

133

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1915

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Wolfe at Quebec

By Professor W. P. M. Kennedy

Major-General Sam Hughes

By Britton B. Cooke

Sidelights on Joseph Howe

By Francis A. Carman

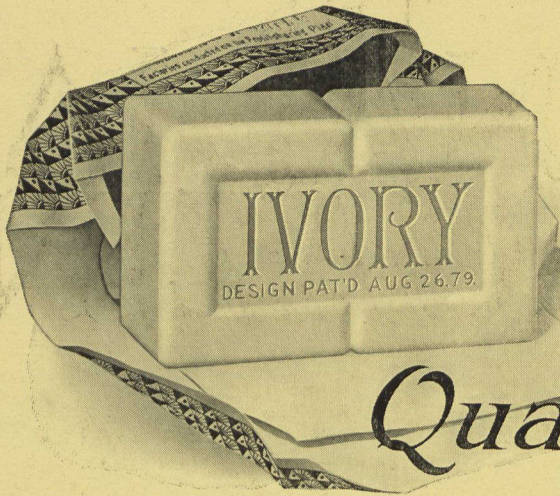
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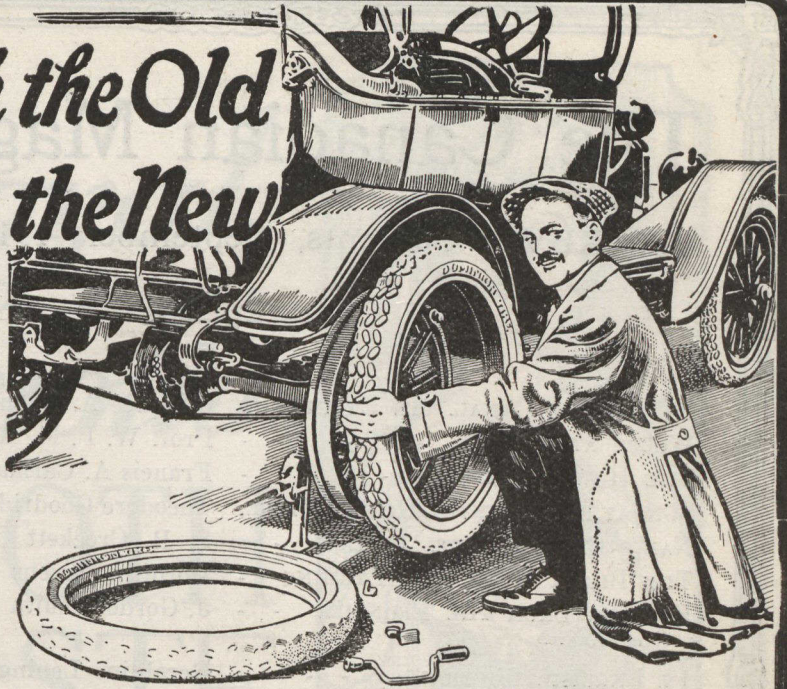
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLV Contents, September 1915 No. 5

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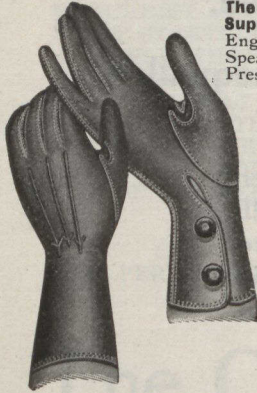


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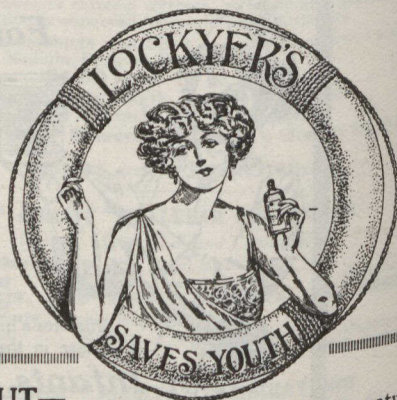
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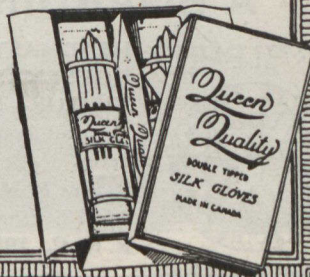
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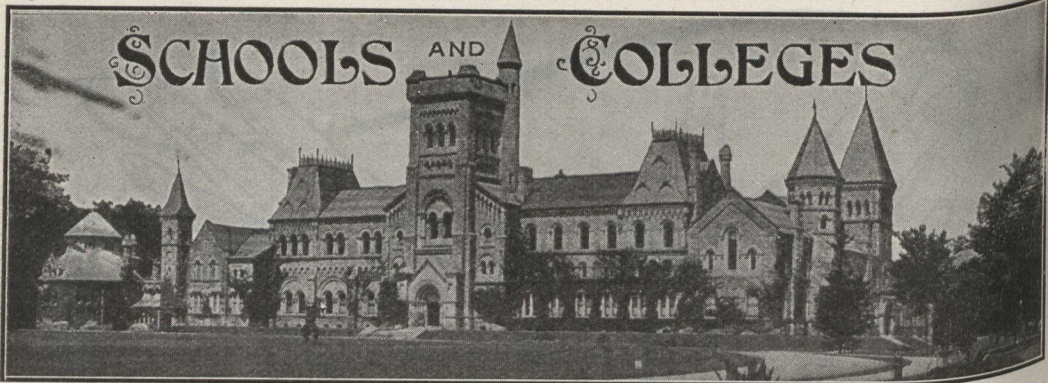
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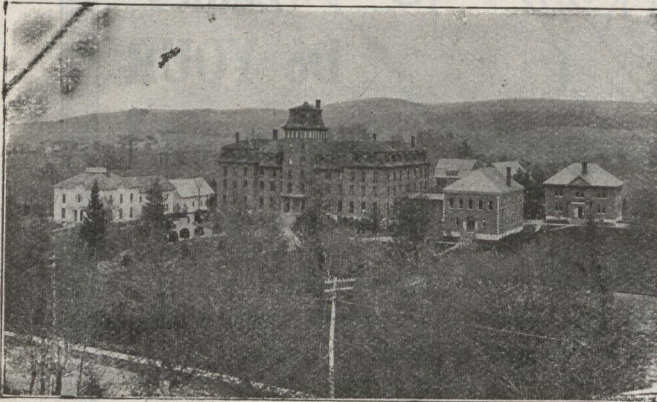
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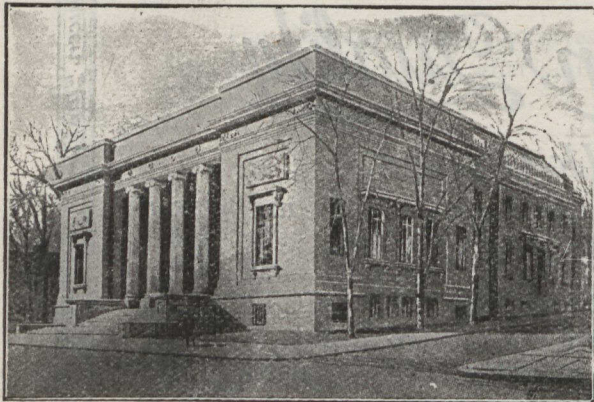
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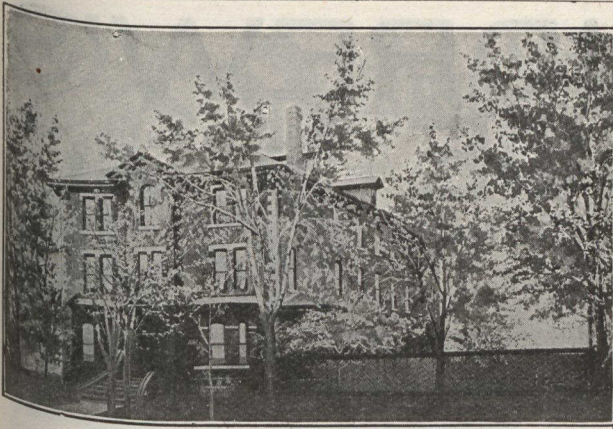
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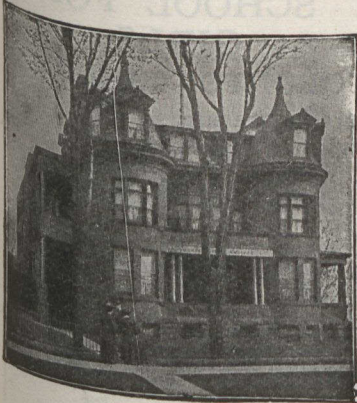
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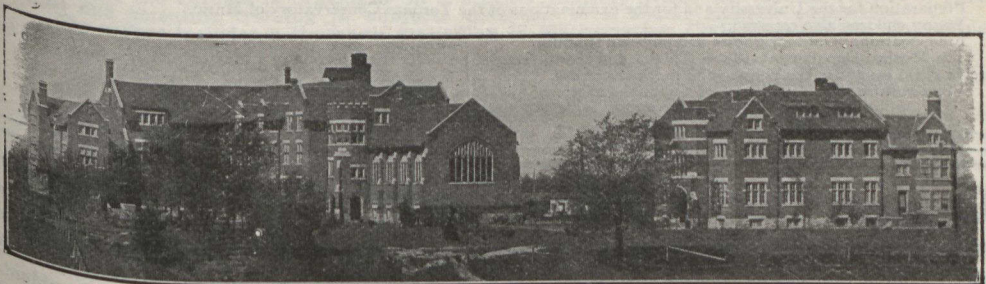
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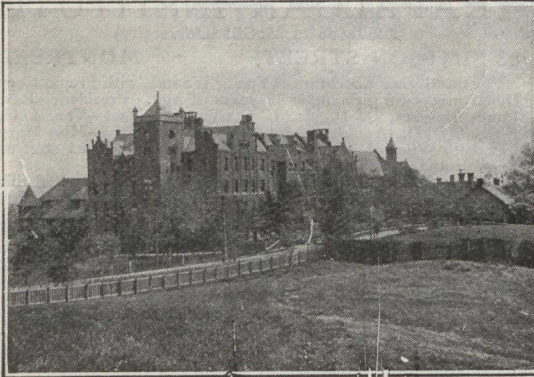
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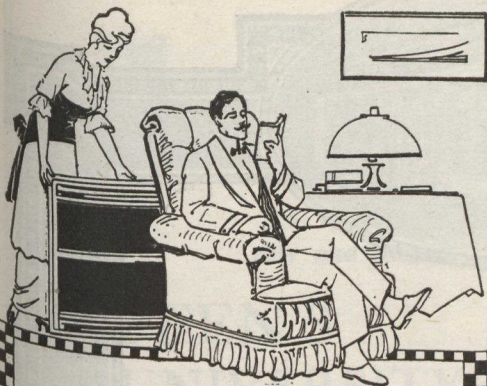
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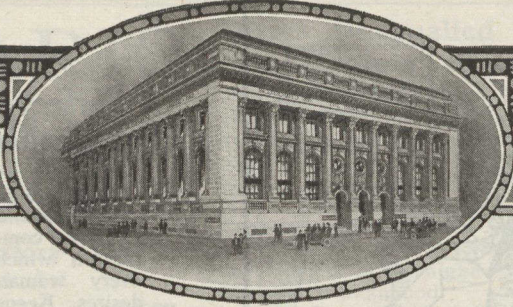
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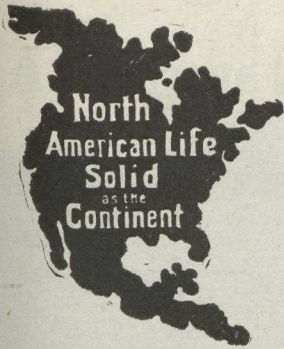
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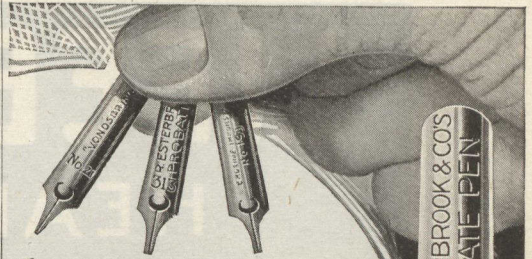
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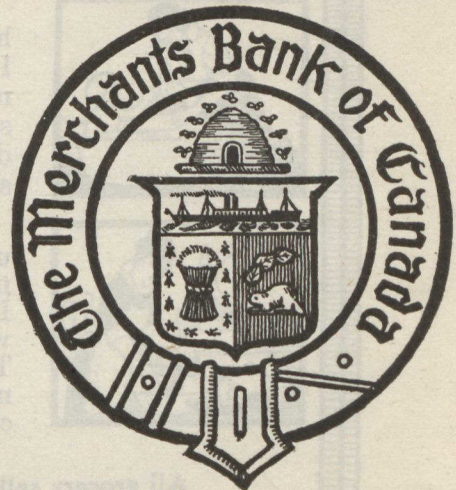
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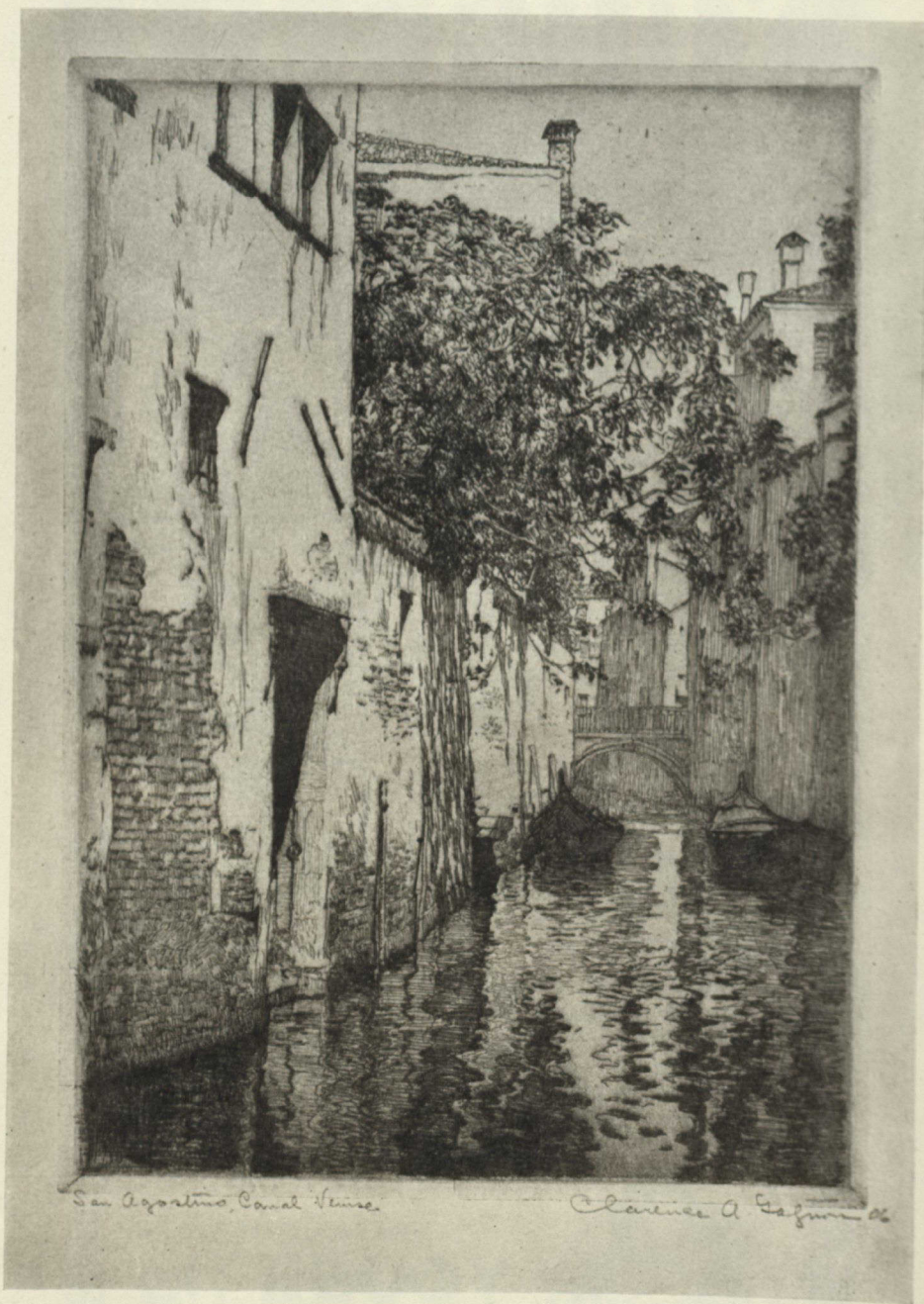
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 5

WOLFE AT QUEBEC

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A., F.R.HIS.S. (ENG.)

PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

WE are commonly told that Wolfe's final plan was suggested to him by his brigadiers and that he recited Gray's "Elegy" on the way to the actual landing. I have been struck by the persistency with which these two statements are repeated in spite of the heroic efforts made by historical research to place them in their true light. My aim then is to sum up, as judicially as possible, the work done in this connection, in the hope that the facts may find their way into text-books of history and into the world of Canadian culture. It is true that nothing turns on them; but it is surely high time that a military exploit of such romantic brilliancy should stand clearly assigned to its originator, and that the gratuitous dressings of dramatic effect should be torn away from an achievement sufficiently dramatic in itself to need no imaginative additions. I make no claim to originality, because my article is based on the research of

others; but I venture to think that these researches have been buried away—as too often happens with the work of an expert—or have gained little ground against the traditional views.

After the failure of Montmorency on July 31st, 1759, Wolfe's health caused him much anxiety, and for the first time in the history of the campaign he called in his brigadiers, not, as the Abbè Casgrain says, to hand over his command to them, but to consult about a future plan of attack. He submitted to them three suggestions, all based on the idea of operations in the Beauport neighbourhood; that is, three plans of attack on the French encampments lying east of Quebec, between the River St. Charles and the Falls of Montmorency. To these suggestions the brigadiers replied that the enemy had so fortified the natural strength of their position as to render an attack there very doubtful of success, that the recent failure did not encourage

a repetition of the attack, and that even in case of victory Montcalm would still be in a position to command the passage of the St. Charles River. They suggested that the attack should be directed by bringing the troops to the south shore, finally establishing them on the north shore, and beginning operations high above Quebec. The idea should be to get between Montcalm and his provisions, and between the French army farther west, which was opposing Amherst.

A victory in this neighbourhood would, they said, mean the fall of the city, whereas one round Beauport would leave that event as far off as ever. In addition, they pointed out that even if their suggestion was acted on a reverse would mean that the French forces could assist with more determination in operations against Amherst. Thus they discounted their proposal in a very serious manner. The plan, such as it was, has been unreservedly claimed for Wolfe's brigadiers, especially Townshend. Warburton in the past, and Colonel Townshend in the present, have categorically stated that the plan which Wolfe finally adopted was not his, but belonged entirely to Townshend, who had waited too long for his just honours in this connection. The later history will throw sufficient light on Wolfe's letter to Pitt, dated September 2nd, 1759, in which he said that he had unreservedly acquiesced in the proposals of the brigadiers.

It is only necessary to say here that Townshend's part in the conference is discounted by the fact that it seems as if he was quite against any plan of attack on the west of the city; yet the recent writer already referred to actually gives the plan of operations suggested by the brigadiers, says that it was Townshend's work, and finally states that it was the one actually acted on by Wolfe on the night of the landing. The truth is that he did not carry out this plan at all, and even the report of the brigadiers

represents a return to an early plan, which Wolfe himself had mentioned to Pitt previously to the consultation.

I need not delay to consider the removal of the troops along the south shore to positions opposite Sillery and Cap Rouge. The brigadiers and Montcalm himself thought that the attempt would be made between Cap Rouge and Point aux Trembles. The latter, indeed, prepared for this eventuality. Wolfe alone knew that both were wrong. In fact, when a storm had blown itself out, Wolfe reconnoitred and decided to take up a place opposite Anse aux Foulon. It is claimed that this place was pointed out to him by a Major Stobo, but I have been unable up to this time to find any historical proof. The point, however, is that some hours after the brigadiers thought that their original plan of landing and making an attack several miles west of the city had been fully accepted and finally agreed on, Wolfe himself was carefully noting the place two miles from the city, which is now connected inseparably with his name.

I am not concerned with the defence of this point by Vergor, and I doubt if we shall ever know the exact facts in connection with the displacement of the French troops here. This aspect of the history has no relation to our present subject. Wolfe had evidently made up his mind and evidently knew that the point was weakly defended. He kept the French busy by apparently preparing for landings at Point aux Trembles and even in the neighbourhood of Beauport. Montcalm was in a state of excitement, being carried, as it were, along the whole front from Sillery to Montmorency. He did not know what Wolfe would do next. The nearest we get to a certainty about his conception of the British general's plan was that he thought that Wolfe had planned to land some miles farther down the river.

There is no evidence to prove that Wolfe admitted his brigadiers into

his confidence. In his orders issued on September 11th he outlined the full details of the attempt, but made no mention of the landing-place. The orders issued on the following day were also silent as to the landing-place: "The troops will land where the French seem least to expect it." Still the brigadiers knew nothing of the wonderful plan which "history" has said they originated and actually drew up. The fact is that on the twelfth they wrote to Wolfe complaining that they were in ignorance of his full plan and asking definitely to be told "the place or places we are to attack," and this a few short hours before the plan was successfully tried. Wolfe replied that he could not reveal his plan to them, that he personally had selected the place and was responsible for it. So much for the evidence. I do not think that there has ever been a more presumptuous claim made to divert the conception of a great military *coup* from its originator.

"History" then goes on to relate that about two o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, just before the landing, Wolfe recited to his staff in his boat, as they dropped down the tide, Gray's "Elegy." Now, *a priori*, two things mitigate against this romantic episode, which we have been accustomed to believe since childhood. Firstly, is it likely that a commander would break his own strict orders enjoining silence, to recite even in a low voice a long poem? Those who have read Wolfe's censures after the breach of discipline by the grenadiers at Montmorency can hardly believe that such a thing is possible. In addition, such an action is unthinkable at a moment when every nerve was strained to reduce noise of any sort to a minimum—an action purposeless and childish. Secondly, is it likely that Wolfe would have dampened the courage of his men by saying that he would rather have written that poem than take Quebec—rather than carry out a plan

for which his men were ready to die? Every probability is against the story. Let us now examine the facts.

There is little doubt that the story owes its origin to some remarks of a certain John Robinson, who was afterwards a professor at Edinburgh University. He was with Wolfe's flotilla, not, as Parkman says, as a midshipman or young naval lieutenant, but "rated as a midshipman," which as everyone knows is quite another thing. As a matter of fact, Robinson was with the St. Lawrence fleet as tutor to the admiral's son. Where did Parkman get his story? I think from one of two sources: either from Graham's "History of the United States," which appeared in 1836 (Here the episode is related with the additional information that Wolfe had learned the poem since the arrival of the Quebec packet! I shall deal with this later), or from Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." I think this is the more likely source, and I shall deal with it first. Carlyle writes as follows:

"Wolfe silently descends; mind made up, thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's 'Elegy,' lately come out to these parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: 'Ah, those tones of the eternal melodies, are they not? A man might thank heaven had he such a gift; almost as we might for succeeding him, gentlemen.'"

Carlyle gives a reference to the transactions of the Royal Society, Edinburgh. These transactions contain a life of Robinson written in 1815 by Playfair, his successor at Edinburgh. Our subject is referred to by Playfair as follows:

"An anecdote which he also used to tell deserves well to be remembered. He happened to be on duty in the boat on which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine and the scene, considering the work

they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along the general repeated with much feeling nearly the whole of Gray's 'Elegy,' which had appeared not long before and was yet but little known, to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

It is evident that Playfair's version is the source of the whole story. It will be well to examine it. We see how Graham got his idea that the poem was new—he adds his own ideas of how Wolfe got it. We see how Carlyle dealt with the authority which he himself gives—in a manner so characteristic of him. And what of the poem "which had not long appeared," as Robinson told Playfair? What of this "little known" poem? It appeared in 1751—eight years before the fall of Quebec! The first two editions ran out in two months! The twelfth edition appeared in 1753! It had been published in several papers, and a Latin translation of it had appeared! However, let us take Playfair's edition, in spite of the errors of literary fact. The whole matter turns on the word "to-morrow," which everyone has persisted in overlooking. Wolfe did not say "to-day," as he would have said had he recited the poem at the time when "history" assigns it to him.

Finally, in 1830, we get another version of the story in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to the poet Southey, which the present Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, discovered and published as a conclusive evidence that the old "history" was true as far as human evidence could prove anything. Scott repeats the story of the "young midshipman," says that

Wolfe pulled the poem out of his pocket "on the night that he crossed the river with his small army," and that as he concluded it he said: "I can only say, gentlemen, that if the choice were mine I would rather be the author of those verses than win the battle we are to fight to-morrow morning." I think that this version of the story merely proves that the poem, if recited at all, was recited earlier in the night, but Robinson seems to have varied his accounts somewhat.

I am convinced *a priori* that Wolfe did not recite the poem when floating down the river to the landing; and I think that Playfair's account and Scott's letter confirm this. If the poem was recited at all, I think that all the evidence goes to prove that it was recited some considerable time before two o'clock on the morning of September 13th, 1759, before the boats set off into the tide at all. Playfair and Scott both use the word "to-morrow," and Robinson was at least consistent in this part of his story to each of them. I believe that Carlyle's adaptation has been the cause of the error that has gathered round the whole episode. It would seem as if there had been a conspiracy to out-dramatize the affair!

Thus then it seems clear that the whole plan of landing was Wolfe's own conception, and secondly that if he recited Gray's "Elegy," it was at some other time than we have been accustomed to believe. These two considerations may seem small in the history, but I think it well that Wolfe's honour should be redeemed and that his military reputation should be established. The "Elegy" episode goes to show the manner in which popular "history" is sometimes made.

THE HOWE PAPERS

SOME NEW SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT CHAMPION OF RESPONSIBLE
GOVERNMENT

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

THE habit of keeping a diary and storing away letters is to be encouraged. In these days of short tenancies and many movings it may at times cause inconvenience; but the habit is essentially good. Of course, it must be used with discretion like any other of the gifts of nature. Indeed, the habit without discretion is better than discretion without the habit. If useless papers are preserved, posterity can soon throw them away. But if the papers are once destroyed, it is beyond the power of the most discreet posterity to restore them. In writing the history of our country, the private papers of public men—and of private persons as well—are beyond rubies. They throw a light on events which is attainable from no public records. They give a reality and an intimacy to history which can be obtained from no other source.

This habit was possessed in a high degree by Joseph Howe. A leader in the fight for responsible government in Nova Scotia and an active participant in public affairs till after Confederation, he kept a diary of his more important journeyings and stored away systematically papers relating to the public issues of the day, and left a record, too, of the outstanding facts of his private business. These papers are now in the Dominion Archives, and contain a wealth of material for the historian of Nova

Scotia, of Canada, even of the Empire. For all three these materials are indispensable; for Howe was a man of wide interests and of far horizons. But most indispensable are they for the historian of the Dominion, who would know the forces which have gone to its making and the men who have guided, or been impelled by, those forces.

The Howe papers come from two sources. The original family records, which occupy a dozen bulky manuscript holders, were presented to the Canadian people by Mr. Sydenham Howe, son of the champion of responsible government. The other source is the outcome of an incident worthy a place in the history of the publishing interests of the Dominion. Some years ago one of our largest publishers sought a man to write the life of "Joe" Howe. The late George M. Grant was chosen for the task, but death intervened before he could complete his labours. George Johnson, Dominion statistician and, like Grant, a Bluenose, was next selected as biographer; and to him were turned over the materials which had been collected by the Principal of Queen's. But before Johnson's work was finished, a difference arose between him and the publisher, and his work, too, was laid aside. This collection of letters and records, made by Grant and Johnson, is the second contribution to the Howe papers. It is naturally not so

rich as the original collection made by Howe himself; but it includes the partially completed manuscripts of both Grant and Johnson; and in addition some new papers not contained in the family record.

The earliest entry in the diaries and letter-books is dated in 1825, when Mr. Howe had just come of age. It is characteristic of his restless energy, and will serve as a fitting initiation to some quotations from the papers, the object of which is neither to epitomize nor to pass judgment upon his career, but simply to shed some side-lights from new angles upon the man and his times. The entry is this:

Established the "Miramichi Mercury" at a cost of £205—got £84 back in 1827 and 1828.

The Balance afterwards I suppose, but no profits.

Mr. Howe was essentially a man who loved the element of adventure in business. His was a daring spirit in trade as in politics. This is possibly the first, but it is by no means the last, enterprise of his which had doubtful financial results. In the end he usually got the "balance afterwards"; but there were oftentimes periods when that happy ending looked extremely doubtful.

It is three years before we find another entry, and now we get a view of the inception of *The Nova Scotian*, the journalistic venture which laid the foundation of the future politician's career. Under date of 1828, we read:

By the memo of this year's business it would appear I had:

Town subscribers	£300
Country	560
Postage	70
Job work	150
Advertising	250

£1,300

I owed £840, including Young's instalment of £210.

As the subscription was fifteen shillings, it would thus seem that in its first year under Mr. Howe *The Nova*

Scotian had four hundred subscribers in Halifax and nearly seven hundred and fifty in the country. The paper had been owned previously by Mr. George R. Young, whose father, Mr. John Young, had contributed and continued to contribute to it some famous letters over the signature of "Agricola." It is probably the former to whose "instalment" the entry in the letter-book refers. Mr. Howe paid Mr. Young £1,050 for the business, and there was considerable anxiety among his friends as to whether he would make a success of it. That anxiety, however, soon disappeared, and three years later we find another entry in the letter-book, in which is recorded the fact that "subscriptions to *Nova Scotian* had increased one-fifth," presumably in the year under review.

Howe made *The Nova Scotian* a success, but we get an indication of the intensity of the labour by which it was achieved in an entry which he made under date of 1831.

"Left home," he wrote, "this year 18th August and returned 7th November. Sick with dyspepsia and anxiety—travelled to P. E. Island, St. John, Philadelphia, and back, got well. Collected £221 14s. 2d., spent £52 6s. 1d."

What Joseph Howe's hand found to do, he did it with his might; and even on holidays he was methodical and businesslike and interested in seeing that the balance was on the right side of the ledger.

Another entry in the same year, however, gives us a bit of the early literary history of Canada, in which the balance was not on the right side, either for Mr. Howe or the author. It is just one more instance of the difficulties of authorship. "Sam Slick" was a household name among our fathers, but Judge Haliburton's first venture into literature was by no means so successful as "The Clockmaker" and his fellows. Before entering the lists of humour Mr. Haliburton first paid court to Clio and wrote a history of his own Province.

It was a work of much value and was republished after "Sam Slick" had made a name for himself; but it did not at first catch the fancy of the reading public. Here is what Howe wrote in his letter-book:

This year published "Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia," which was a ruinous speculation. It cumbered my office for two years, involved me in heavy expenses for wages, and in debts for paper, materials, binding, and engravings. It was to have been published on joint account, he making some cash advances, and me dividing the profits and the loss. To simplify matters, I bought the whole, relying on heavy sales in England, the United States, and the other Provinces. None sold abroad. The book, though fairly printed, was wretchedly bound—the engravings were poor, and I was left with about 1,000 copies, scattered about, unsalable on my hands.

I have said that Mr. Howe was systematic and methodical. He carried his love of method to the length of setting down for himself, at the age of twenty-six, rules which he was still concerned to follow at the age of fifty-three. These rules make interesting reading yet; and throw into relief the greater simplicity of the time in which their author lived. Possibly some of them might still be of value—especially in this day of the high cost of living. Here they are:

Diet—Never eat to fullness, or so much that violent exercise after a meal would be painful. Drink neither wine nor spirituous liquors, except in company, and then sparingly. Smoke only in company or when travelling, and then moderately.

Clothing—Wear old clothes, shoes, hats, etc., but, have a good suit by. Wear shoes instead of boots. Net or corduroy trousers.

Exercise—Continue it, but vary, walk more—spar, fence, leap, pitch the stone, quoits, base.

Habits—Swear none, avoid obscenity, talk more, particularly at home, be cheerful, meet difficulties promptly, and throw them off when care can do no good.

Sleep—Try six hours, rise at seven in winter and five in summer.

Business—Consolidate notes, open a cash account, pay small bills, sell old press, dismiss W., keep cash book, take stock.

Expenditure—Buy cloth and clothes at auction, charge each boy with his own expenses. Lay in coal, wood, sugar, beef, pork, fish, soap, candles, flour, meal, rice, coffee, and vegetables in quantities.

Studies—Read books from 5 to 8, or 7 to 9, science and history chiefly, then breakfast and walk, business and newspaper till 3, exercise and rumination till six, tea and chat till seven, write two hours, read till 12.

Intellectual Occupation—Review arithmetic, French, and grammar, read poetry more, speeches more, Scripture 2 hours on Sunday.

Company—Avoid none that is not bad, be polite and cheerful to all. Try to learn something from and communicate something to everyone you meet, but make constant companions only of those from whom information can be gathered and the intellect strengthened.

It is the fashion in this day to eschew rules and to regard with something between amusement and contempt those who seek to guide their lives by rule and method. But after all this fashion is a good deal of a pose, and it is not quite certain that our fathers did not possess some wisdom. Of course, their rules were not always unbroken; and Mr. Howe was no exception to humanity in this regard. But they did accomplish a good deal of solid work; and they left the world, on the whole, a much better place to live in than they found it. Mr. Howe's life was crowded with public service; and he found time for a variety of things which few even of our leaders accomplish to-day. He was human; and we know that he did not always keep the rules which he had set down for himself. But his life must, with all allowances, be described as methodical; and it was neither without meaning nor without seriousness that he wrote on the back of the paper containing these rules twenty-four years after they were written:

I fear not always observed,
J. H., 1854.

Or that he added three years later:

Read again in 1857.

Howe was known everywhere as a

teller of stories, and his use of anecdotes gave his political speeches a rare effectiveness. He did not acquire this characteristic without labour and care. His diaries are rich in notes of stories he had heard. In one no less than seven consecutive pages are taken up in this manner. Unfortunately most of these entries are so brief as to be now unintelligible. But a few here and there give us a flavour of the genuine Howe humour. Here, for instance, is one jotted down in the course of his legislative duties: a bitter yet amusing shot at one of his political opponents:

"It strikes my mind," a d—d good shot.

And there is a definition of a popular beverage of that day:

Half and half— $\frac{1}{2}$ mine, $\frac{1}{2}$ my wife's.

An entry made after his first session at Ottawa is worthy of quotation verbatim. It is obscure; but possibly some of the older readers of this article will be able to unravel its meaning:

Ottawa—only two good stories, 1867.

John A. Solomon, Hebrew d—, "Little Woman in Cork."

John Sandfield, Baptist minister, stump, "Chores About Home."

Howe's political verse is famous. It was not always good-humoured, but it never failed to be effective. A good bit of it has been published, but there are a few unpublished poems among the papers. I quote one, which is a parody on Burns's familiar bacchanal "Willie Brewed." It is as follows:

Oh, Johnston brewed a peck o' lies,
And Jem and Willie came to pree.
Three blacker hearts, that lee lung night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fools, we are na fools,
But just some malice in our 'ee.
Although they say we're factious tools,
We write because we love to lee.

Here are we met, three yellow boys,
Three yellow boys I trow are we;
And many a night we've lying been,
And many mair we hope to see.

It is Joe Howe, we ken his form,
That's shining in the light sae hie.
He smiles and bids us a' gae home,
But by our troth he'll wait a wee.

The first that from his desk shall fly,
A coward Tory loon is he.
The coon who tells the biggest lie,
He is the King among us three.

The three men intended in the verses are Honourable J. W. Johnstone, for several terms Premier of Nova Scotia and one of Howe's chief political adversaries; James B. Uniacke, and William Young. The poem is undated, but was apparently written in the late thirties or very early forties. The evidence for this is internal. Mr. Uniacke and Mr. Howe were colleagues in the coalition cabinet which broke up in 1844 over Lord Falkland's refusal to apply the new principle of responsible government; and after that date the two men were political friends. Shortly after this time Mr. Young, too, left the Tory party, and later he was titular head of the party of which Mr. Howe was the real leader.

Closely connected with the dissolution of this coalition cabinet—council is, however, the more accurate word, for what we know as cabinet government was not yet achieved—is the last entry which I will quote from these papers. It is under date of 1884, but was evidently completed later. It reads thus:

I received from William Stairs in this year on account of what was called the Howe Fund £632 2s. 9d. I left office 31st Dec., 1843, and went back in Feb., 1848. I lost therefore £2,500 of official salary and got this amount instead. I lost, therefore, £1,868 in money, besides the wear and tear of life. Falkland got his salary, but I think in other respects we are square.

This entry tells succinctly one of the most dramatic incidents of political warfare in the history of the Dominion and its Provinces. After the publication of Lord Durham's report the reactionary element in Nova Scotia consented to make a trial of responsible government. Lord Falk-

land was Governor at the time, and Johnstone, Uniacke, and Young were members of the old council. Into this council Howe agreed to go with two colleagues and to make an effort to apply the new principles by coalition to the solution of the problems of the Province. But there never was harmony or mutual confidence in the council. Lord Falkland was captured by the reactionary section, and Howe and his friends left. As already mentioned, the split was the active cause which brought Uniacke and Young in-

to political friendship with him. The controversy which followed was bitter. Out of it came two of Howe's most famous political poems. Lord Falkland was lampooned as "The Lord of the Bedchamber," and the members of his council were held up to ridicule with him. The language of this great argument was not always gentlemanly—on either side, for Howe got as well as gave hard knocks—but at least they did not shoot each other, as did we in Upper and Lower Canada.

SUNDAY IN A COUNTRY HOTEL

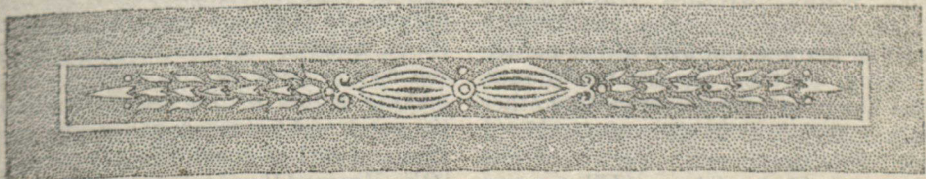
By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

(Lieutenant, 12th Battalion, Canada)

OUT of the dusk, out of the rain,
 I came, mud-spattered, chill and wet,
 To take my ease a night and day—
 For one short day-space to forget

The grind and clay and weariness,
 The petty cares not all my own,
 The doubts that haunt my flimsy hut,
 The fears that I must face alone.

Vain hope! All day they come and go—
 These other men—and here and there
 Women whose voices fail, whose eyes
 Flash bright to blind their hearts' despair.



NAN'S CAMPING OUT

BY S. R. CROCKETT

AUTHOR OF "THE RED AXE," ETC.

"WELL," said the banker to his particular intimates, the lawyer and the doctor, "I suppose I must tell you fellows. Yes, Joe Kane has got married. He is a married man now! Dried stick of a fellow on a stool, bent over big books, and ran as if he saw a woman in the remote distance—that was Joe!"

"Well, how?" says you, very naturally.

"For details you had better ask my wife—that is, if any of you like to risk being shown the door. Nan Gilfillan does not understand men's pleasantries upon such subjects. Consequently you have got to take my word for it—unless you'd rather not.

"You know what a fellow Joe Kane is—was—I was going to say 'ever will be.' But he won't. He's married, and if any of you chaps want to get married likewise, turn over a new leaf, begin to lead a new life, stop smoking, and—(Gilmour, your glass is empty—the decanter is at your elbow—pass it along!) you go camping out—that is with somebody else than me, Walter Everard Gilfillan and Nan, my wife—in the twenty-fifth year of her age and fifth of her match-making, as they say on tombstones. She has been a nipper at getting other folk married ever since she said, 'I will' in church—with the air of one who says 'I won't'—or 'I'll see you—ahem, farther—first.'

"That's Nan, and though we are

all big men in our way, and at the bank I takes no back-talk even from a director—well, I don't deny it was a good day when I walked down the aisle to the strains of that holy weariness of the flesh, 'The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden!'

"Now," continued Walter Gilfillan, "you, I, and the rest of men can have several ideas in our heads at one time. Nan, my wife, has only one. But that one has got to be carried out, before there is room for another. It is, too. So all you little boys get out of the way. I also, on such occasions, endeavour to find an engagement in another direction.

"Now this last summer Nan's idea was camping out. We had no cubs—children, I mean—to complicate matters, or dictate where or when we were to spend our banker's short three weeks. If Nan is sorry about that, it is in the night, and nobody but a bank-manager has his sleep disturbed because of it. Still, that does not happen once in a blue moon, and between times Nan is so busy arranging for other people's family circles that she has no time to mourn about having only me to make up her mind. Sometimes, however, at the seaside, when she sees a pack of the young pests making sights of themselves among the sand and sea-weed, she grabs my arm and sort of gurgles in her throat, 'Oh, Everard!' And I know what she is thinking of! (Jones, pass the decanter!)

"Ah, well, the Lord didn't give, so the Lord can't take away! That's the way I comfort Nan. Sometimes it works—sometimes not. Anyway we can't help it—that's certain, and we have the fewer post-dated cheques to draw on the Bank of Futurity!

"Boys, you should have seen Nan, some weeks before 'the eventful day.' She was as tickled and excited as a dog at a cat show. You know how nicely her hair lies about her head—no, I'm not getting poetical—well, for a good three weeks it stood up in permanent bristles. She would rise in the night to look at the weather, returning to awake me with cold feet and the entirely superfluous information that it was easter 'haar,' that she could hear the drops on the window-pane, or that the moon was full and beautiful—none of which things really bore on our holiday, which was still three weeks off! But, of course, if you know Nan, you know that it had to be so.

"See here, Watty," she would say, "I've been thinking!"

"So I knew that I was in for it and said obediently, 'Yes, dear!' trying hard not to think of something else. For that is no go with her. Nan can catch the slightest symptom of wandering attention. Same as if a clerk has been trying to write love-letters between the back pages of his ledger in office hours, I can read guilt on his face.

"So I gave Nan my undivided attention. I have always been a good husband!

"And as an uncle, fully tested and approved by many of Nan's pretty nieces and cousins—why, you have to go back to remote antiquity to find my equal. And even then you would be hard put to it, eh, Doctor?"

"Look here," said Nan—Mrs. Walter Gilfillan, that is, so far as you fellows are concerned. You can keep thinking of it that way, but, as for me, I can't get my tongue round it, 'look here, Watty,' Nan said, 'we can't go to Switzerland, though I

know a heavenly spot just outside Coire in Canton Grisons that I loved as a child. It would take too much time coming and going—'

"And the fares!' I suggested. But Nan swept on, and took me with her.

"Then you know, Watty, Dalna Whyte is coming with us!"

"Nan said this in so matter-of-fact a tone that any of you unwedded wild asses would have thought that she had mentioned it before—in fact, discussed it threadbare.

"I mentioned that I was glad of the information, but would be interested to know who Dalna Whyte might be, and why any human and demi-semi-Christian parent could have given a girl (presuming it to be a girl) such an uncanny name.

"Now, Nan does not approve of any form of humour—when directed against herself—and answered sharply, 'If you had any sense, Walter, you would know that Dalna Whyte is my cousin two removes on my mother's side, and that she was called Dalna after Dalnaspidal, a place in the Highlands, where she was nearly born.'

"Nearly?' I demanded in some surprise.

"Yes,' cried Nan, indignant at my stupidity; 'it's a railway place, you see, pretty high up, and the engine stops to look at the view or something—stops a good while—almost too long, indeed on this occasion. However, my poor dear cousin managed to get as far as Perth, where Dalna was really born—'

"Then why not call her Perth?' I said. That seemed obvious if they wanted to place her, as it were, territorially.

"Nan flung one indignant look at me. I knew what it meant. It said that I was a man.

"Call a girl Perth Whyte!' she cried, hotly, 'have you no sense, Watty? Why, they would think she came from the dye-works!'

"Then she added with great dignity, 'The child's name is Dalna.'"

"I remembered to have heard something like this read out of the Bible in the lessons for the day, but the quotation was vague, so I did not obtrude it.

"'Dalna Whyte is coming with us, then,' I said meekly; 'well, that will mean another tent!'

"'Why, of course it will,' she said. 'I have it all arranged. They are out on the back green now!'

"'Who? What?—Dalna Whyte and the tent?' I cried.

"'No, you silly,' said Nan, pushing me back into my seat, 'the two tents!'

"'And suppose,' I said, 'that Dalna gets frightened in the night? All alone in that vast solitude, at least three feet from the nearest mortal—!'

"'Oh,' said Nan simply, 'I have thought of that, too. You are to ask Joe Kane!'

"'Nan!'

"She nodded her head defiantly and doggedly. A 'highly commended' bulldog is not in it with Nan, when she really takes hold.

"'Yes,' she said, 'Joe and you are to have one tent—the small one that I borrowed first. The rain comes through a little, but not very much—that is, if you are careful not to touch the canvas with your heads!'

"'Joe and I are, as you know, both well over six foot! My wife continued:

"'Dalna and I are going to have the big square tent that I got the loan of last from Major Harper—it has two iron bedsteads. So we shall do all right, and you and Joe can rub along. It will brace you up, sleeping on the ground, after all that office work you are always grumbling about! Why we shall be just like soldiers on the battlefield.'

"I thought of saying that Dalna and she, with all Major Harper's military equipment would be much liker the real article if they took the smaller tent. Only I refrained. Nan dislikes irony, and there is no use in

a man introducing dispeace into his own household. I knew that we should have to have Dalna. My secret hope was that Joe Kane would refuse. He was a bachelor of some thirty-five years' standing, and had long been permanent 'best man' to all the weddings in four insurance offices and three banks.

"But I suppose Nan had been on the trail before me. At any rate he had been got at—that was clear. He actually said that he would 'be delighted.' You could have knocked me down with a feather-duster. Joe Kane—mind you!—Why, I would as soon have expected him to spend his summer vacation in a crèche!

"But when I got home, Nan said, before I got time to hang up my hat, 'Joe's coming!'

"'Yes,' I answered, to give her a taste of my quality, and in my best 'No-Overdraft' manner, 'yes, Mr. Kane has expressed his willingness to join us!'

"At this Nan laughed heartily, and said, 'Of course he has! Catch a banker not knowing on which side his bread is buttered—other people's, too!'

"Well, we went down to the south of Scotland—to that Galloway that is wilder and cheaper and prettier than the Highlands. We found a place called Clachanpluck. I knew it because I had been born not far from there, and I was a devoted member of the Clachanpluck Societies of Edinburgh and London—of Glasgow, too, for that matter, but (unless I have Dr. William Bruce of *The Herald* to tell me my way about among the meats and drinks, and cheer me up generally) Glasgow is a long way to go for a dinner.

"We had sent our tents down beforehand and a local expert had pitched them. Nan's and her friend's installation had a wooden board floor that took to pieces, but Joe and I were to prove our manhood by a strict adherence to the rules of the game.

We found the tents pitched among a cluster of fir trees, on pretty dry ground. Still it was best to make certain, so after an attempt made by ourselves which only resulted in blisters, Joe Kane and I set local talent to work to dig a trench round both tents, to carry away the surplusage water, especially the unearned increment of our own bell-tent.

"The whole place looked 'ant-y' and I could have betted on midges. However, I said nothing, for I did not want to blunt the first simple and innocent joys of camp-life.

"Joe joined us at Lockermaben Junction. He was in a gray suit, and his moustache curled up at the corners. He was guarding his luggage as if it had been bank property, and pointing with his umbrella to the several parcels, as if he had been Black Rod in Waiting. He was a noble sight—well-nigh a landscape in himself—set up on end. He had cut off his side whiskers—why, I don't know, unless it was that that vixen of a wife of mine had given him the tip as to Miss Dalna's likes and dislikes!

"We had picked up Miss Dalna-spidal at the Caledonian Station. She was—like most of my wife's favourite relatives—young, agreeable, but prettier than most. Nan says that, when she gets a bit older, she may try her hand on settling the plain girls. But at present she prefers to have pretty ones about her. So do I, for that matter. I suspect also that Nan likes changes. 'Small profits, quick returns'—that sort of thing! I notice that if a girl does not benefit by the chances that Nan gives her—if she doesn't know enough at least to make good running—Nan does not usually ask her again.

"'I like a girl with spirit!' she says for all explanation, but she says it emphatically. And then, having arrived, the play began. Nan could cook. I was odd-man-of-the-work. In which position I had all the abuse and no privileges, like the last-joined clerk. I had to be always on the

spot—that is, where Nan was. I had to peel potatoes, and be sure not to throw the peelings about. I had to undo all manner of parcels when our luggage came, and bury the paper wrappings. Nan would have a clean camp or know the reason why. I wished to go down into Clachanpluck and buy a waste-paper basket, as the simplest remedy. But the very suggestion aroused a torrent of wrath, at the thought of which I still tremble! (Jones, the liquid refreshment is under your hand!)

"So, of course, Joe Kane and Dalna had to go down to buy provisions in the village, furnished with a list as long as my arm—my wife's share—and three one-pound notes—mine!

"They do not understand gold in Clachanpluck, and send for a policeman if you persist in offering it to them.

"I warned Joe of this, but he did not show me the ordinary deference which he is accustomed to do in the bank.

"'Oh, he said, 'I shall make that all right!'

"But to see him going off with Dalna was worth camping out in rain for—yes, even doing all the scrubbing and cleaning up. Dalna was pretty young, as well as young and pretty. But, being a relation of Nan's, I would be prepared to wager that she was not nearly so shy as she looked. None of that family wear their hearts on their sleeves.

"But there was no mistake about Joe Kane. He was as shy as a new boy at school who joins in mid-term. He felt his blue shirt and red tie heavy as a bag of salt on his shoulders—I mean about his neck. I stood and laughed, jerking up and down in my joy like a sand-hopper, till Nan made me stop—'for decency sake,' she said. You should have seen Joe edging off whenever the path was a little wider—every now and then being recalled to the narrow way of duty by bumping into a pine tree, or catching the leg of his thin summer

trousers in a hoop of bramble that knew what was expected of it.

"I could have betted that not three words were exchanged during the first part of the way, and that Joe was aching to introduce the Theory of Banking or something about the Actuarial Values of life in such primitive villages as Clachenpluck.

"But Dalna—whether coached by Nan or not, I cannot say—did not help him a bit. She let him fathom the deepest depths of his own idiocy, satiate himself with it, wallow in it, and then with a quick look at him from under the brim of her hat, and a shake of the yellow roses that decorated it, she began to chatter. How do I know? Well, I know, that's all!

"To say that Joe was grateful is to say little. I don't know what Dalna said—not word for word, that is. But I know her cousin. I know the breed. I have always been a shy difficult man myself, awkward and diffident with women, and I don't believe that anybody but Mrs. Walter Everard Gilfillan could have overcome that in-born—you needn't laugh, you fellows! As the poet says:

'Man knows but ill his fellow-man—
Still worse, his fellow-woman!'

"I shall not soon forget the first night in camp. Neither will Joe. As for the girls, Nan and Dalna—of course, women never forget anything, except the last two-thirds of their promise to 'love, honour, and obey!'

"Now Joe Kane is not a fool. And if anybody had told me beforehand that he would get into a fuss, just as I was dozing off, lest 'Miss Whyte' and 'your wife' might not be comfortable—well, to say that I should not have believed that man, is to take a mild view of the case. But Joe actually said these words, and what is more he made me get up and inquire.

"It was my wife who replied, and I am glad that the clerks in the bank did not hear what she said to me. It would have been utterly subversive of discipline. So I told Joe that if he had any more such anxieties he had

better satisfy them himself. Then a brute of a dog came and nosed about, barking and running away again. Murmuring gently, I got down a wooden mallet, which had been brought for the tent-pegs. I stole out, my light evening dress streaming out like a Bourbon banner on the breeze. Then I learned a great lesson. If you go out to chase dogs, it is better not to chase at all, than to throw things and not to hit. The brute grew perfectly infuriated when the mallet whizzed harmlessly past his head. Seeing me weaponless he returned and hovered in the vicinity of my legs in the most cowardly fashion.

"Then Joe came out, and told me 'For goodness' sake not to make a noise else I might disturb the ladies!' I asked him if he thought it was I who had been barking? I said also that if he liked to tramp about and discourage all the dogs in the country, he could do it. Joe said that the right way was to speak kindly to dumb animals. So he told the beast to go away, and to my surprise and disgust it went.

"'Now you see!' he said triumphantly, rubbing it well into me.

"'Ridiculous brute!' I replied, rather nettled, and Joe thought I meant the dog.

"Then the wind began to blow. At first I lay listening to the low ground-smell of the pines. Their song was soft and low, like Mr. Whittier's on Ramoth Hill. But soon afterwards it increased into a roar, and I understood that sleep had fled my eyelids. It began to rain also. At first the sound of the storm without was soothing. I thought of the waves breaking on the beach, of the sough of tropical forests, of heavenly choirs, of Nature's music heard by possible long-tailed ancestors among the tree-tops! Yes, I thought of all these at the time—I did not make it up afterwards. I scorn the suggestion.

"All was punctuated by the 'pitter-patter' of the rain, and the readily rising roar of the storm.

"Then I heard a scream. So did Joe. We both started to our feet. I seized my revolver, and Joe his stylographic pen. Thus we sallied forth fully armed. It was a wild night and we were not clad for any Arctic expedition—I less so than Joe.

"The cries continued. I distinguished Nan's voice. As the clouds passed rapidly over the tree-tops and a late moon began to give us a little light, Nan's screams came louder to my ear.

"'Heavens,' I thought, 'if any ruffian dares—' I precipitated myself in the direction of the other dwelling. But it was no tramp—no wandering burglar. Insecurely fixed by hands inexperienced, the tent had swayed almost to its downfall, while our simpler bell-pattern had but creaked and swayed and laboured. Another burst and it was flat!

"The cries became something desperate to listen to.

"'Come on, Joe!' I cried. 'Help—help!'

"'No!—No!' I heard Nan's voice clear above the hoot of the tempest, 'not Joe! don't let him dare! Only you, Walter Gilfillan—do you hear? Tell me that you hear!'

"I informed Nan that I was still blest with hearing.

"'Then you go to the side where the storm is coming from, and hold up the tent by the ropes till Dalna and I get—ooh, Walter Gilfillan, you are not holding it up! I did think we should have been better looked after when we came out camping—and with two men in the party!'

"It seemed an eternity that these women took 'to get some things on' with me hanging on like a steeple-jack at the end of a rope. Other ropes with pulled-up tent-pegs battered and bombarded my calves, and from the darkness Joe's dog made rushes at the white things he saw banging about on the windy side of the big wall-tent. Well, I could hardly blame him. After all, Nan's tongue was worse.

"I thought of the adage of the village carpenter who had installed us the night before.

"'Aweel,' he had said, with a look at the sky, 'some folk does tak' a deal o' trouble to make theirsels' uncomfortable!'

"Altogether it was a strange position for a man with the latch-key of a comfortable dwelling-house in his pocket—that is, hanging up against the tent-pole where my trousers were.

"At last the girls did come out, and, instead of being grateful, Mrs. Walter Gilfillan abused me like a pickpocket, as if the whole thing had been my idea—as if I had been the god of the winds and the maker of the rain. So much, of course, I expected. That was all in the day's work. But when Joe came on the scene and lent a hand at knocking in the pegs of the wall-tent in a new and firmer way, no gratitude was good enough for him, no words of thankfulness warm enough. Even when he nearly mashed my finger with the mallet, that also was wholly my fault! I did not know how to hold anything properly. I could not even be trusted to hang a picture straight. And me to bully them into camping out, and lead three trusting souls into this weary and desolate wilderness!

"I did not reply. I am a married man of long standing. But I hoped Joe would take a warning.

"At last we got all taut and snug, and I was still more astonished when Joe Kane and I got inside the tent, to find that instead of taking warning, he was proud of his performances. He even gave me advice—me, mind you, who did the first camping out ever seen in this country.

"On the morrow, Nan was grateful—Dalna Whyte was grateful—to Joe Kane!

"Yes, we had three solid weeks of it—never a cloud after the first night. I worked like two niggers and an Irish navvy. I was steadily abused. Nan alternately mounted guard over me,

and sent off the other two on the most bare-faced errands. I told her Joe would end by seeing through her. But I will not lessen the respect in which, I trust, you hold me as a business man and a county magistrate, by telling you what my wife said to me in reply.

"Doctor, I have come home a wreck. You will find your work cut out for you to patch me up! I went to sleep in the office-chair to-day—from sheer tiredness. Next year I am not going camping with any more of my wife's relatives. No, I am going to change off with our office-keeper, and do the summer cleaning of the whole bank building single-handed, while he goes camping out!"

"And Joe Kane and Dalna?"

"Oh, they are married, and stopping at the Grand Hotel, Paris. No more camping out for them either!

"And four times a day my wife says, 'Didn't I tell you so from the first, Watty?'"

"And when I reply soothingly that she did, she adds, so as to curb my pride, 'It would have happened much sooner but for your stupidity!'"

"Oh, yes, certainly—you can ask Mrs. Gilfillan about it if you like. She has another version—prettier and more romantic. But this that I have given you is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Ask any fellow who has camped out, if it isn't!"





THE BLACK MUFF

From the etching by Dorothy Stevens.



SOUTH FORT GEORGE, ONE OF THE NEW BRITISH COLUMBIA TOWNS

PUSHING BACK THE FRONTIER

BY J. GORDON SMITH

NORTH of the Canadian Pacific Railway and east of the Cascade Mountains there is under development to-day an inland empire that half a dozen years ago was the wandering ground of the trapper and prospector. The pack-horse and canoe provided transportation for the thin trickle of trade that penetrated this northern wilderness—mainly the supplies for the various sutlers of advancing civilization whose outposts were set on the frontier. It was known that it contained vast arable plateaux and fertile valleys that would attract the settler; but it was all too remote, its possibilities were all too much in the future, and when those optimists who prophesied northern development were listened to it was in a half-hearted manner, as it was generally felt that development would concern the next generation rather than the present.

The changes the central and northern interior of British Columbia have witnessed in a few short years, how-

ever, are remarkable. The progressive policy of the British Columbia Government has resulted in the frontier being pushed farther back. The development has been permanent. It was early realized that the basic factors of land settlement and development, especially in view of the topographical features of this Province, are extensive surveys in advance of settlement and the provision of transportation facilities; that it was better to lay the foundations for successful settlement than induce hasty occupation and wait on the failures of pioneers to light the way to successful achievement.

The hardy explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company—those strong adventurers who paddled or poled their canoes over unknown rivers and founded stockaded outposts for trade with the natives—called the great empty zone New Caledonia, and until a few years ago it was the land of romance, the land of fur, the Indian, and the great company. Through



THE MAIN STREET IN CENTRAL FORT GEORGE

various channels news of the fertile valleys and plateau lands came down to the crowded places. Explorers were sent into the empty places, and they

Heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,
 And beyond the nameless timber saw ilimitable plains;
 Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between them;
 Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power.

The explorers sketched rough maps of the arable areas; they noted the various differential features of the land, for it is well known that land differs in capacity even as men do.

Then surveyors were sent to locate the best routes for roads and railways—to plot the sites of future cities, and trace the easy grades between them, cities that have already come into being, and grades that have been utilized by railroads. And they made extensive surveys in advance of settlement; they have surveyed 21,000,000 acres to date, two-thirds of the total area of land under cultivation to-day in the Dominion of Canada. Railroad-builders followed the surveyors; cities sprang up in many places as the metals were stretched across the Province—metals

which are now playing their part in pushing back the frontier.

The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern Pacific, and Pacific Great Eastern Railroads has resulted in region after region being opened up, and has been the greatest factor in the tremendous northern development in British Columbia. To the total of 1,951 miles of railroads in operation last year a total of 3,884 miles is being added. In a country like this railroad and road-building compose a most costly work, but the Government of the Province realizes its wonderful potentialities, development of which must needs wait on the provision of transportation. Awaiting this resources, the extent of which can scarce be realized, lie dormant in the northland. In Cariboo, where royalties were paid on \$60,000,000 of gold taken from that region in spite of the handicap of the enormous freight rates—everything required was hauled over the Cariboo road by wagons drawn by teams of eight or ten horses at a cost never less than six cents a pound—the gold-fields will be again developed under modern methods possible with railroad transportation. The Omineca and Ingenika are known to

be rich in gold. Extensive coal deposits exist; the forest wealth is vast; there are resources galore left untouched because of the lack of transportation; and to these known to exist others will be added with the prospecting that will follow upon development.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad is complete; the other railways are being completed — the Canadian Northern Pacific and Pacific Great Eastern will doubtless be ready for the golden spikes before another year has passed. The railroad to the Peace River country is being made ready. Although the first of the arteries of progress has not long been completed, many cities destined to vie with the older communities have come into being; not long since the empty forest waved where their buildings have been reared. Settlers have followed the railroad-builders; others are following.

Ever northward the frontier is being pushed on. The scowman has been moved to newer rivers on the fringe of civilization. No longer he drifts down the Fraser with his batteau piled high with freight, his long sweep holding his craft in the swirl of the rapids. To-day his abandon-

ed scows furnish lumber for the settler along the river. The river steamers that last year plied on the South Fork of the Fraser have, like the stern-wheelers which navigated the Skeena or Nechako, been ousted by the locomotive running along the river bank; they have been knocked down and their machinery taken to propel new hulls on other rivers of the frontier. This is the last year of the picturesque freight wagons with their arched covers of canvas and their long trains of eight or ten horses. They and the stages must make way for the iron horse as the pack trains and bullock teams of the pioneers made way for them.

The frontier is ever being pushed farther away. It is but a year or two since all that represented Fort George was an old log-house, erected on the beach near where the Fraser and Nechako join, as successor to that which the Hudson's Bay Company factors built in 1805 as a trading-post. That and the few shacks and tepees of the Indians was the Fort George of a few years ago. To-day there is a bustling city, or rather three, for Fort George is divided into South Fort George, on the Fraser River to the south; Prince George, on the bend



SCENE ON THE NECHAKO RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, LOOKING FROM CENTRAL FORT GEORGE



THE FIRST HOUSE IN McBRIDE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

where the rivers join, and Central Fort George, to the westward on the Nechako River. It is a common practice of photographers to date the pictures they make of this trinity of cities, for that on one month would differ much from that of a month later. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway operates its trains through Fort George, and some hundreds of cars of lumber stand in the yards. Across the Fraser steam shovels are grading the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, and north from the city surveyors are locating the road which will extend from it into the Peace River Country.

Other cities are coming fast into being along the route of the railroad. McBride, the divisional point 145 miles east of Fort George, was represented a year ago by a little log shack scarce bigger than a trapper's cache. To-day it is a bustling infant city. With what promise the railroad officials regard it is evidenced by the spacious car-shops, round-houses, station, and the eight miles of track laid to date in the freight yards. Other embryo towns are being developed between this point and the boundary and westward to Fort George; lum-

bering concerns have built spacious mills in places, and the timber industry holds great promise indeed—it is expected that a great market will be built up along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to the Provinces of the Northwest. To the west are other towns too numerous to mention—a chain of future cities reaching from the ocean port and terminus where keel will meet steel at Prince Rupert.

Where the unbroken forest stood on Kaien Island five or six years ago a modern city stands to-day, and the magnitude of the development which will ensue from the building-up at Prince Rupert of a great ocean port and railway terminal cannot very well be estimated; the measure of importance the fisheries will assume there cannot be assumed. Whether it be the fisheries, mining, lumbering, or aught other of the industries that will follow upon the opening up of this great belt of land which for want of a better name was heretofore known as "New British Columbia," no one to-day can pretend to estimate the possible extent of the development.

Whatever industries may have their part in this development, however, agriculture must be the back-



AN EXPRESS WAGON AT McBRIDE

bone of permanent settlement. It is to its fitness for agriculture that one must primarily look when any endeavour is made to forecast the future permanent population. The probability is that any attempt to fix with any close degree of accuracy the arable area of "New British Columbia" would result in an estimate far too low. The production of profitable crops is governed to a considerable extent by elevation and by moisture. Dr. Dawson said that a safe elevation would be 3,000 feet, although he had seen good crops growing at an altitude of 4,000 feet.

The history of the prairies is being repeated with curious exactness in connection with the agricultural development of central and northern British Columbia. As the prairies were first of all reported barren and unfertile, so these tracts in northern British Columbia were considered by some to be unfit for cultivation of the soil because of summer frosts. Both of these notions have been exploded. The fertility of the Prairie Provinces is known world-wide and it has been proved that all kinds of vegetables and grain crops can be produced in the great sheltered valleys and on the

plateaux drained by the rivers which flow to the Skeena or Fraser.

The British Columbia Government has not considered it wise to seek to induce settlers to the lands beyond the reach of transportation, and it has been since the railroads reached through the northland that settlement has taken place to any extent. There is a great area of land awaiting settlement—the extent of the area contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway that has been surveyed and sub-divided into quarter-sections of 160 acres, to-day open for pre-emption without respect to that already settled, and the vast area yet to be surveyed, totals in the neighbourhood of a million acres. It has been estimated—and the estimate is a conservative one—that there are ten million acres available for pasturage of cattle or production of crops in this belt reached *via* the northern railway, and when it is considered that the total area under cultivation in Canada to-day is 36,000,000 acres, producing \$550,000,000 of agricultural products after the home supply of 8,000,000 people is deducted, the agricultural potentialities of the area may be said to be great. A popu-



MCBRIDE, 145 MILES EAST OF FORT GEORGE. AT THE AGE OF NINE MONTHS

lation of at least 2,000,000 people could be supported on the land contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

When the capabilities in this direction of the country traversed by the Pacific Great Eastern Railway and the Canadian Northern Pacific line, to say nothing of that reaching to the Peace River, are considered, it will be easily seen that development has been hardly begun in the central and northern sections of British Columbia. The possibilities are vast indeed. The present frontier, yet to be rolled back, is still to be considered, and when it is considered that in the Province of Vologda, Russia, with similar conditions but less favourably situated with regard to latitude and climate, 1,500,000 people are supported between the 58th and 65th meridians, what further development may be anticipated is apparent.

In the Lillooet and southern part of Cariboo district, where the precipitation is light, the grassy uplands and gently-rolling plateaux are mostly utilized to-day as range lands. The earlier settlers have considered that only the areas which could be brought under irrigation in this dry belt could be profitably cultivated. The Department of Lands, however, is conducting experiments to show that the millions of acres in this dry belt of

northern Lillooet and southern Cariboo can be successfully farmed under the modern dry-farming process which has resulted in the great development of semi-arid lands of Montana, Colorado, and other States, in Australia, and elsewhere. The work on experimental farms operated by the Department of Lands of British Columbia shows every indication that the system of dry-land farming can be profitably carried on and will doubtless result in the great areas now considered of value only as range land being taken up for farming purposes.

The prairies of the Northwest Provinces passed through the period when ranching was largely carried on until the growing settlement and increased acreage under crop made it possible for the cattle-owner to allow his herds to roam at will over many score of miles; and the northern and central interior must needs pass through this period also. The range must needs be on the frontier, and as the frontier is pushed back mixed farming will supersede the rancher.

It is a magnificent heritage this former frontier land, a region where, ten years ago, there was scarcely a settler, except at a few points along the coast and in the immediate vicinity of the old gold-fields of Cariboo.

IN ENGLISH

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

HE came off the Quebec Central on to the Transcontinental, where he got a gasoline car. It was near the end of construction. He must have got running rights as well as the car from the contractor, for the despatcher at the junction put him through all right. As a matter of fact, the car was the superintendent's own and was a little better than the ordinary gasoline car. There was the usual platform six by eight on four wheels, but the seat over the motor was upholstered in green plush and had a rail at the back.

He was going to buy pulpwood from the habitant settlers down the line. His name was Hardman and he hated the sound of French. The station names annoyed him exceedingly.

"Why," he asked, holding up an instrument man at Rivière Pleue, "why d'you let 'em have the silly names? Saint—sainte—saint! Why don't you call 'em plain Mary or Martha? No frills."

The instrument man told him he had nothing to do with it.

"Encouraging them. You encourage them. Blasted country where they can't talk their own language."

"They think they do," the engineer helped him on.

"Have something?" he asked, acknowledging his listener. He had himself already had a good deal. "Can't stand the job. It's parlez-vous this, and 'Non, non, monsieur, c'est impossible.' They want me to pay them more than I can get for it my-

self. \$5.40 a cord—whoever heard?"

"Do you speak French?" asked the instrument man.

"Yes, but when I have to speak French, my lad, it means I have to drink a lot of Scotch."

"If you haven't run that car much, you'd better watch out. Have you a clear track?"

"To the next bloomin' saint."

"They gave him a push off and the car bumped gaily down the track.

"He'd better watch out," said the roadman.

"Blame fool," the instrument man said, and they went on checking the centre line.

The pulpwood buyer had several interviews before he came to the next station.

After one, which was satisfactory, he had a drink, to celebrate; after another, in which the habitant had held out for \$5.50, he needed a drink to get started again; after another, the French-Canadian, who happened to be a merry soul, said, when he saw the flask:

"Prenez garde, prenez garde, monsieur; le gendarme emportera le whisky."

"What?" said the amazed pulpwood merchant. "The policeman hooks the bottle? Just let him try."

The habitant explained the regulation on the line. After that, Mr. Hardman had another drink to steady himself.

He made two more contracts for pulp, and when he went to start up again the car wouldn't go.

"They said she would," he explained, almost tearfully, to the attentive habitant. "Guaranteed her for the whole seventy miles."

The habitant comforted him with stories in which cars always broke down and had to be pushed endless miles. When the irate commercial gentleman had reached his last wits the Frenchman tapped the big tin of gasoline on the side of the car.

"This is perhaps needed inside?"

It was. When Mr. Hardman got started up again that car buzzed to Ste. Marguerite.

It was the opinion of two men there that Mr. Hardman was not a suitable person to manage a gasoline car, but as he had orders to go to Brickton and stop, they let him go on. Besides, it was not their business. They reported to the despatcher his arrival at Ste. Marguerite and telephoned ahead to Brickton, for Mr. Hardman paid no attention to this obligation to report to the operator of a road under construction. This was after he had got away.

The despatcher at the junction must have thought the matter over for he called Ste. Marguerite.

"Did that chap Hardman ask you to report him, John?"

"No. He just went on."

"The duece he did!"

Ste. Marguerite heard him calling Brickton.

"Tell Mr. Hardman to call me up, and not to go on until he does."

"The division engineer's here, Tom; wants orders west to Ste. Marguerite."

"The devil he does. I can't give him orders. This fool is between Ste. Marguerite and you, and from reports he's going some. If Mr. Franklin wants to come on, tell him it's taking a risk."

The man at Brickton explained to Mr. Franklin, who made objections at being held up.

Brickton called the despatcher.

"Mr. Franklin wants through, Tom."

"U'm. There's that curve in the rock cut at 47. He'd better wait."

So, apparently, Mr. Franklin thought. He possessed his soul in impatience. As it was only ten miles to Ste. Marguerite and the car had already started, the wait should not be more than half an hour—at the outside.

But the despatcher, Brickton, and the division engineer reckoned without their Mr. Hardman.

Just east of Ste. Marguerite there were several settlers, each with four arpents of spruce. Mr. Hardman was getting interested in his work; these French Johnnies weren't half so bad if a fellow knew how to take them. Mr. Hardman was paying \$5.50 now, genially, without discussion. Time passed.

Down at Brickton an impatient engineer no longer possessed his soul. Three-quarters of an hour passed. An hour. Then he called up the despatcher.

"Have you a car at Ste. Marguerite to send after him?"

But there wasn't one.

At that time Mr. Hardman had completed eight interviews and made a somewhat wobbly entry of his eighth contract. He mounted his car. The wood-cutter shoved him off.

"*Bo' jou, m'sieu, bo' jou.*"

"Confound their French, can't even talk *it* correctly."

Mr. Hardman did not speak, although indeed he thought it. He had the last of the Scotch, and pulled the throttle open. That car could do up to forty, and it did its best.

It was hot that day and the rhythmic motion of the car lulled Mr. Hardman. Above, the sky was blue; the spruce woods stretched silent on each side. Down a long and steady tangent the car flew. Mr. Hardman held the brake firmly, useless. Ahead was a two-degree curve on a heavy embankment. Mr. Hardman did not slow down. He took the curve at forty miles. Mr. Hardman was fast asleep.

However, it was only a two-degree curve, the final ballasting had been done, the track was perfect, and the car did *not* leave the rails. On it went, pounding, steadily on. Mr. Hardman slept. He swayed gently, with his hands on the brake firmly.

Just past Mile 46, three trackmen were at work putting in a new tie or two. They heard the heavy gasolene car coming and, as their custom was, lifted off their hand-car and stood to one side for it to pass. As it went by one of them was quick enough to see that the man on the car was not awake.

The rock cut at 47! Now, one of those Italians was a count. Not for nothing had his ancestors been soldiers. Tony had presence of mind; he took command. Quick! The hand-car was lifted on the track. Up and down the handle-bars flew, but fast as they worked, the gasolene-car was away ahead, drawing farther away. The Italians worked; not for nothing had Tony's grandfathers been counts.

The gasolene-car had disappeared around the curve into the rock cut. Tony's car came up. They slowed somewhat, for, whatever had happened to the sleeping man, there was no reason for them taking chances on being wrecked.

Slowly they rounded the curve in the cut. No car! No man! No wreck! Coming out, they looked down a long tangent. In the hot, dazzling light they saw the gasolene-car with the man, still going.

"L'ombra di Dio."

He was not human. They went back to their work slowly and with effort.

At Brickton they heard the sound of the coming car a mile up. Mr. Franklin ran his car up to the end of the siding and a man stood ready to turn the switch and let him out as soon as the other car come in on the main line.

The coming car hummed.

"By Jove, he's making up his time!" the telephone operator laughed at the amateur.

The car came into clear sight at the same top speed; did not slow for the switch; was not slowing for the stop; was going right on. The man must be asleep, or drunk, or dead.

"Hi! There!" shouted the operator. "This is Brickton."

But the car went on.

"By Jove," said Franklin, "he'll run into that ballast train at 55."

To catch the car was impossible. He telephoned the pit at 55.

"Macdonald," he said to the pit foreman, "there's a crazy fellow on a gasolene-car, running wild. Spread a car of ballast on the track in the clay cut. Can you?"

"Yes, Mr. Franklin."

"Quick. He's coming."

He turned to the telephone operator.

"But it's an up-grade. Ten minutes is enough for them. He'll take fifteen."

Down at 55 the pit foreman had got the train out and a car of ballast dumped on the track. He looked at the soft clay banks of the cut, then at the heap of sand, and signalled:

"Another."

He scratched his head. It was a shameful waste of good sand, and time, and money. The ballast train moved east. Macdonald waited.

He heard the humming of the car; he ran up the track signalling stop, but the car came right on. He jumped off the track and ran back in the ballast along the side.

The car and Macdonald reached the sand heap at the same time.

Macdonald pulled Mr. Hardman up. The sleep had been refreshing. The sand was soft. So was Mr. Hardman. No bones were broken, but Mr. Hardman was dazed.

"*Ne parlez pas,*" he stammered, "*ne parlez pas le francais*—not French—say it in—"

But Macdonald said it in Scots.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAM HUGHES

AN INFORMAL ESTIMATE AND AN APPRECIATION OF THE
HONOURABLE THE MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

IF one lay aside one's affection for that discreetness which is a sociable form of lying, that tact which is a more tolerable form of the same thing and, in short, one's devotion to what might be called the fur of politeness in which men wrap themselves against the abrasions of social intercourse—it is possible then to direct attention to a great man, a genius. If these concessions cannot be made, if the "fur" is insisted upon, one may then only call him—a man, but a real one! If you prefer, instead of this attempted exposition, to see for yourself this man, then go to Ottawa and watch outside the main entrance to the Militia Building. At least, do not be content with the mere snapshots of the man as shown in hurried newspaper paragraphs. On the whole, the newspapers do not applaud General Sam Hughes. But one's likes and dislikes are often founded upon such precarious grounds that it is a pity, on either of their accounts, to draw the blind of prejudice and so shut out the sight of a real man walking down the main street of Canadian public life.

A statesman?

No.

A great politician?

Hardly.

A profound thinker? A discoverer? A wit?

No.

One might write two, or even three,

"sketches" of as many really popular public men in less time than it takes merely to "draw a bead" on General Hughes. Other public men have their pose and their accidental moments off-guard when one may observe the mark where the pose comes off at night. With the aid of Morgan's "Men and Women of Canada" and one of the tried and proved formulæ for writing short biographies, it is usually easy to drape a few words over almost any gentleman's moral figure, if he have one. But to write of a man who must be either all pose or no pose at all is disconcerting. To discover any crack or joint in the outward manifestations of the member for Victoria and Haliburton, where one might lay a finger and say: "Here begins the real man and here—the thing he hopes the public thinks he is", is impossible. The outward and apparent Minister of Militia and Defence is the only minister. There is behind that quick, alert, sun-bronzed countenance and that fine straight glance no secondary Sam Hughes pulling the strings by which the outer Hughes is actuated and the public deceived. While other public men—some of the best of them at that—dissemble a modesty they surely don't feel, so as to encourage the simple-hearted into bestowing extra encomiums, Hughes treats modesty as she should, logically, implore to be treated. He says,



Faithfully
Sam. Hughes

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SAM HUGHES,
MINISTER OF MILITIA FOR CANADA

"I *am*—that I am!" thrusts out his splendid jaw, draws down the corners of his tight yet humorous mouth, sets his rather good and aggressive nose straight in the face of public disapproval and blazes away with as fine a pair of snapping, defiant, and intelligent Irish-Canadian eyes—gray-blue—as ever shamed the devil. I venture to call him to your attention as a genius, but if you must have your geniuses conventionally clad, barbered, and tamed, then I withdraw to a stronger position. Here is a man to whom it is fitting to give honour. From this position there can be no retreat.

Homer Watson, the Canadian artist, is painting, in his studio in the hamlet of Doon, a tremendous canvas, one of three ordered by the Government in commemoration of the mobilization of the First Canadian Overseas Contingent at Valcartier last year. This canvas shows, against a background of Laurentian Mountains crowned with September sunlight, the great Valcartier plain covered with our soldiers "marching past" the Duke of Connaught and the Minister of Militia, and a blot of spectators in the foreground just behind the Royal Standard. Between this fluttering piece of colour and the mountain background are thirty thousand sons of Canada, organized, uniformed, and armed for war—thirty thousand stalwart men swinging across the plain under the clear hot sky, thirty thousand bayonets glancing in the brilliant light and forming, where the long lines back in the middle distance swing round the turn into the stretch leading past the Governor-General and the Minister, a figure like a fan of burnished gold flung against the gray-greens of the hills behind.

It is a stirring picture. It was a stirring scene.

Here was not a mere assembly of uniformed and orderly men, but a unit, a force—the thunderbolt forged

by a young nation, a terrible instrument, keen, hard as adamant, true as steel, now ready to be launched—as it has already been launched—in the defence of Christendom. This was the force of which General Drain of the United States Army, looking on, said: "I would rather command this army than any army on the battle-fields of Europe, or in the reserves of Europe. It is not a body of soldiers. It is an army of non-commissioned officers!" This was the force that stopped the breach at Langemark. It had been gathered from the far ends of the nation, from the coal mines of Nanaimo to the docks of Halifax, from the rock streets of Prince Rupert to the cobbled pavements of the city of Quebec, from tall office buildings in Winnipeg, and lonely farm huts on the prairie, from old families in old Ontario counties to sombre interiors of banking-houses. They had been plucked from the decks of lake ships and the tops of swaying railway cars, from schools, and from factories by the call of war. Here, now, they moved like the fingers of a hand or the unerring parts of a great machine. It was as though a Saskatchewan wheat-field, as wide as the horizon, had turned its stalks into armed men, its wild flowers into banners, and the prairie wind into the music of war. The crowd, the staff officers, the blasé newspaper-writers, were touched as men are not often touched.

When the last officer's sword had flashed in salute, one newspaperman touching another's arm, pointed to General Hughes, grim of face, his white close-cropped hair gleaming under the edge of his service hat, riding soberly from the field.

"Look at Hughes!" whispered the reporter. "What must a man feel like who has risen from a farm boy in a dull Ontario county to a position where it lies in his hands to give form to this first big unit sent by this country to the war?"

"What must it feel like," retorted

the other, "to have accepted the responsibility and to have *achieved*—what we have just seen?"

Within two weeks the fleet of transports sailed to England. The first section of a gigantic piece of organization was thus completed under the hands of this one-time Canadian country boy, private in the militia, school teacher, political worker. In unhappy Germany the task would have been accomplished with even greater speed. In England, rich in military traditions, and with at least a nucleus of war organization, it might have been done—though it was *not* done—without any mistakes whatsoever. The fact that Canada, a non-military nation, without real previous experience, without preparation before the declaration of war except the ordinary preparation for militia manœuvres, collected, equipped, mobilized, and trained thirty thousand men without one serious mishap, is due to the genius—for it required genius—of General Sam Hughes. Criticisms have been raised and have died. Errors have been found in departments. Dishonest members of Parliament and dealers in supplies have attempted to take advantage of the nation's necessities. But no loss of time, no slip of memory, no blame, worthy under the circumstances to be considered, attached to the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence. On the contrary, with General Sam Hughes at its head, the department executed its task in a way that brought praise from the military chiefs of Great Britain, whose praise is never given without cause.

It is no time for measuring what honour may be due to this or that part of the country. To the mothers who gave what they most loved and the wives who elected to fight alone in order that the Empire might have men for a greater fight, there can be no half measure of appreciation. But neither is it a time for ignoring the

fact that just as in England Labour required guidance in order to meet the need for ammunition, so all the volunteers in Canada could not have been made efficient except by organization.

"There is no other man I know of—unless possibly it had been one of the great railway executives," said a Liberal business man who had had relations with the Minister of Militia and Defence in the equipping of the first contingent, "who could have done what General Hughes did in the time at his disposal. In fact, when I recall my experience in that work, I think no other man in the Dominion could have secured the co-operation of his staff and the help of outsiders in such a successful way as he did. I tell you this—General Hughes has the faculty of making every moment count. He can get more work out of more men than any other man I have ever met or known of."

This was the characteristic shown by Major-General Hughes all through the fall of last year. This man who had spent so many years as a quiet member of parliament, never noted as a speech-maker or as a startling contributor to the sum total of the ideas in the House of Commons, showed the qualities of a great executive. Certain work had to be accomplished by a fixed date. Knowing that, Hughes outlined the chief departments of the work and picked out men, either from his staff or from outside, fitted to look after them.

Take, for example, the mechanical transport section. It is said that he went over a list of the best-known *Canadians* who had had experience in the automobile business. He chose one man long known as an expert. This man, T. A. Russell, was of the quiet, steady-going type, a man accustomed to do so much work in so much time, and keeping up the pace steadily. According to the story which has since been told, Hughes

handed Russell a piece of paper not much larger than the palm of one's hand, and covered with notes.

"There," he said, in his customary brusque voice, "that's a memorandum of what we'll need in the way of mechanical transport. I want that looked after and I want all the stuff ready by September 22nd."

"But, Colonel—" protested Russell (Hughes was then still Colonel Sam), "it's absolutely impossible. It can't be done."

Hughes looked up.

"What did I ask you to come to Ottawa for?" he snapped. "To tell me that?"

"But, Colonel Hughes, there are heavy trucks and light trucks, different kinds of bodies, different types of motors required, repair shops to go with each unit, spare parts—spare—"

"Never mind the list," retorted Hughes. "I wrote it out myself. I know what it says. What I want is the work done. It must be done by the twenty-second. That is all. Good morning."

He had given the spark of super-will to Russell. Russell passed it on in turn to his own men.

That work was done.

When the war broke out Canada had no suitable mobilization ground convenient to the port of embarkation. Hughes, in 1911, had decided that Valcartier would be the ideal spot for such a purpose, but had not been able to complete all arrangements for the laying out of the grounds. He summoned the railway chiefs of the Canadian Northern Railway and told them that the Government would require an unprecedented train service from all parts of Canada to the Valcartier mobilization ground. If the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway could do anything to ease the burden on the Canadian Northern Railway—on whose line the ground is—their aid was to be obtained.

"How many men will we have to move?" asked one of the officials.

"Anything from twenty-five to fifty thousand."

"In how long?"

"Right away. Soon as they are ready to go."

"It can't be done."

"Oh, yes it can," said Hughes.

It was.

It is doubtful if ever a railway company in the world—certainly not in America—had quite the task the Canadian Northern Railway had in that mobilization. The Grand Trunk Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway collected soldiers from all over the country, but every one of these men, in addition to those collected by the Canadian Northern Railway, had ultimately to be hauled by the Canadian Northern Railway from Montreal to Valcartier. Soldiers were poured into those grounds at the rate of ten trainloads a day. The railwaymen worked as they had never worked before, building extra sidings and loops for the handling of the enormous traffic.

Meantime Hughes had given orders to the engineers to prepare the camp at Valcartier. Departmental chiefs who had for many years plugged along in the usual routine were suddenly face to face with the problem of draining, lighting, and otherwise equipping the enormous new camp. If Hughes, when he told them the situation, had expressed so much as half a doubt that the thing was possible, they might have lost their nerve. The task was colossal. But Hughes treated his men as though they were Colossi as well. He gave no sermons, expressed no doubts, refrained from interference. His orders were carried out.

As train after train dumped additional thousands of men on the plain at Valcartier high officers shook their heads in despair and all but threw up their hands. It was impossible, they felt, to bring order out of such a situation. Men were arriving so fast they could never, never, never handle them. But one man in the midst of

the strain remained unperturbed. If anyone whispered "Impossible," his retort was, "Nothing is impossible. Do it."

Other men would have planned the work to the last detail—and been late. Hughes had the perspective of a big undertaking. To look after all detail himself was, of course, impossible. But he cut it into tremendous pieces, picked the best men he could find for each piece of work, and then by his own industry and determination inspired them to do their utmost.

There is no idling in the Department of Militia and Defence at Ottawa, and the work carried on in the somewhat cramped quarters on Slater Street gives every appearance of being efficient work. There is a minimum of noise and a maximum of effect. Hughes himself is there early and late. The whole place hums with industry. There is comparatively little red tape. In the midst of great pressure the Minister still insists that everyone who wants to write him about grievances, large or small, may do so. He looks into every complaint personally. His mail, needless to say, is enormous.

Original people always worry unoriginal people.

It is said that Sam Hughes, when yet a colonel, brought upon himself the disapproval of a military expert from abroad to whom he declared that there would be only one way to fight the Germans—this was after the war had started.

"How?" inquired the other man with lofty accent.

"Trenches," said General Hughes. "Trenches! I've been all over that ground myself. I've studied it. There's just one thing to do. Dig one row of trenches in front of the Germans. Then dig another, and another, and another, all the way back to Paris, and the channel ports if necessary. Fast as you get put out of one trench retire to the next. Try that for awhile—and the Germans

will be fagged and ready for a beating before they get very far toward their objective."

The military expert differed. But Hughes was right.

Once, in South Africa, a number of commanders reported sentries stabbed from behind by the ever-enterprising enemy. Hughes alone had no such trouble after his first man had been stabbed. He issued an order—at least so goes the story—compelling men on lonely outpost duty to link themselves together by pieces of light twine tied loosely on one hand, so that if an outpost was stabbed and fell without a cry, the weight of the fall would warn his fellows. The story was afterward told in some derision of the Canadian trick, but it was noted that Hughes's men were ready to follow him where they would follow few other men.

The Colonel Hughes who in times of peace occupied himself with all the minutæ of military work, attending rifle matches and presiding at meetings of small arms committees and so on, is not the same man you meet under that name to-day. He was a man out of place except when war—such as the South African War or the present titanic struggle—gave him an opportunity to serve. In South Africa his impetuous gallantry and daring were unbelievable. Now in the work of organizing the resources of the Dominion in the present struggle he has found his *métier*. What might have happened with old-fashioned, retired country gentlemen holding his portfolio in the present circumstances no one can guess.

No one ever describes General Hughes as lovable—and yet in a rugged sort of way he is; that is to say, he commands the affection of his friends and of those who work under him. His loyalty to a friend is proverbial. Once Sam Hughes is a man's friend nothing in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth, can make him forget. The same loyalty he shows to his friends he shows for

his country. A Toronto lawyer, meeting in Ottawa a noted writer of Nationalistic pamphlets, exclaimed, "My dear Ewart, you're not one-two-three as a Nationalist compared to Sam Hughes. Sam Hughes is the most Canadian Canadian I ever met."

General Sam Hughes may not yet have learned to be as taciturn as Kitchener, and he has the soldier's faculty for speaking with more candour than is usually palatable to the heroes of peace, but in his passion for Canada and things Canadian he is unexampled. Every soldier is, to Hughes, his "boy". I think it is not an exaggeration to say that he has a queer sort of fatherly heart for his great family of fighting men. The loss of good men does not leave the stoic fighter himself unmoved. He loves war, not for itself, but for the qualities it brings out in men. If one could read between the lines one might find that his one regret was that he could not both fight and administer at the same time.

Is he discreet and always reticent? No, not always.

His mind works at a furious pace. He has the imagination of the "Salt of the earth"—the Irish-Canadian—and he has a tongue for real lan-

guage. I once heard a story—I doubt if it is true, but it is characteristic—about Hughes being far in advance scouting with twelve men, some of them wounded, in a piece of bad country in South Africa. They had been long without proper food and without water. They were concealed in a hot depression of the veldt from an enemy active on almost all sides. At length, coming to a farm-house occupied by Boers, the handful, led by the fire-eating Colonel, captured it and with it a small quantity of food and some water. As night came on Hughes, whose bodily strength is a bye-word, whiled away the time telling his all but discouraged men bits of stories from Canada, and reciting to them odd pieces of poetry he had memorized. When the crew were ready to turn in, it was Hughes who took the hardest watch of the night and—because he knew he was in better condition than the others—he took two watches without telling anyone.

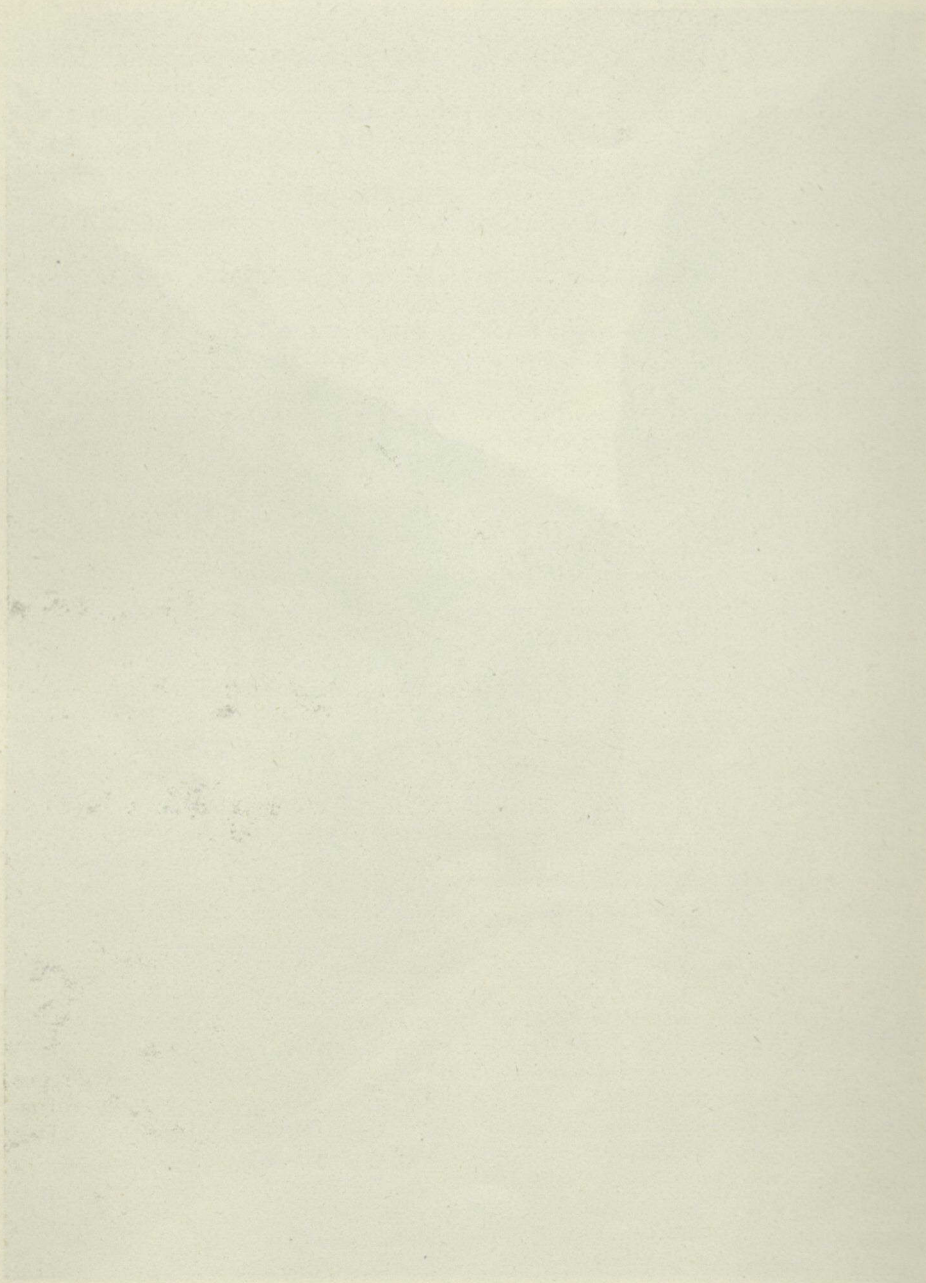
Blunt, vigorous honesty, a tremendous heart, a "twin-six" thinking engine—these are characteristics of the man who is responsible for the splendid organization of Canada's share in the fight of the world.





THE RED GATES

A scene on the Banff-Windermere motor route, along the Highway of the Great Divide, in the Canadian Rockies.



FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VIII.—ANDERSON, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE

BY FRANK YEIGH

FIFTY-FIVE years ago a trial took place in Canada that aroused the deepest interest in Great Britain, the United States and this country, that put to a severe test the workability of the Ashburton Treaty, that created a strained situation between the British and American Governments which might easily have led to a rupture, and that increased the antagonisms between the slavery and anti-slavery parties.

Such was the trial of a coloured man named Anderson, who was arrested in Canada on a charge of having murdered a planter named Digges, in Missouri, some years previously, while attempting to escape from slavery. The trial created, as has been said, an international interest. Not only did the United States watch its development with closest interest, but the Imperial Government was brought into the legal strife.

A return of all the correspondence connected with the case was made to the old peripatetic Parliament of Canada, in 1861, then in session in Quebec. The document includes a petition of Anderson to be set free, in which he states that he was born in Missouri, is thirty years of age, and, during the year 1857, was the slave of a planter named Burton and another. In the same year he married the daughter of a negro who had purchased liberty from his master, but the daughter was still a slave.

This important change in the life of the young man and the example of freedom of his father-in-law determined him to reach Canada for the purpose of obtaining his own freedom. About this time he was sold and transferred to a man named McDonald.

"I always felt that I had a right to my freedom, that I had never done anything to forfeit my liberty, and was not subject to any restraint, through crime, and that I might lawfully use any means in my power to obtain my liberty." So Anderson argued in his petition, issued by his lawyer from the Brantford jail.

"With that object, I ran away, first going to my wife, and consulting with her as to my intentions. While I was there I was pursued, but escaped. Passing the plantation of Seneca F. P. Digges, I was questioned by Digges, making the excuse of wishing to go to Givens's, so that Digges would allow me to pass. Digges refusing, I endeavoured to escape. After being chased for nearly an hour, in a circle, I was run down. My pursuers were at my heels with clubs, and, being borne on, with the first impulse, I dashed against Digges with an open knife.

"Whether I struck with it more than once I cannot recollect. Whatever sudden impulse bid, that I did to obtain my liberty. Then I was imprisoned for three weeks, but no one appearing against me, I was dis-

charged. Three days after my discharge, another warrant was issued against me for the same crime, on an information quite insufficient, as I am advised. I didn't know, however, of this second warrant until arrested in Simcoe, two weeks ago, having gone there from Caledonia to obtain work as a mason.

"Your petitioner therefore humbly prays that your Excellency [the Governor-General] will be graciously pleased to withhold an order delivering your petitioner to the authorities of the State of Missouri, inasmuch as, by the British law, he was entitled to be free there; and the evidence shows that he only used such force as was necessary to obtain that freedom."

Application for the extradition of Anderson was made before W. Matthews, a well-known Justice of the Peace in Brantford, by James A. Gunning, of Detroit. "I have heard and considered the evidence of criminality of the said evidence," was his verdict, "and that such evidence is deemed sufficient by me to sustain the charge, according to the laws of this Province, if the offence alleged had been committed herein."

In the first trial, held in Brantford in September, 1860, witnesses were present from Missouri, trailing the darkey as relentlessly as bloodhounds in the South. A white man named Baker identified Anderson from a stiff-jointed finger as the one who had stabbed Digges, resulting in the latter's death a few days later. Baker gave Anderson a particularly bad character, as "savage and ill-disposed, besides being a thief." Baker described the chase after Anderson by three of Digges's black boys. "It was not to do him any harm they tried to catch him, but merely to retain him."

A son of the murdered man also testified to witnessing the murder. "Father was in pursuit of the nigger when he was stabbed with a long dirk-knife, first in the breast, and then in the back."

Then a slave was sworn, Phil by name, the property of the Digges family. In his own quaint tongue, the black man added his testimony against the prisoner. "Just before we got to the house the negro man broke and run. Master told us negroes to run after him. We ran after him. Master said we should have the reward if we would catch him. While we was running him he took out his knife. We runned him around a good long while. Master would holloa all the time, and we would answer him. At last master met the negro and I saw him cut master twice with a knife. I saw him when he run at my master with the knife. While we were running after him he said he would kill us if we came near him. We could not catch him."

How easy it is to picture the dramatic scene: the man-hunt, the glistering knife, the pursuing blacks, the cries and shouts, in this old-time tragedy of the South.

The next step was the application for a writ of Habeas Corpus to John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General of Upper Canada. Anderson's lawyer, S. B. Freeman, of Hamilton, in a letter to the Attorney-General, expressed the opinion: "I cannot see any room for saying that a man who takes the life of another to prevent his being carried back to slavery, he being, in the eye of our law, free when the assault is made upon him, is guilty of murder." To which the Attorney-General replied: "I have come to the conclusion, with great regret, but without any doubt existing in my mind, that this party has committed the crime of murder. Under these circumstances, all I can do is to give you every assistance in testing the question before the courts or a judge by Habeas Corpus."

The importance of the application is seen when it involved the construction of the Ashburton Extradition Treaty, and also the recognition by Great Britain of the laws of another

nation, especially as affecting the position of the blacks in Canada who came from the slave States.

Following these proceedings came the application of the United States Government for the extradition of Anderson, sent through Lord Lyons, then British Ambassador at Washington, to Sir George E. Cartier, Attorney-General for Quebec.

In the meantime, the Court of Queen's Bench, in Toronto, heard the case. The Chief Justice, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and Justice Burns held strongly against the prisoner, but Justice McLean's dissenting practically saved the black man's life.

The scene at this hearing is graphically described in the newspapers of the day. Crowds waited without the gates of Osgoode Hall, or pushed their way into the courtroom—men of all ranks and degrees. A special muster of police had piles of muskets ready at hand. There was an eager stir when the prisoner, freed for the moment from his fetters, entered the courtroom. He is described as a well-built man, with broad shoulders, and possessing an intelligent-looking countenance. His complexion was of a deep yellow.

Many coloured folks were among the crowds, who showed great anxiety as to the fate of their black brother in distress. Rumours of an attempted rescue led to extra police precautions.

As the trial of December 16, 1860, proceeded, the face of the prisoner was overcast, as the Chief Justice apparently sounded his doom. "If his opinion holds good, no slave is safe in Canada," is a sample editorial expression. But when the opinion of the dissenting judge meant an appeal "there was a cheer and a stamping of feet—a rare occurrence in that court, which, however, speedily brought a rebuke. Then profound silence reigned."

Attorney-General Macdonald, in the matter of an appeal to the Court of Error and Appeal, offered to pay

appeal costs. "I have the strongest hope that I shall be able to relieve you from the necessity of making an order for the surrender of the negro," he wrote to Anderson's attorney. "Your action in this matter is alike creditable to your feeling of humanity and your sense of the importance of the question in a national point of view."

Needless to say, the famous case got into politics. "The Attorney-General shirks his duty which the law has imposed upon him as the legal adviser of the Government in order to elicit a legal opinion from the court as to the sufficiency of the charge of criminality under the Ashburton Treaty," wrote George Brown in *The Globe*. The writ of Habeas Corpus has been made use of, continues the editorial critic, to bring the question before the courts of law—a proceeding not contemplated or provided for in the Treaty, or in the Imperial or Canadian acts which were passed to give it effect. The claim for extradition is not cognizable in the ordinary courts; it rests exclusively upon treaty stipulations.

"'But,' says the Attorney-General, 'we must recognize the slave code; we must admit that it has some force, even in Canada.' This is a doctrine," concludes *The Globe*, "which we trust will never be sanctioned on British soil."

"A man who has committed no crime known to our law is pursued by a number of persons for nearly an hour, who avow that their intention is to deprive him of his liberty. He warns them off, and brandishes a deadly weapon as his means of defence; they still pursue, and he endeavours to avoid them. Then, coming suddenly upon one of his pursuers, who strikes him with a stick, he returns the blow with his knife, thereby overcoming his enemy, and escapes. Is this murder? Is this a killing by the instigation of the devil, with malice aforethought? No human law, only an inhuman slave code, has ever said so."

That is a sample of editorial opinion.

Public meetings were held. Hun-

dreds were turned away from St. Lawrence Hall in Toronto. Strong resolutions asserted the inviolability of Canada as an asylum for the fugitive slave. "Britons never will be slaves—nor catchers of slaves!" Thomas Hodgins lectured on the all-engrossing subject: "Any law not in accordance with the law of nations was void," was his opinion, quoting Lord Ellenborough.

The Anti-Slavery Society of Canada entered the lists with a manifesto: "It cannot but see in the proposed application of the slave code to a resident of this free territory the introduction of a policy in every sense un-British, disastrous to the sacred rights of human beings, and irreconcilable with any fair exposition of international law." The memorial concludes with a quotation from Deuteronomy 23: 11-16:

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant who is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him."

"It will indeed be a strange result if Article 10 of the Ashburton Treaty, (which provides for the extradition of fugitive criminals) is so interpreted as to create a new slave trade between Canada and the Southern States," exclaims a newspaper correspondent.

"Was it intended by the Ashburton Treaty to make Canada the hunting-ground of Southern slave-catchers, and our magistrates, and governors, the agents, the gaolers, the blood-hounds of the slave-master? An adverse decision of the judges will seal the fate of the fugitive. He will be sent to Missouri, not for 'trial,' as the treaty stipulates, but for sacrifice, according to the decrees of Judge Lynch and his barbarous code."

Now the scene shifts to England. Lord John Russell writes from historic Downing Street to Sir Edmund Head: "I have to instruct you to take such measures as are warranted

by the laws of Canada to deliver up the person of John Anderson to any person or persons duly authorized by the authorities of Missouri to receive the said fugitive, and bring him back to the United States for trial."

This action was taken on the application of the United States Secretary of State for the surrender of Anderson, under the Ashburton Treaty of 1842. Lord Lyons was "only too anxious to avoid the slightest semblance of anything which might cause offence to the United States Government."

Newcastle now writes from Downing Street to the Government of Canada, still further complicating matters by holding that the prisoner, in case of an adverse appeal, could not be delivered over to the United States authorities by the mere action of the law. That could only be done by a warrant under the hand and seal of the Governor. "The case is one of the gravest possible importance, and Her Majesty's Government are not satisfied that the decision of the court at Toronto is in conformity with the view of the Treaty which has hitherto guided the authorities in this country."

Action in England was the result of pressure brought to bear by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The Court of Queen's Bench in England then issued a writ of Habeas Corpus requiring that Anderson should be sent to England. The Canadian Government put on record its opinion as to the inexpediency and danger of a concurrent jurisdiction being possessed by the English courts of law in such cases, and advised legislation abrogating "the right of the courts of law and judges of England to issue the writ of Habeas Corpus, or any other writ or process running into this country, save such as may be connected with the right of appeal to Her Majesty in her Privy Council."

"The issue of this writ by one of the courts of England," argued John A. Macdonald, "is a matter of the

greatest importance. It is justly considered here as directly affecting the independence of our courts and our people. The exercise of this power by the English courts is, furthermore, certain at some time to produce an unseemly and irritating conflict of jurisdiction, and be productive of evil consequences, the extent of which cannot now be foreseen. The Attorney-General further suggested that hereafter the English courts of justice shall have no jurisdiction in Canada, and that no writ or process from them shall run into it."

Whether action was ever taken by the English Government on this Canadian suggestion it would be interesting to trace; but, so far as the Anderson *cause celebre* was concerned, which gave rise to the various international actions and complications, it died a quiet death and passed into oblivion by the liberation of the prisoner by the Court of Common Pleas at Toronto on the ground of a technical irregularity in the earlier stages of the process before the committing magistrates.

Thus the Missouri slave finally won the freedom for which he had so strenuously fought. The flight from his master's plantation, his rounding-

up in the man-hunt on the Digges farm, his second escape and the long journey across a half-score of States to Canada by way of the underground railway, the arrest, the trials, the months spent in jails, the governmental and legal contests for his body participated in by three governments—all these were ended in a decision based on a legal technicality!

Canada once more was an asylum for the hunted slave. Here, after his release, the human chattel of a Southern planter became a citizen in his own right, and a free man in the eyes of the law. His shackles were forever broken; Anderson was free!

Here he drops into obscurity and no more does his name figure in state documents; no more does his case awaken interest in London, Washington, Quebec, and Toronto, indeed, over the English-speaking world, where the newspapers made much of the case. No more does a black man come under the notice of a Russell, a Newcastle, a Lyons, a Head. The famous trial is ended, and Jack Anderson disappears from the scene.

Canada then, as now, believed that "slavery is the worst crime of civilized nations," and, to its everlasting credit, acted accordingly.

The next article of this series will relate the experiences of Benjamin Mott, who was tried as a rebel after the uprising of '37 and banished to Van Dieman's Land.



THE REAL STRATHCONA

III.—THE GLAMOUR OF THE FUR TRADE

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

DONALD A. SMITH—even in his life of greatness as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal—gloried in being a trader. He despised the spirit shown by Guy Raby in Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place" in ostracising his sister, who had married a commoner, by having her portrait turned to the wall in the family hall of paintings and ordering an inscription to be placed on it, "Gone Into Trade."

During his long years, reaching up to the end of his life, as Governor of the "Honourable Hudson's Bay Company," His Lordship maintained against all comers that in the highest sense it deserved the name "honourable." That a company should work under a charter for well-nigh two centuries and a half and fully maintain its prestige is sufficient to stir up the jealous critic and to incite the invidious leveller to hurl offensive epithets at the "Old Lady of Fenchurch Street" or of "Lime Street" and call her "Monopolist," "Supplanter," and Tyrant. Even twentieth century writers and ungrateful recipients of Lord Strathcona's bounty have followed in the wake of old Arthur Dobbs of 1749, who declared that the Hudson's Bay Company had

- (a) Abused the Indians,
- (b) Neglected their forts,
- (c) Ill-treated their own servants,
- (d) Encouraged Britain's enemies,

and actually pictured them as a band of pirates. Certainly no one can

defend all the actions of any nation, church or corporation through a history of two and a half centuries, but the writer is prepared to maintain that under their all-embracing charter and the temptations of a wilderness life, the "Adventurers into Hudson's Bay" were as a whole a high-principled and high-minded company.

It was a boy's dream that led Donald A. Smith in Morayshire, Scotland, at the age of eighteen years, in 1838, to become a trader to Hudson Bay. True, he had in his veins from the father's side the blood of the noted fur-trading family of the Grants, whose famous motto he afterwards used—"Stand fast Craigellachie"—and from his mother's side that of the "Stuarts," who were equally celebrated as Northwest fur-traders in Canada. Having received a good education in his native country, Donald Alexander Smith was inspired to go abroad and lead an adventurous life in the land of opportunity. According to his own statement to the writer, it was the name and success of his maternal uncle, Chief Factor John Stuart—seemingly drunk in from his uncle's lips on his return to Scotland—that nerved the young lad at Forres to seek the glamour of the wilds. If the girl-heart of Desdemona was thrilled to admiration and action by the recital of Othello's deeds of valour, so likewise did the spirit of young Donald respond to his uncle's story.

In 1806 John Stuart—afterwards Chief Factor in 1821—had been in the party of Simon Fraser, the great discoverer of Fraser River, which dashes down the west side of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Simon Fraser, like the river that bears his name, was impetuous and uncontrollable. He was a fiery Celt. His father had died, in the American War of Independence, as a determined United Empire Loyalist. The boy and his mother had come to Canada. He had risen in the Montreal fur trade, but on account of the vicissitudes of his youth had acquired but little education. John Stuart, the uncle of Donald A. Smith, was second in command on the Fraser River expeditionary party, and, having had the education of a civil engineer, was the record-keeper, and even the brain, of the expedition. Stuart Lake and also Stuart River, in the Rocky Mountains, were named after him. On the river was erected a post, which was called New Caledonia, and this name clung for a time to the whole district west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Again and again Donald A. Smith spoke to the writer of the great inspiration received by him from his uncle's career.

Led by such forces, the young adventurer came to Montreal, and his fate was sealed. He was sent at first to the east shore of Hudson Bay and then to the coast of Labrador, and in later years to the King's posts in the district of Mingan, on the Lower St. Lawrence. In these dreary regions the trader lived till after middle life, there passing thirty long, laborious and dangerous years. The writer remembers well his thrilling tales of "The Labrador." His uncles and relatives who had preceded him in the service in the far-away Rocky Mountains and Athabasca had never experienced the hardships which the Morayshire lad passed through uncomplainingly on the fierce coast of Ungava, the dreary ice-field of Nain, the long winters of Rigolette, or the heights of the interior, where fell the

mighty cataract of Grand Falls, Labrador—one of the greatest waterfalls of the world.

It must be very clear to all that the vast expanses of country covered by the Hudson's Bay Company in Rupert's Land and the adjacent territories had a great variety of conditions. West of the Great Lakes Huron and Superior, and on for some two thousand miles and more lay the country now known as Western Canada. While no one since the early days of John Cabot ever cast eyes of cupidity on Labrador, it was very far otherwise on the west side of Hudson Bay up the vast water-courses and wide plains to the Rockies. It is in regard to this region that the cry was reverberated from river to river and from mountain to plain of "Monopolist," "Obstructionist," "Antediluvian," and the like against "The Company."

No doubt the Hudson's Bay Company charter was all-embracing. Moreover, it was so ingeniously constructed that enemies, rivals and critics could never find a flaw in it. The charter given to the Company was not only a trade monopoly, but the fisheries within Hudson's Straits and the minerals, including gold, silver, gems and precious stones, were covered by it. More than this, it gave in free and common soccage, *i.e.*, absolute ownership, probably more than a quarter of the territory of North America. It covered the power of sending military expeditions and the prerogative of life and death. The Hudson's Bay Company had a tremendous responsibility.

All this mattered greatly to a community which had grown up as the Selkirk or Red River Settlement. For fifty or sixty years, from 1812, this British unit had been claiming the rights of freemen. The cry arose to open up this vast preserve of the buffalo, the fox, and the mink. Effort after effort was made to connect Red River Settlement with Canada. Had the writer been there he would have supported the claim of the settlers to

self-government. But it was inaccessible to the new settler. Canada had not until 1860 or '65 shown any disposition to annex it. The greater part of Canada called it "hyperborean" and worthless. Was the Hudson's Bay Company responsible for this? Newspaper correspondents are in the habit of deriding the efforts of the Hudson's Bay Company to give a certain amount of self-government in the District of Assiniboia. The ten thousand people of the colony were reasonably content with their conditions. No doubt these were far from perfect. But by the charges of tyranny and oppression made by men who were the hangers-on of government in Canada, accepting the crumbs that fell from a cabinet minister's table, men who made a living as parasites, men who debased themselves by carrying money into the backwoods to bribe venal electors in the constituencies—these men misrepresent entirely the Hudson's Bay Company. As we have seen, Donald A. Smith came to the West in the name of Canada to meet the Riel uprising. Riel's rebellion was not against Hudson's Bay Company monopoly. Donald A. Smith was not the embodiment of monopoly, but was the representative of Canada, of free and liberty-loving Canada. The monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company had no more to do with the Riel uprising than it had to do with the affairs of Uganda or of British India.

On his coming to Red River Settlement in 1869, Donald A. Smith had never set his eyes on Red River or Fort Garry. He knew no more of Fort Garry than a bank manager of Halifax or Quebec would know of the affairs of a bank in Brandon or Saskatoon to-day. He was a Canadian Commissioner. To speak of his being a representative of Hudson's Bay Company monopoly and of anti-progress is the most utter nonsense.

He did, however, go to the West to represent a British movement which for two hundred years had

kept the Union Jack flying on Hudson Bay and for eighty or a hundred years had unfurled the British emblem of power and freedom from Hudson Bay to Athabasca and over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, and even for a part of that time holding its trading-posts, in token of possession, of territory as far south as the Columbia River, which is now a part of the United States. Any man of vision can see now that had it not been for the Hudson's Bay Company, in its trade and enterprise, the Western Canada of to-day would be a part of the United States. Canada owes a debt of gratitude—not of reproach—to the splendid body of Hudson's Bay officers and men for saving to us what is to be the granary of Canada. Equally astray is the pitying critic who with crocodile tears speaks of the Hudson's Bay Company trading through an open window with the Indians and not asking them into the fort. That may have happened in the seventeenth century on the shores of Hudson Bay, but to the Hudson's Bay Company do we owe the policy of seeing the value of the Indian and of treating him as a human being. In the early days of Manitoba, when we had to pass through the North-Western States to reach Western Canada, one was vexed and ashamed on every side to hear the dictum that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Regularly the Indians received their supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company forts, went out on hunting expeditions, to return to the traders, sell their pelts and gain support for their families. So great was their devotion to "The Company" that Indian families settled down around the posts and were proud to assume the white man's garb and call themselves "Hudson's Bay Company Indians." True, a number of writers have put in an interrogation mark against mixed marriages in the intercourse of the traders with the natives.

Under the circumstances almost all agree that the intermarriage of whites and Indians in these remote regions was better in the interests of morality than illicit companionship. Old-timers, like the writer, who is glad to acknowledge the acquaintance of hundreds of English natives and French métis, can speak of these children of the prairie with the greatest kindness and respect.

The achievement of carrying on extensive trade from ocean to ocean for two hundred years up to 1870 without a soldier or policeman outside of Red River Settlement and British Columbia, and this without almost an even negligible loss of life, will rebound for all time to the honesty, shrewdness and adaptability of the Hudson's Bay Company officers and men.

That the Hudson's Bay Company men were the friends of education and religion cannot be denied. The history of the English East India Company was a sad slur on Christianity compared with that of our Fur Company. The early treatment of the different African nations by the whites was another striking contrast to the general policy of the traders to Hudson Bay. True, for the first century on Hudson Bay there was little recognition by the Company of educational and religious interests, yet for many years before the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada the Hudson's Bay Company gave grants of land, assistance in church-building, and in many cases annual subsidies to the clergymen of the different religious denominations. Many a kind and hospitable deed has been done by the officers and men in the scattered posts of shelter, entertainment, transport, and even the use of their buildings for Christian worship. In Winnipeg, before the transfer, two leading denominations wishing to erect church buildings, received from the last Hudson's Bay Company Governor (MacTavish) a lot each on Portage Avenue. Between

these two sites was a swampy pond, and, said the Governor: "Here are your two lots, and between them a gulf fixed." A few years afterwards, when Donald A. Smith was Commissioner, delegates from one of these churches went to secure an addition to their lot from the so-called "gulf." This was asked for as a gift. "Oh!" said the Commissioner, "I learn that Governor MacTavish gave a lot for a 'small church.' Yes, a small church of your denomination—my denomination, too," he remarked. The deputation replied that they could build a "small church" on a large lot; but, with his Scottish thrift, he required us to pay a small sum for the extra ground. All over the country of Western Canada cases may be given where gifts were made for education and religion by the old trading company. In another chapter reference may be made to large gifts bestowed by Lord Strathcona as proofs of his personal generosity to cultural and religious work.

Three well-qualified authorities on Hudson's Bay Company matters and history met, in March, 1915, in Winnipeg. We shall speak of them as "A," "B," and "C," respectively.

A was an impetuous and intelligent Highlander, who had come as a Hudson's Bay Company clerk to Rupert's Land in the year 1852, and had risen to be a Chief Factor of the Company in 1875. He had spent the great part of his time in the Mackenzie River District, and for several years has lived in Winnipeg as a retired officer.

C, like many of the Hudson's Bay Company officers and men, was a native of Orkney. He had received a good education from his uncle—a schoolmaster—who belonged to the fine old class of dominie described by Ian Maclaren and others. He came to Rupert's Land in 1861, and has spent his life in the country about Fort Garry. He became a chief factor in 1872.

B, the third member of the con-

ference, was the writer—a native-born Canadian who, on the acquisition of Rupert's Land by Canada, was sent out in 1871 as representative of his church in education and religion to Fort Garry, soon to be known as Winnipeg, the capital of Western Canada. He has been an active participant in the public life of Manitoba. B is often called the historian of Western Canada, and of the Hudson's Bay Company in particular.

These three men have all passed their three-score years and ten, and have all been residents of Western Canada for from four to six decades.

Their meeting in March was under the hospitable roof of C. It was a continuous bombardment—a conference on reminiscences, criticism and repartee. The central subject of the long talk was Donald A. Smith.

A, B and C had all been personal friends of Lord Strathcona, had all been time and again entertained in Britain by His Lordship, and had been afforded many opportunities to know him personally.

A, whose name appears in Lord Strathcona's will, had been a great advocate of the claims of the "wintering partners" of the Hudson's Bay Company. He also had laboured for the rights of the subordinate officers and men.

"Well," said A, "Donald A. Smith, as having seen and experienced the life of the real trader, was always the friend of the men on the fighting line. He did the best he could for us against the stolid shareholders. I have had a voluminous correspondence with him, extending over years, and he was always our advocate. But the lawyers and directors failed to understand our conditions."

B here interjected: "I agree with you. In the year 1882 I was in London, and an old gentleman of the Board of Directors asked me, as coming from Winnipeg, to meet them. They were almost all very old men.

Eden Colville was Governor at the time. They were very doubtful about Winnipeg—their old Fort Garry. They had sold the fort, but they questioned whether they would be paid for it. In this their surmise was correct. To the grief of the people of Winnipeg, the purchaser pulled down the stone walls of the fort, sold the stone for building, and then defaulted in his payment to the Company. It was a hard blow to both old and new citizens alike thus to lose their precious relic. But there was no help for it."

"No," interrupted A, "if Donald A. had been given his way he would have done handsome things for us all in the fur country. You know, Donald A. had not been a very notable fur trader in Labrador. His accounts were always slow while there, but when he was called to the wider sphere in Montreal, as successor to Mr. Hopkins, he rose immediately. He had a marvelous memory. He could carry any transaction in his head without note or book. Of course, many said his memory was too good for his opponents at times."

"I remember," continued A, "his saying to me, 'They tell me I have the Highland spirit, and that I will not forgive or forget.' I think that is hardly fair to me, for I have worked cordially with men afterward who had done me injuries.'"

B here interjected, saying, "Yes; he could not easily forgive. There was one of my friends—he was a Highlander, too—for whom he had a dislike, and who, I am certain, as a Highlander, also reciprocated the strong feeling. I was an intimate friend of both, but they had no dealings with each other. Yet there are antagonisms in life which can hardly be reconciled."

"Well," interposed C, "there were those in his connection with whom in their conduct he bore long and patiently. He gave his money and his help to many ungrateful wretches."

"To my mind," said B, "his power of putting up with those who were bitterly opposed to him and who ill-treated him in his political life was simply marvellous. When he had become a millionaire and had reached a position of great influence, it was for the good of his adopted country, Canada, that he accepted the position of Canadian Commissioner in London, where he served the whole Empire."

"Yes," said C, "I remember how royally he entertained my wife and myself at Glencoe, and there we met a most cosmopolitan company of every party, creed, and origin."

"Well," responded B, "I know that he showed the greatest kindness to a whole family, taking them to his house in Grosvenor Square, who afterwards turned against him and maligned him in every way."

"Undoubtedly," said A, breaking in very warmly. "His generosity to the helpless, to young men starting business, to older men who had fallen into debt, to sufferers of every rank and station, especially to those who could render to him no service again, were all very notable; and this," continued A, "was true thirty years before his death, when he was not a millionaire. Indeed, coming to Winnipeg with the savings of thirty years, he had gone through most of his means in supporting the poverty-stricken, helping beginners in business and in supporting public objects. I say he deserved all that he got afterward, when fortune smiled upon him."

"Agreed! Agreed!" both B and C made response.

Encouraged by the applause of B and C, A began again:

"Yes, Donald A. Smith's sense of honour was great, as was that of the Company's officers. We never had any cases, so far as I know, where a Hudson's Bay officer ever took personal advantage of any opportunities to make money at the expense of the Company."

"Hear! Hear!" spoke out C. "Such a thing as speculation among the leading men of the Company was unknown. It is true we were keen traders; yet we always practised honourable opposition. I was sent out from Fort Garry in the old days to trade at one of our fishing-points. I was to oppose a man who had been in our service, and had now become a 'free-trader.' My orders were to go out to the lake and beat him in trade; but I was cautioned at the same time not to do a single thing that was dishonest or dishonourable to the opposition trader or Indian. Of course, by vigilance and fair dealing I won the day."

B then followed: "I remember at a public meeting in Winnipeg during the seventies, when an election was taking place, and attacks were being made on the Hudson's Bay Company by declaring that it was robbery to give one-twentieth of all the land surveyed to the Hudson's Bay Company. Donald A. declared that it was the request of the Canadian Government that the Hudson's Bay Company should take this share of the lands, because they would thus, as a strong company knowing the country, have a greater motive for developing Manitoba and the West. For the same reason the Hudson's Bay Company were given the lands around their forts in Winnipeg, Edmonton and other places because they could so induce capitalists to build up towns and cities. It was generally conceded that Canada paid a comparatively small sum—£300,000—for the millions and millions of acres of fertile land handed over to the Dominion."

B continued: "I can say, as an old settler and traveller, that many a time I have been entertained at the Hudson's Bay Company forts, and, after long and weary drives, have never been more glad than when, toward evening, we came in view of the Union Jack floating over the trading-post, which meant food and

shelter for the night. Even the motto on the coat of arms, "Pro pelle cutam"—skin for skin—seemed anomalous as the traveller received the hospitality of the master of the fort.

The last general gathering of Hudson's Bay Company commissioned officers was held in Winnipeg in 1887. There were thirty present, when a memorial picture was taken of them. Times have changed even since that time, but the words written by the writer still remain true:

"The French Explorers are a remin-

iscence of more than a century and a half ago; the lords of the lakes and forests, with all their wild energy, are gone forever; the Astorians are no more; no longer do the French-Canadian voyageurs make the rivers vocal with their chansons; no more do the sturdy Orcadian oarsmen row the York boats; the pomp and circumstance of the Emperor of the fur-traders has been resolved into the ordinary forms of commercial life; and the rude barter of the early trader has passed into the fulfilment of the poet's dream of the "Argosies of magic sail" and the costly bales of an increasing commerce. The Hudson's Bay Company is still a trading company, doing its share in building up Western Canada."

The next article in this series will deal with "The First Railway to Winnipeg."

THE LACE-MAKER OF BRUGES

By FRANK CALL

HER age-worn hands upon her apron lie
 Idle and still. Against the sunset glow
 Tall poplars stand, and silent barges go
 Along the green canal that wanders by.
 A lean, red finger pointing to the sky—
 The spire of Notre Dame. Above a row
 Of dim, gray arches, where the sunbeams die,
 The ancient belfry guards the square below.
 A year ago she stood in that same square
 And gazed and listened, proud beneath her tears
 To see her soldier passing down the street.
 To-night the beat of drums and trumpets' blare,
 With bursts of fiendish music, smites her ears,
 And mingles with the tread of trampling feet.

THE DIARY OF ROBERT CAMPBELL

II.—EXPLORATION OF THE UPPER STIKINE

BY G. W. BARTLETT

THE various Indian tribes of eastern and central Canada have received a great deal of attention from historians and ethnologists, but the heterogeneous swarms of warring tribes which have crowded and slaughtered each other in the mountain valleys of the West and along the Pacific coast have been the perplexity and the despair of scientific investigation.

One of our earliest glimpses of the primitive tribes of the interior of northern British Columbia is obtained by the perusal of the journal of Robert Campbell, the intrepid explorer whose adventurous career has done so much to open up the far Northwest and to establish the claim of Britain to that region by anticipating the Russian preparations to establish a sphere of influence in the interior.

As we have seen in a previous article, after spending two years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service at the Red River and at Norway House, Campbell was sent to the Mackenzie River depot, which marked the frontier on the northwest. Fort Simpson was the monument of the aggressive energy of the great Governor whose name it bears, and to that centre were drafted the most energetic of the company's officers.

"Now, Campbell, don't you get

married," were Sir George's parting words. "We want you for active service."

Not the least of the great Governor's qualifications for his big work was his intuitive recognition of the right man for the required job. Arriving at Fort Simpson on October 16th, 1834, the young man found congenial fellow Scots among the officers of the district. Chief Factor, John Stewart, an uncle of the late Lord Strathcona, Campbell describes as "a kindly old gentleman." Nearer his own age was the discoverer of Dease's Lake, J. M. McLeod, his companion in more than one adventure in after years. Another officer, Hutchison, was sent in the spring of 1835 to follow up McLeod's discovery by establishing a fort at the lake and exploring the country west of the mountains. The party had not gone far when a false alarm of hostile Indians caused them to abandon their luggage on a portage and hasten in record time over the homeward trail.

To understand the terror inspired by the Western Indian in the minds of the Mackenzie River tribes, we must recollect that the salmon rivers of the West were paradise valleys of flesh and fish into which the more warlike tribes had been pressing for ages; so that the present conglomerate races which fiercely maintained

their jealous hold on its streams and forests, held their title by virtue of their stern right as the fittest to survive in the ceaseless strife. The coming of the white man complicated without abating the struggle. The dawn of the nineteenth century saw Spaniard, American, Briton, and Russian established on the Pacific coast, eagerly contending by war or diplomacy to secure the largest possible share of the land and of the Indian trade.

By this time the Russian Fur Company had established posts along the coast as far south at latitude 54 degrees, 40 minutes, shutting off the British from navigating the Pacific rivers, and by means of the powerful chiefs of the coast they were striving to extend their trade inland. The Russians did not build forts in the interior, but traded with the chiefs, who in turn carried the goods into the interior and sold them at their own terms. The passes of the mountains were held by the Chilicoots and the Chilikats and other outlaw bands farther south, who extorted a toll on trade from all passing tribes and were as interested as the coast Indians in keeping out traders from the distant East. According to the Mackenzie River Indians, they put to death all unauthorized intruders.

In 1837 Campbell volunteered for the work which the Hutchison expedition had failed to accomplish. He was sent down to Fort Laird to outfit. There he found the greatest difficulty in securing volunteers for what was regarded as a desperate service. After "a false start," caused by the timidity of his men, he returned to refit at Laird, and, resuming his voyage, passed the perilous gorge at Hell Gate, and with nothing worse than a false alarm at Portage Brulé, where he had the utmost difficulty in preventing a stampede of his party, the expedition reached Fort Halkett, where it wintered.

Pushing on next spring to Dease's Lake, they built a rude fort; and there Campbell left the greater part

of his men under McLeod, who arrived shortly before the explorer resumed his westward journey, accompanied only by Hoole, his interpreter, and two young Indians named Kitza and La Pie. Embarking in two small canoes they proceeded to the head of the lake; then, shouldering their light camping outfits, they struck boldly over the mountains toward the setting sun. This was on July 28th, 1838.

On the second day they "crossed the shoulder of a lofty, snow-clad mountain," and saw, far below them, a river running through a deep valley. This river afterwards proved to be the Tooya (Tuya), or Upper Stikine, but Campbell promptly named it the Pelly, after the Governor of the company at London.

"As we were descending to the bridge," reads the explorer's journal, "we espied a thin line of smoke issuing from a hut standing on a ledge of the opposite bank, which showed the presence of Indians. . . . In a short time we came to the bridge. It was a rude, rickety structure of pine poles, spliced together with withes, and stretched high above the foaming torrent. The ends of the poles were loaded down with stones to prevent the bridge from collapsing. This primitive structure looked so frail and unstable and the rush of waters below so formidable that it seemed nigh impossible to cross it. It inclined to one side, which did not strengthen its appearance for safety."

On the opposite side an Indian watched their approach; but instead of coming when the white man beckoned, he fled. In the lodge a bright fire was blazing, and over the fire hung three metal pots, showing that the tribe to which the owner belonged had direct or indirect communication with white traders. From the rafters hung a number of split salmon drying. Evidently the tribe was from the west, where the more substantial structure replaces the tepee of the prairie Indian.

Helping themselves to a few of the salmon, they left in exchange a knife and some tobacco in the hunting-bags on the wall. They then recrossed the bridge and took up their sleeping-quarters in a cave of the bank. Early next morning they were aroused by the approach of sixteen Indians.

"We hoisted our flag, and signed to the Indians to come to us. After much hesitation, they slowly approached, and, when close to us, called out that they were friends. As I again beckoned, they began to cross the bridge, the chief holding out a pipe of peace, which we accordingly smoked and passed around."

The visitors were of the Nahany nation, who had been advised of the white man's arrival the night before, by the man at the cabin. The chief had been at the great rendezvous of the western Indians some distance down the river, where they gathered in thousands to trade with the great coast chief, Shakes, who obtained his goods from the Russians at Fort Wrangel, at the mouth of the river. The Nahany chief had never seen a white man, and he secretly hastened from camp to have the honour of slaying the intruders. The discovery of the knife and tobacco in the cabin had shown that the new arrivals were friends; hence the pacific meeting which followed.

"I said I would go on to the main camp; but the chief did all in his power to dissuade me, saying that Shakes from the sea and Indians without number were there; that I was the first white man he had seen; that he had smoked and eaten with me. He loved my blood and did not wish to see it spilled. He had been told that all men from the East were enemies who must be killed. He offered to take me to a place where I could see the camp and depart without being seen. As I was determined to go on, he accompanied me, sending warning parties ahead to prepare for my coming.

"From the top of a hill I caught

the first glimpse of an immense camp about thirteen miles from the bridge. . . . Such a concourse of Indians I had never seen before. Gathered from all parts of the Rockies, and as far west as the Pacific, they camp here for weeks, living on salmon, which they spear, or gaff with hooks on poles. To assist in the fishing a dam is built across the river at this point.

"Here I lost sight of my company, all but an Indian who called himself Jack, and spoke a little broken English, had gone ahead to announce my visit to the great Chief Shakes. The Indians crowded around me, asking innumerable questions. My answers were taken up and yelled by hundreds of throats till the rocks and valleys echoed with the sound.

"Presently a road was cleared through the crowd for Shakes, who advanced to meet me. He was a coast Indian, tall and strongly built; and as I afterwards learned, all-powerful among the tribes. He shook hands with me and led me to a tent which had been set up for me. After we had entered and sat down he produced a bottle of whiskey and a cup. I merely tasted the liquor, but all the others had a drink. Meantime the noise without was something awful."

Suddenly there came a shout, a rush, and the tent was swept away before the onset of armed savages. It was not a treacherous attack, but a rescue. The Nahany chief, fearing that Shakes planned treachery, had rushed in with his men, threatening all manner of reprisals if the white man should be injured.

Campbell remained some days at the camp. His British-made equipment attracted attention—and some envy. For several reasons he was eager to deepen this interest, and was also ready at all times to demonstrate the superiority of the firearms and marksmanship of his men, "always reserving a bullet for Shakes," whose hospitality was only skin-deep.

Most of the Indians were armed

with bows and arrows, all their tools being of stone, except those of such as were fortunate enough to obtain goods from the traders. "Their dress is made of deer-skin in one piece, and trimmed either with beads or coloured porcupine quills. The trousers are made of one skin, and the shirt or coat of another. The latter has a hole for the head and two for the arms, but does not open before or behind. The summer garment is without hood or sleeves; but I afterwards found that the winter coat is supplied with both. The winter dress has the hair on, and this is worn on the inside for warmth. They are very fond of ornaments, and will deck themselves with ear-rings, beads, pieces of copper, shells, quills, or feathers. They paint their faces with different shades of red and yellow."

One of the most interesting passages relates to a female chief of the Nahanies, "who commanded not only the respect and obedience of her own tribe, but was influential in the councils of the larger assemblies. She ruled over a tribe about five hundred strong, who led a nomadic hunting life. She was a fine-looking woman about thirty-five years old, rather above middle size. She had a pleasant face, lit up with fine intelligent eyes, which when excited flashed fire. To her kindness and influence we owed much; and more than once, in all probability, our lives."

She was married, but her husband was "a non-entity." After remaining for some time in camp, the explorer withdrew in safety, ("which was more than I expected"). The party ascended a neighbouring hill and, planting their flag, took formal possession, in the name of King William IV., of whose death they were not yet aware. They then returned to the fort they had erected on the lake, where, ill-supplied with provisions, disappointed in their expectation of a supply of trading goods,

they spent a winter of hardship and privation rarely equalled even in that rigorous region. They were harassed also by "Russian Indians," who in passing helped themselves to whatever they chose, without the owners daring to protest. But for the friendship of some Mauvais Monde Indians from Fort Halkett, who at the risk of attack, supplied the fort in its dire need, the whole party must have perished. On one occasion the ration for nine men for a day was one squirrel. It is a safe assumption that all the by-products were utilized.

The last meal at Dease's Lake was made by boiling the parchment of the windows and the leather thongs of the snowshoes. Next day McLeod arrived with venison, and the lean days of famine were over.

The importance of this advance of the British into the Stikine River district was soon seen in the offer made by Baron Wrangel, of the Russian company, in 1839, to lease their fur-trading rights on the west coast, an offer which Sir George Simpson accepted on very moderate terms. The advance of the British company across the mountains had broken the Russian company's hold on the fur country in the interior, and made them eager to sell while they had anything to offer.

The extinguishing of this claim clinched Britain's hold on the western Indians and afterwards gave her the rich mines, well-watered ranching valleys, and fruitful lands of northern British Columbia.

The summer tourist who from the window of his Pullman car looks out in wonder and awe upon the stately grandeur of mountain and lake, forest and river, along the great northern route, dreams not of the handful of famished men who boldly won this land and stubbornly held it during the winter-long siege against hostile forces of cold and starvation, and the jealousy of yet more hostile tribesmen.

The third and last article of this series will describe Campbell's advances into "The Last Lone Frontier."



MR. JOHN OGILVY

The veteran Montreal Art Connoisseur.

From the Portrait by J. W. Morrice,

HARMODIOS

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH

AUTHOR OF "ANEROESTES THE GAUL"

I.

TWILIGHT faded into night. In the eastern sky a florid moon rose slowly above the dark waters of the Mediterranean. It poured a mellow light upon the besieged city of Saguntum, around which the tents of Hannibal's army stood white and motionless like the outspread sails of a fleet becalmed.

For more than seven months the defenders had been subjected to fierce and incessant assaults, yet they continued the hopeless struggle with unabated zeal. Even the most sanguine had long since ceased to look for succour from Rome; nevertheless the gradual change of feeling from hope to despair had not been accompanied by any thought of surrender. All gazed daily into the eyes of death without a tremour. Such was their courage.

As the bloom of evening developed into the more sombre charms of night, Harmodios, the daughter of Nicanor, departed secretly from her father's house and hastened towards the eastern battlements. Here, standing in the shadow of one of the towers, she looked down upon the tents and camp fires of the enemy that studded the ground between the city and the sea. Every harsh detail of the surroundings was now softened by the rays of the moon, which, moving across the impenetrable dome, eclipsed the stars in its course.

The sight of the ruined walls was painful to this daughter of Sagun-

tum, and it was with horror that her gaze rested upon the metal heads of the battering rams protruding menacingly from beneath the testudines, as if eager for the morrow when they would continue their devastating work.

Harmodios shivered, though not from cold, for the night was balmy and she was wrapped in a long cloak. Her descent from the founders of the city was evidenced by her features of Grecian mould. A scarf of delicate texture mingled with the waves of her hair and overshadowed the smooth surface of her forehead to such a degree as to shade the large gleaming eyes—eyes that seemed to be searching for something in the moon-bathed camp of the enemy. But, with the exception of the sentries pacing to and fro, there was no movement visible from where the watcher stood. Even the sounds of revelry had sunk into slumber. Yet Harmodios waited and watched.

So absorbed was she that she did not notice the approach of a man from the direction in which she herself had come. She started in surprise as he touched her upon the shoulder.

"Fear nothing," said the newcomer gently.

"Ah, my brother Alcon!" exclaimed Harmodios in relief. "What prompted you to search for me here?"

"I have often watched your coming."

"Knowing my purpose?" she asked.

"Even so, my sister. Often have I stood ready to warn you against discovery, while Aloreus has crept close to the battlements and climbed them. Aloreus is a noble man and worthy of your love."

"I am grateful, Alcon, for what you have said, and more for the services that you have, all unknown to me, rendered Aloreus and myself. Perchance he may be able to thank you himself to-night. I am watching for him, but the moonlight is so strong that, much as I yearn to see him, I almost hope he will not venture hither."

"He is the friend of Saguntum and has boldly expressed himself to Hannibal."

"And yet," said Harmodios angrily, "the Senators, with our father at their head, have forbidden him to enter the city."

"In all such matters they have been unwise," murmured Alcon sorrowfully.

Harmodios clasped his hand, which was almost as soft and as white as her own, and looked into his face. Alcon was some years her senior, but he was still numbered among the younger men. In appearance he was as gentle as his nature, which inclined him to the ways of peace. War in any form was repulsive to him, and he alone of all his compatriots favoured making peace with Hannibal. But the Saguntines despised him for his timidity and jeered at his suggestions.

"I would that I could save Saguntum from the fate that hangs over it," continued Alcon after a pause.

"That, I fear, is not possible. Aloreus has pleaded with Hannibal, but he answers that it is for the Saguntines to ask terms."

"Which, alas! they will not do. This very day I waited upon our father in private and begged him to exhort the senate to send an envoy to Hannibal. He would scarce listen to me, but I would not be silenced,

and, while he paced up and down in anger, I pointed out to him the folly of maintaining the defence.

"The men," I said to him, "can die without dishonour, but what of Harmodios and the other women?"

"And what said he to that?"

Alcon shivered as he replied: "He said that the women could also die."

"Die!" exclaimed Harmodios, and the word echoed in the silence that followed.

"It must not be," protested Alcon spiritedly, "Hannibal is brave and not unmerciful. Peace he would grant but the Saguntines obstinately persist in defying him. But this shall not deter me from leaving the city to-night and seeking an audience with him."

"You, Alcon?" said his sister in surprise.

"I am determined to do this thing even though my people may curse me. Little fitted am I for the life of a warrior, though, perchance, I may induce Hannibal to spare the city, But look! someone approaches from the camp."

Harmodios ran forward to the edge of the battlements and strained her eyes in the direction indicated by Alcon. A warrior had advanced beyond the outposts of the camp and was running rapidly over the debris of stone and mortar, once the outer wall of Saguntum.

"It is he," she murmured to herself.

"Is it Aloreus?"

The girl nodded in assent without removing her gaze from the approaching figure.

"He is reckless," she said, and raised her hand as though to warn him.

"The sentries will surely see Aloreus," remarked Alcon as he came forward and stood beside his sister.

"The sentry guarding this piece of wall is bound to me to take no notice of Aloreus's visits by night. He, with some of the others who are posted here from time to time, do

this for the respect they bear Alorcus."

"Then he is safe. When he comes I shall ask him to conduct me to Hannibal."

"It would be well to do this if you are determined to undertake the mission. But I fear it will come to naught. The demands of the conqueror are always harsh in the eyes of the conquered. Saguntum is doomed to fall, but the people will never accept Hannibal's terms, be they ever so fair."

"Even so, I shall go."

"You differ in your ways from most men," said Harmodios, "but I see the nobility in you that is not visible to others. I will not try to dissuade you from going to Hannibal, and Alorcus will espouse your cause. He will soon be here. See! he avails himself of the clouded sky to draw nearer. But he must hasten, for the moon is sailing fast toward your open space. If he were to be seen by one of the distant sentries—" she continued excitedly as she leaned forward with both hands pressing on the rough parapet, unmindful of all else save the approach of her lover.

Alorcus could not boldly dash forward without encountering the risk of attracting unfavourable attention, but his advance, though cautious, was rapid, and he crept within the shadow of the wall as the moon shook herself free from the last remnants of clouds and flooded the surroundings in a strong white light.

"Ah, Alorcus!" cried Harmodios, "you should not have ventured here on such a night."

"I could not restrain myself," he called back, "to watch you in the distance did not satisfy my longing."

"Listen, Alorcus! Alcon, my brother, is here. He is desirous of going to Hannibal, to beg him to treat with the Saguntines. I have said that you will conduct him thither."

"You promised well. For Saguntum I would do much more."

"Thanks, noble Alorcus," said Al-

con as he stepped forward to where his sister was bending over, "but would it not be wise for me to join you at once? I have here a rope."

"Yes, yes; go at once," said Harmodios, and seizing the rope she fastened it about the end of a protruding rock in the roughly-built wall. "Farewell, Alcon," she added, "and may success attend your mission. But tarry no longer lest your departure be discovered ere you are well away."

But while she was speaking Alorcus had grasped the rope from below and with astonishing rapidity had climbed to the top of the wall. With a cry of surprised delight Harmodios wound her arms about his neck and returned the warm kisses which he showered upon her.

"It is not safe to tarry," said Alcon presently.

"Alcon speaks the truth," assented Alorcus. "We must start without delay for the camp. But Harmodios, pride of my eyes, will you not accompany us? The city will soon fall and—hark! what is that?"

"Someone is approaching. Quick! Fly!" and Harmodios pushed Alorcus from her.

He motioned Alcon to go first.

Harmodios watched her brother as he let himself over the wall, and she listened impatiently until he reached the ground.

"Follow him quickly," she whispered to her lover.

But a menacing figure at this juncture rushed towards them, and Alorcus, unwilling to leave Harmodios to an uncertain fate, stood his ground, though a short dagger was his only weapon.

"It is my father," exclaimed Harmodios. "You must not remain, else he will call the guard."

"Hasten! Hasten!" came Alcon's voice from below.

Alorcus saw the wisdom of this advice, and, not wishing to have any quarrel with Nicanor, he quickly slipped over the wall. But the keen eyes of Nicanor had espied the movement

and, with an angry shout, he rushed forward. On recognizing Harmodios he halted for an instant, and then raised his sword to cut the rope in two.

Noting his intention Harmodios seized him by the arm. Nicanor was a powerful warrior and without much difficulty shook off his daughter's restraining hold, but the brief delay had proved sufficient for Alorcus to reach the ground.

"Curse you!" exclaimed Nicanor, and he seemed about to smite her. But Harmodios returned his gaze without fear as she replied: "Saguntum has not over many friends that you should kill such a one as Alorcus."

"I value not the friendship of such as he—a man who turns his arms against us—a man who climbs the wall of the city by night to steal the love of my daughter."

"He does not steal it; I gave it to him freely."

"It shall not continue," retorted Nicanor significantly.

Harmodios was filled with uneasiness at these words, and the sight of Nicanor's cruel face, inflamed with anger, did not tend to dispel the feeling.

Nicanor's surprise was great when he saw Alorcus and Alcon emerge from beyond the shadow of the wall, and he exclaimed, "Alorcus is not alone! who is his companion?"

"Alcon."

"Alcon! Why has he left the city?"

"To save it, if that be possible. He goes with Alorcus to have speech with Hannibal."

Upon hearing this Nicanor's anger was uncontrollable.

"Coward!" he cried in a voice thick with passion. "No son of mine art thou, Alcon! Coward! Worse than woman!"

Alcon stopped for a moment upon hearing his father's voice, then continued on his way without even replying.

While the sun was yet low in the eastern horizon Alorcus aroused Alcon from a deep slumber and together they started in search of Hannibal. But even at that early hour the tireless general had left his tent and, with several officers of his staff, was inspecting the fortifications on the western side of the city, against which the main attack was being made.

"Shall we await his return?" asked Alcon.

"No," rejoined Alorcus. "He may not return till night fall, if even then. Hannibal's wants are regulated by circumstances. More than once since the beginning of this siege has he slept in the entrenchments with the soldiers, sharing their food and discomforts. You marvel, I see, but this is only one proof of his greatness. But come, we must find him without delay."

As they walked through the awakened camp Alcon was moved by the savage appearance of many of the warriors who lounged about the newly-made fires. Nearly all were eating, but some had finished their morning meal and were making ready for the day's struggle. The noise of many tongues smote the air in angry discord, Hannibal's army being composed of various races. Libyans there were in great numbers—powerful men hardened by years of service in Africa and Spain. They, with the more lithe Numidians, regarded themselves as superior to the native troops, though they were forbidden by their generals to give expression to such thoughts.

Oft'times this order was disobeyed and fierce quarrels ensued. Iberians of various tribes, wearing tunics of white linen bordered with red and purple, were, however, hardly inferior to their conquerors. They had been trained in the ways of warfare, first by Hamilcar, who saw in them the making of a great army, and later by the wily Hasdrubal, who developed the plan laid out by his

wife's father. And now they bore arms under Hannibal, the greatest of the three. Less civilized Celtiberians, encumbered with but little clothing and with long hair floating over their naked shoulders, talked loudly among themselves, speculating as to the booty that would be theirs when Saguntum was captured.

But Alcon was more appalled by the savage warriors from far-off Lusitania, whose barbarous habits were the wonderment of their more civilized companions in arms. Skins of wild animals were favoured by them as clothing, while their weapons consisted of huge clubs, swords, and spears, according to each one's fancy. Hardly less fierce looking were the Balears, whose skill with the sling was unequalled. Each man had three of these deadly weapons wound about his head and body, the pebbles and clay balls being carried in a pouch suspended loosely from the waist.

The Carthaginian general, surrounded by a number of his officers, was giving orders for the day and listening to suggestions which were invited rather than offered. This was one of the many ways in which Hannibal endeared himself to those who fought under him. While still a remarkably young man he had succeeded Hasdrubal in command of the army, and indeed as supreme head of the Carthaginian provinces in Spain, but anxiety and constant thought had outpaced time in carving creases on his face. The massive chin, whose contour was hidden by a beard, the rather large mouth, which closed decisively after the utterance of every word, and the prominent nose surmounted by a forehead of great breadth, combined to make his appearance nobly attractive. But all the features were dominated by a pair of dark penetrating eyes, wherein shone the fire of a mighty ambition and a power to satisfy it that would not be blocked by the legions of Rome. Since boyhood he had been inured

to all manner of hardships, and the lines of his tall muscular figure were, for strength and beauty, hardly equalled by any of the warriors in the army. The helmet surmounting his black hair was of pure silver inlaid with gold, but his shining breastplate was of inferior metal, and the tunic beneath differed in no way from those worn by many of the soldiers. While in the matter of dress he was ever simple, his weapons were conspicuous for their quality and workmanship. He also gave much attention to the choice of his horses, and the charger held by an attendant, while the day's programme was being arranged, was a magnificent animal.

The fallen walls and the contracted size of the city filled Hannibal with elation, while the sight of the vineæ so close to the last line of defences caused him to exclaim: "Saguntum will soon be ours! But," he added more soberly, "it is time."

"The Saguntines have proved themselves to be no mean fighters and for that reason our victory will be the greater," replied Maharbal, his trusted cavalry leader.

"That may be, but my patience is at an end. I have greater operations to undertake than the capture of Saguntum, and they must not be delayed."

How great those operations were the world was soon to know, and never to forget.

Alorcus and Alcon were subjected to a keen scrutiny as they approached the group of officers. Alorcus was at all times conspicuous for his size and bearing, and now he appeared even more so in contrast with the gentle Alcon.

"Be courageous!" he whispered, "and speak without hesitation."

Alcon's lips quivered, but he did not reply.

"Does Alorcus bring us another warrior?" asked Hannibal.

"Better than a warrior; I bring a citizen of Saguntum, Alcon, son of

Nicanor, who comes to ask what terms you will grant his people if they will surrender."

"The Saguntines have not been over-hasty in applying to me," observed Hannibal harshly.

Aloreus replied: "They should not for that reason be scorned. A brave enemy will not ask for terms when even the smallest hope exists. The noble Hannibal will not condemn his opponents for fighting thus determinedly."

"You speak smoothly, Aloreus, and well I know that your words express your feelings; but many of my bravest soldiers have fallen by the weapons of these Saguntines, and I myself have not escaped being wounded. I offered Saguntum my protection and friendship, but the inhabitants chose rather to call upon Rome, my hereditary enemy, the enemy of all liberty. And what has Rome done for them? Declared war against Carthage, but fears to send an army against me. The Saguntines looked long for the Roman galleys. Every day they climbed the battlements of their city and gazed out upon the waters of the ocean, expecting to see the sails. But no galleys came because none were sent. Thus does Rome defend her ally. Why, then, should I show consideration to the Saguntines? Can you answer that, Aloreus?" and Hannibal turned his eyes upon the Iberian.

"I cannot defend the actions of the Saguntines, nevertheless I ask you to show them mercy, now that they appeal to you."

Hannibal stamped his foot impatiently, then turning suddenly to Alcon he demanded, "What say your people?"

Alcon stepped forward. He exhibited no fear as he looked into the Carthaginian's face and replied:

"My people have said naught of surrender, but, in my opinion, honourable terms would be favourably considered by them. They have fought for their city, which is their

right, but they would not have taken up arms against you, Hannibal, had you left them unmolested. They called upon Rome because Rome is the ancient ally of Saguntum. And this only was done when you threatened the city."

"They called upon Rome to settle their differences long before I laid siege to the city," interrupted Hannibal.

"That was no slight to Carthage," replied Alcon. "The differences you refer to were of an internal nature and affected no interests beyond Saguntum. The Saguntines have no quarrel with Carthage, but they felt, and still feel, that you were bent upon the downfall of their city. They have fought bravely and do not fear death. I have come privately to plead for them, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle. Saguntum will surely be yours, but I beg of you to be merciful. Let me return with such terms of surrender as will be accepted."

Alcon's voice became so choked with emotion that he was compelled to cease speaking. Several of those standing nearby were moved by his plea.

"You are a strange man," remarked Hannibal, more kindly, "and your words incline me somewhat to mercy. I will spare the people of Saguntum but not the city. Listen to my terms! I will allow all the inhabitants—warriors with their wives and children—to depart unmolested wheresoever they will, each with one change of raiment and sufficient food to keep them during their journey. But the city and its wealth must be given over to me."

"A generous proposition," said Himilco.

But Alcon wrung his hands in despair.

"You offer them only life," he cried, "Only life."

"Is not that better than death?"

"But they will not accept such harsh terms. Why do you wish to drive them from their homes? De-

mand from them the wealth of the city, which is great, and hostages to insure the maintenance of peace, but leave them their homes. The city is of no value to you."

"It might be to Rome. I would not have a walled city in my rear when I depart hence."

"An alliance could be formed with the Saguntines."

"I could not trust them. They might betray me. The terms I offer are merciful—more than would have been accorded to me had our positions been reversed—more so than would have been granted by Rome. I ask not the lives of any of you, not even of him who hurled the javelin that pierced my side, though I doubt not that he is a hero in your midst. I offer to spare all and allow them to depart in peace. But the city I will raze to the ground; not one stone shall I leave standing upon another."

"Your terms may be just," said Alcon, "but they are humiliating, and the Saguntines will never accept them. Indeed, they would tear to pieces the messenger who brought them."

"Surely not one of their people."

"Even I would not be safe," replied Alcon mournfully.

Hannibal looked at the man in astonishment.

"The Saguntines must indeed be barbarians," said he, "if they would so treat the bearer of unwelcome tidings. But what will you do?"

"I dare not return. It would mean certain death."

"As you will. Carthage has never refused protection when it has been asked and I shall not deny it to you. But Saguntum will not be spared when it falls, neither will the citizens."

"The people should know of your offer," exclaimed Aloreus passionately. "Alcon may be mistaken as to the fate awaiting the bearer of your message, for, while the Saguntines are a proud people who cannot view

defeat with equanimity, they may be brought to realize that there is no disgrace attendant upon the acceptance of such terms as you propose. And then it must be remembered that misfortune calms the spirit and makes it subservient to reason. I pray you, therefore, let me enter the city and place your demands before the head men."

"They will surely kill you," interrupted Alcon.

"I am not afraid."

"I would not have evil befall you, good Aloreus," said Hannibal.

"The Saguntines will respect my mission."

"I shall permit you to enter Saguntum," said Hannibal after a pause, "but warn the people to respect your person. Should any harm befall you I shall be revenged. None in the city shall be spared."

"Excepting Harmodios, I pray you Hannibal."

"Harmodois will, for your sake, be spared; and now go, brave Aloreus, but return before the morning has passed. Otherwise, I shall judge that you have been unwillingly retained. Then shall my vengeance be visited upon Saguntum."

II.

As Aloreus drew near the city, alone and on foot, the Saguntines assembled on the walls and regarded him with evident surprise. No messages had been exchanged between the two forces since the beginning of the siege, though, formerly, Aloreus had been received in the capacity of a friend. Terms had not once been asked for and none had been offered.

Aloreus advanced unhesitatingly to the main gate and in a loud voice demanded admittance as the bearer of a message from Hannibal.

The praetor, who had been hastily summoned by the guard, stepped to the edge of the battlements and replied:

"It is not the wish of the Sagun-

tines to treat with the enemy who has forced this cruel war upon them. Return, therefore, to him who sent you."

But Alorcus, unmindful of the threatening faces looking down upon him from above, said, in a voice full of pleading: "I pray you, Edecon, as praetor of this doomed city, and as a man full of years and wisdom, do not send me away without a hearing; for though I bear arms under the Carthaginian I would save Saguntum from his wrath. Admit me I beg of you."

Moved by the earnestness of the appeal, Edecon ordered the guard to open the gate, and as Alorcus entered he said to him: "I grant your request more on account of your being Alorcus than the emissary of Hannibal."

Alorcus surrendered his sword, as was the custom, and made answer: "I thank you, noble Edecon, for doing me this honour."

"None other but yourself would have been allowed to approach these walls. But come, I will conduct you to the senators."

On the way thither Alorcus was confronted by angry people who were hardly restrained from venting upon him their hatred of Hannibal. Warriors and old men incapable of bearing arms, women, and children, assembled from all sides to get a view of this Iberian who did not fear to trust himself in their midst.

Within the city, as without, everything indicated that further resistance was useless. The faces of the soldiers betokened a determination to continue the hopeless struggle while strength remained in them to raise a sword, but with their diminished numbers and shattered defences this would count for little. The small area to which the city had become reduced through the continual rearing of inner walls made it necessary for the inhabitants to huddle together in the houses yet remaining. And even these, which were few in

number, were in some cases almost untenable through being within range of the enemy's catapults. The rocks hurled by these engines frequently crashed through the roofs, causing much destruction and injuring the inmates.

Alorcus viewed the crumbling remains with sorrow, for he had known Saguntum in its glory—a city of noble buildings enclosed by towering fortifications—washed on one side by the clear waters of the Mediterranean, while westward the sun-tinted country rose in gentle tiers towards the blue line of mountains beyond. But war had changed the face of everything, and where the outer wall had once stood the army of the enemy was now assembled. Closer still were the testudines and towers ready to recommence the attack at the order of the general.

Alorcus heeded not the menacing faces about him, nor the women when they jeered at his mission, for even their spirit was unbroken with the abandonment of hope. At last he reached a large open space where the senators had assembled to receive him. There was no attempt at formality and the inhabitants were permitted without rebuke to crowd around while Hannibal's message was delivered.

On the inner edge of the excited throng Alorcus saw Harmodios, her trusting, anxious face shining like a brilliant jewel in the hundreds of others turned towards him. Nicanor regarded him with violent animosity and as he approached cried out: "What brings Alorcus in our midst?"

"The hope of saving the city. I have ever pleaded your cause with Hannibal."

"Whilst fighting against us. What say you to that, most valued friend?"

"I say that my allegiance is due to Hannibal. I swore to support him against all enemies long ere the siege of Saguntum was considered. Much as I feel for this unfortunate city, I would be indeed despicable if I de-

served the man to whom I am bound by oaths and friendship."

Silence followed these daring words. The people looked askance, one at the other, until as if by a signal their speech broke loose in angry tumult. Anyone professing friendship for Hannibal was detestable in their sight, and, but for the restraining presence of the praetor, an attack would surely have been made upon Alorcus.

"You are the bearer of a communication from Hannibal," said the praetor. "Of what nature is it?"

"Hannibal offers you terms for the surrender of your city."

"We have asked for none, but having maintained a valiant struggle for close upon eight months we will give ear to his terms."

Alorcus saw that all expected more than he could offer, but, without hesitation, said: "Hannibal demands that the city be abandoned to him with all its treasures, but he pledges himself to allow all the inhabitants to depart unmolested, each with a change of raiment."

On hearing these words the faces of the men hardened in anger, and all listened eagerly when Nicanor began speaking.

"What greater insult could Hannibal offer us?" he asked. "He promises us our lives and one change of raiment, as though we were humble suppliants instead of a people who have withstood his fierce attacks. And he has felt our force. His warriors we have slain by the hundreds; many of his officers have perished, and he himself has not escaped scatheless. Even now he limps as a result of his wound."

"It is so. Nicanor speaks the truth," shouted several.

"We will never surrender," added another.

Many took up this cry.

Unmindful of the growing wrath of the populace, Alorcus spiritedly retorted: "Hannibal has, as Nicanor says, not escaped scatheless, but his

vengeance does not extend to him who caused his wound."

At this a warrior known as Caturiges stepped forward.

"I care not for the vengeance of the Carthaginian," he announced with no little bravado. "It was my javelin that wounded him. Another time my aim will be more fatal."

The crowd applauded this declaration, the shrill voices of the women rising wildly above the men's. Caturiges was a hero to be honoured.

Meanwhile the senators held a hurried consultation, after which Edecon, the praetor, commanded silence while he delivered the reply to Hannibal's offer.

"The terms you bring from the Carthaginian," said he to Alorcus, "are not acceptable to the Saguntines."

A shout of approval interrupted him. When quiet was restored he continued: "We will not, therefore, consider them further; we even spurn them. If Hannibal would have the city he must take it by force. Such is our answer."

The people emphasized their assent to this defiance and the tumult became deafening. Hannibal's terms had only determined them to fight the more fiercely.

But even then Alorcus raised his voice until he forced a hearing.

"You spurn the terms offered you by Hannibal," said he, "as though it rested with you to choose your fate. You speak without one thought of what your rash words will bring, and in your unreasoning anger you neglect to consider your desperate position. The city cannot withstand the assaults many more days. Perchance to-day will see its downfall. The inner defences which you raised when the outer walls fell are now weakened and in places overwhelmed by the battering rams which stand waiting to resume the attack. Therefore, weigh carefully what you would have me say to Hannibal before you bid me go. It is hard to be compelled to

give up your beloved city," continued Aloreus. with a passionate earnestness which vibrated in his voice, "but much of it is already in the hands of your enemy, and what remains with you is being destroyed before your sight. You are proud, O people of Saguntum; but you must humble yourselves as others have done whom the gods willed should meet defeat. Deserted by Rome, your only hope is to accept the terms of the conqueror, and he offers life to you all. Refuse, and not one man will be spared, while your women will be given over to the victorious warriors for their pleasure. Knowing all this, will you persist in defying Hannibal?"

Some few seemed influenced by these words, no less than by the sincerity of the speaker. Noting this, Nicanor quickly replied: "You plead Hannibal's cause with much fervour and I mistrust your friendship for Saguntum. Only last night you induced my son Alcon to leave the city."

"It is not so," protested Aloreus, "Alcon left the city in the hope of inducing Hannibal to spare it. I accompanied him to the general—that is all."

The populace, at first surprised by the nature of Nicanor's accusation, now turned threateningly upon Aloreus. His denials were as nothing to them. They talked rapidly among themselves.

Amid the confusion Harmodios cried out: "Aloreus speaks the truth—the truth." But none heeded her. She was about to rush forward among the senators to reiterate her words when the praetor again addressed Aloreus.

"If what you say is true why has Alcon not returned to the city with Hannibal's terms?"

"Alas, Edecon, he remains with the Carthaginian because he feared death at the hands of his own people. When Hannibal listened to his entreaties and made reply that he would

grant life to the Saguntines, according to the terms I have already laid before you, the gentle Alcon thereupon declared that his people would surely slay the bearer of such news."

"You were not so wise as he," interrupted Caturiges.

"As Hannibal's ambassador I am entitled to protection, and as the friend of Saguntum I should be granted a respectful hearing. If Alcon truly had cause to fear your wrath it is to the shame of the city, for the terms are not of his making."

"I believe not this tale," cried Nicanor angrily. "If Alcon went to Hannibal to implore mercy for the city he would not have failed to return. He has surely been detained as a hostage while this man comes in the guise of a friend to prevail upon us to surrender."

"A messenger to Hannibal's camp can prove the truth of my words."

"And he would also be detained. No, let Hannibal keep Alcon and do with him whatsoever he will, but I, for one, am unwilling that Aloreus should be allowed to return."

Seeing that danger threatened her lover, Harmodios stepped forward in the midst of the senators.

"You do Aloreus an injustice," said she, as they regarded her with surprise. "He comes here to befriend Saguntum. Alcon remains in the camp of the Carthaginian of his own free will, for ere he departed last night he was filled with fear as to your reception of him when he should come back. Aloreus is here in his place and you threaten him as though you were barbarians."

From maidenly supplication, Harmodios's manner had changed to angry censorship.

Quickly recovering from his surprise, Nicanor pushed his daughter aside and replied: "Women's words do not influence the councils of the Saguntines. My daughter lies to protect her lover. I mistrust him."

"So do I," shouted Caturiges.

"We do all mistrust him," added several.

"He comes to examine our defenses," continued Nicanor.

"Your tongue is coated with lies," replied Alorcus. "My friendship for Saguntum exceeds yours. But you are brave with your insults because I stand unarmed."

Nicanor laughed maliciously.

"I can prove you to be a spy," he said. "Only last night you entered the city by stealth in order to find a weak spot for the enemy to storm."

"That lie is greater than all the others you have uttered."

"Did you enter the city last night?" asked one of the senators of Alorcus.

"I did approach the wall and climb to the top."

"For what purpose?"

Alorcus refused to reply.

"Did I not speak the truth?" shouted Nicanor triumphantly. "This man is a spy. Death to the spy!"

"He is no spy," retorted Harmodios vehemently. "He came to the wall of the city to meet me."

Nicanor uttered a cry of rage and struck her full in the face. But he had hardly done so when Alorcus rushed upon him and hurled him with great violence to the ground.

Instantly Alorcus was seized by several armed warriors who threatened him with death. The crowd surged forward with angry cries ready to tear to pieces this enemy who had dared to lay hands upon a senator.

Harmodios attempted to reach Alorcus's side, but Nicanor, who had scrambled to his feet, held her back.

"Desist or you will but lose your own young life!" he said, and she knew from the expression of his face that he would himself kill her.

Alorcus was quickly bound, but his courage was unshaken as he stood before his persecutors.

"Hannibal shall surely avenge this insult," he cried. "None of you shall escape the wrath of the great chieftain whose forces surround your city.

You have refused his terms with scorn and have laid violent hands upon his ambassador. Saguntum shall be sacked. All the fighting men, yes, and old men, will be killed, and the young women will be handed over to the soldiers. Not one shall escape, save Harmodios."

The anger in his face vanished as his eyes met hers.

"You would reserve her for yourself," retorted Nicanor, "but you will be disappointed. When the city falls the women will be saved from dishonour in a manner befitting the Saguntines, and Harmodios will be of the number. And for yourself, Alorcus, you will witness the sacrifice before you meet your death."

Alorcus paled at this threat. He knew somewhat of the manner in which these people would destroy themselves, rather than fall into the hands of an enemy, and he felt powerless to save Harmodios.

He was conveyed, securely bound, to Nicanor's house and placed in a cell. An armed warrior guarded the door.

III.

When by mid-day Alorcus had not returned to the camp, Hannibal judged that he had been forcibly detained. He thereupon gave orders for the resumption of the attack, and, being informed that the gate on the north side of the city was but poorly defended, he deputed Marharbal to ride thither in haste with a body of cavalry.

Meanwhile the Saguntines were assembling on their walls. As the vineæ and towers advanced they raised a mighty shout of defiance and began hurling missiles almost before the enemy were within range.

Noting the suffering on Alcon's face, Hannibal said to him: "Retire to my tent if you would not witness the destruction of your people, for I shall show them no mercy."

The battle was soon raging fiercely. The Carthaginians fought with

the certainty of victory, while the expectation of defeat did not lessen the ardour of the Saguntines. But they were forced to watch the besiegers pressing closer and yet closer without being able to attempt a sally, for the presence of the opposing force drawn up in line of battle made such a move impossible. And now some few regretted their precipitancy in refusing Hannibal's terms.

The battering rams worked unceasingly. Beneath the protection of the testudines hundreds of brawny warriors, perspiring even in their nakedness, drove the metal heads with irresistible force against the inner walls. The dull pounding rose ominously above the other sounds of battle. Lofty towers filled with armed men and catapults advanced even closer, and, from the several storeys, javelins, arrows, and huge masses of rock were hurled into the city, killing and maiming many. In conjunction with this, the Balearian slingers stationed on the rising ground, poured a deadly hail of pebbles and clay balls into the thinning ranks of the defenders. But a desperate resistance was maintained and the assailants suffered not a little. Ere long, however, several breaches were visible in the walls.

It was Hannibal's plan to make an opening of sufficient magnitude to permit of an advance by his infantry, but while working with this end in view a messenger arrived from Maharbal stating that he had forced an entrance by the gate.

"The end has come at last!" exclaimed Hannibal.

Within the city all was confusion, and when it was known that the Carthaginian cavalry had gained control of the northern gate a panic ensued. Seeing that the end was at hand, the senators and other prominent men retired from the walls and turned their attention to a huge pyre which had been constructed near the citadel. Upon this they were determined to destroy themselves with

their families and other possessions.

Slaves were running hither and thither carrying oil and pitch to their masters, who spread these combustibles thickly upon the pyramids of wood. When it was thus made ready the citizens proceeded to their houses and returned bearing in their arms all kinds of valuables—bracelets, necklets, and baldrics studded with jewels, drinking-cups of pure gold and silver and rich ornaments. Others carried cloaks and wear apparel of the finest texture. So great was the accumulation that it seemed impossible to destroy them before the city would fall.

Harmodios was not ignorant of the horrible death that awaited her. She also knew that Aloreus would witness it ere he shared a similar fate. Her youthful spirit, so full of life and expectation, rebelled against such a sacrifice. Death was repellant to her. If she could only free her lover he might yet save her and himself. This thought recurred to her with such persistency that at last she determined to try and win over the guard. Should he inform on her to Nicanor she would suffer immediate death, but hope was silhouetted against the lurid background of danger.

Hastily leaving the room she betook herself to the door of the prison chamber.

"May I enter?" she asked of the warrior standing there.

"Nicanor's orders cannot be disobeyed," he replied.

Harmodios unfastened her necklace of jewels and offered it to him as a bribe.

"Of what use is that?" he said. "Before night I shall be dead."

"But I can grant you life," exclaimed Harmodios excitedly. "The Carthaginian army is at hand and will soon be in possession of the city. Hannibal will spare none, so great is his wrath against the Saguntines, for the manner in which they have misused his ambassador. Free Aloreus

and your life shall be spared! Now let me pass!" And she advanced towards the door.

But the guard was obdurate. Even life did not appeal very powerfully to him, for, with the fall of the city, he was ready to die.

"Be quick!" cried the girl. "The pyre is completed and my father may return at any time."

"I cannot do what you ask. This Alorcus is a traitor and it is well that he should die."

He turned away, but as he did so she glided after him and drawing a dagger from beneath her cloak buried it with one powerful stroke between his shoulders.

"You scorned life," said she, "so I give you death."

The man fell with a cry of agony, his accoutrements resounding noisily upon the stone floor. Without bestowing a look upon him, Harmodios tore away the barriers against the door and burst into the cell. With the dripping dagger still clasped firmly in her hand she rushed towards Alorcus, who lay in the furthest corner, tightly bound. At first he thought her some crazed creature come to kill him, but when he recognized her his surprise was hardly less than his joy.

"It is I!" she exclaimed. "Harmodios."

"What brought you here?" he asked. "And this blood, what does it mean? Are you wounded?"

"No, no, I slew the guard, so that I might save you," and she proceeded to cut the cords that bound him.

"But we cannot escape," said Alorcus gently. "All the streets are filled with people, and I am unarmed."

He took her blood-stained hand in his and stroked it.

"Hannibal is storming the city," she explained. "If you listen you will hear the rams battering the walls. Many warriors are slain and a part of the force has already entered by the northern gate. The

Saguntines are making ready their holocaust—we must leave here."

Harmodios spoke rapidly but without hesitation. In the midst of her excitement she realized the necessity for concealment in order to escape from her father.

"I have no sword," said Alorcus regretfully.

"The guard's!" she exclaimed and, running to the hallway, she picked up the weapon beside the corpse.

"Now follow me!" she went on, but suddenly she stopped and then hurried back to the side of Alorcus.

Nicanor blocked the way.

"I have arrived in time," said he.

Alorcus met his eyes without hesitation.

"We are one to one," he replied.

"Release my daughter!"

"She stays by my side from choice and I shall not give her to you to be wantonly sacrificed. Stand aside, while we pass! I would leave it to others to kill the father of Harmodios."

For answer Nicanor rushed forward, with sword upraised. The attack was sudden, but Alorcus warded off the blow and retaliated with a thrust that drew blood from below the shoulder. Nicanor dropped his weapon and fled.

"You should not have let him go," said Harmodios. "He will return with armed men and we will be overpowered."

"I spared him because he was your father."

While speaking he changed his sword for the one Nicanor had dropped.

"He would not spare us. He will return, I tell you, and drag me to the fire, as the other citizens are doing with their wives and daughters."

She held Alorcus tightly by the arm and spoke with a vehemence that overwhelmed her self-control.

He looked into the dark depths of her eyes, which burned with a desire to live, and the desire became communicated to him.

"Let us hasten to the tower," said he, "it is better fitted for defence than here."

"You must spare none," she counselled as they climbed the steps. "All who attack us must be killed. I shall assist you with my dagger, and if you fall I shall turn its blade against myself. My body will not burn in the fire."

Aloreat required no further encouragement. Harmodios's boldness had relieved him from captivity, and the hope filled him that he would be able to protect her and himself until Hannibal gained possession of the city. His head was bare and he wore no defensive armour over his tunic, but the sword he carried was a magnificent weapon and he felt confident of being able to beat off a number of assailants.

Standing on their elevated retreat the whole city and its surroundings were revealed to their anxious gaze. The battering-rams had some time earlier demolished portions of the wall at several points and were now withdrawn, while the infantry stormed the newly-made breaches. But it was impossible for the catapults and scorpions to continue operations for fear of the missiles striking the besiegers, many of whom were now within the city.

In every quarter the battle proceeded with unremittant fury. Maharbal and his cavalry continued to advance steadily, their long-swords cutting a way through the defenders, who, knowing that death alone could be their fate, fought without any thought of self. Their reckless daring created no slight loss among their opponents—warriors of many nations, some heavily armed and wearing coats of mail, others naked to the waist, swinging brass-studded clubs.

Those who had earlier in the day been occupied in working the rams and catapults did not wait to clothe themselves, but seizing any weapons they could find hastened in the wake of the regular lines. All were eager

for the blood of the Saguntine warriors, who had withstood them so long, while the spoil that was now almost within their reach was an equally strong incentive. They jostled one another in the mad rush. Some fell wounded by their companions, but none heeded their cries.

Gradually the Saguntines were driven back to the centre of the city, maimed, bleeding, but ever fighting, till overcome by death. Their bodies lay thick upon the ground, but mingled with them were many of Hannibal's soldiers—swarthy Libyans, lithe Iberians, and savage-looking warriors from the wilds of Asturia. Onward forged the victorious mass, trampling alike upon the wounded and dead. And all the while the afternoon sun bathed the sanguinary scene in a golden light that was reflected from the armour and helmets of the combatants, and emblazoned the swords as they rose and fell.

But a more gruesome scene than battle was being enacted at the pyre. The wealth of the city had been gathered together and placed thereon, until its surface was almost hidden by the mass of gold, silver, and ornaments—a gorgeous altar for the sacrifices about to be offered. All the senators and many of the chief citizens stood nearby with their wives and daughters, whose faces seemed the more white in contrast with the black mantles they wore. At a sign from the praetor the wood was ignited. Throughout the multitude came an oppressive silence which was not broken as the hungry flames began to shoot upward with a crackling sound.

No one moved.

"Do not delay!" cried the praetor in a loud voice, "else the Carthaginians will be upon us."

Thus exhorted, an old man stepped forward, accompanied by his wife and daughter. All three mounted the steps leading to the top of the pyre and, without any sign of fear, leaped into the midst of the smoke, which

was now so thick as to hide them almost completely from view. A suffocating scream followed by an ominous silence caused a tremour to run through those watching from below.

Several citizens now advanced, but the women hesitated; some began to weep piteously while begging for delay. But their supplications availed them nothing. One warrior seized his unwilling daughter and rushed with her in his arms up the stairway into the fire. Through a rift in the smoke she could be seen still struggling to free herself from the fatal embrace.

The examples thus set were quickly followed. The restraint that, in the beginning, had possessed the crowd, was now replaced by a maddening enthusiasm which became communicated to all save the younger women. Their terrified yells and beseechings surcharged with tears failed to move the determination of the executioners, who hurled them one after another into the holocaust.

Mothers saw their daughters consumed before their eyes, and then unhesitatingly gave themselves up to a similar fate. The fires raged furiously, and the smell of burning flesh was oppressive. Charred bodies formed a thick layer on top of the burning mass, amid which each fresh victim writhed in agony. The deadly work was carried on without delay, but many still remained awaiting destruction, and the Carthaginians were drawing near.

"Make haste!" shouted the aged praetor, in tones that were heard above the women's shrieks.

Meanwhile Alorcus stood at the head of the stairway awaiting the return of Nicanor. As the time passed he began to hope that he would not come. But Harmodios knew that her father would revenge himself in some unexpected manner, and even the sight of the Carthaginian cavalry now close at hand did not banish the fear that filled her. She crept to the edge of the roof and looked over. Amid the confused mass of men, wo-

men, and children standing around the fire she saw Nicanor, who suddenly snatched a flaming brand and rushed with it towards the house. The people applauded his action, and, as Harmodios stood up in full view of them, they jeered and scoffed, though she could not hear what they said.

"Put up your sword!" said she to Alorcus. "My father has found a means of destroying us that you cannot prevent."

Alorcus hastened to her side, and the Saguntines yelled the louder.

"Escape!" cried Nicanor scoffingly.

Alorcus brandished his sword in defiance, and the crowd jeered the more. But their attention soon reverted to themselves, for it was now evident that the enemy would arrive upon the scene before the sacrifices were completed. Numbers of the Saguntines therefore withdrew themselves with their families to the houses yet remaining in their possession and setting fire to them calmly awaited death.

"All are to die by fire," murmured Harmodios as she crept closer to Alorcus.

"We must escape," he said, "there is a way. The Carthaginian cavalry will soon be here and we can join them."

"But the fire! Already the smoke is becoming thick about us."

"We must fight our way through it. Come, let us descend!"

Harmodios shook her head.

"It cannot be," she replied. "Armed warriors gathered by Nicanor await below to slay us. I saw them but now. We must die, Alorcus," she continued desperately, "but I dread the cruel flames. It would be kind if you would pierce my heart with your sword. Say that you will, Alorcus?"

"No, no, we must escape! I can see Maharbal approaching at the head of his cavalry. The Saguntines are falling before his warriors—the bat-

tle is at an end. Listen, and you can hear the shouts of victory!"

"But we are doomed, Alorcus. The flames will soon reach us. Do not let me burn, I beg of you! Kill me with your sword!" she entreated, her lips close to his.

Alorcus did not answer, but, seizing her by the hand, rushed to the stairway. Volumes of smoke were rolling upwards, but this did not deter him. Harmodios tottered. He tore off his tunic and wound it around her head. Then picking her up in his arms he began the descent.

The smoke was suffocating and blinded him, while the flames singed his hair and skin, but he pushed on. Fire surrounded him on every side and seemed to burn into his eyes: still he did not close them. A faintness began to creep over him; he gasped for breath, and for a moment leaned against the wall, but the contact of the burning wood with his flesh roused him to fresh effort.

He was now at the foot of the stairway, and the street was seen through a curtain of fire. He halted in order to draw his sword, then, burying his face against the almost lifeless form of Harmodios, he pressed forward. Thick smoke clogged his nostrils, flames danced before his vision, the consciousness of an intense burning came to him as he staggered towards life without. As in a dream he saw Maharbal advancing at the head of the Carthaginian troops. Suddenly a warrior loomed up before him—it was Nicanor. Though encumbered with the weight of Harmodios, Alorcus thrust with his sword and the aim was true. But he could not withdraw the weapon and he left it sheathed in the body of his enemy. Then a great faintness seized him and all was darkness. He fell forward almost at the feet of Nicanor.

When he opened his eyes Harmodios was bending over him.





THE PEACE CONFIRMED IN HEAVEN

From an Engraving by Nattier of the original painting by Rubens in the Louvre, Paris. Reproduced by courtesy of M^{lle} Charlotte Lénard.

FOR FATHER GASTINE

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN

IT was the year of the great plague, which began away down in the Missouri and spread rapidly northwards among the Indians of the forest foothills. For Dan Hardwick, the trader, it had been a bad season. He had travelled more than a hundred miles to trade with the Indians of Lost River, and now that he had arrived there it was only to find that the village, like others he had left behind him, had been visited by the plague. All the Indians were gone, leaving their dead behind them.

Hardwick left his team and strolled into the nearest tepee. All manner of rubbish strewed the floor, and the atmosphere of the place was unwholesome. As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he noticed a strange-shaped bundle lying at his feet, and kicked it lightly with the toe of his snowshoe. Thereupon the bundle squirmed and emitted a wail of anguish—unmistakably the cry of a child.

“Jumping Judas!” quoth Dan Hardwick. “They’ve gone and left a papoose!”

He was about to turn on his heel and leave the child to its fate without further investigation when again that weak, plaintive cry stabbed the chilly silence of the tent.

A sudden sense of ownership and pity, which was entirely foreign to his nature, rose up in Hardwick’s heart. He went back to the sled, took his spare parki from under the lashings, and rolled the half-starved baby boy in it. He sat down to think.

It came to this: the kid was his if he cared to take it. Certainly some years must pass before the youngster could be of any use to him, but he could get it fed and fostered cheaply enough at the Holy Cross Jesuit Mission. Hardwick had no partner, and often he was compelled to hire Indian help at four dollars a day, so if he legally adopted the child it might prove a good investment for the future.

A fortnight later Hardwick called at the Holy Cross Mission, and left the Indian child with Father Gastine, together with the sum of five hundred dollars.

“On the strict understanding that the youngster’s mine whenever I come back for him,” he explained. “Reckon it’s up to you mission folk to look after destitute Indian children, but I want to treat you on the square. You can cram as much grub and religion down his throat as you like, and I’ll pay for it.”

Dan Hardwick was a stranger at the mission station in those days. Father Gastine smiled agreement as he took the child in, for he was used to dealing with these rough, outspoken men of the woods, who were kindly and sympathetic at heart.

“Warbush, see here what I’ve got!” shouted the priest, as he closed the mission station door and carried the wide-eyed infant into the reception-room. The priest was no longer a young man, and life out there on the prairie’s edge was at times a lit-

tle monotonous. In response to his call a long-haired Indian, wearing chaparejos and a deerskin shirt, strolled from the kitchen. He looked in black-eyed wonderment at the child, then without a word clapped his hands and screwed his face out of all recognition. The baby laughed gleefully, exposing a row of tiny pearl-like teeth, at which the Indian exclaimed: "Ugh! Coyoteo!" And thereafter the Indian orphan was known by the name of Coyoteo, or Little Coyote.

Warbush had become a Christian Indian some ten years previously. A member of the Blackfoot nation he had fallen a victim to prairie fever, and would have died out on the plains had it not been for Father Gastine. Since then he had lived at the Mission station as kitchen man and dog musher, water-carrier, and bootblack. Father Gastine could have had no more dutiful servant and bodyguard than Warbush. He had attached himself to the priest with that faithfulness and dog-like devotion that the raw savage sometimes will extend towards a man of higher caste.

But now that little Coyoteo was come, Warbush soon began to see that a change had taken place at the mission station so far as he was concerned. Hitherto he had been the priest's sole companion. Of an evening he had squatted himself by the stove, and listened in wide-eyed silence while Father Gastine told of the wonders that existed across the sea; of the railways and street cars; of mighty cities with their pulsing streets and great cathedrals. But now little Coyoteo occupied all the priest's spare moments. He was a weakly little fellow for his age, and had much to learn that he should have known already. And thus, amusing himself with the youngster, Father Gastine often forgot all about the silent figure seated in its old place by the stove.

Not that Warbush bore little Coyoteo any malice—such is not the true Indian's nature. Father Gastine loved

the child; that was enough for him. Father Gastine would teach the boy to read and write; would teach him that above all things he must love and serve God and the white trader who was to be his master in later life; Warbush, when the time came, would instruct the child in the art of woodcraft, and teach him many a lesson of the trails, which those who travel the northland must know.

Once a year Dan Hardwick paid flying visits to the station, and talked in a business-like manner regarding Coyoteo's upbringing. On these occasions he seldom asked to see the child, and such toys as the Indian boy possessed were whittled with infinite pains by Warbush. But Coyoteo grew fit and strong, and was such a happy, joyous little fellow that many a bearded pilgrim of the woods envied Hardwick his possession.

There were stories afloat concerning the trader which, as time passed by, came to the priest's hearing. One spring Hardwick returned from the woods without his partner and on the point of starvation. He told the tale that his partner had died from privation, but some time later a skeleton was found on the river margin by which Hardwick had travelled. In the skull was the mark of a bullet, and one of the fingers of the right hand was crippled.

Was it the skeleton of Hardwick's partner? Men who knew Hardwick fell silent when the question arose. Two men with just enough grub to take one of them back alive, and Hardwick's partner had possessed a crippled finger!

There were tales, too, of a trader who drove his dogs till they left bloody pawmarks in the snow; who was suspected by the Government of trading firewater with the Indians of far-back regions, and whose name stank in the nostrils of the people as that of a bully, a grass snake and a braggart. For such reasons the trader travelled the trails alone, for no one cared to accompany him, waiting

till the Indian child he had adopted was old enough to don a pair of snowshoes.

Small wonder, then, that Father Gastine, of Holy Cross, looked with sad thoughtfulness at the child he had come to love when he heard the crunch of Dan Hardwick's snowshoes outside the mission door.

It was a July evening. Nine years had passed since the day when the white trader brought Coyoteo to the mission station. In the reception-room the Father Superior sat with his gray head between his hands, while at his side Warbush, with many guttural grunts, was teaching Coyoteo the art of making muckluks.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. The priest rose to his feet and opened it. At the threshold stood Hardwick the trader.

There was no need to mention the object of his visit. The priest turned to little Coyoteo and shook his head gravely. "He is too young to accompany you yet," he stated. "Give him another year at least."

Hardwick raised his eyebrows and clinked his way to the stove. It was not difficult to read Father Gastine's thoughts, and the trader's answer was insolent: "That so! I don't ask your advice, Father Gastine. I came here for the boy."

A faint smile of indescribable sadness curved the old priest's lips. "I am aware of that, Mr. Hardwick," he answered quietly, "but you must remember that you have entrusted Coyoteo's upbringing to me. I have nursed him and educated him with infinite pains since his babyhood. I am now an old man, and I never had a child of my own, though had I possessed one I should have loved him no more than I love little Coyoteo. He is nothing to you, but to me he is everything in the world. In consideration of this you will surely allow that I have some right to advise you regarding his future."

The trader stretched out his long

thin legs and scowled at Coyoteo. Father Gastine had drawn the boy to his side and was standing with one arm round him, as though to defend him from some sudden danger that was menacing them both.

"I don't see it," answered Hardwick briefly. "You have been liberally paid for what you have done. You have merely been responsible for the youngster during his babyhood."

The priest rose to his feet, and went across to the safe in the corner of the room. From it he drew a wad of bills, and handed it to Hardwick. "Here is every cent you ever paid me for the boy, with compound interest added," he said triumphantly. "The love of a child cannot be purchased, and all you have done for Coyoteo counts as nothing before Heaven. He is mine, body and soul—my best possession on all God's earth. I would gladly go through life barefooted if I could keep him by me. If you take him from me now you do an unpardonable sin."

Hardwick rose to his feet. He glanced through the wad of bills. Then he let them fall from his fingers to the floor. "No you don't," he answered quickly. "This is an ordinary business transaction, and you don't skin out of it like that. As for the rest—you seem to forget that if it hadn't been for me the boy wouldn't be alive at all."

The Jesuit shook his head slowly. "I do not forget," he answered. "Nine years ago you took pity on a destitute Indian child and brought him here. Sometimes I wish you had never done so."

A sudden flush crept over Hardwick's weather-beaten face. His eyes, so gray as to be almost colourless, fixed the priest with a stony stare. "What do you mean by that?" he inquired with quiet significance.

"I mean," said Father Gastine, "that I would rather little Coyoteo had died out yonder at Lost River than that he should live to become your partner."

Hardwick clenched his fists, but his eyes rested on the ivory crucifix that hung from the priest's neck. He took up his sombrero, and moved towards the door. At the threshold he paused and looked back into the room.

"The boy is legally mine," he said coolly. "I am going to prove it to you, then force you to give him up to me. I shall call again to-morrow evening."

Father Gastine heard the closing of the door, followed by the man's footsteps outside and the rumble of hoofs. Only too well he knew that Hardwick had the law in his favour. He seated himself by the window, and the shadow of one arm of the great white cross in the compound without—that symbol of love and tenderness—fell across his broad shoulders, as his own arm encircled the child at his side.

Little Coyoteo sobbed softly. He knew only that some bitter calamity had befallen the man he loved. Warbush stood back in the shadows, staring, staring, while away across the prairie galloped a single horseman on a gray cayuse, a smile of sinister triumph on his lips.

Once an Indian, always an Indian. Silently, in his cowhide moccasins, Warbush stole out of the room where the old priest was seated. At the threshold he paused, and looked back at Father Gastine with lingering thoughtfulness. He went to his own little room, and from a musty shelf where it had lain forgotten since he became a Christian, he took a rusty muzzle-loader. He donned the clothes he had worn ere Father Gastine clothed him in white man's garments, and with his saddlepack on his arm stole noiselessly out of the house.

All was very still outside. The air was fragrant with the scent of flowers, refreshed by the cool of evening—flowers the Indian himself had planted, to watch their growth with pride and wonder. He stooped, and plucking two of them, laid them on

the stone steps of the station. Between them he laid the mission medal, on one side of which was embossed the head of the great Katharine, and below he wrote some childish message in a childish hand.

An hour later the Blackfoot brave slopped lightly from his cayuse in a hollow of the prairie near to the group of shanties known as Berwick's Camp. Keeping to the hollows he approached a large white building which stood separate from the rest, and by the portico of which was tethered a gray cayuse.

Warbush stood by the open parlour window, a keen, picturesque figure in the evening sunshine, and listened. From the room beyond came the clink of glasses and the sound of men's voices—one louder than the rest, which he recognized.

The Indian half raised the muzzle-loader, and called the trader by name. He waited breathlessly while the sound of footsteps came along the passage; then there was a deep report and silence.

The men ran from the saloon to find the body of Hardwick, shot through the heart, lying beside the parlour door. The bar-tender prodded the inert figure with his toe, and thrust his revolver back into its holster. "Ugh!" he muttered. "There lies the dirtiest skunk that ever sold hootch to a redskin."

That night, when the stars shone out, Warbush drew rein at the crest of a high ridge, and looked down into the valley at the home he had loved so long. There was the great white cross with its sheltering arms outstretched; there upon the lighted window fell the old familiar shadows.

For a minute or so the Indian gazed as though reluctant to ride away. Then he turned his face towards where the aurora shone palely in the sky, and crossing himself reverently he passed on, riding towards the great unsurveyed, where the white man's law is a thing unknown.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WARSAW and Ivangorod have fallen, but victory has been bought by the Germans at a heavy price. For a year, with varying intensity, Russia has had to meet single-handed the combined attacks of the Austro-German armies along the eastern front. The capture of Warsaw after a year of fighting is therefore not much to boast of, particularly when the Russian armies remain intact and capable of still maintaining the offensive. On three previous occasions Field Marshal von Hindenburg struck at the heart of Russian Poland, only to be flung back by the great white bear, lacerated and exhausted. It was only by the concentration of overpowering numbers sufficiently strong to undertake a vast enveloping movement that Warsaw was rendered untenable and the Grand Duke Nicholas forced to straighten his line and shorten his front by withdrawing to the River Bug. Before retiring, the Polish capital and all the adjoining country were stripped by the Russians of everything of military value, and thousands of the civil population and all the public agencies, that ministered to the industrial and social needs of the community were withdrawn from Polish soil. In addition to the tremendous strain of a year's war on this front the German victors must bear the disappointment of unrealized hopes regarding spoils. The net gains to the Germans are increased prestige and the occupation of a

buffer strip of land between Russia and East Prussia.

Russian Poland projects westward to a point only one hundred and eighty miles from Berlin, and is bounded on the north by East Prussia, and on the south by Galicia. East Prussia is marshy country and during the rainy season, as Napoleon found to his cost, liable to become a vast morass. West of this marshy territory is the line of the Vistula, protected by the German fortresses, Thorn, Graudenz, and Danzig. The natural difficulties in the way of a Russian advance are enormous, and not lessened by the defects in railway transport, and the peculiar nature of her communications. Germany has seventeen lines of railway leading to the Russian frontier, which enable her to despatch five hundred troop trains daily to the Russian frontier, and to concentrate in a few days immense numbers of men at any point desired. Russia has five railway lines only to bring up reinforcements and supplies. The same strategic difficulties exist on the southern front. The Carpathian passes are pierced by seven railways, which enable Austria-Hungary to concentrate in a few days over a million men and supplies on the plains of Galicia, where eight railways are available for rushing them to the frontier. As against these Austrian strategic railways Russia has only four lines. Another remarkable fact which has come to light is that while in general the gauge of

Russian railways differs from the German and Austrian, on the Warsaw front the German gauge is in force as far east as the Polish capital. Germany, therefore, was in the advantageous position of being able to run supplies across the frontier without detraining. Russia's peculiar strategic difficulties make it incumbent on her military leaders to find their chief strength in defence rather than in offence. The configuration of the great Eastern Empire of the Czar makes invasion an unprofitable undertaking. But, in the case of Germany, the projection of her defences into Russian territory is her chief safeguard against the invasion of German soil, and the destruction of her internal resources in this industrial region on which, in this campaign, so much depends.

One of the big disappointments for Russia in the fall of Warsaw and the Polish triangle of forts is the surrender of the Polish race to the cruel hoof of the Teuton invader. Just at a time when a commission was sitting in Petrograd drafting a constitution for Poland, the ancient capital—the Jerusalem of the Pole—is once more in an enemy's hands. The salient of Poland projects racially much farther west than the Russo-German frontier, and includes most of the Province of Posen, and a great part of West Prussia. But before Russia could move westward on Posen it was necessary to secure her flanks by the invasion of East Prussia and Galicia. On the other hand, the Germans, remembering Moltke's advice half a century ago, decided to push the Russians back to the line of the Pripet marshes and carve out a new Polish kingdom under a Teuton king, which would be a buffer state between Germany and her powerful Slavic neighbour. There can be little doubt that the Kaiser, whatever his views regarding the Moltke suggestion, hopes to hold Russian Poland as a pawn in the game of diplomacy, and from Warsaw to dictate satisfactory terms

of peace. Already, it is stated, peace overtures have been made by the Kaiser, and rejected. It is equally certain that the Allies will not draw rein in this campaign so long as the Kaiser holds any ace up his sleeve. Germany's surrender must be unconditional. No vestige of diplomatic influence backed by the sword must be left to her.

The magnificent fighting qualities of the Russian armies, and above all the wonderful resource and nimbleness shown in escaping from seemingly impossible positions, mark a wonderful improvement in the Czar's land forces since the war with Japan. Not yet equal to the strain of a campaign with the whole force of Germany alone, the fight put up by the Grand Duke Nicholas against Austria-Hungary and all the available forces of Germany not engaged on the western front has won the admiration of military experts, and must have proved a disagreeable surprise for the German staff. Russia has a long way to go before she carries out her original plan of extending her territory westward to the Danzig-Posen-Cracow line, and as these places are regarded as indispensable to the Teutonic League the fight must be continued until Germany is crushed. The rumours of an early secession of the Russians and the conclusion of a separate peace may be discounted as part of the German campaign to divide the Allies. Russia has given a solemn pledge to continue the fight so long as her Allies are in the field, and any idea of a separate peace is out of the question while German troops remain on Russian territory.

The brilliant conduct of the campaign by the Russian generalissimo has maintained his reputation as a serious student of military science. It is said he is steeped in the military lore of the great Napoleon, whose campaigns still provide textbooks for the armies of the world. The Grand Duke Nicholas is a veritable giant, over six feet seven inches

in height, and absolutely wedded to his profession. He has done more than any other man to carry through the reforms in the army, which defeat at the hands of the Japanese in Manchuria showed to be imperative. Two other members of the Imperial family also had aided in bringing the fighting forces of the Czar to a more efficient standard before the war. The Grand Duke Sergius Mikhailovich is responsible for the high pitch of efficiency of the artillery, while the Russian aerial service owes much to the indefatigable efforts of the Grand Duke Alexander. But it is to the brilliant general staff by which the Russian commander is surrounded that the wonderful achievements of the army must be largely ascribed. These men learned the art of war on the plains of Manchuria. In General Nicholas Yanuschkevitch, chief of the general staff, Russian military men believe they possess a second Moltke, while the half-dozen army commanders under him have for years been preparing for such a war.

Nor can admiration be withheld from Field Marshall von Hindenburg, the German commander on the eastern front. Like the Grand Duke, the brilliant German strategist was a diligent student of war in the eastern theatre. A veteran of the 1870 war, and on the retired list, Hindenburg made the defence of East Prussia his special hobby, while outwardly living the life of a country squire on his Hanover estate. He had spent much of his military life in East Prussia and knew every ditch and morass. When he retired he continued to haunt what he believed might one day be a great battlefield. He carefully surveyed the lakes and marshes and knew just where to find solid ground for the transport of men and guns. Year after year he surveyed and marked his maps and waited for the day. He was instrumental in preventing the drainage of the marshes, and the clearing of the for-

ests, making representations to Berlin that carried weight when a syndicate applied for leave to turn this swampy land into a smiling garden. This wilderness zone, he declared, was worth many army corps and fortresses to Germany in case of war. He carried the day and in the opening battles of the war smote the Russian commander, Samsonov, a smashing blow, in this very region at Tannenberg, Samsonov, two of his corps commanders, and several generals and brigadiers being killed in this disastrous battle, when the Germans captured 80,000 Russian prisoners and hundreds of guns. Since then Hindenburg has been the idol of the German people.

It was well known when war broke out that Russia would not reach her maximum fighting strength for at least a year. Every year Russia has 1,300,000 men who attain to age for military service, but about a third of these only have actually served. It is computed that Russia had seven million trained men when war broke out, but only half of these probably have been equipped for the field. Germany's chief difficulty in the eastern theatre is to maintain against the almost unlimited resources of Russia in men, money, and supplies, a continuous line of resistance between the Baltic and the Carpathians, at the same time defending her western frontiers against invasion. The Russian armies will reorganize for another drive, and when the Grand Duke next strikes he will be in a better position to consolidate his gains. German superiority in guns and supplies, coupled with the same advantages over the Allies in the western zone, seems to have imposed upon Russia during the first year of the war a task beyond her strength. The real test will come when Germany, weakened by the terrific strain of maintaining her fighting efficiency at maximum strength finds her relentless enemies drawing steadily ahead in numbers and military re-

sources. It is a time for determined effort, not for pessimism.

An old prophecy survives among the Poles that through the sufferings of Poland the world will find regeneration. That day should be close at hand, for never in her centuries of anguish and cruel oppression has Poland suffered more the tortures of the damned than in this campaign. But all is not lost. The Poles still retain their inviolable faith in their future destiny and if regeneration comes to the world through this baptism of blood, they and other struggling nationalities must be guaranteed their freedom as self-governing communities.

A final effort is being made by the quadruple entente powers—Britain, France, Russia, and Italy—to bring the neutral Balkan States to declare war against the Teutonic alliance. It is a question largely of terms and it passes the wit of man almost to satisfy their territorial ambitions without running foul of some other equally strong claimant. The Greeks are obsessed, like the Serbs and Italians, by the idea of including their widely-scattered co-nationals within a racial frontier. Almost imperial in its ambitious sweep this "Great Idea," as it is termed, cannot be satisfied in one case without infringing upon the claims and established rights of other nations. The Balkan problem remains a thorn in the side of Europe, and is particularly embarrassing at a moment when the question of the partition of Turkey looms above the political horizon.

The controversy between Great Britain and the United States regarding the blockade of neutral ports reached a definite stage during the first week in August when Sir Edward Grey, on behalf of his Government, sent a reply to the American protest. The position taken up by Britain—that the American objections are unsustainable in point of law and international usage, and that modern conditions of warfare introduced by Germany necessitate some changes in blockade methods in order to make a blockade at all effective—has on the whole been reviewed in a friendly spirit by United States newspapers. *The Outlook* voices the general impression made by Sir Edward Grey's firm and dignified Note when it says: "It is a pleasure to compare the reasonable spirit and law-abiding and law-respecting tone of this communication with Germany's latest exploit on the sea affecting the lives of Americans. . . . Compared with this German practice of shelling and torpedoing merchant vessels, the British practice of detaining vessels on the high seas without any loss of life is inconspicuous." Britain has offered amends for inconvenience to American shippers by suggesting the settlement of disputes by arbitration. Whatever hope Germany once entertained of embroiling the United States and Britain in an angry controversy, or possibly war, has long since passed away. The spirit of the Hundred Years of Peace permeates the diplomatic correspondence between the two great English-speaking nations.



The Library Table

CHRONICLES OF CANADA*

Ten new volumes. Edited by George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

ONE of the ideas suggested by the able and important article by Mr. Clarence Warner in *The Canadian Magazine* for August is that the traditions of a nation are not the least important of its possessions. The national character is in fact moulded by great and inspiring traditions. They are the very source of that national consciousness which begets unity and power and which wins for a country respect abroad and makes it a comfortable dwelling-place for its citizens at home. The

science and the industry which lead to material wealth and social order are but manifestations of unseen forces within. As the home is an extension of the individual, and the nation of the home, and as a man takes pride in his own achievements or in those of his family, and is thereby moved on to greater efforts, so is the nation moved on to higher levels by its traditions—by its past life—by the thoughts and deeds which make up its history. This is why every country maintains at the public charge great establishments for the preservation of annals, such as our Dominion Archives at Ottawa, and considers it well worth while to sustain such bodies as the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the Na-

*“The Founder of New France,” by C. W. Colby; “The Great Fortress,” by William Wood; “The War with the United States,” by William Wood; “The War Chief of the Ottawas,” by Thomas Guthrie Marquis; “Tecumseh,” by Ethel T. Raymond; “The Red River Colony,” by Louis Aubrey Wood; “Pioneers of the Pacific Coast,” by Agnes C. Laut; “The Family Compact,” by W. Stewart Wallace; “The Tribune of Nova Scotia,” by William Lawson Grant; “The Day of Sir John Macdonald,” by Sir Joseph Pope.

The following volumes of the series, published in 1914, were noticed in “The Canadian Magazine” of February: “The Dawn of Canadian History,” by Stephen Leacock; “The Mariner of St. Malo,” by Stephen Leacock; “The Seigneurs of Old Canada,” by William Bennett Munro; “The Great Intendant,” by Thomas Chapais; “The Passing of New France,” by William Wood; “The Winning of Canada,” by William Wood; “The United Empire Loyalists,” by W. Stewart Wallace; “The War Chief of the Six Nations,” by Louis Aubrey Wood; “The Adventurers of England on Hudson Bay,” by Agnes C. Laut; “Pathfinders of the Great Plains,” by Lawrence J. Burpee; “Adventurers of the Far North,” by Stephen Leacock; “All Afloat,” by William Wood.

Of the thirty-two volumes which the series comprises, ten are still to be published, as follows: “The Jesuit Missions,” by T. G. Marquis; “The Fighting Governor,” by C. W. Colby; “The Acadian Exiles,” by A. G. Doughty; “The Father of British Canada,” by William Wood; “The Cariboo Trail,” by Agnes C. Laut; “The ‘Patriotes’ of ’37,” by A. D. DeCelles; “The Winning of Popular Government,” by Archibald MacMechan; “The Fathers of Confederation,” by A. H. U. Colquhoun; “The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier,” by O. D. Skelton; “The Railway Builders,” by O. D. Skelton.

tional Battlefields Commission, etc.

Archives and public collections are, however, only the beginning. Before these can be of any real service they must be followed by literary craftsmen who possess the imaginative power to reproduce the past and make the old heroes live again. There must be publishers, too, to give form to the productions of such writers and scatter them to a multitude of readers. Official records and other sources of information are indispensable. But they are the body only, a body without life. Even more lifeless are the condensed history-books of the school-room. True historical writing is that which brings before us vividly, like a moving picture, the scenes and events of the ages that have passed, and enables us to live in fancy with the men who made the history and to become acquainted with them. And, until books are written and published which do this for us, our history has no meaning. "It is the historian who makes the event," says one writer; "it was Emerson who fired the shot heard round the world." Though this is not literally true, it illustrates an important truth.

Now, Canada is rich in history, rich in the examples of daring and purposeful men, rich in the possession of imperishable and priceless traditions. But have the Canadian people taken these to themselves? Has the epic of Canada yet become a part of the national life? How many Canadians would be found in a day's journey who could tell the story of Halifax, of Louisbourg, of Annapolis, of the St. John River, of Montreal, of Simcoe county, Ontario, of the Red River, of Victoria? How many could give an intelligible account of Iberville, on Hudson Bay, of La Verendrye "the plains across", of Franklin in the Arctic seas, of Mackenzie "from Canada by land", of the United Empire Loyalists? It would be a safe bet,

we imagine, that the history of the Thirty Years' War is better known generally among university professors in Canada than the history of the confederation of the Canadian Dominion, or that the average pupil in the high schools of Ontario knows more of Alexandria than he knows of the early annals of Montreal. Yet, to a Canadian, Montreal is far more important than Alexandria; Confederation is far more important than the Thirty Years' War; the Canadian Pacific Railway is far more important than the Pyramids or the Parthenon. This is not to decry classic learning. But the national lore should be taught first; then, if there is time, we may teach the other.

Fortunately, the means are now provided. Last year publication was completed of the elaborate work edited by Adam Shortt and Arthur G. Doughty, "Canada and Its Provinces," in twenty-two large volumes, a system of scholarly monographs, painstakingly worked out from original documents.† This admirable work is particularly to serve the advanced student and the citizen in search of specific information or sound judgment. Now, following on its heels, comes another series, these "Chronicles of Canada," no less carefully written and edited, but of an entirely different character—of a character, indeed, to illuminate and give meaning to every page of the larger work. The big book is a storehouse of well-digested information; but it seems probable to us that a great many readers will be deprived of its service, for the simple reason that its plan and style presuppose an interest already awakened in the subjects discussed—an interest which we are sorry to believe does not yet prevail to any wide extent. These "Chronicles" are interesting for their own sake, as literature—as well-told tales of adventure and forti-

† This work was the subject of a special article in "The Canadian Magazine" for December, 1914.

tude, of war and statesmanship, and as portrayals of human nature. Books such as these, written of Australia, would be read with interest by Canadians; and these little books, unless we greatly mistake, will in time find their way into every country of the English-speaking world.

It is clear, too, from the volumes already published, that the plan of the series has been carefully worked out, that the narratives are well articulated, so that the successive peaks in the range of Canadian history are shown in a continuous chain. The essential unity of the series will, we believe, be still more evident when the remaining ten volumes are published. Another point which should be mentioned, in view of the avowedly popular character of the series, is that the narratives are not only good reading, correct and vigorous English, but good history as well. It will be found that almost every one contains something new—some incident of the story which cannot be seen elsewhere in print. It is apparent that the greatest care has been exercised for historical accuracy. Some of the volumes are written wholly from original sources. We have been informed by one of the authors that, before he began to tell his story he spent six months of uninterrupted time in preparation, making notes from documents in the Archives.

But while the work has historical unity, it is not to be supposed that a score of writers could be got together whose productions would appear as if all cast in the same mould. This would be neither possible nor desirable. In the ten volumes, by nine different authors, now before us, we find nine varieties of style, for every narrator has his own way of telling a story. For example, Professor Colby tells his in smooth, level, easy-going periods, with many historical allusions and interpretative asides, all very interesting; William Wood's cadences rise and fall like the

waves of the sea; Stewart Wallace has a tone of authority, a vigorous certainty; Miss Laut takes us over the road with the swiftness of a hurricane, meanwhile painting pictures in all the colours of the rainbow. So each of the other writers has his own peculiar characteristic.

If we should be asked to state our preference for any particular volumes in this lot of ten, we should, after some deliberation, pick out three. These would be William Wood's *1812*, Sir Joseph Pope's *Macdonald*, and Professor Grant's *Howe*. But this would be an arbitrary judgment, for all the volumes are good. No doubt many readers will give preference to Louis Wood's "Red River Colony"; others will say that Marquis's *Pontiac* is the best story of the lot; others again will swear by Miss Raymond's "Tecumseh," and so on. By the way, Miss Raymond appears to be the only "dark horse" in the whole list of writers. We are told that she lives in Brantford and is a daughter of the blind postmaster there. We congratulate Brantford on an author who can write a book as good as this "Tecumseh."

It is not our practice in these pages to bestow uncritical eulogy on any book. It may be that our admiration for these little volumes has taken away our critical faculties for the time being. But we find no fault in them. They are well written, well edited, and well published. Noteworthy are the maps and illustrations, particularly the colour drawings made expressly for the series by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. We are glad that the time has come when it is possible to publish such books in Canada.

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RADA

BY ALFRED NOYES. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a one-act drama of the war in Belgium. The time is Christmas Eve, and the place a village that

has been invested by the Germans. The immediate scene is the house of a doctor who has been killed at the front. The occupants are the doctor's widow, her daughter, twelve years old, and an aged lunatic who had come there as a patient. German soldiers take possession of the house, and the play is intended to depict the grossness and brutality that have marked their progress across that ill-fated country.

*

THE LITTLE MAN

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. London: William Heinemann.

THIS is one of the latest of the Galsworthy collections. It contains six satires and fifteen studies of extravagance. But it's worth the trouble of the whole collection, if for nothing more than "The Little Man". "The Little Man" is a play of one act and three scenes. More strictly speaking, it is a comedy; and, more strictly still, it is a satire. In any case, it is brim full of fun. Here in thirty-three pages we have thrown up for us upon three small canvases distinctive idiosyncracies of four nationalities, the German, the Dutch, the English, and the American, with the Little Man unclassified. The first scene is a railway station in an Austrian town; the second, a compartment in a railway carriage; and the third, the platform of another station. The American, of course, has *vurry* much to say. The Dutch youth laughs, but says nothing. The German is tolerably voluble. The English couple try to keep to themselves, but cannot. The Little Man, in helping an over-bundled woman to get into the carriage with her baby, gets in himself, with the baby, but the woman is left behind. The situation is, to say the least, embarrassing, but it gives the American plenty of opportunity to express his views and display his nationality and for the others to express their indignation. At the next

station the mother and child are brought together again on the arrival of the next train. But meantime the party provide the author with plenty of material with which to amuse his readers.

*

POLLYANNA GROWS UP

By ELEANOR H. PORTER. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

POLLPANNA reminds one of Dickens's hostler, who saw no virtue in being jovial while holding his present job. He made up his mind to try grave-digging, because if he could still be happy there would be some virtue in it. And, even as a grown-up, Pollyanna continues to look for everything to be glad about. As an offset to her own temperament she tells about a "Ladies' Aider" in the West, an old woman, one of the kind that really *enjoys* being miserable. "I was perhaps ten years old, and was trying to teach her the game. I reckon I wasn't having good success, and evidently I at last dimly realized the reason, for I said to her triumphantly: "Well, anyhow, you can be glad you've got such a lot of things to make you miserable, for you love to be miserable so well!"

There is a good deal of philosophy in what Pollyanna says, for some persons really do seem to take satisfaction in at least telling about their misery. But Pollyanna has a *penchant* for gladness, and for that her books are widely read.

*

POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN

Translated by Alma Strettell. London, The Bodley Head: John Lane.

THIS is a collection of poems translated and selected from the works of the outstanding poet of Belgium. They are the same as contained in a volume by the same translator published some time ago, with three additions: "The Glory of the Heavens";

"Life", and "Joy". We quote from the first of these three:

Shining in dim transparence, the whole of
infinity lies,
Behind the veils that the finger of radiant
winter weaves;
And down on us falls the foliage of stars
in glittering sheaves,
From out the depths of the forest, the
forest obscure of the skies.

The winged sea with her shadowy floods
as of dappled silk
Speeds, 'neath the golden fires, her pale
immensity o'er;
And diamond-raved, the moonlight, shin-
ing along the shore,
Bathes the brow of the headlands in radi-
ance as soft as milk.

There is an appreciative introduc-
tion.

*

THE OLD SHIPS

By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. London:
The Poetry Bookshop.

IT is astonishing the number of re-
markably cheap volumes of good
poetry that have been issued since the
commencement of the war. Much of
the poetry has been about the war.
Here we have some excellent fancy
from the lamented James Elroy Flec-
ker, done up in an attractive paper
cover, with decorative design, at one
shilling! All we need quote is the
poem that gives title to the collec-
tion:

THE OLD SHIPS

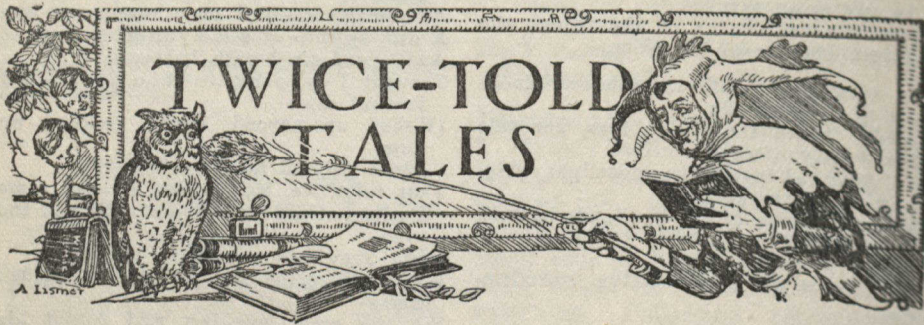
I have seen old ships sail like swans
asleep
Beyond the village which men call Tyre,
With leaden age o'er cargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of
fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy
gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirates Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the
hold,

But now through friendly seas they softly
run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea
green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes
in gold.
But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the
dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but
in that same
(Fished up beyond Aeaëa, patched up
new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the
oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden
horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his
course.

It was so old a ship—who knows—who
knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves
again.

*

—*The Studio* for July contains the
first of a series of articles by D. Croal
Thomson on "The Paris Salon of
Fifty Years Ago". The text, which
will be found extremely interesting,
is illustrated by reproductions, most-
ly of drawings, from the works of
Puvis de Chavannes, E. V. Luminais,
Honoré Daumier, Adolphe Hervier,
J. F. Millet, Jean Louis Hamon,
Theodore Rousseau, Claude Monet,
F. Chaigneau, Sir Edwin Landseer,
J. B. C. Corot, and L. E. Meissonier.
There is a review also of the Royal
Scottish Academy, with reproduc-
tions of paintings by James Pater-
son, John R. Barclay, Sir James
Guthrie, Dorothy Johnstone, Robert
Burns, Gemmell Hutchison, and John
Duncan. There is also a particularly
interesting article on Kendal, with
charming pencil drawings, by
Arthur Tucker.



VERY INDEPENDENT

A Highlander from Tobermory asked the price of a railway ticket from Oban to Killin of the clerk at the Oban railway station. "So much," replied the clerk. "Hoot awa'," replied Donald; "it's far ower dear! I'd rather walk!" and off he started. He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station. "Ye needna whistle for me!" said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae ye can gang on. I'm no comin'."

*

A man in the English Veteran Reserves was called up recently. After a week at his new quarters he was brought up before the officer commanding for not cleaning his rifle one day. Said the officer commanding: "Hem, you're an old soldier re-enlisted, I see. I suppose it will be many years ago since you were reprimanded? What was your last offence? Can you remember what that was?" The old soldier, annoyed on account of the repeated assertions as to his age, replied: "For not cleanin' ma bow an' arrow, sir."—*London Express*.

QUITE A SURPRISE

A builder's man was seen walking with his right arm raised above his head and slightly bent, as if carrying an object of some weight.

"What the dickens are you walking like that for?" asked the puzzled foreman.

"Can't I walk blooming well as I like?" replied the man.

"Yes, perhaps you may; but what about the chap behind?"

Turning, the workman saw his mate standing two yards in the rear holding his arm in precisely the same way.

"Well, I'm blowed, Bill," he said after a moment's reflection, "we've left the blooming ladder behind!"

*

A FINE DISTINCTION

"No, I didn't come up to business yesterday," said the stout man in the corner of the carriage. "The last of my daughters was getting married, so I had to give her away."

"Really? Who was the happy man?" inquired a polite fellow passenger.

"I was," said the parent emphatically.—*Tid-Bits*.

REMONSTRATED WITH

A minister of a rural parish in Scotland found one of his flock shooting a hare on the Sabbath, and remonstrated with him. "Macpherson, do you know what a work of necessity is?"

"I do," replied Macpherson.

"Weel, do you think shooting a hare on Sunday a work of necessity?"

"It is that," replied the parishioner.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, ye see, meenister, it micht nae be oot on Monday."

*

AWAY FROM HOME

An elderly English actor came over to his first American engagement. On landing he started for an English boarding-house uptown, where he had been told he could get English food. He emerged from the pier laden with his hat-box, his umbrella, his grip, and his overcoat, and climbed aboard a horse-car. Just as he was fairly upon the platform the car started and he fell through the open door into the aisle, scattering his goods and chattels in every direction. As he got upon his knees he remarked in a tone of feeling: "There now! I knew I should'nt like this confounded country!"

*

GETTING INTO LINE

David was viewing the wonders of the zoo with his father for the first time. David's mother is an ardent suffragist.

Over the cage of the secretary bird is an inscription which reads:

"The male secretary bird hatches the eggs and rears the young."

David slowly spelled out the inscription and turned inquiringly to his father.

"Is the secretary bird's wife a suffragist, too, pa?" he asked.—*Judge*.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND"

Lord Charles Beresford told in his memoirs the story of an old Irish gamekeeper who always agreed with everything that was said to him. Meeting the old man one day when the wind was blowing a gale, Lord Charles said to him: "It's a fine calm day to-day." "You may well say that, Lord Charles," replied the gamekeeper with hearty acquiescence, "but what little wind there is is terrible strong."

*

GOOD LIFE INSURANCE

Agent: Would you like to look at this lovely set of Dickens?

Umson: No; I never have a bit of luck with books.

Agent: Whaddye mean, luck?

Umson: I bought a set of doctor books last year, and I haven't been sick a day since.—*Judge*.

*

STUCK TO HER

First Crony: I mind the day you was married, William; what a fright you had.

Second Crony: Aye, aye, Jarge; and I've still got 'er.—*The Tatler*.



FATHER AND SON

—McCutcheon in the *Chicago Tribune*

ON THE MEND

An Irishman was chatting with a few friends in the street of an English town when an Englishman coming along shouted to him:

"Hi, Pat, is that yersilf. An' how might ye be?"

Pat turned round with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Very well, thanks," said he. "And how might you be?"

Englishman: "Oh, just about half right."

Pat: "That's good, faith, you're mending, boy," returned he, midst the laughter of the bystanders.

*

ACCURACY DEMANDED

In one of the industrial towns in South Wales a workman met with a serious accident. The doctor was sent for, and came and examined him, had him bandaged and carried home on a stretcher, seemingly unconscious.

After he was put to bed the doctor told his wife to give him sixpenny-worth of brandy when he came to himself. After the doctor had left the wife told the daughter to run and fetch threepennyworth of brandy for her father.

The old chap opened his eyes and said, in a loud voice: "Sixpenn'orth, the doctor said."

*

SERMON ON THE MOUNT

The village tailor only received occasional orders from the vicar for such articles as hats, collars, or handkerchiefs.

"You see," remarked the reverend gentleman, one day, having called with his usual order, "when I want a suit I go to London. They make them there."

Calling again a few weeks later, the vicar remarked that he had not seen the tailor at church lately.

"No," replied the tailor, "when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London. They preach them there."

A CHANGE OF TABLES

A tourist, travelling in the Rocky Mountains, was introduced to an old hunter who claims to have killed no fewer than 400 bears.

"Bill," said the introducer, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bears."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over, and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em.—*Fidits.*

*

DEW, BUT NOT DUE

A young man had a tender passion and took his girl a bunch of violets. "They are beautiful," said the maiden. "And they are so fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet." The young man blushed. "Yes," said he, "there is; but I am going to pay it to-morrow."

*

ALWAYS SOMEONE READY

"Uncle, why did you never marry?"

"I never found a girl who would have me."

"Uncle, somebody's been fooling you. Our sex isn't that particular."
—*Sketch.*

*

A COMPROMISE

It was Sunday, and Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden, when his wife came upon the scene.

"Mon," she said, "you're makin' ower much noise. What'll the neebors say?"

"I dinna care what the neebors say," retorted the busy one. "I must get my barrow mendit."

"Oh, but Donald, it's verra wrang tae hammer on Sawbath," expostulated his guid-wife. "Ye ocht tae use screw-nails!"

THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

BY G. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

DO you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95% of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the

walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time—and the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull, and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumu-

lated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted for—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practise and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 534, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Canadian Magazine.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with

your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Masseur Co., Room 537, 449 Spadina Ave., Toronto, you will receive free on request, a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in The Canadian Magazine.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

A Money-Saving

Bottle A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It *must* be Bovril.



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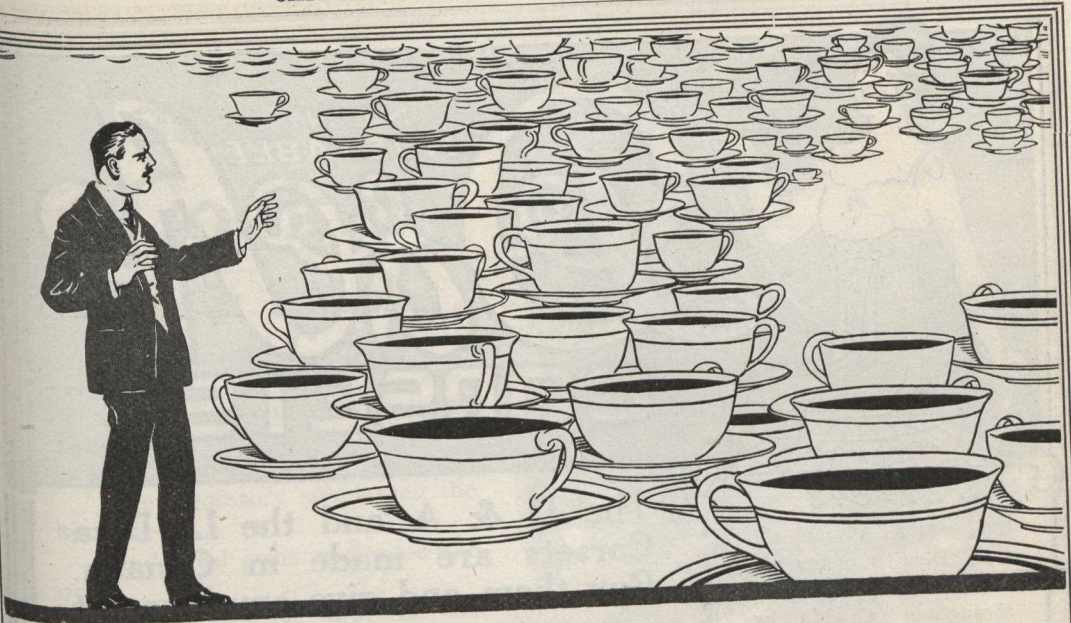
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The word Waltham on a watch dial means that the greatest watch factory in the world vouches for that watch. Its integrity and reliability are guaranteed. If anything ever happens to it, you can look to the manufacturer, no matter where you are or even if the jeweler who sold it to you has gone out of business.

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Some people seem to get along with coffee year after year. Others feel its affects in nervousness, indigestion, heart flutter, biliousness, constipation, etc.

For those who do not appreciate the reason these troubles are upon them, it's a good move to quit coffee and use

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The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

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Modern Cookery

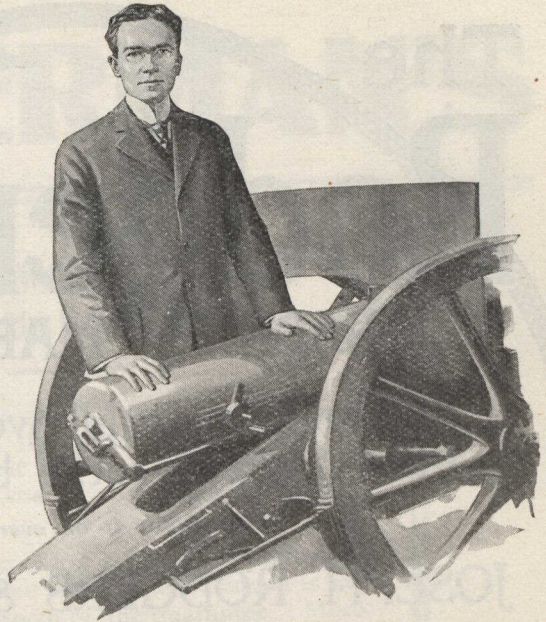
Creates Bubbles Out of Grain

In making Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, the chef was displaced by the scientist—

The laboratory supplanted the kitchen—

And steel guns succeeded the oven.

It seems queer. But the fact is that grain was never perfectly cooked before this heroic process.



Billions of Explosions

The scientist was Prof. A. P. Anderson.

He found in each grain a hundred million food cells. All had to be broken for easy digestion. He found in each cell a trifle of moisture. And he said, "I'll turn that moisture to steam and explode it."

And he did. He sealed up the grains in steel guns. He rolled those guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat. Then he shot the guns, and every food cell exploded.

The grains were puffed to eight times normal size. They came out airy bubbles, flaky, thin and crisp. And every food atom, as never before, was fitted for complete digestion.

That was the climax in cookery.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These grains in other forms will partially digest. But never before were whole grains supplied with every food cell broken. Nor were whole grains ever made so enticing.

As morning cereals they taste like toasted nuts. In bowls of milk they float like bubbles. In candy making or as garnish for ice cream they take the place of nut meats. Eaten dry they become confections. And they never tax the stomach.

More and more, folks are serving their grain foods in this ideal form—as Puffed Grains.

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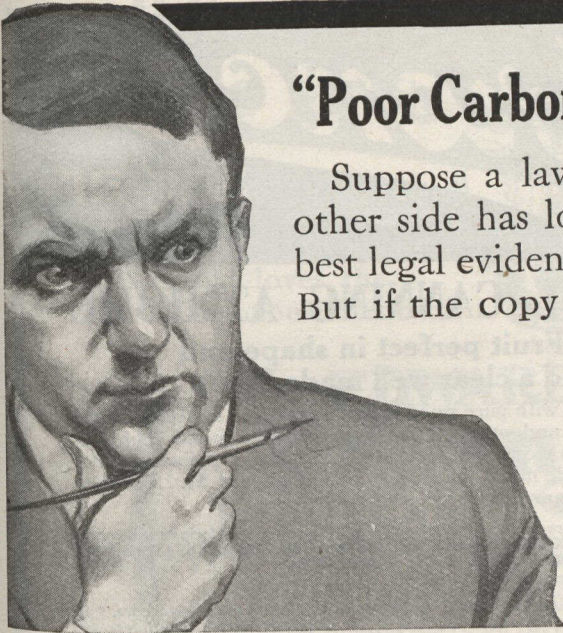
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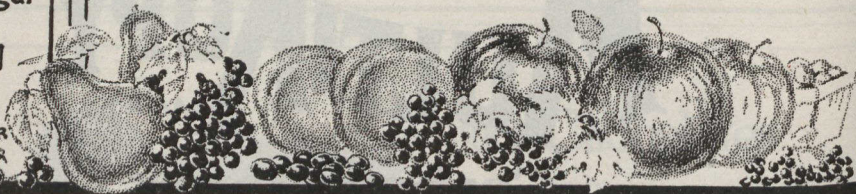
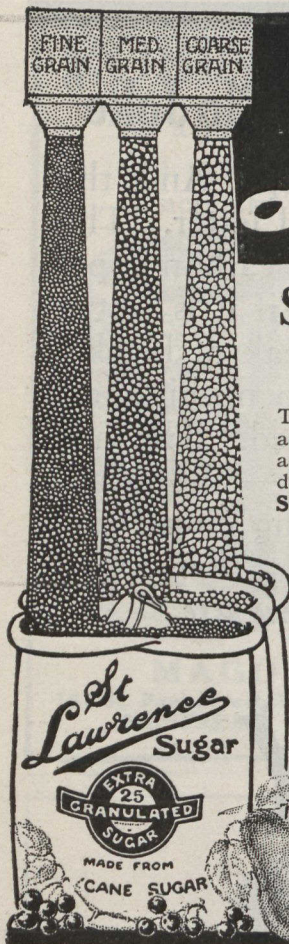
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Absolutely no alcohol or other ingredients are added.

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ALL DRUGGISTS



It's good for
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too

Everybody — young
and old loves the
rich delicious flavor of



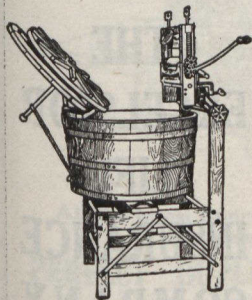
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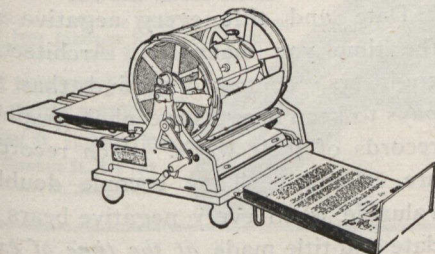
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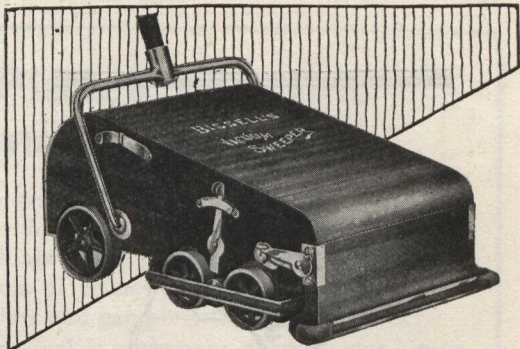
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and you will not be disappointed in the selection of your vacuum cleaner. The splendid new BISSELL'S VACUUM "SWEEPER" and "CLEANER," now ready to make cleaning easier for you, are backed by the whole reputation of the BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER. They are light and smooth running, with sufficient power to really clean. Original construction has abolished the inconveniences encountered in many machines. With a BISSELL, "cleaning out" is simplicity itself—you can dump the dust without even soiling the hands.

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Made in
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Between you and the criminal there is but one certain barrier—your own readiness to defend yourself and your family against felonious aggression. In the

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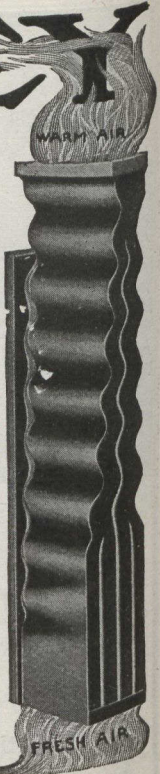
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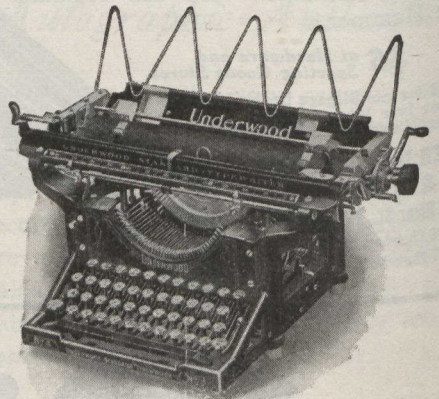
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She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

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Widely regarded as an indispensable aid to beauty and comfort. Its sprightly fragrance is acceptable to the most discriminating taste, and its delightful, refreshing effect best attained when it is added to the bath. : : : :

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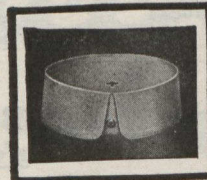
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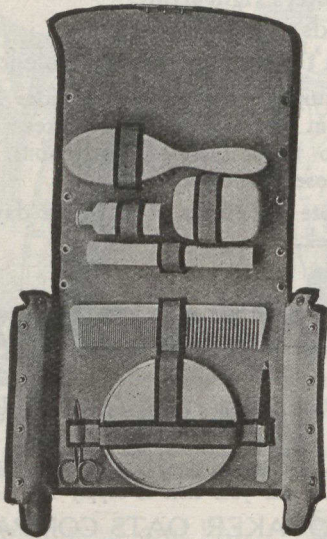
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Roofing
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Quality.” Trying to save money by purchasing cheap roofing is pennywise foolishness.

Certain-teed

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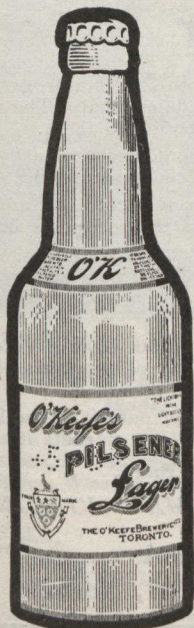
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O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

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CALIFORNIA - 1915

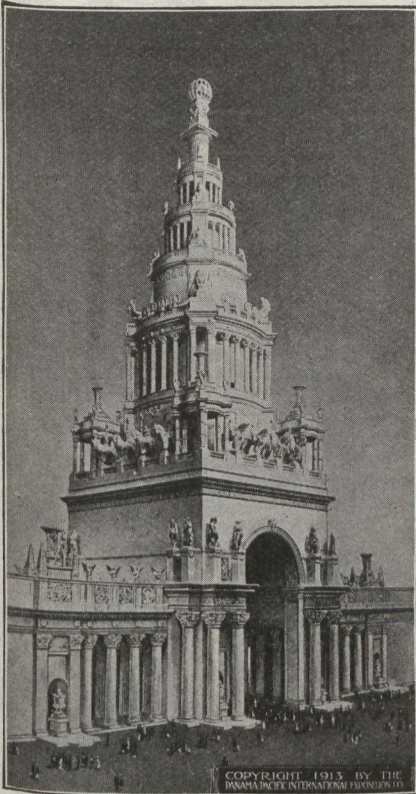
PANAMA EXPOSITIONS

SAN FRANCISCO

Feb. 20th to Dec. 4th, 1915

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French River
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- Mr. Huntley Drummond, "
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- Mrs. Dobell, Quebec
- Major W. Napier Keefer, Toronto
- Ladies' Patriotic League, Bracebridge
- Masonic Order, Calgary
- Women's Institute of New Brunswick, Fredericton
- Hamilton Automobile Club, (Presented to Dr. Rennie for Base Hospital, Shorncliffe, England.)
- Masonic Order, Hamilton, District No. 8, to the Hamilton Red Cross Society. (Two ambulances.)
- Stanley Mills, Hamilton, (Through Red Cross Society to Dr. Rennie, for Base Hospital, at Shorncliffe, Eng.)
- McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Oshawa
- Bell Telephone Operators, Toronto
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One Each.

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General Ryerson, Head of the Canadian Red Cross Society recently stated that: "No more useful donation could be made than a Motor Ambulance to carry the Canadian wounded."

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They are equipped to carry three days' rations, a full supply of bandages—medical supplies—medicines—thermos bottles, etc.—motor tools and extra equipment, also the rifles and kits of the wounded.

The Ambulances are painted the regular service green with the standard Red Cross lettering.

These are being made at a special price, \$1575, boxed ready for shipment, f.o.b. Oshawa.

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Every garment fits the curves of the body.

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Old Dutch

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both Body and Brain to highest
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