

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

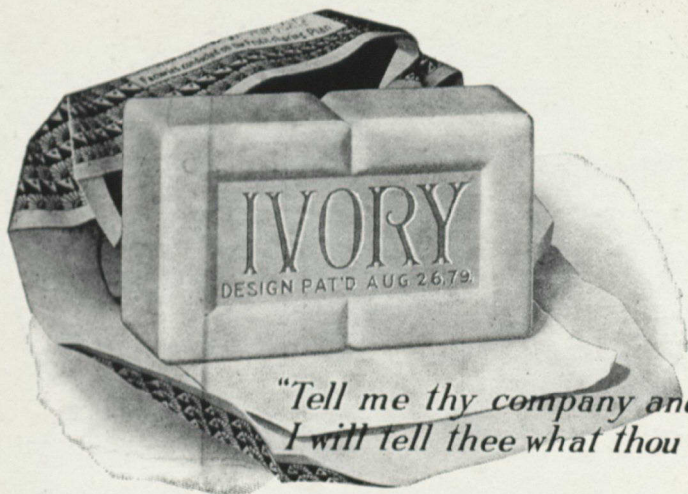
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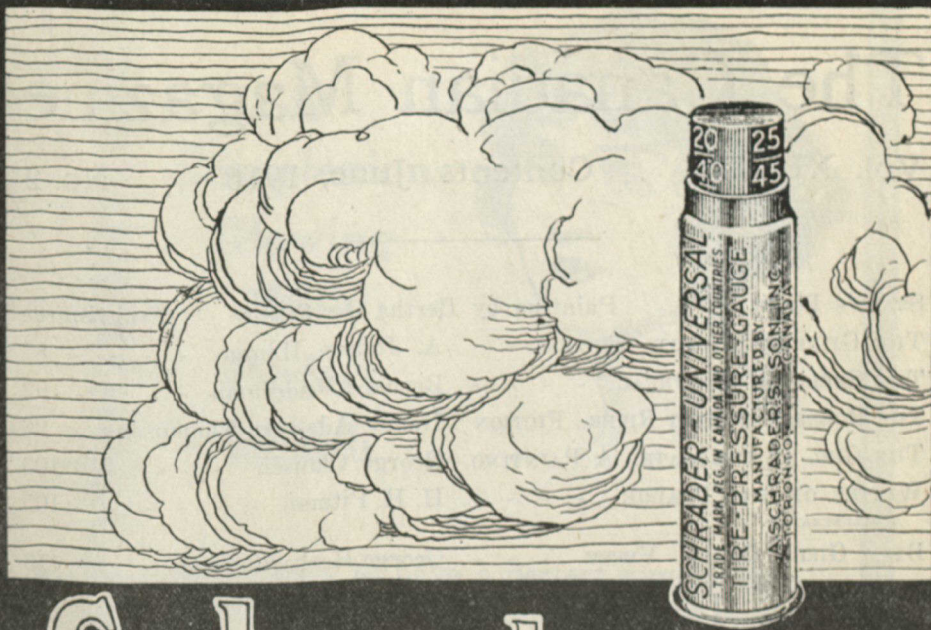
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Vol. XLVII

Contents, June, 1916

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Announcement

¶ Dr. W. T. Grenfell, the famous man of the Labrador, contributes to the July number an article, or rather a collection of interesting experiences, entitled "Queer Things". Dr. Grenfell has had many unusual adventures, and this article tells of some of them that were "queer". ¶ "The Cheechas of Serbia" is a most illuminating article on the Serbian Army, one of the pluckiest of all the Allied forces. The author, Mr. Paul Fortier Jones, has just returned from the Balkans, where he was an eyewitness of all that he describes. ¶ What do we mean by Instinct? This is a question often asked and discussed. Professor Herbert L. Stewart, of Dalhousie University, contributes an article dealing in a scientific manner with what is at least a most interesting natural phenomenon. There will be also an article with illustrations on Cod Fishing at Canso, Nova Scotia, one on "Coloured Thinking" by Professor D. Fraser Harris, and an historical sketch by the Honourable William Renwick Riddell, reviewing the career of "General" Theller, an Irishman who took a leading part in the Rebellion of 1837.

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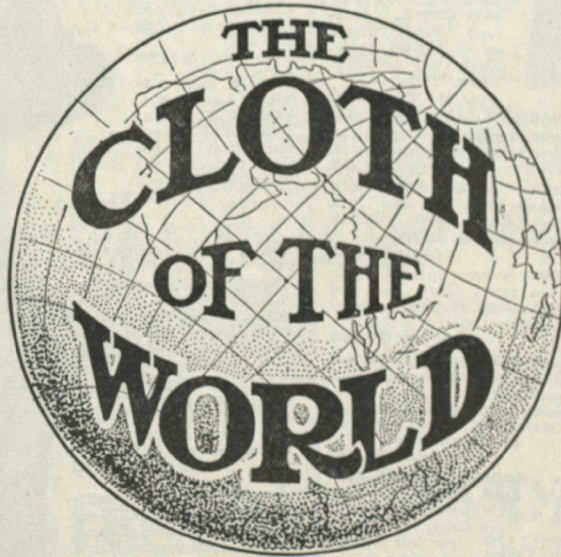
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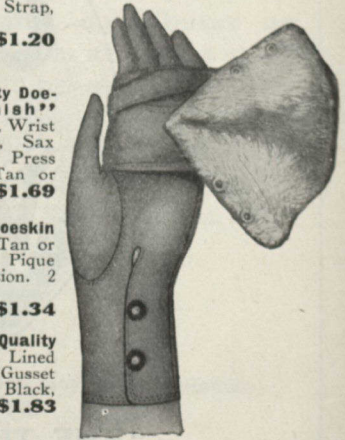
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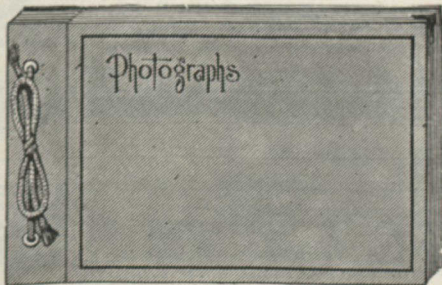
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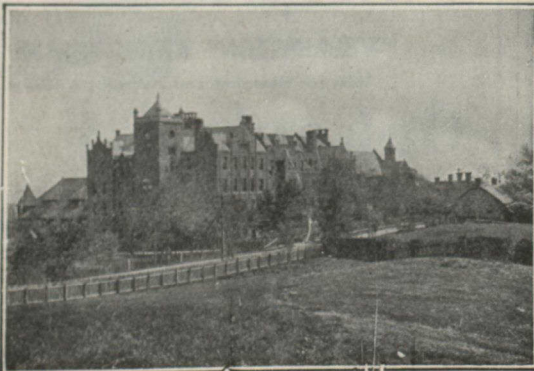
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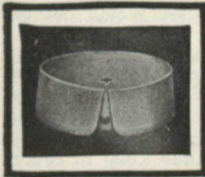
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To reduce **sprains, swellings, inflamed conditions, enlarged veins or glands**

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To reduce **soft bunches** such as wens and weeping sinews. Absorbine Jr. penetrates quickly and assists nature in bringing about a resolution and dissolution of the deposits.

To cleanse and heal **cuts, lacerations and wounds**

Whenever a high-grade liniment or a positive germicide is indicated.

ABSORBINE JR. more than satisfies others and will do the same for you.

Reprint from Laboratory Report on Absorbine Jr. by A. R. Payne, M.B.,
Dominion Analyst, 134 Carlton Street, Toronto, Can.

Test 1 was conducted with a 25% aqueous solution of Absorbine Jr. There was no growth of the Bacillus Diphtheriae or Bacillus Coli on the sterile agar plates from one up to fifteen minutes and nine minutes' exposure was germicidal to the Staphylococcus.

Test 2 was conducted in the same way with a 15% solution. There was no growth on the agar plates from the Bacillus Diphtheriae or the Bacillus Coli, fourteen minutes proving sufficient for the death of the Staphylococcus.

Test 3 was similarly conducted, using a 10% solution. Three minutes' exposure to this solution was germicidal to the Bacillus Coli, and seven minutes' exposure destroyed the Bacillus Diphtheriae.

Absorbine Jr. is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 per bottle or sent direct postpaid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be mailed to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.,

187 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.



TEN YEARS AGO

if you had begun to save Ten Dollars a month and to deposit that sum regularly with this Corporation, there would now have been at your credit

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even if you had not in the meantime increased your savings, which doubtless you would have done. You could very easily have done this, and a balance of more than \$1,400 might have been worth much to you to-day.

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Of Assets for every \$100 of Liabilities.

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It will also assist you to overcome "those ills" at the same time if they do not originate internally. Renders to the skin a soft, pearly-white appearance.

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1915—A RECORD YEAR

FOR THE

LONDON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON, CANADA

New Business Written. Gain in Business in Force. Increase in Cash Income, in Assets and in Surplus. All reached High-Water Mark in 1915.

Profits to Policyholders exceeded Estimates one-third and a further increased scale goes into effect for 1916.

The following comparative statement shows the excellent progress made in recent years:—

	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Force.....	\$14,189,613	\$20,237,984	\$27,118,375	\$34,820,327
Insurance Issued.....	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,060,511
Total Assets.....	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves.....	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest Income.....	754,307	959,185	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned.....	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

Our "Endowment at Life Rate" is one reason for the remarkable progress of the Company.

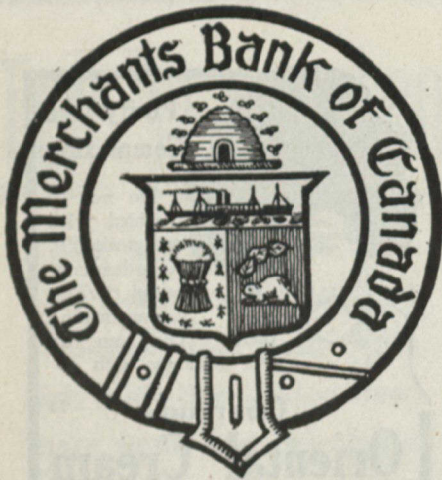
FULL INFORMATION GLADLY GIVEN UPON REQUEST

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President

DR. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C.
Vice-President

J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S.
Manager

E. E. REID, B.A., A.I.A.
Asst. Manager & Actuary



Paid-up Capital - - - \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 7,245,140
206 Branches in Canada.
 Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.
Savings Department at all Branches.
 Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.
General Banking Business.

A Typical Great-West Life Result

Twenty Payment Life Policy for \$5,000.00
 ISSUED 1896. MATURES 1916.
 AGE 24. PREMIUM \$132.00

Paid-up Value at Maturity . . . \$8,820.00
 OR
Cash Value at Maturity . . . \$3,795.00
Total Premiums paid 2,652.00
Excess Return \$1,143.00

The Policyholder was protected by \$5,000.00 Insurance during 20 years and at the end of that period the cash value constituted not only a return of all premiums but in addition a splendid surplus. Such remarkable Results are worthy of attention.

Ask for rates at your own age, and examples of other maturities.

GREAT - WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
 DEPARTMENT "S"
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG.

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Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000 **Reserve Funds - \$ 13,236,000**
Capital Paid Up - 11,750,000 **Total Assets - 214,000,000**

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

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Hon. David Mackeen	G. R. Crowe	A. J. Brown, K. C.
Hon. W. H. Thorne	Hugh Paton	Wm. Robertson
W. J. Sheppard	A. E. Dymont	C. S. Wilcox
		C. E. Neil

Executive Officers.

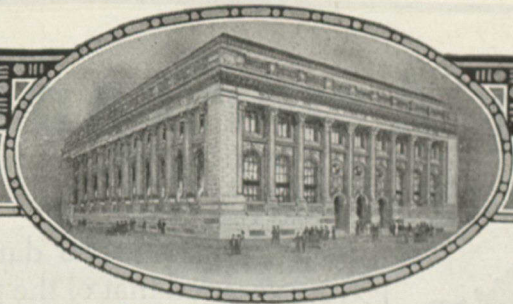
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325-BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA-325

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Ideal Banking Service

THE Bank of Toronto provides its customers with a modern Banking Service. In this it combines all the advantages of sound banking experience with the modern equipment and progressive outlook necessary to meet present-day requirements.

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YOUR BANKING ACCOUNT AND BUSINESS SOLICITED

Paid-up Capital - \$5,000,000
Reserve Funds - 6,439,382

THOS. F. HOW, General Manager. JOHN R. LAMB, Supt. of Branches.
 T. A. BIRD, Chief Inspector.

THE
BANK OF TORONTO

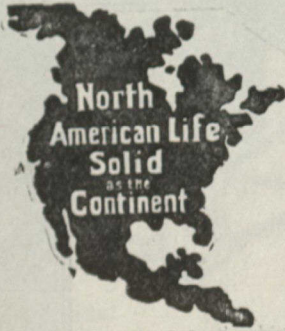
INCORPORATED 1855

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

North American Life

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"



PROGRESSIVE.

New Business issued during the year 1915 exceeded that of the previous year by One and a Quarter Millions. Total Business in Force at December 31st, 1915, amounted to over \$56,200,000.

PROSPEROUS.

Net Surplus held on Policyholders account increased during the year by \$385,927, and now amounts to over \$2,500,000, while Assets amount to over \$15,716,000. It is a Policyholders Company. A "Solid as the Continent" Policy is a safe and profitable one to hold.

North American Life Assurance Company HEAD OFFICE: **Toronto**

EDWARD GURNEY, President.

L. GOLDMAN, 1st Vice-President and Managing-Director

BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS	\$3,475,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES





CANADA

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Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

W. D. SCOTT, Esq., Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

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Production and Thrift

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The Empire needs food. If you are not in the fighting line you may be in the producing line. Labour is limited—all the more reason to do more than ever before. Grow food for the men who are fighting for you. The Allies need all the food that you can produce. Every little helps. You are responsible for your own work. If you cannot produce as much as you would like, produce all you can. Work with the right spirit. Put fighting energy into your effort and produce now when it counts. The more you produce the more you can save. Producing and saving are war-service.

Make Your Labour Efficient

In war-time do not waste time and energy on unimportant and unprofitable work. Economize labour. Put off unproductive work till after the war, and, if possible, help in producing something needed now. Let us not waste labour. Canada needs it all. If possible help to feed the Allies. Make your backyard a productive garden. Cultivate it with a will. Make your labour count for as much as possible.

Do Not Waste Materials

There should be no waste in war-time. Canada could pay the annual interest on her war expenditure out of what we waste on our farms, in our factories, in our homes. Every pound of food saved from waste is as good as a pound of increased production. The way for a nation to save is for every individual to save. France is strong to-day because of thrift in time of peace. The men and women of great Britain are not only "doing" but are learning to "do without."

Spend Your Money Wisely

Practise economy in the home by eliminating luxuries. Wasting our dollars here weakens our strength at the Front. Your savings will help Canada to finance the war. Save your money for the next Dominion War issue. There can be no better investment.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE



From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

THE BLUE BOAT

One of the ever interesting and charming aspects of Nova Scotia scenery is the effect produced by either the incoming or outgoing tide. When the tide comes in it bears upon its bosom various kinds of local craft, some gaily painted, deposits them at this or that protected cove. When the tide goes out these vessels are left stranded, as shown in the illustration. The vessels come and go, have been coming and going and ever changing, but the tide goes on forever.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1916

No. 2

THE GHURKAS' NIGHT By A. Judson Hanna

When Roberts of Kandahar came to die,
Three days ere the Reaper came whirling
by,
"I must go into France, where they make
the great war,
To see how my Indian troopers are,"
Said little Lord Roberts of Kandahar.

AND, as all the world knows, he went.
It was a great day for the Sepoys. They poured in from all parts of the three-hundred-mile battle-line for the last review that Little Bobs Bahadur was ever to hold. For they felt that he belonged particularly to them—to them more than to any other body of men on the continental battlefield. Had he not been born in their country? And had he not led their fathers to victory on the plains and in the mountains of northern India?

So they came, proudly, as men who have a right to come, to pledge their fealty anew to their great hero. First

were the lathy Sikh lancers, bearded and be-turbaned, riding their horses with unconscious dignity. Next were the Ghurkas—mark the Ghurkas, for this is their story—sturdy brown fellows, tough as seasoned leather, marching with *elan*, despite thirty hours' continuous duty in the trenches. And, lastly, the swaggering Punjabis, sitting their gun carriages with folded arms, for all the world like a regiment of rajahs passing in review before the Emperor of India.

How the sepoy grin, and the English shout,
When little Lord Roberts comes marching out;
and the lancers dipped, and the bugles blew
For little Bobs Bahadur's last review.

When it was all over, the Indian troops returned to their appointed places.

Next morning word ran through the

army that Lord Roberts was dying, and, a few hours later, that the great warrior had passed on to his long sleep.

Many were the rumours accounting for his sudden death. Some of these were very absurd, like the one that he had been killed by a shell from a 16-inch German howitzer emplaced some miles to the northeast of Dunkirk. Another was that the ubiquitous Uhlans had, by a *coup de main*, broken through the Belgian lines, and Lord Roberts, like Caesar, had fallen with thirty wounds.

As we know now, a blizzard was raging in Northern France at the time, and Lord Roberts caught a violent cold which terminated his long and glorious career.

In the most advanced trenches at one portion of the British line, three companies of Ghurkas, fresh from the review, were crouched over little fires, trying to thaw the icy numbness out of their limbs. They had heard nothing of Lord Roberts's illness, but a dispatch bearer told their commander, an English major, that the field marshal was dead. When asked that all-important question, how the hero had died, the courier shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "I heard he was killed by a German shell".

An Indian sergeant who understood English overheard the conversation, and translated it to his comrades. For the space of an hour there was an ominous silence in the Ghurkas' trenches. The fires were permitted to dwindle unnoticed. Lord Roberts had been the Sepoys' idol. Generally speaking an East Indian will think long before he acts; but when he does act it is notoriously to some purpose.

At the end of an hour the Ghurkas seemed to have reached some sort of mutual understanding, because they began talking excitedly, but in whispers, for fear of being heard by their white officers, or even by the enemy, entrenched closely in front of them.

Then there was much visiting from

trench to trench, always with a plausible excuse if their officers challenged them. Now it was to get a blanket, loaned, fictitiously, to a friend the night before. Again, it was to borrow a handful of coffee, or a pinch of cigarette tobacco. As the Germans, one hundred and fifty yards farther east, were quiet, except for a little harmless sniping, the officers humoured their men.

The visiting continued uninterrupted till dusk. Then the little Ghurkas settled down. The Germans were in the habit of charging frequently at night, and while they seldom pushed home a charge, no one ever knew when the whim would seize them to attempt it.

So far, the Ghurkas had made no counter charges. If the Germans in one of their periodical rushes came too close, the Ghurkas jumped from their trenches and met them with the bayonet; but as for following them home, that was a pleasure deferred.

The sergeant already mentioned hibernated in the foremost trench. Saluting Captain Lancaster, his company commander, he asked, "Do you think we will be privileged to charge to-night, sahib?"

"No, I think not," Lancaster replied negligently. "But, of course, there is no telling."

When a second Ghurka non-com. asked the identical question a few minutes later, Lancaster wondered a little at the coincidence. He knew his men were impatient to rush the enemy, but felt easy. He had them well in hand. They obeyed his slightest nod.

Nine o'clock came, and the Germans had made no move. Captain Lancaster concluded that it would be a quiet evening. Snow was falling heavily, and a keen wind, straight out of the North sea, was cutting across the trenches. It was a bitter night—the bitterest they had felt. The Ghurkas were numbed with cold, and the Germans would be little better. Small-arm fire was practically

out of the question. The men's fingers were too stiff to work the mechanism of their rifles.

An occasional shell dropped near the trench, and when one of these exploded shortly after nine o'clock, Lancaster awoke suddenly to the realization that none of his men were in their bomb-proof holes. Usually, they were only too glad to crawl into their straw beds and wrap themselves up in all the overcoats and blankets they could borrow or steal.

But to-night every man was up and on his feet, peering toward the enemy trenches. Lancaster was puzzled, and cast about in his mind for the reason of it. He was about to order them to their dugouts, all but the score or so who stood guard against surprise, when he heard sounds which warned him that the Germans were at their old tricks again.

"Ready, men!" he said. "Get ready to fire!" He threw off the blanket from his shoulders and picked up his rifle. "Wait for the orders, men, and shoot low! Now, then! Let them have it!"

They could not see the Germans yet by reason of the thick snow, but they knew by the familiar sounds that they were climbing from their trenches, the range of which the Indians knew to a nicety. They loosed a volley, and then each man shot as he felt moved, which was frequent.

When the Germans hove in sight, shooting from their hips, as was their custom early in the war, the Ghurkas scrambled from the first trench. The Germans brought up sharply thirty yards away and gave a final thundering volley. So far it was the usual cut-and-dried performance. They had demonstrated that they were still on the job; so they whirled and scuttled for cover.

The Ghurkas, however, were varying the proceedings. Instead of returning to their trench, they kept on running. The Germans became painfully aware of this unusual state of affairs by hearing an uncouth shout

close behind them. Looking swiftly over their shoulders they saw a row of steel points twenty paces in their rear. It was too late to turn and try to assume the defensive. Three or four of the boldest tried it, and, like Lot's wife, immediately ceased to interest themselves in the little affairs of this world. Once get a body of men on the move, and it is not difficult to keep them going. The police of our big cities understand this better than any other class of men. There was nothing for the Germans to do but to keep on running, which they did with great attention to speed. The wild Ghurkas, of course, would have to pull up at the first German trench.

The little Ghurkas seemed possessed with the speed of the wind. When the Kaiser's gentlemen arrived at their home trench the points of their enemies' bayonets were scarcely six feet behind them. The Germans jumped clear over their trench, or tumbled into it, whichever was the more convenient. But they felt aggrieved and outraged—as outraged as the old school generals of Europe felt when Napoleon refused to fight according to the book and accomplished all sorts of unpleasant surprises for them.

The Ghurkas weren't playing fair; they were acting contrary to all precedent. Having repulsed the enemy, theoretically, when they left their trench, they should have retired to it at once, and waited decently for the next visitation. All the Germans asked was an opportunity to burrow into their cozy warrens again and lie low until their officers routed them out for another demonstration.

When the Ghurkas reached the first German trench they paused a moment to jab at the few men who had sought refuge there. Then they rushed forward again. The rest of the Germans, meanwhile, had reformed in front of the second trench and awaited the enemy with level bayonets.

But the Ghurkas had no thought of stopping. They massed together, as

if by instinct, and drove through the line in a solid wedge, with a throaty roar of "Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur". These were the only two English words most of them knew outside their manual and one of these is Indian. There was no stopping them. They seemed anxious to win death; or rather, to slay as many Germans as was possible before they themselves fell before superior odds.

When the Germans had turned back at the thirty yard line, Captain Lancaster had expected his own men to return to their places, as they had done so often before. As they kept on running, he began shouting orders at them. But before he realized just what was happening, the snow had swallowed them up, and he found himself alone with his subalterns and the German dead.

There was a mighty shout behind him, as the second company of Ghurkas swung forward, gathering speed rapidly. The wall of snow opened for an instant and he glimpsed the points of their bayonets scarcely forty feet away. He sprang forward and raced for the German trenches, fully expecting to find his own men in the first ditch. The charge had not been ordered; still, if a trench was captured, it was his plain duty to hold it, unless ordered back by his superior officer.

But the rush by this time had carried his men far past the first trench. He saw the last of them fading into the wall of snow and began yelling impotently, "Hi, you scoundrels! Come back! Company halt! Hi, there, you beggars!"

The only reply he got was a faint, "Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur!"

The second company rushed past him at full speed, and behind them the third with their astonished officers trailing them.

The major commanding came with the third company. He was a small, wiry man, with a gray moustache. He was raging to think that one of his officers had led a charge without

orders from him. His rage was so great that it stimulated his old legs to undreamed of performances. He outstripped even the nimble Ghurkas.

"Hey, Lancaster, man, what's it mean? Did you order a charge?" he panted.

"Do, dash it! the beggars have gone mad. There, look at that third company. They're out of hand, too, like my men. Oh, what's the use! They've gone batty—like elephants. They've smelled blood."

They ran on, hoping to catch up with their men at the second trench. Some Germans crawled from cover and looked at them curiously. Lancaster shot at one, and the rest dodged back. At the third empty trench they halted for council. Beyond a score or more of dead Ghurkas, there was no sign of their men. Some of the officers wanted to press on, wherever the Ghurkas had gone. The major forbade them.

"The Ghurkas have taken three trenches. We must consolidate them," he said, speaking as swiftly as machine-gun fire. "Where our men are now, God only knows. We have left our own trenches without orders, and undefended. We are practically surrounded by the Germans, only the Germans do not know it yet. Their supports will hurl back the Ghurkas on us in a few minutes, if any of the plucky little devils are left to hurl back. We must be ready to support them. Haines, get back to the nearest 'phone, and explain as well as you can to the general what has happened. Hold! Ask him to rush up the Fusiliers—anybody—to fill these trenches." Lieutenant Haines turned and ran for the British lines.

Behind the third German trench lay a mile stretch of open, flat country; then came the second line of defence. The Ghurkas charged across this mile stretch, unable to see thirty yards ahead of them, protected from the enemy's fire by the dense snow, not knowing whither they went, and not caring. In front of them ran the

ever-decreasing remnants of three German companies. Still farther beyond were unnumbered German soldiers. As long as there were Germans left to be killed, just so long the Ghurkas could not stop. Half of them had already fallen, but the rest, packed closely together, kept on, shouting steadily their one cry of "Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur! Bobs Bahadur!"

A strange legend ran up and down the German and Austrian lines that night—a legend of ten thousand, half-crazed Indians who had mutinied, killed their English officers, and run amuck all over the countryside. Rumour placed them everywhere from Zeebrugge to the Vosges.

As to the Germans—the field telephones soon told the officer commanding that section what had happened, and reserves were rushed up. They drove in between the Ghurkas and the British lines and the brave little Indians were bottled up effectively.

At midnight the Germans began a terrific bombardment of their own lost trenches in an attempt to drive the British from them.

At dawn, through this cataclysm of shell and small-shot, came a figure, crawling on its hands and knees, with drooping head, toward the British lines. The Fusiliers watched it for some moments in wonder. The figure halted every few feet, as if to gather strength for renewed effort. He wore a large, red head-covering, which, from a little distance, looked like a bundle of blood-soaked rags.

One of the Fusiliers suddenly cried out: "It's a Ghurka!"

Half a dozen men swarmed boldly into the open and lifting the figure brought it quickly into the trench.

"Where is Captain Lancaster, sahib?" the Ghurka asked. It was the same sergeant who had told his men that Lord Roberts had been killed by a German shell. Captain Lancaster was close at hand and appeared

in a moment. The Ghurka struggled to his feet, and stood, supported by two Fusiliers. Raising his hand he saluted, and waited.

"Where are your men, sergeant?" Lancaster asked sternly.

"Dead, captain sahib."

"And why? Did you think you heard an order to charge?"

The Ghurka shook his head. "No, captain sahib," he said slowly and thickly. "It was planned by fate the moment that Lord Roberts came into this land. It could not have been otherwise. It is better so, sahib. The shell that killed our great little general is revenged. We have slain a thousand boches, an even hundred for each finger on his two hands. Yonder," he turned and pointed across the thick-laid snow, "yonder they lie, a thousand boches—and yonder lie also three companies of Ghurkas. Bobs Bahadur will be well attended on his way. Three companies of Ghurkas, and I—"

He reeled, then straightened, and saluted once more.

"But Lord Roberts wasn't—," Lancaster began, and paused. After all, what was to be gained by telling the man the truth—to tell him that he and his comrades had died in vain, as far as avenging their hero was concerned. The man evidently was dying. Let him die happy.

"I know what you would say, captain sahib—that it is not the way to do war, but it is the way of the Ghurkas, when one whom they loved as their father has been slain. Behold, yonder lie three companies of Ghurkas, and I—I but come back to tell the captain sahib that our great little father is avenged. And now I—"

The sergeant collapsed suddenly, and his supporters eased him to the ground.

That day a new designation was placed on the field maps of that section. It ran: "The First Ghurkas' Trenches".

THE SPELL OF MONTREAL

By Bernard Muddiman

THE only way by which one can approach Montreal grandly is to steam in on the city up the river aboard a transatlantic liner. Otherwise, if you come from the eastward or westward by train you must pass through a succession of sickly and dirty landscapes. The confused perspectives of gaudily-coloured or drab-hued wooden shacks, tangles of irregular fences, giant spider-webs of tracks along yard sidings, weird little gardens and ugly hoardings rush in around, envelope and drown you amid their grotesque silhouettes, while the Africo-Canadian gentleman in the parlour car flips a whisk over you, in search of his perquisite. And the city outside is all foreign-looking like some great French manufacturing town. Small townsmen of unmistakable Latin origin, queer-looking labourers in jeans, swarms of children teem round the innumerable level-crossings as the train passing the street trolley cars creeps on into the heart of the city. Dirt, smoke, and multitudinous human life give a city-throb to your pulse as you become lost in this disorder, this maze of slovenly dwellings. There is an anæmic splendour of colour, or its lack, block upon block of human life, belching stacks and the clang of machinery making things. Then your train rolls to a halt in the depot.

As you step out Montreal at once becomes a holy place for you, if you have a feeling for the life of crowds and the psychology of types. Every other city in Canada, even Vancouver

and Winnipeg, are child's play to it. So its spell catches you, or you—you already hate it. There is no other alternative, for you must either hate or love Montreal from the first moment you set foot in it. And the extraordinary thing is that you never change your first impression. The cosmopolitan loves it. It is as wonderful as London or Paris. The provincial hates it, because he cannot understand it. The polyglot enigma of its streets alarms him. Its difference from his home town gives him cause to distrust it, makes him fear it. It is like a wonderful excrescence of the mire of a thousand and one nations, the refuse and garbage of a dozen seas. To realise it fully you must know Glasgow and Paris, and it will further help you, if you are conversant with many cities, for Montreal is a mixture. In one way, indeed, it is more European than American, for it is the only city in Canada where men count more than women. It is free of the female control that is such a marked factor in our New World civilization, monopolising everything ornamental.

A babble of French and English and many tongues welcomes you on arriving—it is the voice of Montreal, the melting-pot of Canada. And like a discoverer, you are thrilled, for are you not going to take the lid off and survey the *olla podrida* simmering within?

No one knowing the English tongue alone can hope to understand Montreal with its Greek section, its Ital-

ian quarter, its Magyar lanes, its Ghetto, its Slavic strata. It is essentially what the French call a *mélange*. Again if you come here from the ordered cities of Europe the life of Montreal sticks at once a rude, hostile elbow into your ribs. For there is no walking delicately in this democratic world. You are jostled aside without heed. For the stranger, in fact, Montreal has little sympathy. It has seen so many, since it has been Canada's Eastern gateway, that it is very tired of them. Go to the Windsor Station any summer afternoon and you will see all the nationalities in the world. The Russian Moujik in his Astrachan rags, the Chinaman minus his pigtail, the sweepings of Europe, the fattening negro, and the Magyar, lean and dark, are all around you. Outside in the street they exude spittle on sidewalk which graft, frost and heat have warped and tilted into hard ways. I have walked a hundred cities' pavements, but the most tiring are those of Montreal, for they seem all edges like a *via dolorosa*.

But when you come to know Montreal, you will see behind all these immigrants that the real Montreal has little in common with her transient population, but preserves types of her own as distinct as those of any city in America. And so there comes a day when you cease to judge Montreal by her hotels and begin to enter into her homes. She becomes for you the historical and commercial metropolis of an infant colossus, where they build banks like palaces and railway stations like castles. In London the Bank of England as a show place does not compare with the pure Corinthian temple of the Bank of Montreal. The Quai d'Orsay and the Gare St. Lazarre are crudities beside the Canadian Pacific Railway's towered home. But on the other hand even the most pretentious structure on Sherbrooke Street is a villa compared to the homes of Park Lane.

Seeking the soul of Montreal you will visit the sights. You will see Me-

Gill and Laval Universities, the one German and the other French in architectural appearance. You will loiter on the Place d'Armes or in front of the church of Notre Dame, where the French Canadian sculptor has raised in bronze the city's founder Maisonneuve, who lives so vividly in the picturesque pages of Parkman. You will drop into church after church, for Montreal is a city of a thousand churches. You will find St. James's Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's, Rome, only half its size. You will go to the great French national church of Notre Dame, with its famous Black Virgin, and you will ascend its towers in an elevator. Convent after convent holds the city's most valued sites. More even than in Rome sacred bells toll, peal and ring to the faithful. You will haunt the long, low, cottage-building of the Chateau de Ramezay, once the official residence of the French Governors. You will see a version of modern France in the City Hall, while French law robed and cockhatted Judges and side-sworded sheriff rules at the Court. You will wander in the Bonsecours Market, where French Canadian *habitants* in homespun, around little carts, haggle preposterously in Norman patois over *trente sous, un piastre*, among the piles of *tabac canayen* and maple sugar, squads of quacking ducks and recalcitrant chickens roosting on home-made rocking-chairs and boxes of rosaries and cheap jewelry.

As a relief from all those buildings, the crowded streets, for this city that has grown at haphazard you will take the funicular railway and ascend to the mountain. Below you stretches the city in its glory. You are city girt perched on a mountain, and the sight is one of the world's wonders whether you see it snow-mantled in winter or shimmering in a summer's sweltering heat. And as you look your thought is what city ever had a river to match this one. For beyond the elevators, the docks and piers of the Montreal Harbour Commission

flows the clear green St. Lawrence rolling on majestically through the broad fertile plain which the distant purple hills guard. The situation is unique. But the more you know Montreal the more unique it becomes. It knows more mysteries, more local colour than any other Canadian city I know. And here on the mountain leaning over the balustrade beside Louise or Annette its spell will fall over you, while the murmur of its streets comes up to you from afar.

What then are the elements of this spell? What enchantments are evoked by these barrack-like commercial buildings? One factor no doubt is the blatant commercialism of it. It attracts like the charm of a very ugly woman. You give yourself to it because of your very repugnance. Drift down St. Catherine street one night. It is Montreal's main artery of traffic. Here of an evening you will see its women. And what a medley of life it is! Everywhere the chatter of French syllables catches your ears and the farther east you go the deeper you plunge in this Gallic world. Broad North Country dialects direct from Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Cockney harp twang and the rolling Scotch accent pass you. Strange gutturals that roll on like water gurgling in a pipe fall from Chinamen with yellow impassive faces as they shamble by in groups. At corners negroes cluck-cluck importantly in English, while now and again come cheek by jowl with a pair of young Germans, or a gang of Italian immigrants. Stranger tongues, Magyar or Yiddish, too, will steal upon you round corners up narrow purlieus. But French—that is the predominant tongue—not a patois, nor yet Parisian, but French Canadian: "*Tu m'dis pas! . . . Ben, j'te crè, ma chère . . . Je lui ai conté ca, va! . . . Un temps cru, s' pas? . . . Tu l'as dit— . . . Ca va ben, toé? Ca s'mainquient.*"

At night igneous messages flame in the heavens all along Ste. Catherine

Street. You stand amazed, dazzled by these electric advertising pyrotechnics. In blue, yellow, orange, red, like wonderful flora of the night they burst out, consume themselves and perish, only to reappear in ten seconds, recommending to your notice somebody's dollar shirts, white Something whiskey, a new brand of cigarettes, a Canadian chewing-gum, candies, pants, papers, theatres and shoes. Writing and deleting, insistent and vibrating in colour, they flame out all kinds of recommendations: "Now is the time to buy lots." You look again and it has vanished in the blackness, while suddenly, in the same place, flames up another lurid enticement. Stars, crescents, crowns, roses, Prince of Wales' feathers scintillate in a strange phantasmogoria of colours. Invisible pens keep writing in fire on the black veils of night's majestic sky, invisible hands keep deleting and revealing messages, offers, promises. Twirling barbers' poles gyrate round in vivid red, white and blue. Two boxers fight an Olympian contest. A dancer pirouettes in the heavens. Flashing, shimmering, ablaze with these cadjoling electric signs, St. Catherine Street stretches east and west, while the lost souls of Commercial Travelers in these myriads of lights yelp at you to buy, to spend, to carouse at soda fountains. Dawn on 'Stamboul is not so rich in colour as this street by night. It is like an Oriental phantasy of western commercialism. Steeped in this appalling crudity, a metropolis is fermenting. You cannot help saluting it, for it has already the ugly splendour of a city.

But in that it is not unique. It is merely American. Where then is Montreal unique, where has it a spell of its own no other Canadian city can claim? For me it is a Mecca—the Mecca of a nation, the French Canadian nation. You saw that away back in the Bonsecours market. You felt it when Louise stood beside you on the mountain terrace. You knew

it as you passed before Cremazie's statue in Lafontaine Park. A night in one of the three French theatres will convince you. Go into the Nouveautés for example, how well-ordered, how charmingly polite this audience is after the English theatres. Here the play is the thing and everything else is the proverbial leather and prunella. They have come to enjoy it, not to be rude to their neighbours. A thrill goes through you if you love the charming language of France to sit in a theatre in North America and hear its honeyed sound. So on the French Canadian imagination Montreal has begun to exercise the fascination that the city of light has cast for centuries on *la belle* France. In spite of Westmount, in spite of Scotch commercial supremacy, Montreal is already stamped and sealed of the order of Latin cities. Even to-day in the world at large there is only a handful of French cities that can claim more inhabitants. Some day—who knows—as New York outnumbers London, Montreal may be greater than Paris. And that is just where its spell lies for me,—it has the infinite possibilities of another Paris.

Here may thrive in a new and greater Paris the French of the new world. The wedding cake architecture, broad boulevards and squares will come. With Latin élan life again may some day take upon herself the joy of being joyous. Another Bohemia and art world of a new nation may spring up here. What is the Bonsecours market but an infant Les Halles. Even to-day the foreigner who stays in Montreal does not become English Canadianized like his western brother, but French Canadianized. The districts are growing where in French alone is spoken. The French Canadian, too, has a faculty of absorbing nationalities, which his English speaking brother has not.

That in Montreal I may see the possibilities of a new Paris may be a laughable idea to some; but I have confidence in the perpetuity of the

Latin instincts of the French Canadian race. Discarding the primitive ecclesiastical chrysalis of her Province, yearly attaining closer contact with French thought, Montreal has lost already much of its mental narrowness. Many influences are daily at work to effect this change. European contact is here continually discharging all sorts and conditions of men.

If you wander down many a Montreal mean street you will come on queer beings—queer and dangerous Europeans, the flotsam and jetsam of old world prisons, waifs and strays of fate, Parisian wantons and apaches, Cockneys born in old London's seamy sin, ex-New York gun-men, fugitives from Russian steppes. And all these people like shrimps in aspic are soon veiled from sight amid the teeming poorer quarters of the French Canadian community. Migrants of ill-fame, strange visitants—they are washed up on the wharves of Montreal to new fields of action. Scatter around them Magyars and Poles, Ruthenians and Dagos galore, with a thin seam of yellow-faced Orientals, and you have as a polyglot and divergent a life as any city in the world can boast of. Dive into it, if you will, if you know Europe, if you can speak her tongues and know a smattering of Latin loves and Steppe hates and many philosophies. Otherwise if you rub your Canadian-born shoulders with this crowd, unpleasant odours may offend your nostrils, grease may smirch your clothes, for it is an underworld full of empty stomachs, vulture-like humanities, brothels and strange drinks. It is a layer of society that is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral, which disappears yearly in the unlimited stores of healthy French Canadian blood. And that is the river up which the argosies of Montreal's future greatness float. Every road in Quebec Province leads to it. At the Province's end she is waiting, like a many-tentacled octopus.

THE ROBBERS & SALT RIVER

By Henry Adelbert Thompson

IT is often necessary that scientific research shall be conducted in very out of the way places, and those who, in pursuit of their specialties, wander away from civilization often stumble upon adventures which seem more appropriate to the explorer than to the mere student.

It was in the early autumn of '74 that I received from the Director of the Smithsonian Institute a paper commissioning "Professor Elmer Howard to proceed to the Territory of Arizona, there to investigate and report upon any cliff dwellings or prehistoric ruins which he may discover in the valleys of the Salt or Gila Rivers or in the mountains adjacent thereto".

Having spent several seasons in that then far western Territory, I understood something of the difficulties which would probably present themselves. Arizona, in 1874, contained only four or five widely separated towns, the remaining population of the Territory residing in straggling mining camps and on occasional ranches. I knew, also, that the country through which I would be obliged to work was one of the most inaccessible in the United States. It was that general region where the great Rockies break off to southwestward. Detached ranges and spurs, gashed with frightful chasms and topped by towering peaks, extend in

all directions. But it was precisely in this bewildering maze of cliff and canon that the strange, half-aerial dwellings of the ancient inhabitants of America would be found, and I accordingly prepared for laborious work.

After much consideration I decided to begin operations in the Superstition Range, which lies to the south of, and close by, the deep and precipitous canon of the Salt River. This range, which is about twenty-five miles in length, at its eastern end slopes gently down to the plain, and at its western end terminates abruptly in a bluff more than three thousand feet high. One standing on the plain can, summoning his fancy to help him, trace on the side of this escarpment the profile of an Indian face, formed by certain eroded lines and peculiar conformations of the rock. This is known, far and wide, as Montezuma's Head; though I was never able to discover, or even to conjecture, any historical association between it and any of the Aztec emperors.

By kind permission of the proprietor, a young Englishman, I established my headquarters at the Bernalillo Ranch, which was located in the flat country, some twelve miles from the foothills of the Superstitions. This distance of the ranch house from the mountains was incon-

venient, but it was nearer than any other to the scene of my prospective labours. Then, too, I proposed to use the ranch only as a base of supplies and as a residence during the intervals between my excursions into the mountains. I had no difficulty in procuring a burro to pack my camp outfit, and the proprietor, Mr. Halleck, smilingly declined to sell me a pony, but offered instead to give me the use of one so long as I should need him. For this favour he steadfastly declined to receive any compensation, saying that he desired to contribute the work of the pony to the advancement of science.

"This horse is one of the best on the ranch," said Mr. Halleck, as we stood inspecting the animal, "but he has one characteristic fault of which you must beware. I have never known him to break away; but if he is left untied or unhobbled he will immediately start in a wild race for home and not stop until he arrives. It is not a fault which is likely to give you much trouble; but a small oversight on your part may put you to the necessity of taking a longer walk than usual." I promised Mr. Halleck, and incidentally myself, that I would keep a close eye on "Buckskin"; but I little dreamed at the time what an important part this equine trick of bolting for home was to play in the adventure which subsequently befell.

Had I been an older man I would no doubt have given more attention to the stories told by the cowboys on the Bernalillo Ranch and to the warnings they solicitously gave me to look out for danger in the Superstition Range. In truth, I was possessed by the notion that they were simply working on the fears of one whom they "sized up" as a tenderfoot; and so proceeded with my preparations in disregard of the many stories told at the door of the ranch house after dark. These cowboy narratives related a series of bold robberies and wanton murders, extend-

ing over many months and located at widely separated points, north and south of the Salt River. Stores had been broken into, stages had been held up and their express boxes rifled, horses had been stampeded and cattle killed, while, most alarming of all, solitary miners and prospectors had simply disappeared from the face of the earth. Special emphasis was laid upon the several mysterious features which marked these depredations. No one knew or could guess the number of the bandits, and the most expert trailers, Indian and white, had failed to track them to their lair. Most inexplicable of all, however, was the fact that these outrages had been committed in the country both north and south of the Salt River; and this with such short intervals of intervening time that it was impossible for men, by any known road, to travel from the scene of one crime to that of the next. The canon of the Salt, throughout most of its length, was absolutely impassible; and in order to cross from the Gila plain, where the Bernalillo Ranch was located, to the Tonto Basin on the other side, it was necessary to make a wide detour to Fort McDowell, which lay forty miles to the west, or an equally long journey eastward to the ford at Armer. And yet the bandits had sometimes left traces of their presence on both sides of the river within twenty-four hours.

The cowboys at the Bernalillo Ranch advanced various theories to account for the mysterious character of these lawless proceedings. Some of them contended that several small marauding bands of Apaches had established themselves in the mountain fastnesses on either side of the river. Others held that the bandits were Mexicans; pointing out, with some show of plausibility, that the Indians kept clear of the Superstition Range, believing that the face sculptured on the great west wall was that of a divinity who guarded the mountains and who would visit ven-

geance on any invaders of his territory.

Taking for granted, as I have said, that these stories, if they had any basis of truth, were greatly exaggerated, I resolved that they should not deter me from pursuing my explorations; but, at the same time, they did determine to take all reasonable precautions to avoid a surprise and to go well equipped with arms and ammunition.

For three weeks I roamed, rather aimlessly, about the region of the Superstitions without finding traces of human occupancy or making any discoveries worth mentioning. Most of my days were spent in scrambling, often slowly and painfully, along the rim of a canon, studying, by aid of my field glass, the opposite wall of the gorge. At night I generally took the precaution of selecting some secluded spot in which to pitch my camp; though I am doubtful whether this adjective applies to any particular locality of a region which, throughout its length and breadth, is barren and deserted.

One afternoon, working my way along the great Salt Canon itself, I made a discovery which set my nerves thrilling. Riding my pony and leading the burro, I suddenly emerged from the timber into an open semi-circle, flat, rocky-floored and half a mile in extent. At once I saw that I had found something of which I was in search. At the radial point of the semi-circle, and upon the very edge of the river bluff, stood a half-ruined stone fort, such as only the prehistoric people of America ever built. These forts, while interesting in themselves, are doubly so because they are almost invariably found in close proximity to cliff dwellings of the larger and characteristic type; the theory being that they were designed, by their builders, to shelter those engaged in defending the approach to their habitations. I spent a couple of hours in examining and making drawings of the structure upon which I

had descended. It was in the form of a parallelogram, fifty feet long by thirty wide. The walls, composed of thin layers of split limestone, were nine feet eight inches in height and two feet four inches in average thickness. On the side farthest from the river the wall was badly broken down, so that I had no difficulty in leading my horse and burro into the enclosure. The remaining three sides of the structure were in a tolerable state of preservation. I paid but little attention to certain indications, furnished by hoofmarks and the remains of a fire, that some one else had visited the place prior to my coming, taking for granted that some wandering prospector had found it convenient to camp there over night.

On the side of the fort next the river there was a low aperture, quite large enough for a man to crawl through. It opened into the head of a crevice in the face of the bluff, which, at that point, was not perpendicular, but sloped, for a hundred feet or more of its descent, at an angle of about seventy degrees. Looking down this crevice, I saw that it was cut in a series of rude steps, much weather-worn; and at the farther end I could make out, though the light was beginning to fade, the jutting corner of a cliff dwelling. It seemed to be located at the point where the slope, at my feet, broke into the perpendicular canon wall. I passed through the opening, descended the ancient stairway without difficulty and found myself on a narrow platform, at one end of which the doorway of the cliff dwelling opened. The structure, which was located in an immense niche scooped out of the rock, was one story in height and contained eight rooms. The front wall was shattered and portions of it had fallen into the abyss. The usual litter of corncobs, bones, potsherds and fragments of rush mats was strewn on the floors and piled up in the corners. The house was one room deep, excepting that in the rear of the

fourth chamber there was a small apartment. Entering this, and striking some matches, for the light of the dusk did not penetrate here, I was surprised to find myself facing the semicircular entrance to what seemed to be an underground passage-way into the cliff and leading obliquely downward. Burning match after match, I advanced cautiously and soon discovered that I was in a veritable cavern, the extent of which it was impossible to conjecture.

Intensely interested, not to say excited, by this find—for I believed that this was precisely the sort of place in which specimens of unbroken pottery would be found, and possibly the weapons and tools of the former inhabitants—I resolved to make a complete exploration on the morrow.

Returning up the steps, I led my animals to a little mesa, some half-mile distant, where there was a spring and good grass; and there, closely hobbled, I left them for the night. Then, collecting some dead wood, I built a fire in the enclosure of the fort, prepared my supper and retired to sleep.

After a night made restless by dreams of possible discoveries the next day, I arose just as the first faint streak of dawn was showing in the east. My first thought, after a hasty breakfast, was to go in search of my pony and burro. I found them without difficulty; and, lest they should stray too far, brought them back to the fort and tied them to a couple of scrub trees which grew inside. The matter of securing torches, which had disturbed my thoughts of the night, presented no great difficulty, for I found in the neighborhood a score or more of dead ocatilla plants, the dry stems of which burn like pitch pine and continue blazing for a long time. Binding these into a bundle and slinging it over my shoulder, I descended again to the cliff dwelling, lighted my torch and entered the cavern, which I found of greater extent than I had supposed.

The passage led downward, winding a little, at an angle, as near as I could judge, of about forty degrees. There were occasional openings to right or left, but none which compared in size with the main cavern. The rock was limestone, and I had no doubt that I was following the channel of a very old subterranean waterway, dating back to the time when the bed of the Salt River was very much higher than its present level. That peculiar erosion of the rocks noticeable in all limestone caverns confirmed this theory.

It was no doubt owing to the slowness with which I advanced that I seemed to be penetrating a long way into the heart of the earth. Probably I had not gone more than the third of a mile when I entered a section where water dripped from the roof and stalactites and stalagmites, of considerable extent and great variety of form, depended from above or thrust themselves upward from the floor. A couple of hundred yards farther on the passage, here of considerable size, turned sharply to the left and began to ascend. Presently, turning still another angle, this time to the right, I entered a large, dry chamber, and was vastly startled to observe that it was strewn with camp utensils and other unmistakably modern evidences of human habitation. Four beds of dry grass, covered with blankets, lay side by side at what my pocket compass indicated as the northern end of the room. Saddles and articles of wearing apparel were scattered in all directions, and a hurried examination showed me that the small sacks, stowed in convenient niches or flung carelessly on low edges of the wall, contained coin, watches and jewelry. It flashed upon me in a moment that I had wandered into the headquarters of the bandits against whom the cowboys had warned me, and I realized acutely that it would be dangerous to await the return of the proprietors.

Straining my ear and hearing no

sound except the crackling of my torch, I plucked up courage and resolved that, before retreating, I would advance and discover, if possible, whether the cavern had an exit beyond the great hall in which I stood. I had not gone more than fifty yards when this question was satisfactorily answered by the glow of light which came streaming down a side passage. Extinguishing my torch, I stepped into the opening and looked about me. I was standing on the floor of a small but deep canon, which gashed the river bluff at right angles to the course of the stream, and well down toward the water level. Anxious to determine my position, I walked to the edge of the stream, looked up and down the great gorge and then raised my eyes to the wall on the opposite side. High up on the precipice, and almost directly opposite me, I observed a cliff dwelling, and above it, on the rim of the canon, a stone fort. I did not understand, but after a bewildering minute or two, I grasped the situation. In following the course of the cavern I had passed beneath the bed of the Salt River, emerged on the other side, and was now looking across at the point from which I had started. The mystery of how the bandits crossed the canon of the Salt River was now no mystery at all.

Turning, I retraced my steps toward the cavern entrance, and was engaged in lighting my torch when the sound of a distant shot and the whizz of a bullet past my head startled me. Glancing up the canon, I saw four horsemen, in single file, making their way down a narrow trail from the head of the gorge. The leader was just removing a rifle from his shoulder, and the others were gesticulating wildly. They were a good quarter of a mile away; a distance none too great in view of the fact that their acquaintance with the cavern was probably much greater than mine. Holding my torch aloft, I dashed into the darkness, and in a few minutes I had crossed the ban-

dit's hall and was in the narrower part which lay beyond. It was not until I reached the lower level of the cavern that I experienced any difficulty; but here I had a couple of bad falls on the slippery floor. On one of these occasions my torch was extinguished and I lost a minute in relighting it. But I scrambled through somehow, and was beginning the ascent on the other side when I first caught the sound of voices behind me. But presently—for I was past the worst now and those following were in the midst of it—the noise of pursuit was lost; though this fact brought me no sense of security. Panting, I flew along the upward-sloping passage, which seemed interminable, and finally emerged into the cliff dwelling. I knew it would not do to linger here, for I was armed only with my revolvers, and my pursuers greatly outnumbered me. Without pausing, then, and with speed accelerated by hearing for the second time the sound of voices behind me, I pushed up the old steps to the fort, where I had barely time to seize my rifle and take a hasty shot at the foremost brigand as he stepped from the door of the cliff dwelling. With a cry he drew back, and in a moment I realized that I was in command of the situation. The only possible way to leave the cliff dwelling was by that flight of steps, the entire length of which, from my protected position in the fort, I could sweep with my rifle and revolvers. A little reflection, however, convinced me that this mastery was mine only so long as I maintained possession of the old stone fort. Should I mount my horse and depart, the bandits could easily make a rush up the crevice, occupy the fort themselves and open a fusillade upon me long before I was out of range. And even if I should succeed in reaching the cover of the timber beyond the open mesa, the chances would still be against me; for the country was so broken that it was foolishness to think of pressing a horse beyond a walk.

If, on the other hand, I stayed, the question arose of how long it would be possible for me to hold out. Days might pass before a cowboy or prospector came that way; and in the meantime it would be dangerous to procure water from the distant spring and almost certainly fatal to sleep. It was, perhaps, the sound of excited, jabbering voices coming up from below that quickened my powers of thought and decided me to stay; which, as the cowboys afterward informed me, was the only thing to do under the circumstances. I looked at my watch. It was half-past seven. It struck me that this was about the usual time for breakfast at the Bernalillo Ranch. Whether, beginning at this point, some obscure association of ideas led up to the notion, or whether it was one of those inspirations that come to men in the face of danger, I am not prepared to say, but across my mind there flashed the remembrance of what Mr. Halleck had told me concerning the propensity of Buckskin to bolt for home. Perhaps a Western man, more familiar with the ways of horses, would have grasped at it eagerly. To me it seemed a forlorn hope. But, forlorn or not, Buckskin was the only one of us three who could, with safety, depart and find his way with tolerable certainty to the Bernalillo Ranch. It was not an expedient such as I would have selected to hang safely and lie on; but it was the only one, and I adopted it. On two or three pages of my note book I scribbled a short narrative of my adventure in the cavern and indicated to the best of my ability the location of the old stone fort. Cutting a slit in the book at either end, I passed a short strap through these holes and buckled it securely about the pony's neck. Then slipping his halter, I led him to the gap in the wall, turned his head outward and told him to go. He cleared the rubbish at a spring, trotted away a few hundred yards, stopped, looked back, tossed his head as if to assure himself that he was free,

and then, breaking into a gallop, disappeared in the timber. All this I saw with one eye—the other was directed down the stairway that led to the cliff dwelling.

Thus the hours dragged slowly by, the sun beating down upon me with pitiless intensity through the open top of the old fort. One o'clock came, and two, and three, and four. Then I heard a shout and a trample of hoofs outside, and presently a score of cowboys, with Halleck at their head, came galloping up.

"Look out!" I cried, rushing to the opening and waving my hand. "Don't show yourselves on the edge of the canon. There is a man with a gun on the other side." Instantly they comprehended and drew together behind the shelter of the fort, while I hurriedly explained the situation.

"As neat a trap as I ever saw!" cried Halleck, when I had finished. "Two of you boys," he continued, "take the loophole, and six others of you get cover where you can find it along the rim of the canon and watch the entrance on the north side. I told you," he added, turning to me, "that Buckskin was warranted to come straight home if he was turned loose."

Halleck's experienced eye saw in a moment that this method of keeping the robbers in the cave would be effective only while daylight lasted, as, when night fell, they could easily take advantage of the darkness to slip unobserved up the side canon and so escape to the north. His first thought, then, was directed to the end of devising some means of getting a part of his force to the opposite side of the river.

"Boys," he asked, "is it possible to cross the Salt anywhere in this vicinity?"

"I think so, Cap," returned one of the cowboys. "About a mile and a half above there is a place where the canon wall is broken on the other side. On this it is straight up and down as the side of a house, but we

have our lariats with us and it will be easy to splice a couple of them and swing over."

"But how about the river?" asked Halleck, trying in vain to get a glimpse of the water, flowing far beneath our feet, without exposing himself to danger.

"Oh, it is all right," replied another ranchman. "The water is low at this season, and I have no doubt we can almost wade across. At the worst it will be but a short swim."

I did not accompany the expedition for the north side of the Salt, and so failed to witness, or to participate in, the perilous feat of swinging down into that great gorge on a swaying rope. But the light had not faded when a series of three shots, the signal agreed upon, told us that five of our men were on the other bank and had taken positions to intercept the flight of the bandits. So skilfully had our detachment manoeuvred that I was unable to see them move to their places; but, a little later, the light of a fire above the north entrance illuminated the whole of the little gorge across from me, and eliminated the last vestige of possibility of the escape of our prisoners.

So the night fell and passed; and most of the following day was spent in devising fruitless plans for the final capture of the robbers. This problem at length resolved itself into the alternative of carrying the cavern by storm, a proceeding which I strongly advised against, or simply camping down and starving the bandits out. These latter, driven back into the recesses of their hiding-place by the well-aimed shots of our men, gave no sign of activity until about five o'clock in the evening, when our deliberations were cut short by the appearance of a white rag, which, waved from the point of a stick, was seen projecting from the cliff dwelling. Halleck, taking a position where he could see and hear without exposing himself—for

we reposed little confidence in the honour of these thieves—began a parley with the Mexican who held out the flag of truce. The fellow would not show himself openly until he received repeated assurances of fair play; then he came out on the platform and offered, on behalf of himself and his companions, to surrender if guaranteed safe conduct to the nearest jail and a fair trial. He was told that he and his partners must come, one at a time, out of the cavern, march up the steps and enter the fort. First three Mexicans emerged successively, holding up their hands and jabbering in bad Spanish. The fourth man was an American, who, as soon as he appeared, was recognized by the cowboys as a noted desperado. He, as it afterward came out, was the organizer and directing spirit of the band, and he hastened to inform us that his surrender was entirely due to the fact that his cowardly Mexican followers lost heart when they found themselves in a trap.

That evening, this time in company, I made a second and much more leisurely exploration of the cavern under the Salt Canon. In the bandits' hall—while the others were examining the booty and discussing the question of its ownership—I discovered eleven large pieces of unbroken prehistoric pottery, which were handed over to me without question. The robbers had employed these ancient vessels for the utilitarian purpose of holding their food supplies, and I found them standing together on a shelf in the nook.

I left Arizona before the miscreants who made the cavern their headquarters were brought to trial, but a letter afterward from Mr. Halleck informed me that they had received the just punishment of their misdeeds. The letter also stated that Buckskin continued to exercise his penchant for bolting home when by any means he got loose.



THE GIRL AT THE GATE

From the Painting in the Tate Gallery, London, by George Clausen, a British Painter

WINTER on the PRAIRIE

By H. H. Pitman

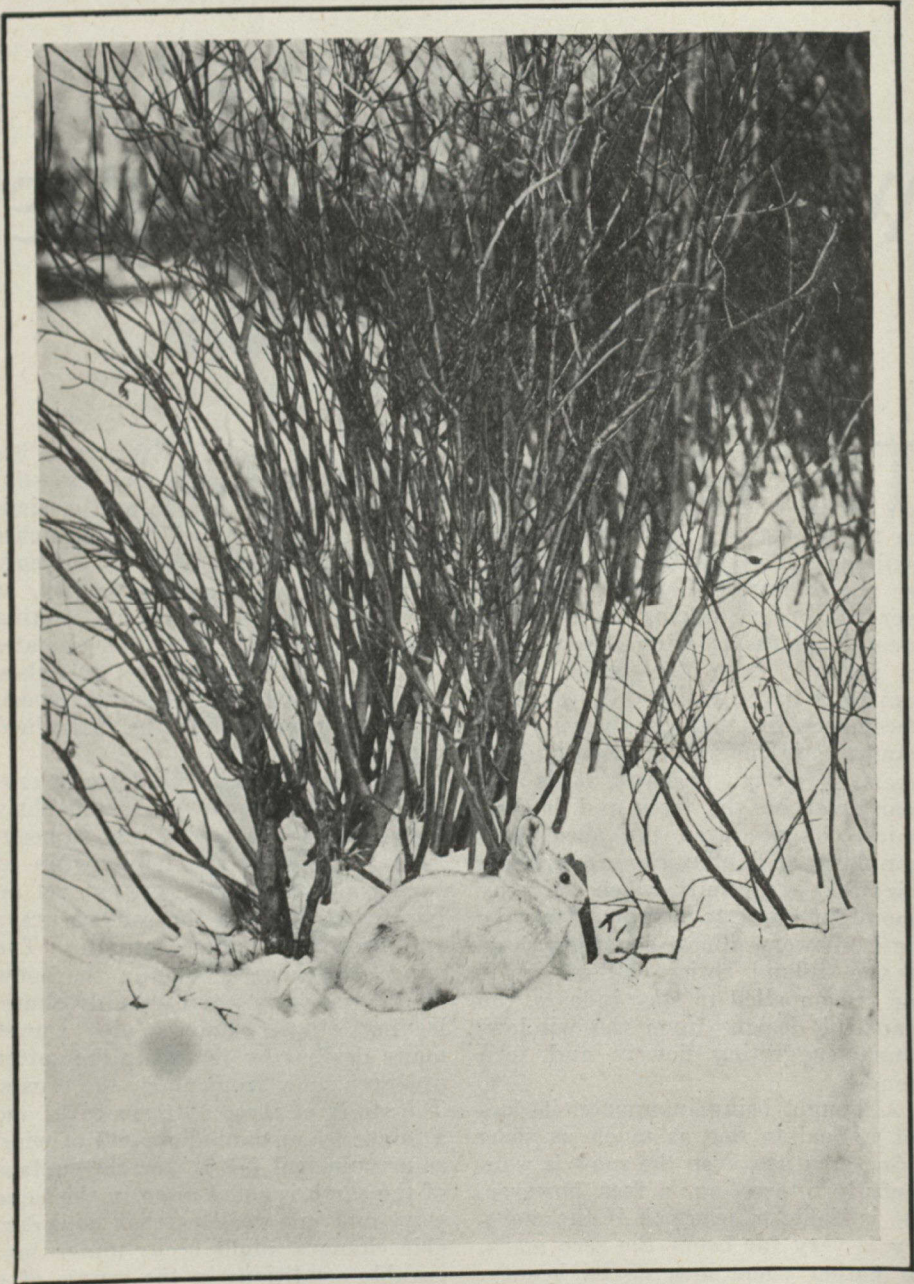
THERE is no doubt that the true nature-lover enjoys winter most when he thinks of it during the hot days of July, but it is not really as bad as strangers to the plains are apt to imagine, and a long walk over the prairie during the so-called "dead" months is often a revelation to persons from the cities. The prairie is never really dull—even in December—for there is always something to stir one's admiration and interest. To-day, perhaps, it is the hoar frost on the trees and bushes, which changes even the most commonplace of bluffs into a veritable fairyland—especially when seen by moonlight—and, to-morrow, it may be the ice-flowers, almost equalling those of the upland Swiss valleys, or, if one is compelled to stay indoors, the beautiful designs upon the window-panes, suggesting flowers and fern fronds.

Although, being inanimate, it does not appeal to one as much as some living creature, even the snow is wonderfully interesting; a fact, however, one is liable to overlook if the mercury is very far below the zero mark. To gather some idea of its beauty, catch some of the crystals upon a dark coat-sleeve and examine them, not necessarily with a microscope, for their detail is clear enough to the unaided eye, as a rule. Snowy crystals are rarely alike, but all are formed upon what may be called the same

base or framework. Every one has six rays—never more or less—but that is generally as far as the similarity goes. The rays or branches may have delicate feathery appendages on them of infinite variety, or the spaces may be filled up, making hexagonal figures. In milder climates the crystals fall in masses or flakes, but on the prairie individual specimens oftentimes may be examined with ease.

The snow blanket transforms everything, hiding much that is unsightly with a spotless covering, not so beautiful perhaps as the fresh green of spring and early summer, but yet an improvement upon the sombre grays and browns of late autumn. The wind sometimes acts upon the snow as the waves do upon a sandy shore, leaving ripples, but it also carves many designs by removing the softer or dryer snow from under the crusts. The study of these patterns gives one a faint idea of the importance of wind as a geological factor, for the surface of the earth is acted upon in the same way, and one realises that considerable changes might occur under favourable conditions in the course of a few centuries, especially when aided by rain and frost.

Of the commoner prairie mammals, three turn white—the weasel, the bush-rabbit, and the jack-rabbit. This change of colour is very effective, for the animals are practically



A PRAIRIE RABBIT IN ITS WINTER COAT



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE ON THE SNOW



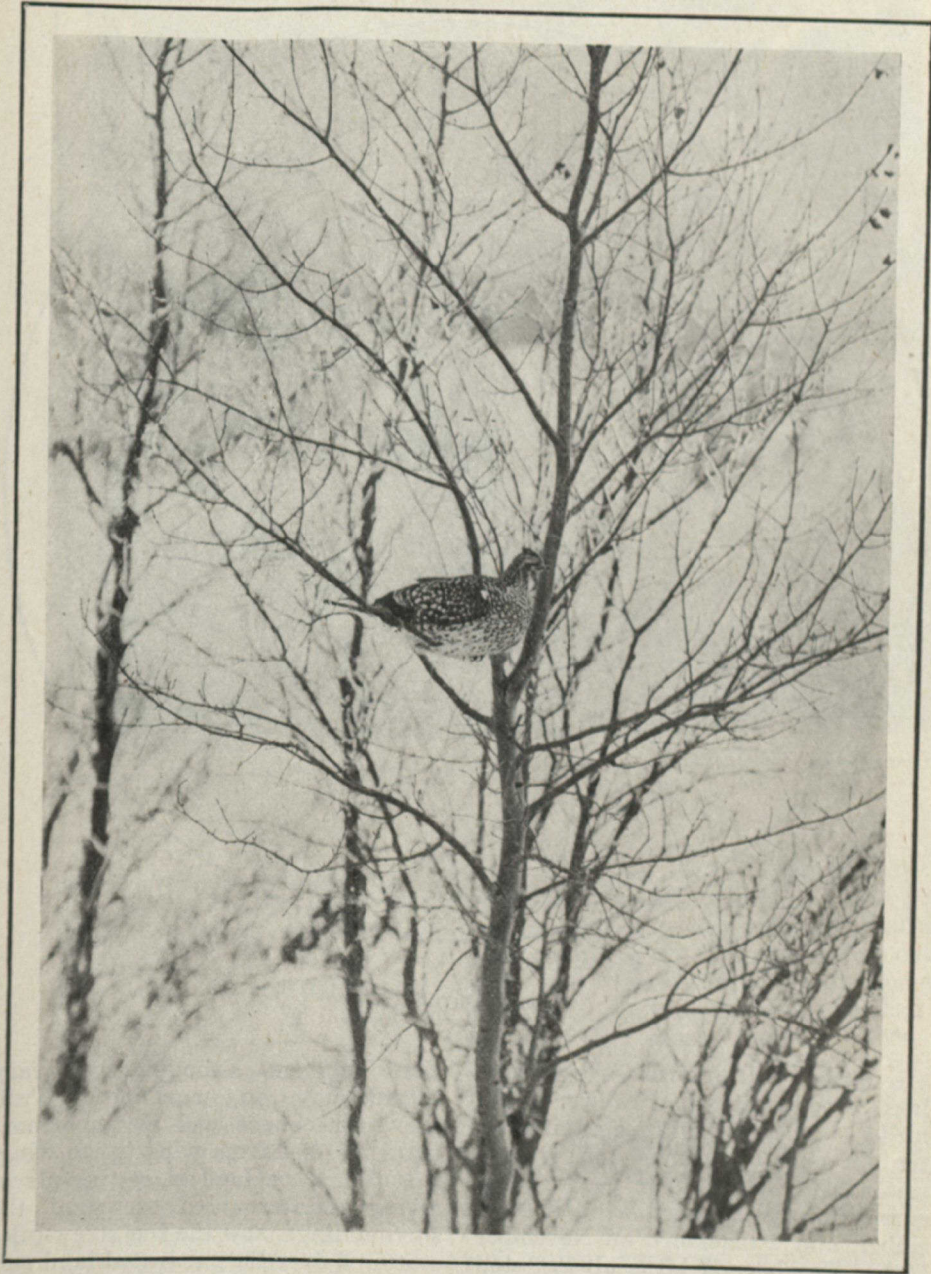
BAIRD'S PRAIRIE DEER MOUSE

invisible when still, and one can pass quite close by any of them without being aware of it. The change usually coincides with the early November snowfalls, but when the snow is late it is the reverse of helpful to the animals and they are very conspicuous. I have photographed both bush-rabbits and jack-rabbits that had turned completely white before the snow came. The weasels would be greatly handicapped if they did not change colour, for they hunt singly, and depend largely upon getting close to their prey without being observed.

It is generally believed that most of the other small mammals hibernate all winter, but this is not correct, as

a walk over the prairie through soft snow will quickly prove. Besides finding many tracks, I have actually seen that wee creature, the pigmy shrew, the smallest Canadian animal, on the snow in December and January, and also the Drummond vole and little vole, and have taken the remains of prairie deer-mice from an owl killed at Christmas time. One also finds fresh badger-holes (how powerful these animals are!) long after the ground is frozen too hard to cultivate, and, occasionally, the only too fresh trail of a troubled skunk.

The list of winter birds is small, compared with that of summer, but it is noteworthy just the same. There



SHARP-TAILED GROUSE ROOSTING



THE SNOWY OWL

are three prairie birds—the horned larks, woodpeckers and Brewer blackbirds—which stay until some time after the snow has come. Last year I saw woodpeckers on the posts of our corral during the third week of November, and a blackbird on November 20th. The horned larks always stop until the last minute—indeed, I believe that in some favoured localities they stay all winter.

To me, though, the most interesting of our winter birds are the great snowy owls, which come from the north every autumn. They are very striking in appearance when seen at

close quarters, although they vary considerably in markings. Full-grown specimens will measure more than five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. They are fond of resting-places giving uninterrupted views of the surroundings, and the big straw-piles scattered over the cultivated land suit them exactly. They are not common and one rarely sees more than two or three in a season.

The independence of these powerful birds appeals to one very much—they seem so self-reliant—and knowing that they are from the Arctic regions stirs the imagination. On the



THE CHICKADEE

prairie, their principal food appears to be mice—I have never seen them attempt to catch prairie-chickens or found feathers in the few castings I have examined, and I have only once seen them pursue a jack-rabbit. In their summer home, however, their food is said to consist of birds, hares and gophers, and, according to Macfarlane, occasionally of the eggs of ptarmigan and ducks.

Another northern bird that winters with us is the snowbird which arrives in late October or early November, and stays until March or even April. It is a peculiarly restless but very handsome little bird, and can easily be studied at close range if one cares to scatter food in front of a window. It seems disgraceful that it should be

killed for food. Small parties wander here and there over the prairie, seemingly never satisfied, continually stopping to feed for a few minutes and then hurrying on. Sometimes they are numerous, but the last three or four years I have not seen many on the plains. They lend a very welcome touch of life to the prairie.

The pinnated grouse and sharp-tailed grouse, both called prairie-chickens, also stay with us through the winter, but do not turn white. Big and strong, and quick on the wing, they have not many enemies from November to March, and do not need the protection of a change of colour. The sharp-tails will readily come to food placed on the ground by a window, and quickly become bold.



A JACKRABBIT ON PLOUGHED LAND AND THE LITTLE VOLE

If we exclude the sparrows, the only other winter birds of this district are the merry little chickadees. Whatever the weather they always seem cheerful, and "work" the bushes round the sloughs as merrily as though the cold were but a detail. On Lesser Slave Lake they stayed round our camp all winter, feeding on the scraps thrown out, and became so tame that they would almost take food from the hand.

Lord Avebury in his book "The Beauties of Nature" emphasized the beauty and interest of the commonplace, and as an illustration suggested how a race of people who had al-

ways lived underground or in darkness, would appreciate the sunshine, the clouds and the birds. So many of us do not really *see* things—that is, in the fullest sense of the word, and miss much that is beautiful. Nature-study should go hand-in-hand with religion, for an admiration of some noble creation inspires a reverence or respect for its designer, and the more one knows of the world in which one lives, and of the living creatures on it, the more one realizes the power and wisdom of the Creator. To those who are willing to see, few places are dull and uninteresting—certainly not the prairie, even in winter.

BY A GIRL'S GRAVE

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

UNDER this immobile stone
Lies a little girl, alone.

It was a joy her life to see,—
So glad, and virginal, and free!

Her laughter gave the birds of spring
Sweet phrases for their musicking.

There is no laughter now, nor song,—
Silent she lies here, all day long.

All day the roses over her
Blossom and blow; the winds murmur;
She heeds them not: she does not stir.

A little girl, so soon at rest:
The secret longing unexpressed
Wakened, then paled within her breast.

God knows I loved her; and I know
(E'en though she never whisper'd so)
Her heart was mine, for weal or woe.

And now—she lies beneath the roses,
While man his thousand tasks disposes;
And the day breaks, and the day closes.

ALONG the St JOHN VALLEY

By J. C. L. Ketchum

THE early history of New Brunswick is not without its romance. Historians have given us something of the French period, which, if not very complete, is so because there are probably no written documents upon which to base a continuous and sustained story. We have the undoubted fact of the discovery of the River St. John and its naming by Champlain. We have something of the deeds and misdeeds of LaTour and his dashing lady. Poutrincout and de Monts pass fitfully across the stage, and there are incidents given of the experiences of other French explorers and ecclesiastics on the banks of the St. John. But a great deal is surrounded with mist which will become more or less dispelled in time, as manuscript after manuscript finds its way into the archives at Ottawa.

The history of the St. John river up to the coming of the Loyalist is told by Dr. Raymond. It is amazing the amount of information he has managed to accumulate of the Indian period—or that part of the Indian period into which the white man's advent dovetails. This is the more creditable, for the Indian has apparently no records of his own, and even his tradition was extremely limited. There is nothing to be found among the aborigines to show where he came from nor, as far as one can see, anything upon which to base a reasonable probability as to his origin. But the fact remains that here he was and here the Frenchman found him.

As far as the St. John river country is concerned the efforts of the French explorer have not resulted in a great deal. When one gets above Grand Falls a country almost as French as parts of Quebec is met with. It is mostly the French Canadian. The Acadian leaves his impression on the north shore; the St. John river country scarcely knows him. But the French missionary did his work among the aborigines thoroughly. No red man along this great waterway failed to hear the teaching of the Christian faith as set forth by the French Catholic missionaries who in early days found their way hundreds of miles up the mighty St. John, as they found their way everywhere, even into the remotest parts of North America.

After the French visitation, came the pre-Loyalist immigration from the New England colonies. The pre-Loyalist was a worthy enough but far from picturesque character. He was something very much like his prototype, the puritan of New England, a good trader, industrious and practical, with a severe and unlovable sort of religion. Unlike the Frenchman, his work as an explorer and settler has had lasting results. Also, unlike the Frenchman, his peculiar type of religion has practically died out, and his successors remember his scrupulous and narrow ideas, in most cases, only to ridicule them.

This article is to deal mainly with that part of the St. John Valley coun-

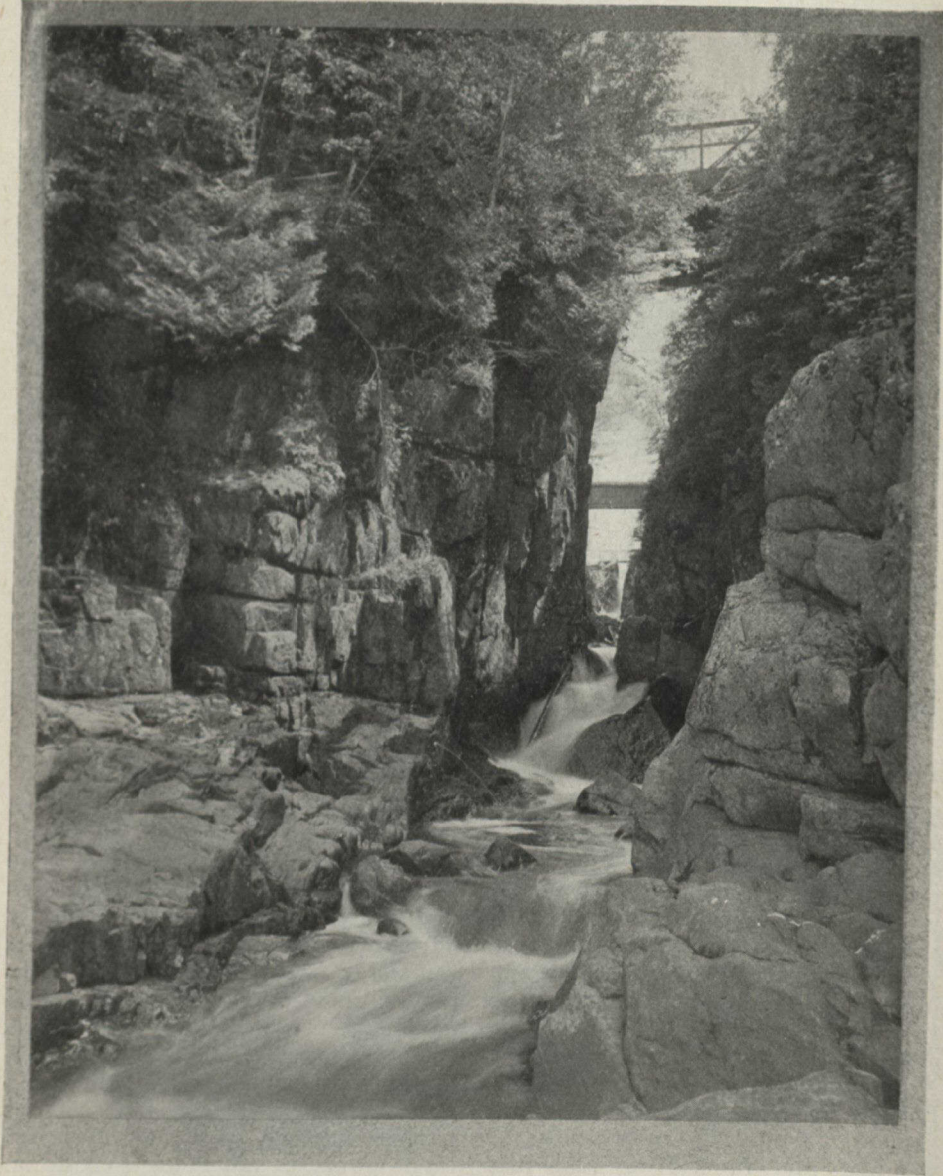


A VIEW OF THE ST. JOHN VALLEY AT MEDUCTIC, NEW BRUNSWICK

try lying between Fredericton, the capital of the Province and Woodstock, the principal town of the upper St. John Valley. And the reason is that particular attention is due this part, from the fact that it was very early settled, and by very prominent Loyalist families, who had made real sacrifices at the time of the declaration of the American republic. Nowadays, it is fashionable to have a Loyalist ancestor, and it is very convenient, particularly on occasions of weddings and funerals, to announce that so-and-so is of Loyalist descent. It was Mark Twain who thought that there must have been about a million passengers on the Mayflower. A good many families claim Loyalist descent whose name appear neither in Sabine nor in the record of those who had their claims adjusted by the commissioners appointed after the migration, and which is now easily accessible. There is no question that the early

settlers along the St. John river from Fredericton to Woodstock were Loyalists, and, most of them were of some account. Another reason for the special mention of this country is that it affords perhaps the only instance in Canada or anywhere else of the richest and most fertile section of a land having been left without railway accommodation for half a century. It is the most amazing and the most glaring object lesson of what cannot be accomplished when legislators set their minds on not doing something. For decades railways have run through the barren parts of New Brunswick. McAdam Junction, the most unfertile and rocky place in the world, has ever since the railways were first projected been the spot which the outsider particularly associates with this Province.

When Confederation was accomplished and the question of the building of the Intercolonial came up, the



POKIAK FALL AND GORGE, ALONG THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

St. John Valley route was proposed. With all due deference to the present route, the valley location was undoubtedly the better. But it was passed by. At that time the people were kept on tenter hooks wondering whether the road would go *via* the St. John river or the north shore, and the

following poetical appeal to a politician of the time, to end the agony of suspense, is worth quoting:

“Come . . . stop you puffing and blowing,
And tell us where the railway’s going”.

A bit later in the history of this fair Dominion, as we all know, the



A VIEW OF THE ST. JOHN VALLEY AT WOODSTOCK, NEW BRUNSWICK

valley route was passed over when the national transcontinental was built through the middle of the Province.

In time the clamour of a long-suffering and considerably befooled people became insistent. Delegations of huge proportions visited alternately Fredericton and Ottawa and promises were exacted from "cornered" politicians on both sides. Anyway, probably much to the surprise of the people, the matter was seriously taken in hand, and four years ago this early summer the first sod of the St. John Valley road was turned at Woodstock by the Honourable J. K. Fleming, Premier of the Province. An excellent road has been built between Centreville, twenty odd miles above Woodstock and Gagetown about the same distance below Fredericton, and a regular train service established between Fredericton and Centreville. In earlier days, before the coming of the

bicycle and its luxurious successor the automobile, nobody saw anything of the land or the scenery between Woodstock and Fredericton excepting those who passed up and down on a steamer, which in good seasons ran about a month or six weeks, or else drove with a horse and carriage. Consequently, the people even in New Brunswick had but the faintest idea of the nature of the country and the fertility of the land along the middle St. John Valley.

There are all the elements to make the country interesting, from an historical, a picturesque or an economic standpoint. Venturesome spirits found their way occasionally up this far on the St. John. We are told of a white boy, John Giles, who was captured by the Indians as far back as in 1689, and was brought up the river to "Medock scenecasis". He describes the mouth of the Medux-

makeag, the river that divides the town of Woodstock in two, and empties rather turbulently to-day into the waters of the mother St. John. Lay Frenchman and the ever zealous Jesuit poked their noses into every possible corner of the river, and upset the serenity and impassibility of the native Indian. The Jesuit, at all times in earnest, if sometimes mistaken in method, did his utmost to convert the aborigine. He left a mark, to be discovered not many years ago, in a stone with a Latin inscription setting forth that the Malicites had erected a church in the year 1717, at Meductie, the first station of consequence going from Woodstock to Fredericton. Near Fredericton, again there was the Indian village of Aukpaque, frequently visited by the churchmen in the early days when French influence alone competed with the sway of the most enlightened of all savage peoples.

As time passes, as interest in the history of this country grows, as here and there some local historian unearths a document, or a letter, more will come to light of the early days when the Frenchman paddled up and down the river. Enough there is already to touch the imagination of the tourist, whose steps are led to spend a holiday along the banks of the St. John river. But, whatever the Frenchman said or did, whether he was a friend or a foe to the Indian, the time comes when he fades away, and the robust and somewhat cranky Loyalist takes his place. And the Loyalist comes to stay and is staying in his descendants at the present time. New Brunswick, more than any other province, is the creation of the Loyalists. All its history practically, saving the shadowy passing of the Frenchman, dates from the Loyalist migration. He is the strong element in the Province, the element that survives and even influences to-day. Historians of the Province later on will tell us of the fight for responsible government—there really was not much

fight to it. The Family Compact men were as fond of free institutions as ever were the Reformers. Only, they had the jobs and they wanted to keep them. Just as a party in power at any time has the jobs and wants to keep them. The early Family Compact men are not the only persons who ever wished their sons and cousins and aunts to have government positions. However, this is an aside. The Loyalists came first to St. John. Then, many of them went up the Kennebecasis and formed the county of Kings. At a probably later period, after founding St. Anne (now Fredericton) they took up lands largely on the western side of the River St. John between the towns of Fredericton and Woodstock.

And many of these settlers had been men of real prominence in the colonies whence they came. Very many had means and valuable property, and to use the colloquism of the day were on "Easy Street". The writer has in his possession a petition of an ancestor, to the British Government for compensation, in which he pathetically sets forth that before the war he was in a position where he did not have to work. But in their new lands they had to work, and to their credit be it said, that they took up the new conditions cheerfully and made the best of them. We hear of Colonel John Saunders, a Virginian gentleman, who had a very large grant about half way between Woodstock and Fredericton and named it "The Barony", no doubt an association of earlier days. The Barony still remains as one of the stations on the new railway. Not far above Fredericton settled Wetmores and Lees and Rainsfords, and one or other of these families gave the name of Kingsclear to his place, and the station of Kingsclear is to be found as you approach Fredericton. More or less prominent in the life of the anti-revolution colonies, these families soon took the leading part in the newly-formed province. A Wetmore became Attorney General, a Rainsford—



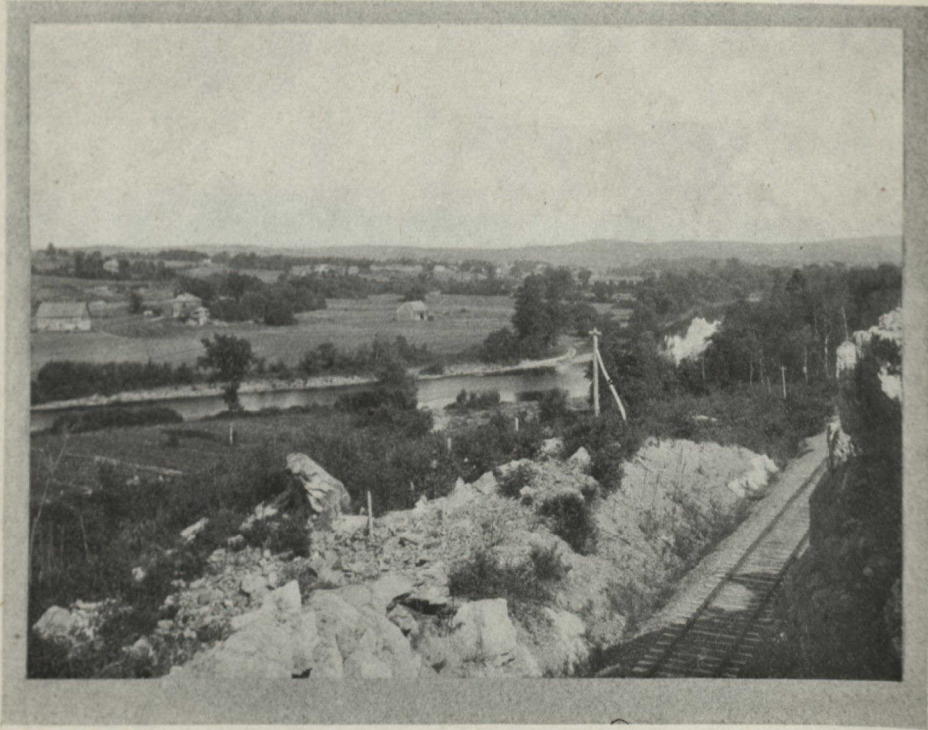
THE ST. JOHN VALLEY AT TEMPLE, NEW BRUNSWICK

always a military family—had a commission in the famous 104th, that first New Brunswick regiment, which made the famous march on snowshoes through the forest to Quebec, at the time of the 1812 war. Captain Rainsford was a leading officer and personally performed many brave deeds, which have been held in remembrance by his descendants, who would willingly admit that other traits of the old gentleman were not altogether above reproach.

These gallant gentlemen brought with them, among other imports, the questionable practice of settling family and other social disputes by duelling. Several duels were fought in and about Fredericton, all but one harmless, as far as to actual bodily injury. One ended fatally, and as may be imagined caused no end of hatred and bitterness in the society life of the capital. Perhaps the most effec-

tual quietus was put to this dangerously playful custom by the unexpected and intrepid action of the good Anglican Bishop Medley. Of a Catholic temperament, amid an Erastian congregation, he amazed all, one Sunday in the early days, by his open excommunication of a participant in a duel who belonged to one of the wealthiest and most influential families in the community. Something of the spirit of a Becket in that old prelate!

In fact the whole river side was to a large extent settled by officers and soldiers who had fought in the regiments composed of loyal Americans raised during the course of the revolutionary war. They were men from Delancey's Brigade, that dashing corps eulogized by Loyalist writers and belittled in patriot records. Men there were of the King's American Dragoons, disbanded officers and sol-



A BRANCH OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

diers of the Prince of Wales American Regiment. Here along the river lands were allotted them according to their rank or value of services, and right energetically did they set to work to cut down the mammoth trees and form homes where they would be safe from the machinations of their arch enemy, the rebellious and victorious George Washington.

Half way between Fredericton and Woodstock was the hospitable roof of Cap Davidson. And this was a favourite stopping-place for the travelers of the older families who had the pleasure of the captain's acquaintance. A valuable record of the early days is contained in the diary of the Reverend F. Dibblee, who was the first Protestant missionary on the middle and upper St. John. He came with the Loyalists when a mere youth, and later made a long trip down by canoe from Woodstock, where he made his

later home, to St. John and thence to Halifax to be ordained by the first bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Inglis. Mr. Dibblee's cure extended from at least half way between Woodstock and Fredericton to Grand Falls, eighty miles above the former place, and the record of his baptisms, marriages and funerals shows the faithful work he did among the early settlers. His remains lie in the church of the little parish just below the town of Woodstock, where are buried many of the early Loyalists.

Thus it will be seen that one of the most important settlements of the Province, both in the nature of the land and in the character of the settlers, was the last to be served with the modern means of transportation, without which the most fertile section can, at the most, mark time. The distance between Fredericton and Woodstock is a little more than sixty

miles. You have the beautiful St. John river in sight all the way up and all the way down. Other railways-run alongside other rivers, but there is generally something of a sameness in the view. Not so along this portion of the St. John, the variety of view is what surprises and delights. Here, you are up on a high piece of ground and the river is winding along below, and in the distance a huge silver snake, cultivated flats and charmingly wooded heights in the farther distance. There, you are running right beside the water, and whether you look up, down, or across you have a view for the landscape painter. It is not enough for the lover of natural scenery to go one way over the road. You get snatches of landscape going up-river and other snatches going down, so that to miss any of it by reading, whether the reader's fancy is to Chesterton's Orthodoxy or *The Sunday American* is equally a sin against good taste. The river is not all there is to see. There are flats beautifully cultivated, islands lying in the river tilled to the full. The very grass and grain seem to grow faster and lift up their heads more proudly since the land has come out of the bondage of isolation. It is a

pity that in original names were not found far more of the stations. Meductic is retained, although in years gone by it nearly succumbed to the impossible "Eel River". But the Indian period is well kept in mind by other names. Pokiok we have still, but perhaps unavoidably there seems no place on the railway map for Shogomoc, while something should be done to revive the name of Aukpaque, the village in early Indian and French days, not far from Fredericton, which rivalled and probably surpassed in importance "Medoctic". No names recalling the French transition appear to be in use. The Loyalist stamped his Prince William on a large parish in York county, and there are many villages and settlements of which he was the unquestioned godfather and which he duly named.

A country with a very respectable past, with a prosperous and comfortable present, rich in tradition and story, rich in soil and wood and waterway, picturesque in scenery, occupied by a people more familiar by a long way with their churches than their law courts, the upper St. John valley country will very soon be the best known and the most extensively visited portion of New Brunswick.



AS OTHERS SAW US

By Lawrence J. Burpee.

THERE is a modest shelf of books in my library for which I have a particular affection. It contains the narratives of travellers who have at one time or another wandered into this remote corner of the world, and made notes in their diaries of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. When, as a Canadian, I feel myself threatened with an attack of "swelled head," I find it an excellent corrective to pull down one of these volumes and read what others have said of us. Sometimes the pill is sugar-coated, but there is generally a more or less bitter tonic underneath, or we may abandon the metaphor and put it in another way. I come to you as a modest showman. I have here an interesting troupe of acrobats, most of them transatlantic, a few from over the border. Let me trot them out for your amusement.

We have three ancient acrobats, known to history as Samuel Champlain, Jacques Cartier, and Marc Lescarbot, but we will excuse them, as their contortions are not much to our present purpose. Suppose we make a beginning with the Baron de Lahontan and Father Hennepin, rivals of that other veracious traveller Baron Munchausen.

Lahontan, in his published *Voyages*, describes an imaginary conversation with a very improbable Huron chief whom he calls Adario. Lahontan professes to defend the character of his fellow countrymen, in Old France as well as New France, while

Adario contrasts the manners and customs of the French with those of the Hurons, much to the damage of the former.

"Lying and slandering your brethren," says Adario, "is a thing that you can as little refrain from as eating and drinking. I never heard four Frenchmen converse together without speaking ill of somebody; and if you knew what I have heard 'em say publicly of the Viceroy, the Intendant, the Jesuits, and of a thousand people that you know, not excepting yourself, you would be convinced that the French are very well versed in defamations. And as to the business of Lying, I affirm it for a truth, that there is not one merchant in this country that will not tell you twenty lies in selling the worth of a beaver's skin in goods; not to mention the lies they invent in order to defame their neighbours."

Remembering that splendid hoax, the Rivière Longue, and all that appertained unto it, we may concede that the Baron de Lahontan knew a lie when he saw it, and perhaps we should take this defamation with a grain of salt.

As to Louis Hennepin, on second thoughts I think we had better tell that over-imaginative traveller to stand aside. Anything that he would have to say about Canadians would at least have to be taken in a Pickwickian sense.

Dollier de Casson has described the city of Montreal and its people as they were in the middle of the

seventeenth century; Charlevoix, Franquet and others describe New France, its manners and customs, in the first half of the succeeding century. But we must hurry on to the narrative of that most entertaining Swedish traveller and botanist, Peter Kalm, who visited Canada in 1749, and has left us a delightfully graphic picture of the country in the last days of the French régime.

He first visited Montreal, and then on the invitation of the Governor-General sailed down the river to Quebec. "As soon," he says, "as the soldiers who were with us saw Quebec they called out that all those who had never been there before should be ducked, if they did not pay something to release themselves." Peter paid up.

Kalm, like a good many other travellers, was more impressed with the splendid situation of Quebec than with the details of the town, the appearance of its streets, and the interior of the houses. "The floors," he writes, "are very dirty in every house and have all the appearance of being cleaned but once every year." Nor was he quite favourably impressed with some of the habits of the *habitants*. "The common people of Canada," he complains, "may be smelled when one passes by, them on account of their frequent use of onions."

Having come up to Canada from New England, he naturally draws a comparison between the people of the two communities. "The civility of the inhabitants here (Quebec) is more refined than that of the Dutch and English in the settlements belonging to Great Britain; but the latter, on the other hand, do not idle their time away in dressing as the French do here. The ladies especially dress and powder their hair every day, and put their locks in paper every night [I wonder how he knows it], which idle custom was introduced in the English settlements. The gentlemen wear generally their own hair, but some have

wigs. People of rank are used to wear laced clothes and all the Crown officers wear swords. All the gentlemen, even those of rank, the Governor-General excepted, when they go into town on a day that looks like rain, carry their cloaks on their left arm. Acquaintances of either sex who have not seen each other for some time, on meeting again, salute with mutual kisses."

Peter Kalm never missed an opportunity of questioning those whom he met, from the Governor-General to the humble *habitant*, as to the life and customs of the country. He describes the form of Government, the priesthood, the different industries, and the home life of the people, but always he comes back to the women of Canada, who seem to have held for him a peculiar fascination.

"What I have mentioned above," he says, "of their dressing their heads too assiduously, is the case with all the ladies throughout Canada. On those days when they pay or receive visits they dress so gaily, that one is almost induced to think their parents possessed the greatest dignities in the state. The Frenchmen, who considered things in their true light, complained very much that a great part of the ladies in Canada had got into the pernicious custom of taking too much care of their dress, and squandering all their fortunes and more upon it, instead of sparing something for future times."

Peter evidently got his information at first hand, for he tells us that one of the first questions which the ladies of Canada propose to a stranger is whether he is married. The next, how he likes the ladies in Canada, and whether he thinks them handsomer than those of his own country; and the third, whether he will take one home with him. Peter does not tell us how he parried these embarrassing questions.

"There are some differences," he says, "between the ladies of Quebec and those of Montreal; those of the

latter place seemed to be generally handsomer than those of the former. Their behaviour likewise seemed to be somewhat too free at Quebec, and of a more becoming modesty at Montreal. The ladies of Quebec, especially the unmarried ones, are not very industrious. A girl of eighteen is reckoned very poorly off if she cannot enumerate at least twenty lovers. These young ladies, especially those of a higher rank, get up at seven, and dress till nine, drinking their coffee at the same time. When they are dressed, they place themselves near a window that opens into the street, take some needlework, and sew a stitch now and then; but turn their eyes into the street most of the time. When a young fellow comes in, whether they are acquainted with him or not, they immediately lay aside their work, sit down by him, and begin to chat, laugh, joke, and invent *double-entendres*; and this is reckoned very witty. In this manner they frequently pass the whole day, leaving their mothers to do all the business in the house. In Montreal the girls are not quite so volatile, but more industrious."

If Kalm had only let it rest there he would have earned the approval of the latter, but the irrepressible old gossip must go on to say:

"The girls of Montreal are very much displeased that those at Quebec get husbands sooner than they," and he explains this incredible statement by asserting that the eligible young men from France have to land at Quebec when they reach Canada, and that that is the end of them, so far as the girls of Montreal are concerned.

We learn from the Swedish naturalist that "the ladies and the men of distinction of Montreal wear fans made of the tails of wild turkeys when they walk in the streets during the intenseness of the heat". He also tells us that "the men upon the whole are more fond of dressing than the women," and that they "con-

stantly carry their looking-glasses with them on all their journeys," but it is only fair to add that he is now speaking of red Canadians, not white Canadians.

To offset all this frivolity, let me not omit the following details, which will appeal to the heart of the modern householder: A pound of butter cost eight or ten sols in Montreal (the sol, according to Kalm, being about equivalent to a New England penny), a dozen eggs sold for five sols, which was considered exorbitant, as they had previously sold for three sols; a chicken sold for ten sols, a turkey for twenty. A common labouring man got thirty or forty sols a day, and Kalm explains that the "scarcity of labouring people occasions the wages being so high". Finally, a maidservant who was faithful and diligent got one hundred livres *a year*, or a little more than the modern maidservant gets a month.

It is time, however, that we move forward to the period of English rule in Canada. One of the earliest travellers who has left an account of his visit to Canada in the latter half of the eighteenth century is Isaac Weld, who published a narrative of his journey through the United States and Canada in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797. Weld at least conceived a high opinion of the hospitality of the people of Montreal, English as well as French. "They are," he says, "remarkably hospitable and attentive to strangers; they are sociable also amongst themselves, and fond in the extreme of convivial amusements. In winter they keep up such a constant and friendly intercourse with each other that it seems then as if the town were inhabited by but one large family."

Of the *habitants* he says: "Some of the lower classes of the French Canadians have all the gaiety and vivacity of the people of France; they dance, they sing, and seem determined not to give way to care; others, to appearance, have a great deal of that

sullenness and bluntness in their manners characteristics of the people of the United States; vanity, however is the ascendant feature in the character of all of them, and by working upon that you may make them do what you please. Few of the men can read or write; the little learning there is among the inhabitants is confined to the women; a Canadian never makes a bargain, or takes any step of importance, without consulting his wife, whose opinion is generally abided by."

Like a good many other travellers, Weld was struck with the fondness of the French Canadian for his native tobacco. "A French Canadian," he says, "is scarcely ever without a pipe in his mouth, whether working with the oar or plough; whether on foot or on horseback; indeed, so much addicted are the people to smoking that by the burning of the tobacco in their pipes they commonly ascertain the distance from one place to another. Such a place they say is three pipes off; that is, it is so far off that you may smoke three pipefuls of tobacco whilst you go thither. A pipe, in the most general acceptation of the word, seems to be about three-quarters of an English mile."

From Montreal Weld travelled up the St. Lawrence to Kingston, through the Thousand Islands, the scenery of which he describes as "beautiful in the highest degree". He tells us that it took seven days to travel from Montreal to Kingston. Kingston then consisted of about one hundred houses, and was increasing rapidly in size.

He gives us the interesting information that the naval officers in Lake Ontario, if their vessels were not otherwise engaged, were allowed to carry cargoes of merchandise from one port to another, the freight of which was their perquisite. They also carried passengers across the lake at an established price.

It is a little difficult to realize that in Weld's day the little town of New-

ark or Niagara was the political centre of Upper Canada. On arriving there by boat he exchanged his travelling clothes "for such as it was proper to appear in at the capital of Upper Canada, and at the centre of the *beau monde* of the province." Weld was astonished at the rapid growth of Niagara, and evidently saw for it a great future. "So sudden," he says, "and so great has the influx of people into the town of Niagara and its vicinity been that town lots, horses, provisions, and every necessary of life have risen within the last three years nearly fifty per cent. in value."

Of Toronto, on the other hand, Weld has little or nothing to say, beyond noting with some surprise the projected change of the capital from such a convenient place as Niagara to York. However, he adds, "A new city to have been named London was to have been built on the river formerly called La Trenche, but since called the Thames, and here the seat of Government was ultimately to have been fixed". Is it not somewhat disconcerting to some of us to have London thus spoken of as merely a town that might have been?

Just one further note from Isaac Weld's travels. Before leaving Canada and crossing over into the United States, he mentions the project of a canal to connect Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, but thinks it probable that when the canal is built it will be on the American side, "The State of New York being far better able to advance the large sums of money that would be requisite than the Province of Upper Canada either is at present, or appears likely to be."

About the same time that Weld was travelling west through Canada, an eminent French traveller, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, was journeying east. Like Weld, he did not think Toronto worth a personal visit, and what he got on hearsay was of a rather libellous nature. "There have not been," he says, "more than twelve

houses hitherto built in York. They stand on the bay near the river Don. The inhabitants do not possess the fairest character. One of them is the noted Baty, the leader of the German families, who, according to the assertion of Captain Williamson, was decoyed away by the English. In a circumference of 150 miles the Indians are the only neighbours of York."

That reminds me—and I hope you will not misinterpret the quotation—that Jonathan Carver, who travelled through a portion of what is now Canada in 1767, says, "On the north-west part of this lake (Ontario) is a tribe of Indians called Mississaugas, whose town is denominated Toronto."

Rochefoucault spent a few days in Newark, and compares it with Kingston, to the disadvantage of the latter. Toronto, of course, did not enter into the comparison at all.

His comment on news and newspapers in Upper Canada makes interesting reading at the present day: "The taste for news," he says, "is not by far so prevalent in Upper Canada as in the United States. Only one newspaper is printed in Newark; and, but for the support granted by the Government, not the fourth part of the expense of the proprietor would be refunded by the sale of his papers. It is a short abstract of the newspapers of New York and Albany, accommodated to the principles of the Government, with an epitome of the *Quebec Gazette*. In the front and back of the paper are advertisements. It is a weekly paper, but very few copies are sent to Fort Erie and Detroit. The newspaper press also serves for printing the acts of the Legislature, and the notices and orders issued by the Governor; and this is its principal use."

Rochefoucault, for political reasons, was refused permission by Lord Dorchester to visit Lower Canada, and therefore what he has to say about conditions in that Province was all obtained at second hand. He notes for one thing that the only pub-

lic library then existing in Canada was in the city of Quebec, and this, he says, was small, and consisted mostly of French books. "No literary society exists in Canada, and not two men are known in the whole country to be engaged in scientific pursuits from love of the sciences. Excepting the *Quebec Almanac*, not a single book is printed in Canada."

It is interesting to compare the prices of provisions in Lower Canada in 1795 or 1796, as given by Rochefoucault, with the prices mentioned by Peter Kalm as prevalent in 1749. Rochefoucault says the price of beef was four sous a pound, mutton six, veal five, and salt pork eight to twelve. A turkey cost from eighteen pence to two shillings, a fowl six to eight sous, wheat six to seven shillings a bushel, oats three, Indian corn five to seven, salt one dollar a bushel, bread two sous a pound, and butter eight. Day labourers, he adds, generally earned in the summer two shillings and sixpence a day, women half that money; in winter the wages of the former were one shilling and three pence a day, and the latter were paid in the same proportion. A man servant got five dollars a month. The rent for a good convenient house amounted in Quebec to \$130 a year, and in Montreal to \$150.

The opening of the nineteenth century brought an ever-increasing tide of visitors to Canada, and many of these embodied the results of their more or less entertaining, and more or less authentic, observations of Canadian life and character, in book form. Of those whose visits fell within the first quarter of the nineteenth century one may mention Maude, who came here in 1800; Heriot, 1807; Lambert, about the same time; Hall, 1816; Sansom, 1817; Talbot, 1818; Silliman, 1819; and Howison, 1822. As there are still several later visitors clamouring for a hearing, it will not be possible to give these early Victorian travellers more than a few words in each case.

One would almost think that these visitors to Upper Canada had entered into a malicious conspiracy to defame, or, what is almost worse, to ignore, the Queen City of the West. You will hardly credit it, but John Maude's only contribution to our knowledge of life in Toronto in 1800 is a sea-serpent story. He is writing from Newark. "A boat," he says, "that had sailed from York, the present seat of Government, unexpectedly returned again; the people on board relating with great terror their having seen a great Snake [Snake with a capital] at least thirty feet long, which from its rearing its head and fore-part of its body out of the water, they conjectured meant to attack them. All this they deposed on oath before a magistrate. The Indians present, who have always a corroborating story ready (and who probably came from Hamilton), asserted that their people had seen three such Snakes, and had killed two."

Travelling down the lake, Mr. Maude tells us that he "admires the situation, but not the town of Kingston". Montreal fares little better at his hands than Toronto. It is chiefly memorable because of a dinner at the hotel as the guest of Alexander McKenzie, "known here by the name of *Nor'west McKenzie*".

This tantalizing traveller tells us nothing of the dinner, except that it was a good one, and that Mr. McKenzie had no less than thirty of his friends at table. When one thinks what John Maude might have recorded in his journal, of the conversation and fur-trade yarns that must have circulated about this dinner-table, one would like to shake him.

One glimpse he gives us, in the course of a visit to a French Canadian village, which to some extent compensates for his neglect of other opportunities. "Upon this expedition," he says, "I had been obliged to brush up my old French as interpreter to the party. I had hitherto

been content to merely proclaim our wants; but seeing at this early hour a young girl standing before a bit of broken glass in a lindsey-woolsey petticoat and without gown, most assiduously decorating her hair with powder, pomatum and ribands, I asked her if those were not her bridal ornaments?"

"Alas! (said the mother) she is indeed going to be married! She is too young; she is scarcely sixteen; we want her to wait a year or two, but young girls think it is a fine thing, this matrimony! Neither this mournful speech, nor our presence, could for a moment withdraw the damsel's attention from the decoration of her head; but the entrance of a young clown had a very different effect, as, without ceremony, he went up and saluted her at her *toilette*. The youth appeared to have made no alteration in his usual dress; hers was confined to her *coiffure*; for, without putting on a gown, she immediately accompanied him to the door, and, after kissing her mother, drove off in a calash to church." There we must leave her.

From John Lambert, who visited Canada half a dozen years after Maude, we learn, or at any rate we are told, that Canada in the early days "presented but few attractions to the stranger," and that "its dreary and uncomfortable wilds, its bleak and lofty mountains covered one half the year with snow, repulsed rather than invited those who visited it". After such an opening, we are not surprised to hear that the "French Canadians are an inoffensive, quiet people, possessed of little industry and less ambition. Yet from the love of gain, mere vanity, or that restlessness which indolence frequently occasions, they will undergo the greatest hardships. Their parsimonious frugality is visible in their habitations, their dress, and their meals; and had they been as industrious and enterprising as they have been frugal and saving, they would have been the

richest peasantry in the world." I wonder what Mr. Bourassa would think of that?

Lambert tells a story of a traveller in Lower Canada who carried his provisions with him, and on arriving at a primitive inn handed a parcel to the mistress of the house and requested her to make him some tea. He waited patiently for some time, but at last the landlady arrived from the kitchen. "How shall I describe his astonishment," exclaims Lambert, "when he beheld the whole pound of tea nicely boiled, and spread out on a dish, with a lump of butter in the middle. The good woman had boiled it all in the *chauderon*, and was placing it on the table as a fine dish of greens to accompany the gentleman's cold beef."

Lambert tells his readers that Canadians are not blessed with good complexions; that the women use beet-root as an inexpensive substitute for rouge; and, he adds, "even the men are sometimes vain enough to beautify their cheeks with that vegetable". He also mentions that the education of our forefathers was "slight and superficial," and that "Canadian women were not celebrated for their domestic knowledge," that they found it difficult to procure good servants, that the houses were badly ventilated and heated almost beyond endurance; that there were only one or two bookstores in the country, and that these contained nothing much but school-books and a few old histories. He refers to the public library at Quebec, and exclaims disgustedly, "Novels are the only books which seem to have any charms for the modern fair sex, and it is of little consequence in the opinion of many how they are written or what they contain". Can this have been written more than a century ago?

We cannot take leave of Lambert without mentioning the series of inimitable coloured illustrations, reproduced from his own drawings—illustrations that more than compensate

for any amount of criticism. One of them represents an army officer in Canada, with an immense fur tippet gracefully wound around his neck and hanging down to his knees. "I should not," says Lambert, "be surprised if those delicate young soldiers were to introduce mufflers. They were in general use among the men under the French Government, and are still worn by two or three old gentlemen."

One sentence must suffice from George Heriot's *Travels*: "The habitants," he says, "are honest, hospitable, religious, inoffensive, uninformed, possessing much simplicity, modesty, and civility." Not, on the whole, a bad character to give any similar population.

Francis Hall, of the Light Dragoons, stole away from his arduous military duties to take a peep at us in 1816. His point of view may be gathered from the following comment on social life in Montreal: "The fur-traders, or North-westerners as they are familiarly termed, take the lead in society, for they give the best dinners. I met with nothing in the town which could be called remarkable," he says, "except a pathetic address to a runaway wife from her disconsolate husband, written on a window-pane where I lodged."

He draws an indignant picture of "England contending for and expending her best blood and treasure in defence of a country one-half of which is little better than a barren waste of snows, and the other a wild forest scarcely intersected by a thread of population".

Finally, Hall made his way to Upper Canada, and I hardly dare to let him tell you what he thought of Toronto: "York, being the seat of Government for the Upper Province," he says, "is a place of considerable importance—in the eyes of its inhabitants; to a stranger, however, it presents little more than about one hundred wooden houses, several of them conveniently and even elegantly built,

and I think one, or perhaps two, of brick. The public buildings were destroyed by the Americans; but as no ruins of them are visible, we must conclude either that the destruction exceeded the desolation of Jerusalem, or that the loss to the arts is not quite irreparable. I believe they did not leave one stone upon another, for they did not find one. Before the city, a long flat tongue of land runs into the lake, called Gibraltar Point, probably from being very *unlike* Gibraltar. York, wholly useless, either as a port, or military post, would sink into a village, and the seat of government be transferred to Kingston, but for the influence of those whose property in the place would be depreciated by the change." Now, how did poor muddy little York manage to survive the damnation of Lieutenant Hall?

Is there any reader from Ancaster? If so, let him sit up and listen to Lieutenant Hall. "Ancaster," he says, "has a smiling aspect. Its site is picturesquely grand, and the neighbourhood thickly spread with improving farms. Ancaster merits to be the metropolis of Upper Canada."

We now introduce to your favourable notice a couple of American travellers, Joseph Sansom, apparently of Philadelphia, who visited Canada in 1817, and Dr. Benjamin Silliman, of Yale, who came over the border in 1819, for the "gratification of a reasonable curiosity," and let us hope that his curiosity was reasonably gratified.

Sansom took a hasty dinner at Montreal, glanced at the public buildings, and incontinently fled down the river to Quebec. After demonstrating to his own satisfaction that Montgomery would have captured the town, if it had not been for a trifling oversight on the part of Benedict Arnold, Sansom landed in the lower town, which he describes in language which must have taxed even his generous vocabulary. "It is," he says, "a dismal congeries of the most wretched

buildings, rising, in darkness visible, amidst every kind of filth, between the rock and the river. I quitted the narrow confines with the alacrity of a fugitive escaping from the confinement of a prison (though here, in dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content) by a long flight of steps, ending in slope after slope, down which trickles perpetually the superfluous moisture of the upper town, the streets of which, in wet weather, are rinsed over the heads of the luckless passenger by those projecting spouts which are so common in the antiquated towns of Germany." Having at last reached the upper town, Sansom takes a somewhat more cheerful view of things, but it is well that we should hurry him off to Upper Canada before he has another fit of language. He never actually got there, but his philosophical comment on the country and its inevitable destiny is worthy of our most serious consideration.

"Canada," he says, "fattens on the wealth of Britain, and the most refined policy would dictate to the United States to leave the unprofitable possession to burn a hole in the pockets of its possessor. As for Upper Canada, it is, in fact, an American settlement—the surplus population of the State of New York; and it will sooner or later fall into our hands by the operation of natural causes, silent but sure; or if we should become too wise to extend our unlimited territory, a powerful colony of American blood must in time become an independent nation, and will naturally be to us an amicable neighbour." So much for Sansom.

Dr. Silliman is a different type of visitor. He is charmed with the situation, the solidity, and even the air of antiquity of Montreal. "We easily feel," he says, "that we are a great way from home." The comfort, cleanliness, and quiet effectiveness of the service in the hotel where he spent the night were all that could be desired. Nothing, however, more strik-

ingly illustrates the difference in mental attitudes than a comparison of Silliman's description of the lower town in Quebec with the jaundiced picture drawn by Sanson. "As we passed along the streets of the lower town," says Silliman, "I could well have thought that we were in Wapping of London. A swarming population among whom sailors were conspicuous; the cheering heigho! of the latter, working in the ships; the various merchandise crowded into view in front of the shops and warehouses; the narrow, compact streets, absolutely full of buildings; the rattling of innumerable carts and drays, and all the jargon of discordant voices and languages, would scarcely permit us to believe that we were arrived in a remote corner of the civilized world." The only thing he found to criticize in Canada was the bread, which he says was generally sour, dark-coloured, and bitter.

John Howison, of the East India Company, adds nothing of moment to our gallery of pictures, beyond a characteristically Oriental description of the Thousand Islands, the scene reminding him of the Happy Islands in the Vision of Mirzah. By the way, I had almost forgotten to mention that he found "nothing the least interesting or remarkable" in Kingston; but pauses to wonder why the seat of government had not been removed there from York, the former, "although not altogether unexceptionable, having from its position and resources many more claims to this distinction than York".

Time will not permit us to linger with Talbot, except to note in passing that he praised unreservedly the comfort of the river steamers plying between Quebec and Montreal; that he refers to the Bank of Montreal, in a patronizing way, as that "infant concern," and solemnly condemns the "grossness of manners and semi-barbarism" of Canadians.

Later visitors—McGregor in 1833, Theller in 1837, Arfwedson in 1834,

Brown in 1840, Walker in 1839, Kohl in 1856, Trollope in 1861, and Berry in 1878—must also for the most part be brushed unceremoniously aside. Kohl was not at all properly impressed with the dignity of Bytown; but praises the "vast and solid quays of freestone" at Montreal, "for the like of which London itself sighs in vain". Trollope mentions, with dubious appreciation, the plank walks of Quebec. "I should say," he remarks, "that the planks are first used at Toronto, then sent down to Montreal, and when all but rotted out there, are again floated off to be used in the thoroughfares of the old French capital." His comment on Montreal is brief and pithy: "Over and beyond Sir William Logan, there is at Montreal for strangers the drive around the mountain, not very exciting, and there is the tubular bridge." His final fling is at Sherbrooke: "I have said," he remarks, "that the Canadians hereabouts are somewhat slow. As we were driving back to Sherbrooke it became necessary that we should rest for an hour or so in the middle of the day, and for this purpose we stopped at a village inn. It was a large house, in which there appeared to be three public sitting-rooms of ample size, one of which was occupied as a bar. In this there were congregated some six or seven men, seated in arm-chairs round a stove, and among them I placed myself. No one spoke a word either to me or to anyone else. No one smoked, and no one read, nor did they even whittle sticks. I asked a question, first of one and then of another, and was answered with monosyllables. So I gave up any hope in that direction, and sat staring at the big stove in the middle of the room, as the others did. Presently another stranger entered, having arrived in a wagon as I had done. He entered the room and sat down, addressing no one, and addressed by no one. After a while, however, he spoke. 'Will there be any chance of dinner here?' he said. 'I guess there'll be

dinner by-and-by,' answered the landlord; and then there was silence for another ten minutes, during which the stranger stared at the stove. 'Is that dinner any way ready?' he asked again. "I guess it is," said the landlord. And then the stranger went out to see after his dinner himself. When we started, at the end of an hour, nobody said anything to us. The driver 'hitched' on the horses, as they call it, and we started on our way, having been charged nothing for our accommodation. That some profit arose from the horse provener is to be hoped."

In justice to Trollope, one must not overlook his fine tribute to the splendid site and architecture of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and to that noble piece of Norman, the University building in Toronto. "The university," he says, "will take rank after, but next to, the buildings at Ottawa. It will be the second piece of noble architecture of Canada, and, as far as I know, on the American continent." Some of us will be inclined to think that Trollope's judgment still holds good.

A word or two from Dr. Walter's "Trifles from My Portfolio" may be regarded as a wholesome corrective. "They showed us," he says, "Chrysler's Farm, a scene of some bloodshed in the late war; and our guide appeared to suppose that this slight affair was as well known to Fame as Marathon or Waterloo."

I wonder if there may not be some truth in the comparison which James B. Brown draws, in his "Views of Canada," between the courtesy and real politeness of French Canadians of all ranks, and the comparative absence of these qualities among English-speaking Canadians; as well as in his shrewd guess that the somewhat patronizing attitude of the latter toward the former, whom they find lacking in certain hardier qualities, has done much to "widen the breach which customs, laws, and language naturally placed between the races".

From Berry there is space for only one morsel of wisdom (or folly, as the case may be). He visited Ottawa about July, 1878, and informs his readers that the chief industries of the capital are heat, politics, and most infamous lucifer matches. O Shade of Eddy, listen to that!

From Lady Monck we get no balm for our wounded feelings. "We were much disgusted," she writes, in 1864, "with the squalid look of Ottawa . . . the streets were so rough, like dirt roads . . . looks as if it was at 't'other end of nowhere' . . . the hotel clean but third-rate, and the food looked and tasted uncivilized."

I am not sure that we can legitimately count Susanna Moodie among our visitors from over the water, but after all when she wrote "Roughing it in the Bush" (1832), and even "Life in the Clearings" (1840), she was studying Canadian life and character from the point of view of an Old Country woman. In any event, one would not wish to overlook her shrewd comments, often severe but never unkindly, on the manners and customs of our forefathers in Upper Canada. Some of her criticism has no very direct application to present conditions; but a good deal of it we may still take to heart—if we have reached a sufficiently humble mood.

Mrs. Moodie is a born story-teller, and she is hardly within sight of Quebec before she has some of her fellow-passengers commenting on the falls of Montmorency:

"It may be a' vera fine," says one, "but it looks na' better to my thinkin' than hanks o' white woo' hung out o'er the bushes."

"Weel," cries another, "thae fa's are just bonnie; 'tis a brow land nae doubt, but no' just so brow as auld Scotland."

"Hoot, mon! hauld your clavers," said a third, "We shall a' be lairds here, and ye maun wait a muckle time before thae wad think aucht of you at hame."

I do not think we have had any light on Belleville from earlier visitors, but here is Susanna Moodie on the market-place at Belleville:

"It is curious to watch the traits of character exhibited in buyer and seller. Both exceed the bounds of truth and honesty. The one, in his eagerness to sell his goods, bestowing upon them the most unqualified praise; the other depreciating them below their real value, in order to obtain them at an unreasonably low price.

"'Fine beef, ma'am,' exclaims an anxious butcher, watching with the eye of a hawk a respectable citizen's wife as she paces slowly and irresolutely in front of his stall, where he has hung for sale the side of an ox, neither the youngest nor fattest. 'Fine, grass-fed beef, ma'am—none better to be had in the district. What shall I send you home—sirloin, ribs, a tender steak?

"'It would be a difficult matter to do that,' responds the good wife, with some asperity in look and tone. 'It looks hard and old; some lean cow you have killed, to save her from dying of consumption.'

"'No danger of the fat setting fire to the lum,' suggests a rival in the trade. 'Here's a fine veal, ma'am, fatted upon the milk of two cows.'

"'Looks,' says the comely dame, passing on to the next stall, 'as if it had been starved on the milk of one.'

When Mrs. Moodie discusses the women of Upper Canada, one feels that she must be on familiar ground, and whatever she says must be accepted unreservedly, for it is, of course, a well-known fact that one woman never misjudges another.

"Among the women," she says, "a love of dress exceeds all other passions. . . . Could Raphael visit Canada in rags, he would be nothing in their eyes beyond a common sign painter. . . . The Canadian women, while they retain the bloom and freshness of youth, are exceedingly pretty, but these charms soon fade.

. . . The early age at which they marry, and are introduced into society, takes from them all awkwardness and restraint. A girl of fourteen can enter a crowded ballroom with as much self-possession as a matron of forty. . . . I have hardly ever seen a really plain Canadian girl in her 'teens, and a downright ugly one is almost unknown. . . . The Canadian lady dresses well and tastefully and carries herself easily and gracefully."

I suppose we all knew that our grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, were politely supposed to be "delicate," but how, or why, has remained a mystery to most of us. Mrs. Moodie does not throw much light on the why, but she gives us some idea of the how. "This term *delicate*," she says, "is a favourite one with young ladies here, but its general application would lead you to imagine it another term for *laziness*. It is quite fashionable to be *delicate*, but horribly vulgar to be considered capable of enjoying such a useless blessing as good health. I knew a lady who, when I first came to the colony, had her children daily washed in water almost hot enough to scald a pig. On being asked why she did so, as it was not only an unhealthy practice, but would rob the little girls of their fine colour, she exclaimed, 'Oh, that is just what I do it for. I want them to look *delicate*. They have such red faces, and are as coarse and healthy as country girls.'" Poor little beggars!

Mrs. Moodie's pictures of family life in Upper Canada are somewhat bewildering. She pats us on the shoulder with one hand and boxes our ears with the other. "The harmony," she says, "that reigns among the members of a Canadian family is truly delightful. They are not a quarrelsome people in their own homes. No contradicting or disputing or hateful rivalry is to be seen between Canadian brothers and sisters. They cling together through good and ill report, like the bundle

of sticks in the fable; and I have very seldom found a real Canadian ashamed of owning a poor relation. This to me is a beautiful feature in the Canadian character."

Kind of her say so—but wait, here comes the slap!

"The simplicity, the fond, confiding faith of childhood, is unknown in Canada. There are no children here. The boy is a miniature man—knowing, keen, and wide awake; as able to drive a bargain and take an advantage of his juvenile companion as the grown-up, world-hardened man. The girl, a gossiping flirt, full of vanity and affectation, with a premature love of finery, and an acute perception of the advantages to be derived from wealth and from keeping up a certain appearance in the world. . . .

"Age, in Canada, is seldom honoured. You would imagine it almost a crime for anyone to grow old—with such slighting, cold indifference are the aged treated by the young and strong. It is not unusual to hear a lad speak of his father as the 'old fellow,' the 'old boy,' and to address a gray-haired man in this disrespectful and familiar manner. This may not be apparent to the natives themselves, but it never fails to strike every stranger that visits the colony."

Now a word or two for the men. "Men in Canada," says Mrs. Moodie, "may call one another rogues and mis-

creants, in the most approved Billingsgate, through the medium of the newspapers, which are a sort of safety-valve to let off all the bad feelings and malignant passions floating through the country, without any dread of the horsewhip. Hence it is the commonest thing in the world to hear one editor abusing, like a pick-pocket, an opposition brother; calling him *a reptile, a crawling thing, a calumniator, a hired vendor of lies*".

Nevertheless, Mrs. Moodie had on the whole a warm spot in her heart for the people of Upper Canada. "They are naturally a fine people," she says, "and possess capabilities and talents, which, when improved by cultivation, will render them second to no people in the world, and that period is not far distant."

Finally, let us bask in the warmth of her praise of Toronto, in grateful contrast to the cold malignity of earlier travellers. "There is," says Mrs. Moodie, "a fresh, growing, healthy vitality about this place that cannot fail to impress a stranger very forcibly the first time he enters it. He feels instinctively that he sees before him the strong throbbing heart of this gigantic young country, and that every powerful vibration from this ever-increasing centre of wealth and civilization infuses life and vigour through the whole length and breadth of the province."



FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

II.—THE RATION PARTY

A RIFLEMAN lay snoring in the soft slush on the floor of the trench, his arms doubled under him, his legs curved up so that the knees touched the man's jaw. As I touched him he shuffled a little, turned on his side, seeking a more comfortable position in the mud, and fell asleep again. A light glowed in the dug-out and someone in there was singing in a low voice a melancholy rag-time song. No doubt a fire was now lit in the corner near the wall, my sleeping place, and Bill Teake was there preparing a mess-tin of tea.

The hour was twilight, the hour of early stars and early starshells, of dreams and fancies and longings for home. It is then that all objects take on strange shapes, when every jutting traverse becomes alive with queer forms, the stiff sandbag becomes a gnome, the old dug-out, leaning wearily on its props, an ancient crone, spirits lurk in every nook and corner of shadows; the sleep-heavy eyes of weary men see strange visions in the dark alleys of war. I entered the dug-out. A little candle in a winding sheet flared dimly in a niche which I had cut in the wall a few days earlier. Pryor was sitting on the floor, his hands clasped round his knees, and he was looking into infinite distances. Bill Teake was there, smok-

ing a cigarette, and humming his rag-time tune. Two other soldiers were there, lying on the floor, and probably asleep. One was covered with a blanket, but his face was bare, a sallowness with a blue, pinched nose, a weak, hairy jaw, and an open mouth that gaped at the rafters. The other man lay at his feet, breathing heavily. No fire was lit as yet.

"No rations have arrived?" I asked.

"No blurry rations," said Bill. "Never no rations now, nothink now at all. I 'ad a loaf yesterday, and I left it in my pack in the trench, and when I came to look for't, it was gone."

"Who took it?" I asked.

"Ask me another!" said Bill with crushing irony. "'Oo ate the first bloater? Wot was the size of my great-grandmuvver's boots when she was twenty-one? But 'oo pinched my loaf! And men in this crush that would pinch a dead mouse from a blind kitten? Yer do ask some questions, Pat!"

"Bill and I were having a discussion a moment ago," said Pryor, interrupting. "Bill maintains that the army is not an honourable institution and that no man should join it. If he knew as much as he knows now he would never have come into it. I was saying that—"

"Oh, you were talkin' through yer

'at, that's wot you were," said Bill. "The harmy a place of honour indeed! 'Oo wants to joint it now? Nobody as far as I can see. The married men say to the single men, 'You go and fight, you slackers! We'll stay at 'ome; we 'ave our old women to keep!' Sayin' that, the swine!" said Bill, angrily. "Them thinkin' that the single men 'ave nothin' to do but to go out and fight for other men's wives. Blimey! that ain't 'arf cheek!"

"That doesn't alter the fact that our cause is just," said Pryor. "The Lord God of Hosts is with us yet, and the Church says that all men should fight—except clergymen."

"And why shouldn't them parsons fight?" asked Bill. "They say, 'Go and God bless you' to us, and then they won't fight themselves. It's against the laws of God, they say. If we 'ad all the clergymen, all the M.P.'s, the Kaiser and Crown Prince, Krupp and Von Kluck, and all these 'ere blokes wot tell us to fight, in these 'ere trenches for a week, the war would come to an end very sudden."

Pryor rose and tried to light a fire. Wood was very scarce, the paper was wet and refused to burn.

"No fire to-night," said Bill in a despondent voice. "Two pieces of wood on a brazier is no go; they look like two cross-bones on a 'earse."

"Are rations coming up to-night?" I asked. The ration wagon had been blown to pieces on the road the night before and we were very hungry now.

"I suppose our grub will get lost this night again," said Bill. "It's always the way. I wish I was shot like that bloke there."

"Where?" I asked.

"There," answered Bill, pointing at the man with the blue and pinched face who lay in the corner. "'E's gone west."

"No," I said. "He's asleep!"

"'E'll not get up at revelly, 'im," said Bill. "'E's out of the doin's for good. 'E got wounded at the door, and we took 'im in. 'E died . . ."

I approached the prostrate figure, examined him, and found that Bill spoke the truth.

"A party has gone down to Loos for rations," said Pryor, lighting a cigarette and puffing the smoke up towards the roof.

"They'll be back by eleven, I hope. That's if they're not blown to pieces. A lot of men got hit coming down last night, and then there was no grub when they got the dumping ground. "This man," I said, pointing to the snoring figure on the ground. "He is all right?"

"Dead beat only," said Pryor; "but otherwise safe. I am going to have a kip now if I can."

So saying he bunched up against the wall, leant his elbow on the brazier that refused to burn, and in a few seconds he was fast asleep. Bill and I lay down together, keeping as far away as we could from the dead man, and did our best to snatch a few minutes.

We nestled close to the muddy floor across which the shadows of the beams and sand-bags crept in ghostly play. Now the shadows bunched into heaps, again they broke free, lacing and interlacing as the lonely candle flared from its niche in the wall.

The air light and rustling was full of the scent of wood smoke from a fire ablaze round the traverse, of the smell of mice, and the soft sounds and noises of little creeping things.

Shells travelling high in air passed over our dug-out; the Germans were shelling the Loos road and the wagons that were coming along there. Probably that one just gone over had hit the ration wagon. The light of the candle had failed and died; the night full of depth and whispering warmth swept into the dug-out, cloaked the sleeping and the dead, and settled, black and ghostly in the corners. I fell asleep.

Bill tugging at my tunic awoke me from a horrible nightmare. In my sleep I had gone with the dead man from the hut out into the open. He

walked with me, the dead man, who knew that he was dead. I tried to prove to him that it was not quite the right and proper thing to do, to walk when life had left the body. But he paid not a sign of heed to my declamation. In the open space between our line and that of the Germans the dead man halted and told me to dig a grave for him there. A shovel came into my hand by some strange means, and I set to work with haste; if the Germans saw me there they would start to shell me. The sooner I got the job done the better.

"Deep?" I asked the man when I had laboured for a space. There was no answer. I looked up at the place where he stood to find the man gone. On the ground was a short white stump of bone. This I was burying when Bill shook me.

"Rations 'ave come, Pat," he said.

"What's the time now?" I asked, getting to my feet and looking round. A fresh candle had been lit; the dead man still lay in the corner, but Pryor was asleep in the blanket.

"About midnight," said my mate, "or maybe a bit past. Yer didn't arf 'ave a kip."

"I was dreaming," I said. "Thought I was burying a man between the German lines."

"You'll soon be buryin' a man or two," said Bill.

"Who are to be buried?" I asked.

"The ration party."

"What!"

"The men copped it comin' up 'ere," said Bill. "Three of 'em were wiped out complete. The others escaped. I went out with Jones and O'Meara and collared the grub. I'm just going to light a fire now."

"I'll help you," I said, and began to cut a fresh supply of wood which had come from nowhere in particular with my clasp knife.

A fire was soon burning merrily, a mess-tin of water was singing, and Bill had a few slices of bacon on the mess-tin lid ready to go on the brazier when the tea came off.

"This is what I call comfy," he said. "Gawd, I'm not arf 'ungry. I could ate an 'oss."

I took off the tea, Bill put the lid over the flames, and in a moment the bacon was sizzling.

"Where's the bread, Bill?" I asked.

"In that there sandbag," said my mate, pointing to the bag beside the door.

I opened the bag and brought out the loaf. It felt very moist. I looked at it and saw that it was coloured dark red.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Wot?" queried Bill, kicking Pryor to waken him.

"This bread has a queer colour," I said. "See it, Pryor?"

Pryor gazed at it with heavy eyes.

"It's red," he muttered.

"It's colour is red," I said.

"Red," said Bill. "Well, we're damned 'ungry now any'ow. I'd ate it if it was covered with rat poison."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this," said Bill. "The bloke as was carryin' it got it in the chest. The rations fell all round 'im and 'e fell on top of 'em. That's why the loaf is red."

We were very hungry, and hungry men are not fastidious. We made a good meal.

When we had eaten we went out and buried the dead.

The next and third sketch of this series is entitled "Wounded".

CONSTANTINOPLE

The City of a Thousand Colours

By Florence Withrow.

PART I.—'STAMBOUL AND SCUTARI

STRANGELY anomalous is the East both "Far" and "Near", but no more curious and abnormal place is there than the ill-fated city of Constantinople, which is likely soon to be again the cynosure of all eyes. The "City of Fates" is a true and timely name for this great Eastern metropolis, for, long before the Cæsars, Byzantium had an ancient history: founded by the Megarians (Greeks) in the eighth century B.C., destroyed by the Persians in the sixth, re-colonized by the Dorians and Ionians in the fifth, contended for by the Lacedæmonians, the Athenians and the Macedonians* in the fourth, subdued by Philip's mighty son, Alexander the Great (331 B.C.), held under tribute by the Sythians, dominated by the Romans (name changed by Constantine (330 A.D.), besieged by the barbarians, conquered by the Ottoman Turks (1453), held to the present hour by the fanatical Moslem.

We should like to make this wholly an historical sketch, since so chequered is the history, but on account of present interest we shall treat rather the city of to-day as we found it in three recent visits.

Since each of the four cities within Constantinople has a tale of its own, let us first tell that of Roman and

Mussulman 'Stamboul and of Asiatic Scutari. Who can pipe a lay to the great city on the Bosphorus without first singing the beauty of its shores, lapped by the blue waters of the Marmora, reflected in the Golden Horn and the mirror of Sweet Waters, and laved by the emerald Straits which lead to the dark expanse of the Black Sea? No terrestrial city is so gloriously enthroned upon uplifted hills or has so shimmering a footstool of pellucid waters extending along a frontage of twenty-two miles and forming an indented harbour of ideal beauty.

The approach to 'Stamboul from Seraglio Point is like a scene from the Arabian Nights. Rose tinted in the setting sun, a glow suffuses the phantom city, veiling it from distinct view, but revealing slender minarets and lofty towers, golden domes and gleaming cupolas, silvery kiosks and tinted pavilions. Lights and forms appear which seem never to have been on land or sea. Your eye becomes enchanted and your imagination bewildered at this ethereal and fantastic beauty, for no city on this planet presents so mysterious and luminous a vision.

To be sure disillusionment follows disembarkation, but not everywhere is

* During the siege of Philip of Macedon, the Byzantines were saved from capture by a streak of light, which revealed the enemy. To commemorate this Divine aid, as they believed it, they chose the crescent as the city's crest, which symbol, originally Byzantine, was adopted by the Turks upon their conquest in 1453.

it so, for the place abounds in beauty spots as well as in sordid sights.

Go within the spacious area of a Sultan's mosque with its courts and corridors filled with fluttering pigeons; lift your eye to the stupendous central dome and to the lesser domes resting on strangely shaped roofs; gaze still higher upon the ivory minarets, slender as a lily stalk and chiselled into lace work, whence the muezzin calls to prayer. Some one has well said that the Prophet chose wisely when, as a summons to the faithful, he selected the human voice rather than the trumpet of the Israelites or the bell of the Early Christians, else one of the most beautiful features of human architecture, the graceful minaret, would have been lost to the world in some heavier structure.

From gazing in wonderment upon the lovely shafts you rest a while and watch the ablutions of devout Moslems at the marble fountain and note the colours of the porcelain tiles and the tiny glass mosaics. Afterward, in drawing near the mosque, you examine the heavy portals, rich in metal studding, then tread across the Oriental rugs and look aloft upon the forest of chandeliers hanging from the vaulted roof. Later you penetrate the upper sanctuary to the Kabla (or holy niche toward Mecca), encrusted with mosaics and arabesque, and observe the near-by pulpit inlaid with mother-of-pearl and sandal-wood. Perchance you will then turn to a grated window and peer through the richly-jewelled panes to a quiet inner court. In your study of the scores of artistic features of a great temple of the faith of Islam you are convinced that here is Art of supreme merit.

For beauty of another sort you wander away to an ancient cemetery, with its centuries of desolation. It is sure to be set in a sombre grove of cypresses, with here and there a gigantic plane tree or a spreading sycamore. Scattered in confusion and neglect are a myriad graves. A crudely cut stone turban supported

on a stone prop is the most common type of tomb-stone. Others are flat slabs carved with Arabic letters long since worn away, or prism-shaped mounds broken down by the hand of time. Every cemetery is on a hillside, some overlooking dark waters whence come black shadows which fill your soul with awe. Around is a city full of dead in deserted graves hidden beneath ruins, with no evidence of care or remembrance. Such is the pitiful spectacle of many long-forgotten burial-places in the East.

The solitude and neglect is depressing. You hasten to the world of life and find yourself in a crowded thoroughfare of present-day 'Stamboul. The street is dirty. No corps of "white angels" sweeps up the daily litter from incessant trains of camels and of heavily laden donkeys and ox-carts. You are jostled in the throng and rub shoulders with a dozen races, the Turk, Arab, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Egyptian, Russian, Caucasian, Circassian, Kurd, Croat, Balkan, Mongolian, each in his native dress.

You stand amazed and feel like a characterless pygmy in your plain black suit. Before you pass giant Albanians and grizzled Montenegrens, hardy mountaineers, in coarse white kilts. Then comes an agile Serb or a burly Bulgar in fur-trimmed garments. Next follows a clumsy Russian in wadded blouse and high, padded boots, or a fierce Cossack in shaggy frieze, or maybe a quiet-eyed Syrian in Byzantine robes, in company with a sad-faced Armenian swathed in black, symbolic of his martyred race. A Tartar in sheepskins, a Nubian in white cotton, a Persian in brightly-dyed silks, with Astrakan trimming, joins in this cosmopolitan procession. Perhaps an alert Egyptian in soft-toned mantle or a swarthy Bedouin in camel's hair will pass, for the child of the desert is a nomad and wanders from the Libyan and Arabian deserts to the northern mart as does the Cairo merchant who comes hither from Port Said in a modern steamship.

Although bewildered by this human kaleidoscope you bethink yourself and move on to the Grand Bazaar. In spite of having been frequently burned, the hoary walls of this massive structure still stand. It is a vast edifice, with hundreds of cupolas to give light and air, and a labyrinth of arcades in whose recesses are innumerable small booths. All Eastern bazaars have covered streets with tiny niche-like shops, but nowhere, not even in the famous vaulted Bazaar of Damascus, is there a building comparable to the mediæval structure of 'Stamboul. Its arches and pillars are of noble proportions, and, although sadly decayed and damaged, they show remnants of florid decoration of their gorgeous prime. Of course all bazaars are not as sumptuously housed and often are merely alleys of shacks, covered with indiscriminate and nondescript sacking and matting.

It may be affirmed truthfully that all bazaars are crowded, that the activity is incessant and the noise perpetual. The wares may be termed "infinite" and "eternal," both in point of quantity and of style, for from the golden age of Soloman and Selim to the year 1916 they have remained unchanged. What we brought home in recent years is precisely the same in kind as our father bought thirty years ago. The tinsel work, arabesque, filigree, silk and gold embroideries, embossed and encrusted leather, carved and inlaid woods, metal and silver trinkets, "sparkling jewelled swords of damask work and deep inlay," all are the same. O unchanging East, unyielding East, how manifest even in thy arts and crafts!

Especially true is this in the Bazaar of Arms, where there is an armoury of terrible weapons which have been brandished for centuries in fierce and fanatical warfare. Here are duplicates of ferocious Sultans' and Janissaries' scimitars and sabres, Damascus blades and daggers, for even to-day the metal worker of the East hammers out these contorted

blades with strangely shaped handles.

Adjoining the Arms are great saddles laden with ornaments, plumed frontals, bronzing and metal harness for Arab steeds, jewelled belts and girdles, topboots and buskins ornamented with the star and crescent.

Turning from these mediæval trappings, your eye is attracted by seductive luxuries of an Oriental toilette—perfumes and pastilles, attar of roses and essences of jasmine, pomades and citron soaps, black kohl for eyebrows and red henna for finger tips.

Full of colour and fancy are other follies in this gallery of allurements—fantastic jewellery with pendant gems, pearls and beads, golden scarfs and silvery spangles, striped sashes and tinsel shawls, arabesque velvets and satin brocades, Indian lawns, Persian tissues, Arabian gauze. How fascinating is this shimmering, glistening wealth! And how artfully can the wily merchant induce you to buy, even though the while he is "fleecing" you here and "skinning" you there! Never mind extortion! At home your treasures of the East, laden with the flavour and fragrance of the Orient, are worth to you the wealth of Ind, even if they may need Western fumigation.

Although fascinated with Bazaars, you feel you must escape and seek a less turbulent quarter; hence you betake yourself to a realm of the past, the old *Seraglio*. Like the Alhambra of Granada, it conjures up images both beautiful and terrible and epitomizes four hundred years of the life, the loves, the intrigues and the tragic deaths of the House of Othman, (Turcoman chief, founder of Ottoman dynasty, 1280).

On one of the loveliest hills of 'Stamboul, on the site of the ancient acropolis of Byzantium and of the capitol of the Eastern Roman Empire, the conqueror Mahomet II. (1435) erected his mighty fortress palace. From that time until Abdul-Medjid (1850) built the new palace in Galata, the voluptuous court of the Turkish

Sultans (twenty-five in all) has held sway from the *Seraglio* (Turkish for palace) and thence have the imperial mandates of the head of Islam gone forth.

To-day it is a partial ruin, but imagine rather the glamour of its past, when it stood proudly upon its terraced hills. The main palace, with numberless courts and colonnades, is of mixed Arab and Persian architecture, with all the airy frets and pinnacles of that florid style. Like a pearl among emeralds, it is set in a forest of great trees, surrounded by battlemented walls which rise beside the waters of the Marmora and the Golden Horn. Within the courts are fairy kiosks and fountains of variegated marbles and porcelain. In the alcoves are alabaster groups of classic figures, while leading from one terrace to another are flights of steps and balustrade set with urns.

In its golden prime the vast *Seraglio* comprised a royal treasury, with 100 treasurers; imperial stables, with 900 silver mangers; kitchens employing 200 cooks and 150 bakers, barracks for 1,000 janissaries, and aviaries for 500 parrots and nightingales. Special mosques were there, requiring thirty-two muezzins, whose towers were used by astrologers to divine propitious hours for the Sultan's occupations.

Besides light arcades and Persian gardens, dark passages and damp dungeons abounded, where many a foul deed was done and through which rushed wild mobs of invaders and turbulent reactionary soldiers. To this day remain the iron chains of the prisons as well as the frescoed walls of the superb Divan (Council of State) described as "a pavilion of lace set with jewels". A like description applies to the Throne room (still existing), with its golden canopy fringed with topaz and amber, before

which, alas! was flung the murdered body of a Sultan and of a frail Sultana, who had been "dragged through carven cedarn doors and left bleeding upon spangled floors".

The adjoining Court of Felicity or Royal Harem is the one of which least had best be said. For four centuries its gates were closed save to a favoured few, and none knew of the pale veiled women and helpless babes within, except the licentious monarch and the silent white-robed eunuchs. Gardens, groves, secret walks and hidden bowers made an earthy paradise but for the serpent of lust,

"A realm of pleasaunce, with sun-chequered lawn,
Deep myrrh-thickets, rosaries of scented thorn,
And tall Orient shrubs o'er-looking the Golden Horn."

What memories do they recall of beautiful maidens presented to the harem by prince or by corsair—a Circassian, a Greek or a Venetian, mayhap a sloe-eyed Jewess, who with jewelled arms and ankles languished in a perfumed prison and died a victim of jealous hate.

It is a sudden change from the old *Seraglio* to the Mosque of Saint Sophia, although not far through the streets of Stamboul, which you slowly traverse until you stand before a plain barracks-like structure painted in stripes of pink and white. The exterior is ugly, wholly concealing the original Christian basilica and showing clumsy additions made by successive Sultans, while the enormous dome* surmounted by a gilded crescent is dwarfed when viewed from the square below.

As you enter the majestic mosque you see traces of the Greek church, but the lines have been changed to suit the uses of Islam. Still there are noble dimensions of the former nave, broken by a dozen half domes. The

* The Dome was built of light pumice-stone and Rhodian bricks, ten times lighter than ordinary brick. Justinian laboured upon it himself, and called it the "second firmament". It has no equal except St. Peter's, and from its cupola the name of Allah shines down in letters twelve feet long.

gigantic pillars and cyclopean arches yet show portions of the temples at Ephesus, Balbek, Palmyra, Thebes, Athens, for the Roman Cæsar builded from spoils of a vast empire. These columns ill become a Saracenic mosque; however, the incongruity is not displeasing. What frets the eye is the prodigality of Turkish ornamentation and the faded glamour of magnificence. Constantine's and Justinian's Christian temple is lost in the bizarre splendour of an overladen mosque. Lateral galleries with sculptured open-work have been stretched from one pilaster to another and hung with crescent banners and prayer rugs. Arched windows heavily jewelled have been cut to admit a ray of light, which touches the rich gilding of an imperial cipher on a bright green disc, or a sparkling mosaic motto from the Koran.

Up the pulpit, carved and inlaid, the Ratib goes even to-day, with drawn scimitar, to show that Saint Sophia was acquired by the sword. The Sultan's latticed tribune, with Othmanli coat of arms; huge bronze urns made from conquered cannon, heavy pendant lamps and triumphal standards are other features of this military mosque. Faded Cherubim and the stately figure of Divine Wisdom have long been concealed by Saracenic arabesque and gorgeous shields. The faint daylight fades, the domes become shadowy, you feel "chilly and grown old" and escape the gloom by seeking again the outside world.

You hasten to the crowded quay, passing the ancient Hippodrome, now a horse market showing traces of Roman days in the porphyry bases of equestrian statues, the broken pedestals of a fallen column, or of an obelisk divested of its copper sheathing. The burnt shaft of Constantine and the bronze column of the serpents, which dates back to the Greeks and which upheld the golden tripod, are now in desolate ruin. In the centre of the once proud circus stands a

grandiose fountain presented by the German Kaiser and protected by a rough board fence (*Es ist verboten*).

The Sublime Porte (name taken from portal of old Seraglio) is also passed, but all you see is a very grand but shabby gate and a high, plastered wall behind which is the palace of the Grand Vizier and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Arrived at the bustling dock, amid odours and noises, you take a rusty steamer to picturesque Scutari, stretching over its Asiatic hills and protected by a wall and battlements. It is a quiet, dreamy town of little purple and white houses, with a generous showing of mosques and barracks. A cypress cemetery, the largest in the East, spreads over the hillside. In this city of the Dead you linger until the setting of the sun. A morbid fascination draws you to these Mahommedan burial places with which Constantinople abounds, for hundred of thousands more lie mouldering in the graves than walk the busy streets, for millions of souls have lived and died on these ancient shores.

As the twilight is short, you are soon in a ghoulish atmosphere, amid weird white stones and broken sepulchres. Spectre-like they loom up in the dying light of day. You stealthily retreat to the town below, where tiny lights gleam forth from the house domes. No brilliant street lighting is there in night-mantled Scutari. That must be sought in Pera. Hither to that other shore you take a *caïque* for a quiet journey beneath star-lit heavens and with the myriad lights of Galata gleaming afar.

*

PART II.—GALATA AND PERA

WHAT curious new scenes await you on the north shore of the Golden Horn! Many of the sights of Turkish 'Stamboul are repeated, for there are labyrinths of narrow streets in Galata also, but

here a foreign population lives unknown in the Mussulman city.

Whole districts of ancient renown have fallen from their high estate and are now the squalid quarters of the Jew, the Greek, and the Armenian. Old buttresses and bits of wall and arches of the once proud palace of the Podesta attest the master days of Genoa, but these massive structures are now decaying warehouses or jumbled junk-shops.

Perhaps the most pitiful quarter is the Ghetto, where litter and filth abound and where ragged women and tattered old men drearily work among scrap iron and broken glass. The decrepitude of the aged and the pinched features of the children betoken the abject poverty of this despised alien race. On the only treeless hill in Constantinople stands the Jewish cemetery, with thousands of overturned tombstones which obliterate every trace of path and show the cruel desecration of the graves of the hated Hebrew, who alive or dead, is here spat upon and cursed.

Less loathsome, although foul enough, are the poor Greek and Armenian districts. Their little pastry-shops and restaurants make you feel you would forswear all meals forever had they to come from such greasy kitchens. Sometimes the shop itself is the cooking-place and even the slaughter-house where rabbits and fish are cut and cleaned.

Of a better class is the average Turkish café, with its matted divan and short-legged table, where the lazy Turk lounges beside a metal tray and copper pot, sipping his black syrup coffee from a tiny cup and smoking his hubble-bubble pipe. An air of lethargy prevails, and seldom is there the bustle found in the foreign eating-shops. Sometimes the café furnishes a barber or a dentist who never troubles to sterilize his instruments. Surely the germ theory does not apply in the East, or else the Oriental is immune!

From sordid surroundings you will

strike off to a suburb of Galata, through tortuous streets so narrow that the projecting upper stories with latticed windows almost meet. Behind these Moorish shutters dark eyes peer down of women who seek by watching the passing show in the street to relieve the tedium of their empty lives. To be sure a Turkish lady is not as secluded as of yore; nevertheless she must still keep to her woman's part of the house and must never be seen on the street with her husband or son.

Reflecting upon the narrowness of a Mahomedan woman's life, then upon the glorious freedom of your own, you arrive among the mausoleums of long-departed Sultans, surrounded by sombre cypress trees, sycamores and acacias. The never-failing fountain attracts the ear of gurgling water, and the notes of song birds fill the air with sweet cadence.

These royal mosque-tombs are all-glorious without, with a wealth of arabesqued stucco. The interiors are equally magnificent, with sparkling mosaic, carved cedar-wood, reliefs in jasper, malachite, lapis-lazuli and scores of marbles from Thrace and the Archipelago. Some of the mausoleums have been pillaged, and are now divested of their gorgeous ornament; others are neglected, hence their gilded inscriptions are covered with the dust of ages.

From the tombs of dead potentates you set forth to the splendid palace of the living despot, the Dolma Bagtche, superbly set upon the terraced banks of the Bosphorus. This conglomerate royal residence, in a confusion of styles, Arabic, Greek, Renaissance, is said to be "the largest marble mole in the world," and can only be seen to advantage from the green waters of the Straits and when outlined against a blue sky. Its various facades defy description, so ornate are the carved cornices, festooned arches and Moorish porticoes.

The interior corresponds with the

intricate exterior in numberless corridors, great halls and sumptuous chambers, all frescoed, gilded and medallioned until hardly a plain square inch remains.

From the ornamental bronze gates of the courtyard the royal cortege of the Sultan proceeds every Friday to one of the great mosques. Officials and soldiers comprise the procession, but it is a poor affair compared to former days when the Grand Vizier, beys, pashas, courtiers and grooms accompanied the gorgeous ruler, who appeared in gold and purple robes, silver turban heron plumed, and carried a jewelled mace.

Being in a mood for sights spectacular, you remember the pleasure place at the Sweet Waters of Europe, an enchanted grassy plain shaded by great willows and nut trees and with a shallow river flowing into the farthest end of the Golden Horn. As it is Friday, the Moslem Sunday it is a gala day. Hundreds of graceful *caiques* furnished with bright mats and cushions, float like lilies upon the glinting water. White veiled Turkish ladies, concealing painted ruby lips but revealing khol blackened eyelids and crescent brows, recline in the pretty barques or lounge on Smyrna rugs spread beneath the trees. A few *grande dames* arrive in splendid carriages with liveried servants, for limousines are not yet common. A few men stroll about or ride fine horses but seldom approach the women, as etiquette forbids. Gayly dressed children dance and play or buy drinks and confections from the sherbet and sweet-meat vendors. The sound of laughter, the murmur of voices, the music of queer instruments completes the picture of the valley of Sweet Waters upon a sunny fête day.

Returning toward the crowded centre of Galata, you see rising in the distance a stout round Tower associated with the rule of the Genoese who saw a resemblance to their own beloved city, "La Suberba," in mountain-throned Constantinople and

who established themselves here for almost two hundred years, until driven out by the Ottoman conqueror. Pirates in truth were these Frankish Argonauts, along with the Venetians and Pisans, in their maraudings in the Levant, but they served to bring the wealth of the Orient from Eastern shores to Western Europe.

Rising on several hills of Galata, in conspicuous relief, are great arsenals, enormous barracks and military schools which are the most modern buildings in Constantinople. On immense parade grounds the young Turk is trained in German methods of warfare which, added to his Turcoman instincts, renders him a brutal military machine and fit colleague of the modern Hun.

From the broad plateau of one of these decapitated hills the eye can reach to the far distant hills of Asia. In the foreground on a solitary rock rises the Tower of the Maiden where legends says a Persian Prince sucked the poison from a Sultana's arm. On the Asiatic hills were quartered the eight cohorts of the 40,000 Goths of Constantine and subsequent Roman legions. In the middle distance you can descry the broken arches of the aqueduct of Valentinian and the ruined amphitheatre and baths of Theodosius, also the shattered outline of the Castle of the Seven Towers, that grim old Roman fortress, which later became a stronghold of the reign of the Janissaries, when they deposed nine Sultans and brought them to the Seven Towers to perish in damp dungeons or to suffer torture and immediate death.

From contemplating the ruins of these ancient towers, you turn to modern Pera and are amazed to find it thoroughly European, with a few neat public squares, several splendid hotels, some select foreign shops, fashionable cafés, luxurious clubs, consulates and a generous supply of French theatres which provide uncensored vaudeville.

On the heights of Pera and along

the hills of the Bosphorus are the palatial residences of wealthy Turks, foreign embassies and luxury-loving Europeans, with gardens fanciful and luxuriant. Several royal villas also rise on the verdant banks, in one of which the deposed Sultan lived in regal state, he who in his ignorance tried to forbid the introduction of electricity into Constantinople, because he confused a dynamo with dynamite.

Near the entrance to the Black Sea, on a splendid eminence, stands Robert College, founded by Christopher Robert of New York in 1863. The influence of this institution is inestimable. From its halls have graduated several thousand students of probably most all Eastern nationalities, for they come from far and near. Their Western knowledge and modern training has no doubt been a tremendous force for the uplift of the East. Robert College graduates fill posts of responsibility throughout Asia Minor, Egypt, the Balkans and even in the Far East.

Your curiosity next takes you to a college diffusing knowledge of quite different ilk. It is the Patriarchal school of the Greek Church whose head resides in a modest palace adjoining. The buildings are all of wood like most of the Turkish houses, with interminable rows of shuttered windows, sorely in need of paint, which seems a scarce product in Constantinople. The courtyard is neat and whitewashed and guarded by sentries. Very seldom is the aged Metropolitan seen except when officiating in the sumptuous Patriarchal church whose jewelled icons are of fabulous worth and whose wealth of ornament almost beggars the most gorgeous mosque.

Of course, you have not left the famous Galata bridge to the last day of your visit, but probably have been attracted thither every day, for no better vantage ground is there in this cosmopolitan city, in fact some claim on the whole earth, from which to see the world go by. The various na-

tionalities enumerated as seen in the streets of 'Stamboul will surely cross this bridge as well as scores of others in native garb: Wallachians, Roumanians, Transylvanians, men of Cyprus and Crete, Damascus and Bagdad—dwellers in Mesopotamia and in the uttermost parts of the earth.

The rickety wooden bridge, one quarter mile long, is disappointing as a structure but as a spectacle cannot be surpassed. One hundred thousand human beings are said to pass and repass between each setting of the sun. There is never an hour of desertion or quiet. At one time it was infested with mangy dogs, but an edict a few years back, rid the city of 80,000 poor ownerless canine who were exposed on an island in the Marmora and left to devour one another, since the Mahommedan religion forbade the more humane treatment of proper extermination.

Over the rattling bridge paces every conceivable kind of donkey with every manner of bray or balk, from the long-eared mule, gayly caparisoned ass to the little patient panniered donkey. A Turkish cavalry officer or an Algerian zouave prances on an Arab steed or a Greek dragoman canthers on a raw boned horse. Caravans and carts lumber along and occasionally a spirited span of horses drawing a legation carriage clatters over the loose planks. Black veiled poor women and white veiled ladies, brawny porters and bony beggars, water carriers and coffee vendors, Asiatic ruffians and Turkish gamin, blind and lame all wend their way to and fro. The truth and pathos of the old song occurs to you:

"Proud and lowly, beggar and lord, over the bridge they go;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword, poverty, pomp and woe."

Also, trudging on foot, are queer ecclesiastics of divers and most diverse religions, Moslem, Buddhist, and Greek church priests, Dervishes and Jesuits, Dominican and Trappist monks, Franciscan and Capuchin

friars, all clad in the garb of their order, with conical hats, cowled hoods or tonsured heads. The priests of the Armenian and the Coptic churches show that they too have a distinctive habit. White turbaned Orientals and red fezzed Turks likewise bespeak their nationality, and a green scarf on the turban betokens a Mecca pilgrim. What a strange masquerade of people of all shades, from the white Finlander who has penetrated through Russia to the Black Sea, to

the coal black negro of Central Africa or the swarthy Moor of Tunis and Morocco!

Truly, as the old sage of Chelsea said, "Travel is the one pleasure which does not pall," for how infinite in interest is the study of other races, and if one cannot compass the globe to see each in his own clime, where better can they be reviewed than in the greatest central city of the East. Well has it been called "a Babylon, a world, a chaos".

EASTER, 1916

By R. J. TEMPLETON

ERIN, some trouble has stricken you lately,
 Causing your exiles to sorrow once more,
 Tearing the hearts that have always, and greatly,
 Loved your dear green lands, your sweet lands, ashore!

Erin, your womb in its travail has often
 Blessed other lands than your own in its pain,
 Maybe the hard heart of fate will soon soften,
 Maybe your anguish will yet prove your gain!

Erin, your sons and your daughters will ever
 Think of you fondly, though tears dim the eye.
 Nation of exiles, the seas cannot sever
 Hearts that respond to your sore stricken cry.

Erin, dear land, you will yet from your labours
 Rise in your nationhood, proudly secure.
 Sons may ill use you, make light of your favours,
 They can but hinder; your destiny's sure.

SOLDIERING IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By Dr George Bryce

ON the second of June, fifty years ago, in the Fenian Raid the invaders of Canada were met by a force of Canadian volunteers at Ridgeway, or Limeridge, in the Niagara district. The writer, who was there, desires to tell the tale. The fratricidal war of the North and South in the United States had ended, and hanging about American cities were thousands of unemployed men—so-called veterans. The writer once heard a Hibernian orator on a 4th of July day after the war, in the largest theatre in Boston, in eloquent words cry out: "Who was it that gained the victory of the North over the South? Was it the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers—the Puritans of New England? No! it was the Irishmen of America." This is a matter for Americans to settle, but undoubtedly thousands of "Irish patriots", or Fenians, partly from hatred to Britain, and partly from the desire to plunder, turned on indefensive Canada.

The whole winter of '65 and '66 was spent in secret meetings and plottings by the invaders, and was met by drilling and preparation of a like kind by the volunteers throughout Canada. Evidently the intention of the boys "awearing of the green" throughout the cities of the Republic bordering on Canada was to make a strike on St. Patrick's Day. For some time before that date the active militia men of Canada were preparing for the onset by constant drill. Stu-

dents gave up their duties, shopkeepers excused their clerks for drill, and a number of factories were half empty of workmen, and during all the day on the seventeenth of Ireland, the troops, regulars and citizen-soldiery, were under arms in the armouries and other rendezvous throughout Canada to meet the blow that was to have been struck. These thorough preparations prevented for the time being the threatened raid. The present danger over, students returned to their books, but the examination of the honour men of the University were deferred till early in June, and men of the other troops went back to their work. Among the "crack" regiments of volunteers were the Queen's Own, of Toronto, and the Thirteenth Battalion, of Hamilton. With the fortunes of the Queen's Own we are more familiar. The Queen's Own Rifles was a regiment of ten companies. Nine of the companies in dark green uniforms were like the 60th British Regulars, well-known in Canada as the regiment of which our present Governor-General was an officer. The eighth company was made up of students and graduates of Trinity College, Toronto; the ninth consisted of men of Toronto University, and number ten were Highlanders, who wore the "garb of Old Gaul". Speaking especially of the Queen's Own, it is right to state that it was made up of a superior class of young men. Every part of the regi-

ment did its part well in the fight.

It is very inspiring to think of the courage and patriotism exhibited by them, and especially is it pleasing to us in different parts of Canada to learn that it is proposed to observe the semi-centennial, or Jubilee Year, of Ridgeway, on the second of June of this year, in Toronto.

It is with the hope that members of the different companies of the "Q. O. R.'s" will not fail to place alongside of this paper, which is chiefly devoted to the University Company, the records of their own companies.

The writer remembers joining the University Rifles in his freshman year in 1863, and of his rising to the dignity of "lance-corporal" in his first year, and in the year of the raid to that of colour-sergeant. Talking over company affairs recently with Sir Hugh John Macdonald, in Winnipeg, he naïvely remarked: "I was for several years a member of the University Company, but I never reached beyond the height of a "mere sergeant". At a dinner in Toronto two years ago with an old company comrade, who had invited two other former members of the "Fighting Ninth", we addressed one another with our former titles.

A well-known doctor of later days, Professor Vandersmissen, was not originally a member of the company. He knew no drill. His sight was said to be defective, but he persuaded the sergeant to take him to Captain Croft. "Vander" would take no refusal. He would go. Captain Croft at length said to the sergeant: "Take him on the boat as you are crossing the lake and give him a drill in the manual and platoon." That was done. The University contingent reached St. Catharines and were billeted in a hotel on June 1. During the night orders came to leave early for Port Colborne. The senior sergeant had in all some forty or fifty. He quickly embarked on the train and reached the rendezvous. A humorous feature of St. Catharines was a home squad of darkies, who professed to be

guarding the city. Before daylight orders came to join our regiment at Port Colborne. With practically no regular commissariat, we snatched a few eatables as we sat on flat-cars to be carried eastward in the forenoon of June 2nd. Acting on the news, as we were on the line for Fort Erie, we learned that a body of men, said to be 800 or 900 Fenians, had crossed at Buffalo and were marching westward to cut the Welland Canal. Accordingly we were halted at the station, some three or four miles north of which it was said the Fenians were making west to cut off the Welland Canal. We were chiefly Queen's Own and the 13th of Hamilton.

The little army was too impetuous. There was no shirking. What should have been done was to have waited till Colonel Peacock with his contingent of men were coming from the Niagara Falls south, with his regulars, and we would have caught the enemy in a trap. But the men were impetuous and when two or three miles from the railway we saw traces of men skulking in the woods. The attack was made immediately. Skirmishing lines were thrown out, the Queen's Own to the right, and the 13th of Hamilton to the left. The support were sent out to follow in good order. No one in a battle can tell more than he can see from his own standpoint. One thing was evident, the volunteers were far more ardent and reckless than regulars would have been. The University Company was on the right wing of the skirmishing, and Company 10, the Highlanders, with their supports, in the rear. The Fenians retired. The men of the Queen's Own were ardent. Firing back and forward lasted for some time, the Fenians being driven from point to point by our right wing for a mile or two. The attacking force held from rail fence to rail fence and gradually pushed the enemy back. Our company, being on the extreme right, was constantly following the woodland to guard against being sur-

rounded. The Fenians, however, never attempted a flanking attack. As they yielded back from one field to the next we followed on. Their leader, Colonel O'Neil, rode on a white horse and he went along behind his line keeping up his men. It was learned afterwards that almost every man in the University Company made the Colonel his mark, but no one succeeded in hitting him.

The tragedy of the whole eventful contest was made by someone seeing the several mounted officers of the Fenians, including Colonel O'Neil, and giving the alarm of "cavalry". When this happened a command was brought up from the rear to the front line to retire. This was so far as our part of the line was concerned unnecessary and most important. Our commander, Captain Whitney, for a time refused, but had to obey orders, as the line to the left was retiring. This is what happened on the right wing of the advancing line. Our fatalities as a company were heavy. Out of the twenty-seven men of No. 9 University Company, three were killed and four were wounded. Though on a small scale, our casualties as a company were some twenty-six per cent.—a heavy casualty even in the present struggle.

Three killed! The writer was beside Tempest, defending a fence line, when a shot took him in the head, and he never spoke. Our wounded were: George Patterson, now an official of the court in Winnipeg; E. Paul, still residing in Hamilton; R. Kingsford, Toronto, and Professor Vandersmissen. Vandersmissen's case was naturally interesting to me, he was shot with a bullet which went through his body, following the diaphragm. His recovery was a miracle.

The Fenians are said to have had about the same number of casualties as our troops had.

When our men concentrated at the railway station, we began to move in

a body to Port Colborne. The Fenians, disappointed in their project, made the return in haste to the Niagara river, where they crossed in flat boats, and were seized on the other side by American authorities. When the main body of our volunteers reached Port Colborne in the afternoon, the wounded were cared for in a hastily-arranged hospital, while the various companies were assembled and the roll called. The writer made out the returns of the University Company, and for years this document was kept as a memento in the archives of the company.

The enemy having crossed to the other side of the river, on the day after the fight the volunteers were encamped all along the river opposite Buffalo. In the camp, the University Company held the extreme flank—a dangerous position in case of an attack from Buffalo. Professor Cherriman joined the company at Fort Erie. After a few days the Queen's Own regiment, in the dead of night, was noiselessly removed to the railway and whirled away by way of Paris to Stratford, where they remained ready to beat back any attack from Detroit or Chicago.

Such was the Fenian attack of fifty years ago, to be followed by only a few spasmodic attempts in later years on the border of the Eastern Townships in Quebec, or still later in the fizzle made when a Fenian expedition was sent to attack Manitoba, under the same Colonel O'Neil, who commanded at Ridgeway. The Colonel was captured by American troops at the boundary-line, and the writer, going out to Manitoba in 1871, had the pleasure of seeing him in the dock in St. Paul, from which predicament he succeeded at length in making his escape.

Such is the writer's story. Some of it may seem inaccurate or inadequate to other witnesses, who saw different phases of the Fenian fiasco.

THE BATTLE of WINDMILL POINT

An incident of the Rebellion of '37

By George C. Wells

JUST below the town of Prescott, overlooking the St. Lawrence, stands a tall stone tower painted white. It is one of the few historic landmarks left along the river. Originally a windmill, and for many years past used as a lighthouse, it served, on one memorable occasion, as a fortress and so gave its name to the hardest and bloodiest encounter of the Rebellion of 1837-38 in Upper Canada.

Canadian refugees* and their sympathizers in the United States had formed, at many points in the northern portion of New York State, Hunters' Lodges, which were branches of a secret organization having as its avowed purpose the destruction of monarchical institutions in America and the achieving of Canadian independence. In the autumn of 1838 the leaders of this organization decided that the time was ripe for an attack and to make the attack at Prescott, where they believed there were large quantities of arms and ammunition stored in Fort Wellington (though in this they were mistaken, as the fort was then only under construction). They believed, too, that if suc-

cessful in capturing the village and the fort, with what it was supposed to contain, they would be joined by large numbers of the neighbouring inhabitants and, with these ideas in mind, they concentrated their forces along the United States border during the early days of November. A lawyer named Bierce, from Akron, Ohio, who had taken to himself the title of general, was to lead the invasion and had established his headquarters at Ogdensburg, where the local authorities seem to have been at least not unfriendly to his plans. The man who actually took the most prominent part in the fighting, however, was a Pole, named Van Shultz (or Van Shultz Nils Sezoltecki, to give him his full designation), and he may be called the hero of the story, for, though misguided, he was indisputably a brave man and one who deserved a better fate than the ignominious one which befell him. He was then in the early thirties and had resided in America for some little time; whether he had taken part in the Polish insurrection against Russia, the writer does not know, but it is altogether probable, and he, no doubt,

* Prominent among them is generally believed to have been Dr. Duncombe, who, though of American birth, had been a member of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada and a prominent leader of the rebels. After taking part in an armed fiasco near Brantford he had fled the country.

thought that in leading an attack on Canada he was striking at an oppression as intolerable as that under which his own brave countrymen groaned.

On the morning of Sunday, November 11th, 1838, the little steamer *United States* left Millen's Bay, near Sackett's Harbour, N.Y., towing two schooners, which were laden with arms and ammunition and carried some 600 men. One of the schooners was commanded by Van Shultz, and the other by a local character named Bill Johnson, and sometimes called "Admiral Johnson". As the three vessels proceeded down the river, the officers held a council-of-war, at which Van Shultz proposed that they should not touch at Ogdensburg, but proceed direct to the Prescott wharf, land at once and, leaving a sufficient force on guard at the wharf, divide the little army into three bodies, one of which should march straight through the village, and the other two go around it on the east and west sides respectively, all three to then unite and attack the fort in case any resistance should be offered and it did not, as he thought likely, surrender on demand. He proposed further that the schooner should be kept below Prescott with the object of maintaining communications with Ogdensburg and bringing over fresh supplies of provisions and military stores, as well as the large reinforcements he expected to receive. It was part of his plan to station such artillery as he had, and the heavier guns he hoped to find in the fort, on the river bank, and with them to prevent the British vessels from descending the river until his followers, augmented by Canadian rebels and reinforcements from the United States, should become so strong as to be unconquerable by any force the authorities could put into the field.

The other officers, however, opposed Van Shultz's scheme, although they were all inferior to him in courage, experience and ability and, indeed, probably in part at least because of that very fact and through jeal-

ousy the expedition did land at Ogdensburg, where it met the announcement that "General" Bierce, who was to have taken the supreme command, had suddenly fallen ill. The circumstances of his illness were such that it was generally believed to be a case of "pure funk" and he was never able to refute the charge of cowardice made against him. The failure of their leader, under strong suspicion of showing the white feather, of course had a most demoralizing effect upon the men and Van Shultz, as he had anticipated when he advised against landing on the other side, saw his army melt away like a block of ice on a July morning and, when, next day, he moved across the river in one of the schooners he had with him only 170 instead of the thousand he had hoped for.

Landing on the Canadian side, Van Shultz posted his men on rising ground where rough stone fences offered shelter and promised good prospects for resisting an attack. Here he awaited the coming of reinforcements from the south side of the river and the accession of disaffected Canadians, in both of which he was grievously disappointed. The other schooner, commanded by Bill Johnson, which had on board a great part of the arms and ammunition, was in some way (accidentally or by design) run upon a sand bar while crossing the river; the tug *Paul Pry* came along, pulled her off and started towing her towards the Canadian shore, but when she had got fairly into Canadian water, the armed British steamer *Experiment*, in charge of Lieut. Fowell, suddenly appeared and opened fire with her guns, whereupon the *Paul Pry* incontinently departed. The *Experiment* ran up close to the schooner and her crew prepared to board, when Lieut. Fowell found he was getting into very shoal water and at the same time that the steamer *United States* was coming up rapidly. He therefore drew off and a few minutes' hot fighting took

place between his vessel and the *United States* and *Paul Pry*, both of which were armed. Admiral Johnson instead of attempting to reach the Canadian side took advantage of this opportunity to return to Ogdensburg, whither the *United States* and *Paul Pry* soon followed him, the former having received several shot in her hull, one 18-lb. ball striking her engine.

The chief naval officer in Upper Canada at that time was Captain Sandom, R.N. He soon heard of the expedition's departure from Millen's Bay and immediately set out from Kingston in pursuit with the steamers *Victoria* and *Cobourg* and the small party of soldiers and marines he was able to get together. He reached Prescott at 2 a.m. on the 13th and added his little contingent to a party of militia which had been gathered together by Colonels Young, Frazer and Gowan. The whole force then proceeded in two columns to attack Van Shultz's men, who, after an hour's fighting, were driven from the shelter of the fences, to take refuge in the old stone windmill and in a stone house near by.

Captain Sandom then opened fire from his steamers on these buildings, but his guns were not heavy enough to make much impression on the massive stone walls and, after a time, the government's land forces found the fire of the invaders so galling that they fell back, leaving only pickets to keep them apprised of any movement and holding themselves in readiness to frustrate any attempt at escape, which might be made before the arrival of heavy artillery should enable them to batter down the defences.

The expected large reinforcements not being sent by General Bierce and the other leaders who, with careful regard for their own safety, remained in Ogdensburg, and the local inhabitants not having any disposition to join the standard of revolt, Van Shultz saw that his position would soon be hopeless and was urged by

his men to return to the United States; this, however, was easier to propose than to accomplish, for he had not a single boat at his disposal and the *Experiment* steadily patrolled the river. During the night a volunteer swam the river, with the aid of a plank, and begged that boats might be sent. On Tuesday evening word came back that a schooner would cross during the night and take away the disappointed invaders. They carried their wounded down to the river bank and waited anxiously, but the schooner did not come and when day dawned there was nothing for it but to return to such shelter as the windmill and stone house afforded. On Thursday night the steamer *Paul Pry*, although she was supposed to be in custody of a U. S. marshal, was allowed by the authorities to slip over with a Mr. Preston King (afterwards a member of the United States Congress) and some others to interview the besieged; no information is obtainable as to how she eluded the *Experiment*, but at any rate she was unable to get very close to shore, so the party went in two small boats. A council took place and the visitors left promising to return with boats sufficient to take off Van Shultz and his men, but they failed to carry out the promise—it is said that when they endeavoured to take the *Paul Pry* once again the U. S. authorities refused permission, though they had granted it (or at least winked at the expedition) on the first occasion.

Next day, Friday, November 16th, Colonel Dundas arrived from Kingston with four companies of the 83rd Regiment, two 18-pounders and a howitzer. The guns were placed in position forthwith, on a little eminence some four hundred yards from the windmill, and opened fire, at the same time that Captain Sandom began a bombardment from three vessels in the stream. As darkness fell, the troops moved nearer to the buildings, which were rapidly becoming untenable under the heavy fire. Col-

onel Dundas, who had assumed the chief command, posted his men so as to prevent the enemy escaping, as it was expected they would try to do under cover of the night. Van Shultz himself had undertaken, with ten men, to hold the stone house because he could get no one else to do it. Finally his party were driven out and they endeavoured to secrete themselves in the brushwood around the river bank. In this, however, they were unsuccessful and were all captured, including their leader. Shortly afterwards, a flag of truce was sent from the mill and terms of surrender asked for, to which Colonel Dundas replied that he would accept an unconditional surrender and that only. There being nothing else to do, the invaders accepted these conditions and laid down their arms. All the prisoners, 157 in number, were tied together with ropes, Van Shultz at their head and marched to Fort Henry at Kingston, where in due course they were tried and eleven, including Van Shultz himself, executed. After the surrender, the regular troops had to protect the prisoners from the fury of the militia, who wanted to lynch them.

The government forces are stated to have lost forty-five in killed and wounded, and an eye-witness of the fight declared that on the morning following the surrender he counted one hundred dead bodies on the ground. If his statement is true it must cover the entire loss of the invaders for, although an hour's armistice was granted on Friday for the purpose of burying the dead, Van Shultz's party were unable to inter their's for lack of spades. It, however, does not tally with the fact that 157 were captured while Van Shultz's statement is that he had only 170 at the outset; on the other hand Bill Johnson afterwards asserted that he

brought over fifty recruits for Van Shultz after the fighting began. At this late date it is impossible to obtain accurate figures, but the fact remains that the fight was a hard one and the loss of life considerable.

After the battle the leaders of the so-called "Patriot" army endeavoured to throw the blame on each other. Van Shultz, while under sentence of death, spoke in no measured terms of the cowardice of "General" Bierce and of Johnson, and said that if "those cowardly rascals" could be punished for bringing him and his associates into their unhappy position he would die content. Bierce, on his part, claimed that Van Shultz had crossed over to Canada without authority, against his express wish and in ignorance of the conditions actually existing on the Canadian side, which he by that time had become convinced meant failure. Johnson, who, although he was responsible for many engaging in the rash enterprise, took excellent care of his own skin, defended himself by saying that he had been deprived of his command by a superior officer and had no power to act. It will at least be conceded that Van Shultz played the bravest part and that his failure was not due to any lack of courage or enthusiasm.

There is no doubt that at one time it was planned to make simultaneous attacks upon a number of the frontier points and some of those who took part in the raid on Prescott believed that other attempts were being made at the same time and they had been assured three weeks would see the independence of Canada fully achieved. Each of the invaders was promised ten dollars a month while in active service, with a bounty of twenty dollars and a grant of 160 acres of land as soon as the new government should be established.



THE SUNNY BREAKFAST-ROOM

From the Painting by Arthur Crisp,
a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

WAR BABIES

By William Banks

Author of "William Adolphus Turnpenny"

OF course, Jimmy Elson should have been more explicit and more tactful in the first place. But then he would not have been himself, for while Jimmy Elson is often explicit, explosively so, he is seldom tactful. He should have known very well that Elsie has as much idea of stocks and bonds as a baby.

However there is nothing gained in using words over that part of it now. Jimmy had to pay pretty dearly for his blundering. As a matter of fact, Elsie, his wife, seems to be making him pay for it yet. She had on another new gown yesterday that was perfectly—well, I figured out that it could not have cost a cent less than two hundred dollars, and—

About the trouble. Oh, yes. Well, remember, I'm just telling you the story as I pieced it together from what Elsie and Jimmy and Harry, my husband, told me at one time and another while the war—I mean the trouble—was on. My maids also picked up quite a bit of news one way or another from the Elson's maids, who are a most extraordinarily gossipy lot. I wouldn't have allowed my maids to speak to me on the matter had it not been that I was dragged into the trouble, and finally had to act as umpire, so to speak. My husband just laughed throughout the entire "performance" as he called it, but Harry always refused to take Jimmy and Elsie seriously. He says neither of them has brains enough to think of anything else but the other one yet. You see they've been mar-

ried less than two years and they have no children. Harry always was like that anyway. You know he thinks he manages me. It's absurd, of course, but so long as I know that I'm managing him I suppose we'll get along well enough.

Oh yes, you want to know about the war—the trouble I mean—though the war really was responsible for it. Yes, that's the fact.

It was like this. Elsie and Jimmy were at breakfast and Elsie was trying to make him understand that the Reids must be tremendously in debt. They're not in our class, but of course one cannot help but observe what goes on in the street one lives in. She told him of the wonderful gowns and other things Mrs. Reid was buying all of last week, and the new furniture for the library. "And he's only a salaried man," she said, "and his salary is not a very large one."

Jimmy was smiling all the time. All wives are familiar with that irritating, superior, tolerant style of smile, but he never said anything until she had the bailiffs in the Reids' house—not really you know but figuratively, and then he said, "I wouldn't worry about the Reids, Elsie. He's worth about half a million cash; made it all in the last six months".

That made Elsie mad, naturally. She said she supposed Jimmy was quite satisfied now that he had allowed her to make a fool of herself.

Jimmy started on a feeble protest but Elsie wouldn't listen to him. I don't know all that she said, but I

suspect she saw that she was hurting him. What she most desired to do then was to throw her arms around his neck, kiss him and beg forgiveness. But just because she did want to do that she went on saying harsh and cruel things. She even raked up that perfectly untrue story about his once having made love to Maude Lestor and—

Anyway, Jimmy began to say things himself in a little while. He should have gone to the office at once. Leaving Elsie alone just then would have been the greatest punishment that he could have thought of, but very few men ever take the right course in such a situation, and Jimmy Elson would be the last man in the world to do so.

He blundered along in a stupid, slow, man-like way, starting an explanation every time he thought she was going to stop talking, but she didn't take the slightest notice of him until he said something about wishing they were like the Reids and had a few "war babies".

Well all that Elsie knew about "war babies" wasn't much and what there was of it was "the wrong dope", as my husband said when I told him part of the story.

What Elsie had said before was mere childish prattle compared with what she said after Jimmy mentioned "war babies". He had insulted her, she declared, deliberately, cruelly, and with malice aforethought, or some such words. Now she knew why he had picked a quarrel, and had cunningly goaded her into having to tell him the truth about himself. But she wished him to understand that on the very moment his "precious war babies" entered the house she would leave it, and never come back to it again. It was not that she was cruel, she was sure no one felt more keenly than she did for the poor little mites; but if they were fated not to have children of their own, and if Jimmy felt that they should adopt one or two, then surely they could take

children of whose parentage they—

Jimmy broke in here to tell her that she was all wrong and he might have got a hearing if he had not added, "just like a woman". My husband wouldn't say that, at least not to me, but then we've been married fifteen years.

Elsie told him angrily that she would not listen to him. "You're just trying to wriggle away from the truth that you started all this trouble," she said, "and now you're gloating because you think I'm suffering."

Jimmy denied the charges vehemently.

"Yes, you did, and you are," cried Elsie, "and you've been grinning like a monkey all the time."

The monkey part of it was rather stupid of her, I'll admit, because she knew very well that Jimmy believes that the human race is revolutionized, or whatever's the right phrase, from the monkeys. He thought she was jeering at his theories, though she declares she never once thought of them at the time, and he ascended without any further ado. Certainly his conduct was indefensible on any ground; but he just let himself go. Haven't you sometimes wished you could. Jimmy did, properly.

I forgot to say that he shut and locked the door of the breakfast room before he let loose the flood of eloquence, and Elsie thought, for a second, that she was about to become an angel then and there. She says now that she doesn't recall but two things that Jimmy said to her, though he talked for twenty minutes or more with such a savage tone in his voice that she could have hugged him for showing her how masterful he could be. The things he said that she did remember were that she must never again accuse him of having made love to Maude Lestor, and that if she did he would regard her as a naughty child, and punish her—well—just as a mother would. Then he unlocked the door and stalked out. If she had called to him then to come back, and



"Your wife knows she's wrong. But you'll do all the backing down and apologizing, and she'll emerge the real ruler of your home."

had told him, as she longed to do, that she loved him, she might have saved herself several days of misery, but I doubt if she would have established so complete an ascendancy over Mr. Jimmy Elson as that she now enjoys.

As soon as he had gone Mrs. Elson called up her mother, Mrs. Eccles. She lives at Oakville, thirty miles away. Jimmy paid the 'phone company twenty-one dollars for that conversation. Mrs. Eccles is a quiet little body, and she knew about as much of "war babies" as Elsie did. The upshot of their conversation was that Elsie and one of her maids went to Oakville that afternoon. Elsie left a note for Jimmy telling him that whenever he chose to ring her up and apologise for his harsh, cruel, and abominable treatment of her she would come back to him.

Jimmy dropped in "quite in a casual way" of course, to see my husband

that night. I left them together in Harry's den after I had particularly inquired from Jimmy, as to Elsie's health, for I had already heard a rumour of the trouble. Jimmy answered with a fine assumption of easiness that she had gone to spend a few days with her mother. But later on, as I afterwards learned, he told the whole story or most of it to Harry, and asked for his advice.

Harry it seems listened with the gravity of a Supreme Court judge, and then advised Jimmy to stick it out. "But I know you won't," he said, "You'll be like the most of us."

"The most of who?" asked Jimmy.

"The most of us married men," Harry answered. "You're in the right and you know it. Your wife knows she's wrong. But you'll do all the backing down and apologizing, and she'll emerge the real ruler of your home. You might as well give in now, Jimmy."

That was rather clever of my Harry, don't you think? He's not so stupid or so slow as he sometimes pretends to be.

Elsie 'phoned to me on the third day after she had left home. She talked a lot in a few minutes without saying anything worth the cost of a long-distance call. Then she asked me bluntly whether I had seen Jimmy recently and how he looked. I told her that he had been in two or three times and that he seemed to be quite well. As a matter of fact he seemed to be quite miserable, but everything is fair to those that think it so, isn't it, or is that the wrong quotation? You see I was looking for anything that offered an opportunity of bringing the two together, because I knew that love would do the rest. But Elsie's conversation wasn't very encouraging until she began to say good-bye, and after the fourth good-bye she added, "I'll call in to see you to-morrow".

She did, and she, like Jimmy, looked wretchedly tired and miserable. I thought to myself that it was a situation that required a direct frontal attack, as the war despatches say, and so, the moment she expressed in a politely perfunctory manner the hope that Harry was well, I charged.

"He's in splendid health," I said, "and immensely pleased with himself just now."

"Over what?" Elsie asked timidly. "War babies," I said.

She winced and gasped, and for a moment I thought she would faint, but that kind of thing isn't common to the Eccles brood. However it seemed to me that it was all of five minutes before she murmured, "War babies!"

"Yes," I said as calmly as I could, "he's been selling some of them at a good—"

"Selling—war—babies!" — Elsie stammered.

"Yes, my dear," I said, "and your Jimmy has been doing the same but his profits are less, because he was late getting in on them, Harry says."

"Jimmy selling war babies!" and there she stuck, poor Elsie.

I've been rather sorry since that Elsie didn't happen to be just then someone I don't like. But I do like Elsie Elson, and so I executed a flanking movement.

"I'm hanging on to some that Harry bought for me," I said, "because I'm sure they'll go up ten points or more in the next few days."

It was then that Elsie laughed, such a relieved, happy laugh, almost a sob, and colour came to her cheeks, though her eyes were moist, as she said, "I've always been so stupid about stocks and the stock market. May I use your 'phone a moment, I—I—want to ring up Jimmy."



GENERAL ALDERSON

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES*

By Britton B. Cooke

IF in your fancy you trace out the skeleton of the Canadian army in France from this dour sapper to yonder busy corporal and the competent looking sergeant overseeing his busy-ness, you will arrive at a lieutenant—the subaltern who is in all probability father and mother and a touch of ginger and blazes to this platoon. If from the subaltern, who is youthful and a bit serious-minded, you trace the connection through the captain to the junior major and the junior major to the second in command of the battalion, you arrive at the Colonel, who lives a little bit back of the front line and has a charging machine to charge the green water from the filtration plant—it is wholesome in spite of its colour. This part of the tracing is laborious work, for if you do it in person you must follow the line from the bays of the firing line back through the muck of the communication trench to the shelter of a certain hedge which lets you get to Hyde Park corner out of sight of the German Snipers. The line of officers from the Colonel's diggings leaps then to the headquarters of the Brigade where the Brigadier-General studies aeroplane maps pieced together with pins on the side of the wall. Thence the channels of authority lead to the Divisional headquarters where a divisional commander is busy with things no one knows about

but the elect. Thence in a single step you pass—still tracing authorities—to the office of the Corps Commander, General Sir E. A. H. Alderson. Every fresh laurel won by the Canadians reacts through this focusing point, General Alderson, upon the fame of the British soldier everywhere. Every order to the Canadians, every important official communication to them goes, in form at least, through General Alderson's hands. With him lies the grave responsibility of ordering them to take a position or hold a position or, if necessary, relinquish a position. It is upon his shoulders to see not only that the Canadians win but that in their efforts to win they are properly supported and protected. It is for him, subject to the general policy and wide decisions of "B. G. H. Q." (British General Headquarters) to order our Canadian men into danger or out of it. I enlarge upon this point because the responsibilities that go with great army commands are too little understood by civilians, and because too it is part of the picture of the man who commands the Canadians. I heard once of a Victoria Cross man who declined a high command because as he said, "I have courage enough to order myself into danger. I have not the courage to decide for others."

We rode by motor from B. G. H. Q.

* It is reported that General Alderson is to become Inspector-General of Canadian forces in England.

to the town where General Alderson and the Canadian Headquarters Staff was located last September. Liken B. G. H. Q. to Montreal where Shaughnessy presides over the forces of the C. P. R. Liken this town to which we were now taken, to Winnipeg, where the commander of our important division of the supreme command resides. The roads out of British Headquarters were in excellent condition. The French countryside was at its best. Sunlight warmed the landscape. Birds wheeled in the blue overhead. The tall trees lining the sides of the road held lofty converse with a cool breeze. In the reedy canals that zig-zagged through the fields to right and left, robust women standing in low punts, poled high-heaped vegetables from one place unknown to us, to another still less in our ken. They had red cheeks and seemed happy, calling and chattering to one another as two punts or a fleet of punts met, or as they passed workers in the fields.

Our tires beat like far-off faint drums on the cobbles. The wind whipped into our faces. We passed here a supply column grinding along toward the Front with tons of food and other less gentle supplies. On the hood of the leading motor truck rode a barking terrier. We flashed through villages where old women sat working at their lace pillows out in the front of their houses. There was no sign of war except for soldiers here and there, and unending lines of new trenches and an occasional far-off booming of guns. At eleven, with a sudden jamming on of brakes, we arrived before the house where Canadian Headquarters are established. We shook off the dust, stepped over the spare petrol tins carried in the tonneau and crossed a flag-stone sidewalk to an archway in the seemingly endless wall of houses on that side of the street. Halfway through the archway a door appeared on our left and we turned in and up a few steps to a dusty dim interior

where the familiar thrash and rattle of telegraph instruments filled the air and great bulking shapes of soldiers cluttered up and down the rough-floored hall, or waited with messages outside the General's door. An expectant orderly awaited us.

"The General is ready, sir," he said and opened the door on our right. We went into a cheerful-looking room whose windows gave onto a back garden, which was at least green and secluded.

"General Alderson," said our guide, in introduction, "Mr. ——"

A man of not great height nor breadth, a quiet pleasant voice, a kindly, shrewd countenance met our eyes.

"I am very busy," said this simple-speaking gentleman. "But I am glad to meet you and to show you anything I can show you." He turned to the maps on the walls of the room. "These you see, are our trenches. The red lines indicate what we held when first we came to this part of the line. The yellow show what we now hold—"

With a pencil in his hand the General indicated the interesting points.

"This," he went on, "is where you are going this morning, and that is where you are to go to-morrow, is it not?"

Then he showed the trenches and also the length of line held by the Canadians, and then having visited also the garden at the rear, we returned through the arched carriage-way to the street, said good-bye to the General in whose area we were privileged guests, and went on to the firing line.

The General's office was quite easily within shell-range of the enemy, but the Germans were somehow not firing that way. For all one could tell the town might have been a part of say Cobourg or Ingersoll, or any other fair-sized Canadian town. Soldiers were everywhere to be seen, and military automobiles came and went from the open market-place opposite the General's office. But there was otherwise no sign of war.

The interest in the place was, to at least one of our party, the General we had just left. One might well have expected a little pomp and circumstance, a little rasping of the distinguished officer's throat, and an air of great impatience, as if we prying folk from Canada were somehow impeding the final wiping-out of the Germans by a few strokes from the General's pen. That was not the sort of man we had met. We had met a sort of "Bobs", and the recollection of that quiet, unassuming gentleman—for with no reflection upon the General's soldierly qualities, it was as a gentleman rather than as an important official that he impressed one—must remain with one always. The man was mild, but with a hint of stern doggedness underneath. He was cheerful, without being boisterous, but with a suggestion of constitutional gravity of mind underlying the smile and the grasp of the hand. One felt, upon further acquaintance, that the commander of the Canadians is a man who chooses to rule by a sort of candid reasonableness rather than by continual demonstrations of authority.

I had the honour to have luncheon with the commander of the Canadian forces the day after our introduction in his office, and to hear him express his views on one question and another in the course of our conversation. After luncheon, in the private office in his house I had the privilege of seeing detail maps showing just how the Canadian line lay before and after the German attempt to break through in front of Ypres, and to hear the General's description of that glorious fight. It would not be appropriate to try to reproduce his description. It was in part technical and in other parts referred directly to the maps which showed how such-and-such forces were here and such there—and so on. The interesting part of the thing was the manner and the inflection with which General Alderson referred to the work of the Canadians.



GENERAL SIR E. A. H. ALDERSON

Commander-in-chief of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces

One may, I think, fairly suspect that a grim pride burns in this quiet gentleman's heart with the knowledge that he held the first command of these "Empire troops" that proved themselves so worthy of the trust Britain had in them.

General Sir E. A. H. Alderson would in my mind appear to be a curious commentary on war and pacifism. Were it not likely to be unjustly interpreted, one might say the Canadian Commander-in-Chief is himself a pacifist type so far as exteriors are concerned. This is no fighting cock. Here is no bluster and swagger but alert, unassuming competence. There is a taste for literature in the cast of this man's eyes, and a sensitiveness in the shaping of the fingers that betrays a disposition to enjoy other music than the mere singing of guns, but that, in its proper

time and place. There is a touch of precision in the fitting of his uniform, which in civil life might have run to nosebags in the button-hole. This is a man whose attitude toward life is not that of a bullying braggart, but rather that of a student who when war is laid aside seeks some new beauty in everything and is continually surprised at the new marvels of life that appear to his observant and constantly comparing eye. General Alderson's past record in other fields of war, especially as late commander of the Poona Division and in Mashonaland, confirms what the General's handling of the Canadian expeditionary force revealed—absolute competence, thorough-going hard work, complete devotion to duty and brilliant decisions. Canadians know that where their General sends them they will be well supported, and given the benefit of every care that their commander has at his disposal. Furthermore, a great quality in General Alderson is tact. It was no easy matter for a British officer to take over the command of a large body of almost "raw" Canadian troops. New officers and sensitive officers, Canadian independence of spirit and the bitter conditions in that first winter at Salisbury Plains—these elements might very well have combined to cause great embarrassments to a commanding officer, and possibly friction. General Alderson has kept his command "sweet". He has shown himself peculiarly sympathetic to the Canadian temperament. Finding that Canadians have their own ways in some things and

that they cannot altogether abandon those ways—the General has adapted his plans to conditions. Where compromise could not be allowed he has enforced the rules of the British army with such firmness and tact as to reduce all opposition.

"Sir," I said, asking him a question at luncheon that day, "we Canadians know our men are the best of men, but we sometimes wonder whether the press despatches describing their conduct may not have been—just a trifle favourable on account of their newness."

"Did you happen to read," he returned, "the address which I delivered to our men after St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"And was that any less favourable to my own men than the other things that had been said?"

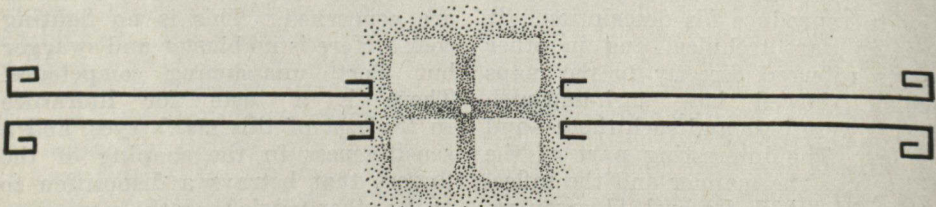
"No."

"Then be assured nothing too good of our men was published in the press. I never say what I don't mean."

"What is the best quality in a Canadian?" I asked.

"The best?" He laughed a little. "Why—we have a saying here: 'A Canadian can do anything from tuning a piano to burgling a safe.'"

Canadians should know more of General Sir E. A. H. Alderson. He does not wear his heart or his mind on his sleeve. But glimpsing him, even briefly, is to feel assured that between fighting quality in the ranks and quality of leadership of the Canadian force there are no discrepancies.



CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

TWO months ago the German Chancellor said that the battle of Verdun would teach the enemies of Germany how little truth there was in the stories of Germany's military decline. The utter failure so far of the enemy's attempt to break the French line at Verdun, added to the appalling sacrifice of German troops, has convinced the Allies that Prussian military domination in Europe has received its death-blow. Five Russian contingents have been landed in France, which must impress the Kaiser's advisers with the hopelessness of the struggle. The magnificent front shown by France at Verdun is one of the big surprises of the war. The deadly precision of the marvellous French artillery has been the deciding factor. Against the French curtain of fire division after division of German troops advanced in vain. It was a crucial time for France. For France has been bled white by this war and henceforth must rely more and more on Britain and Russia for the necessary reserves. The release of Russian troops for service on the western front is an earnest of the close friendship between France and Russia, and a sign that the former has all her eligible men in the field. German divisions lost so heavily in the fighting before Verdun that they had to retire to the rear, where the gaps were filled with drafts from the depots, fifty per cent. of whom were

young lads of the 1916 class. The arrival of Russian soldiers in France has had a tremendous moral effect throughout the allied countries.

In the United Kingdom the conscription of all available men has been put into operation. Married or single, at home or abroad, men eligible for service in Great Britain have to report. It is the last phase of the Great War. Russia alone of all the Allies engaged can continue to draw upon an unlimited supply for reserves. Britain's determination to put every available man in the field evidences a keen appreciation of the dangers that may attend the final drafting of peace terms. Russia will emerge from this struggle a giant refreshed. Henceforth the destiny of Europe is closely bound up with Russian policy.

The surrender to the Turks of Townshend's army of nine thousand men at Kut-el-Amara is one of the regrettable incidents inseparable from a big war. Townshend held out for four months until the food was exhausted and no immediate hope of relief in sight. This Anglo-Indian army that advanced to the gates of Bagdad and was compelled, after a brilliant victory, to fall back before a superior force goes into retirement with its honour unsullied. The forces of nature warred against the relieving army, which was but twenty miles distant, and prevented a junction of

forces. There is every reason to believe that the Turks will treat their captives with every consideration. Townshend and his brother officers were brought to Bagdad. If they remain there it is likely that before long the Russians will open the prison doors. The Grand Duke's victorious army is drawing nearer to the prize of Mesopotamia. Whatever the future of this region, the Russians are paving their way to Constantinople. There will be less disposition in English circles to cavil over Russia's demands for control in the Dardanelles.

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The United States and Germany are fast nearing the parting of the ways. The sinking of the *Sussex* produced another crop of diplomatic notes from the Washington Government partaking of the flavour of an ultimatum, which, as Roosevelt bitingly declares, "does not ultimate". It is the nearest approach to a breach yet taken by the Wilson Administration. The German reply promises a change of submarine policy conditional on the raising of the British blockade. The United States is asked to bring influence to bear on Britain to relax her naval pressure on Germany's bread-basket. The impudence of this demand has not passed unnoticed in the American press.

*

For a week following the dramatic arrest of Sir Roger Casement on the Kerry coast, Dublin has been the scene of a serious uprising of the Sinn Fein party. On Easter Monday, when Dublin put on its holiday garb and the city was crowded with visitors, the insurrection broke with startling suddenness. The general post-office was seized and every point of vantage in the city was held by a section of the rebels detailed for the purpose. The holiday spirit was quenched in blood and the flag of the Irish Republic was run up by the Provisional President, Padraic Pearse. Soldiers and officers and civilians dropped in their tracks, shot down without warn-

ing. It was a ghastly business unrelied by the slightest glimmer of hope of success for the insurgents. For a whole week isolated groups of rebels were in a state of siege, cut off from reinforcements and supplies and hopelessly outnumbered. Gunboats and field artillery and maxims poured shot and shell on the rebel strongholds, and bombing parties set fire to the buildings in which they were making a last stand, fighting with halts round their necks. From the Four Courts to the Custom House, in the heart of Dublin, including some of the finest public buildings and business establishments in the city, the destruction of property was complete. The mad folly of the leaders in choosing such a time for revolt and in associating the cause of Irish freedom with Prussian despotism alleviated at the outset the sympathy of the overwhelming mass of the Irish Nationalist population. But the coming of General Maxwell, and the summary executions secretly carried out under martial law changed the temper of the Irish people in a single night. It is useless to attempt to explain this to some people. The fact that civil law in Ireland was superseded by an English military autocracy—of the type which refused to move against the Ulster rebels in 1914—was sufficient to cause a revulsion of feeling throughout the south and west of Ireland. This changed attitude found an echo in John Dillon's protest in the House of Commons and in the condemnation of English rule in Ireland by leading English journals. It was followed by the departure of Mr. Asquith for Dublin, where civil government had fallen into abeyance and only the "Bloody Assizes" of Maxwell remained to emphasize the essential distinction in the eyes of English statesmen of the conduct of Christian de Wet and his Boer followers in South Africa, and Padraic Pearse, the Irish rebel leader, and his followers. There was amnesty for the Boer; there was a firing squad in a barrack square

in the cold dawn for the Irish insurgents. The rising in South Africa and that in Dublin were in all essentials parallel cases. In each case the support of Germany had been invoked. In each case blood had been shed. But for de Wet there was pardon; for the Irish a felon's grave. And there are still some stupid people who pretend they cannot understand Dillon's outburst in the Commons, or the revulsion of feeling that swept over Ireland. Maxwell's regime has bred more Irish rebels to the square mile in Ireland in a single week than the revolutionary movements of the last century succeeded in creating. And this bitter feeling is not confined to Ireland. It rankles in the breast of the Irishman in Canada, who, with the knowledge of what Irish soldiers have done in this war, sees his native land handed over to the tender mercies of an English general and a military caste that two years ago openly espoused the cause of the Carson rebels in Ulster. The blunder has been committed and nothing now can repair the mischief save a generous recognition of the right of Irishmen to rule their own country. England's cause in this war is the cause of the smaller nationalities. Until Ireland is restored to her rightful place as a self-governing nation within the Empire men will be found willing in Ireland to risk their lives in promoting rebellion.

It is difficult to explain the complete change of sentiment in Ireland as English law took toll of the leaders of the insurrection. Only those who have lived in that country can appreciate the revulsion of feeling that came over Irishmen all over the world as the ruthless work of Maxwell's secret courts-martial began to tell on public opinion. This was not confined to Irishmen. English journals hostile to Irish Home Rule promptly perceived that there was something amiss in the government of a country that could produce such a rising and that courts prompt a man of the

calibre of John Dillon to make a speech in the House of Commons that recalled the worst days of the Land League. The full facts are not yet available, but the shooting, by order of an officer, of Sheehy-Skeffington, a non-combatant and pacifist who was trying to prevent looting, and who was not connected in any way with the rising, shows that some things took place on the military side which aroused the indignation of the Irish people. The wholesale arrests throughout the country and the deportation of thousands of suspects were not calculated to allay the fierce resentment which martial law had created. Two things emerge from the controversy which events in Dublin have aroused. Whereas before the rising the Sinn Fein forces were a negligible quantity as compared with the rest of Nationalist Ireland, Maxwell's regime has tended to range Nationalist Ireland, at home and abroad, on the side of the rebels. Contrast this with the aftermath of rebellion in South Africa, where De Wet, actively engaged in supporting the German enemy, was amnestied, and it must be admitted that English statesmen have blundered badly in discriminating against the Irish rebels. By Irishmen the Maxwell regime—the rule of the same military caste that took the side of Carson before the war—is regarded as an invasion of their national rights. The man who refuses to allow either Ottawa or Quebec to interfere in the domestic affairs of Ontario too often looks with another eye at the interference of England in Irish affairs. Obsessed by the dramatic rising in Dublin, he does not stop to examine the validity of England's claim to rule Ireland as a Crown Colony. All Irishmen to-day are rebels. The Carsonites are armed and pledged to use these arms for the defeat of a British Act of Parliament. These Ulster rebels, with their Provisional Government, threatened before the war to seek the aid of Germany in resisting the claim of the British Parliament.

to legislate for Ireland. In threatening to rebel, in locking up police and customs officers during the Larne gun-running episode, when German arms were illegally imported, these Ulster Carsonites were rebels against English rule in Ireland. Carson, as the chief rebel, was punished by being offered a seat in the British Cabinet. His chief lieutenants, Sir F. E. Smith, K.C., and James H. Campbell, K.C., were also honoured by receiving fat jobs in the Coalition Ministry. Rebellion, in the eyes of the Asquiths and Maxwells, is commendable in the case of the Carsonites; it is an atrocious crime, to be stamped out in blood, when undertaken by men who claim the right that Englishmen claim, the right to self-government. Carson laid down the principle that the British Parliament had no right to destroy the veto of the Lords or to pass a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. In other words, he challenged British authority in Ireland. What more, in the eyes of the law, have the Sinn Feiners done, if we except the bloodshed? They have paid the penalty for their illegal acts, but there is no Irish Nationalist to-day who does not honour their memory. It is said by cold-blooded materialists that rebellion is only justified by success. The success of the latest Irish rebellion is admitted on all sides by the striking unanimity with which the press of the United Kingdom demands a change in the government of Ireland. Irishmen will not halt in their loyalty to the Allied cause in Europe, but English rule in Ireland is an anachronism which no Canadian would tolerate for a day if applied to this Dominion.

*

The bilingual controversy in Canada has reached a climax. Led by Sir Wilfred Laurier, the debate in the Federal House disclosed a serious

rift in the Liberal ranks. Why the question ever reached the Dominion House without first being threshed out at a Liberal convention is one of those mysteries that puzzles the man in the street. Politics in Canada are centralized in party caucuses. Policies are formulated and plans of campaign engineered by select coteries of self-appointed leaders, and the rank and file must vote as directed. On the bilingual issue it is difficult for any intelligent man who understands the facts of the case and who is not swayed by passion or prejudice to give a hearty yea or nay to either side as represented in the debate at Ottawa. Schopenhauer's dictum—"The more languages you know the more times man you are"—needs to be impressed on the minds of English-speaking nations. Germany's industrial rise in a single generation has been attributed to various causes, but in the opinion of Germans themselves the world-wide range of their trade and commerce is due to the German "drummer", who to highly technical training and ready adaptability added the gift of tongues. This triumph in lingual science was seen before the war in the "peaceful penetration" of German trade ambassadors in every corner of the earth. It is witnessed to-day at the front in the wonderful efficiency of the German war interpreters' organization, which gives such cohesion to the Prussian war machine in its diplomatic as well as in its military conflicts with the Allies. The bilingual controversy in Canada will not be settled by taking cover behind Provincial rights. If Canada is to play a part in world commerce commensurate with her enormous resources and potentialities, provincialism, whether of Quebec or Ontario, must be merged in a sane nationalism.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

HEARTS AND FACES

BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. Toronto:
S. B. Gundy.

THERE is to this novel a spice and movement that one does not always hope to find in the work of a Canadian writer or coming from a Canadian publisher. But although the author has lived in Canada for several years, he is a Scot of the Scots, and the novel was first published in England. Besides being a Scot himself, Mr. Gibbon is the author as well of another book, "Scots in Canada", which was widely read, particularly in Great Britain, after its publication a few years ago. There is nothing provincial about the present novel, and as its appeal is cosmopolitan, its style excellent, its characters lifelike, and its moral unstated, it should have a wide sale. It is the record of a young man, George Grange, of Aberdeen, who casts aside his college books and on the advice of an old artist takes up brushes and paints. There are delightful descriptions of scenes and happenings in Aberdeen, where fifteen pounds for the payment of college fees and the expenses of living during the Winter Session was "bed-rock economy". Reid, the artist, and the Aberdonian as well, is a distinctive personality. So is Wolseley Greville, the dashing young Englishman who seemed always to be dragging some young girl to her ruin. It was in a saloon on the other side of Union Bridge that Grange first saw Greville, the same Greville whom he was to encounter later at Paris, and again, and tragically, in London.

"Union Bridge! How many tragedies and comedies have crowned your single span! The street narrowed when it topped your arch, for the councillors who built you loved economy, and a little jostling mattered less if it meant a bawbee more in each ratepayer's pocket. You were narrowest on Sundays, when those trim troops of church-goers smiled to themselves on their way to their respective pulpits—the East Kirk and the West Kirk, the Free, and the Established—each with its hour and a half's entertainment for a penny in the plate. You were perhaps broadest when the night had thrown its cover over staggering steps or a nod to a giggling girl. Underneath your passage of night and day was the traffic of the trains, and on your granite blocks the occasional rumble of Bain's old cabs. You were the meeting-place and the dividing-place of East and West, of work and leisure."

Tender become one's feelings for that old bridge. And there are many more such tendering passages in the book and many revelations of humour. Commenting on Grange's leaving Aberdeen to pursue elsewhere, in a broader field, the art of painting, the author makes these subtle observations:

"One spirit flames through the Aberdonian, and that is the spirit of ambition. If he sees no chance of realizing that in his own city, out he goes, irrepressible emigrant, to make his fortune somewhere else. Self-confidence is his passport, and difficult indeed would be the frontier that could stop him. Not a brilliant brain, but a terrific worker, he just as often gets to where he wants to in the end."

Then we have his pertinent question and reply:

"What would have happened if all the Aberdonians had stayed in Aberdeen? Surely there would have been civil war."

George Grange was one of these restless, ambitious Aberdonians. Fretted by Reid and responding to his own leanings, he sets out for London. There he meets artists, art students, and artists' models. The life of the average student of art is well revealed—the Bohemian atmosphere, the temptations, the lack of discipline. Delicate situations are most delicately handled, and yet not squeamishly. Throughout all these Grange works his way manfully, and at length he reaches a position of eminence as an artist. And throughout all, also, fit the characters that make the pages live—Ethel the model; Claire, likewise a model, and daughter of Greville, whom Greville tries to seduce, not knowing their relationship; and, of course, Greville himself, the kind of villain who stops at no depth of villainy.

Grange soon becomes homesick, and we find him hurrying back to Reid and to his former associations. With Reid he goes out to Stonehaven, and as a result we have this charming bit of description:

"Stonehaven's harbour snuggled under Downie Point, whereas an open beach stretched north half a mile or so to the tiny harbour of Cowie, near which the low tide uncovered rocks slippery with seaweed. Mysterious pools enticed the children to search for starfish and anemones and soft-shelled crabs. On the pier at Cowie harbour small boys fished for the poodlies that swam in millions through the clear water. Like the old 'Stanehive', Cowie village had its red-tiled roofs, warm against the cool green sward of Cowie braes or the gray slaty sea.

"The Cowie burn had its bed alongside the beach, then twined up inland past the tennis greens, where it yielded an astonishing supply of flounders to the summer visitors, then half a mile or so to St. Kieran's Well, with rocky shores under the railway viaduct, and so into a glen of pools forbidden except to privileged rods. A pretty, sparkling stream in sunny weather, it was a furious spate after rain, with dull brown flood wherein swam many sturdy trout."

From these scenes Grange returns to his life as artist in London, and there in the end we leave him. We

should like to know more of him, because we have to leave him just as, so we feel, he might marry and live happily ever afterward. But we are done at any rate with Greville. We are back in Aberdeen, and so is he, and so is Grange. We are in a hospital, and there on tables we see the outlines of human figures covered with cloths.

"Browser carefully dried his hands and drew back the cloth from the centre figure.

"'Look here,' he said, 'this is the one I'm working on'.

"'Wolseley Greville! Good God!'

"'Yes, we get our bodies from the work-house. Curious that one who so degraded his university should come to lie on its dissecting tables. The only occasion on which his presence has been of service. A most interesting body'."

*

ESSAYS AND LITERARY STUDIES

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE material of this volume will not provoke as much laughter as the author's other books have provoked, but nevertheless it will be read with relish by many who like to receive opinions that have at least some semblance of novelty. And whether Mr. Leacock's opinions are novel or not, they at any rate are presented in a novel way. The first contribution to the book is "The Apology of a Professor", an essay on modern learning. He starts off as follows:

"I know no more interesting speculation, nor any more calculated to allow of a fair-minded difference of opinion, than the inquiry whether a professor has any right to exist. Prima facie, of course, the case is heavily against him. His angular overcoat, his missing buttons, and his faded hat, will not bear comparison with the double-breasted splendour of the stock broker or the Directoire fur gown of the cigar-maker. Nor does a native agility of body compensate for the missing allurements of dress. He cannot skate. He does not shoot. He must not swear. He is not brave. His mind, too, to the outsider at any rate, appears defective and seriously damaged by education. He cannot appre-



MR. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

Author of a new novel entitled "Hearts and Faces". He is of Scottish descent, a graduate of Oxtord, has studied philosophy in Germany, art at Paris, and has travelled extensively. He is an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has a lovely home at Ste. Anne. He is the author of a former book entitled "Scots in Canada".

ciate a twenty-five-cent novel or a melodrama or a moving picture-show, or any of that broad current of intellectual movement which soothes the brain of the business man in its moments of inactivity."

Not a bad beginning. Good enough to entice anyone to read on. And, having read on, the end will come only too soon. The end, indeed, is a chapter entitled "A Rehabilitation of

Charles II." In between there are chapters on "American Humour", "The Woman Question", and, besides others, "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry". All these are serious essays, so that if anyone should be looking only for fun he should look elsewhere. But fun may be found perhaps in this very book, for, for instance, "The Woman Question" closes with the ob-

servation that preachers have a way of closing their sermons by "leaving their congregations with a thought". So he concludes:

"With the readers of this essay I do the same. I leave them with the thought that perhaps in the modern age it is not the increased freedom of woman that is needed, but the increased recognition of their [her] dependence. Let the reader remain agonized over that till I write something else."

*

MOBY LANE AND THERE-ABOUTS

BY A. NEIL LYONS. London: John Lane.

THIS is a volume of short stories of much finer calibre than one usually encounters. It is written by a real English humourist, and when one speaks of English humour one is supposed to be speaking of the best. The stories embrace many quaint characters and conversations. We quote the following:

"You have given up chimney-sweeping, then?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir," answered Mr. Toovey. "That be my trade. I were apprenticed to the chimbney-sweeping."

"You have, at any rate, discontinued chimney-sweeping for the present?"

"I won't say that, sir," answered Mr. Toovey. "No, I won't say that! That be my trade, you see, sweeping chimbnays."

"Then why not sweep my chimney?" I persisted.

"You see, sir," explained Mr. Toovey, "I aren't swep' neer a chimbney for months and months—not since my eldest boy went orf to America. I doos a bit o' cobberlin' and I doos a bit o' 'iggerlin' and sometimes I sells fish and wood. But I reckons to be retired from business, really. My wife could tell you more about it

than I can, on'y my wife she be at Worth-ing, where our daughter live."

"Anyhow, I can't depend on you to sweep my chimney, Mr. Toovey."

"I wouldn't say that, sir. You see, I reckens to be a chimbney-sweep be trade. On'y I got some wood to attend to—they faggots over at Theobald's. I ought to be attendin' to them now, on'y me wife she be away and I gotter stop and mind the place yere."

"I see that I'm not to expect you to-morrow, Mr. Toovey, but perhaps," I suggested, "you could come and clean my chimney some other morning—when you are free to leave this place."

"Free to leave this place!" echoed Mr. Toovey. "Oh, I dare say, come to that, I'm as free to leave my place as what anybody else is. Only I choose to stop 'ere. You had better come again, young man, and see the Missus."

"You think, then," I ventured to assume, "that you will be able to come some other morning and—"

"I can't say naarthun about that," said Mr. Toovey. "I aren't swep' a chimbney out for ever so long—not since my eldest boy went orf to America. You'll 'ave to see the Missus about it."

"Perhaps," I said, "you can recommend me to some other chimbney-sweep, Mr. Toovey?"

Mr. Toovey shook his head. "That I can't," he replied. "I be the on'y proper chimbney-sweep this side o' Lawes. You won't better me if you walk five miles."

*

THE BARS OF IRON

BY ETHEL M. DELL. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE author of "The Way of an Eagle" gives in this her latest novel the story of two healthy young persons whose vicissitudes and interrupted love affairs will doubtless be of absorbing interest to a great many readers. It is not a powerful novel, nor yet a weak one, but it has certain qualities that attract the average readers.

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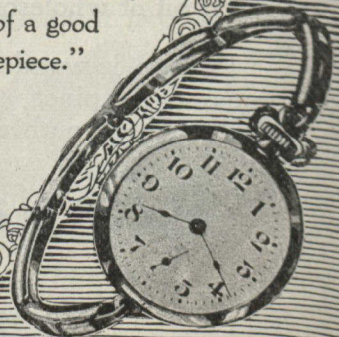
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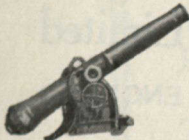


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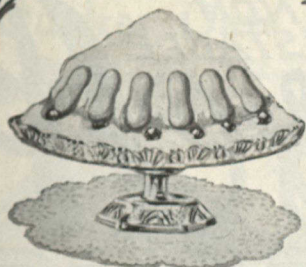
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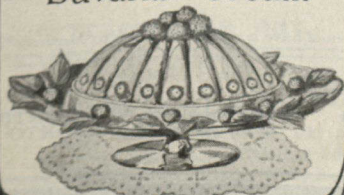
Pineapple Sponge—Pineapple Snow Balls—Pineapple Mousse—are suggestions. Fresh or canned fruit.

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1 cup strawberry juice and pulp. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar and when sugar is dissolved, set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.

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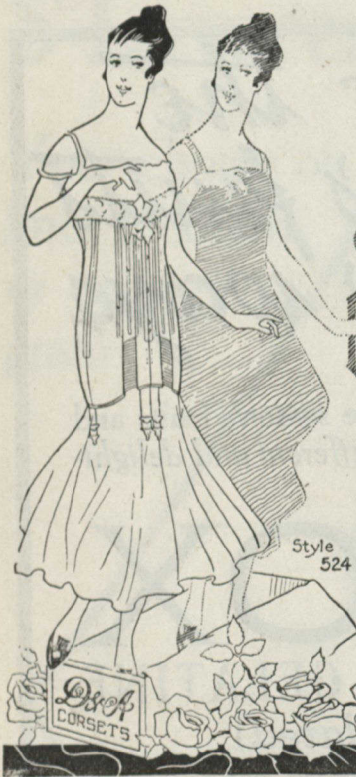
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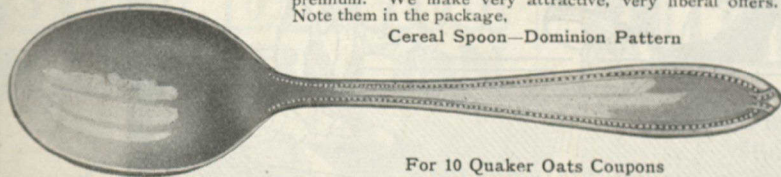
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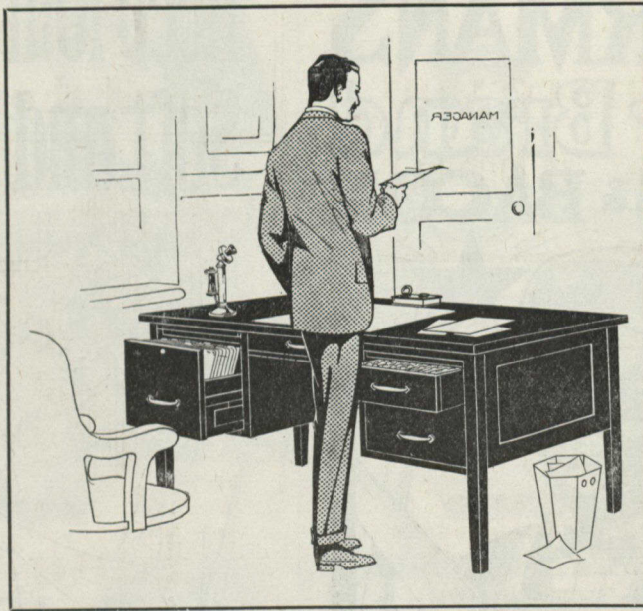


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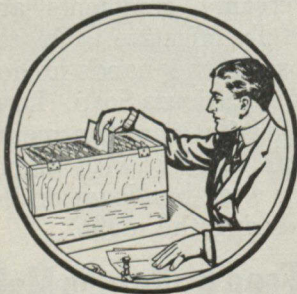
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Whole—ground—pulverized—
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171

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Blue-jay Ends Corns



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Absolutely Non-narcotic

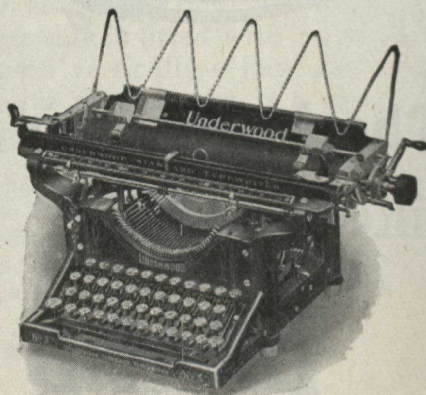
Does not contain opium, morphine,
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he period of teething, helps to produce
natural and healthy sleep.

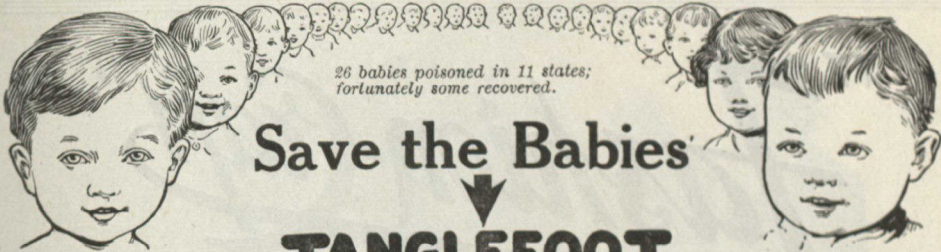
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thereby give relief to
the tired mother.*

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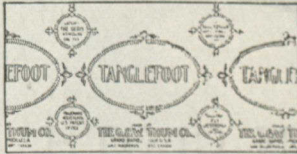
26 babies poisoned in 11 states;
fortunately some recovered.

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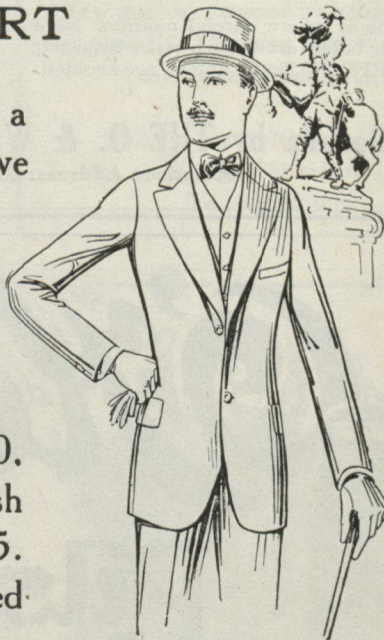
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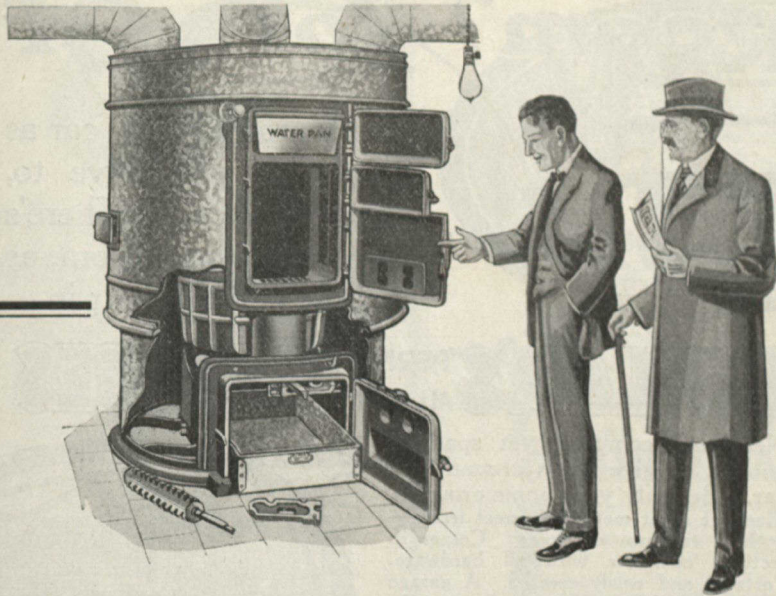


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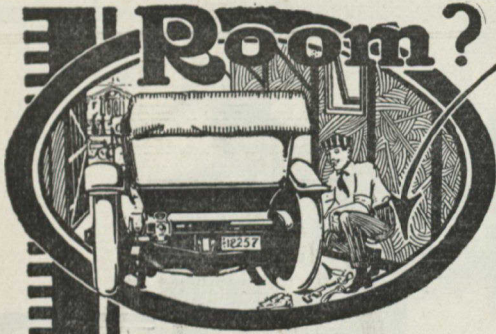
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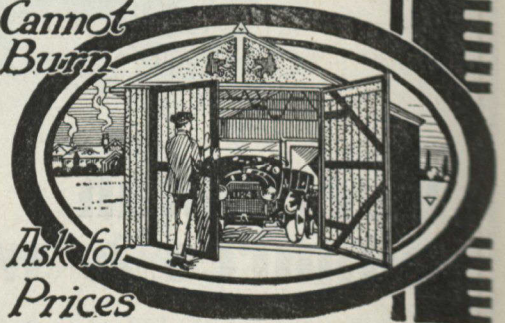
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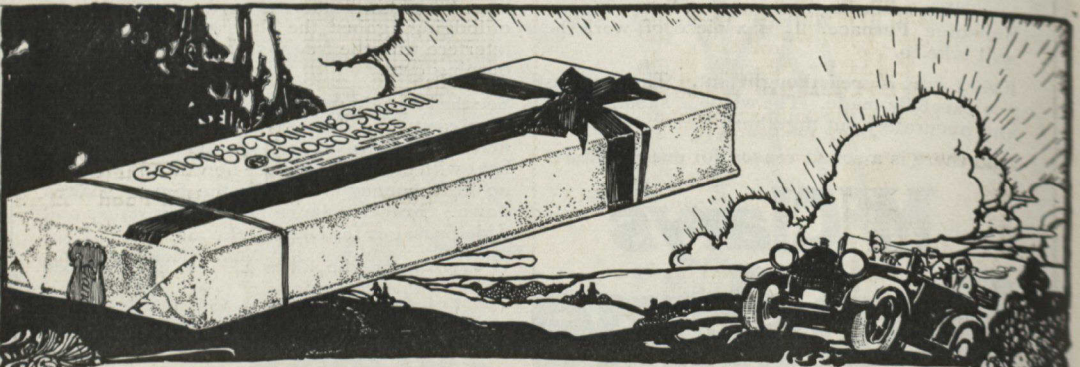
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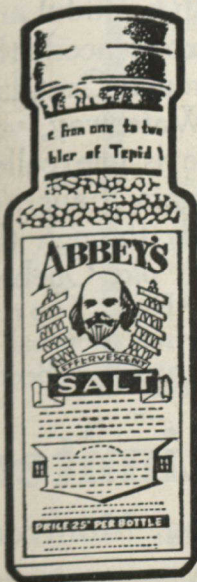
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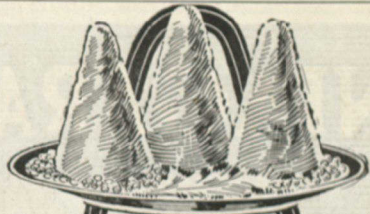
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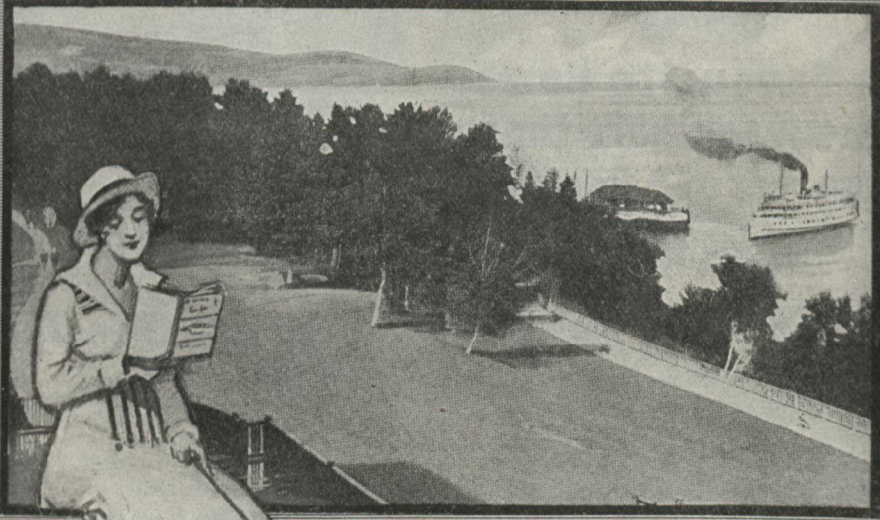
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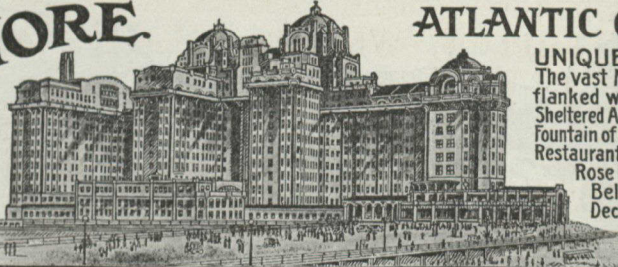
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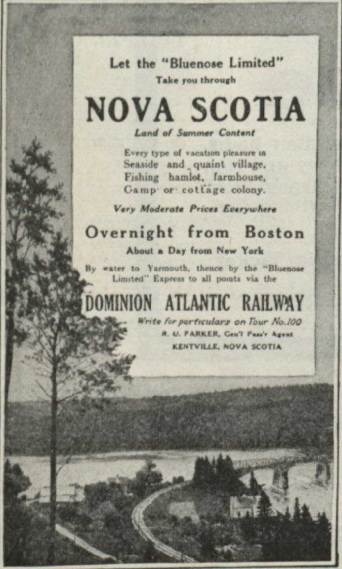
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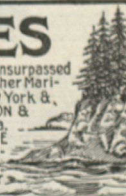
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So much of the pleasure travel being on this side of the water during the war time emphasises all the more the utility of the "Rite-hite" Wardrobe Trunk as the indispensable travelling requisite.

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Daily service between Detroit and Buffalo and Detroit and Cleveland. During July and August delightful day trips between Detroit and Cleveland—also two boats every Saturday and Sunday nights. Four trips weekly from Toledo and Detroit to Mackinac Island and Way Ports. From June 25th to September 10th Special Steamer Cleveland to Mackinac Island direct, making no stops enroute except at Detroit, each direction. Daily service between Toledo and Put-In-Bay, June 18th to September 9th.

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For transportation on D. & C. Line Steamers between Detroit, Buffalo and Cleveland, either direction. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map, showing routes, rates, etc. Address L. G. Lewis, General Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.

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A Sportsman's Paradise where the cool waters of
Wild, Unspoiled Lakes and Rivers

give the Salmon and Speckled Trout and gamy
Black Bass fighting qualities to delight the most
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NOMINIGAN CAMP, ALGONQUIN PROVINCIAL PARK

a vacation territory to dream about. It offers trips through myriads of waterways, with ideal camping grounds among forests of pines and balsams.

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Fine accommodation for those who love the social side of resort life can be had at Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station, or in the novel and comfortable Log Cabin Camps Nominigan and Minnesing.

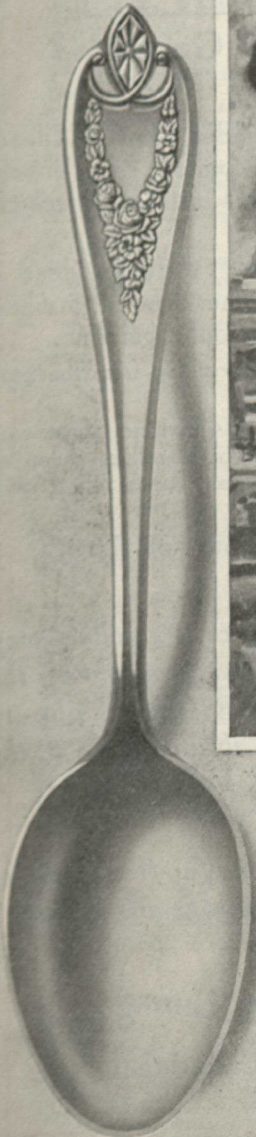
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"Silver Plate that Wears"

Old Colony



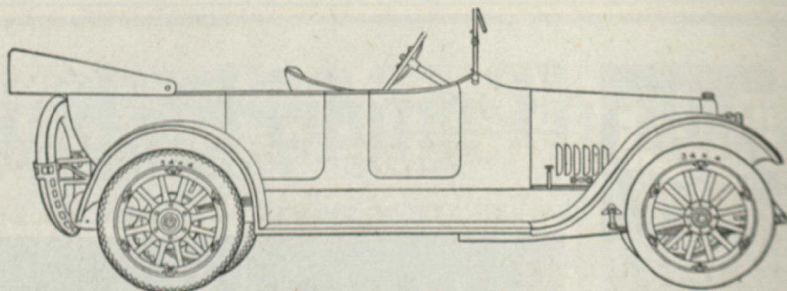
The place of honor among wedding gifts is accorded 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate. Its reputation insures appreciation - its quality assures long service.

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At leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "F-20."

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The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate



Model D45. 40-45 Horse-Power.
Price \$1,420, F.O.B. Oshawa.

HOW MANY MILES Are There in a Gallon of Gasoline?

That depends on the type of motor in your car.

When you buy a "McLaughlin" Six Cylinder Valve-in-Head Motor Car you not only get the last word in comfort, style, power and speed, *but we guarantee that you get an automobile which will give you the highest gasoline mileage.*

It is an admitted fact that the McLaughlin "Valve-in-Head" Motor does give 15% more power than any other type of gasoline motor which means 15% more mileage per gallon of gasoline.

This is not a theory but a fixed engineering principal resulting from the perfecting of the "McLaughlin" Valve-in-Head Motor.

Hundreds of users of "McLaughlin" Valve-in-Head, 45 Horse-Power cars give evidence daily that they are getting 22 miles or more per gallon of gasoline while touring with full passenger load and many users report over 26 miles per gallon.

Remember—cost of operation is a part of the cost of your car.

With the price of gasoline going up, the proven economy of the "McLAUGHLIN" Valve-in-Head car should make it the preference.

*Write for free booklet
"City Life and Liberty"*

McLAUGHLIN

THE **McLAUGHLIN** MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED **OSHAWA**
12 Branches Throughout Canada

The Canadian Ford Company has Spent Over a Million Dollars on New Equipment Since the Beginning of War

To increase the efficiency and the capacity of the Ford Canadian plant and its service stations—to produce even a better car at a lower cost of manufacture, thus to sell at a lower price, the Ford Canadian executives have put over a million dollars into new equipment since August, 1914.

That this expenditure has been made since war began indicates most emphatically the unquestionable belief of the Canadian Ford Company in the present and future prosperity of Canada and the triumph of the Empire. In fact the Ford Canadian executives are so firmly convinced of this that they are governing the entire policy of a great ten million dollar Canadian Company in accordance with this belief.

Since the beginning of war they have spent approximately a million and three-quarters in new buildings, twice reduced the price of the car by \$60 (\$120 in all) and reduced the price of spare parts \$147 per car—all in addition to this million dollars worth of new equipment.

But, in turn, it has been this new equipment that has been responsible in great part for these reductions in prices. Marvelous new labor saving machinery installed in the recently enlarged two-acre machine shop has effected big savings in cost of manufacture.

For instance three drill presses that formerly were used to turn out 600 parts a day, now have been supplanted by three punch presses that turn out 3000 parts a day, and there is absolutely no sacrifice in quality of work.

At a cost of \$40,000 three truly wonderful milling machines were installed that mill 48 Ford engine cylinders at once with perfect accuracy.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all are the new gear cutting machines that are a source of amazement to those acquainted with gear cutting methods in vogue several years ago. Then there were only two or three shops on the continent where gear cutting could be done at all and it was a slow and most exacting process. But in the Ford Canadian plant there are no less than 46 wonderful automatic gear cutting machines that turn out gears cut absolutely perfect in one-twentieth the time without the touch of human hands except for putting in the blank and taking out the finished gear.

When the machine has finished the work it notifies the operator by ringing a bell. One man can operate two or three of these machines, a fact which gives some indication of the great saving in labor that this new equipment has made possible and which also plays a very important part in reducing the manufacturing cost and the selling price of Ford cars.

Again, think of the great saving in labor, as well as time, effected by the remarkable Ford drilling machine that bores 45 holes in a cylinder casting in four directions at a single turn.

Do not assume from this, however, that the number of employees has been decreased. On the contrary, the Ford staff has been increased by 900 men since war began. Furthermore when the present Ford schedule of wages went into effect in April 1915, the wages of these employees were increased \$50,000 a month.

If it were not for the exceedingly substantial economies made possible by this new equipment, it can be readily understood that the price of the Ford car, built as it is today of the finest materials procurable, would be very much higher.

No firm that did not have the immense quantity production of the Canadian Ford plant could possibly afford to install such equipment as this and consequently could not sell a car as good as the Ford at anywhere near the Ford prices.

In addition to the equipment told of above new engines were installed in the power plant at Ford, Ontario—650 horse power gas engines especially designed by Ford Engineers.

Also the four new Ford Branch buildings at Montreal, Toronto, London and Winnipeg, each of them as large as many automobile factories, had to be furnished with machinery and appliances. Each one of these branches is so thoroughly equipped as to be able to build a Ford car complete. Each one forms a still further perfection in the already unrivalled Ford Service to Ford owners.

And the fact cannot be overlooked that a policy that dictated the expenditure of such a great sum of cold cash as this during the progress of the war must have been prompted by a very practical and sincere belief in Canada's prosperity—in her future and in her people.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	- -	\$480
Ford Touring	- - -	530
Ford Coupelet	- - -	730
Ford Sedan	- - - -	890
Ford Town Car	- - -	780

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario



All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.



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Motoring is two things---a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.

No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.

If you will drive fast,
 If you will make those sudden stops,
 If the city will water asphalt,
 If rain will make muddy roads;

Why then--the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of

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T. 113



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Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!

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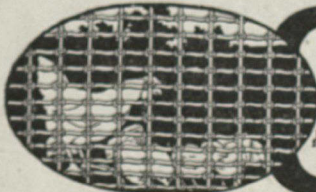
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Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White" Corn Syrups, and Benson's Corn Starch. 235



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A Real Fence—Not Netting

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"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

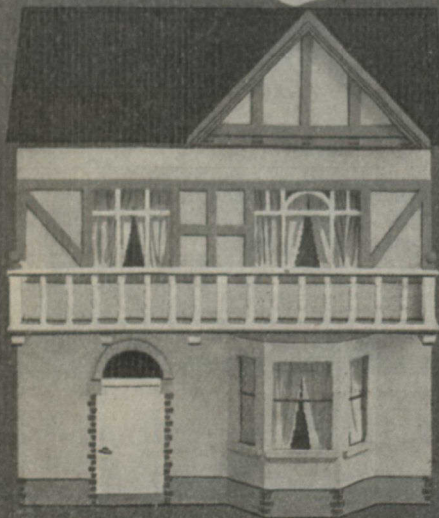
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Model No. 117, 1925



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Exact, appreciative, practical, hard-headed Canada—has, as one unit, O. K.'d the small light, economical \$850 Overland.

They like its style, its good-looking lines; that smart, individual air of exclusiveness.

They like its power and pep. It shoots up a hill like a streak of greased lightning. It gives, but seldom gets, the dust.

Put five in (there's lots of room), give her a little gas and away she flies—free from vibration, rattle, stress or strain.

What do you suppose appeals to the more elderly people? Just the solid comfort. This car, unlike most of the smaller and popular priced makes, has none of that stiffness or rigidity about it. Deep,

soft, divan upholstery and shock-absorbing cantilever springs take all the stiffness out and put all the comfort in.

Large tires (4-inch) also add materially to the riding qualities of the car. Also, and just as important, they help keep upkeep at a minimum.

Another thing to remember. This car comes complete. No expensive starter or speedometer or anything extra to buy.

It's the little conveniences that seem to have the broadest appeal. The electric control buttons on the steering column, convenient foot pedals and shifting levers bring everything within everyone's reach—even the price.

It is but \$850—complete.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 656

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Without actually trying it you cannot know the wonderful results obtained on all furniture, woodwork, and floors from

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It takes off all the dirt and leaves the wood as it was when new, with all the original beauty of the grain brought out.

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