties in Cairo, he pointed with pride to a buxom lady who, he said, was his wife and Suffragi's mother. It was the first intimation we had that the Rais and our Suffragi (table boy) had any acquaintance with each other. The crew having already had ten days of

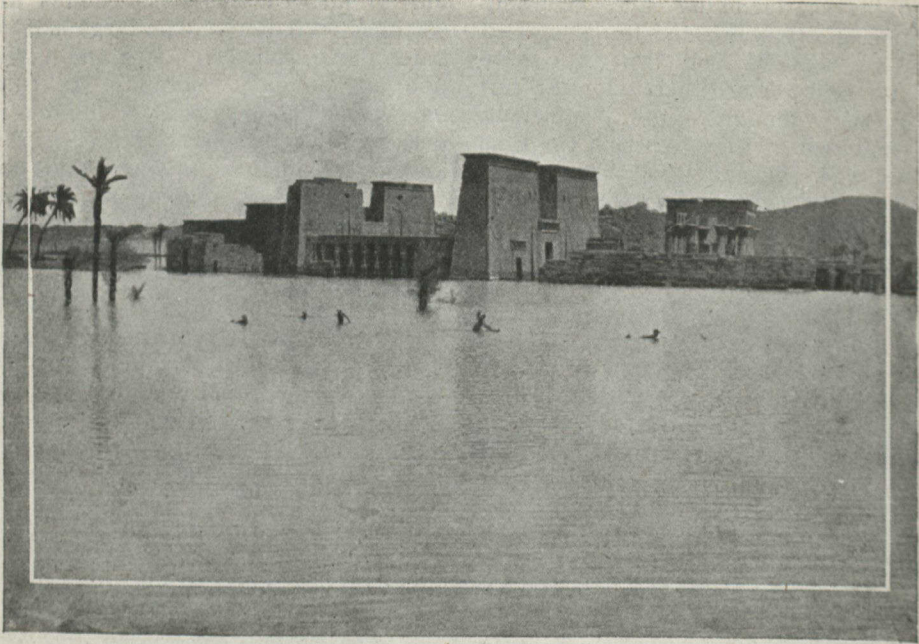
holidaying, smoking and drinking coffee *ad lib*, while the tug propelled us, we thought that two days more rest might restore their energies, but this they thought quite insufficient. In the heat of the discussion the Rais dismissed himself, and as a token placed his red morocco shoes on the land's end of the gangway. After some violent passages at arms between C. and our employees, signs of capitulation appeared. As each argument was disposed of, the Rais moved his shoes a little farther from shore till they regained once more the deck and lent a brilliant bit of colour to our victorious peace.

A Dahabeah for its homeward flight

has to make a complete change of costume, as it were. The large sail is taken down, rolled in a spiral and lies like an elongated mummy its full length from stem to stern. The lower deck is taken to pieces like a puzzle and small inclines are revealed on which the sailors step up and down when oars are used to direct the course. Languid efforts were being made to furl our sail as we started for our ride to Philæ. We picked our donkeys in the main thoroughfare. My little beast sported a blue bead necklace which was very becoming to his mouse coloured complexion, and cantered gaily off across the desert to the village of Shellal Tokani.



Roofless mud huts of Edfu

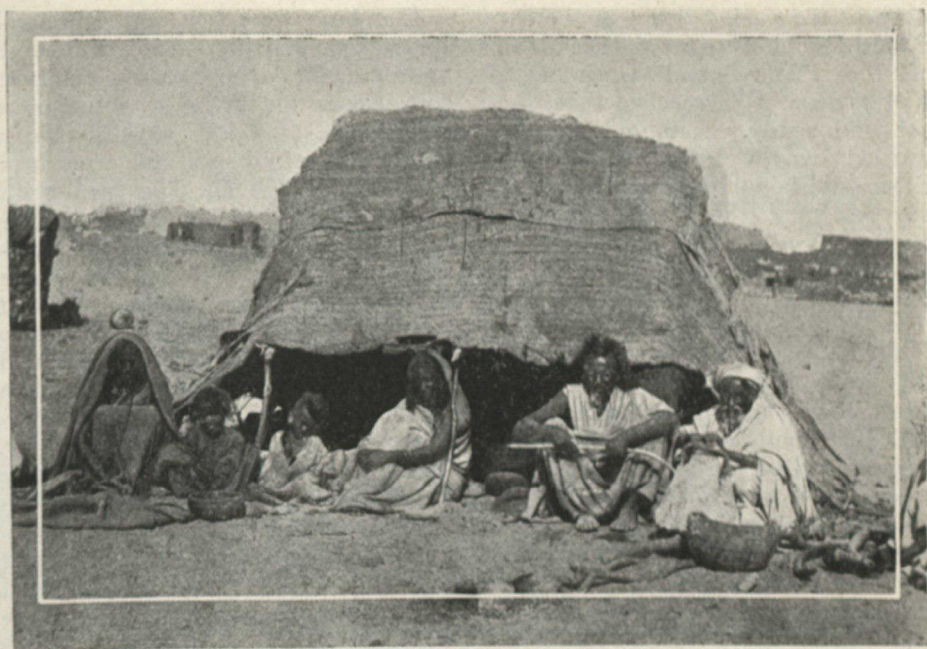


A general view of the Island of Philae

A quaint barge was waiting for us at the river's edge which carried us on sunset waters towards Philae, mirroring her flowery columns in the deep water of the Nile. The palm trees half submerged stood like protecting guards against the fast rising river that will soon completely submerge their goddess. We rowed on a level with the capitals between the pillars of the Osiris Court, and traced the faint outline and colouring of the drowned colonnade. Our landing was near the second pylon which commemorates in its reliefs a gift of land to Isis from Philometer in the 24th year of his reign, 157 B.C. The engineering efforts of the last decade have wrought more damage to this work of art than all the preceding centuries. A compensation for such a sacrifice is the increased fertilization of much barren land. We were glad to leave the damp and mouldy court and follow a steep stone staircase to the top of the pylon, where we partook of our picnic meal. On one side the sunset

colouring was still lingering over the desert we had just ridden across, and on the other side the moon that had lighted Edfu and Kom Ombos for us now crowned our impression of beauty, slowly rising and showing Philae in the deep mystery of a silver veil. Silently we rowed again and again about the lovely spot till the songs of our boatmen melodiously drifted us back to earth. There our prosaic little donkeys and our piastre-hungry donkey-boys greeted us. We had an hour and a half ride across the moonlit desert passing the white-walled cemetery where British soldiers slept.

Feb. 27th.—Our party divided today and so apparently did our crew, for we heard woeful sounds and Doubletoes appeared with a cut on his head and asked for sympathy which he neither needed or received. The Kicked and the Cured were evidently dismissed and sat all day beside their bundles on the shore watching the rest of the crew do double



The camp of the Besharin



The camel-power waterlift as seen along the Nile

work at the paring down of the oars. P. and I went off to see the rock tombs of the Princes and Grandees of Elephantine. We reached them by a hot and sandy climb and were rewarded by the lovely view of the Emerald Isle surrounded by its rushing waters. The tombs much resemble those of Beni Hassan, especially that of Sabin whose sporting interests seem to have been akin to those of Kememhotip. The stuffiness of the interior made us grateful even for the sun-baked air. We did not go down the wonderful stone staircase with its smooth centre planed for the drawing up of the mummy case, but descended knee deep in sand to our felucca which was covered in anticipation of our return by gesticulating native barnacles ready to sell us beads and bracelets. Late in the afternoon the C.'s and ourselves rode out to the quarries. It was nearly dusk when we reached them but we could see the giant form of a half embedded Ramesis lying supine on his rocky bed gazing as he had for centuries into the star-sown sky. C. was pensively moving his foot to and fro in the sandy shroud when he stopped suddenly and stooping down picked up a stone hammer that a workman had thrown aside when this Pharaoh was in the making. Our ride home was perilous, for donkeys are not infallible in pitch darkness and donkey boys have a wholesome horror of the night and every sound and shadow.

Feb. 28th.—Our hopes rode high, for we thought our path was clear for our return to Cairo. The Rais, however, had a sudden fright and told us he could not start while the wind (a most perfect one) was blowing. Neither threats nor promises availed us, so we made the best of the situation and decided to ride out to the Camp of the Besharin, which lay about a mile away in the desert.

The huts were low and composed entirely of matting. The costume of the Besharin varies from the scantiest loin cloths to the most voluminous wrappings of white muslin which they plait round legs and arms in a bewildering fashion. The men wear their hair in an immense fuzzy wuzzy bush, a perfect walking advertisement for a hair restorer, the which is none other than castor oil applied *ad lib*. Little girls had innumerable small plaits all dripping with rancid oil which serves the double purpose of increasing the hair and discouraging the ever-present Egyptian fly. The children were very charming and exceedingly pretty. They also knew the value of their picturesqueness to a piastre. They had learned a few parrot words of English and said, "It is for you, ladyee," in such delicious tones that we became owners of countless chains of shell beads. One mite about three years old, in an effort to outshine her companions, discarded her scarf-like garment and with outstretched braceleted arms went through the contortions of a so-called dance. When our piastres were exhausted, a native policeman, mounted on a splendid Arab stallion, came to our rescue and cleared a way for our exit. On our homeward path we passed through an Arab village where the absence of castor oil and the presence of flies was very manifest.

The *Dodo* was still safely moored to the shore, and so was the Rais, who sat in the midst of his Assouan harem like a star in a crescent moon, his back the centre of admiring eyes. The wind forbade us to be impatient, so we spent all afternoon in the bazaar, and in the deepening twilight we went to the public gardens, which face north and south, and drew in the magic of the river with its islands and swift-running water.

(To be continued)

MISS BARTLETT'S EVENING OUT

BY LAURA A. RIDLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY ESSEX

IT was noontime at Mrs. Phillips's boarding-house, and Sara was busy in the kitchen getting ready a light luncheon for herself and her tired mother. Although she, too, had been busy all the morning "ridding up things," there was nothing of weariness in her aspect as she moved swiftly hither and thither, humming to herself one of the latest popular airs. Presently she went to the window.

"Say, ma," she called, "here comes Miss Bartlett. Do we want any extracts to-day?"

Her mother's voice floated down to her from some remote part of the house.

"Yes, sure, Sarie. Tell her to come right in. Poor soul, I guess she's tired."

The subject of their talk, Miss Bartlett, was a little lady of limited income, who eked out an entirely respectable living by the sale of flavouring extracts, for which she took orders from the good housewives of the neighbourhood, and which she delivered to them in person by means of a string bag.

The day being warm, and Miss Bartlett somewhat stout, she made but slow progress up the steep slope which led to the house. The ponderous Mrs. Phillips had in fact reached the kitchen and made the tea before

she had attained the verandah. Miss Bartlett's face was very red, and, had the truth been known, she was not feeling in the best of tempers, but on seeing the placid Mrs. Phillips and her good-natured daughter her face assumed a pleasant expression, for Mrs. Phillips was one of her best customers.

"Good mornin', Miss Bartlett. Come right in. You are just in time for lunch."

"Thank you, Mrs. Phillips, you are very kind, but I can only stay a few minutes. I have several trips to make before I can have my lunch. However, I should be glad to sit down for a few moments, and a cup of tea would certainly be very refreshing."

She took Sara's proffered chair, and began to fan herself with her pocket-handkerchief. On her lap lay her string bag, filled to its capacity with small, neat parcels. Sara surveyed this critically.

"Why, land above, Miss Bartlett!" she ejaculated, as she handed that lady a cup of tea, "what a load of parcels to carry around with you! I don't blame you for being tired."

Miss Bartlett sipped her tea gratefully. "Yes, they are rather heavy," she agreed, "but then each of them means a little money in my purse, so I suppose I shouldn't complain. The heavier my load, the heavier my purse," and she smiled significantly.

Mrs. Phillips took the hint.



“ ‘Say, ma,’ she called, ‘here comes Miss Bartlett. Do we want any extracts to-day?’ ”

“Say, Sarie,” she said, “you run upstairs and fetch that half dollar off my bureau. I guess that will just pay Miss Bartlett what we owe her.”

“For pity sakes, ma, what do you suppose I paid the laundry man with? He was here this mornin’, and

had to be paid.” Sara’s tone was full of reproach, not unmixed with sarcasm.

“Well, Miss Bartlett, that’s too bad,” soothed Mrs. Phillips. “I was just saving that against your coming, and now we’ll have to wait until your

next visit. Let's see, though, ain't there some vanilla due on this trip?"

Miss Bartlett fumbled grimly in her bag and finally extricated one of the neat packages, which she handed to her patroness. "That will bring it up to seventy-five cents, won't it?" she said, as she rose to go.

Mrs. Phillips followed her to the door and put a kindly hand upon her arm. "I'll have the money ready for you sure thing next Wednesday," she assured her. "It's all the fault of them boarders that I can't pay my debts as I should. They're so irregular. There's Mr. Stringer owes me two weeks' board now, and his friend, Mr. Smith, is beginning to get behind. I hate to say anything to them poor young fellows as don't seem to have any mother to look after them, but it do certainly come hard on a body when they won't pay up."

The daughter seemed to take a less kindly view of the situation. "Say, ma," she grumbled, "you make me tired, you do. You just spoil 'em. Why don't you turn them out of doors — the good-for-nothings! If you will believe me, Miss Bartlett, they just twist ma round their little fingers—she's that easy!"

Miss Bartlett looked sympathetic, but she refrained from entering an opinion on so vexed a subject, and it was Mrs. Phillips who spoke first.

"Well, Sarie, they are not all as bad as you paint 'em,—Mr. Hartley, for instance. He's good pay, and such a nice gentleman. And that reminds me, Miss Bartlett, that we are going to give a little party here next Saturday evening, and I wish you'd come. There will be ladies and gentlemen present and we will have music and recitations. And, oh, I would so like for you to meet Mr. Hartley! I just know you'd like him."

Miss Bartlett, who at one time taught school, prided herself upon her gentility. Her sense of the proprieties was sometimes a little offended by the familiarities of Mrs. Phillips, but in this instance, although the

purport of that lady's remarks could not be doubted, she found herself not altogether displeased, and, indeed, was aware of a becoming blush.

"Thank you, Mrs. Phillips," she said. "You are very kind. I see so few people in a social way that really I should be pleased to come. You know I am of quite a sociable disposition and at times it seems a trifle hard that I should be so much alone."

"Miss Bartlett, you just *ought* to get married!" Mrs. Phillips uttered these words with some emphasis and then paused, a little frightened at her own temerity. This time Miss Bartlett was a trifle annoyed. "Dear me," she said, "how you people talk! I really must be going. As for getting married,—rest assured that I have had my chances, *but I didn't take them.*"

"Of—course!" agreed Mrs. Phillips. "But now, Miss Bartlett, do promise to come to our party, and be sure to bring your music along, for I know you can play. Now don't disappoint us."

Miss Bartlett promised, and bidding her friends a smiling farewell, she took her departure.

The mother and daughter remained on the doorstep for several moments, staring after the retreating little figure. Suddenly Sara began to giggle. "Say, ma," she said, "you're great, you are! What made you think of it? Miss Bartlett and Mr. Hartley! I can just see them together! Oh, say, it'll be more fun than a circus!"

"Now, Sarie, don't you be acting silly. I tell you they're just made for each other."

And with these words the good-natured pair returned to the kitchen to finish their somewhat disturbed luncheon.

*

Saturday evening at Mrs. Phillips's boarding-house was always somewhat of a festive occasion, but on the evening in question it was especially so. Never before had her small front par-

lour looked more cheery. The clean white curtains were looped up ingeniously with bows of scarlet ribbon, and these, together with the bright hues of the Axminster rug (the pride of Mrs. Phillips), and the corresponding hues of the cushions piled up on the Chesterfield, gave to the room a gay and jaunty appearance. As a finishing touch, Sara had filled two large bowls with variegated nasturtiums, which stood one on a side table, the other on the piano.

Mrs. Phillips and her daughter gazed complacently on their work of the morning, and the former heaved a sigh of satisfaction. It seemed to her that everything was going right, and that even the stiff rubber plant in the alcove was trying to assume a more graceful attitude.

Mrs. Phillips always took great pride in her little parties, but this particular one was of more than usual importance, in that she had included Cupid among her guests. That Miss Bartlett would admire Mr. Hartley, she did not for a moment doubt, but of the effect of Miss Bartlett on him she was not so sure, for, she argued, he must be somewhat particular, "else why didn't he ever get married before?"

By eight o'clock most of the guests were assembled, but there were still several missing, Mr. Hartley being among the non-arrivals.

Miss Bartlett was there, looking very nice in a black taffeta silk dress. This gown had done good service, to be sure, but with the fresh white lace which its owner had sewn into the neck and sleeves, the whole effect was charming by gaslight, and, as Mrs. Phillips soliloquized, "it don't matter so long as the effect is good. Men don't stop to bother about the little details."

There was a look of anticipation on Miss Bartlett's face as her hostess introduced her to each of the guests, but this expression soon changed to one of distinct disappointment, for the name for which she had been lis-

tening had not been sounded. After all, Miss Bartlett had been indulging in hopes, as she had done all her life on occasions of this kind, that she might be going to meet her Prince Charming, and if Mr. Hartley were not to appear, she felt that her evening would be spoiled.

After a suitable interval Miss Bartlett allowed herself to ask a question:

"Your friend, Mr. Hartley, is not here?"

Mrs. Phillips beamed:

"No, dearie, but I expect him every minute. It's too bad he's kept late to-night, but in his business time is money. He's a driver, you know."

"A driver!" repeated Miss Bartlett in dismay. "Does he go round with a wagon, then?"

Mrs. Phillips chuckled.

"A jitney driver, I mean," she said. "He owns his own car, and does quite a nice little business, I believe."

But time was passing, and Mr. Hartley was evidently in no hurry to put in an appearance. Presently Mrs. Phillips was called away to look after some household duty, and Miss Bartlett was left to her own resources. She glanced with some dismay at the people around her, who were chatting together quite intimately, but were apparently oblivious of her presence. Someone had even proposed some music, and Sara, who could play a little, was seated at the piano ready to accompany the singer. A tall young man stood beside her. Miss Bartlett guessed him to be John Hurley, Sara's "steady," of whom she had heard so much of late, but of all the guests present his was the only name she felt at all sure of. So intent had she been on catching Mr. Hartley's name during Mrs. Phillips's introductions, that she had quite overlooked the others, and she now found herself in what she considered a "very awkward position."

Presently she observed a tall, angular woman, of somewhat sour visage, occupying a chair on the other side of that which Mrs. Phillips had vacat-

ed. This lady, Miss Bartlett noted with some approval, "kept herself very much to herself," and deeming this attitude a sign of superiority, Miss Bartlett determined, if possible, to open a conversation with her. If only she could remember her name! Ah, she had it! It was McCormick. At any rate she was positive there was a McCormick in the room, because she had, in a vague way, noted it at the time of the introductions, having had a favourite aunt bearing that name. Miss Bartlett took the vacant chair.

"Do you like music, Mrs. McCormick?" she began. She didn't remember if it was "Miss" or "Mrs.," but, like the French, she considered the assumption more polite.

The lady thus addressed stared rather rudely at her, but made no reply. This was certainly a little disconcerting for Miss Bartlett, but, thinking that possibly she was a trifle deaf, she raised her voice slightly, and repeated the question. This time, she had reason to believe she was talking to a deaf mute, for, beyond a freezing stare, she again received no reply. Uncomfortably aware that the music had now ceased, she glanced nervously around, half inclined to return to her former seat, and was about to do so when the silent one spoke.

"My name is Miss Corner, *not* McCormick, and I'll thank you not to take liberties with me!"

There were several rude titters from the guests assembled, which Miss Bartlett did not fail to note, but she was too bewildered by the extraordinary behaviour of Miss Corner to care much about the others. She had returned to her former seat, and resolved to remain there until the return of Mrs. Phillips, when she would ask to be allowed to go home.

As she sat there alone, pondering on the ironies of life, she gradually became aware of the fact that it was raining—a steady downpour. It had been fine when she started out in the evening, and, consequently, she had

brought neither rubbers nor umbrella. She was now confronted with the prospect of being obliged to walk home in the rain, for no cars passed her way, and although possibly she would be able to borrow a raincoat and umbrella from Mrs. Phillips, she knew that they would have no rubbers small enough to fit her feet. For the first time in her life Miss Bartlett regretted the Cinderella-like dimensions of her feet.

Impatient at Mrs. Phillips's non-appearance, Miss Bartlett was about to rise and seek her, when her attention was arrested by a voice at her elbow. A good-looking, middle-aged man was addressing her in civil tones.

"Pardon me, madam, but my name is McCormick, and I guess you got the names a little twisted, didn't you?"

He was smiling pleasantly and Miss Bartlett brightened perceptibly. A little kindness always acted like a tonic on this sensitive lady and, coming as it did in this instance from a good-looking man, it was charming.

She begged him to be seated. Of course, she said, she remembered him quite well now, and it was only a puzzle to her how she could have confused the names. "Her own suits her so much better," she added maliciously, "that I am surprised it did not suggest itself to me."

This little attempt at levity on Miss Bartlett's part elicited such an outburst of mirth from Mr. McCormick that she glanced around, dismayed, fearful of focusing the attention of the guests once more upon herself.

But she need have had no fear, for Mrs. Phillips was entering the room at that moment, bringing with her the refreshments, and this was quite sufficient to divert the attention of the guests entirely away from Miss Bartlett.

Mr. McCormick brought her a cup of coffee and some cake, and while they were regaling themselves he became very communicative, telling her something about each of the

guests in the room. Miss Corner, he explained, was a disappointed old maid whom nobody liked, because of her sour disposition. Mrs. Phillips had to invite her to all her parties, because she was one of her boarders who paid well. "And she always comes," said Mr. McCormick, "though why, I can't imagine, unless it is to act as a wet blanket on the others." She had been engaged at some remote time, it seemed, to a young man, who, just on the eve of their wedding, had deserted her, and she had never recovered from the shock. "Strange to say," continued her informer, "his name was McCormick, so you see you couldn't have hit her harder, if you had tried."

Horrified by this disclosure, Miss Bartlett gazed helplessly at the unbending Miss Corner. And, be it to Miss Bartlett's credit, there were real tears of mortification in her eyes.

Noting how disturbed she was, Mr. McCormick hastened to make amends.

"Oh, never mind her," he urged, "it wasn't your fault, you know. You didn't do it on purpose."

"No," gasped Miss Bartlett, "but I could never, never, convince her of my innocence. Why, she must think me a monster of maliciousness. And the other guests!" she wailed. "They all heard me,—I know they did. Whatever must they think of me?"

Mr. McCormick looked alarmed. He felt that something must be done or said immediately to divert her attention.

"Never mind the other guests," he soothed, "they didn't think anything of what you said, and even if they did,—look at them now! I wouldn't mind betting you a dollar to a doughnut that they don't even remember there's such a person as you."

Miss Bartlett stiffened visibly. "Thank you, Mr. McCormick," she said, coldly; "I have never before been so forcibly reminded of my insignificance."

Hastily Mr. McCormick endeavoured to retrieve himself. "No, madam,

not insignificant," he declared, "but, if you were to jump into a pigstye, you wouldn't consider yourself insignificant because the pigs didn't appear to notice you. No, ma'am, you'd say it was a case of casting pearls before swine. And that's just the way it is here."

Miss Bartlett was somewhat mollified. After all, Mr. McCormick showed some discernment. These people were little better than swine and she had been foolish to try to mix with them.

But there was one of the "swine" present, at least, to whom the little lady was of some importance. It was while Miss Bartlett was listening to a particularly interesting anecdote that she suddenly became aware of the fact that Mrs. Phillips was beckoning to her from the hall. Considering that lady's gestures "unlady-like," and being a little piqued at her seeming neglect of herself, she resolved to pay no attention to the beckonings, and it was not until Mr. McCormick gently suggested that he "guessed" Mrs. Phillips wished to speak to her, that she thought it advisable to leave him. But she assured him that she would be back presently. She found Mrs. Phillips somewhat excited.

"He's come," she gasped, as soon as Miss Bartlett was within earshot. "He's right in there, eating his supper." And she pointed her fat thumb in the direction of the dining-room.

Miss Bartlett, however, was not enthusiastic.

"I suppose you refer to Mr. Hartley," she said coldly, "but, really, Mrs. Phillips, I fail to see what difference his arrival can make to me."

Mrs. Phillips looked sly. "It's raining, and raining pretty steady, Miss Bartlett," she said, "and I was wondering how a certain lady of my acquaintance was going to get home to-night. And then it came to me, all of a sudden like, why, there's Mr. Hartley with his car, as has got to go out again this evening. Why not let

him drop Miss Bartlett on his way?"

In spite of herself, Miss Bartlett became interested.

"I am sure it is very good of you to think of me, Mrs. Phillips," she said. "Of course, if Mr. Hartley has to go out again, I should be very much obliged. You see, I could never wear yours or Sara's rubbers, and one is so liable to catch cold if one gets the feet wet. However," she added, cautiously, "I hardly like to put myself under obligation to a total stranger."

But Mrs. Phillips was ready with her argument.

"Now, Miss Bartlett, you know we wouldn't let you walk home in this rain, would we? And if you don't want the ride, there is only one other thing to be done. The beds is all occupied, but I guess we could fix you up on the lounge all right."

This alternative seemed to dismay Miss Bartlett.

"But," she said, "I don't believe I could sleep on a lounge. I have never done such a thing in my life!"

"Well, dearie, I guess you won't have to, if things is managed all right. He says he don't care to see any company to-night, but when he's finished his supper, I'll just mention this little matter to him. Then I'll introduce you to each other, and everything will be all right. Now, just you go back into the parlour and give us a little music—he likes music—and when he's ready, I'll let you know."

Miss Bartlett never liked Mrs. Phillips's way of putting things.

"Really, Mrs. Phillips," she said, "if Mr. Hartley doesn't care to see anyone to-night, I am sure he wouldn't thank you for forcing my company upon him. And as for playing for his special benefit, I think it would be a highly improper thing to do. Besides," she added, glancing significantly in the direction of the parlour, "I have made the acquaintance of a very nice gentleman in there—Mr. McCormick—and have promised to go back and talk with him."

Mrs. Phillips looked scornful. "Him!" she ejaculated. "Why he's a driver, if you like! He drives Ed. Smith's grocery wagon."

"A grocery wagon!" repeated the bewildered Miss Bartlett. "Why he told me he was a journalist."

"Then he lied to you," was the prompt retort, "and, what's more, he owes me three weeks' board."

These disparaging remarks had the desired effect. "How very shocking!" murmured the disappointed one. "And he seemed so pleasant, too!"

"Wait until you see Mr. Hartley," was the complaisant reply. "Why, Mr. McCormick isn't a patch on him. Now, just you go back to the sitting-room, dearie, and play a little, and I will manage the rest."

Somewhat to her own surprise, Miss Bartlett found herself meekly following Mrs. Phillips back into the parlour, and, without a tremor, heard that lady announce the fact that Miss Bartlett would now favour them with a little music. After all, she thought, why shouldn't she show these ignorant people that she, at least, was accomplished?

Now that Miss Bartlett was going to do something to amuse them, the guests were willing enough to notice her. Some were kind enough to smile pleasantly at her, and others murmured that "some music would surely be very welcome." All seemed to have forgotten the little incident in connection with Miss Corner, except that lady herself, who looked on at these proceedings with something akin to a frown upon her stony visage.

Miss Bartlett played very well. Naturally musical, she was never more at her ease than when seated at the piano. And her audience was far from unappreciative. They applauded everything she played, and begged for more each time she was modestly about to retire. Thus encouraged, Miss Bartlett played on for some time, and, almost inadvertently, as she played, her thoughts turned to



“Almost inadvertently, as she played, her thoughts turned to the man in the other room.”

the man in the other room. Then she thought of her girlhood days, and of the only lover she had ever had. She remembered how she used to steal away from him sometimes in the evenings, and leave him seated on the verandah while she went into the front parlour and played and sang to him. He used to love her singing. Could she sing now? Half unconsciously her fingers wandered into the accompaniment of one of her old, favourite songs, and she began to sing:

Sometimes, when I'm sitting alone,
Dreaming alone in the gloom,
There comes on the wings of the twilight,
Sweet music that fills the room.

Her face flushed with emotion, and her voice trembled as the old, familiar words fell from her lips. The twenty years which had elapsed since she used to sing that song were forgotten entirely, and it seemed to her that she was singing as well as she had ever done. Her voice, however, was

by no means the same as it was twenty years ago, even though her heart was still young. A succession of colds, moreover, had helped to do the damage, and, sad as it is to relate, Miss Bartlett's voice was decidedly “cracked”.

I know not from whence it comes,
I know not what message it brings,
Tho' my soul of its burden is lighten'd
By the sweet voice that plaintively sings,
That plain—!

But Miss Bartlett never finished the song. She was suddenly and rudely interrupted by a loud noise in the room, resembling more than anything else a strangled hiccough. All eyes were immediately turned in the direction from whence it came, and the cause of the disturbance was easily detected. John Hurley, crimson in the face, a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, was fairly doubled up with laughter, while Sara, seated on the sofa beside him, was apparently

doing her best to quiet him, although there was a mischievous gleam in that young lady's eye which spoke volumes.

"For shame! For shame!" expostulated several of the guests, and even Miss Corner was heard to murmur, "Shocking!"

The young man quickly recovered himself, and with the eyes of the whole room upon him, he looked shame-faced enough. But the mischief had been done. Miss Bartlett had taken it all in in one comprehensive glance. They were actually laughing at her—these young people—they were making fun of her! Their gross rudeness was unendurable and she would not put up with it a moment longer. And so, with one withering glance at Sara and her "young man," and a frosty bow to the other guests, she swept out of the room.

She was met in the hallway by Mrs. Phillips. That lady's face was very red, and she showed distinct signs of agitation.

"For pity sakes, Miss Bartlett, where are you going?"

"I am going home, Mrs. Phillips. Please don't detain me. Oh, why did I come to this dreadful place? In all my life I never, never experienced such indignities."

Mrs. Phillips laid a powerful hand on the little woman's shoulder.

"Now, look here, dearie," she said, "you are going to stay right here until Mr. Hartley can take you home in his car. He will be ready to go in ten minutes' time, and you can just as well come in here and wait until he finishes reading the paper."

Mrs. Phillips's peremptory manner had the desired effect. Perhaps Miss Bartlett was too weary to demur, or, maybe, she still harboured a sneaking desire to see this much-talked-of man. At any rate, she followed her hostess into the dining-room, and there sank into a chair near the door.

And then Miss Bartlett had her first view of Mr. Hartley. He was seated at the table, directly under the chandelier. The remains of his

recent repast had been pushed ruthlessly aside and the tablecloth turned back, in order to make room for his feet, which now rested comfortably enough on the table. Miss Bartlett gazed at him in horror. Was it possible that this boor could be the "gentlemanly" Mr. Hartley, of whom she had heard so much? Undoubtedly it was no other, and with this disillusionment there died in the mind of Miss Bartlett the last hope of any good thing coming out of Mrs. Phillips's boarding house.

As Mrs. Phillips approached him, he looked up from the paper he was reading.

"Well," he grumbled, "I suppose I shouldn't complain, now that it is over, but next time you bring a screech-owl to the house, kindly warn me, and I'll keep away."

Mrs. Phillips's face took on a purplish hue, and she was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing. She tried to speak, but seemed unable to do so, and could only gasp and point backwards over her shoulder in the most alarming manner.

Mr. Hartley caught her agitation.

"Great Scott, ma'am, what ails you?" he asked, bringing his feet down from the table with a bang, and staring fearfully in the direction in which she pointed.

"Miss Bartlett—is—ready—to—go—home—now," stuttered Mrs. Phillips.

But Mr. Hartley had already seen Miss Bartlett, and the vision of that little lady sitting there so quietly seemed to abash him a good deal. He sidled towards the kitchen door.

"I will be ready in a few minutes, ma'am, a few minutes," he muttered, as he disappeared into the back regions.

Mrs. Phillips came and stood beside Miss Bartlett, her hand on her shoulder—a somewhat shaky hand—and she was breathing very hard.

"I can't imagine what's got into all my guests to-night," she murmured by way of apology. "They are not themselves at all, I assure you, Miss Bartlett. It must have been the cof-

fee was too strong. But, above all, I am disappointed in Mr. Hartley."

Miss Bartlett laughed somewhat hysterically.

"Oh, don't apologize for him, I beg you, Mrs. Phillips, for, if you will excuse my saying so, I think his remarks were quite in keeping,—quite in keeping."

Mrs. Phillips did not have time to inquire what his behaviour was "in keeping" with, for at that moment the subject of their conversation made himself very distinctly heard by means of the horn of his car, which he was "tooting" with some energy. Mrs. Phillips once more grasped her protégé by the arm and hurried her towards the front door.

But her curiosity at the last moment, overcame her, and as she held an umbrella high over Miss Bartlett, she ventured to question.

"Quite in keeping with what, dearie?" she asked, breathlessly.

Again Miss Bartlett laughed. "Why, with his feet on the table, of course. Good-bye, Mrs. Phillips; I wish you joy with your boarders!" And, taking the umbrella from that puzzled lady's hands, she tripped lightly down the path to the waiting car.

Mr. Hartley, who still looked somewhat sheepish, helped her into the tonneau, and, on learning her street address, he shut the door with a bang and scrambled into his seat.

Miss Bartlett closed her eyes. She felt that her troubles were at last over, and she was even anticipating a little pleasure from this, her first ride in an automobile. Besides, she reflected, this manner of arriving home from a party would surely impress her landlady favourably, to say nothing of her fellow-roomers, some of whom she hoped might see her thus arrive. And she smiled faintly to herself as she thought of the teasings which would follow.

But these pleasant reflections were soon to be disturbed. Mr. Hartley was in a hurry; there could be no

doubt on that score. The road, moreover, was in poor repair, and the car was old. All these things combined to make Miss Bartlett exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Gracious Goodness!" she gasped, after one or two more than usually violent jolts, "the man is drunk—I'm sure of it. Oh dear, oh dear!" She tried to look out of the window, but could see nothing of her whereabouts, and the state of mind of the poor little lady became indeed pitiable. For several minutes she clung to her seat with limpet-like tenacity, and then she was suddenly dislodged. The car had come to a stop with a tremendous jolt, and Miss Bartlett was thrown to the floor, where Mr. Hartley discovered her a moment later. He gazed at her suspiciously.

"I guess this is where I lose you," he explained.

Miss Bartlett scrambled to her feet and, clutching the umbrella, she stumbled out of the car as rapidly as she could. The sight of her rooming-house was never before so welcome, and it seemed to give her renewed courage. She turned on her tormenter.

"I consider your manner of driving exceedingly reckless, sir," she said, "and, mark my words, you will be getting yourself into trouble over it one of these days. Good-night."

Thus Miss Bartlett left him staring after her from the curbstone, bewildered written all over his stolid countenance. "Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" he murmured some time afterwards, as he once more sped on his way. "Such ingratitude!"

But Miss Bartlett, when she at last found rest and solace in her comfortable bed, felt no compunction about her treatment of Mr. Hartley.

"I'm glad I didn't thank him," she reflected. "Such abominable behaviour didn't deserve any thanks."

* * * * *

On a bright, sunny morning, three weeks later, Miss Bartlett was to be seen once more climbing the hill

which led to Mrs. Phillips's boarding-house. In one hand she clasped an umbrella, while in the other was her string bag, filled as usual with neatly tied-up little parcels. On her face was an expression of stern determination.

As she approached the house she was impressed by an air of desolation about the place, and on closer inspection she noted a sign upon the gate which gave her a decided shock. "Good gracious me!" she gasped audibly as she read the "To Let" sign, "I do believe they were evicted," and she stood gazing helplessly around her. In her string bag was the bottle of vanilla which Mrs. Phillips had ordered on her last visit to the house. This she thought of, also of the seventy-five cents which Mrs. Phillips already owed her. Then she glanced at the umbrella. "It is a pretty good umbrella," she reflected, "and it is always a good idea to have an extra one on hand."

With this happy reflection she began to retrace her steps, intending to stop in at the drug store at the foot of the hill and see if she could there glean any information concerning Mrs. Phillips. Presently she noted a man approaching her, and there was something familiar about his appearance which made her ponder as to where she had seen him before. As he came near her, too, seemed to recognize her, and, lifting his hat with a genial smile, he addressed her by name. Then Miss Bartlett remembered Mr. McCormick, who had been so friendly to her at Mrs. Phillips's party. But, thanks to Mrs. Phillips's illuminating remarks concerning this man, Miss Bartlett was by no means delighted to meet him, and her return of his greeting could scarcely have been considered gracious. However, he might be able to give her some information concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Phillips, and she was not slow to ask for it.

Mr. McCormick, however, was as mystified as she was. "They were

here a week ago," he assured her, "for it was only last Friday I was passing this way and saw Sara in the garden."

"Then you had left the boarding-house?" questioned Miss Bartlett.

"Oh, yes, soon after that party. You see, I was in a pretty tight hole about that time, and had no job to speak of. So I just got out and went to a cheaper boarding-house until I could make up what I owed Mrs. Phillips. But, thank goodness, that is all over now, and I was just on my way to pay up my debts."

Miss Bartlett scanned him curiously and noted an air of prosperity about the man which had not been so apparent when first she had met him.

"Indeed," she said, "I am glad to hear of your change of fortune." Her tone was decidedly more genial.

Thus encouraged, Mr. McCormick became more explicit.

"Yes," he said, "I have had an uncommon stroke of good fortune lately, and it almost seems too like a fairy story to be true. An uncle of mine, who had been lost to the family for years, but who, as it seems, had not lost sight of us, died several weeks ago in Australia, leaving me and one or two other near relatives quite a tidy little sum of money. I may say, without exaggerating, Miss Bartlett, that I am really quite well-to-do now."

Miss Bartlett was decidedly impressed. There was, too, such an air of boyish delight about the man speaking to her, that she quite forgot Mrs. Phillips's words concerning him, and her old liking for him returned.

"And I must say," she added, after she had given him hearty congratulations, "that I admire the spirit which prompts you to pay off your debts so promptly the moment you are able to do so. Mrs. Phillips should appreciate such honesty."

Mr. McCormick detected the note of bitterness in Miss Bartlett's voice as she mentioned Mrs. Phillips's name. He also noted the string bag.

"And were you coming to Mrs.

Phillips on business?" he questioned.

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Bartlett. "I can assure you that business, and only business, would bring me to that house again, where I suffered such indignities."

"Let me carry this for you, at least," said Mr. McCormick, gently taking the string bag from her, "and we might go down to the drug store and see what we can find out about Mrs. Phillips."

Miss Bartlett smiled. "Thank you," she said, "I was just on my way there when I met you."

"Well," he said, "we may as well go there together. And, say, Miss Bartlett, do you like ice cream? If so, we might have one each and talk matters over. What do you think?"

Miss Bartlett flushed with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. McCormick," she said, "you are very kind, and it really is a very warm day."

They entered the drug store together, and after Mr. McCormick had carefully selected a small table, they sat down and regaled themselves with cherry sodas—Miss Bartlett's favourite beverage. Later, they strolled slowly down the avenue and, in the very shady places, Mr. McCormick took off his hat and carried it in his hand.

When at last they came to the parting of the ways, they stood chatting a few moments, and Mr. McCormick

took out a small notebook in which he carefully wrote something. Then he raised his hat gallantly and they parted.

As she walked away, the smile on Miss Bartlett's face suddenly changed to an expression of chagrin. After all their good intentions, they had forgotten to ask about Mrs. Phillips at the drug store. What poor memories they had! And what a talker Mr. McCormick was, to be sure!

For several moments Miss Bartlett felt quite vexed with herself, and even Mr. McCormick came in for a little share of the blame. Later, however, in the seclusion of her room, the smile returned to Miss Bartlett's face. For, after all, the things which Mr. McCormick had said had been enough to make any woman forgetful, more especially a woman of her temperament.

Could he have meant what he said? If so, it could only lead to one thing. Miss Bartlett thought of the appointment which Mr. McCormick had so carefully noted down. And when, a few days later, he kept this appointment, he did not omit to ask her a certain question, and one for which she was not entirely unprepared. But Miss Bartlett never forgot herself, and even at this supreme moment of her life, she answered him with due deliberation, and not without a becoming blush.



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

IV.—CHURCH AND STATE IN ONTARIO



It is a pity that the old Legislative Buildings on Front Street were destroyed. In that squat, straggling, irregular structure a "State's decrees" were moulded. There sat the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, the Parliament of the united Provinces, and the infant Legislature of Ontario. But we have silenced the whispers of a nation in the roar of traffic. Without thought or emotion we razed buildings that would have carried inspiration and the sense of romance to many generations. In Canada we are only learning to cherish the landmarks and at best learning slowly.

A remote posterity will rejoice over the incomparable achievement of Mr. John Ross Robertson in collecting the invaluable gallery of portraits which adorn the Public Library of Toronto, and be very grateful for the priceless volumes of local history which he has produced. To search so deeply and attain such accuracy requires infinite labour and patience with sympathy and enthusiasm beyond common understanding. Because he has gone down to the foundations there will be authenticity and authority in many books that will be fashioned out of the material which he has accumulated and in which perhaps the sources will not always be disclosed. But may it

not be said that "one built up a wall and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar". It is nothing even if while Mr. Robertson was engaged in these laborious investigations presumptuous municipal statesmen and temerarious contemporaries occasionally got out of hand, forgot the habit of reverence and blasphemed the Dynasty.

During the session of 1884 I first looked down at the Legislature of Ontario from the Press Gallery. At the close of 1882 Mr. John Cameron became editor of *The Globe* and in August, 1883, he offered me a place on the staff. Two hours after the proposal reached me at London I had secured a release from *The Advertiser*, collected my belongings and taken the train for Bruce County, where I had a short holiday before going to Toronto. I chose Bruce for a holiday for reasons which were singularly and continuously persuasive until I was married two years later. As the years pass I am ever more deeply convinced that in going northward I travelled wisely. On September 9th, 1883, I came to Toronto and next morning was "inducted" in *The Globe* office. For a few weeks I was Mr. Cameron's private secretary, but the duties were not congenial nor was the performance satisfactory. This fact established alike to the satisfaction of Mr. Cameron and myself,

I was made assistant night editor with a "roving commission" to go through the exchanges and supply editorial comment.

A third of a century ago the debates of the Legislature excited greater popular interest than they do to-day and were far more fully reported. We had not emerged from the era of constitutional construction. We were only upon the threshold of the era of commercial and industrial expansion. It is the fashion to deplore the decadence of parliaments and to shrug shoulders at the inferior stature of statesmen as compared with the leaders in industry, finance and transportation. It is not certain, however, that the legislature has sunk to such low estate as its detractors profess to believe, while it was inevitable that the genius and energy of bold and adventurous spirits should become absorbed in problems of industrial and national organization. For fifteen or twenty years we had a supreme constitutional problem. It was necessary to establish a working political relation between Upper and Lower Canada through a federal union or the wider project of Confederation. With federation of the older Provinces achieved, extension of Canadian sovereignty over the Western Territories became the urgent object and obligation of statesmen. But the nation was not established when the constitution was fashioned, and a common federal authority created. We had only a paper scaffolding, resting upon an uncertain foundation and open to wind and rain. We had to stay the structure with a national system of banking, of commerce and of manufacture. In all this Parliament could direct but could not execute. It was necessary therefore, that other forces should appear, reinforcing statesmen, devising material machinery, giving strength and cohesion to the constitutional structure. It is a mistake to think that patriotism may be displayed and public duty discharged only within

the walls of parliament and in the councils of cabinets.

In every country in seasons of political crisis all its resources of character and intellect concentrate upon problems of government. Under settled conditions the prestige and authority of parliaments seem to decline. There is diversion to other interests and activities. I recall a conversation with a public man of South Africa. Before the war between Great Britain and the Dutch Republics, he said, there was general mourning over the meanness and pettiness of South African politics. During the war and the era of constitutional reconstruction there was a striking revival of public spirit. All the country had of sound moral, economic and political material was available for the public service. It was so in Canada at Confederation. It has been so since we became involved in the Great War in Europe. Who doubts that it will be so when peace brings the difficult period of social and industrial restoration? When the problems of government are supreme and the demand for Parliamentary service urgent all other interests sink into subordination. But we confuse values when we think that oratory is the only test of greatness and parliamentary service the only test of patriotism. Too often fluency in expression is associated with futility in execution. But it is still true, I think, that a great speech is the finest of all human performances. So that country is most secure against decadence, corruption and civic lethargy where a seat in Parliament is the first distinction to which a citizen can aspire.

In the Legislature thirty-four years ago there was a Cabinet perhaps as strong in personal distinction, in debating talent and in administrative genius as any that has held office in Canada, whether federal or Provincial, since Confederation. There was a less impressive Opposition. But there is a curious disposition in Canada to reverence men in office and to

regard those who sit to the left of the Speaker as pretentious mediocrities. There was, however, nothing mediocre about either of the leaders in the Assembly when I first had a seat in the Press Gallery. Sir Oliver Mowat, who was Prime Minister, had sat in two Cabinets before Confederation, was a delegate to the Quebec Conference which fashioned the federal constitution and for eight years was Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada. It is curious that Honourable Edward Blake, who induced Sir Oliver Mowat to accept the leadership of the Liberal party in Ontario, also chose Sir Wilfrid Laurier as his successor in the leadership of the federal Liberal party. While it was Mr. Blake's fortune to spend long years out of office he nominated successors who were not easily removed from office.

Sir Oliver Mowat was a consummate politician with a genius for reconciling duty and opportunity. Crafty and longsighted, he was never in outward conflict with the Christian verities. No man ever was more cautious or bolder if the occasion required decision and action. He looked out from behind his glasses with engaging simplicity and candour, while the mind was busy with devices to confuse and confound the besieging forces. No one could seem to be more trusting and yet no one was more nimble and alert. Prime Minister for more than twenty years, one feels that he would have died in office if he had not been persuaded to join hands with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896. It is certain that he would not have sanctioned the gross electoral practices which at length so tarnished the lustre of Liberal administration in Ontario. Greater integrity of character than Honourable A. S. Hardy he had not, but his authority was so absolute that the agencies which corrupted constituencies under his successors would not have been bold enough to engage in the desperate enterprises through which the Province was defamed and the Liberal party dishonoured.

There was deliberate, continuous method in the system of Government which Sir Oliver Mowat devised. But the system was not rooted in corruption in the constituencies or in the administrative departments. In respect of administration alone the watchword "Twenty years of honest Government" was not open to serious challenge. When the era of virtue was extended to "thirty years of honest Government" it was not so easy to assent without dubiety and misgiving. But substantially we have had honest government in Ontario, wise handling of the public resources and thrifty expenditure of public money whether under Liberal or Conservative administrations. If there is a dubious chapter it is concerned with the ineffectual struggle to carry the ascendancy of a party into the second generation.

But there was guile and strategy in the system which Sir Oliver Mowat devised and reduced to an exact science. He created patronage, organized patronage and trusted to patronage. In establishing central control over the liquor traffic he enlisted an army of officials in the service of the Government. Never was an army more faithful to the High Command. For the most part these officials were active agents of the Government in every electoral contest. The liquor regulations were tempered to the behaviour of licence-holders. An adequate display of zeal for the Government was a fair guarantee of security when licences were renewed. Inactivity was tolerated. Open rebellion was often punished. There has been no greater comedy in Canadian politics than the manœuvres between the federal and provincial authorities to evade responsibility for prohibitory legislation. Generally the object was not to establish jurisdiction but to evade and confuse. There was mortal apprehension lest the Imperial Privy Council should discover that definite and complete authority was vested in either the Provinces or the Dominion.

There was as desperate apprehension that under evasive plebiscites the popular majority for prohibition would be decisive enough to require actual legislation.

It will be remembered that in 1898, when a plebiscite was taken by the Laurier Government, Quebec gave an overwhelming majority against Prohibition. Moreover, many days elapsed before the returns from Quebec were complete. Gradually, but steadily, the figures increased the adverse majority, bringing relief to the Government and distress to the prohibitionists. No evidence ever was produced that there was dishonest voting or interference with the ballot boxes. Probably the feeling in Quebec was expressed as fairly as was that of the other Provinces. But there was suspicion, and suspicion was strengthened by the delayed returns. In a facetious moment, before the returns were complete, *The Globe* said, "They still seem to be voting against prohibition in Quebec". This was resented. I had an immediate intimation from Ottawa that the French Ministers were annoyed by the paragraph and the implication which it was thought to carry. I explained with abject docility that I was "only joking", but discovered that it was beyond the power of a finite mind to interpret a *Globe* joke to an angry Frenchman. Why were the Ministers so sensitive?

There never was a more happy soul in Parliament than Dr. Landerkin of South Grey. But few knew how shrewd he was or how deeply he was instructed in the idiosyncrasies of his parliamentary associates. Sir Wilfrid Laurier knew and the knowledge was of infinite advantage to the leader. Dr. Landerkin was a sort of super-whip, advising wisely in many a difficult situation, pouring oil into joints that might be stiffening against discipline, softening moroseness into cheerfulness and reducing "contingent belligerency" to serviceable

docility. He knew when only persuasion could prevail and when admonition and rebuke were required. Fortunate is the political leader that hath Landerkins in his quiver. In South Grey there was a German element that was opposed to prohibitory legislation. To alienate this element was dangerous. As dangerous was any frontal attack upon temperate measures. Dr. Landerkin therefore was often in distress over proposals to amend the Scott Act or establish complete Prohibition until, as he used to say, he got his feet upon the solid rock of plebiscite and could face any storm from any direction.

Plebiscites and referendums were refuges for Governments rather than concessions to prohibitionists. There could be no better evidence of the genius of Sir Oliver Mowat than the fact that for so long he had a generous support from the liquor interest and a still more generous support from Prohibitionists. The Mowat Government was pledged to go as far towards Prohibition as the Constitution would permit, but it was by the action of a Conservative Government in Manitoba that the measure of provincial jurisdiction over the liquor traffic was finally determined. Still, neither the Conservative Government of Manitoba nor the Liberal Government of Ontario established Prohibition.

Under Sir Oliver Mowat there was also an extension of patronage over the minor courts and a rigid exercise of patronage in appointments to the Provincial institutions. For nearly a generation no Conservative was admitted to the public service in Ontario. Although fitness in appointments was seldom disregarded the Civil Service was an essential portion of the organized political machinery of the Mowat Administration. Sir Oliver Mowat was neither unctuous nor hypocritical. He bluntly defended patronage and its uses. To the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto in 1894 he said: "The Con-

servative Opposition urges the change to local appointment with reference to the Reform Government of the Province, but do not want it with reference to the Conservative Government of the Dominion. While our opponents pretend in Provincial politics to object to patronage as giving a Government too much power, some Reformers would favour its being withdrawn from the Provincial Government because it appears to them to be a source of weakness rather than a source of strength, inasmuch as several friends are disappointed whenever an appointment is made. I cannot say that patronage is on the whole a weakness; but it is the prestige which belongs to the right of patronage that gives to it its chief advantage to the party in power. For this purpose it is valuable, notwithstanding its disadvantages in some other respects. The prestige of the Dominion as compared with the Provinces is already quite great enough for the interest of the Province; and as the possession of patronage gives a certain prestige the Province should not be deprived of that prestige while the local prestige of the Dominion is left untouched. The Dominion Government now appoints our governors and our judges; claims and exercises power to appropriate our railways and our public works; vetoes any of our legislation which happens to be distasteful to its friends; and has a larger exclusive legislative jurisdiction than the Congress of the United States has. It is important to Provincial interests that while this constitution lasts, nothing should be done to lessen the prestige of the Provincial Government, the representative of Provincial jurisdiction and authority."

Whatever were the advantages of patronage, and they were not inconsiderable, it is certain that the Mowat Government profited greatly by its alliance with the Roman Catholic hierarchy. It is not suggested that

there were evil motives behind this alliance or that there was any vital betrayal of the public interest. That there was an alliance is beyond challenge. That element of the population which George Brown alienated by distrust and violence Mowat regained and retained by conciliation and concession. In those days "the Catholic vote" was the obsession of politicians. It was the strong fortress of Sir John Macdonald. It was the fortress which Honourable Edward Blake besieged but could not take. But Mr. Blake did not begin the siege until Mr. Sandfield Macdonald was defeated. In the Provincial contest of 1871 the Orange Association was not very friendly to the Scottish Roman Catholic leader of the Government, who had opposed Separate Schools, but was not persuaded that the murder of Thomas Scott and the capture of Louis Riel were legitimate issues in Provincial politics. As a boy I saw Riel hanged in effigy, but I had no comprehension of the political significance of the incident. Once in South Ontario, where Sir Oliver Mowat had many electoral triumphs, the cry was "Mowat and the Queen, or Morrison and the Pope". But notwithstanding his association with George Brown and the deft exploitation of racial and sectarian prejudices against Sandfield Macdonald, Archbishop Lynch and Sir Oliver Mowat effected a concordat which was maintained for a quarter of a century.

The Archbishop, a bold and far-sighted ecclesiastic, skilfully enlarged the privileges of his people, and achieved his objects through a sagacious Covenanting Protestant. But it is hard to believe that Protestantism was outraged or the Constitution subjected to violence. An essential condition of the compact of union was that separate schools should be maintained for Catholics in Ontario and for Protestants in Quebec. It was not suggested that the Separate

School Acts should never be amended or that legislation which would minister to the convenience of Catholics should be withheld. It was not such a flagrant offence that municipal assessors in communities where separate schools were established should return Catholics as supporters of these schools or that the State should collect the taxes for separate as for public school boards. There was not much to be said for dual machinery which could only burden Catholics and excite a sense of injustice. Nor was there any serious grievance in diverting to separate schools a proportion of the taxes of public companies if there was fair division according to the relative holdings of Catholics and Protestants. The obligation of the State to separate schools did not cease at Confederation. It could not have been intended that a right guaranteed by the constitution should be grudgingly maintained or a principle conceded in the letter impaired in the practice.

The fierce attack upon the "Ross Bible" was compounded of partisan rancour and sectarian venom. Its spirit was fairly expressed by the pious Protestant trustee who declared that he would have the whole d— Bible or nothing. The volume of Scriptural selections prepared for the public schools, skulking in history as the "Ross Bible", was a comprehensive concept of moral and religious teaching, the product of a reverent spirit, finely designed and skilfully executed, and commendable in content and object. But it was thrust out of sight as something irreverent and blasphemous. One feels that the effect was to accentuate division in education and to produce nothing fruitful in faith or morals.

The decision to establish bilingual schools in French communities was as fiercely opposed as the separate school amendments. It is true that such schools had existed before Confederation in French and German settle-

ments but under the Mowat Government there was definite recognition and deliberate extension of the system. As an inevitable result of the Government's action and the attack of the Opposition, the French constituencies turned towards Liberal candidates. It may be that there was political design in this legislation as in the concessions to the Irish Catholic element, but none of these measures have been repealed by Conservative Governments, while the attitude of Sir James Whitney towards the French and Irish Catholic minorities was not very different from that of Sir Oliver Mowat. There still is controversy over bilingual schools, but the demand is for adequate recognition of English and not for prohibition of French teaching.

During this period of sectarian tension and fury the Protestant Protective Association appeared. A secret movement, imported from the United States, its literature was peculiarly intolerant and its methods difficult to penetrate. The Association demanded not only that Roman Catholics should be excluded from the public service but that they should be denied private employment. It was alleged that by direction of Honourable C. F. Fraser a cross had been painted in the ceiling of the legislative chamber and that Roman emissaries were swarming in the public departments. Looking through the newspapers of that period it is amazing to discover what fantastic reports were circulated and believed. Nor does censure fall only upon the Opposition and the agencies which were striking at the Mowat Government. It is true that under Sir Oliver Mowat there was a very liberal admission of Roman Catholics to the public service and that there was the atmosphere of bargaining in the relations between the Church and the leaders of the Liberal party. It was found that legislation favourable to Roman Catholics was rewarded by organized political support and measures which result from a compact

naturally excite suspicion and distrust. But, as I have said, much of the legislation which was so strongly attacked was not unreasonable nor gravely objectionable. At least the masses of Protestants could not be excited, and fortunately would not give countenance to the illiberal teaching of the Protestant Protective Association. The "extreme wing" damaged Sir William Meredith; the excesses of the attack strengthened the defence. The alliance between the Catholic Bishops and Liberal Ministers was palpable and provocative, but the offences against the public school system were not grave enough to separate Presbyterian Liberals from a Presbyterian Prime Minister whose Protestantism was beyond suspicion and whose political genius was not inferior to that of Sir John Macdonald. If the federal Conservative leader could command the common support of the Bleus of Quebec and the Orange Lodges of Ontario the Provincial Liberal leader could unite the Palace and the General Assembly. And both had qualities which greatly redeemed their patent political manoeuvres.

In the long struggle between Sir John Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat over the legislative authority of the Province and the determination of its boundaries, the Provincial Premier never sustained a decisive defeat. No doubt he relied upon the advice of Honourable Edward Blake and the industry of Honourable David Mills, but one feels that he was not dependent upon either nor persuaded by either against his own judgment. His mind was clear, his temper reliant, his industry adequate and his resource equal to any emergency.

As a speaker Sir Oliver Mowat was halting, laborious and unimpressive. But he never spoke upon any subject, even at the close of a long debate in which every argument seemed to be exhausted, without reinforcing the position by new facts and fresh reasoning. In the Cabinet there were

two, if not three, better speakers than himself but none of these could make a deeper impression upon the Legislature. He persuaded not by fluency or eloquence but by simplicity and solidity. He lacked the relief of humour, but he had a keen insight into the vanities and frailties of his fellows. He could redistribute constituencies with Christian humility and partisan ingenuity. He could take the fruits and know not the tree thereof. He was not a Radical, nor a Liberal, nor even a Whig. He was a Tory in social instinct and in political practice and outlook. He had honest reverence for established forms and institutions in Church and State. He had the innate quality of a gentleman. He was offended by looseness of tongue or coarseness of fibre. He kept his hand upon "the people" lest they should get out of control. He never believed that the voice of democracy was necessarily the voice of God. He neglected the University of Toronto, not because he had a low conception of the value and dignity of higher education but because he suspected political danger in general appropriations. Primarily an economist even in his attitude towards elementary education, his common appeal was to the economical and conservative instincts of the people. One feels that he was like an employer who is content with a solvent concern even though by raising wages and scrapping decrepit machinery he could increase both output and profits. But he would not have waste or extravagance. He was a devoted British patriot of the school of Brown and Mackenzie. Throughout the Province there were thousands of "Mowat Conservatives" whose support he had in every political contest, as there was an influential, independent element which believed with Principal Grant of Queen's University that, "Ontario could not afford to dismiss Sir Oliver Mowat". He conserved the natural resources of the Province, respected the essential moralities in

the exercise of power, and resisted the influences which are ever ready to prey upon Governments for personal advantage.

Moreover, he was his own "boss". Of Prime Ministers there are two kinds. One conducts, the other is "personally conducted". In so many Cabinets there is one particular Minister who stands between the leader and the people. This type of politician is forever busy with intrigue and patronage. He nestles in the bosom of "the Chief". He seems to love him with a love passing that of women. He becomes the source of favours and honours. He persuades the leader that he is the saviour of the party and the party that he is the door of access to the leader. His instruments are flattery and corruption. He increases in substance but by methods that are seldom fully disclosed. He is an eternal danger and an intolerable affliction. In proportion as he is powerful the meaner elements of a party prevail in administration and policy. But Sir Oliver Mowat never had a master nor ever was misled by adulation.

Perhaps Sir Oliver Mowat trusted no other man as fully as he trusted Honourable T. B. Pardee. Between these two there was an affection as well as confidence. But affection flowered for Mr. Pardee as naturally and spontaneously as flowers open in the spring. He was of commanding stature, and had much natural dignity of bearing. His features were rugged but attractive. In his eyes there was the look of a man who knew the world and found the knowledge pleasant. In early manhood he had sought adventure and fortune in the gold fields of California and Australia. Through such experiences men come to know human values. If they survive they become wise and tolerant. Until his death Mr. Pardee looked at the world with young eyes. If the schools refine it is true also that the rough experiences of life often give serenity

and dignity. There was a rare sense of felicity in companionship with Mr. Pardee. When the Creator makes such men he must feel very pleasantly towards his creatures. The Press Gallery was always attentive and interested when Mr. Pardee was "passing his estimates" or manœuvring a contentious measure through its various stages. He was bland, conciliatory, accommodating. He could disarm the most fretful and suspicious critic. Very often he would divide his opponents, and draw timely and valuable support from the Opposition. It would be found that in the conduct of his department he had conciliated some Conservative member or shrewdly abated the grievances of some Conservative constituency. Naturally, therefore, gratitude was expressed and the unity of the attacking forces impaired. In a volume of Reminiscences Mr. Justin McCarthy describes the perplexity of the Court and Government when Garibaldi visited England. Although he had no official status there was an irresistible popular demand for official recognition of the Italian patriot. As a way out of a difficult situation Lord Palmerston suggested that Garibaldi should marry the Duchess of Sutherland. It was objected that the Duchess had a husband, but Palmerston argued that Gladstone could explain the husband away. There was nothing that Mr. Pardee could not explain away and that without such elaborate verbiage and exhaustive reasoning as often distinguished Mr. Gladstone's defences. Wise, able, faithful and lovable, Mr. Pardee served Ontario well, not perhaps without the guile which was required in an era of rigid devotion to party but with fine simplicity and simple personal integrity. One looks in vain in the streets of Sarnia for monuments to Alexander Mackenzie and T. B. Pardee.

Of different temper was Honourable C. F. Fraser. Eager, aggressive and defiant, he challenged his adversaries

to combat, and pressed the battle to the gates and beyond. He could fall but he could not retreat. He could not withhold the blow even if to strike was to lose the field. Often he was so merciless in attack as to damage the cause for which he contended. He hated all meddling and mothering legislation. He would have fought a Committee of One Hundred or a Committee of One Thousand in defence of the freedom of choice and freedom of action which he believed were the inalienable privileges of British citizenship. For waste and extravagance he had no toleration. He would burn with anger against any evidence of plotting by supporters of the Government to secure illegitimate subsidies or establish a doubtful interest in timber or mineral resources. Nor could his anger be appeased until the designs of the despoilers were abandoned or defeated. It was the boast of a campaign that the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park were erected without "extras". In the fact we may rejoice if it is conceded that the buildings should not have been erected in the Park with or without extras. But what was a park against "economy". It is doubtful if the Legislature has had any other debater as fluent, lucid and powerful as Mr. C. F. Fraser. For vigour in attack, for resource in defence and for instant appreciation of the true significance of a complex situation he ranks in my mind with any other man that I have known in the Legislature or the House of Commons. At his side I would put Dr. George M. Grant in the Presbyterian General Assembly. Grant, however, was more adroit and more persuasive; less eager and vehement. Besides Grant seldom struck to wound and never was carried into oratorical excesses. Fraser did not care if he drew blood. He had no compassion for a writhing enemy. For years his health was not good and he was often worn and weary. He fanned the flame of life too rashly and

too fiercely. Burning more energy than he could spare, he exhausted the supply, the spirit faltered and the darkness came too soon. But he could not have lived otherwise, and how brilliant was the life while it lasted. A Scotch Roman Catholic, Mr. Fraser was the spokesman of his Church in the Legislature. But he never cringed to authority, and while a faithful Churchman he never was merely the instructed counsel of any group or interest. When I was assigned to service in the Press Gallery I was warned that Mr. Fraser was of uncertain and autocratic temper and that at his hands I must expect command and rebuff. But he treated me with unvarying courtesy and kindness. There was no member of the Government from whom I sought advice more freely or who gave me more of confidence and friendship. Once when I was attacked for something that I had written it was Mr. Fraser who sprang to my defence with instant and fervent protest. I think of him as a man of great gifts and acute perception, who, if he had sat in the House of Commons would have been among its great figures and its decisive forces.

Curiously enough when Mr. Fraser was a witness before the Royal Commission which investigated the mysterious and perhaps somewhat legendary machinations of "the Brawling Brood of Bribers"—his own description of that shadowy association of inept strategists—he was embarrassed and confused by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. Nor did Mr. Hardy pass through the ordeal of cross-examination to great advantage. Both were easily provoked and Mr. McCarthy displayed genius in provocation. I have often wondered how Mr. McCarthy would have borne a cross-examination by Mr. Fraser. It is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a man of eager temper and strong impulses to be a good witness under a skilful counsel. In any encounter on the platform or in par-

liament Mr. Fraser and Mr. McCarthy probably would have carried the scars of equal and honourable combat.

For Honourable A. S. Hardy and Sir George Ross, both members of the Mowat Government when I was in the Press Gallery, there will be another chapter. Each was skilful in debate and fertile in strategy. Hardy had humour; Ross had humour and eloquence. Both had resource and courage. It is doubtful if any other man of his time was so signally and uniformly effective on the platform and in parliament as Sir George Ross and the effect was produced by infinite labour under such physical affliction as would have brought almost any other man to bed and kept him there until the happy final release. Sir John Macdonald, in a moment of fretful exasperation, described Sir Oliver Mowat as "the Little Tyrant" and scoffed at his Pardees and Hardys and Lardys and Dardys, but they frustrated all his devices and held the citadel against all the forces that he could command. Moreover, through long years the Mowat Cabinet was singularly harmonious and cohesive. Mr. J. Israel Tarte once said that in Council members of the Laurier Government "fought like blazes". That seems to be the chronic condition of governments. It would be hard for the people to have confidence in cabinets if they knew how seldom ministers have a common confidence in themselves. One thinks of the injunction of the Prophet Jeremiah, "Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders".

During the four or five sessions that I was in the Press Gallery, Sir William Meredith was leader of the Opposition. Among his supporters were Honourable Alex. Morris, Mr. David Creighton, Mr. E. F. Clarke, Mr. A. F. Wood and Mr. H. E. Clarke. Of these Mr. Creighton was very service-

able and Mr. E. F. Clarke effective in debate but absorbed in the affairs of Toronto. Mr. Morris was among the prophets of Confederation, but age had put its hand upon him and his face was turned towards the past. Mr. H. E. Clarke and Mr. Wood spoke often, generally without extreme party bias and with knowledge of the subjects they discussed. These had useful and industrious associates, and there was Mr. Metcalfe, of Kingston, eccentric and daring, grossly personal in assaults upon ministers, but so boisterously happy and exuberant that even his victims enjoyed his performances. I heard Sir James Whitney's first speeches in the House, singularly calm and judicial as compared with his later manner, but clearly revealing distinct individuality, simplicity of character and resolute integrity. It cannot be suggested that there was talent or experience to the left of the Speaker equal to that on the treasury benches, but under Sir William Meredith the Opposition was an effective Parliamentary instrument.

The Conservative leader was industrious, vigilant and aggressive. No measure was too insignificant to receive his attention. Generally his criticism of details was sympathetic and constructive. He thought it his duty even to amend and improve measures to which he was opposed. For the actual letter of much of the legislation enacted he was as responsible as the Government. One could not doubt his sincerity and integrity or withhold admiration for his zeal and assiduity in the public interest. His mind was more liberal than that of Sir Oliver Mowat; his outlook more sympathetic and confident. He forced manhood suffrage upon the Government. He was suspicious of capital and corporations. He had a close relation to organized labour. He was a zealous advocate of legislation to compensate workmen for accidents. He was with courageous consistency a champion of public

rights against private interests. Those who remember his teaching in the Legislature will reflect that many of his causes have triumphed, though later reformers wear the laurel, and perhaps he was not uninfluential in shaping the legislative programme of the Whitney Administration.

Sir William Meredith, perhaps through the exigency of political circumstances and the obligation of loyalty to Sir John Macdonald, was counted against Ontario in the long struggle over the Boundary Award. He was drawn into the vexatious constitutional contests between the Mowat Government and the Conservative Government at Ottawa and too often fought and lost upon ground which was not of his own choosing. Whether or not it was desirable in the national interest that he should maintain the alliance with Sir John Macdonald it is certain that the association was sometimes gravely prejudicial to his political prospects in his own Province. In his struggle with the Roman Catholic Bishops he failed to secure Protestant support in any degree equivalent to the French and Irish support which he lost. Moreover, while the Catholic voters polled for Sir Oliver Mowat in the Province they gave generous support to Sir John Macdonald in federal elections.

There was nothing illiberal in Sir William Meredith's conception of the Roman Catholic Church as a religious institution, but it was inevitable under all the circumstances that he should suspect and denounce ecclesiastical interference in political contests. It may be that he was not always judicious or judicial in his references to the hierarchy but there was provocation and under provocation he was not patient or apologetic. Among those behind him in the constituencies were not a few who cried in their hearts, "a barred door to Popery and no Peace with Rome". But who can confine the bounds or control the spirit of controversies

which touch racial and sectarian feeling? They are hateful altogether but the world is free, or as free as it is, because through the ages courageous spirits have resisted obscurantism and absolutism and made "the bounds of freedom wider yet". One cannot think that the educational measures of the Mowat Government affecting Roman Catholics were so dangerous or so reactionary as they were represented to be, but the anger of the Conservative leaders of Ontario over the alliance between the Bishops and the Government was natural, and, as has been said, such controversies inevitably develop suspicion, rancour and all uncharitableness. Still Ontario has had no truer public servant than Sir William Meredith and it is impossible to doubt that if he had become Prime Minister he would have maintained high standards of probity and efficiency in the public departments, guarded the resources of the Province with austere integrity, and incorporated the spirit of social justice in legislation and administration.

If there is no humour in this chapter it is because there was no humour in the Legislature. Like all Canadian Parliaments the Legislative Assembly of Ontario was trying in its gravity and very tragic in its profundity. Two incidents, however, I recall. Once Mr. G. W. Badgerow, who represented East York, was called to speak in a debate on the Budget a day before he should have spoken according to the order of debate arranged by the Whip. In his first sentences he explained that he was not fully prepared and was only speaking to fill a hiatus. The correspondent of *The Toronto News* remarked that he filled the hiatus but emptied the House. This was not exactly true, but could a human correspondent neglect such an opportunity. Once Mr. Tooley, a venerable and respected Conservative who represented East Middlesex fell asleep and gently slid from his chair to the floor. Mr. Too-

ley opened his eyes, seemed to be wholly unimpressed by the incident, arose slowly and deliberately reseated himself, and as Mr. John Lewis said in *The Globe*, "gravely resumed his legislative duties". I think also of one other incident in the Legislature which, like the story that Abraham Lincoln told Henry Ward Beecher, will not bear telling.

Of my own work in the Press Gallery I say nothing. It was petty and trivial and partisan. A glance at my daily contribution in the old files of *The Globe* was enough. It was of the atmosphere of the Legislature and in those days one worshipped his political idols; blasphemed the enemy and rejoiced. Nor do I hesitate at the confession that very often I was in complete sympathy with Sir William Meredith's legislative proposals, as I

was attracted by his personality and deeply impressed by his power in debate and his wisdom in counsel when measures outside the realm of party controversy were under consideration. When Sir William ascended the Bench he wrote me a letter, as unexpected as it was welcome, in which he said that never under my editorship had *The Globe* treated him unfairly or ungenerously or misrepresented his position on any public question. Moreover, when *The Globe* building was burned in 1895 he gave me the files of *The Globe*, *The Mail* and *The Empire* from the time that he had entered public life to replace those which had been destroyed. Still, I think just as badly of the stuff I wrote in the Press Gallery of the Legislature more than thirty years ago.

In the September Number, Sir John Willison will give his reminiscences of "The Press and the Press Gallery."

IN DAYS OF GLOOM--1918

By EDWARD SAPIR

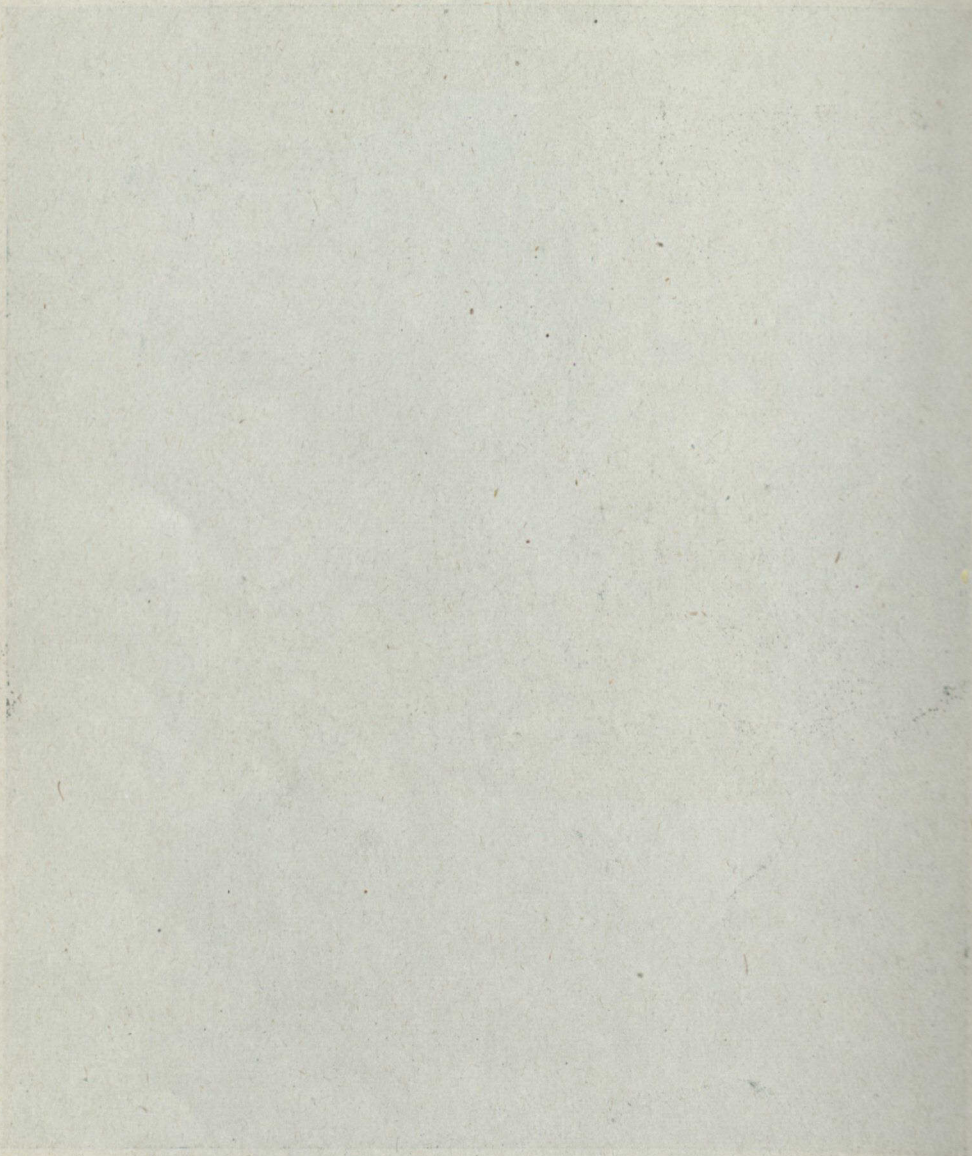
I AM the smoke. I curl up out of you,
 You league on league of chimnied town, and float
 Off on the crest of winds. I am a boat
 That glides up-current to the sunny blue.
 You breathe me out, warm black, but as I rise
 And rise, I lose your life and chill to gray,
 And, dying towards the sky, I silently give way
 To beams that rush to smile into your eyes.

I am the smoke, you league on league of souls,
 That fouled your dreams, but that, breathed out, now rolls
 Off in a warm black cloud to die, to chill
 To nothingness, and make room for the light of spring
 To rush to you and grant awakening
 Of hope—of hope that long lay crushed and still.



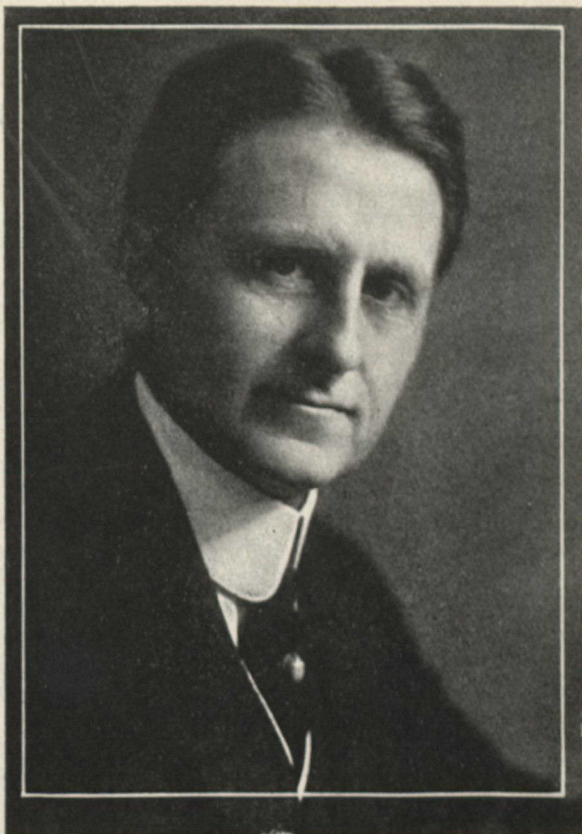
From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE WIDOWS OF BELGIUM



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Grenville P. Kleiser

GRENVILLE KLEISER: EXPONENT OF SELF-HELP

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



IF the real estate business in the city of Toronto had not taken a sudden slump a quarter of a century ago, it is just possible that Grenville Kleiser, instead of being one of the most widely celebrated exponents of the gospel of self-help in the world to-day, would have been a mere capitalist of purely Canadian fame. Un-

doubtedly he would always have been a very ambitious and aspiring man, but business would have claimed him completely, and he would never have had a chance to become a real educationist, occupying the unique position that is his.

The collapse in land values, which brought financial misfortune to so many at that time, was actually a harbinger of good fortune to him, for

it deflected his course from the business in which his success and promise were the more marked because they were the achievements of a mere boy, to the development of his own pet hobbies and ambitions, and above all made him the preceptor of others with the same zeal for self-improvement.

Voluminous and varied as are the works of Mr. Kleiser, they all have a central idea, that of self-help, and self-reliance, and in preaching the gospel of success to others he has won popular and financial success himself. There are very few living authors who command so vast a field of enthusiastic readers and admirers than he, and probably no living educationist speaks to so large an audience. He is probably the most renowned of living exponents of the art of public speaking, and latterly he has directed his energies to the entire field of human achievement, the basic principles of which, as expounded in one of his latest books, "How to Build Mental Power", are radically the same. It is something for a man, who is himself largely self-educated, to be proud of.

When one stops to consider it, the number of individuals who have a sincere desire to seek the paths of personal distinction, but who struggle in the dark, and remain in a state of permanent bewilderment toward the problems of life, must be very large. It is a problem which once fascinated the kaleidoscopic mind of the English novelist H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells once dealt with it sportively in his novel "Kipps". Laugh as one may at poor Kipps, the novel has its pathetic side. The reader feels that if there had only been someone to touch the right spring of energy in Kipps, he would really have amounted to something. Instead, those who undertook his development did no more than amaze and bewilder his unsophisticated but ambitious mind.

There are countless men like Kipps in all walks of life; men who cannot

be reached by the average essayist, men who need an education in the old essential things, before their faculties can take wings. Many have more brilliant natural faculties than Mr. Wells's hero, but most of them are in a similar state of confusion in their attitude toward life. It is such men that Mr. Kleiser endeavours to take by the hand.

Early in his career, Mr. Kleiser touched on a very common human trait, the desire which nearly every man cherishes to shine among his fellows—in other words to be able to acquit himself respectably as a public speaker should occasion arise. It is a situation in which men of exceptional ability in other respects usually fail, and suffer extreme embarrassment in consequence. It was his early efforts to find a remedy for the average man's disabilities in the matter of oratorical expression which constituted Mr. Kleiser's starting point as an educationist.

Grenville Kleiser was born in Toronto of American parents, and, as has been said, embarked on a business career as a mere boy. Even then the art of expression and the relation of words to thought interested him keenly, and he qualified himself as an elocutionist, so that when he abandoned commercial pursuits he was able to turn his abilities in this respect to account. He studied the technical side of expression from every standpoint, so that as a very young man he gave successful readings of Charles Dickens's delightful story, "David Copperfield", and was in wide demand both as a miscellaneous reader and a teacher of public speaking.

In the early nineties he went to New York City in quest of a larger field, and a few years later he was appointed instructor in speaking at Yale Divinity School, Yale University, to improve the pulpit methods of budding clergymen. At Yale he introduced radical methods for the de-

velopment of pulpit style. He not only taught them finished vocal expression but he laid down a time-limit of twenty minutes for sermons. As a teacher of oratory Mr. Kleiser offers no encouragement to the long-winded speaker. In all his discourses will be found that insistence on logic, terseness, and brevity which he inculcated at Yale.

Fortune favouring him, he was able to cultivate to the full his longing for foreign travel. With his wife, whom he describes in one of his books as "his constant inspiration", he has visited nearly every odd corner of Europe as well as the seats of the ancient kingdoms of the Eastern Mediterranean.

It was at Athens, Greece, while standing on the Pnyx—where Pericles and Demosthenes delivered their immortal orations—that the inspirational idea came to him that the almost obsolescent art of oratory could and should be revived in America. He recognized, however, that all oratory, to be vital, must be of its time, adaptable to modern conditions. Therefore he proposed to revive the spirit of oratory along the lines of modern public speaking.

On his return to New York he at once organized the Public Speaking Club of America, which proved an instant success. Business and professional men joined in large numbers, fulfilling Mr. Kleiser's plan that the members themselves should comprise an audience before whom they could have actual practice in public speaking. This idea is essentially sound. Oratory is meaningless unless it has the co-operation of an audience. The first Public Speaking Club was founded in 1908, and Mr. Kleiser's initiative has brought forth extraordinary fruits. From this parent organization have sprung branch clubs in all parts of the neighbouring Republic. In 1910 he extended his activities to the motherland and London—delivered a series of lectures on

the revival of oratory, which led to the foundation there of the first Public Speaking Club of Great Britain. The idea spread to other cities of England and Scotland, where several such clubs are in a flourishing condition; and Australia, too, has proved a fruitful field.

The purpose and effect of these organizations is to train men and women to become correct, fluent, and effective public speakers on all occasions. The instruction which Mr. Kleiser imparts through them is most minute, and covers not merely technical phases like personal bearing, and voice production, but also logic, reasoning, the importance of material, and the proper choice of words.

One notes as a key principle of Mr. Kleiser's teaching his immense respect for the written, and especially the spoken word. In one of his brochures entitled "How to Become a Master of English", which describes his course in practical English and Mental Efficiency, he says: "Your thinking is done in words. It is impossible for you to think in words which you do not possess. It follows, therefore, that your thought must suffer for the words you lack."

This idea of the relation of words to thought is one not clearly appreciated even by many of those whose business in life is to write and speak. Mr. Kleiser voices a general truth when he says that a limited vocabulary means limited thought, limited power, and limited authority.

His writings on various phases of the art of public speaking, and all that excellence therein implies, are voluminous, and his anthologies for the use of students cover the entire history of oratory. So great has been the vogue of his instruction in public speaking and allied subjects, that he has been compelled to forgo personal instruction, and now devotes his time to writing books and teaching by mail; and he has now upward of fifty thousand students in all parts of the

world. That is to say, he reaches an audience equal to about the entire student body of twenty average universities.

Of late years he has added to his activities in the revival of the art of oratory by taking up the very complex problem of Business Success. One gathers that he scouts the men-on-the street's ready-made formula of "Luck!" but is a firm believer in the old proverb, "The Lord helps him who helps himself". As has been intimated, he does not approach this subject as an amateur. His success as an author and an organizer are ample proof of that. He is a natural born "systematizer". By the time he was eighteen Mr. Kleiser had a thorough knowledge of all phases of office routine, and before he was twenty-one he had entire charge of a large real estate business in Toronto, handling with discretion and probity sums running into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

He is therefore a variation on many lecturers who profess to inculcate the principles of business success, because his ideas are based on practical experience. His theories on the subject are akin to his views on the essentials of good oratory—the development of personality, self-confidence, and clear and logical thinking. His precepts stimulate the growth of will-power, with its attendant quality of initiative.

One of the most fascinating of his publications is a little booklet published by the Roycrofters of East Aurora, New York, entitled, "Building Business Success". He takes for his text the legend of Ahmend Karn, the master-builder of Damascus, to dwell in whose houses brought increased happiness and prosperity, who perfectly understood the art of construction, and was a maker of beautiful minarets. Ahmend's method was deliberate. He would place several stones in position, and would then pause to read the Koran. In the re-

flective mood so inspired, he would inspect the progress of his efforts and then resume his labours. It was a cardinal point with him to reject every imperfect stone. Mr. Kleiser finds in the story of Ahmend the four essential requisites of business success: thoroughness, which is another name for efficiency; discrimination in the resolve to use only the best materials; definite purpose in the careful review of progress made; patience and reflection in his recourse to the Koran.

The reference to East Aurora, brings to mind the fact that the last literary work of the late Elbert Hubbard—the beloved Fra Elbertus, Grand Prior of the Roycrofters—before he made his fatal voyage on the *Lusitania*, was "A Little Journey to A Builder of Men; being an appreciation of Grenville Kleiser". Those who, like the writer, have had the privilege of hearing from the lips of Fra Elbertus, the story of how he developed masters of handicraft among the rural inhabitants of East Aurora, who had never been taught how to use their hands to make beautiful things, can realize how deeply he sympathized with Kleiser's gospel of self-help. In his picturesque way he wrote: "Grenville Kleiser is always going to school. Life to him is the kindergarten of God."

Meeting and hearing Mr. Kleiser also inspired in the Fra the following characteristic reflections: "We are all in business, and we should get our fun out of business. We should draw our dividends every day and remember that every day is judgment-day. Also, we should remember the week-day to keep it holy."

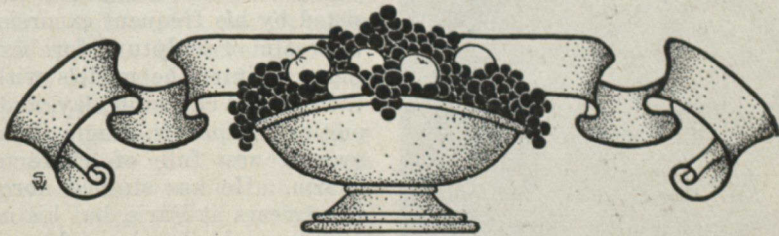
Remembering the week-day to keep it holy, is an accurate description of the impulse back of two of Mr. Kleiser's recent books, "Inspiration and Ideals" and "How to Build Mental Power". The book first named is an epitome of all the proverbial wisdom of the ages, set forth in a series of

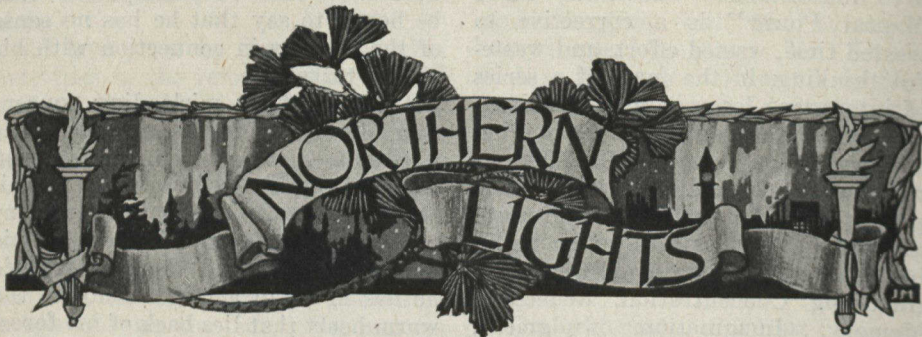
brief and simple messages for every day in the year. That the truths are old does not alter the fact that they are unassailable. "How to Build Mental Power" is a corrective to wasted time, wasted effort, and wasteful thinking, in the form of a series of interesting lessons—a book written in the simplest language, yet dealing comprehensively with a subject as wide as life itself. As the author puts it: "The aim of the lessons is to give to the student a thorough training in all the faculties of the mind, including Concentration, Reflection, Memory, Imagination, Judgment, Will, Observation, Intuition, and Constructive Thinking". A vast field, indeed, but which compels the admiration even of those who instinctively rebel against anything didactic, by the remarkable faculty of analysis and the gift of simple exposition which the author displays.

Taken in conjunction with his instructional duties, the prolific authorship of Mr. Kleiser shows that he has, by trying his own medicine developed an amazing capacity for work. "Hard work" is a phrase he hardly understands. His method of writing is unusual. Apparently he is never too busy to meet people who seek his counsel, and to treat them with unvarying courtesy. The secret of his large annual product is that he makes good use of "fragments of time".

He is never hurried, never tired, never overwhelmed by work. He apparently believes sincerely that he does not work—or perhaps it would be better to say that he has no sense of the onerous in connection with his chosen tasks.

It would be a misleading conception, however, to regard Grenville Kleiser as a mere human mechanism, efficiently operated by a cold, practical mentality. There is abundant testimony from old friends in his native Canada, and the new friends he has made in a larger field, to the warm heart that lies back of his forceful and efficient personality. Without it, indeed, all his precepts would be barren. There is a tendency among a great many social commentators at the present time to denounce formula as the curse of modern life. It is supposed to have a crushing effect on individuality. Such thinkers no doubt would find in Mr. Kleiser's teachings a too-close adherence to formula. For my own part, I think that individuality in business, and art, and life, can only effectively express itself after the formulas have been mastered, and the individual has learned to set his mind in order, has realized his own capacities, and made up his mind as to what he wants to achieve. It is this condition that Grenville Kleiser aims to assist and develop.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

IT is noteworthy that the French Canadians as a people have not been as conspicuous in art in Canada, particularly in the art of painting, as might have been expected from a race closely allied by blood and language with one of the most artistic countries in the world. There are, however, a few brilliant exceptions to the rule. One of these is M. A. Suzor Coté, a



M. A. Suzor Coté, R. C. A.

painter, particularly of winter landscape, whose work easily places him among the best painters of the Dominion. He is undoubtedly the most outstanding French Canadian painter. And while he is himself a French Canadian, he oftentimes chooses to paint subjects that have something distinctively French about them, for instance, "Blessing the Sugar Bush", a large canvas depicting an early custom of the *habitants*; "The Voyageur", scenes in the Maple woods, "Retour des Champs", "The Landing of Champlain at Quebec", "The Discovery of Canada by Jacques Cartier", and other depictions of French Canadian history, life and types. But M. Coté is a painter above mere subject, for he has developed an admirable technique, and he essays with success the difficult task of "building up", or modelling intelligently, in paint. In this technique he is assisted by his frequent excursions into the realm of sculpture, for, besides being a painter, he models with much facility and charm in clay, and in this métier his panels, single figures and groups are full of character and charm. He has studied abroad, for some years at Paris, but his most important work has been done in Canada. While he maintains a studio in Montreal, his sympathies are with the types and landscapes to be found in

and around Arthabasca, where he is really at home and where he was born and reared. While abroad he received a bronze medal and a gold medal at the Exposition Universale (1900), and he has been a frequent exhibitor at the Paris Salon. His painting generally is notable for beautiful colour, fine vibrating quality, original design, courageous treatment and exquisite tone. Examples of his work are in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and in many private collections. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy, The Canadian Art Club, the Arts Club of Montreal, and an exhibitor at all important art exhibitions in Canada.

*

THE CHINOOK WOMAN

THE metaphor of the wind is a very common and adaptable one to apply to a woman. For instance we all know various types of women who are "Whirlwinds", "Tornadoes" and even "Cyclones". It is a trite expression that a western woman is "Breezy". Speaking of the West and winds there is a particular kind of wind that is peculiar to the West and that is the chinook. It is a balmy, optimistic wind and always comes at a time when it is most needed and is always welcome. That is the metaphor I would like to apply to Miss Jean Grant, Calgary's leading business woman, for she is confident, optimistic and has come at the moment when there is need of the work she is doing. She has the unique position of being business manager and associate editor of the new weekly market paper of the West, *The Market Examiner*, which was started on its career in Calgary last June.

But Rome wasn't built in a day and neither does real success come overnight, so it behooves me to go back to the "early days" of Calgary, which is only a period of about nine years ago. That was the time Miss Grant first went to the West, fresh from the University of Toronto, where



Miss Jean Grant, the Chinook woman

she had just completed her third year. It is a safe guess to state that she began her western life as a school teacher. Trace back the lives of most successful women and you will find that at some period of them they have taught school. At that time Calgary was beginning to boom. Every business enterprise was forging ahead and never have the newspapers of that city reached the pinnacle of financial success that they did in the days of the real estate advertising. There was much ado among the women too. A "Society" had sprung up, and there was talk about a "Woman's Club." The newspapers felt the need of a "society editor", and into that work Miss Grant went. She was the first woman to devote her whole time to newspaper work in the West.

As I said before, at this time an agitation was on foot to organize a woman's club, one that would embrace everybody, regardless of religion, and out of it grew that first big club of Calgary, Woman's Canadian Club.



The mother of the Roberts

Miss Grant, who had been very active in the preliminary work of organization, was made its first secretary.

Times still continued to boom and so this enterprising woman left the newspaper game to develop another phase of her ability, which is her sought-after, coveted attribute, known crowning asset, that elusive, much-commonly as business ability. She launched forth a firm at Saskatoon, a firm of "lady brokers". Here again she was first among women to carry out such a scheme. It was, at the time, an immense success and warranted the opening of two offices and the engaging of several salesmen, for the firm put a subdivision on the market. But the depression came, and prices began to drop slowly, and then came the war. All that remains now of that once thriving firm is the tax bill, which comes regularly once a year.

Then, like most westerners, she went back to her former profession and plodded along steadily until the price

of wheat went up and the farmers of Alberta began to glean in the money from that bumper crop of 1915. There have been crops and crops but never before or since has Alberta had a crop like the one of 1915. The farmer became an important person. He was in the public eye. Miss Grant saw an opportunity, and she seized it.

She noted that nowhere west of Winnipeg was there a paper that especially devoted itself to the market, one that could keep the producer, the farmer, in touch with the constantly fluctuating prices of his products. In company with Mr. Everett Marshall, a very competent newspaper man who was thoroughly familiar with the stock exchange "beat," they formed the company of which she is business manager and associate editor, and together they get out a paper which chronicles weekly current prices of grains, vegetables and stock. In addition to market prices it has brief paragraphs devoted to personalities about the stock yards and a department that is devoted to the work of the farm woman.

Miss Grant was born at Stratford, Ontario. In addition to her regular work she contributed regularly to six trade magazines and occasional articles to other Canadian magazines. She is also secretary of the Calgary Forum.

*

THE MOTHER OF THE ROBERTS

ONE of eleven children was Emma Wetmore Bliss and of United Empire Loyalist stock on both sides. Through her father's family she can claim relationship with the Emersons, which is a start at least toward literary achievement. She and Bliss Carmen's mother are sisters. Born in Fredericton, N.B., in 1836, she married when quite young, a clergyman, George Goodridge Roberts, which was only what might have been expected—a large proportion of both Wetmores and Blisses having illumine

ed the Anglican church. After some peregrinations through the Province, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts moved with their little family back to Fredericton in which parish they remained until the Rector's death 33 years later. Mrs. Roberts read aloud to her children a great deal. She read beautifully, and the smallest baby sat spellbound listening to her voice, even though the words were unintelligible. During the time when the little Roberts's were too small to listen to reading, she used to recite the most wonderful rhymes, gradually educating them to Longfellow and Tennyson, with the result that at the age of six, Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald could repeat "The Lady of Shalott" without "ever having learned it", as she says. Books of adventure appealed to the mother of the family (they still do!), and the copies by Verne, Kingston and Ballantyne were well thumbed. Much of this reading took place out of doors for the "clan" loved to take long excursions into the woods, gathering ferns, May flowers and other woody things. Especially did Mrs. Roberts love animals: dogs, cats and horses, and they instinctively returned her affection. She seldom went abroad without an escort composed of the neighbours' dogs as well as her own. Her idea of hospitality extended to the stables, for

when she had made the visiting clergy or parishioners comfortable indoors, she invariably ministered to the needs of their animals—a special curry comb and brush being kept for these, and used with such effect that doubtless the horses did not recognize themselves when she had finished with them! A strong character is "Granny Roberts," with plenty of fun in her composition and a lack of wordliness which is refreshing. She had and has a remarkable power for attracting and holding people—her friendships standing the test of more than half a century. Reckless generosity is another virtue, and it is hard to say whether she would have been most intolerant of a hint of the mercenary spirit in any of her children, or slang, or careless English! And hers was not a placid nature, either! All her children wrote. Charles, the eldest, have given us stories which are highly regarded; Theodore Goodridge, who has a commission in England; Will., one of the Editors of *The Literary Digest*, and Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald—all are too well known to require introduction. The names of the grandchildren, too (Lloyd and Douglas) can be found in the world of letters, and the great-grandchild, a small maid of less than ten years, is already finding her way along the blazed trail.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS

BY JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON. Toronto:
McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.



OEMS like "Off Heligoland," "Lord Kitchener," and "The Eternal Why" had been enough to show that Mr. Middleton had unusual gifts as a poet, but it was not till this volume of his collected poems appeared that one realized his importance, not merely as metrical expert, but as a keen, moving interpreter of manly, heroic and patriotic Canadianism. And while the book is pulsing with the best Canadian spirit, leaving no doubt of the author's sincerity, we cannot help wondering whether, after all, there is any great difference between the Canadian and the Britisher, whether Mr. Middleton, revealing the sentiment of the best in Canada, is not just as surely and just as reverently a Briton. For, as he himself puts it:

And still the name of England,
Which tyrants laugh to scorn,
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.

Whether his vision is of the sea or the land, of fighting or the spirit of fighting, Mr. Middleton touches the nerve of the men he interprets and makes them appear to us and speak to us as they should appear and should speak:

Swift and stern from the nor'-nor'-west
Riots the savage gale.
Never a sailor's eye is dimmed,
Never a cheek is pale.
We are strong, and the bunker's full,
Winds of the world may blow.
Brave are the men on the for'ard bridge,
Bold are the men below.

Here and there we find also sweeping flashes of Empire:

Liberty, the shining maid
Knows the scent of Surrey thorn,
Knows the mellow Austral air,
Knows the purple Afric morn.
'Neath the palms she takes her way,
'Neath the pines on tor and fell
In the storied East she walks
Hears the jingling camel-bell.
Wreaths the bay with loving hands.
Mid the stars our England stands.

And again:

Your sons are 'neath the Flemish sod
Yea, but not yours alone!
Brothers are we, beneath the rod,
Brothers we fight before our God,
Brothers beneath the churchyard
stone.

There is fervent patriotism also, British patriotism, in the poem "Lord Kitchener", of which we quote the last stanza:

Deep in the ocean's blue infinity
That soldier body has been doomed to lie.
In English caverns of the English sea
Ten thousand sons of Admiralty cry:
'No more we come with cutlasses in hand
To teach the foe what red revenge may be,
But we, and Kitchener, can understand
The luxury of dying to be free.

There is the softer side, too, the touching pathos of the lover:

Should I depart, O lady mine,
To give my body to the King,
Leaving my cup of heavenly wine,
Those eyes and hope's imagining,
Hold high and proud thy stately head
And veil thy glorious grief a while,
Restrain the swelling tides of dread,
Give me the tribute of a smile.

I never saw the cliffs of snow,
The Channel billows tipped with cream,
The restless, eddying tides that flow
About the island of my dream.
I never saw the English downs
Upon an April day,
The quiet, old Cathedral towns
The hedgerows white with May.

Altogether the book contains much of the soundest poetry that has appeared in Canada in recent years.

*

"IN OUR FIRST YEAR OF WAR"

WOODROW WILSON. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

IT is interesting to note the graciousness and warmth of enthusiasm with which large sections of European opinion accept the political leadership of President Wilson. Somehow or other, by careful degrees of slow progress, he has become an authentic voice in the counsels of world democracy. And somehow or other democratic European opinion has accepted him. This is an absolute departure from the traditions of world diplomacy. World diplomacy has been a European matter almost altogether. Now it is a world matter and America's voice is, for the present at least, loudly heard. Whether this political situation is a more or less sentimental phase in the development of things, following upon America's entrance into the conflict as a great military power, or whether it is a condition likely to continue is a matter for consideration. At present President Wilson by his addresses is waging a political warfare as well as a military. As to how long France will listen, as to whether Russia will ever listen, as to how sincerely and intently Great Britain really listens, as to how adequately the German people hear at all—these are questions. In the meantime President Wilson talks about a League of Nations and of open diplomacy and of making the world safe for Democracy with a frankness and apparent sincerity unmatched elsewhere in the world.

He is not always consistent in his own political acts with the idealism of his most inspired utterances. But possibly if he were chatting across the desert he would say that the task of nations, through their representative leaders, was to make approximations



Mr. Jesse Edgar Middleton,
author of a notable book of poems entitled
"Sea Dogs" and "Men of Arms"

to the ideal, and by practice and zeal and resolution, to advance. This book of addresses will give glimpses of high-minded statesmanship.

*

THE FLYING TEUTON

By ALICE BROWN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS collection of short stories by one of America's most popular writers contains one story that the editor of "The Best Short Stories of 1917" regards as the finest story that has been published on a phase of the war. This story takes the myth "The Flying Dutchman" as a basis for an up-to-date story of exceeding strength and charm. There are thirteen other stories in the book. The author is also a novelist of considerable reputation, but she is best known for her short stories.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1917

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is the third of the annual volumes of American short stories selected by the Editor of *The Bookman*. One may grant that the best stories of the year are represented here, and that by reading them (a score in all) one may become acquainted with the best that is being done in a country where the people take cordially to short fiction. Some of the authors represented in the book are Irvin S. Cobb, H. G. Dwight, Edna Ferber, Fanny Kemble Johnson, Lawrence Perry, Vincent O'Sullivan, and Wilbur Daniel Steele.

*

ARIZONA THE WONDERLAND

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a very sumptuous volume, treating of the history of the ancient cave and cliff dwellings of Arizona, of the ruined Pueblos, the Conquest by the Spaniards, the Jesuit and Franciscan missions, the trail-makers and Indians. It gives also a survey of the climate, the scenic marvels, the topography, the desert mountains, rivers and valleys. It reviews as well its industries, accounts for its influence on art, literature and science, and points to its attractions for sportsmen, travellers and the seeker after health and pleasure.

*

THE BOARDMAN FAMILY

BY MARY S. WATTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN America and in Europe there are thousands of young women who have chosen to leave the parental roof and seek a "career". Some of them are successful, but most of them would be much happier and more useful if they had remained at home.

The heroine of this novel is one of the happy exceptions. Born into a home of wealth and refinement, where she is reared with regard to the most rigid traditions of propriety, she nevertheless goes out into the world and pursues her studies and work in art, defies the social canons of her set, and at length, by ability and common sense, achieves success.

*

UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE contention of this book is as follows:

"1.—No country is rich enough or strong enough to rely upon untrained patriotism.

"2.—Universal training for citizenship and public service is possible.

"3.—Every citizen can be trained not only to acquire for himself the minimum essentials for private citizenship but to demand definite and exacting minimum standards for five other citizen groups—drill masters and teachers, civil servants, the learned professions, parents, and the specially gifted.

"4.—The future is glorious. But that glory must be achieved not stumbled into, must be consciously worked for as an ideal of equal opportunity for all to become efficient as citizens and servers."

The book, as may be gathered, is a voice crying in the wilderness of national upheaval, and haste and ardour. Mr. Allen discusses the changes in the national life brought about by the war and faces the changes that will again be brought about with the coming of peace. He does not anticipate any wholesale relapse into slothful selfishness, nor does he apparently even consider the possibility of a sort of world collapse which might fundamentally alter the very genius and

problems of civilization. He looks for conditions which shall be as normal as could be expected after war, that is, for conditions which leave society much as it is, but naturally with certain problems, opportunities, and demands accentuated. The nation must face this future in a state of preparedness. Mr. Allen admits universal military training into his scheme as naturally as any European nation ever did. Whether, when men do this, they are but now discovering the reason why European peoples armed themselves and calling it a good, just and complete reason, or whether they are simply being drawn into the whirlpool of a wilder, madder peace by armament theory is a question. At any rate Mr. Allen accepts the prospect of universal military training with equanimity. But, while he accepts universal military training, he does not urge it as he urges the matter of trained citizenship for all departments of civil life. The emphatic and outstanding emphasis of the book is upon this necessity of training. It is a dogmatic and practical book and is sometimes a little pert. But it is visionary as well. It contemplates a nation prepared for service in all its citizenship and in all departments of its citizens' life; and it makes that idea of service to include a world objective.

*

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE

BY DEMETRA VAKA. Toronto:
Thomas Allen.

THE author of this revelation of the methods pursued by Germany in dealing with neutrals in Europe after the outbreak of war left the United States in 1916, and, after visiting England, where she interviewed

Lloyd George and other high officials, she succeeded in entering Greece, her native country. Her avowed intention was to reconcile Venizelos and King Constantine to the cause of the Allies, and towards that end, as she accounts, she had numerous interviews with the Prime Minister and the King. She gives accounts also of intimate interviews with Greek ministers and generals, and discloses German intrigue on all hands. Perhaps the most interesting revelation is that of the secret conferences held in 1914, before the outbreak of the war, between the German Emperor and the King of Greece, at which the subject of the impending war was discussed. The fact of this conference is revealed by the author in her account of her last interview with General Dousmanis. In the course of this interview, the account of which takes up most of the last chapter, the author agrees with General Dousmanis that England in the "futile muddling of Downing street, lost Greece and consequently Constantinople and brought about the subsequent destruction of Serbia and Roumania". Then the author reports the interview further, and credits the General with the confession that the German Emperor visited the King of Greece at the latter's castle on the island of Corfu and offered inducements for Greece to side with the Central Powers in the event of war. The King did not then consent, because, according to the General, as reported by Madame Vaka, he waited to see what inducements France and England would offer. The lasting impression of the book is that throughout all the negotiations Greece was in the way of siding with the force that offered the greatest inducement.



TWICE-TOLD TALES

Lady Visitor: "That's a badly wounded soldier—what are you going to do with him?"

Orderly: "Oh, 'e's goin' back again to the Front."

Lady Visitor: "Good heavens—Whatever for?"

Orderly: "'E thinks 'e knows who done it."—*London Opinion*.

*

Two Irishmen met after having spent some time in a hospital as a result of injuries received in a railroad accident. Said one: "Well, how much did yez get?"

The other replied: "I got \$300 for meself and \$2,000 for me woife."

"Yer woif? Sure she wasn't hurt at all!"

"O, I had the prisence of moind to kick her in the ribs just as we was going over the bank."

*

Waiter (serving wine at municipal banquet): "Sauterne, sir?"

Workingman Councillor: "Saut herrin', did ye say? Na, na! Nane of yer saut herrin' for me. I've a guid naitural drooth o' my ain!"

*

Mr. Cyril Maude, talking about class distinctions in speech, said they are not so notable in the United States as in England. "In England," he said, "the lower classes talk a disgraceful jargon. The 'h' especially! The lower classes can never master that 'h'. In my youth I once heard a stage manager rehearsing 'Faust'. He had sprung from the people, poor chap, and he conducted the rehearsal like this: 'Old your 'ands on your 'ips, 'old up your 'eads, and look 'aughty. You're not on 'Amp-

stead 'Eath now—you're in 'Ades. Now 'asten off 'urriedly, with a look of 'ate'. 'But, sir,' said I, 'there are only six of us'."—*London Evening Standard*.

*

THE COAL MINER'S BATH

Mrs. Rose Pastor Phelps Stokes said at a recent sociological convention in New York:

"The economies that some of the rich would force upon the poor. Why, they'd have the poor as impossibly economical as the miner's wife in Trinidad.

"This woman said to a missionary: "Talk about economy! Well, sir, every night when my Bill comes home I shove him in the bathtub, clothes and all, and after he gets out I sieve the water and make briquets of it for the fire'."—*Washington Star*.

*

WORDS, WORDS

Mistress (indignantly): "Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my evening dress at the 'bus-drivers' ball last night? Really, you ought to have been ashamed of yourself!"

Jane (meekly): "I was, mum. You never 'eard such remarks as they made."

*

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to the London publisher. Publisher—"I'll look them over; but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well known name. Poet—"That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith."—*Rochester Times*.

WITH THE REST

An authoress of some note in her day once asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said:

"If the work is not up to the mark I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this is not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else."

Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it with the following brief remark:

"Madam, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."—*The Pittsburger Chronicle*.

*

A SUBMARINE STORY

The following story is vouched for (you believe it or not, as you please) by a well-known Scottish M.P. somewhere off the East Coast. A trawler was on naval patrol duty. The skipper thought he would like some fish for breakfast, so he commenced operations. Soon up popped a German submarine close by. The trawler's skipper, an Aberdonian, was about to ram it and earn the prize money when the submarine commander, not suspecting this evil intention, offered to buy some fish. So the canny Scot went alongside, sold his fish—and then rammed the submarine.

*

"See what I've got!" cried Johnnie, a Cockney boy, as he came running from a chicken-coop holding in his hand a china egg.

"Oh, go and put it back!" cried his six-year-old sister. "That's the egg the hen measures by!"

*

BETTER WAKE UP

Foreman (to workman who has failed to appear before breakfast): "Well, Pat, another shilling lost, and how is that?" "Shure, sor, and sorry it is I am that it should be so; but I never woke meself up, and thought it would be no good to come here aslape."

HIS LIFE-LONG EVENING

"The naive, frank selfishness of warring nations—it makes me think of the beggar," said Andrew Carnegie at a luncheon in New York. "A beggar, muscular and well-fed, asked a lady for a nickel. I'm afraid you are not over-fond of work," the lady said. "No, ma'am, I aint," the beggar agreed. "How could I be? Work's wot killed my wife."

*

BROW-BEATING

The terms "highbrow" and "lowbrow" are evidently taken seriously by exponents of Chicago culture, and a complete classification of the various kinds of "brows" has been published in a newspaper of that city. The definitions include the following:

Highbrow: Browning, anthropology, economics, Bacon, the uplift, Gibbon, Euripides, "eyether," pate de foie gras.

Lowbrow: Municipal government, Kipling, socialism, Shakespeare, politics, Thackeray, taxation, golf, grand operas, "ether", stock and bonds, gin rickey.

High-lowbrow: Musical comedy, Richard Harding Davis, euchre, baseball, Anthony Hope, moving pictures, whisky, Robert W. Chambers, purple socks.

Lowbrow: Ham sandwich, haven't came, pitch, melodrama, hair oil, the Duchess, beer, George M. Cohan, chewing gum in public.

*

SAFE TO TRY

A friend of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt water from the tide," said the invalid solemnly, "Do you think I might take a second?"

Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."

A COCKNEY DOUBLE ENTENDRE

"What would you say if you met a German lady and she said, 'Guten morgen!- Gott strafe England!'"

Having learned by experience that it is best not to "bite" on these occasions, you give it up.

"Well," says the querist, "I'd say, 'Don't you think you're very Hun-ladylike?'" — *Manchester Guardian*.

*

JUST LIKE PRAYER MEETING

Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gettin' him filled." — *Exchange*.

*

A CRANKY RABBIT

Some time ago an automobile party was touring the back countries when hunger seized the crowd. Having a kit with them, they decided to make a Welsh rarebit instead of going to a local hostelry. To this end a trip was made to the corner grocery for the raw materials.

"We want a couple of pounds of cheese and some large, square crackers for a Welsh rarebit," said the purchaser, going into the store.

"Got the cheese all right," answered the groceryman, "but none o' them big, square crackers. How 'bout some little ones?"

"They won't do," returned the purchaser. "We must have the large ones."

"S'pose ye must if ye say so," thoughtfully commented the groceryman, "but it strikes me that rabbit o' your'n is purty derved pertic'ler 'bout his eating."

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Algernon, the golf champion, stood with his "kind to the orphan" passport outside the pearly gates, and the document looked good to St. Peter, so the applicant's harp was handed out to him from the check window.

"Oh, I say," protested Algernon, "I want to exchange this pocket piano for a golf kit."

"Sorry," said the clerk, "but we don't have golf in Heaven—it really is not the thing, you know. You'd better try the other place."

So down went Algernon by the Milton Express and landed on schedule time in Satan's kingdom.

"Any golf links?" asked he, grown wary now about registering too hastily.

"Finest in the universe," said Satan, rubbing his hands jovially. "Look for yourself!"

In fact there before them stretched such links, such smooth, bright greens, such tantalizing hazards, such seductive bunkers, that Algernon could hardly contain himself.

"My dear fellow," said he, "this place of yours has Heaven wiped off the map. Just tell me where I get my clubs, balls, and a caddy."

"Aha, that's different," replied Satan with an evil smile, "we haven't any of those things. That's just the Hell of it."

*

HE GOES TO BED

While a travelling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri a customer came in and bought a couple of night-shirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"

"Night-shirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian "I don't set around much o' nights." — *Exchange*.

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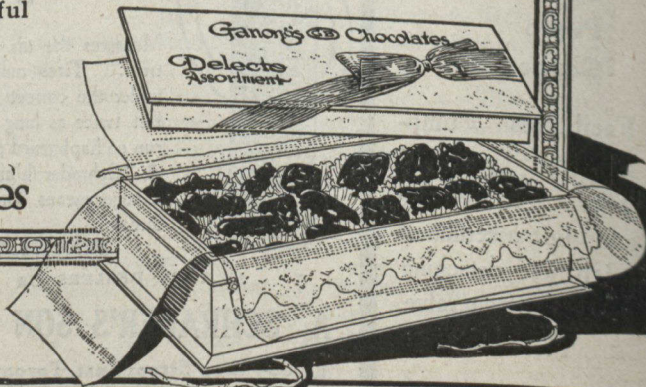


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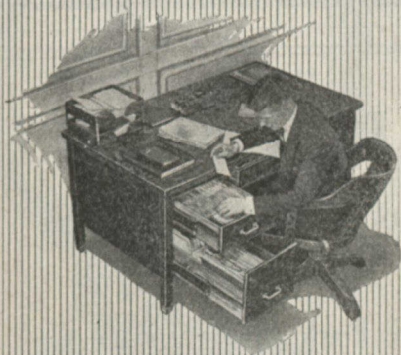
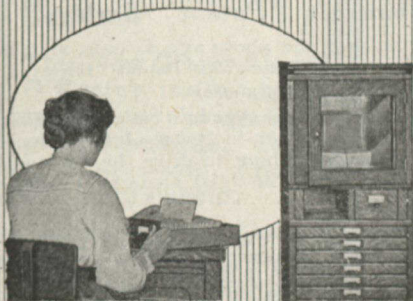
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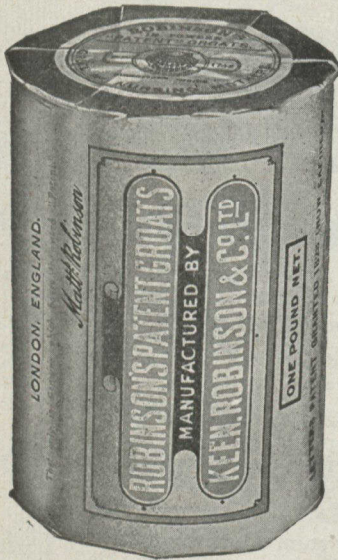
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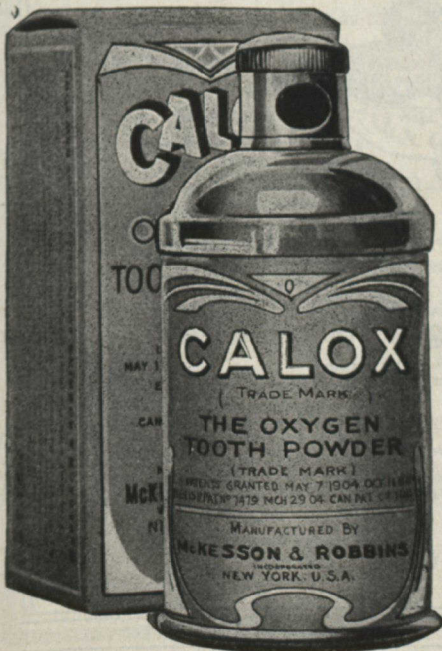
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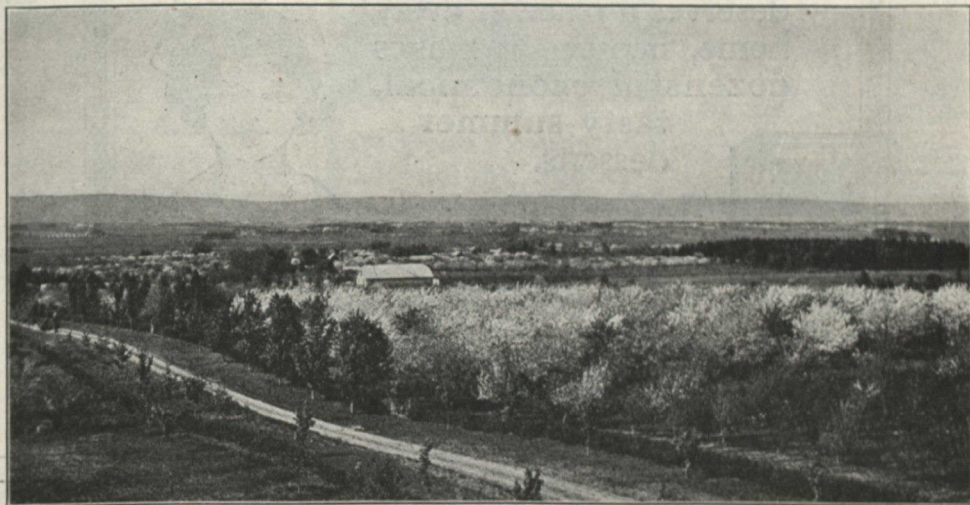


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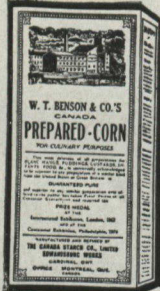
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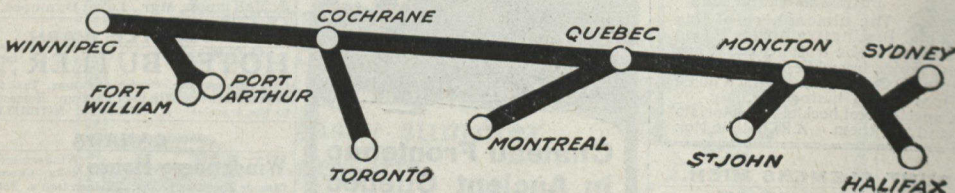
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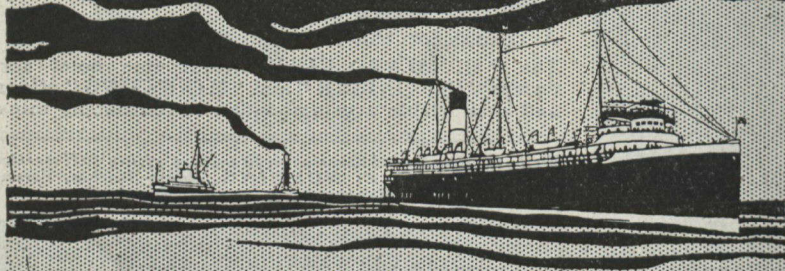
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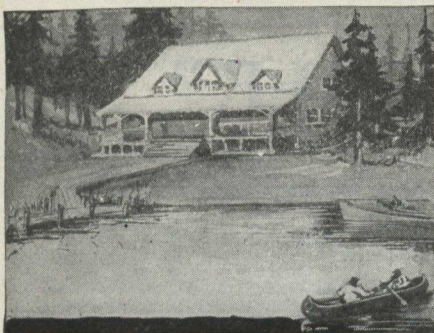
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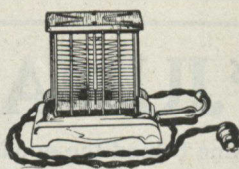
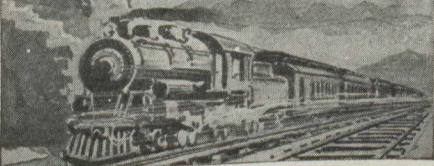
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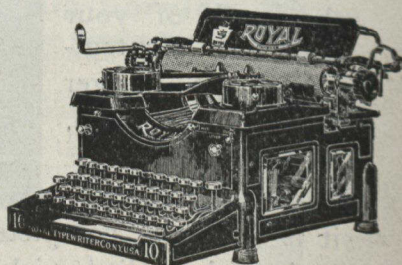
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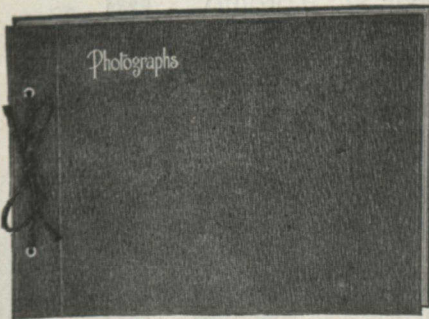
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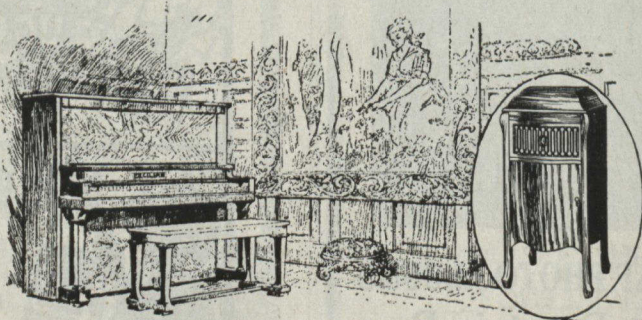
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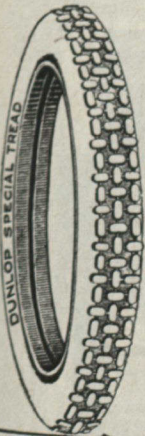
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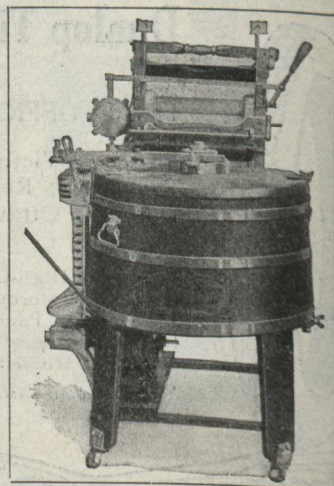

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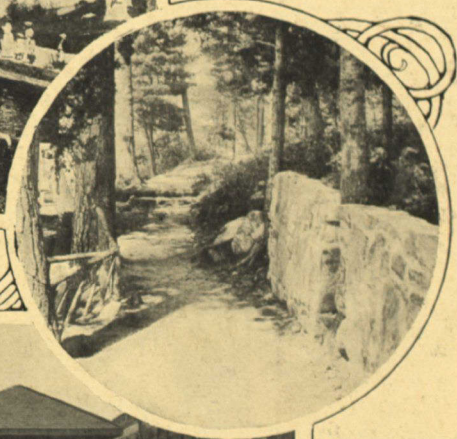
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