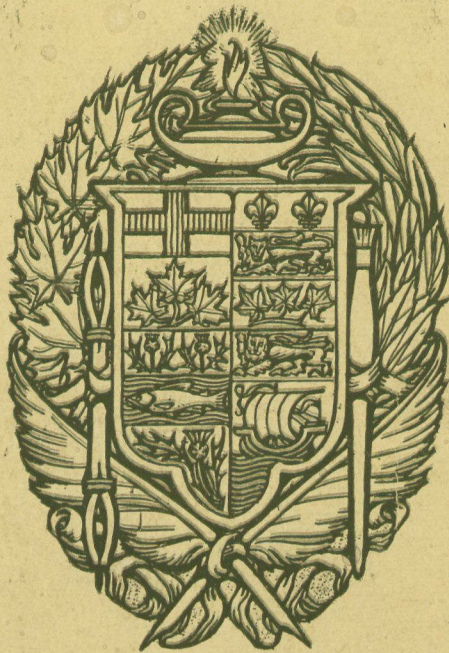


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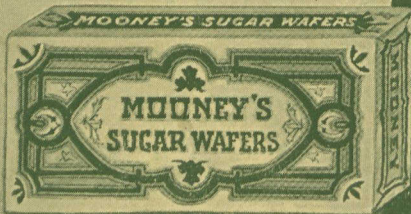


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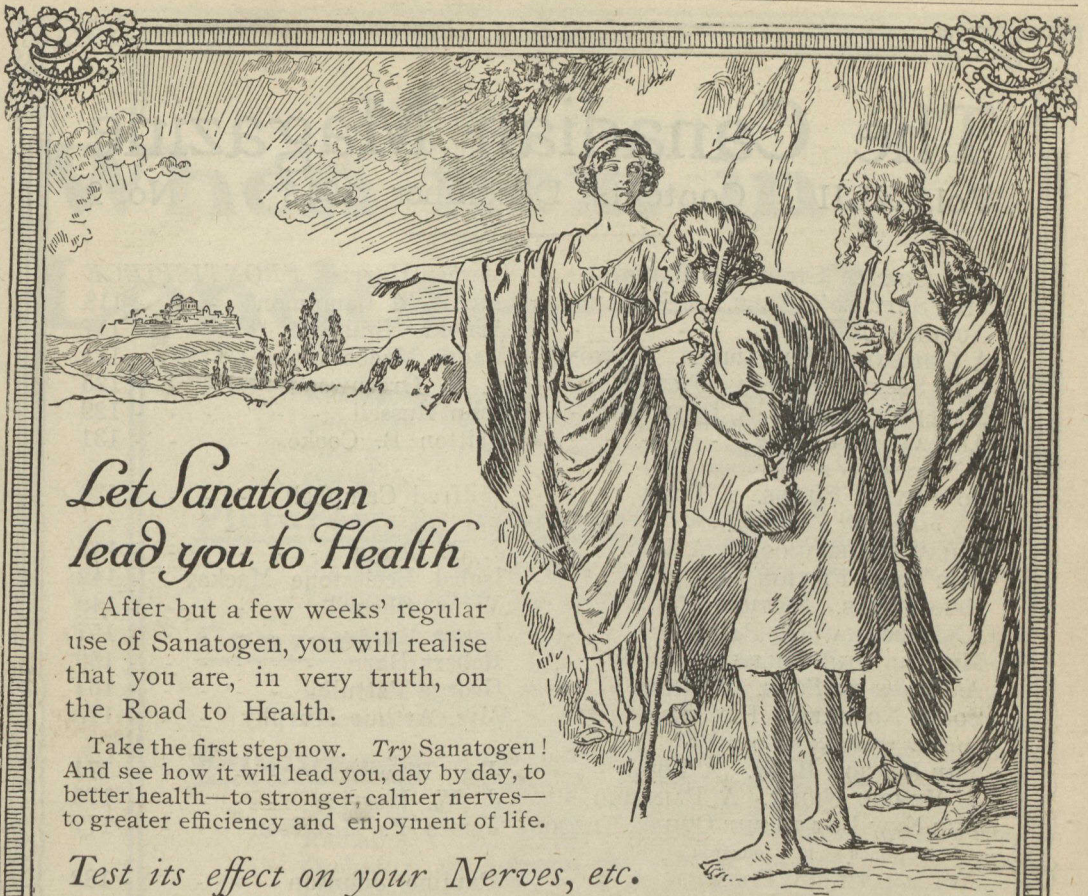
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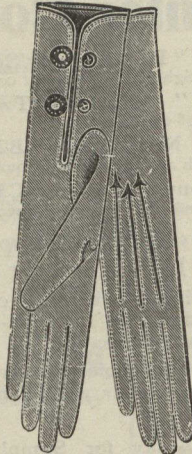
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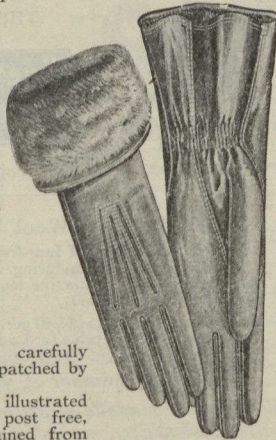


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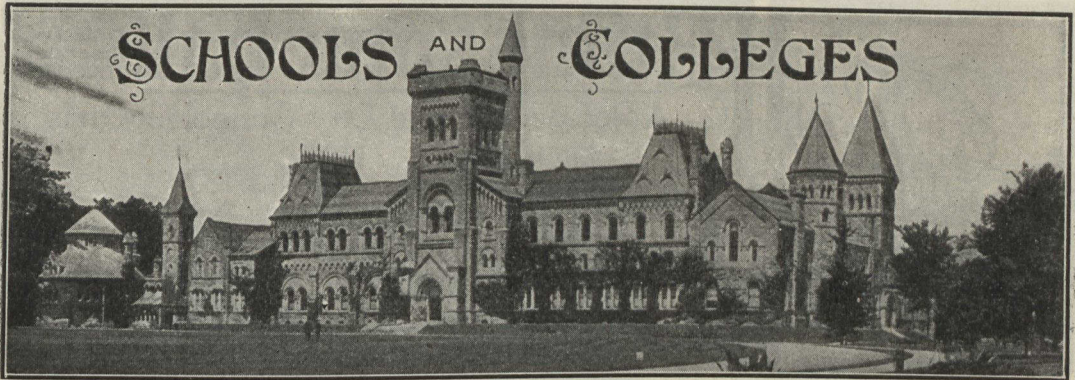
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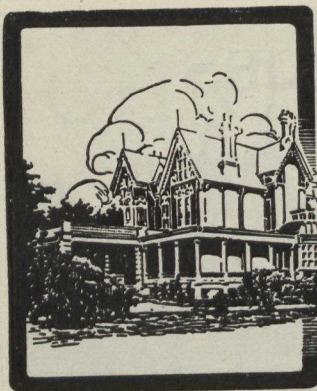
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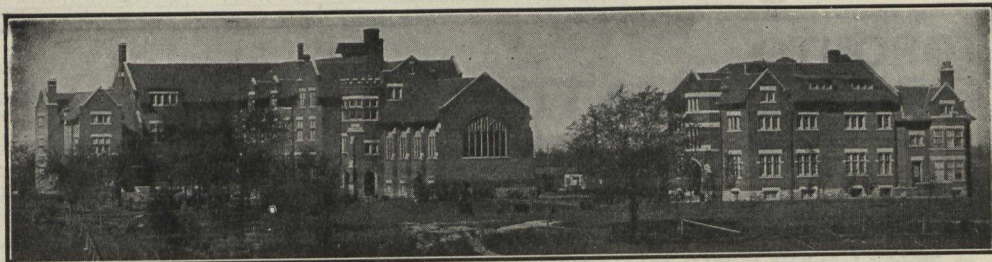
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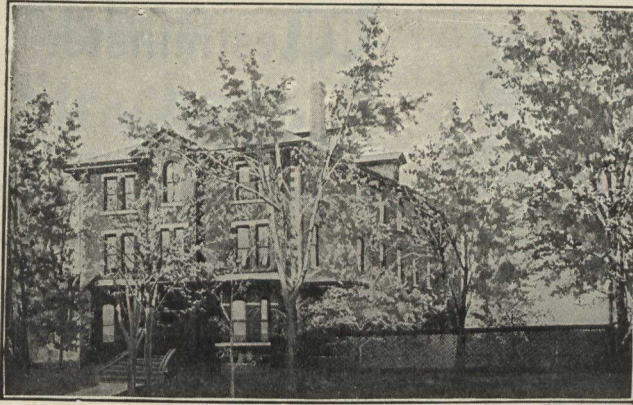
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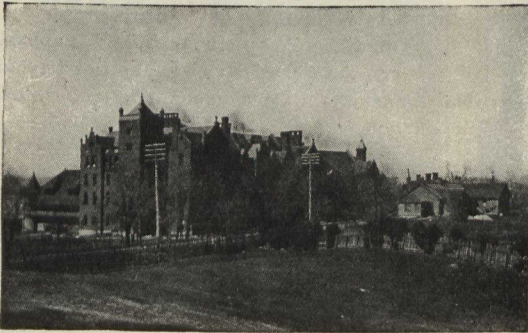
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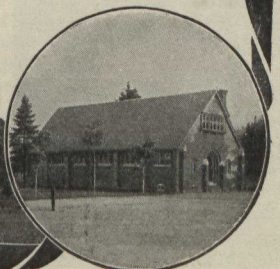
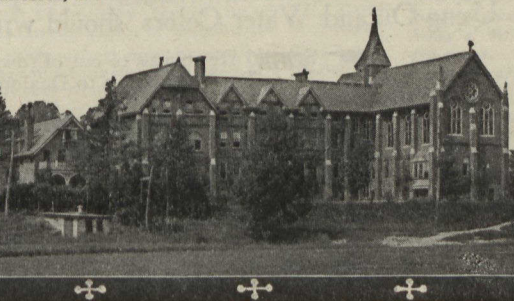
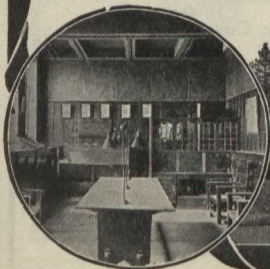
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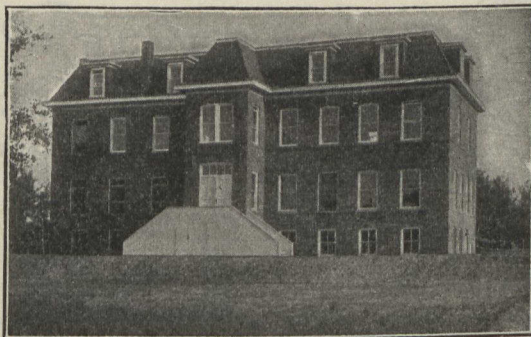


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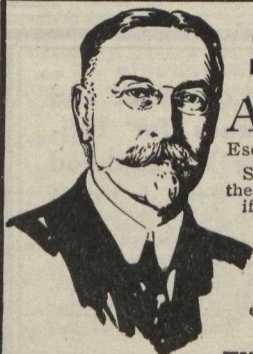
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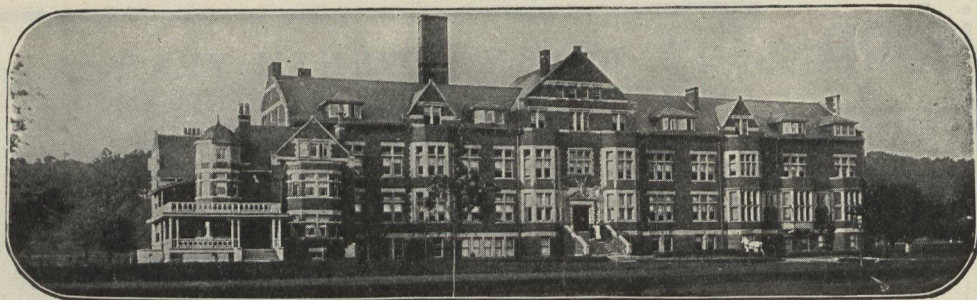
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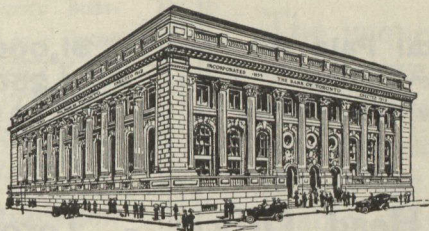
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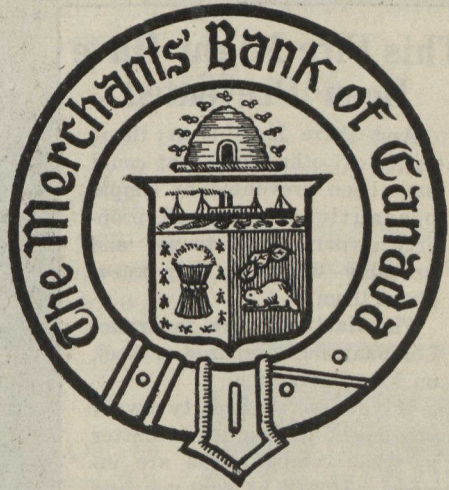
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(Can. Mag.)

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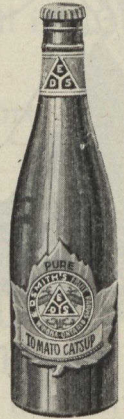


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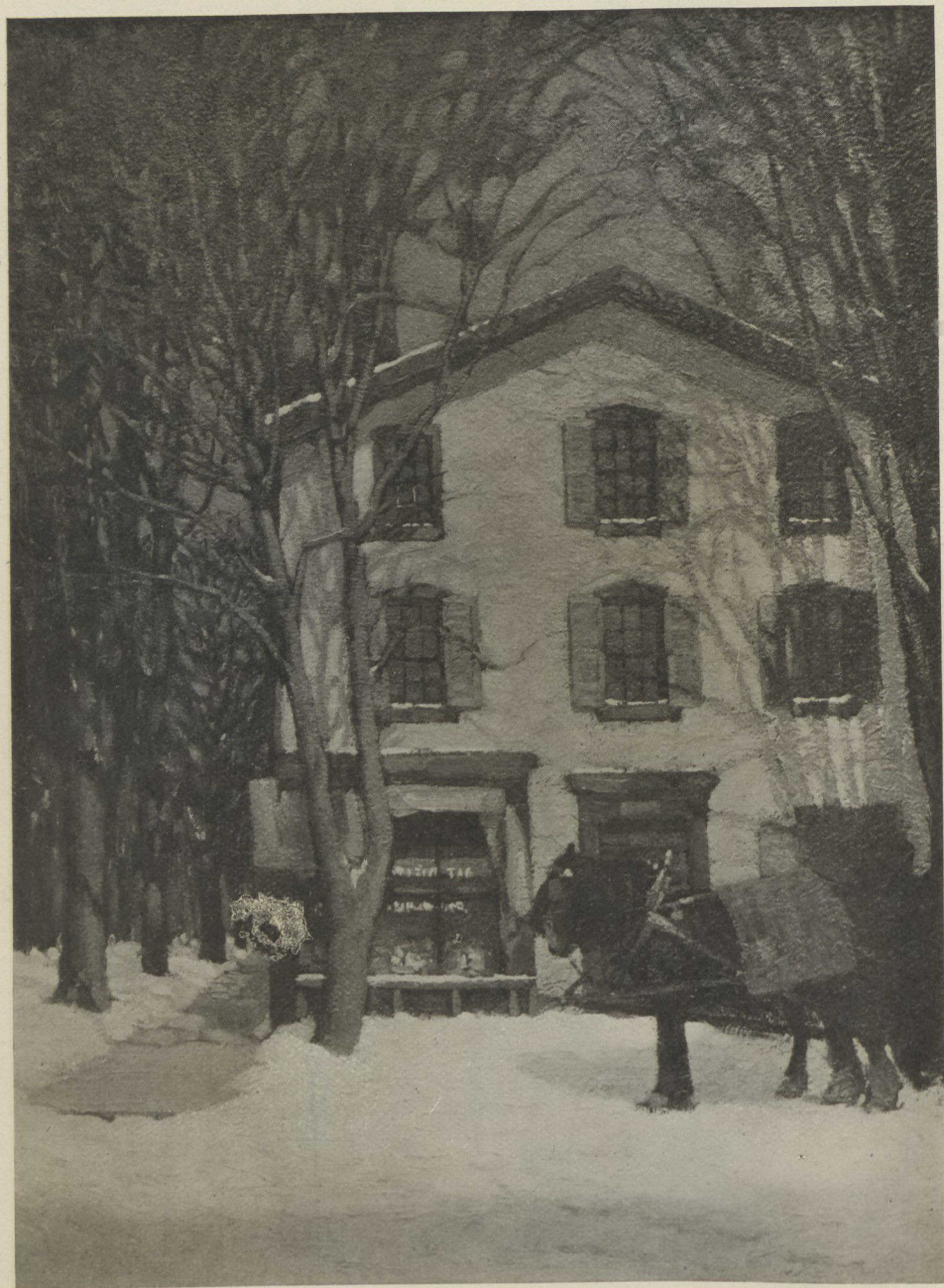
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1913

No. 2

THE SETTLER'S TALE

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR'S LITERARY EXECUTOR: Turning over some manuscripts of Archibald Lampman's the other day, I came upon two that, so far as I know or can ascertain, have never before been published. One, a lyric,* is an early piece, probably written in Toronto, or shortly after Lampman came to Ottawa; the other, this ballad, is much later, a product of his contact with pioneer life as one sees it in the unsettled parts of Quebec. These poems must have been rejected, with some others, when I was deciding what should be included in the volume of Lampman's collected works. I think now there must, or ought to have been, a scruple of criticism against them. Coming upon them after a long interval, I am rather doubtful of the decision that excluded the ballad. I fancy it was the gloom and unrelieved sorrow of it telling upon one through a purely conventional story that decided its fate. But its fate was not then irrevocably cast, and the readers of "The Canadian Magazine" will, I hope, agree that it is wise to make it public. Its beauties are evident, and they come upon us sadly as manifestations of a genius that, as we humanly think, should yet be vigorous and active in our midst and not utterly quenched.—Duncan Campbell Scott.

YOU say you have thought of me day by day,
And wondered why I am grim and gray,

So drawn of mouth and so hard of eye;
You are kind, you are good, I will tell you why.

By the tender light and the motherly grace
That win my eyes to your gentle face,

By the little fingers that cling to your hand,
I know you will hear me and understand.

*Editor's Note: The lyric, "New Year's Eve," will be published in the January number.

In a long past year, ere the spring was awake,
I built me a hut by a northern lake;

The logs I measured, and hauled, and hewed,
Ere the leaves were aflame in the autumn wood.

I raised and mortised them close and well,
And I finished the roof when the first snow fell.

While the light of the wintry snow was thin,
I carved and fitted it fair within.

Though the drifts were like hills in the frost-white hours,
In my heart there was summer, with birds and flowers.

For I thought of the girl I had wooed and won,
And I whistled and sang till my work was done.

I took my paddle when spring began,
And many a gusty rapid I ran.

By lake and river I journeyed down,
Till I came to the mills in a far-off town;

And my love—I found her as fair and true,
As she was in the year when our love was new.

By rapid and pool in my paddle's wake,
I brought her back to my northern lake.

She was all in the world that my heart held dear,
And our days were filled with content and cheer.

A twelve-month long without shadow of dread,
We laboured and planned for the years ahead.

And then in the hour of my hope and pride
She bore me a beautiful child and died.

I went to the clearing with pick and spade,
And a long, deep grave in the mould I made;

And I bore her and laid her tenderly there,
With her sad white cheeks and her nut-brown hair—

My beautiful one, with her gentle smile—
I lay in the earth at her feet awhile,

With never a moan and never a tear,
For my heart was benumbed with horror and fear.

I rose from the grave, and with silent care
I filled and rounded it smooth and fair,

And then to my motherless babe I turned,
And wept, and the wildness of grief I learned.

As softly and deftly as mothers may
I tended my little one night and day.

The one thing left that my heart held dear,
I watched her with joy and shuddering fear.

Winter or summer, whatever befell,
I kept and guarded her safe and well—

The fairest of delicate baby girls,
With her mother's eyes and her mother's curls.

And still as she grew, in my gathering joy
I made her many a curious toy,

Seeking ever for some new thing
To make her silvery laughter ring.

But I fought in vain with the fate in store,
For the thing I dreaded was there at my door.

In the hush of one sultry summer night
I sprang from my bed in a dark affright,

I called upon God, and my heart beat wild,
For a horrible sickness had seized my child.

I worked as I would, but ere morning was red,
My beautiful baby was cold and dead.

I went to the clearing with pick and spade,
And a small deep grave in the mould I made.

I softened its floor with an otter's skin,
And I laid my little one low therein.

And everything there from the first to the least,
That her hands had touched or her lips had kissed,

The toys that had been her delight and pride
I gathered and laid by my little one's side.

I knelt in the mould, and I kissed her brow,
And her cheeks, and shoulders, as cold as snow.

I smoothed her curls on the otter's skin,
And I rose from the grave and covered it in.

I covered it in, and with patient care
I heaped and rounded it smooth and fair.

I wept not, nor moaned, nor uttered her name,
For my heart was dry, as with living flame.

And again I laboured with pick and spade,
And a long, deep grave in the mould I made.

I made it deep, and I made it wide,
And I sat in the silent night by its side.

A new day dawned, and a second and third,
But I knew not if ever I spake or stirred.

For thought with the wreck of my love had fled,
My body still lived, but my soul was dead.

Only one thing in the dark I knew,
The presence of death that grew and grew.

I saw not its form, for it stretched away
Miles upon miles, beyond night, beyond day.

But its eyes I saw, yea, its horrible eyes,
That were fixed upon mine with a pale surmise.

With a veiled, impalpable, stony stare,
Till my life ebbed low, and my bones grew bare.

And then in the midnight a tempest came,
With the crash of wind and the stroke of flame,

And I reeled at the end of my life, and fell
Into the grave I had dug so well.

I would that the rain with its tempest blow
Had crumbled the earth of its sides, and so

Buried me there. But it heeded me not,
For still I live to recount my lot.

An Indian found me at break of morn,
With limbs rain-sodden, wasted, and worn,

And bore me away to his tent, and there
With wild-wood wisdom and rugged care

Nursed me through fever that fought and burned,
Till the fires died low and the life returned.

You see, I am bred in a bitter school;
I am not as other men are—a pool

That shrieks in the onrush of every blast,
But smiles and is still, when the tempest is past.

My joy went forth, as a word that is said;
It is gone, and forever, my heart is dead.

AUTUMN REVERIES

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

IN the New World there is a chill in the Fall of the year. The cold north-western winds, cradled amidst palæocrystic ice, and blowing over tundra and prairie, are untempered by Gulf Stream or ocean. Untempered, too, by cloud and moisture, they cut keen and reveal the leafless landscape in all its bareness. And it may be that they bring with them the thought that for many months to come the landscape will be bare indeed—unless covered with a shroud of snow.

Far different is Autumn in England. I write situate in the Basin of the Thames, and for many weeks now I have been watching Summer slowly give up its glowing glories in order that other glories, not less wonderful in colour, may take their place. For England is never colourless; nay, in England, all through the year, the colours are warm and sweet and comforting. The very trunks and twigs of the trees are warm with browns and greens and purples, the result of the mosses and lichens, minute epiphytic and parasitic vegetation which the humid climate so greatly fosters. Even brick walls, the stepping-stones in brooks, wooden palings—everything constructed by man, Nature soon mellows with a gentle hand; so that, in place of stark and staring edifices where the bare boards or the dull paint form blotches on the scene, you have everywhere a great harmony of colour—violets shading into green; greens gliding into softest yellows; and these again deepening into

warm and beautiful orange and gold and red.

A long, long tramp through beechy Buckinghamshire the other day revealed at every step beauties that filled the eye—and filled the heart. No pen could do them justice; and, among painters, only the brush of a Corot could attempt their depiction without depriving them of their exquisite, almost evanescent, softness. A great mist lay over the land; a gentle, noiseless mist that hid from you the horizon and the outer world; that shut you in from the outer world; lured you into that mood of quiet reverence in the presence of quiet, wonder-worker, Nature; and revealed to you . . . I cannot tell all that was revealed. I can only point to this and that beautiful little thing or vision, themselves but emblems of a Beauty and a Vision invisible, impalpable, divine. I saw the little ivies in the ditches. I saw unnumbered little leaves and stalks and tendrils in the hedges; all of shape and texture and colour actually and positively divine. The hedges, a tangle of twigs thick with a hundred growths, were mighty marvels that no human clipping and pruning and trimming could diminish. And at every few paces rose out of these hedges, on either hand, old majestic elms, great in girth, tall of stature, interlacing their branches high overhead, and making for pygmy me who walked that winding lane a wondrous fane in which to worship. It was not exactly what one saw with one's bod-

ily eyes that roused worship in that fane. What was it?

As the morning grew towards noon and the sun gained power, that gentle mist—so noiseless, like an Angel's hand laid soothingly on me and on all that hemmed me in—the mist mysteriously withdrew itself. But only to show fresh loveliness. On either hand were meadows, still lush with grass; or brown and furrowed earth, shot through with the myriad tips of growing corn; and here and there in scattered heaps lay the leaves of the oak and the elm and the beech, brilliant in their brown and orange and russet, lit up like burnished gold, by sunny glints from between the clouds.

For miles, quiet little scenes like this filled the eye and the heart—entrancing, exalting, humbling. Wherein lay the secret of their appeal?

It has been my lot to gaze my fill at the luxuriant vegetation of the tropic East. Often have I watched the great evening clouds draw majestically up the ravine that separated me from the towering Droog of the Nilgiris, blotting out that purple mass. From a hill-top, too, in the Northern wilds of the Western World I have seen square-miles of scarlet maples transforming what was once a quiet green landscape into one of flaming red and yellow. And I have seen nimbus and cirrus sweep over the Alps and the Jura. The East has a curious call: it seizes upon the soul and overwhelms with a deep and ineffable longing. The West thrills—nay, startles; it is so outspoken, so unabashed. The lure of the East is mysterious, incomprehensible. In the West that lure excites to wonderment by its very frankness. But Europe—England—ah! gentle, quiet, lovely England—England's appeal is to the heart.

Wherein lies the secret of the appeal? Why is it that field and hedge-row, winding lane, and interlacing boughs, so strike upon the emotions?

Can it be that what we call Nature is but the habitat of the human race, at once its home, its altar, and its hearth? Does the cosmic consciousness of Man harbour in his memory, and hand on to each of his descendants, the endearing associations which always cluster about the haunts of one's childhood? Is there in the sap of trunk and stalk and twig veritable human blood; as undoubtedly there is in man veritable sap transmuted into blood? Is there actual corporeal kinship between habitat and habitant? And out of this kinship does there arise a spiritual and parental communion which uplifts the emotions of man?

One thing at least is certain: Of this human race, of which each of us frail and wailing mortals is a fragment, this kindly or unkindly thing we call "external Nature" is at once the mother, and the cradle, and the home.

—It is also the grave. But, unlike the mournful mounds so pitilessly ranged in regular rows—as if, 'fore God, to accentuate the fact that in Death this impotent thing called "the human being" meets at last a uniforming and levelling foe—unlike these mournful mounds, external nature is a grave out of which there is a perpetual and unceasing resurrection. Nature is at once the Tomb and the Womb of Life. Out of the inorganic soil springs the herbage. Each year, the withered leaves of this herbage form pabulum for the crop that follows. The crop is assimilated by the living denizen—the very matter of nature is changed into muscle and bone, into nerve and brain—and if into nerve and brain, then surely also into thought and imagination and feeling. And, when muscle and bone, nerve and brain, lay down that subtle thing called Life, give up the Spirit, and lie inert, they enter once again the womb of Nature, and the mighty cycle begins afresh.

A CHRISTMAS PECCADILLO

BY MADGE MACBETH

"HOLD on Jackson! I can't stand any more—my nerves are all a-flutter, and I'll damage you seriously if you read another word!"

Jackson closed the magazine good-naturedly and peered at his friend through the fog of smoke which enveloped him.

"Sand man coming?" he inquired. "I don't think it is very late."

"No, no; I'm not a bit sleepy," protested Clarke, giving a petulant jerk to the rug which covered his knees. He was recovering very slowly from a serious operation and being a lonely bachelor, he depended upon his friends to enlighten the drag of weary hours, while he, usually so active, sat passive. Jackson, his greatest crony, devoted himself assiduously to the task of amusing Clarke, and spent a part of every day in his rooms reading papers and magazines aloud.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," repeated Clarke emphatically; "I just feel that I want to talk—a sort of feminine, heart-to-heart affair, you know."

"My dear fellow, you alarm me!"

"Don't be an ass," growled the other. "If you would listen once in a while, instead of talking so much, you might improve your shrinking mentality and enlarge your conversational abilities, rather than fall back on magazines and hashed-over plots to provide you with topics! I don't want to talk about myself, but about you!"

Jackson hitched his chair forward and struck an attitude.

"Proceed, little one," he encouraged. "You say that the Due di Montessa has asked your hand in marriage—"

"You are a coward, Jackson!" interrupted the sick man. "You take advantage of the fact that, for the moment, I am not able to knock you down. Will you be quiet or not?"

"As silent as a shadow," hissed the other, on the nether side of his nicotine-stained fingers. "Speak on, and have no fear!"

"Why can't you read a magazine story without making an infernal hash of all the sentimental parts?"

"Insulting!" exclaimed Jackson. "The idea is prepost—"

"No, it is not! Listen! Since I have been a dead one, here, with nothing to do but wonder and surmise, I have thought all sorts of bally thoughts which never occurred to me before."

"Good," interrupted the irrepressible Jackson. "The fact deserves mention in a leading scientific journal."

"Perhaps physical torture reduces our mentality," continued the convalescent thoughtfully, "or perhaps it brings us nearer in sympathy to others—what I am trying to get at," he said hurriedly, as though afraid of an interruption, "is that I found myself constantly thinking about, wondering about, and dissecting people."

"Horrible! Horrible!" murmured Jackson.

"Not horrible at all, but extremely

interesting. Instead of merely accepting all of you men whom I have known for years, I analyzed you; I looked for reasons, for instance, why Leonard should be so easily lured away from that awfully decent little wife he has, why Griffin should be so deucedly penurious with all his money, why you pretend to be so brutally practical, and why you shrink from any display of emotion in precisely the same way that you would shrink from walking abroad naked."

"Stop! Stop!" cried Jackson, leaping to his feet. "Such prying is inhuman deviltry! You and Munsterberg are very fiends with your thought-reading tricks! I shouldn't have thought it of you, Clarke, 'pon my soul I shouldn't! Somehow it's not square and sporty—to think that we have been innocent victims while you, in the guise of an invalid, were lying low and deliberately dissecting us—Great Heavens!" he broke off, tragically, "to think that my gray hairs should thus be brought in sorrow to the grave!"

Clarke aimed an empty tobacco tin with such neat precision that it struck Jackson full in the chest, and with a loud roar he collapsed upon a near-by couch.

"Take my love to dear Lady Hamilton," he murmured, borrowing Lord Nelson's famous death speech.

"Now lie there and listen," commanded Clarke, callously. "I am going to tell you a few things about yourself which will surprise you."

"Specimen No. 49; genus homo—" muttered Jackson.

"You are really chock full of sentiment, fanciful conceits, extravagant similies, and so on," continued Clarke, "although you have so strangled your emotions that you would have to go after one with a searchlight, if you wanted it."

"I sentimental? I?"

"Yes, you! I grant that few intellects could have discerned it, but it's there; I prove it by the fact that

you blush and stammer over every hint of feeling which you or any one else utters."

Jackson wriggled.

"You are a crazy fool, Clarke, and that's the truth! You can't have known me these five years without realizing that I—er—well, that I *am* practical, er—I can't speak of lo— Oh, bother! Here is the thing in a nutshell." He picked up a copy of Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants," and pointed to the speech of Sir Charles Worgan, when he explains to his brother his inability to express love in any degree. "There you are! I am just like that fellow; except that he was sentimental, and I am *not*! The mention of all that balderdash nauseates me through and through."

"Then tell me how you would go about proposing to a girl."

Jackson's face turned an apoplectic red, and he squirmed in his chair.

"What an awful ass illness has made of you, Clarke," he complained. "Of course, there are limits to humouring even an invalid."

"Just this once!"

"I would merely say, 'Mary, my income is so much; I like you, I think you are a deuced sensible girl, and if you think there is any good in me, and all that nonsense, you know, why we might hit it off together as well as most people. What do you say?'—or words to that effect."

"No mention of loving her, no recital of her charms?"

"Certainly not," Jackson declared emphatically. "I simply couldn't do it—it isn't in me; I should choke over the words, even if I had rehearsed them a year beforehand."

"By gad, you are a stubborn beggar!" laughed Clarke. "Hand me that magazine, please. I want to give you an imitation of the way you read aloud—and, understand, I do solemnly and firmly believe that you gloat over these same passages in secret." Before Jackson could reply to this accusation, he had found the place:

"*And as she lay in his embrace* . . . uhum . . . *he heard the snapping of a twig and suddenly released her. But she clung to him the closer—her lips . . .* Oh, well, there's nothing important just here! *And when the moon gleamed from behind a bank of clouds, their heads . . .* Well, *he* says a lot of rot, and *she* says a lot of rot, and I suppose they marry happily and live miserably ever afterwards! Now that's a fine mess to make of a story, isn't it?"

"No greater than it deserves," maintained Jackson. "No one has any right to fill a book with such bally rot as that—there are few, if any, persons who appreciate it, unless they are women, for no one would talk that way—it is not natural."

"Perfectly natural; impulsive outburst of one's innermost feelings. You would talk that way!"

"I'll be eternally damned if I would, and there's no way to prove it."

"Wrong again," contradicted Clarke.

"How?"

"Go to some girl and propose to her!"

The idea was so utterly preposterous that Jackson only gaped at his friend. Two bachelors more set in the grooves of single blessedness it would be hard to find—Damon and Pythias, they were abundantly satisfied in one another's society and probably neither called on a girl once a year. Where Clarke was ambitious in his profession, Jackson was an interested dabbler in scientific experiments of various sorts, and each delighted in and respected the other's hobby. Teas, bridge—with women, in shaded drawing-rooms—they shunned as being something too feminine to be attractive, and while not posing as women-haters, they simply kept clear of the gentler sex. Consequently, when Clarke suggested his friend's proposing to a girl merely as an experiment, it is no wonder that Jack-

son was rendered dumb. What girl?

"Barmy, my good man, barmy," muttered the latter at last. "Where will I find a girl to whom I may say—"

"I have it! What is the matter with Preston's sister — you know her!"

Jackson grew cold at the idea.

"But she is a nice girl, Jimmy, a very nice girl, if one can judge from appearances; I have seen her at dinner several times when Preston has taken me there—it would be an insult to her!"

"That depends. Were you to break into the house some evening without warning and say, 'Mary, my income—'"

"Her name is Coralie," said Jackson, reminiscently.

"Coralie! Coralie! How pretty! It appeals to my sentimentalism."

"You had better have a shot at her, yourself, then."

"So I will; not her, but another. That is part of the programme I have arranged, as soon as the "Pill Slinger" gives me a clean bill of health. I am going to find some nice, harmless female, and I am going to get myself all primed with flowery speeches, then at the last minute, I will be the one to blurt out some prosaic rot about my income, while you, thinking that you are going to run along that track, will soar up to fanciful heights equalled only by an impassioned Oriental. See if you don't!"

The long and short of it was that Jackson became quite earnest over the discussion, bent upon proving Clarke wholly wrong. To that end, he even consented to cultivate Miss Preston for a space and pave the way for trying out his experiment. He argued that only in the interest of science would he consent to make a dashed cad of himself and propose to a girl he had no idea of marrying, and only to save Clarke from pursuing his mad career of vivisection the characteristics of his friends would he run the risk of being kicked out of the house

by Preston, whose extremities were ponderous to say the least. But the deed must be done—he bound himself to carry it through.

Preliminaries were opened by Jackson inviting Preston to bring his sister to the theatre. It was a strange party; at times both Preston and Coralie wondered why they had been invited. Jackson's exaggerated method of "cultivating" the girl would have been ludicrous if it had not been so pitifully infantile.

A few evenings later Jackson was invited to Preston's for dinner. He addressed most of his conversation, as usual, to the male members of the family, but every now and then remembered that there was other business afoot and asked Coralie puerile questions, as though she had been in short dresses, with a doll baby in her arms. Finally he suggested taking her to tea the following afternoon, an invitation which she shyly accepted. The more he thought of it, the more Jackson disliked the idea of playing the cad toward her; she was a pretty girl with copper-coloured hair, ivory skin, dazzling white teeth, and a sort of repressed vitality which when combined with righteous anger would, he imagined, have a very disquieting effect. Jackson began ardently to wish he had not been dragged into this assenine discussion, yet he dared not back down, for fear that Clarke would consider his argument won.

The invalid followed Jackson's campaign with unflagging interest, bolstering up his courage when it sagged, and offering insane and impossible suggestions.

"It's the parents, too, begad," groaned the experimenter one night after a painful hour spent in a stuffy over-heated and over-crowded tea-room with Coralie. "Why, hang it, Clarke, they will cut me clean as a guillotine when they know; and Mrs. P. is a jolly old dear!"

"They won't know anything about it," soothed the other. "Really nice

girls don't blab their *affaires des coeurs* to the family at breakfast any more than they hand around notes from men or plaster their mirrors with cards gathered from florist's and bon-bon boxes. They don't have to show everyone else, in that way, how popular they are!"

Jackson looked up in surprise.

"Whence all this wisdom?" he inquired.

Clarke waved a deprecatory hand.

"I have been reading volumes, against the time I am liberated and can try my case."

"Well, I take the leap to-morrow night, or throw the whole thing over," said the practical man.

"To-morrow? Not to-morrow, Jackson! Why, man, it's Christmas Eve, and we've spent it together for five years, hand-running! You won't leave me to the mercy of the Blue Devils this time, will you?"

"Oh, it won't take long," replied the ardent lover, tonelessly. "I will take up a box of violets or some other weed to soften the blow, go in and make my speech and be here with you, old goat, quite early enough for a perfectly good invalid-ish orgy."

Half-past eight o'clock brought about all the conditions best known to writers of fiction. The snow fell in soft, caressing flakes, enhancing the twinkle of each light and softening the worried looks of late shoppers. Sleigh bells tinkled merrily, pedestrians jostled one another with a rattle of paper which sounded less harsh because of the surprises the bundles contained, crowds of people who seemed to have nothing else to do, paraded up and down the streets singing and calling out greetings to others they had never seen before. The spirit of Christmas was abroad.

With somewhat of a grim mien Jackson plodded along toward the End of a Discussion. He carried a huge box of violets, which he already felt in the small of his back, as he made his departure. And yet, such a paradox is man, that he experienced

a kind of elation at the prospect of bursting in upon Clarke and saying:

"There, I told you so!"

He did not bother to rehearse his words nor to think of a suitable topic with which to force an opening for himself; in fact, he was obliged to control a snort of amusement at the thought of Coralie's face when he put the words into shape.

Arrived at the Preston home he mounted the steps and peeped under the blind into a rose-lit drawing-room. At the piano sat Coralie playing dreamily to herself, and as a lull in the outside noises enabled him to hear the melody, Jackson recognized that old, but still popular, tune—"When We Are Married." A trifle disquieted, he jabbed the button and in another moment was shaking hands with Miss Preston and thrusting the violets at her. She thanked him prettily, pinned them on, and then they sat down. The room seemed very warm and the atmosphere heavy with the scent of flowers; the pinkness of soft lights pervaded everything subtly and percolated slowly into Jackson's being. It may have been the Spirit of Christmas he felt, but more likely it was the Spirit of Walkerville, of which he had partaken rather freely during his dinner. At any rate, he smiled benignly and a little fatuously at Coralie, who sat near him and made several feeble conversational efforts.

"Miss Preston," broke in Jackson, suddenly, "my income is not large, but—but—well, it is amply sufficient for my needs."

He stopped puzzled by the insidious change something was working within him; the pinkness, the perfume, the nearness of copper-haired, ivory-skinned Coralie, whose red brown eyes threw out a flickering light quite stupefying in their allurements!

"How interesting," she murmured.

"Yes. Certainly. . . . I was about to say . . . you see, I had

something to tell you this evening . . . which accounts for my not being with Jim Clarke, and I feel that I had better throw it off my chest, so to speak."

Coralie leaned forward and nodded.

"The fact is . . . my income . . ." Jackson floundered about for his cue and was hopelessly lost . . . "is ample for my own needs . . . and those of some one else!"

He stopped, as much surprised as though a third person had been in the room speaking for him. Those were never the words he had intended to say.

"The bald truth is . . ." he stumbled on, painfully conscious that he was becoming more involved, "well, you see, old Clarke and I have been talking about . . . about men . . . and girls . . . and we . . . er . . . began to argue, don't you see, and I said I would come and ask you . . . and there is the whole matter in a nutshell, isn't it?"

"You and Mr. Clarke were discussing me?" repeated Coralie, in her pretty, slow way, "And what did you tell him about me?"

"I told him that . . . in all my experience, I had never seen anyone so beautiful," raved Jackson, impelled by some devil he could not control. "I told him that your hair was as bottled sunshine, glowing with such light and warmth that I could feel its influence even when I was not with you. I told him," the words rushed and tumbled over one another, "that your smile was like the dazzling whiteness of a royal swan when it is illuminated by sunbeams—and your frown—ah, that is just as sweet, reminding me of the shadow of a cloud upon the face of a beautiful lake! The other day at the theatre I saw a tear glisten in your eye—why Coralie—Coralie—he repeated the name caressingly—"it looked like a drop of dew in the blossom of a blue lotus!"

Can you believe it when I say

that Jackson had begun to thoroughly enjoy himself? Words unlearned, undreamed, rushed to his lips; tones, gestures, suggested heaven knows where, sprang into being. That he was oblivious to the girl herself, to his surroundings, is a trifle; he would have talked to the Sphynx had he been near it.

He took two or three paces about the room and started off once more.

"Since I first saw you I have never been able to efface your image from my mind; I have thought of you, dreamed of you, longed for you! Longed for you!" He repeated that last, not being wholly satisfied with the first tone effect. It would have done Sothern credit.

"Love came to me; Love, the greatest thing in the world; Love, which is greater than human life, for life is fleeting—it ceases, while Love is eternal!"

Coralie meanwhile had watched Jackson, speechless; her first attitude of stupefaction gradually gave way to one of radiant joy, and her eyes clung to his every movement, as her ears clung to every syllable.

"Love is eternal youth," he went on, insanely happy as he juggled his voice and vocabulary around. "Those who love cannot grow old, for love is the youngest thing in the world. Eyes which glow with the fire of love cannot dim, cheeks which glow with Love's kisses—"

Ah, ha! He thought to himself, I have not mentioned kisses before, we will have a spasm of kisses—which he certainly did, but not just as he expected. Consciousness returned with the realization that he could speak no longer, and the good and sufficient reason for this phenomenon was that Coralie's trembling lips were crushed upon his!

"I am crazy about you, too, darling," she whispered, at last, "I am perfectly, deliriously happy!"

"You mean that—you—are going to—er—to—*marry me?*" He struggled a little over the words.

Coralie clung to him closer; it was answer enough.

After several centuries spent in being fondled and murmured at, Jackson slipped from the shackles of those gently imprisoning arms, and stumbled into the street. He felt that in another moment he would have shrieked his horror aloud—that or strangled himself with his shoestring. She was crazy about him—she was going to *marry him!*

He walked he knew not where. Time passed and still he stumbled on mercifully oblivious—like a sleep-walker. The shock had been too much for him. Suddenly, he realized that he was looking at a large plate glass window. As the objects impressed themselves upon him, he cursed and moved away. Every figure before his gaze, smirked from under a mass of copper-coloured hair! The next window displayed a shameless figure, impervious to cold, standing under a circle of light and clad in the filmiest of lingerie. Fascinated, Jackson studied the price marks, compared blue ribbon with pink, and wondered just how the things went on. Then an icy hand gripped his heart—Coralie would be revelling in such trash for her trousseau—he groaned and moved away, only to find a sea of pots and pans confronting him. A large sign announced:

REMEMBER THIS IS CHRISTMAS!
WHY NOT A KITCHEN
SHOWER?

As one stricken, Jackson stood there, until a policeman, with the civil familiarity of the season, unwittingly furnished him motive power. Said the protector of the peace:

"You'll find them bargains, if you're thinking of furnishing, sir! My missus, she got everything for our kitchen there, and she's a rare one to please, is Betsy! I hope you'll like yours—sir—and a Merry—"

"Devil!" howled Jackson, racing after an uptown car.

THE SECRET VISITOR

BY A. G. GREENWOOD

“GOD bless you, Pam!” said Colonel Clifford tenderly. “Perhaps I may be permitted to see the ring,” said his sister, Deborah, acidly.

Pamela Lincoln turned with sparkling eyes, holding out her left hand, where the great Clifford Black Pearl glowed between twin diamonds. Her engagement was three days old. The county had been astonished when its Chief Constable, Colonel Halliday Clifford, D.S.O., went to the stage for a bride and selected the nonentity Pam. She was a nobody, gossips declared. The colonel would rue the day; he scarcely knew her. Of course she was marrying him for his money; and *what* a blow for dear Miss Clifford, who had kept house for her brother all these years, and now had to chaperone a couple engaged to be married, of whose very acquaintance she bitterly disapproved.

The colonel was holding his annual Christmas ball that night, and had moved heaven and earth to have the pearl set and ready for his fiancée to wear.

They were standing in the ball-room, where holly, bay, myrtle, and fir hid the walls, awaiting the arrival of the guests. Miss Clifford bent with a sniff over Pamela’s hand.

“May I speak to you, colonel?”

His secretary spoke. The chief constable disappeared for a few moments.

“Nothing’s happened, I hope?”

“An attempted murder in London,” he answered gravely. “The suspected man—or someone answering to his description—is believed to have found his way to our part of the country— Ah! Sir John. Glad to see you.”

Speedily the room filled. Pamela was the sparkling recipient of many frigid and stilted compliments. The evening passed as such evenings do. No event marred its success. But as the last guest left, Colonel Clifford turned to Pam.

“It’s annoying,” he observed gloomily. “Sir John tells me that a history of the black pearl appeared in one or two papers to-day. It seems the report has got wind of my fetching it from the bank and having it re-set for you.”

The stone was almost unique, and of great value. The chief constable was annoyed at the unnecessary publicity.

“Burglars!” fluttered his sister.

“Nonsense, my dear!” he retorted brusquely; but for all that he was extremely careful to go round the house and see that windows and doors were securely fastened.

Pamela was tired. As soon as her golden head touched the pillow she fell asleep. She had no idea of the time, then, when she woke.

A rustling, a creaking, the dry snapping of twigs had disturbed her. She lay shivering, staring with round eyes full of fear at the curtained

window which the dying fire fitfully illumined. There was ivy beneath her window, she remembered. The black pearl lay on her dressing-table. The sounds ceased. Then suddenly, stabbing her with chill terror, the window creaked, and she heard the rattle of the counterpoise sash-weights as the cords rasped over the rollers.

A pear-shaped bell-push hung beside the bed. She stretched out a shaking hand, fumbled for it, and pressed the tiny ivory knob in its centre.

Then she lay still, shutting her eyes and feigning a sleep which her trembling limbs belied. But that moment of action had raised the alarm. The bell rang in the servants' quarters, and at night sounded a gong in the butler's bedroom. But many minutes might elapse before help came. She heard the scrambling of feet; she saw a grimy, lichen-covered hand twitch aside the curtains. The fire fell together with a spurt of flame. She felt that her heart was bursting, that every breath she drew was louder far than breathing had ever been before.

Then, as the longing to shriek aloud became almost irresistible:

"Pam!" said a hoarse, whispering voice.

She gasped and sat up. A man stepped lightly into the room and tip-toed to the foot of her bed.

"Anthony!" she said, aghast.

"I'm hunted!" he swiftly explained. "I've got mixed up in trouble in London. I'm innocent, Pam, I swear. We were good pals once—help me. I want to get away—I want money. That's why I've come to you. They're after me—the police. I daren't face the music. Pam, you'll help me—for old times' sake—"

"It's—it's five years since I saw you," she said feverishly, "and now you come—like this. Anthony, you're mad—mad to do this thing. What—do they accuse you of?"

"Murder—attempted murder," he said grimly. "Help me, Pam. For God's sake, help me!"

His voice broke. Suddenly she sat up. From below she heard the sound of footsteps. Swiftly she rolled back blanket and sheet and swung her bare feet to the floor. She held up her hand for silence, listening intently.

"They're coming—they're on the stairs!" she panted. "I didn't know—I gave the alarm—"

"God, Pam! Then I swing!"

It was hopelessly, despairingly said, but Pam darted to the dressing-table, picked up the pearl and flung it straight out into the night from window to lawn. Then she flung open her wardrobe.

"Quickly—inside! Quick, Anthony! Hold the door. You're right? Don't move—don't breathe till I give you leave—"

She stood leaning against the door, drawing shuddering breaths, her face creamy white, her rioting hair hanging about her shoulders. Then: "Come in!" she cried faintly.

Colonel Clifford—the butler and a footman stood on the threshold.

"Pam!" he cried anxiously.

"Burglars," she sobbed, breaking down. "I—I lay there and rang the bell. They've gone—they thought me asleep. The pearl—it's—it's gone! I thought no one was ever coming—"

"May I come in?" he asked swiftly, and turned to the butler. "Go down to the garden—run, man. Here, take this—I've another."

He handed the man a revolver and strode into the room.

"Don't cry—you're quite safe. It was brave of you to ring," he said, jerking the curtains aside and staring out. "Ah, snow—that ought to help us. Pam, go to my sister's room. I must go down—we'll have a lantern hunt in the garden—"

"I—I'll stay—I'm not nervous—not now," she protested. "They—they must have gone miles by now—"

"Put on your dressing-gown,

dear," he said. "You'll have an appalling cold if you don't. Where is it?—in the wardrobe?"

"No—no," she choked. "Oh, please, don't mind about me! Go to bed, Halliday. Do, to please me. It's useless hunting for them now. Please, go to bed—Halliday, promise you'll go."

At first he refused. Then at her pleading reluctantly he gave way. He went to the window once more and remained there so long with his back towards her that she said timidly:

"Halliday."

He turned and stretched out a hand towards the wardrobe.

"Please, put on your dressing-gown, Pam," he said, and in her great suspense she did not notice the change in his bearing or in his voice.

"I won't," she cried, slipping between him and the brass handle. "You—you mustn't order me about—not yet. And you must go, Halliday. What would Deborah say?"

At that moment the colonel's sister fluttered down the corridor. Her brother went swiftly to the door. He did not glance at Pam; he did not speak to her.

"Ah, Deborah," she heard him say, "we've been the victims of a plot. The black—" And then the door was shut.

For full ten minutes she stood, her hands pressed on her heaving breasts, listening for the house to grow still. Then she crept to the door, opened it, peered out, closed it once more, and locked it. On tip-toe she crossed to the wardrobe.

"Well done," whispered Anthony as she sank despairingly into a low chair before the fire and he climbed gingerly out on to the carpet. "You deserve a kiss—the first for five years—perhaps the last."

He bent and put his lips to her icy cheeks. She did not move for a moment. At length she clasped her hands round her knees, stretching out her feet to the warmth.

"Let me think," she said feverishly. "Let me think, Anthony."

"Breakfast in bed—on Christmas Day!" objected Miss Clifford, wrinkling her thin nose in disgust. "Miss Lincoln ill—nonsense!"

To make sure she climbed the stairs. Pamela's door was locked, but Deborah insisted upon entering.

She cross-examined her visitor. Miss Lincoln was tired? feverish? had contracted a chill and—"really, your—your costume last night—if one can properly so call it—so flimsy was it—invited catarrh."

Pamela owned that she was tired, and showed a badly concealed desire to be rid of her visitor. Unexpectedly Colonel Clifford knocked at the door.

"Pamela, I wish to see you—at once, please," he said. "You will dress and come down to me in the dining-room—"

"I—I can't," began Pamela. "I—"

"I shall expect you in a few minutes," he answered sternly, and they heard the sound of retreating footsteps.

Miss Clifford rose. She knew by his tones that her brother was angry. She welcomed the sign. Without a word she left the room. For a moment Pamela lay thinking—mutilious.

The colonel was standing before the fire when she entered the dining-room.

"I found this—on the lawn," he said without any greeting, his stern eyes fixed on her, "the pearl. You spoke of burglars. You were wrong—there was only one man—"

"Was—was there?"

"You lied to me in that," he went on, his face set and white and his tones harsh and very firm. "In the snow were footmarks leading to the ivy beneath your window—"

"Yes?"

"But none returning," he said. "Pamela, I've only known you two

months. My friends called me a fool because—let me be blunt—because I knew nothing about you or your past. Someone came to you last night—remained with you—was secreted in your wardrobe—has not yet left.”

His eyes were filled with passionate jealous fury. She grew deathly white, remained silent, then silently wept. He lost the last remnant of his self-command.

“Pam—before God, you’ve some explanation?”

She had not replied; he had felt with a sickening sense of dread that she would not reply, when Miss Clifford entered the room.

“You’ve seen the paper, Halliday,” she observed, glancing from one to the other. “There has been a confession in the Temple tragedy. A man was arrested last night. It appears that the suspect has given the police a lot of trouble for nothing.”

“Please leave us, Deborah,” said the colonel stiffly.

But Pamela—a Pamela altered out of all recognition, with sudden hope and overwhelming relief shining in her eyes, caught at Miss Clifford’s arm, snatching the newspaper.

“Halliday—Halliday,” she sobbed, “I—I can explain—now! Oh, how cruel you’ve been—you—you’ve almost killed me with shame!”

“Go,” said the colonel sharply to his sister. “Please go. Pam, if I’ve wronged you I’ve sinned beyond forgiveness. But I could swear the man never left your room—”

“He didn’t!” cried Pam, holding out both her hands. “He’s there now—locked in my dressing-room. Here’s the key. But I—I’ve never wronged you in thought, much less in deed. If you trust me—trust me now before I speak.”

She paused. She read the struggle in his face. But her eyes were serene, full of happy hope, and she laughed—a trembling, broken little laugh as he came to her.

“I trust you, Pam. God forgive my being such a hound—”

She flung both her arms round his neck. “Anthony’s the suspect—in the Temple tragedy, you know. He didn’t dare face suspicion—he ran away and came to me for money to escape with. He came here—to the chief constable’s house—to the very house whose owner was bound to arrest him, whose honour, whose duty would have forced him to act even if I had pleaded with him on my knees. Yet, Halliday, I couldn’t desert him, couldn’t betray him, couldn’t give him up. To tell you would have meant placing you in a position of horror. I didn’t tell you. I kept silent. I hid him—”

“But, Pam,” objected the colonel amazedly, “this—this fellow Anthony Gray, the papers about him call him—who is he? To be in your bedroom, to—”

“To—to kiss me,” laughed Pamela.

“Pam! He didn’t—”

“He did,” she said. “Still trusting me, Halliday—?”

“Pam, I’ll make you any abject apology you please. It’s Christmas time—goodwill time—can’t you forgive me? But for heaven’s sake don’t tease me any longer—do explain.”

“Explain!” echoed Pamela. “No other man—except a jealous, bad-tempered, suspicious martinet of a chief constable—would need one. Isn’t it obvious? Pamela Lincoln’s my stage name. Who else in the world d’you think I’d let kiss me?”

“Your brother!” shouted the colonel in ludicrous, loud relief.

Pamela nodded. “Of course. And now, just because it’s Christmas Day and I want to take you to church and I won’t go there quarrelling, I’ll forgive you. You may consider yourself very lucky—”

“I do,” said the colonel humbly.

Anthony, perhaps, had most reason to complain since he waited an hour in suspense and trepidation while Colonel Clifford was discovering with Pamela’s help just how lucky he was.



MARLEY'S GHOST

From the Drawing by John Russell.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ART AND INDUSTRY

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

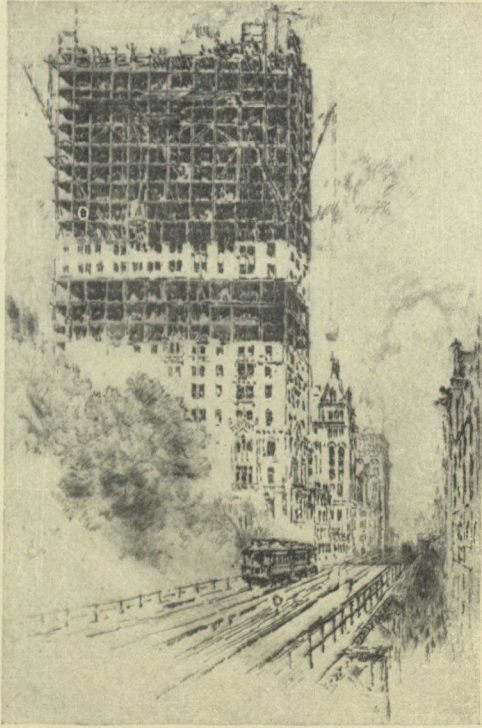
THE most ancient of all class hatreds, or say, rather, class misunderstandings, is the distrust and suspicion—modified forms of the original antagonism existing between the industrial worker and that other worker, who, for want of a better term, is called the artist. Contrary to the august contributors to quarterly reviews, it is not the antipathy of employed and employer, servant and master, serf to overlord, garden-er to squire, labour to capital, that is the oldest, but the hate of the common worker for the uncommon worker, the distrust of the artisan for the artist, the labourer for the dreamer. Those who in Elizabeth's time worked in the fields or amongst cattle, or at looms, or in shops, looked with suspicion upon the man who, though perhaps of no better origin than themselves—and possibly worse—was received at the main doorway of the lord's house, treated as an equal, and encouraged with a fabulous sum for no more than mixing a few colours on a stretched web, or daubing a miniature, or carving m'lady's head and shoulders in a white stone. They saw no rhyme or reason to the deal. They grumbled as the artist passed and called pleasant names after him with unpleasant meanings.

On his side, the artist walked aloof. He dealt in fine colours, fine textures, fine feelings. His was the business of beauty. If m'lord gave him wherewithal to obtain velvet and silk for

raiment for the mere painting of a child's head—what had that to do with the vagabonds at the plough? The toil-hardened figure, the poverty-eaten lines in a ploughman's face, were only so much disagreeableness to his artistic soul. He forever painted lambs and white clouds and the Duke in a brave attitude. Did he stop to look twice at the spinner's cottage door, it was for the colour there he saw—the colour in the daughter's face not yet bleached by the spinner's life. Master artist's eye saw colour, line and mass just as it sees them to-day, but with a difference. Aristocracy dominated art. Art saw with the eyes of its leisured master.

Exceptions should be made to this: the work of the sculptor, the architect, and the musician remain always a little closer to the common man. The noble statues of early Grecian days must have appealed to the whole people: the perfection of the chiseller's work must have been there for beggar and master alike to see. Temples, towers, and great buildings could not be hidden from the common eye, and though built by wealth, were, in the actual carrying out of the designs, done by the people—the stone-masons and the quarrymen. Music, too, with its unreasoned artistry, was not for marble hall alone, but for peasant and wayside labourer, soldier and the waiting woman.

But the other arts, those whose pro-



THE "L" AND THE TRINITY BUILDING

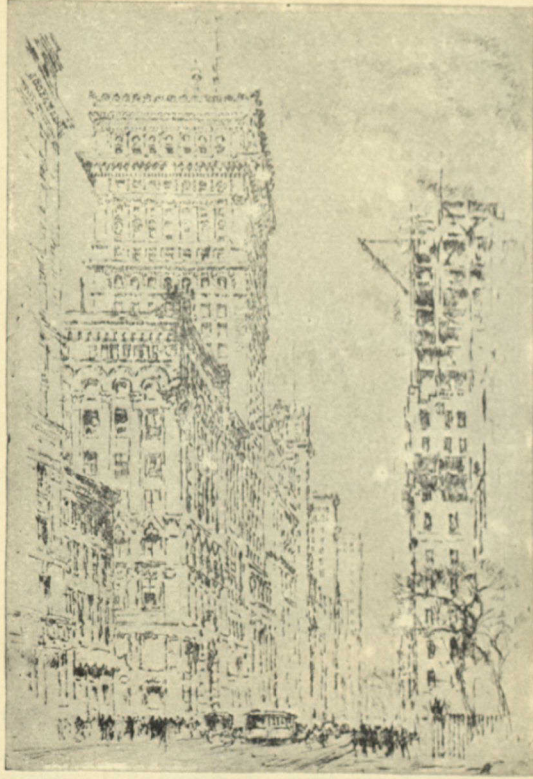
ducts could become the exclusive possession of one man, one family, closed in one room in one house, secreted from the rest of the world, long remained art apart from the masses, And yet, in so far as the great men and the great houses supported this more exclusive art, and gave it a chance to study, experiment, and produce it led the others in the attainment of subtlety and finesse. If the aristocrat made the artist paint that which it pleased him should be painted, at least he gave this much return that he lent the groping artist the support and the sympathy he needed at the time.

*

Michael Angelo worked at the behest of Roman Pontiffs. His representations were more or less what

they wished them to be. In so far as the ideas and prejudices of the Pontiff were inartistic in that much was the mere artist handicapped. He could afford to be no Don Quixote and throw up his commission because the employer wanted his saint dressed in impossible garments. He had to make his compromise with the man who paid for the chisel. The sculptors of to-day are not so bound. The paymasters are not gone, nor the men of wealth whose eyes and fancies must be pleased, but Democracy, having a greater voice in the government of things, has overthrown the absolutism and broken down the narrow walls of mere aristocracy, has widened the scope of art, and made its message deeper.

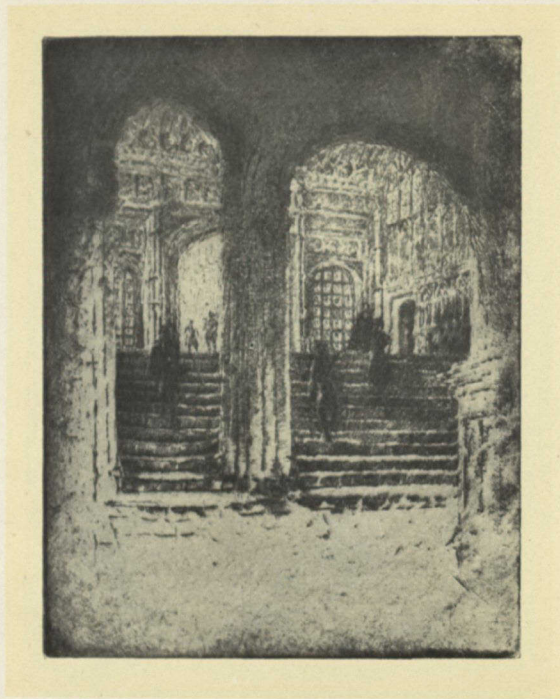
Whoever heard, in Elizabeth's time, of a painter painting a bargee just



"THE GOLDEN CORNICE"

in order to show the bargee in all his rough poverty and grossness to the public? Who would have thought even of painting the things Millet painted, or chiselling the rough but beautiful figures representing subjects from labour, industry, and commerce which are exhibited in every great show of statuary to-day? Art has grown closer to the people. The masses are beginning to understand art even a little better. Of the two it is art that has progressed the more. It is deeper, wider, and higher in its outlook, more sympathetic in its judgments. Of course, between the old days and these newer days, between the days when the Nativity was painted as taking place in a setting of

gorgeous columns and with artistic groups of appropriate saints and seraphim about the chief figure, and these days when the more probable scene in the manger at Bethlehem inspires the painter, was the middle stage of sentimentalism in art which lingers even yet among the artists, especially a certain class of Old World artists. This heart-fluttering school delighted in representations of touching or stirring episodes calculated to inspire tears or a quick pulse in the breast of the beholder. It is to be found yet in such pictures as the "Village Wedding." But out of this sentimental period and the realism which such a period was bound to carry with it the more recent de-



ENTRANCE TO HENRY VII CHAPEL—WESTMINSTER ABBEY

velopment of art—the art of painting especially—has grown. Decorative effect, pleasing treatments—these factors remain. But with them is now associated a deeper intelligence. The painter has found colour in the face of the pot-mender. His pictures reflect a new angle on life: deeper reading of the book, more analysis, more sympathetic understanding of its contents.

The invention of processes for reproducing works of art, either in black and white, or in colour, has been a foremost agent in the emancipation of art from the aristocrat's pleasant rule. The growth of magazines and illustrated weekly newspapers has carried art close to the people. True, it is sometimes too close; magazines print quantities of stuff that has no claim to the general title of art. But in all of it there is much good. It familiarizes the popular mind with artistic pro-

ductions. It widens art's audience immeasurably, thus not only raising the general intelligence of the race, but assisting art by increasing the numbers of possible buyers of pictures, possible supporters of art. It is now possible—though perhaps not without its drawbacks—for a painter to live without selling himself to some wealthy patron and his friends. The bases of art are wider and deeper. Art is better established.

The study of industrial subjects by artists has changed from the exclusive study of individuals to include occasional studies of industry in the mass, industry as a whole. For industry is no longer a matter of individuals. It is a collective affair. It is a spectacle. From its simple beginnings with the individual, from the time when each family was a more or less self-contained economic unit, to the present day, when specialization is at its height, industry

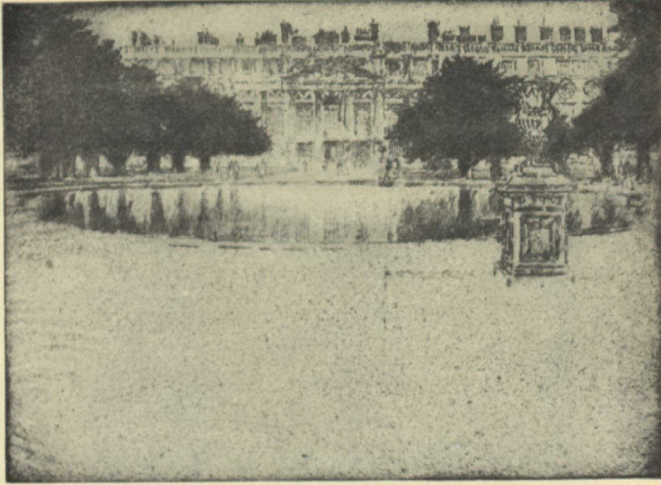


ST. MARY LE STRAND—LONDON

has evolved from a harmless and more or less profitable pursuit, to the position of a master, dominating the earth; a fabric in which unless a man have a place he starves; a machine of numberless parts, all at work, all related, revolving furiously and developing—some say a better civilization, some say a worse. It is a cauldron filled with a brew which stirs and stirs, boils and bubbles over unseen fires, and gives off Harrimans, Morgans, Mackenzies, and Carnegies?—crystallizing at the bottom who knows what salts? Some say bitter, some say sweet. It has been evolved to its present state and with its evolution brought about society, conventions, railways, wireless, and double-bottom steamships. It is at once beautiful and ugly, attractive and repellant. It is beautiful in that it affords, theoretically, employment for the hands of all; because it collects the energy of the race and focuses it in competing centres; because it com-

pels men into a common brotherhood and has made it impossible for a man to live unto himself. It provides the machinery by which the race can express its highest genius. It creates surpluses which go to support things which economically may have no value, but which are ethically invaluable. So it is beautiful. But it is ugly because it has been used, and is being used still, to enslave and degrade. Men have found means of corrupting its processes in order to accumulate dollar bills for one purpose or another. It has provided competition to serve as a stimulus to great endeavour, but it has failed to regulate competition with considerations of decency. Our forefathers created in an idle moment what has outgrown all bounds of human power. Industry is master of the race that summoned it, like a genie, by an idle movement of the hands.

There are workers in colour who have found in industry subjects for



HAMPTON COURT PALACE—LONDON

great paintings. Leaving fields and streams and the classic model in the studio, they have approached the great strongholds of industry and pitched their sketching easels before the gates. There is no end to the things they have found worthy of the canvas. Some have taken the figures of the workers coming home from the place of work, body-tired, sweaty, and uncouth of garb. They have painted the tiredness, the patience, and the resignation. Others, from the same model, have painted the colour, the atmosphere of labour. Some have pictured contented faces and some have seen only misery.

Some painters have knocked on the very gates of the great sheds of industry and painted what they saw within when the gates swung heavily open: feverish fires burning sullenly on the forges of the smiths; atmosphere heavy with colourful smoke; faces a-drip with sweat, half revealed in the gleam of the fires. They have found a thousand colours to record, a thousand intense faces to portray, a thousand tired figures moiling in the sheds of industry.

But industry lends itself to black and white better perhaps than to colours. Pennell, by his terse etchings, seems better to have seized and pictured the real spirit of the present-day over-lord than could have been accomplished in colours. His work is frank and free as air. It has no tinge of philosophy nor of the melo-dramatic such as has marred the work of many an over-impressionable artist. He has not painted as a slum-searcher or as a sociologist, and yet in his etchings of "Steel," "Coal," and "Oil," he has conveyed impressions of the two sides of industry: the beautiful and the ugly. The artist visits a steel plant and pictures in the foreground a huddle of dwellings taking shelter as it were in a deep hollow beside a straddling viaduct, and in the background—the chimneys of the great plant vomiting smoke into the face of heaven. You can feel the throb and hum of the distant works sucking the very life from the dwelling-places in the foreground. Everything in that picture is giving tribute, without seeming to give tribute, to the great bessemers

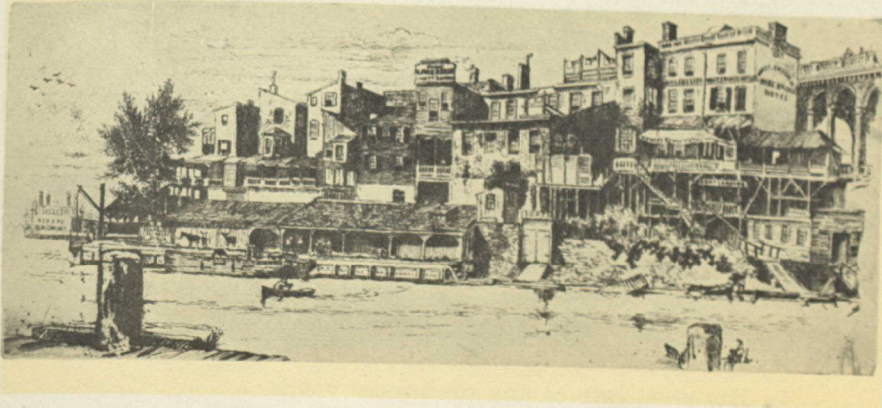
in the imposingly strong background.

Again, he etches batteries of furnaces set in a high place, cut off from the foreground by a river and bridges that seem to hedge about the stronghold of industry like strange courtiers about a strange court. There is something ominous about these etchings, and at the same time a compelling nobility. They seize the imagination and lift it with the fumes of roasted ore over the places where the pygmies of the mills sweat before altar fires of industry.

Pennell's inherent Americanism shows in every etching of subjects on this side of the great water. Such work as "The L. and the Trinity Building" conveys the feeling of the very city that bred sky-scrapers. Take also "The Golden Cornice." His character-sketches of the work along the Panama Canal are full of the spirit of the men who have carried through that work. With etch-

ing implement and plate he seems to have perched wherever there was a foothold while he worked, and recorded swiftly, boldly, and with startling success, the very spirit of industry, the beautiful and the ugly. The Callowhill Street Bridge at Philadelphia set his point fairly dancing with its business and stir.

Of course, Pennell is not the only representative of this modern movement in art, but he leads. It was he who first interpreted the sky-scra-per. He who first treated industry as a matter of artistic feeling, not merely a theme for a decoration. The movement grows, gathers force. There are still artists elaborating upon their own vague feelings. There will always be landscape and figure painting painted, for the sheer joy of painting the beautiful, but in a thousand art schools the germ of a wider, more analytical art undoubtedly is incubating.



CALLOWHILL STREET BRIDGE—PHILADELPHIA

LOW-LYING FIELDS

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

LOW-LYING fields where soft the birds wheel over,
Far from the heights and uplands, bleak and large:
Down close to earth, beloved of lark and plover,
Shut from the storm winds and the sky's wan marge,
So glad and sweet and kindly warm they gleam,
With all that richness that the whole day yields,
That spirit gentle of summer's happiest dream;
Low-lying fields.

So patient and still they lie, where hushed wings hover,
The whole day holds them tenderly, like a lover;
And even the clouds far-driven are kind to cover
Low-lying fields.

Some lives are like these lowlands, calm and quiet,
Far from the hate and fate of life's mad riot,
Their days are all of the close and intimate dreams,
Like the sweet purpose of the fields and streams,
Shut in by homely virtues, but to do
The duty of the moment, ever true
To life's best commonplace of toil and care,
Day after day their sordid burdens bear,
Without a thought beyond the loves they meet,
Those lowly ones their hourly patience shields,
Life's clovers and hedgeflowers and her primrose sweet,
Low-lying fields.

So low they lie and kindly, near life's ground,
Like the sweet grasses all the dews have found,
I almost deem that God Himself, if He,
In His great love to any preference yields,
Must hold them in His regard, and tenderly,
About them cast his sun and windward shields,
Blessing with simple homely hopes and bliss,
That sunny fragrance and patient tilth of His
Low-lying fields.



Illustration by J. E. H. Macdonald

LOW-LYING FIELDS

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WHAT OTHER BOON?

By J. D. LOGAN

WHAT other boon than Thee—and Love—shall I,
When I must pass to silence, surely crave?—
What other comforters above the grave?—
Not solely those sweet prayers of priests nearby,
Nor that remembrancer of Christ's redemptive death—
The hallowed crucifix—upraised before my sight,
Nor low-toned litanies and candles' peaceful light:
Nay, not to ask for only these will I employ my ceasing breath,
As if forgetful of my finitude's most wanted cheer.
They are for my stained soul's absolving when I hear
The dread inevitable Call,
And for my soul's safe wafture when the swart, unwelcome pall
Forever cloaks mine eyes from Earth's pervasive thrall,
But at my final passing let there be
Vouchsafed these gifts of joy and solace temporal—
One look at that illimitable sea
Which, years ago, first nursed and cradled me;
And at the sun when he has reached the western gate
And, like a royal lover, radiant, elate,
Beams gloriously, with king-like bow,
And on the waiting hills' broad dusky brow
Imprints his golden good-night kiss;
And shortly ere the death-mist veils mine eyes, let this
Be my last boon from Earth—my last sweet taste of Earth's delight—
To wait the coming of the quiet stars, and watch the Night
In silence shepherd them as sheep
And at the Dawn's first stirring fold them in—and me—for sleep.



THE LIE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS"

SURELY the wild cucumber vines outside the window had grown a foot taller during the night! Mrs. Enderby knew that when she had last looked at them only the first twisting, yellow-green tendrils had been visible above the sill. Now there were leaves, one, two — five leaves! And the wavy tendrils were half-way up the sash. It was most curious. With a wondering interest, like the interest of a child in the marvellous, she tried to lift herself, but only to experience another wonder. She could not move! Her lip quivered, and she began to cry, weakly, with a sense of unhappiness about nothing at all.

Some benevolent force slipped a hand under her pillow and raised it just a tiny bit. There was a taste of something warm and good in her mouth. She stopped crying, to swallow it, sighed, and was asleep again.

When she awoke this time, which she did after a period which might have comprised minutes or years, there was the beginning of thought in her mind. It was as if something had whispered to her in her sleep, solving the riddle of the magic cucumber vines. She realized that she had been ill. The benevolent force which raised her pillow would be the nurse, and the tall man gazing so earnestly down upon her must be the doctor. Vaguely she seemed to know the doctor; on the chance, she smiled up at him. He smiled back at her and, with the smile, he slipped easily into his rightful place in her memory.

He was Doctor Staynton, the specialist, her husband's friend.

"I have been ill?" she said. Her voice was a small voice, far away.

"You are better now."

"I am better now," she repeated. The knowledge brought her a great content.

"You will soon be well," continued the specialist, "close your eyes and sleep again."

Ruth closed her eyes. It would be foolish to argue with such a big man.

Doctor Staynton watched her until the faint smile around her lips faded into the helpless look of sleep. Then he moved noiselessly away. The nurse followed.

"Well," he said, "all is as it should be. I think we shall be able to pull her through."

"She is very weak."

"Yes. But she has vitality. If we can keep her quiet—no shock—she will do well."

"She has forgotten?"

"I think so; yes. It is the usual thing. Keep out of sight as much as you can and do not encourage questions. If she insists, soothe her. A lie or two may be necessary. We must give her every chance."

The nurse nodded. She seemed to wish to speak, yet hesitated. Then she ventured timidly, "I once nursed a case—" The specialist's quick "yes" of interest encouraged her. "I once nursed a case, something, not quite, like this. The patient—remembered."

"Ah!" The doctor's tone was non-committal. "I hope we may not be so unfortunate here. It seldom happens. However, we must be prepared for any contingency. If she remembers, she will not live."

"I shall do my best, doctor."

Doctor Staynton stepped from the quiet room into a quiet hall. The outside door was open, showing the glowing colours of a garden, but there was a quietness there also, a brooding quiet which was not the peace of early summer. Staynton was not an imaginative man, yet his brow wrinkled nervously as he crossed the hall and opened a door, on the farther side. It led into the library of the bungalow, a pleasant room, full of soft harmonies. Books were everywhere; easy chairs invited to rest; French windows opened upon a green lawn. In the middle of the room, at a desk, sat a man with his back to the door. It was in him that the quietness of the whole place seemed to centre. So quiet was he that for a gruesome second the doctor wondered if he were a man at all. Then he tapped him lightly upon the shoulder.

"She is better, Adam."

The man shivered.

"She is conscious and in her right mind, and, as we hoped, she does not remember."

The man arose mechanically. "Yes, yes," he said, in a toneless voice, "I must go to her."

The hand on his shoulder tightened.

"You must do nothing of the kind. Sit down and be sensible. You cannot see her now, nor until I give you leave. I doubt if at present she realizes that you exist. She is sleeping. I want her to sleep all she can. I want realization to come back gradually; when she asks for you—it will be time enough. I shall dread your meeting even then—for who can tell what chord of memory may be stirred? If you go to her looking as you look now, I would not give *that* for her chance of life,"

and the doctor snapped his fingers.

"What do you mean?"

Although the doctor had not been asked to do so, he drew up a chair and sat down.

"Adam," he said, "I would like to understand you. At present, if truth be told, I am more concerned about you than I am about your wife. Ruth is very ill, may not recover, but as a doctor, I understand Ruth's case. I have treated others like it. I know where I am. But you—you puzzle me. You amaze me. I can find no place for you in my experience. I am baffled and I dislike to be baffled. You will not blame me for that? Can't you explain a little?"

"No."

"Well, at least do not treat me as an enemy. Let me think aloud. Let me try to puzzle it out. You may see your way to helping me with an illuminating word or two."

"You will simply waste time."

"I'll risk it. Let us see, now. I have known you, Adam, for a good many years. I have known you for a fine fellow, more than ordinarily correct in your mode of living. The kind of man whom men respect, whom women admire, and, more rarely, love. One woman at least loved you well enough to marry you. Since your marriage, the most noticeable thing about you, apart from your usual good qualities, has been your love for your wife. Most men love their wives—in their way; but your way seemed a very special, a very splendid way. I should have said that your devotion was absolute. And, now, what do I find?"

The speaker paused, as if in surprise at his own question. But the silent man at the desk helped him out not at all. The doctor began again at a tangent.

"She loved you, too," he mused. "There has been no sinister triangle in this case. Your wife's pretty blue eyes have never strayed from you, that I'll swear. Yet what do I find? When trouble comes, when this hor-

rible thing happens—a thing for which your wife is in no way to blame, since she was undoubtedly an irresponsible agent—you turn from her like a man who has never loved, or worse still, who loves no longer! Where is the key to this enigma? Your wife's aunt, her only near relative, and between yourself and whom no enmity has ever existed, comes to the house anxious to aid. She leaves it within a day, in tears. You have ordered her out! For your wife's precarious condition you seem to care nothing. When, just now, you said, 'I must go to her,' your voice contained no particle of affection, to say nothing of decent feeling. I confess you puzzle me. Has it all been a sham? Did you never love your wife at all? I grant you that the thing was horrible, a thing to shudder at. But, heavens and earth! you can't blame her for it. *She was not responsible.* Can't you grasp it? She was sick, man, sick! Would you hold some mad, unknowing act against a delirious child—"

"Oh, my God! Cease your talk of children."

The man at the desk was stirred at last. His quiet was broken up. With fierce suddenness he swung around, and lifted a tormented face to the other's gaze. For a moment, from bloodshot, sleepless eyes, a soul in agony looked out. Then his head drooped, and a shaking hand shut out the sight.

"Ah," said the doctor softly. "I think I have it." He arose and fell to a nervous pacing of the room. Wonder, anger, and a sort of professional satisfaction seemed to mark his changing thoughts. When he spoke again his voice was stern.

"I pity you, my friend, but we have got to talk this out. You are, then, one of those men to whom children are everything and the wife nothing. It was the mother, the potential mother, whom you loved, and revered in Ruth. Then when she, mad with the madness which

comes upon some women at child-birth, and utterly irresponsible and unconscious of what she did, cost you the life of your newborn child—this is the result. The giving was nothing; the accidental destruction everything. I say 'accidental,' for had I been here, had you moved into the city as I advised, or had that fool nurse you engaged known the abcs of her business, the situation would have been understood and guarded against. This terrible thing need never have happened. I want to tell you now that by your folly in lingering too long in this pleasant, faraway place, and by your obstinate refusal to take advice, you have made yourself far more guilty of your child's death than the poor mother who has been so near following him. I do not want to be unnecessarily harsh, but this is a time for plain words. I hope I make myself clear."

The incisive tones ceased and the doctor paused beside the door. He had said all that he intended to say and he had accomplished part of his purpose. The man at the desk was no longer quiet. The silence of the room was broken by his long, shaking sighs. Staynton laid his hand upon the door knob.

"Don't go."

Again an expression of satisfaction flitted across the doctor's face. He came back and sat down.

"It is not that. You've not got it right."

Enderby's voice was steady, but his face was turned away and the tension of his figure spoke plainly of an immense effort at self-control. "I did not think I could tell you, but it seems that I have got to do so. It's—it's not a thing one talks about. But perhaps you can help me? At any rate, you will see that I am as helpless in the grip of this thing as—as she is. You think I blame her? You couldn't have got things more wrong than that—God pity us!

"It began long ago. You never knew my mother, so part of it you'll

not quite understand. She was a marvellous woman. I thought, and still think, that she was among the great women of her generation. She had a family of five boys, and her one regret was that we did not number twice as many, for she was above all things a mother—a mother of men! Her father had been a socialist of the old type. She had been brought up on crazy dreams of a reformed and equalized world. Dream after dream she saw crumble upon itself, until she began to sense the inherent weakness in them all. The world would never be different until man himself was different. So she evolved a dream of her own—the improvement of world-conditions through the improvement of the race, and the improvement of the race through the bettering of the unit. Not a new idea, by any means, but to her it really meant something. We five boys were her share. To us she was more than mother. She was a priestess serving at the shrine of her religion. If you had known her and the force of her personality, you would understand that the inevitable followed. We, too, served at the shrine. Her belief was our belief, her religion ours. We were its ministers, sworn to purity, truth, and zeal. Marriage was to be to us the great sacrament, the search for the right woman the great quest. That our children—”

He broke for a moment and the doctor sat silent. Presently the hoarse, controlled voice went on again.

“You can imagine something of it. That you may know it was a real thing—do you remember Tom and Madeline Marsh?”

Evidently the doctor remembered, for he was startled into speech.

“So that was the explanation,” he said. “I often wondered.”

“Yes, that was the explanation. Not many people guessed it. Tom was hard hit though—poor chap!”

“Where is he now?”

“In South America—somewhere.”

“Has he ever married?”

“No.”

The doctor pursed his lips as if he would say something, but thought better of it and waited for his companion to go on. Enderby began again with a visible effort.

“It looked as if fate were going to be especially kind to me. I met Ruth Stanhope—and loved her. The Stanhopes are a fine family. Ruth stood for all the best and highest in my religion, besides being—Ruth. She learned to love me. The great quest was happily ended! There was no one to consult save her aunt, Miss Amelia Stanhope, who favoured the match. Without undue delay we were married.”

He paused so long that the doctor moved uneasily and permitted himself a tentative “Well?”

“That is all—except that a fortnight ago I learned that my wife is not a Stanhope at all. She is an Eastely.”

Staynton bit his lip upon an exclamation.

The other raised his blood-shot eyes. “I see you know something of the history of the Eastelys,” he said quietly. “It relieves me of an unpleasant recital. Ruth was adopted when a baby by James Stanhope and when he died she came to live with Miss Amelia. So she was her niece, you see—by adoption.”

“And they did not tell you?”

“No. It is only by accident that I have the knowledge now. When Miss Amelia learned the truth about the child’s death, she was frightened. She let it slip.”

“Yes—she would. But what a situation! Sometime I think I’ll give up trying to understand women. Amelia Stanhope, of all people! Do you know, I should have put that woman down as almost morbidly conscientious.”

“She was quite conscientious in keeping her niece’s parentage a secret, I assure you. Her religion, you

see, is different from mine. With her, marriage is an affair of sentiment, a matter of the heart exclusively. She would think it both wicked and indelicate to consider ancestry in any way. The only verse in the Bible, which she is not likely to quote in justification is that one about the sins of the fathers."

"I see. But, Adam, if—supposing you had known the truth? Be candid now, would you have acted differently?"

"I would have considered marriage a crime."

"But, for her, you would have risked a crime?"

The other's face grew grim.

"Not that crime."

The doctor sighed. He was, in spite of his profession, a man of romantic instincts.

"As a physician, I must admit that you would have been doing right, although, as a man, I can scarcely conceive of your doing it. For there is always a chance, you know, always a chance. Ruth might have escaped the hereditary taint of the Eastelys by inheriting solely from her mother's side, if that side were sound. Then, take your own family—no trace of insanity in the Enderbys. There was a good chance that your children might have been perfectly sound. I can show you a table of statistics—"

"Don't. If there was such a chance, it is a chance no longer. . . . Thank God that the child is dead."

The doctor moistened his lips. He could think of nothing to say. The house of his mind was divided against itself. He took refuge in a sense of professional injury. A strange thing indeed that this past history of his patient, so valuable in the understanding of her dangerous case, should not have been confided in him before! When he spoke again his tone was perceptibly stiffer.

"Of course, you realize what it has meant to keep me in the dark about this, Adam? I ought to have been told. Your wife's safety, even if you

have ceased now to love her—"

Enderby turned upon him savagely. "Who said that I had ceased to love her? Does love cease? Stop talking like a silly novel and let us get down to the real thing. This isn't a situation in a book where the turn of a phrase will put all right. We are real beings with our lives to live. *What are we going to do—she and I?*"

Doctor Staynton was a sensible man and a kindly one. He was used to having his advice asked, and he was not at all backward in giving it. Drawn as it was from a large experience of things as they are, he believed it to be good advice. But now, he hesitated. Instead of answering, he asked another question, one that might put the situation into his own hands again.

"I take it that your wife does not know of her—unfortunate ancestry?"

"She does not."

"You will not tell her, of course?"

"On the contrary, I shall consider it my duty to do so."

This aroused the doctor.

"By Jove! Shall you indeed? Fortunately I have a sense of duty also, and I forbid you to do any such thing. Do you understand? I forbid it. Do you want to kill her, man? Don't you see what you would be doing? She has forgotten all about what happened during her—illness. Indeed, she, in her own proper self, never knew. But there is a connection somewhere between her proper self and that other. We can't get our hands upon it, but it is there. Under happy conditions it may remain obscured forever, but once disturb her normal consciousness with the knowledge of an hereditary abnormality and, ten to one, the message flashes through. Connection is re-established—and there's the devil to pay."

"I know. I know the danger. But what possible alternative is there? Think: If I do not tell her, how can I explain—our changed outlook, our

lives which from now on must be lived in the light of this terrible thing? What would she think—fear? She would live her life in a hell of the unexplained.”

The doctor's eye lighted with pity.

“No. We must prevent that. We must tell her—something. There are several things we might tell her. Almost anything, except the truth.”

“Lies?”

“If you like the word. I am not afraid of words myself. Nor do I forget that by your religion, as you call it, you are vowed to truth. A splendid vow! But you know there is that old question, What is truth? Every man must make his own answer to that. If your conception of truth forces you to bring the loving an innocent young wife to overthrow permanently the delicately-adjusted balance of her mind—no one can do more than solemnly protest. But the white name of truth would seldom have covered a blacker crime. If, however, you can sacrifice your fetish for her sake, the way is open. She has been very ill. You can tell her, when she is strong enough, that for her sake you would not run the risk again. I will stand behind you with the weight of medical authority. It will sadden her, but many a woman has faced that sadness and come through it to a useful and happy life. Many a man, also. The decision rests with you.”

It was Enderby now who sprang up, pacing the room.

“No, no!” he cried, “I cannot—”

“Hush!” The doctor's quick ear had caught the sound of hurried steps in the passage. Next moment the door opened to admit the nurse. She looked frightened.

“Mr. Enderby — oh, doctor!” There was quick relief in her voice. “I thought you had gone. Mrs. Enderby has awakened. She seems in great distress.”

“I shall come at once.”

She hastened back and for a moment the men looked at each other.

“You hear that, Adam? It may well mean that the decision is out of your hands. But if not, if you must still decide, be ready! It may be sooner than we thought”

In the sick room Ruth Enderby lay with bright eyes and a stain of colour on her white cheeks. At the sound of the doctor's step she tried to raise herself. Her voice, strong with excitement, came to him across the room.

“Doctor, I have had a dream—it frightened me!”

“So I see.” The doctor's voice was unemotional. “But you are awake now—and disobeying orders!” She fell back upon her pillow.

“Yes, of course; silly of me! But it seemed so real.”

“Dreams do, sometimes, especially if one is not well. But it wasn't real for all that.”

“No, it—it wasn't real.” She seemed to repeat his sentence for the comfort of it.

“A nightmare, I suppose!” said the doctor calmly.

She sighed. “Yes—that was it, a nightmare! One of those horrid ones, when one seems to be in the grip of something, compelled to see dreadful things done or — or to do dreadful things!”

“Just so. You describe the symptoms perfectly. But what we want now is quiet. Nurse, will you hand me—”

“Just a moment, doctor! I have been very ill, haven't I? I seem to remember—” She gave a quick look around and her voice broke, “where—I do not see my baby?”

There was not an instant's hesitation in the doctor's answer.

“No. You must not think about that just now, Mrs. Enderby. You have passed through a very critical time—very critical indeed.”

“And my baby—?”

She read her answer in his kindly silence.

A pitiful, grieved look came into her questioning face. Her blue eyes

filled with tears, which, overflowing, rolled helplessly over her whitening cheeks. The watching doctor gave a sigh of relief. There had been no chance of keeping that part of the truth from her. And she was taking it well. Tears were natural, healing. There was no fire of horrible memory behind those swimming eyes to scorch them forever into blankness. The flush on her cheek was paling, the unnatural strength had left her voice. Scarcely could he hear her whisper.

"Poor Adam!"

With a gesture of great gentleness he bent over her, gathering her weak hands into his strong ones.

"No," he said firmly, "not poor Adam, happy Adam! If you will be good and get well quickly. Don't think, don't sorrow—sleep!"

But at the word "sleep" her prisoned hands began to flutter. The spark of fear which he had dreaded lighted in her wide, blue eyes.

"No. Don't let me sleep! I can't sleep, doctor. I am afraid of the dream! Where is Adam? Tell Adam to come—"

"Presently, when you are stronger."

"No—now." Her voice was scarcely a whisper.

The doctor made a sign to the nurse, who went out quickly.

"Very well, you may see him. But only for a moment, mind! You will not get well if you excite yourself this way. And what would Adam do then?"

The wraith of a smile answered him and a whispered "It's the dream—I want to tell him!"

The doctor's face was very grave. "You shall!" he said—and stood aside as Adam Enderby entered the room.

Looking out through the cucumber vines, it seemed a long minute before her slender whisper again floated ghost-like through the room.

"Poor Adam!"

The doctor knew without looking,

that Enderby had reached the bed and was kneeling by it.

"A very good position for him, too," thought his friend grimly. And evidently the wife had read nothing but natural sorrow in his changed face. The doctor felt his own expression beginning to relax. But it tightened again as the thin voice began on a higher note.

"I've been so frightened, Adam, a terrible dream! I want to tell you. I want you to tell me it isn't true!"

"Hush, dear, the doctor says—"

("Don't quote me, you fool!" muttered the doctor).

"It was about our baby, Adam. I seemed to know about it—about its being dead. And when I woke up, it was true. But it was worse than that—the dream—oh, most horrible! I dreamed it was my fault—"

"Oh, hush, dear, dearest."

"But that wasn't true, Adam. It couldn't be true. I know—but I want you to say it, you always say the truth—your vow, you know. O Adam! I'm frightened!"

("O man! if you hesitate now!")

"It was not true, dear."

"Ah!" The sigh was only a breath, but it was laden with peace.

("Good, good!")

The doctor was himself again. "Couldn't have done it better myself," he muttered as he tiptoed to the door.

"Dreams are foolish things," he heard Adam say. The hoarseness in the voice was gone. Adam spoke like a mother who comforts a frightened child. "You have been so brave, dear. You must not be frightened by a dream. See, I will stay by you while you sleep."

There were more broken murmurs, but the listener had heard enough.

Outside, on a safe side of the cucumber vines, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead, which was damp.

"All kinds of religions," he muttered, "but the greatest of these is love."

NEIGHBOURS

BY VIRNA SHEARD

IT had been raining all day, and now—at nine o'clock in the November evening—the weather had suddenly gone from bad to worse, and sleet beat upon the windows of Ned Barton's new house, while gusts of icy wind from the north rattled them in their frames. It seemed to Barton, as he pitched a fresh log upon his open fire, as though the teeth of the house chattered. He had come in, wet and chilled through, half an hour earlier, having spent the afternoon in riding over his own small ranch and into the rough country beyond, on a hunt for a yearling that with ingrained perversity had strayed from the shelter when the herd of cattle was rounded up. He had found the wanderer miles from its starting-place, but, foot-weary and starving as it was, it declined to journey homeward in anything but circles. The last grain of patience in Barton's soul was about exhausted before he fastened the bars behind its unwilling heels.

Darkness had long come when he turned into the house, and the place was fireless and black as pitch. He had stumbled around for a few minutes, anathematizing things in general and the matches in particular, for those first struck—with the total depravity belonging to so many inanimate things—spluttered one after another and went out before they set the wick of his lamp alight. However, one blazed at last; the lamp was lit, and the fire started in the

box stove and on the hearth. The man took off his wet riding-coat and water-logged boots, and sat down to realize just how tired he was, before starting to get supper.

Supper did not seem to matter much anyway—not when he had to get it ready himself. To stretch out before the fire and get warmed through, and rest, after his eight hours in the saddle, seemed enough just then, hungry as he was.

Suddenly a gust of wind, stronger than before, sang through the icy trees, and the outer door flew open, slamming against the wall.

"By George!" Barton exclaimed irritably jumping up to close it. What a corker of a night! I thought I caught the latch of that door. Guess I didn't, though. I'll sure have to make a round of the out-buildings last thing before I turn in. That north window rattles like the wheels in a tambourine. The sleet's enough to break it."

Going to it, he felt around the sash. "The wood's all shrunk; I'll have to whittle a wedge for it," he muttered.

A green blind was rolled up to the top of the six small panes. Barton lifted his hand to pull it down, then paused and looked out across the darkness. Across in a straight line some quarter of a mile off there showed, even through the gray haze of the icy rain, a faint, flickering light. It shone from a window in the house of his nearest neighbour and enemy, Ann Whittamore.

Before the coming of Ann Whittamore, Barton never pulled down a blind; there had been no need then, for miles on either side of him was unpeopled country, and blinds were an ornamental folly, a mere concession to the civilized dress of windows.

The man had felt less lonely at night with the stars looking in than with blank window shades continuing the hardness of the shack walls, for the place was little more than a shack after all. Anyway, when the weather was fine, the two windows were left open, and when he leaned on the sill late at night and gazed over the unbroken land—still with a very mystery of stillness—the luminous eyes of a timber wolf would often burn red out of the velvety darkness, and then melt away, and more than once a wide-winged white owl had almost brushed his face as it passed in swift and silent flight.

He had spent three years on this little ranch near the Saskatchewan, with a young Englishman who had come out and entered into partnership with him. They had begun to get things into good shape; the herd was growing steadily; their house had been built. They had put up good winter shelters for the cattle—when changes came.

The young Englishman got suddenly sick of loneliness and isolation, sold out his share of the stock to Barton, and fled—leaving him to depend on what chance help he could get. But good luck returned, to help balance the bad, and the C.P.R. ran its line within a mile of his ranch. Following this, the lot adjoining Barton's had been sold by the railroad company to a woman, one Ann Whittamore, and she had started a fox farm with apparently plenty of capital and the enthusiasm of the young and untried.

Before her arrival workmen appeared as by magic, and an almost aggressively comfortable cottage sprang with the speed and inconse-

quence of a mushroom from the soil, while the fox kennels grew where foxes had known but holes hitherto.

Ned Barton waited with mild curiosity for the coming of his neighbour, and when her small share of the wilderness had been somewhat subdued, she came, accompanied by an ancient lady, a bow-legged manservant who looked as though he knew horses better than men, a Chinese cook, the aforementioned foxes, and a horse.

Ned Barton owned a dog, an unpedigreed beast, more like a foxhound than anything else, and it was on the day after his neighbour's arrival that this dog—who, by the way, rejoiced in the name of Kipling—made the breach, which thereafter continued to widen between the newcomers and his master.

At noon of that day the dog had dashed at top speed to Barton, and with the air of one who had at last fulfilled his destiny, laid a small fox at his feet. Barton picked it up, turned it over, and gave a low whistle.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "Extremely dead!" He glanced over at the green-roofed cottage, dim in the distance against the background of green. "We've sure made a great beginning, Kip." Then, with a sudden light in his eyes, he turned upon the dog.

"Come on, you brute!" he said, in a tone before which all canine joyousness fled, "We will go across and apologize, and take this fox back."

First, though, he took his riding crop down from the wall, and cut the dog sharply with it a couple of times, pointing to the dead beast.

Kip understood. Not in a long life would his fox hunting propensities get the better of him again.

Hanging up the whip, Barton, with the little crumpled animal in his hand and the dog at heel, started.

Near the boundary line between the lots he met Ann Whittamore. She was riding cross saddle, and

wore a corduroy dress and rough rider hat, such as are worn by girls in the moving pictures of Wild Western Life. A red bandana handkerchief was knotted about her throat, to give the finishing touch; also she carried a rifle, and seemed well provided with cartridges.

Barton realized that the sartorial effect had not come about by accident, and a little amused smile came into his eyes.

Suddenly he became acutely conscious of the shining fluffy knobs of hair that showed under the rough-rider hat, the wild-rose pink in her cheeks, and the angry blue of her eyes.

He approached in silence that could be felt.

The girl had wheeled her horse, and waited, her eyes on the fox he carried.

Barton held it up to her.

"I am awfully sorry," he began, "tremendously sorry; I always thought"—with an apologetic backward nod at the abject Kip—"that he was a foxhound; now I am sure of it." He hesitated; "If you—if you would kindly tell me how much the fox-cub is worth?"

The girl said nothing for a moment. Her lips were a straight scarlet line.

"It is hardly a question of money," she began, "not about this one; if it had been a Silver Fox it might have been worth its weight in silver; but, as I said, it is not a question of money. I came here to raise my foxes in peace, and it seems even in the wilds they are to be cruelly killed before my eyes!"

Barton felt his apologetic attitude slipping from him. "Oh! come now," he said with a little shrug, "even if you won't let me pay for it, you must admit the killing couldn't have been done more neatly. A rat-terrier kills a rat painlessly, more painlessly than it can be accomplished by any other method. A foxhound kills foxes the same way. I

suppose. . . . well . . . fox-farmers dispose of the animals in *some* way. At least the pelts are sent to market. However, I am extremely sorry, and—incidentally, I have thrashed the dog."

There was the same faint smile of amusement in his eyes, and even on his lips, as the last word left them. The girl's anger blazed again.

"I accept your apology," she returned, "but must insist, Mr. —"

"Barton," he said.

"Mr. Barton, that you keep your—fox-hound, did you say?—on a leash. If he is found near the kennels, I regret to say, he will be shot."

With the fox before her on her saddle, she gave a little frigid bow, swung her horse around, and rode across her own land.

The man watched her; then gave a short laugh in his throat. "What a spitfire!" he said. "Took our apology so beautifully, didn't she, Kip? That's the kind who lead the suffragette processions, probably. None for mine! How I loathe to see a woman ride cross saddle! Come on, old chap; after all, a dog isn't such bad company."

And so Kip, suddenly restored to favour, bounded ahead, and they went home together; and so also from that May day six months before, an unspoken feud had lasted between Barton and his nearest neighbour.

Now on this stormy autumn night he looked over at the far light in her window. The soft yellow glow gleamed fitfully. He pulled down the blind with a snap. There were newspapers to be read; at least, papers not more than a week old. Fortunately there was a small town near enough to be reached by half a day's journey, and a man was not dependent upon neighbours. He congratulated himself on this, as he set about getting supper.

When the bacon was fairly smoking in the pan, he felt warm and cheerful enough to whistle a bit. Kip followed him about from stove to

table, and while supper progressed, watched the process, happy in the knowledge that his own would follow.

Suddenly he pricked up one ear, and listened keenly. Then he trotted to the door and put his ear to the bottom crack. After a moment he apparently concluded he had been fanciful, and returned to his position by the table. Then again he lifted his ears, and again trotted to the door.

"Settle down, old one," said his master. "Here—to your supper." He placed the plate on the hearth stones. Kip went over; sniffed at it, —left it, and returned to the door, where he put his head down stiffly, listening.

Faintly through the blustering of the wind and sleet came a thin wailing.

Ned Barton rose from his chair. "Cats!" he said, "Cats! I sure do hate that sound. I've no use for a cat, Kip, absolutely none."

He paused, listening. The far off high-pitched wail rose and fell, and died away. Coming through the darkness across the storm—that, when one got used to it, was only another form of silence—the sound made Barton's hair tingle at the roots.

"I suppose she brought a cat with her," he suggested to Kip, apropos of nothing. "Just to give the place a 'homey' feeling, don't you know? There it goes again! Hark! It's a deadly sound! Give me the howling of a coyote every time. It might be a pole-cat near the shelters. No, I bet it's just a plain tabby belonging to the lady yonder, and in the storm it somehow got lost over here."

He pulled his chair up to the fire, and shook open a newspaper. All was still for a little while, and he got started into the last parliamentary debate, when again came the faint wailing, broken by the wind.

Barton started up with a sharp exclamation.

"I can't stand that," he said. "I'll locate that heaven-forsaken beast, and bring it in out of the sleet for the night, even if it's a pole-cat kitten."

Lifting the lamp, he opened the door and looked out. A gust of wind sent the flame slanting against the chimney. Through the icy darkness, from the direction of the cattle sheds and the barn, came the insistent cry.

Barton pulled on his boots, got on his storm coat and cap, unhooked a lantern from beside the door, lit it, and tramped out, Kip following.

The barn was this side of the shelters. As he came up to it he saw the door had blown open, and from within came the wailing. It sounded hoarse and queer, but less cat-like, as he drew near.

"Some tramp's been in the barn," he muttered angrily. "The door has been opened and left ajar. I don't remember having gone into it this morning, for there was fodder enough in the stable and sheds."

On he pressed against the wind, the lantern showing a soft, unsteady light on his path. On and into the rough primitive barn, leaving the wind behind. Now the crying was close by.

Barton swung the lantern high, and looked about. An old Indian-made basket used for holding tools was fastened by ropes against one wall of the barn. The sound came from this basket.

Barton strode over to it, and by the yellow lantern light looked in. He saw a bundle, much disordered, and in the bundle a baby. A baby of only a few months. The man stared speechlessly. Kip ran madly round and round on the barn floor, with no apparent method in his madness.

Slowly Barton realized the need for action of some kind, and as slowly lifted the baby out. There was a bottle beside it still half full of a cold fluid, and a piece of white paper was pinned to its outer wrap.

Mechanically, he unpinned it, and put it in his pocket. The infant still wailed, without the least indication that it ever intended to stop. Barton held it gingerly, and looked down at it.

He noticed that it shed no tears, but its face was small and pinched, and of a miserable blueness. Ned Barton glanced around the barn in helpless appeal.

"Suffering cats!" he ejaculated. "What's a fellow to do with this?"

For a moment, he half-determined to put it back in the basket, shut the barn door, and leave it. The outrageousness of this idea brought him up short.

"Oh! Of course it can't be left here," he asserted savagely. "I'd be as bad as the brute who deserted it. But, I fail to see what's to be done. Here, you idiot," he called to the cavorting Kip. "Take the lantern, and go ahead."

Kip sobered down, took the lantern by the handle in his mouth, according as he had been taught to carry it, and preceded Barton and the wailing bundle. Unremittingly, the small hoarse cry rose and fell. It beat upon the air in an exasperating monotony.

"There's sure something wrong with it, and something mighty bad too," the man said to himself, bending against the buffeting wind, and sheltering the burden he carried as well as he could. "It never would go on this way, if there wasn't. I'll find out who left it, and settle this account, if it takes a year." A slow rage grew steadily greater within him as he swung along over the rough slippery ground.

Once inside the house Barton deposited the bundle on the table, straightened up, and shook the icy water from his hair and eyes.

Kip set the lantern on the hearth, and stood nervously watching the roll, that looked like a great brown cocoon, from which at any moment might emerge some queer thing.

As the man took his coat off, shook that also, and hung it up, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. He reached for it, and carried it to the light.

It was the fly leaf from a magazine on which there were only a few printed lines. On the blank space there was some writing in pencil. Barton bent over it and read:

"Kind friend, whoever finds this, i am a despart and miserable man, God no's. i was bringin my wife and 8 little children out to a small home near the Rockies, an my wife she died sudden of heart failing on the train yesterday. She has been ailing, but I didn't no it was so bad. This here baby it is a twin. i can get along with the others, but one of the twins cried all the time, and the folks on the train are most crazy with it. there was a break of the engine near here, an the hands said we would be held up five hours. i saw a house a bit off an said i'd take the baby to it fur some milk. i ain't goin to take it back. i can't manage with the two of them. i'm wore out, an it will only die in the train, like its mother. Kind friend be good to it, or give it to someone as will be. i'll wrap up a shawl into a bundle and let on its gone to sleep. No one on that train will try to find out diferent, you bet. Yours in distres."

"W. W.

"P.S.—Kind friend. There wasn't nubbuddy in the house, so I left him in the barn. P.S.—This is the one that cries."

The writing was atrocious, but Barton made it out. He stood staring at the torn magazine page, and listening to the steady wailing like one slowly petrifying.

The last sentence of the writing seemed to separate itself from the rest:

"This is the one that cries." . . . "Great Scott!" he said at last. "Great Scott!"

Then he began to figure things out. The train ran up the spur every three days. It was due at noon. The break would keep them five hours, according to the writing. The baby was left in his barn about two o'clock, perhaps. The train and its passengers were far on their way to the Rockies by now.

This came of leaving his house de-

serted all day, he thought fiercely. When he was riding over the ranch, anything might happen, yes, any unbelievable thing.

"This is the one that cries," he read again; and it certainly was. Anger surged through the man in a hot flood.

"Why, in Heaven's name, hadn't it been left over at the fox-farm?" he said to himself; "there were two women there."

He lifted the cocoon half savagely, and took it nearer the fire. Then he put it back on the table.

"It's starving, I suppose," he said, looking at it. "No, the table's no place for it; it might roll. I'll fix it in the rocking-chair. Perhaps it will stop going on that horrible way, if I get it some milk. Cats!" he said, with a short laugh, "I thought that sound was cats. A fellow don't know when he's well off. That immigrant sure slipped one over on me."

He got out the milk, and warmed it, then partly unwrapped the bundle and proceeded to feed the infant. But it would take no food. It simply cried, and the milk spilled from the spoon over the little miserable mouth, while no drop was swallowed.

"This is the one that cries," Barton muttered. "It sure is!"

He held it to the fire, and warmed it awkwardly. Afterwards he walked with it up and down.

The crying was a low wail now, broken and exhausted.

"It wants its mother, I guess," he said, lifting it up against his shoulder.

Then he walked again. Slowly his anger slipped away.

"It wants its mother," he said again, half aloud.

A vision of the still white figure of a woman came to him. A woman carried swiftly through the night, to be laid down presently in a new grave in a new country.

So ended many hopes. Pity stirred within him. Pity for the dis-

tracted man left with the little lonely children, bewildered and awed by sudden death.

He held the baby close against his shoulder, and walked and walked, hushing it—but still it cried faintly. Suddenly he put it down on the warm rocking-chair, strode over to the window, and let the blind run up.

Through the gray sleet still shone a yellow flickering light from his neighbour's window.

"I'll go for her," he said grimly. "This is a case for a woman. It's got me. I guess, somehow, that she will come. She's been mighty uncivil, but a woman who would care about a dead fox-cub might perhaps take some interest in a stray sick baby. Anyhow, I'll try it."

He barricaded the rocking-chair with other chairs, screened the fire, and turned down the light; then went out.

When he came back, nearly an hour later, there was a woman with him. She wore a short-skirted corduroy dress and heavy boots; also her cap might have been a boy's cap, but the hair escaping from under it was yellow and curly, and her face, wet with the rain, was rosy and eager. It was not a very young face, as girls in their teens count the word, but it looked young to Ned Barton, for a woman who had dared an enterprise in a new rough country.

He wondered, in a sub-conscious sort of way, just how old she was. Apart from this, he was bidding her welcome to his house, turning up the lamp as he did so.

He had told her how he had found the baby, of his utter inability to quiet it, of his general panic at the situation, and so thrown himself upon her mercy. He had thought the older woman would be able to come, perhaps, but that Ann Whittamore would not hear of. She was a Frenchwoman who spoke little English, and was besides too old and frail.

The two had crossed between the lots in comparative silence, though the flag of truce had been run up for the night at least.

Now, inside Barton's house, and by his fire, the girl accepted the situation quite naturally. She took off her coat and cap, and stood waiting for action.

"It's there," said Barton, superfluously, pointing to the barricaded chair.

"So I hear," she answered. "It sounds as though it had been crying for hours. Could you please get me some warm water; quite a lot, and a tin bath, or something to hold it. I'll try a bath first. I've brought flannels and things to wrap it in."

There was hot water in the kettle on the box stove. Barton brought it, and dragged out his own tin tub, while the girl sat in the rocking-chair, and rocked the uninvited guest.

When the bath was ready, she began to unroll the cocoon.

Its father fixed it into this, I suppose," she volunteered. "No woman would roll things round a baby so many times. No, I will not need anything else, thanks—yes—if you are going over to the barn, you can leave the . . . the dog. Dogs are always company. Did you put some milk on to get warm?"

"Yes."

"I'll get it when I need it."

When Barton came back from having made the round of his stable and cattle shelters, all was quiet in the warm front room. The girl still rocked before the fire, the baby in her arms. She was singing a little French song. Barton didn't know much French, but he understood what the song meant. The baby, at last, was quite still.

Kip, stretched at full length, slumbered in an abandonment to the luxury of the hour.

The rocking, and the little song, went on. Barton crossed to the fire and stood with his back to it.

"I'd like to know how you did it," he said, in a voice somewhat humble and appealing. "You're a wonder; that's all there is to it, and it was mighty fine of you to come to my help."

"Oh! any woman would have—" she answered shortly.

"Not on your life they wouldn't," returned the man.

The girl glanced up with a swift smile.

"Oh, yes," she said, "any woman."

Then she went on with the song. Barton stood, silent. She was not a person to be argued with, he concluded. Going to the table, he picked up the magazine page and read the atrocious letter to her in a low voice.

"Isn't that the limit?" he said, when he had ended the last postscript.

"The limit," she agreed.

For once, Barton concluded, they thought alike, and he smiled at it.

"Yes, I fancy that man had got to the very limit," Ann Whittamore said slowly, her eyes looking into the fire. "Oh, poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

"Well, really!" exclaimed Barton, "I hardly meant that, you know; I meant—of course—wasn't it the limit to bring the baby here and leave it. 'This is the one that cries!' Can you beat that?"

"Oh, did I misunderstand?" she questioned. Then slowly, "Yes, of course, I see. Well, I think that was the limit, too. But I don't believe it will cry any more."

"Allah be praised!" Barton exclaimed. "But why don't you think so?"

"For one thing, there was a pin scratching it dreadfully, and everything was tight and uncomfortable, and its little feet were cold as ice. It was just miserable—not sick. After the bath it drank the warm milk, and just went to sleep. It's a pretty baby."

The miracle sounded quite simple, as she explained it.

"It wouldn't have stopped crying

for me in a thousand years," said the man.

He went to the stove, where the kettle was singing, made some tea, and set out supper on the table.

Ann Whittamore laid the baby in its improvised cradle, sat down at the table opposite Barton, and poured tea. Under the corduroy coat, she had worn a blouse, blue and lacy—her hair shone in the lamplight.

The man watched her almost curiously. It was so long since a woman had poured tea for him. Then he leaned towards her, his eyes on the soft curve of her throat. Slowly he raised them.

"I am sorry—horribly sorry," he said, "about the fox-cub."

"And I," she returned, a swift wave of colour coming to her face. "I was simply unpardonable. It was an accident."

"Just that," Barton replied, "and we are neighbours—after all, you know, Miss—Miss—Whittamore."

"Ann Whittamore," she broke in, coming to his rescue. "Those who really know me call me Annette."

The clock on the wall struck five. The girl rose and went to the window. The morning was breaking fair. A faint gray, tinged with pink, showed in the northeast.

"I will wrap the baby up, and take it home. It is morning, you see," she said.

"Home!" he exclaimed. "You?—

Oh, no; it's my problem that I will have to work out now. I thought the child was ill—perhaps dying—when I went for you."

Ann Whittamore was putting on her jacket. She glanced up at Barton swiftly, the little determined expression he knew, but no longer hated, in her eyes. . . . Then it passed, and she smiled.

"Please," she coaxed. "Let me take it; just for now. Old Madame will love it; later its fate can be decided."

The man looked around his bare room. Certainly it was no place for a baby. Anyway, it might start to cry again.

"If you insist," he began, "but only just for the present. . . ."

"I *insist*," she smiled.

So, in the gray of the morning, they returned to Ann Whittamore's cottage, Kip gambolling beside them; Barton carrying the waif.

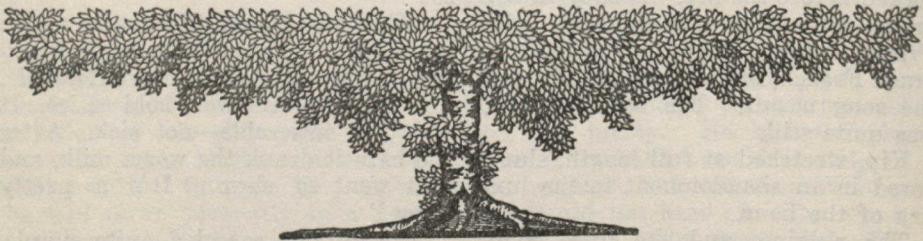
At the door he handed it to her. It still slept peacefully.

"I may come over occasionally—that is—by-and-by, to see how the infant is getting on—may I not?" he petitioned.

"Of course," nodded the girl. "Didn't you say that we are neighbours?"

Barton lifted her hand, and touched it with his lips.

"Neighbours," he answered, "and friends."





A MADONNA

From the Painting by Laura Muntz. Exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition by courtesy of the Honourable Sydney Fisher

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ME AND THE MILITIA

BY ROBERT BARR

MANY years ago the Militia of Canada joined itself with me; the object of this union being the greater security of the Dominion. The combination was a gratifying success and reflected credit on the far-seeing statesmanship of the promoters. I have no wish in this historical publication to lay claim to a greater share in the defence of Canada than is justly due me, but it is a significant fact which cannot be controverted, that since the Militia and myself joined forces, no invader has dared to set hostile foot upon the free soil of the Dominion. Of course, the moment the news of our junction reached Europe the Chancellories of the old world at once got on their ears, as the classic phrase has it, and claimed that our combination was a menace to them. They have since quieted down and accepted the inevitable. But, speaking for myself, I hereby put it on record, that no thought of interfering with them ever entered my mind. I cannot answer for the Militia, of course, but my recollection of the boys who composed it is, that they were far from being a blood-thirsty lot. Our motto was "Defence," and not "Defiance," and if for awhile we did terrorise the earth the fault cannot, with justice, be attributed to us.

It was in the charming and picturesque town of St. Thomas, Ontario, that I joined the local body of Volunteers, and so thoroughly was I drilled that to this day when I see an innocent horseman approach on the

road I feel an inclination to drop on my right knee, place my walking-stick at an angle of forty-five and prepare to receive cavalry. A year ago, in Syria, I put a Turkish company through the evolutions of Canadian drill, and surprised myself, and the company, too, at the readiness with which all the cabalistic words of command came back to me. The Turks proved quick to learn, which was rather odd when you remember that neither of us understood a word the other was saying. However, in drilling, practical demonstration goes much farther than spoken language, and, besides, the language used by a British drill-sergeant is a good deal more Turkish than it is English. No drill-sergeant can hope to succeed who speaks the English language with propriety, as the old text-books on grammar used to put it. Our drill-sergeant used to imagine that "Sho-la-humph!" meant "Shoulder arms!" and no one in our company ever had the courage to correct him.

Last Queen's Birthday, revisiting St. Thomas after an absence of many years, I had the pleasure of standing on the sidewalk and seeing my successors march past, and a well set-up, well-drilled body of young men they were. Little they imagined that a veteran was viewing them with critical eyes; one who had been there himself. Indeed, I have read that my distinguished fellow-soldier the Duke of Wellington in his older days frequently watched the evolutions of troops, himself unrecognized.

I was a stranger to all the boys of the company when I joined it, and being a modest and retiring sort of person, as I am still, I knew very few of them when I forsook bloodshed, and at this date not a single name of those military heroes comes back to me, except those of two of the officers. Captain Day had charge of the company, and Neil Caswell was lieutenant, who became captain when Day retired. It gives me deep regret to put on record the fact that the troops we all unanimously desired to fight were those of the British Regular Army, and this entirely without any feeling of disloyalty towards the Old Country. A section of the British Regulars was at that time stationed at London, which was then situated some eighteen miles to the north of St. Thomas, and I suppose, unless great changes have taken place, the mileage between the two cities remains the same to-day. Added to our other troubles was the misfortune that periodically British officers came down from London to inspect us and put us through our drill. Now, the British officer, when you meet him on what he imagines is social equality, is a very nice fellow indeed, usually genial and capable, a man who knows how to do things, and he does them well, but he cannot help despising a Volunteer, just as an expert in any trade despises an amateur, and added to this, we were Colonials in his estimation, and, of course, did not amount to anything, not belonging to a little island twenty-one miles off the coast of France, where he came from. The chances are that the British officer of to-day takes a broader view of things than he did at that time. He probably knows more than his predecessor did, but my experience of the British officer then was that he was a conceited, swaggering bully, and the only mistake the St. Thomas Militia made during my connection with it was that we allowed so many Regular officers to return

alive to London. We might so easily have dropped them from the tall railway bridge, or waylaid them on Talbot Street. Still our mercy toward them merely arose from the inexperience of youth and should not be held against us.

One detestable little rat that came down from London was a Major whom I shall not name; but we called him in the company "Old Shoe-la-humph." He was an undersized individual who put on more side than the six tallest men you will find in Canada to-day. He wore high glazed boots, into which his little trousers were tucked, and the sides of the boots he constantly slapped with a small rattan cane he carried, marching up and down before us, erect as a ramrod, with as much importance in his bearing as if he owned Canada and was in negotiation for the rest of the British Empire. Our officers were quite palpably in terror of him, and as for us, we frankly and cordially hated him. As my ill-luck would have it, Major Shoe-la-humph descended upon us the second time that I had drilled with the company, when my military knowledge had so far advanced that I knew it was the butt of the gun that I placed to my shoulder, and not the other end. Captain Day arranged his troops in two lines, and he placed me, very kindly, in the rear rank, in the palpitating hope that my ignorance would be at least partially covered by the men in the front column, who had been longer at the trade. All went well until we came to the bayonet drill, which called upon me and the others to take the sharp-pointed triangular frog that hung from our belts at our hips, and snap it on the muzzle of the gun. You whipped out your bayonet as a Westerner draws his revolver, placed its socket on the nozzle of the gun, shoved it home, gave it a half-turn, when something clicked and there it was, or else something clicked first and you gave it a half-turn afterwards, I really forget at the moment

of going to press just how it was, but, anyhow, it was a puzzle that was beyond me. I fumbled and rattled away at it, and when the command came to Shoulder Arms my bayonet was up at the top of my gun, wobbling about like a loose-jointed lightning-rod in a storm. I breathed a silent hope that it would remain in position, but that was not to be. The first order was to jab an imaginary man on an imaginary horse, and that passed off all right, because the gun was held upwards at an angle of forty-five. The next order I got through by exercising great care. It was to slaughter an imaginary infantry person in front of us. The third movement brought disaster; here we had to meet an imaginary company coming up a slope, and so had to turn our guns over and thrust them forward and downward. The three-cornered blade described a beautiful arc in the air, and to my own horror and the consternation of the company, it cleared front rank, stuck point first in the the floor, and there stood trembling, which, indeed, I was doing myself. The little Major, his face red with anger, strode up to the quivering bayonet like a roaring British lion.

"That man stand forward!" he cried.

I stood forward, the front rank opening to let me through.

"What the devil do you mean by *that*, sir?" he shouted, shaking his rattan at the incriminating bayonet.

Now in spite of the fact that I was more familiar with the adjusting of a ploughshare than the fixing of a bayonet I was nevertheless a free man, and was unaccustomed to being addressed as if I were a particularly objectionable kind of dog, so I had the cheek to reply:

"Well, Major, I suppose I jabbed the enemy so hard that the bayonet stuck in his body."

This the Major regarded as insolence, as doubtless it was, and he ordered me at once to the guardhouse, where I was left that night to medi-

tate on the inadvisability of trying to be funny with one of Her Majesty's officers.

By the time the Major came round again I knew how to fasten on my bayonet, but he had his eye on me and ordered me out from the rear rank into the front. My own officers looked very uneasy at this transition, as well they might. Strutting up and down the rank he snapped at me:

"Hold up your chin, sir."

I endeavoured to do so, but with indifferent success. One distinction between us and the Regulars was, that we could not keep our backs so straight, nor could we hold our chins so high in the air, so I suppose that to a real military man we looked somewhat slouchy, but, anyhow, the Major said nothing further, but the next time he passed me he raised his rattan and struck me a smart blow under the chin. I have no doubt that this Major was a brave man and possibly before that time, and since, has passed through many dangers with credit to himself, but I can assure him that he never came so close to his death as when he struck me under the chin with his rattan cane. His good luck and mine carried him quickly past me. He was a nervous, energetic, little beggar, never long in the one spot, while I was rather slow and deliberate in my movements, but if he had not got so speedily out of striking distance I should certainly have introduced my bayonet into his stomach, and he would have had no complaint to make that it wasn't fastened securely enough. However, by the time he returned my chin was high enough in the air to satisfy anybody, and the wave of anger and resentment had passed over me.

My final bout with the Major occurred in the *Hutchinson House*, a hotel standing on Talbot Street, then the centre of the place, but now far down town because of the extraordinary growth of St. Thomas towards the east. The *Hutchinson House* was a square building and most of us look-

ed on it then as probably the largest hotel in the world, which, the chances are, it was not. I don't know why the company drilled that night in the large ball-room on the top floor, which occupied the whole length and breadth of the building, but at any rate such was the case. During the first part of the drill we acquitted ourselves to our own credit and doubtless to the satisfaction of Her Majesty the Queen, when we were allowed to stand easy. There was an intermission of a quarter of an hour or so, when Captain Day called upon me to mount guard at the door with fixed bayonet and loaded gun. When I took my place he said, half apologetically:

"The Major and the officers are going downstairs for a few moments, but you are to allow nobody to pass. I have chosen you because you are a stranger in the company and it will be less difficult to withstand their persuasions than it would be for anyone else."

"But supposing they force themselves past me?" I asked, not at all liking the duty thrust upon me.

"What is your bayonet for?" inquired the Major sharply, impatient at the delay.

I had some notion of answering that it was usually for sticking in the floor, but, having no desire to spend the remainder of the night in a guard-house, I kept silence. The officers went downstairs, and, as soon as they were gone, a number of the boys got round me, their spokesman persuasively urging me to allow them to pass.

"It is absurd," he said with some truth, "that the officers should go down to guzzle at the *Hutchinson House* bar while the company is compelled to remain thirsty upstairs in the ball-room, an aristocratic state of things not to be permitted in a democratic country."

"I can't help it," I answered. "You cannot pass until Captain Day gives permission."

"Oh, that's nonsense. He only put

you here to please the Major. The Major is not our officer, and Day won't say anything. Anyhow, we'll all be back before they return."

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow it," I persisted.

This brought forth many pertinent remarks pertaining to my personal appearance and character, then finally one said:

"Let's rush him. He can't stop us."

There seemed to be an inclination to follow this advice, and I cried out seriously:

"You can, of course, rush past me, that is, all but two, and those two will be dead, one with the bayonet, the other with a bullet."

They drew apart into a group and consulted in whispers. I was relieved to hear one say:

"I really believe the cuss means it," for I *did* mean it, and was not feeling at all happy that such was the case. Finally, the chief spokesman detached himself from the group and approached me, while I, fearing some trick, kept my level bayonet pointed towards him.

"It's all right," he said soothingly, "we're not going to attempt any shenanagen, but look here. Let me go downstairs alone. I'm going to bring up a pail of beer. I'll keep clear of the officers and nobody will know anything about it. I shan't get the beer here at all, but up the street."

"I can't do it," I said stubbornly.

"There's no use in being a hog," he suggested with rising anger.

"Perhaps not, but it's root hog or die with me, while I'm in the hog business."

What the outcome would have been I do not know, but some one shouted: "It's all right; leave him alone!"

The company massed themselves at the other end of the room. I saw there was some excitement, but could not make out what was going on. I was left alone by the guarded door, like the boy standing on the burning

deck, overcome with a feeling of remorse at the necessary meanness I had been compelled to exhibit towards my comrades, and yet not seeing any way out of it; angry also, that they could not be made to understand that I was simply endeavouring to perform my duty. The crowd at the end of the hall seemed to be diminishing, the cause of which depletion I could not guess, but I was soon to be enlightened. Up the stair, two steps at a time, in a towering rage, sprang the Major, followed by the officers.

"How dared you allow the men to pass?" he shrieked at me.

"No one passed down these stairs," I said.

"That is not true; half the company are down at the bar."

Before I could reply, the Captain spoke up:

"I see how it is; they have gone down in the dumb waiter," which was indeed the case. The dumb waiter, which consisted of a sort of hand elevator with two shelves, for bringing refreshments up to the ball-room, had been discovered by the boys, and they had carefully lowered two at a time, who had doubled themselves up on the shelves. Thus, already half the company had descended, and two stalwart fellows were at that moment gently lowering a couple more. The Major acted like a flash before anyone could stop him, scattered the group at the other end of the room, and either cut the ropes or thrust the men aside; anyhow, there was an appalling crash and a wild yell. The officers stood by the door for a moment, too astonished at this rough reprisal to speak. After the yell, a dead silence pervaded the large room, then a hollow voice came up a flue saying:

"If you fellows think there is anything funny in doing a thing like that, you're mistaken, and I'll lick the man who did it. I believe you've killed Sam Peters on the lower shelf."

As a matter of fact, Sam was not much hurt, although he was knocked speechless for the time being, and the elevator was wrecked. As the Major went to go downstairs I presented the bayonet point to his breast.

"You cannot pass," I said.

"What!" he cried, all his colour coming back. "None of your insolence, sir. I'll have you punished for presenting your gun at your officer."

"You are no officer of mine. I am under Captain Day's orders, and he said, 'Let no one pass.'"

"You can't be such a fool as you look," replied the angry man. "You know very well that does not apply to me."

"It does while I am here. You advance another step and I'll show you."

Now look you how uncertain a thing popularity is. The Volunteers, who but a moment before had been cursing me, actually raised a cheer and cordially invited the hesitating Major to advance. What might have happened the God of War only knows, but, providentially, Captain Day came up at that juncture and relieved me of my guard duty.

By one of those curious coincidences that man would not dare use in a novel, but which often happens in real life, I met the Major a few years ago on the coast of Norway, a little, old, weakened half-pay officer, retired; as mild as new milk. It is only fair to him to say that he utterly denied having struck me, said he would have been court-martialed for doing such a thing, which is probably true if I had belonged to the Regulars, but nevertheless the incident happened just as I have related it. However, the little man and I spent some most companionable hours together in the smoking-room, neither of us holding any grudge against the other for what had happened many years ago in Canada, when the Militia and I were co-operating together.

A TRADE IN SONS

BY GEORGE PATTULLO

THERE was consternation in the Circle Bar bunk-house. Along the wagon track leading from the manager's abode a female figure was approaching, and it did not require any extraordinary visual effort to recognize that waddling, dignified progress as belonging to Mrs. Gifford. And out of the smooth, hard space in front of the saddle shed her son Tom was at that moment engaged in shooting dice with two ladies from Doghole.

Not a man in the outfit but felt a hot flush of shame tingle up his spine as the possibilities of this *contretemps* unfolded themselves. It was no fault of theirs that visitors were present. This was Sunday afternoon and in two days the summer round-up would begin, so a dozen of them were overhauling saddles, blankets, and traps, two were tinkering with the chuck-wagon, and four more were in the neighbouring horse corral putting the fear of the rope and the thrall of human will upon sundry bronchos fresh from the mountain pastures. The others were grouped about the doorway of the bunk-house and on the benches beside the dinner table; one privileged individual actually sat in the cook's private room writing a letter to his girl—writing with lead pencil on the top of a box.

Into this scene the two ladies had obtruded half an hour previously, greeted with slight nods as their buckboard drew up, and a stony silence that nobody attempted to break until young Gifford's appearance from the

kitchen, whither he had gone for matches. He gave them welcome as dear friends, and with the shameless grace that made him beloved even of the stern wagon boss, led their horse to the corner of the blacksmith shop, tied him there, and then assisted the ladies to alight that they might view the round-up preparations.

"Them gals has got for to git, an' git quick," announced Dave, breathing heavily as he mopped the perspiration from his face.

"How kin they git away when they'll have to run slap into Miz Gifford? She kin see 'em whichever ways they go," retorted Uncle Henry, fairly dancing in his anxiety.

The manager's wife was now a scant three hundred yards away, and at her usual rate of progression was due to arrive in five minutes. As the realization of this smote upon his numbed brain, the cook's brow grew stern, and he turned towards the back door with gloomy determination.

"You sort of walk down to meet her, careless like, Uncle Henry, an' keep her talkin'. I'll git rid of these."

"Keep her talkin'? Me?" cried Uncle Henry, in a quavering voice. "Say, Dave, you cain't mean it. Don't go thataway, Dave. What'll I talk to her about?"

"Why, anythin' at all. Jist begin easy like an' keep her amused so she won't notice nothin'. You might try her on the view or somethin' like that. She ain't been hyar long," said Dave over his shoulder.

"View?" bawled Uncle Henry. "What view? I ain't never seen one, an' I've been hyar thirty-six years. Thar's nothin' round hyar but mountains an' perairie, Dave. Don't be a fool."

All such protests were froth. Uncle Henry finally threw away his cigarette and, with a sickly smile, sauntered in what he imagined to be a careless manner down the wagon track to meet Mrs. Gifford. She saw his approach with surprise, but greeted him pleasantly enough, though she was puffing with the unaccustomed exertion of walking; and Uncle made a capital start by remarking that she must feel the effort of moving in such heat a hard task on account of her weight. By the time she had elucidated to him the difference between being fleshy and merely plump, five minutes had been gained to Dave.

"Shoo! cried big Dave, trotting out to where the dice-throwing went merrily forward. "Shoo!"

He waved his arms as he was accustomed to do in scaring chickens out of the kitchen, and the two ladies looked up in consternation. One was a Mexican, black-eyed, black-haired, the rouge heavy on her cheeks, and her eyebrows penciled; the second was an American of excessively yellow hair; and both were partial to musk. Young Gifford stowed the dice in his pocket.

"The missus is comin'," blurted the cook. "Tom, you git back to the bunk-house an' be writin' in my room. Youall take that lil' ol' team of yourn an' hit the trail." Sulkily the visitors rose. They relished neither the dismissal nor the cause nor manner of it.

"Why, I ain't saw Tom in months," observed the blonde, "an' to be treated like this—it ain't what any lady is going to stand. Let the ol' woman come. She won't hurt us, an' we won't eat her."

"The missus would have youall flayed alive," replied Dave.

He glanced back and beheld Mrs.

Gifford already in the doorway of the bunk-house. Without further ceremony the cook bundled the visitors into their buckboard and started them off over the prairie in the opposite direction to Doghole. He treated them with elaborate deference as they drove off. It cost him a struggle, but he lifted his hat, a concession that he had tremendous difficulty in explaining to the outfit later. And when they had become a mere speck crawling across the face of the plain, the cook went indoors and related in a good-natured voice to Mrs. Gifford how the wife and sister of the janitor of the Fort sanitarium had driven over with news of a patient—had he known of Miz Gifford's approach he would have detained them to be introduced. Mrs. Gifford had witnessed the departure and was convinced: man told you, wasn't it, mother?" demanded her son.

"I'll just sit here an' rest," she sighed, accepting the chair the cook dusted for her, and she pulled from a mysterious pocket in her skirt a battered envelope.

"Tom," she continued, "Mr. Thatcher, the owner of the Circle Bar, has just written your father to say he is sending his son out here."

"Oh, Lordy," groaned Tom; "a tenderfoot to look after. How long is he going to stay?"

"I don't know. He's going to work here, I reckon. I hurried over to get you because this letter was delayed and young Mr. Thatcher may arrive any time now. Your father wants you to go to Doghole to meet him."

"Let's see the letter."

With an amused grin young Gifford slowly deciphered the scrawl:

Boston, Mass., July 20, '06.

My Dear Gifford:

I am sending my son Richard to work on the Circle Bar ranch. Doubtless you can find something for him to do. It is not my custom to make explanations, but one is due you; and I trust implicitly in your discretion. I want you to make a man of Dick. He has been a bit wild, and what with my numerous interests here,

which leave me so little time for family matters, I have found it beyond me to handle him.

Understand me—there is nothing vicious about the boy. He couldn't do a mean thing. But he's wild, just full of animal spirits. I've paid his debts three times, and my constant nightmare is that he'll marry a Merry Burlesquer. Don't give him any money, and work him harder than any man you've got. If he's like his dad, he will flourish.

What about your own boy? You once said something about him not caring for ranch life. I might possibly make a place for him in the railway.

I hope you made that shipment satisfactorily.

HARVEL THATCHER.

P.S.—Dick leaves for Doghole by the 11.55 to-morrow morning.

"What on earth we'll do with him I don't know," complained Mrs. Gifford. "I wanted Mr. Gifford to put him to mending the water holes with you, Tom, because I thought you'd be company for each other. But he said——"

"That wouldn't make a man of him. It's a lazy man's job, tendin' water," interrupted the tactful Dave.

"And that's exactly what the old man told you, wasn't it, mother?" demanded her son.

Mrs. Gifford looked helplessly at both and was endeavouring to frame a reply when an interruption occurred that obviated the need. There came the noise of wheels, and once more the buckboard from Doghole drew up before the bunk-house and a shrill, hard voice hailed the inmates:

"Say, boys, has the ol' woman gone? I clean forgot my dice. Where's Tom? He put 'em in his pocket."

The manager's wife rose trembling from her chair and gazed at her son with rolling, frightened eyes. She gasped for breath, but recovering herself by an effort of will, went to the doorway and surveyed the pair. Shaking as with palsy, she turned and seized him by the arms. "Tom; Tom, dear, tell me those creatures didn't come here to see you. Oh, my little Tom, they couldn't. It isn't possible."

"Mother, I can explain——"

"No, you needn't try. I'll attend to them." She walked outside and stood shading her eyes against the sun's fierce glare with one chubby hand. "Mr. Ford," she called, "send one of the boys to drive these women off the place. If they're within ten miles of Circle Bar headquarters in an hour, I'll have them whipped."

"This is gover'ment land," shrilled one lady in response. "an' we've got as much right here as you, I reckon. We'll git away from your ol' headquarters, but we'll take our time movin'. Who're you, anyway? We're jist as good as you."

"So this is the janitor's wife and his sister, Dave?" blazed Mrs. Gifford.

Suddenly her tone softened and she looked at the cook as though she had just discovered a new personality. I see, Dave. I'm sorry; you were doing it for Tom, I reckon," And when fat Dick had ridden off beside the callers: "Tom, will you please take me home? I want to talk with your father."

Next morning a rider from the Circle Bar ranch-house plodded through the dust along the trail to Doghole. His mission was twofold—to meet young Mr. Thatcher, from whom a telegram of the cheeriest nature had been received at a cost of eighteen dollars for special messenger, and to post a letter. Three solid hours of wearing effort had the manager put on this epistle the previous night, though it was not long and was exceedingly businesslike. It read:

Circle Bar Ranch, New Mexico,
July 25, '06.

Mr. Harvey Thatcher, Boston Mass.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 20th inst. to hand and contents noted. I have sent a man to meet Richard and will put him to work with the boys in the round-up. If there's any good in him it will come out there; and what's bad in him he'll be so busy he'll forget.

As a trade I send you my son Tom. He leaves July 27th for Boston. If you will put him to work in the railway, as you so obligingly mentioned, I'll be glad. I'd

like if you made him swing a pick. I confess I don't understand Tom. He's only nineteen, and is a big, overgrown boy, yet he seems like an old man in some ways—not the right ways. He don't like this ranch life. I've tried him at everything from punching cattle to helping the cook and tending water, but he don't fit in. So there must be something wrong somewhere.

While I wouldn't like to see the boy stuck, I'd rather he lived on his pay. His mother has always petted him and he'll borrow any time he gets a chance. He always says he would rather owe a man than cheat him out of it.

I trust the exchange will be mutually profitable.

ED. GIFFORD.

P.S.—I don't know what the Merry Burlesquers are, but if they ain't good for Richard, I reckon they're bad for Tom, too. Steer him off.

*

The first day of the round-up was over. The work lay in a dry section and the boys were endeavouring to make a pail of water suffice for the washing of thirty men, when Reb rode into camp with the proprietor's son. Reb appeared ill at ease and came to his supper shame-faced.

"He's a dude," he mumbled to Uncle Henry, as the two came together in hauling out their tin plates from the chuckbox.

Young Mr. Thatcher was all that and worse. He had a beautiful pair of English pigskin leggings; the crown of his hat was neatly dented on four sides; his sleeves were rolled to the elbows; and a fine silk kerchief hung gracefully about his neck above a white silk shirt. Mr. Thatcher had also an elaborately polished automatic six-shooter suspended at his hip.

"Where's Mr. Ford?" he demanded.

"I'm Ford," snorted the wagon boss.

"I'm Richard Thatcher. Mr. Gifford told me to report to you."

"You'll find your beddin' over beside the wagon. Had your supper? Git your plate an' cup an' knife an' fork, an' dig in. An' say, Thatcher"—the wagon boss led him tenderly to one side—"what's that thing you're packin' on your hip?"

"Why, a gun, of course. Why?"

"A gun? Well, now. We never see 'em round here. Too peaceful. Say, put it away in your war-bag or you'll be shootin' yourself."

"All right. Much obliged for the tip. I'm a bit green at this," responded Thatcher, flushing.

"Go on now. You're joking."

When the boys gathered about the fire after supper or lay on some favoured one's trap to sing and tell stories, the tenderfoot felt horribly out of it. Not that he was intentionally ostracized, but the groups to which he drifted either grew quiet and stared reflectively into the darkness at nothing, or went on with their amusements precisely as if he had not been there, without even a welcoming word. After listening to several songs, he came to the conclusion that his finest college efforts would be insipid to this audience, and so crawled away to his bedding, which Uncle Henry, in a moment of weakness, had rearranged so that one could sleep in it.

Saddle-sore, exhausted, white with dust, and blinking red-eyed in the terrible noonday sun, Thatcher was one of those who held the herd next day while Dick and Reb cut out the cows and calves. An old yellow cow, all legs and horns, raced away toward a draw plentifully sprinkled with mesquite bushes, and the tenderfoot went after her. His horse Nigger had eight years of this sort of work to his credit, and after vainly trying to guide him, Thatcher had sufficient sense to let him go where he pleased. The two were almost upon the cow when she doubled back; Nigger "turned through himself" in one stride and was once more in pursuit; but Thatcher continued on in the direction they had started, not having anticipated this move. A puncher rushed to his help, but the boy rose without aid, dusted himself and limped painfully to Nigger's head, where he stood waiting in some wonderment. Thatcher's face was red with

shame, but he made no excuses. The wagon boss watched him anxiously. Would he flog the horse? The Easterner settled himself in the saddle, spoke an encouraging word to Nigger, and went quietly back to his post. Ford grinned in approval.

"There's no yellow in him or he'd shore have licked ol' Nigger," he commented.

Every morning the boy opened his eyes upon darkness and gloom, and no darkness could equal his spirits in blackness. He was stiff and sore all the time; a calf he had flanked had kicked him in fifty places; he loathed the life. Nothing but cattle and horses every hour of day and night—he hadn't heard anything else fit for mention talked about by the men. Five days had gone by and he had had nothing in the shape of a wash but dabbling his hands and face with some muddy buffalo-wallow water. He mentioned this fact to Dave.

"Five days?" repeated Dave, mystified. "Say, Dick, don't you go for to worry none yit. It's onhealthy, too much washin'. Wait till you've gone five months."

Yet Thatcher was making progress. There were no longer any dents in his hat; his sleeves were long, and in place of the pretty English leggings he wore the toughest pair of boots he could borrow. The boys were beginning to thaw out to him, too, and even admitted that there might be some merit to a song he ventured to give them, only they were unable to see any. And about this time, recovering of his stiffness and wounds, there surged back in him the craving for excitement other than the normal, healthy thrills of work—that craving with which Harvey Thatcher, railroad president and mine owner, had been unable to contend.

"Thatcher's done gone to Doghole," Maclovio, the horse wrangler, shot it out at Ford as they ate supper. "He passed me over to Ki-yote Crick."

"Yes?" Ford's face was impassive;

he knew how to handle his men. "I done sent him there." They knew he hadn't, but respected him for standing up for one of his outfit and his own dignity. And when three days had gone by and young Thatcher returned, a dilapidated, nerve-wrecked youth, they waited expectantly to see him ride away to headquarters, with orders to get his time. Nothing of the sort happened.

"I want to see you, Dick," said Ford, and he led the way to his tarp. "Now," sitting down on it, "your father owns the Circle Bar, don't he? An' I'm wagon boss. I cain't fire you, because he pays. But I can say who'll work for me, an' when anyone thinks he can sneak off without leave because he's the owner's son, he's wrong.

"Wait a minute. You can tell all that to your dad. I was goin' to send you in an' let Gifford do what he liked, but I believe there's somethin' better in you than a shirker, Dick. So we'll forget this. You go to work an' quit gambling. . . . Oh, I've seen you an' Cotton an' Waggoner shoot-in' dice. . . . Well, that's all. You'll do day herd to-morrow."

It was the longest speech Ford ever made in his life.

A retort was on the boy's lips, but he swallowed it and walked slowly to his bed, which Bob Saunders shared. They had worked up into the mountains by this time, and when old Dave's summons roused them next morning the peaks stood out against a whitish-gray sky. A rosy glow succeeded the gray as Thatcher drew on his boots. He stood up, and in the first deep breath drank in the tang of the mountain air. So sweet and pure it was that the reaction came—the thought of Doghole was nauseating. There rushed over him a love of this vastness and solitude. Suddenly he felt big and strong, full of a tenderness for all the world.

"Oh, it's bully. It's bully," he breathed.

Ford was cinching his saddle when

somebody approached him through the dark.

"Mr. Ford, I—I came to say I am sorry for the trouble I've caused. I'm going to work now."

Whereat Ford turned swiftly and paid the greatest tribute he know, "I wouldn't be surprised if you'd make a cowhand, Dick," he said.

*

Boston, Mass., Dec. 21, 1907.

Dearest Mother: This is to wish you a very happy Christmas and the same to Dad and all the kids. Also to tell you I am now in the division superintendent's office. My salary is \$150 a month. That sounds big to you, but it isn't much here.

However, I save some of it. I inclose thirty dollars for yourself and the kids as a Christmas reminder. You will also find inclosed another postal order for forty which you will please give Dod. Tell him it is to pay him back for what he sent me last year to buy "books and Morris chairs," etc. I never got them—in fact, if he has preserved my letters, he'll find I asked three times for money for chairs. That was due to forgetfulness.

I haven't had a drink in ten months, and I never do anything else you need to be ashamed of me for. I am also sending twenty-five dollars to go toward Uncle Jem's keep in the sanitarium. Give old Dave and all the boys my best. They're thoroughbreds if ever there were any.

Your affectionate son,
TOM.

*

In the month of August, two years after his arrival at the ranch, Thatcher rode with the Circle Bar outfit in-

to Doghole. Ford was in the lead, and a certain possibility worried him.

"Dick, I reckon we'd better have jist a touch. We've got to put in a day here idle."

"Go ahead without me, Mr. Ford. You don't mind counting me out? I'll take a small one and then I've got some letters to write."

The wagon boss studied his face keenly, and he chuckled as he led his men to Nasby's. Five minutes afterwards young Thatcher shook up his horse and cantered over to the Doghole Eating House, where he wrote this letter:

Doghole, New Mexico, Aug. 20, '08.

Dear: It is long since I wrote you, but round-up time doesn't make for letter writing. Your letter of June 6th reached me safely, though worn and frayed at the edges because Bobby got it mixed up with some packages of cigarette tobacco when he was caught in a storm. The outfit is in town, for we're to load and ship sixteen hundred head.

But it was not of our work, though I love it now, nor of the boys—and I believe I love them, too, especially old Dave—that I started out to tell you.

I'm coming home. I hope that you will find me greatly changed. Do you remember once when I had finished a fine, long speech about reforming and showing the world what I could do? You remarked dispassionately that it sounded well, but you would like to see me prove it. Dear, I think I have proved myself. At any rate I am coming home that you may judge.

JACK.



SOME NORTHERN PIONEERS

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

IN the morning soon after sun-up, we continue our joyous journey down the Athabasca, but the birds are out and about before us. An occasional duck rises sharply off the water with a whirr of wet wings, but generally they are self-complacent and play at "last across the road" with the ship, just as if they sought trouble and despised it. The young ducklings who have only taken to water these few days ago, form themselves into tiny rafts and one might almost expect to see a fairy step aboard them. The fish jump out of the water, praying to be caught. They look like strips of silver ribbon. Mr. Patrick O'Kelly, who is also watching their come and go, declares this to be a sign of rain. "When birds fly low, lady, and when fish swim near the surface, it is well to bring in the clothes off the line." He also says that the plover's cry indicates rain, even as does its name—the *pluvoir*, or rain-bird.

There are few birds to be seen except an occasional hawk, which seems to have no other object than to curvet about and display his clipper-built wings for our admiration. Sometimes, he soars into the skies in order to exercise a keen vision that covers half the Province, or again, he appears to hang in the air with an invisible string, so perfect is his poise. It is foolish to call hawks ravening birds, and to impute evil motives to them. We only do this because they like chickens and other gallinaceous

fowl whose end we would prefer to be pot-pie. This is not a reprobate taste on the hawk's part, for, of course, he has never read the game-laws, nor the Book of Leviticus, and cannot be expected to know that certain flesh, in certain localities, in certain seasons, is the particular appurtenance of the *genus homo*. In truth, we are so uninstructed in these laws ourselves that the Government must, perforce, keep game-wardens and the churches must keep preachers to educate us more fully.

The Athabasca River, Mr. O'Kelly calculates, is about eight hundred feet wide and about twelve feet deep. Its current is about five or six miles an hour. The less said about its colour the better. At Athabasca Landing, they use the water as a top-dressing for the land.

I get on well with Mr. O'Kelly because he does not mind answering questions, and I am rather stupid and do not understand irony, a fact now published for the first time.

Mr. Patrick O'Kelly started on "his own" thirty years ago in Manitoba. His name isn't really O'Kelly, but in this country a name is neither here nor there. He homesteaded one-hundred-and-sixty statute acres, but to be a farmer one had to possess a capacity for waiting, and he didn't possess it. After this, he became a prospector. Now, in prospecting, a man does not have to wait: his money is always discernible to the eye of faith. Mr. O'Kelly still holds his on

this unnegotiable, spiritualistic plane. In the meanwhile, he is boss of a big lumber camp over Prince Albert way. He used to be a captain on this river, but he doesn't captain any more. Some of these days he intends to take a wander back home. He hears that northern folk are foreigners in the South. This last remark is made with a rising inflection as if an answer were expected.

Who would have thought such a pathetic fear to be lurking under so confident and so square-shouldered an exterior? I can see now why Mr. O'Kelley finds it hard to get away. Without letting him know that his secret is suspected, I try to explain how it is the northerners who have changed. We pioneers talk of going home, but we really never go back—that is, the persons who went away. This may be equally true of all migrants who go into a far country, whether it be Abraham who went into Ur of Chaldea, or Reginald of Oxford, who goes into Saskatchewan.

There are several scribes on board, and one of them, "a editor in human form," gives us greeting and joins our company. He is a thin, straight, young fellow with a likable face, but his hair is shockingly awry.

"So you are an editor," says Mr. O'Kelly. "Your unpeaceable tribe has committed much damage in this country."

"What do you mean by calling us a tribe? I conceive that you are an old fool and perhaps a Liberal in politics. Although I am an editor, and by no means proud, I consider myself to be much better than you."

"Young person! you mean you are no worse," answers Mr. O'Kelly; "but in faith, I meant no offence, and I am not a Liberal."

Being thus reassured, the editor proceeds to discuss his difficulties with us. He has been treated with great unfairness in one of the northern towns. They gave him a fine mouthful of promises when he went

there, but they gave him nothing else. They failed to pay their subscriptions and their advertisements, so that he had to leave the place naked and ashamed. Someday, he is going to write a story in an American magazine and describe this town as a real estate office in a muskeg. It will be marrow to his bones, and he will let the magazine have the story for nothing.

Or worse still, he will tell the truth about all the leading citizens; he will set it down without equivocation or shadow of turning.

"But you wouldn't do this latter," I argue; "only a man with ink for blood could do so terrible a thing."

"On the contrary, lady," snaps he, "I shall take blood for ink, that is what I will do."

"But," said I, "you must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may." This was quite a clever answer, and I wish Charles Kingsley had not said it first, then it would have been original with me.

This young editor talks with so much vigour and so many gesticulations one might think he was acting a picture for a biograph machine. It is a pity his political heroes do not avail themselves of his services. As a fighter, the dear lad would have a fine genius if properly incited; also, he has a marvellous vocabulary of flaming adjectives.

There is an Indian woman on the ship who is married to a white man who seems most kind to her. The northern woman who interpreted the Tea Song for me says this man believes the world well lost for love, his heart being very full and his head very empty. You will observe that this northern woman is a philosopher, probably owing to the fact that she has had little to read and plenty of time to think. She was born in this country over fifty years ago, but was educated in the South. At the age

of sixteen, she married a Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and is now his widow. This year agone she has been in Europe, but has returned once more to her native North, with its hidden wilds and yet unhappened things. I tell you that some secret presage lies upon this land and one who has sensed it must come back again and again to its intangible allurements. It may be the strong austere spirit that holds one; or the vast voids of the sky with their blue and gold, and blue and silver. Or it may be that Tornarsuk, the great devil of the Arctic, who rides on the wind, steals from their breasts the midget souls of humans so that they belong to him and must follow whither he wills. It is not for me to know the reason, or to tell it to you, for I am southern born and cannot construe aright.

Time was when this woman only tasted flour once a year. It was on New Year's Day, when her mother baked cakes for the gentlemen who came to pay their respects to her—the doctor, the missionary, the clerks at the post, or the visitors from other posts. On the first of these occasions her mother, with an ill-grounded confidence, passed the plate of cakes to the earliest visitors, so that there were no cakes left for the callers who came afterwards.

When flour became more plentiful, it was her mother's custom to have cakes every Sunday evening. A cake was baked for each member of the family and one for the plate. No one dreamed of taking the last cake. It would have been accounted a gross breach of etiquette to have done so, and one not to be thought of.

"But what became of it?" I ask; "who ate it ultimately? Surely some one knew?"

Apparently no one did, for I am answered by a lift of one shoulder, suggestive of ignorance and possibly indifference—a little defensive shrug which precludes further intrusion into the subject.

It is unkind of her to leave me with this worrying problem, for there are fifty-two cakes a year to be disposed of, and I may never hope to dispose of them alone.

The Indian woman who has the white husband gives me bon-bons from a box she purchased in Edmonton last week. Nothing so makes for confidence in women as to eat sweets together. Authors write much about breaking bread and the sacredness of salt, but, in actual life, nothing cements friendship like chocolate drops. This is why the woman opens her heart to me and says she desires to write a book—a great book about the white people, of whom she knows many things. I have no doubt she does, and that if she put down all that is in her heart without one glance at the gallery, and without trimming her language to the rules of syntax, her book would be the literary sensation of the year.

She wants to know if ever I wrote a book.

Now, once I did, but it was a simple book, and wise people did not care so much as one finger's fillip for it, but some time I am going to put all their counsel together and compose a really great one. It will not be disjointed, but will flow along without a break in the smooth, natural way people talk when they are alone with their families. It shall concern psychic phenomena, yearnings, root-causes, the "untrammelled" life, strange decadencies, and things like that. It shall be paradoxical, epigrammatic, erudite, even vitriolic. I will pierce the self-conceit of these Canadians and tell them they have need to mend their manners; that they are primitive beasts—even *Diprotodons*.

Now the *Diprotodon* was a kind of ferocious kangaroo, carnivorous and predaceous, which lived in the Tertiary Period, and had a skull three feet in length. Those who are not of this species, I shall designate as fanatics who cling to worn-out shib-

boletus over which they snarl like pestilent dogs; or prigs who affect neurotic cults that are exceedingly false and not native to this country. I will be superior and insufferably arrogant so that they may be vastly annoyed with me and rage like the Psalmist's "heathen." I shall not be kindly to any, nor say them fair words, no matter how much I may desire to, nor how much it hurts me to tell lies.

Then will the wise people take their pens in hand to say that "this writer is possessed of the discriminating sense to an extraordinary degree. She has vision, luminosity, verve, technique, and artistic self-restraint, these, and other palpable qualities which bid us hope, in spite of all which has been said to the contrary, that the time is not so hopelessly remote when Canada may lay some small claim to having a literature of her own."

"O, Me! O, Me!" This is what they will say, and I will laugh in my throat and in my sleeves. I will not care the point of one pencil what they say, so long as they refrain from using the adjective "breezy." When a northern woman goes visiting and the wise people wish to be kind, they all apply this word to her. When the dubious visitor looks into the dictionary for the exact meaning of "breeze," she finds it stands for either "an uproar," or "a gentle gale." People have been murdered for less obvious errors, so that all wise people will please to be forewarned.

If you were to ask here what the Indian woman wished to write in a book about the white people, I would not be able to tell you, for, at this juncture, we all forgot to talk and crowded to the prow of the vessel to see a moose that swam boldly ahead of us in the river. He kept far enough away to be out of range, so that no one shot him. I use the word "shot" in deference to the untaught urban folk into whose hands this article may pass. What the men really

desired to do was to "trump" him.

We did not see him take to the bank for we took to the bank ourselves in order to load wood for the engine. He is a worthy gentleman, the moose, and should be well esteemed. Dropped in a thicket, hunted by wolves, unprotected save by his sharp hoof, which, however, will rip anything softer than a steel plate, he ranges the forests till his antlers are full-branched, and then, at the age of three, without costing the Province or the Indian a cent, he tips the scales at a thousand pounds of meat.

We are invited to the tent of Mrs. Jack Fish, who receives us seated. This is not owing to any lack of hospitality on her part, but because she is very old and quite blind. The Oblate Brothers say she is over a hundred years old, and truly she might pass for the honourable great-grandmother of all Canada. Her son, with whom she lives, minds a wood-pile on the Athabasca, but in the winter he has a house of logs at Tomato Creek, to which he retires. All Indians live in tents from preference, and not from the sordid reason assigned them by the would-be poet, who declares that "Itchie, Mitchie lives in a tent" for "he can't afford to pay the rent." There are no rented houses in this country, and no man has ever heard of a landlord. Every person holds his house, or his several houses, in fee simple. In Great Britain, these residences would be designated as "shooting-boxes."

Neither would it be a sign of mental superiority on the part of the traveller to consider Jack Knife's job a menial one. Banking situations or Provincial politics may have an importance in the fence country, but in boreal regions the prime test of intelligence is a knowledge of how to handle a boat or an axe.

Madam, our hostess, informs the Factor's widow that she keeps quite well, except for an evil and tormenting spirit in her chest. She desires to know who are in our company, and

when she learns that the *Okimow*, or Great Chief of the Peace River Country, is one of us, she asks for tobacco. Ah! the Chief at Fort Edmonton would be generous to her, but he is dead, and now there is no tobacco to soothe her pain. When she was young her people fought with the Blackfoot tribe in the Bear Hills, and many of the Crees were scalped. She fled through the forests to Fort Edmonton, carrying her two children on her back, but there was much rain and she was almost drowned crossing the rivers. That was many, many nesting moons ago, and now she is old and her pipe is empty of tobacco.

"Is the kind lady going down the River to find a man?"

No! the kind lady has white hair and her man is dead.

"May be it is the *Okimow*?"

No! the *Okimow* has a wife in the South, with brown hair.

Ah, well! Ah, well! but it was different when she was young. Then every woman's skin was full of oil, and for her there were many braves.

After she has been led into the open, and has had her picture taken

with us, the great *Okimow* takes her back to her blankets and fills her lap with a heap of pungent tobacco. It will be many moons before our honourable great-grandmother requires a fresh supply. "An old struggler," that is what I call her, after the beggar-woman who asked Sir Walter Scott for alms.

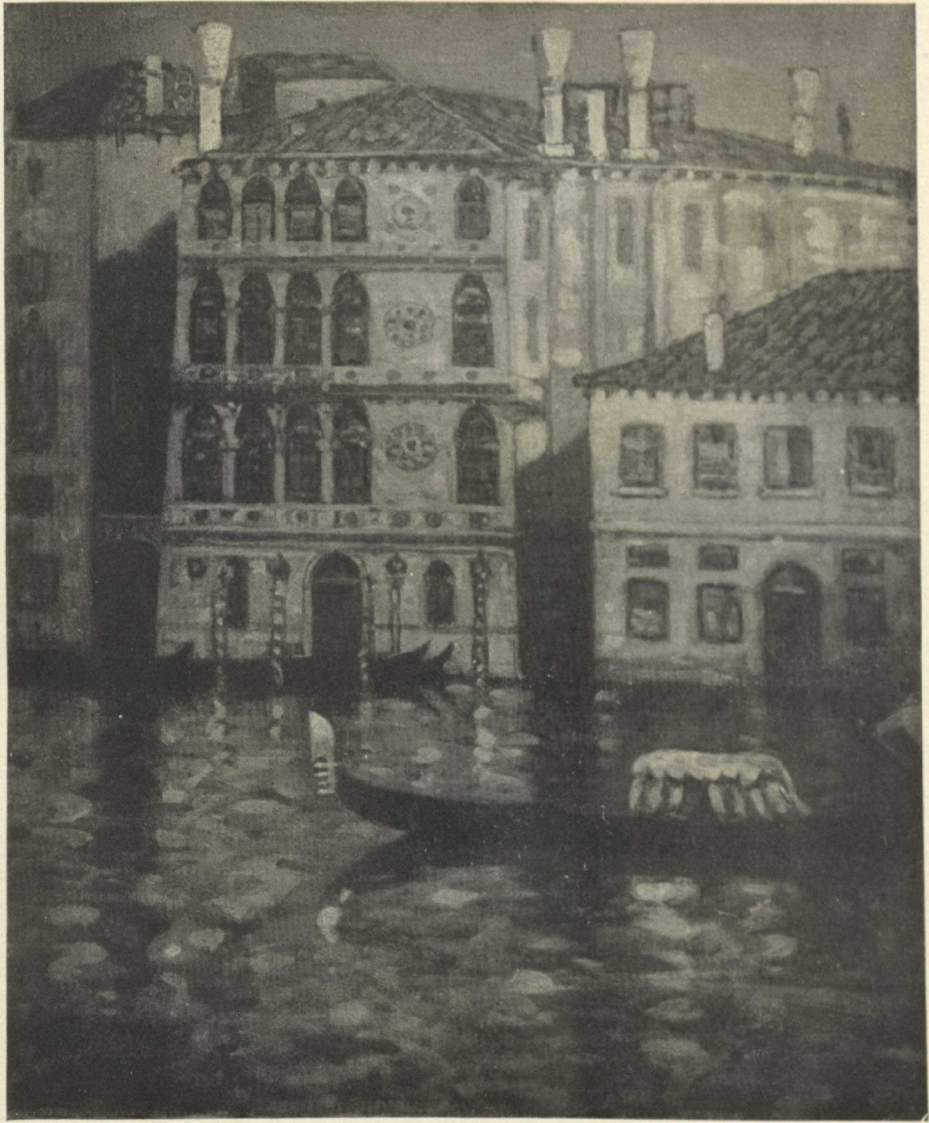
The religion of the gentle Nazarene has cut the fighting sinews of the Indians. This was why the Christianized Hurons were brushed off the earth by the tigerish and unapproachable Iroquois. The Hurons became soft, and being soft, they became a prey. In some inexplicable way, we Anglo-Saxons have managed to keep our bumps of veneration and combativeness well partitioned or estranged, and so keep mastery of the changeling tribes who permit them to commingle. This is why the Indians are a dying race in a new country. This is why our honourable great-grandmother whimpers for tobacco instead of hurling us over the bank and throwing her camp-fire on the top of us. I could almost find it in my heart to wish that she had.

The title of Mrs. Murphy's sketch for the January number is "The Parting of the Rivers."

THE MISSION BABY

By JEAN BLEWETT

THE quaint old garden with its fragrant gloom
 Seems to enfold her in a close embrace,
 A little human flower among the bloom,
 A little human flower all light and grace.
 Oh, wells of wonder are her dear dark eyes,
 And gravely tender her unsmiling face!
 Past the proud roses stray the dimpled feet:
 Red roses, white, and of a sunset glow;
 Past phlox, and pink, and wall-flower warm and sweet,
 To where the daisies wild dance to and fro
 To the mad piping of the winds that blow.
 Ah, then the wonder of the dear dark eyes
 Is lost in laughter, and the dimpled feet
 With all the black-eyed Susans dancing go.

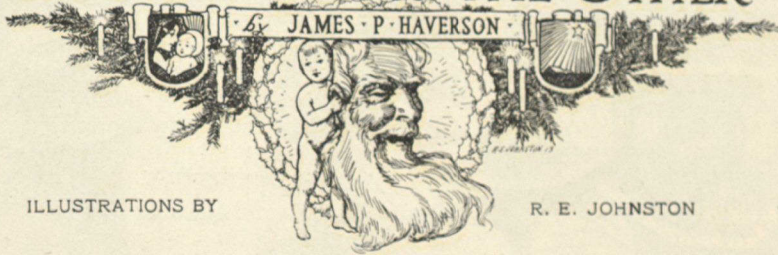


A VENICE NIGHT

From the Painting by J. W. Morrice.
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The NEW BOY to THE OTHER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

R. E. JOHNSTON

THE driving snow smote upon his face, as Teddy Aldridge trudged doggedly over the second Glen Road bridge into that exclusive residential section of Toronto, North Rosedale. Dusk was falling, and across the double row of brilliant electric lights the snow drove in almost horizontal lines or swirled with strange convolutions under pressure of the gusts. From the ravine below came the moaning of the trees as they wrestled with the wind. Teddy settled his chin deeper into his upturned collar, thrust his gloveless hands farther into the pockets of his overcoat, and plodded into the storm. There was something in his gait which spoke of disappointment, something beside the storm which seemed to hinder his progress. It was as though he hesitated to go on, but must.

Still, it was Christmas eve, and he was homeward bound. Teddy—Theodore, to give him the name with which he was christened and which he signed to his sketches—was by way of being an artist. That he was this, and a great one, his wife had no doubt whatever. With those to whom he sought to dispose of his work, it was another matter. He had spent the day going from one advertising

agency to another in an effort to make immediate sale of a couple of studies which he carried under his arm. He had failed, and with his failure came the prospect of a dismal Christmas in the tiny bungalow which he had builded with his own hands in a little clump of pine trees, yonder, on the hill.

All the way up Yonge Street, for he had walked to save the solitary nickel in his pocket, he had looked longingly into the store windows where the appurtenances of a merry Christmas were displayed in such alluring profusion. He had thought, with increasing bitterness, how small a part of this horde of good things would have served to meet his small requirements. It was as hopeless as trying to borrow a dime in a graveyard of dead millionaires—a dime or a million, it would be all the same!

Now he must go home and tell Molly that he had failed, and it hurt him to feel in advance the disappointment that would be in her heart. He knew that she would contrive to keep it from showing in her face. He had known in advance that no one would be buying anything on this festive day, which was almost a part of the feast-day itself. But he was a confirmed optimist, and, for once he



Drawing by R. E. Johnston

"I was feeling a bit down myself until I saw that

had consented to allow his wife and little son to pose for pictures to be used for commercial purposes. That one of the round and laughing Teddy junior would make an ideal Ad. for

any breakfast food; the other, for which Molly had posed, would glorify the advertising of the finest tooth-paste. But they had not sold, and Teddy was bitterly disappointed.

He had crossed the bridge and was passing through that conglomerate collection of residences which line the main thoroughfare of this district. Some of them were beautiful; others positively ugly; few were sufficiently isolated to allow of their being considered as architectural units. His artistic sense was not pleased; he preferred, he thought, his own amateur attempt at a bungalow, back there on the hill.

One thing, however, appealed to him in the houses he saw about him; it was the warm lights cast upon the snow from their brightly illuminated windows, and the evident appearance of Christmas cheer within. All the rooms into which he could see were profusely decorated with holly, mistletoe, and long festoons of evergreens garnished with gay crimson ribbons. Now and then, he caught a glimpse of the top of a Christmas tree, brave with tinsel hangings, the candles waiting to be set alight. He positively winced with envy.

How fortunate, he thought, were these folk to whom Christmas brought but one more opportunity to rub the magic lamp of their riches. The Genie of Pleasure must immediately attend. Suddenly a pang of sympathy, pity even, clutched at his heart. He stopped in his tracks, for, in front of the house opposite where he stood, was an automobile; it was the unmistakable doctor's brougham.

What a terrible thing for anyone to be sick on Christmas eve! There was something incongruous in the idea of sorrow connected with this prosperous-looking mansion at this season of festival and rejoicing. Sickness in the homes of the poor was more fitting; somehow, it merged in the unity of their general surroundings. But the rich who were so well equipped to meet all the requirements of this season, human and artistic; surely it was out of place that one of them should be stricken thus. The thing was grotesque almost.

He felt a great surge of thankfulness sweep over him, as he thought of his own little home as he had left it that morning. Molly had stood at the window, holding up the crowing youngster; both were smiling happily as they waved him a cheery good-bye. They might be poor, which was especially inconvenient and embarrassing just at Christmas-time; but at least they had health. A cold wave of fear swept back to his heart as he wondered how long this might be so, should their present straightened circumstances remain unimproved. Now at least they were safe.

A moment since, he had considered it a tragedy that, for this one year, there could be no proper celebration of Christmas for his little son. It hurt him that this day, which is before all others the festival of little children, was not to be given its full significance to his own child. He had been resentful at the sight of the over abundance of these others, while he was denied even the little that he needed. Now he could find room in his heart for nothing save a great thankfulness that sickness had never stalked in at the door of his little home, and an aching pity for the owner of the great house before which stood that ominous doctor's brougham. He was luckier than this man, whoever he might be.

He stood gazing through the falling snow at the gloomy front of the mansion. All the windows were dark except one on the first floor up, and there the dim light of a sickroom showed palely on the closely-drawn blind. The snow had completely covered the top of the doctor's brougham; he had evidently been in the house for a considerable time. Now Teddy noticed a figure approaching through the snow. The man was close before he had seen him, for the whiteness underfoot had silenced his steps. Teddy saw that the man's face was drawn and haggard as he passed under the light of the nearest street lamp.



Drawing by R. E. Johnston

“How small a part of this horde of good things would have served to meet his requirements”

“Good night,” said the stranger, as he drew nearer. Teddy fancied there was a note of something that was almost hostility in his voice, and that the man was eying him curiously.

“A merry Christmas to you, sir,”

said Teddy, his heart filled with the spirit of the season. He noticed that, despite his haggard appearance, this man was little older than himself; his clothes looked a good deal better than his own.

"Huh, it may be merry enough for some," growled the other ungraciously.

"Look over there," returned Teddy, indicating the house across the street, "I was feeling a bit down myself, until I saw that. Whatever may be lacking in my home to-night, there is the wife and the youngster in it; and no doctor, nor any need of one."

His words did not seem to have any markedly cheering effect upon his hearer; but Teddy continued his effort to invade the taciturnity of the other.

"That poor fellow over there is likely waiting right now for the decision of the doctor; and I fancy that all his money is mighty little consolation to him, unless it is because it allows him to have the doctor, and a good one."

"Yes," replied the other, "he is."

"It's a terrible thing to wait for a doctor to speak," Teddy ran on, "I remember the night my little boy was born. It was like waiting for the jury to come in and the Day of Judgment, all in one. I'll bet that fellow over there would be glad to trade places with me right now, even if he wasn't going to be able to have a Christmas tree for the kid and a handsome present for the wife."

"He would, indeed!"

There was something so emphatic in the assent of the other that Teddy was convinced his little homily had not fallen on stony ground.

of the other that Teddy was convinced his little sermon had not fallen on stony ground.

"Christmas seems to look sort of blue to you, too?" asked the stranger, a touch of sympathy creeping into his voice.

"It did until I saw that doctor's machine in front of that house," answered Teddy very gently. "Then I felt sorry for that rich man; and that is quite a luxury for a poor devil of an artist."

"Why, what's your trouble?" ask-

ed the other, showing the awakening of a warmer interest than he had yet appeared to be taking in their conversation.

"Nothing very much — now," Teddy replied quickly. "I guess I only thought it was trouble. And still," he went on, "it's always seemed to me that there should be a proper Christmas for every little child. I mean a tree with candles and gifts. It takes so little, when a kid is young; and it bears such big interest in all the years that follow. It seems to me that, if a youngster goes out in the world with a long line of Merry Christmases behind him, he can never be discouraged or beaten as easily as some poor little devil—no matter how rich he may be—who has to think of any grief or disappointment connected with the day."

"I guess you're right," replied the other thoughtfully.

"I know I am," declared Teddy.

Then the conversation wandered to generalities. They talked of the snow; of how the neighbourhood was building up; how but a few years before it had been a golf course; and but a little time before that, open fields and woods. Teddy noticed that the man's attention wandered; but that, whenever he made as if to be upon his way, the other seemed possessed by a desperate eagerness to cling to his company and conversation. The man was continually watching the house across the road; wherever his eyes might wander, they were sure to return quickly to that dimly lit window on the first floor up. He was nervous and distraught; and was forever building little piles of snow with his feet, only to kick them over as soon as they were built. Once when he gazed toward the bridge, Teddy remembered the number who had hurled themselves from its height, and almost laid a detaining hand upon his companion's arm, but a moment later the man was once more regarding that window across the way.

In a burst of confidence, following a discussion of log fires and Christmas, Teddy came to tell that he had bought a quantity of paving brick to build the fireplace in his little bungalow. The other was interested and Teddy continued his tale, telling how he had found the plan for the bungalow in a woman's magazine which his wife had bought to aid in the building of a gown. He told where he had bought his lumber, and what he had paid for it.

Then the door of the house across the street was opened; a tall man carrying a long black satchel hurried down the steps. Teddy heard a great, gasping intake of breath at his shoulder; and the man beside him broke forward, calling to the physician as he went.

"Oh, doctor, what—How is she?" the voice was tense, eager, tremulous.

"Ah, there you are, Grant, old fellow!" answered the doctor heartily, coming forward with outstretched hand. "My dear boy, I congratulate you. The biggest Christmas gift you've had in all your life, a splendid boy. Your wife, too, will do nicely. You are a lucky fellow this Christmas eve!"

So this was the man whose trouble had healed his own! It had come only to give place to a greater joy; and, with it, had gone his sympathy for the one who supported him in his hour of trial. The man had been ready enough to accept his fellowship while their misfortunes had made them kin. Now this other had

forgotten him as soon as his own had been cleared away. It was always so. There was an impassable barrier between the rich and poor. He was glad that the man's sorrow had been healed; but—

Teddy turned and plodded wearily up the hill. All at once he knew that he was tired. For the first time, he felt that it was a long walk up to the little bungalow under the big pine trees. He trudged onward, mounted the hill, and had just crossed the rickety old bridge which led to that newer section where he lived when he was passed by a purring motor car lurching tremendously on the uneven road. It looked, he thought, very much like that doctor's brougham.

As he drew near the little bungalow, he could see the light shining from the south window through the trees. Molly would be waiting to hear his news. He could see her bravely trying to smile when he told her that he had been unsuccessful. Then he noticed a red light, like a danger signal, before the house out in the roadway.

"Confound them," he muttered, "forever tearing up the roads; they're bad enough when they leave them alone."

As he came closer, the door of the bungalow opened, and a figure passed out. The red light before the house began to move away, and he saw it was the tail-light of a motor car. He broke into a run as it whisked around the corner of the side road leading out to Yonge Street. It was



a doctor's brougham, he was sure of that.

Breathless, he reached his door, and burst into the house. His wife was sitting at the table curiously regarding a small, white envelope that lay on the red cloth. She looked up as he entered.

"What is it?" he cried, his voice shaken. "What's the matter with the kid?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing," the woman answered in astonishment. "How excited you are. Do be quiet or you'll wake him."

"The doctor," he ran on, unheeding her warning, though wonder now rose above the terror which had been

in his voice. "What was the doctor doing here?"

"There was no doctor here, dear. Whatever made you think of such a thing? It was a Mr. Grant who called. He left this note for you. He said I mustn't open it till you came home. He said you'd know all about it. And—oh, yes, he said the doctor drove him up—I don't know what he meant!"

But Teddy was hastily tearing open the envelope. A crisp, new, fifty-dollar bill fell out upon the table; and with it a card. On this was written:

"With a Merry Christmas, from the new boy to the other!"

AFTERMATH

By PAULINE JOHNSON

THE wide, warm acres stretching lazily,
Roll out their russet silence to the sea,
Bared to the winds that whisper ceaselessly
Of homing time and landward-lying things.

Along the uplands, vagrant locusts whirr
Themselves through sunshine, and within the blur
Of purple distances, the faint, far stir
Of some lone haymaker that scythes and sings.

Across the marsh, reclaimed from seas that creep
Against the sheltering dykes, the droning sweep
Of sickles, where the long salt grasses sleep,
Hushed in the peace that near fulfilment brings.





SETTING THE TIRE

From the painting by Blair Bruce in the Canadian National Gallery



DIEPPE

From the painting by J. M. Barnsley in the Canadian National Gallery.



THE PROFILE

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Claves. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE HAPPY MISHAP

BY ETHEL SAMUEL

CHRISTMAS Eve fell on Saturday. Late as it was in the afternoon, Bill Summers — to quote Mr. Formby—was “standing at the corner of the street.” He ought to have been home long ago, but had been ashamed to go there; his pockets were empty, and there was the Christmas dinner to think of.

As a matter of fact, his week’s wages were resting in the *Black Bull’s* till. The early afternoon had been spent there with his fellow workmen.

Given the right kind of companions, and William might have shaped into one of the best of husbands and fathers. But, lacking backbone, he succumbed to evil communications; his good manners being corrupted by his friends—of the so appallingly common, never-quite-drunk, never-quite-sober type.

Just as dropping water wears away stone, so the constant tipping had blunted Bill’s better feelings. But they were not quite dead; the life in them bubbled up now—now that he was away from the fascination of the public-house. Realizing that his pockets were empty and that the cupboard would be bare on the morrow, he was filled with remorse to overflowing point.

Thoughts of his wife and child made him indignant. With the sophistry of the weak-willed, he blamed everyone but himself.

Why should Emma and the kiddie go hungry—when thousands of others less deserving than they—would sit down to-morrow to turkey and plum pudding and no end of luxuries? Why could others have enough money to have a drink or two with their pals—that was his euphemistic way of describing an orgy—whilst he, if he did so, had to suffer for it afterwards, by witnessing the hunger and want of those he loved? It was not fair—not just. No wonder those chaps stood up at the street corner and spouted Socialism. He felt like being a Socialist himself.

Suddenly an idea—surely born in the lower regions—shaped in his mind. He had been employed, during the week, in redecorating a flat, ready for an incoming tenant. Whilst on the job he had got to know the occupants of the adjoining suite of rooms—Number Six.

The introduction came about through the child of Number Six, Bobbie, a manly little fellow, who was glad to be able to air his views on Boy Scouts, for he told Summers his mother and father didn’t approve of scouting, and said he was not to talk nonsense when he broached the subject.

Confidentially he let the painter into a tremendous secret: he was going to boarding-school next term! When he got there he meant to go into training. He couldn’t join the

Scouts till he was eleven, but he could be getting up all the rules and regulations so as to be ready—couldn't he?

Bill proved a sympathetic listener. Rough fellow as he was, there was a soft corner in his heart for all children; his own "kiddie" was but two years of age. Busy with his brush on the outer door, he painted mental pictures of his own baby—when she should reach the age of the boy at Number Six.

Then the mother—Mrs. Nestor—spoke to him. Returning from a shopping expedition—laden with Christmas parcels—she had difficulty with her latchkey; Bill went to her help.

As he pushed open the door for her to enter he caught a glimpse of the luxuriously-furnished suite of rooms. A wave of envy swept over him. Why wasn't he able to provide such a cosy nest for his Emma?

Memory of it was troubling him when, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, he walked down his own street and reached his own poor home. As he slouched in, his wife came to greet him, quietly helping him off with his great-coat and hanging it—trim and tidy little body that she was—on a peg. Then, returning to his side, she held up her face expectantly, and said:

"Bill, dear, how late you are! Christmas Eve, too. It's just on five o'clock. And you always knock off at twelve o'clock on Saturdays."

There was no kiss given; instead Bill flung himself surlily into a chair.

"Where have you been since—"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions. You're enough to jaw a man's head off. I'm tired!"

The wife turned away; she hadn't any belief in the wisdom of letting husbands see tears. And she could not very well repress her own—the symptoms were so eloquent; there would be no Christmas dinner for them. The rent—poor, hard-working soul—she had contrived to pay—

fruit of the little card in the window: "Needlework done here."

She had hoped to pay herself that back out of Bill's money. Because there were so many little things she had mapped out to purchase with her own earnings—small enough, God knows!—things that the replica of herself, little Emma, needed. Alas! the sparkle in bright little eyes would grow dim; the promised visit of Santa Claus would not be paid.

"Don't want any dinner."

His observation grunted out as he saw his wife open the oven door. He was in a mood even to quarrel with his food.

"It'll do you good, Bill."

She took off the covering plate, and the smell of savoury food steamed up in front of him. Although she would not have expressed it so in words, she was alive to the policy of feeding the brute.

"Your favourite dish, too," she added, "tripe and onions."

"All right. Leave it there."

The feeling of shame developed again. The best of wives—he owned that in his heart—and to treat her so! Drawing his chair up to the table, he made a pretence of eating; but all appetite had left him.

"Where's the kid?" he asked.

"Asleep—bless her! Do you know, to-day she said 'Tank you' quite plainly, Bill."

And then her tongue rattled on with a mother's eloquence, for she was talking of the heart of her heart, the soul of her soul. A softer expression crept on to the man's face as he listened to the catalogue of marvellous things his child could say and do.

Thrusting aside his half-eaten dinner, he drew a pipe and pouch from his pocket. The emptiness of the latter chased away the soft feeling. Shake the pouch as he did, he could not get so much as half a pipeful of tobacco to smoke. Snorting angrily, he put the clay in his mouth and sucked at it noisily, the stale mois-

ture in the pipe bubbling in the stem.

Emma cleared away the dinner things—in silence. Then, in a half-halting, wholly nervous way, she put on her hat and jacket. Catching up a market basket, she began, in a timorous voice:

“I think I’ll do my shopping now, Bill—being Christmas Eve—before the streets get too crowded.”

“Oh, will you?” The feeling of shame was stronger than ever, but he thought to cover it by bullying. “P’raps you’ll tell me how you’re going to do it?”

“Your money, Bill. Weren’t you paid?”

“Of course I was,” he burst out angrily, seizing the slightest pretext to hang his temper on. “Do I look like a mug that would work for nothing?”

“N-no.” The reply came slowly, despairingly. “I see—you’ve been drinking again, Bill! Oh, how could you, how could you!—and at Christmas time, too.” Her tears were plain enough now—for once she had not been able to hide them—had he been able to look her in the face. “After all your promises, too!”

“Now, don’t start preaching, or I’ll land you one across the—”

“Bill! How dare you!”

She started back in her amazement. Then her eyes flashed and her bosom rose and fell in her indignation. Even a worm may be goaded to turning-point.

“This is the first time you’ve ever threatened me!”

The man moved in his chair uneasily. It would have been a pleasure to have been able to kick himself round the room a dozen times. Absolutely in the wrong, he yet found it impossible to voice any regret or sorrow.

He watched his wife furtively as she moved about the room. Having put away her hat and jacket, she swept up the hearth. Then she crossed to the bed—improvised on

two chairs—in the corner of the room. Their baby girl was sleeping there.

Hours passed. Then Bill lurched across to where Emma sat. Bending over the bed, he tried to look at the sleeping child, but his wife rose, barring the way. Her hand held the covers down as she said quietly:

“Don’t be cruel to her as well as to me. Let her sleep as long as she can. When she wakes she’ll cry for food—poor little soul—and there’s nothing for her.”

The rebuke seemed to strike the man as an actual blow might have done. He tiptoed back to his chair, shame and remorse being too keen to allow him to argue. There came before his eyes again the picture of that cosily furnished flat he had caught a glimpse of, and his eyes roamed round his own bare room resentfully.

He was big and broad-built and strong. He knew that; knew, too, that by putting his shoulder against the Nestor’s outer door he could burst its lock quite easily. Once inside, the rooms would be planned like those in the flat where he had been working recently. And the Nestors had gone away that afternoon to spend Christmas in the country. Bobbie had told him they were going.

Why shouldn’t he? It wasn’t right or just that there should be all this comfort and luxury about whilst his wife and child wanted food—the street corner Socialists’ poison was working! Just then the baby woke up, crying out to her mother in her childish way:

“Bupper—baby—bupper!”

Emma made a sop of the bread Bill had left from dinner; but without milk the baby screwed up her little face and turned from it. There was nothing more to give her, and, taking the child in her arms, Emma tried to hush the little one to sleep again. But hunger was not to be appeased that way, and the cry was repeated.

“Bupper! Baby wants bupper.”

That—the cry reached his very heart—decided Bill. Jumping up, he pressed a cap down over his eyes, slipped into his great-coat, and left the room. Busy hushing the baby to sleep, Emma did not even see him go.

Outside, he turned his steps in the direction of the block of flats he had left at noon. His plans were but half formulated. Convinced of his ability to burst open the door, yet common-sense came into play. If he did that, noise must ensue; neighbours would immediately rush out to discover the cause of it.

Then he remembered that he had not given up the key of the vacant flat where he had been working; the job was not completed. Feeling in his pocket, his hand closed on what he sought.

Of course, there was possibility of the locks being different. But they were of a common kind. The key might fit. At any rate, he would try to gain entrance that way before adopting extreme measures.

The striking of a neighbouring clock told him it was nine o'clock. That was too early. He must wait an hour or two before attempting to gain an entry: there would be less likelihood of people passing up and down the stairs then.

During that time his thoughts were anything but pleasant. A score of times he decided to give up this scheme the devil had shaped for him—he knew its author! As often there rang in his ears the cry of his little one for food. That always turned the scale.

At ten o'clock he mounted the stairs and, reaching the second floor, paused to get a grip of himself, for his heart was beating, it seemed to him, with sledge-hammer force. Bill was certainly much too chicken-hearted ever to attain any height in the burglar profession!

Gently inserting the key in the lock, he took another deep breath and another hasty glance round. Would

it fit? A half turn—and he could turn no further. Knowing something of locks, he “played” the key—ultimately the catch went back! Yet another second, and he had closed the door quietly behind him.

Not a sound. Not that that surprised him. He knew the Nestors' servant had left them—Bobbie had told him so, and there was not likely to be a caretaker.

The bedrooms were at the end of a passage; right and left were the dining and drawing-rooms. He turned into the latter. There must be plenty of “gimcracks” there, he thought, that would be easy to carry off and raise money on.

It happened to be a bright moonlight night, so he had no difficulty in seeing what he was doing—stuffing into his pockets the filigree silver ornaments that were all about the room.

It would be too late to pawn the things to-night, but he would surely be able to find someone willing to advance enough to buy food for his baby. That was the idea obsessing him now.

As he turned to leave the room, he instinctively clapped a hand to his mouth—so managing to stifle the cry that rose to his lips. Standing in the doorway—looking at him intently—was a small, white-robed figure.

At first, nerves all a-jangle, he assumed it was an apparition, so ghost-like did the moonlight make it appear to his over-wrought mind. Stepping forward, he endeavoured to push past, but his way was barred by two small, suddenly lifted, outstretched arms. A piping little voice said:

“Wait a minute, please. Don't go yet. I want to speak to you.”

What a big sigh of relief escaped Bill! This was no ghost; this was his little friend, Bobbie. Tremblingly he drew a coat sleeve across his forehead, to wipe away the moisture that beaded his brow.

“Don't be afraid,” the child went

on, "I'm not going to hurt you."

A grim smile shaped on Bill's face. The humour of the situation was beginning to appeal to him.

"I heard a noise," the boy continued, "so thought I'd find out what it was without waking mum. I'm sleeping with her to-night, 'cos daddy is away. He had to go on business, so we're not going into the country till Christmas morning."

The child drew himself up proudly, filled with the importance of his position as protector of the weaker sex. Advancing closer to Bill, he peered into his face.

"Why," he exclaimed suddenly, in a pleased tone, "it's Mr. Painter! And I thought you were a burglar! What have you come here for so late?"

Bill was unable to answer this artless question, the confidence and relief in the boy's voice made him so ashamed. The pockets of his great-coat seemed to weigh down as if the filigree silver there was so much lead; and his heart was heavier.

"I came," the little boy continued, "to ask the burglar not to make a noise—if he must burgle. You see, mum had such a bad headache to-night before she went to bed that she had to take facitine to send her to sleep."

"All right, sonnie," Bill responded gruffly "don't be afraid, I won't wake the lady up."

"Thank you, Mr. Painter. But won't you tell me why you came?"

Unable to accord a satisfactory reply, Bill evaded the question, saying:

"You'll catch cold, sonnie, in them thin clothes. You just pop back to bed and—"

"But you haven't told me—"

"Hush!" Bill whispered. "Don't talk, or the lady 'll hear us."

That was enough for Bobbie. With a finger to his lips, and a pleasant nod, he ran quickly from the room along the passage, back to his mother's side.

Left alone, Bill at once made for the outer door. He would not trouble about another thing. Quietly he got out of the flat and hurried downstairs. His feelings were chaotic. He was still full of determination to feed his baby girl—by fair means or foul. But he was just as full of regret.

Reaching the street he started to cross the road. So engrossed was he in his thoughts that he did not hear a warning shouted to him. Then the accident happened. The chauffeur was unable to pull up his taxi-cab in time. Bill Summers was knocked down and run over.

It was a quiet street and nearly eleven o'clock at night; not many people were about. The man who had been in the cab bent over the unconscious body and said:

"I don't think he's much hurt. The wheels didn't pass over him; he went between, fortunately. This unconsciousness is due to shock."

"Better shove him inside, hadn't I?" the chauffeur volunteered, "and take him to a hospital?"

"M'—no. I don't think that necessary. You had only two or three more doors to go. Give me a hand with him, and we'll carry him up to my rooms. A dose of brandy is all the treatment he'll need, I fancy."

Once more Bobbie was roused from his sleep that night. Again he pattered along the passage and entered the drawing-room, to ascertain the cause of the noise there. This time he found his father.

Lifting the boy in his arms, the man asked the reason for his wakefulness. Bobbie replied that, hearing a noise, he thought Mr. Painter had come back again.

The father was puzzled at the boy's explanation. Surely, he thought, the child must be half asleep. Then Bobbie's eyes, roaming round the room, rested on the unconscious man lying on the sofa. Softly he said:

"He *has* come back, dad!"

At the moment Bill *was* coming back, or, anyway, was endeavouring to—to his senses. Another swallow of the brandy restored him to something of himself, and he cleared up the mystery. Realizing the trick Fate had played him, he made a clean breast of everything to the man who had acted the part of Good Samaritan.

Recital of the privations of his wife and child touched the boy's father. "Mr. Painter" applied none but the blackest colours to his own doings. A sudden revulsion of feeling made it clear to him what a mean-spirited, drunken brute he had been. That made his listener view things more leniently; he was touched by Bill's misery and self-contempt.

Taking a sovereign from his pocket, he offered it to Bill, saying:

"Well, there's the Christmas dinner to think of, and little time to get it in. Here's something to buy it with."

"No, sir. I can't take it."

"But your wife and child are hungry."

That was an irresistible argument. Bill took the proffered coin. With lowered head he moved towards the door. Bobbie called out to him:

"Good-night, Mr. Painter. I hope I shall see you soon again."

"Good-night, sir."

Bill stood at the door, shamefaced. Mr. Nestor walked across the room and, placing a hand on the man's shoulder, turned him towards the light. Peering keenly into his face, he said:

"I rather pride myself on my powers of observation. I don't think you're naturally bad. It's a case of bad companions, I expect."

Unable to voice an answer, Bill nodded.

"Get away from them."

"But my work, sir—"

"I'll find fresh occupation for you."

Expectation, hope, gratitude filled Bill, as he stammered out:

"Th-thank you, sir. But—but I stole your—"

"Oh, no, you didn't. Whilst you were lying there unconscious, I went through your pockets to ascertain your address. A glance around will satisfy you that you are not a thief. I have restored to myself the things that were mine. But it's late, you must go now. Come to me on Tuesday morning, I shall be back then. We'll talk matters over. I'll see if I can place you beyond the reach of temptation."

With muttered thanks, spoken stumbingly, Bill left the flat. On his way home, he purchased food for the morrow's dinner; the shops were open later on Christmas Eve.

That was the happiest Christmas Day Bill and Emma had spent since their marriage. He told her everything. She, like the true little woman she was, forgave him, and thanked God that, at last, there was a likelihood of Bill turning out of the error of his ways.

And on the Tuesday good fortune awaited them. Mr. Nestor was building a row of cottages in the country. He wanted someone trustworthy—Bill shuddered at the word—to undertake the painting on the job. Would Bill accept the post?

"And then," said Bobbie, who insisted on being present at the interview, "we shall see each other every day, Mr. Painter. Dad's going to take mummie and me to a nice new house in the country very soon. It's near where you're going to work. Won't that be fine?"

Bill heartily agreed that it would. And that sentiment was endorsed by Emma, when she heard the welcome news—that they were to live in the country, away from the evil influences which had lately governed her husband; in the country where roses grow in baby cheeks.

WHITE CANADA

A JAPANESE VIEW OF CANADA'S ORIENTAL PROBLEM

BY KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS"

LIKE other British colonies, Canada regards its territory as closed to Oriental races. The watchword is "White Canada." That mystifying yet singularly appealing expression has been industriously exploited, especially by those affiliated with the labour unions on the Pacific Coast.

And yet Canada's treatment of Asiatic races cannot be said always to have been severe. True, it raises against the Orient a barrier as insurmountable as that erected in other exclusive countries, but those Asiatic immigrants who were allowed to enter the country in accord with the provisions of the immigration law Canada has as a rule treated with consideration and even leniency. She has extended to the Orientals the privilege of naturalization and even of securing homesteads. Even in British Columbia, the stronghold of the anti-Oriental agitation, no such discriminatory laws as have been proposed and enacted in California have been introduced in its Legislature. There the Japanese and Chinese are permitted to conduct business and cultivate land, not only unmolested, but enjoying all privileges enjoyed by British subjects in Canada. They can own land, both urban and rural, and in Provinces other than British Columbia they even enjoy voting privileges.

The question arises: "Why of all Provinces and Territories does Bri-

tish Columbia alone discriminate against the Orientals in the matter of franchise?" In the Yukon Territory there are about a hundred Japanese, most of whom are naturalized, while in the Provinces east of the Rockies what small number of Japanese there are have also sworn allegiance to Canada. All these naturalized Japanese exercise the franchise just as though they were native Canadians. But in British Columbia the Japanese, though free to become Canadian subjects, are not allowed to cast a ballot. The reason for this discriminatory measure is not far to seek.

British Columbia does not issue fishing licence to aliens. When Japanese fishermen were brought into the Province they found it necessary to secure naturalization certificates in order to obtain fishing licence. Thus it came to pass that almost ninety per cent. of the naturalized Japanese in British Columbia are fishermen, many of whom are uneducated, if not illiterate. The wisdom of naturalizing such immigrants is open to question, but in as much as the Province had to rely upon them for the exploitation of one of its most important economic resources, it had to give them naturalization certificates. Naturalization in such circumstances means little more than the granting of fishing privilege. It does not necessarily mean that the recipients of citizenship certificates are ready to become

faithful subjects of the Empire, nor that they intend to reside permanently in Canada. Not a few of such Japanese do not see much difference between the fishing licence and the naturalization paper.

Under such circumstances we can fully understand, and even sympathize with, British Columbia when it over-rode the Dominion law and deprived naturalized Japanese within its jurisdiction of the right of casting the ballot. Certainly those Japanese fishermen who are not *bona fide* citizens of the Dominion have no moral right to protest against this Provincial measure.

And yet the fact remains that this discrimination is in obvious contravention of the naturalization law of the Dominion. Besides, it wrongs those Japanese who have obtained naturalization certificates in good faith, and are to all intents and purposes desirous of remaining loyal subjects of the British Empire. It is estimated that up to 1911 some 3,091 fishermen were naturalized. Granting that some of these men have since returned to their native country or passed into the unknown shores, there must still be more than 2,000 naturalized Japanese engaged in fishery. It would be unjust to presume that all of these fishermen are ignorant and otherwise unqualified to vote, for my personal observations lead me to believe that some of them are intelligent and are sincerely desirous of swearing allegiance to their adopted country. Moreover, there are in British Columbia some five hundred naturalized Japanese who are not fishermen, but who are, in intelligence and moral character, the equal of the average immigrant from any European country. The interest and welfare of this class of Japanese it would be the duty of British Columbia and Canada to safeguard, especially since the naturalization law obviously means to extend the franchise to all naturalized aliens.

At the same time British Columbia

has the right to prevent the injection of undesirable elements into its body politic. How, then, can the Province find the way out of this dilemma? To me the way is clear. Issue fishing licence quite independently of naturalization paper; in other words, extend fishing privilege to aliens, so that no ignorant fisherman, whether Oriental or European, need be naturalized simply because he is needed for the perpetuation of the salmon industry. This is the policy adopted by most States in the United States. California, for instance, issues fishing licence to any alien upon the payment of an annual fee of \$10. I do not see why British Columbia cannot adopt a similar policy. On the other hand, all aliens, naturalized in conformity to the laws of the Dominion, should be allowed to enjoy all privileges, civil and political, enjoyed by the citizens of Canada. This British Columbia can afford to do, once she has found the way to secure labour for the promotion of the salmon industry without at the same time admitting ignorant fishermen into citizenship.

British Columbia's peculiar manner of dealing with the naturalization question naturally created a grievance among those Japanese who secured citizenship certificates in good faith. A few years ago these Japanese sought redress through legal channels. In the Provincial courts their claim was upheld, but the Privy Council at London, to which the Province carried the case, virtually overruled the decision of the courts by declaring that the franchise can be exercised by naturalized foreigners only when the Provincial Government recognizes their fitness as voters. From the purely legal point of view there is still room for the Japanese to urge their contention, but the real remedy—a remedy satisfactory to both parties—should be found, I believe, on the line suggested in the foregoing passages.

At present Canada has within its boundaries 12,000 Japanese, as against

40,000 Chinese. The cry of "White Canada" was first raised in the eighties against the Chinese. In 1885 the first anti-Chinese law was passed, imposing upon each incoming Chinese a poll tax of \$50, and permitting the steamers to bring only one Chinese immigrant per each ton of the capacity of each vessel. In 1901 the poll tax was raised to \$100, and in 1904 to \$500; yet during the past several years Chinese have been coming in in much larger numbers than Japanese.

The restriction of Japanese immigration follows a line totally different from that followed in dealing with Chinese immigration. The Japanese are not required to pay any poll tax which is not imposed upon European immigrants. In accord with the provisions of the general immigration law they must possess upon their arrival in Canada at least \$25 during the eight months from March to October, and from November to February, when demand for labour becomes less, at least \$50. But there is between Canada and Japan, as between the United States and the Mikado's Empire, a sort of "gentleman's agreement." This understanding, entered into in 1908, admits Japanese only of the following classes:

1. Settled agriculturists.
2. Parents, wives, and children of resident Japanese.
3. Those coming back to Canada to resume their residence or business.

This agreement was the immediate outcome of the unscrupulous act of some self-seeking Japanese and Canadians who brought Japanese from Hawaiian plantations by the ship-load. Prior to 1907 the Japanese Government of its own accord restricted the emigration of its subjects to Canada, and thus prevented the immigration question from interfering with the cordial relations existing between Canada and Japan. But in that year a body of Japanese in Vancouver, in complicity with their Canadian associates, broached the idea of importing Japanese labourers in

Hawaii in order to supply the unprecedented demand for labour created by the general prosperity then prevailing in Canada and the United States. For this specific purpose these men chartered a steamer and began importing Japanese on a large scale. The result was that during the twelve months from July 1, 1907, to June 30, 1908, there were 7,601 Japanese immigrants, showing an increase of 5,500 as compared with the figures for the preceding year.

This sudden influx of Japanese labourers naturally aroused among the labouring class a hostile feeling against the Japanese. About this time the Exclusion League of San Francisco, having established a branch office in Seattle, was striving to extend its influence to British Columbia. Fowler, the man in charge of the Seattle office of the League, came to Vancouver, instructed by his chief, O. A. Tveitmo, to fan the anti-Japanese sentiment already stirred up by the influx of Hawaiian Japanese. The result was the Vancouver riot of September 7th, 1907. On the evening of that day several hundred labourers marched through Powell Street to demonstrate their hostility against the Japanese. On the whole, these men were orderly and apparently had no intention to resort to violence. But some of them, under influence of liquor, uttered vile epithets and attacked some Japanese, and broke the windows of a few Japanese stores. The Japanese readily accepted the challenge, and the scene that followed was one of violence and disorder. When the scuffle ended several men of each group were seriously wounded.

Alarmed by this outbreak, the Dominion authorities sent special commissioners to Japan to negotiate an agreement for the restriction of Japanese immigration. The result was an exclusion agreement much of the same nature as that between Japan and the United States. Before 1907 Japanese immigration to Canada was

not very large. In 1904 there were only 354 immigrants, in 1905 1,922, and in 1906 2,042. In 1907, as we have already noted, the figures suddenly increased to 7,601. Then came the immigration convention, as the result of which Japanese immigration suddenly declined to 495. In 1909 it continued to decline, the figures for the year being 271. In 1910 there were 437 Japanese immigrants, and in 1911, 765. It must be borne in mind that the majority of Japanese immigrants now seeking Canadian shores are not fresh immigrants, but those who were in Canada before and are coming back to resume their residence or business there. In the following table we observe that Japanese immigration since the conclusion of the "gentleman's agreement" is much smaller than Chinese immigration:

Year.	Japanese.	Chinese.
1908-1909	495	1,887
1909-1910	271	2,156
1910-1911	437	5,278
1911-1912	765	6,247

Not only has "White Canada" erected a barrier against the Chinese and Japanese, but it is even more strictly excluding the Hindus, who are, like the Canadians themselves, the subjects of His Britannic Majesty. Up to 1905 Hindu immigration to Canada was a negligible quantity, but in the year following there are 2,124 immigrants from East India, and in 1907, 2,623. Then Canada took immediate steps to check the further influx of Hindus, as the result of which there were only six immigrants in 1908. Since that year the figures have remained almost stationary, the number for 1911 being only three.

The treatment accorded the Hindus in Canada is much the same as that given them in the United States. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the East Indians are in their religious practices, customs, and appearance, far more exotic than the Japanese, and even the Chinese. Even as the Chinese used to regard the queue as

the inalienable appendage to the head, so the Hindu clings to the turban almost with reverence, and is furthermore wedded to peculiar ideas and habits born of the religious conceptions and practices of his native country. Such ideas and habits, when better understood, may be found harmless and unobjectionable, but as yet they are a puzzle to the Occidentals, and in consequence the cause of aversion and repugnance. In the United States, and especially on the Pacific Coast, I saw Hindu immigrants, unable to secure a lodging, sleep in deserted, ramshackle buildings and unoccupied barns. It is probably much the same story in British Columbia.

In Canada the Hindus are not only refused the franchise, but are forbidden to bring their wives or children with them and establish family relations. At one time the Canadian Government went so far as to form a scheme for the wholesale deportation of East Indians to Honduras. The scheme was not carried out, as the Hindus refused to go, but the Parliament at Ottawa adopted in 1911 an immigration law providing a clause which made it virtually impossible for the Hindus to enter the Dominion. That clause provides that no immigrants "who have come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which they are natives or citizens, and upon through tickets purchased in that country or prepaid in Canada" shall be admitted. Innocent on the face of it, the clause is to all intents and purposes directed against the Hindus, who consider it "cruel, vexatious and tricky." To understand the Hindu point of view one need only recall that there is no direct steamship service between Canada and East India, and that no steamship companies in India will issue through tickets to Canada. This discriminatory measure has been the cause of bitter complaint on the part of the Hindus. "The Canadian Immigration Law," says a Hindu

writer, "has laid a clearly defined line between His Majesty's subjects of Canada and that of India, in the face of the bold and clear proclamation of our late Queen Victoria. It is a puzzling riddle to be solved that in India we are British subjects, in England we are British subjects, but in Canada, to legalize our British citizenship right, we have to secure another deed to that effect."

*

Canada is "white." Oriental immigration as compared with that from Europe is insignificant. In the fiscal year 1911-1912 immigrants to Canada totalled 354,237, of whom only 1,845 were Orientals—6,247 Chinese, 765 Japanese, and three Hindus. And yet there are plenty of alarmists trying to conjure up the phantom of an Oriental domination. Through the activities of such alarmists various anti-Oriental bills have been occasionally introduced in the Legislature, both Dominion and Provincial. Some of such bills are no doubt put forward for the purpose of wooing the labour vote and need not be taken at their face value. The Province of Saskatchewan, for instance, adopted two years ago a law prohibiting the Orientals, keeping stores and amusement places, from employing white women.

And yet when I was traveling in that Province last year I came across in the City of Moose Jaw two Japanese young men operating a prosperous restaurant where all waitresses were Canadians of English or French descent. I found the establishment one of the best restaurants in the city, and patronized by the leading business men and the best classes of residents. The city authorities were fully informed of the enactment of the new law with regard to the employment of white women by Orientals, but they could see no sense in applying such a law to a respectable Japanese restaurant. Its proprietors, educated, intelligent

men, were themselves married to Canadian women of respectable families, and were among the best citizens of the city. Why molest their legitimate business simply because some politicians wanted to curry favour with a radical segment of the labouring class? So these Japanese were permitted to conduct their restaurant as if the employment law had never been passed. Yet the existence of such a law was highly repugnant to the Japanese, and it was but natural that the Japanese Consul at Vancouver requested the authorities of Saskatchewan to exempt the Japanese from the scope of this law. The Provincial Government graciously responded to the request, and the Japanese merchants and business men are no longer subject to that discriminatory law. So far as other Oriental peoples are concerned, that law still remains valid.

The story of the Japanese restaurant-keepers in Moose Jaw is but one of many instances of the fact that the Japanese are possessed of essential qualities to make good citizens. A few years ago these Japanese donated \$500 to the Young Men's Christian Association of Moose Jaw, and find staunchest supporters among the religious workers of the city. In Vancouver and Victoria there are a number of public-spirited, intelligent Japanese, who should be allowed, as their brothers in other parts of Canada, to exercise the voting privilege, as do other Canadian citizens.

The principle represented by the catchword "White Canada" is not necessarily a wrong one, but Canada would do well to reflect that all "whites" are not "good whites." Moreover, while Canada is admitting the Chinese by the thousand, it is barring out the subjects of the most advanced and enlightened country in the Orient, an ally of the British Empire. Again, in the fiscal year 1911-1912, Canada admitted South and Eastern European immigrants as follows:

Bulgarians	3,295
Hebrews	5,322
Poles	5,060
Russians	9,805
Turks	632
Greeks	693
Italians	7,590
Roumanians	793
Servians	209
Syrians	144

In the United States many authorities on the immigration question are beginning to realize the danger of admitting without restriction immigrants of the races represented in the above table. If Canada's enormous natural resources cannot be developed without recourse to immigrants it would seem the part of wisdom on her part to conceive her laws so as to receive only desirable immigrants, both from Europe and Asia.

It is much to be hoped that Canada and the British Empire will not permit the shibboleth of "White Canada" to be exploited by those pseudo-publicists and self-styled patriots who have their own axes to grind. It is just such publicists and patriots who constantly raise the hysterical cry of "Japanese domination." They say that the Japanese have placed in their political programme "the occupation of British Columbia," when in reality, Japanese immigrants are merely peace-loving, law-abiding, unobtrusive souls, desirous only of improving their lot in life in this new world of opportunity. They say that the Ja-

panese have "settled down in British Columbia in solid phalanxes of 10,000 or more at a time and place," when the entire Japanese population in Canada does not exceed 14,000, of whom less than 4,000 are in Vancouver.

All such alarmist notes are sounded chiefly, if not merely, for the purpose of creating a powerful Pacific fleet of warships for the Dominion. One can well understand why so many of the politicians of British Columbia are eager to conjure up the bogey of Japanese domination, when one recalls that men-of-war are far more liberal customers of coast-wise cities even than men-of-commerce.

To indicate the extent of patronage which a naval fleet bestows upon a seaport city, let me cite the case of San Francisco. In 1912 \$5,000,000 was expended in the City of the Golden Gate by the Commissary for Supplies. In the fiscal year 1913 the expenditure increased to \$8,000,000. As a writer in a recent military journal states, "ninety cents out of every dollar of this not inconsiderable sum will swell the bank accounts of San Francisco merchants, civilians, mechanics, labourers, and others to whom the United States pays living expenses." Is it any wonder that Vancouver craves "defence"? It wants to see Dreadnoughts frequent its harbour not because of any fear of Oriental invasion, but because the navy is notoriously "a good spender."



THE READY-MADE FARM

BY GEORGE SHERWOOD HODGINS

AMONG the many paradoxes with which this age abounds, such as the wireless telegraph, the trackless trolley, or the fireless locomotive, we are hardly surprised to find the "ready-made farm" a commercial enterprise, even though it appears to contradict our idea of continuous development incident to the planting, growing, ripening, and reaping of the fruit of the soil. The word "farm" comes from the Anglo-Saxon feorm, a feast. Lands were originally let on condition that the tenant annually supplied his lord with so many nights' entertainment by handing over a stipulated amount of farm produce for use in the great man's household.

The home-making scheme and the irrigation project which form the basis of the ready-made farm idea were originated by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O., president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The undertaking is managed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Department of Natural Resources. It provides a *bona fide* homeseeker with a dwelling house, barn, fences, a well, plowed and seeded land. These are turned over to the settler, and as the farms are sold outright, he works his farm to suit himself and pays off his indebtedness to the company in a term of years.

The cost of the raw land is from eleven to thirty dollars an acre, for non-irrigible areas, and from thirty-five to seventy for irrigible areas, according to location. To the price of

the raw land is added the cost of the improvements. The total so found is discharged by the settler in twenty years. Six per cent. per annum is charged on the outstanding amount still due.

The Canadian Pacific Railway having been in a sense from the first more or less of a national undertaking, the Government of Canada assisted in the construction of the line, by land grants, and parts of these holdings are sold to-day as ready-made farms. The Department of Natural Resources, headed by Mr. J. S. Dennis, assistant to the President, has been organized with a view of maintaining and developing the policy sought to be inaugurated when the land grants were made, and it is therefore not a land-selling concern, but a colonization agency, working on a substantial business basis. It thus serves the double purpose of selecting and placing desirable colonists, assisting them to make a start, and at the same time, it provides steadily increasing groups of patrons for the railway.

There are several plans offered to intending settlers. These are for convenience called "policies." One of them, involving "the long-term payment," now practically obsolete, enables a man selected by the company's colonization agent, to buy a farm, put up his buildings, and begin farming. The "improved farm" project is intended for men who are not pioneers, but who know something of farming. For them, the company

"improves" the land so that a new arrival can take up his residence in a house already built, his barn up, his ground fenced, a well on his property, and his land plowed and seeded. These "Improved" estates are the ready-made farms, and they are sold at the value of the raw land, plus the cost of the improvement; the whole amount being payable in twenty years at six per cent.

Another "policy" has been designed principally for settlers from the United States or for men with a certain amount of capital. If they are able to bring their families and household goods and make a first payment, the company will advance up to \$2,000, with which to build a house and barn, according to plans provided by the company, drill a well, and fence the property. The rate being six per cent. on the loan for twenty years.

The terms of sale are that any area of non-irrigible land not exceeding 1,280 acres will be sold to one individual, but only one hundred and sixty acres of irrigible land will be sold to one person.

For the purpose of still further encouraging *bona fide* settlers, the company has established sixteen demonstration farms, three in Manitoba, four in Saskatchewan, and ten in Alberta. The object of these farms is to prove to the farmer that a greater cash return may be had from land worked under mixed farming than from one cultivated on the one-crop system. In connection with the Provincial Departments of Agriculture, the company runs demonstration trains from which instruction is given and exhibits are shown, indicating the best and most scientific methods of working.

Live stock is supplied to the farmer who may have a quantity of feed on hand, and who gives satisfactory evidence that he has the necessary knowledge and facilities to properly care for the animals. The company supplies the live stock at cost, and makes

mutually satisfactory terms of payment. A carefully selected corps of inspectors is maintained by the company, whose duty is to visit farmers and advise them as to improved methods of conducting agricultural operations. Pamphlets, articles, and folders, containing information are freely distributed among the settlers. Railways and their subsidiary enterprises such as the ready-made farm and the irrigation of land, are regarded with favour alike by Government and people as being what they are supposed to be, the highways of traffic and the arteries of commerce for the healthy development of the whole country.

Canada is often spoken of as a cold country, but the terrors of the winter are often exaggerated in the imagination. The cold weather possesses a positive dollar-and-cent advantage which is too frequently lost sight of. The freezing of the moisture in the soil retains the soluble nitrates which would otherwise be drained out and lost. These elements of plant life and their retention in the ground are most important in the raising of wheat and other cereals. The depth of the frost penetration retards the drying up of the earth, especially in sandy soils, during the summer, and thus prevents the land from quickly becoming parched. The blanket of snow protects vegetation from sudden drops in temperature and supplies moisture as it melts in the spring.

In the matter of housing and caring for settlers on the ready-made farms, the company erects a dwelling house and barn, the latter having accommodation for eight animals and a hay-loft capable of holding from four to six tons of hay. The houses now built are the largest hitherto constructed and may be regarded as permanent, as they are intended to meet the requirements of an ordinary settler for over ten years. They contain two bedrooms, a living-room, kitchen and pantry. Fences are provided

and the company generally breaks, cultivates and seeds about fifty acres of land on each farm.

In a pamphlet on immigration issued by the Department of the Interior (Dominion Government), it is shown that the total homestead entries for the year 1911-12 were 39,151 persons. The total immigration for the same period was 354,237. Assuming, as the writer of the pamphlet does, that every homestead entry represents 2.5 persons, the percentage taking up homes in Western Canada was 0.442 of one per cent. of the total, or a little over two-fifths of one per cent. Stated in another way, it may be said that out of every 100,000 settlers who entered the country, 442 of them were claimed by the homestead. It is impossible to obtain accurate figures representing the number attracted by the ready-made farm, but considering the many opportunities afforded by a rapidly developing country, and the fact that farmers and farm labourers outnumber those in any other activity, it might not be so wide a guess to assume that the Canadian Pacific Railway attracted to its ready-made farms about one-fifth of one per cent. of the total immigration to the country for the year 1911-12.

One of the most remarkable features of the whole undertaking is the irrigation system. In 1894 the Dominion Government withdrew from sale and homestead entry three million acres of land in Southern Alberta. This tract was transferred to the company on its undertaking to construct an adequate irrigation system. The Government agreed to permit the waters of the Bow River to be diverted, and 2,100 cubic feet a second to be taken therefrom for use in the western section. The water from the western section is drawn off inside the limits of the City of Calgary. From there it flows south and east through the main canal, which is seventeen miles long. The canal is sixty feet wide at the bottom

and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the waterline. The water is ten feet deep. The main canal delivers water to a reservoir for which a natural depression in the ground has been utilised, and by the aid of an earth dam a body of water three miles long, half a mile wide, and forty feet deep, has been created. From this reservoir the water is distributed by a system of secondary canals aggregating 250 miles. From the secondary canals distributing ditches come off, making a total of about 1,300 miles.

The irrigation block contains, roughly speaking, equal portions of irrigible and non-irrigible land. A farm having "wet" and "dry" land is called a combination farm, and to these the ready-made farm idea is also applied. In designing the system, the object was to obtain the greatest number of "combination farms" in any given tract. The Canadian irrigation laws regard the waters of Alberta as the property of the Crown, and a title given for water rights is equal to a title to land, and consequently there has been no litigation involving water rights. The United States Department of Agriculture, in Bulletin No. 96, recommends that the Canadian practice be adopted as the basis for irrigation laws in those States where irrigation is practised or is contemplated.

The method of delivering water to the settler is most interesting. The organisation charged with the work is headed by a superintendent, assisted by a corps of engineers who attend to general administration and are capable of doing betterment work. The water is looked after by ditch-riders, each in charge of a district. The ditch-riders report to watermasters, who are men having a knowledge of irrigation farming. An important part of the work of the whole department consists in educating new settlers and in seeing that proper rules are made and carried out.

The canals are spanned at road

crossings by bridges. At points along the secondary canals, small wooden dams are placed, each of these has a flashing board, over which the water flows. The significance of the word "flashing" is apparent when it is remembered that it comes from the same root as "flushing." The small dams are called "drops." They divide the secondary canals into a series of steps, like locks in a ship canal.

It is obvious that the highest "step" is the one nearest the reservoir, and the next lower, farther on. From the sections between "drops," or steps, the irrigation ditches come off. The entrance to each ditch is controlled by a dam and flashing board. By raising the flashing board, no water can enter the distributing ditch, which leads to several farms. The flashing board is locked in position and the ditch-rider keeps the key. He can, by this means, regulate the time and the amount of flow. Each farm has been previously "contoured." Small ditches, made by the farmer, traverse his land. Some of them are simply turned with a plow, others require more work. These ditches wind round from high to lower levels with slight fall. The space between any two approximately parallel ditches forms the irrigible land. These small ditches are filled from

the distributing ditch by water let into them by the ditch-rider on request from the farmer.

When the contour ditches are full, and the "manual" acts of irrigation have been performed, nature carries on the work of moistening the soil by the seepage of water into the area below each contour ditch. In time the whole area becomes moist by the downward seepage of water from higher to lower level, like the spreading of a drop of ink from the edge of a sheet of clean blotting paper.

Irrigation is really "rain insurance," or the artificial elimination of drought. The caprices of mist and rain no longer hinder or destroy the work of months, and "Jupiter Pluvius" may be disregarded on a combination ready-made farm. The tiller of the soil has not only good land, but in a sense he may be said to regulate the equivalent to the rain-fall to suit himself. He has but to work, and reap the fruit of his labours. The competition of those about him leads him to produce, but never to destroy.

The prairies of the Northland bring forth
their earth-hid life,
To swell the worker's triumph, won without
war or strife.

The plow-sheer, once the sword blade; the
pruning hook, the spear;
Ours in the living present, the vision of
the Seer.





THE MOURNER

From the Photograph by M. O. Hammond. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition.
Winner of a Silver Medal.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE SKYLINE, TORONTO

From a Sketch in Oils by Archibald Browne, looking from the Island

PUTTING A NEW FRONT ON TORONTO

BY LIONEL H. CLARKE

CHAIRMAN OF THE TORONTO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS

FOR more than a hundred years Toronto has suffered from the handicap of a bad front. In the early days, when a small central area of the present city was known as the town of York, no slur could be cast at a place so unpretentious because her waterfront was not a thing of beauty, but if one could accept contemporaneous prints as authentic documents one could with justice come to the conclusion that even the successful besiegers of the town during the War of 1812-13 gazed

from their frigates off shore upon a sight just as attractive as one witnesses from the water approaches today, a hundred years later.

But Toronto is about to put on a new front. A new front has been the dream of public-spirited citizens back to a time beyond the memory of anyone still living, but it has remained for the present Toronto Harbour Commissioners, with great assistance from the Dominion Government, to begin a series of works and improvements that will not only make To-



TORONTO HARBOUR, AS IT APPEARED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

From a Drawing in the John Ross Robertson collection

ronto harbour capable of receiving deep-draught vessels, but that will transform the present ugly waterfront into a panorama of great beauty. Beauty, indeed, has been long and sadly lacking from the immediate approaches to Toronto, so that strangers coming into the city, either by railway or steamboat, have received their first impressions from a long stretch of grimy railway yards, black coal bunks, dingy warehouses, gloomy freight sheds, rickety docks, ancient slips, and neglected spots of history. But now there is to be a transformation. In a word, Toronto harbour will be deepened in keeping with the projected deepening of the Welland Canal, so that vessels of twenty-four feet draught, after passing through the canal, can enter Toronto harbour and tie up there at modern concrete wharves. Besides that, a magnificent boulevard is to

be built along the waterfront, with driveways, footpaths, and bridle-paths; and parks and beauty spots are to be located at suitable points along the whole course of about thirteen miles. The work on the canal and Toronto waterfront will cost the Government and the city about \$75,000,000, so that by the end of the year 1918, if the hopes of the Honourable Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways and Canals for Canada, are realized, a new Welland Canal will connect Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, and by the end of the same year, if the hopes of the Honourable Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works for Canada, and of the Toronto Harbour Commissioners are realized, Toronto will have a harbour worthy the commerce that already is clamouring for accommodation.

The first step towards the realization of Mr. Cochrane's hopes was



THE SKYLINE, TORONTO

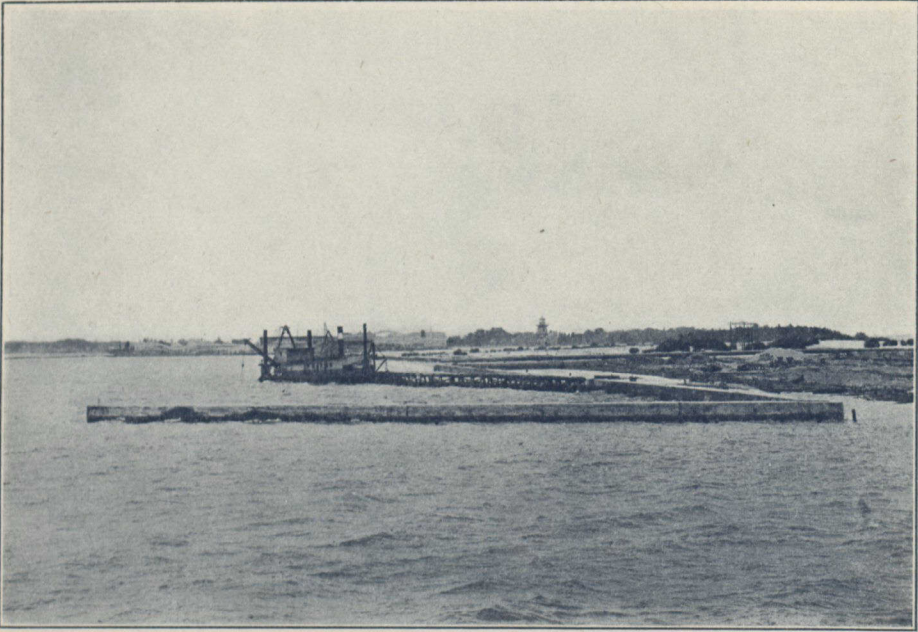
From a sketch in Oils by Archibald Browne, looking from the Western Gap

taken some three weeks ago, when work began on the first section of the new Welland Canal. The first step towards the realization of the second aspiration was taken when the Toronto Harbour Commissioners and the Department of Public Works for Canada signed contracts with the Canadian Stewart Company for the execution of work in Toronto harbour amounting in all to \$11,000,000.

Probably no other public works of such magnitude have been planned and carried to the point of commencement so rapidly and with as little friction or criticism as the two public works mentioned. When the new canal and the harbour development works are completed the results will be such as very few people at present realize.

A very small percentage of the citizens of Toronto, as well as of other municipalities along the border of Lake Ontario, realize that the real

big shipping industry of the Great Lakes has its eastern terminus at Buffalo, and that Lake Ontario is limited because of the nature of the canals which form its eastern and western entrances to a trade carried on by a class of vessels which cannot compare in size and capacity with the big liners which ply west and north from Lake Erie. The present Welland Canal can be navigated only by vessels drawing not more than fourteen feet of water, and the same condition applies to the St. Lawrence River waterways, which form the outlet for the lakes to the east, consequently the vessels calling at ports on Lake Ontario are restricted in size to the draught mentioned and are very rarely longer than 250 feet, while many of them are much smaller. From Buffalo west the depth of the waterways is such that vessels drawing twenty-two feet and having a length of 600 feet can navigate the



TORONTO'S NEW WHARF LINE

This piece of concrete wall running east from the foot of Bathurst Street marks the south line of the new marginal street

entire chain of fresh water from Lake Erie to the head of Lake Superior, with the result that the interior navigation commerce of Canada has been built up on this section of the Great Lakes, and the ports on Lake Ontario have had to be satisfied with what was left of the old merchant fleet and the addition of some few vessels built by companies for the purpose of handling package trade to the Northwest.

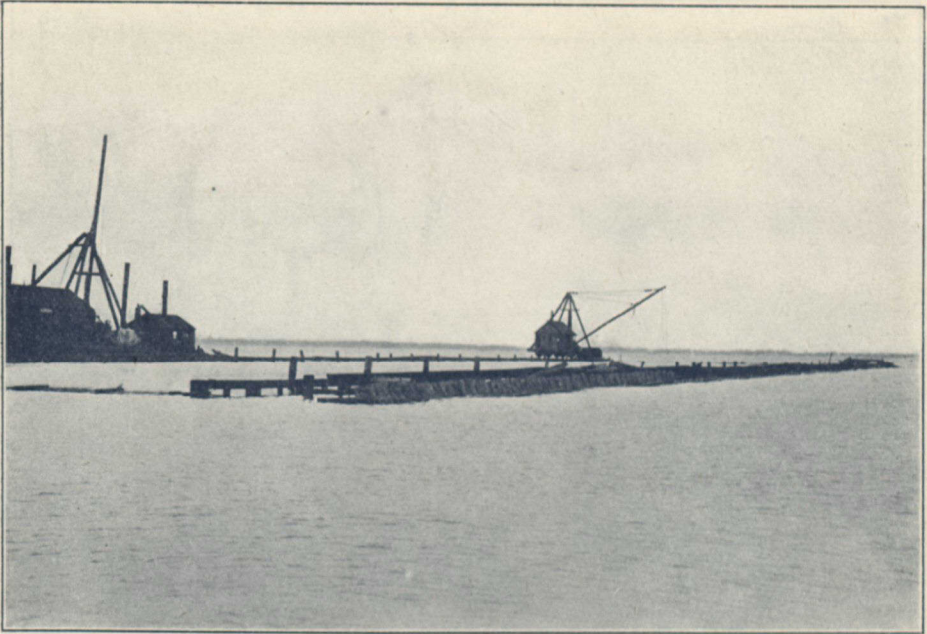
The opening of the new Welland Canal will change this condition. The new canal is designed for a present depth of twenty-four feet, while the seven locks which will replace the present twenty-three locks in the old canal will be built with a depth of thirty feet, so that a similar depth can be obtained throughout the entire canal at any time in the future by simply dredging the stretches between the locks to that depth.

When the new Board of Harbour Commissioners for Toronto was or-

ganized at the end of the year 1911, the new Welland Canal was simply a paper project, but the Commissioners had the assurance of the Minister of Railways and Canals that the matter was going to be pushed through with the utmost expedition and they realized that the result would be an immense impetus to the shipping trade on Lake Ontario, and that Toronto would have an opportunity which, if handled in a proper way, would mean much in transforming the city into a metropolis.

With this fact before them the Commissioners and their officials commenced the planning of a development for Toronto's harbour which would place her in a position to participate in the expansion of water transportation which Canada is bound to experience in the next few years.

The \$25,000,000 which the Harbour Commissioners plan to spend on To-



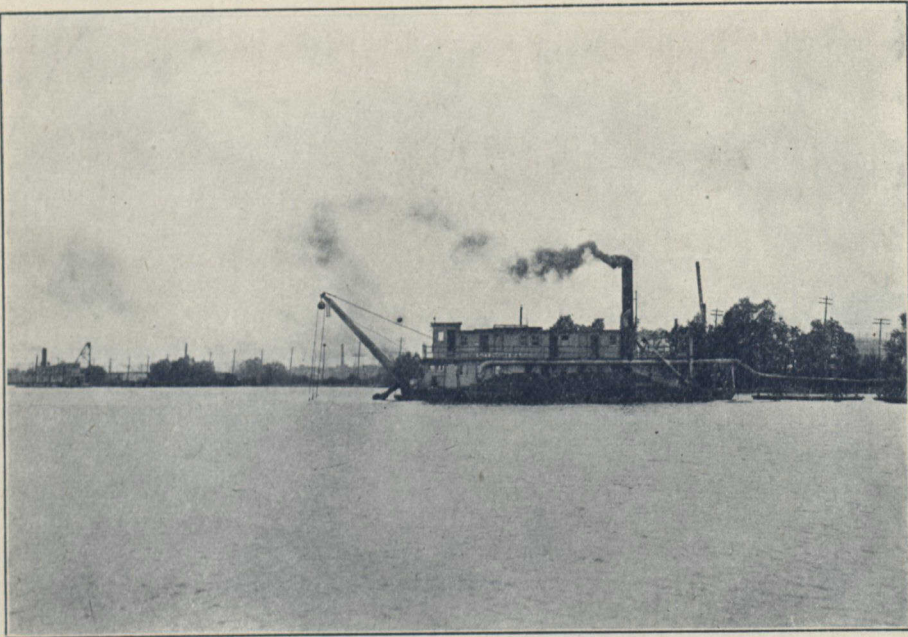
A TRAVELLING CRANE

Placing the concrete top on a modern, permanent wharf at the east end of Toronto Harbour

ronto's waterfront not only provides for the increased business which will follow the admission to Lake Ontario of large vessels from the Upper Lakes, but also looks ahead to the time when the Government will supplement its splendid work on the Welland Canal by undertaking the deepening of the St. Lawrence River and the canals connected with it for the purpose of providing a deep waterway from Montreal to Toronto. That this development is bound to follow is now recognized not only by the members of the Government and their officials, but by that portion of the public which is in touch with the shipping interests. When the improvement of the St. Lawrence River is completed, Toronto will be one of the chief ports on the greatest system of waterways in the world, and while a few years ago the suggestion that ocean-going vessels would dock at Toronto's waterfront was met in the spirit of skepticism, to-day the same

suggestion is being made by many of those who formerly assumed a pessimistic attitude. It is not expected that Toronto will become a passenger port for ocean-going business, in which speed is such an important factor. It is not at all probable that any ocean passenger business of importance will be carried farther west than Montreal, but there is no doubt now in the minds of students of navigation that with the improvement of the St. Lawrence system of waterways following the development of Toronto's harbour, large ocean freight vessels will carry their cargoes direct from old country ports to the docks in the capital of Ontario, from which point a great deal of it will be distributed throughout the Province.

Another feature of inland navigation which has been for many years lost to Toronto, and to which Toronto's docks had said what was apparently a final farewell, will, it is

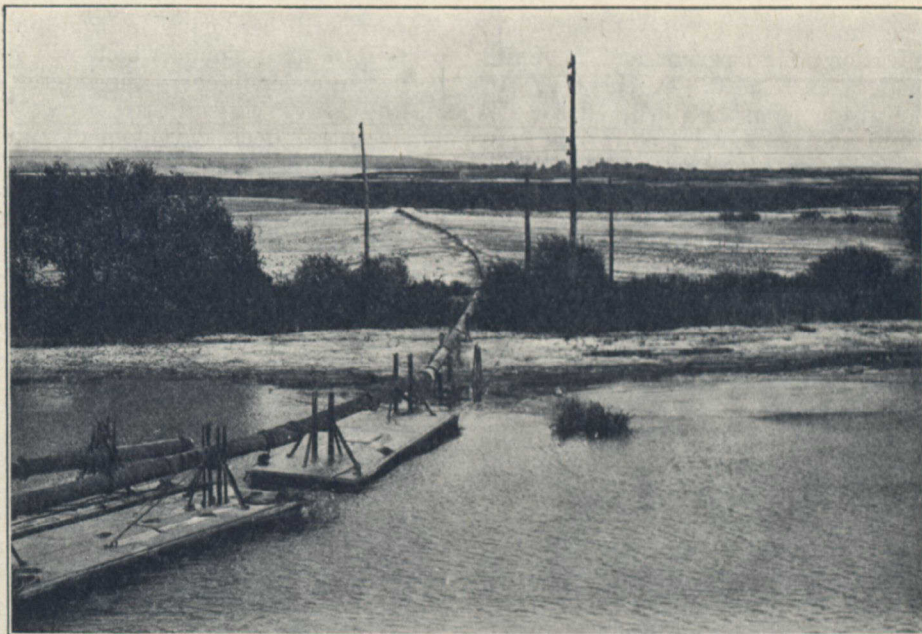


THE TORONTO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS' LINE PRINCIPAL DREDGES

Transforming Ashbridges Bay into "The Toronto Harbour Industrial District"

expected, be to a very appreciable extent revived as one of the results of the development now commenced; that is the handling of grain, and it is the belief of the Harbour Commissioners that before many years, large modern elevators will add their attraction to Toronto's waterfront. At the present time grain shipped in large vessels from Fort William is transhipped at Port Colborne and is consigned from that point by means of barges to Montreal, where it is re-handled, either into the elevators or direct into the holds of ocean-going steamers. This business has grown so rapidly at Montreal that the utmost efforts of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners and of the private interests controlling elevators have been unable to keep pace with its growth. In 1912 the Harbour Commissioners completed the erection of a new elevator with a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels of grain. This gave them a total capacity of 4,000,000 bushels

No sooner had the elevator been placed in operation than the Commissioners found that the total capacity was still inadequate for the business offered, and work was commenced at once upon an addition to elevator No. 1 for the purpose of adding an extra 1,500,000 bushels. This is now rapidly approaching completion, and the G. T. R. is also completing a large addition to their grain elevator at the mouth of the Lachine Canal, and it is now realized that even with this added accommodation Montreal will be unable to take care of the grain which will be offered at that port during the season of 1914. This condition is bound to continue, and the officials at Montreal now feel that they cannot possibly provide accommodation as rapidly as the business will demand. The result will be that some other port must undertake to look after the surplus business, and Toronto is the logical point for the establishment of another transshipping



A PIPE LINE FIFTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER, THROUGH WHICH THE DREDGE FORCES SAND FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISTRIBUTING IT OVER A LARGE AREA

port. The reason for this is that a large vessel can discharge a cargo of grain at Toronto and ship for its return journey a cargo of package freight, whereas, should grain be carried to some point farther east on Lake Ontario, the distance between that point and Toronto would have to be traversed by the vessel practically in an empty state, so that it is confidently expected that a very considerable business of this nature will come to Toronto in the not far distant future.

The Commissioners have been very fortunate in the reception which has been accorded their plans from all quarters. The public generally has received them very enthusiastically, and both the City Council and the Dominion Government endorsed them without a word of criticism, the Government's endorsement being followed by its assumption of some \$7,000,000 of the total expenditure and the awarding of a contract for \$5,371,000.

Toronto's waterfront in the past has not been one of the portions of the city which citizens have exhibited with pride to visitors from other parts. As a matter of fact, most citizens will heartily endorse the Honourable Mr. Rogers in his statement that the waterfront is a disgrace to the city. This was one of the conditions that the Commissioners had to meet and remedy, and the situation was to some extent complicated by the fact that a great portion of the most valuable section of the waterfront on the inner harbour was privately owned. While plans were being prepared for the proper development of the Ashbridge's Bay district, and for the creation of a lake front boulevard and driveway, negotiations were carried on with the railway companies and other private owners along the front for the purpose of transferring to the Harbour Commissioners the control of the entire stretch of property between Cherry Street and Bathurst Street.

The final defeat of the railway's application for permission to build bridges as a means of carrying out the grade separation ordered for Toronto and the agreement for the construction of a viaduct made between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railway Companies, the City of Toronto, and the Harbour Commissioners, and endorsed by an order of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, cleared up the situation so far as the property from Yonge Street to Cherry Street is concerned and immediately following the construction of the viaduct the Harbour Commissioners will be in control of all the property in this section.

From Yonge Street to York Street the Commissioners already controlled the dock property, which was deeded to them by the city in December, 1911. From York Street to Bathurst Street the property was controlled by the two railway companies, and agreements have been negotiated with them and are now about completed which will transfer the control to the Harbour Commissioners. With this end attained, the pierhead line will be extended some 1,100 feet into the waters of the Bay, and a fine, broad street will be carried across the entire front from Cherry Street to Bathurst Street for the purpose of serving a new wharf area to be developed between this marginal way and the new pierhead line.

The preliminary work of constructing a bulkhead and filling in the water lots to the north of it, for the purpose of laying out this marginal way will cost approximately \$5,000,000, and the new docks will be constructed to the south of this bulkhead from time to time as business demands them. These docks will all be of modern, permanent, concrete construction and will add greatly to the new waterfront, which is to be created for the city.

North of the marginal way will be provided large areas of land available as industrial sites, and from this

property will be derived a large proportion of the revenue which will be needed in order to carry the interests on the heavy expenditure involved. This central dock development was planned subsequent to the original plans made public by the Commissioners, but it will be one of the most important features of the entire work.

One of the most interesting portions of the work, active operations on which will be carried out during the winter of 1913-14, and on a larger scale from the month of April, 1914, will be the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay. For many years this work has been advocated at various times by different members of the City Council and different public bodies, but the carrying out of such work entailed a vast expenditure, and while many project plans were prepared at various times, no definite step was taken towards carrying out any plan until the property was transferred by the city to the Harbour Commissioners, and the development became susceptible of realization as one portion of a complete waterfront improvement scheme. Ashbridge's Bay contains approximately 1,300 acres of waste lands, almost all covered by shallow water or marsh. Although the entrance to the district, Cherry Street, lies only one mile from the crossing of King and Yonge Streets, access to it could be had only by means of a small bridge across Keating's Channel, a shallow cut created for the purpose of carrying sewage from Ashbridge's Bay through to the lake. No real advantages could be offered to industries to locate in the district because they could not be given any of the modern facilities which industries demand, such as railway siding accommodation, water, gas, and other necessities of industrial life.

Under the plans prepared by the Commissioners and approved by the city and the Government, Keating's Cut will be filled up and the marsh to the south of it will also be filled to

a height of eight feet above mean water level in Toronto harbour, thus joining the entire district to the main land and allowing access to it over all the streets which at present lead south from Eastern Avenue east of the Don, as well as by means of Cherry Street, and of the new marginal way which will run west from Cherry Street across the waterfront. A railroad connection can then be made with the Grand Trunk Railway at the foot of Cherry Street, and upon the completion of the city's industrial tracks on the east bank of the Don, connection can also be made with the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railroads, at Winchester Street, and the Commissioners propose, as part of the development of this district, to install a complete system of railroad sidings, which will be connected with all three railways, thus giving every factory which locates in this district the privilege of receiving and making shipments over any of the three roads free from inter-switching charges. Just what this means to an industry can only be realized by those in touch with shipping business, but that it means much is proved by the fact that at the present time with no railroad accommodation, with very primitive water system, with no sewage system, and the land in an ungraded state, several factories have taken leases in the district and are putting up with the inconvenience at the present time in order to be in favourable locations when the new development is carried out. These leases have been made at what the Commissioners consider an extremely favourable rate, and they feel that as a result of this experience they are justified in expecting that from the Toronto Harbour Industrial District, under which name Ashbridge's Bay will be known in the future, will be derived a revenue sufficient to meet the annual charges on the total bonded indebtedness which the Commissioners will incur.

When the new industrial district

is completed it will contain 646 acres of land available for industrial sites, and every industry locating there will have a frontage on a street for ordinary traffic, and also a frontage on a street reserved for railroad sidings, which will be operated under a system by which any industry can receive or ship a car without disturbing its neighbours on either side. Thirty miles of streets, varying in width from a minimum of seventy-five feet to a maximum of 175 feet, will provide for the vehicular and pedestrian traffic which will undoubtedly develop in the future, as well as for street car accommodation which will have to be provided as the district grows.

In addition to the railroad facilities, industries settling in the Toronto Harbour Industrial District will be given the opportunity to receive and ship goods by boat. A ship-channel 6,800 feet long and 400 feet wide will be carried east into the district from a point about half way north and south along its western face, and will terminate in a turning basin 1,000 feet square. This ship-channel will have a depth of twenty-four feet, and the dock structures along its banks will be so constructed that the depth can ultimately be increased to thirty feet by means of dredging, so that boats of any draught which may in the future come through the Welland Canal will be able to find accommodation in Toronto. The banks of the ship-channel will be docked so as to provide ample dockage accommodation for all the industries which may desire to avail themselves of shipping facilities, and this dockage, in addition to the dock, and pier construction, which will be carried out on the west of the district fronting on Toronto harbour, will provide a total length of wharfage of four and one-half miles.

Toronto has for many years been the principal manufacturing and distributing base for the Northwest Provinces, and it is easy to realize

what a tremendous impetus will be given to this business when a manufacturer is able to ship goods by boat from the door of his factory to the head of Lake Superior for distribution throughout the West.

At the foot of Bathurst Street a small industrial area, covering seventeen acres, will be developed, also served by dock and railroad facilities. The railroad tracks here, as in the east, will be connected without inter-switching charges with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, and it is expected that this little area will be greatly appreciated by industries desiring to establish in the west end. A large section of the dock to serve this district has already been constructed and will be ready for use in 1914.

It is expected that the old western entrance to Toronto's harbour will be filled up during the same year, so that railroad sidings can be carried across to the new district, and it should therefore be available for use before the end of another year.

The development of these two industrial areas and also the development of 180 acres of industrial and dock areas between Bathurst and Cherry Streets will, it is expected, take care of the commercial and industrial development of Toronto for many years to come. The creation of the new dock area and of the industrial district will be accompanied by the dredging of the entire harbour to a depth of at least thirty feet, so that upon the completion of the work planned, the great portion of which is under contract, vessels drawing twenty-four feet of water would be able to find accommodation at any point in Toronto harbour.

When the Harbour Commissioners were appointed, the City of Toronto transferred to the Commissioners all the property owned by the city along the entire waterfront from Scarborough on the east, to the Humber River on the west, comprising eighty-three and one-half per cent. of the entire wa-

terfront property. What the people of Toronto owe to the City Council who secured and retained control of this splendid waterfront property cannot be estimated to-day. Had the Commissioners been obliged to face conditions under which they would have had to expropriate this property or any considerable portion of it, the immense cost would almost have prohibited the carrying out of their plans. Other ports, both on the lakes and on the oceans in America, have had to face tremendous expenditures in order to secure as a basis for their harbour development works, property to compare with that which was already controlled by the City of Toronto.

Much of the property so deeded to the Commissioners consisted of water lots to the east and west of the Island, which forms the barrier between Toronto harbour and the lake. This property, while susceptible in some places, particularly along the front of Ashbridge's Bay, for treatment as industrial sites, and in some places for development for wharfage purposes, was peculiarly susceptible for treatment along park lines, and the Commissioners felt that it was their duty to the public, whose trustees they are, to develop the entire property in the manner from which the public would secure the greatest benefit. With the industrial and commercial future of the city protected, as has been explained, it appeared to them to be wise to develop the balance of the property in an æsthetic manner and to provide for the citizens some means of utilizing Toronto's splendid waterfront for recreation purposes. For this purpose a waterfront boulevard and driveway was planned, which will reach from Woodbine Avenue, on the east, along the lake front south of Ashbridge's Bay and across the eastern channel to the Island, and thence through the interior of the Island and along the western waterfront to the Humber River.

This boulevard and driveway will have a total length of thirteen miles and will consist of broad concrete walks, driveways, bridle path, and park areas, to a total width of 200 feet, making one of the handsomest waterfront boulevards on the North American continent.

From Woodbine Avenue to the eastern channel the boulevard will lie immediately behind the breakwater and will command a view of the lake to the south. To the north of the boulevard will lie a park and lagoon system, covering 350 acres, which will be provided for the recreation of the East End residents. From Bathurst Street to Sunnyside a protected waterway with an average width of 500 feet will separate the boulevard from the sea wall. This waterway, in conjunction with the Island lagoons and the lagoons east from the eastern channel, will allow a small boat to traverse the distance from Woodbine Avenue to the Humber without being subjected to the danger of any storm which may occur on the lake.

From Sunnyside to the Humber a fine sand bathing beach will border the waterway on the north, and modern bath houses will be erected in order that the public may be afforded an opportunity to enjoy summer bathing on a bathing beach equal to the finest now in existence. Similar advantages will be afforded the East End residents by means of bath houses along the lagoons west of Woodbine Avenue.

In the same section from Sunnyside west, a terraced promenade fifty-five feet wide, patterned somewhat after the popular board walk idea in use at many summer resorts, will be graded on an elevation of some twelve feet above the boulevard proper, and to the north of this promenade will be a reservation of lots which will be leased for various commercial purposes suitable to a summer resort development, this being another

source of revenue from which much is anticipated. North of this building reservation will be constructed a new street to take the place of the present Lake Shore Road, and the latter road will be widened to eighty feet and be used as a right-of-way for radial railroads entering the city from the west.

It is anticipated that the creation of this waterfront boulevard and driveway will result in the establishment of a park and driveway, encircling the entire city.

The entire work planned by the Commissioners was estimated to cost on the original plans, \$19,142,000, and the subsequent plans for the improvement of the central waterfront will add \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 to this amount. Of this the city is asked to contribute only \$1,800,000 in order to secure the waterfront boulevard, while the Government is spending a sum originally estimated at \$6,123,000, but which has already been increased by the Government itself so that it will probably reach close to \$7,000,000, on work which is recognized as shore protection and harbour extension work. The balance of \$11,000,000 remaining of the first estimates, and also the additional \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 for the central development will be raised by the Harbour Commissioners by means of issuing debentures, and the first block of these debentures has already been disposed of in order that a start may be made by the spring of 1914.

The Toronto Harbour Commissioners are a joint civic and Government body, consisting of five members, three of whom (Messrs. R. Home Smith, Thos. L. Church, and the writer) were appointed by the City Council; one (Mr. F. S. Spence) was appointed by the Dominion Government, and one (Mr. R. S. Gourlay) was appointed by the Dominion Government on the nomination of the Toronto Board of Trade.

TECUMSEH: THE CLIMAX OF THE INDIAN TRAGEDY

BY WILLIAM EDWARD PARK

TECUMSEH was born in 1768 on the banks of the Mad River, a pretty tributary of the Ohio, in that brief interval of dubious peace betwixt the fall of Quebec and its logical sequel, the American Revolution. In his childhood days, Pontiac's conspiracy of 1763 was still a new story. A boy, he saw his tribe, the Shawnees, allies of the British, fighting the American colonists; he was six years old when his father, Puckeshinwau, fell in battle. He fled with terrified women and children when, in 1780, the burning of his native village, Piqua, by the Americans forced the Shawnees to seek refuge north of the Ohio. Thus, in his most plastic years the story of Pontiac's great dream was fresh, the victory of the confederated Americans over the British made a deep impression, and, the death of his father and the sufferings of his people nerving him to vengeance, he dreamed dreams and beheld visions which in later years slowly crystallized into definite realities.

Beyond the Ohio, in the Indian country, dwelt many tribes—Shawnees, Iowas, Mingoes, Miamis, Ottawas, Wyandottes—all save the latter sprung from Algonquin stock. Roving bands of Indians must, from time to time, have visited Tecumseh's village, their varying dialects and habiliments arousing a curious interest in the thoughtful youth. He

had heard that still further away dwelt strong Indian nations. In his nineteenth year with his elder brother, Cheeseekau, and a party of Shawnee braves, he set out on the "long trail." With the hospital Mandans his party hunted the buffalo of the plains; they lent their aid to the intelligent Cherokees in their warfare against the whites, and, mingling with the Chicasaws, Seminoles and Creeks of Florida, like true soldiers of fortune, helped to fight the Americans and the Spaniards. The years thus spent converted the youth into a hardy warrior; the death of Cheeseekau in battle gave him command; on his return to the Ohio in 1790, his partly unconscious preparation for his life work was measurably complete.

The fires of undying hatred glowed along the always shifting border of the Western States. The earliest days of English settlement had sown seeds of enmity; long years of border warfare wherein the Indians fought each other as allies of French or English had watered the soil with blood. The harvest ripened in bitter hatred. Crude, daring, unsentimental, adventurous, the backwoodsman of Ohio or Tennessee was trained in a hard school. He learned to fight the Indian as the Indians fought; and in his more peaceful dealings he developed a lack of scruple that had not even the Indian's just excuse

that it was part of a racial inheritance.

With relentless certainty the tide of white settlement encroached upon the hunting-grounds. In the years immediately following the Revolution numerous councils framed treaties. The first solemn treaty, that with the Delawares in 1778, in return for a cession of lands conceded Indian sovereignty beyond the Ohio and the right to punish according to Indian custom any whites who might dare trespass upon Indian territory. Through the half-dozen or more treaties which followed, each signalized by another cession of land to the whites, runs the same guarantee of Indian sovereignty in the lands still left, the same relinquishment of all white claims, the same declaration that should any white trespass "the Indians may punish him or not as they please." Yet each Indian attempt to assert this solemnly pledged supremacy was the signal for a cry of vengeance, another Indian defeat, another cession of territory, another pledge made only to be broken. These swift recurring wrongs were the everyday talk of the councils in which the young Tecumseh modestly sat, hearkening to the wisdom of his elders. In his bosom they must have rankled, just as pride must have glowed when, returning from the long trail, he heard the tale of the destruction of Harmer's expedition; or when, shortly after, runners bore word to his village of the defeat of General St. Clair. He must, too, have seethed with impatience of the lack of Indian unity and the failure of individual chiefs to loyally resist the blandishments of American land grabbers.

In 1794 came the crowning wrong. Along the Rivers Au Glaize, Lake and Miami the Indians dwelt in highly prosperous settlements—"like a continuous village," writes Mad Anthony Wayne—with highly cultivated fields and gardens, and corn

crops for the luxuriance of which the rich Indiana soil is still famed. These things hint that the Shawnees, taught the folly of war and relying on solemn treaties, were content with peace. Wayne and his Americans relentlessly ravaged the fields and burned the villages; the inevitable treaty, signed in 1795, ceded to the land hungry Americans yet more territory. Pathetically the Indian chiefs handed back the proffered treaty money. "Your settlers come because they are poor," pleaded the representatives of eleven tribes. "Give them this money, make them rich, and let them stay away and leave us our lands." Wayne insisted, the lands were ceded; the Indians, afraid yet vengeful, were in mood to receive Tecumseh's message.

Tecumseh sought a mouthpiece in his ambitious brother, Laulewasikau, like himself an orator of no mean degree. Already this brother, his sinister aspect enhanced by the loss of an eye, enjoyed repute as a sorcerer. He now retired to the forest solitudes, there spending much time in meditation, prayer and fasting. Returning, he proclaimed himself the Tenskawatawa, the "Open Door," through which would come deliverance to the Shawnees—the messenger sent by the Great Spirit to proclaim His will to the Indian race.

A conception so bold and lofty is new to Indian tradition. Some slight analogy might be found in the Aztec tradition of the return of Quetzalcoatl, which played so huge a part in the conquests of Cortez and some variant of which may have lingered among the Southern Indians. But the Open Door finds, in the Messiah as depicted in the Hebrew writings, a far closer parallel. Many fanatical whites had proclaimed that the Indians were the original Canaanites, to be relentlessly wiped out. Tecumseh, keen to analyze all things and alert to find a way of de-

liverance for his people, might well have fancied in the white man's faith the secret of the white man's triumph, and have sought to graft that faith upon the religion of his own people. The Prophet's preliminary retirement to the solitude is distinctly Messianic.

Nor were the principles the Prophet enunciated at the Great Council at Wapakonetta unworthy of his high pretensions. The Indians must beware of drunkenness—he had seen in a vision the torments of drunkards hereafter—they must eschew the white man's ways and return to the habits of their forefathers, must gather in one village, hold all things in common, and dwell in peace and industry, regarding all Indians as brothers. "His advice has always been good," one writer quotes an Indian as saying. "He tells us we must pray to the Great Spirit, who made the world and everything in it; not to lie, drink whiskey or go to war, but to live soberly and peaceably with all men, to work and to grow corn."

This religious veil half hid political aspirations wherein Tecumseh planned the salvation of his race. Their territorial rights had been bartered away by individuals, often without authority to speak for their people. To conserve the rights still left, he enunciated a principle to which he asked the adhesion of all the Indians of the Ohio—the principle that the land was the property, not of individuals or even of chiefs, but of all the Indians, and that what was owned by all could be ceded only by a council representative of all.

Indian confederacies had been formed before. The semi-civilized tribes of Peru and Mexico had framed the semblance of highly-organized national life. The Cherokees possessed an advanced form of tribal government. The Six Nations of the Iroquois had evolved a tremendous fighting force. Pontiac,

chief of the Ottawas, near kinsmen of the Shawnees, had temporarily united the widely scattered tribes; the leaven of Pontiac's ideal still worked when, after the Revolution, the Indians of the Ohio loosely joined against the Americans. The idea was essentially old, but into it Tecumseh infused the new principle—borrowed, like his religious principles, from the American colonists—of a common nationality, while the Tenskawatawa threw about it a religious glamour. The conjurings and incantations of the Prophet, his belt of sacred beans, his exorcisms, mark the lesser and more superstitious mind; but the ethical principles of the new religion, sobriety, industry, peace, union and national brotherhood, bear the impress of the sane logician and far-sighted statesman upon whom the lesson of American union had not been lost. The Prophet's superstitions formed the bait to lure the Indian to the one course of conduct which spelled racial salvation.

Grudgingly accepted at first by a few isolated Shawnee clans, the new religion was hailed with acclaim by the Great Council. Delawares, Wyandottes, Miamis, Ottawas, Pottawatomies and other tribes of the Ohio valley united to establish a village on the Maumee. Naturally apprehensive, the American settlers were quick to take alarm at this unwonted manifestation; but at a conference with the Governor of Ohio, held at Chillicothe, Tecumseh, supported by Blue Jacket, Roundhead and Panther, urged that the only aim of the confederacy was peace. The Governor, satisfied, dismissed the militia.

This early collision drove home to Tecumseh the bitter realization that, as first planned, his scheme was futile. He had framed a confederacy of the Ohio tribes; he now saw that with the steady pressure of white immigration, his people must become a red island in a white sea.

Quickly his bold and active mind overleapt the barrier. East of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio the whites dwelt; French, English, and Americans had always conceded the forests and prairies beyond these rivers to be Indian ground. North, south and west of these natural boundaries the Indians, welded into one vast confederacy, would unite to bar the westward progress of the whites. The frontier tribes, in times of stress supported by bands from west and north, would interpose a living barrier; at intervals along this line the village of the Maumee would be duplicated by large settlements with a constant line of intercommunication. Between the Mississippi and the Rockies would be the home of a powerful Indian empire.

For Tecumseh, the years that followed were filled with ceaseless activity. The Prophet, vain, headstrong and tyrannical, proved a drag upon the cause; Tecumseh, boldly relegating him to a minor role, stood forth himself as the head of the crusade. From the Gulf of Mexico to the Red River of the north he travelled, preaching to the scattered tribes his new gospel of nationality, acclaimed by all as the voice of the Great Spirit and the saviour of his people.

These activities the Americans, beneficiaries of more or less unjust aggressions, watched with suspicious eyes. Through American documents of this time glimmer little hints of Indian restraint under American injustice. "The patience of the Indians is astonishing," writes William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana. In the face of aggressions, Tecumseh counselled peace. Such counsels a people historically unscrupulous in their dealings with the Indians merely regarded as evidence of a like lack of scruple.

Rather than provoke a conflict, Tecumseh in 1808 moved his town from the Maumee to the junction of

the Tippecanoe and the Wabash. The settlers were not placated. In Indian organization they saw only war; in Indian protestations of peace they saw only subterfuge. The capital was fairly bombarded with petitions for troops. Harrison summoned Tecumseh to a conference at Vincennes on August 12th, 1810. Attending with a retinue of 400 braves, the chief bore himself with a haughtiness befitting the spokesman of the entire Indian people. As was his custom refusing to speak in other than the Shawnee tongue, he declared that the Indians declined to recognize cessions of lands made by individuals, and that, though the confederacy stood for peace, it stood also for determined resistance to further encroachments. Harrison was equally obstinate. The parties reached an impasse; and the Governor, predicting an immediate uprising, demanded aid from Washington.

Throughout the ensuing winter, affairs swept on to a crisis. The settlers, fearful of attack, determined to crush the growing confederacy. The Federal Government refused to sanction attack or to send troops. The settlers made incursions; a number of Indians were killed; still the tribes held firm to peace. At a second conference Harrison demanded, in disregard of the treaties, the surrender of two Potawatomies accused of killing whites upon the Indian lands, and haughtily refused to discuss the unauthorized cession of the Wabash territory. Tecumseh, while steadfastly urging the rights of his people, argued that a confederacy, able to enforce law among the Indians, must make for peace. Harrison apparently was satisfied.

In August, 1811, Tecumseh, with thirty braves, set out for the south. Following the line of the Mississippi, he penetrated the Texas country, Alabama, and Florida. Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles,

tribes which in after years fully proved their prowess as warriors, avowed willingness to throw in their lot with their northern brethren. Harrison bears witness to Tecumseh's work:

"If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, Tecumseh would perhaps be the founder of an Empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Lake Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi, and wherever he goes he makes an impression favourable to his purpose. He is now upon the last round to put a finishing stroke upon his work."

The finishing stroke was put. Tecumseh turned northward, his most ardent hopes realized.

While still distant from the Ohio, ominous rumours reached him, speedily confirmed by terrified fugitives. The Prophet's Town was in ashes, the Ohio confederacy broken. Harrison, seizing the opportunity of Tecumseh's absence, had pressed forward with 1,200 men. Met by a deputation from the Prophet, he promised a council the ensuing day; then, yielding to the clamourings of his men, continued to advance, halting only on the threshold of the Indian town. Whether in the ensuing night engagement Indians or whites commenced the conflict is immaterial. Harrison's invasion of the Indian country was in direct defiance of orders from Washington. It also violated the treaty of 1795. That document literally authorized the Indians, without fear of reprisals from the central Government, to destroy Harrison's entire force; and Washington itself was obligated to aid in driving Harrison from the Indian territory. Hostilities were virtually commenced when the Americans set foot on Indian ground; the moral guilt rests on Harrison, no matter whose match actually fired the powder.

Though the iron must have deeply entered his soul, Tecumseh wasted

no time in mourning. Energetically he set to work to rally his confederacy and establish a new town. To a council at Mathethie, Tecumseh, questioned by Roundhead, head chief of the Wyandottes, determinedly proclaimed his purpose. "If we hear of any more of our people being killed, we will immediately send to all the nations on or toward the Mississippi and all this island will rise as one man." The soul spoke bravely, but the body was shattered. Tecumseh's own tribe, the Shawnees, never ardent supporters, rejected his proposals. The Delawares were hostile; the other tribes friendly, but fearful. His personal following dwindling to thirty braves, Tecumseh set out for the British post at Malden.

To Colonel Matthew Elliott, deputy superintendent of Indian Affairs, the chief proffered the services of his party in the conflict impending between Great Britain and the United States. "Not for love of King George," writes a British observer, "but because they hoped to receive from his hands the justice they had sought in vain from the Americans." To Isadore, chief of the Wyandottes, sent by the American general, Hull, to urge neutrality, Tecumseh made clear his aims. If the Long Knives prevailed, the Indians must still suffer; if the British won, the peace treaty would forever secure to the Indians their rights. The British king had done well for Brant and his Mohawks; he would not be less loyal to his later Indian allies.

Assigned to help garrison Bois Blanc, Tecumseh summoned his tribesmen for the conflict. War was declared on June 18th, 1812. On July 11th Hull occupied Sandwich. American freebooters penetrated as far east as Moraviantown. Tecumseh with twenty-five Menominee Indians ambushed Major Denny and 120 American militia sent to capture Malden, and drove them back in utter rout. The capture of Michilli-

mackinac by the daring Roberts ensued. Tecumseh's runners spread the glad tidings broadcast, summoning the braves to share in the predicted downfall of Detroit. Already his daring mind foresaw what Brock was soon to achieve.

Hull's operations against Canada languished. With 2,500 troops, he lacked the energy to use them. The British controlled Lake Erie; and already Tecumseh's braves, ranging the unsettled wilderness between Fort Detroit and the Ohio, captured Hull's despatches and intercepted his supplies. Early in August Tecumseh ambushed Major Van Horne, sent from Detroit to relieve a beef convoy, and secured despatches which, promptly transmitted to Colonel Proctor at Malden, told a tale of dissension in Detroit. Van Horne's defeat, compassed by Tecumseh, forced Hull to withdraw his last outpost from Canada. At Maguaga an attempt to ambush Colonel Miller with a second relief expedition failed, but, in Hull's own words, "the blood of 75 gallant men could only open the communications as far as the points of their bayonets extended." Tecumseh, first to join battle, last to retire, harassed Miller when, abandoning his purpose, he retreated to Detroit.

General Brock's arrival from Niagara was followed by a midnight council. "This is a man," declared Tecumseh to his fellow chiefs. Where Proctor had hesitated, Brock never faltered. Overruling the protests of his officers, he decided to attack Detroit.

"We are committed to a war in which the enemy must always surpass us in numbers, equipment, and resources," he declared significantly; and, turning away from further argument, studied the roll of birchbark on which Tecumseh had traced a map of the environs of Detroit.

To Brock's first formal summons, Hull returned defiance. Captain Dixon's batteries on the Canadian

shore promptly opened fire. The same night a thousand Indians under cover of darkness completely surrounded Fort Detroit. Next morning, while Dixon's guns steadily pounded the walls, Brock crossed the river. Hull, completely demoralized, despatched a flag of truce. Fort Detroit, the territory of Michigan, the brig Adams, 2,500 soldiers, 2,500 stand of arms, 10,000 cartridges, thirty-seven cannon, constituted the spoils. The colours of the Fourth United States Regiment, "the heroes of Tippecanoe," still hang in Chelsea Royal Hospital, trophies of a victory that could not have been won without Tecumseh's aid; yet of the man who had devastated his village, not one hair was harmed.

"A more sagacious or more gallant warrior does not exist," wrote Brock enthusiastically. Indeed, without Tecumseh and his Indians, the British regulars, unskilled in backwoods warfare, must have rested on the defensive. The cutting of his lines of communication demoralized Hull, the ambushade of Van Horne forced his withdrawal from Canada, the intercepted despatches gave ample evidence of fatal weakness in the numerically powerful garrison. Brock's daring was the one thing needful to pluck the already ripe fruit of victory.

In warfare, as in all other concerns, the moral effect of an early victory is tremendous. Canada, at first fearful of the odds against her, plucked up courage and gained a needful breathing space. This achievement made the most forlorn hope seem gloriously possible.

The American border settlers, terror-stricken, rallied in self defence. William Henry Harrison succeeded to the command of the west. While Tecumseh, taking advantage of the victory, set out for the Wabash to recruit reinforcements, General Winchester, a subordinate, eager to forestall Harrison, with 2,500 men ravaged the Indian villages on the Mi-

ami and ousted a British outpost at Frenchtown. Colonel Proctor, now commanding at Malden, with 500 militia and 800 Indians, by a bold march surprised the Americans at Frenchtown and forced Winchester's surrender. In great numbers the tribesmen rallied to Tecumseh. He, leaving one party on the Wabash to annoy Harrison, with another band returned to Malden, to urge on Proctor the following up of his first successful stroke.

The boldness of Captain Roberts, who abandoned an untenable position to win a splendid victory, the daring of Brock who staked his little force against the odds of Fort Detroit and won, were foreign to this old world soldier. Essentially a Fabius, Proctor preferred the apparently safe defensive and the tactics which text books and drill masters had taught him. The adaptability so needful in border warfare was not his. Tecumseh, eager to measure strength with his old foeman on the Wabash and to regain possession of his people's territory, chafed at Proctor's inactivity, just as, doubtless, the British commander fretted at the lack of military precision in the Indian allies.

Proctor's despatches throw vivid light upon this fatal irresolution. He seems to seek excuses for failure rather than opportunities for success. Governor Prevost had promised much needed reinforcements; their non-arrival Proctor makes a constant excuse for inaction. His despatches are filled with pleas for reinforcements and fresh supplies. They reveal, too, evidences of steadily growing animosity toward the Indians. This feeling was mutual. The elements which, under Brock and Tecumseh had striven harmoniously and achieved victory, under Proctor and Tecumseh attempted little and achieved less.

Frenchtown was fought in January, 1813. Tecumseh urged the British general to repeat the blow.

Proctor, after much delay, in May undertook a half-hearted movement against Fort Meigs. A four days' bombardment silenced the American guns, but the Fort still held out. Proctor raised the siege. In July, once more at Tecumseh's instance, he made a second attempt. Strategy failed to draw forth the defenders. Proctor irresolutely shifted to Fort Stephenson on the Sandusky, where he wasted time and sacrificed gallant lives in a hopeless frontal attack. "A more than adequate sacrifice to Indian opinion," Proctor calls this, the tone of his despatch almost triumphant. Irresolute, entering upon active undertakings against his own judgment, he welcomes failure as a vindication of his wisdom, regardless of its cost to Canada.

While Proctor thus faltered, a new danger loomed up. In February, 1813, Commodore Perry had taken energetic command of the American fleet on Lake Erie. Proctor made no attempt to check the building of new ships. The British commander, Barclay, relaxed the blockade of Presqu' Ile Bay long enough to permit the larger American vessels to escape, and shortly after paid the penalty in irretrievable defeat. From the heights at Malden the British with anxious eyes on September 10th watched the combatants till the battle-smoke obscured them. Not till long after the sounds of conflict ceased did the cloud, lifting, disclose to their glasses a melancholy glimpse of Barclay's crippled ships following in the wake of the American squadron toward Sandusky Bay.

Fort Malden, its guns sacrificed to arm Barclay's new-built flagship, was defenceless. Proctor at a council declared his intention of abandoning the post. Tecumseh's long pent up feelings found voice in bitter challenge to the British general to hand over the guns and ammunition to the Indians, and let them hold the frontier or die in its defence. More than anger at Proctor's inefficiency

rang in Tecumseh's eloquence. Retreat spelled ruin of his hopes. Always he had urged operations that would ensure to his allies control of Michigan and the Ohio Valley when the peace treaty was framed; were Malden abandoned, his people must be sacrificed in the eventual treaty. In a British and military sense retreat must have been justified; but Tecumseh voiced, not the caution of the Briton, but the aspirations of a new-born Indian nation gasping out its brief life. The treaty of Ghent vindicated his prescience.

Awed by the acclaim with which the savages hailed the chieftain's challenge, Proctor for the first time admitted to Tecumseh that Barclay was defeated. Tecumseh reluctantly agreed to abandon Malden. He urged resistance to the Americans on landing, at the Canard, and at every vantage point—a guerrilla warfare in which, protecting their supplies and luring the enemy into an unknown and thickly wooded country, the British could pave the way for a crushing American defeat when reinforcements from Fort George at length enabled them to turn upon the invader. In such warfare, the Indians could have given the maximum of service, while all that Proctor sought, the safety of his little force, would have been secured. Proctor would promise nothing more than a stand at Moraviantown, sixty-three miles to the east. Tecumseh, demanding a private audience, urged sending an advance party to prepare the village for defence. The British general was evasive. Tecumseh, gripping his silver-mounted tomahawk with one hand, with the other fiercely smote the hilt of Proctor's sword. "You are Proctor, I am Tecumseh," he challenged; but Proctor made no answer.

With Malden in ashes and the smoke of Fort Detroit rising behind him, Proctor left Sandwich on September 27th, 1813. Tardy in the offensive, he was equally dilatory in

retreat. Had not a storm delayed Harrison, the British force must have been nipped at Malden. Worry regarding his wife and sick daughter, resentment toward the Indians, the murmurings of his own men, the confidence that Harrison would not venture into the interior, all doubtlessly contributed to the most pathetic mockery of generalship in Canadian military history. Cautious Harrison, awaiting the arrival of Colonel Johnson's mounted Kentuckians, thereby afforded the fugitives a respite that helped little. In five days Proctor covered but fifty-four miles, nor did he even destroy the bridges behind him. On October 1st he reached Dolson's. At Chatham, five miles further east, where a small stream joins the Thames, Tecumseh urged a stand. Proctor agreed. "Here," he declared, "we will either defeat Harrison or leave our bones." The site selected, to-day Tecumseh Park in the heart of busy Chatham, was admirably adapted for defence. Tecumseh surveyed it with mournful satisfaction. "This is a good place," he commented. "It reminds me of my village at the junction of the Wabash and the Tippecanoe."

But Proctor, hastening ahead with the baggage, did not return. Tecumseh anxiously consulted Colonel Warburton, second in command. With no enemy yet in sight, the retreat had become a rout. The officers vainly urged Warburton to take command. On October 3rd at Chatham a messenger brought word that Harrison's scouts had engaged the rear guard. Hasty preparations were made to resist. Next morning at a second alarm the British retreated six miles eastward, where Proctor joined them. Tecumseh, bitterly chagrined, held the bridge at Chatham till Harrison's heavy guns drove the Indians, fighting stubbornly, from their position.

One gunboat ascending the Thames the retreating force abandoned and set on fire; two others, grounding,

were left behind, blazing tokens of a panic-stricken retreat. Above Arnold's Mills, where Harrison's men forded the swollen stream, the Americans captured two bateaux with all the British ammunition and supplies. At news of this disaster the British deserted their half-cooked breakfast, halting only two miles west of Moraviantown. Harrison found the deserted British campfires still burning.

Without food all morning, without ammunition, without confidence in their leader, the retreating soldiers were demoralized. Even to the last, Proctor's fatal irresolution was evidenced in hasty shifting of the lines of defence. Men still doubted whether or not there would be a stand. Perhaps Proctor himself doubted. Tecumseh went to him. "Shall we fight the Americans?" questioned Calderwell, when the Chief returned. "Yes, my son," Tecumseh answered. "Before sunset we will be in their smoke. They are now almost upon us." Unbuckling his sword, he handed it to his aide, Shaubena. "If I should not come out of this fight," he declared, solemnly, "keep this sword, and when my son is a great warrior, give it to him."

Across the road the British formed in two lines of defence, Warburton in the van, and Proctor, with his staff, behind the second line. Their left rested on the Thames, their right on a black ash swale. Beyond this swale a narrow stretch of solid ground was barred by a few regulars; on a larger swamp to the right the Indians were posted. A six-pounder, without ammunition to serve it, was placed in front of the first line; two others a couple of miles east uselessly guarded the Moraviantown ford. In the two hours of waiting Tecumseh passed along the line, shaking hands with the officers. "Father, have a big heart," he urged Proctor; then passed on with his braves to join the Indians. "Be brave, stand firm, shoot

straight," he counselled the old warriors.

At three o'clock the enemy's bugle sounded. Johnson's cavalry, suddenly appearing, swept down upon the red line. The British fire emptied many saddles, but the Kentuckians quickly rallied and the defenders, unable to reload, fell back. The second line fired an irregular volley; then the British ranks broke, fleeing from the relentless horsemen. Proctor, himself already in flight, made no attempt to rally them.

In the swamp, the Indians, stoutly holding their ground, repelled the attacks of Desha's brigade. The Americans retreated, and the defenders, emerging in eager pursuit, were attacked by the victorious Kentuckians. Tecumseh ordered a retreat to the swamp. The horsemen, pursuing, were mired, their first ranks decimated by the terrible fire of their concealed enemies. Dismounting, they formed on foot, Desha's men moving up to their support. The Indians kept up an irregular fire, and for a long time the issue was in doubt, till Tecumseh, foremost in the defence, encouraging his braves, thrice wounded, staggered and fell.

His son, a lad of seventeen, among others, still fought on, but gradually the battle yielded, and the defenders, bearing the body of their chief, sought shelter in the deeper woods.

For many days the tradition lingered that Tecumseh was but wounded, and would return to again lead his people. Harrison in his prolix despatch never mentions—what must then have been doubtful—Tecumseh's death. The chieftain vanished into a haze of mystery. Even to-day his grave is unknown and unmarked by any monument. On the battlefield where he fell patriotic citizens of Thamesville—once Tecumseh—have raised a simple monument. It marks more than the fall of a chieftain; it marks the passing forever from national significance of the Indian race.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE old order changeth and giveth place to the new in Britain.

The change has been more rapid during the past six years than at any time in the past century. The old country is witnessing not the rise, but the arrival of democracy. The land campaign inaugurated by Mr. Lloyd-George at Bedford is the beginning of the end of that territorial influence from which the ruling caste derives its power and prestige. Land has been the fertile source of wealth and privilege for that section of the British nation known as the landed gentry. A rural revolution would transform the countryside in England and change the balance of power forever in favour of the toilers. Liberalism and Conservatism each has its favourite nostrum qualified, as most party policies are, by a prudent concern for the effects which a particular policy may have upon the fortunes of the party. Thinking men of all parties are agreed as to the necessity for a change in the land system. But the reform of a system which has its roots deep down in the history of the nation is bound to liberate powerful opposing forces and to rouse into action dormant passions. The chief points in the Liberal land programme are:

A minimum wage for the agricultural labourers.

A land court to fix fair rents and ensure security of tenure.

The building of cottages, with land attached.

Accessibility to the soil is the key-

note of Mr. Lloyd-George's speeches. His scheme finds considerable support on the Unionist side among that section which is eager to outbid the Liberals for the votes of the farmer and labourer. Numbers of owners have thrown their estates on the market. The result is often that, unless the tenant farmer is in a position to purchase his own farm, he runs the risk of eviction by the new owner, very often a land syndicate, or forced to pay an increased rent. This was largely the cause of the land war in Ireland. It was not the old landed gentry—many of whom still remain on friendly terms with their former tenants—who rackrented the Irish farmer so much as the rich manufacturers and land speculators, who bought up the encumbered estates of bankrupt and impecunious Irish landlords as an investment, and who evicted thousands of tenants in order to convert the land into cattle ranches. Over miles of country nothing was heard but the lowing of kine. Much the same thing has taken place in Great Britain, where wealthy Americans enable impecunious Peers to eke out their incomes by the annual renting of game preserves.

Bedford, at which Mr. Lloyd George opened his land campaign, was a Radical stronghold before the term Radicalism was invented. It took the side of Parliament against Charles I. Within a mile from Bedford, at Elstow, John Bunyan was born in 1628. Nowhere had the spirit of Puritanism such a potent sway

than in Bedford, and this spirit still survives.

While Mr. Lloyd George has been enabled to do things, it should not be overlooked that he is the inheritor, not the creator, of the Liberal reform programme with which his name is imperishably linked. The man who stood at the parting of the ways, between the old and the new schools of Liberalism, and who elected to march with his face to the dawn of a new era, was the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who became Prime Minister in 1905, on the resignation of the Balfour Ministry. He it was who changed the whole attitude of Liberalism and paved the way for the social legislation of the past seven years. Unlike Gladstone, he held it to be the duty of a Government to deal with the great problems of unemployment and poverty. He attacked the land monopoly in numerous speeches and outlined the present proposed scheme of legislation by which he hoped to make the soil of Britain more and more "a treasure house for the poor, rather than a mere pleasure-house for the rich." As an earnest of his desire to grapple with the social evils that pressed so heavily on the working classes in England, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman brought into his Cabinet Lloyd George and John Burns, advanced thinkers among the gathering legions of an aggressive and educated democracy.

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"Ulster," writes Lord Dunraven in *The Times*, "is the master log that holds the jam, and to avoid catastrophe it must be loosened gently." The feeling is gaining ground that both parties in Great Britain have an interest in securing a settlement of the Irish question on the basis of an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible thereto. Unionists no longer profess to believe in the status quo. In guarded and qualified language that emphasizes their anxiety

to get rid of the deadlock, they show a willingness to consider proposals for extending wider powers of local government to Ireland. Once again the Federal idea is being mooted as offering the line of least resistance, and there seems a disposition among the moderates, Liberal and Unionist, to lend an ear to Lord Loreburn's proposal for a settlement by consent that will relieve the Ulster Unionist minority from any feeling of humiliation. The King is known to be personally interested in a peaceful solution of the question and may be instrumental in bringing about, through interchanges of views among the leaders, a compromise that will satisfy all but the extremists. No one now pretends that the Irish problem can remain where it is. Much water has passed beneath the bridge since the late Lord Salisbury prescribed "twenty years of resolute government" as the true antidote to the Home Rule agitation.

One of the most serious results of the Carson campaign is the effect which it is producing on the minds of disaffected natives in India. Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for India, states: "I hear from authoritative sources in India, from those who are in the very best position for obtaining authentic information, that the effect in India of this Ulster campaign is becoming a serious matter. There was a letter in *The Times* on the 16th by Sir West Ridgeway. He has a double knowledge, and in that letter he points out that all the arguments which are used by some of the less wise advocates of action at Ulster—all those arguments which lead not only to possible rebellion, but also to a refusal by His Majesty's troops to suppress that rebellion—all these arguments can be used in reference to a possible rising in India and to the refusal of the loyal Indian troops to serve the Crown in India, to act against their fellow countrymen. If the Ulster arguments are good, there is no possible answer to the same

argument used by those who wish to promote rebellion in India. That is not a light matter. I do not say that those who use those arguments in relation to Ireland understand or know the possible mischief that they are doing, but I do wish that before speaking thus they would think of the Empire as a whole and not only of that corner of it in which their especial interests lie."

The Ulster movement is also exercising a baneful influence in the ranks of Labour and the militant suffragists. For these reasons the attitude of Ulster is a matter of increasing concern to those who value British traditional love for ordered progress by constitutional means. Whatever virtue there is in the Ulster opposition to Home Rule it is not denied that the Carsonites are setting an example which, if followed in other parts of the Empire, would seriously menace the peace and security of the British nation.

"Jim" Larkin, the Labour leader, is in jail for inciting to violence during the heat of a strike in which the police and the employers of labour acted with great provocation. The only difference between Larkin and Carson is that the latter has the legal training which enables him to incite the Unionists of Ulster in guarded and hypothetical language that saves him from the clutches of the law. Such a weighty authority as *The Times* declares that "Mr. Larkin is their (the employers') own creation. It is true that no evidence was offered of the sweating of which they are accused, and the Court of Inquiry only speaks of low wages and unsatisfactory conditions of employment as 'alleged.' But it regards the events that have occurred as indicating that 'grievances of considerable importance have existed.' We agree with that view. It is not denied that wages have been extensively and substantially raised in consequence of Mr. Larkin's agitation, which means that employers have refused to give terms

they could well afford until they were compelled." Why is Larkin in jail and Carson still an honoured Privy Councillor? This is the pertinent question which Labourites are asking, and it is an ugly issue to submit to the disaffected working classes at the present time in the United Kingdom. The issue cannot be obscured by any platitudes about expediency and legal technicalities. The loss of Reading and the reduced majority in Linlithgowshire are as much an expression of Labour dissatisfaction with the Liberal attitude in regard to Larkin and other issues as of the rising tide of Unionism which threatens to submerge the Liberal party at the general elections.

What are the causes of the dissatisfaction in the ranks of Labour? At the conference of the Independent Labour Party in Britain in 1912. Mr. Anderson, the chairman, attributed "the whole upheaval" to "a revolt against poverty; against, that is, Social Injustice; and it involves the right to live." When asked by Press representatives what he proposed, Mr. Anderson replied: "We are determined that destitution must be stamped out; and our remedy resolves itself into this: A national minimum of wages, housing, leisure and education. That is Labour's battlecry for the future." Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, who has made a special study of industrial conditions in the United Kingdom, and who is himself a large employer of labour, tells us that—"The capitalists should entirely shake off the idea that wage-earners are inferior beings to themselves, and should learn to regard them as valued and necessary partners in the great work of wealth-production—partners with whose accredited representatives they may honourably discuss the proportion in which the wealth jointly produced should be divided." Mr. Rowntree sees clearly that—"The poverty at one end of the scale will not be removed except by encroaching heavily

upon the great riches at the other end." Mr. Sidney Low informs the British public that there are many young men among the workers who read Carlyle and Ruskin, and believe that if society were rightly organized the life of cultivated leisure would not be the privilege of the few, but the possession of the many. A decent minimum of food and clothing, leisure and recreation, and houses fit for human beings—and there will be no peace until the demand is conceded.

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There is a serious recrudescence of political crime in Bengal. A large number of printed leaflets are being published which openly incite Indians to murder Europeans. These leaflets find their way among the natives in a most mysterious manner. One of them was found posted up on the blackboard of a Government school. Murders are distressingly common and the police have entirely failed to discover the source of the evil. The passive resistance movement among the Indians settled in South Africa is also causing disquiet.

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It had been expected by many that the King would have created Prince Arthur a Peer on his marriage, following the example of Queen Victoria, who created the husband of the Princess Royal a Duke, and announced the fact at the wedding breakfast. The position, however, with regard to Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife is different. Neither is now in direct line of succession to the throne, whereas the Princess Royal at the time of her wedding was the third heir presumptive. The succession of the Duchy conferred by Queen Victoria was given to the present Duchess by King Edward, and to any child she may have. Should she die without issue, the Duchy passes to Princess Maud. Prince Arthur himself is, of course, heir to

his father's Duchy of Connaught. It is suggested that his father's second title of Strathearn might be given to Prince Arthur as a separate Peerage.

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M. Le Coultre, the astronomer at Geneva, is convinced that Mars is peopled and that its inhabitants are making attempts to communicate with the Earth. He states that he has observed for some time past bluish-white appearances on parts of Mars similar to those caused by powerful electric arc lights. Few will accept the conclusions of M. Le Coultre. Most people have read H. G. Wells's novel recounting the visit of the Martians to this planet, and M. Le Coultre seems to be rivalling the imaginative author.

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The hoary antiquity of some of the towns in Britain is illustrated in the case of Sandwich, in the neighbourhood of which Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught spent their honeymoon. Sandwich is one of the old Cinque Ports, once an important place. The sea has receded, and left it on the side of a tiny stream, the Stour. The water gate and quays remain to show that the place was once a flourishing and busy port. The streets are quaint; many of them remain as they were in the days of Elizabeth, and in Strand Street the house in which the great Queen once stayed is still standing. Sandwich has another curious link with the past. The great bell of St. Mary's, the principal church, still sounds the curfew at eight o'clock.

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The defeat of Tammany in the State elections, a terrible disaster in a Welsh colliery, in which 436 miners perished, the burning of the liner *Volturno*, in which 136 people lost their lives, the failure of Mexico to elect a President, and the possibility

of European intervention in the affairs of that distracted Republic, are among the notable events of the past month.

Another event of importance, and one that may effect a change in the naval policy of the Canadian Government is the determination of New Zealand to follow the example of Australia and build a fleet of her own to act in co-operation with the Imperial navy in times of emergency.

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Still in the prime of manhood, for he is only fifty-four years old, bringing to his new duties unrivalled diplomatic experiences in various countries, Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, K.C.M.G., has been warmly welcomed in Washington as a worthy successor to the brilliant and popular author of "The American Commonwealth." When Mr. James Bryce's time for retirement drew near, considerable concern as to the choice of the British Foreign Office mingled with the regrets so widely expressed that Mr. Bryce was compelled, through advancing years, to withdraw from the cares of office. Problems were arising, as yet but clouds like a man's hand, on the Anglo-American horizon, which called for delicate and tactful handling, and Bryce seemed the one man qualified to smooth away the international difficulties. The Panama Canal tolls dispute was arousing fierce controversy, affairs in Mexico were nearing a point where the interests of European nations and the Monroe Doctrine might be brought into sharp opposition. Above all, it was neces-



SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE

The New British Ambassador at Washington

sary that nothing should be done to destroy the good effects of ex-President Taft's friendly overtures, or to militate against the success of the approaching celebrations whereby the English-speaking nations hoped to commemorate the century of peace and to lay the foundations for continued friendly relations. Great Britain has always attached great importance to the selection of her Washington diplomatic staff, and the changed attitude of mind of American statesmen towards European affairs has increased the concern of the British Government regarding the choice of an Ambassador at White House. The United States has out-

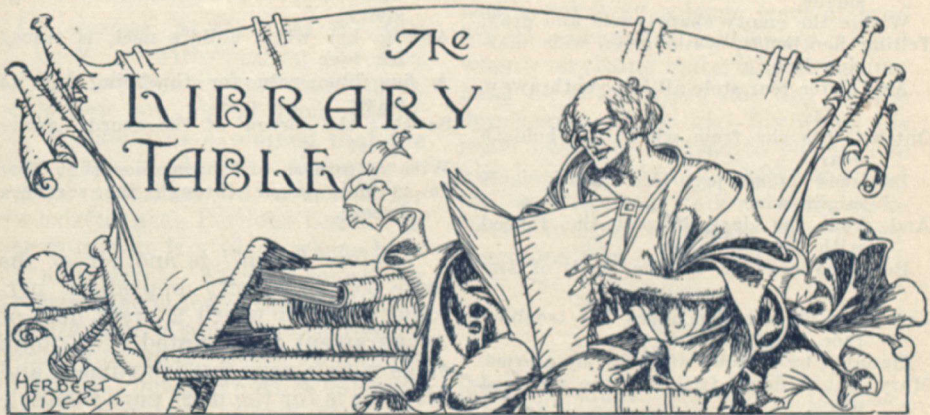
grown its years of national development and the Monroe Doctrine has now to be interpreted in the light of the new Imperialism which President Roosevelt was largely instrumental in evolving. The United States has burst the fetters of an exclusive national existence and has built a powerful fleet to symbolize the new spirit of the Republic. It is at this interesting stage in the evolution of the United States as a world-power that Sir Cecil Spring-Rice arrives at the White House, where he has been hailed by the American press as the embodiment of "inoffensive grandeur." His quiet, unobtrusive bearing, strong mouth, and inflexible jaw denote the self-contained man. Heredity combines in him the cumulative wisdom and experience of generations of Spring-Rices who have played a part in the public affairs of Great Britain. Spring-Rice is the family name of Lord Monteagle, an Irish Peer, and Sir Cecil, the subject of this sketch, is a side-shoot of this old Limerick family. The widow of the first Baron Monteagle was born at Caledonia, Ontario. A Spring-Rice was Under-Secretary for the Home Department ten years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer in her first Government.

He served his apprenticeship under Earls Granville and Rosebery, and at such widely separated places as Brussels, Washington, Tokio, Berlin, Constantinople, Teheran, Cairo, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm has accumulated an experience of men and affairs which places him in the forefront of the British diplomatic body. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, but he is not literary, like his predecessor, Mr. Bryce, and does not affect to shine as a lecturer before learned societies, although he had the reputation at Oxford of being a fluent speaker and was marked out for a parliamentary career. He chose instead the coveted entrance to the British Foreign Office, to this day the most ex-

clusive preserve in Britain of the old ruling classes and the last to give ear to the call of democracy. He is the antithesis of the blatant Britisher who antagonizes by his loud superior manner, and, paradoxical as it may seem, gains favour thereby in the eyes of the spread-eagle Yankee.

The Paris *Temps* refers to Sir Cecil as "the ablest living diplomat ever sent from one great capital to another under orders from the British Foreign Office." Temperamentally he is a diplomat to his finger-tips and is the affable, courteous Irish gentleman without the coldness and hauteur of the Englishman. In him are combined the Celtic heritage of alertness, unostentation, simplicity, and good breeding of the Irish gentleman, with the education, training, and experience of Eton, Oxford, the Foreign Office, and the dazzling splendour of Western and Oriental courts. He has, it is stated, "delivered an ultimatum in St. Petersburg as if it were an invitation to dinner," while Shahs, Sultans, Emperors, and Kings have waited on his word with the anxiety of uncrowned mortals who seek to fathom the mysteries of the future.

His term of office at Washington opens a fresh and interesting chapter in the history of American development, and in the relations between the Republic and the Empire. Affairs in Mexico are a challenge to the Imperialistic spirit in the United States, which President Wilson may find it difficult to curb, while, on the other hand, he must justify his policy of non-intervention in the eyes of European nations. The future is on the knees of the gods, but in Sir Cecil Spring-Rice Great Britain has an Ambassador who brings to the difficulties of his office a personality, ripe judgment, and wide vision which will support him in the delicate task of adjusting every difference that may arise between the two dominant factors in the promotion of the arts of peace and civilization.



THE MIRACLE AND OTHER
POEMS

BY VIRNA SHEARD. Toronto: J. M.
Dent and Sons.

IF for no other reason than the poem that gives it title, this volume has ample justification. "The Miracle" is no ordinary composition. See what picture is presented in the three opening stanzas:

Up from the templed city of the Jews,
The road ran straight and white
To Jericho, the City of the Palms,
The City of Delight.

Down that still road from far Judean hills
The shepherds drove their sheep
At silver dawn—at stirring of the birds—
When men were all asleep.

Full many went that weary way at noon,
Or rested by the trees,
Romans and slaves, Gentiles and bearded
priests,
Sinners and Pharisees.

It might well have been entitled
"The Ballad of Blind Bartimeus"—
Bartimeus who

"—heard the world go by, Gentiles and
Jews, Sinners and Pharisees."

You do, indeed, hear the world go
by—the great throng pressing close

upon the footsteps of the Nazarene,
the throng that rolls tumultuously on,
like

"A restless sea, between Jerusalem
and white-walled Jericho."

Then we have the story of the
Christ passing by and of the faith
that brought healing, for

"The curtain rose from off his darkened
sight—
He saw the King's own face."

Bartimeus rose and followed the
Christ, and we are left with this con-
cluding stanza:

"Oh, Bartimeus, of the mask-like face,
And patient, outstretched hand,
Was it for this God set on thee the mark
No man might understand?"

Mrs. Sheard's muse is tuneful and
at times gorgeous with colour. The
poem written on the death of Sir
Henry Irving is extremely artful, as
in the last stanza:

"Thy feet have found the path that
Shakespeare found,
Life's lonely exit of such far renown;
For thee, O dear interpreter of dreams,
The curtain hath rung down."

A broad sympathy is expressed in "The Vision," which we quote in full, notwithstanding the fact that it was first published in this magazine:

Long had she knelt at the Madonna's shrine,

Within the empty chapel, cold and gray,
Telling her beads, while grief with mar-
ring line,

And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth dear;

Banished from joy that other souls might win;
And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,

Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face,

Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarms,
Mary leaned down from out the pictured place,

And laid the little Christ within her arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
She—the abandoned one—the thing apart.

*

THE FLUTE OF SARDONYX

By EDMUND JOHN. London: Herbert Jenkins.

IN these days when poets spring up in a night it is almost necessary, in order to secure a hearing at all, for some person of consequence in the literary world to act as sponsor. But it scarcely would seem necessary for anyone to introduce this new, young English poet. Yet no less a critic than Mr. Stephen Phillips introduces Mr. John, and he sets him down as possessing "a quiet, distinctive, and even—which is by no means the same thing—a quite distinguished note." There is sensuousness in almost all of Mr. John's poetry, and his outstanding poem, "Salome," is overwhelmingly sensuous:

Her locks are dusky with the sighs of night,

Her curved cheeks passionate, her hot mouth bright,

Her supple body sinuous like a snake,

Her slim form girdled with a jewelled chain;
And as she moves her dreams sink slowly slain,
And her soul burns, and her wild eyes awake.

Her lips are towards the moon that hangs above,
And in her white child's neck is traced for love

A fine blue vein for throbbing lips to seize;

So that the sorrow of the chords grows sweet

With bitterness and harmonies that beat
In rhythmic music through the southern breeze.

"Before Dawn" is another of the same genre, a very appealing, personal poem in which a great deal of temperament is suggested. Mr. John sings with a very fine instrument and his song is for the most part veritable poetry, as

"Lay lightly your two hands upon my brow—
It has been burned by many bitter brands—
For 'when I give, I give with my two hands,'
You said, and your young voice, I know not how,
Seemed sweet with sorrow from saddened lands."

*

DOC WILLIAMS

By CHARLES H. LERRIGO. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

IF the so-called up-to-date medical practitioners would put a little of old Doc Williams's common sense into his practice their would be more cures and fewer complaints. The old Doc himself would call it "hoss" sense, and he would be about right. While there is to the story a fine plot, which centres in the mystery of the oil spring, this novel is more notable for its fine character delineation, its quiet philosophy, its quaint humour, and all-round wholesomeness. It is dedicated to the doctor's wife ("she riseth also while it is yet night"), and the Foreword says: "Arter all, they ain't nothin' in medical science 'at is so plumb diff'runt f'm good

plain common-sense, ye understand me."

*

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

By LUCY FURMAN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WE confess a fondness for this book, notwithstanding the fact that it is written in epistolary form. The letters are dated from Joslin, Ky. It should be explained that the letters have to do with the experiences of a teacher in a school for boys located near Perilous Creek. In other words, it is a place where boys are "mothered." There is something extremely naïve about this book, and its pages have a peculiar fascination. Women and girls, above all others, will like it, but there is a splendid appeal to manliness as well, for there is a real Kentucky feud, some genuine fighting to kill, and much exciting adventure. The illustrations by Mary Lane McMillan and F. R. Gruger are much better than are usually seen.

*

GOLD

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

TAKING the great gold rush of forty-nine as a basis, Mr. White gives us a vivid account of that historical adventure, and he infuses enough imagination and romance into it to make an interesting and forceful novel. One must suppose that the tale is told by an old Forty-niner, one of a party of four who set out for the California gold-fields from New York, going via Panama. The book is divided into four parts: Panama, The Golden City, The Mines, The Law.

*

TWO SHALL BE BORN

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

FEW novelists know the Canadian woods as does the author of this stirring romance, who is himself a

native Canadian, brother of Charles G. D. Roberts. David Westley, a fine example of manliness and fortitude, hears that the girl he expected to marry, is about to wed some other man. In despair, he goes into the woods, takes up a large tract of land for the purpose of developing it; and when everything material looks promising he is surprised one day by the appearance of the girl for whom his heart has never ceased to yearn. The girl had been true to him, and had the courage to follow and make known to him his mistake—not a very ingenious plot.

*

SKIPPER ANNE

By MARGARET BOWEN. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE can look with certainty to this author for a fine, stirring, romantic tale of adventure. The feature of this novel of the time of Napoleon (a time, by the way, that seems to particularly attract Miss Bowen) is a woman who can keep a secret; and she keeps it well until the last page is almost reached. Much of the flavour of the period is put into the pages, and altogether it is a pleasant entertainment.

*

DANTE AND AQUINAS

By PHILIP H. WICKSTEED. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS volume makes one realize clearly that all the great thinkers have said things which have an eternal significance and truth, even though they are connected in the minds of their authors with certain definite dogmas, which the instinct or the knowledge of the present day refuses to accept. Dante lived the full life of his time, and is a noble interpreter of the best thought of his age; but he was, too, a prophet and a poet, and because of this, he has added something to literature of truth and

beauty which the world cannot let die without serious and permanent hurt.

*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

By EMIL LEGOUIS. Translated by L. Lilavoik. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is more than the usual consideration of an important author, for in the first place it pretends to prove that Chaucer was not purely Anglo-Saxon, but that he was greatly influenced by the French, that, indeed, it was in his French style and manner that he painted contemporary society in England. The volume is extremely interesting to all students of English literature, and in reviewing it William Henry Hudson makes the observation that "French criticism possesses an extraordinary power of penetration—of going to the heart of a subject and disengaging its essential features from the mass of accidental detail. It is at the same time characterized by a largeness of outlook and by a strong sense of perspective, environment, and historical background. More than any other body of criticism it recognizes the social forces in literature and brings evolutionary principles to bear upon the matter of art; yet it does this without any sacrifice of the demands of art as such. The usual purpose of the English critic is to give you his opinion of an author. The usual purpose of the French critic is to show you the author himself. Professor Legouis's book on Chaucer, already well known to students of the poet in

the series of "Grands Ecrivains Etrangers," is an admirable example of the French critical monograph, which is tantamount to saying that it is a model of its kind."

*

—"Olivia in India," by O. Douglas, (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton), is a series of witty, vivacious letters from an English girl in India to a friend at home. It is not a new venture in fiction, nor is it a great one, but the author manages to infuse a good deal of lively observation and comment into her letters and to compel interest in her escapades with a gentleman who takes up a good deal of her attention.

*

—In "The Players," by Sir William Magnay, one gets an intimate acquaintance with life behind the scenes. It is a study of society, politics, and the stage, with a strong love story to maintain the interest. (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton).

*

—"Empery," by S. A. White, is another of this young Canadian writer's tales of adventure in the North. (New York: The Outing Publishing Company). It is full of daring adventure, intrigue, love, villainy, and all that a vivid imagination might form out of the rivalry that existed between the two great trading companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company. Mr. White wields a graphic pen, and if one likes a thrilling tale, here it is.





WONDER WHAT HE GOT

"Sure, Casey was a fine fellow."

"He was that. A fine fellow, Casey."

"And a cheerful man."

"A cheerful man was Casey—the cheerfullest man I ever knew."

"Casey was a generous man, too."

"Generous, you say. Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Casey ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly. One day he came into Flaherty's bar-room, where me and my friends were drinking, and he said to us: 'Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?'—*Exchange*.

*

KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day as he was riding to Nashville the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a boathook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying: "Colonel! Are you hurt?" "No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a drop."

NO DIVIDEND IN SIGHT

Young Mother—"The question is, Mr. Bache, what are we going to make out of baby?"

Mr. Bache—"I can't see a cent in him. If he only had two heads or three legs, now, he would pay dividends."—*Montreal Star*.



IRISHMAN: (After ten years in the Colonies, arriving in Dublin during the recent riots). "Hooroo! Then they've got Home Rule at last." —*Punch*

REWARD OF VIRTUE

Mrs. Titus carefully locked the jam closet, and told her two sons, eight and ten years of age, that she was going shopping.

"All right, mom," came the chorus.

The street door had hardly shut behind Mrs. Titus when the two youngsters made a concerted rush for the jam closet. It was locked. A hunt for keys produced half a dozen. Each one was tried patiently, but not one fitted. The lock held, the jam closet remained inaccessible.

"What a shame!" said Thomas, the younger.

"Well," said Frederick, the elder, "we can wait until mamma comes home and ask her for something for being good boys."

*

THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."

*

NOT RUNNING NOW

Two soldiers were speaking about the battle of Bull Run. One of them was a Yankee, the other an Irishman.

"Pat," said the Yankee, "were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was," said Pat.

"Did you run, too?"

"I did," said Pat, "and the man that did not run is there yet."

*

SANDY NOT PARTICULAR

Doctor (feeling Sandy's pulse in bed)—What do you drink?

Sandy (with brightening face)—Oh, I'm nae particular, doctor. Anything you've got with ye.—*Toronto Globe.*

A CONNOISSEUR

A well-known racehorse owner said to a veterinary-surgeon:

"How is it you haven't called on me for your account?"

"Oh," said the vet. "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! Then how do you get on if he don't pay?"

"Why, after a certain time I conclude he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

TRUE! TOO TRUE!

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.

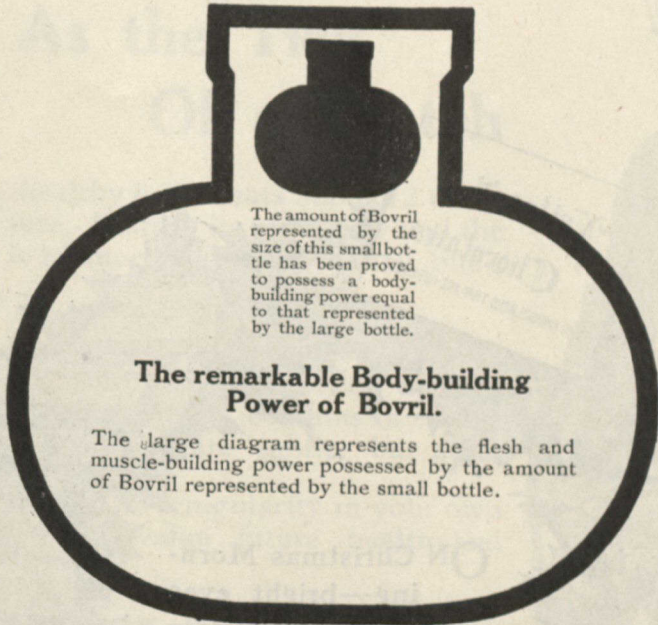
"Yes, gentlemen," he said. "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."—*Tit-Bits.*



BEGGAR: Give a pore man tuppence fer a bed, guv'nor.
INKLESTEIN: All right, my frendt. Vere's der bed?

—Tuttler



The amount of Bovril represented by the size of this small bottle has been proved to possess a body-building power equal to that represented by the large bottle.

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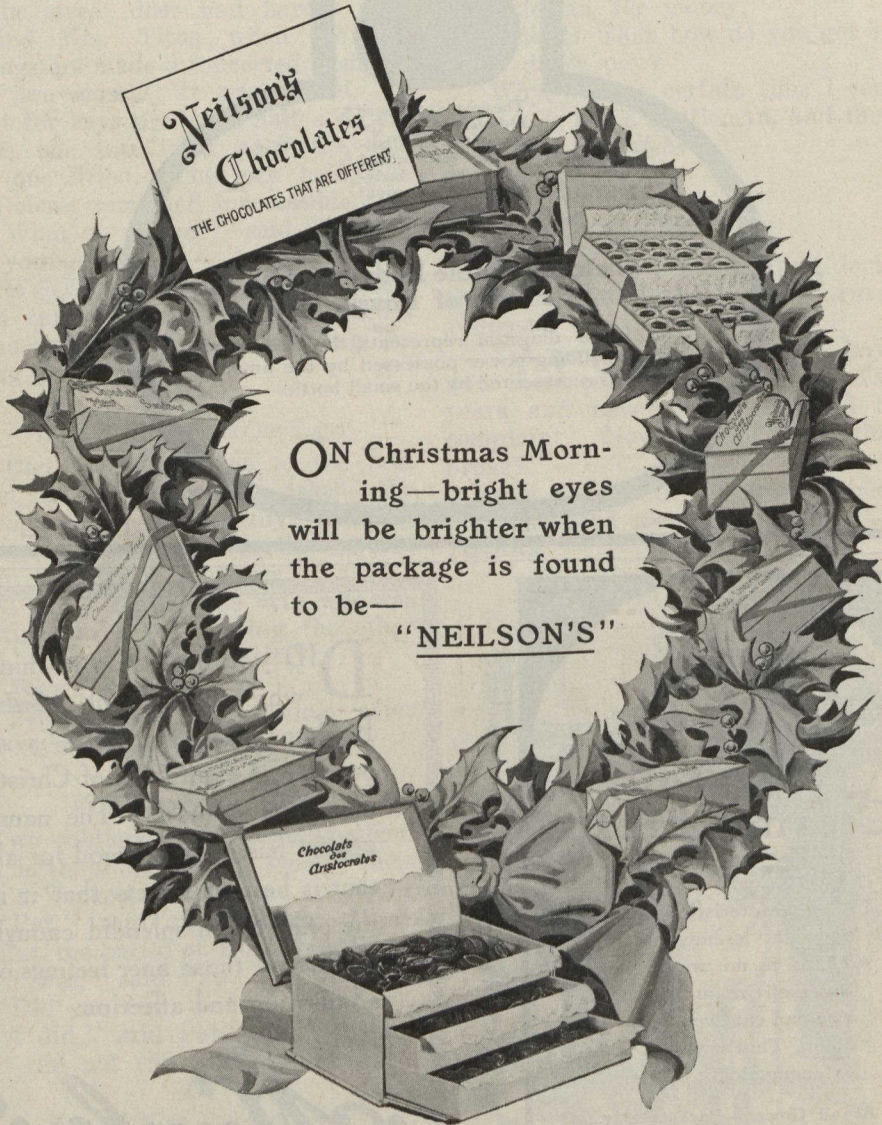


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1907	Rose L. Fritz	87
1908	Rose L. Fritz	87
1909	Rose L. Fritz	95
1910	H. O. Blaisdell	109
1911	H. O. Blaisdell	112
1912	Florence E. Wilson	117
1913	Margaret B. Owen	125

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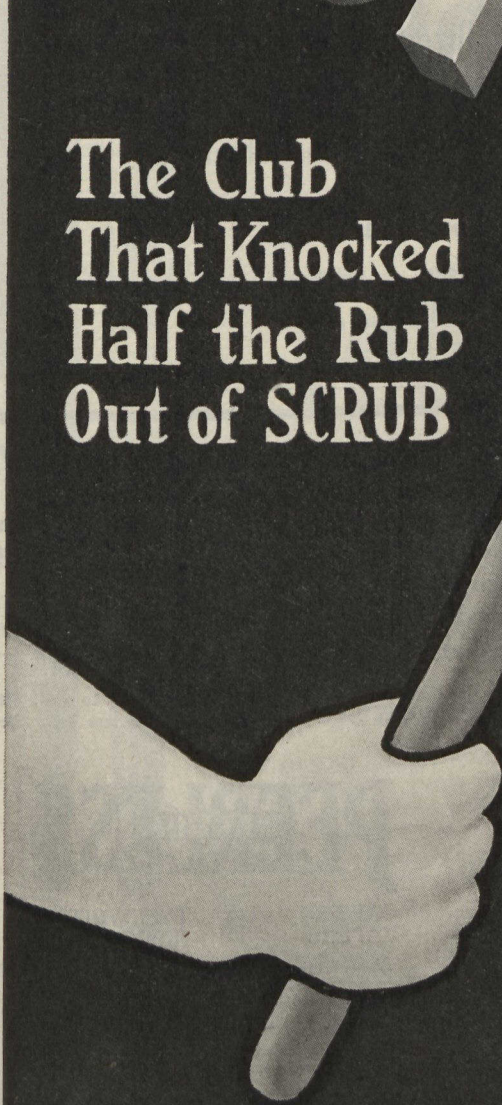
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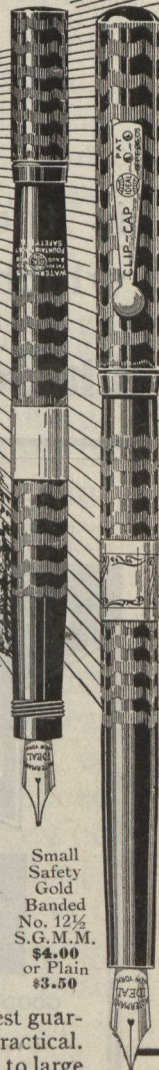
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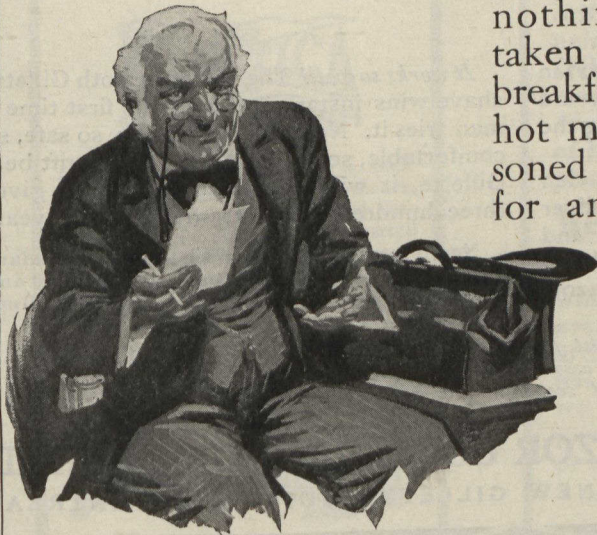
Your Family Doctor

does not know as much about your stomach as you do. You have lived with it longer than he has. You know your digestive limitations. You know what "agrees" with you and what gives you distress.

It is well to get your doctor's advice, however, and if he is a wise counsellor he will tell you that the practise of eating a well-cooked cereal every morning for breakfast will not only strengthen your digestion, but keep the bowels healthy and active. The best cereal for this purpose is

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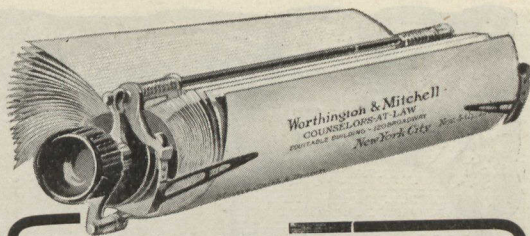




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How much better one feels when he knows that the cloth in his clothes are the best that money can buy?

VICKERMAN'S Dress Coatings

cost no more than many other makes, but look at the quality and the finish. You can pick them out everytime.

Over one hundred and twenty years manufacturing Fine Cloths, and every year increasing their output. The maker puts his own name on the selvage every three yards, as a guarantee of quality.

Nisbet & Auld, Limited - Toronto
Selling Agents for Canada.



"Faultless Underwear"

Isn't that *exactly* the kind of underwear *you want*—the kind that *cannot* sag or lose its shape—the kind that hasn't one of the many faults of ordinary, commonplace underwear? *Certainly* you want "Faultless Underwear"—*guaranteed* underwear—*you want*

Penmans Underwear every suit bearing the famous *triangular* trademark is *actually* knit to form—knit with *exacting* care to fit *distinct* types of men, women and children.

You can get the *style* you want and the *weight* you like best either in union or two garment suits. No. 95 natural wool garment is probably just what you are looking for—ask to see it.

Penmans Ltd.

Paris, Canada

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SWEATERS



89

Look for this
trademark

Penmans

Underwear



Will This Happen To Your Family?

IT HAPPENED to another man's family. As long as the father lived his wife and children enjoyed a comfortable home, but he forgot the uncertainty of life, and dying left nothing. The mother had to take in sewing for a living.

No man who loves his family has any right to live another day without an insurance policy like the Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn.

It guarantees the wife and children a safe and certain income paid regularly **every month for life.**

This income cannot be lost or diminished by the inexperience of the wife or the misconduct of others, neither can it be diverted from the purpose for which it was taken out.

The policy does not cease if the insured becomes unable to pay the premiums on account of permanent and total disability, but matures immediately, and is paid in the form of instalments as provided in the contract to the insured himself, and on his death to the beneficiary.



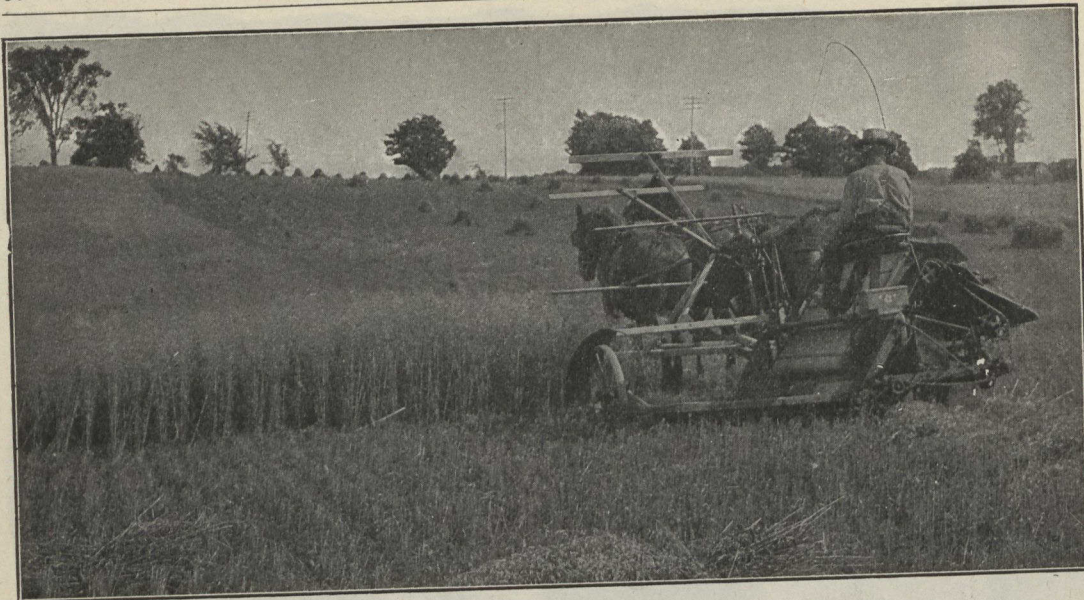
MORAL: Insure in The TRAVELERS

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn.

(Can. Mag. D)

Tear off

Please send me particulars regarding your Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.
My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below:



**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD
for SETTLEMENT?*

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and
Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a
country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of
whose farms thousands are growing rich.

**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest
in the WORLD.**

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.



Baby's First Bath

In a famous hospital, three babes are born daily. The care of these infants has become an exact science.

The nurses use nothing but soft tepid water and pure olive oil for baby's bath the first week of its life.

After that Palmolive naturally follows.

* * * * *

Baby's first soap and water bath should always be a Palmolive bath—smooth, soft, creamy suds, of warm fresh water and Palmolive Soap.

Many physicians recommend Palmolive as the perfect soap for a Baby's delicate skin, because it is made of the two necessary palm and olive oils.

And because it does not contain free alkali, or anything that can injure the tenderest skin.

Palmolive Soap refreshes and invigorates the skin, preventing redness, irritation or chafing.

Its delicate green color is the natural hue of the pure materials from which it is made. Its faint perfume is dainty and refreshing.

Since Palmolive Soap is best for the tender skins of children, it certainly is best for grown women and men.

Palmolive Soap is *unlike* any other toilet soap —because of the soothing, cleansing, softening effects of the wonderful palm and olive oils. That is why more Palmolive is used than any other high-grade toilet soap. Price 15 cents per cake.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is delightfully cleansing. It stimulates the hair to healthful lustre and luxuriant growth. Price, 50c.

PALMOLIVE CREAM is pure and delightful. It whitens and nourishes the skin, and imparts a soft and delicate refinement to a woman's toilet. Price, 50 cents.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample cake of Palmolive Soap

PALMOLIVE is sold by all good dealers

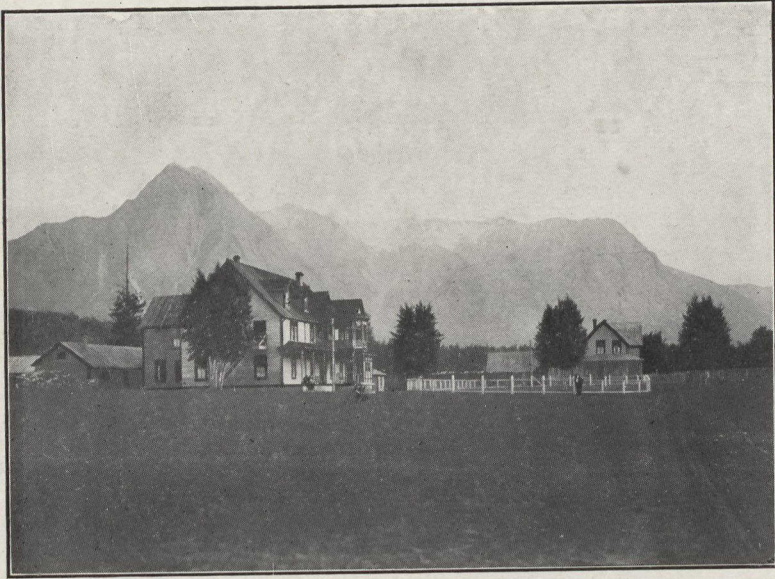
B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Inc.,
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

American Address

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Inc., MILWAUKEE, WIS.



GREATEST OFFER Ever Made in Canada



HAZELTON HOSPITAL

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is offering its readers and the public, building lots 33 x 120 feet at East New Hazelton, B. C., FREE with each new subscription to the magazine for two years.

This is all we ask. In order to get your subscription to The Canadian Magazine—we ask you to pay a small fee to cover cost of Surveying, Delivery of Deed, Etc.

New Hazelton is on the G. T. P. R. and is building up very rapidly. Thousands of dollars are being invested by men who know the future of New Hazelton. When the G. T. P. R. is finished next year land values are bound to rise. Grasp this offer now and secure a lot 33 x 120 feet—the best investment you ever made.

Lots in this very neighborhood are selling from \$150.00 up to \$1,500.00 and prices going up, what will they be worth in a year or two? The way land values are going up throughout B. C. this same property will be worth many times over what they are getting at present.

FOR FULL INFORMATION Call, Write or Phone

MANAGER, PREMIUM DEPARTMENT

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE - 302 Webster Building,
53 Yonge Street - - Toronto, Ont.**

Phone Main 2978



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

For evening wear

the La Diva Corsets offer the most perfect foundation for an up-to-date costume, helping the figure without any undue pressure.

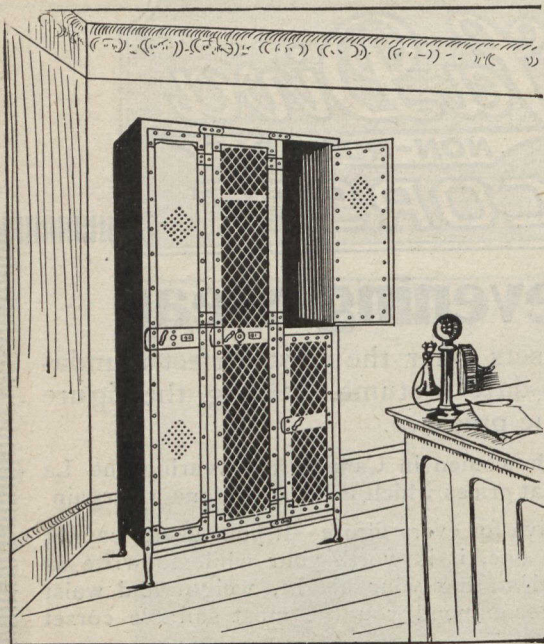
The most stylish women in Canada are wearing the La Diva which are sold at prices which make every one a bargain.

There is a La Diva for every figure--If your dealer cannot show you a suitable one, it is worth your while to write us giving his name and stating your height, weight and waist measure. We will recommend you the most suitable corset and where to buy it.

DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC
Makers of the D. & A. Corsets.

IRRESISTIBLE

GANONG'S
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES



OUR METAL LOCKERS are one of the necessary features of the equipment of Modern Business Establishments and Public Institutions. They are fireproof. They provide absolute security against theft, and promote order, system and tidiness wherever used. They do not harbor germs, odors or insects; they save time, money, trouble and contents, and economise space. Each locker bears a distinct number with the correspondingly numbered key, so that any Locker can be easily located, and confusion, mixing or loss of clothing and personal effects is rendered impossible.

DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS, CO.
LONDON, ONT. CANADA

Easy Chairs and Rockers

Our large illustrated Catalogue No. 18 shows a fine collection of comfortable and artistic chairs and rockers at prices varying from \$2.95 up. Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Electric Fixtures, Etc., for every room in the home—hundreds of photographic cuts showing you exactly what each piece is like—no exaggeration—no misrepresentations. Everything priced as low as good furnishings can be quoted and

**All Priced Freight
Paid to your near-
est station in
Ontario.**

No need to figure, no worry, the Catalogue price is all you pay.

**The Adams Furniture
Co., Limited - TORONTO**



Write for Catalogue No. 18. Sen
to any address upon request.



A New Pattern—OLD COLONY

The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity or purity of outline. The pierced handle deserves especial attention. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS. 

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate, and is backed by the largest makers in the world, with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of 65 years.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "65."

Meridan Britannia Co., Hamilton, Canada.

Meriden Conn New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Watch Your Pimples Go Away

Then Feel the Ecstasy of Delight When Your Complexion Is Made Perfect By Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Don't worry about your pimples. Stop that heart ache and regret. Just make up your mind that you are going to use Stuart's Calcium Wafers and make pimples vanish.



"I Don't Look Like I Did Since I Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

The pores of the skin are little mouths. Each has a sort of valve that opens into tiny canals connecting with the blood. These mouth-like pores become closed. When these canals fill up, the valve refuses to work and pimples, blotches, rash, tetter, liver spots, etc., appear.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers keep the pores open and the canals then carry off the waste matter the blood empties into them.

Don't use cosmetics. They will not hide pimples long, and then they clog the skin. You ought to know that the skin breathes in air almost like the lungs. The pores throw off impurities every minute of the day. To plaster the skin with paste, etc., is to actually prevent nature doing her work.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will in a short time, cleanse the blood, open the pores and remove all blemishes so that your skin will become of a peach and cream kind so much desired.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers can be carried in purse or pocket. They are very pleasant to the taste and may be purchased anywhere at 50 cents a box.

Look at your pimples and unsightly skin in the right way as a disease of the blood and pores and use Stuart's Calcium Wafers to give you the complexion you want.

BABY'S OWN SOAP



*Best
for
Baby*



*Best
for
You*

Baby's soft skin is the test of
BABY'S OWN SOAP—

and its constant use in thousands of nurseries is satisfactory proof that its fragrant lather helps and whitens the most delicate skin.

No imitation has all the merits of **BABY'S OWN SOAP.**

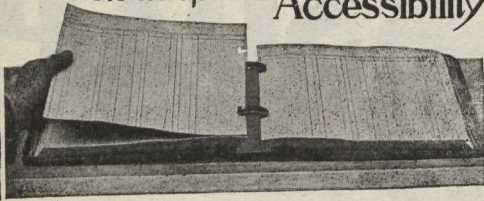
ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, Manufacturers :: **MONTREAL**

K  Kalamazoo Point Number Seven.  K

The Kalamazoo

Loose Leaf Binder

has exceptional **Accessibility**



THE "KALAMAZOO" Binder has practically overcome every objection that has ever been offered against the loose leaf idea.

There is no comparison between it and any other binder now known. Its capacity is greater than any other. It requires no padding with unnecessary sheets.

The writing surface is firm and flat. Sheets are easily inserted and removed. Leaves are kept in perfect alignment. There are no exposed metal parts to injure the desk.

Don't remain dissatisfied with Loose Leaf Systems. Let us show you what the "Kalamazoo" binder will do.

Booklet "C.M." describes it and tells you who are using it. Any of them can tell you why.



Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account-
Book Makers  King &
Spadina
Toronto



LOOK AHEAD TWENTY YEARS!

Will old age be comfortable?
Provide for comfort and ease
in your old age by



AN
EXCELSIOR
ENDOWMENT

AT
AGE 50 or 60

Do not put off
securing to-day
what you may
not obtain to-
morrow.

ASSETS - \$3,500,000.00

Insurance in Force - \$18,500,000.00

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INSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office: Toronto, Canada.

Woodbury E. Hunt's
GIFT CALENDARS
GREETING CARDS

Xmas Wood Novelties, Etc.
Very Attractive and New Lines.

LEATHER GOODS

LADIES' HAND BAGS
LETTER AND CARD CASES

Writing Portfolios—Wallets

FITTED TOURIST CASES

FINE LINE MESH BAGS

Fresh Stock—New Designs—Real Value.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

51-53 Wellington St. W., TORONTO.

The Presto-Phone

An Automatic Telephone System for Administration Buildings, Factories, Warehouses, and Large Institutions of any kind.

Quick and Accurate, Strictly Private Service, No Operator to Pay, Just What You Have Wanted.

THIS TELEPHONE SYSTEM WILL SAVE HOURS OF THE TIME OF HIGH-SALARIED EMPLOYEES EVERY DAY.

Write for Presto-Phone Bulletin

Ask for Literature on the Phone-Eze Telephone Bracket — The Greatest Convenience for a Desk Telephone Yet invented.

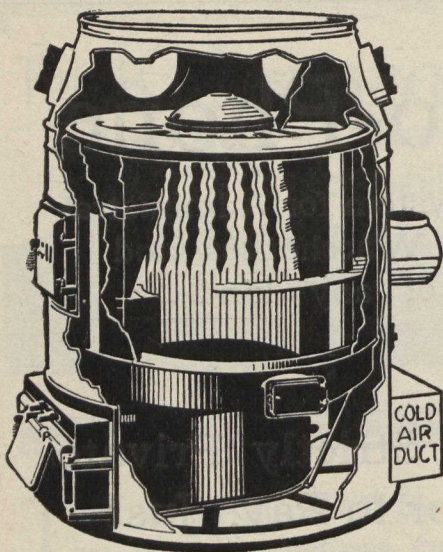
*We make anything in the Telephone line
— Manual or Automatic. Write Us.*

Canadian Independent
Telephone Company, LTD.

DUNCAN STREET

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TORONTO



The Extra Weight in a KELSEY Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

The James Smart Mfg.
Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office

50 Adelaide St. W.

Mr. Edison *Announces* The Final Perfection of the Disc Phonograph *as a Real Musical Instrument* *of the Highest Type*

THIS new instrument is the result of many years of experiment and investigation by Mr. Edison. All mechanical timbre is eliminated. All sounds are recorded and reproduced with absolute fidelity to the original, and every shade of volume and overtone is preserved. The tone is superb. This instrument opens to music lovers for the first time the great store of fine music which heretofore has been impossible of reproduction.

The Diamond and the Disc

Changeable needles or points are not used. The reproducing point which traverses the record is a genuine diamond, permanently mounted; it is never changed and never wears.

The records are in a disc form, of a material which is new in chemistry and of so great hardness as to permit the reproduction of the myriad of faint overtones which alone give quality to music. These records are truly indestructible.

The method of recording these new Edison records is also new, and the processes of manufacture are unique and new in every detail.

Special Motor

The mechanism of this new instrument is powerful, and is governed as accurately as a chronometer in order that the pitch shall at all times be accurately reproduced.

Several thousands of these new Edison Diamond Disc instruments have already been shipped from the factory to music dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Go and hear the records—you will be surprised.

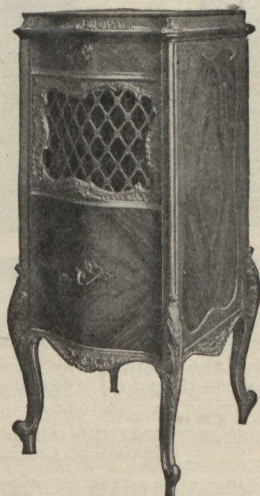
*Write for booklet illustrating and describing
the different models*

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue

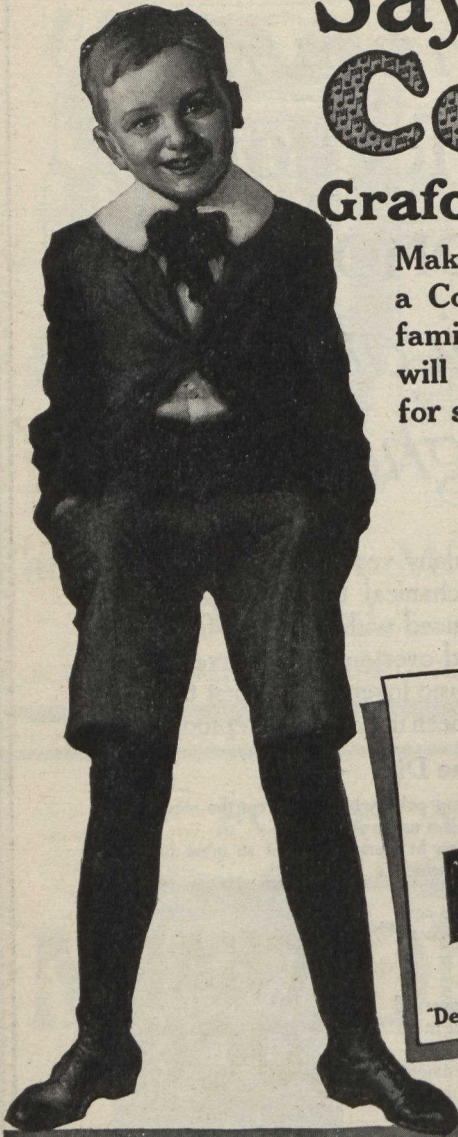
Orange, New Jersey

The new principles and methods embodied in the Edison Diamond Disc have also been applied to the well known Edison Cylinder Phonograph, and the new Cylinder instruments are now on exhibition by Edison Dealers.



Say Pop! we just gotta have a
Columbia
 Grafonola this Christmas

Make *this* Christmas last all winter. Give ^{him} ^{her} ^{them} }
 a Columbia the one ideal gift for all the family for all the year around. No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost.



8500 dealers ready to demonstrate any Columbia, playing any record that you select. You can be sure it *is* a Columbia by the tone control "leaves" at the front, which have taken the place of the old double-door idea.

New catalogs for 1914 ready—Columbias from \$32.50 to \$650. You will want the great catalog of Columbia records too.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: All Columbia Records will play on Victor Talking Machines; likewise all Columbia Grafonolas will play Victor records.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Canadian Headquarters and Factory, 365-367 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World. Dealers and prospective dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book "Music Money." Manufacturers of the Dictaphone.





'XMAS GIFTS

There is no gift more acceptable to a lady at 'Xmas than a pair of gloves. And when the name Dents is attached to the gift the recipient knows that she is getting the best in quality, style and wear that it is possible to obtain in gloves.



"INSIST ON DENTS"



A Perfect Breakfast

drink, that with its delicious aroma and flavor tempts the most capricious appetite, and with its full richness satisfies the hungriest man, is

SUCHARD'S COCOA

It is a food as well as an appetizing drink, for the selected cocoa-beans of which Suchard's is made are richer in nutriment than even meat or bread. Suchard's is the finest form in which you can get all the appetizing and strengthening properties of one of nature's choicest gifts to man—the cocoa-bean. Try it.

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO.
MONTREAL

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

PLAIN SAUCE, CHILI SAUCE, TOMATO SAUCE

An appetising, nourishing, and satisfying meal provided for the housewife with the minimum of preparation and the maximum of comfort.

Is it not worth while to know that you can obtain the most carefully selected beans cooked thoroughly and whole by a process which is unsurpassed, and which retains the full mealy flavour of the beans, blended with the most delicate sauces, giving you no trouble beyond heating for a few moments?

That is what Clark gives you

ORDER CLARK'S FROM YOUR GROCER

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

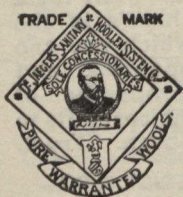


JAEGER GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Year after year people become more practical in their Christmas buying—fewer useless showy gifts, more comfort-giving practical ones.

Of all the gifts to be thought of none are better, more lasting, more enjoyable than Jaeger Dressing Gowns and Jackets—Jaeger Travelling Rugs, pure wool or camel hair—Jaeger Sweaters—Jaeger Fancy Vests—Jaeger Shawls—Jaeger Scarves—etc.

A week or two before Christmas—before the *rush* begins visit a Jaeger Store or Agency and select attractive, practical, pleasure giving gifts from the Jaeger lines.



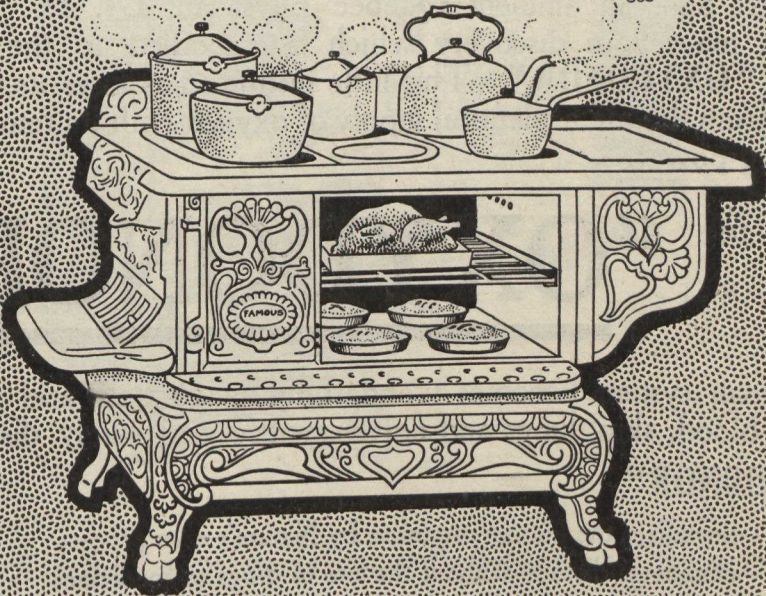
Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **CO. LIMITED**

32 King St. West,
784 Yonge St., cor. Bloor } Toronto

316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, Winnipeg

Pandora Range will both cook and bake at the same time to its full capacity. This feature and many other exclusive ones will compel your serious consideration when you select your kitchen range.

383



McClary's Pandora Range

LONDON
TORONTO
MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN
HAMILTON
CALGARY
SASKATOON
EDMONTON

Pandora Ranges are sold everywhere by good dealers who back up our guarantee on this splendid range—
McClary's

HEALTH Without Drugs or Doctors

A message for the sick man, woman and child; for everyone who is out of sorts; a message, too, to who are well, and would keep well.

25 years ago, an eminent Quebec physician, Dr. H. Sanche, made a marvellous discovery which is embodied in the device named "OXYDONOR." This little instrument causes its users to absorb from the air a plentiful supply of oxygen with its remarkable vitalizing power.

By the use of **"OXYDONOR"**

the human system becomes wonderfully invigorated, and diseases of the blood, skin, lungs and nerves swiftly and surely disappear.

"OXYDONOR"

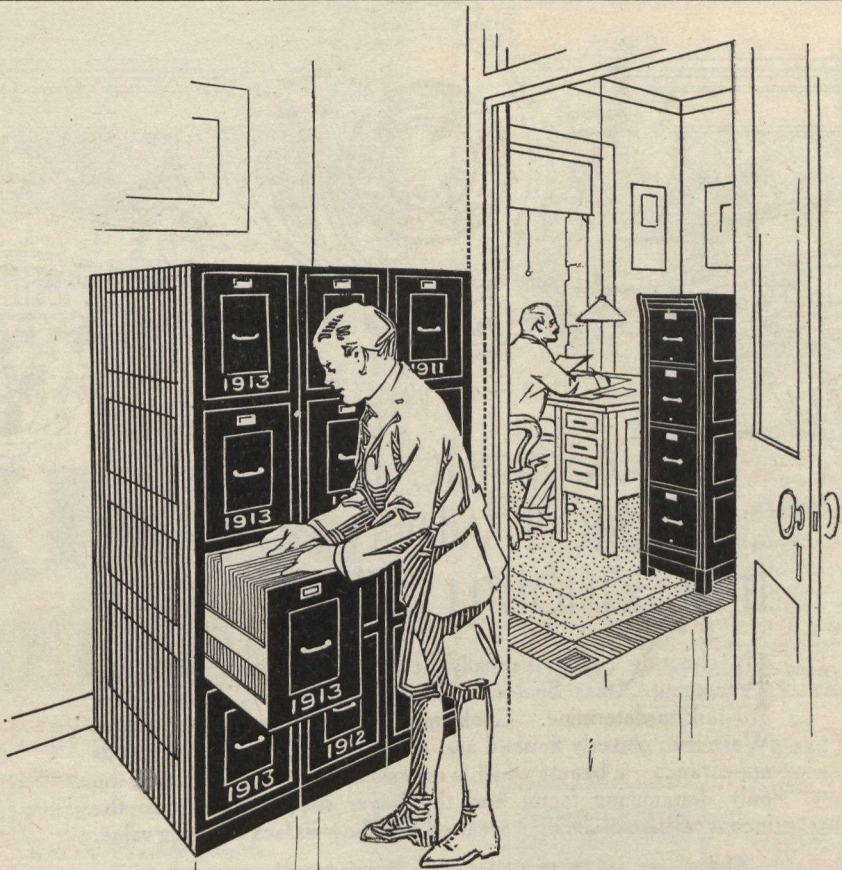
- revitalizes the human organism by Nature's own process
- eliminates disease without the use of drugs or medicines
- can be safely, quickly and easily applied, and can be taken sleeping or waking
- is always ready for use by grown persons or children.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations

Write to-day for book of spontaneous testimony. Send also for our valuable book on health and which describes fully the Oxydonor—a tried and true agent which has blessed thousands upon thousands of persons during the past 25 years.



Dr. H. Sanche & Co., Department 11
364 St. Catherine St. W. - Montreal, Can.



Transfer your files without a mix-up

The year end is a period of great activities in the office—a time when every preparation is made to start the new year with clear records and **CLEAR FILES.**

You will find occasion to refer to many of this year's records during

the coming year, and it will mean a saving of much time and trouble to have the transferred records as readily findable as those in the current files. To accomplish this desirable saving you should transfer your records **INTACT.**

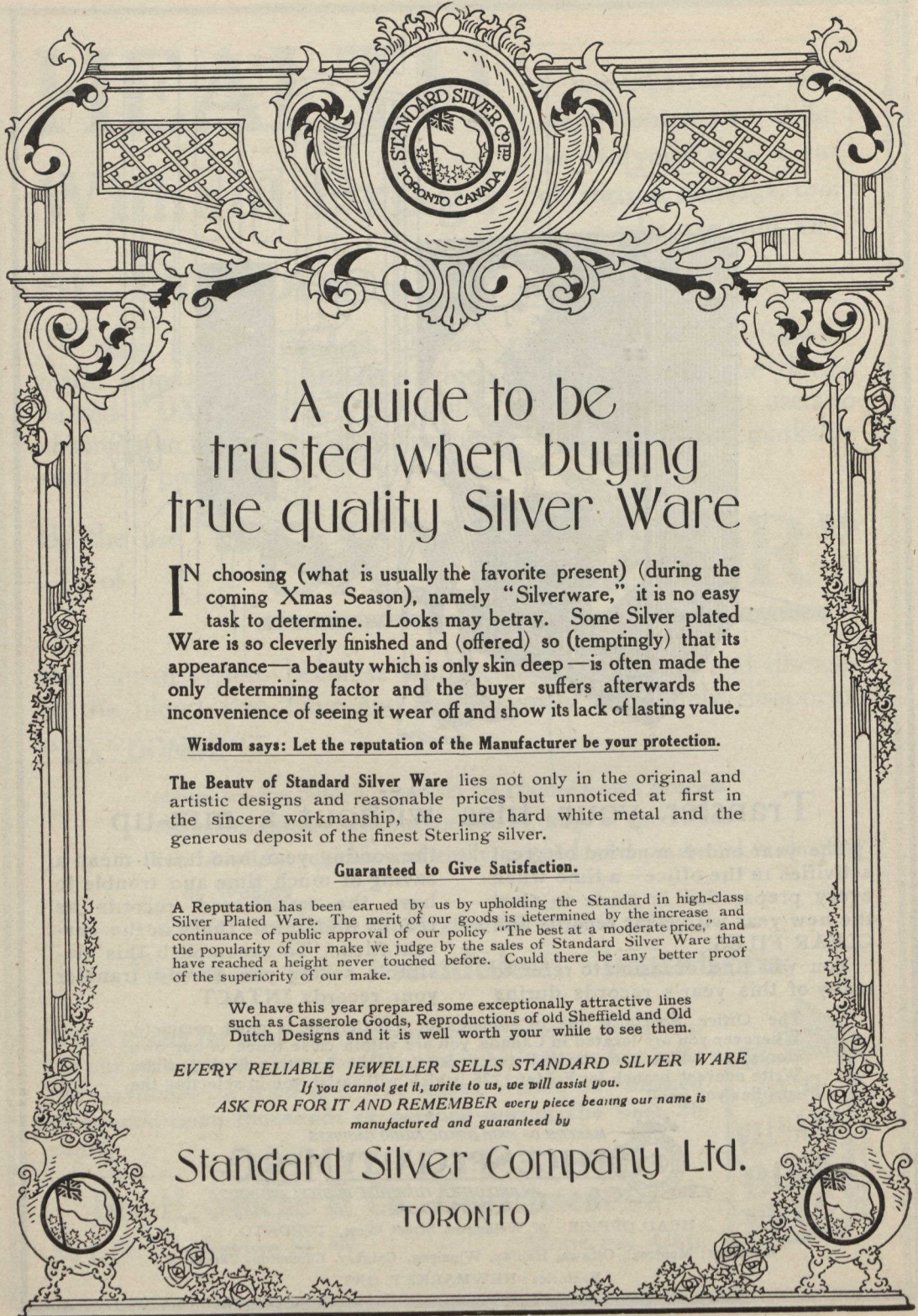
The Office Specialty line of supplies for transferring is most complete. Wherever you are located in Canada you are within close touch of our own stores, at which are stocked every requirement for transferring time. Write nearest branch for Folder 1726, which will assist you in selecting the supplies you need.


MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS
OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
 LIMITED
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD
CANADA

HEAD OFFICE 97 Wellington Street West, TORONTO

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.





A guide to be trusted when buying true quality Silver Ware

IN choosing (what is usually the favorite present) (during the coming Xmas Season), namely "Silverware," it is no easy task to determine. Looks may betray. Some Silver plated Ware is so cleverly finished and (offered) so (temptingly) that its appearance—a beauty which is only skin deep—is often made the only determining factor and the buyer suffers afterwards the inconvenience of seeing it wear off and show its lack of lasting value.

Wisdom says: Let the reputation of the Manufacturer be your protection.

The Beauty of Standard Silver Ware lies not only in the original and artistic designs and reasonable prices but unnoticed at first in the sincere workmanship, the pure hard white metal and the generous deposit of the finest Sterling silver.

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

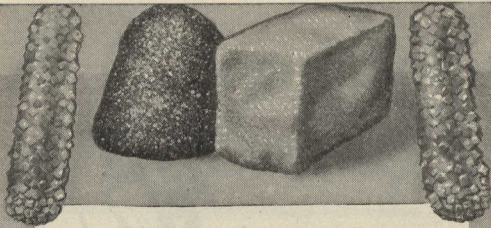
A Reputation has been earned by us by upholding the Standard in high-class Silver Plated Ware. The merit of our goods is determined by the increase and continuance of public approval of our policy "The best at a moderate price," and the popularity of our make we judge by the sales of Standard Silver Ware that have reached a height never touched before. Could there be any better proof of the superiority of our make.

We have this year prepared some exceptionally attractive lines such as Casserole Goods, Reproductions of old Sheffield and Old Dutch Designs and it is well worth your while to see them.

EVERY RELIABLE JEWELLER SELLS STANDARD SILVER WARE
If you cannot get it, write to us, we will assist you.
ASK FOR FOR IT AND REMEMBER every piece bearing our name is
manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Company Ltd.

TORONTO



Send for our
candy recipes and
**MAKE YOUR
XMAS CANDY**
with

KNOX

SPARKLING

GELATINE

It is easily made into any form—
is inexpensive—delights and sat-
isfies every member of the family.

KNOX Peanut Dainties

- 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water
- 2 cups light brown sugar
- 2 cups roasted peanuts, chopped

Soak gelatine in the cold water 10 minutes. Add sugar to the boiling water and when dissolved add the gelatine and boil slowly 15 minutes. Remove from fire and add 1 cup of the peanuts and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice (or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in the Acidulated package dissolved in a little water.)

Wet pan in cold water and turn mixture into it to depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Let stand over night; cut in squares and roll in ground peanuts.

Send for this FREE Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for Candies, Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. *Print sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.*

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.

499 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

Branch Factory, Montreal, Can.



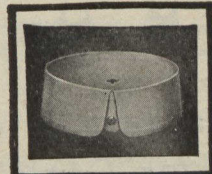
On Every Woman's Dressing-table
there should always be found a bottle of that
matchless perfume, the old time favorite

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

Once used, it is simply indispensable. Grateful on handkerchief or clothing; a fragrant Lotion or Spray; a refreshing addition to the Bath, the Basin, or to the tumbler when brushing the teeth: it is mildly antiseptic and always delightful. :-: :-:

**ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!**

Prepared only by
LANMAN & KEMP, New York and Montreal



CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest crea-
tion of Water-
proof Collars
ever made. Ask
to see, and buy
no other. All
stores or direct
for 25c.

**THE ARLINGTON CO.
of Canada, Ltd.**
58 FRAZER AVENUE
TORONTO



Washburn's Pat. "O.K." Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home. Made of Brass and nickel-plated Steel, three sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100 each. Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free. **YEARLY SALE NOW 100 MILLION.**
THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

YOGHURT destroys the poison producing mi-
crobes in the colon, prevents prema-
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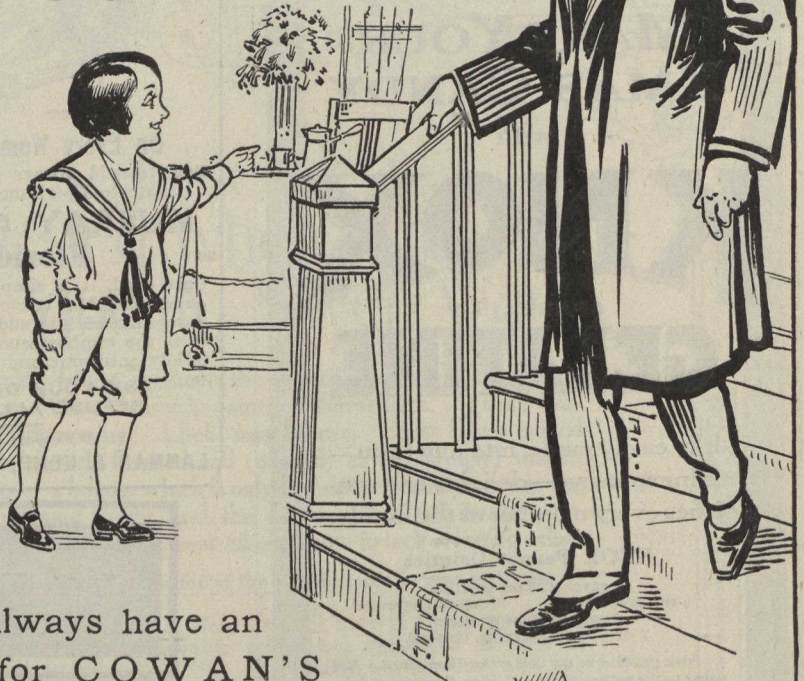
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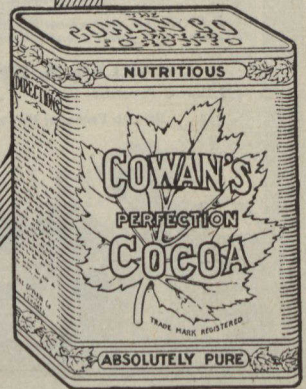


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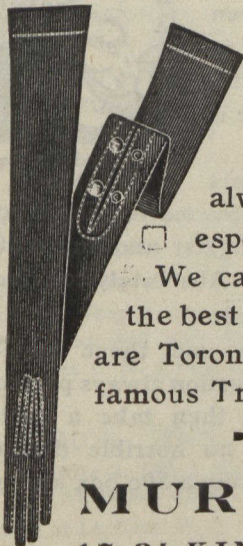
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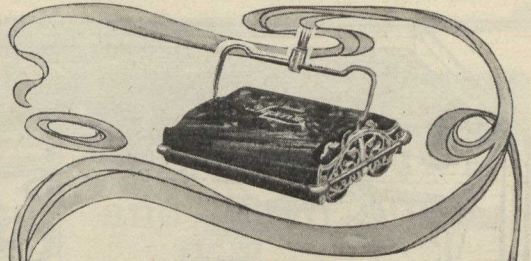
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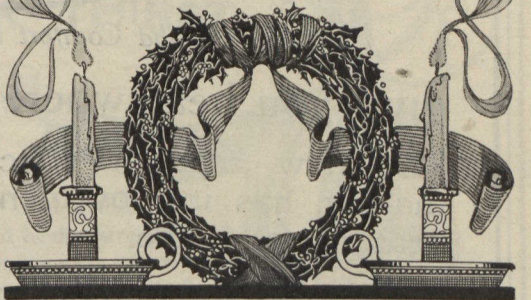
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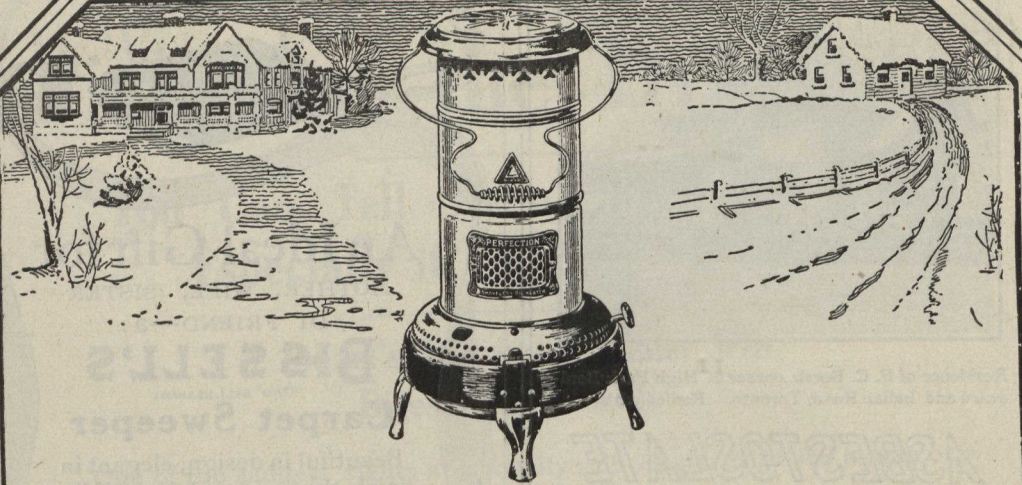
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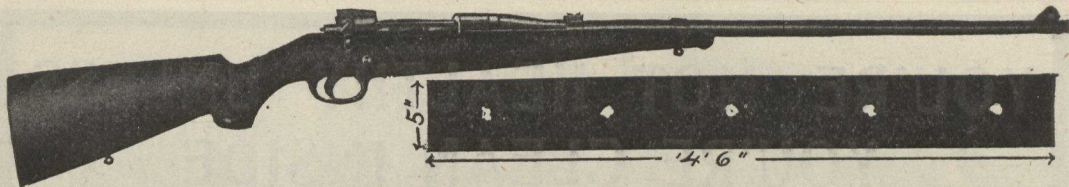
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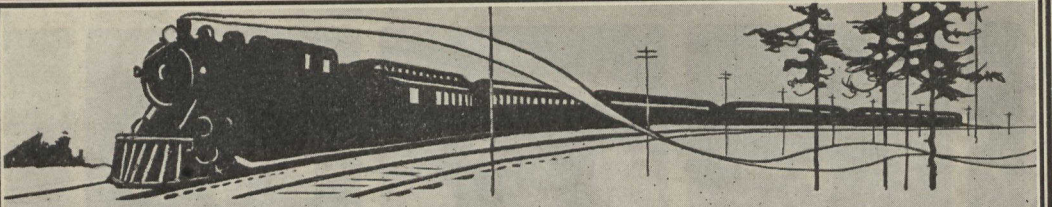
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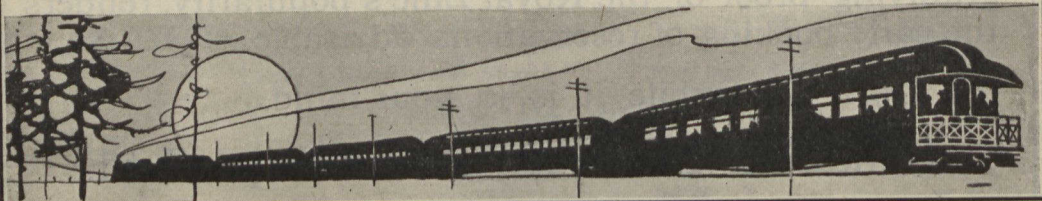
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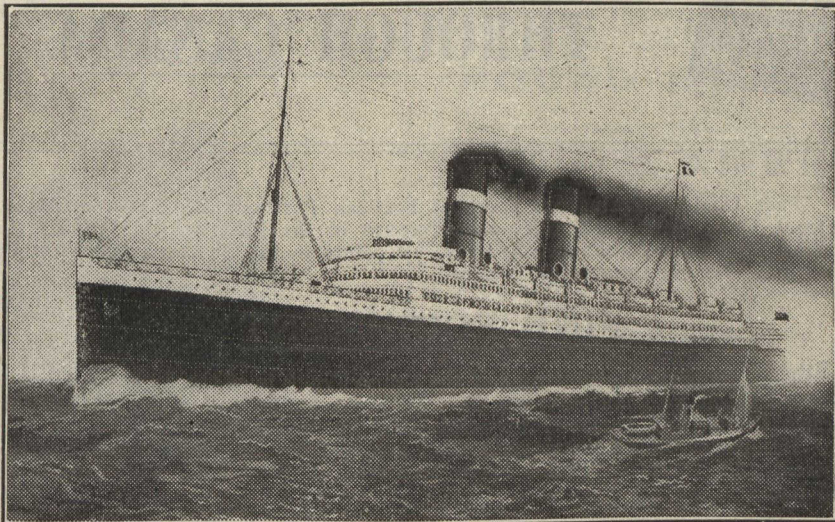
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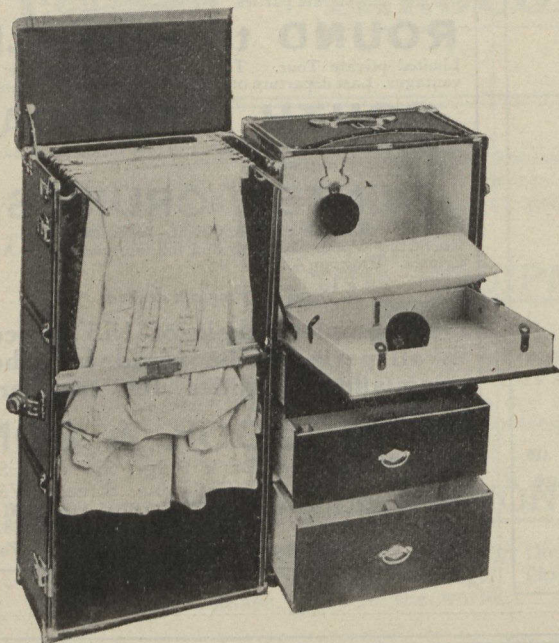
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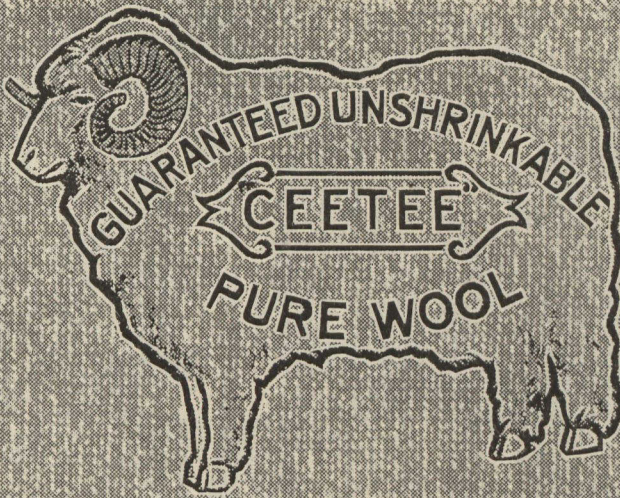
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are acknowledged to be the best all the world over. For this reason we employ them to make "CEETEE" Underclothing.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is knitted on special machines entirely different in every way from ordinary machines.

It is the *only* Underclothing made on this style of machine in Canada.

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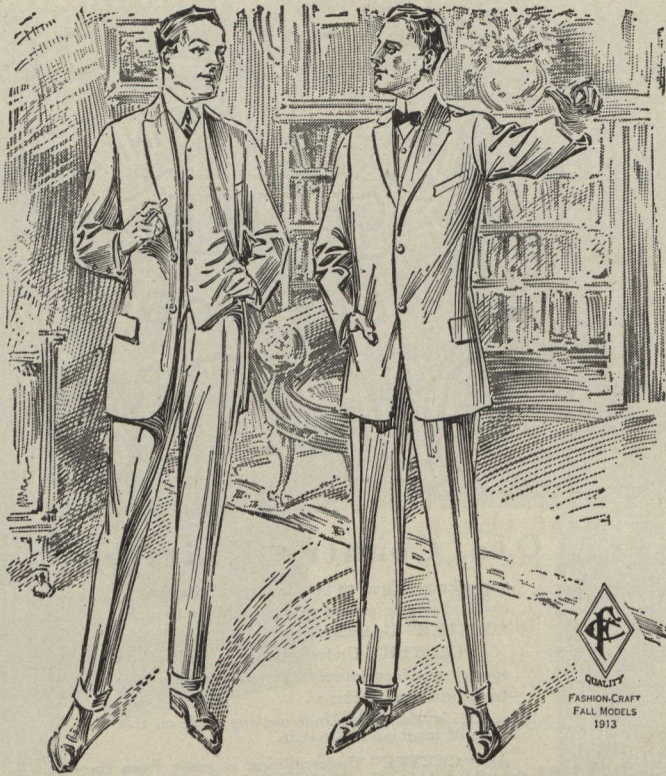
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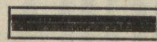
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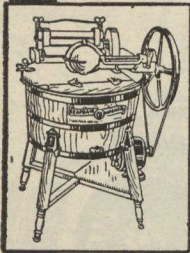
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All the agony and torture of bunions will soon be forgotten and your feet will regain their perfect lines and shapeliness if you use

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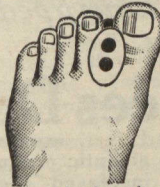
It straightens the crooked toe—removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint permanently. Gives instant relief and final cure of all bunion pains—and can be washed and replaced as often as desired. Dr. Scholl's Bunion-Right sold at Shoe or Drug Stores, 50c each, \$1.00 a pair.

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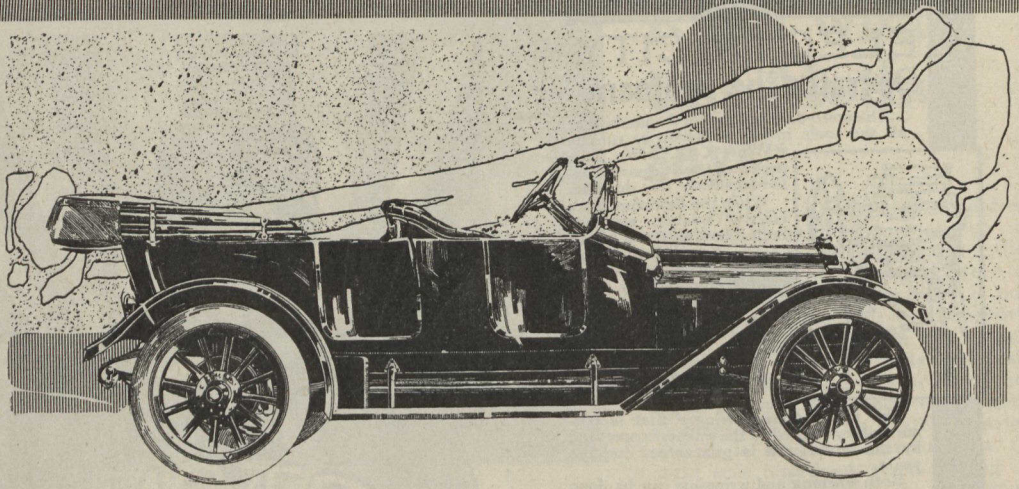
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made from the purest of fruits under the most hygienic conditions—the natural flavor of fresh fruits.

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With electric starter and generator—\$1425, Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Duty paid.

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FOUR years ago we marketed a much smaller car, than our 1914 model, for \$1550. And this was a bare car—with no equipment.

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All of which is accounted for by our

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Manufacturers of the famous Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks.

Full information on request.

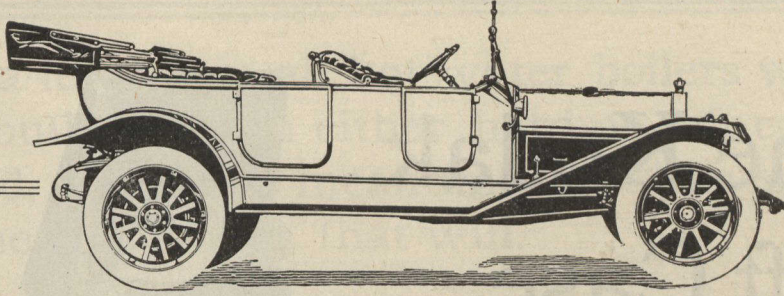
gigantic production which has been increased each succeeding season. For 1914 we will build 50,000 cars. And a production of this size is the sole explanation, for it makes possible the numerous economics which *increase values and decrease prices.*

Check our price reductions and car enlargements and refinements during the last four years. The facts will astonish you!

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There is an Overland dealer near you. Phone him for a demonstration today.



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—“Convenience Equipment,” such as electric starting and lighting; left side drive with center control; engine driven pump, for the inflation—in fact, every feature of luxury or utility your taste could demand.

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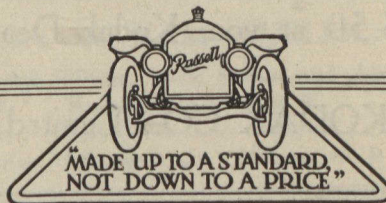
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Both chassis are built with Landaulet and Limousine bodies at proportionate prices. Catalogue on request. All quotations f.o.b. West Toronto.

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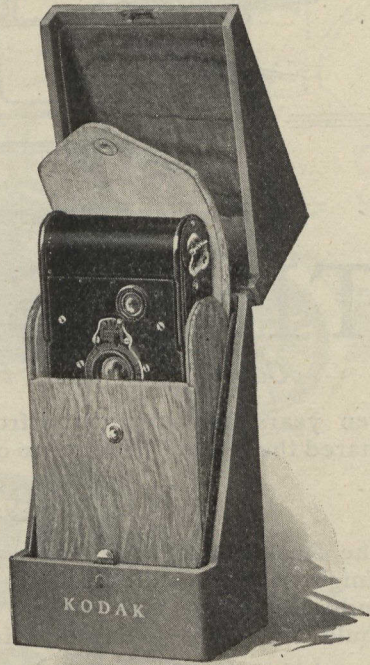
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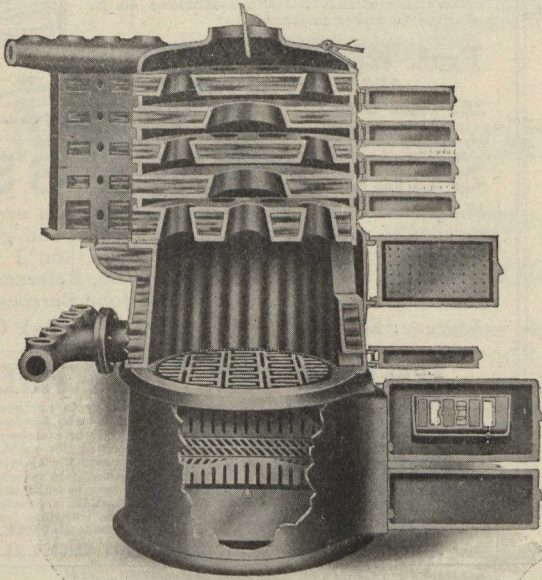
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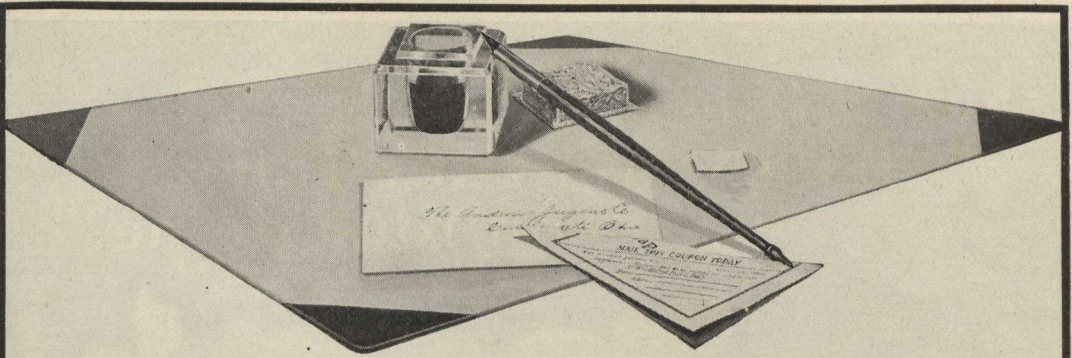
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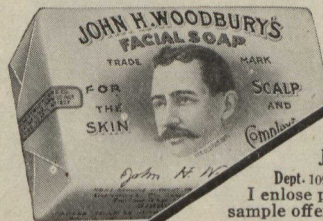
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I enclose postage as per sample offer.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS to all
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And Merry
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to all their
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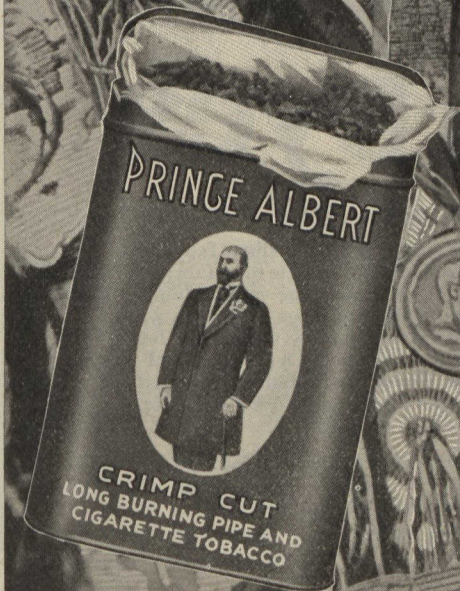
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"It is the Diamond Dyes way.

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"Women everywhere should get acquainted with the many uses to which Diamond Dyes may be put. There are a thousand occasions where they mean a saving of money in the home.

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White Cloth Suit
Dyed Blue



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Dyed Black

Diamond Dyes

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All the elements of a perfect food are found in

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