



THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

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JANUARY, 1918

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BY J. W. NORCROSS

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. L

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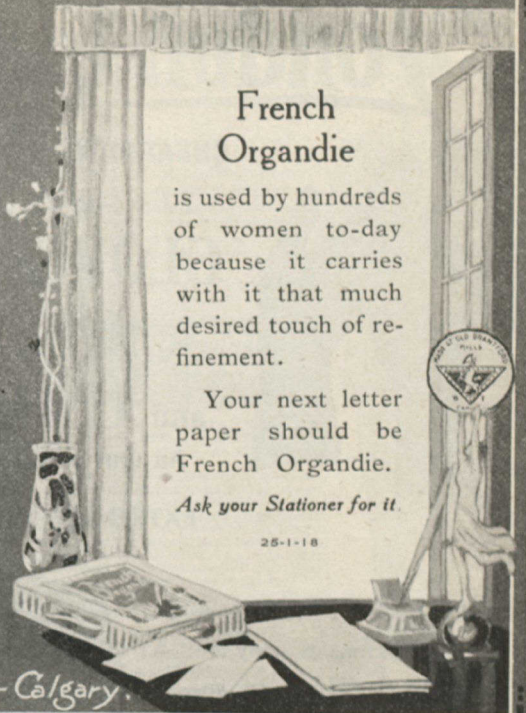
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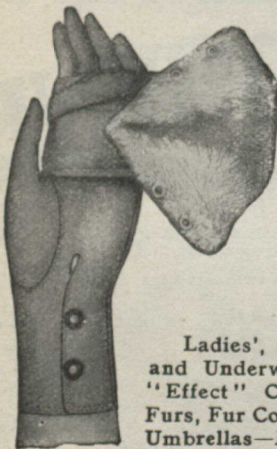
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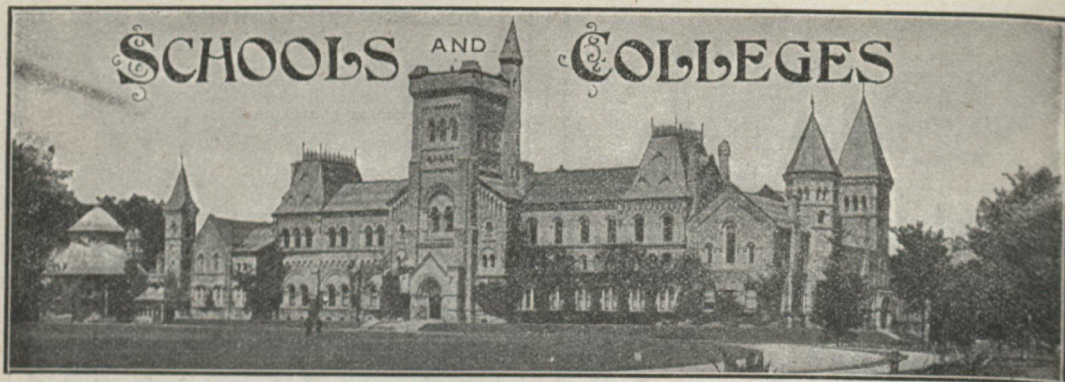
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G. J. DESBARATS.

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
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The War Charities Act, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF CANADA

THE War Charities Act, 1917, defines "war charities" as follows: any fund, institution or association, other than a church or the Salvation Army, whether established before or after the commencement of this Act, having for its objects or among its objects the relief of suffering or distress, or the supplying of needs or comforts to sufferers from the war, or to soldiers, returned soldiers or their families or dependents, or any other charitable purpose connected with the present European war. Any question whether a charity is a war charity shall be finally determined by the Minister.

The Act also provides:

(1) It shall not be lawful to make any appeal to the public for donations or subscriptions in money or in kind for any war charity as hereinbefore defined, or to raise or attempt to raise money for any such war charity by promoting any bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, or by any similar means, unless—

(a) the war charity is either exempted from registration or is registered under this Act; and,

(b) the approval in writing of the executive committee or other governing body of the war charity has been obtained, either directly or through some person duly authorized to give such approval on behalf of such governing body;

and if any person contravenes any of the provisions of this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act.

(2) This section shall not apply to any collection at Divine Service in a place of public worship.

The Act was assented to on the 20th of September, 1917, and the above section so far as it relates to registration is applicable to War Charities on the 20th of December, 1917. After that date, collections made otherwise than on behalf of a registered War Charity by subscriptions, donations, bazaars, sales, entertainments, exhibitions or similar means of collecting money are illegal.

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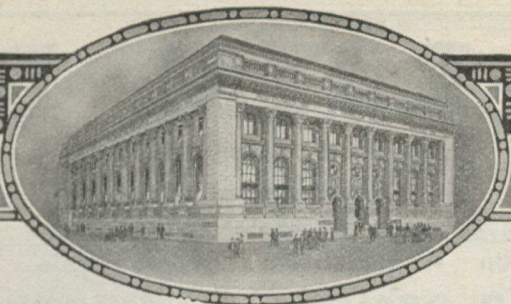
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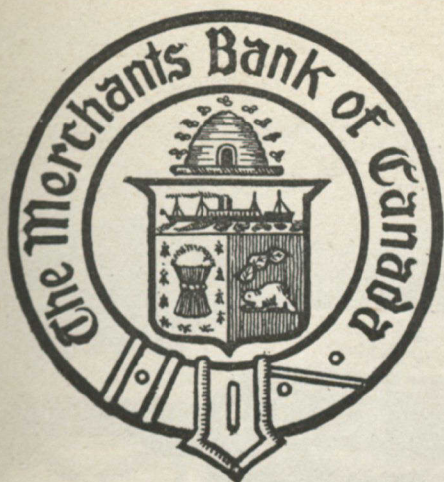
John R. Lamb, Supt. of Branches. D. C. GRANT, Chief Inspector.

INCORPORATED 1855

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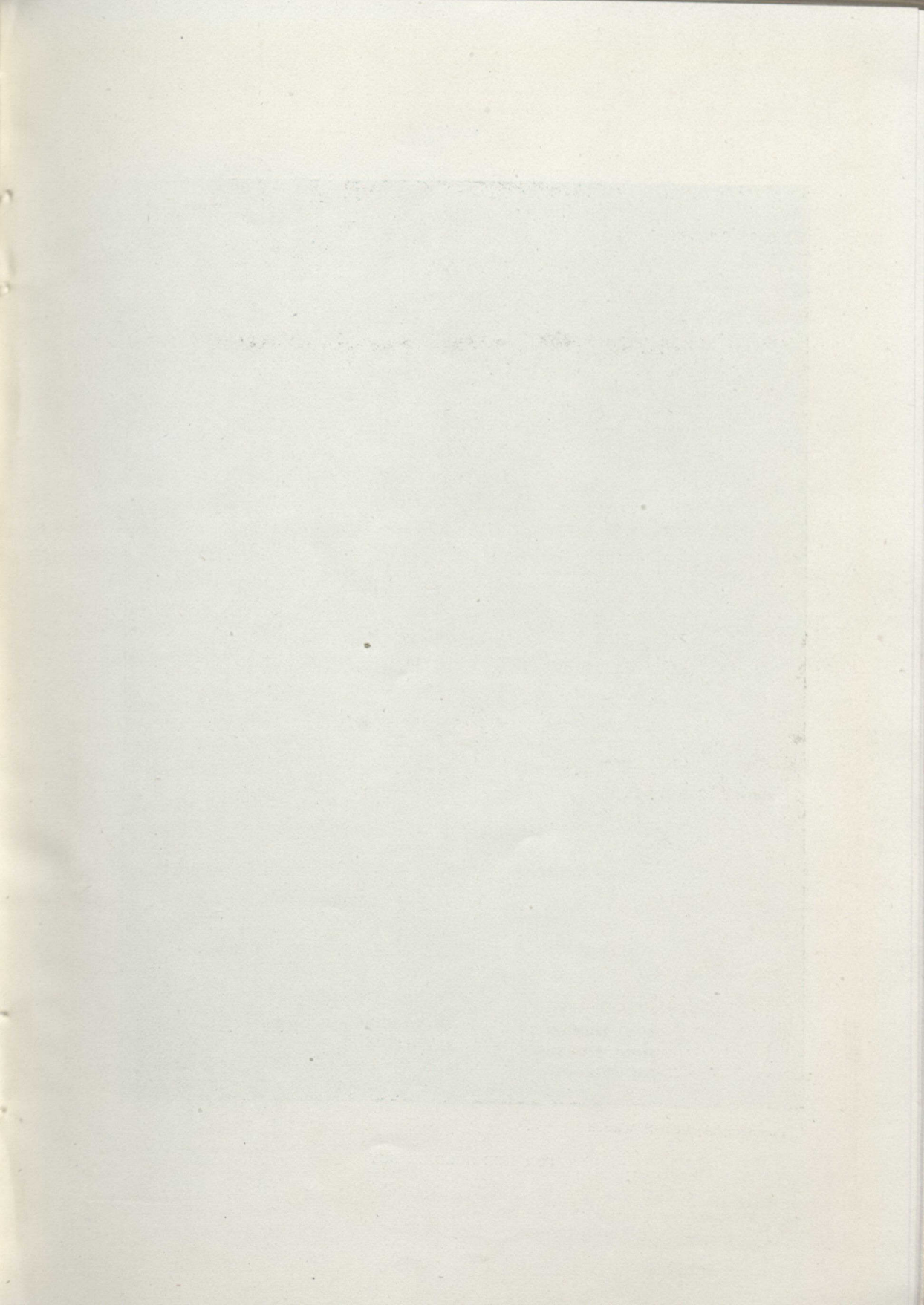
Capital Authorized \$5,000,000
Capital Paid Up - 3,000,000
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Photograph by Edith S. Watson

FOR HER SOLDIER BOY

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. L

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1918

No. 3



The S.S. "Porsanger", of 8,000 tons, the largest ocean going vessel ever built in Canada, being launched at the magnificent yard of the Canadian Vickers Limited, Montreal, Quebec.

An Ocean Merchant Marine

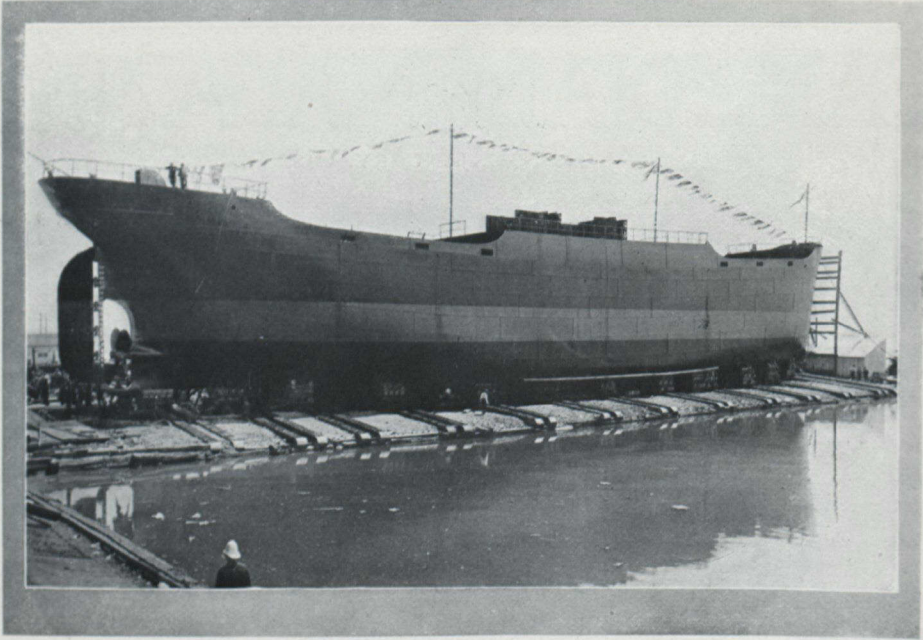
CANADA'S MIGHTIEST PROBLEM

BY J. W. NORCROSS



HE establishment of an ocean merchant marine is the most important domestic question before Canada to-day, for the continued prosperity of the Dominion will depend very large-

ly upon our ability to ship our products to the markets of the world. This we cannot do unless we have the ships, and it would seem that the only way we can be assured of them is to follow the example of the United States and build them ourselves.



The S.S. "Orleans", built at the plant of the Thor Iron Works, Toronto. An ocean going vessel of 4,000 tons deadweight capacity. She is now in commission.

The people of Canada must be awakened to the urgency of this problem, and to its vital bearing on the future prosperity and development of our country. The extraordinary business expansion of Canada in the past year or two has left us somewhat complacent perhaps as to the future. But we must remember that this expansion has been due wholly to our participation in the war on the side of the Allies, and is not a normal development. In three years' time we have become a lending instead of a borrowing nation, and our foreign trade balance sheet has turned tremendously in our favour. This happy condition might not have been effected in peace times in twenty years.

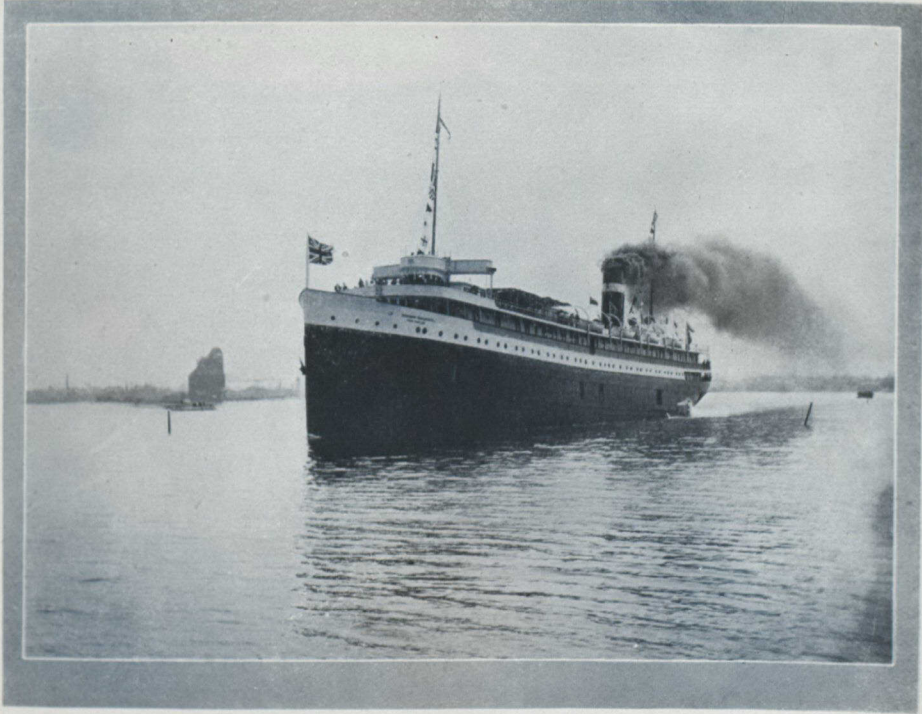
But what about the future? It is all very well to be optimistic, but facts are facts, and we cannot overlook them. Personally, I have always been a firm believer in the importance of foreign trade to the prosperity of any country, and I am one of those who is firmly convinced that Canada can de-

velop her export business to enormous proportions. But I realize only too well that such development can be possible only if she has the ships to carry that business. Now suppose the war were to end with Canada having made no attempt to establish a merchant marine of her own? What would happen? There would be a demand for tonnage such as the world had never known. Freight rates might be tremendously high, and the markets offering the best returns would get the ships. Ocean transportation in normal times is based on carriage of cargo in both directions; that is to say, the owner wants assurance that if he carries a cargo in one direction he will be able to get a return charter at an accessible point, and not have to run thousands of miles in ballast. Now, Canada's freight is mostly of the bulk variety, the class carried in peace times by the so-called tramp steamer. But an export trade in raw products never made any nation wealthy. We must supply transportation for our



MR. JOSEPH W. NORCROSS

Vice-President and Managing Director of the Canada Steamship Lines and Director of Ship Construction, Department of Naval Service, recognized as the Dominion's chief authority on Maritime affairs.



The Northern Navigation Liner, S.S. "Hamonic", built at Collingwood, Ont. Her graceful lines are a tribute to the skill of Great Lakes naval architects.

manufactures. We have a certain tonnage now, but only through grace of the Admiralty. This tonnage probably will not be available after the declaration of peace. Great Britain, through mines, submarines, and marine risks, is losing ships faster than she can build them, even with her yards working night and day to meet the demand. Out of a total tonnage of some 20 million, Great Britain will have lost at least five million tons through the agency of the submarine alone by the end of the current year. This will represent the result of only one year of submarine frightfulness, and will not take into account the losses in the first two and a half years of the war, when such mighty liners as the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic* were sunk. In making this statement, I am not attempting to predict what the net loss of British tonnage will be when the war is finally concluded, but merely wish to show how a depleted

tonnage will affect Canadian interests. Great Britain's foreign trade is world wide, and if she is to retain it she will have to bend every energy toward that end, and this in the face of the greatest competition the world has ever witnessed. In South America, for instance, where before the war Great Britain and Germany had a practical monopoly, the United States will be a sturdy competitor, for she has improved the past few years to splendid effect in that field. This will mean that to retain the trade of the southern half of this hemisphere, so important to her merchants, Great Britain will have to divert a large portion of her merchant fleet to South American waters. And the same condition will apply also to other countries, especially those supplying the raw materials for British mills, such as the United States and Australia.

What, then, will be the position of Canada? There will be a certain ton-

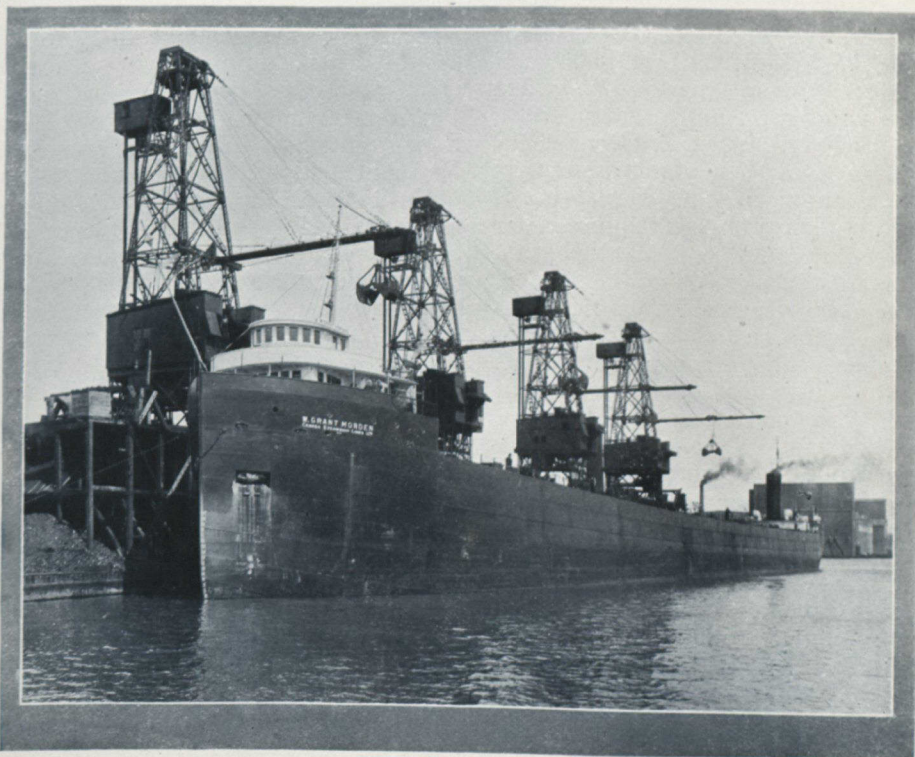
nage to the St. Lawrence, of course, but will the available freight tonnage especially that of the tramp character, to care for the mighty export business of the Dominion be forthcoming? For one, I do not think so.

That is why I think the Government of Canada has a profound duty to establish a merchant marine that will make the Canadian farmer and manufacturer independent to a degree at least of the foreign shipowner for the carriage of his products.

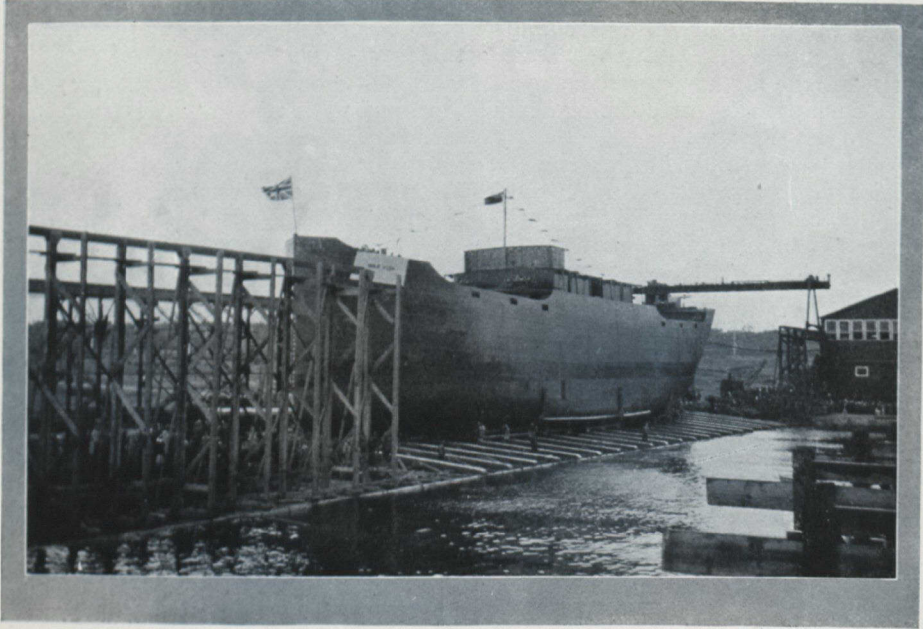
This merchant marine, in my opinion, should be built in Canadian yards—for we have yards in Canada sufficiently equipped to build a considerable fleet. This would not only supply work to the existing yards, whose wonderful development in the past two years has been due almost wholly to Admiralty requirements, but would afford a new field of endeavour to the manufacturers of munitions, and continued employment to

the thousands of skilled workers who have been very largely the product of that great war industry.

The vital need of the Canadian shipbuilding industry to-day is raw material. At the present time there are no steel mills in Canada for the manufacture of plates, channels, or angles, the reason being the total inability of the domestic steel industry to compete with his American competitor. The Dominion Iron & Steel Company did attempt to erect a plate mill at Sydney, but finding it absolutely impossible to make it a commercial success, were compelled to sell it back to the United States. The product of that particular mill is now being sold in Canada. The workmen who made the product, however, are Pittsburgers, not Nova Scotians. How best a steel industry, to supplement the shipbuilding industry could be developed, I am not prepared to say, but any reasonable subvention would be justified.



The "W. Grant Morden", largest of all Canada's Bulk Freighters, the queen of the Canada Steamships Lines Fleet.



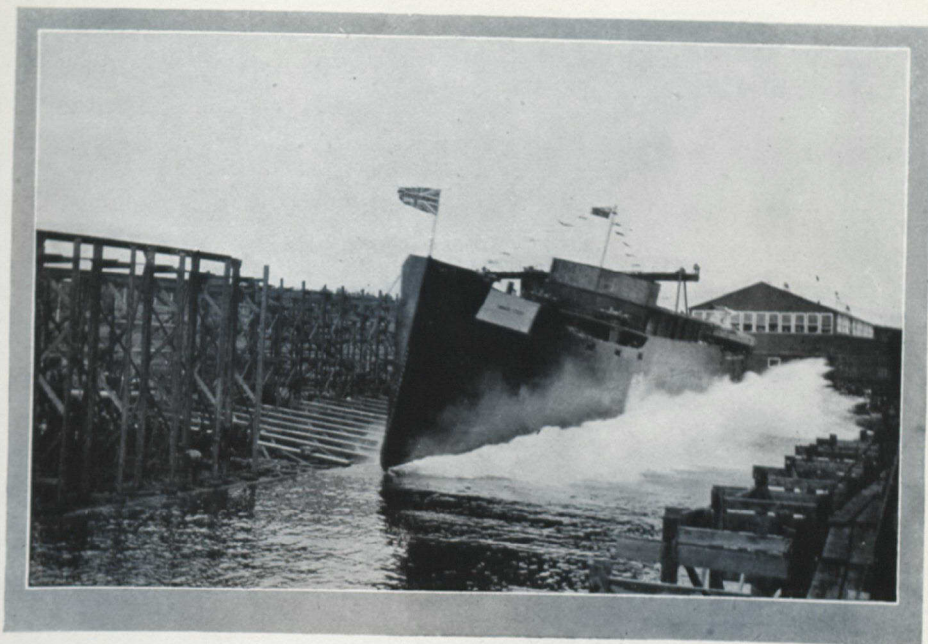
The "War Fish", built for the Imperial Munitions Board in the yard at Port Arthur, Ont.

Perhaps the most effective method would be to order a certain amount of material over a period of say ten years at a figure that would justify a fair profit on output and render the investment in such plants absolutely safe; meaning, in other words, that if a certain plant were not required after ten years it could be dismantled without financial loss to its builders.

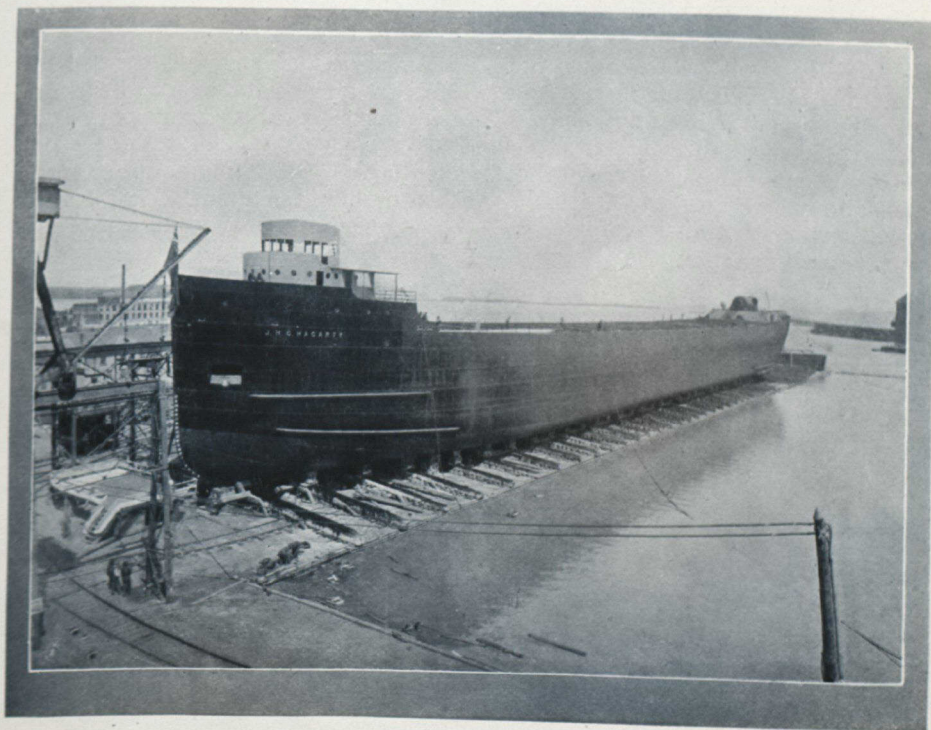
The upbuilding of a Canadian merchant marine is both a national and an imperial obligation, and it is one, in my opinion, that the Government should waste no time to put into effect. This can best be done by the establishment of a commission along the lines of the National Shipping Board of the United States, which should be empowered to consider the merchant marine question in all its phases, to construct or purchase ships, and to do anything else that promised to rehabilitate the once important ocean marine of Canada. The ships constructed should be built on a programme that promised continuous activity to existing Canadian yards for at least ten years, and the fleet established,

whether by purchase or construction, should be capable of carrying at least sixty per cent. of the foreign trade requirements of the country, which is the percentage of British trade carried by British ships before the war.

Until the declaration of peace these ships should be operated under government control, when they should be sold to private interests at prices determined as equitable to all concerned. For public operation of ocean carriers has never proved practicable, and never will. The reasons for this are self-evident. Successful ship operation lies pretty much with the personnel of the company operating. Private enterprise will always reward talent, and talent will go always where its services will be most recognized, except, of course, in times like the present, when many of the biggest men in the various countries at war are lending their services to the public at great personal sacrifice. But in ordinary times big brains cannot be tempted by the moderate salaries that are paid to government officials. And the government of no country can pay



The "War Fish" taking the water.



The "J. H. G. Haggarty", of the Canada Steamship Lines big Freight Fleet, on the ways of the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company. She is an example of a modern bulk freighter. She was launched in 1914.



Shipbuilding activity at the Collingwood yard.

large salaries, as the people would not tolerate such a policy for an instant. Government operations of any character always deter private enterprise, as these operations can be carried on at a loss—another reason why the maritime nations have always preferred to encourage private enterprise by preference or subsidy instead of entering the field in their own behalf.

Why should the ships for the proposed Canadian merchant marine be built by the Government, when the conditions for shipbuilding at present are so favourable? will be, no doubt, a question that will occur to the layman who is uninformed as to the actual conditions. To understand the reason for this we must remember that the shipbuilder and the ship operator are entirely different people, just as distinct, in fact, as the builder of railway equipment and the operator of railways. The intrinsic value of a ship is not the value of the elements that have entered into her construction, but is governed wholly by the

earnings she makes on the investment. These are abnormal times, and call for emergency measures. Thus ship construction at present high rates, even though the prevailing high freight rates might seem to justify it, is in a sense speculative. It is impossible to predict for how long the charges on ocean freight will remain high after the war, but it is self-evident that even if there is not a sudden break in the market after the declaration of peace, there will be a gradual decline to pre-war levels, particularly if the struggle is prolonged to a date that will witness the consummation of the shipbuilding programme of the allied governments and of neutral nations, such, for instance, as Norway, which last year expended nearly \$200,000,000 in new tonnage and this year has an even more extensive programme.

Thus it is not fair to expect private builders to take such a great chance, especially considering the shortage of labour and material. Certainly, the Canadian owner is in no position to

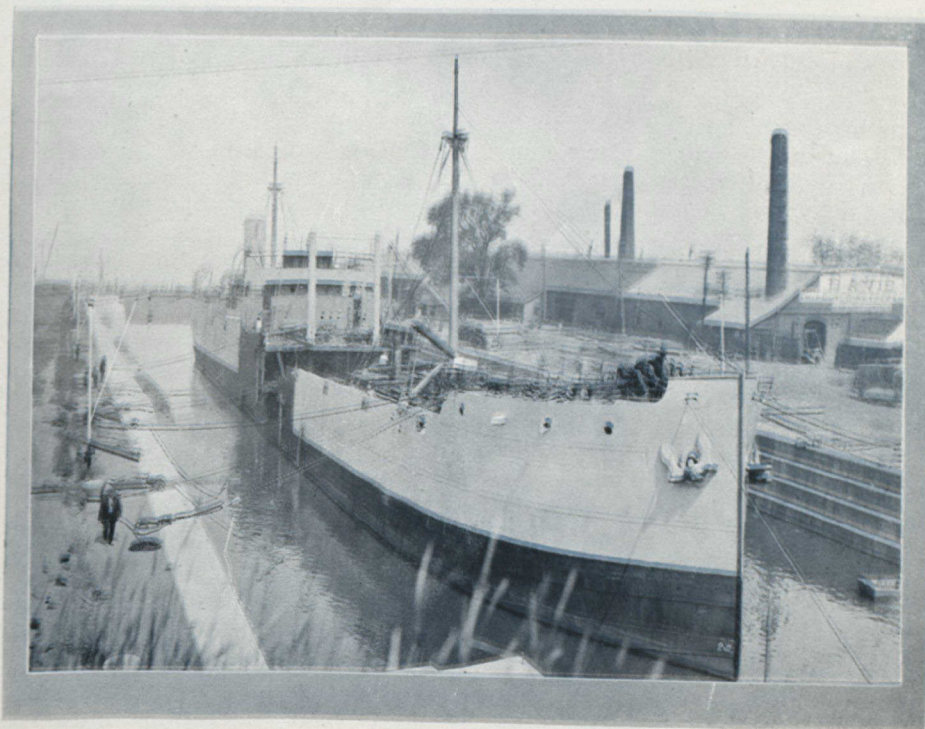
finance ships without some guarantee, as he has neither the money nor the established business to make such an undertaking feasible.

A Canadian merchant marine, built and operated with government assistance, while primarily serving Canada, would be free to trade in any part of the world, thus adding to the wealth of the Dominion by drawing upon the resources of other lands. This fleet would in addition, of course, increase the material prosperity of the country by finding ready and profitable markets for Canadian products and importing the raw materials needed by the manufacturing industries as well as the so-called luxuries that contribute so much to make life worth living.

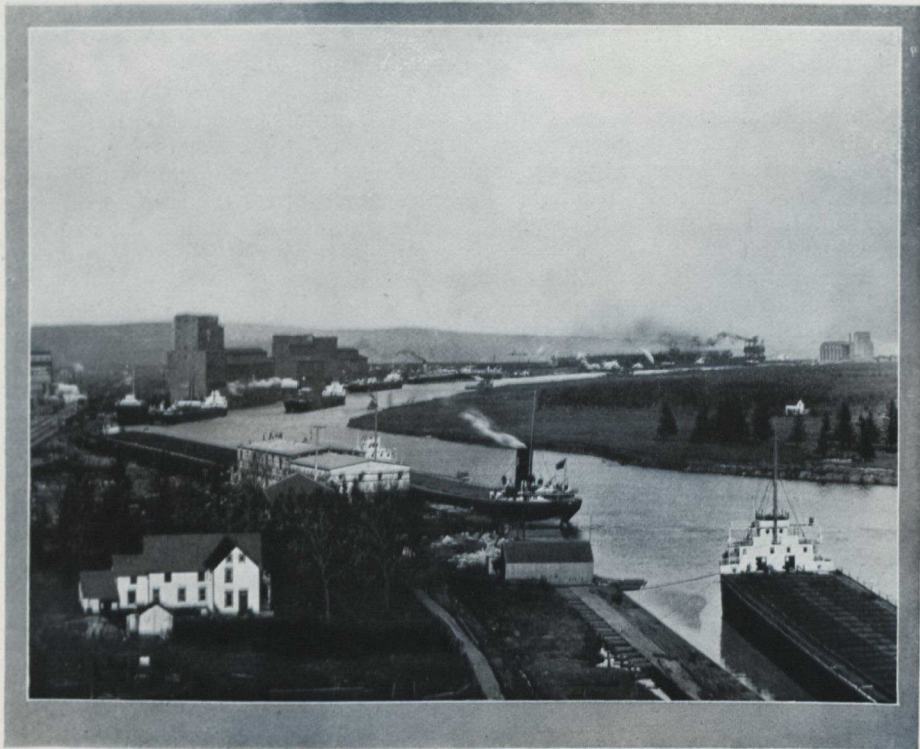
A merchant marine so developed would afford Canadian exporters a decided advantage in rates, as take the case of Japan, which besides retaining all its coastal privileges for the benefit of its own mercantile marine, is the

second nation in the matter of marine subsidization. Even with present high freight rates, Japanese ports have a 50 per cent. preference over Hongkong, Shanghai, and Manila. It is said, indeed, that because of national subsidization the merchants of Japan are enjoying pre-war rates, while the Philippine Islands and China are paying more than 100 per cent over the old schedules.

Another vitally important reason for the establishment of a merchant marine, and one apart altogether from commercial or mercenary motives, is the creation of a trained organization upon which Canada can draw for the personnel of the navy which, soon or late, she is bound to possess. The most serious problem in creating a navy, or for that matter a merchant marine, is to furnish the necessary complement of officers and men. In this regard Great Britain has been particularly fortunate, but her good fortune can be attributed solely to an unswerving



Joining a Great Lakes vessel at the Davie Shipbuilding Company's plant, at Lauzon, Levis, Que.



A part of Canada's fine inland waterways fleet, which should be supplemented by an ocean marine.

policy of interconnecting the two services. Thus in the present war we find that the fighting forces have had to draw very largely on the Naval Reserve of the mercantile fleets, and to the undying glory of the latter it can be said that they have acquitted themselves with the spirit and sacrifice that are the traditions of the service.

But the creation of an organization in Canada will be more difficult than in Great Britain, where seafaring is the recognized avocation for families whose forbears have followed it for centuries. It has been the experience of every nation that the greatest difficulty in establishing a merchant marine is to make the life sufficiently attractive to induce the youth of the nation to follow it as a profession. Going to sea means giving up all the pleasures and comforts of home, and to offset the loss of these the boy must be promised compensating advantages.

This condition is especially true of Canada, where the standard of living is very much higher than in any of the Old World countries and where the social distinctions are less defined. Such a plan has been adopted on the Great Lakes, with the result that at the present time nearly all the officers are Canadian born, where only a few years ago the large majority were foreign.

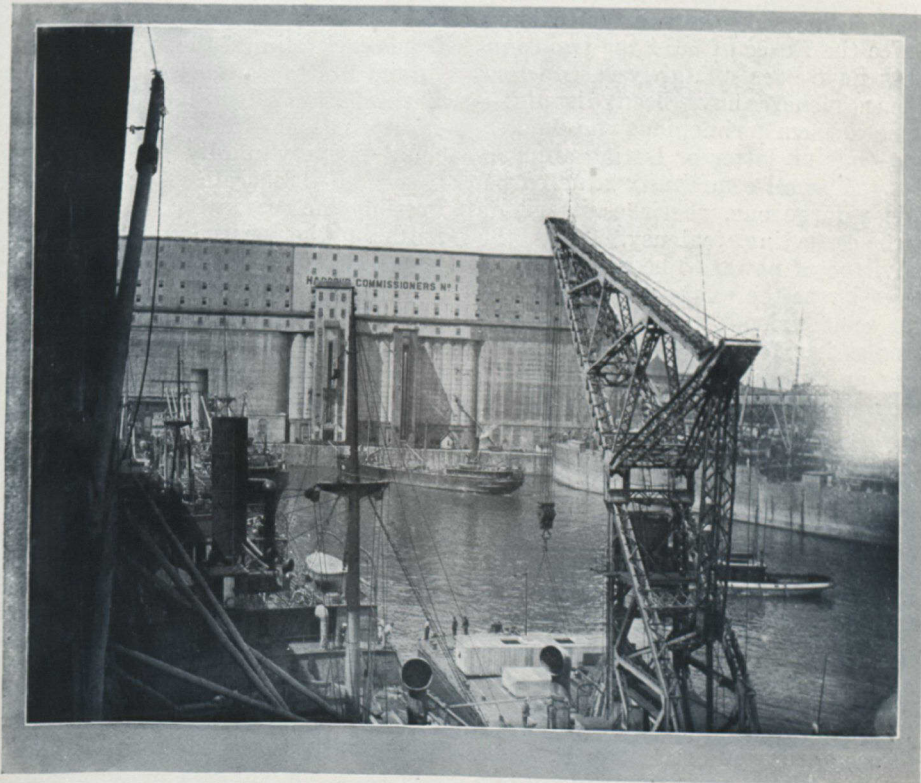
Viewed from whatever angle possible, the importance of a merchant marine to the development of a nation cannot be overestimated. The war has shown that no country can afford to depend on foreign carriers for the safety of its extraneous trade. Thousands of years of peace have proved beyond a doubt that the nations making the greatest development commercially have been those that have developed their mercantile interests. Cobden, the great English economist,

once said: "I shall begin to have hopes for Turkey when I find Turkish ships, built in Turkish dockyards, manned by Turkish seamen, navigated by Turkish officers, and laden with Turkish cargoes, sailing out of Turkish ports." In these days we do not like to point to Germany as an example for anything. But no thinking person can overlook Germany's wonderful record of commercial growth in the 25 years before the war. In 1890 three-fifths of all Germany's mercantile tonnage was built in Great Britain. Ten years later, through a far-sighted policy of benevolent consideration, the German yards were constructing all the tonnage required by German owners and catering to foreign business as well. In the same decade, too, British shipping through the Suez Canal decreased from nine million to seven million tons, while that of Germany grew from one and

a half to at least two million tons.

Before the war it was generally recognized that sea power would be the chief contributing factor to victory. That is why both Britain and Germany were working so feverishly on their naval equipment. But it was from the fighting ships that victory was expected, not the humble merchantman. And yet it is the peaceful cargo carrier that is playing the supreme part in the struggle, giving all due credit to the magnificent fighting ships that on constant vigil are holding the enemy at bay. In the war after the war, so called, the merchantman again will have to lead the van, and in my opinion the only countries that will have an even chance will be those who have the ships to send out on the trade routes of the world.

The establishment of a Canadian ocean merchant marine is a national opportunity and a national obligation.



The facilities at Montreal for Export are unsurpassed.

Canada and the United States

A HOPEFUL REVIEW OF PAST AND PRESENT RELATIONS

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

DEPUTY MINISTER OF EDUCATION FOR ONTARIO

IF the relations of Canada and the United States become more cordial in future, as they well may, the change must rest on a mutual understanding clearer than any that has yet existed. Since the Peace of 1814 the two countries have been on fairly satisfactory terms. There have been disputes—some of them acrimonious and dangerous—but no bitter or lasting animosities. A small community situated beside a large one, cherishes its rights with exceeding jealousy. It is the privilege of power to be generous, the necessity of the weaker to be vigilant. The social friendship between the two peoples has for many years been sincere and undisturbed. Probably no two nations have ever maintained such close personal relations as have the United States and Canada without a political coalescence. But of this there is not the slightest sign; in fact, politically, the two nations are farther apart than they have been in the memory of any person now living. The differences between the two Government systems account for the political cleavage. But the political cleavage can and does exist and grow alongside a great and growing personal recognition of each other's worth, and what little estrangement yet remains, so think the men of the north-

ern zone, is due in large measure to erroneous views of their own history bred in the bone of the people of the United States.

"Anything but history," declared Walpole, "because history must be false," and there is no denying that from early times the youth of the United States were inspired by stories of the nation's foundation and development which were based on what could be very mildly described as a tissue of deliberate misinformation. Possibly the reason for the absence of truth in the writings of the early American historians was that at the times in which they wrote some dissatisfaction and disunion prevailed, and consequently it was necessary to stiffen the backs of the people. The conduct of Great Britain, both in the Revolutionary War, and in the war of 1812, was unduly censured, and her military achievements were ludicrously belittled. On the other hand, the achievements of the Americans during the same period were lauded to a degree which could only, sooner or later, bring about an inevitable reaction. This reaction has been a long time in coming, but it is undoubtedly here. Scholarship and talent are now applying the scientific method to the facts of United States history, and the old stories which lent fuel to the fire of so many orations and enthusiasm to sev-

eral generations of budding patriots are being modified before our eyes.

The truth began to be told long ago about the Loyalists. Writers like Taylor, Van Tyne, Frick, and Fiske set forth the other side of the case, and the authors of "The True Story of the American Revolution" and "Myths and Facts of the American Revolution" laid bare records which must have provided strange reading for those who were reared upon the inaccuracies of the Bancroft school. To the credit of many modern American writers of history they believe in the honest use of materials and ignore the English Whig tradition that the Mother Country was always in the wrong. It is to the history written by passion and prejudice that the famous dictum of Sir Robert Walpole applies.

The Great War has brought the United States face to face with realities, and among the duties of the crisis is to see how the past bears upon the present. The language of Senator Chamberlain (September 12th, 1917), in reporting adversely from the Committee of Military Affairs a bill which challenged the right of the United States to raise an army by means of compulsory service and to send it to fight in Europe, marks the change of view. The report states:

"There is a reason why the casual student of our military history has not grasped the inherent weakness of the militia or volunteer system in the wars which have been waged in the United States. For the most part the histories which have always been used as text-books in the schools have dwelt at length upon the splendid valour and the patriotism of the volunteers, making no distinction between the individual and the system which collectively he goes to make up. The Fourth of July orator and the demagogue alike discuss the individual and not the system. It sounds better and appeals to the pride of the average American audience to be told of the valour of their ancestors. But you will remember the storm of protest that was raised in the last campaign when a distinguished cabinet officer dared tell a part of the truth about the militia-man of the Revolution. Yet true it is that but for

the timely aid of France and the military instruction of Von Steuben and others, it is as certain as can be that the Revolution of 1776 would have resulted disastrously for the Colonies."

The candour of utterances like this will not be without effect. The American has much to correct and to unlearn. He is not the practical and sagacious man the world believes him to be if he tolerates the continuance in school text-books of exaggerated statements which lull him into false security at home and render him ridiculous abroad. The generous tributes to Canada and the Canadian Army which have appeared in American books, periodicals and newspapers during the war betoken a better comprehension of Canadian worth and of our pride in the British Empire. And it is a significant testimony to the broadness of the view of former American unpleasantnesses now taken in all parts of the Empire that few educated persons can imagine any other ending to the Revolution than that which actually occurred and would not have been perhaps more disastrous for Great Britain than for America.

That American text-books are responsible for much of the misunderstanding that still exists is a subject which has been carefully examined. A New York business man, struck by the enthusiasm for France in the United States and the absence of it for Great Britain during this war, has written a book embodying the results of a series of most painstaking researches,* into what American school text-books have been teaching for the last twenty years. Professor Shotwell of Columbia, who furnishes an introduction to the book, declares that the texts most in use exhibit a "very limited knowledge of the actual facts". There has, accordingly, been a distortion in perspective. Ancient uncriticized traditions have been perpetuated. Recent books show a marked improvement, but they have come too late to affect the genera-

*The American Revolution in Our School Text-books. By Charles Altschul. New York: Doran and Company.

tion which has to mould policy and fight the war. Ninety-three text-books were examined and the author finds in them "an incompleteness that makes for superficiality and prejudice, and that is responsible for an impression that is inaccurate, however correct the statement of narrow fact may be". The difficulty is one experienced in every day line: to convey the right impression where the narrative is abridged. The origin of the Republic necessarily creates some bias in the American mind and those who write the history of the separation between the Mother Country and her American colonies need not fail in patriotism because they see all the facts in a true perspective. When the leading minds of the Republic realize that a broader, more sympathetic treatment of a great theme is required in the interests of truth as well as of the United States itself the reform will come. No foreign protest can avail. If England and France had been fed for generations on narrow views of their centuries-long historic struggles they could not be allies in the present war.

An example of historical writing which may be verbally right, but may yet produce a wrong impression, is a recent treatise by Major John Bigelow.* The author frankly sets out to defend his country against intemperate attacks in certain English newspapers, charging the United States with persistently violating treaties, beginning with the Treaty of Peace in 1783. The tone of the work is historical. It would not be easy to place the finger upon a wilful misstatement. One example will serve for illustration. The treaty of 1783 promised that Congress should recommend to the several States the protection of the Loyalists as to their persons and property. This Congress did, but all the world knows how cruelly the Loyalists were treated. Major Bigelow argues that as Congress fulfilled the letter of its engagement this

article of the Treaty was not violated by the United States. Great Britain, he argues, did violate the treaty because she retained possession of the western posts, such as Niagara and Detroit. Such a technical view has not, however, dictated the verdict of posterity. Nor did it avail at the time if we accept the testimony of a witness not usually regarded as hostile to the United States. George Washington wrote to a member of Congress:

"It was impolitic and unfortunate, if not unjust, in those States to pass laws which by fair construction might be considered as infractions of the Treaty of Peace. Had we observed good faith and the western posts had been withheld from us by Great Britain we might have appealed to God and man for justice."

The reference to treaties, or parts of treaties, affecting Canada is incomplete and thus in striking a sort of balance sheet of money claims paid by one country to the other the author deprives himself of the advantage of the \$5,500,000 awarded by the Halifax Commission for illegal fishing. The author, one does not doubt, desires to be fair. But his general conclusion, or summing up, that both countries have violated several treaties and that the United States "has more than a safe balance of good faith to its credit" is not likely to pass unchallenged. It may be excellent special pleading, but it is not history and does not get us a step forward on the road to a better understanding.

There is no reason why the good feeling of Canada for the United States should not be stimulated by the war, and the sovereign remedy for international bickering is respect for each other's rights and absolute fair dealing. Sentiment, without these, will not help much. Time has removed the chief causes of ancient controversies. The future promises fair. A feud between London and Washington with Canada as the battleground has become unthinkable. The old boundary disputes, which fill the dreary pages of many state papers, should

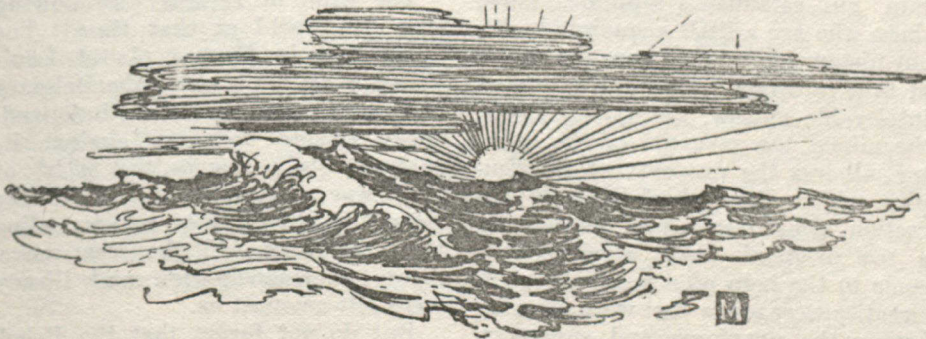
*Breaches of Anglo-American Treaties. By John Bigelow. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

trouble us no more since we know almost to an inch the limits of our territories. The Fisheries Question, which provided several generations of diplomats with problems of various kinds, is practically settled. The extradition laws provide for the easy translation of miscreants who cross the boundary in the wrong direction. The bonding privilege, once termed a concession that might be suddenly withdrawn, is seen to be rich in mutual advantage. International agreements have grown into a mere matter of official routine, and secretaries can arrange in a day what Ministers of State vainly fought for during weeks of discussion and correspondence. A new era, in short, has dawned. But it is not the millennium, and as each age brings its own special problems and clothes us with fresh responsibilities the opportunities for misunderstandings and for ill-feeling may present themselves under another guise. War on a vast scale, however, has produced at least one permanent good. It has enlightened the people of the Republic as to the martial quality of their Canadian neighbours and it has reminded Canadians that fate and fortune have placed

them forever alongside one of the greatest powers of the world.

*

Since the foregoing was written there comes the announcement that the National Board of Historic Service has been formed. This is a voluntary body and its membership includes some of the best known historical writers and professors of history in the United States. The board has received letters from teachers of history which show that its work is cut out for it. An Ohio professor wrote: "There are many intelligent people of this community who seem to have only a vague understanding of our purpose in the war. The feeling that it is a war to defend our property rights which have been invaded by Great Britain as well as by Germany is rather common and calls for a campaign of education." A Kentucky professor declared: "There is difficulty in making the people see that England's offence is not about equal to that of Germany. I daresay that the spirit of the American Revolution has remained in this mountain region longer than in some sections."



Why Do They Defame Us?

BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES LANGELIER



IN the November issue of *The Canadian Magazine* there is an article by Mr. H. C. Hocken which is a libel on the Province of Quebec. Mr. Hocken falsifies history in order that he may represent Quebec in the worst colours.

I propose to establish the facts as they are in the light of history by invoking the testimony not of a French Canadian historian, but of an Englishman, Mr. Frank Basil Tracy, the author of a remarkable work, "The Tercentenary of Canada".

Mr. Hocken begins by recalling the Rebellion of 1837. He affirms that it was produced because the French Canadians, guided by Papineau and encouraged by Catholic clergy, wished to "shake off the yoke of Great Britain" and establish a republic. Now, those who are a little acquainted with our history know what were the causes of that rebellion. There then existed intolerable abuses: the public lands, the mines, the revenues of the country, all was the property of the Empire, which disposed of it at its discretion, sometimes to pay the debts of a too prodigal duke, sometimes to come to the help of a needy baronet. Treaties were made that were dismembering the provinces and endangering their future without consulting the people. Measures of the highest importance for the internal economy of the provinces were systematically ignored. Those who complained

against certain officers of the Crown were not listened to, or if they were sometimes heard, their complaints were unavailing, as the Ministers were not responsible. They held their appointment from the Crown and the people, with whose interests they were entrusted, were never consulted.

Such a state of affairs could not last. Men of courage and brave hearts rose up against such a revolting system; Howe in Nova Scotia, Wilmot in New Brunswick, Baldwin in Upper Canada, Papineau in Lower Canada, fought vigorously. They demanded that the people be given the control of local revenues; that the people have the right to appoint officers; in a word, they wished to have responsible Ministers to administer the affairs of the country.

That was their crime!

The wind of reform was blowing over the world at that time. The Revolution in France placed Louis Philippe on the throne; the Belgians were striving to gain their independence; Poland rose up against its tyrants; Italy was in the midst of civil war; England was abolishing slavery in her colonies, and repealing the Corn Laws. All the great movements of emancipation and liberty were felt amongst us.

But do not forget that the Rebellion of 1837 did not take place only in Quebec; it took place also in Upper Canada, where it was championed by William Lyon Mackenzie; and in our Province it was upheld by the

two Nelsons, who were the lieutenants of Papineau.

As long as the latter confined himself to a constitutional agitation, he received the aid of the Catholic clergy, who abandoned him as soon as he preached revolt. This is what I find written in black and white in Mr. Tracy's history, Vol. 3, p. 810:

"... He was assisted by Wolfred Nelson, an Englishman, who out-Papineaued Papineau in his attack on the British authorities. By this time the Roman Catholic Church's inactivity ceased, and it began to exercise its strong influence against sedition. This only infuriated Papineau the more, and he defied the Church and led many of the people with him."

The same historian in the same volume, at page 804, in speaking of the movement preconized by Papineau, says further:

"There was just one agency that could have stopped all this nonsense and put an end to all these fond dreams of independence. That was the Catholic Church. That Church had shown itself in crisis in the history of Canada under England to be loyal and wise in a crisis. So much to its credit."

And it is in the face of such facts consigned to impartial history that Mr. Hocken dares to affirm that the Catholic clergy made common cause with Papineau to "shake off the yoke of Great Britain"!

On the contrary, whenever the interests of England were in peril in our country, the Catholic clergy raised its voice to preach fidelity to the King of England. Thus, at the time of the American invasion of Canada, 1813, the clergy preached loyalty. It is again the historian Tracy who will furnish us with the proof in the second volume of his history, at page 597:

"The attitude of the Roman Catholic Bishop Briand undoubtedly did much to hold the habitants to some sort of loyalty or at least neutrality during the struggle. He had issued a mandement calling attention to the excellent government which the English had given the habitants, the liberality with which the practice of the Ro-

man Catholic religion was permitted, and their own participation in government, and he besought them to join in the attempt to repel the enemy."

Later, in 1807, when serious trouble threatened following the collision between the ships *Chesapeake* and *Leopard*, Administrator Dunn ordered the militia to hold itself in readiness. What did the Catholic clergy do then? It is the historian Tracy who speaks, Vol. 2, p. 689:

"The administrator, Dunn, ordered the militia to be held in readiness and the Roman Catholic Bishop issued a mandement which was full of loyalty and patriotic injunctions to the habitants."

It is not necessary to go so far back to prove the loyalty of the Catholic clergy. In the dark hours through which we are passing, His Eminence Cardinal Bégin, the Primate of the Church of Canada, has published an admirable pastoral letter, in which he recommends Catholics to do their duty by taking part in the war. Besides that, has he not done all in his power to help the Red Cross? Very recently, whilst passing through Halifax, did he not make a fine appeal in favour of this work?

Must one need recall to Mr. Hocken that they were his brother Orangemen who burned the Parliament Buildings in Montreal on the 25th of April, 1849, and assailed the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, with stones and rotten eggs, when he was getting into his carriage after having sanctioned the Indemnity Bill in favour of the victims of the trouble of 1837-38? Must one recall to him also that those who were guilty of these excesses were recruited among the elite of the English society of Montreal? All the English clubs to which Lord Elgin belonged struck off his name; the St. Andrew's Society pushed impropriety so far as to return the amount of his subscription. These same people began an agitation in favour of annexation with the United States.

According to Mr. Hocken the victory won by de Salaberry in 1873 signifies nothing; he looks upon it only as a "skirmish" without any importance. Nevertheless, de Salaberry repelled the invasion of 5,000 Americans, commanded by Hampton. By a skilful *m œuvre*, de Salaberry, who had only 300 soldiers under his command, succeeded in putting him to flight and saved the situation. Here is how the historian Tracy, in Vol. 2, p. 736, appreciates the event:

"The credit for this victory was claimed by Prevost himself, although he had nothing to do with it, and he so belittled the achievements of the men who really did bring it to pass that it was not for some years that the true facts were given and the real heroes of the affair, de Salaberry and McDonnell, received their reward. De Salaberry's part in the battle is especially worth noting, for it was the first victory won by the French Canadians for the British flag. It was a humiliating experience for the Americans to be tricked by any opposition force, and especially to be beaten and to be compelled to retreat by a force much inferior."

According to Mr. Hocken, one should judge of the success of a battle by the number of dead and not by the results produced by it. He treats de Salaberry's victory with disdain because only fifty dead were found upon the battlefield. Yet history brings to us across the centuries the famous exploit of the Thermopyles, where three hundred Spartans checked the advance of the formidable army of Xerxes! It tells us also of the celebrated battle of the Horaces and Curiaces, which determined the supremacy of Rome over the city of Alba. It was by the means of a *manœuvre*—Mr. Hocken may call it a skirmish—that the last of the Horaces, fleeing, drew after him the Curiaces who were following him, and, turning suddenly, he killed them one after the other, thus assuring the triumph of Rome. There only remained five dead on the field of battle and notwithstanding this small number, history does well by commemorating the battle!

Mr. Hocken says further:

"The French people in Canada, led by their priests, have taken advantage of every crisis in the affairs of this country to wrest special privileges from the Imperial Government and the Canadian Parliament."

I have shown already the fallacy of this stupid accusation by proving in the light of history that every time British interests were threatened in Canada the Catholic clergy intervened to preach loyalty to the French Canadians who would listen to their voice.

After the cession of the country to England we obtained the retention of our religion and our language. As our fathers had been the first civilized settlers in this country, as they had carried everywhere the torch of civilization, it was only just to leave them the rights and privileges that are dearest to a proud people. This is what the British authorities understood.

Mr. Hocken pretends that we have profited by the present war to emphasize our claims to teach the French language which they are trying to strangle in Ontario. The fact is that an important group of our countrymen has asked that an end be put to our intestinal divisions here as France and England have done in Europe in order to unite against the Germans. We only asked for our compatriots in Ontario the same rights and privileges which we grant to Protestants in Quebec. Many right-thinking Englishmen in the sister Province found the request just; but the Orangemen, dear to Mr. Hocken, furiously opposed any idea of conciliation. Here as in England they are and will remain a brand of discord, a permanent menace to public tranquillity.

Mr. Hocken settles the question peremptorily:

"These clerical leaders know that their claims for the use of French in the public schools of Ontario have no sanction or support in the British North America Act."

The thing is not so clear, as we are going to see.

In the month of August, 1866, there was a question of the enactment of an Education Bill, which had for its object the protection of the Protestant minority in Lower Canada. Sir John Macdonald opposed it and made the following important declaration:

"The dispositions of this bill form a part of the guarantees which are foreseen by the Act of Confederation, and all the laws on this subject in force when Confederation will be accomplished *can no longer thereafter be modified*; otherwise *every group (section) would be exposed to suffer grievances for the redress of which there would not be any remedy.*"—(J. H. Gray, "Confederation of Canada", Vol. 1, p. 366).

In the scheme of the Federal Act as originally drawn, clause 93, which provides for the maintenance of separate schools in each Province, did not exist; it was added in London while the scheme of the Act was being discussed. This clause 93 is very clear. It reads as follows:

"In and for each Province the Legislature will have exclusive power to make laws relating to education, subject to the following provisions:

"1. Nothing in such a law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege regarding separate schools that any class of persons possessed in a Province at the time of the union."

We find in this text of the law the thought which was expressed by Sir John Macdonald, namely, that after Confederation was established the laws concerning education which existed at that time could not thereafter be modified.

Now, what were the rights of the Catholic minority in Ontario? Did it have its separate schools? Was French taught in them?

From 1763 to 1841, that is to say, for three-quarters of a century, the French Canadians had full freedom to organize and direct their primary schools. In 1753, Abbés Hubert—who later became Bishop of Quebec—and Pothier taught French classes in

Essex to the Canadian descendants of La Mothe-Cadillac, the founder of Detroit. As far back as 1793 French was recognized as an official language in the Parliament of Ontario. The Act of Union consecrated for the minorities of the two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario the principle of the public separate school. In 1857 there were French schools in the counties of Kent and Essex. The 30th of May, 1855, the principle of separate schools received its royal sanction in a law called "The Taché Act". In 1863, at the instigation of the Honourable R. W. Scott, that organic law, "whose principal object," he said, "was to give to Catholic parents the right to instruct their children according to their own views", was again amended and passed by Parliament. It finally received its definite consecration in 1867 in articles 93 and 133 of the British North America Act.

These solemn guarantees are at this moment ignored to the detriment of our compatriots of Ontario, whilst we respect them in the Province of Quebec to the profit of Protestants. In speaking on this subject before the Canadian Club at Quebec, the Honourable Mr. Justice McCorkill, whose breadth of view is well known, said, in addressing himself to Sir Lomer Gouin: "If you did the same thing to the Protestants of this Province there would be a revolution."

The famous regulation 17 is simply the proscription of the French language in the schools. The thing can hardly be believed, but it is, nevertheless, true: the teaching of German is more favoured in the schools than is French!

This crying injustice did not prevent French Canadians from enlisting and doing their duty. If recruiting did not succeed well in this Province it is because recruiting officers were sent into the country places who could not speak a word of French, instead of entrusting with this duty men like General Lessard and Lieutenant-Colonel Pelletier, two

officers who possess the confidence of their compatriots. Moreover, in many cases our men deserted because their pay was stolen and their families were starving.

But there is a further reason: as I am writing these lines I see in *The Herald* of the 5th November that the new Minister of Militia himself, at a meeting held in Hamilton, has condemned the manner in which the Government carried on recruiting. He criticized the former policy.

"I felt then," said General Mewburn, "and I feel now that there were grave mistakes in our recruiting system. The splendid old regiments that had been the backbone of recruiting had not been allowed to keep their identity. Battalions had been sent out and split up into drafts. The result was thousands of surplus officers."

It is precisely in regard to this method that French Canadians complained. By thus splitting up the battalions, to spread them among other units, all enthusiasm and ambition were thereby taken away. There was only the 22nd which succeeded in maintaining its unity, thanks to the energetic and intelligent intervention of Major Asselin. We have also seen how it distinguished itself and brought honour to its race.

Here, then, is the explanation of the little success of recruiting among us.

Notwithstanding their opposition to the law of conscription, we note that French Canadians are submitting to the law. This is what *The Chronicle* (Quebec) said in its issue of the 3rd November:

"The returns from Quebec city yesterday showed a surprising increase in total registrations. The percentage of Quebec city registrations in respect of available population has hitherto been low. Recent returns have increased Quebec's percentage so much that the city now stands well up in the list. The minimum percentage of increase in Quebec yesterday was higher than in any district except Kingston."

This isn't too bad for the most French city in Canada!

Another serious grievance discovered by Mr. Hocken is that French Canadians take the liberty of going to live in Ontario. He sees in this fact a diabolical plot on the part of the Jesuits who would thus try to invade Ontario, a sister Province. Does he forget that the first men who put foot on that soil were French? When the English came later, the former did not dream of resenting the intrusion. According to Mr. Hocken, the French Canadians should not be allowed to cross the Ottawa River, and do you know why? It is because they are such a prolific race that before long *they would found a new Quebec!*

I do not know of the right being denied to the English to establish themselves in Quebec, and there having numerous children! Why should our race not have the same right in Ontario?

Mr. Hocken strengthens his assertion by saying that Sir Lomer Gouin roused the indignation of Ontario by having a law adopted in the session of 1916 which authorizes the school commissions to levy five per cent. on their revenues to help the French Canadians to fight the laws of Ontario. He qualifies such a law as *atrocious*.

Well, to calm the indignation of this brave Orangeman, let him permit me to tell him that what he says is absolutely untrue. He has only to consult the statutes of Quebec to be convinced that he has deceived his readers, that such a law does not exist. Yet another windmill which this modern Don Quixote can no longer assail!

A last word.

Here is another pearl that I find in the sympathetic article written in regard to us. It regards the supposed *ignorance* of our people:

"These ecclesiastical rulers of Quebec hold the fortunes of every Quebec man in that Province in the hollow of their hands. When the educated classes among the French Canadians exhibit this child-like obedience to the priests in the performance of their public duty, how can

we wonder at the docility of the habitant? His education is so sadly neglected that he is entirely ignorant of affairs, and his mental processes revolve around the subject of the barnyard."

These few lines contain as many falsehoods as words; they show that he who wrote is not at all conversant with what passes in the Province of Quebec.

Undoubtedly our public men entertain the greatest respect for the clergy; but to pretend that the clergy hold them in the hollow of their hands is a very different matter. The Catholic clergy for a long time was closely linked with the Conservative party. Things have changed much since then; a great number of priests belong to the Liberal party, and the episcopate itself has ceased to be hostile. It is not true either, except in what concerns religious matters, that the habitants blindly obey their curés. In 1896, notwithstanding the mandement of the bishops, notwithstanding the denunciations of a certain number of curés against Laurier, the latter achieved a brilliant victory. Later when there was a question of regulating the schools of Manitoba, what was Sir Wilfrid's attitude? This is how he expressed himself:

"Will it be said that occupying a position of this nature [recognized chief of the Liberal party] that I will be dictated to as to the line of conduct I should follow in this Parliament on account of reasons that commend themselves to the consciences of my Catholic colleagues, but do not commend themselves to the consciences of my Protestant colleagues? No, as long as I will occupy a seat in this House, as long as I occupy the post that I now occupy, every time it will be necessary for me to take a stand on any question whatever, I will take that stand, not from the point of view of Catholicism, not from the view of Protestantism, but I will take it for motives that can appeal to the consciences of all men, independently of their faith, for motives that appeal to all men who love justice, freedom and toleration."
—(Hansard, March 20th, 1896, p. 18).

Is that the language of a man who is under the domination of the clergy? No, it is the language of a great states-

man who stands above racial and religious prejudices.

It also shows plainly that our public men are not under the tutorage of the clergy in non-religious matters and that the habitants are not slaves as Mr. Hocken asserts.

In regard to education, the Province of Quebec need not envy Ontario. I am going to prove my assertion from figures taken from public documents.

According to the last report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1911—it is the last one I have at hand—the number of elementary schools was then 5,905, attended by 111,458 boys and 114,980 girls, making a total of 226,438 children; there are 676 model schools attended by 53,175 boys and 52,211 girls, which makes a total of 106,386; there are 223 academies attended by 24,483 boys and 31,816 girls, or a total of 56,299 pupils.

Apart from these schools, there are eleven normal schools, attended by 840 pupils, of whom 174 are boys and 676 girls; to these must be added eleven schools of practice, which are attended by 1,269 pupils, of whom 290 are boys and 979 girls.

Our classical colleges, which number nineteen, are attended by 7,140 boys.

We have also four universities, whose courses are followed by 2,793 boys and 341 girls, a total of 3,134 pupils; there are eleven arts and trades schools followed by 2,538 pupils; seventy-five night schools, followed by 5,265 boys and 563 girls, a total of 5,838; we have also four schools for deaf, dumb and blind, attended by 229 boys and 326 girls, a total of 555.

All these figures represent a grand total of 410,422 pupils who attend these various institutions.

Public instruction has assumed large proportions, due in great part to the grants made by the Government of Sir Lomer Gouin. In 1913-14 the budget of public instruction, which before was \$783,592, rose to

\$1,373,355, an increase of 260 per cent.

Many complaints were heard for a long time that there were no schools where our young men could be formed for any other than the liberal professions. The Gouin Government completed our educational system by establishing an engineering school; it created at the same time two technical schools, one in Quebec and the other in Montreal, which are attended by over 800 pupils.

French Canadians are descendants of a doughty and valiant race whom it is difficult to discourage. They cling to their language and they will maintain it in spite of the efforts that are made at the present in Ontario to wrest it from them. If that Province persists in its persecution of the French minority, it will be nailed to the pillory of history, without having succeeded in its design, because a race does not die. Such a situation cannot endure, and in a country as free as ours, the voice of 2,500,000 French Canadians will finally be heard!

The misunderstandings between Quebec and Ontario arise from our not knowing each other sufficiently; our neighbours do not understand French and do not wish to learn it. This prevents them from reading our newspapers, from learning our true mentality and keeping themselves posted on what is taking place in Quebec. We, on the other hand, are familiar enough with the English language to read English newspapers and keep in touch with what is transpiring in the sister Provinces. Why would they not do the same as we do? Why do they not visit our country places? If they would do so their unjust prejudices would disappear and harmony would reign between the two races whom Providence has placed side by side on this continent.

For a long time England and France were enemies, and to-day, after exchanging visits, after having become better acquainted, these two nations have contracted a friendship

which, cemented by their blood spilled on the battlefields, bids fair to be indissoluble. Why should not the same thing take place here? Each race possesses its own peculiar qualities and good only can result from their mutual contact. This is what was well said by Lord Dufferin when he was our Governor-General, in reply to an address presented to him by the Legislative Assembly:

"The reciprocal action of our national indiosyncrasies, said he, introduces into our existence a verdure, a freshness, a variety, a colour, an electric impulse which without it would be wanting; it would be a very unwise policy to try to cause them to disappear."

It was fidelity to our language which caused our wonderful development. This is what Louis Madelin, a noted French author, one day acknowledged when he wrote:

"That handful of French peasants, after 1763, without culture and without leaders, was going to be, it would seem, submerged by the Anglo-Saxon wave. Menaced by an inundation, agitated arms were extended toward France. France did not come; she could not. Then this people, this brave people, in order to resist the oncoming wave, fastened themselves to a rock; it was their language. The language saved the people and caused it to remain, to triumph. It is a great lesson."

This rock which saved us in the past will be our mainstay to the end; the assaults that are made on it will not be able to shake it.

War has cemented friendship between England and France. Why should not that same friendship be cemented between these two great races who inhabit this land of America?

In conclusion, I will offer for the meditation of our detractors the beautiful sentiments so admirably expressed in an article of *The London Times*, dated the 1st of October, 1914:

"Amidst so many sorrows, this war brings at least one joy: it has made us brothers, it has drawn English and French more closely together than two peoples were ever before united. After centuries of quarrels, behold there has sprung up between us a sort of millenium of friendship."

TO HIM

By MARGARET YANDES BRYAN

HE stood alone.
The cold, damp drizzle of a wintry day
Swept all about him.
Yet I saw him smile,
And saw him stay there,
Close beside the window full of Christmas toys.
And other children came and stood
And looked with eager eyes.
Yet they were pulled by hurrying hands away,
Each hoping in his heart on Christmas Day
That gun or drum would be upon his tree.
Still the boy gazed on;
And then there came to me
A longing to perhaps fill up that little heart with joy,
Because, you see, I, too, had been a boy,
Had stood out in the dusk, cold and alone,
Longing with aching heart for love and home.
So, thinking thus, I gently spoke to him.
"Nice toys," I said.
He looked up with a smile,
An eager, happy smile that made his face,
Much pinched and drawn with cold,
A welcome place for tired eyes to dwell.
And then as if for love of me, he said:
"Here, Mister, move in so you kin see."
I did, while he explained with winsome boyish art
The thought which lay the nearest to his heart.
"Them other kids, they all must go away;
But, mister, I kin stay and stay,
For mother's up in heaven, and, you see,
She sends the angels with these sights for me."
And then he smiled again and then was gone,
Vanished amid the hurrying busy crowd.
I started after, and again I seemed to see
That eager, happy face smile up at me,
And, somehow, I saw life as it should be.

Ah, little ragged boy! Where'er you go,
In this vast dream of ours,
Smile on! and thus within that heart of yours,
So fond and true,
May only mother's angels care for you.

The Last Trick in the Bag

BY BEATRICE REDPATH



HE crowd jostled her. A fat man breathing heavily from his exertions was pushing his way into the tent, and Sue wedged herself in closely behind him, taking a step forward each time he moved. Above the sound of the shuffling feet and the noise of laughter and exclamation Sue could hear the voice of the conjuror. She pushed forward eagerly, extending a solid elbow when someone threatened to usurp her place.

It was hot in the tent, for the sun had been blazing on it all day, and there was a nauseating smell of oranges, pop-corn and peanuts. But Sue was determined not to be foiled in her effort to see everything in the circus. She had looked forward to it for so long, with such anticipation; and, if anything, it exceeded her expectations. Now she stood lost in admiration before the lady in crimson tights who had galloped around the ring, standing on a white horse and kissing her hands to the spectators, while a tight-rope walker had held her spell-bound with fear and wonder.

At length some of those in the front row thinned out and Sue found herself standing directly before the little table on which the conjuror had laid out all the paraphernalia of his trade. He was a tall, thin man with hair slightly graying at his temples, and Sue, accustomed to the rustic inhabitants of Beansville, thought she had never seen anyone like him before.

"You see this handkerchief, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, dan-

gling a bright red handkerchief before the interested spectators.

Sue stood watching him with eager eyes and flushed cheeks, exhibiting an animated interest in his performance, till he paused to smile at her with an appraising glance. She grew crimson, for he appeared to single her out for all his attention as if he were performing his tricks for her alone, while he was laughing lightly as though contemptuous of what he was doing.

There was the bowl of goldfish that appeared magically underneath the handkerchief; there was the rabbit pulled out by its long white ears from the dusty recesses of a dingy silk hat; there was the much-thumbed pack of cards; there were all the usual tricks of the trade; and although Sue had never seen anything like them before her interest in the tricks waned before her interest in the conjuror himself. He was so wholly unlike anyone she had ever known and she was fascinated by the cool brazen ease of the man. She was glad that she had worn her dress with the pink stripes, even though it had looked like rain, and she was glad that Joe had not brought her after all. At the time she had accused him of unkindness, she had even wept a few tears because he could not be persuaded to take an afternoon from his work to bring her to the circus.

"A woman looks fine going without her husband," she had complained with some bitterness—but now she was glad that he had stayed away.

Under cover of the general laughter as the conjuror performed a trick

with an especial deftness, he whispered a few words to her in praise of her prettiness, and Sue thrilled at his daring.

She left the tent with the remainder of the spectators when the performance was over, but she lingered just a little distance from the tent, for she felt sure that the conjuror would join her when he had packed away his things in readiness for the evening performance. She was amazed at herself, but it was as though he were a magnet attracting her—as though she were powerless to do otherwise. The dullness of her life, the utter monotony of the farm routine had never seemed so unbearable, and she felt as though she must snatch a little of the glamour of the circus for herself before the day was over. She recalled the lady in the crimson tights and she strove to imitate her little airs and graces, practising coquettish glances on an occasional passerby.

And in a few minutes the conjuror came out of the tent looking as though he were seeking someone, and then seeing her he immediately joined her as though they were old friends.

She found little to say to him, but she glanced often at him from under the broad brim of her hat, while he had plenty of conversation, if it was only to laugh at Beansville and its inhabitants. She felt as though he thoroughly despised the little village where she lived, and consequently she hated it the more. Her one fear was that she should appear ignorant and rustic, so she gave full vent to her scorn of everything with a bitterness that surprised him.

She could not help a rising feeling of envy for the life these people lived in contrast with her own on the farm where day followed day in monotonous order. It was so gay in the circus-tent, there was so much glamour, so much life and merriment, while the band played such pretty tunes.

"You can't be knowing what it is like to be dull," she complained with a pout, "Why I might as well be a

cabbage growing in a field as living all my life this ways with nothing to see. It's no life at all, and the neighbours about so dull. I be crying my eyes out some days with just the wishing to be away from it all."

The conjuror, if anything, was amused at the violence of her assertions, as he appeared amused at everything. His was a kindly mirth that saw reason for laughter in everything, even were the laughter to be turned on himself. Sue could not understand a laughter that was not three parts scorn. The inhabitants of Beansville were not inclined to merriment of this sort, they laughed mostly to depreciate, so to Sue his laughter struck at the very roots of her life, and in her sudden infatuation for the man she thoroughly despised all that she had ever known. For Joe—what was Joe but one of these rustics whom the conjuror was regarding with such merciless fun.

"You mean it?" he asked, now looking down at her flushed face and blonde prettiness with a smile to himself for her little affected ways. "You mean that you hate all this?—" with a wave of his hand that included a swampy meadow and a mild-looking horse browsing beside a fence.

Sue nodded her head energetically.

"I'm hating it so that I'm near dead with the hating of it," she responded.

The conjuror smiled.

"It's surely a pity to find yourself hating the world we live in," he said, "when there's so much to find pleasure in. Your husband, now. Are you hating him?"

"Yes, I am," snapped Sue, for the moment believing she meant it, in the light of his refusal to take her to the circus.

The conjuror shrugged his shoulders and whistled softly.

"That seems to be always the way with women," he said, "they must be hating what they've got. If they're free, they're all for getting tied up, and if they're tied up they're all for getting free. I've never taken much

stock in them myself, though I don't say but that I like a pretty face when I see one—till I see a prettier one. I like it so much that I'm near forgetting everything else."

He looked down at her in a way that brought the colour flying into Sue's face.

"Do you be liking mine?" she asked, striving to be bold, but with a sudden access of shyness.

"I think perhaps I do," said the conjuror, and with a light laugh he bent over and kissed her.

"You're a magician, aren't you?" said Sue, struggling to regain some of her composure. "You can do most anything you want to, I suppose?"

The conjuror laughed. Sue's mingled archness and naïveté puzzled and at the same time attracted him. That she assumed the naïveté he had no doubt, but she did it cleverly enough to make it attractive.

"I suppose, then," said Sue, "that you could take a gold coin from under your pillow every morning just by wishing it."

The conjuror laughed again heartily. She was certainly prettier and more charming with her childlike way of speaking than anything that he could have expected to find in the drab little village of Beansville. Farmer's wives in his experience were always represented by a checked apron, large feet and a general air of utility. But Sue's feet in her thick buckled shoes were small and well-shaped, and her dress with the pink stripes mocked at the very idea of usefulness.

"That's simple," he answered, and putting his arm around her he kissed her again.

"The circus goes on to-morrow at six o'clock," he said. "Now, suppose I were magician enough to take you along, what would you say?"

"Oh!" said Sue with a sigh, "If only you were," and her mouth drooped at the corners as she thought how dull life would be to-morrow—she had forgotten that life would relapse again into its old monotony.

"They're all the same," remarked the conjuror to the browsing horse as finally he watched Sue going slowly homeward, "every one of them after what they haven't got. A happy woman is as rare to find as a snowflake in June," and with a smile he lounged back in the direction of the circustents, which appeared like mushrooms of gigantic size rising out of the green fields. It was late when Sue arrived back at the farm, and she was trembling with excitement as she entered the lighted kitchen. She thought as she flung off her hat that the farmhouse had never appeared so crude and bare, for her mind was full of the conjuror and of all the flattery that he had whispered to her. If she was as pretty as he had said she was surely wasted on a farm hidden away where there was no one to tell her how pretty she was. Joe had never told her that her hair was like sunbeams, or—or any of the pretty things that the conjuror had said.

Joe, who was sitting smoking his pipe in front of the kitchen stove, looked up with a reproachful glance as she came in.

"I suppose that you're not thinking that a man's hungry after his day's work in the fields," he said with some degree of irritation, "that you must be out till this hour. And now I must be waiting till you go and take off your best things before you get the supper," he added, with a look of scorn for Sue's pink dress and her wide hat with the pink ribbons.

This was too much for Sue in her present state of mind. Her eyes blazed with anger.

"That's all you're ever thinking of," she stormed, "whether you get your supper on time. I suppose that's all a woman's for, just to see that you get fed. It's never of my enjoyment that you think so long as you're satisfied and not kept waiting. Well, I should have known better than to have married a common farmer. I was foolish for sure not to be looking higher—not to be marrying someone who

would be thinking more of me than that I was just here to get his meals."

The tears came into her eyes as she thought how little she was appreciated and how different it might have been if she had married someone like the conjuror. Joe, surprised by her sudden outburst, put down his pipe and got up rather awkwardly.

"There, there," he said, "I was surely forgetting all about the circus. I was a bit tired, and a man's bound to be hasty when he's hungry for his supper and kept waiting. Run along now and take off your pretty things and I'll set the table. The kettle's boiling already."

But Sue refused to be propitiated. She was angry, and she was determined to remain so, and she continued throughout the evening to treat Joe with an air of lofty disdain. She was sure that no woman had ever been quite so unhappy, and her life appeared inexpressably dreary and without interest after the glamour of the circus and in the light of the conjuror's attractions.

Long after Joe had fallen asleep she lay in the darkness with the tears wet on her cheeks as she ruminated on her unhappiness. Beyond the little village of Beansville the world was surely full of wonderful things, and she had so many more years of life stretching before her in which she might enjoy them. But in Beansville she would grow old without ever having lived, with lines appearing on her smooth face while the lustre left her hair.

All night Sue tossed restlessly on her pillow, and in the morning rose still aggrieved to prepare an early breakfast, as Joe had some business to transact in the next town and must make an early start. She still persisted in her anger against him and watched him drive off with a frown, refusing a parting word. Then slowly she went upstairs and took down her pink dress and her broad hat with the pink ribbons and slowly and determinedly she put them on. She

knew now that she had intended this all along—she was going with the conjuror!

The morning was fresh and sweet and dewy as Sue started off across the fields in the direction of the circus-tents. The sky was brilliantly, vividly blue, and the air seemed full of the song of birds, although there were no birds to be seen. It was as though the air itself was singing whilst the smell of early primroses came pleasant and sweet from the hedges. Sue's spirits bounded, and it was with a pleasant excitement that she ran across the fields, her shoes damp from the thick dew. As she came near the circus fields she saw that everything was noise and confusion, with people running hither and thither, and much shouting going on as wagon after wagon was loaded or tents were taken down. There was not much glamour here, and for a few moments Sue stood bewildered and wished that she had not come. No one paid any attention to her, they were all too busy to notice her, and she was just thinking that after all she had better turn back when she saw the conjuror leaning against a fence some distance off, a cigarette between his lips. He greeted her without any apparent surprise except with a slight lifting of his eyebrows.

"This is good of you," he said, "to come and see us off."

Sue felt the colour rushing into her cheeks, and she tried to keep up her head and not look embarrassed. It was harder than she had imagined.

"I'm coming with you," she announced defiantly. "I want to join the circus. I'm never going back to Joe."

The conjuror regarded her in silence while he blew the smoke from his cigarette in slow spirals.

"So that's it," he said slowly, "You're coming with me."

Sue looked at him from under the brim of her hat, smiling and blushing.

"Aren't you wanting me, after all?" she questioned.

The conjuror was silent for a moment, and then he laughed lightly and threw away his cigarette.

"Of course, I'm wanting you if that's how it is," he said, looking down at her till she blushed even more vividly, "I'm not one to be refusing a pretty face for a travelling companion."

They started in advance of the rest of the circus and Sue felt a trifle disappointed in his manner towards her, for she had been inclined to be very dramatic, and his careless good humour seemed scarcely suitable for an occasion of such solemn import. But the glamour of the life before her and the conjuror's attraction soon made her forget everything but how pleasant it was to be walking along the country roads in the sweet-smelling morning air with such a companion. He had so much to talk about, he made her laugh so constantly that she thought a lifetime spent with such a companion would be one of continuous happiness. She never questioned but that he was in love with her—had he not whispered words to her the evening before that had sent the colour flying into her cheeks—and had he not kissed her? She thrilled even now at the memory of those kisses.

They scarcely met anyone as they went along the road, only an occasional cart jogged past, going slowly in the ruts that seamed the road. Sue talked to him now quite naturally, forgetting to assume her little mannerisms of yesterday. She was as a thoughtless child out on a frolic, and as he listened to her, as he watched her, his manner underwent a subtle change.

The sun was hot and at times they stopped to rest under a tree that threw an inviting shade, he lying on his back with his arms under his head, while Sue crouched down on the soft moss beside him. It was pleasant there with the fields stretching away as far as the eyes could see, the fences dwindling to a mere line in the distance. But Sue did not care to look

at the fields, nor at the blue sky with its white fleece of clouds. Her eyes were tired of these—she wanted to hear him talk instead of the life of cities—of night made brighter than day by a thousand lights.

"Those like Joe are happy enough in the fields," she said with scorn, "but you are different. You'd hate it just like I do. Joe's only a common farmer. He don't know how dull it be for those whose tastes are different."

The conjuror was silent, staring up into the sky where the clouds were white foam spreading across the blue.

"You're a magician, you are," said Sue with pride, "That's different to being a farmer."

The conjuror sifted some pine needles between his fingers before he answered.

"I'm by way of being a poor sort of magician," he said at last. "I'm not working as much magic as your Joe is doing when he's simply planting a field. I can take a rabbit out of a hat—so long's I have the rabbit—but I couldn't put life into even a blade of grass. Your Joe is nearer being a magician than I am—Oh, life is not so dull," he went on more slowly, "life is not so dreary—it's what you bring to life that makes it what it is. It's like those that come to look at my tricks. Some come ready to scoff—others come to be amused—and they find amusement. And so it is with life. There's plenty to scoff at in life—but if you're happy yourself you'll find plenty to be happy about—if you're interested you'll find lots that's interesting—but if you're dull yourself—you'll find life dull. Oh, don't you see it's what we bring to life every time. Life itself is about the same for most of us. It's what we bring to life that makes it what it is."

Sue listened wide-eyed. She had never heard anyone talk like this before. In Beansville people accepted things without question or thought. If there was a bad harvest they grumbled and complained at the hardness of their life, and if there was a good

one they were thankful, but only considered it their due. The conjuror was opening up new vistas to her, but there was no longer between them the attitude of woman and lover. It was all gone—he did not even look at her with the eyes of yesterday—he did not seem to notice that she was pretty any more, and she wondered if he was disappointed in her. And now she glanced anxiously up at the sky, for thick dark clouds were rising in heavy banks and there was a low murmur of thunder that was coming nearer and nearer. Sue was afraid of thunderstorms. In the corner of the big kitchen there was a wide settle where she always went to hide her head beneath cushions in the advent of a storm. And here she was out in the open fields with no sign of shelter and the storm would break upon them in a few moments. She was ashamed to tell the conjuror of her fears, for he had grown so distant, so remote, as though he scarcely noticed her any more. He was not noticing the storm either, and now a few big drops splashed down on her thin dress and Sue shrank from them with a little shiver as she glanced at the angry sky.

She felt very frightened and lonely and more and more she longed for the comfortable homelike kitchen with Joe coming in with a laugh for her fears, but at the same time shutting the blinds to prevent her from seeing the lightning darting into the room. For now the rain was coming down in thin shining sheets, and the conjuror laughed as it trickled down his face.

"We get used to this sort of thing," he said. "I suppose you don't mind a bit of rain. Sometimes one is glad enough of it after a hot dusty day tramping the roads. Rain is a tenderer thing than sun, I think, as a woman's tears are tenderer than her smiles."

Sue could not tell him how she dreaded the crash of the thunder that seemed to come so close. She longed with her whole heart to go back, but

she feared his mocking laugh should she tell him that she had already changed her mind. Anyway, it was too late, for she was miles away from home, and terrible as it was to be out in the storm with the conjuror beside her, she could not think of being out in it alone—she did not even know the way back, and dusk was already creeping among the trees and along the hedges.

It was all so different from what she had thought when she had left her home so gaily that morning with the soft words of the conjuror still echoing in her ears. All her big romance had faded away into something quite despicable, and it seemed to be the conjuror himself who was showing it to her in that light. She walked with her eyes on the ground and occasionally a tear ran down her cheeks and mingled with the rain-drops. She wondered what Joe would be thinking when he came back to the empty house and found her gone, and with all her heart she wished herself there to fling her arms around him when he came in. And now she had done something irretrievable, and she could never go back to him.

All the time the conjuror was talking half to himself and half to her, Sue thought, although part of the time she was not even listening to what he was saying.

"Some say it's nature—and some call it spirit," he was saying, "but I call it the Great Conjuror—none of us can learn His tricks no matter how hard we try. Why, child, you say you've never seen anything so wonderful as the few cheap tricks I do to fool some simple rustics by. What about day and night—life and death—tricks, real tricks these, and having need to be done by the Master Conjuror. Oh, there are no end to the tricks He does every day before our eyes, and you never grow tired watching—you never know the next trick that He will take out of the bag to startle and amaze. Oh, child, you won't find the days dull if you just

keep watching the tricks that the Great Conjuror is doing. You won't think much of my cheap tricks then, and you won't think much of me either. I guess your Joe is more nearly in touch with the Great Conjuror than I am. I guess he can show you more than I can if you just ask him. I'm only a poor kind of conjuror with a bagful of tricks."

The rain had all cleared away now and the smell of the damp earth rose pleasantly, fragrantly, fresh. The hedges and trees dripped and drooped heavily, while the conjuror breathed the fresh air with a pleased satisfaction, but Sue's heart was heavier than before as she looked up at a few faint stars coming out in the sky. It was terrible what she had done, and now there was no help for it. She was here at night alone with this stranger—and Joe—oh, how she longed for Joe and his clumsy kindly ways!

"It's what's in a man's heart, not what's in his head that matters," the conjuror continued, "and I guess the man that is nearest to the great simple things has the best in his heart. You can't work out in the sun and smell the good earth and know the wind on your face and take up with evil thoughts."

It was Joe that he was showing her—Joe—now that she had lost him forever! She had never felt so lonely—so wretched—so ignorant of life.

"I didn't know at first," the conjuror said thoughtfully, "the kind you were. You had all the ways of a

different sort. But you're only a child crying out for the sun—and we don't get the sun, you know—we're not intended to. If we just catch a glimpse of it now and then that's all that's good for us."

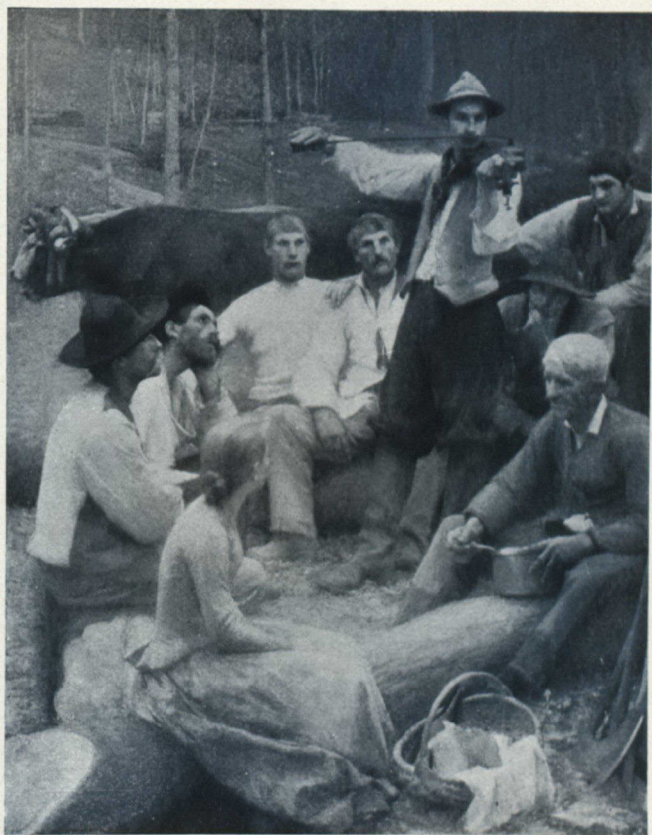
Sue was sobbing now, her fingers covering her face.

"I think you've had your lesson," he said, "and there's one trick we conjurors don't do—we don't turn children into sorrowful women. But there's still one more trick I can do," he continued cheerfully, "the very last trick in the bag—if you cross that stile and yonder field you'll be at home in five minutes, and in time to cook your husband's supper."

Sue uncovered her face and looked about her in astonishment. There was the chimney of her own house with the smoke curling up in a thin spiral, and there was the top of the tall elm. The conjuror had led her back through the dusk while he had been talking—and she had thought herself miles away from home—he had led her back to her own door!

She was speechless in her sudden joy and relief, and in her embarrassment she found no words to say to him as he stood tall and silent and remote in the gathering dusk. With the tears still wet on her cheeks and with a little sob that was all relief she turned and ran in the direction he had pointed out, while the conjuror stood with a smile on his lips watching the last flicker of her dress in the dusk. Then with a careless shrug he turned back into the fields.





IN THE FOREST

By Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret

One of the French Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition

The Waitress at Santy

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



THE land boom struck Santy like a ninety-mile an hour cyclone. It came; it went. What had been a tiny hamlet with a long unpronounceable Spanish name—shortened into Santy by the cattleman—became a collection of the worst-looking board-and-batten shacks between Shasta and San Diego. Magnolia Avenue, with never a magnolia on it, exhibited a ridiculous schoolhouse, cold in winter and hot in summer, a church, a parsonage, two hotels and half a dozen saloons. After the epidemic, when values went headlong, most of these buildings were empty. One hotel, the Grand, kept open, because the fine white dust of the foothills makes cattlemen and sheepmen abnormally thirsty.

The Grand was run by an ex-faro dealer and general all-round sport. I have forgotten his patronymic, but we called him Nosey, not without reason. He mixed amazing cocktails out of whisky which was judiciously blended by himself down cellar. Nosey tended his own bar, played cards, cut hair, and was the tallest talker in the county.

"I'm a liar, and proud of it," he would say.

We sat at the feet of this Gamaliel and absorbed his cocktails and conversation. The odds were ten to one—and no takers—that Nosey could outtalk any man in our crowd. We admitted frankly that he had ideas.

The particular idea of advertising for a waitress was his.

"I'm going behind," he told us. "I'm losing big money, boys."

"Where you steal it?" asked Bud Norcross.

Nosey sighed.

"I stole it right enough. I mind me when I held up single-handed the San Clemente stage, and got away with fifty thousand in Treasury Bills."

Nobody believed this. So far as our limited experience went Nosey was reasonably honest. Nosey continued:

"I bought a pearl necklace with that bunch o' bills, a necklace, boys, which one o' the star-spangled Queens o' Song wears night and day."

"You must ha' made a hit with her majesty?"

"I did. But I hed ter give her the cold chuck. No man gits so fed up with wimmenfolk as I do. The best of 'em kinder sour on me. But wimmen, boys, has their uses. Slingin' hash now—"

We waited expectantly. Nosey pulled a paper from behind the bar.

"You seen this advertisement? It's a dandy."

"Yours, Nosey?"

"Mine, my son. Listen: 'Wanted immediate, a young spry, good-looking *Waitress* for first-class hotel in the country.' Wal, boys, I hate to stick a surprise into ye, but she's doo ter-day."

Bud breasted the bar.

"This is mine. We'll drink the lady's health right now. Come on up, all of ye."

The San Lorenzo Stage rolled into Santy about an hour later. By that time the health of the young-spry-good-looking waitress had been drunk with enthusiasm thrice. None of us, however, believed in the adjectives. But we were thrilled at the advent of any stranger in petticoats. Santy boasted a schoolma'am of years as uncertain as her temper. She handled her scholars masterfully and was a solid pillar of the County Temperance Association. Our cattle ponies shied at the sight of her. Some of the land boom settlers had brought wives and daughters to the foothills. Call them poor white trash, and have done with it. As Bud put it, the Santy stage was set for a star, and the question obtruded itself—did it carry one?

A column of dust appeared in the south-east, and half-a-dozen of us lit cigarettes as we ranged up in front of the hotel.

"Anything for me?" asked Nosey of the stage-driver.

"Inside passenger," replied the stage-driver.

A tall, slim young woman got out, carrying a large satchel. She wore a dust-proof veil and a long whitey-gray cloak. She addressed Nosey in a clear calm voice:

"Is this the Grand Hotel?"

Nosey replied in the affirmative. Bud said hastily:

"Lemme take yer grip?"

Hank Parkinson whispered to me: "One up on Bud."

"Wait," said I.

Bud's offer was ignored. Nosey led the way into the hotel, and the young woman followed in silence. Bud laughed. Hank murmured reflectively:

"Whar did the chicken git the axe?"

We went back to the bar. Presently Nosey appeared. His face indicated surprise and uneasiness. And

his voice, although too loud for genteel society, sank to a whisper.

"Boys," he said solemnly. "She's a peach, a winner."

"What's she won, Nosey? You?"

"Boys, I'm a liar if she ain't a lady—*quality!* Wimmen is, and allers will be, puzzles to me, but why she answered my leetle 'ad' bangs Banagher. Mebbe I worded it too slick. Wal, ye'll se her to-morrer all right."

We did.

In honour of the stranger we took dinner at the Grand. Mame—we were instructed to so address her—waited upon us. She was certainly very attractive and graceful. And her brown hair, so I noticed, was beautifully done. Obviously, also, she took care of her hands. To all our questions—we didn't ask many—she replied in monosyllables. She surveyed us calmly and derisively. It was a dull meal. Bud, the most enterprising of the company, made a bad break.

"Do you like Santy?" he asked our handmaiden.

"It's quiet," she replied demurely.

Bud winked at her.

"We kin whoop things up, if you say so," he assured her.

Mame's face remained impassive. Her eyes rested for a moment upon Bud's ingenious countenance. To our delight he blushed. Then she passed on, blandly indifferent. Hank, who had not read his Chateaubriand, gave us to understand that the discomfiture of his friend was not altogether displeasing to him.

After dinner Nosey commended our table manners.

"Barrin' Bud," he was kind enough to say, "ye behaved like perfect gen'lemen. Mame is high-toned. This ain't her stampin'-ground. But, by Jing! I reckon she means to take aholt and stay on. I suspicioned some that she'd pull stakes this mornin'. But I was mistook. Mebbe she's here for her health."

Bud hazarded another conjecture.

"Mebbe she's after a pearl necklace."

Nosey replied happily:

"She's a pearl is Mame, and it's up to me that she don't fall amongst swine. Hank, the parlour tricks you do with yer knife didn't amuse her any. When I seen Joe tuck his serviette into his pocket, I surmised that she winced. Hand it over, son!"

Joe produced the napkin and "set up" the drinks. Mame was toasted once again. Bud, who was my smartest cowboy, rode back to the ranch with me. He put adequately into words the question that was biting me:

"Say—what the hell's she doin' here?"

*

A fortnight passed. Being a slack time on the ranch we spent some agreeable hours in Santy at the Grand Hotel. One thing was certain. Mame, as waitress, developed into a stellar attraction of the first magnitude. She treated all and sundry alike with demure courtesy. She took the air in the company of the hotel cook, a melancholy and aged female. She refused pleasantly invitations to go "buggy-riding." But her reserve, when waiting upon us, gradually thawed. Let it be recorded, also, that imperceptibly she raised the tone of table talk. Under much provocation she corrected grammatical blunders with a smile that took the sting out of her admonitions. Hank and Bud became promising pupils. Each confided in me that he was the writhing victim of the grand passion. Bud broke out into poetry. Hank bought a Prince Albert coat, satin-lined. I do not affirm that Mame encouraged the boys, but she did not discourage them. Watching her closely, I cherished the conviction that they amused her. Moreover, they kept other aspirants at a distance.

About a week later, Nosey led me apart, and after exacting a pledge of

secrecy made an astounding announcement.

"Mame ain't what she appears to be. For two years I run a barber shop in Petaluma. I hold the quick-shavin' record, shaved sixty-three men under the hour, by Jing: Yes, sir, what I don't know about the barber business could be set down on a dime. Mame wears a wig."

"A wig?"

"A wig—one of the best, too. Good wigs run into big money. I reckon she must hev two. Yes'day I took a squint at her washin'. No frills, ye understand, but fine linen—a dead give-away."

"Meaning?"

"Mame is no waitress. She's in hidin'—sure!"

"None of our business."

"Yer dead right. That's why I told ye. I've bin in hidin' more'n onct. Thar's bin big rewards offered fer me. Yes, sir, I've bin wanted by half a dozen sheriffs—damn 'em! The pint is—air they wantin' Mame?"

"Your 'pint,' Nosey, is as big as a barrel. Two men, I know, are wanting Mame—Bud Norcross and Hank Parkinson. They want her so badly that there may be trouble."

"Pshaw! Is Mame wanted by the perlice?"

"Search me."

"It'd tickle me plum ter death ter fool the police. 'I've half a notion to give Mame a hint that way."

"Don't! If she is hiding, she's chosen a snug place. A hint from you might scare her out of it."

"Mebbe yer right."

After this confidential talk with Nosey I looked with ever-increasing interest and curiosity at our waitress. Her singular detachment had become explicable upon a hypothesis which in itself seemed incredible. The girls eyes were so honest. She carried a high hand. Her laugh had the sterling ring to it. Nosey, when I casually mentioned these things to him, pitied my ignorance and inexperience.

"When I played cards for a livin', I and I was a Jim Dandy at it, a down-and-outer, what made the suckers play with me? My honest face, by Jing! Mary's little lamb an' me ha' bin twins. Mame's face is her fortin' and I'm lookin' for her photograph in *The Police Gazette*. If I was twenty years younger, I'd want the purty sinner myself."

"Bud and Hank would make it lively for you."

"I'd eat them two galoots for breakfast and be hungry again by dinner-time."

I returned to the ranch a much worried man. During two years Hank and Bud had been devoted friends; now Mame stood between them. Santy was not big enough to hold my two best cowboys. They behaved like dogs growling over a bone. On the range they went different ways. About the barn and in the house they glared fiercely at each other. Each mocked the other, and yet each—with the colossal conceit which characterizes your true native son of the Golden West—believed that Mame was his for the asking.

But they didn't ask.

I wondered whether I could breathe a warning word into Mame's ear. In Santy, she had been the only person, male or female, who had treated me consistently with a rather chilling deference. I felt sure that my position as the owner of a large ranch had nothing to do with her attitude towards me. Her deference, if it could be really called that, was much more subtle. It involved the recognition of class distinctions. Had she been an Englishwoman I should have understood her perfectly. Always there was the difficulty of getting her alone.

Next day, I seized my first opportunity.

Nosey told me that the ancient cook was out for the afternoon, paying visits in Santy. Mame, I learned, was in the kitchen. I found her reading a book which she closed as I entered.

I saluted her gravely, and then plunged headlong.

"Mame, there's trouble at the ranch-house, and you're at the bottom of it."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Hank and Bud, good boys, are crazy about you. Loco! Bud writes poetry, and Hank hides himself in a prince Albert coat."

"I'll fix them. You leave it to me. They're nice boys. I'd hate to make trouble between them. Can't they keep the peace for a bit longer?"

"I don't know. That sort of trouble gets acute mighty quick."

"I'll watch out. Don't you worry!"

She looked at me pensively, with a faint smile curving her red lips. I was near enough to glance carelessly at her nice brown hair, always exquisitely arranged. If she wore a wig, it was certainly one of the best. I took my leave more puzzled than ever. Nosey was waiting for me in the bar.

"Any luck?"

I repeated the conversation. Nosey nodded.

"Playin' fer time, is she? Wal—that's a heap better'n doin' it. Say—I've a notion to give a ball. We'll hev a hog-killin' celebration."

"Are you a dancer, Nosey?"

"A dancer—me? I won the world's championship, when I was a kid. I danced for seventeen hours. I quit dancin' after that."

"Why?"

"Wal, sir, after I'd downed the other competitors, I noticed that my pardner was kinder limp and listless. I had to carry her to her seat, and a doctor got to work on her. He said that sh'd bin dead two hours. That's what made me quit. Now, about this yere ball; we'll dance in the dining-room, and hev supper in the bar. You scare up a big crowd."

"I wonder if Mame dances?"

"Does a cat eat sardines?"

*

The ball was a memorable affair.

Apart from what may be described as the crowning surprise at the end of it, to be related in due time, there was the gathering together of a very remarkable crowd. Our foothills harboured some desperate characters, cattle-thieves and the like, to whom the lure of the *fiesta* was irresistible. Tickets for one gentleman and his lady friend were sold at a dollar apiece. Nosey was not optimist enough to expect to make money out of the ball proper. A profit commensurate with the trouble taken would be gleaned at the bar.

Hank appeared in his Prince Albert. Bud wore a black morning coat of mine. In the West there is an inviolate law: no trouble before women. Cowboys left their "guns" at home. We averaged three cavaliers to one lady, but that made things livelier for the girls. A local fiddler, a sheepherder, was instructed to do his best.

Mame, of course, was the Belle of the Ball. She wore a frock fashioned by herself out of cheese cloth. I never wish to take the floor with a lighter or better performer. She was kind enough to give me the first waltz. As we finished a young man entered the room, stood for an instant in the doorway, glanced round him, and then smiled. I thought he was smiling at me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mame's face. She was very pale, and her eyes held an odd furtive expression. This vanished immediately, so quickly indeed that I thought I had been mistaken. The young man approached.

"Hello, Mary."

"Hello, Gene."

He put out his hand and grasped hers. I bowed and left them. As I did so I saw Bud staring hard at the stranger. Hank, just across the room, stared also. I turned to glance at our waitress. She was whispering to the stranger, as he stood smiling at her. They edged back out of the crowd. Bud came up to me and said hoarsely:

"Say, you know that guy?"

"I never saw him before," I said.

"Same here. I reckon to cut him outter the herd—pronto."

He approached Mame, and I had curiosity enough to follow him at a discreet distance. He claimed the next dance, and carried off Mame triumphantly. Hank looked disappointed. The stranger smiled, surveying the crowd with a somewhat derisive lift of his eyebrows. He might have come out of the hills, but he was not of them. I sized him up as a city clerk. By all odds he was the handsomest man in the room.

During the next two hours I was trying to determine whether a comedy or a tragedy was being played under my nose. Mame danced with many men, but after each dance she returned to the stranger. Nobody was surprised to see them supping together. Obviously, too, Bud and Hank had joined issues in the common desire to "out" a dangerous rival. I found them together, drinking Nosey's inflammatory cocktails. No supper for them! The boys were on the friendliest terms. Nosey was busy behind his bar. The supper-tables were spread at the other end of the room, with a curtain discreetly hiding the bar from fair and censoring eyes. After supper the curtain could be taken down and the room given over to the men. Then, and not till then, those making or hunting trouble could count themselves free agents. At supper, each man waited upon himself and his partner.

I heard Bud say to Hank:

"I've a notion to borrow a gun from Nosey. This yere stranger may be heeled."

Hank replied mournfully:

"Nosey ain't the sport he useter be."

When they saw me, each affected a too boisterous hilarity. Somehow I felt sorry for the stranger.

After supper we had a treat. Mame and the stranger took the floor together. In those days, the two-step was almost unknown. One two-step

only figured upon the programme hung upon the wall behind the fiddler. He struck up a Sousa march. At once I knew that "Gene" was a professional dancer, as graceful as "Adonis" Dixey, and much of the same build. I knew also that this two-step had been promised to Bud when the programme was drawn up. Bud fancied himself as a dancer, and had told all the boys to be "around" when the two-step was played. Bud watched the gyrating pair, conscious of grins upon the faces of the "boys". Hank, however, was quite as angry as Bud. Mame had promised to eat supper with him. Under the circumstances, I thought it prudent to have a word with Nosey. I found him below, taking down the curtain. When I recited the facts, he whistled. I added carelessly:

"You were bragging about your dancing. You ought to see this fellow at it."

"I will," said Nosey. "You wait till I take a squint at him."

He hurried into the dancing-room, and was back in a jiffy with an unmistakable expression upon his face. In a moment of excitement, the man's nose would twitch. Hence, possibly, his nickname. It was twitching now. He took my arm.

"This thing is serious," he said hoarsely. "Do you know who Mame's huggin'?"

"I don't. They're old friends. This isn't the first time they've two-stepped together."

"It may be the last," replied Nosey.

"Oh, rot," I replied. "You and I can talk to the boys. Mame has let them down hard, but that clears the air between two old friends. It's our job to see that they don't pick a quarrel with this stranger."

Nosey's answer surprised me:

"I ain't worryin' about that. I've a notion to get a whiff of fresh air. We'll leave that curtain up a mite longer.

He went outside, where all the

horses were hitched to a double row of rails. When he came back his nose was still twitching.

"Go, git Hank and Bud—quick. Thar ain't a moment to lose."

I obeyed—wondering. Bud and Hank asked no questions. I fancy that they counted me in as a third party. Nosey had found an understudy to serve drinks. He beckoned us into the kitchen.

"Boys," he said to Hank and Bud, "Mame has double-crossed ye, ain't she?"

Bud answered grimly:

"The fun ain't over yet."

"Now, you two boys are sports. D'ye want to heap red hot coals on Mame's head? She ain't for either of ye. This is a big chance to git even with her in a big way."

"I ain't guessin' no riddles ter-night, old socks."

Nosey's voice sank to a melodramatic whisper. I can't remember whether or not he had been a world-famous actor.

"Boys, outside, under the big live oak, air the Sheriff o' this yere county and two depities."

"Gee!"

"They're waitin' for them two-steppers. It's my idee that we kin fool 'em. The Lord jined husband an' wife, let not man put 'em asunder."

"Husband an' wife!"

"Counterfeiters, both of 'em. I was in the green goods business onct. These two air champions."

"Suffering Mike!"

"The San Antone Kid and his wife. They was both dancers. I'd hate to think that my dance landed 'em in the penitentiary."

We were stupefied into silence. I had read the story in the papers. Romance had tintured an otherwise sordid tale. The police had made sure of capturing the criminals, because they escaped together and were known to be devoted to each other. The wife was red-headed.

"What kin we do?" said Bud.

Nosey chuckled and blinked.

"That's big money in the way of reward. You boys kin git even that a way."

"You go to blazes."

"Nosey has a plan," I suggested.

"Yes, boys, I hev. Mame has two wigs. The Kid ain't overly big, and his face is as smooth as hers. The officers tracked him here. They don't know about Mame. Anyway, we must take that chance. If you two boys escorted two ladies down Mongolia Avenoo, with the moon full on yer faces, I'd bet what's in the till ye'd fool that crowd under the live oak. They'll be watchin' the Kid's broncho. And," he looked hard at me, "the ranch-house ain't a mile away."

We nodded solemnly.

Nosey managed the details with consummate art. We three were as wax in his hands. The unwritten law helped us. The sheriff and his deputies had to consider popular opinion. To break up a pleasant party was against all precedent. They were con-

tent to wait till the guests dispersed. The Kid changed into the working dress of a waitress in his wife's room. Several couples, after supper, went for a stroll *au clair de la lune*. Nosey and I engaged the sheriff in conversation, asssuming jocularly that they were after some of our cattle-lifting friends. I saw Bud and Hank come out of the hotel, each with an arm encircling his companion. Bud broke into song, as he passed us.

"I want yer, ma honey, yes I do."

The ladies were discreetly veiled.

Next day, when the Kid and his wife were over the hills and far away, I said to Bud and Hank:

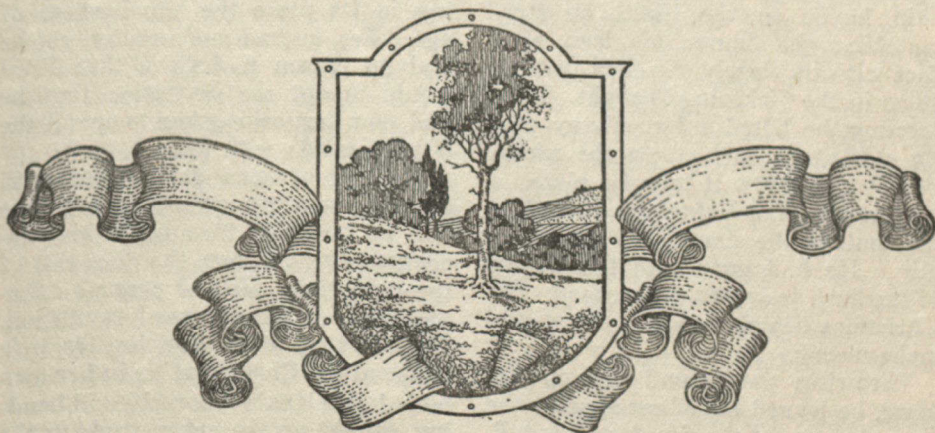
"Which of you two boys walked with Mame?"

"I did," said Bud. "We spun a dollar about it. I squeezed Mame good and hard."

Hank snickered:

"Mame kissed me when I told her good-bye."

Nosey didn't advertise for another waitress.



The Unbidden Guest

BY BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

DRAWING BY JOHN RUSSELL



SHAKING the snowflakes from his overcoat, Robert Standish burst into the kitchen with a sense of boyishness foreign to the customary air of dignity that accompanied his professorship. Throwing down the armful of evergreen that he swept with such triumph through the doorway, he flung off coat and cap, and, sweeping it up again in his long muscular arms, he carried it into the room that was part library, part living-room.

Dropping his bundle in a corner, he stooped over the rugged stone fireplace and lighted the fagots heaped upon the grate. Holding out his long thin hands to the blaze, he stood watching the flames, his lean, dark face with its clearly chiselled features stern in the flickering firelight. Then, turning, he lifted a log, silvery with its coating of bark, from the wicker basket and threw it into the blaze.

A sense of satisfaction glowed in his soul as the flames crackled merrily. He had gone into the depths of the bush to hunt this firewood. The Christmas hearth-fires at least should make merry.

Throwing the second log on the blaze, he leaned his elbow against the rugged stone of the fireplace, his tall, spare figure standing loosely, with a touch of relaxation in its attitude.

The sober, deep-set, gray eyes studied the mass of evergreen with its sprinkling of rose berries. He had

had a long tramp through the woods, hunting out the green stuff. But his heart had warmed to the exercise as it had not for many months. Jove! but that juniper vine had almost eluded him. He was glad that he had persevered until he found it.

With a sense of boyish abandonment of seriousness and learning, he had entered into preparations for this merry-making. Early in the day he had sent old Rachel—the woman from over the way who kept his cottage tidy and cooked his meals—into the city to buy the Christmas dinner.

Then, with a sudden sense of heaviness, his heart throbbed dully, the spirit of the boy deserting it and leaving in its place the hopelessness of age. Yes, he had made ready, yet he had no reason to believe that Enid would accept the invitation that he had sent her, asking her to spend the Christmastide with him.

He had written that letter with fiercely-pounding pulses, but not once had he breathed through it his tenderness for her nor the thought of reconciliation. He had penned a simple, cold, straightforward invitation. The mockery of it—inviting his wife to spend the Christmastide in her own home! He laughed harshly and bending, caught up the poker, probing the fire with fierceness.

If only he could have poured out the intensity of his love in that letter! If only he could have told her how intolerable life was without her

and that loneliness had taught him to understand just a little more of her nature. Brute that he had been, to expect such sobriety of her and to have demanded that she conform so strictly to his simplicity of living.

In an outburst of passion, such as had shaken his soul rudely, when first he found her, he had snatched her from the very lap of luxury. She had responded, and in defiance of the fury of her own people, had married him to accept his cottage as home.

If only her own people had cut her off, all might have gone well. But the cottage had swarmed with these over-dressed, money-idoled, pleasure-worshipping people, bemoaning the fate of their Enid, lavishing upon her their extravagance. And he had rebelled. He had not thought that his determination to shut all the gaudy splendour of the old life out from the cottage home could so hurt the girl-life. It was as though he had broken the heart of a child, taking away from her the glittering foolish toys that were shrivelling her soul.

He had thought she was made of sterner stuff. He had seen into the depths of her yearning soul, reaching out to nobler, bigger things in life than her people had known. And this yearning—the dearness of her winsomeness—had drawn him irresistibly to her. As he had sought out the wild, creeping things of the flower world and developed them, through his tireless study and experiment, to a hardier, richer growth, he had yearned to develop the mind and soul of Enid Carr.

But with the helpless flowers of the wild he had worked gradually, patiently, not with the abrupt pressure he had bent upon the will of the girl-wife. It had maddened him to know that he, alone, could not satisfy her; that she still craved glamour and excitement.

All on the impulse of the moment, he had decided the turning point. His wife *must* choose between her own people and—himself. She had chosen

and in the very hour of her choice had gone away from the cottage, riding with her brother Jules, in regal splendour, never turning her head from that luxuriously modelled car to look back at Robert Standish.

Ahead of her lay the glories of a summer camp, teeming with frolic. Behind her there was only the year-round cottage in the shabby, college town, with only an occasional day's tramp in the woods or a canoeing trip up to the rapids to break the monotony. She had made her choice and had returned to her own people.

If he had only poured out in the letter the loneliness of the months he had endured and craved her forgiveness for his hastiness in subjecting her so mercilessly to poverty—of dominating so brutishly her will and wrenching her from luxury and extravagance, he might have hoped for a response.

But he had not wanted her to come home for the Christmastide, because he wanted her so much, but because she, herself, wanted to come.

Why, it was only early last May that she had left the cottage, and never a word had he heard from her in all that time. Startled at the significance of the fact, he turned from the fire, pacing the floor restlessly.

If only he had been willing to accept her people along with her dear self in the beginning, he might gradually have led her into a knowledge of the beauty of simplicity—the abhorrence of superfluous riches.

What reason had he to hope that the Christmastide in his cottage would have appeal to Enid? A birch log fire in the rugged stone fireplace, a bit of evergreen hung in the library, and old Rachel cooking the Christmas dinner.

He laughed a harsh, mocking laugh as there flashed across his mental vision the Christmas he had spent with Enid's people two years ago. Lights and revelry! Splendour and sumptuous feasting! Guests crowding the great rooms, stifling with the per-

fume of hot-house bloom! Music and imported entertainers catering to the spirit of the merry-making mansion!

How he had loathed it all for the real Christmas spirit was lacking. In all that dazzling splendour, Enid—his love—had shone with lustrous purity as if she did not belong there.

Born as he had been to a knowledge of poverty and working his way to the goal of his ambitions—a professorship in botany—he had scorned over-indulgence. Enid had known no other life. And in his foolhardiness he had doubtless stamped out the desire that would have spurred her soul on to attain higher ideals.

Footsteps on the floor above aroused the man from his meditation and he paused again by the fireplace, listening. Old Rachel back from the city? But he had told her to stay there over night, that she might be the first at the market in the morning.

He raised his head suddenly, a flash of incredulity lighting his deep-set eyes. The soft swish of skirts sounded on the stairway. He leaned forward eagerly, his heart pounding with the sweet mysteriousness of the moment.

A soft footfall in the reception-hall, then as the dull tan curtains parted, the blazing logs sputtered and threw a light over the room, dim with twilight.

It was the woman of his musing! The same queenly carriage, with the laughter glowing in her turquoise eyes and the gleam of lustre in her brown hair, coiled girlishly low. The soft, clinging gown of blue crêpe gave her height, and there was an added touch of womanliness that mystified him. And with it all the dear winsomeness of her that shook his soul.

"Enid!" he whispered brokenly, his arms instinctively reaching out toward her.

She laughed—a murmuring, silvery laugh—in response, but ignoring his outstretched arms, paused by the side of the deep leather chair, leaning against the arm.

"Robert—it—it was good of you to ask me to come," she began, the music of her voice sending the blood pulsing hot through his being.

"Good!" he muttered thickly, "it was good of you to come. I hardly dared hope for that. You see, the cottage is unchanged, and I have little merry-making to offer you."

"I was not thinking of that when I came," protested the woman, a shadow darkening her eyes, "I was not sure from your letter that you wanted me for myself—perhaps only to make your Christmas less lonely. There is something about the Christmastide that mocks us in our loneliness."

"Enid," broke in the man, hungering to take her in his arms, yet conscious of the restraint she forced upon him, "surely you understood me better than that. All these months I've been crying out for you. Sometimes I thought the call of my soul must reach you clearly."

A sudden illumination of the dear face and a tired little sigh, that involuntarily escaped her lips. "Perhaps I heard, but did not understand. You see, I was very young in the ways of the worth-while life," she whispered softly, adding, "So much has come into my life since I left you—"

"Years and years ago," the man breathed heavily.

"Only last May," the woman smiled wistfully. "I did not know what new interests might have come into your life. It seemed incredible that things should remain unchanged. You see that this is the first time you have asked me to come home—"

"But, surely, Enid, you knew it was your home to come to when you wished," protested the man hotly.

"You sent me out from the cottage," she responded, shaking her head, "you gave me my choice. In a moment, when I was conscious only of keen disappointment that you disapproved of my participating in the glories of the summer camp, you gave me my choice. I made it—hastily."

The man's groan interrupted and



Drawing by John Russell.

"Suddenly the woman raised her head, her eyes luminous with a mystical light."

he bowed his head in remorse as the woman continued her passionate outbreak. "But I was not sure that I wanted to come back until—until your letter came. Then I could not wait for the Christmas Eve. No, you see I came a day earlier."

Robert Standish raised his eyes, but as he met the glorious radiance of her face their sight blurred. There was a new charm to her womanliness that challenged him. Mysteriously sweet was her smile, as though she had lived through more years than he in their separation. Yet it were impossible that she could have suffered more. And she had come at his call. Suppose she had demanded that he go to her people's home and bring her back to the cottage?

Alluringly beautiful she stood by the deep armchair. Would she come no nearer to him? Within the glow of the firelight the man stood tense with wonder and hunger. Conscious of a stifled sigh, he raised his head, glancing sharply at the girl-wife. He caught a glimpse of her figure swaying slightly with fatigue. With a pretty impetuosity her arms reached out. He leaped across the room, catching the lithe figure in his man's strong arms, the fire of his throbbing, aching heart crushing her in a passionate embrace. Then drawing her toward the deep leather chair, he pulled her gently down until her cheek rested against his shoulder and his hot face bent to meet her lips.

"Oh, Robert—dearest—it has been so black! All those months without you were blank," murmured the woman, "there were days when I did not seem to care to live. Yes, they lavished every extravagance on me, thinking they would make me forget you. It was bitterness, but I learned to loathe luxury and I craved only—you!"

He could not answer, save with passionate caresses—the declaration of the tumult in his man's heart. Now, he understood why he had not poured out his entreaty for forgiveness in the

letter. He wanted to feel the pressure of her dear lips in the hour of his soul's outbreak. Then in the glory of twilight, with the flickering blaze of the birch logs shadowing the hallowed room, there was silence between them.

Suddenly the woman raised her head, her eyes luminous with a mystical light, her fingers trembling as she ruffed the man's shock of black hair with her old-time playfulness.

"Bobs, I forgot to tell you that I did not come alone. I brought a guest with me. He is upstairs in the guest-room—resting."

"Enid!" the man broke out, a discordant note in his voice, "but I asked only *you* to come. I—I suppose he is one of your own people."

"Yes, he is one of my people," she answered readily, slipping from his embrace, "you see, I did not know how things might stand between us. I thought if I brought this guest it might lessen the estrangement—"

"Enid, couldn't you trust me to give you only gladness this Christmas-tide?"

"I was not sure," she protested, a mocking smile in her blue eyes. "Besides, Ju—, the guest I brought would not let me come without him. He would have rebelled most stormily against my coming here alone. You will give him a welcome, won't you? We have been so happy to-night, that I dare ask that you open your heart even to your unbidden guest."

She sat there looking at him, the luminous light of her eyes blinding his vision. The sweetness of appeal in her voice thrilled his being. He rose wearily from his chair, his hand brushing across his eyes.

"Bring him down. He may not appreciate the hospitality of my cottage this Christmas-tide. But it is open to him," he responded grimly, reluctantly.

With a laugh of sweet mysteriousness dominating her voice, she went out of the room toward the stairway.

calling back softly, "I believe he will love it."

Robert Standish moved slowly toward the fireplace, stretching out his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

Her people! and they could not leave them alone one Christmas even. Jules—she had mentioned his nickname Ju—, the brother, altogether pompous in his over-indulgence, coarse in his garish splendour, with a mind warped through non-development.

Footsteps sounded on the stairway. He must steel himself for the inevitable. But no, the guest was still in the guest-room. Enid was coming down the stairway alone.

He raised his eyes to the curtains, eager for one brief moment alone with her, then catching a glimpse of the girl-wife, moving slowly, majestically into the library, a sudden thrill of passion submerged his soul.

There were tears in the woman's eyes, but the light on her face was of wondrous radiance, and in her arms, close to her breast, nestled a mysterious, wriggling bundle, all swathed in downy flannel. A little cooing, half-protesting cry from the bundle and Enid's cheek bent close to the baby face.

"Oh, Robert, isn't he wonderful?" she cried out joyously. "Oh, Bobs, even my people say that he is all Standish. And he just despises frills and luxuries. He's perfectly satisfied with his blessed old mother and a woolly blanket."

The girlish arms held out their burden toward the man, speechless, with his heart pounding so tumultuously, till it rested against his sleeve. Instinctively his arms reached out, drawing the baby form close to his heart in an ecstasy of embrace.

The woman, standing beside the man in the glow of the firelight, rested her cheek against the baby head, prattling sweet—joyously sweet—nothings.

"Oh, Junior, aren't we glad to get home to daddy? Just as if we should

not have known enough to come without him asking us! It was your seventh birthday wasn't it, little Boss, that blessed letter came. Your mammy didn't want to wait a day, but all those fussy old doctors just made us wait till you were three whole weeks old, babykins. No, your daddy didn't ask you to come home for Christmas, but Bobs Junior wasn't going to let his mother come without him."

A sob strangled the man; then, bending over, he thrust the babe back into the girlish arms.

"Let me look at him close to your heart again, dearest," he insisted, "it will seem more real. No, I can't believe it yet. It is too wonderful," he protested, his voice hollow with huskiness.

Sinking into the deep armchair, the girl-mother opened up the roll of flannel, releasing the pink toes that stretched out bewilderingly toward the firelight. Covering the tiny rosebud fingers with her kisses, Enid coaxed with a pretty entreaty:

"Just one smile for your daddy, Robert Standish, Junior, then off to bed you go. There's supper to get and all those beautiful, woodsy greens to hang up to-night."

Dropping on his knee, the man rested his rough, tanned cheek against the satiny cheek of the babe. Conscious of the woman's hand rumpling his hair, he turned his eyes, kindled with the light of adoration, toward her.

"The unbidden guest has all of my heart as well as the hospitality of the cottage," he laughed gladly.

"Bobs, dear, your letter only asked me for the Christmastide," protested the girl-mother. "We're waiting—little Bobs and I—to be asked to stay as long—as long—"

The man leaned forward eagerly, his arms reaching out and circling the mother and babe. For a long silent moment he knelt there, bowed beneath the sweet benediction of his wife and the little unbidden guest, who had come home to stay.

War Prices and War Thrift

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PURCHASING POWER OF THE DOLLAR

BY S. A. CUDMORE

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DURING the past fifteen or twenty years we in Canada, in common with the people of all other civilized countries, have been experiencing a world-wide rise in prices—a world-wide fall in the purchasing power of the dollar. To this phenomenon has been given the name “the diminishing dollar”. This decline in the purchasing power of the dollar has, for reasons which I shall discuss later, been going on with vastly greater rapidity since the outbreak of the war.

Many more or less successful attempts to explain this condition have been made by economists. The majority of them agree in the main with Professor Irving Fisher, who in his books, “The Purchasing Power of Money”, and “Why the Dollar is Shrinking”, advances the view that the world-wide rise in general prices which took place prior to the war was due to the great increase in the world’s stock of gold. The world’s supply of gold was between 1896 and 1914 increasing more rapidly than its stock of commodities. Consequently a certain fixed amount of gold, *e.g.*, the 23.22 grains of pure gold in the gold dollar, would not in 1914 exchange for the same quantity of commodities in general as it exchanged for twenty years before.

The question of the diminishing dollar, even before the war, was far from

being a merely academic one. All those persons who derived their support from fixed salaries or annuities or bond interest found their economic position gradually becoming worse. Their fixed incomes commanded in almost every year from 1896 to 1914 a smaller stock of commodities than in the previous year, and it is on commodities, not on gold, that one lives. Wage-earners were similarly affected, but they were usually able by strikes or negotiations or by the mere operation of the law of supply and demand to secure increased wages corresponding to the increased cost of living. The great industrial disturbances of the period, however, were largely due to the efforts of wage-earners to secure these wages, and might never have occurred if the purchasing power of money had remained relatively stationary.

The net decrease in the purchasing power of money before the war has been estimated by our Labour Department at Ottawa. According to its statistics based on the average prices of over two hundred commodities, articles which cost \$100 in 1899, cost \$135.50 in 1914, an increase of roughly one-third, or at the rate of 2½% per annum. Thus, the workingman who put \$100 into the bank at the beginning of one year and drew out \$103 at the beginning of the succeeding year was practically no better off for his saving. The articles which he

could have bought for \$100 at the beginning of one year, cost him \$102.50 at the beginning of the next. This is a phenomenon of infinite importance. When the purchasing power of the dollar is rapidly declining, it is usually from the individuals' point of view a mistake to save money. The interest which he earns on money saved is barely, if at all, sufficient to make up for the decline in the purchasing power of the principal sum. There is no doubt that this fact has contributed largely to the spread of spendthrift habits among our population.

Up to 1914, however, the decrease in the purchasing power of the dollar was comparatively slow and regular. Since the war began, it has been phenomenally and distressingly rapid, and the people with small fixed incomes have been exceedingly hard hit. Taking the figures from the September number of *The Labour Gazette*, I find that on the average commodities in general which cost wholesale \$100 in 1899 and \$136.30 in August, 1914, cost \$151.50 in August, 1915, \$180.70 in August 1916 and \$245.00 in August 1917.

This enormous rise in prices during the war is fundamentally different from the slow, steady increase of the ante-bellum period. Its cause is not an increase in the stock of gold, but a decrease in commodities due to the withdrawal from ordinary economic production of enormous numbers of men called to military service, or employed on the manufacture of munitions and other war supplies. Raw materials, too, are scarce and expensive, both because of the lessened labour force available for their production, and because of the enormous consumption occasioned by the war. The more rapid rise in prices during the past year is at least partly accounted for by the extraordinarily bad harvest of 1916 in North America and generally throughout the world.

The economic strain and stress produced by this abnormal rise in prices

has been terrific. People with salaries and fixed incomes have found their position worse every day; wage-earners, in spite of their patriotism, have found themselves forced to strike for a living wage. To some extent, the rise in the cost of food and clothing has been made up for by the fall in rents, but rents themselves, in our Eastern cities at all events, are now on the upgrade.

If this is to continue the future is dark indeed. The war is not ended and will not be ended for another year, perhaps for two. What is to become of us if the next year or two show as rapid increases in prices as the last? General scarcity and famine prices, complicated and increased by enormous taxation and labour disturbances of all kinds will be the only possible outcome if the rise in prices continues.

However, I believe that it will not continue.

With considerable diffidence I would venture to express the opinion that the rise in prices has well-nigh touched its limit. The enormous increase of nearly one-third in general prices since 1916 has been largely, if not mainly, due to the crop failure of that year. With a reasonably good harvest in 1917, with improved distribution and more economical consumption, it seems to me that any increase in rents, prices of metals, etc., will be offset by the drop in food prices. I believe that, whatever may happen to the price of individual commodities, general prices have nearly or quite reached their maximum.

This, if true, is a fact of great significance. From the individual's point of view, it has not "paid" to save money in 1914, or in 1915, or in 1916 in order to spend it in 1917. That money with its interest has not in 1917 the same purchasing power as the principal had in 1914 or 1915 or 1916. If, however, prices have reached their maximum and are likely to be soon on the down-grade, saving may well be encouraged. Saving, besides being a

highly patriotic duty, may be exceedingly profitable to the saver.

How will this happen? Supposing that 1918 or the early part of 1919 sees the end of the war, 1920 will witness the beginning of a return to normal peace-time conditions. The millions of men who have been fighting, the other millions now employed in making munitions, will once more become producers. Many of the women who have taken the men's places will doubtless remain permanently in industry and will in part make up for those who have been killed and disabled. Production will go on with greater efficiency than ever before, for our manufacturers as well as those of other countries have learned a great deal during the war.

The result of this will be that the present war-time scarcity of commodities will no longer exist. The main cause of high war-time prices will have passed away and prices will accordingly fall, and fall very considerably. They will not, so far as I can see, again fall to their 1913 peace-time level, since the increasing stock of gold will probably continue to diminish the purchasing power of the gold dollar. Besides this, the taxation necessary to meet the interest on war-debt will generally increase the cost of producing commodities of all kinds. Allowing for the fall in the purchasing power of gold and for war taxation, the probable price of general commodities which cost \$136.30 in 1913 will be somewhere between \$150 and \$180, or let us say \$160 as an average, for the sake of simplicity, and base our future calculations upon it. This means that goods which in August 1917 cost \$245 will in 1920 cost \$160—that goods which now cost \$1.00 will then cost only 65 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents.

Supposing this to be fairly accurate,

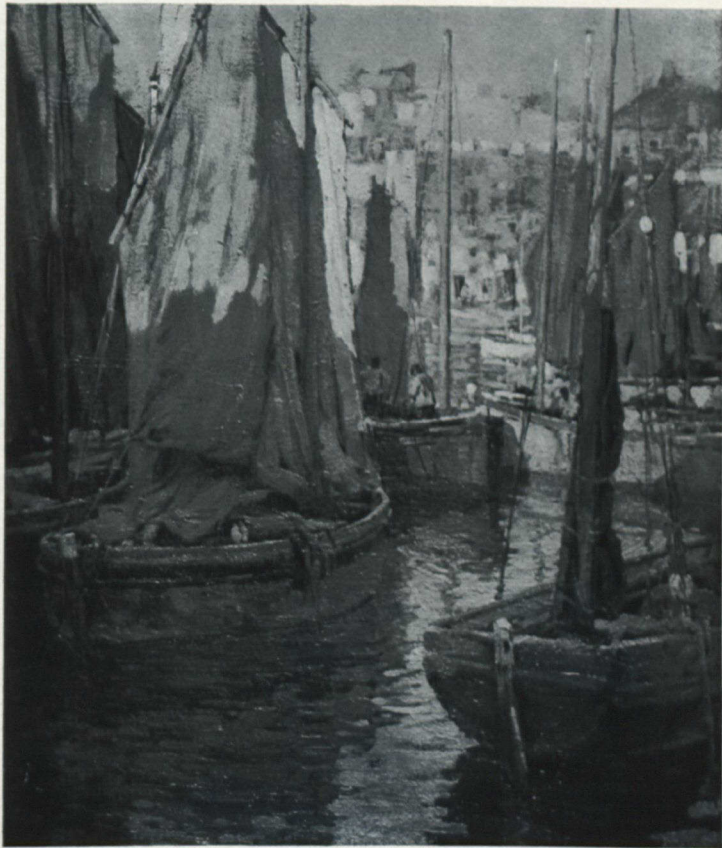
what follows? Briefly this: that just as in former years it did not "pay" the salaried man or the workman to save on account of the increase of general prices, now it is going to pay them exceedingly well to save on account of the prospective fall of general prices. The workman who pays \$86 for a \$100 war bond will probably find that his \$100 in 1920 will buy him as much as \$150 will buy him now.

Nominally, indeed, the worker who to-day invests \$86 in a war certificate to receive \$100 in 1920, is earning about five per cent. per annum on his money. Really and actually the worker who instead of spending his money saves it and invests it in a war bond will, if my calculations are even approximately correct, receive in 1920 in interest and in increased purchasing power from twenty to twenty-five per cent. per annum for the three years' use of his money.

Similarly, those who are able to invest more largely in the Dominion war loan will, especially if they re-invest their interest, receive a bountiful reward for their thrift when the war is over and the after-war decline in prices has once set in.

Thus, though saving at the present time may be for many of us exceedingly hard in view of the high prices, yet if we persevere in our efforts and do save we are certain to reap a rich reward. There has never been a time in the history of the world when saving was more desirable and in consequence there has never been a time when saving is likely to be more amply rewarded. The reward consists not solely, not even mainly, in the money paid to the saver as interest, but in the increased purchasing power of the dollars which constitute the principal saved and invested.

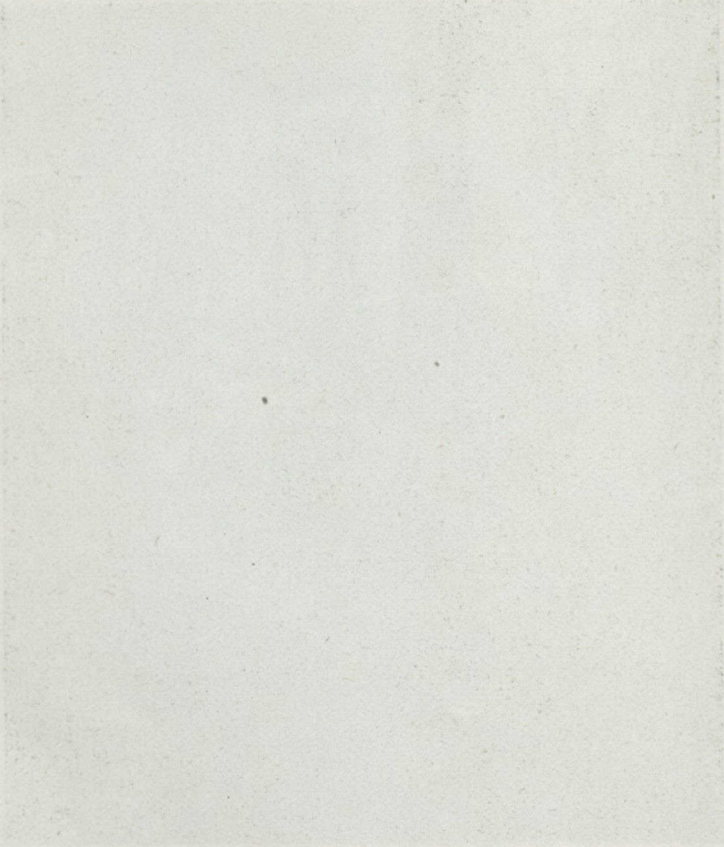




HARBOUR OF ST. IVES

By Harry Britton

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition



“Gas”

BY HARRIS MERTON LYON



MR. ALPHONSO QUINTUS PABST was breathing dulcetly into the telephone: “Yes, Sammy. Yes. Two for to-night at the Garrick. If you’ll be so kind. Nice little show, ain’t it? Yes. Yes. Mrs. P. sends her regards and said last night she’d like to see it. Yes. Well, I didn’t promise her; I said I’d see you about it to-day. Glad the houses are so good. Yes. Well, I’m—yes, I know how they *must* be running after you for passes. It’s awfully kind of you to take care of me. Anything I can do to return the favour—you know. And the wife will thank you personally. Oh, you won’t be on the door. I—yes, yes—I get ’em at the box office? Oh, *thanks!* Just step up to the box office and ask for them. All right; all right. Say—that was a peach of a story you had in the papers this morning. Honest. Don’t want to swell your head or anything like that, Sammy, but—yes—but that’s the best stunt that’s been pulled in this little old town for years. Congratulations. Congratulations. Well, er—good-bye.”

Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst put down the receiver with a slow exhaust of bottled-up breath through his lips. The little old town was New York. The telephonic process just described is known as “bumming theatre tickets”. You do a four-dollar favour for a press agent and then you try your best to extract four hundred dollars’ worth of theatre tickets in

return for the favour. It requires much dulcet breath and flattery, and not everybody can do it. But Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst could. Mr. Pabst knew how to play the New York game, which is the epitome of the American game. When you expel air from your lungs it is carbon dioxide gas. Mr. Pabst knew the value of gas in, as the Fourth of July gasmen say, “these” United States.

Mr. Pabst was not generally known by his full and resounding and dignified name, Alphonso Quintus Pabst. He was, as a rule, addressed in a genial way as “Pud”—Pud Pabst. This was because he appeared in earthly form as a pleasant, fat young person with a beaming, moony face as full as a cheese and supported by a comfortable, well-fed extra chin. Mr. Pabst was comfortably ballasted with flesh for a man only thirty-two years old. He was comfortably garbed in decent garments and his life lay along pleasant, easy, humming ways; there was so much oil in Mr. Pabst that his ways were bound to be smooth.

Mr. Pabst, being plump and genial, smoked cigarettes. A cigarette looked exceedingly well in his rotund visage; a cigar would have looked slightly incongruous. He now drew out a box of eleven-cent cigarettes and lit one, inhaled a breath, blew it slowly through his nose and along with the smoke he blew a remark to the office boy: “If Mr. Biddle comes in, tell him I have gone out to lunch and

won't be back this afternoon." Mr. Pabst "rented" office space from Mr. Biddle. The quotation marks are there to show that he never, never paid the rent.

In ample, leisurely fashion Mr. Pabst permitted the elevator to carry him down to the street, and here he paused. He was wondering whether he should go north on Broadway to the chop house or south on Broadway to the rathskeller. Somebody had to pay for Mr. Pabst's lunch. His luck stood better in the rathskeller.

Before he got to his destination, however, he met another—I was going to say Mr. Pabst, but this person was thin and small and very jerky and nervous and important. Not that Mr. Pabst was not important, but that this was another sort of importance; this was the too voluble importance of a man not as comfortably ballasted as was Mr. Pabst. The thin little man told how he had landed a big story that morning which would net him eighty dollars before he was through with it. Then he rapidly borrowed a cigarette. Then he asked Mr. Pabst to come have lunch with him. It is only due to Mr. Pabst's insight and knowledge of men that we should chronicle the fact that he wagged his head and declined the invitation.

"I have another engagement," said Mr. Pabst.

You see, neither of them had any money. By some occult process, they neither of them ever had any money, and yet continued this miraculous terrestrial career day by day without famishing and vanishing into thin air. Instead, it was their breath which vanished, in a continual stream, into the thin air—their carbon dioxide gas.

Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pud Pabst was a tipster; not on the races, not on the stock market. He was simply a newspaper reporter who had ceased, for several malicious reasons, to report. That is, Mr. Pabst said they were malicious reasons when he spoke of them at all; but he rarely spoke

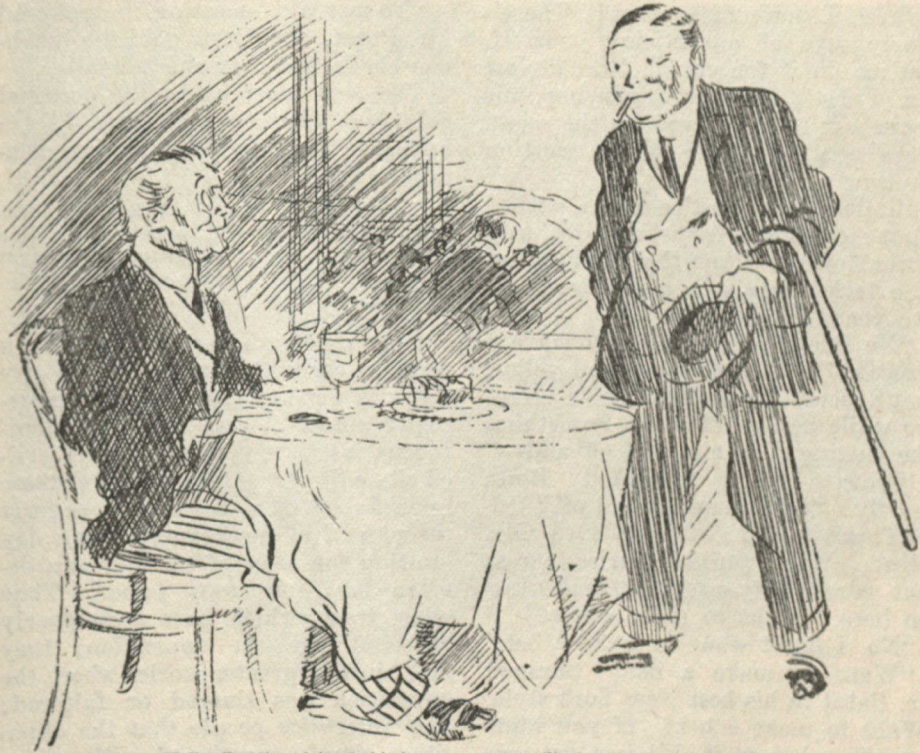
of them. And now his function in life was to pick up the skeletons of good "stories", choice morsels of news, of sensation, of what for a better word let us call ultra-fact, and sell these bare bones in Park Row to cormorant city editors. He circulated about the town and listened to gossip. In the gossip occasionally he would detect something which would look well in printer's ink. He would go to a telephone and send in this "tip" to a newspaper and the newspaper would put a reporter on the case to investigate it. The reporter would find either that it was or was not true, and would then write it up anyway because it was such a good story. As a tipster, Mr. Pabst was a mellifluous, roseate, pulchritudinous success. Mrs. Pabst and he wore clothes and dined at night. Almost every night.

Dr. A. Z. Botts sat in the rathskeller alone, thrumming on the table, waiting for a New York waiter to come and take his order. First he ate a piece of the bread which was always stationed at that table; then he drank a gulp of the water which some careless underling had placed before him. Then he thrummed the table. Then he ate a piece of bread. Then he drank some more water. He had been doing this for fifteen minutes. He was gradually losing his appetite.

Before he knew it, the amiable shadow of Mr. Pabst was upon him.

"Hello, Pud!" exclaimed this innocent man. "Sit down and have luncheon with me. Looking for anybody in particular? No? Sit down and eat with me."

Mr. Pabst graciously did so. Mr. Pabst was an entertaining talker. He knew everybody of importance who entered the rathskeller, and he told little stories about them. (You may construe the meaning of that sentence as you like.) Dr. Botts, who was an earnest young man, just out of his house work at Bellevue some two years, and intensely interested in all



“Hello, Pud!” exclaimed this innocent man. “Sit down and eat with me.”

sorts of germs and knives, and food analyses and how a surgeon could glue a dog's leg onto a chicken without killing either the dog or the chicken for at least twenty-four hours; who spent hours over a microscope, peering at a little drop of something or other; and who studied French simply so that he could read the latest unauthentic work on hypnotism as a cure for tuberculosis—I say, Dr. Botts, all wrapped up in this compressed aroma of thaumaturgy until he literally and physically reeked with it, had very little idea of those gaudily-coloured personalities which make up the great outside world of New York. He would not have known Lillian Russell from President Taft, if it had not been for the newspapers so often printing pictures of both of them. Therefore Dr. Botts thought magnificently of Mr. Pabst. Mr. Pabst had once got him written up for a speedy piece of surgery at Bellevue.

To him, Mr. Pabst was all-powerful in a vague world of scare headlines, editorials, and Sunday supplements.

Therefore he did a very unethical thing. He did not know any better at the time. He does now.

“Why,” said Mr. Pabst, merely by way of making conversation and with no serious intention in his mind, “don't you do a little advertising for yourself, Doc? You're getting started here in a pretty substantial way now. Advertise the fact. Shoot the bunk into 'em. This whole town's nothing but bunk, hot air, big noise. The fellow that makes the biggest noise gets the goods in this town. Same way all over this country. Look at all your high muckymuck surgeons with their rabbits' eyes grafted onto a coal miner, et cetera.”

“Isn't ethical,” said Botts crisply. “I'd simply lower myself in the estimate of the profession. Can't even put a card in the papers.”

"Aw, I don't mean that! There's other ways of advertising yourself. Let me do it for you." Now at last Mr. Pabst's eyes were glowing; his brain was busy; he was on the scent. Here was something worth wasting his time over.

"I don't know—I've often wished I got more credit for what I do," said Botts slowly. "Now there's that case of arteriosclerosis in a man seventy-five years old that I—"

"No shout in that. Got to have a screech. Something good and yellow that'll bounce a feller off of a street car while he's reading it. Something like cutting a man's head off and—"

"How, haw!" remarked Botts heavily. "Cut a man's head off."

"That's all right," retorted Mr. Pabst. "I've pulled stories across that were pretty near that bad. Listen here. Want to make a bet?"

"No, I don't want to make a bet."

"Want to make a bet?" pursued Mr. Pabst in his best New York style. "Want to make a bet? If you want to make a bet on it, I'll just bet you five hundred dollars I can make you known from one end of this country to the other, from Seattle to Boston, from Minneapolis to San Antone, inside of three weeks!"

"Honourably?"

"Honourably," asserted Mr. Pabst, a bit vaguely. "Just as honourable as the microbe theory."

"If you can do that honourably," said the sluggish Botts, awake and shining, "I'll give you five hundred dollars!"

"Done!" said Mr. Pabst impressively, drawing up his double chin with firmness and dealing the table a good smack with his fat hand.

"Haw, haw! Go ahead!" responded Botts.

"You've got to stand by me clear through it," warned Mr. Pabst. "Got to obey orders and do as I tell you and keep your head closed as to how this thing started."

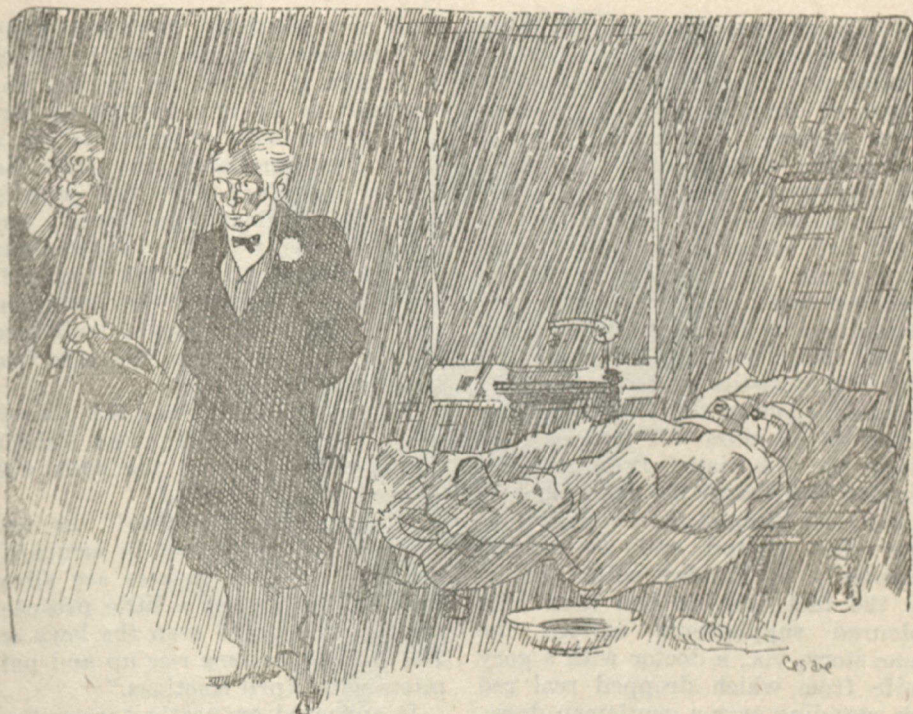
"Anything in honour," assented Botts. "When do you begin?"

"To-morrow morning," answered Mr. Pabst. Dr. Botts paid the luncheon check and they shook hands.

The next morning in the personal column of *The New York Herald* there appeared the following amazing communication:

WANTED—A RIGHT EAR. One thousand dollars cash will be paid for a live human ear in sound condition. Sex must be male, and only healthy men need apply. Address, "Herald", 465.

City desks all over town felt a genuine thrill that morning; by city desks is meant those desks in newspaper offices at which sit the omnivorous insatiate persons politely called city editors. It is a custom of these remarkable men to search eagerly through rival newspapers every day hunting for news which they can develop for their own paper. They select items which have been poorly "covered" by the opposition; they find hints of greater stories where the opposition has slurred or faltered; they interview people that the opposition simply mentioned without interviewing; above all, they scan with the greed of a fine-toothed comb that tangled hank of mystery, the personal column, where woe or mania or passion is half hidden and only obvious to the one pair of eyes it is meant for. City editors go at such columns with scissors. They clip items lovingly out of such columns. They paste them onto pieces of paper and call them assignments. They give them to their crack reporters and tell them to stay on that job until they bring in a Haroun-al-Raschid story. Not a one of them missed the thousand-dollar ear. Not a one of them failed to have his crack reporter have his landlord address a letter of inquiry to *Herald*, 465. Not a one of these communications got beyond the sage eye of Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst as he collected 465's mail that day. The city around Park Row trembled for twenty-four hours. The next morning the same advertisement appeared again; again Park Row twitch-



"As an æsthetic silence permeated the air"

ed galvanically under the force of the hidden battery. On the third day the slow unfolding of the miracle began.

Mr. Pabst's dulcet voice went over the wire to Ragg, city editor: "I've got a line on the thousand-dollar ear," he drawled.

Ragg's eyes simply flared. They were old friends. He knew what was coming; so he said: "How much?"

"I don't know much about it," went on the imperturbable voice. "All I know is that it is a feller named Botts. I looked through the directory and spotted an A. Z. Botts, M.D., that looked likely. He's at 26 West 56th Street. Couldn't get anything much out of him, but I believe he's the fellow. I want fifty, Ragg. I'll see you later."

A. Z. Botts was the man; Mr. Pabst got the fifty dollars. But Dr. Botts would not talk. Botts was faithful to instructions. That night Ragg's paper carried as much of a story as

possible, plus a little that was impossible.

The next morning the Botts's doorbell was kept warm under the feverish ringing of reporters' fists. Also the hallway and the street in front of the house were comfortably filled with ragged park persons who were willing to barter both ears and a leg or two for a thousand dollars. Nothing could be obtained out of Botts, but there was a good human interest story in the poor, bedraggled wretches who thronged to sell a part of their flesh to keep the rest of it alive in a dreary world. Lady reporters, brutally known as the "sympathy squad", and the "sob sisters", went out to the Botts office and interviewed wreck after wreck, getting a life story from each in which no mention of whiskey was made, although the lady reporters came back to the office saturated with its plaintive breath. More reporters came; some from German papers. Those that were there did

not dare go away for fear something would suddenly happen, and their number was constantly augmented by droves of fresh arrivals, spare men, extra writers, tipsters even, and a few police. Botts was getting nervous, but he still held firm. His name had been put in the papers now; he could not withdraw and say it was all a sham. He could not tell the reporters anything for the very good reason that he did not know anything to tell. Mr. Pabst had not given him any vital statistics in the matter. The thing dragged on three days and the strain on all sides was intense. Already the Associated Press was beginning to whimper the news (such as it was) out through the country. Sunday came around and showed the unanimity of Sunday editor genius by the fact that no less than four coloured supplements carried the same story, viz., a doctor with a gory knife from which dropped real red ink, standing over a gentleman dressed in European costume. This unfortunate person had been carved into segments and plastered with dotted lines. The doctor was holding in his hand one of the gentleman's ears and appeared to be frowning portentously at it. A great red legend ran across the top of the page, yelling as it ran:

"IF AN EAR IS WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS, HOW MUCH IS A WHOLE HUMAN BEING WORTH?"

A mathematical expert had figured it out to amount to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and below his arithmetical concoction printed the amounts which accident insurance companies sullenly paid when anything fatal happened to the legs and eyes of their patrons.

Monday came with its usual slackness. The city editors were desperate. "Give 'em dope, then," said Alexander Bushwah, the famous \$20,000 city editor who invented the phrase, "Accuracy—accuracy—accuracy". "The fellow wants the ear to

graft onto somebody, don't he? Fake an interview with him then in which he admits it. Then say he was encouraged to do this because of Dr. What's-his-name's experiments on a dog. You remember the time he grafted a guinea pig's tail onto a dog. No. Guinea pigs haven't got tails, have they? Well, get the straight of that operation. Use this Botts fellow for your lead and then swing in and tell that. The people don't care what they get just so you give 'em something."

This was done. It had the desired effect. It loosened Mr. Pud Pabst's tightly-closed fist and the news was allowed to be published.

"Balloon Number One!" he announced. "Tell me not in mournful numbers all the suckers are alive. Now we'll shoot 'em a little prospectus that will make even the boys on *The Daily Cemetery* rise up and palpitate with April emotions."

It appeared on neatly typewritten sheets handed to every reporter who called at the Botts office that day. A bellboy in wealthy brass buttons and a wealthier brass conversation handed out the statements. Dr. Botts was not in town, but the statement was enough.

Briefly, it deposed that Dr. Botts was about to perform the very difficult operation of grafting a right ear onto a poor, unfortunate Pittsburg millionaire, who, having had to roll steel in his earlier days and having thereby come into an accident which had deprived him of his ear, and now having reached a point of opulence which demanded his frequent presence at society functions where real ladies were present, was uncomfortably conscious upon such occasions of his unsightly physical defect. He had tried growing his hair long and rather poetically over the spot, but unfortunately, hardly had he hit on this scheme before he began to show signs of becoming undubitably and completely bald. The only other alternative had been the em-



"It's all over, gentlemen, he said, exuberantly, 'all over. Thank God'"

ployment of a pink celluloid ear; but again unfortunately the millionaire, being by this time rather old and shaken in his nervous system, had been frequently annoyed to find this apparatus becoming detached whenever he jerked his head—which he was always doing—or whenever he scratched his head on the right side. Also the pink began to change colour, and from a nice ripe dentifrice hue it became rather variegated and shocking. Therefore, he had determined upon having a real live ear. And being a man of enormous wealth, he intended to have the soundest, healthiest ear he could get for his money, whether it fitted in with the general contour of his head or not, and whether it resembled its left brother or the colour of his face or not.

Such was the statement. It may not at first appearance seem to be a good piece of newspaper writing, but it was cunningly contrived so by Mr. Pabst in the knowledge that city edi-

tors would find much food in it. The name of the millionaire was, for obvious reasons, being withheld by Dr. Botts. This had the following result: that every enterprising newspaper in the city unearthed the photographs of ten or twelve Pittsburg millionaires who had made their way up from the rolling mills; that these photographs were strung across the page, each one having a right ear carefully painted out by the office photographer; that the query was printed above the string of pictures:

"WHICH ONE IS THE MILLIONAIRE?"

All over the country people began talking of the marvellous operation. Medical men of all sorts and degrees of intellect clipped out the item and pasted it in a scrapbook or sent it to other medical men for fear they had not seen it. The story of Cleo de Merode and the question as to whether she wore her hair down over

her ears because there weren't any ears, whereas there was plenty of hair, was revived and passed around. A prize contest was conducted in a New York paper and was mimicked all over the country: twenty-five dollars for the best answer to the question: "Would *you* sell your ear for a thousand dollars?" Miss Laura Jones, a New York stenographer, won this with the reply: "Oh, foot!"

Mr. Pabst kept duly out of sight while Botts went practically out of his mind. His life was a noisy nightmare of reporters, reporters who were getting more and more obstinate in their demands for some practical proof that his famous operation was to actually take place. As Josephus M. Bunk, the world-renowned managing editor of *The Whoop Syndicate*, phrased it: "I don't mind feeding fakes and lies to the American people ninety per cent. of the time, if they're good fakes. But I don't even know whether this is a good fake or not."

Therefore Mr. Pabst lit a cigarette and said to Botts: "This is a good fake. I'll stake my reputation as a press agent that this is the best three-ring, bassdrum, full-sized dirigible fake that has ever been fed out of a barrel to a hungry nation. I'll show 'em! They don't want truth. All they want is the front elevation of a hunk of truth, and, so help me Bob, I'll give it to 'em."

Therefore, for the first and last time in his life, Mike Flinn, janitor in Mr. Pabst's apartment building, was a Pittsburg millionaire. To be sure, he was carefully smothered under a white sheet and his head was wrapped up in cotton gauze so that only the tip end of his nose stuck out, as he lay in the back office of the Botts suite. Close on the cot beside him lay another white mummy, the mummy that was to give up his ear and pocket the thousand dollars. This second figure was the bellboy who had so energetically passed out statements and impertinence a few

days before. The curtains were drawn. An anæsthetic silence permeated the room. Reporters were admitted cautiously on tiptoe and to them Botts, with sundry soft deprecatory motions of the head and hands, whispered:

"There has been so much noise and rumpus over this affair that I don't see how I am going to be able to perform the operation here. I think I shall have to remove them both to a quiet place, if I can get the necessary conveniences there. No; I haven't begun operating yet"—he had a rather strained smile on his face as he said it; Botts had lost fifteen pounds in weight—"I couldn't let you in, you know, if I had begun it. That is all, gentlemen. Please go out quietly. I do not think I shall operate in this city."

Mr. Pabst rubbed his hands later when he went to be treated at the Botts office for sore throat. "Great idea of Pud Pabst's that," said the other reporters. "He thinks he'll get on the inside if he becomes a patient of the doc's."

Pabst chuckled to Botts: "I told you so. You're famous and two weeks haven't gone by yet. It's all bluff, all hot air, all talk. That's all this country wants." He waved an impressive, fat arm. "The biggest bunch of suckers under the blue sky. Look how we feed 'em this stuff. Me—for instance, *me*, Pud Pabst—and all the other fellers, little fellers like me. See how we can hand it to 'em? Remember old Barnum's saying about 'em liking to be humbugged? Barnum ought to have been a newspaper man. Why, I've put bum politicians into office this way. Little me! I've helped keep fellers from going to the pen. I've helped guys grab street railway franchises. I've made society women famous—yes, sir, famous—in my time. I've helped trusts out of holes when they've been caught stealing. I've done my share of helping elect a dummy president of the United States. All this stuff is framed up, it's all a put-up job. You've only got to know

how to go about it to be able to skin these people all the time. Why, I firmly believe they've got so doped with dope stuff now that they don't want to know the truth about a thing."

He stopped and lit a cigarette, a glowing fat youth puffed with pride. "You talk about a free press, Botts. Rats! It simply means the press is free to do as it likes. Some fellow with a bunch of coin starts a newspaper and begins to grind his axe. He puts a line across the front page: "The People's Forum". Him for the people! Yep—with an axe.

"I think it must be because they are all pretty insincere propositions themselves. Maybe that's it. Dog eat dog. Maybe not. We're going to Philadelphia in an hour."

Botts gasped. "What do we want to go there for?"

"Carry out our bluff about this being too much of a rough house to try to perform a delicate operation in. If we leave suddenly, they'll spot Philadelphia all right. It's quiet."

In Philadelphia the noise got around—mysteriously by telephone from New York, a day after Botts had left. But the Philadelphia newspaper men were unable to locate the famous Dr. A. Z. Botts and his patient anywhere. He was at none of the hotels, had appeared in none of the hospitals. Reporters stayed up all night on the search, only to return to their offices and be viciously cursed for coming back empty-handed. Crack men almost lost their jobs through incompetence that day in Philadelphia. She wanted to beat New York out on the big story. She failed.

At noon the tip went round that Botts was at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. They went here and found him. He was just slamming the door of his room on the fifth floor and had his watch in one hand and his case of instruments all packed up in the other.

For the first time in the whole business of the thousand-dollar ear, Dr. A. Z. Botts smiled a genuine smile.

"It's all over, gentlemen," he said exuberantly, as a man who has just finished a successful operation. "All over. Thank God. And I have just five minutes to catch my train. Yes, the operation was very, very successful. Yes, I may say I am mightily relieved. Good-bye."

Two days later Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst, strolling down Broadway, smoking a cigarette, met Botts.

"I told you so," said Mr. Pabst. "It's all a matter of gas, gas, gas. You don't have to mean anything by it: just so it's entertaining. See? By the way, you owe me that five hundred."

"Aw, I was just gassing myself when I said that," replied Pabst.

Mr. Pabst gazed at him mildly as a man who sees things far, far away. For two moments he gazed thus. Then he reached out and warmly grasped cheerfully, "you are one of us. I gladly welcome you into the Anointed Fraternity of Balloon Juice Peddlers. I may not see you again for six months, but you will succeed. You have a good lung expansion, and you know how to express yourself in happy, meaningless words."

Dr. Botts had an air of mistrust. "Going away?"

"Petunia," announced Mr. Pabst blandly. "Petunia, the Great Restorative. Sundry mid-western legislators are casting slurs upon its fair name. The proprietors have beckoned me into the Kansas wild. Pabst and the press must save Petunia. You know the flower; charming, redolent petunia. Why should not nature's American noblemen quaff the essence of the flower, and continue to quaff it and quaff it and quaff it? In the springtime at fifty cents a bottle; in October when the heart is sad." Mr. Pabst lit a cigarette and smiled. "You will hear from Petunia and Pabst in farthest Kansas."

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

IX.—THE ENEMY IN ENGLAND

IT is not inconsistent, though it is unfortunate, that those characteristics which, in time of peace, are counted to a nation's credit, in time of war oft-times stand to its disservice and mischief. Bound into the very foundation on which the British Empire was built, close, indeed, to its keystone, is tolerance; just as, sooner or later, the first crumbling breach in the walls of German resistance will show where intolerance has been so prominently fixed. But as even a virtue, uncontrolled, may approach a vice, so Britain's (especially England's) acceptance of the widest application of tolerance, in a time when little counts but the life of the nation and the sternest support of those great principles which focus only in the defeat of an inhuman foe, has become to it in certain stages of the war a menace it should not have risked. And yet it is so much easier to moralize than to follow the straight path of virtue as demanded by the altered conditions of war that history is not apt to sum up England's part in the war as a careless disregard for the sensible precautions that consider only victory.

Behind England's calm tolerance of the enemy in its midst stand the principles of government that have held together an Empire more di-

verse than ever before was bound together even by the thinnest threads. The ancient Romans, whose dominion was more ambitious but infinitely less effective and extensive, never attempted the feat of welding such confusion of tongue, such diversity of character, such uncongenial spirits as Great Britain has governed without serious strife for generations. Necessarily it had perforce to be a government of indulgence, of concessions, of licence. To weave into one fabric the Scotsman and the Indian and the Chinese, and the hundred distinct units of a hundred corners of the world, imprinted that on the English character which has made him a cosmopolite. It has opened his mind to a thousand vagaries of individual belief. It has opened his hand to the puny communities of distant sections which would have been beneath the notice of any other nation. It has opened its doors to the world's refugees—which means not alone the world's downtrodden but its criminals, its outcasts, its great unwanted. And with the unlimited opening has grown up an intolerance of intolerance, a firm reputation of the closed corporation, in national as in commercial life. Only in his private life does the Englishman cling to the barriers.

England became a haven, built on those principles. The Anarchists of

France and Spain and Italy found a home there; the Nihilists of Russia fled there before the sword of unrelenting Czarism; the political outcasts of a score of countries swarmed to the little island that refused to give them up to the avenging hand of their own countries. And, more dangerous than all, the spies of the nations that train spies as a feature of the national system, found there their mart of exchange, their delving ground, their most profitable source of the information which might some day be used against the country that gave them shelter. It has always been presented as the best justification of this attitude that the Anarchist and the political exiles who harbour there have thrown aside their dangerous tenets in their relationship to England. But it is a defence which has been repudiated more often than has been made public and from which countries friendly to Great Britain have suffered almost without protest. When Winston Churchill turned machine guns on the foreign criminals of a street in East-End London he was but laying the foundation for an enlightenment which has been spreading over England since the greatest war in history revealed new national principles. But tolerance died hard. Indeed, it is not dead, though the Empire pays for it in human blood.

One must let these truths penetrate in any examination of the treatment that has been meted to the enemy alien in England. No nation, and especially not England, can throw aside the principles of generations that have built up such an Empire. Add thereto the sporting instincts of the Englishman, the desire to give even the most powerful and menacing enemy the privileges of open combat, and there opens up something of the reasons behind the leniency which met the German and the Austrian and the Turk who had found their homes in the British Isles. Consider therewith, too, the

freedom of action which these foreigners enjoyed for so long that they had been able to make themselves powers in the land, backed by the official support of their own governments, aided by the co-operation of a million fellow-countrymen in other parts of the world. These men had wormed their way into the very national framework, of finance and industry and commerce, even into politics. They had stormed society with gold and kingly honours. They had married their sons and daughters to English daughters and sons, often, it is certain, merely in pursuit of the common aim of influence. They had won or purchased staunchest friends, in civil as in political life. They held many of the imposing properties which commanded respect and subservience as ancient rights. In the House of Commons were ardent defenders whose honesty has never been impugned, as well as a few others whose motives might well be questioned.

So that when the war broke out they had behind them the English wall of tradition, the firm support of influential friends, the trust of the powers who alone could curtail their liberties, and the pride of the Englishman who disdains to excite himself over any peril. They were many times entrenched.

To the man on the street it would seem to be the part of wisdom instantly to protect the nation against the machinations of the enemy resident. But the man on the street finds the way to action long. Canada, as well as England, has been indulgent to the German in its midst. The politician is bound by different views, by different motives and necessities. It happened that in the British House at the outbreak of war the Home Office was under one whose sympathies were loyal enough but more actively tolerant. Indeed, the head of the office has at all times concerned himself with the enemy alien and his rights and protection more than is

agreeable to the public and to his fellow Ministers. It may be more the fault of the estimated duties of the office than of the man himself. With the declaration of war nothing was done to control the spy. Evidences of his handiwork were not only suspected but revealed in a score of cases. Prominent Germans, known to be in the favour of the Kaiser, were afforded their customary liberties. Enemy firms whose interests were wholly German were permitted to conduct their businesses along the usual lines. England, with its eyes firmly fixed on the star of its lofty principle in entering the war, was far above the crude pettiness of individual coercion and limitation. Glowing speeches, that might have sounded well in history had Great Britain won the war during the first four months, were delivered by the page to convince the public that we were waging war on Kaiserism, not on the individual German. It sounded well, but the public was going by sight not by sound. And in the meantime the individual German in many cases was doing his utmost for Kaiserism.

The state of public opinion early in the war drove the resident Germans and Austrians by the hundred to take out naturalization papers; and, according to the law, there was nothing to prevent. The Schmitzs became plain Joneses, and the German signs on the fronts of scores of shops gave place to good old British names without changing proprietors. Protest by the press was met by lifted hands of helplessness. The announced determination of the German rulers to exact retribution from those Germans who did not remain true to their homeland, the declaration that a German could secure naturalization in a foreign country without affecting his German nationality, had no effect on the stand of the authorities.

Only when the Zeppelins in early 1915, dropped death on innocent Britons and friendly foreigners did

the public take the course of events into its own hands. Each raid was followed by rioting in the East-End of London that threatened much more than the destruction of a few German shops or injury to a few Germans. To hold the mob in check the Government was forced to take steps to intern 20,000 Germans and Austrians throughout England. In haste the internments were decided upon, but it was noticeable that only the uninfluential Germans were touched, with here and there one of note to make the total bulk large. The relegation to private life of the Prince of Battenberg from his position of authority in the navy early in the war was but one of these acts of pandering to public clamour without realizing the justice of the protest. At the time the internments commenced there was established an Advisory Committee whose duties have apparently been to find ground for excusing prominent Germans from internment, not to intern. In all the list of angry queries which have been thrown at the Government by enthusiastic Britons in the House, there are remarkably few replies pointing to internment upon the advice of this committee, while every German at large has been protected by its reported findings. All over England well-known Germans went about their daily work, not quietly and inoffensively, but boastfully. Many instances have been quoted of a sneering ridicule of their enemies. "They can't intern me" has been hurled by impudent Germans in the face of angry fathers whose sons have died through the release of information that can have been obtained only through spies.

In the time of Asquith the German in England fared exceedingly well. Only after persistent pursuit by the press was he interned, and from his comfortable quarters in Downing Hall or in the other elaborate quarters where he was semi-controlled, he looked out upon an Eng-

land disturbed and suffering from a war that inconvenienced him little. He was clothed and fed and waited upon as few Englishmen. His wife was paid an allowance of from five to ten shillings a week more than that allowed the wife of the British soldier fighting in France. His business was run for him, either by an English deputy who paid him the profits, or he was permitted occasional freedom to oversee it. In the two years and more of the Asquith war Premiership scarcely a German business was closed down, although hundreds of them were theoretically under control. Asquith's lax methods made action repugnant, in spite of the constant protest of an influential press. To be sure Enemy Trading Acts were introduced, intended to prevent enemy profit, but there was nothing to prevent a Briton carrying on the business and piling up the profits to be paid the German proprietor after the war is over. Many of these German firms even secured large contracts from the Government at the expense of the British firms.

The entry of Lloyd George into the field promised more than it effected. He found himself faced by a people more intent on the noise of protest than an effective action to satisfy that protest. They saw and resented the freedom of the enemy in the country and to some extent backed the steps necessary to curtail it; but the ways of the country intervened, and had it not been for papers like the Northcliffe press there would have been little more done than to intern a few powerless merchants who had thus far escaped. Then, too, the Court of Appeal came to the protection of the German. Taking advantage of the laws of the land—laws he would have laughed at in his own country—many a German secured his liberty. The Court of Appeal declared that a German at large in England is not an enemy alien, and debts were collected on the strength of it. Lloyd George did, without

delay, place in internment several of the best known Germans whose immunity hitherto had been a matter of marvel and whose brazenness threatened a popular uprising. But always there was evident a desire more to appease the public than to effect a public benefit. From the beginning the coercion of German subjects and naturalized Germans has been with a view to exercising official control as little as possible.

The Home Office, driven by a group of influential Britons whose sympathies from the first have been with Germany, has undertaken the care of the German resident, and Lloyd George's administration has altered this attitude little. Official appeals were sent all over the country for firms to engage interned aliens. There was, no doubt, the excuse that it would save the expense of internment, but there was far more the danger that these men, who had been considered dangerous enough to look away from the public, would be able to resume most of their former activities and opportunities for evil; and there was the subtle folly of securing good jobs for a foe whose relentless style of warfare placed them beyond more than mere human consideration. The move was discounted from the first by the indignant refusal of employers to throw open their shops to the enemy.

A committee had been formed early in the war for the benefit of the alien enemy, its funds provided by some of the best known naturalized Germans, German admirers and pacifists. In the list were included such significant names as Haldane, Beit, a prominent Government Official, and the Cadbury Brothers. The influence of the latter was great. As the proprietors of two London daily papers, they had been insistently declaring from the first rumours of war that it was impossible, that Britain misunderstood Germany; and ever since, as Quakers, they have been edging towards peace at every stage where

such a word dare be mentioned. Public disgust expressed itself most effectively when a county Prisoners of War Committee returned Mr. B. Cadbury (these are the Cadburys of cocoa fame) the five pounds he had contributed, on the ground that they could not accept it in the face of a personal contribution of £750 and a firm contribution of £1,500 to the funds for interned and uninterned aliens. This pro-enemy committee was constantly at work endeavouring to ease the lot of the enemy alien, soliciting work for him, purchasing luxuries denied our prisoners in Germany, and generally presenting his case to the authorities and the public.

The matter of German businesses walked the same uncertain course under the new Premier. Here and there a German business that had been much in the public eye was closed, but until the press took up a case nothing was done to it. The English manager of Bradstreet's, German born, continued to sign the firm's letters, although theoretically supplanted, until the folly of it was exposed in the press. Of the German banks which had been closing for almost three years one was finally wound up. But in this act, too, was evidenced the unduly favourable treatment accorded the enemy. In strict British fairness, debts owing the German firms were set against their own debts; yet it developed that, while the British debtor was forced to pay 20s. on the pound, the British creditor received only 13s. 4d. The German debts, incurred when the mark stood at 20.40 per £, were paid at an existing rate of 30.45, although at the moment there might be sufficient assets to pay at the full rate; and no one seemed to be able to state how the rate was established.

Failing to find places for the interned Germans in British firms, many were allowed freedom to reopen or manage their former businesses. Others were freed for no apparent

reason but that they might resume their former methods of life, living on their incomes. Here and there Germans who had been interned reappeared in their old haunts without public explanation. For some of these someone had gone bail, others were allowed out for a sort of holiday, and still others were released on the word of influential friends or for unknown reasons. The lot of those left in internment continued to be comfortable. At the time when the country was rationing itself, the Germans in Donnington Hall and Alexandra Palace were allowed much larger food supplies, and only when protest was made in the House was a change introduced. To-day, when thousands of homes are unable to secure coal through transportation difficulties, Alexandra Palace is amply stocked. An example of superlative kindness to the German is that in Donnington Hall there are 115 servants to wait on 389 German officers.

And still there were at the middle of 1917 about 22,000 Germans and Austrians at large, less than half of them women; and at the last returns given in the House several thousands were living in areas that are called prohibited, where the most valuable information is obtainable. One prominent German purchased recently through his son an estate within a mile of a hill commanding a wide view over the sea, and in the House it was stated that he had been already fined for trading with the enemy and his son for showing a bright light at night. An uninterned German was arrested with important secret military documents and an officer's kit-bag in his possession, with German calling-up papers in his pocket. A celebrated Austrian painter has only now been taken into custody (his case was fought out before the advisory committee), although he became naturalized only after war was declared, and at the time a letter of his to friends in Austria told of his reluctance to seem thus to repudiate the

land of his birth, as well of his enmity to "the predatory Serbian nation". A German was shot by an officer for intrigues with the latter's wife, after the police had known for months of his origin and his association with a woman executed as a spy. Two foundations of German monks were until recently allowed complete freedom in England. On the very day the papers announced a fine of £100 against a British engineer for attempting to purchase without a permit a pistol for experimenting, the English Consul-General for Montenegro arrived at a summer resort in England with an Austrian valet who had been exempted from internment by the Home Office. Several German women have been found doing service in the homes of British officers. The British wife of an interned German was recently lightly fined for attempting to purchase an aeroplane seating four and capable of flying to Germany. As there are many German escaped officers still at large the affair assumed a serious aspect.

Even the Government itself seemed disposed to do its best in its own departments for the Germans. In the central telegraph office were, at one time since the middle of 1917, eight men, in addition to Belgians, not British-born. A young man who claimed exemption from military service on the ground that his parents were German was found employed in a Government telegraph office, through which the most important secrets passed, although substitutes offered themselves. The assistant constructor at an important dockyard was the son of a German father and had visited Germany shortly before the war. A naturalized German was permitted to live close to a large aerodrome. The Minister of Blockades appealed for the exemption of a young German on its staff—and the tribunal granted it. A man of German descent was appointed British Commercial Attaché at The Hague, although his brother had already been convicted of disloyalty,

and only the persistent outcry of the press obtained his dismissal after the Government had once refused to yield to public indignation.

Indeed, from the first it has been a constant struggle between the public and the Government or certain powerful interests in the Government. The latter have steadily refused to take the steps necessary to overcome the spy evil until they were forced to it by the people; and even the English people have endured what few other countries would permit. Now and then some public body with sufficient power to make itself heard has acted. School trustees have dismissed their pro-German teachers, and won their cases when the law was appealed to. At least one university rid itself of two or three German professors after the German names attracted public attention. The guardians of a specially fitted hospital refused to accept more German wounded when they found that their entire main building was filled with 1,700 Germans, while in the annex were a thousand British. As the apparatus provided was unexcelled in England, the guardians claimed that its benefits should be more largely open to British wounded.

In all this favouritism to the Germans were bound up the energies of the pacifists and conscientious objectors. In public meetings before their friends, in their own press, in the House of Commons, the most was made by these men of fair treatment to the enemy, their idea of fairness being favouritism. Every month or two a question was asked concerning complaints about the the food at the internment camps, although the rations were superior to that which was allowed the British soldier. No complaints seem to have been made at the camps themselves, but there were always friends in the House anxious to forestall rationing. The same influence that rendered the British blockade so ineffective until the United States acted was at work from the

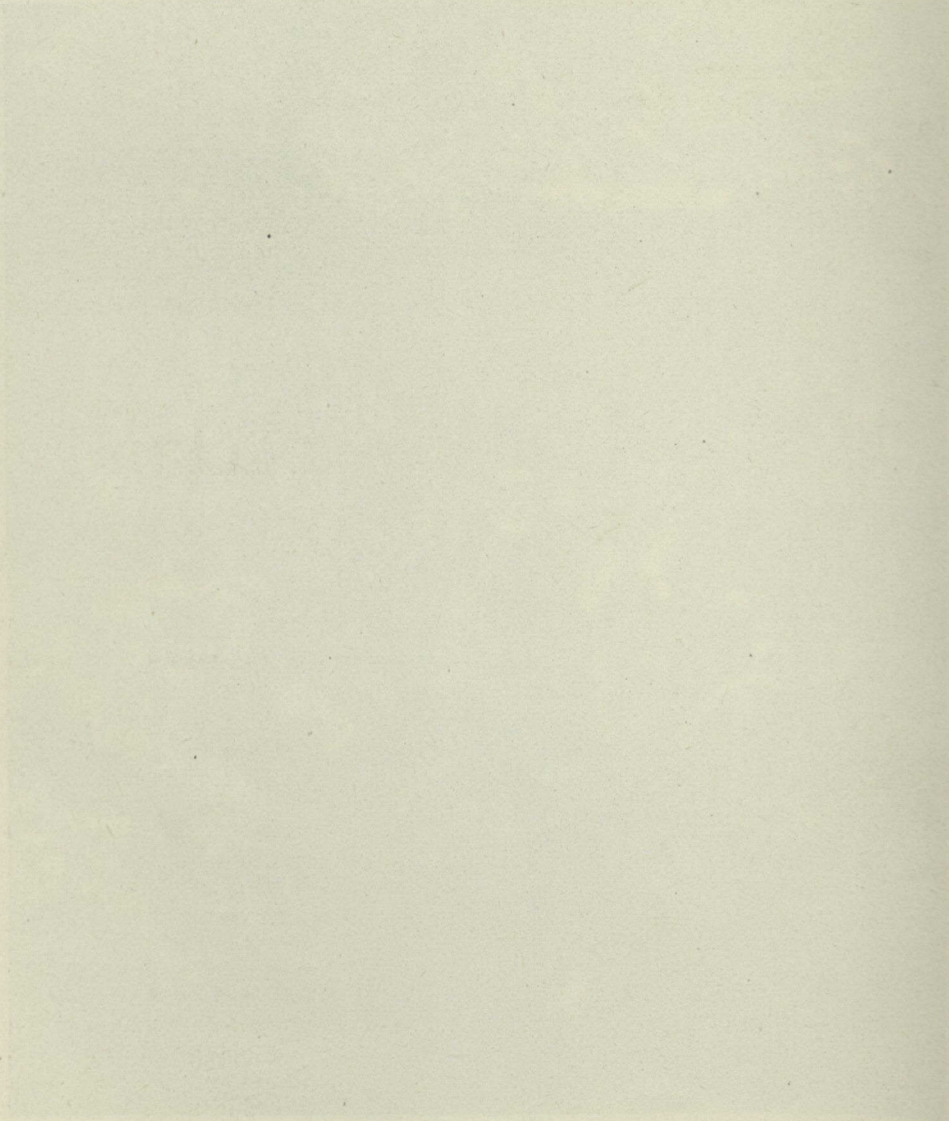
beginning of the war to protect the enemy alien in England. While Great Britain was allowing to percolate through its blockade net the very essentials of life in the enemy countries, it was also handing out to German prisoners and to the interned treatment not accorded our own soldiers at home and not expected or asked for our interned in Germany. But the question of the blockade included other issues that bound Great Britain's hands, releasing them only when the United States stood behind it at the source of supplies. What tempers one's sympathy with the difficult position Britain finds herself in in

supplying neutral countries is the fact that food was even being shipped to South America.

Yet it is not for Canada to criticize. England's pacifists have never been allowed the freedom of expression enjoyed by a few traitorous spirits in Canada; nor has such political use been made of pro-Germans in England as has characterized political operations in Western Canada. The handling of enemy aliens is theoretically simple of plan and action, but in the everyday life of a nation, even at war, there are interests and influences that seem willing to sacrifice the country to the worst of foes.

The next article of this series will be "The Human Side", describing the marvellous work for the welfare of the distressed in England.





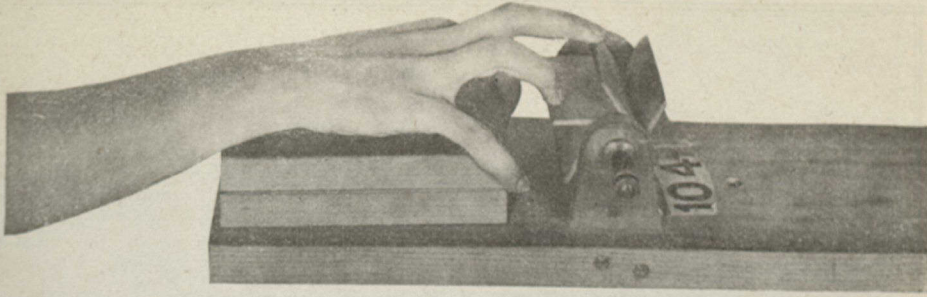
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE CHILDREN OF BELGIUM



Finger Tread Mill

Liquidating the War in Canada

BY LAURA B. DURAND

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MECHANICAL DEVICES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY
OF HART HOUSE



THE most important and most splendid problem confronting us in Canada at the present time is the equitable return of our civilian army to the industrial life of our country.

And it will remain the paramount problem until it is rightly solved.

It is one which appeals universally to our patriotism and imagination as Canadians, as well as powerfully to our economic interests. It is a problem not only of to-day but of the future, demanding co-operation in its solution, to which every Canadian should contribute his quota of effort and sacrifice. For the manner of that solution will materially shape our national future.

No man may say, "This is not *my* affair!"

It *is* his affair!

Nor can he escape responsibility for his share in it so long as he accepts the privileges of Canadian citizenship. Under free institutions it is the affair of every individual to co-oper-

ate with all others to raise the community with all its units to the highest plane of efficiency.

The sentimental aspects of dealing with our returned soldiers and sailors are familiar to us all, and have too long actuated the conduct of the public and formed their opinion. Lionizing and entertainment are but fleeting expressions of the country's gratitude. We must face realities. The Government is doing its part most creditably, and public endeavour should fully support its plans and provisions. Every industrialist, every employer of labour in every Province of the Dominion is more or less deeply concerned in the return of our men to industrial life. They owe it as a patriotic duty to assist the state in replacing and retraining disabled soldiers. But in doing so their private interests will not suffer. For in transforming disabled men into an industrial asset the colossal burden of debt created by the war will begin to lighten, and before our children's sons are born may be liquidated.



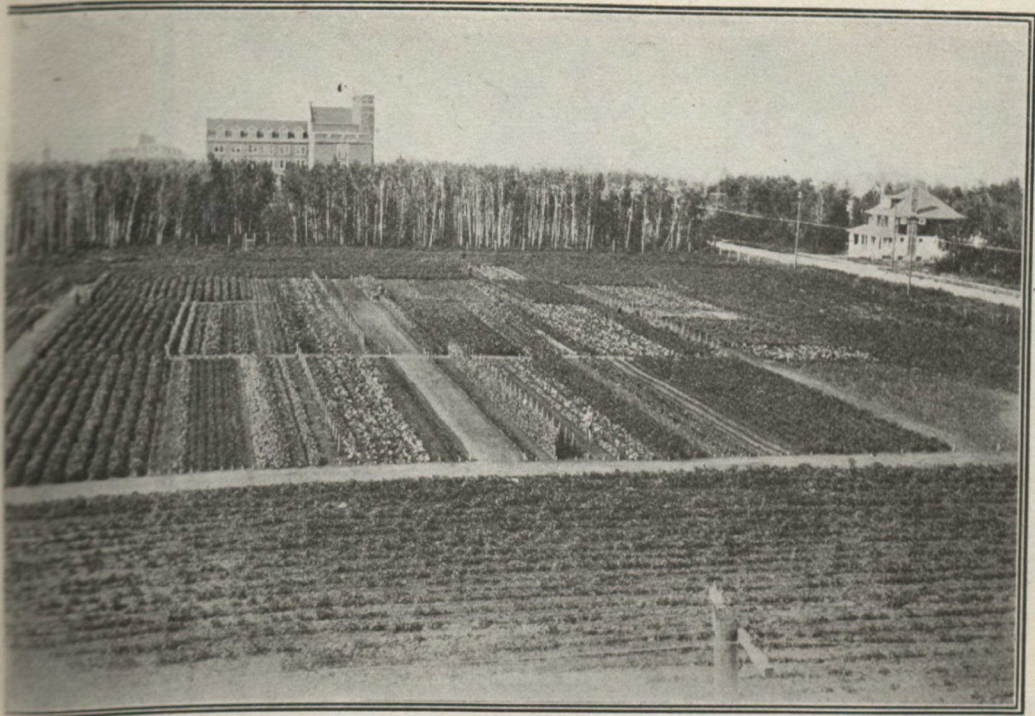
Panoramic view of the gardens of the partially disabled
(Reproduced by courtesy of the Administrator of the

Take a concrete instance: John Smith is a crippled soldier, with a family, drawing a pension based on, say, 100 per cent. of disability. Which is the sounder economic policy: to maintain that cripple in idleness for the balance of his life, or to make him employable and productive, and happier and healthier for being fully occupied and useful in the community?

Our returned men should realize, however, that, while the nation is under an obligation to rehabilitate them to the utmost as citizens who have become disabled in our defence, they, on their side, have still a part to perform within the limit of their capacities, and to continue to be good citizens.

The Military Hospitals Commission was appointed in June, 1915, by Order-in-Council, to deal with the situation created by the war in Can-

ada and has now a highly organized and efficient system operating throughout the Dominion in every phase of caring for returned men. It has welcomed the assistance of patriotic citizens who have given and equipped convalescent hospitals and homes, but has not relied upon this source for the purpose. The Commission now operates fifty convalescent hospitals, provides accommodation in twenty-two general hospitals, has three clearing hospitals at the ports, conducts four sanatoria for tubercular cases, uses sixteen sanatoria besides, and cares for cases of mental disability in the principal hospitals for the insane in Canada. It is cheering to learn that fewer of our men have been blinded in the war up to the present time than was feared. Of the twenty reported as blinded the majority have been trained or are being trained, at St. Dunstan's Hostel,



soldiers at Edmonton Military Convalescent Hospital, 1917.
Vocational Branch, M.H.C., Mr. W. E. Segsworth)

Regent's Park, London, the great institution for the blind established by Sir Arthur Pearson. Here, he reports, "men are learning with unexampled rapidity and facility to get the better of their handicap".

Nine blinded men have returned to Canada, three of whom are being instructed, two are filling good positions, while the other four do not desire assistance.

For administrative purposes the Military Hospitals Commission is divided into four branches, each with an administrator, dealing respectively with transportation, discipline and pay, etc.; with hospitals and sanatoria, etc.; with buildings, works, etc., and with vocational training and re-education.

Mr. W. E. Segsworth, mining engineer, administers the last named branch, and has a highly efficient secretary in Mr. T. B. Kidner. Mr.

Segsworth impresses me as a man of exceptional energy and enthusiasm, possessed of a thorough comprehension of the scope and vital importance of the task he has undertaken, and a determination by employing the best methods and enlisting the co-operation of all the people, to see it through, to the credit and welfare of Canada.

In October of 1915 an inter-provincial conference took place in Ottawa and a farseeing programme of provincial organization was adopted. This entailed the appointment of provincial commissions to co-operate with the central body in caring for returned men and replacing them in industrial life.

The Ontario Soldiers' Aid Commission has its headquarters at 116 College Street, Toronto. Mr. W. W. Nichol is the superintendent of re-education for the Province. In an hour's conversation he reviewed the



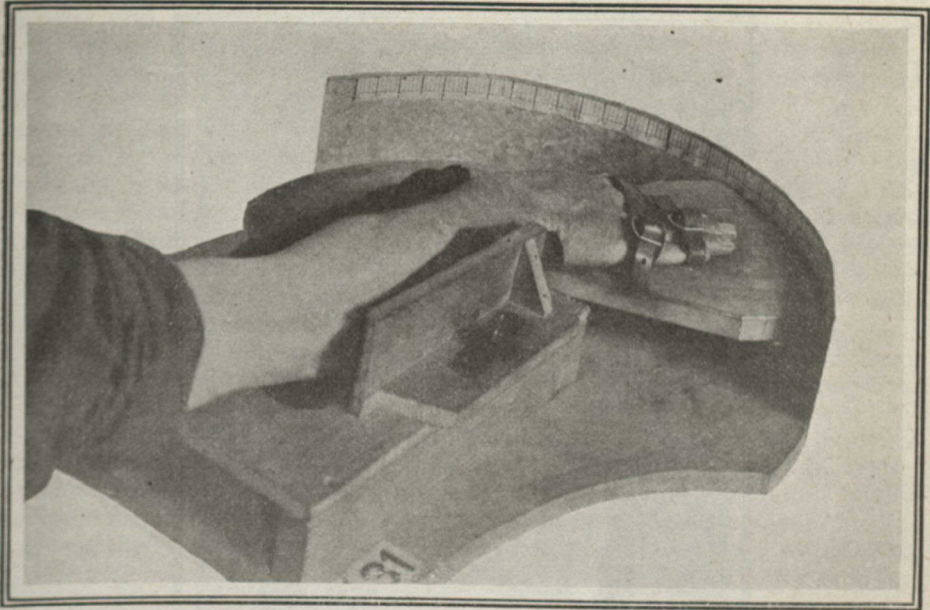
Fixed bicycle with adjustments

difficult problems he has in hand, reminding me that we have about 350 different kinds of occupations for men in Ontario. Up to September re-education has been provided for in nearly fifty of these, through classes specially formed and the technical schools of the Province. We were more than once interrupted by returned men, one reporting his time for pay allowance in the Moler Barber College, a branch of which he and another returned man are attending in Queen Street East. He has a paralyzed third finger on his right hand, from a shrapnel wound, yet reported progress cheerfully. A second interruption was from a tubercular case, a fair English boy, resident for the past year at Gravenhurst Sanatorium. He had been deputed to request a music teacher for the orchestra which he and his fellow patients have organized. The request was favourably received by Mr. Nichol. The lad, who had been a stenographer prior to enlistment, has not seen active service, never been overseas, having fallen a victim to pneu-

monia after a route march, and developed tuberculosis.

Mr. Nichol foresees the solution of re-education of returned men by their employment in private factories and shops. A very fair system of maintenance of a man and his family while he is undergoing tuition has been organized by the Military Hospitals Commission. Over fifty men, so far, have availed themselves of this opportunity in Ontario. A business college has been opened in the Central Young Men's Christian Association, including classes in telegraphy. Primary education classes are very popular, and it is the determination of the Commission to return no illiterates to civil life among men capable of learning to read and write, add, subtract and multiply. One can figure out how this fact will count in raising the average standard of fitness in the Dominion, for foreigners and French Canadians unable to speak English will reap the same advantage.

It is estimated that about ninety per cent. of returned men are able to take up their former occupations. The



Circumduction of wrist

remaining tenth, only, will require industrial re-education. This phase does not begin, usually, until a man is discharged from the convalescent hospital, but in some cases while still convalescent and attending vocational classes, he has chosen his new occupation and is privileged to begin his training, concurrently, before discharge.

Over 700 students are on the rolls in Ontario in vocational classes and the number is increasing since attendance has become compulsory. A vocational officer is now attached to every important hospital in Canada. When pronounced fit by the medical officers the convalescent is directed to this counsellor, who confers with him and assigns him to what seems to be a suitable vocation.

This office appears to be one of exceptional responsibility, and the utmost endeavour is made to secure exceptional men to fill it. The vocational counsellor, officer, or co-ordinator, as he is variously called, must be a leader of men, and endowed with all the qualities of the heaven-born,

apparently, along with a working acquaintance with industrial life.

Re-education falls into two phases:

1. Functional re-education (physical training).

2. Vocational re-education.

This latter, again, has two phases:

(a) Convalescent work.

(b) Industrial work.

Vocational convalescent work, now compulsory, has proved to have a high therapeutic value.

This new order of things is hailed with immense satisfaction and relief by administrators whose deepest dread is that returned men may become "institutionalized". Every precaution will be taken to make such a disastrous issue of the war impossible. The temptation presented to the men to idle is constant. For from one to three years their commanding officers have thought and planned for them, they have been fed and clothed, until personal initiative has been almost extinguished. After the suffering from their wounds was allayed they spent weeks and months in hospitals and convalescent homes in England in a



Footways for stiff ankles

state of pampered and glorified idleness. They have been welcomed home as *heroes*, but they must be preserved to Canada as *men*, and re-trained as prospective citizens again. Discipline now requires every fit returned man to parade for work during five hours every day, one hour being devoted to physical exercise. One half-holiday a week only is allowed. The programme for the day is very full. Classes and workrooms are provided in or near the hospitals. Men may renew acquaintance with school books or seek training in new arts and handicrafts, in typewriting and stenography, bookkeeping and related branches.

Whenever conditions are favourable their attention is directed to garden-

ing, poultry farming and bee-keeping, the work being made profitable for them by the sale of their products. It is thought that if an attractive land settlement policy is adopted by the Commission the strains of choice may be turned from "indoor jobs" to that direction. Looking to the future of motor mechanics the Commission is devoting much attention to development of that industry. And a strange new industry will be opened up, that of orthopedics, or prosthetics, the manufacture and repair of artificial limbs and appliances.

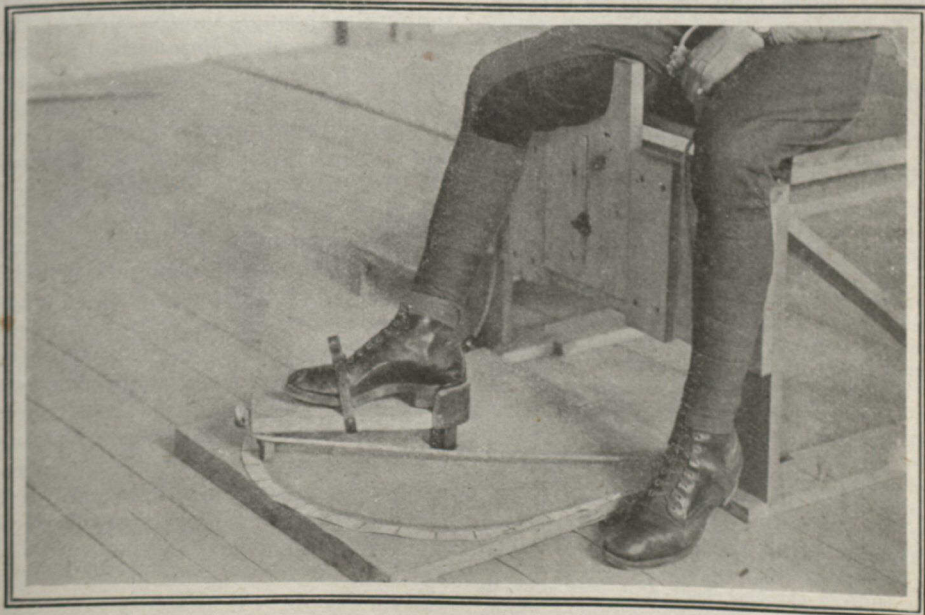
The principles animating the measures adopted for reabsorbing the armies appear to be practically the same in all the belligerent countries. France's colossal effort is the result

of public and private energies combined, and is still fluid, every day bringing forth new and better devices. And so concentrated and deep is the universal desire of the French people to act in the interests of the *whole nation* that the legislation adopted finally promises to be ideal. Professor Amar, president of the Commission d'Orthopedie de France, has been for fifteen years experimenting in human mechanics, and is, perhaps, the most widely quoted man in the world today. His teaching is very influential in physical treatment and re-education.

Great Britain is highly organized in these measures, as in all departments of the military service. Indeed, an unequalled development in the treatment of convalescent soldiers by physical means has been secured. Before France had organized institutions for this phase a number of centres named "Command Depots" had been laid out by Major Tait McKenzie, R.A.M.C., at the instance of Sir Alfred Keogh, Director-General of Medical Service. Major McKenzie,

who is a Canadian by birth, and formerly of the staff of McGill University, fills the professorship of physical training in the faculty of that science in the University of Pennsylvania. Proceeding to England for military duty in the spring of 1915, he was attached to the headquarters staff at Aldershot, in physical inspection. In the pursuit of his duties he saw great numbers of disabled men loafing in Red Cross Hospitals and regimental depots, useless from every standpoint, a burden to themselves, and rapidly deteriorating into invalidism under the combined influence of sympathy and idleness. In his report he urged the segregation of this class in military camps where physical treatment could be administered. This was in August, 1915. He was instructed at once to organize the details, and in two months' time had established the first command depot at Heaton Park, where in "hutments" over 4,000 men were assembled for functional re-education.

I was so fortunate as to secure an interview with Major McKenzie when



Ankle abduction and adduction

he was passing through Toronto in September, having completed the survey of the field for functional re-education in Canada on instructions from the Military Hospitals Commission. He said that he had forty masseuses and six masseurs on his staff at Heaton. Four of the latter were totally blind, one, Private Milligan, of the Irish Guard, having lost his sight at Mons. They had been trained as masseurs at St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur Pearson's famous school for disabled soldiers, and had become expert in the art—hopeful, happy, engaged in interesting and remunerative work.

There are now sixteen command depots in Great Britain, each with a capacity of from two to four thousand men. The Canadian hospital at Ramsgate has also a department for physical therapy. The objects of the depots are: to return every available man to active service, to return men fit for light service abroad who can replace fit men on lines of communication, etc., to fill positions requiring light service at home by men who are unable to do anything more than release a better man for active service, and to discharge from the army those men for whom the physical treatment cannot promise a cure.

A strange assemblage of cases, he pictured, as constituting a command depot:

“Men suffering from profound neurasthenia, the effect of sleepless nights and laborious days; shock in all its forms—tremulous hands, tongue, stammering speech, or deafness; persistent nightmares and fears by day; disorders of sensation; contractures and paralysis; rapid and weak heart-action; hearts that were over-strained and unable to sustain the effort of the lightest gymnastic exercise, or the shortest marches; rheumatism, real and unreal; lungs suffering from the bronchitis of gas poisoning, asthma and tuberculosis; profound debilities following typhoid, dysentery and malaria, requiring months of good food, light duty and progressive exercises to build them up. And then the wounded! An endless stream! feet and legs pierced by bullets or pitted by shrapnel; arms and hands with torn nerves and jagged

tender scars; chests still containing bullets or pieces of shell; in fact, no part of the body escapes the awful and sometimes fantastic effects of the ordeal through which it has passed.”

For almost all these cases the treatment comes under what is called “physical therapy”, electricity in its several currents, hydro-therapy, stimulating douches, baths and pools, radiant heat (dry), massage, mecano-therapy, corrective exercises, physical training and marching. These measures of treatment have been extraordinarily successful. Within six months 1,200 men were returned for active service from Heaton. Major McKenzie's work is of particular significance to us in Canada as he is adviser to the Military Hospitals Commission, and large centres for physical re-education by his methods will be established in Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, and the remarkable work initiated at Hart House, University of Toronto, will be amplified.

Many of the aspects of the re-educational work provided here are unique. No account of it, or report of the methods used have yet reached the public through the channels of the Military Hospitals Commission. Some readers, however, may have seen and possessed the entirely modest and unobtrusive but thoughtful and lucid article contributed to the April issue of *The University Monthly*, on request of its editor, by Dr. Edward A. Bott, a member of the psychological laboratory of the University, who co-operated to initiate and has charge of this treatment. Dr. Bott has recently returned from a visit to similar centres in Great Britain and France, and if not greatly enriched with new ideas thereby, having perhaps as much to give as to receive, he is renewed in resolution to develop this phase of the war salvage. It was commenced about a year ago as a purely voluntary effort by members of the University in the Faculty of Arts, through the co-operation of Dr. How-

land and other medical men in charge of convalescent men. It has now grown to such proportions and importance as to be accepted as a model centre of functional re-education by the Military Hospitals Commission, which proposes to standardize the apparatus designed by Dr. Bott and approved by Major McKenzie. This will be manufactured in the workshops at Guelph, Ontario, and distributed to the centres referred to as projected. All those aspects of re-education which Dr. Bott has demonstrated as effective will be financed in future by the Military Hospitals Commission. On these will be based the programme for Canada. Here also is to be established a school of massage for both men and women, and classes for male workers exclusively who will be attached to other centres.

Mental cases are treated here as well as physical cases. Some of these, the "speech cases" particularly, present the wierdest and most pitiful symptoms. In one, of injury to the speech centre, the letter "s" has been knocked out of the man's vocabulary. Any attempt to pronounce the sound results in mental confusion and suffering. In another there is inability to use the words desired, synonyms presenting themselves, often of a primitive kind. For example, if he wishes to say, "I am greatly indebted to you", he is only able to say "You are a good man". The treatment dictated in these cases comes under the head of "war psycho-pathology".

At Hart House they find returned men callous to bodily pain and frequently as having acquired a cynical view of life. Their viewpoint has been irrevocably altered. Slaying their fellowmen as a daily duty has snapped some chord which time cannot reunite.

The apparatus designed by Professor Amar, and manufactured in France, is sold for \$1,000. Probably the whole remarkable outfit at Hart House cost less than a tenth of that amount—in coin. The cost in thought

and experiment only its designer, Dr. Bott, could tell. A visit to the active treatment rooms there is a revelation of what may be accomplished with simple mechanism. Space does not permit of description. The walking frame has parallel railings to support the arms of paralytics and is fitted with hurdles varying in height from two inches. I spoke with Corporal ———, who in one week's time has learned to step over several of the lowest hurdles. Dr. Bott treated successfully a difficult case of hysterical paralysis of both legs in a well-knit young man who had been buried under sandbags. At the outset he could not raise either foot from the ground. He thought himself incurable and was deeply depressed. However, in a short time he changed his view—he could hardly do otherwise in contact with the enthusiasm of the young men of Hart House—and within three months was able to discard his cane and mark time. He is now on light duty in one of the military hospitals, and still improving.

The weak link in the Military Hospitals Commission's masterpiece of organization appears to be the publicity branch. This must bestir itself if the people are to be made acquainted with the situation and animated to assist in its solution. The bulletins and reports of the Commission might be placed on the reading-tables of every public library; a post-office stamp be issued and all letters imprinted with the legend "Our duty to replace our soldiers"; or something similar; thousands of lantern slides and films might be distributed illustrating re-education and the advantages to accrue from it to the nation.

A Dominion-wide or systematic effort to instill the sense of our obligation would beyond a doubt result in a universal quickening to act upon it.

It should be made plain, equally, that the measures adopted for the re-absorption of our army are based on sound economic principles, and not dictated by feelings of benevolence.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A WOMAN WITH A BIG IDEA

TWENTY-FIVE years ago it was not quite so fashionable for a woman to work as it is to-day," said Miss Bina M. West recently to several hundred delegates who had crossed the continent to confer with her at Port Huron, Michigan. "When I started out, I started against the wish of my

parents, who thought my place was at home."

Assuredly Miss West does not advise girls to set aside the advice of their parents. At the same time, her own work—the result of a very fine determination—argues for the dictum, "*Be sure you are right, then go ahead!*" If she had stayed at home there would be no fraternal organization called the Woman's Benefit Association, nor would there be 5,000 local organizations in Canada and the United States carrying on a work which has never been surpassed by any institution of its kind.

Miss West's first work was that of a country school teacher. Her love for the children brought her into unusually close touch with the mothers, whose struggles and hardships she never could see without an overpowering desire to alleviate them. To this end she began to direct all her thought and energy. It was almost impossible to lift the burden of their physical strain, but Miss West discovered a means whereby she could ease the mental. She found that almost every one of those country mothers lived in daily dread lest she should be taken from her little—or big—family and leave it unprovided for. Even though the work of the farm or the shop continued there would be no one to spend the small earnings wisely, and financial difficulties would soon appear with crushing force. She saw many such tragedies, and out of them grew the Big Idea. In an office basement,



MISS BINA M. WEST

with an equipment consisting mostly of one desk, Miss West laid the foundations of an institution which is known all over the world to-day; which has as its home office a new \$250,000 building dedicated a few weeks ago at Port Huron, and paid for entirely out of the earnings of wise investments; which holds in its steel vaults \$11,000,000 in bonds, under guard day and night, this being a sum six times larger than the assets of any bank in Michigan. By her signature; Miss West has disbursed \$14,000,000 in Canada and the United States, she has represented the fraternalists of this continent at the International Council of Women in Switzerland, and to Washington she was summoned to confer with her personal friend, the Marchioness of Aberdeen, on the status of women's work (upon which she is an authority) in this country.

A woman possessing every feminine charm, with which is combined the keenness and level-headedness of a clever business man, a woman whose heart is overflowing with love and sympathy for the whole of mankind, Miss West deserves success. She has won it.

*

MISS KATHERINE HUGHES, who is at present in Montreal engaged in writing the life of the late Sir William van Horne, is not a relative of the former Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, as is supposed by many. Sir Sam is of Welsh origin, while Miss Hughes comes of Irish (old Gaelic) stock. This Hughes family is a sept, or branch, of the O'Neills of Tyrone, the actual name being in Irish, O'Aodh, meaning descendent of Hugh (O'Neill).

She is the daughter of John W. Hughes and Anne O'Brien Hughes; the latter a sister of the late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax. Miss Hughes was born at Melbourne, Prince Edward Island, and educated at Notre Dame Convent and Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. After

leaving college she did mission work among the Indians of Eastern and Central Canada.

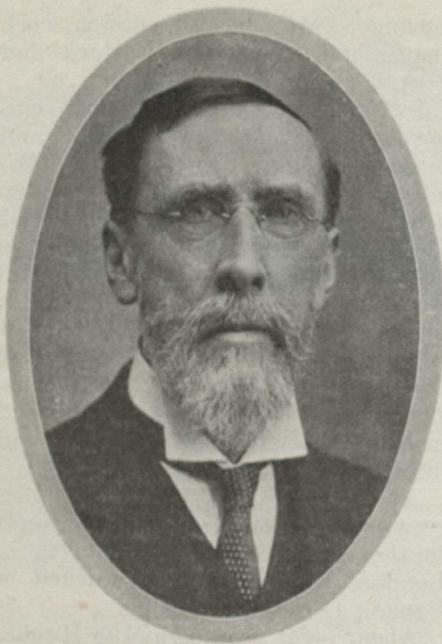
In 1903 Miss Hughes joined the editorial staff of *The Montreal Star*, and three years later *The Edmonton Bulletin*, which journal she represented in the Parliamentary press gallery of the Alberta Legislature. Another two years finds her appointed Provincial Archivist for Alberta, and in 1910, private secretary to the Premier of Alberta. In 1911 her "Life of Pèrè Lacombe", the famous western missionary and colonizer, was published in New York, and has been translated into French and German.

At the close of 1915 Miss Hughes resigned from the office of assistant to the Agent-General of Alberta in London, England, and returned to Canada to resume writing.

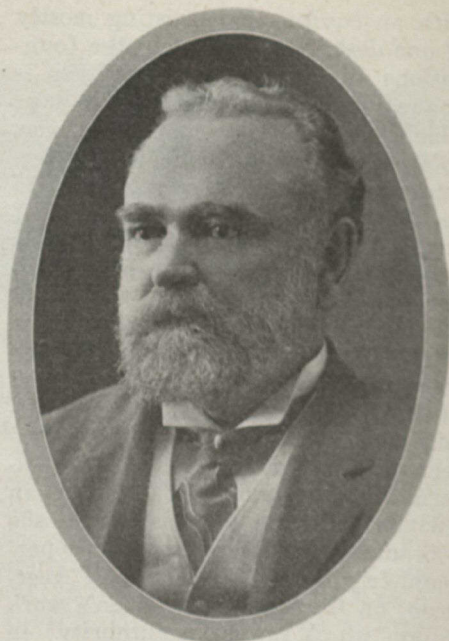
About eight years ago Miss Hughes made the trip from Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, down to Fort Chipweyan, on Lake Athabasca, in a small canoe with two Indians, shoot-



MISS KATHERINE HUGHES



SIR GEORGE FOSTER, M.P.



THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PUGSLEY

Two rivals in youth at college and later in Parliament.

ing the Vermilion rapids on the way. The voyagers camped out at night, and throughout the eight days of the journey they met human beings but once—at the little Red River trading-post. During the greater part of the whole trip she was the only woman among the travellers, who were mostly traders and trappers and mounted police, excellent travelling companions and finely chivalrous, as all north country men are toward all women.

Miss Hughes has given and continues to give devoted service to Canada. She is also deeply interested in the new Irish movement—not as a "Home Rule" champion as Canadian people in general understand this term, but an advocate of the new Irish-Ireland movement for the restoration to Ireland of her own ancient laws, language and form of government. This will mean the rebirth of that once great nation to a just and dignified status.

Miss Hughes has in the past done

much journalistic correspondence for other papers than those mentioned and for magazines. She is a very able writer and a charming conversationalist.

*

TWO LIFE-LONG RIVALS

TWO men who have stood out prominently in the public life of Canada, recently as well as during the last fifteen or twenty years, are Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce in Sir Robert Borden's Cabinet, and the Honourable William Pugsley, the new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. Both are natives of New Brunswick. They were rivals at school in their youth, and later on became political opponents in Parliament.

In their youthful days each was regarded as the best student in the superior school of his own parish. The parishes were neighbouring ones, and there was much interest in that part of the county when, a county scholar-

ship at the University of New Brunswick being open for competition in 1865, Foster and Pugsley were contestants. Foster won, with a mark of 2,083 out of a possible 2,500, against Pugsley's mark of 1,847. Then began a neck-and-neck race at the university for the head of the class. The arts course at that institution was three years. In their freshman year Pugsley led with an average mark of 775 out of a possible 1,000, while Foster was close behind him with a mark of 773. In their junior year they stood even, with a mark of 780 each. In their senior year Foster led with a mark of 711, against Pugsley's 700, but at the degree examination, which closed the course, Pugsley's mark was 750, as against Foster's 740. During the course each won a gold medal. Foster carried off the Douglas gold medal in 1866, and Pugsley the Alumni gold medal in 1867. Each year Pugsley gained a scholarship—an English one in 1866, a classical one in 1867, and a mathematical one in 1868. Foster won a natural science prize in 1867.

When Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Foster left the University of New Brunswick the former began the study of the law and the latter devoted himself to the profession of teaching. But it was not many years before Foster left the chair of professor of classics in his

old alma mater to go into public life, and he soon found his way into the Parliament of Canada. Hard-working, full of courage, with a magnificent intellect, a great speaker and an unexcelled debater, he has stood beneath the strong light of publicity for a long time.

Mr. Pugsley devoted himself for many years with great energy to the work of his profession, and so far as his connection with public life went he was in the early part of his career more especially engaged in Provincial politics, rising to the position of Premier of his Province. Finally Sir Wilfrid Laurier called him to a place in his Cabinet. He soon showed himself to be, in point of intellectual capacity, perhaps the ablest man among Sir Wilfrid Laurier's followers. Long before that he had proved himself to be one of those in the front rank of the lawyers of Canada. His recent appointment to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick retires him for the present from the active field of Dominion politics. Gifted with a mental endowment of the highest order, optimistic, industrious, genuinely genial and generous, though a hard fighter in court and in Parliament, these qualities have had much to do with his success before the Bar and also in the arena of public life.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

KITCHENER, AND OTHER POEMS

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD. Toronto: The
Musson Book Company.



CANADA'S prairie bard has been a vibrant voice of war-time feeling. While his pictures and ballads of the homesteader, the Mounted Police and the English immigrant published in earlier volumes lose none of their power and flavour, Mr. Stead has looked afield and articulated much of the sentiment of these stressful days. The present volume is in a sense a collection, for it contains, besides the war verse, the best of the earlier books, but its prevailing tone is one of loyalty and eagerness for Canada to do her part in the war to save liberty.

Mr. Stead won international fame by the inspired lines on Kitchener, written in the full pain and resentment of the loss of the leader. The dignified sweep and nobility of sentiment of this poem won praise in many lands. From the five stanzas there is room to quote but one:

One only vow above his bier,
One only oath beside his bed:
We swear our flag shall shield him here
Until the sea gives up its dead!

There is a challenge here to the pride and might of the race, and to know that these lines surged up within the poet on the day of the news of Kitchener's death is but to put the seal of spontaneity and power upon them.

Mr. Stead's war poems are virile and full of thought. They are not all equally good poetry, but there is no limp in the lines or the ideas. His indictment of the British people for their luxury and sloth and inability to foresee the war finds compensation in his hopes of their achievement:

Oh, ears that would not hear, at last ye
hear!

Oh, eyes that would not see, at last ye
see!

Oh, valour, strike for freedom and the free!

Oh, honour—ye who hold your honour
dear—

Drive! every virtue focused in your
thrust!

Drive! doubly armed who have your
quarrel just!

Ye know the taunt, the toast, the Teuton
sneer—

Strike home, Britannia, Heaven's volun-
teer!

Likewise there is inspiration in the lines of "The Call", when from every clime,

The sons of Britain heard the call—and
came,

and in the descriptions of "We Were Men in the Furrow", when lines hold this menace for the enemy:

Beware of a peace-loving people when they
sweep from their forests and farms!

Quotations might be multiplied from this harvest of patriotic sentiment, varied by a tribute to France, "still a nation and a soul", or a passing reference to

The whispering, confidential wheat,

but the reader must break into the storehouse for himself. Mr. Stead's ballads of prairie life often thrill, and

though they suggest the spirited style of Kipling, they are individual and their course never lapses into dullness or commonplace.

*

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE TO THE YSER

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS book is down to business. It is a record of things that happened—and some few mayhap that did not. It surprises one by being rather good writing. The things that happened are made vital and moving by being artistically related to personalities. The author might conceivably call his book his "yarn of the war". He seems a sort of free and easy person with a clever gift of humour and abundance of innate good taste and good sense.

*

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

BY COLONEL F. MCKELVEY BELL. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart.

WE are gradually achieving a little war library of our own that deals with things specifically Canadian. Poetry of a sort and descriptive narrative form its main divisions up to the present. Books that deal in any specific way that is peculiar with war aims, with the philosophy of war, with the criticism of war, will come later. At present we are more actively than contemplatively engaged, though the latter development must come if we are ever to function noticeably as a wing of the world's movement towards democracy.

This book under review is a contribution to our library of description. It is what it states itself to be, the chronicle of a military hospital in the war zone. Much war literature has been more intimate with horror, more revealing it may be, but the slight lack of contact that is sometimes felt in this book may be interpreted as due

to delicacy and reserve. The book certainly has humour and sympathy and once or twice it touches the quintessence of pathos. The chapters ran serially in the pages of *The Canadian Magazine*. Many of the magazine's readers will be glad to have them again and in book form.

*

THE GREAT POETS OF ITALY

BY T. D. J. FARMER, D.C.L. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS book is of value not so much for what it accomplishes as for what it attempts. The preface, written in an old world style, with long and lumbering sentences, is naïve and at times delightful. It is the self exhibition, without self consciousness, of a poetry-lover. The writer is not a dilettante. He does not pose. He is very serious about his enthusiasm for poetry. He has earnestly contemplated a stupendous task, that of giving to Canadians an introduction to all the great poetry of the world. The present volume on Italian poets is one of many already planned for and which may appear later.

There are those who will scoff at the book, who will say it lacks initiative, that it has no genius for criticism, that it smacks simply of the manual labour of the reference library. But the book sounds real. It is in earnest. It possesses that of which we have as yet in Canada all too little—an authentic literary passion.

*

INSPIRATION AND IDEALS. THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY

BY GRENVILLE KLEISSER. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

FOR those who like this sort of thing this book contains all the high-flown language and black type capitalization of lofty sentiments necessary to commend it. Under "June Twenty-four" on "The Right Use of Conversation", I find this:

"It is a good rule never to flatly contradict another. . . . There are

polite ways of dissenting. You may use such ingratiating phrases as, 'Observe the methods of popular speakers and profit by their example', etc."

It is to be presumed that our political platform artists are referred to in the last injunction. The book is beautifully bound in purple cloth. It has a beautiful silk purple marker a quarter of an inch wide. It would decorate any dressing-table.

*

LLOYD GEORGE

BY FRANK DILNOT. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

WIVES of great men all remind us . . ."—that a lot of people are going to try their hand at biography. This book is not exactly profound and studious biography, but it is good story-telling. It does not manifest the capability of great biographical writing to weigh character. It has no special genius for criticism. It is not the biograph of an outstanding national figure for the reference library. With more suitability it will grace the casual counter of the news stand. The boon is historical enough to be valuable. It is pictorial enough to be interesting. It is sufficiently filled with incident to be indicative.

*

THE INNER DOOR

BY ALAN SULLIVAN. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IN this story of the development of a young man who is engaged to marry the heiress of a wealthy factory owner, but who suddenly finds himself penniless, is a marked advance from anything else the author has written. While it would not pretend to be a revelation of the labour situation in Canada, it does reveal one phase of it, and into the ever-present struggle between capital and labour there has been woven a love affair, or rather two love affairs, that are dignified and very human. Kenneth Landon's fiancée, the owner of a great

rubber factory, goes to Europe, and he immediately on finding himself penniless, enters her workshops as an ordinary workman. While the girl is in Europe going the rounds and meeting people, one of them, Philippe Amaro, a character of unusual interest excellently sketched, Kenneth remains at home, to find as a result of a strike at the factory, and particularly after his fiancée's return, that his ideals and her love of pleasure do not agree. They separate, and Kenneth, free at last from something that he never had regarded as a bond, hastens to acknowledge his love for Greta Sohmer, the unusual daughter of an unusual couple from whom Kenneth had taken lodging.

*

THE AMATEUR DIPLOMAT

BY HUGH S. EAYRS and T. B. COSTAIN. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

IN the "Prisoner of Zenda" Anthony Hope, by putting an Englishman through a series of adventures and one grand romance in a fictitious Balkan state, introduced a new school of fiction. He was followed, for instance, by Meredith Nicholson, who led an American through somewhat similar adventures, and again by the author of the Graustark novels. Now we have the interesting sensation of a Canadian becoming the victim of circumstances in Serajoz, where as a result of his timely and happy intervention in local diplomatic affairs affecting the present war he at first won the admiration and later the love of the beautiful Princess Olga. The novel is true to the school, but it has the advantage of being set at the present time, when diplomacy and intrigue are at their greatest activity, and therefore much scope is lent in the way of dashing adventure and fine romance. The authors are two young Canadian journalists. Dual authorship is new among Canadian writers, but judging from the results of this instance it is a success.



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Picnics

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Where refreshments are needed, there you will find Ingersoll Cream Cheese first favorite.



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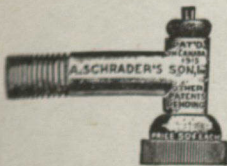
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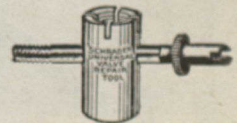
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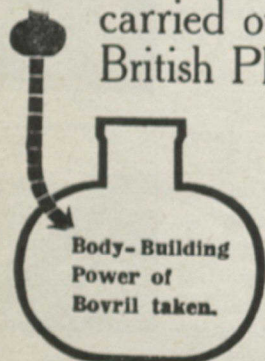
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A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

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Bovril
Taken



In feeding experiments on human beings carried out by a well-known independent British Physiologist, when Bovril was added to the normal diet it produced an increase in flesh, bone and muscle equal to 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

No increase in price since the War.

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Rodgers'
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Known the world over as the mark
which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND



Thoughtfulness in diet pays a rich
dividend in health and comeliness.

For many years

Grape-Nuts

has been a favorite food with
thoughtful people.

“There’s a Reason”

Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

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WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

How We Reduced Our Table Cost

With Delicious Quaker Oats

In the writer's home, when foods began to soar, we made a study of food values and costs. We figured by calories, because all rationing is based on this unit of nutrition.

We found that 1000 calories cost five cents in Quaker Oats. We found that in eggs the same nutrition cost over 40 cents.

In Steak it costs over 27 cts.

In ham, 19 cts.—In potatoes, 16 cts.

In bread and milk about 13 cts.

Our average meal, measured by calories, cost four times as much as Quaker Oats. So I figured that every dollar's worth of Quaker Oats would save us about \$3.

We used Quaker Oats in bread and muffins, in pancakes and cookies, as well as in porridge. Then I discovered that Quaker Oats made most things more delightful. That luscious flavor, found in no other grain food, has made our new meals twice better than the old.

We were missing all that before.



*All
Made
with
Oats*

Quaker Oats

Just the Queen Oats Flaked

Quaker Oats are made from only the rich, plump, flavory oats. In this selection a bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

So Quaker Oats has become world-famous for its wealth of flavor.

Among oat lovers everywhere it is the favorite brand. Yet it costs no extra price.

The way to make oat foods doubly popular is to make them with Quaker Oats.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit.

QUAKER OATS BREAD

2 cups Quaker Oats 5 cups flour 2 cups boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon salt
 1 tablespoon butter or other fat
 1 cake compressed yeast dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water

Add boiling water to oats and let stand one hour, add molasses, salt, butter or fat, dissolved yeast cake and flour. Let rise until double in bulk. Knead thoroughly and shape into loaves. Put into greased bread pans, let rise until double in bulk and bake 45 minutes.

This recipe makes two loaves.

QUAKER OATS MUFFINS

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup uncooked Quaker Oats,
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk,
 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking
 powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons
 sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

QUAKER OATS SWEET BITS

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons
 baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter,
 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{2}{3}$ cups
 uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

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FIFTEEN CENTS

CIGARETTES

S. ANARGYROS

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL

Everywhere Why?

Finest Quality

S. Anargyros

The advertisement features a pack of Murad Cigarettes and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted, showing the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold letters at the top. Below it, the word 'CIGARETTES' is written in a smaller font. The central illustration on the pack depicts a woman in a long dress sitting on a bench, with a sun rising behind her. The background of the pack is filled with horizontal lines. To the right of the pack, the price 'FIFTEEN CENTS' is printed. Below the pack, a single cigarette is shown, with the brand name 'MURAD' and a logo on its filter. The background of the entire advertisement is a grid of horizontal and vertical lines. At the bottom, the slogan 'Everywhere Why?' is written in a cursive font, followed by a box containing the words 'Finest Quality'. The signature 'S. Anargyros' is located in the bottom right corner.

The Beauty of the Pathephone

lies not alone in its wondrous music

THERE is no home that is tastefully furnished, be it simple or sumptuous, with which the Pathephone will not be in fullest accord, or indeed, enhance by its presence.

Consider These Big Pathe Advantages:

The Permanent Sapphire Ball—no digging, tearing needles to change.

Records that will wear thousands of times.

An all wood tone chamber (on the principle of a violin).

Pathe Tone Control—regulates the volume of sound.

Plays perfectly all makes of records, as well as the Pathe.

The Exclusive Period Design Cabinets—a complete line of instruments to meet every purse.

A repertoire of double disc records, unique, comprehensive and artistically perfect.

For there is a Pathephone to suit every surrounding — Pathe "Period" designs exemplifying furniture periods most famous in history—Queen Anne, Louis XVI, Sheraton, Adam, William and Mary; and every Pathephone is a triumph of cabinet-making skill.

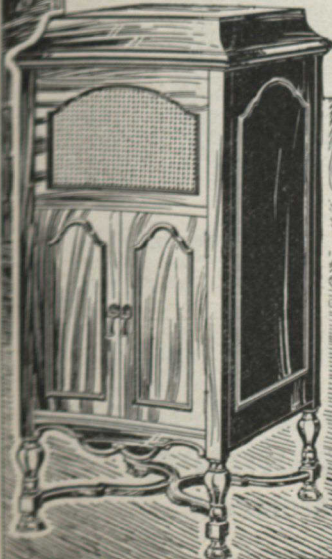
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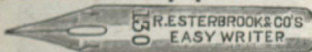
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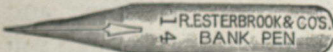
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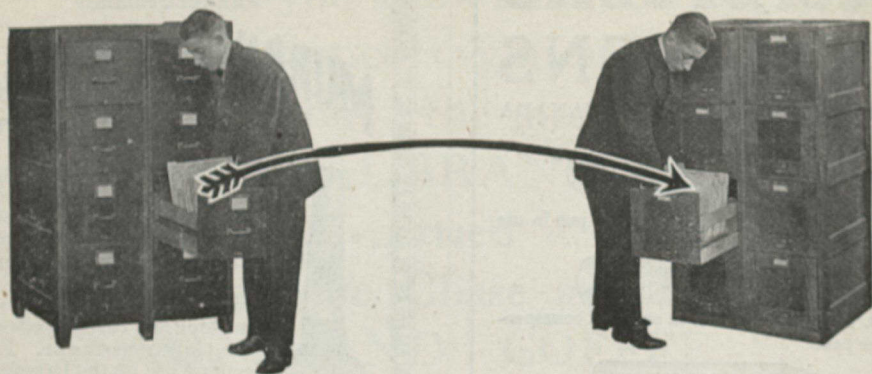
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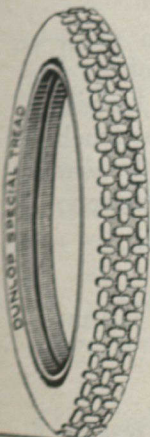
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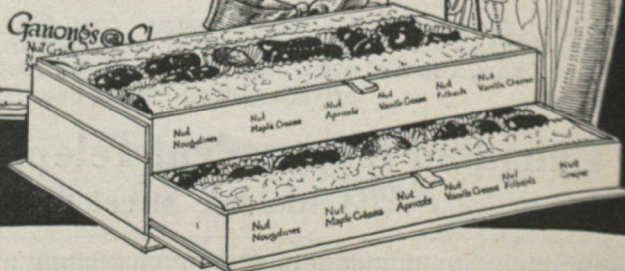
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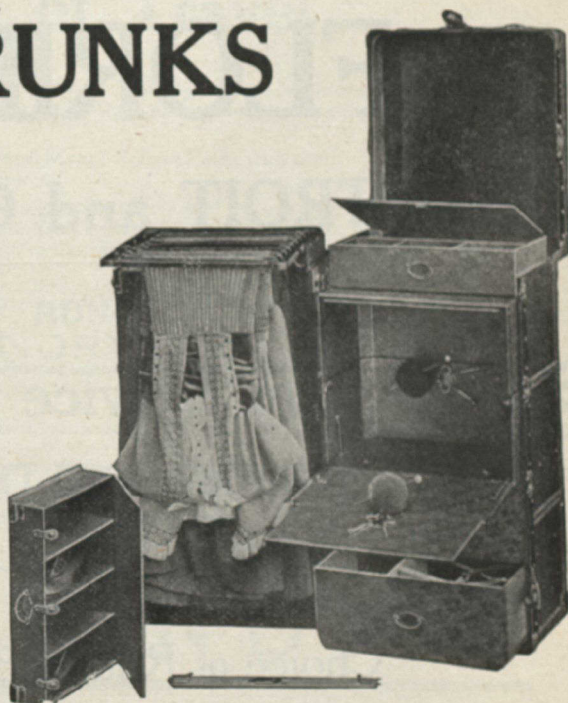
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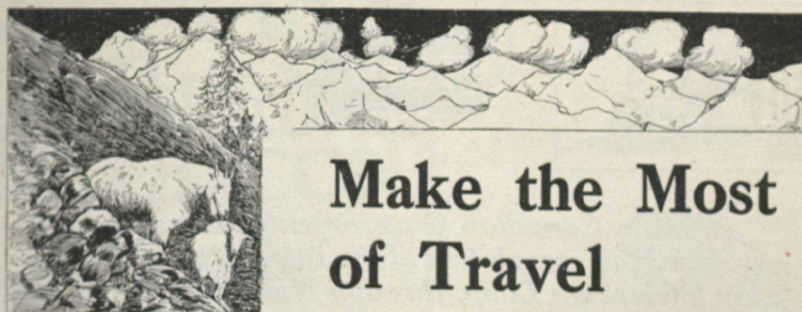
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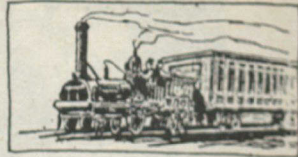
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1877	707,384
1897	1,633,188
1916	5,859,482

Mileage	
1872 First through train between St. John and Halifax	274
1880 Levis, St. John, Halifax, Mulgrave	1039
1898 Montreal, St. John, Halifax, The Sydneys	1526

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1877	449,685
1897	1,348,179
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1897	3,019,471.00
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Employees	
1877	4,462
1897	5,600
1916	19,791

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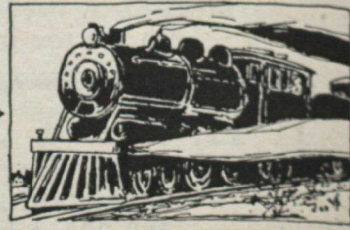
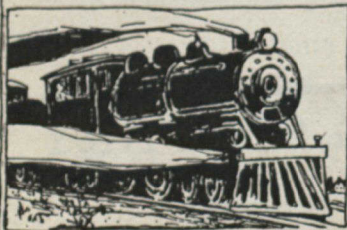
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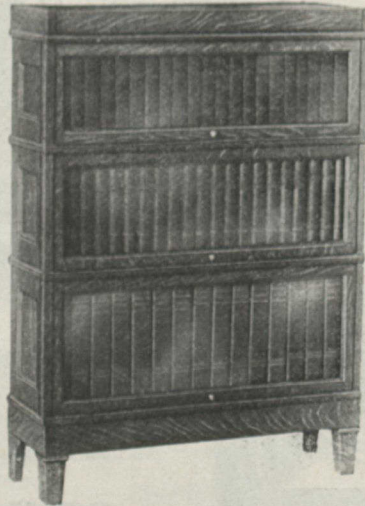




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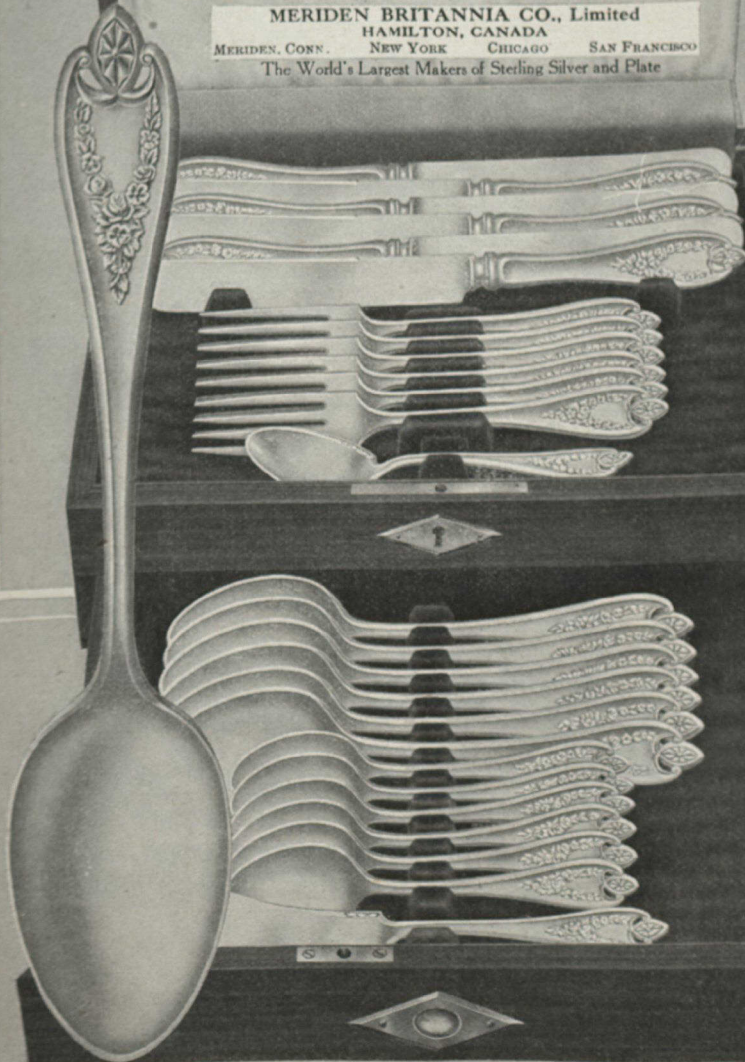
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