OCTOBER, 1913

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO


MOONEY'S
SUGAR
WAFERS
MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS
MOONEY'S
SUGAR WAFERS
are
two spicy layers
of Crisp biscuit
Crusts, with a delicious
Cream filling.
Suitable for all
occasions. In tin
boxes, 10c and
25c sizes.
ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Face Charm

The outline of the features does not in itself constitute the chief charm of a face. It is the 'something more' that is made up of expression, grace, color and complexion, that gives the true distinctive note.

The tone of the face is almost exclusively a matter of the complexion; and it is in the cult of the complexion that

Pears' Soap

holds the position of pre-eminence in every part of the world. It has done more for the spread of face charm than any other known agent.

The most celebrated beauties of the last hundred and twenty years have testified to its matchless power in preserving and improving the complexion, and the skin specialists have said the same.

The charm of a beautiful complexion is the natural result of the use of Pears which surpasses all other soaps in skin-beautifying properties and economy.

The Great English Complexion Soap

The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLI Contents, October, 1913 No. 6

$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.

Hotel Cecil
LONDON

Interesting Facts about the World's Greatest Hotel

THIS mammoth hotel—easily the largest in Europe—stands on 2½ acres of ground.

Its tastefully furnished and quietly situated bedrooms can accommodate 850 guests. The bathrooms number 400, and altogether there are over 1,200 apartments of various kinds.

The public restaurants are among the finest in the world, and the Banqueting Halls can seat 2,500 persons.

The CECIL is independent of municipal water supply, having its own wells, sunk 450 ft., from which, with its own hydraulic machinery, it obtains the purest water in London.

This wonderful hotel makes its own ice, its refrigerating machinery yielding an output of some 6 tons daily. At times of ice-famine, by no means rare in London, it is therefore always independent of outside sources for the supply of this very necessary luxury.

The CECIL has its own electric light plant—the largest private installation in Europe. The hotel is therefore independent of the public supply.

The CECIL maintains, on the premises, its own laundry, employing a laundry staff of some 80 persons. Guests can give out their linen over-night, and have it got up ready for donning in the morning. This laundry is responsible for some 80,000 pieces per week.

The great kitchens which cater for the large population of this small town require a staff of 120,—in the persons of bakers, pastrycooks, butchers, cooks, etc.

The magnificent new Palm Court, a lofty and noble hall, has recently been built on the site of the old Courtyard in the Strand. This is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, and accommodates guests to the number of 600. A skilled orchestra performs afternoon and evening, and refreshments of a light nature are served, thus constituting the Cecil Palm Court the most refreshing and delightful lounge in London.

There is a floor at the Cecil known as the Indian Floor. The Smoking Room, American Bar and Grill Room are all daintily decorated in pure Indian style, and these apartments offer a peculiar sense of Eastern luxury and restfulness to the tired visitor sated with the fatiguing ardours of "doing" London.

A notable feature of the world's greatest hotel is its tariff. This is no more expensive than the tariffs of lesser establishments. Meals in the charming Empire Restaurants can be had at PRIX-FIXE, and single bedrooms or the most elaborate suite are available at modest tariffs.

Ask at the Travel Bureau of this Magazine for copy of the Hotel Cecil Booklet. This shows, by text and illustration, some of the luxuries of the Hotel's interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information that will be found very useful to the intending visitor to London.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU
TORONTO, CANADA

THE NOVEMBER CANADIAN

¶ THE GLORY OF THE SHANNON. In this article Professor Archibald MacMechan gives a vivid account of the naval engagement, during the War of 1812-13, in which the British ship the Shannon captured the American ship the Chesapeake and took it into Halifax harbor. There are excellent illustrations from early prints.

¶ TECUMSEH: THE CLIMAX OF THE INDIAN TRAGEDY. This is a fine study by William Edward Park of the rise of Tecumseh to leadership, of his heroic attempt to establish a confederacy of the Indian tribes of North America, his failure and his tragic end at the Battle of Moraviantown.

¶ ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER. This is the first of a most engaging series of sketches by Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) of travel and experiences in the country lying between Edmonton and Lesser Slave Lake. Mrs. Murphy is the author of "Janey Canuck in the West," "Open Trails," Etc. and is a writer of unusual brilliance and charm.

¶ THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL. Everyone who reads in the October issue Mr. Cooke's enlivening sketch of the journey by rail across Canada westward to the prairies, will be eager to cross the prairies in the next issue, climb the Rockies and take the long sweep down to the Pacific. There will be a further selection of artistic decorations by Mr. Macdonald.

¶ THE DIVORCE COURT IN CANADA. The laws in Canada regulating divorce are not the same in the several Provinces. Just wherein the differences lie and how the laws operate in the Provinces, Mr. J. Sedgwick Cowper thoroughly explains in this paper.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS POST PAID.

40 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

"Old Country" Costume Fabrics, Suitings and Over-Coatings for Fall and Winter.

EGERTON BURNETT Ltd's policy is, and has been for many years, to supply Ladies and Gentlemen with Clothing Fabrics of really good quality that will give satisfaction in wear and appearance.

Their Fabrics are renowned for Excellence of Quality and Refinement of Style and Colouring, and are worn by the Royalty of Europe and Ladies and Gentlemen of high social distinction in many parts of the world.

By Appointment to H.M. the Queen.

A choice collection of Samples representing a variety of fashionable Costume Tweeds, Woollen Dress Fabrics, Waist Materials, Silks, English, Irish and Scotch Tweed Suitings, Trouserings and Over-Coatings, will be mailed POSTAGE PAID to any address in the Dominion, on request.

FLANNELS, "SHRINKNAUGHTS", WINCEYS, YIYELLAS, for Underclothing, Pyjamas and Night Attire.

27 Royal Warrants.

High Class, Made to Measure Tailoring.

Walking Costumes, Dresses, Waists, Maternity Skirts, Riding Habits, Ride-Astride Skirts, Gymnasium Dresses, Travelling Coats, Suits, Overcoats, Etc., are made to measure by an expert staff under superior hygienic conditions and with much acknowledged satisfaction to patrons in fit, style and workmanship.

A PROOF OF EFFICIENCY.

J. P., Esq., wrote:—"The suit ordered from you has just come to hand and I am pleased to say gives entire satisfaction both as to quality and workmanship."—Pictou, Nova Scotia.

Will you give us a trial order.

THE CLOTHING FABRICS

Egerton Burnett's Royal E.B. Serges REG'D

OF WORLD-WIDE REPUTE.

E. B. Ltd's "Royal" Serges are mauufactured from Pure Wools of superior quality, without cotton or shoddy, and are especially suitable for Fall and Winter Costumes and Suits because they possess those inherent warmth-retaining properties so essential for comfort and protection.

They are supplied in Navy Blue (rich permanent colour), Black, Grey, Cream and Fancy Shades, in fine and coarse makes, plain twills and fancy weaves, at prices from 49 cts. to $3.30 per yard, double width.

Costumes as illustration *made to measure* in the "Holford" Coating—a new fashionable diagonal twill fabric in various choice colors, for $14.75. Also in "Royal" Navy Serges, from $14.00.

Samples Mailed Post Paid

to any address, upon request, with Price Lists of made to measure Clothing for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, Style Plates, Measurement Blanks, Etc.

Suits *made to measure* as illustration in smart Fall Tweeds, plain colours or fancy designs, light or dark patterns, from $10.85. Also in "Royal" Navy Serge Coatings, from $10.35.

ADDRESS:— EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,

R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England.

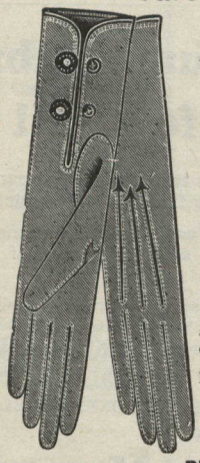
The London Glove Company's Gloves.

Unequalled for Quality, Style, Finish and Value.

Mail Orders Carefuliy Executed.

REAL GAZELLE

Ladies' Real Gazelle Gloves, good wearing, in Tan, Beaver, Grey Shades or Black, Pique Sewn, 2 press buttons.
71 cents per pair.
Men's ditto, in Tan or Grey, 1 press button.
85 cents per pair.



The BLENHEIM Tan Cape

Best quality Cape Gloves British made in White, Tan, Oak, Grey or Black; Spear Points, Prix-Seam Sewn, 2 Press Buttons, as illustration, 91 cents per pair.

BUCKSKIN FINISH

The "Canadian" Ladies' Buckskin Finish Gloves, excellent wearing, in Tan or Grey, Prix-seam Sewn, 3 buttons, 95 cents per pair.

Ditto in White, washable. 91 cents per pair.
Men's ditto, in Tan or Grey, 1 Press Button. 95 cents per pair.

REAL KID GLOVES

Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in Black, White and all colours.
The "Claretie," 3 buttons.
61 cents per pair.
The "Lebon," Real Kid, 4 buttons.
73 cents per pair.
The "Bon Ami" Pique Sewn Strong Real Kid Gloves, in Tans, Browns, Beavers, Greys and Black, 3 rows Self-Braid Points, 2 Large Pearl Buttons. 69 cents per pair.

LADIES' SUEDE GLOVES

The "Royal" Ladies' French Suede Gloves, in Black, White and all Colours. 3 Buttons 71 cents, 4 Buttons. 79 cents per pair.

Ladies' Stainless Black Suede Gloves, 3 Buttons, the most perfect Black Suede Glove made, 91 cents per pair.

REAL REINDEER

Ladies' Best Quality Real Reindeer Gloves, in Tan, Grey or Black, Imperial Points, 3 Buttons. $2.17 per pair.
Men's ditto, in Dark Tan or Grey, 2 Buttons. $2.17 per pair.

The "Hestia" Ladies' Strong French Suede Gloves, Pique Sewn in all Colours, and Black, with Self Points, also Grey with Black, or Black with White Points, 3 Press Buttons. 71 cents per pair.

LONG GLOVES

The "Operetta" Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, in White, Cream or Black.
8-Button Length Mousquetaire. 79 cents per pair.
12-Button Length Mousquetaire. 95 cents per pair.
16-Button Length Mousquetaire. $1.34 per pair.
20-Button Length Mousquetaire. $1.69 per pair.

The "Empress" Ladies' Superior Quality French Suede Gloves, in Black, White and all Evening Shades.
12-Button Length Mousquetaire, $1.03 per pair.
16-Button Length Mousquetaire, $1.28 " "
20-Button Length Mousquetaire, $1.52 " "

No. 433—Scotch Wool Gauntlet Gloves, in White, Greys and Lovat Greens.
45 cents per pair.

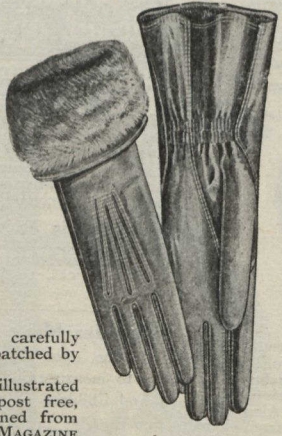
Ladies' Fine Chevrette, in Brown or Grey, deep Fur Tops, half Fur lined, 1 Press Button $1.20 per pair.

MEN'S GLOVES

Brown or Tan Chevrette Gloves, Imperial Points, Lined Fur throughout. 1 Press Button. $1.10 per pair.

Strong Tan Cape, Lined Fur throughout, Prix-seam sewn. Spear Points, 1 Press button. $1.58 per pair.

Men's Buckskin, in Tan or Grey, Lined Squirrel Fur, Prix-seam Sewn, 1 Press Button. $2.80 per pair.



Ladies' Superior Quality Chevrette, lined Fur throughout, Elastic Gusset Wrist, as illustration, in Brown or Black. $1.83 per pair.

Ladies' "Buckskin," in Tan or Grey, lined Fur throughout, Pique Sewn, Gusset Wrist Strap and Press Button. $2.56 per pair.

Ladies' Buckskin Gloves, Tan or Grey, lined with Grey Squirrel Fur, Elastic Gusset Wrist, as illustration. $2.80 per pair.

Mail Orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.
A detailed and illustrated Price List sent post free, or may be obtained from the CANADIAN MAGAZINE Office, Toronto, or will be sent post free from England.

Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, General Post Office, London, England.

Address all Orders **The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.**

ROYAL VINOLIA

TOOTH PASTE

TOOTH POWDER

FLUID DENTIFRICE

TALCUM POWDER

25c. Each

At all Druggists

THE ROYAL VINOLIA TOILET PREPARATIONS present a new and still higher standard of quality, the highest attainable standard of purity and the best resources in the world in the production of the Finest Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations that the world has known.

ROYAL VINOLIA SOAP
A Pure White Soap
15 cents a cake

137

A FOREWORD

THE VANCOUVER WORLD says that "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is steadily attaining a standard that is placing it in a high position among the magazines of the continent and reflecting credit on the national taste and literary attainment." That estimate seems not too generous, judging at least by the present number. Mr. Hammond, who contributes the first article, has had in the course of his travels as a member of THE GLOBE (Toronto) staff, exceptional opportunities for observing national tendencies, and to the subject in hand he has devoted a great deal of time and research. Mr. Cooke, whose inspiring Essay on Travel is a feature of the number, is a Toronto Journalist who wields a colourful and sensitive pen. Mr. Macdonald, who made the decorations, is one of the most versatile artists we have. He is an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. Mr. J. H. Haslam has just returned from a trip abroad, in the interests of agriculture in Saskatchewan, and he may be regarded as an authority on the subject of agricultural credits. Dr. J. M. Harper is a well-known litterateur of Quebec city. With other contributions, by Charles G. D. Roberts, Pauline Johnson, J. C. Boylen, Dr. Workman and Jean N. McIlwraith, this number should be read with unusual interest.

The Secret of Beauty

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

Obtainable from all Stores & Chemists

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

One packet of any of the eleven varieties makes a quart of rich, nourishing, and wholesome soup.

The flavours are distinctive and delightful. Let any home-cook try these fine soups—just once!

Mulligatawny, Green Pea, Lentil, Pea, Celery, Onion, Ox Tail, Scotch Broth, Tomato, White Vegetable, Mock Turtle.

Easy to prepare—put the contents of packet into water—stir—boil—serve.

Canadian Agents:—

Messrs. F. E. ROBSON & CO., Ltd.
26 Front Street East - Toronto

'Camp' is a real refresher.

A cup of 'Camp' in the middle of the morning's housework makes a wonderful difference.

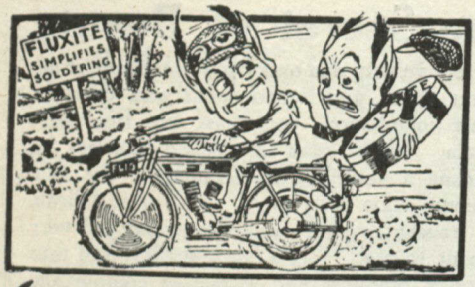
A minute to make—just 'Camp,' boiling water, sugar, milk—and you are ready, refreshed, to start again.

'Camp' Coffee is delicious!

'CAMP' COFFEE

Get a bottle to-day.

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd
Coffee Specialists,
Glasgow



The Special Speed
In his delight,
Sound is his steed,
Thanks to Fluxite.

Solid, sound soldering is easily done with

FLUXITE

the paste flux that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

AND LEAD-JOINTING.

With a little Fluxite the solder grips like magic even on dirty metals. BOTH Amateurs and Mechanics use it in all parts of the world.

Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large tins.

THE "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Sample Set, post paid direct $1.32.

Auto-Controller Co., 266 Vienna Rd., Bermondsey, England.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

Assets ..... $ 2,842,654.08
Insurance in Force $15,000,000.00

Security and Profit are what intending insurers desire, both obtained under "Excelsior" policies which also contain the "Last Word" in liberal features.

The Reason the Company has been able to pay satisfactory profits is because it has been continuously foremost in those features from which profits are derived.

In 1911
Interest Earnings 7.33 per cent.
Death Rate 34 per cent of expected.
Expenses decreased 2.50 per cent.

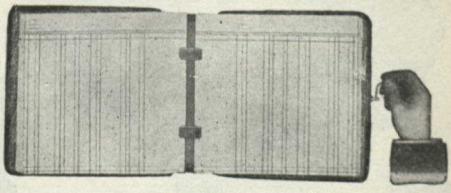
Agents Wanted: to give either entire or spare time.

E. MARSHALL, *General Manager*

D. FASKEN, *President.*

Kalamazoo Point Number Five.

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is easy to operate



The "KALAMAZOO" Binder will do everything that any other binder will do and do them better.

It is constructed and operated on an entirely different principle from all other binders. - - - -

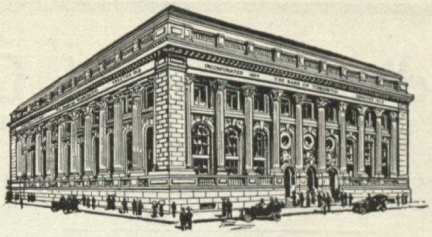
It is the only binder that does not require to be "padded" to a certain thickness in order to be workable.

Sheets are inserted and removed in the "Kalamazoo" binder just as easily as in any other, and the wide, flat holes which fit over the thongs ensure perfect alignment. In addition to this, the unique construction of the binder permits of straightening the sheets into perfect order before locking if they should work out of position while in use. - - -

The "Kalamazoo" binder is recommended highly by scores of users throughout the country. - - -

Write for Booklet "C.M." and examine this before deciding on a Loose Leaf Binder.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account Book Makers
King & Spadina
Toronto



The Safest of All Small Investments

is a Savings Account with the BANK OF TORONTO. Interest is paid with unfailing regularity every half year, while the strength and resources of this Bank are a guarantee of the safety of the money invested.

The Most Convenient of all Small Investments

The BANK OF TORONTO will accept deposits of $1.00 and upwards. A pass-book showing the amount of your balance will be given you when you make the first deposit. You have then a Bank Account to which you can add or from which you withdraw at any time

Accounts may be opened in the name of two persons either of whom may deposit or withdraw money.

INCORPORATED 1855

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Paid-up Capital	**$ 5,000,000**
Reserved Funds	**6,176,578**
Assets	**58,000,000**
Deposits	**41,000,000**

Young housekeepers with a strong desire for cleanliness sometimes buy several kinds of cleansers.

Experienced housekeepers find they can economize by using only Sapolio.

You will find that one cake of Sapolio solves an amazing number of cleaning problems.

Sapolio quickly removes grease and grime from enamel ware — also floors, tables and shelves.
—That's cleaning

Sapolio rapidly takes off stains, tarnish and rust spots from kitchen cutlery.
—That's scouring

Sapolio gives a brilliant glitter to all tinware, faucets and shineable cooking utensils.
—That's polishing

Housekeepers who want one economical helper which will serve three purposes—cleaning, scouring and polishing—use Sapolio. It cannot waste.

Silver wrapper—blue band

FREE TOY for the CHILDREN

On request, we will mail a Spotless Town Cut-Out for children. It consists of the Spotless Town background, 8¼ inches long, and nine Spotless Town characters in color, which cut out to stand as placed in front of the Town. This makes a very attractive miniature town for the playroom.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company *Sole Manufacturers* New York City

A NIGHT TRAIN IN THE NORTHLAND

Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald for "The Spirit of Travel"

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLI TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1913 No. 6

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

A CONTRAST IN OPINIONS AND BACKGROUNDS

BY M. O. HAMMOND

IT has long been the desire of idealists that Ontario and Quebec should live in understanding and concord. It has long been the fruit of race conditions and of agitators' labours that that they have lived in misunderstanding and mistrust. Ontario people look with loving eyes to kinsmen in the West; they even bridge the long span and speak affectionately of the people down by the sea. When it comes to Quebec, language and creed drop a veil between and darkness and non-intercourse reigns.

When Henri Bourassa and Armand Lavergne were in the House of Commons, at the zenith of their political power, they and the Orangemen from Ontario constantly snarled across the floor. "The Orangiste," the Nationalists would sneer at Dr. Sproule. The present Speaker of the House was not adapted for verbal melees, but brother Orangemen readily supplied counter imprecations. These crossfirings were usually good-natured, but they unfortunately reflected an undercurrent of opinion. This reached its highest fever in the clerical organs of Quebec and in *The Orange Sentinel* of Ontario.

Many years ago a young Englishman, now in the service of the Government at Ottawa, arrived in Canada, fresh and raw, but vigorous and stubborn. On the day he reached Montreal his first spectacle was a Corpus Christi procession. As the Host passed, thousands of reverent Catholics knelt on the ground, a spectacle which has ever been a puzzle to the ultra-Protestant mind. The newcomer, of course, did not kneel, nor remove his hat. A zealous Catholic knocked his hat off. The fight began at that point and was quite a counter-attraction for a few minutes. The newcomer happened to be an Orangeman, and was as tenacious of his prejudices as were the men who could see only sacrilege or worse in one who had no respect for such a venerable Catholic rite. The creed hatreds that brought riotous accompaniments of such processions in Montreal and Toronto years ago belonged to an era less tolerant

than the present. Catholics were encouraged to hate Protestants, while Protestants gloried in the alleged rottenness exposed by such travelling mischief-breeders as Father Chiniquy.

It is not too much to say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been the greatest indirect means of modifying the hatreds between the two Provinces. It is true that he has suffered at the hands of Ontario because he is a French-Canadian. He has never quite reached the heart even of Ontario Liberalism, influenced as it has been by the prejudices spread industriously by ultra-Protestant Conservatives. During the 1900 election the hue and cry throughout Ontario by Laurier's enemies was, "A Vote for Laurier is a Vote for Tarte," meaning thereby that it was a concession to the very hierarchy itself. Needless to say, Laurier has not won many Conservative votes in Ontario, though many Orangemen failed to support the Conservatives on the school issue in 1896.

At the same time, Laurier has measurably raised the tone of inter-provincial relations; he has lessened the prejudices of by-gone days. By sheer gifts of oratory and leadership he has compelled admiration among his foes. "Vote for a Frenchman—never," used to be the cry. "Vote for Laurier—no," is the present modified version. The antipathy formerly was based on race and creed; now it is based more largely on politics. Even the Toronto which chased William O'Brien, the Irish Catholic leader, now tolerates Catholic processions, and the other day paused in admiration while thousands of devout members of the Holy Name Societies passed through its streets. Ontario members of Parliament at Ottawa mingle with the men from Quebec and find they are much the same as themselves. The Quebec man usually knows the Ontario man's language and converses on home interests, while the Ontario man happily whiles an hour away from duty joining in some of the weird but fascinating *chansons* which the Quebec man has inherited for generations. Even Dr. Sproule, as Speaker of the House, has undertaken to learn French, and though his pronunciation may be trying to the French-Canadians, it is an honest effort for efficiency in a public duty.

These preliminary observations lead us to a consideration of the essential differences between Ontario and Quebec. Are the two Provinces elementally and irreconcilably opposed to each other? Is one to be forever the exponent of prejudice and progress and the other the expression of conservatism and darkness, according to the point of view?

The differences have causes based on the history as well as on the prevailing creeds of the respective Provinces. When a French-Canadian claims that his is the real Canadian race he excites resentment, but he is more than half right. The French-Canadians of to-day, numbering more than two millions, are the descendants, with a very rare exception, of the sixty thousand French people on the banks of the St. Lawrence at the time of the British Conquest in 1763. There has been no immigration from France since then except an occasional priest, journalist, physician, or other professional man. The Quebec of to-day is an emanation of the France of pre-Revolutionary days. It has not only had no fresh immigration, but it has relatively little intercourse with the mother country. The France of to-day, with its liberal religious views, its joy-loving and artistic city life, has little in common with Quebec outside a basic language. There is not even a sentimental longing for France, because for a long period in the early history of Quebec the only educated part of the population was the clergy, and since the French Revolution, to which the clergy were, of course, opposed, they have educated the people to fear the liberal religious doctrines of France. This often amounts to an anti-French

prejudice, as was seen in the hostile reception to refugee priests from France a few years ago and in the troubles experienced by isolated French peasants who come over nowadays to settle in Quebec.

Now and then a French-Canadian orator shows a spark of racial pride. "We are the subjects," said Henri Bourassa a few years ago, "of a power which for centuries has been the foe of the land of our origin. We owe political allegiance to a nation which we can esteem, with which we can make a *mariage de raison*, but for which we cannot have that spontaneous love which makes a joy of life in common and mutual sacrifice. The laws of atavism and all our traditions stand in the way." Then he hastened to add: "Our loyalty to England can only be, and should only be, a matter of common sense." At another time (1902), Mr. Bourassa wrote: "The present attitude of the French-Canadian is one of content. He is satisfied with his lot."

The cause of this contentment was well expressed by Seigfried in his excellent book, "The Race Question in Canada," when he said: "England has given them what no other power could or would have given them—the fullest, most complete, most paradoxical liberty." And when Sir E. P. Tachê declared that "the last shot fired on American soil in defence of the British flag would be fired by a French-Canadian," he was not unmindful of the source of that liberty.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a greater optimist on the cordiality between the two races than most authorities, defined the dual attitude of the French-Canadians in a speech at Paris in 1897 in these words: "We are *loyal* to the great nation which gave us life. We are *faithful* to the great nation which gave us liberty."

Thus it comes that the people of Quebec have little historical background outside their own Province. Not only have they lived there for many generations, but their education has been of a nature to limit their geographical outlook and to confine their tastes to extreme simplicity. Devotions and ecclesiastical literature have taken the place of newspaper reading until the last few years; the home circle and parish have represented the habitant's chief interest in life. His national song, "O Canada," was written by a French-Canadian, for French-Canadians, and has to do with their own country. In Ontario "God Save the King," composed in another land, directs the thoughts of the singer to a distant country, and to Imperial responsibilities.

When the people of the two Provinces call up their respective heroes there is another contrast. The Quebec man recalls that the discovery and settlement of Canada was due to the enterprise of his own Cartier and Champlain. He remembers the skilful generalship of Montcalm,the last to fight for French domination on this continent. It was out of consideration for French-Canadian feeling that the promoters of the Tercentenary pageant at Quebec in 1908 avoided picturing the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and gave instead a march past of the two armies happily mingling.

Once the conquest was made, the French-Canadians settled down to a contented life under British rule. They were liberally treated in the terms of peace, which they have ever since appreciated. When the clergy persuaded the people of Quebec to resist the blandishments of the revolting American colonies in 1775, their action was influenced by the knowledge that their creed and language were sure of better protection under the Treaty of Paris than they would be under the new Republic. When they loyally supported the Canadian cause in the War of 1812 they were no less alive to their own interests, as people of an alien race and religion.

Ontario, on the other hand, draws its emotional patriotism from quite

a different fountain-head. Her children are taught English history from its dawn, and until it merges in the stories of gory battles on their own soil. William the Conqueror was a forefather of our present King, and we are inheritors of all the lustre of a hundred glorious wars. The sun never sets on our wondrous domain, and every year or two our map gets a new patch of red. This covering the world with the drum-beats of the martial airs of England is taught us as the best thing that can happen all round; not only is our existence dependent on the Empire's existence, but it will be a black day for the entire world should anything go wrong with the British Empire. Black Friday to a financial magnate would be as white compared with the day the New Zealander views the ruins of St. Paul's from Westminster Bridge.

All this is the natural outcome of the historical background and the teaching of the citizen of Ontario. When the United Empire Loyalists, the flower of the southern colonies, refused to follow their more hot-headed fellows into the revolution, it became desirable that they should seek refuge on British soil. The revolutionists made it uncomfortable for them, as the Loyalists have made it so ever since for those whose patriotism differed from theirs. Britain's hereditary enemy, France, took a hand in the revolution, thus earning more enmity. A little later, while Britain was in a life and death struggle with France, up comes the new Republic with a war on the infant Canada. That the small, defending forces operated with such bravery and success has been a permanent inspiration for race pride and Imperialism in this country. We have ever since imbibed from the Loyalists a dislike for even the intelligent Yankee; so how much more desirable is it that inferior people in other parts of the world should know and feel the benefits of British rule?

Although the French-Canadians took a similar noble part in the defence of Canada, their motive was not so much love for Britain as a desire to retain their own soil, race, and religion inviolate. Their historical teachings have more to do with the wonderful achievements of the saints than with the growth of British sea-power from Elizabeth's time to the present. Though the hierarchy has been shown in several cases to have largely lost its political control of the people, the priests are still the local leaders, and operate in certain directions with much influence on the sentiment of the people. The annual French-Canadian Congress, inaugurated a few years ago, has renewed a spirit of pride in race and language. Abbé Casgrain, a few years ago, speaking of the future of the French-Canadian race, said:

"The mission of the American France upon this continent is the same as that of the European France in the other hemisphere. A pioneer of the truth like her, she has long been the sole apostle of the true faith in North America. Since her origin she has never ceased to pursue this mission faithfully, and to-day she sends forth her bishops and her missionaries to the extremities of this continent."

Ontario, too, sends her sons afield to Christianise the world, even to the heathen of Quebec! In Ontario, however, the Protestant Church has many divisions, and usually several varieties in each village. Attendance is not in any sense compulsory, nor obligatory, save as dictated by conscience. In Quebec the clergy, by reason of the tithes, are the temporal, as well as spiritual, heads of the community, a condition which makes for a large and wealthy religious body. Attendance at church is almost universal, and thus is secured a solidarity impossible in Ontario. It also promotes a communistic as distinguished from the individualistic method of living in the neighbouring Province.

Ontario people are apt to forget

that many French-Canadian families go back two or two and a half centuries on Canadian soil; and that the family pride of a de Boucherville or a Joly de Lotbiniere has just as much basis as that of a Ryerson or a Denison.

Even the place names of the two Provinces eloquently reflect the historical background of the respective peoples. Journey through Ontario and you are confronted with names of counties, townships, towns, and villages lifted almost bodily from England, as in Middlesex, Lincoln, or York. Go through Quebec and we meet the names of French kings, governors, and explorers, not to speak of innumerable saints held in close reverence by a devoted people. In Ontario we find in the nomenclature a solemn march of heroes, governors, poets, philanthropists, statesmen, discoverers, and martyrs, connected with the expansion or glory of England, such as Sir Isaac Brock, Sir Guy Carleton, General Haldimand, Governor Hamilton, Governor Hope, General Prescott, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Durham, Sydenham, and Aylmer, Governor Simcoe, Sir Charles Bagot, Milton, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson, Raleigh, Hampden, Palmerston, Pitt, Harvey, Franklin, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, with such reminders of victory as Blenheim, Trafalgar, Vincent, Waterloo, and Sebastopol.

In Quebec how different are the scenes called up by the names of cities, rivers, counties, and parishes: Champlain, after the founder of Quebec; Chicoutimi, the first French viceroy, Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain. Two officers of the Carignan regiment, St. Louis and Richelieu, perpetuate the Grand Monarch of France and his long-trusted Minister; Frontenac, Vaudreuil, and Beauharnois were three of the most able and energetic of the French Governors of Canada, while Bishop Laval, Generals Montcalm and de Levis, Cardinal Richelieu, Charlevoix, and other celebrities are similarly remembered. As to the names of saints, the calendar and Acta Sanctorum seem to have been ransacked and not even the most obscure result of canonisation overlooked. Throughout Quebec we meet names unfamiliar and meaningless to Ontario, names only quoted at general election time, and then only to be mispronounced!

With such a past, what will be the future of the relations between Ontario and Quebec? Undeniably there has been a growth of toleration and sympathy. Public life has improved since the days of the eighties and nineties, when Meredith rode the Protestant horse in the Ontario Legislature, when sectarian processions in Montreal and Toronto invariably provoked riots; since the days when a Jesuits' Estates bill threw Ontario into a racial delirium. Sir Wilfrid Laurier showed in the Manitoba school matter that there was a way to settle a creed issue other than by emulating two dogs on either side of the fence who race up and down, snarling and barking at each other. Protestants in Quebec and in eastern Ontario take fright at the expansion of the French race in their localities, owing to the large families and aggression of the priesthood. The fact is, however, that while the people of French origin in Canada increased by twenty-two per cent. in the last decade, despite the absence of immigration, they now constitute only 28.51 per cent., compared with 30.71 per cent. in 1901, while the people of British origin comprise 54.07 per cent., compared with 57.03 per cent. ten years ago.

The French-Canadians being cohesive and unchanging, seem destined to be the conservative leavening portion of the Dominion's population. Receiving no additions and mingling little with the outside world, they are less mobile and susceptible to change than the other parts of the Dominion. Devoted to religion and the domestic virtues, they go their way, little in-

fluenced by the world about them. The change, as far as it has gone, is in the direction of better education, as urged by Godfroy Langlois and Sir Lomer Gouin; in greater freedom in political thought, as evidenced by the failure of the clergy's cause in different elections; and in the use of more machinery and conveniences, such as the harvesters and the telephone, and other labour-saving devices, in rural life.

With such a background, Quebec and Ontario cannot be expected to think alike on all public questions affecting Canadian nationality or Imperial relations. Ontario looks well afield, is progressive in ideas, and has constant reminders through immigration and agitation of her Imperial relations and responsibilities. Quebec's outlook, on the other hand, is local and provincial, and her people are less influenced by considerations outside their personal or provincial welfare. At the same time, such an authority as the Honourable Dr. Beland said to the writer: "The position of the French-Canadians on the navy or any other Imperial question would be based on what they thought would be good for Canada. There is a strong sentiment against all military or naval expenditure, but they accept pretty well the word of their public men. I feel that if the abstract question were put to them: 'Will you vote for a navy expenditure, or against it?' they would probably vote against it, but if the public men went to them and said to them that it is a duty, that every nation is getting a navy, they would say: 'We must do what is right, and as we have a militia we had also better have a navy.' Both parties are pledged to action for a navy. Therefore the French-Canadians, I believe, will fall in with one or other of the parties on the question."

SONG

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON

THE night-long shadows faded into gray,
Then silvered into glad and gold sunlight,
Because you came to me, like a new day
Born of the beauty of an autumn night.

The silence that enfolded me so long
Stirred to the sweetest music life has known,
Because you came, and coming woke the song
That slumbered through the years I was alone.

So have you brought the silver from the shade,
The music and the laughter and the day,
So have you come to me, and coming made
This life of mine a blossom-bordered way.

THE PEACE COMING AFTER

BY J. M. HARPER

THE immediate rejoicings indulged in at the close of the War of 1812 by the contestants on both sides of the Atlantic are on the point of being repeated by their descendants, now that a hundred years of peace have healed the wounds created by it, as well as the political antipathies that preceded it. There are still some differences of opinion in regard to the outcome of the specialised events of the campaigning and the achievements of those who took a prominent part in the struggle, which makes any writing of the story of the war far from being acceptable by all readers. The claim for victory or defeat in some of the engagements, for considerate or inconsiderate conduct on the part of those who had the directing of the campaigns, for heroism or lack of courage of the respective commanders and their men, have hardly even yet, after a hundred years of historic research and calming down of prejudices, lost all traces of a literary partisan flavour. When peace was declared, the joy in the United States, in the Canadas, and in the Motherland, could not be taken as other than a blending of opinion on the part of the invaders and invaded, tempered as it was by the memorialising of the consummation of the Treaty of Ghent by medals and congratulatory addresses. The very title of that "Treaty of Peace and Amity" stands as evidence of a shaking of hands between Great Britain and the United States, not to speak of the several striking medal-inscriptions that were published under authority, namely, "Peace spreads her influence o'er the Atlantic shore," and "Concord between Great Britain and America"; while the motherland no less shook hands with the Canadas in presenting them with a "Medal of merit from a grateful country."

The celebration of this peace and its continuance, in the right spirit, can only emanate from a proper knowledge of the details of the war which preceded it and the friendly co-operation from the perpetuance of peace that has happily followed in its wake. The hundred years' peace at present on the point of being celebrated comes to us all as a lesson born from the foolhardihood of a family quarrel, with little or no advantage, political or commercial, to any one of the contestants. There was joy on the part of all three when it came to be known that a treaty of peace had actually been consummated. There was no trepidation over what its terms might be. As early as the spring of 1813, the Czar of Russia had expressed a willingness to help out a movement in favour of restoring peace between the militant nations, British diplomacy, however, afraid of stirring up other international difficulties than were already in hand, with Napoleon still regnant at Paris after his dismal retreat from Moscow, turned its back on the suggestion for the time being. Yet, for all that, word was carried, several months after, when the troops in Canada were preparing to encounter the

severity of another Canadian winter, to the American Government, that the British authorities were not unwilling to join in an effort to bring about a peace in terms as was said of "a perfect reciprocity not inconsistent with law and order and a just upholding of maritime rights." President Madison and his colleagues at once replied that they were quite willing to select representatives for a conference in Europe that would take up the question of bringing about immediate harmony and a continuing of friendly relations between the two nations. The place first suggested for the holding of the conference was Gottingen, in Sweden. But this was eventually set aside for the less remote City of Ghent, in the Netherlands.

At the time of the holding of the conference, Ghent was a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is situated about thirty miles from Antwerp, on the Rivers Schelt and Lys. It is a quaint-looking place, dotted over with street-connecting bridges and stream-dividing islands, rivers, and canals intersecting it from street to street. The members of the conference were John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin, plenipotentiaries from the United States; and Lord Gambier, Henry Coulburn and William Adams, representing the interests of Great Britain and Canada. The conference held its meetings within the walls of the old Carthus Convent during the autumn of 1814; but it was not until the 24th of December that a final decision was reached, to be followed up by a closing banquet of historic significance, in the Hotel de Ville, given by the citizens of Ghent to their distinguished visitors.

The story of the proceedings from day to day is full of interest. Indeed, the procedure of a friendly give-and-take, adopted during the sederunts, stood as a forerunning of the policy of reciprocal forbearance that has been perpetuated in all Anglo-Saxon negotiations for the past hundred years, whenever the interests of the United Kingdom and the Republic of the United States, or of their dependencies, were thought to be in jeopardy. Within the Anglo-Saxon family circle since then the message of peace-making has happily ever been kept in evidence, irrespective of all the angry looks and scolding that may be indulged in, before or after a common ground of agreement has been reached. With the plenipotentiaries brought together in the peaceful retreat of Ghent, the causes and conditions which had brought on the war and had prolonged it needlessly, could not but be always in mind as the negotiations proceeded; but every trace of partisan bitterness was kept well in the background, as the debates in behalf of ultimate peace were persevered in from day to day.

The people of the United States had been induced to think favourably of an invasion of Canada, possibly of amplifying their own territory, as being the most direct way of protesting against the British sea-power. On the other hand, the people of Canada, with full faith in Britain's prestige on land and sea, had patriotically risen up against the recalcitrancy as an injustice to them, whatever it was to those of the motherland. These two fundamental pre-dispositions of those whom they severally represented had to be kept in rein by the members of the conference, as they sought a common sympathy to work out from; and that common ground or sympathy was soon reached when the rights and privileges of the Indian tribes came up for discussion, at the earlier of their meetings. Working out from that common ground, the evolution of peace-making soon had its way; and, when the day before Christmas, 1814, that evolution reached its goal, the demands of the Americans against impressment and the other evils which led to the breaking out of the war

came to be given a very secondary place to the general desire for peace. Indeed, the omissions in the treaty are more striking than the concessions, there being actually no mention made in its clauses of the right of search, or the blockading of seaports, or sharing in the Canadian fisheries, or the naval guardianship of the Great Lakes. The articles of the treaty are eleven in all, and in accord with these, severally or apart:

(a). All territory, places, and possessions, taken by either party from the other, were to be immediately restored, with the exception of certain islands adjacent to the shore-lines of New Brunswick and the State of Maine, which were finally to be allocated to either country by a Commission.

(b). Public property that had changed hands during the war or while the treaty was in the way of being ratified, was not to be destroyed nor carried away; nor was private property, including slaves, to be confiscated or reclaimed except after definite legal disposal of the same.

(c). The fixing or defining of the boundary-line between Canada and the United States, by land or water, was to be entrusted to the decision of after-commissions, with an appeal to some foreign authority if necessary.

(d). The Tenth Article, as a foreword to the decree in President Lincoln's time, may be given in full as an evidence of the humane tendencies of even these earlier times: "Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice, and whereas both his Britannic Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavours to accomplish so desirable an object."

(e). Nor is there any slighting in the Ninth Article of the common ground first seized upon by the plenipotentiaries, one and all, as a means of getting to work at amicably drawing-up a proper treaty, with their prejudices for the moment held in abeyance, inasmuch as it is therein decreed that the rights of the Indian tribesmen shall be safeguarded, with all possessions, reservations, and privileges as were theirs prior to the breaking out of the war restored to them, irrespective of which side in the contest they espoused, or what inhumanities they were guilty of when under arms and military oversight.

And as the student of history examines these eleven articles of the treaty he can hardly run away from the decision that the starting of such a war was a mistake, just as the continuing of it was a losing game for both parties concerned. In a word, the Treaty of Ghent virtually left the combatants, as far as prestige and territory were concerned, where they had been at the outbreak of hostilities. Battles had been lost and won, property had been destroyed, cruelties had been indulged in, animal passions had been aroused. And the only asset of any value left after all was over was the conviction that it would be the grossest of follies ever to take up with such a stupid course of conduct, neighbour to neighbour, again. And it is that asset, left as a legacy to the present generation—that fortunate outcome of war in the still lingering peace of a whole century, which is likely to be celebrated for all time within the family circle of Anglo-Saxondom between the last month of the year and the first month of the year succeeding it.

The Treaty of Ghent was duly signed by the plenipotentiaries on December 24th, 1814, and ratified by the Prince Regent four days thereafter in London. Rumours of the event reached America while yet the British and American soldiery were in the vicinity of Mobile Bay, and while General Andrew Jackson was receiving the plaudits of his country for the victory he had gained in the

Battle of New Orleans. The treaty in written form was placed in the hands of President Madison on February the 17th. The terms agreed upon were publicly made known in the United States and Canada the day after, though it took several days before the communities along the eastern seaboard and up the St. Lawrence were definitely informed of what had happened. And now the celebration of the Century of Peace, thereby inaugurated, is to be celebrated on the eve of the celebration of the progress of the arts and industries of the world by a World's Fair to be held at San Francisco, California, and in many other ways. Is the unanimity of joy over the celebration of that same Century of Peace, inaugurated by the Treaty of Ghent, to be as marked as was the joy that hailed the arrival of the news of the ratification of the treaty which inaugurated it? Here is what has been said by Lossing of the arrival of the news that the inauspicious war was at an end:

"The glad tidings of peace which the good ship the "Favourite" brought to New York was wholly unexpected and produced the most intense satisfaction. No one inquired what were the terms of the treaty; it was enough to know that peace had been secured. The streets were soon filled with people; and a placard, issued from one of the newspaper offices and thrown out of the window, was eagerly caught up and read by the multitude, who made the night air vocal with huzzas. Cannon thundered, bells rang, and bonfires and illuminations lighted up the city until after midnight. Expresses were sent in various directions with the glad news. Boston had the news in thirty-six hours, and Albany in twenty-four hours. The bearer of the treaty in manuscript to Washington dropped the news at Philadelphia, while Baltimore joined with Washington and Philadelphia in their rejoicings. Government stocks advanced, while trade took a leap forward. There was joy all over the land, and especially along the Maritime frontier. Banquets and illuminations marked the public satisfaction in the towns and cities. There were also great rejoicings in the Canadas because of the deliverance of the Provinces from the terrors of invasion by which they had been disturbed for almost three years; and the British Government, appreciating the loyalty of the inhabitants of these Provinces, as manifested in their gallant defence of their territory, caused a medal to be struck in testimony of its gratitude. There was rejoicing also in Great Britain because of the peace, especially among the manufacturing and mercantile classes, for it promised returning prosperity."

And surely such joy cannot but be repeated in commemoration of the peace ushered in by it and still happily continuing.

The locating of the war in its right place in the history of the world is one thing. The locating of it in Canadian or American history is quite another thing. The world's historian, even after writing a full volume about it, gives it a very secondary place in the annals of warfare. "It was a comparative small war," says Lucas, "and its incidents were to Englishmen completely overshadowed by the more glorious record of the Peninsula and Waterloo. Neither to Great Britain nor to the United States was this war of a kind to invite commemoration and remembrance, as a grateful national theme." And yet the same writer of history is forced to say, Englishman as he is, that to Canadians the conflict was far more than this. Neither to them nor to their belligerent neighbours was it a small war. From the first it was to Canadians a life-and-death struggle, a fight for liberty, for hearth and home, for all that a people small or great hold dear; nay, as we all may call it in these later days, it was the baptism of fire of a new nationhood at its birth. And it is that early sacrament of suffering that Canada would conjointly celebrate with the United States, under the auspices of the motherland of both peoples, as a prelude to the "good-will among men" that has fostered the staying powers of peace for the past hundred years, and has brought to us all so many international prosperities. We would celebrate the peace of a hundred years. But we would also em-

phasise and exalt for the benefit of the generations of the next hundred years and longer the heroism and endurance witnessed during the years of the war, which taught the century of peace, about to be celebrated, how national aggrandisement is ever easier of accomplishment by a mutual forbearance than by a rushing to arms. The craving for peace has no less of a courage in it than the craving for war. Whenever the under-humanities of envy and hatred and false patriotism are made to keep their hands off liberty and progress, the nations are never slow to speak well of the "ways of peace," and delight to celebrate them as a victory on the battlefield. The City of Ghent, no doubt proud of having doubled its population since 1814, has ventured to "play first foot" in the celebration. London proposes to follow, in line with the capitals of the United States and Canada. From New York to San Francisco, as well as from Halifax to Vancouver, the burden of repeated joy is on the way of being taken up. Canada and the United States have attained, it may be said humorously, to the position of being on safe friendly scolding terms with each other. The controversial spirit that embittered all and sundry in early times has been for long on its death-bed. Open conflict has now no status as an approaching possibility on either side of the line. Indeed, the greatest Empire and the greatest Republic of the century have only congratulations in their gift for Canada, as she proceeds to join them in celebrating what she is fond of calling her "very own war" and the hundred years of peace that has so happily come after.

THE LOG-BOOM

BY BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

ACROSS the shining waters of the bay,
A giant half-moon, fettered to the shore
Like some unruly beast by either horn,
The log-boom floats, with every shifting wind,
Straining now this way and now that, and still
With sullen grumblings striving to be free.

O Sylvan deities! ye gods of wood and hill!
Look on this scene, and wring your hands, and weep.
How are the mighty fallen! Here they lie,
The monarchs of the forest—lordly pines,
And shadowy firs, and twisted cedars—here,
Stripped of their branches, riven of their bark,
Naked, and all unlovely in their chains.

Not theirs to ripen into hoary age,
To listen for the coming of the wind
And welcome him with strings symphonious,
Until they fell, worn out, with hollow boom—
The grand finale to their harmony;
Not theirs to lie at peace in forest mould,
Till tender mosses compassed them around,
And made their crumbling ruins beautiful;
Not theirs to shelter in their hollow trunks
The feeble woodland creatures; and not theirs
To sink at last into their mother earth,
And through their children rise to life again.

These fell in all the glory of their prime,
Crashed down with angry rush of rending limbs,
And bled at every gash and cruel wound.
Man, the despoiler, stripped them for his use,
Harried them through snow and ice and freshet,
Bound them here to wait his pleasure. Soon,
Riven by whirring saws, some here, some there,
Will go, to be a part of hut or hall,
Palace or kennel—merchandise of trade!

Thus mourned the poet in a bitter mood,
Thinking of those sweet dryads whom he loved,
Cast out by careless hands from house and home,
And of the mighty wrong the forest bore.
When, lo! the setting sun smiled on the boom,
And over-decked those naked gleaming hulks
With princely robe of purple, gold, and white;
And then he saw—seeing them thus crowned—
That all was well: for what is it to die,
Be it a man, or tree, or any other thing,
So that in death is service, and the world
Be thrust one hair's-breadth nearer to the dawn.

THE HONOURABLE ADAM FERGUSSON

BY J. C. BOYLEN

POLITICAL struggles and the ambitions of those who participate in them so crowd the page in history that the works of those who have quietly laboured for real improvement get little notice and come in for seldom more than bare mention. Canadian history is far from being free of this defect. The agitation for responsible government, with its disorders and rebellion, the partisan disputes which resulted in deadlock, loom so large in Canada's story that those who did not figure conspicuously in the political arena then are crowded to one side.

Hence the name of Adam Fergusson and his efforts to improve agriculture and settlement are none too widely known. Yet the man who was among the first to import pure bred cattle into Upper Canada, who was one of those instrumental in establishing the Ontario Veterinary College, and who helped organise what has become the Canadian National Exhibition is deserving of notice in the records of Canada. His public service was not spectacular, and it was rendered at a time when the political arena in this country was the scene of stern struggles. Even at the time of his death in 1862 the papers were so full of accounts of the fratricidal fights between the Northern and Southern States that little reference was made to the passing of one who had done considerable for Canada, both here and in Britain.

The Honourable Adam Fergusson was born on the family estate, Woodhill, in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1782. He came to Canada first in 1831, and his experiences on this and a subsequent journey in 1833, when he came to Canada to live, he recorded in his book "Practical Notes made during a Tour in Canada and a Portion of the United States."

Like many landed proprietors in Scotland, he became a member of the Faculty of Advocates, but did not pursue law as a profession. In 1832 he disposed of his property in Scotland and came to Upper Canada, where he purchased 7,000 acres in the Township of Nichol, and on a portion of which he laid out the town of Fergus. He also acquired 100 acres near Wellington Square, now Burlington. This farm he called Woodhill, after his old home in the Highlands. On this farm he spent most of his life in Canada. It overlooks the surrounding country and on a clear day his guests used to be able to discern, through glasses, the spray rising from the Niagara cataract. Mr. Fergusson's son, George Douglas, the only one to leave a family, had charge of the estate in Nicol and lived in Fergus, as his father's agent.

In Scotland he was a Whig in politics, and on coming to Canada he

supported the Reform party. In 1842 he was appointed a life member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and prior to that he was a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. At home he was an active member of the Highland Society —in fact, he was one of the first members of this Scottish agricultural organisation—and he made the promotion of agriculture his chief public work in the new country. Till his death he maintained a herd of pure bred Shorthorns, a breed of cattle that is doing much to make Ontario a great dairying country to-day.

It is said that wherever a few Scotsmen foregather abroad they proceed to form a Caledonian Club. At Fergus they organised a curling club instead. It was one of the first in Upper Canada, and Honourable Adam Fergusson was its president. The militia he and his family also actively supported. Mr. Fergusson's second wife, Jessie Tower, who accompanied him to Canada, took a great interest in the development of the Fergus settlement. With them they brought as tutor to their younger son Rev. Patrick Bell, who is claimed by British agriculturists as the inventor of the reaping machine. Mrs. Fergusson died in 1856. She left no family. Her husband's seven sons and one daughter were all by his first wife, Jemima Johnston, the heiress of the Blair estate, of Balthayock, in Perthshire. She died in 1825, shortly after her youngest child was born.

Whatever the Honourable Adam Fergusson did as a politician for his party it is his work on behalf of colonisation and agriculture by which he will be remembered. While a Reformer, he did not seem to have much liking for radical ideas, particularly those of William Lyon Mackenzie. Fergusson first met Mackenzie when coming up the St. Lawrence from Montreal in 1831. He says of him: "We had with us a sort of public character in a journalist of the Upper Province, noted for principles by some called liberal, and by others denounced as breathing sedition itself. Mr. M— was now on his return from Quebec, where he had been catering to the columns of *The Colonial Advocate,* and among other items had received the parliamentary papers upon the Rideau Canal, a precious morceau for critique and exposition."

Four years before the Rebellion of 1837 he wrote: "The domestic politics of the Province would rather seem at present to be pacific. Mr. M— has announced the demise of *The Colonial Advocate,* and more than hints at the probability of his own retirement from public life. The merits or causes of this change would seem to be imperfectly known but are somehow mixed up with recent transactions in the Methodist Connexion in Canada and England."

The Honourable Mr. Fergusson liked Upper Canada from the first. His impressions as set forth in his book are favourable and his opinion candid. He was not blind to the obstacles to be encountered in a new country and he did not omit to refer to them. He reached New York in 1831 after forty days at sea and entered Canada by way of Lake Champlain. His advice to all coming to Canada was to travel by way of New York, Albany and Lake Champlain, because of the accommodation and speed of the packet ships plying from Liverpool. From Montreal he visited Quebec, travelling by the steamer *John Molson.* The fortifications at the ancient capital impressed him. He soon returned to Montreal which he described as "the chief trading-port of the St. Lawrence" and related that while "vessels have hitherto been obliged to clear at Quebec, it is understood that a Custom House will ere long be granted to the merchants of Montreal. No situation 500 miles from the sea can be better adapted for commerce; it must always be the outlet for the largest portion of Upper Canada produce.

It was Upper Canada he wished to

see and its agricultural possibilities of which he wished to learn. The roads up to Prescott were miry and almost impassable that spring. The vast expanse of Lake Ontario amazed him. Niagara Falls held him spell-bound. "The water privilege is great and machinery to any extent might be kept in play" he prophetically observed after describing the majesty of the cataract and its unrivalled scenery at that time. Niagara Falls always had an attraction for him and he had great hopes of the project to create "The City of the Falls" and establish there a scenic capital for the North American continent.

After spying out the land, he returned to Scotland, married his second wife, sold his estate of Woodhill and in 1833 started back to Upper Canada. He apparently purchased the 7,000 acres in Nichol township on his return to Canada. After examining the property he planned on it the village of Fergus.

From Guelph he rode out to inspect the tract before purchasing. At this point he wrote:

"The soil was found to be of first rate quality. A deep black loam, rather inclining to sand, upon a stratum of limestone, and the luxuriance of clover and other grasses was quite refreshing to look on.

"I had come somewhat rather prejudiced against the district, under an idea that if the soil around Guelph was but second rate it must be still worse farther back. Never was I more out in my conjecture. The land is of the best description, and I was altogether so entirely satisfied with soil, situation, and other advantages that since this visit I have purchased a block of 7,000 acres. Upon this with the aid and co-operation of some friends, ere many years pass away I hope to see a thriving community established. There are some fine falls upon the river, which is clear as crystal, flowing over a limestone bed, full of delicious trout, and the forest abounds in a variety of game.

"In reference to the capabilities of Nichol, I offer with some confidence the following calculations:

"With a capital of £500 sterling, which is equal to £600 currency, a man may purchase and improve 200 acres of wild land in Nichol."

Mr. Fergusson was fifty years old when he settled in Canada. It was his dream to see an Upper Canada peopled by men and women from the British Isles. His book recording his journeys through Canada was designed to encourage immigration from Britain to this Province. With his book was a map of "The British North American Provinces." Parry Sound District and the North Shore of Lake Huron are marked on this map as "The Chippewa Hunting Country". The County of Bruce is designated as "Indian Territory." The country through which the C.P.R. runs from Ottawa to North Bay is marked "Dense Forest." Through this map he laid before the people the Upper Canada which he dreamed would grow to be a daughter nation of Great Britain. It was a fertile country of vast extent awaiting settlement and a country he recommended as the result of personal inspection. Beside the map of the Province recently issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture the country of which the Honourable Mr. Fergusson wrote is but a small fraction of the 407,252 square miles which now comprise Ontario. But the Province as he saw it was a goodly land.

"It may be said I am partial to the Province, and I readily admit the fact," he wrote. "I liked it at first, and I feel satisfied I shall continue to like it better the longer I know it. It wants what the Mother Country well can spare—capital and people. Let these continue to flow in as they have for two years past (1832 and 1833) and the wilderness will assume an aspect which can hardly be anticipated or described."

His advice to immigrants has equal application to-day. He wrote:

"Few things will puzzle an immigrant more than the choice of a situation, and the contradictory statements which selfish motives will present to him require his utmost prudence and caution to sift. In general, he ought to be in no hurry. If he can afford to board with a respectable family for some months I am confident that his time and money will be well repaid by the knowledge and experience

which may thus be acquired. Beside the parts of the country I have touched upon there are others at least equally desirable.''

In this new land the importation and breeding of pure bred stock was attended with considerable risk and often with heavy loss, because of the lack of men qualified to treat the diseases and ailments of animals. The veterinary was a *rara avis* in Upper Canada at that time, Mr. Fergusson, while an advocate by training, was an agriculturist of scientific bent. He attended lectures in agriculture given at Edinburgh University by Prof. Coventry, the first professor of agriculture at that seat of learning and also lectures by Prof. Dick who founded the famous Veterinary School at Edinburgh. He saw the young country's need and was instrumental in having one of Prof. Dick's pupils, Dr. Andrew Smith, brought to this country. Dr. Smith located in Toronto as a veterinary practitioner and gave lectures under the auspices of the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada. Later Dr. Smith established the Ontario Veterinary College, now a Provincial Government institution and affiliated with the University of Toronto. It was taken over by the Government in 1908 and is now under the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

In 1846 with Colonel E. W. Thomson and others he helped form the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada. Its first exhibition was in Toronto in the fall of that year and it was the forerunner of the present Canadian National Exhibition. To encourage the breeding of good stock he offered prizes to be competed for at this exhibition, one of them being known as the Fergus Cup.

The Honourable Adam Fergusson was eighty years old when he died. He lies buried in the old Wellington Square cemetery. A portion of his house still stands. Two years before his death he was seized with paralysis. He died on Sept. 24, 1862 while the exhibition for which he had done much was being held in Toronto.

Two of the Honourable Adam Fergusson's sons became prominent figures. His youngest son, Robert Colquhoun Fergusson, entered the Bank of British North America in Toronto. Through the influence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts he was elected to the Board of the Union Bank of London. At his death, in 1883, he was chairman of the institution, and was declared to be the only Canadian-trained banker, save Sir John Rose, who ever became head of a London bank. The Union Bank is now known as the Union and Smith's, the chairman of which is Sir Felix Schuster.

Adam Johnston Fergusson, the second son, was County Judge for some time of the united counties of Wellington, Waterloo, and Grey. Later he represented these in Parliament as a Liberal. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Legislative Council. In 1862, having succeeded his eldest brother in the Scottish estate of Balthayock, he was from that time known as the Honourable A. J. Fergusson-Blair. He was appointed Receiver-General in 1863. In 1864 he was asked by Lord Monck to form a Ministry. But the uncertainty of things in those days of deadlock forced him to give up the task, after several attempts to select a Cabinet. In 1866 he abandoned the Honourable George Brown and joined the Coalition Government, as President of the Executive Council. When Confederation took place he entered the Senate and served as President of the Privy Council. His death occurred a few days after the prorogation of the first session of the Parliament of the new Dominion. Like his brother, Robert Colquhoun, he died unmarried.

THE HONOURABLE ADAM FERGUSSON

A pioneer in the interests of Agriculture in Ontario

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

DECORATIONS BY J. E. H. MACDONALD

HE paused, listening—head crouched on shoulders, small eyes alert. One heavy brown hand parted cautiously the screen of whispering green before him: the other rested uneasily on the rude weapon slung from his side: uncertainty clouded his face. The wind, leaping from cover, again carried the sound—the idle calling of a strange bird, one that had not happened into the valley below and behind him.

Peering anxiously from side to side and as far before him as the eye could penetrate, he toiled on, gaining higher ground. Half afraid, half expectant, he ventured across the open spaces in the wood. Panting, he reached the top-most point on the hill and saw below him for the first time the world that surrounded his native valley.

The sun flecked him with gold. The mellow sky poured light upon him. The earth lay at his feet green and palpitating, mottled with the shadows of clouds. The wind lifted strange incense to his nostrils. He compressed his eye-lids and beheld countless valleys greater than the one from which he had this morning made his way. For a long time he gazed, then descended by the way he had come, and in the circle of the fire-light told the tribe the wonders he had seen.

They stoned him for his folly.

A few believed, and made the journey to the hill-top for themselves, secretly. Public opinion changed. In time they placed a large stone to mark the grave of the pioneer, the first traveller, and the priests worked his name into the ceremonies. In his

name they explored two valleys, and other generations went even farther

afield until they forgot the stone over the grave of the First Traveller and pushed on, as we push on to-day, in the name of necessity, of commerce, of war, of religion, and of adventure. Columbus answered, in vain, the challenge of the western horizon. Behring flung himself eastward, across the Pacific. Drake pursued the sun. Men designed, as time went by, great ships by which to reach the new continents and when they had reached them, built railways to carry them farther across. We are still producing more ships and more steel rails. The earth swarms with journey-makers. The world is laced with the paths of the restless.

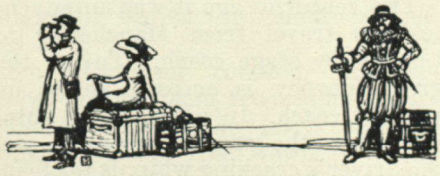
And yet the challenge has not been satisfied. It is re-iterated from each mountain-top and every horizon. It calls as it called the cave-dweller and as it called the great explorers. It was not answered when Champlain landed at Quebec, or when La Salle's friends found that the St. Lawrence did not lead to Cathay, or when the Russians were cast upon the shore of Alaska. It persists to mock each new generation. Each day thousands answer. Each day a thousand pas-

sengers landing at Quebec rediscover the Terrace, and a thousand arriving at Euston re-discover the Cheshire Cheese.

When we were children we read books of adventure. We are now compelled between the covers of political essays, or matrimonial autopsies by sad novelists. At nine we knew heroes. At something over thirty we have only political leaders and family traditions to sustain us. In our more or less remote youth there were times when imagination defied nursery authority and transmuted the substantialities of our environment into a magnificent world peopled with demi-gods: about tea-time one planted dragons in the shadows of rhododen-

drons and slew them carefully before being led to bed: one summoned Blue Beards by the lifting of the eyelashes: one had as many lions and major generals at one's disposal as Nebuchadnezzar or the War Office.

We do none of these things now. We are content to know and to be known by each flagstone in each street we patronise. We pension off our sense of adventure by efforts in the stock market or by subscriptions to polar expeditions. It is true we make journeys, and in a sense we travel, but it is not as we might travel. When we leave home we carry introductions to other cities from history; to monuments by Baedeker; to a few men from our new friends: and to hotels by a motor club's guide book. We risk nothing. We run on chance of adventurous mishap. We see only what history, the guide books and our friends say are proper for us to see. For the spark of adventure is dead in most of us. We do not travel, but make journeys: on business, for health, to gamble, or to be temporarily rid of one's obligations. We move from appointment to appointment, from old friends to new friends, from historic ruin to fashionable resort,



from cathedral to art gallery, from point of departure to point of arrival. Of travel for travel's sake we know surprisingly little.

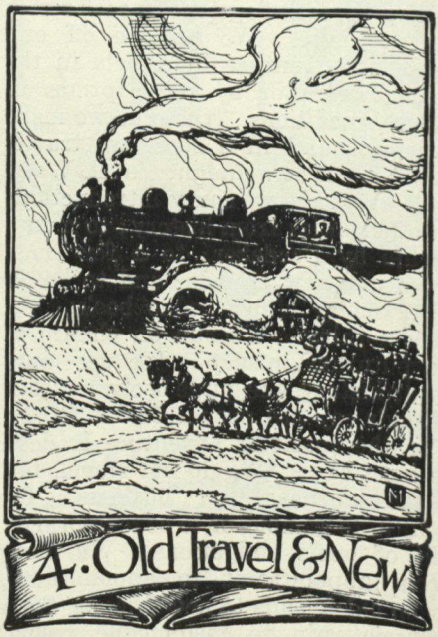
It has been said that those who most enjoy life are not those who merely exist from event to event, from achievement to achievement, pleasant luncheon to brilliant dinner, engaging friend to stimulating experience, but those who know how to spend the intervals of life as well as its intense moments, and who find a pleasure in the mere spending of quarter hours at whatever best occupation each quarter offers them. They, as it were, sip life. They know its subtler flavours.

They look upon living as, after all, only a matter of making a journey and spending the interval between one depot and the other more or less agreeably. These make good travellers, for what is true, in this connection, of living is true also of the making of journeys by rail or vessel, by foot or motor. To live well or to travel well one must study the intervals, spending each hour like a given number of gold pieces, on the best the market affords.

Books and bridge parties have their place in any itinerary. Cigars and smelling salts and huge quantities of luggage may be necessary, but more necessary is it to open the windows of the mind and look out upon the pageant of the miles. Release the faculties from office hours. Bid reason, forging logic upon logic, engage itself towards finer ends. Loose fancy. Mount the senses at vantage points where they may oversee the triple pageant of the day. Let them report the men, the colours, the music and the fragrance of the marching world. Applaud the vagabond hours.

To see new scenes, to hear new songs, to smell the new perfumes in

new winds—in short, to see the world alive, at work and growing—is the real joy of the traveller. Forget for a little while whence you came and why you go. Catch the spirit of travel, which is companion to the spirit of adventure, and let it amuse you.



Two centuries ago it was an adventure to travel from Manchester to London by stage coach. To-day the great journey is across Canada by railway coach. In place of the shining horses, the grumbling wheels, and the driver's cracking whip, is the lean, black beast of steel, and the train—a chariot drawn by a Pegasus into the

blaze of the sun. In place of the coachman's whip and the horn of the guard is the cry of the Western locomotive, summoning Echo from her hiding-places in the hills, flying ahead and afar—the cry of the wild stallion leading his battalions across the plains.

This Canadian locomotive, high-chested, arrogant, beautiful in its sheer naked ugliness, is not like the masterpiece of compactness and concealed strength which draws the steamer trains into Liverpool. Its bigness, its weight, its unclothed vigour is like the very country across which it portages the world's traffic. It tolls a heavy bell when it commences to move from the station. Its departure is in the nature of a ceremony. There is the hiss of steam. The driving wheels respond to the thrust of the exposed bars and cylinders. The earth trembles as the cara-

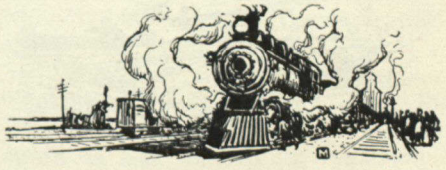
van rolls from the station platform.

There is no wonder men do it honour, that its bearing is arrogant and its departure and arrival ceremonious. England and Scotland flourished ages before steam was found out. Caesar conquered Gaul on foot or horse. But British North America was unconquerable before the advent of the railway. One might almost say this Western locomotive is the Caesar of this Western world—his retinue of carriages, his legions. The history of the Dominion of Canada really begins with the history of railways.

The Imperial Limited, hurtling across the continent from Montreal to Vancouver, and the heavy freight train labouring from town to town, are the alternating pulse of the nation, quickening every fibre of the organism.

For a moment the impressions were confused. I could not account for the circumstances; semi-darkness; quiet , pervated by a humming from somewhere underneath; until, as from a great distance came a long cry—a whistle, peremptory in tone. I awoke. Last night had been Toronto—the station, a sleeping car.

The blinds moved easily, and I could see that it was still very early morning. The earth had changed. From a populous city I had come suddenly into a virgin land of rocks and water, trees and sunlight; a land where were no signs of human habitation. It seemed, as the train swept



on, to have no end. Miles fled while I was yet blinking; there a high hill;

there a valley; there a crooked lake —a series of crooked lakes, black-blue

set in gray-black rocks, the water placid close to shore where the trees leaned over to dream, but laughing where an early-prowling breeze blew into the face of the reflected sky. Everything dew-soaked and peculiarly *clean*. The freshness and sweetness of the air like fine water in a perfect goblet. The morning scintillated, a very gem.

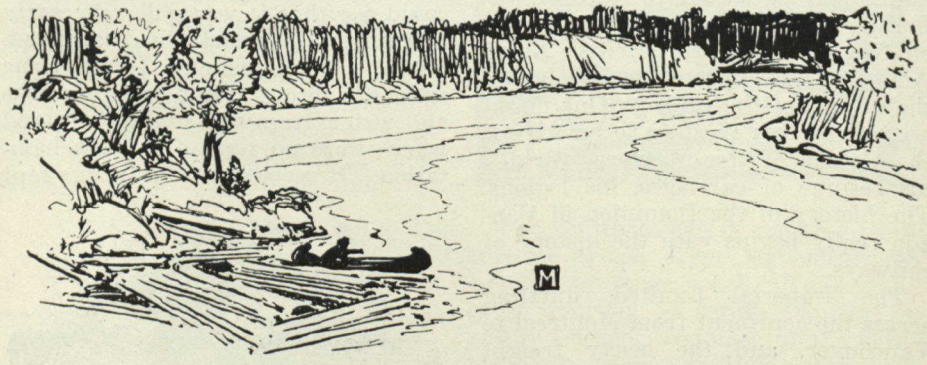
*

With a curt tug the locomotive, somewhere ahead, hurries his following head-first through a cutting. The granite walls through which engineers gone and forgotten once blaster this right-of-way shout back at the roaring wheels, as though some old resentment still lies between the train and vanquished nature. The argument stops, and there comes the thunder of ten thousand tons rolling over a bridge. Moving in stately mien beneath the straddling steel, flows a black river. Not a sign of man's handiwork anywhere save for this railway, a tangle of logs—deserters from some lumberman's last year's boom—and a motionless Indian fishing from a bark canoe.

And then, we are among trees, young green things that become excited as we approach, wave their arms madly and point after us. Then a sombre forest of steadfast spruce, a cluster of sapphire lakes, a pine growing from a cleft in a mossy cliff, a little stream, in flight, stumbling over stones—and five red deer breaking for cover.

The train curves, and there stands the source of the morning's gladness. Attendant clouds are just withdrawing. He mounts toward his noon-day throne, and as he climbs, lakes and dew-wet rocks, pale soft-wood of the second growth and black evergreens,

birds and streams salute him! A glorious morning!



In the November Number Mr. Cooke will sketch the trip across the Prairies and Rockies to the Pacific Coast.

COOKING AS AN AID TO EMPIRE

BY HAROLD SANDS

COOKING, a noble art, may claim credit as a factor in empire-building in Canada. A good dinner hastened the addition of British Columbia to Great Britain's possessions.

The banquet was given by the Earl of Sandwich—suggestive name in this connection—and one of the honoured guests was Captain James Cook. When he sat down to the noble earl's table one notable night in the year 1776 the great explorer had no intention of making the voyage to the Pacific Coast of Canada, which subsequently was to add more lustre to his name than any other of his remarkable journeys. He attended merely in an advisory capacity. But the eral's chef served so fine a repast that Cook yielded to that other cook, the king of the kitchen, and so became the first Englishman to explore the coast of British Columbia and Alaska.

It happened in this wise: For centuries the British Government ardently had longed that to the mistress of the seas should come the honour of discovering the Northwest Passage about which, as the Strait of Anian, so many mythical accounts had been written. Before the ill-fated Franklin expedition proved to the world that there is such a passage, though it is an impracticable one, it was the current belief that there was a broad, ice-free strait connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. Many adventurers sought to find this stream to the north of Canada, and some ancient mariners, with a disregard for the truth not confined to their days, asserted they had made the voyage both from the east and the west. Some of these men were the first Europeans to land on what is now the coast of British Columbia, but for all practical purposes Captain Cook may be termed the discoverer of that rich section of Canada, thanks to the excellence of the dinner served at the London residence of the Earl of Sandwich.

Great Britain had a standing offer of £20,000 ($100,000), as a reward to the first ship's crew that should accomplish the Northwest Passage. At first this reward was offered only if the trip be made from the east, through Hudson Bay, to the Pacific. Afterward the Act of Parliament was amended so that the voyage could be made from either the Atlantic or Pacific—westward or eastward.

In the early years of the reign of King George III., the Earl of Sandwich was First Lord of the Admiralty, and he was ambitious that the Northwest Passage should be discovered by Englishmen during his term of office. Therefore, he planned an expedition, but met with difficulty when it came to selecting an experienced man as commander.

Because of the outstanding services already rendered by Cook, the Earl felt reluctance in asking him again to risk his life in remarkable endeavour in out-of-the-way quarters of the globe. There was a general feeling, in fact, that Cook had won his spurs and by his eminent services

had become entitled to "the privilege of honourable repose," as a reporter of the eighteenth century put it. None liked to suggest that upon him be imposed the task of making a third voyage full of danger and hardships. The Earl of Sandwich, perhaps with an eye to what his cook could do, invited the explorer to attend a dinner and give the guests "the benefit of his valuable advice."

His lordship's chef excelled himself on that memorable occasion, and the influence of the well-cooked viands was so great that although Captain Cook had resolved to retire and enjoy his blushing honours, he, in the enthusiasm of the moment, volunteered to take command of the proposed expedition. His offer was closed with at once. Accordingly he refitted his famous ships, the *Resolution*, of 462 tons, and the *Discovery*, of 300 tons, and sailed from England on February 9th, 1776.

Because his instructions from the Admiralty said so, Cook went the long way round to the northwest coast of America. He proceeded by way of the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, Otaheite (Tahiti), and the Society Islands. He was ordered not to touch at any of the Spanish possessions in the Pacific unless necessity compelled it, but was to start his researches "on the coast of New Albion, in latitude 45 degrees north." Then he was to sail northward along the coast to latitude 65 degrees, where he was instructed to begin to look for "such rivers or inlets as might appear to be of considerable extent and opening toward Hudson Bay or Baffin Bay."

It is interesting to note that two Americans, Lieutenant King, a native of Virginia, who succeeded to the command of the *Discovery* after the deaths on the voyage of Captains Cook and Clarke, and John Ledyard, of Connecticut, a corporal of marines, accompanied the expedition.

On this, his last voyage, Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands, which he named the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty responsible for the expedition, but the name never was a favourite one. He sighted the coast of California in March, 1778, but, agreeing with his instructions, kept away, and he sailed north without even noticing the mouth of the Columbia River and the opening of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He first landed on British Columbian soil, at what he called Nootka, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. He then proceeded north to Cook's Inlet, in Alaska, explored the Aleutian Islands, and passed through Behring Inlet, which he named in honour of the great Danish navigator who first found the passage. A barrier of ice prevented him from making his way eastward, and after explorations in the Arctic Ocean he returned by way of the China coast to the Hawaiian Islands. There he was murdered by natives while directing a party of his men to recover one of the ship's boats which had been stolen.

Captain Clarke, who succeeded Cook in command, made a further attempt to find the Northwest Passage, but encountered a firm barrier of ice which drove him back. Believing, like Cook, that there was no such thing as a Northwest Passage, Clarke turned his ships toward home, but died en route. When the crews of the *Resolution* and *Discovery* reached home they found England at war with the American Colonies and the records of Cook's voyages were withheld from publication for four years. The sailors told such wonderful stories of the wealth of the northwest coast of America that several nations took part in a rush to the new country, which resulted in its opening to the world. But the chief factor in this direction was the good dinner which inspired Captain Cook to take comamnd of the final expedition which crowned his notable career.

THE STORY

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE NEW STUDY OF THE OLD BOOK

V.—THE GAINS OF CRITICISM (CONCLUDING ARTICLE)

BY REV. DR. GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

AFTER receiving a partial explanation of the Higher criticism, an earnest Christian woman said to me once, "Why, it is not what I thought it was at all." She had always heard it mentioned with derision or described as something dangerous, and she was surprised to find it an interesting and attractive subject. She was so pleased, indeed, that she expressed a desire to learn more about it. Many persons have probably felt, with her, surprised at its simplicity and delighted with its aim.

Its leading features having been presented, what we have gained by this method of study remains to be discussed. While others have spoken of the gains and losses, or the losses and gains, of criticism, I prefer to speak only of the gains, because there are no losses in the strict sense of the term. In the popular sense, of course, certain results may appear like losses to some people, as criticism destroys crude conceptions and corrects erroneous views; but to part with what is false or wrong is to gain, and not to lose, when we get something better in return.

Did the world lose or gain when men discovered that the earth is a spheroid? or when they demonstrated that it is not the centre of our planetary system? or when they proved that it revolves on its axis and moves about the sun? It is scarcely necessary to ask such questions, since every well-informed boy or girl knows the answer to them. As facts like these become established, they add to our knowledge; and every addition to our knowledge not only enlarges our intelligence, but also increases our efficiency.

All that we lose by criticism is misconceptions, which arose from imperfect understanding, due to unscientific ways of thinking; for it requires us to surrender nothing that is true, but merely some things that are untrue. Thus it removes only exrescences, or abnormal growths, which are not simply valueless, but mischievous, because they keep good people in ignorance, and lead many of them into doubt. Rightly regarded, therefore, all apparent losses are actual gains; for, while we lose supposition and uncertainty, we gain assurance and certainty. In other words, we gain demonstrable knowledge for defective information.

The actual gains are so manifold that I shall not attempt to enumerate them. I shall, however, classify them, and deal briefly with each class. They may be conveniently grouped into three classes, namely, Intellectual, Biblical, and Religious.

1. Intellectual Gains. Our primary gains are intellectual, and we have gained intellectually in two respects. In the first place, we have gained

freedom, or the right to employ freely critical methods in the study of the Scriptures. That right has been achieved after a prolonged struggle on the part of many scholars, and at a considerable cost to some of them. This is a preliminary or preparatory gain, which every student of the Bible should appreciate. With the right to investigate achieved, the duty to take advantage of the method has been vindicated, so that every educated person should employ it, and apply its principles to the best of his ability.

In the second place, we have gained relief, for criticism relieves as well as liberates the intellect. It is a relief for us to know that the Bible was written naturally by men in communion with their Maker, and, therefore, contains a revelation *of* Him rather than *from* Him; it is a relief to know that the structure of the writings is what it seems to be, and that their testimony can be used to determine the date of their composition; it is a relief to know that these writings should be studied with grammar and lexicon, as we study any other literature, and that the human element in them is characterised by the limitations common to all literary productions of the same period. But, much as such knowledge eases the mind, it is a greater relief to know that some things formerly believed about the Bible are false, and to learn not only how such beliefs came to be cherished, but also how they may be corrected. Those are important intellectual gains that tend to remove prejudice.

2. Biblical Gains. Such gains are of many kinds, as the results given in the previous paper indicate, for every settled result is a Biblical gain. Hence we have gained a better arrangement of the books of the Bible, a completer form of the text, a fairer estimate of the history, a finer knowledge of the legislation, a closer acquaintance with the literature, a broader view of the religion, a clearer notion of the morality, a truer appreciation of the science, a juster understanding of the doctrines, and a fuller agreement as to the meaning of each part. But, while every result mentioned is a Biblical gain, there are three belonging to that class of a more fundamental kind.

The first of these is didactic or instructive. Traditional scholars taught that the Bible was wholly divine, being equally inspired in every part; but critical scholars recognise in it two elements—the one human, the other divine—and they hold that it is the latter element which gives it a unique value. They teach, moreover, that the Bible does not contain a single revelation of equal breadth and brightness, but a progressive series of revelations; and that it does not present one system of doctrine from Genesis to Revelation. The conception of God in Joshua is not the same as that in Deutero-Isaiah, for in the former book Jehovah is regarded as the God of Israel, but in the latter as the only true God. Nor is the idea of sin in its earlier stages the same as that in its later, for critical study shows that sin was viewed as an act that put a man in the wrong with one who had the power to make him rue it before being viewed as an offence against God. What is true of these is true of all the other doctrines. They were gradually developed with the progress of revelation and the consequent broadening of human conceptions.

The second is hermeneutic or interpretive. Criticism has developed and introduced a scientific method of interpretation, designated by scholars the grammatico-historical method, which requires us not only to study the Bible with grammar and lexicon, as we study any other book, but also to apply to it the same use of reason and the same exercise of common sense. Its basal principle is to ascertain from the Scriptures themselves the meanings which the writers intended to convey. The employment of this method leads us to look for

the thought in the mind of each writer, instead of looking for the thought which fancy or bias, or both, may incline us to find. By substituting historical for dogmatic exegesis, it eliminates mystical and allegorical interpretations, and prevents interpreters from being arbitrary and unreasonable. Its employment leads us also to distinguish between the historical meaning of Scripture and its spiritual or religious application. That distinction is particularly necessary when dealing with the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, for many exegetes have supposed the evangelists and apostles to be interpreting prophetic passages when they were only applying their underlying principles. Its employment leads us further to interpret crude conceptions and unscientific beliefs in the light of their age and in accordance with the ideas prevalent at the time. This method brings the exact teaching of the Scriptures into closer view, as well as unifies the interpretation of them.

The third special Biblical gain is apologetic or defensive. As popularly used in conversation, apologetic means making excuse or expressing regret; but, as technically employed in theology, it means offering defence, apologetics being that branch of science that seeks to vindicate questionable positions by arguing in support of them. In bygone days traditional teachers spent much of their time in reconciling science and religion, when there was no necessary conflict between them; in harmonising contradictory accounts, where it was useless to try to make them agree; or in explaining difficulties and discrepancies away, instead of really explaining them. Some of their attempts at vindication were so feeble as to be almost laughable, and some of their answers to sceptics were so foolish as to be quite pitiable. Most of the old attacks on the Bible, because of the imperfect ideas and barbarous practices recorded in some parts of it, were called forth by reason of mechanical theories of inspiration and false conceptions of revelation, which the Higher criticism corrects, or by reason of obsolete forms of defence, which the modern method of interpretation proves to have been unwise. Historical exegesis has not only made apologetics unnecessary, but also rendered sceptical attacks impossible. There is nothing to be attacked, nor anything to de defended, when we perceive that the imperfect ideas of Scripture express the thoughts of men who lived in an unscientific age, and that the barbarous practices it records represent the moral standard reached by those who were responsible for them. Neither the delinquencies of David nor the barbarities of the Israelites surprise us when we recognise those facts, however much we may be pained on reading the accounts, for the things that pain us were quite in keeping with the thought and spirit of the times. Such gains are immensely important in dispelling doubt, as well as in removing prejudice.

3. Religious Gains. All intellectual and Biblical gains are religious, so far as they create a deeper interest in the Scriptures and lead to a more reverent perusal of them; and criticism has not only given a great impetus to Biblical study, but has also made the Bible a living book to multitudes of earnest souls. No one can tell the number of them. Each part being studied in the light of its own day, it speaks with a new meaning to the mind, and comes with a fresh force to the heart. There are two special gains of a religious kind to be separately considered.

The one is practical, resulting from a full recognition of the human element. In their fondness for theology and their love of mystery, traditional scholars neglected that element, or failed to recognise it fully. As a consequence, they magnified the mysterious, regarding inspiration and prophecy and even conversion as miracu-

lous. By fully recognising that feature of Scripture, critical scholars have brought the humanity of the Bible into clearer view, and have shown that inspiration is spiritual, not mechanical; that prophecy is religious instruction, not miraculous prediction; and that conversion, though due to divine influence, is as natural as repentance. They have shown also that the Scriptures were intended to teach religion rather than theology; and that the Bible is not a theological treatise, but a record of religious experience. Such a recognition of its humanity brings its general teaching nearer and makes its leading characters more real to us. It is a great practical gain to know that the prophets and apostles were men of like passions with ourselves, that the Lord Jesus, while free from sinning, was tempted in every way as we are, and that godliness is the same in kind in all good men in every age of the world. These facts, as men become aware of them, lessen the strain on their faith, and render it easier for them to believe the Bible. They prove, too, that in the sphere of religion there is a natural, no less than a spiritual, law.

The other religious gain is spiritual, and results from a true appreciation of the divine element. As the older scholars underestimated the humanity, so they overestimated the divinity, of the Bible, not with respect to its value, but with respect to its character. They claimed that God had inspired the writers of Scripture and revealed his will to them, but failed to see that he is always inspiring devout men and disclosing himself to their minds. By recognising that fact, criticism brings the Deity nearer and makes him more real to us. He is a God not afar off, but close at hand, who deals with men to-day as he dealt with those of old; for revelation is not simply historical and progressive, but continuous. Then it recognises another fact that helps us to appreciate more thoroughly the divine element. It perceives that each prophet and apostle spoke or wrote to a certain people, and delivered a message specially appropriate for them. Having a local and restricted application, what they taught is not always suitable for people of a later time. But, since truth is eternal, so far as the teaching of any Biblical writer contains it, what he taught, though it has no conscious relation to them, becomes a message to the people of any age. Thus the underlying principles of the Bible are applicable to the men of all time. Studied in that way, the first eleven chapters of Genesis, which contain some legendary and traditional matter, will be found to have a permanent spiritual value; for they are penetrated with religious ideas, and present much positive truth. Though it is mostly expressed in a pictorial or symbolic form, no similar portion of Scripture has profounder teaching with respect to the being of God, the source of life, the nature of man, the origin of sin, the birth of conscience, the significance of sacrifice, the final triumph of good over evil, or right over wrong, and the paramount importance of righteousness. As the intellectual gains tend to remove prejudice, and the Biblical gains serve to dispel doubt, so the religious gains help to inspire faith.

These seven gains show that criticism is advantageous to Christianity, as well as contributory to knowledge, and the last two prove that the Old Testament, not less than the New, will always have a unique value in the work of religious instruction. The greatest practical gain, however, is that criticism places faith upon a firmer basis, and one that no power can shake. By showing the applicability of the Bible to the lives of men in every age, it makes for belief, and not for disbelief; for, instead of weakening the appeal of the Scriptures, it strengthens the force of that appeal. But it is truth, not dogma, that the people of to-day desire, and that most

of them are bound to obtain. Having learned to think for themselves, they are no longer satisfied with dogmatic assertions, but are looking everywhere for certified facts. Hence the Church must learn to shape her teaching, not according to received opinion or traditional belief, but in accordance with the results of scientific investigation and historical research. People are coming more and more to be satisfied with nothing but certain knowledge; and, as criticism has substituted historical for dogmatic exegesis, so it will substitute internal for external authority, or the authority of the truth for that of a book.

An acquaintance with criticism, therefore, is one of the necessities of our time—one of the intellectual necessities, I mean. Such knowledge is necessary, not to salvation, but to intelligence. Salvation is an affair of the heart, and a very little knowledge is needed to get the heart right. The truth that saves, too, is so simple that a child may understand it. One who is ignorant of the results of criticism may be as good as one who is acquainted with them, but he does not know as much; and surely good people should desire to know all they can about the Book of Books. There are many persons, however, very many, who are not in harmony with the Church because they are not in sympathy with the Bible, and they are not in sympathy with it because they do not understand it. Criticism would give them just the knowledge they require. Hence a critical knowledge of the Scriptures is necessary to the intellectual relief, and so the complete salvation, of certain men.

But a critical knowledge of them is really necessary for all men, and especially for all those who teach or preach. The more intelligent we are the more useful we can be. Ignorance of established facts is thus a loss, not to our intelligence alone, but to our usefulness as well. There is the answer to the question so often asked in one form or another, How will the Higher criticism help in the work of saving men? It will help, as any other kind of knowledge helps, only in a higher degree; for every kind of knowledge increases our efficiency, but a proper knowledge of the Scriptures increases our power for usefulness as nothing else can.

Besides, the Bible is our book of religious doctrine, and, so long as the Church makes it the basis of religious instruction, her members ought to understand it above every other book. Hence not merely those who teach and preach, but every Christian man and woman, should wish to learn the facts about it. All who recognise its importance should desire to know the truth, and the time is fast approaching, I believe, when all thoughtful religious people will so desire, partly for their own sake and partly for the sake of those who are demanding it.

Only a few more words are needed in concluding this series of articles. The origin of the Bible and the structure of its books have been shown to be different from what most men have thought, and their meaning has been shown to be other than what traditional teachers have taught; but the inspired ideas they contain are not made fewer by critical study, nor is the divine element in them weakened in any way. As no vital truth is affected by the process, their spiritual value is not lessened in the least.

To all who make it the man of their counsel the Word of God in Scripture will remain a lamp to the feet and a light to the path—a lamp that shines with greater brightness, and a light that glows with richer radiance, because of the work of criticism. Those of us who study the Bible earnestly will still draw inspiration from it, though we know it was not mechanically dictated, as we shall still draw light and heat from the sun, though we know he does not rise and set. Without sharing their misconceptions, we shall find it, what our fathers found it, namely, an inexhaustible fountain of spiritual life.

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION

BY E. ST. JOHN-BRENON

LATE one lovely afternoon of a mid-June day I was seated in my favourite arm-chair in my library thinking over my next Sunday's sermon. The subject upon which I had promised my congregation a discourse was "Confession and Penitence" — one which interested me deeply, and which I hoped would as deeply interest my parishoners, and such casual hearers as now and again on Sundays, in the summer season, visited my church. I was just repeating to myself in a loud voice the lines of Omar Khayyam:—

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

when a tapping came to my door. At first I did not heed it; but as it was repeated in a hurried and eager manner, and knowing it to be my housekeeper, I called out, "Come in, come in, Mrs. Aldridge. What is it?"

"A messenger, sir, from the Cliff Chalet has called," said Mrs. Aldridge, "who says that you are wanted there at once. One of the ladies is dangerously ill, and she wishes to see you—and it is very urgent."

"Say I will come immediately," I said, rising; "and get me my hat and walking-stick, please." Mrs. Aldridge left the room to tell the messenger that I was following at once.

As usual, when receiving such a call, I prepared to put in order my pocket Communion service, in case I should have to administer the Last Sacrament. Having done so, I hastened to obey the summons.

This summons surprised me not a little, as I had never spoken to the occupants of the stone-built cottage which stood high on the cliff facing the rectory windows about half a mile distant, and I knew little or nothing of its tenants nor had rumour ever helped me in that direction.

My parish is a tolerably large one, scattered on the coast of Dorset. Though I have some rich landed proprietors among my parishoners, the majority of them are farmers and fishermen. My health had broken down with the onerous responsibilities of a large London parish, so I had accepted this living to recoup my strength, and enjoy some repose in my declining years. Here I found an ample and somewhat untilled field for my labours—which for me were here, as in London, labours of duty and love.

I am not by habit curious; nor am I romantic; for experiences of an unpleasing sort when at the university, had destroyed all the romance I possessed in those far-off, joyous days. But I confess that frequently in my idle and thinking moods, I had formed many vague speculations as to why two ladies, who report said were still in the summer-time of life and beautiful, should have chosen this lonely and isolated cottage as a dwelling-place, and who, furthermore, had but very rarely, if ever, visitors.

The cottage had been built original-

ly for coast-guard purposes; but the position was found to have been inconvenient, and so it was abandoned for a more accessible one. Owing to being uninhabited for a long time the house fell into an almost ruinous state. One day, however, about three years ago, much to the surprise of myself and my parishoners, a number of workmen from an adjacent town were engaged by a local builder to put it into a habitable condition.

A few months afterwards a couple of loads of furniture were carted to the foot of the hill and borne on the shoulders of the men up to the cottage. As soon as the house was set in order, which was in a few days, the present occupants took up their abode there. They came in a private carriage one November evening when night had already fallen, and were only, as I afterwards learned from my housekeeper, attended by a maid. Deeming it my duty as the rector of the parish, upon having ascertained that they were members of the Church, I called upon them on two occasions; but I was not received. The ladies evidently thinking I might take umbrage at that which might have appeared a discourtesy, soon after my second call, a note to the following effect was sent to the rectory:

"Mrs. Trefusis and Miss Alington present their compliments to the Reverend Nassau Lawson and beg to thank him for his most kind visit. Mrs. Trefusis's health, however, is in such a precarious state, that she and her sister are regretfully constrained to decline receiving all visitors."

This naturally precluded the possibility of any further advances on my part to make the acquaintance of my mysterious parishioners; and for three years I heard little and saw nothing of the inmates of the cottage until the day when their urgent request to visit them reached me.

As I mounted the side of the cliff a fresh wind beat full in my face. The only short cut, and this I naturally took, as I was anxious to avoid all possible delay, was by ascending a steep incline over a rough footpath, so narrow in some places that a careless step, or the slipping of my foothold, brought a small avalanche of dust and stones hurrying and scurrying down the side of the cliff, if not stopped by projecting rocks or thick clusters of weeds and brushwood. I now and again paused to take breath, and, as was always the case whenever I took this climb for pleasure, was struck with the almost sublime and romantic beauty of the mingled scene of sea and land which one got here. Nature in her hardest mood had carved and moulded the rugged rocks which edged the whole coast. There were no gentle undulations of the land, no bright patches of emerald meadow, no waving fields of ripening grain nor forest trees, nor bracken to soften the face of the hill; yet it had a beauty that enthralled, and which on this lovely June evening, as the heavens glowed in delicate green and red painted by the rays of the sun as he hastened to the evenings horizon, had a loveliness peculiarly its own, and which wakened in me a full sense of the supreme beneficence of the Creator of the Universe, and made me feel grateful that He had permitted me to regain my health and to live to enjoy it in usefulness to my fellow-creatures. After a somewhat wearisome climb I stood on a piece of tableland on which, backed by huge granite rocks, stood the lonely cottage which this evening was my goal.

Some rose-trees, laden with roses, laurel, box and shrubs, gave the only touches of colour to the neglected garden, with its flagless flagstaff and rickety sun-dial. Before I had time to knock, the door was opened by a lady of about thirty years of age. She was very pale, and through the welcome look which she gave me, I could see that she restrained with difficulty her tears.

"It is so kind of you to come, Mr. Lawson," she said, courteously hold-

ing out her hand. "My sister is very, very ill. May I take you to her at once?"

I followed her into a darkened room, for the blinds were drawn, and there I saw lying amongst a pile of pillows, the attenuated form of a beautiful young woman. Kneeling by the couch on which she lay, and taking the invalid's hand in hers my guide said in a soft, sweet voice:

"Rowena, my darling, Mr. Lawson, the Rector, is here. Do you feel able to speak to him?" As soon as the introduction was complete she quietly retired from the room, leaving us by ourselves.

A very lovely face, that of a woman about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, was half lifted from amongst the pillows. Then I could clearly see that the hand of death was upon it, and that there was no time to lose. Seating myself on a low chair which Miss Alington had placed beside the dying woman I tried to say some comforting words.

For a little time the transparently white thin hands played restlessly and nervously with the lace frillings of her snowy white wrapper, then clasping them together convulsively, she said in a broken voice, "I have a confession to make—something in my life no one has ever known—will you hear it?"

I took her hands in mine and murmured I know not what — beyond that it was something consolatory. There was an inexplicably pathetic, yet weird expression in the sick woman's eyes from which I seemed to understand that the disease from which she was suffering and which was killing her, was mental as well as physical. Gathering her fast-ebbing strength, she told me the following story with many brakes and pauses:

"I was married on my eighteenth birthday to a man I loved with all the passionate ardour of my nature. He was a Captain in the Royal Navy and very rich, and I usually accompanied him on his voyages, that is to say I followed him from station to station, so we were seldom separated. I had been with him to China, Japan, Ceylon, the West Indies, Australia, and the Mediterranean. Two children were born to us—a sunny-headed boy and girl. Both died in their babyhood. And it was best so. After the birth of my second child I fell dangerously ill. Of those long and weary months of suffering I have no recollection, and my convalescence was a misty dream. I afterwards learned that I had been out of my mind for some time. Believing that the sea, which I loved so well would restore me to my health and strength, my husband, contrary to the advice of my physician and my relatives' opposition, decided to take me to the Mediterranean in his own steam yacht, leaving our children in the care of my parents.

"Well do I remember my awakening from the terrible fever, to which I had nearly succumbed. When I did so I found myself on the deck of the *Rowena*—it was named after me —anchored in the Bay of Naples, one lovely morning in May. I recognised where I was at once—Vesuvius, Capri, Posilippo, the castle of Saint Elmo, the Vomero, were all familiar to me; for I had been there many times before—but I wondered how I got there. I saw bending over me, fanning me with a dried palm-leaf, a woman, finely built, handsome and looking so neat in a nurse's costume. She had large voilet-coloured, deep-set eyes, and dark rich wavy hair sweeping back in heavy glossy masses from a low forehead of an alabaster whiteness.

"I looked at her languidly at first, and with all-wondering curiosity — thinking who is she? Who can she be? Then in a faltering, far-away voice, which I hardly recognised as my own I called for my husband and inquired of him where I was.

"The woman leant over me again with a wistful, searching look, and

said, 'I am your nurse. I will send for Captain Trefusis—your husband. You are on board the *Rowena* (I started on hearing my own name) in the Bay of Naples, and you are much better, dear, you have been very ill!' On hearing this I said 'I want my husband. Tell him.'

"She spoke a few words to a sailor who stood near, and the next moment my beloved husband was by my side. I suppose he saw from the expression of my face that my wandering reason was restored, and his dark, honest eyes shone with an unspeakable gladness as he took me tenderly in his arms and caressed me. How happy I felt when he was by my side! I was too weak and languid for many a day to notice or care for anything but him and his companionship, and whenever I could, I would lie for hours on my pillows in a luxurious deck-chair on those lovely, warm, sunlit evenings, with my hands clasped in my husband's—very weak, but, oh, so happy!

"Soon I grew stronger, and was able to walk about the deck, and even to land and takes drives around Naples—to Baise, Capodimonte, Sorrento — and sometimes the yacht would cruise to Capri, Ischia and Procida—all for my pleasure. On our drives I was, besides my husband, always accompanied by Nurse Jephson. She had been selected by a famous mental physician as a most valuable nurse for me. When I was ill and weak her presence was almost unnoticed by me, but I was told it was necessary that she should look after me constantly. I could not understand. And since I was well and strong again the constant companionship became irksome and worried and even irritated me.

"Miss Ada Jephson—that was her full name—was a clever woman, and well-born as I afterwards learnt, and had adopted nursing first merely as an experience, a study, for she had independent means; but in consequence of her success in the treatment of several patients suffering from nervous diseases she was induced to continue it as a profession.

"As a rule, she excited admiration among men and women, and was generally considered sympathetic, but to me, on close acquaintance, there was something intensely antipathetic about her—but if I were asked to say in which way, and what developed the feeling, I could not tell, beyond the fact that she never looked me straight in the face, but had an unpleasant way of taking swift furtive glances at me, which, although she never on these occasions allowed her eyes to meet mine, had the effect of an electric shock on my shattered nervous system. She never, I know, thought or knew I noticed this habit of hers. But this and her caressing, feline manner had an unaccountable effect on me that I began to loath not only her company, but the sight of her. I cannot hope to make you understand this feeling, and can only tell you how I felt and try to explain to you the baleful influences she exercised over me.

"She followed me everywhere, so much—so constantly, that I rarely could find myself alone with my husband. If I moved from one part of the yacht to another, she glided to my side in an instant with the excuse of offering me a fan, a pillow, a forgotten shawl or a book.

"I tried to tell this all to my husband one day. I begged of him to send her away, as I found I would be better alone; but he only laughed and said I was fanciful; so I dropped the subject disappointed and disheartened. She was the only woman on board who could be my companion, and I might require her services on the voyage home, he argued.

"At length, to my great joy, my husband, who had been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, was called to England to assume a command in the Home Station. All the bustle of leave-taking of our Neapolitan friends and preparation for our departure

fatigued me greatly. So when we got out of the Bay, the day being hot and sultry, I lay down in the deck cabin, and fell into a calm, refreshing, dreamless sleep. I must have been asleep for about an hour, when I was awakened by the touch of cold fingers on the back of my neck. I lay on my side, my back towards the cabin door—I felt the fingers creep round my throat and grasp it tightly for an instant and then relax the grip.

"I was terror-stricken and with a shriek (which showed how terrified I was) leaped up, and saw Nurse Pephson standing by my side.

" 'How dare you awaken me in that cruel, rough way!' I said, trembling from head to foot, being not only frightened, but angry—'How dare you do it?'

" 'I did not touch you at all, Mrs. Trefusis,' she said, leaning against the small cabin table with her hands behind her, half-closing her eyes, and looking as if it were above me, but not at me.

" 'Captain Trefusis sent me to see if you were still asleep!'

"At the same time, attracted by my excited tone and somewhat loud voice, my husband entered the cabin —and I noticed they looked at each other in startled interrogation. Nurse Jephson gave him a swift glance of intelligence—and lifting her brows slightly, but significantly, seemed to form with her lips the word—

" 'Again!' What did she mean? What could she mean? I thought.

"My husband came to my side, placed his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and then motioned Nurse Jephson to leave the cabin.

" 'Arthur!' I sobbed, 'I was sleeping quietly, and that woman suddenly awakened me by catching me by the throat as if she wanted to strangle me!

" 'Nonsense, my love. You have been dreaming. It is all a dream—a nightmare—nothing more,' and he kissed me, and tried to soothe me as one would a frightened child; but I saw that he really believed I had been dreaming, and it was useless for me to say otherwise.

"From that hour I could never bear that woman near me. A certain and undefinable distrust and fear filled me whenever I was alone with her. I felt no longer myself, and grew sad and reserved. My husband, although unchanglingly patient, tender, and loving, I now fancied watched my every movement with marked anxiety. I said nothing more of Nurse Jephson, as I knew I would be able to rid myself of her as soon as I reached England. I, however, showed her that I preferred being as much as possible left to myself—and I must say, though she seemed to watch me as if I could not be trusted alone, she did not force her attentions on me in any obtrusive way—in fact, apparently not as much as she had in the past. Still I could see that she kept me under the strictest observation—but why I could not understand, unless it was that she pretended to think that I had relapsed into my former state of mental weakness. And I hated her for it.

"My husband's duties—for he frequently took the command of the yacht himself—occupied much of his time, nevertheless, every spare moment he had he was by my side, and I always observed that whenever he returned after any absence, however short, he directed a half-questioning glance towards Nurse Jephson. All this manœuvring and questioning by looks caused me much worry, and I could not explain satisfactorily to myself the reason of it. I fear I began to be jealous. Yet there was nothing in my husband's conduct to justify such a suspicion.

"Whether Nurse Jephson grew to suspect that my mind veered in that direction or not I never knew; but I saw that she perceived I had noticed the interchange of glances between her and my husband, so that ultimately, when an inquiring look

was given by him, she did not answer it, nor did she, so far as I ever knew, have any private conversation with him. Her attitude towards me was, therefore, a mystery I could not solve. I thought that perhaps she was in love with my husband, but there was nothing in her manner towards him which indicated it. Still the belief was taking such hold of my mind that I could not rid myself of it, and it burned into my soul. It was for this reason I suspected that she wanted to kill me—for I was convinced that had I not suddenly awakened when she was in the cabin that terrible afternoon, she would have murdered me. But it never occurred to me how easily the crime could have been brought home to her, and that she could be punished for it. A mad jealousy at times took hold of me, and I often found myself scheming how to be revenged on her—but in what way I knew not—while at other times I fought earnestly against the evil design.

"One day when we were nearing Marseilles, turning over some letters and papers on my husband's writing-table I came across a sheet of paper with printed dates which had evidently been torn from a diary in Nurse Jephson's handwriting. On this I read:

"May 24th. Mrs. T. excited this afternoon. Paroxysm violent, and dangerous. Captain T, unfortunately arrived when it had exhausted itself. Poor patient fancied I placed my hand on her throat.

"May 29th. Another paroxysm. Again very violent, but on appearance of Captain T. all trace of excitement disappeared.

"June 10th. Patient better last few days. Increased dislike to my soceity, but calmer.

"June 14th. Terrible seizure during Captain Trefusis's absence. Managed to subdue it without allowing anyone to be aware of the occurrence. Did not call for assistance, as knowing Captain T.'s wish that no one should hear of these frightful scenes."

"Merciful heavens! I saw it all. This cruel monster was trying, for some reason of her own, to persuade my husband that I was insane, and she was evidently succeeding. Lying close to this paper lay a letter to his mother in which he wrote, 'I enclose you a portion of Nurse Jephson's diary which covers that which has been the worst period of my darling's illness. Thank God! I have never witnessed any of these seizures. Nurse Jepson has kept them secret from every one on board, as she, by herself, was able to take ample care of my poor girl in these terrible moments. To look at Rowena no one who knew nothing of her malady would believe that she is in any way ill. All traces of the old fever have gone, only leaving this awful track —mental alienation—behind it.'

"I knelt by the table and burying my head in my hands wept silently. I felt so hopeless and wretched. Why was this woman behaving in this way? Why was she concocting this lying diary? Was I right in my suspicions? What should I do? I thanked God that I was daily getting nearer home. Once there, all would come right. Now I would try and calm myself. I tried to control the wild beating of my heart. When I found I could talk calmly, I took the portion of the diary and my husband's letter to his mother in my hand, and went to look for him. He was not in the dining-saloon, nor anywhere below. He must be on deck—on the bridge. So I retraced my steps, and, on mounting the companion-stairs, perceived the flutter of a white dress in the stern of the boat, and the dim outline of my husband's tall figure standing by the wearer. I approached, then I heard scraps of their conversation — both their backs were turned towards me, so they did not notice my approach. My husband was saying:

" 'Perhaps you are right. But I cannot say that I agree with you. We shall see on our arrival home what the doctors say.'

" 'The restraint of the asylum is

the only thing for her and for her safety,' continued the woman, 'I beg of you to consider well the matter, and place her in one on your return, not only for your own sake, but for hers!'

"On hearing this I could bear no more. All the blood of my body rushed to my head and like a tigress springing forward with a violent and sudden push I sent her backwards, head downwards, into the seething waters. Not a word was uttered—not a scream. The whole thing took place in an instant—like a lightning-flash—whilst the yacht was swiftly proceeding on its course. I can never forget my beloved husband's look of panic-surprise and horror as he sprang rapidly away from me, and thrusting me from him as he cried, 'Good God! What have you done? What have you done?' Then he seized the lifebuoy—shouting 'Man overboard! Stop her! Stop her!' and leaped into the sea to try and save the woman, whom with a dazed vision I saw struggling in the water, but who, with my husband, was left a long way behind before the yacht was stopped. The cry was taken up by everyone on deck—the first officer caught up the cry 'Man overboard!' following it by vehemently shouting, 'Lower the boats!' Then a hurrying of many feet, excitment everywhere, as the first officer again shouted, 'Good God! the Captain's overboard—and the Nurse! Hurry up! Hurry up!' It was an awful scene to everyone, but especially to me who was the cause of it all, and I and the victims alone knew it.

"After this I remember no more. God mercifully for some time deprived me of my senses. When I came to, I awakened to the awful knowledge that I had murdered them both. The yacht cruised about for many hours—until daylight, searching for the bodies; but, alas, they were never found.

"Up to this hour no one ever suspected a crime—that it was I who pushed Nurse Jephson overboard—that I was a murderess—the murderess of my devoted husband, whom I idolised, and my nurse. My sufferings and remorse ever since have been terrible, I have never had a moment's peace of mind. It, however, has given me some relief to make my confession now—now that I am so near death, for I know I am dying.

"My sister and I have lived together for the last six years. For three we have wandered about from place to place—she ignorant of the trouble which made me so restless—till finally we settled down here, far away from all the world—I bemoaning my sin—known only to myself and God. I have prayed day and night all these years to die; but to punish me God has made me live on—to expiate in some measure my crime by my sufferings. Yet, surely, the Almighty knows my crime was the impulse of a poor brain-strained, mad and jealous woman, and will not damn me eternally for it. I hardly knew what I was doing till it was done.

"Tell me—Oh, tell me, is there any hope that I shall be forgiven," said the dying woman in a voice of agonised despair. Then grasping my arm and gazing into my eyes with an eager, pleading look, she added, "Shall I meet my darling husband again? I cannot die till I know this—I cannot—I cannot!"

I then spoke to the poor invalid such words of hope and consolation as I thought might give some comfort to her weary soul in the moment of her repentance and confession; but never before during my long ministry did I feel so helpless or so impotent as when endeavouring to give her the consolation she sought, and in these her last moments on earth, so much needed.

I sat by her side in company with her sister all through the night. Just as the lurid dawn was breaking over the sea's horizon my contrite penitent, who we thought was sleeping,

opened her beautiful eyes as if searching for her sister. She raised her head as if to say something, then, with one long sigh it fell back again on the pillow as her weary spirit took its eternal flight, and she was at rest forever.

*

We buried her in the romantically-situated graveyard at the foot of the mountain; and I made her "Confession and Penitence" the subject of my sermon on the following Sunday in fulfilment of my promise made to my congregation before I thought I should soon have a sad object lesson in both in my own parish.

A couple of weeks after the funeral, Miss Alington left Cliff Chalet, and as it has never since been occupied, it soon fell into decay; nor did I ever have any tidings of her, save a couple of letters, which came from Posilips, Naples, when a white marble cross was about to be erected over her sister's grave, and when she submitted to me, for my approval, the inscription, which was to be engraved upon its base, and which now may be seen upon it:

In Memory
of
ROWENA TREFUSIS,
Aged 29,
Died, June 15th, 19—

Her husband, Rear-Admiral Arthur Trefusis, was drowned in the Mediterranean Sea in his effort to save Miss Ada Jephson, who fell overboard from his yacht, the "Rowena."
June 15th, 189—

Until the sea gives up its dead
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts.

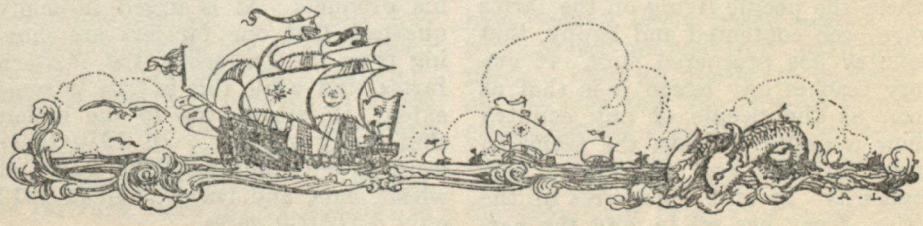
ENIGMA

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

AS eager as the homing swallows' flight,
And like calm waters of a deep, dark sea,
And not unlike the stars God sows by night,
And kindred to their cloud-hung mystery.

Sad as the backward glances of desire,
Joyous as any nodding garden flower,
Bright with the flashings of an inner fire
And cool as a mid-summer mountain shower.

Never did Nature with the tools of Art
Chisel a work more human and divine,
In the true image of the inconstant heart,
Than those sad, smiling, eager eyes of thine!



GIVE THE FARMER CREDIT

BY J. H. HASLAM

CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO AGRICULTURAL CREDITS FOR THE PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

THERE are three basic wants of mankind, food, clothing, and shelter, and on these commodities and their accumulation and production all credit ultimately rests. The two former perish with the using and have to be renewed from year to year, while shelter, houses, stables, stores, offices, warehouses, are more or less permanent, and have to be renewed or repaired after a long period of use. Food and clothing are produced on the farms, likewise much that goes into shelter. The furnishing of our houses, the bedding, the curtains, the carpets, are produced originally on the farms. All manufacturers, all transportation, the great throbbing energies of mankind, are largely engaged in fabricating these products, devising new methods of utilising them to better advantage and conveying them with all possible despatch to where they are most needed.

In every age agriculture has been looked on by most people as the greatest industry. It has been fostered in every possible way. And where it has prospered in any country and where the people living on the farms have been contented and happy, that country has prospered most. If history teaches any lesson it is that as soon as the people of any country show a desire to leave the farms in large numbers and participate permanently in the pleasures of the cities, decay has set in, and the period of its greatness has reached its limit. We unfortunately have symptoms of that state of affairs in Canada. In none of our Provinces, except the three Western, are there as many people on the farms as there were ten years ago. There are fewer cattle and fewer sheep, and these animals provide us with most of our food and clothing. Even in Saskatchewan, the greatest agricultural Province in the Dominion, there is a very large movement from the farms in the older settled districts, and if this movement is not checked at once Canada must suffer deplorably.

The area under wheat, oats, barley, and peas in the five Eastern Provinces of Canada decreased during the last eleven years nearly one million acres, nor has this decrease in the acreage of grain crops been attended by any increase in the yield by acreage, and there has been a marked decrease in both flocks and herds. The only redeeming feature is that the farmer gets more for what he grows, but not sufficient to induce him to bring more land under cultivation, or increase his products. It is urged in many quarters that our farmers are moving from the Eastern to the Western farms, and while this is true to some extent, it is not true to the extent that many suppose. In 1910 there were in Manitoba 5,072,000 acres of wheat, oats, and barley, and in 1912 only 4,372,000 acres.

The great prosperity of the cities in the West is having the effect of luring the people from the farms. Even in Saskatchewan there was over 300,000 acres less in wheat, oats, and barley in 1912 than in 1911. Wheat, the staple crop of this Province, was grown at an actual money loss during the last three years, largely because the farmers are unable to pay cash, as do the farmers of Europe, for their needs. The crop is improperly financed and is thrown on the market in a great mass, when it immediately depresses the price. Having to be transported in a few months, it is done in the most expensive way and costs at least fifty per cent. more that it would if the farmer was able to select the most economical methods and the cheapest routes. Any other country in the world making pretence of agriculture, except Great Britain and the United States, has a complete system of agricultural finance, and all such countries have shown a remarkable growth in agriculture. England had twenty-five years ago 17,000,000 acres under cultivation and 13,000,000 acres under pasture. These figures are reversed now, and yet there has not been any such increase in the number of animals on the farms as in Italy, France, or Germany, where every available acre is producing crops. In 1860, 2,000,000 of the population of England and Wales was engaged in agriculture. There are now only 900,000, and yet the population has about doubled in this time.

Agriculture in England has never recovered from the depression of twenty-five years ago, which prevailed all over the world. All the other European countries have shown wonderful development. Even Italy during the last decade has about doubled the yield of its farms. The same tendency is true, but perhaps to a less extent, of all the other European countries I have visited lately.

The exports of butter from Russia, for instance, have nearly doubled in the last three years and now amount to about $45,000,000 in value a year. About forty per cent. of the butter now imported into the United Kingdom comes from Russia. The increase in production and the improvements in quality making this possible was brought about largely by the splendid system of agricultural credit introduced lately by the Russian Government whereby the Russian farmer is enabled to borrow the money necessary to buy cattle and the necessary implements for his farm at reasonable terms and for a long enough period to enable him to pay the debt through the earnings of the cattle, seed, implements, or whatever else he may purchase.

Under the Russian system of regional agricultural banks, forty terminal elevators are being erected for the storage of grain. It is the intention to increase these to 250 in the immediate future, with a storage capacity of 250,000,000 bushels. These elevators receive the grain from the small country elevators, which are owned by the local co-operative banks. Advances are made on the grain by the local banks and to the farmers when it is growing. The paper is rediscounted in the regional bank, which in turn rediscounts in the central bank of issue, in St. Petersburg. In the same way, when the local bank has a surplus of funds it deposits in the regional bank, which deposits its surplus in the central bank, which is under the control of the Government and serves both agriculture and industry. This is copied after the *Credit Agricole*, of France, which derives its emergency funds from the Bank of France.

Every country in Europe which I have visited lately has a system of banking best adapted to its particular needs. They all appear to be based on the idea that the surplus money of agriculture shall be used for agriculture, and that of industry for industry, and the ordinary savings of the people for both, all the Govern-

ment savings banks lending to agriculture as well as industry. In many cases, however, agriculture has the preference. The Bank of France has given to agriculture 40,000,000 francs without interest during the term for which its charter was renewed, and it pays a portion of its profits to agriculture, as well as discounting farmers' paper at the usual bank rate of the Bank of France. The French farmer borrows at from two and a half to four and a half per cent., and the agricultural labourer gets money to pay for his house, which is built and sold to him at cost by a Government institution organised for the purpose. The rate of interest is based on the number of children he has. The man having no children, if admitted to the benefits of the society at all, paying the maximum rate of four per cent., and the father of five children getting the minimum, which is two and one-quarter per cent. The present birth rate in rural Ontario suggests a like remedy. Traders, contrary to the custom in Britain and Canada, have to shift largely for themselves. They are mostly Jews and have not much standing in the communities and are supposed to finance each other through their private banks. In fact, many of the large Jewish trading concerns I met in Europe told me that they did not borrow money, but lent it to their customers. They appear to be people of great wealth, they are very courteous and intelligent, usually speak English well, and I have no doubt their fathers made the money they now have, before the present system of co-operative financing and trading was introduced. The credit for the splendid system of co-operative finance now in operation in Italy, however, is due to the great Luzatti, who is a Venetian Jew, and David Lubin, a Russian Jew, is the great exponent of co-operative finance and production in the United States. The Jew is the trader *par excellence*, and must be a political economist.

The largest grain merchant in the world, a French Jew, told me that he never speculates on exchanges, and never buys cargo space ahead. He never insures or deals in options. The only persons he pays to conduct his business are his clerks. He said that "I can insure my cargoes cheaper than a gambler at Lloyds' and grain exchanges only make prices at what I can sell wheat for." This man's firm handles 180,000,000 bushels of wheat a year and controls the marketing of the crop of two countries and used to control also that of another.

The spirit of the people in Europe is not as a rule to leave the farm, but the reverse. The desire to own a piece of land is the great consuming ambition of the peasant of Southern Europe. He wants to produce something, and it is to him all over Europe that the great rewards come, if not in money, at least in esteem and in the honour of his fellowmen. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the same high ambition will pervade the mind of the Canadian youth and that his talent and energy shall be diverted to the development of the natural resources of this great country. This is a far higher ambition than engaging in the exploitation of those who do.

We will not have a really great Canada and achieve that place among the nations which we deserve until our Governments see that all who have willing hands, whether native or foreign born, shall have placed at their disposal the necessary credit to engage in the cultivation of our soil, and that that money shall be placed at their disposal at a rate that they can afford to pay, and that the products of their toil shall be transported to market in the most economical way, and sold in such a manner that there shall come to all who deserve it the complete reward of the labour of their hands and brains.

MRS. SCROOPE EGERTON

From the Painting by Thomas Gainsborough. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE BEAR'S FACE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

"THERE ain't no denying but what you give us a great show, Job," said the barkeeper, with that air of patronage which befits the man who presides over and automatically controls the varied activities of a saloon in a Western lumber town.

"It *is* a good show!" assented Job Toomey modestly. He leaned up against the bar in orthodox fashion, just as if his order had been "whiskey fer mine!" but, being a really great animal trainer, whose eye must be always clear and his nerve always steady as a rock, his glass contained nothing stronger than milk and Vichy.

Fifteen years before, Job Toomey had gone away with a little travelling menagerie, because he loved wild animals. He had come back famous; and the town of Grantham Mills, metropolis of his native country, was proud of him. He was head of the menagerie of the Sillaby and Hopkins Circus, and trainer of one of the finest troupes of performing beasts in all America. It was a great thing for Grantham Mills to have had a visit from the Sillaby and Hopkins Circus, on its way from one important centre to another. There had been two great performances, afternoon and evening. And now, after the last performance, some of Toomey's old-time acquaintances were making things pleasant for him in the bar of the "Continental."

"I don't see how ye do it, Job!" said Sanderson, an old river man who had formerly trapped and hunted with Toomey. "I mind ye was always kind o' slick an' understandin' with the wild critters; but the way them lions an' painters an' bears an' wolves jest folly yer eye an' yer nod, willin' as so many poodle dogs, beats me. They seem to like it, too."

"They *do*," said Toomey. "Secret of it is *I* like *them;* so, by-an'-by, they learn to like me, well enough, an' try to please me. I make it worth their while, too. Also, they know I'll stand no fooling. Fear an' love, rightly mixed, boys—plenty of love, an' jest enough fear to keep it from spilin'—that's a mixture'll carry a man far—leastways, with animals!"

The barkeeper smiled, and was about to say the obvious thing; but he was interrupted by a long, lean-jawed, leather-faced man, captain of one of the river tugs, whose eyes had grown sharp as gimlets with looking out for snags and sandbanks.

"The finest beast in the whole menagerie, that big grizzly," said he, spitting accurately into a spacious box of sawdust, "I noticed as how ye didn't have *him* in your performance, Mr. Toomey. Now, I kind o' thought as how I'd like to see you put *him* through his stunts."

Toomey was silent for a moment. Then, with a certain reserve in his voice, he answered: "Oh, he ain't exactly strong on stunts."

The leather-faced captain grinned quizzically. "Which does he go shy on, Mr. Toomey, the love or the fear?" he asked.

"Both," said Toomey shortly. Then his stern face relaxed, and he laughed good-humoredly. "Fact is, I think we'll have to be sellin' that there grizzly to some zoölogical park. He's kind of bad fer my prestige."

"How's that, Job?" asked Sanderson, expectant of a story.

"Well," replied Toomey, "to tell you the truth, boys—an' I only say it because I'm here at home, among friends—it's *me* that's afraid of *him!* An' he knows it. He's the only beast that's ever been able to make me feel fear—the real, deep-down fear. An' I've never been able to git quit of that ugly notion. I go an' stand in front of his cage; an' he jest puts that great face of his up agin the bars an' stares at me. An' I look straight into his eyes, an' remember what has passed between us, an' I feel afraid still. Yes, it wouldn't be much use me tryin' to train *that* bear, boys; an' I'm free to acknowledge it to you all."

"Tell us about it, Job!" suggested the bar-keeper, settling his large frame precariously on the top of a small, high stool. An urgent chorus of approval came from all about the bar. Toomey took out his watch, and considered.

"We start away at 5.40 a.m.," said he, "an' I must make out to get a wink o' sleep. But I reckon I've got time enough. As you'll see, however, before I git through, the drinks are on me, so name yer p'ison, boys. Meanwhile, you'll excuse me if I don't join you this time. A man kin hold just about so much.

"It was kind of this way," he continued, when the barkeeper had performed his functions. "You see, for nigh ten years after I left Grantham Mills I'd stuck closer'n a burr to my business, till I began to feel I knew most all there was to know about trainin' animals. Men do git that kind of a fool feelin' sometimes, about lots of things harder than animal trainin.' Well, nothin' would do me but I should go back to my old business of *trappin'* the beasts, only with one big difference. I wanted to go in fer takin' them alive, so as to sell them to menageries an' all that sort of thing. An' it was no pipe dream, fer I done well at it from the first. But that's not here nor there. I was gittin' tired of it, after a lot o' travellin' an' some lively kind of scrapes; so I made up my mind to finish up with a grizzly, an' then git back to trainin', which was what I was cut out fer, after all.

"Well, I wanted a grizzly; an' it wasn't long before I found one. We were campin' among the foothills of the upper end of the Sierra Nevada range, in Northern California. It was a good prospectin' ground fer grizzly, an' we found lots o' signs. I wanted one not too big fer convenience, an' not so old as to be too set in his ways an' too proud to learn. I had three good men with me, an' we scattered ourselves over a big lot o' ground, lookin' fer a likely trail. When I stumbled onto that chap in the cage yonder, what Captain Bird admires so, I knew right off *he* wasn't what I was after. But the queer thing was that *he* didn't seem to feel that way about *me*. He was after me before I had time to think of anything jest suitable to the occasion."

"Where in thunder was yer gun?" demanded the river man.

"That was jest the trouble!" answered Toomey. "Ye see, I'd stood the gun agin a tree, in a dry place, while I stepped over a bit o' boggy ground, intendin' to lay down and drink out of a leetle spring. Well, the bear was handier to that gun than I was. When he come fer me, I tell ye I didn't go back fer the gun. I ran, straight up the hill, an' him too close at my heels fer convenience. Then I remembered that a grizzly don't run his best when he goes up hill on a slant, so on the slant I went. It worked, I reckoned, fer though I couldn't say I gained on him much, it was soothin' to observe that he didn't seem to gain on me.

"Fer maybe well onto three hundred yards it was a fine race, and I was beginnin' to wonder if the bear was gettin' as near winded as I was, when slap, I come right out on the crest of the ridge, which jest ahead o' me jutted out in a sort of elbow. What there was on the other side I couldn't see, and couldn't take time to inquire. I jest had to chance it, hopin' it might be somethin' less than a thousand foot drop. I ran straight to the edge, and jest managed to throw myself flat on my face an' clutch at the grass like mad to keep from pitchin' clean out into space. It *was* a drop, all right—two hundred foot or more o' sheer cliff. An' the bear was not thirty yards behind me.

"I looked at the bear, as I laid there clutchin' the grass roots. Then I looked down over the edge. I didn't feel frightened exactly — so fur — didn't *know* enough, maybe, to be *frightened* of *any* animal. But jest at this point I was mighty anxious. You'll believe, then, it was kind o' good to me to see, right below, maybe twenty foot down, a little pocket of a ledge, full o' grass an' blossomin' weeds. There was no time to calculate. I could let myself drop; an' maybe, if I had luck, I could stop where I fell, in the pocket, instead of bouncin' out an' down, to be smashed into flinders. Or, on the other hand, I could stay where I was, an' be ripped into leetle frayed ravelin's by the bear; an' that would be in about three seconds, at the rate he was comin'. Well, I let myself over the edge till I jest hung by the fingers, an' then dropped, smooth as I could, down the rock face, kind of clutchin' at every leetle knob as I went, to check the fall. I lit true in the pocket, an' I lit pretty hard, as ye might know; but not hard enough to knock the wits out o' me, the grass an' weeds bein' fairly soft. An' clawin' out desperate with both hands, I caught, an' stayed put. Some dirt an' stones come down, kind o' smart, on my head, an' when they'd stopped, I looked up, trembling like.

"There was the bear, his big head stuck down, with one ugly paw hangin' over beside it, starin' at me. I was so tickled at havin' fooled him, I didn't think of the hole I was in, but sez to him, saucy as you please, 'Thou art so near, and yet so far.' He gave a grunt and disappeared.

"'Ye know enough to know when you're euchred,' says I. An' then I turned to considerin' the place I was in, an' how I was to git out of it. To look at it was enough, and the more I considered, the more I wondered how I'd ever managed to stay in it. It wasn't bigger than three foot by width, out from the cliff face. On my left, there was a ridge running up straight, closin' off the pocket to that side clean an' sharp, though with a leetle kind of a roughness, so to speak — nothin' more than a roughness—which I calculated *might* do, if I wanted to try to climb to the other side. I *didn't* want to, jest yet, bein' still shaky from the drop, which as things turned out, was just as well for me.

"To my right, a bit of a ledge maybe six or eight inches wide ran off along the cliff face for a matter of ten or a dozen feet, then slanted up, an' widened out agin to another little pocket, a shelf like, of bare rock, about level with the top o' my head. From this shelf a narrow crack, not more than two or three inches wide, kind of zigzagged away till it reached the top o' the cliff, perhaps forty foot off. It wasn't much, but is looked like somethin' I could git a good fingerhold into, if only I could work my way along to that leetle shelf. I about made up my mind to try it, an' was reachin' out, in fact, to start, when I stopped sudden.

"A healthy-lookin' rattler, his diamond-pattern back bright in the sun, come out of the crevice an' stopped on the shelf to take a look at the weather.

"It struck me right off that he was on his way down to this pocket o'

mine, which was maybe his favourite country residence. I didn't like, one bit, the idee o' his comin' an' findin' me there, when I'd never been invited. I felt right bad about it, you bet; and I'd have got away if I could. But not bein' able to, there was nothin' fer me to do but try an' make myself onpleasant. I grabbed up a handful o'dirt an' threw it at the rattler. It scattered all round him, of course, an' some of it hit him. Whereupon he coiled himself like a flash, with head an' tail both lifted, an' rattled indignantly. There was nothin' big enough to do him any damage with, an' I was mighty uneasy lest he might insist on comin' home to see who his impident caller was. But I kept on flingin' dirt at long as there was any handy, while he kept on rattlin,' madder an' madder. Then I stopped, to think what I'd better do next. I was jest startin' to take off my boot, to hit him with if he came along the narrow ledge, when suddenly he uncoiled an' slipped back into the crevice.

"Either it was very hot or I'd been a bit more anxious than I'd realized, for I felt my forehead wet with sweat. I drew my sleeve across it, all the time keeping my eyes glued on the spot where the rattler'd disappeared. Jest then, seemed to me I felt a breath on the back o' my neck. A kind o' cold chill crinkled down my backbone, an' I turned my face 'round, sharp.

"Will you believe it, boys? I was nigh jumpin' straight off that there ledge right into the landscape an' eternity! There, starin' 'round the wall o' rock, not one inch more than a foot away from mine, was the face o' the bear.

"Well, I was scared. There's no gittin' round that fact. There was something so onnatural about that big, wicked face, hangin' there over that awful height, an' starin' so close into mine. I jest naturally scrooged away as fur as I could git, an' hung on tight to the rock so's not to go over. An' *then* my face wasn't more'n *two* feet away, do the best I could; an' that was the time I found what it felt like to be right down scared. I believe, if that face had a come much closer, I'd have *bit* at it, that minute, like a rat in a hole.

"For maybe thirty seconds we jest stared. Then, I kind o' got a holt of myself, an' cursed myself good fer bein' such a fool; an' my blood got to runnin' agin. I fell to studyin' how the bear could have got there; an' pretty soon I reckoned it out at how there must be a big ledge runnin' down the cliff face, jest the other side o' the wall o' the pocket. An' I hugged myself to think I hadn't managed to climb 'round onto that ledge jest before the bear arrived. I got this all figgered out, an' it took some time. But still that face, hangin' out there over the height, kept starin' at me; an' I never saw a wickeder look than it had onto it, steady an' unwinkin' as a nightmare.

"It is curious how long a beast *kin* look at one without winkin.' At last, it got onto my nerves so I jest couldn't stand it; an' snatchin' a bunch of weeds (I'd already flung away all the loose dirt, flingin' it at the rattler), I whipped 'em across them devilish leetle eyes as hard as I could. It was a kind of a child's trick, or a woman's—but it worked all right, fer it made the eyes blink. That proved they were real eyes, an' I felt easier. After all, it *was* only a bear; an' he couldn't git any closer than he was. But that was a mite too close, an' I wished he'd move. An' jest then, not to be gittin' *too* easy in my mind, I remembered the rattler!

"Another cold chill down my backbone! I looked 'round, right smart. But the rattler wasn't anywheres in sight. That, however, put me in mind of what I'd been goin' to do to him. A boot wasn't much of a weepon agin a bear, but it was the only thing handy, so I reckoned

I'd have to make it do. I yanked it off, took it by the toe, an' let that wicked face have the heel of it, as hard as I could. I hadn't any room to swing, so I couldn't hit very hard. But a bear's nose is tender on the tip; an' it was jest there, of course, I took care to land. There was a big snort, kind o' surprised like, an' the face disappeared. I felt a sight better.

"Fer maybe five minutes nothin' else happened. I sat there figgerin' how I was goin' to git out o' that hole; an' my figgerin' wasn't anyways satisfactory. I knew the bear was a stayer, all right. There'd be no such a thing as tryin' to crawl 'round that shoulder o' rock till I was blame sure he wasn't on t'other side; an' how I was goin' to find *that* out was more than I could git at. There was no such a thing as climbin' *up*. There was no such a thing as climbin' *down*. An' as fer that lettle ledge an' crevice leadin' off to the right, well boys, when there's a rattler layin' low fer ye in a crevice, ye're goin' to keep clear o' that crevice.

"It wanted a good three hours of sundown, an' I knew my chaps wouldn't be missin' me before night. When I didn't turn up fer dinner, of course, they'd begin to suspicion somethin,' because they knew I was takin' things rather easy an' not followin' up any long trails. It looked like I was there fer the night; an' I didn't like it, I tell you. There wasn't room to lay down, and if I fell asleep settin' up, like as not I'd roll off the ledge. There was nothin' fer it but to set up a whoop an' a yell every once in a while, in hopes that one or other of the boys *might* be cruisin' 'round near enough to hear me. So I yelled some half a dozen times, stoppin' between each yell to listen. Gittin' no answer, at last I decided to save my throat a bit an' try agin after a spell o' restin' an' worryin.' Jest then I turned my head; an' I forgot, right off, to worry about fallin' off the ledge. There, pokin' his ugly head out o' the crevice, was the rattler. I chucked a bunch o' weeds at him, an' he drew back in agin. But the thing that jarred me now was, how would I keep him off when it got too dark fer me to see him. He'd be slippin' home quiet like, thinkin' I was gone, an' mad when he found I wasn't; fer, ye see, *he* hadn't no means of knowin' that I couldn't go *up* the rock jest as easy as I come down. I feared there was goin' to be trouble after dark. An' while I was figgerin' on that till the sweat come out on my forehead, I turned agin—an' there, agin, was the bear's face, starin' round the rock, not more'n a foot away.

"You'll understand how my nerves was on the jumps, when I tell you, boys, that I was scared an' startled all over agin, like the first time I'd seen it. With a yell, I fetched a swipe at it with my boot; but it was gone, like a shadow, before I hit it; an' the boot flew out of my hand an' went over the cliff—an' me pretty nigh after it. I jest caught myself, an' hung on, kind o' shaky, fer a minute. Next thing, I heard a great scratchin' at the other side of the rock, as if the brute was tryin' to git a better toe-hold an' work some new dodge on me. Then the face appeared agin,' an' maybe, though perhaps that was jest my excited imagination, it was some two or three inches closer this time.

"I lit out at it with my fist, not havin' my other boot handy. But Lord, a bear kin dodge the sharpest boxer. That face jest wasn't there, before I could hit it. Then, five seconds more, an' it was back agin, starin' at me. I wouldn't give it the satisfaction o' tryin' to swipe it *agin*, so I jest kept still, pretendin' to ignore it; an' in a minute or two it disappeared. But then, a minute or two more an' it was back agin. An' so it went on, disappearin,' comin' back, goin' away, comin' back, an' always jest when I *wasn't* expectin'

it, an' always sudden an' quick as a shadow, till *that* kind o' got onto my nerves, too, an' I wished he'd stay one way or t'other, so as I could know what I was up ag'inst.

"At last, settlin' down as small as I could, I made up my mind I jest wouldn't look that way at all, face or no face, but give all my attention to watchin' fer the rattler, an' yellin' fer the boys. Judgin' by the sun, which went mighty slow that day, I kept that game up for an hour or more; an' then, as the rattler didn't come any more than the boys, I got tired of it, an' looked 'round for the bear's face. Well, that time it wasn't there. But in place of it was a big brown paw, reachin' round the edge of the rock all by itself, an' clawin' quietly within about a foot o' my ear. That was all the furthest it could reach, however, so I tried jest to keep my mind off it. In a minute or two it disappeared; an' then back come the face. I didn't like it. I preferred the paw. But then, it kept the situation from gittin' monotonous.

"I suppose it was about this time the bear remembered somethin' that wanted seein' to down the valley. The face disappeared once more; and this time it didn't come back. After I hadn't seen it fer a half hour, I began to think maybe it had *really* gone away; but I knew how foxy a bear could be, an' thought jest like as not he was waitin,' patient as a cat, on the other side o' the rock fer me to look round so's he could git a swipe at me that would jest wipe my face clean off. I didn't try to look 'round. But I kept yellin' every little while; an' all at once a voice answered, right over my head. I tell you it sounded good, if *'twasn't* much of a voice. It was Steevens, my packer, lookin' down at me.

"'Hello, what in deuce are ye doin' down there, Job?' he demanded.

"'Waitin' fer you to git a rope an' hoist me up!' saiys I. 'But look out fer the bear!'

"'Bear nothin'!' says he.

"'Chuck an eye down the other side,' says I.

"He disappeared, but came right back. 'Bear nothin',' says he agin, havin' no originality.

"'Well, he *was* there, an' he stayed all the afternoon,' says I.

"'Reckon he must a' heard ye was an animal trainer, an' got skeered!' says Steevens. But I wasn't jokin' jest then.

"'You cut fer camp, an' bring a rope, an' git me out o' this, *quick*, d'ye hear?' says I. 'There's a rattler lives here, an' he's comin' back presently, an' I don't want to meet him. Slide!'

"Well, boys, that's all. That bear *wasn't* jest what I'd wanted; but feelin' ugly about him, I decided to take him an' break him in. We trailed him, an' after a lot of trouble we trapped him. He was a sight more trouble after we'd got him, I tell you. But afterwards, when I set myself to tryin' to train him, why I might jest as well have tried to train an earthquake. Do you suppose that grizzly was goin' to be afraid o' *me?* He'd seen me afraid o' *him,* all right. He'd seen it in my eyes! An' what's more, *I* couldn't forgit it; but when I'd look at him I'd *feel,* every time, the nightmare o' that great, wicked face hangin' there over the cliff, close to mine. So, he don't perform. What'll ye take, boys? It's hot milk, this time, fer mine."

IL CONTE

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori."

THE first time we got into conversation was in the National Museum in Naples in the rooms on the ground floor containing the famous collection of bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompeii; that marvellous legacy of antique art whose delicate perfection has been preserved to us by the catastrophic fury of a volcano.

He addressed me first. It was over the celebrated Resting Hermes, whom we had been admiring side by side. He said the right thing about that wholly admirable piece. Nothing profound. His taste was natural rather than cultivated. He had obviously seen many fine things in his life and appreciated them. But he had no jargon of a dilettante or the connoisseur. A hateful tribe. He spoke like a fairly intelligent man of the world, a perfectly unaffected gentleman.

We had known each other by sight for some few days past. Staying in the same hotel—good, but not extravagantly up to date—I had noticed him in the vestibule going in and out. I judged he was an old and valued client. The bow the hotelkeeper treated him to was cordial in its deference, and he acknowledged it with familiar courtesy. For the servants he was Il Conte. There was some squabble over a man's parasol (yellow silk with white lining sort of thing) the waiters had discovered abandoned outside the dining-room door. Our gold-laced doorkeeper interfered and I heard him directing one of the lift boys to run after Il Conte with it. Perhaps he was the only Count staying in the hotel, or perhaps he had the distinction of being the Count, *par excellence,* conferred upon him because of his tried fidelity to the house.

Having conversed at the Museo (and by-the-by, he had expressed his dislike of the busts and statues of Roman Emperors in the gallery of marbles: those faces were too inglorious, too pronounced for him). Having conversed already in the morning, I did not think I was intruding when in the evening, finding the dining-room very full, I proposed to share his little table. To judge by the quiet urbanity of his manner he did not think so either. His smile was very sympathetic.

He dined in an evening waistcoat and a "smoking" (he called it so) with a black tie. All this of very good cut, not new—just as these things should be. He was, morning or evening, very correct in his dress. I have no doubt his whole existence had been so—I mean correct, well ordered, and conventional, free of all startling events. His white hair brushed upward off a lofty forehead gave him the air of an idealist, of an imaginative man. His white moustache, heavy but carefully trimmed and arranged, was not unpleasantly tinted a golden yellow in the middle. The faint scent of some very good perfume and of good cigars (that last odour quite remarkable to come upon

in Italy) reached me across the table. It was in his eyes that his age showed most. They were a little watery, with creased eyelids. He must have been sixty or thereabouts. And he was communicative. I would not go so far as to call it garrulous, but distinctively communicative.

He had tried various climates, of Abbazia, of the Riviera, of other places, too, he told me, but the only one which suited him was the climate of the Gulf of Naples. The ancient Romans, he pointed out to me, who were men expert in the art of living, knew very well what they were doing when they built their villas on these shores, in Baic, in Vico, in Capri. They came down to this seaside to get health, bringing with them their mimes and flute players to amuse their leisure. He thought it extremely probable that the Romans of the higher classes were extremely subject to painful rheumatic affection.

This was the only somewhat original opinion I heard him express. It was based on no special erudition. He knew no more of the Romans than an average informed man of the world is expected to know. He argued from personal experience. He had suffered himself from a painful and dangerous rheumatic affection till he found relief in this particular spot of Southern Europe.

This was three years ago, and ever since he had taken up his quarters on the shores of the gulf, either in one of the hotels in Sorrento or hiring a small villa in Capri. He had a piano, a few books, picked up transient acquaintances of a day, week, or month in the stream of travellers from all Europe. One can imagine him going out for his walks in the streets and lanes, becoming known to beggars, shopkeepers, children, country people; talking amiably over the walls to the *contadini*—and coming back to his rooms or his villa to sit before the piano with his white hair brushed up and his thick, orderly moustache "to make a little music for myself." And, of course, for a change there was Naples near by—life, movement, animation, opera. A little amusement, as he said, is necessary for health. Mimes and flute players, in fact. Only, unlike the citizens of ancient Rome, he had no affairs of the city to call him away from these moderate delights. He had no affairs at all. Probably he had never had any grave affairs to attend to in his life. It was a kindly existence, with its joys and sorrows regulated by the course of Nature—marriages, births, deaths—ruled by the prescribed usages of good society and protected by the state.

He was a widower; but in the months of July and August he ventured to cross the Alps for six weeks on a visit to his married daughter. He told me her name. It was that of a very aristocratic family. She had a castle—in Bohemia I think. That is as near as I ever came to ascertaining his nationality. His own name, strangely enough, he never mentioned. Perhaps he thought I had seen it on the published list. Truth to say, I never looked. At any rate, he was a good European—he spoke four languages to my certain knowledge—and a man of fortune. Not of great fortune evidently, and appropriately. I imagine that to be extremely rich would have appeared to him improper, *outré*—too blatant altogether. And obviously, too, the fortune was not of his making. The making of a fortune cannot be achieved without some roughness. It's a matter of temperament. His nature was too kindly for any sort of strife. In the course of conversation he mentioned his estate. It came out quite by the way, in reference to that painful and alarming rheumatic affection. One year, staying incautiously beyond the Alps as late as the middle of September, he had been laid up for three months in that lovely country house with no one but his valet and the caretaking couple to attend to him. Because, as he expressed it, he "had

no establishment there." He had gone for only a couple of days to confer with his agent, or manager. He promised himself never to be so imprudent in the future. The first weeks of September would find him on the shores of his beloved gulf.

It is only in travelling that one comes upon such lonely men, whose only business is to wait for the unavoidable. Deaths and marriages have made a solitude round them, and one really cannot blame their endeavours to make the waiting as easy as possible. As he remarked to me: "At my age freedom from physical pain is a very important thing."

It must not be imagined that he was a wearisome hypochondriac. He was really much too well bred to be a nuisance. He had an eye for the small weaknesses of humanity. But it was a good-natured eye. He made a restful, easy, pleasant companion for the hours between dinner and bedtime. We spent three evenings together, and then I had to leave Naples in a hurry to see a friend who had fallen gravely ill in Taormina. Having nothing to do, the Count came to see me off at the station. I was somewhat upset, and his idleness was always ready to take a kindly form. He was by no means an indolent man.

He went along the train peering into the carriages for a good seat for me, and then remained talking to me cheerily from below. He declared he would miss me that evening very much. He announced his intention of going after dinner to listen to the band in the public garden of the Villa Nazionale. He would amuse himself by hearing excellent music and looking at the best society. There would be a lot of people as usual.

Poor fellow! I seem to see him yet, his raised face with a friendly smile under the thick moustache, and his kind, fatigued eyes. As the train pulled out he addressed me in two languages: first in French, "Bon voyage," then in his very good, somewhat emphatic English, encouragingly, because he could see my concern: "All will—be well—yet!"

My friend's illness having taken a decidedly favourable turn, I returned to Naples on the tenth day. I cannot say I had given much thought to the Count during my absence, but upon entering the dining-room I looked for him in his habitual place. I had an idea that he might have gone back to Sorrento, to his piano and his books and his fishing. He was great friends with all the boatmen, and fished a good deal with lines from a boat. But he was still there. I made out his white head in the crowd of heads, and even from a distance noticed something unusual in his attitude. Instead of sitting erect, gazing all round with serene urbanity, he seemed to droop over his plate. I stood opposite him for some time before he looked up, a little worldly, if such a strong word can be used in connection with his correct appearance.

"Ah, my dear sir! Is it you?" he greeted me. "I hope all is well."

He was very nice about my friend. Indeed he was always nice, with the niceness of people whose hearts are genuinely humane. But this time it cost him an effort. His attempts at general conversation broke down into dullness. It occurred to me that he might have been indisposed. But before I could frame the inquiry he muttered:

"You find me here very sad."

"I am sorry for that," I said. "You haven't had bad news, I hope?"

It was very kind of me to take an interest. No. It was not that. No bad news, thank God. And he became very still, as if holding his breath. Then, leaning forward a little, and in an odd tone of awed embarrassment, he took me into his confidence.

"The truth is that I have had a very—a very—how shall I say?—abominable adventure happen to me."

The energy of the epithet was suf-

ficiently startling in that man of moderate feelings and toned down vocabulary. The word unpleasant I should have thought would have fitted amply the worst experience likely to befall a man of his stamp. And an adventure, too. Incredible. But it is human nature to believe the worst; and I confess I eyed him steadily, wondering what he had been up to. In a moment, however, my unworthy suspicions vanished. There was a fundamental refinement of nature about the man, which made me dismiss all idea of some more or less disreputable scrape.

"It is very serious, very serious," he went on nervously. "I will tell you after dinner, if you will allow me?"

I expressed my perfect acquiescence by a little bow, nothing more. I wished him to understand that I was not likely to hold him to that offer, if he thought better of it. We talked of indifferent things, but with a sense of difficulty quite unlike our easy, gossipy intercourse. The hand raising a piece of bread to his lips—I noticed—trembled slightly. This last, in regard of my reading of the man, was no less than tremendous.

In the smoking-room he did not hang back at all. Directly we had taken our usual seats be leaned sideways over the arm of his chair and looked straight into my eyes earnestly.

"You remember," he began, "that day you went away? I told you then I would go to the Villa Nazionale to hear some music in the evening?"

I remembered. His handsome old face, so fresh for his age, unmarked by any trying experience, appeared haggard to me for an instant. It was like the passing of a shadow. Returning his steadfast gaze, I took a sip of my black coffee. He was very systematically minute in his narrative, simply in order not to let his excitement get the better of him.

After leaving the railway station he had an ice and read the paper in a café. Then he went back to the hotel, dressed for dinner, and dined with a good appetite. After dinner he lingered in the hall (there were chairs and tables there) smoking his cigar; talked to the little daughter of the Primo Tenore of La Scala Theatre, and exchanged a few words with that "amiable lady," the wife of the Primo Tenore. There was no performance that evening and there people were going to the Villa also. They went out of the hotel. Very well.

But at the moment of following their example—it was half-past nine already—he remembered he had a rather large sum of money in his pocketbook. He entered, therefore, the office and deposited the greater part of it with the bookkeeper of the hotel. This done, he took a caravella and drove to the seashore. He got out of the cab, and entered the Villa on foot from the Largo di Vittoria end.

He stared at me very hard. And I understood then how really impressionable he was. Every small fact and event of that evening stood out in his memory as if endowed with a mystic significance. If he did not mention to me the colour of the pony which drew the caravella, and the aspect of the man who drove, it was a mere oversight arising from his agitation, which he repressed manfully.

He had then entered the Villa Nazionale from the Largo di Vittoria end. The Villa Nazionale is a public pleasure-ground, laid out in grass plots, bushes, and flower beds, between the houses of the Riviera di Chiaja and the waters of the bay. Alleys of trees, more or less parallel, stretch its whole length—which is considerable. On the Riviera di Chiaja side the electric tram cars run close to the railings. Between the garden and the sea is the fashionable drive, a broad road bordered by a low wall beyond which the Mediterranean splashes with gentle murmurs when the weather is fine.

As life goes on late in the night at Naples, the broad drive was all astir

with a brilliant multitude of carriage lamps moving in pairs, some creeping slowly, others running rapidly under the rather thin, motionless line of electric lamps defining the shore. And a brilliant multitude of stars hung above the land, humming with voices, piled up with houses, all astir with lights and the silent, flat shadows of the sea.

The gardens themselves are not very well lit. Our friend progressed in the warm gloom with his eyes fixed upon a distant and luminous region extending nearly across the whole width of the Villa as if the air had glowed there with its own cold, bluish but dazzling light. This magic spot behind the black trunks of trees and masses of inky foliage breathed out sweet sounds, bursts of brassy roar with sudden clashes of metal and grave, vibrating thuds.

As he walked on, all these noises combined together into a piece of elaborate music whose harmonious phrases came persuasively through a great disorderly murmur of voices and shuffling of feet on the gravel of that open space. An enormous crowd immersed in the electric light, as if in a bath of some radiant and tenuous fluid shed upon their heads by luminous globes, drifted in its hundreds round the band. Hundreds more sat on chairs, in more or less concentric circles, receiving without flinching the great waves of sonority that ebbed out into the darkness. The Count penetrated the throng, drifted with it in tranquil enjoyment, listening and looking at the faces. All people of good society, mothers with their daughters, parents with their children, young men and young women all talking, smiling, nodding to each other. Very many pretty faces and very many pretty toilettes. There was, of course, a quantity of diverse types; showy old fellows with white moustaches, fat men, thin men, officers in uniform, but what predominated in the masculine part, he told me, was the South Italian type of young men with a colourless, clear complexion, red lips, jet-black little moustache, and expressive black eyes, wonderfully effective in leering or scowling.

Withdrawing from the throng, the Count shared a little table in front of the café building with a young man of just such a type. Our friend had some lemonade. The young man was sitting moodily before an empty glass. He looked up once and then looked down again. He also tilted his hat forward. Like this . . . The Count made the gesture of a man pulling his hat down over his brow, and went on.

"I think to myself; he is sad. Something is wrong with him. Young men have their troubles. I take no notice of him, of course. I pay for my lemonade, and go away."

Strolling about in the neighbourhood of the band, the Count thinks he saw that young man twice in the crowd. He was alone. Once their eyes met. It must have been the same young man, but there were so many of that type there that he could not be certain, moreover, he was not very concerned except in so far that he had been struck by the pronounced, as it were peevish, discontent of that face.

Presently, tired of the feeling of confinement one experiences in a crowd, the Count edged away from the band. An alley, very sombre by contrast, presented itself invitingly with its promise of solitude and coolness. He entered it, walking slowly on till the sound of the orchestra became distinctly deadened. Then he walked back and turned about again. He did this several times before he noticed that there was somebody on one of the benches.

The spot being midway between two lamp-posts, the light was faint.

The man lolled back in the corner of the seat, his legs stretched out, with his arms folded and his head drooping on his breast. He never stirred, as though he had fallen asleep there, but when the Count pass-

ed by, he had changed his attitude. He sat leaning forward. His elbows were propped on his knees, and his hands were rolling a cigarette. He never looked up from that occupation.

The Count continued his stroll away from the band. He returned slowly, he said. I can imagine him enjoying to the full, but with his usual tranquillity, the balminess of this southern night, and the sounds of music softened delightfully by the distance.

Presently he made out the man on the garden seat still leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. It was a dejected pose. In the semi-obscurity of the alley his high shirt collar and his cuffs made small patches of vivid whiteness. The Count said that he just noticed him in a casual way getting up brusquely, as if to walk away, but almost before he was aware of it, the man stood before him asking in a low, almost melancholy tone whether the Signor would have the kindness to oblige him with a light.

The Count answered this request by a polite "Certainly" and dropped his hands with the intention of exploring both pockets of his trousers for the matches.

"I dropped my hands," he said, "but I never put them in my pockets. I felt a pressure there."

He put the tip of his finger on a spot close under his breastbone, the very spot of the human body where a Japanese gentleman begins the operation of the *hari-kiri*, which is a form of suicide following upon dishonour, upon an intolerable shock to the delicacy of one's feelings.

"I glance down," he continued in an awe-struck voice, "and what do I see? A knife! A long knife—"

"You don't mean to say," I exclaimed, amazed, "that you have been attacked like this in the Villa at half past ten o'clock within a stone's throw of fifteen hundred people?"

He nodded several times, staring at me with all his might.

"The clarinet," he declared solemnly, "was finishing his solo, and I assure you I heard every note. Then the band crashed fortissimo, and that creature rolled his eyes, and gnashed his teeth, hissing at me with the greatest ferocity, 'Be silent! No noise, or—' "

I could not get over my astonishment.

"What sort of knife was it?" I asked stupidly.

"A long blade. A stiletto—perhaps a kitchen knife. A long, narrow blade. It gleamed. And his eyes gleamed. His white teeth, too. I could see them. He was very ferocious. I thought to myself: If I hit him he will kill me. How could I fight with him? He had the knife, and I had nothing. I am nearly seventy, and this is a young man. I seemed to recognize him. The moody young man of the café. The young man I met in the crowd. But I could not tell. There are so many like him in this country."

The distress of that moment was reflected in his face. I should think that, physically, he must have been paralysed by surprise. His thoughts, however, must have been extremely active. They ranged over every alarming possibility. The idea of setting up a vigorous shouting occurred to him, too. But he did nothing of the kind, and the reason why he refrained gave me a good opinion of his mental alertness. He reflected that nothing prevented the other from shouting, too.

"This young man might in an instant have thrown down his knife and pretended I was the aggressor. Why not? He might have said I attacked him. Why not? It was one incredible story against another! He might have said anything — bring some horrible charge against me—what did I know? By his dress he was no common robber. He seemed to belong to the better class. What could I say? He was an Italian—I am a foreigner. Of course, I have a passport and there is our consul—but to be arrested, dragged at night

to the police office like a criminal!"

He shuddered. It was in his character to shrink from scandal more than from mere death. And certainly for many people this would have always remained—considering certain peculiarities of Neapolitan manners—a deucedly queer story. The Count was no fool. His belief in the respectable placidity of life having received this rude shock, he thought that now anything might happen. But also a notion came into his head that this young man was perhaps merely an infuriated lunatic.

The way he said this gave me the first hint of his attitude toward this adventure. In his exaggerated delicacy of sentiment, he felt himself personally affected by it. But nobody need be affected in his self-esteem by what a madman may choose to do to one. It became apparent, however, that the Count was to be denied that consolation. He enlarged upon the abominably savage way in which that young man rolled his glistening eyes and gnashed his white teeth. The band was going now through a slow movement of solemn braying by all the trombones, with deliberately repeated bangs of the big drum.

"But what did you do?" I asked, gently excited.

"Nothing," answered the Count. "I let my hands hang down very still. I told him quietly I did not intend making a noise." He snarled like a dog, then said in an ordinary voice:

"'*Vostro Portafoglio.*'

"So I naturally," continued the Count—and from this point acted the whole thing in pantomine. Holding me with his eyes, he went through all the motions of reaching into his inside breast-pocket, taking out the pocketbook and handing it over. But that young man, still bearing steadily on the knife, refused to touch it.

He directed the Count to take the money out himself, received it into his left hand, motioned the pocketbook to be returned to the pocket, all this being done to the thrilling of flutes and clarinets, sustained by the emotional drone of the hautboys. And the "young man," as the Count called him, said: "This seems very little."

"It was indeed only 340 or 360 lire," the Count pursued. "I had left much of my money in the hotel, as you know. I told him that was all I had on me. He shook his head impatiently and said:

"'*Vostro orologio.*'"

The Count went through the dumb show of pulling out the watch, detaching it, presenting it. But as it happened, the valuable gold timepiece he possessed had been left at a watchmaker's for cleaning. He wore that evening (on a leather strap) the Waterbury fifty-francs thing he used to take on his fishing expeditions. Perceiving the nature of this booty, the well-dressed robber made a contemptuous clicking sound with his tongue like this, "Tse-Ah," and waved it away hastily. Then as the Count was returning the disdained object to his pocket, he demanded with a threateningly increased pressure of the knife on the epigastrium by way of reminder:

"'*Vostri anelli.*'"

"One of the rings," went on the Count, "was given me many years ago by my wife; the other is the signet ring of my father. I said, 'No.' That you will not have!"

Here the Count reproduced the gesture corresponding to that declaration by clapping one hand upon the other and pressing both against his chest. It was touching in its patient resolution. "That you will not have," he repeated firmly, and closed his eyes, fully expecting—I don't know whether I am doing right by recording that such an unpleasant word had passed his lips—fully expecting to feel himself being—I really hesitate to say—being disemboweled by the push of the long, sharp blade resting murderously against the pit of his stomach—the very seat of anguishing sensations.

Great waves of harmony went on flowing from the band.

Suddenly the Count felt the nightmarish pressure removed from the sensitive spot. He opened his eyes. He was alone. He had heard nothing. It is probable that the "young man" had departed with light steps some time before, but the sense of the horrid pressure had lingered even after the knife had gone. A feeling of weakness came over him. He had just time to stagger to the garden seat. He felt as though he had held his breath for a long time. He sat all in a heap, panting with the shock of the reaction.

The band was executing the complicated finale, and with immense *bravura* it ended with a tremendous crash. He heard unreal and remote, as if his ears were stopped, the hard clapping of two thousand, more or less, pairs of hands like a sudden hail shower passing away. The profound silence which succeeded recalled him to himself.

A tram car, like a long glass box wherein people sat with their faces strongly lighted, ran along swiftly within ninety yards of the spot where he had been robbed. Then another rustled by, and yet another going the other way. The thick ring about the band had broken up, the dark figures were entering the alley single and in small, conversing groups. He sat up straight and tried to think calmly of what had happened to him. The vileness of it took his breath away again. As far as I can make it out he was disgusted with himself. I do not mean his behaviour. Indeed, if his pantomime rendering of it for my information was to be trusted, it was the perfection of dignified, calm, almost courteous resignation. No, it was not that. He was not ashamed. He was shocked at being the selected victim, not of robbery so much as of contempt. It was something like this. His tranquillity had been rudely disturbed. His lifelong kindly, placid, nicety of outlook had been disturbed.

Nevertheless at this stage, before the iron had time to sink deep, he was able to argue himself into comparative equanimity.

As his agitation calmed down somewhat, he became aware that he was frightfully hungry. Yes, hungry. The sheer emotion had made him simply ravenous, he told me. He got up from the seat, and after walking for some time found himself outside the gardens and before an arrested tram car without knowing very well how he got there. He got in as if in a dream, by a sort of instinct. Fortunately he found in his trousers pocket a copper to satisfy the conductor. Then the car stopped and as everybody got out, he got out, too. He recognized the Piazza San Ferdinando, but apparently it did not occur to him to take a cab and drive to the hotel. He told me he had wandered aimlessly on the Piazza like a lost dog, thinking vaguely of the best way of getting something to eat at once.

Suddenly in a flash, he remembered his twenty-franc piece. He explained to me that he had the piece of French gold for something like three years, and he used to carry it about with him as a sort of standby. Anybody may have his pocket picked —a quite different thing from a brazen and insulting robbery.

The Monumental archway entrance of the Galleria Umberto faced him at the top of a vast flight of stairs. He climbed these without loss of time and directed his steps toward the Café Umberto. All the tables outside were occupied by a lot of people who were drinking. But he wanted something to eat. He went into the café, which is divided into something like aisles by square pillars, set all round with long looking-glasses. He sat down on a red velvet settee against one of these pillars, waiting for his *risotto*. And his mind reverted to his abominable adventure.

He thought of the moody, well-dressed young man with whom he had exchanged glances in the crowd

around the bandstand and who, he felt confident, was the robber. Would he recognise him again? Doubtless. But he did not want ever to see him again. The best thing was to forget this humiliating episode.

He looked round anxiously for the coming of his *risotto,* and there to the left against the wall—there was the young man! He sat alone at a table with a bottle of some sort of wine or syrup and a carafe of iced water before him. The smooth olive cheeks, the red lips, the little, jet-black moustache turned up gallantly, the fine black eyes, a little heavy and shaded by long eyelashes, that peculiar expression of cruel discontent which is met in all its force only in the busts of some Roman Emperors —it was he, no doubt at all. But that was a type. The Count looked away hastily. The young officer over there reading a paper was like that, too. Same type. Two young men farther away playing drafts also resembled—

The Count lowered his head with the fear in his heart of being everlastingly haunted by the vision of that young man. He began to eat his *risotto.* Presently he heard the young man on his left call the waiter in a bad-tempered tone.

At the call not only his own waiter, but two other idle waiters belonging to quite a different set of tables, rushed toward him with obsequious alacrity which is not the general characteristic of the waiters in the Café Umberto. The young man muttered something and one of the waiters, walking rapidly to the nearest door, called out loudly into the Galleria, "Pasquale." He is the old fellow who, shuffling between the tables, offers for sale cigars, cigarettes, picture postcards, matches to the clients of the Café. He is an engaging scoundrel. The Count knew Pasquale. He saw the gray-haired, unshaven, sallow ruffian come in his shabby clothes, the glass case hanging from his neck by a leather strap, and at a word from the waiter make his shuffling way with a sudden spurt to the young man's table. The young man was in need of a cigar, with which Pasquale served him fawningly. The old peddler was going out when the Count, on a sudden impulse, beckoned to him.

He approached, his smile of deferential recognition combining oddly with the ironic, searching expression of the eyes. Leaning his case on the table, he lifted the glass lid without a word. The Count took a box of cigarettes and, urged by a fearful, aimless curiosity, asked casually:

"Tell me, Pasquale, who is that young signore over there?"

The other bent his box at once.

"That, Signor Conte," he said, beginning to rearrange his wares busily, and without looking up once— "that is a young *cavalière* of a very good family from Bari. He studies in the university and is the chief *capo* of an association of young men—of very nice young men."

He paused and then, with mingled discretion and pride of knowledge, murmured the word *"camorra"* and shut down the lid. "A very powerful *camorra,"* he breathed out. "The professors themselves respect it greatly. It is *una lira e cinquanta centesimi,* Signor Conte."

Our friend paid. While Pasquale was making up the change he observed that the young man of whom he had heard so much in so very few words was watching the transaction covertly. After the old vagabond had withdrawn, with a bow, the Count settled with the waiter and sat still. A numbness, he told me, had come over him.

The young man paid, too, got up and crossed over, apparently for the purpose of looking at himself in the mirror a little behind and at right angles to the Count's seat. He was all in black, with a dark green bow tie. The Count looked round and was startled by meeting a vicious glance out of the corners of the other's eyes. The young *cavalière*

from Bari, according to Pasquale (but Pasquale is, of course, an accomplished liar), went on arranging his tie, settling his hat before the glass, and meantime he spoke just loud enough to be heard by the Count. He spoke through his teeth with the most insulting venom of contempt, gazing straight into the mirror.

"Ah! So you had gold on you—you old *birba*—you *furfante*. But you are not done with me yet."

The fiendishness of his expression vanished like lightning and he lounged out of the Café with a moody, impassive face.

The poor Count when telling me this trembled and fell back in his chair. His forehead broke into perspiration. There was an extravagance of wantonness in this outrage which appalled even me. What it was to the Count's delicacy I can't even imagine. I am sure that if he had not been too refined, too correct to do such a blatantly vulgar thing as dying of apoplexy in a café, he would have had a fatal stroke there and then. But, irony apart, my great difficulty was to keep him from seeing the extent of my commiseration. He shrank from every excessive sentiment and my commiseration was practically unbounded. It did not surprise me to hear that he had been in bed two days. Then he got up to make his arrangements for leaving Southern Italy at once.

And he was convinced that he could not live a whole twelve months in any other climate.

No argument I could advance had any effect. It was not fear, though he did say to me once, "You do not know what a *camorra* is, my dear sir. I am a marked man." He was not afraid of what could be done to him. To be so marked hurt his delicate conception of life's ease and serenity. He couldn't stand it. No Japanese gentleman hurt in his exaggerated sense of honour could have gone about his preparations for *hari-kiri* with greater steadfastness of purpose. For it really amounted to that with the Count. He was going and there was an end of it. He was going the very next day—to die on his estate, I suppose, from the excessive infamy of that outrage tainting life itself—as it was.

There is a saying of Neapolitan patriotism intended for the information of foreigners, I presume: "See Naples and then die." It is a saying of excessive vanity, and everything excessive was abhorrent to the nice moderation of Il Conte. Yet as I was seeing him off at the railway station, I thought he was behaving with singular fidelity to its conceited spirit. He had seen Naples. He had seen it completely. He had seen it with a startling and excessive thoroughness. He had seen more than his niceness could stand. He had nothing else to see. He had seen—and now he was going to his grave. He was going to it by the International Sleeping Car Company's train de luxe via Trieste and Vienna. As the four long, sombre carriages pulled out of the station I raised my hat with a queer sensation of it being a tribute of respect to a funeral cortége. His profile, much aged already and stonily still, glided away behind the lighted pane of glass. *Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*

THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOOD

From the Drawing by Andre Lapine

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE ASSIMILATION OF CHRISTINA

BY JEAN N. McILWRAITH

WHEN Miss Maitland made up her mind to go to her island in the middle of June in order to have her cottage in readiness for the influx of nephews and nieces expected by the Fourth of July, she decided to take with her Christina, the maid servant who had come out from Scotland the preceding spring.

"She thinks we're all uncivilised over here. I'll show her the real thing," said the mistress to herself, having in mind the log hut upon the island wherein dwelt the family of Ojibway Indians who protected her summer home from autumn marauders. "It's a good idea, too, to get Christina away from the baker, the mill man, and all the other men who come about the house in town. She's pretty and she's homesick, so she might easily be won; but I don't intend to have her snapped up just as soon as I get her trained into my ways."

"Is all America as flat as this?" Christina asked Miss Maitland, when they were on the steamer northward bound from Penetanguishene.

"Oh, no, but there aren't any mountains about here, only bare reefs and wooded islands, thirty thousand of them!"

"Indeed!" said Christina, and at once began to count them. She lost her reckoning as the day wore on, for the number mounted up with bewildering rapidity. There were all sorts and sizes and shapes of islands, smoothly water-worn, twisted into grotesque forms by volcanic action, some thickly wooded, others entirely bare, or carrying only grasses and shrubs in the cracks.

"This is the original granite, Christina," said Miss Maitland, "the first rock that hardened on top of the fire inside the earth. We are at the very oldest part of America."

"It doesna look so new as the town," replied the girl with a heartfelt sigh. She had been dreaming that this was Loch Katrine and that behind the next headland Ben Lomond would presently come in sight.

There was not a sign of human habitation, when all at once the steamer whistled four times.

"That means the captain is not going into our harbour, but expects a boat out for us. He might have gone in," continued Miss Maitland, testily, "considering he has women to land, but I suppose he's late, as usual. I hope the Indians are on the lookout."

Apparently they were. A rowboat with two men in it rounded the point of the island just in front and pulled far ahead of the steamer, which slackened speed so as not to sweep past them. One of the Indians grasped the bow fender with a boat hook and held on, while the other received Miss Maitland's hand baggage and then Miss Maitland herself.

Long experience had made the elderly lady an expert at embarking and disembarking between steamer and rowboat, but with Christina it was different. She stood irresolute at the gangway, looking down in abject ter-

ror at the "sma' boat," the like of which she had never ventured into in all her four and twenty years. The stalwart young Ojibway who was holding up an encouraging hand to her only alarmed her the more.

"Come, be quick, Christina," said Miss Maitland, impatiently. "The captain won't wait."

"I canna, I'm so feared," quavered the girl.

"Where's our rope ladder?" asked the porter at her back, but the purser said:

"There's really no danger, Miss. Sit down at the edge of the gangway, if you like, and then you can slip in quite easily."

Christina was sure she would—into the water.

"Hurry up there!"

The stentorian call from the front of the wheelhouse made the girl cast a hurried glance backward into the haven of the lower deck. Why, oh, why, had she ever left the firm soil of her ain countree? But the smiles of stewards and deck hands fired her Scottish blood. She turned her back upon them all to look down upon the fearsome North American Indian. He was not laughing at her, that was certain. His perfectly calm face so nerved her that she gave a mad leap fairly into his arms.

Joe was surprised, but, true to his race, betrayed no emotion. It was not customary for Miss Maitland's nieces to disembark in that fashion; but neither was it customary for them to have hair like burnished copper, cheeks the colour of a sunset sky, nor eyes like the dome above or the water beneath upon a sunny day. This girl did not talk like those either. She had a softer, lower-toned voice more nearly akin to his own.

Joe wished that his father, the old man in the bow, would not persist in rowing so hard. For his own part he would fain double the distance to the shore. *Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua,* that was the proper name for her. Being interpreted it meant Daylight. Perhaps she had come like dawn to the island.

Christina was a grand house cleaner. Miss Maitland had never before drawn such a prize in the domestic lottery. Through the long June days, while the tiny wren was chortling in its joy at the corner of the cottage, and the insistent egotistical refrain "Phœbe! Phœbe! Phœbe!" was ringing out near by, the Scotch lassie scoured, scrubbed, swept, shook rugs, and beat pillows with a fierce energy that astounded the solemn young Indian who sat on the nearest bowlder to watch her. He did not rest content with watching. The day after her arrival he took the beating stick out of her hand to wield it with a strength born of many winters' work in the lumber camps. That he should thus demean himself was a surprising circumstance to the maid from Scotland, where the lords of creation think it beneath their dignity to do anything about the house. Joe's command of English seemed limited, but he came round quite naturally to lend a hand in whatever she was doing, from cleaning windows to mopping floors. To see a swarthy savage, who, judging by his features, ought to be in war paint and feathers, deftly handling wire screens and shouting through a megaphone, were anachronisms which the girl fully appreciated. He had his reward when the first free evening came.

"I want you to take Christina out in your canoe," said Miss Maitland. "The sooner she gets over her silly fear of the water the better. Show her some of the islands round about."

To go out in a wee boat, alone with a red Indian, was a terrible thought to the lassie. Joe noticed her faltering footsteps as she came down the slanting rock toward him, but that she should be afraid of him did not enter his mind. None of Miss Maitland's other nieces had been. They had ever treated him as if he were scarcely a man at all, merely one of

the lower animals whom they could, metaphorically, pat upon the back and make use of with scant ceremony. He motioned Christina to put her foot in the centre of the canoe, her hand upon his shoulder, while he held the boat to the landing-place. Once seated, the girl set off into wonderland. The setting sun claimed one-half of the sky with its violet, crimson, and gold, and silhouetted against it were the trees of intervening islands, resting in a red sea. The other half of the sky was possessed by the cold, pale moon, swimming in a fathomless sea of azure.

"What way are all the tall trees bent to the east?" she asked.

"Wind," Joe replied.

"What way is there such a wheen o' bare poles stickin' up abune the fresh green trees?"

"Bush fires."

But when the girl proceeded to question him about the curious formation of the rocks, the Indian shook his head. Geological knowledge was beyond him, though he knew the whereabouts of every submerged reef that had to be avoided, and Christina was drawn on from being afraid when she did not see bottom to being afraid only when she did.

Joe knew where the bass were likely to bite at sundown, and night after night the girl was carefully landed upon one rock or another to try her luck with a bamboo fishing pole. The Ojibway sat patiently by, baiting her hooks and killing all that she caught. If fortune proved unkind, she would see a light far out on the bay, when the late darkness fell, indicating that her faithful friend was spearing fish for her, which he would bring over in the morning, skinned and boned, ready to be cooked for breakfast.

Christina lived in a dream those days, the centre of her own romance. All the tales of red Indians that had been told to warn her against seeking her fortune in America circled about this tall young brave with the eagle face, who was so gentle, so timid even, in his approaches to herself, though there was an expression gaining force in his eyes which she could not ignore. Miss Maitland smiled, as she watched what was going on.

"Never before did I get so much work out of those lazy Indians," she said to herself.

How could any young girl with a heart in her bosom keep on thinking about a man's dark skin or his broken English when night after night he took her out into the world of nature where he belonged? Motormen, plumbers, electric light men, with their cheap slang and clumsy gallantries were part of the semi-civilisation that had kept up the heartache for old Scotland. Here, at last, was the free, untrammeled America of her dreams. To be no hireling, but to fish and hunt directly for his living—that seemed the fitting way for a man to live. Joe did not wait for other folk to do things for him; everything that had to be done he could do for himself. He built and repaired his own boats. It was he who had moved over from the mainland and set up on the island the log cabin which his parents occupied. Joe was the only one remaining to them out of a large family, and the old man told with pride how the boy had brought home his first deer on his shoulder when only thirteen. Family affection seemed to be quite as strong among the Ojibways as among the Scotch. There was nothing of the "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" attitude toward parents and others in authority which had fair affronted this Scottish peasant while in town.

By the end of the first week, the house was well in order, the company had not yet come, Miss Maitland took long sleeps in the afternoon; what was to hinder Christina going sailing with Joe? The boat was large enough for her to feel safe in it, but not too large to be rowed home should the wind fail at sunset. Away out into the open sailed these two young people, saying little, but feeling in sym-

pathy with each other and with the wavelets dancing in the sunshine all about them. As the dinghy leaped forward like a live thing, Christina's red hair blew in curly rings about her neck and face, now thickly freckled, for she had long since discarded a hat. The look of adoration deepened daily in Joe's black eyes. What were the dark-haired, dusky-skinned women of his own race in comparison with this gloriously tinted stranger from over seas? He thought of her continually as he laboured at his old-fashioned plowing and planting on the mainland. She was ever talking of how these things were done in Scotland. Perhaps one day he would learn.

Already he had drawn from their hiding-place his treasured horde of books, being secretly proud of his scholarship, though he disdained to display it before his kinsfolk who valued only those virtues that bespoke the primitive man—hunting, fishing, the like. He could both read and write in English, but was diffident about speaking it, though he had understood perfectly all that was said to him until this braw lass, with her Scottish dialect, had been landed on the island. What did she mean by being "sair forfoughten" for example? He could find no such words in his dictionary, nor could he there discover the meaning of "scunner" or "swither."

"Joe's spoiling you, Christina," said her mistress, one day. "How will it be when you go back to town and have to put up with a policeman and a letter carrier for beaux?"

"Black men dinna count," replied the girl with a toss of her head, but she reddened through her sunburn, for Joe was at the door. He turned away in silence.

"Take care," said Miss Maitland. "These Ojibways are not the descendants of slaves from Africa. They used to own all this part of the country. We are the land thieves."

Christina missed Joe sorely for the four long days that he avoided the house. Only then did she realise how much he had been doing for her. The weather had turned very warm, the cottage was crammed with guests, and the amount of work was appalling to one not yet acclimatised.

"Get the old squaw to help you wash up the dinner dishes, Christina," said Miss Maitland one evening when she noticed how languid her maid was looking.

"I wadna see her in my road, mem," was the tart reply.

A startling crash at her back announced that Joe had just flung down upon the hearth the armful of logs he was carrying. Now he was stalking out of the door with the air of a brave upon the warpath. That this idol he had been worshipping should despise himself was bitter enough, but that she should turn up her already tip-tilted nose at his poor old mother was an insult not to be endured.

He remembered now how Christina had held up her skirts the few times she had come into his father's shanty. The expression of her face as she looked round had been the first thing to make the young man feel that the place was dirty and untidy. He had been trying to clean up of late, but she would probably never enter the door again to see what improvement he had made. He had even tried to get his mother to don the spotless white cap which Christina said had belonged to her own mother. It was evidently the proper thing for women of her age to wear, but the old squaw had used it for making cottage cheese. This girl was not of their own race nor of their kind. He would forget her. He would sail over to Christian Island next Sunday and see the Johnson family. They had a pretty daughter who had smiled upon him last summer; this year he had never gone near her. The red locks had made him forget the raven.

The gay party of young people had gone off on a fishing picnic and had

taken Miss Maitland with them. Christina was left behind in peace to get through a very large ironing, and the day was one of August's warmest. The water was like glass, the leaves without motion. Everything in nature seemed poised, breathless, as if waiting the onrush of the relentless winter. With the neck of her dress turned in and her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, Christina toiled away at her task. Surely plainer underwear might have done for these fine young ladies in this out-of-the-way place.

"The simple life they talk about," sighed the girl, "there isn't ane o' them what lives it—but Joe." Again she sighed. Joe had been seen by moonlight the night before, paddling a dusky maid in his canoe.

"He's no' carin' to learn the meanin's o' ony mair Scots words."

Apparently he already knew how to use some, for just as a tear sizzled on the hot iron there was his dark head at the window.

"What way you no go fishin'?" he asked.

"I wasna invited," replied Christina, whisking her back toward him as she wiped her eyes on her apron.

"Have they scunner at you?"

"Na, na, Joe!" cried the girl, dimpling and smiling. "It's no my place to gang aboot wi' the gentry, bein' but a servant, ye ken."

"Not me!" The young man threw back his head in aboriginal pride.

Christina laughed outright.

"'A man's a man for a' that.'"

Joe did not quite understand. Was she jeering at him again? "Black men dinna count."

"No, indeed, Joe, you mistake me." She put her iron on the range and leaned her elbow on the window sill, looking up through the wire screen at the dark face without. "I'm no better than a black slavey myself since a' they fine folk came about, but it's a gran' thing for me to have this guid place and mair pay than ever I got in Scotland."

"Huh! Your own home better."

"Indeed it was not, Joe. My mother had nine o' a family, and seven o' them lasses. We had a' to turn out and work afore we kent what hame was."

"I mean," said Joe, with great deliberation, "I will make for you here a home of your own, over on the mainland. There is my farm and you can be my wife."

"Squaw!" retorted the girl with heightened colour, and the tall Indian left the window without another word.

Christina attacked her ironing viciously. "Gey like me to be thinkin' o' sic a thing," she said to herself, but she continued to think about it, and the more she thought the more amazed was she at the presumption of that wild Indian dreaming she could ever marry him, even if he were more intelligent and manly than any white man of her acquaintance.

"Christina! Christina! The boat has whistled four times, so she's not coming in. Run down to Joe with the milk can and tell him to row out with it." Christina hesitated. "Quick! Quick! You know the captain gets cross if we haven't a boat out there on time."

The girl ran till out of sight of her mistress, but her pace grew slower and slower as she drew near the youth sawing logs into lengths that would be split and brought to the back door after dark, ready for her fire in the morning.

"Joe!" He lifted his head and silently regarded her. He saw the can in her hand and knew well what was wanted, but waited for her to tell him. "Miss Maitland says will ye no gang out to meet the boat. Nane o' the ither men are aboot."

"So black man do." He went on with his sawing.

"She will be blamin' me if ye winna gang."

Joe kept on sawing. "I'm no nigger," he said at last.

"She kens that fine, Joe. She tellt

me hersel' ye were ane o' the first folk o' America." The Indian looked sharply at her. Was she making game of him? Christina seated herself upon the end of the log to steady it for him, as she had often done before.

"Old man not here — can't go alone," he said shortly.

"If that's all, Joe, I can gang wi' ye. Ye mind how brawly ye hae taught me to row."

The young man lifted his head from his sawing and looked her squarely in the face. Christina's blue eyes faltered for a moment, and when they met his own there was mirth as well as woe in them.

"My mother do better." He took up another log.

"Ay, that she wad, Joe. She's far smarter nor me. But she's thrang wi' her washin'. I was in the shanty enow mysel'."

"You not afraid?"

"I wad gang wi' ye onywhere, Joe, onywhere."

He led the way stoutly to the boat. She was beguiling him, this fair lass, but not easily would he let himself get into the toils again.

Scot and Ojibway rowed with all their strength, but they were late, and the captain had given up expecting them. He did not slacken speed soon enough and the steamer had still considerable way on when Christina, as Joe directed, stood up in the bow of the rowboat and caught the front fender, while the mate at the gangway took secure hold of their craft with a boat hook. Joe let his oars drag to free his hands for delivering up the empty milk can and receiving the full one, as well as whatever else might be coming.

But the steamer was still moving ahead too fast for the safety of the small boat pinned to its side. The bow was drawn under water. Joe heard a frightened gasp—that was all —but he saw Christina's pink gingham skirt spreading out around her like a balloon. She was sinking.

The boat was swamping, her foothold gone—where was Joe? Her one hope of rescue died, as his head disappeared beneath the water. But what was this coming up below her? A strong hand was at the back of her neck, raising her face above the surface. The one word "Still!" in her ear calmed her struggles. Had she ever doubted that Joe could take care of her?

He was in no hurry to reach the nearest island. The milk pail might sink to the bottom of the bay and the boat be split into kindling by the paddle wheel for aught he cared, as he very leisurely drew *Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua* out of harm's way.

"All right, Joe?" sang out the mate from the gangway.

"All right!" was the response. The sensation among the passengers was at an end, though several of them suggested that the captain linger to let them watch the handsome young Indian swimming to the rock with the red-headed girl. Christina lay upon it where he left her, drenched, half conscious, till the thought came to her, "This is no like a brave squaw. He will be thinkin' lightly o' me."

Trembling with nervousness, she tottered to her feet and began to wring the water out of her skirts. Where was Joe? The black head of him had been visible a moment since, above the water, making toward the spot where the boat had gone down. Surely he had not been daft enough to dive after it. If so, he was keeping below as long as one of those loons he had bade her watch, guessing all the while where it would come up. The girl shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed along the track of the setting sun, but there was naught to be seen but a ripple of golden waves.

"He's owre guid a swimmer to be droont." she said to herself, "but whaur is he?"

The short twilight of early September would speedily deepen into darkness. What if she should be left

alone all night upon her islet? This was certainly not one of those upon which pigs had been placed to eat up the rattlesnakes. The reptiles were swarming all about her, she felt sure. At midnight they would come out of their holes and devour her bodily. But her keenest alarm was not for herself. What had become of that braw laddie who had but now saved her life? Had he swam away off to the island and left her there alone to repent of her sins? A just punishment, truly, for having lightlied him! But he must know how wet and cold and frightened she was. It was not like Joe to have left her thus forlorn. Perhaps he was even now drying himself at the shanty stove, and laughing at the fright he was giving her. Well, he should find out she had a spirit equal to his own, even if she were not so good a swimmer.

The water seemed shallow between the back of her islet and the next one. If she waded through it she would probably find a shallow channel between that and the next again. Before it was dark she might work her way near enough to Miss Maitland's island for her shouting to be heard. One of the nephews would surely come to the rescue. That dour savage, Joe, should see that she was not in any way dependent on him.

After the chilly evening air, the water felt warm as she slipped into it. Her foothold was firm to the next island, much larger than the one she had left. Indeed, it proved to be a peninsula, and there was still easier wading to the next island, and the next again. But Miss Maitland's home did not appear to be drawing any nearer. The Union Jack had been hauled down at sunset and there was no other indicator to the site of the cottage. All the islands looked alike to Christina, even by daylight.

She shouted herself hoarse, but who was there to hear? Her mistress would be seated snugly at the side of the blazing fire of logs in the living-room, reading her novel and worrying not at all about the return of her nephews and nieces from their far-away picnic, still less about the excursion of Joe and Christina out to the steamer and back. The girl could go no farther. A swiftly running current, whose depth she could not estimate, barred her advance. She must try to get back to the rock whereon Joe had left her. It was there he would look for her and he was the only one likely to look, or to care whether she ever came back or not.

But where was that island? Darkness had crept in to bewilder her. She stumbled along in despair, swinging her arms at intervals, in a vain attempt to warm herself. Her teeth were chattering and her heart died within her as she thought of the snakes. Oh, it was a cold and cruel country, this Canada! Why had she ever left her own? The lads there were not the sort to leave a shivering lassie all night alone upon a bare rock.

"Joe's no the ane to dae that either," she moaned. "He's droont! He's droont! And his mither—she will be blamin' me, puir auld body!"

She buried her face in her hands and cried for some minutes. When she lifted it the whole aspect of the bay had altered. The harvest moon had risen in all its glory above the horizon. Here she was, not near Miss Maitland's island, as she had imagined, but quite close to the mainland. There was no mistaking that point of rock standing out so clearly in the moonlight. Joe had taken her there to fish, many a time.

"*Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua! Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua!*"

"Joe! Joe!" she cried in response.

The canoe darted round the jutting rock, swiftly as an Indian arrow, but the Indian in it was quiet, as usual, while he wrapped the girl in a homespun blanket and lifted her into his boat. He paddled out into the moonshine before he spoke. "What way did you not stay where

I put you till I go get the canoe?''

''I was feared ye'd never come back to me, Joe.''

''Would you be caring?''

The girl snuggled so deeply into the blanket that only the top of her head was visible, but her voice came out of the nest.

''What was yon ye cried to me?''

''Your name — *Wah-sah-yah-ben-oqua.*''

''It's a squaw name, but maybe it suits me.''

The moon was high in the heavens when the pair reached home. It was so late that even the unexacting Miss Maitland was scandalised.

''Christina! Where have you been? Spearing fish?''

''No, mem. Joe's been speirin' at me—''

''What?'' She looked astounded.

''He's been asking me to marry him.''

''Good heavens! The impertinence of him! Why, the man can hardly talk English.''

''But he kens it fine.''

''Oh, I see! You did the proposing.''

''I did naething o' the kind,'' said the girl, her Scotch dander rising. ''He showed me his farm and whaur he means to build his bit hoose. It will be a gey bonny place in a year or twa. Hech, sirs! I never thocht to marry a landed propreeitor.''

''But think of the long, cold winters up here, Christina.''

''If I dinna marry him it will be a lang, cauld winter for me a' the rest o' my life.''

CRUMBS OF CULTUR

MYRA KELLY

"HAVE you, either of you got 'European Morals'" ? said Billy Blight.

Elizabeth and I looked up simultaneously, and in doing so we naturally looked at each other, she was writing at a combination desk and table in our little drawing-room and I spreading my things on the dining-room table. There was nothing between these two rooms but an arch partly filled with fretwork arabesque, and in this arch stood the tall figure of Billy Blight and the checked gingham outlines of Margaret, our housekeeper—our Mrs. Grundy.

"He would come in, Miss, say what I would," she apoligized, with one stern, and one admiring eye on Billy. "I told him as how the young ladies was particularly engaged, but in he comes and says he only wants to ask a question."

"Then ask it," commanded Elizabeth. "We're busy. Have only until to-morrow to finish this comparative philosophy thing. Ask it and trot!"

"I have asked it," he broke out. "Have you 'European Morals' or have you not?"

"Well, to be sure, sir," cried Margaret. "Don't speak to him, Miss Elizabeth dear; I'll take him to the kitchen. Come, Mr. Billy, there's a good young gentleman. Come with Margaret. A nice black cup of coffee—" But Billy shook her off.

"Have you got 'em?" he demanded for the third time.

"Don't know," answered Elizabeth. "What part of Europe, for instance?"

"The whole little shop, I believe. It's a book, as you jolly well know, by a chap called Lecky. One of the references for this very identical paper you're writing, and which I ought to be writing too. I badgered them so about it at the library that at last they told me you had it and I came around to borrow it."

"I'm sorry, Billy," said Elizabeth, "but I've lent it to Miss Peterson. You know that graduate student whose place is two seats beyond yours at Education 1. She lives some place about here. I'll look her up in the Register. Maybe she will let you have it."

"But I never saw her," Billy protested. "I can't walk up to a strange young lady and inquire about morals."

"Nonsence," I said, interrupting. "You've seen her three times a week when you didn't 'cut.' She's a quiet little thing in spectacles. Now go before you're slain."

Breakfast time the next morning brought Billy back to us. We were then more at leisure to listen to his transports; and he was generally well worth listening to. He was a handsome, clever, wonderfully gifted young fellow. The son of a famous father and the grandson of a sensible old martinet, who vowed that she would cut him off with a shilling unless he adopted a profession. So here he was, in a co-educational college, preparing to fill the

chair of Art, in some great and still mythical university. No one, not even the dragon Margaret, could resist him; and even Blaisdell, the head of the Art Department and our particular Nero, accepted, with what grace he might, the boy's superior talent. And it can not be pleasant for a professor to know that he is far outclassed by one of his students, and to know that the student knows it. But this was only in the actual painting or drawing. In all other subjects treated of in our halls of learning, Billy was, as he pathetically described it, a hopeless duffer.

On the morning that he dropped in, all uninvited, to breakfast with us, he was so radiantly delighted with himself that Elizabeth and I greeted him in chorus with:

"So you've finished the paper after all!"

"I forgot it," said Billy, as nearly crestfallen as he knew how to be. "I give you my word, I never thought of it since I was here yesterday afternoon. I found those morals though," he cheered up to tell us, "and I found Miss Peterson, too. Why didn't you ever tell me," and he turned reproachfully to Elizabeth, "that she has perfectly beautiful eyes? As blue and sweet and innocent as a child's. She's going to let me do them."

"Ah! Billy, Billy," said I, "you've been doing it already, and you promised, you know how faithfully you promised, to devote yourself exclusively to your work."

"That's just what I was doing," he replied triumphantly. "I call upon you both to witness that I went forth in search of 'European Morals,' so that I might finish my paper in philosophy. I've forgotten every word of it now, but as I was thinking it out it promised to be a corker. I won't stop to ask you young ladies what morals, even Lecky's morals have to do with philosophy. We'll let them have that question for some night at the debating society. To resume: I went to the address you gave me and consumed a whole box of matches in reading the names on the bell plates. It's a flat-house, you know. Not a lordly apartment like this in which you female sybarites loll away your days with an elevator and Margaret. But a regular common or garden variety flat-house where you press the button and you never can tell who does the rest. And there I found Ferguson's name. You know Ferguson, that chap with whiskers who is nearly always late for Education I. when I'm there."

"He's generally late when you're not there, too," I supplemented. "He's always dashing about in a breathless hurry."

"This is my story and my stage," remonstrated Billy. "Again I shall resume. And under Ferguson's name Miss Peterson's was written. 'European, by jove!' thinks I when I sees that combination: and Southern European at that."

"Now, Billy," said I, threateningly "you'll get no more breakfast unless you behave."

"I'm resuming, I'm resuming," he pleaded. "I pressed that bell, the door clicked open and I walked up past beefsteak and onions on the first floor, past cornbeef and cabbage on the second, past Irish stew and coffee on the third — all in the dark, mind you—past fried ham and eggs on the fourth up to a lady and a baby on the fifth. I could hardly see her face, but I could see the kid's white dress. 'I'd like to see Miss Peterson' says I."

"'I am Miss Peterson,' said she. 'Won't you come in?'"

"So I followed her into a dark, narrow hall. I give you my word I touched it on both sides and top and bottom. Then I broke into a room where a dull patch of evening showed through a window. I was just preparing to roar for help. I felt so far from my mother you know, and everybody I ever loved. And it was ghostly to be in that strange room

and not to be able to see anything moving except that white kid sailing through mid-air under the arm of Miss Peterson's dark dress. She seemed to be looking for something, feeling about on table and mantelpiece. 'I can't find the matches,' she said at last, 'may I trouble you to hold Morton while I go through to the kitchen?' "

"Oh Billy!" bubbled Elizabeth, "I'd have given anything to see it."

"The point is that no one could see it," he retorted. " 'Twas all in the ghostly dark, and there I stood holding that kid, afraid that if I moved it would get upside down or something, while the woman went away clean out of hearing."

"A mad woman in my opinion," boomed Margaret from the kitchen door. "Anyone ought to be able to see even in the dark that Mr. Billy is not one to be trusted with babies."

"There she goes," he expostulated, "discrediting me and interrupting me when I'm trying to bring a little romance into your empty lives. And I am fit to be trusted with babies, though you don't believe it, Margaret. I held that kid up against my shoulder and it gurgled like water under a birch-bark canoe. Then, presently, Miss Peterson came back with the matches, lighted the gas and shook hands with me. I was jolly glad, Miss Blake, that you told me I knew her, for I give you my word I never remember having seen her before. However, she seemed to recognize me." Billy Blight's six feet of handsome boyhood was not likely to go unobserved. "I began asking her about the 'Morals' and she said Mr. Ferguson had 'em and would be in any moment. And all this time I sat there holding Morton and looking him over generally. He's one of the finest children—"

"And you know so much about 'em, Sir," scoffed Margaret.

"I shall from now on," Billy announced. "I tell you my friend Morton is a great little chap. A back as flat as a pancake and dandy bumps on his head. He let me feel 'em and never said a word."

"How old is he?" asked Elizabeth.

"Six months, Miss Peterson told me."

"That explains his not saying much."

"You're conduct is most disagreeable," cried Billy, "and yet I will resume, though you don't deserve it. Ferguson came in after a while, and I asked him about the 'Morals.' He never turned a hair, but stalked out of the room and was back again in a minute with the darned old book and Mrs. Ferguson, who had just come home from a psychology lecture which Ferguson wanted notes on, but had not time to go to. Now there's a wife for you," cried Billy, with enthusiasm. "It seems that Ferguson got some sort of scholarship, not half enough of course to live on, but he saved some money and borrowed some out in the western town where he was principal of the high school. Then he came east with the missus and the kid, and if he can pull off his Ph.D. this year he can get a better salary and a better position when he goes back. But he told me it's pretty close sailing."

"And Miss Peterson is ballast, I suppose," Elizabeth suggested.

"Yes, she takes a room from them. Lord, a fellow must be badly off for a few letters after his name when he works as Ferguson does for them."

Elizabeth and I, but more particularly I, had much sad knowledge of the straits and makeshifts to which many of the students were reduced. They seemed never able to form any pre-vision of the enormous expense of life, bare life, in New York. And they were continually giving up, as Mr. Ferguson had, the chicken in the hand for the turkey in the bush. I was engaged to marry Professor Wentworth, one of the younger members of the faculty; and it was natural that I should hear more of the personal life of the student body

than the ordinary senior would. The Students' Aid Society, some of the more humanitarian trustees, and even the "Prexy" himself, had often allowed me to bridge the abyss which separates noble poverty from the aloofness imposed upon the authorities.

Miss Peterson was a case in point. She had taught in country schools in northern New York for more years than Billy Blight would have believed. She had been boarded about in the houses of farmers. She had worked long and faithfully and she had sent all her little savings to an invalid mother in Utica. Four years ago this mother died and the daughter then commenced to hoard all that she might toward the fulfillment of her supreme ambition — a year of study in the city. She had never missed a lecture. She never wasted a moment. She read far into the night, and before daylight in the morning; and she learned, inexorably and unanswerably, that it would take not one year, but eight or ten, to reach the pinnacle of culture and efficiency at which she aimed.

I was, perhaps, the most intimate friend she had, not only at college, but—as I discovered with an unaccountable sinking of the heart — in the world. The farm people among whom she had passed her life had never satisfied her. They resented as affectations the quaint and self-taught refinements which seemed so provincial to us of broader, happier lives. She told me once, wonderingly, about Billy's first visit. How she was sitting in the dark, realising all her failures. Little Morton was asleep in her arms, and as she felt his gentle breathing against her breast she found another pathway to misery. All her thought and effort had been given to children: other women's children: always other women's children. She had written her love upon the shifting sands, and now, when she stopped and turned back to read what she had written, the sands were scattered—the writing gone. She held Morton's warm little body close to her empty heart and prayed for courage, for strength. Then enter Billy Blight, gay and young, handsome and debonnair. You are to remember that, save Ferguson, she had never known what is commonly called a "gentleman." And here was one who shone unquestioned, undimmed even when set among the men of learning and distinction among whom he moved by virtue of his father's name and his own surpassing charm.

"And there he sat, Miss Blake," she told me, "holding Morton on his knee and talking the sort of foolishness that sounds like sense, or of sense that sounds like foolishness. He talked," her eyes glowed behind their glasses, "as people do in great books. And when he told me how glad he was to meet me and how often he had watched me sitting just two places from him at Education I., I was surprised. Somehow, I didn't think the gentlemen students noticed us young ladies very much."

Oh! Billy! Billy!

From the evening of that first meeting life somehow changed for Miss Peterson. It had been contracted enough before: but now it narrowed down until it meant nothing but Education I., three hours a week. That was the only course of lectures which both Billy and she attended. But the joy: the radiant, shy joy which his mere presence in the room gave her would have served to illuminate a much fuller life. Happiness glowed in her eyes, through her whole face, when he was near, so that she shone resplendent—translated—although she never, even at the very last, wore anything but the plain, rather well made dark blue and green plaid gown which was somehow characteristic of her.

We were quite accustomed to Billy's raptures about his long succession of charmers. Their number and variety and his earnestness about them made his table-talk unique.

Their ages ranged from six to sixty, but most at the extremes. John often said that a true record, a regular scientific one I mean, of Billy's mind would be a valuable addition to "man's study of mankind." So friendly, so crystal clear, so self-centred and so generous. He could weep, openly and unashamed, over the loves and sorrows in the fifteenth century *chansons* to which he was devoted; and he could pass quite unaware through the love and the sorrow all about him.

Billy Blight was never one to take a new interest calmly, and we were soon deluged with reports on Morton, whose psychology down to its last motor reaction, had been studied and tabulated by Mr. Ferguson and set forth in a thesis, which John, my fiancé, reported to be really admirable. Billy had borrowed a copy of this thesis and he insisted upon regarding its observations and conclusions as so many proofs of Morton's precocity. In vain we pointed out to him that the value of the treatise depended upon its being a study of the normal child.

"Normal," he scoffed, "there never was anything like him. Think of it, when he was three days old he closed his fist and jabbed it in his eye. Here it is. Read it for yourselves. Did either of you ever see a three-days-old baby do anything like that?"

"I did not," Elizabeth admitted, "for I never saw a three-days-old baby, did you?"

"Oh! Suffering Moses!" groaned Billy, "there are some persons a fellow simply can't talk to. They may be decent enough looking, and all that sort of thing, but they will ask the most beastly questions. I shall never again demean my friend Morton by mentioning him to you."

Although Billy kept tolerably close to this last threat, we gathered that his intimacy with the Ferguson *ménage* continued. He frequently entertained them—his friend Morton always included — in his luxurious quarters. These domestic festivities must have been in striking contrast to some of those over which he presided, and it was at one of them that he made a remark for which I think he will never quite forgive himself. He told me about it weeks afterward in a tempest of sorrow and self-condemnation.

"But how was I know," he cried, "how could anyone have known. Nobody could have known or guessed it, could they, Miss Blake?"

"No, no," I soothed, "Billy, dear. Of course you couldn't have known." And yet all the time, from the very beginning, I had marvelled that he could have escaped knowing.

It was on a night when he was host to the Fergusons. The occasion was one of Morton's monthly birthdays, and everything was very gay and perfect, as Billy and his Japanese "boy" knew how to make them. There was ice-cream, and with it some sticky, heavy, yet delicious little cakes, the like of which neither the Fergusons nor Miss Peterson had ever tasted.

"I never ate anything so exquisite, but I shouldn't think they'd be very wholesome," said Miss Peterson. "I suppose you don't eat very many of them."

"I'd eat a hundred and think nothing of it," he answered, inconsequent as usual, and as usual far overleaping his guest's faint praise. "There's nothing I wouldn't do to get them. I'd beg, borrow or steal. I'd go to tea with impossible old ladies or to lunch with more impossible new ones if they'd lure me with Maillard's *petite fours.*"

"You do seem real partial to them," smiled Miss Peterson.

The next day Elizatbeth had, as we afterwards realised, an opportunity to avert the not yet inevitable. Perhaps thinking my friend more frivolous than she thought me, Miss Peterson asked her where *petite fours* might be obtained. And Eli-

zabeth, without thought and without inquiry, gave the desired information and promptly forgot all about it. Billy had forgotten too; but Miss Peterson, grudging car fare, walked three miles down town (you will say she was a country girl) and three miles back, and paid seventy-five cents for one pound of the sticky little cakes. Billy had never expressed a desire to her before. His part had been all giving; flowers, theatre tickets, books and his companionship. To him these were civilities not quite impersonal, perhaps, for he was above all things kind, and this forty-year-old child—she was in many ways no more than a child—held him and fascinated him. But such gifts, such attentions as he had shown her were an old story to him and they were part of the language of everyday courtesy that the people among whom he lived understood and accepted.

But here was a creature, a woman, to whom the last petal of his last flower was a treasure, who held the very boxes precious. Nothing was a matter of course to her. Her god was forever popping in and out of his machine like a jack-in-the-box and showering favours as he moved. She never knew or dreamed that he was being ordinarily and quite conventionally polite. And she had such a genius for communicating her pleasure that Billy felt every throb of the joy he gave and spent his kindly heart in devising ever new ways of giving and sharing happiness.

"Take her to the theatre," he told us once, "and, before the curtain goes up on the second act, she'll make you feel that the play is a masterpiece; that you wrote it; and that you could beat the leading man to a standstill if you hadn't something more important to do. And take her to the opera—"

"Have you?" I asked.

"Two or three times. You never saw anything like her enjoyment. It's dreadful to think of her being shut away from it all for so many years. She told me quite frankly that she had expected to "do" the musical season rather thoroughly, but that the prices staggered her. She was so concerned at my buying tickets that I had to tell her my father gave them to me. Then she settled down to "absorb," and I tell you she didn't miss much. She even reads the libretto," he marvelled. 'Twas little he knew of the eager soul in search of culture.

I think it is not necessary to say that she loved him. Emotion had hardly touched her before, and now it racked her. But she hid it with all the shy, sweet reserve which belongs to love's youngest dreams. I think that only I guessed the secret, and I never should have done so if it were not for loving John. Billy never had the faintest suspicion. He went to tea with her almost daily now, and she made almost daily trips to Maillard's. 'Twas the one way in which she could give him pleasure. Somehow it touched the mother in her heart that his desire should be so boyish. Little cakes! Sweet, soft, sticky little cakes! After the third or fourth of her expeditions down town she stopped to see the woman who for three dollars a week supplied her with what they agreed to call three meals a day.

"If you don't mind," she faltered, "I'll settle with you now. I'm thinking of getting board where I have my room. It would be more convenient, you see."

"I'll be sorry to lose you," the woman answered, "and the other young ladies at your table will feel the same, I'm sure. You was real friendly together. But, of course, you must suit your own convenience."

"It's not so much that," said Miss Peterson. "Thank you for your kindness to me—and—good-bye."

Neither then nor at any subsequent time did she broach the matter of

board to Mrs. Ferguson. She made no other arrangements and she had no facilities to prepare anything but tea in her own room. It was, as we afterwards computed, about three weeks after this that Billy decided to spend a day at home with a pipe and a novel. There was no transfiguring joy in Miss Peterson's face that day to disguise its woeful emaciation. She was evidently hurt and surprised by something which had already occurred, and Billy's failure to turn up at Education I. seemed almost to paralyse her. She sat in her place watching the door, half blindly (for some chance remark of his had caused her to discard her spectacles), until it was plain that he would not be there. She seemed almost unconscious of the rest of us, and several times during the ensuing hour I saw the tears spring from under her closed lids. Naturally I waylaid her in the hall, but she seemed timid and ill and most keenly anxious to get away from me, and it was really in desperation that I asked her whether she had seen Billy lately. I simply could not see a creature suffer so without trying to find the cause and the cure.

"Not since Monday." It was then Thursday. "I've been a little lonely lately." She amplified sadly, "Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were called back home to attend her father's funeral. They left Monday night and took Morton. But I'm expecting Mr. Blight this afternoon. He often drops in to tea, and if you'll excuse me I'll go right along now and see that it's ready for him." She swayed a little as she spoke and her face seemed to be all eyes. Eyes blue and sweet and innocent as a child's, Billy had called them, and even the pain and fright that filled them now was childlike—surprised.

She wanted, I foolishly decided, just one thing, and she should have him to tea that afternoon if I had to drag him there. I telephoned to his apartment and learned that he'd gone down to see some new work of his father's. I telephoned to Mr. Blight's studio and was told that the father and son had gone out together.

"Do you think," I asked, "that you could find them?"

"I'll try, madam," the man answered. "I'll call up one or two of the clubs."

"And if you find them," I charged him, "tell Mr. Blight, Junior, that a friend of his is ill and that Miss Blake wants to see him immediately."

It was quite two and a half hours later, which made it about seven o'clock, when Margaret ushered him in. I had told Elizabeth as much as was necessary of what I guessed, or knew, or feared, and she left me alone with Billy.

"Who is it?" he demanded instantly.

"Miss Peterson," said I. "When have you seen her?"

"Oh, Monday."

"And you've not written to her? You've simply dropped her without a word?"

"And a jolly cad I'd have been if I hadn't stopped going there. Don't you know the Fergusons are away? Don't you know that that's the reason I've not been there? How could I have gone? What would you have thought of me if I had?"

"You should have explained it to her. She doesn't understand much about convention and she's hurt. We'll go together now," said I as I adjusted my hat before the mirror and threw by jacket at him. "She's never had an inkling of your reason, and she's been expecting you since half-past four o'clock this afternoon."

We were met by no welcome, after our five-stairs' climb. "She's in," he said, as the door yielded to his hand. "They lock up only when they're going out."

I entered the dark little hall. I stood in the drawing-room while Billy found a match and lighted the gas.

And very patiently and quietly Miss Peterson was waiting in a chair beside the tea-table on which the teapot had long grown cold. There were two cups upon the table and a plate heaped high with sticky, heavy, little cakes. Everything was very still. Only the gas shrieked and laughed above us as Billy turned to his hostess.

Well, we were in time. By some miracle, just in time. By another miracle Billy produced a cab in that quiet section. He carried her down and put her in it, and we bore her off to be nursed by Margaret.

When she was better—and she really needed only food—John secured for her a position in the library, to which a small salary was attached. And so it all ended well. Miss Peterson daily expects Billy to distinguish himself prodigiously and does all kinds of juggling with the order-cards whenever he wants a book. Thus far he is much the same Billy as of yore, but he has quite outgrown his boyish appetite for *petite fours*.

"Hate the very name of 'em," says the inconstant Billy.

DAPHNE

CLARE GIFFIN

THEY wove a royal robe for me,
The robe that I must wear,
Yet, in its priceless web, I see
No gold like Daphne's hair!

They wove that robe in strange designs,
With threads of gorgeous dyes;
Yet in its fair-wrought pattern shines
No blue like Daphne's eyes!

Fate wove that robe; and all may note
I walk in kingly pride;
I'd change it for a shepherd's coat
So Daphne were my bride!

A YOUNG WOMAN

From the Painting by Rembrandt. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

LONESOME

BY ZONA GALE

"SOME folks," Calliope Marsh said, "has got spines, an' some folks hasn't. But what I say is, nobody can tell which is which. Because now an' then the soft-spined breed just hardens up all in a minute an' behaves same as steel. So when I meet a stranger that sort o' sops along through life, limp an' floppy, I never judge him. I just say: 'You look like the kind that'd knock with one knuckle, but mebbe you can fair bu'st the door in, if you're rill put to it.' It was that way with Eb Goodnight; leastways, I think so now."

I loved Calliope all the time—rosy, wrinkled little creature of sixty, with her bag of extracts and laces to sell, but especially I loved her when she was ready to tell a story. Then she took on all the mystery and promise of the distinguished cover of a book.

"Land, land," she went on, "I donno how it is other places. But I've noticed with us here in Friendship—an' I've grown to the town from short dresses to bein'-careful-what-I-eat—I've often noticed 't when folks seems not to have any backbone to speak of, or even when they go 'round sort o' crazy—they's usually some other reason, like enough. Sensitive or sick or lonesome, or like that. It was so with Eb—an' it was so with Elspie. Elspie, though, was interestin' on account o' bein' not only a little crazy, but rill pretty besides. But Eb, he was the kind that a signboard is more interestin' than. An' yet—"

With that she paused. I knew Calliope's "and yet." It splendidly conceded the entire converse of her arguments.

"Eb come here to Friendship," she went on, "less public than Elspie did. Elspie come official, as an inmate o' the county house. Eb, he sort o' crep' in town, like he crep' everywhere else. He introduced himself to me through sellin' needles. He walked in on me an' a two-weeks' ironin' one mornin' with, 'Lemme present myself as Ebenezer Goodnight, sewin' needles, knittin' needles, crochet hooks, an' shuttles, an' anything o' that,' an' down he set an' never opened his mouth about his needles again. Eb was real delicate, for an agent. He just talked all the time about Friendship an' himself. 'The whol' blame' town's kin,' s'e, 'I never see such a place. *Every*body's kin' only just me. Air you,' he ask' me wistful, 'cousin of 'em all, too?'

"'Mis' Myers is connected up with me by marriage an' Mis' Sykes is my mother's secunt cousin, once removed,' I owned up.

"'That's it again,' s'e, sigin'. 'The only things in town that ain't a cousin is the horses an' the dogs. An' they mostly come from the Oldmoxons, so they kind o' match up, too. I'm the odd number, dum it,' s'e, sorrowful.

"Well, an' he hed sort of an odd

number way about him, too. He went along the street like he didn't belong. I donno if you know what I mean—but he was always takin' in the tops o' buildin's an' lookin' at the roads an' behavin' like he noticed—the way you don't when you live in a town. Yes, Ebenezer Goodnight went around like he see things for the first time. An' somehow he never could join in. When he walked up to a flock o' men he stood *side* of 'em an' not with 'em. An' he shook hands sort o' loose an' temporary like he meant somethin' else. An' he just couldn't bear not to agree with you. If he let out 't the sky was blue an' you said, No, pink, he'd work around till he'd dyed *his* sky pink, too. He seemed to hev a spine made mostly o' molasses. An' sometimes I think your spine's your soul.

"Eb hed been lonelyin' 'round the village a month or so when Sum Myers, that run the big rival grocery to the post-office store, took him an' his peddler's pack into the grocery—an' Eb was pretty tickled. He went down first mornin' in his best clo'es to dish up kerosene an' cheese. But when somebody remarked on the clo'es he didn't hev backbone enough to keep on wearin' 'em—he slimpsed right back to his peddler duds an' done his best to please. An' he did please—he made a real first-rate grocer clear up till June o' the year. An' then Sum Myers, his employer, he went to work an' died.

"Sum died on a Tuesday—an', bein' it never rains but it pours, an' piles peelin's on ashes, or whatever it is they say—it was the Tuesday that the poorhouse burnt down. The poorhouse use' to be across the track, beyond the cemetery an' quite near my house. An' the night it burnt I was sittin' on the side stoop without anything over my head, just smellin' in the air, when I see a little pinky look on the sky beyond the track. It wasn't moon time, an' they wa'n't nothin' to bonfire that time o' year, an' I set still pretendin' it was rose bushes makin' a ladder an' buildin' a way of escape by night. It was such a nice evenin' you couldn't imagine anything really happenin' bad. But all at once I heard the fire-engine bell poundin' away like all possessed—an' then runnin' feet, like when there's an accident. I got to the gate just as somebody come rushin' past an' I piped up what was the matter. 'Poorhouse's afire,' s'e. 'Poorhouse,' s'I. 'My land!' An' I out the gate an' run alongside of him, an' he sort o' slowed down for me, courteous.

"Then I noticed it was Ed Goodnight—lonelier'n ever now that his employer hed died that day. I'd never see Eb hustle that much before, an' the thought went through my head, kind o' wonderin', that he was runnin' as if the fire was a real relation o' his an' he was sent for. 'Know anything else about it?' I ask'd him, keepin' up. 'Not much,' s'e, 'but I guess it's got such a head-start the whol' thing'll go like a shell.' An' when we got to the top o' the bank on the other side o' the track, we see it was that way—the poorhouse'd got such a head-start burnin' that nothin' could save it—though Timothy Toplady, that was town marshal, an' chairman o' the county board, an' Silas Sykes, an' Ephraim Holcomb, that was managers o' the poorhouse, an' some more, went puffin' past us yellin' 'Put it out—run fer water—why don't you do suthin'?'—and like that, most beside theirselves.

"'Them poor critturs,' says I, 'oh, my, them poor critturs in the home—' for there must 'a' been twenty o' the county charges all quartered in the buildin'. An' when we come to the foot o' the poorhouse hill, land, land, I never see such Bedlam.

"The fire had started so soon after dusk that the inmates was all up yet. An' they was half of 'em huddled in a bunch by the side-yard stile an' half of 'em runnin' 'round wild as anything. The whol' place looked like when you hev a bad dream. It

made me weak in my knees, an' I was winded anyway with runnin' an' I stopped too, takin' bearin's. An' there I was, plump against Elspie, standin' holdin' her arms 'round the tree trunk an' shiverin' some.

"'Elspie,' s'I, 'you poor child.'

"'No need to rub *that* in,' s'she, tart. It's the one word the county charges gets sensitive about—an' Eb, he seemed to sense that, an' he ask'd her, hasty, how the fire started. He called her 'Miss,' too, an' I judged that 'Miss' was one o' them poultice words to her.

"I donno,' s'she, 'but don't it look *cheerful?* The yard's all lit up nice, fer comp'ny,' she says, rill pleased.

"It sort o' uncovered my nerves to hear her so unconcerned. I never hed understood her—none of us hed. She was from outside the state—but her uncle, Job Ore, was on our county board an' he got her into our poorhouse—like you can when you're in politics. Then he up an' died an went home to be buried, an' there she was on our honds. She wasn't rill crazy—we understood't she hadn't ben crazy at all up to the time her mother died. Then she hadn't no one to go to an' she got queer, an' the poorhouse uncle stepped in; an' when he died, he died in debt, so his death wa'n't no use to her. She was thirty-odd, but awful little an' slim an' scairt-lookin', an' quite pretty, I allus thought—an' I never see a thing wrong with her till she was so unconcerned about the fire.

"'Elspie,' s'I, stern, 'ain't you no feelin',' s'I, 'for the loss o' the only home you've got to your back?'

"'Oh, I donno,' s'she, an' I could see her smilin' in that bright light, 'oh, I donno. It'll be some place to come to, afterwards when I go out walkin,' s'she, 'I an't no place to head for. I sort o' circle 'round an' come back. I ain't even a grave to visit,' s'she, 'an' it'll be kind o' cosey to come up here on the hill an' set down by the ashes—like they *belonged.*'

"I know I heard Eb Goodnight laugh, kind o' cracked an' enjoyable, an' I took some shame to him for makin' fun o' the poor girl.

"'She's goin' plumb out o' her head,' thinks I, 'an' you'd better get her home with you, short off.' So I put my arm around her, persuadish, an' I says: 'Elspie,' I says, 'you come on to my house now for a spell,' I says. But Eb, he steps in, prompter'n I ever knew him—I'd nevver heard him do a thing decisive an' sudden excep' sneeze an' them he always done his best to swallow. 'I'll take her to your house,' he says to me; 'you go on up there to them women. I won't be no use up there,' he says. An' that was reasonable enough, on account o' Eb not bein' the decisive kind, for fires an' such.

"So Eb he went off, takin' Elspie to my house, an' I went on up the hill where Timothy Toplady and Silas Sykes an' Ephraim was rushin' round, wild an' sudden, herdin' the inmates here an' there, vague an' energetic. I didn't do much better, an' I done worse, too, because I burned my left wrist, long an' deep. When I got home with it Eb was settin' on the front stoop with Elspie, an' when he heard about the wrist he come in an' done the lightin' up. An' Elspie, she fair su'prised me.

"'Where do you keep your rags?' s'she, brisk.

"'I that flour chest I don't use,' I says, 'in the shed.'

"My land, she was back in a minute with a soft piece o' linen an' the black oil off the clock shelf that I hadn't told her where it was, an' she bound up my wrist like she'd created that burn an' understood it up an' down.

"'Now you get into the bed,' she says, 'without workin' the rag off. I'm all right,' s'she. 'I can lock up. I like hevin' it to do,' she told me.

"But Eb puts in, kind o' eager:

"'Lemme lock up the shed—it's dark as a hat out there an' you might sprain over your ankle,' he says, awk-

ward. An' so he done the lockin' up, an' it come over me he liked hevin' that little householdy thing to do. An' then he went off home—that is, to where he stopped an' hated it so.

"Well, the poorhouse burnt plumb to the ground an' the inmates hed to be quartered 'round in Friendship anyhow that night, an' nex' day I never see Friendship so upset. I never see the village roust itself so sudden, either. An' before noon it was settled 't the poorhouse in Alice County, nearest us. should take in the inmates temporary. We was eatin' dinner when Timothy an' Silas come in to tell Elspie.

"Eb was hevin' dinner with us, too. He'd been scallopin' in an' out o' the house all the forenoon, an' I'd Elspie. She'd got the whol' dinner—she was a rill good cook an' that su'prised me as much as her dressin' my wrist the night before. I declare, it seemed as if she done some things for me just for the sake o' doin' 'em—she was that kind. Timothy an' Silas wouldn't hev any dinner—it was a boiled piece, too—bein' as dinners o' their own was gettin' cold. But they set up against the edge o' the room so's we could be eatin' on.

" 'Elspie,' says Timothy, 'you must be ready to go sharp seven o'clock Friday mornin'.'

" 'Go where?' says Elspie.

" 'To the Alice County poorhouse,' says Silas, blunt. Silas Sykes is a man that always says 'bloody' an' 'devil' an' 'coffin' right out instead o' 'bandaged' an' 'the Evil One' an' 'casket.'

" 'Oh!' says Elspie. 'Oh, . . . an' sort o' sunk down an' covered her mouth with her wrist an' looked at us over it.

" 'The twenty o' you'll take the 7.06 Accommodation,' says Timothy, then, 'an' it'll be a nice train ride for ye,' he says, some like an undertaker makin' small talk. But he see how Elspie took it, an' so he slid off the subjec' an' turned to Eb.

" 'Little too early to know who's goin' to take the Myers's store, ain't it?' s'he, cheerful.

"Eb, he dropped his knife on the floor.

" 'Yes, yes,' he says, flurried, 'yes, it is—' like he was rushin' to cover an' a 'yes' to agree was his best protection.

" 'Oh, well, it ain't so early either,' Silas cuts in, noddin' crafty.

" 'No, no,' Eb agrees immediate, 'I donno's *'tis* so very early, after all.'

" 'I'm thinkin' o' takin' the store over myself,' says Silas, tippin' his head back an' rubbin' thoughtful under his whiskers. 'It'd be a good idee to buy it in an' no mistake.'

" 'Yes,' says Eb, noddin', 'yes. Yes, so 't would be.'

" 'I donno I'd do it, Silas, if I was you,' says Timothy, frownin' judicial. 'Ain't you gettin' some stiff to take up with a new business?'

" 'No,' says Eb, shakin' his head. 'No. No, I donno's I would take it either, Mr. Sykes.'

"I was goin' to say somethin' about the wind blowin' now east, now west, an' the human spine makin' a bad weathercock, but I held on, an' pretty soon Timothy an' Silas went out.

" 'Seven o'clock Friday a.m., now!' says Silas, playful, over his shoulder to Elspie. But Elspie didn't answer. She was just sittin' there, still an' quiet, an' she didn't eat another thing.

"That afternoon she slipped out o' the house somewheres. She didn't hev a hat—what few things she did hev had been burnt. She went off without any hat an' stayed most all the afternoon. I didn't worry, though, because I thought I knew where she'd gone. But I wouldn't 'a' asked her—I'd as soon slap anybody as quiz 'em—an' besides I knew 't somebody'd tell me if I kep' still. Friendship'll tell you everything you want to know, if you lay low long enough. An' sure as the world, 'bout five o'clock in come Mis' Silas Sykes,

lookin' troubled. Folks always looks that way when they come to interfere. Seems 't she'd just walked past the poorhouse ruins, an' she'd see Elspie sittin' there side of 'em, all alone—

"'—*singin'*,' says Mis' Sykes, impressive, 'like the evil was in the music, sittin' there singin', like she was all possessed. '*An'*,' says Mis' Sykes, 'let me tell you, I scud down that hill, *one goose pimple*.'

"'Let her alone,' says I, philosophic. 'Leave her be.'

"But inside I ached like the toothache for the poor thing—for Elspie. An' I says to her, when she come home:

"'Elspie,' I says, 'why don't you go out 'round some an' see folks here in the village? The minister's wife'd be rill glad to hev you some,' I says.

"'Oh, I hate to hev 'em sit thinkin' about me in behind their eyes,' s'she, ready.

"'What?' says I, blank.

"'It comes out through their eyes,' she says. 'They keep thinkin': Poor, poor, poor Elspie. If they was somebody dead 't I could go to see,' she told me, smilin', 'I'd do that.'

"That evenin' Eb come in an' set down on the edge of a chair, experimental, like he was testin' the cane.

"'Miss Cally,' s'e, when Elspie was out o' the room, 'you goin' t' let her go with them folks to the Alice County poorhouse?'

"I guess I dissembulated some under my eyelids—bein' I see t' Eb's mind was givin' itself little lurches.

"'Well,' s'I, 'I don't see what that's wise I can do besides.'

"He mulled that rill thorough, seein' to the back o' one hand with the other.

"'Would you take her to board an' me pay for her board?' s'e, like he'd sneezed the i'dea an' couldn't help it comin'.

"'Goodness!' s'I, neutral.

"Eb sighed, like he'd got my refusal.

"'Oh,' s'I, bold an' swift, 'you great big ridiculous *man!*'

"An' I'm blest if he didn't agree to that.

"'Why under the canopy,' I ask'd him, for a hint, 'don't you take the Sum Myers's store, an' run it, an' live on your feet? I ain't any patience with a man,' s'I, 'that lives on his toes. Stomp some, why don't you, an' buy that store?'

"An' his answer su'prised me:

"'I did ask Mis' Myers fer the refusal of it,' he said. 'I ask' her when I took my flowers to Sum, to-day—they was wild flowers I'd picked myself,' he threw in, so's I wouldn't think spendthrift of him. 'An' I'm to let her know this week, for sure.'

"'Glory, glory, glory,' s'I, under my breath—like I'd seen a real live soul, standin' far off on a hill somewheres, drawin' cuts to see whether it should come an' belong to Eb, or whether it shouldn't.

"Nex' day I was gettin' ready for Sum Myers's funeral—it was to be at one o'clock—when Elspie come in my room, sort o' shyin' up to me gentle.

"'Miss Cally,' s'she, 'do you think the mourners'd take it wrong if I's to go to the funeral?'

"'Why, no, Elspie,' I says, su'prised, 'only what do you want to go for?' I ask her.

"'Oh, I donno,' s'she. 'I'd like to go an' I'd like to ride to the graveyard. I've watched the funerals through the poorhouse fence. An' I'd kind o' like to be one o' the followers, for once—all lookin' friendly an' together so, in a line.'

"'Go with me then, child,' I says. An' she done so.

"Bein' summer, the funeral flowers was perfectly beautiful. The mound at the side o' the grave was piled knee-high, an' Mis' Myers went home real cheerful from the funeral an' was able to help get the supper for the out-o'-town relations—a thing no widow ever thinks of, anyway till the next day.

"Well, a few of us waited 'round the cemetery afterwards to fix the flowers on the top o' the sod, an' El-

spie, she waited with me—fussin' quiet with one thing an' another. Eb, he waited, too, standin' 'round. An' when it come time for us women to lay the set pieces on, I see Elspie an' Eb walkin' off toward the top o' the cemetery hill. It's a pretty view from there, lookin' down the slope toward the Old Part, where nobody remembered much who was buried—an' it's a real popular walk. I liked seein' 'em go 'long together—some way, lookin' at 'em, Elpsie so pretty an' Eb so kind o' gentle, you could 'a' thought they *was* real folks, her sanne an' him with a spine. I slipped off an' left 'em—the cemetery bein' so near my house—an' Eb walked home with her.

"But I'd just about decided that Elspie wa'n't to go to Alice County. I hadn't looked the *i*-dee in the face an' thought about it, very financial. But I ain't sure you get your best lights when you do that. I'd just sort o' decided on it out o' pure shame for the shabby trick o' *not* doin' so. I hadn't said anything about it to Timothy or Silas or any o' the rest, because I didn't hev the strength to go through the arguin' agony. When the 7.06 Accommodation had pulled out without her, final, I judged they'd be easier to manage. An' that evenin' I told Elspie—just to sort on' clamp myself to myself, so's I'd pull together on what I'd decided an' not give way at the knees on account o' the responsibility o' keepin' her. An' I fair never see anybody so happy as Elspie was. It made me ashamed o' myself for not doin' different everything I done.

"I was up early that Friday mornin', because I judged 't when Elspie wasn't to the train some o' them in charge'd come tearin' to my house to find out why. I hadn't called Elspie an' I s'posed she was asleep in the other bedroom. I was washin' up my breakfast dishes quiet, so's not to disturb her, when I heard somebody come on to the front stoop like they'd been sent for.

"'There,' thinks I, 'just as I expected. It's one o' the managers.'

"But it wa'n't a manager. When I'd got to the front door, lo an' the hold, there standin' on the steps, wild an' white, was the widow o' the day before's funeral—Mis' Sum Myers, lookin' like the grave *hed* spoke up.

"'Cally!' s'she, from almost before she laid eyes on me, 'Cally! Somebody's stole every last one o' the flowers off'n Sum's grave. An' the ribbins.'

"She was fair beside herself, bein' as the loss hed piled up on a long sickness o' Sum's an' a big doctor's bill consequent an' she nervous anyhow an' a good deal o' the ribbin' tyin' the stems was silk, both sides.

"'I'll hev out the marshall,' s'she, wild. 'I'll send for Timothy. They can't hev got far with 'em. I'll know,' s'she, defiant, 'whether they's anything to the law or whether they ain't.'

"I hed her take some strong coffee from breakfast, an' I got her, after some more fumin's an' fustin's, to walk back to the cemetery with me, till we give a look around. I do as many quick-moved things as some, but I allus try, *first*, to give a look around.

"'An' another thing,' s'I to her as we set out, 'are you sure, Mis' Myers, that you got to the right grave The first visit, so,' I says, 'an' not bein' accustomed to bein' a widow, an' all, you might 'a' got mixed in the lots.'

"While she was disclaimin' this I looked up an' see, hangin' round the road, was Eb. He seemed some sheepish when he sees me, an' he said, hasty, that he'd just got there, an' it came over me like a flash 't he'd come to see Elspie off. An' I marched a-past him without hardly a word. I'd seen one or two other lords o' creation that wasn't fit to lord it over the insec' world. It looked to me Eb didn't hev the spine of a mackerel. Vertebrates—as they call 'em! Well, some vertebrates acts like cocoons.

"We's no more'n past Eb when we heard some shoutin'. An' there, comin' drivin' like mad, was an early delivery waggon o' somebody's, an' in it Silas an' Timothy, wavin' their arms.

"'It's Elspie—Elspie!' they yelled when they was in hearin'. 'She ain't to the depot. She'll be left. Where is she?'

"I hadn't counted on their comin' before the train left, but I thought I see my way clear. An' when they come up to us I spoke to 'em, quiet.

"'She's in the house, asleep,' s'I, 'an' what's more, in that house she's goin' to stay as long as she wants. But,' s'I, without waitin' for 'em to bu'st out, 'there's more important business than that afoot for the marshall,' an' then I told 'em about Sum Myers's flowers. 'An',' s'I, 'you'd better come an' see about that now—an' let Eph an' the others take down the inmates, an' you go after 'em on the 8.05. It ain't often,' s'I, crafty, 'that we get a thief in Friendship.'

"I hed Timothy Toplady there, an' he knew it. He's rill sensitive about the small number o' arrests he's made in the village in his term. He excited up about it in a minute.

"'Blisterin' Benson!' he says, 'ain't this what they call vandalism? Look at it right here in our midst like a city!' says he, fierce—an' showin' through some gleeful.

"'Why, sir,' says Silas, 'mebbe it's them *goals*. Mebbe they've dug Sum up,' he says, 'an' mebbe—' But I hushed him up. Silas always grabs onto his thoughts an' throws 'em out, neck an' crop, dressed or undressed. An' there was Mis' Myers nervous as a witch a'ready, an' a widow for the first time, an' all.

"Well, it was rill easy to manage 'em—they bein' men an' susceptible to fascinations o' lawin' it over somethin'. An' we all got into the delivery waggon, an' Eb, he come, too, sittin' in back, listenin' an' noddin'.

"I allus remember how the cemetery looked that mornin'. It was the tag end o' June—an' in June cemeteries seems like somewheres else. The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality hed been tryin' to get a new iron fence, but they hadn't made out then an' they ain't made out now—an' the old whitewashed fence an' the field stone wall was fair pink with wild roses, an' the juniper tree was alive with birds, an' the grass layin' down with dew, an' the white gravestones set around, placid an' quiet, like other kind o' folks that we don't know about. Mis' Myers, she went right through the wet grass, cross lots an' round graves, holdin' up her mournin' an' showin' blue beneath—kind o' secular, like her thinkin' about the all-silk ribbin at such a time. Sure enough, she knew her way to the lot all right. An' there was the new grave, all sodered green, an' not a sprig nor a stitch to honour it.

"'*Now!*' says Mis' Myers, real triumphant.

"'Land, land!' s'I, seein' how it really was.

Timothy an' Silas, they both pitched in an' talked at once an' bent down, technical, lookin' for tracks. But Eb, he just begun seemin' peculiar—an' then he slipped off somewheres, though we never missed him, till, in a minute, he come runnin' back.

"'Come here!' he says, 'Come on over here a little ways,' he told us, an' not knowin' anything better to do we turned an' went after him, wonderin' what on the earth was the matter with him an' ready to believe 'most anything.

"Eb led us past the vault—where Obe Toplady, Timothy's father, lays in a stone box you can see through the grating tiptoe; an' round by the sample cement coffin that sets where the drives meet for advertisin' purposes, an' you go by wonderin' whose it'll be, an' so on over toward the Old Part o' the cemetery, down the slope of the hill where everybody's forgot who's who or where they rest,

an' no names so. But it's always blue with violets in May—like Somebody remembered, anyhow.

"When we got to the top o' the hill we all looked down the slope, shinin' with dew an' sunniness, an' little flowers runnin' in the grass, thick as thick, until at the foot o' the hill they fair made a garden. A garden about the size of a grave, knee-deep with flowers. From where we stood we could see 'em—hothouse roses an' straw flowers, an' set pieces, an' a lot o' pillows, an' ribbins layin' out on the grass. An' there, side of 'em, broodin' over 'em lovin', set Elspie, that I'd thought was in my house asleep.

"Mis' Myers, she wasn't one to hesitate. You could always depend on her to bu'st out with whatever celebration o' *i*-dees her head got up. She was over the hill in a minute, the blue edge o' petticoat bannerin' behind.

" 'Up-*on* my word,' s'she, like a cut, 'if this ain't a pretty note. What under the sun are you doin' sittin' there, Elspie, with *my* flowers?'

"Elspie looked up an' see her an' see us streamin' toward her over the hill.

" 'They ain't your flowers, are they?' s'she, quiet. 'They're the Dead's. I was a-goin' to take 'em back in a minute or two anyway, an' I'll take 'em back now.'

"She got up, simple an' natural, an' picked up the fruit piece an' one o' the pillows, an' started up the hill.

" 'Well, I nev-er,' says Mis' Myers; 'the very bare brazenness. Ain't you goin' to tell me *what* you're doin' with the flowers you say is the Dead's, an' I'm sure what was Sum's is mine an' the Dead's the same—'

"She begun to cry a little, an' with that Elspie looks up at her, troubled.

" 'I didn't mean to make you cry,' she says. 'I didn't mean you should know anything about it. I come early to do it—I thought you wouldn't know.'

" 'Do *what?*' says Mis' Myers.

"Elspie looks around at us then as if she first really took us in. An' when she see Eb an' me standin' together, she give us a little smile—an' she sort o' answered to us two.

" 'Why,' she says, 'I ain't got anybody, anywheres here, dead or alive, that *belongs*. The dead is all other folks's dead an' the livin' is all other folks's folks. An' when I see all the graves down here that they don't nobody know who's they are, I thought mebbe one of 'em wouldn't care—if I kind of—adopted it.'

"At that she sort o' searched into Mis' Myers's face an' then Elspie's head went down, like she hed to excuse herself.

" 'I thought,' she said, 'they must be *so* dead—an' no names on 'em an' all—an' their live folks all dead, too, by now—nobody's care much. I thought of it yesterday when we was walkin' down here,' she said, 'an' I picked out the grave—it's the *littlest* one here. An' then when we come back past where the funeral was, an' I see them flowers—seemed like I hed to see how 'twould be to put 'em on *my* grave, that I'd took over. So I come early an' done it. But I was goin' to lay 'em right back where they belong—I truly was.'

"I guess none of us hed the least *i*-dee what to say. We just stood there plumb tuckered in the part of us that senses things. All, that is, but one of us. An' that one was Eb Goodnight.

"I can see Eb now, how he just walked out o' the line of us standin' there, starin', an' he goes right up to Elspie an' he looked her in the face.

" 'You're lonesome,' s'he, kind o' wonderin'. 'You're *lonesome*. Like other folks.'

"An' all to once Eb took a-hold o' her elbow—not loose an' temporary like he shook hands, but firm an' four-cornered—an' when he spoke it was his voice hed been starched an' ironed.

" 'Mis' Myers,' s'he, lookin' round at her, 'I's to let you know this week

whether I'd take over the store, Well, yes,' he says, 'if you'll give me the time on it we mentioned, I'll take it over. An' if Elspie'll marry me an' let me belong to her, an' her to me.'

"'Marry you?' says Elspie, understandin' how he'd really spoke to her. '*Me?*'

"Eb straightened himself up an' his eyes was bright an' keen as the edge o' somethin'.

"'Yes, you,' he says gentle. 'An' me.'

"'Oh,' she says to him, 'are you just thinkin' in behind your eyes: Poor, poor Elspie?'

"'No,' he says, 'no—I ain't thinkin' "poor *me,*" like I've been all my life.'

"An' then she looked at him like he was lookin' at her. An' I felt all hushed up, like the weddin' was beginnin'.

"But Timothy an' Silas, they wa'n't feelin' so hushed.

"'Look a-here!' says Timothy Toplady, all pent up. 'She ain't discharged from the county house yet.'

"'I don't care a *dum,*' says Eb, an' I must say I respected him for the 'dum'—that once.

"'Look a-here,' says Silas, without a bit o' delicacy. 'She ain't responsible. She ain't—'

"'She is, too,' Eb cut him short. 'She's just as responsible as anybody can be when they're lonesome enough to die. *I* ought 'a' know that—it's all's been ailin' me. Shut up, Silas Sykes,' says Eb, all het up. 'You've just et a hot breakfast your wife hed ready for you. You don't know what you're talkin' about.'

"An' then Eb sort o' swep' us all up in the dust pan.

"'No more words about it,' s'he, 'an' I don't care what anyone o' you says—Miss Cally nor *none* o' you. So you might just as well say less. Tell 'em, Elspie!'

"She looked up at him, smilin' a little, an' he turned toward her, like we wasn't there. An' I nudged Mis' Myers an' made a move, an' she turns right away, like she'd fair forgot the funeral flowers. An' Timothy an' Silas actually followed us, but talkin' away a good deal—like men oftentimes will.

"None of us looked back from the top o' the hill—though I will say I would 'a' loved to. An' about up there I heard Silas say:

"'Oh, well. I *am* gettin' kind o' old an' some stiff to take a new business on myself.'

"'An', Timothy,' he adds, absent, 'I don't s'pose, when you come right down to it, as Alice County'll really care a whoop.'

"An' Mis' Myers, she wipes up her eyes, an', 'It does seem like courtin' with Sum's flowers,' she says, sighin', 'But I'm rill glad for Eb.'

"An' Eb not bein' there to agree with her, I says to myself, lookin' at the mornin' sun on the cemetery an' thinkin' of them two back there among the baskets an' set pieces—I says, low to myself:

"'Oh, glory, glory, glory.'

"For I tell you, when you see a livin' soul born in somebody's eyes, it makes you feel pretty sure you can hev one o' your own, if you only try hard."

NOVA SCOTIA: THE LAND THAT WAS PASSED OVER

A REVIEW

BY A. W. SAVARY

THE literary reputation of Mr. Beckles Willson, the author of the book recently published and entitled "Nova Scotia: The Land That Has Been Passed Over," is a guarantee that it is a volume worth reading for entertainment and instruction. In the latter particular, however, as we turn over its pages, we meet not a few disappointments. The book is written in an easy, flowing, and agreeable style, with little or no affectation or mannerism, although what the author means by "fat" timbers in a house, we can only conjecture; while "heaps of closet room" reminds us of the language that Haliburton and Charles Farrar Browne impute to their Yankee characters.

Where the portrayal of present conditions in different sections of the Province is the result of personal observation, the book may impart to readers abroad much valuable knowledge on the present state and future prospects of the Province. His topical descriptions are graphic, and the illustrations add much to the value and attractiveness of the book.

It is refreshing to find the author calling the strait which connects the Bay of Fundy with Digby Basin by its right name, instead of that abominable Yankeeism, the Gap.

It is where the author relies on second-hand information that he sometimes fails egregiously. His statistics are voluminous and evidently compiled with great care and industry, but when he deals with the past and undertakes to discuss historical events, he is quite often fantastically, sometimes ludicrously, wrong. His explanation of the reason for the application to Nova Scotians of the soubriquet "Bluenose" is fanciful, although unquestionably original. He imagines that the Loyalists who came to Shelburne called themselves, or were called by their admirers, "true Blues," in recognition of their incorruptible adherence to their principles, and that from this complimentary designation the name "Bluenose" developed, and was applied to the whole population of which he erroneously considers that these faithful people were the main source and origin. He assumes the Shelburne Loyalists to have been progenitors of the great bulk of the English-speaking people of the peninsula.

Now there certainly was in the American Revolution a small Loyalist corps called the "Nassau Blues," probably from the colour of their uniform, or of some portion of it, but they were too insignificant in numbers to transmit a distinctive appellation to Loyalists in the aggregate.

In reality the name "Bluenose" was applied as a term of contempt by

the Loyalists themselves to the pre-Loyalist settlers of Annapolis and Kings Counties in the days when social and political rivalry between these two classes was keen and bitter, but why the epithet was considered apt has not yet been explained. The leading Loyalists of Annapolis County came from New York and New Jersey, and perhaps the term was applied by the people of the southern to those of the more northern Provinces before either of the migrations to Nova Scotia. Its extension to the whole population no doubt began in the United States. The term which the Loyalists applied in derision to their unsympathetic neighbours who constituted the large majority of the population of the country of their exile, their old antagonists in turn applied to them and those derided neighbours indiscriminately. Very little account is taken by writers on the Loyalists of the considerable numbers of them, especially of the settlers at Shelburne who returned to the United States, when after the lapse of a few years they could with any degree of safety do so. The author, as I have intimated, calls these founders of Shelburne the fathers of the English Canada of to-day; but what about the enterprising people, who, he tells us, were building vessels in Yarmouth in 1761, and the founders of Halifax under Cornwallis twelve years earlier still? The author is evidently altogether ignorant of the immense migration from New England which about 1759 began to reoccupy and reclaim the desolated regions formerly cultivated by the Acadians in the Counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, and Cumberland; for after mentioning the Scots, French, and Germans, he tells us broadly that the rest of the white population is the fruit of the Loyalist immigration from (the United States of) America. The influence of the Loyalists on our society and institutions was strong and beneficent, and is felt in some directions to-day, but it was small in comparison with that of their largely more numerous predecessors in the setlement of the country.

From these earlier settlers and the earlier accessions to their numbers coming directly from the British Islands, have descended by far the larger number of our great public men, and builders of Nova Scotia: Tupper, T. C. Haliburton, the Archibalds, the Uniackes, Borden, while Johnston, Howe, and Chief Justice Halliburton as brilliant sons of Loyalists are exceptions. Our author comments on the great numerical strength of the Baptists, who are descended mainly from that early migration from Puritan New England, which he so strangely ignores, and are most numerous in the counties founded by those pioneers, from Hants to Yarmouth. King's College, Windsor, of grand achievement, was the child of the Loyalists, while Acadia College, with its now far more extensive influence, was founded by descendants of the old settlers.

Speaking of the deportation of the Acadians, whose fate he justifies but commiserates, he says that all who had taken the oath were safe in their homesteads, when every tyro in the history of the Province of the time of that event must know that every Acadian homestead in the land, with every barn and outbuilding, was burned, lest it might afford shelter to some fugitive seeking escape from the absolutely indiscriminate proscription. And yet he professes to have read enough of Richard's Acadia to conclude that its author was the victim of hysteria, and that his book is disfigured by its wealth of epithet and invective. One may agree with him in the latter opinion; and it is quite consistent to condemn any such blemish in a historian's style or diction and yet be utterly unable to refute any of his allegations or nullify any of his conclusions: and no one has yet attempted to impugn any of the authorities cited and commented on by Richard in support of his contentions,

or show where he has garbled or distorted any original source of information. Purity and brilliancy of style and dignified moderation in language will not atone for errors of fact, nor ought the want of them to be allowed to shut the minds of the readers to the truth conveyed, and it must be admitted that the pill prescribed by Richard to the new school of writers on his subject is not sugar-coated.

Notwithstanding the evidently strong anti-Roman Catholic feeling of the author, he has good words to say for St. Francis Xavier's College, in Antigonish, which certainly now takes high rank among the institutions for higher learning in Eastern Canada.

Perhaps the most grotesque assertion in the book, and the one most likely to give offence to his Roman Catholic readers, refers to a matter of less importance and more recent history. He tells us that a priest ministering to the Acadian French of Clare, by threats and supplications succeeded in getting the route of the railway from Digby to Yarmouth diverted so as to cut out that entire community and leave them isolated between the railway and the Bay. It would almost look as if some heartless wag, suspecting in our author an Anglican, or hyper-Anglican prejudice against French people and their priests, had attempted too successfully to impose upon his credulity. I hardly know what he means by "primitive" as applied to the people of Clare; but if he could have visited that beautiful region and spent a few weeks among its genial and warm-hearted people, he would have found that whatever their forefathers may have been a hundred years ago, those of the present day are equal to the average rural population in intelligence and enterprise, and superior in morals and in devotion to the religion they profess. He would have had nothing but good words for them.

The aim of the author was to commend the Province, its people, and resources to the world, and while he exposes faults, they are of a minor order, and he discusses them more gently than English writers generally do, and he speaks graciously of individuals who have greeted him with welcome and hospitality. The task of the critic is therefore an ungracious one. It would have been much more agreeable to say as the author in effect says of his subject, what the Roman poet said of the object of his voluptuous admiration, *nil non laudabile vidi.*

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

PRESIDENT WILSON has been confronted early in his career as head of the executive with the necessity for defining a policy in relation to Mexican affairs. All the other great Powers, except the United States, have officially recognised the Huerta Government. President Wilson refused to afford recognition to the Mexican Government until a President was constitutionally elected by the people, and Mr. John Lind, an ex-Governor of Minnesota, was despatched to Mexico in a quasi-official capacity to inform Huerta of the conditions precedent to recognition. One of these was that Huerta should retire and not go forward for re-election. President Wilson regards Huerta as the murderer of Madero, and has a natural repugnance to him as head of the Government. Another consideration that weighed with President Wilson was the failure of Huerta to strengthen his hold on the country or to restore peace. President Wilson has taken a definite stand against intervention and in this he has the support of sane opinion in the United States. Active intervention in Mexico would involve the United States in a protracted and costly guerilla war, the end of which no one could foretell. The loss of American property is not a sufficient cause for intervention, and the feeling of the people of the United States is that Congress should uphold President Wilson in his efforts to secure stable government in Mexico.

The situation in Mexico is deplorable, and Huerta's influence is practically confined to the Capital. Anarchy reigns in every State, and the Government exercises little control beyond the immediate vicinity of the line of railway as far north as Zacatecas. The Government is helpless for want of funds, and these will not be forthcoming until the Administration has been recognised by the United States. Huerta makes the mistake of supposing that he can return to the highly centralised and despotic regime of Diaz, but that is no longer possible. Madero may have been before his time, but he was no crank. He represented the awakened consciousness of the nation, and the reforms he foreshadowed must pass into legislation before peace can be finally established. It is popularly supposed that Mexicans are incapable of establishing a democratic form of government, that revolution has become a habit of mind, and that what the country requires is a strong man like Diaz. The murder of Madero has not weakened, but strengthened, the reform movement. The revolution in Mexico is a class war and the goal aimed at is the settlement of the land question. American interests are of comparatively small account compared with the cause of the downtrodden peon of Mexico. The breaking up of the large estates into small holdings and the planting of the people on the soil held up by the large owners is the pressing problem in Mexico that is driving men into revolt. It is the Irish land war over

again. The compulsory expropriation of the large estates and the creation of a peasant proprietary is the cause that distinguishes the present revolution from nearly all the rebellions of the past century. The trouble in Mexico springs from agrarion discontent, and those who urge American intervention in the interests of the foreign investors are not moved by any real concern for the welfare of the Mexican people.

*

One big navy to maintain peace throughout the world. This rather than the immediate limitation of armaments is the goal of the Peace Congress, which met at The Hague last month. Put in the technical phraseology of Professor C. van Vollenhoven, it means the "enforcement of sanctions in international law by means of an international peace system." An attempt to ensure the enforcement of the law of nations, he declares, ought to take precedence of any attempt to limit armaments. This suggestion is not Utopian, as the principle of compulsion is already accepted and acted upon. The attitude of the Concert of Europe towards Turkey is based on this principle of compulsion, and the extension of it, therefore, is not a chimerical conception altogether absurd and impracticable. International co-operation is slowly extending, and while the spirit of war will never die out, there is no reason to doubt that in time it will rank with disease and crime as a cancerous growth in the body politic.

The dove of Peace has gone forth from the Ark built by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The Palace of Peace at The Hague was opened last month by Queen Wilhelmina, and the occasion was hailed as the dawn of a new era of universal peace by pacifiers throughout the world. Since the Eirsenikon of the Tsar was issued in 1898 little progress has been made towards the realisation of the dreams that famous document inspired in the breasts of men tired of war's alarms and crushed by the ever-increasing burden of an unproductive and uneconomic expenditure. The fifteen years that have expired have brought not peace, but the sword, and the opening of the Palace of Peace synchronises with an era of war preparations more extensive than any in the world's history.

Lucien Wolf, the well-known writer on international politics, points out that when the first Hague Conference met, the combined war budgets of the six great Powers of Europe amounted in round figures to $1,080,000,000. How do we stand today? The $1,080,000,000 of 1899 has not been diminished or even arrested, but it has increased by over $500,000,000. Last year's war budgets of the same six Great Powers totalled no less than $1,750,000,000. And this colossal sum is still growing on a tremendous scale, as witness the new German, French, and Russian Army Bills.

When the first Hague Conference met three-quarters of a century had passed since the great Napoleonic convulsion. Cobden's scheme of disarmament was ridiculed by Palmerston on the ground that "man is a fighting and quarrelling animal" and that "it is human nature to go to war." Until 1855 there was no return to war on a large scale. During the next twenty years, however, there were the Crimea, the War of Italian Liberation, the Danish War, The Six Weeks' War, the Franco-German War, and the Russo-Turkish War. Then another twenty years' peace was followed by two minor wars, the Turco-Greek in 1897 and the Hispano-American in 1898. A total of eight wars in seventy-five years. After the first Hague Conference this rate was immediately increased, for in fifteen years there were no fewer than five wars. In the seventy-five years before the Conferences wars were in the proportion of one in nine and a half years, and in the subsequent fif-

teen years they were one in three.

There does not appear, from these blood-stained records, to be much improvement in human nature. The Old Adam is still alive in the human race, and while the desire for peace is a Christian aspiration, it cannot be brought about by artificial methods. The moral standard of the nation must be no lower than that set for the individual if a basis for international peace is to be obtained. National rights are not respected by the Great Powers. The partition of Persia by Britain and Russia, Austrian aggression in the Balkans, the partition of Morocco, the seizure of Tripoli, and the annexation of Korea are some of the recent historic incidents in the lives of nations which the moral law does not sanction in the case of the individual. The Hague Conferences are keeping alight the torch of international righteousness, but little practical headway has been made towards the elimination of war.

❊

A section of the British press is greatly agitated over what it conceives to be the growing apathy and indifference of the British people in regard to religion and other departments of national life. One correspondent ascribes the religious apathy to the following causes:

1. The churches are always siding with the wealthy, with very few exceptions, against the poor, and are always grasping and begging for money and power.
2. They are not true to their standard and preach what they don't practise.
3. They are mostly little better than fashionable clubs.
4. There is too much in their services that is very little better than childish superstition.
5. Too much clockwork.
6. They are mostly in favour of high birthrates in spite of knowing that the same is the prime cause of three parts of the poverty.
7. They are, or pretend to be, very much concerned with the fate of humanity in the next world, but care nothing how it exists in this, or they would not be so unconcerned.

❊

The Duke of Westminster has provoked a storm of controversy over the alleged decay of sport in the British Isles. An appeal for half a million dollars to finance entrants for the Olympic sports was followed by a wordy battle on the question of sport, some contending that Britain was being driven out of the field by Americans, while others deplored the introduction of American methods into the realm of British sport. When the Duke of Westminster's polo team was beaten last season in the United States, the *London Times* attributed the defeat to the superior organising powers of the Americans. British and American sporting ideals are as far apart as the Poles. The American makes a business of his sport, professionalises it, and forms it into trusts and combines. The professional athlete is the outcome, and one of the by-products is the "fan" whose main delight is in other men's legs. One of the most glaring defects in democratic Canada and the United States is the difficulty in obtaining healthy recreation at a moderate cost. The tendency among Americans to specialise in one particular form of sport—"one man one game"—may help to capture prizes, but it does not encourage all-round sportsmanship and makes for professionalism. Many will sympathise with the views of the English headmaster who, in reply to the appeal for funds, wrote: "We think these modern pseudo-Olympic games are rot, and the newspaper advertisement of them and the hundred-thousand-pound fund for buying victories in them positively degrading."

❊

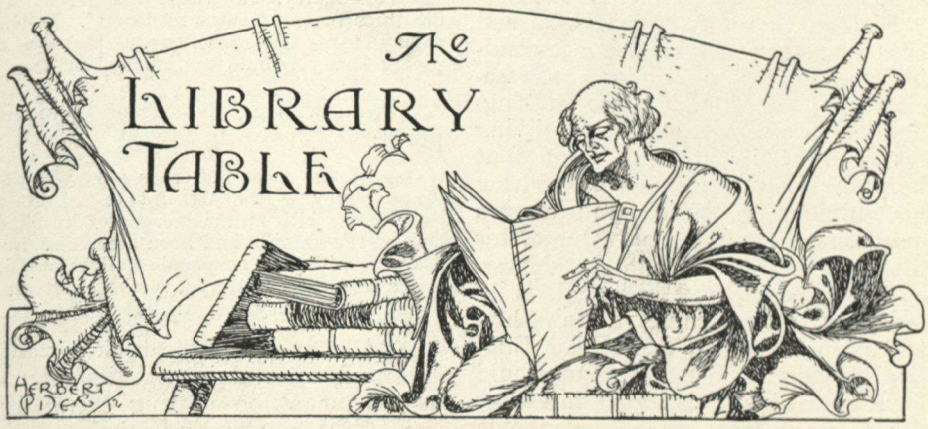
British Liberals are looking forward eagerly to the opening of the

land campaign by Mr. Lloyd George in the autumn. On the success of this campaign will depend very largely the prospects of the party at the next general election. The appeal to the country will be made early next spring, it is thought, and the Liberals must go to the constituencies with something more alluring than their past record. Eaten bread is soon forgotten, and it is not so much the party that has done things as the party that promises much more which the silent voter helps back into power. Much of the Liberal social legislation of the past six years is still in the experimental stage. But the greatest obstacle to the return of the Liberals is the discontent among the middle classes, who in respect of social legislation are between the upper and nether millstones. Much has been done for the working man, but the backbone of the nation—that silent, unorganised middle class which has been such a powerful factor in the growth of the Empire—is neglected by both parties, save for the increasing burden of taxation which always follows social legislation. For this reason the State Insurance Act is highly unpopular in middle class circles. The land campaign will make but little headway among this class. On the other hand, the Unionist party are trying to outbid the Liberals for the farmers' and labourers' votes. The Unionist policy for the farmer and labourer is ownership through State aid. The policy of the Liberals is tenancy for both farmer and labourer, as opposed to ownership. The Liberals allege that the aim of the Tories is to foster the Conservative instinct in the farmer and labourer by rooting them in the soil as owners. As ownership is the principle underlying the land settlement in Ireland it will be difficult for the Liberal party to explain to the farmer the superior advantages of tenancy as a solution of the land question in Great Britain. The magic of ownership may prove irresistible, for it is not in human nature to prefer a tenancy to a fee simple.

MARTINE MESSIER

From the bronze cast of the original model by Phillipe Hebert. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



GOLDWIN SMITH'S CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

THIS selection from the correspondence of Goldwin Smith begins in 1846, a year after graduation at Oxford, with a letter written to Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Chancellor and created Earl of Selborne) and ends on May 31, 1910, a week before the venerable writer died, with this brief message to the Hight Honourable Sir Horace Curzon Plunkett:

Dear Sir Horace Plunkett,
I see from the newspapers that you continue to visit this continent.
Ireland, moreover, is a subject on which we did, and I hope do still, sympathise.
You must catch me soon or not at all. I am very near my end.
Ever yours most truly,
GOLDWIN SMITH.

Between the dates of these two letters, a period of sixty-four years, there is a volume of correspondence which at this later time furnishes most interesting material for reflection. For whatever might be said of Goldwin Smith, it is safe to conclude that he was sincere, and it would be a meagre estimate of the man that would acknowledge for him nothing more than brilliance in the realm of letters. Although he was not a politician, his pen always was full for comment on the politics of the day—not merely the politics of Canada or of England, but of the whole world.

We find most of these letters written from the superb isolation of *The Grange*, at Toronto. From the library of that former seat of the Family Compact he sent forth his erudite, pessimistic, caustic, and sometimes bitter comment. His correspondents included in their number the Earl of Selborne, the third Marquis of Salisbury, Professor Max Müller, Professor Tyndall, Sir John A. Macdonald, the Marquis of Lorne, the third Earl Grey, Lord Ashbourne, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Gladstone, the editor of the *Contemporary Review* (Sir Percy Bunting), Lord Farrer, Matthew Arnold, the Earl of

Minto, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Viscount Peel, the present Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Goshen, Lord St. Helier, the Earl of Cromer, the Right Honourable Lewis Harcourt, Sir Edward Clarke, Lord Herschell, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and other eminent persons.

Picture, therefore, a man who had been a professor at Oxford, a journalist of standing in London, an associate of men of high place in England, a professor at Cornell, living his secluded life at *The Grange,* but keeping himself posted and writing his opinions on British and foreign questions of the moment. One of his first letters from Toronto is addressed to Professor Max Müller. It is interesting to us because it shows him to have possessed a feeling for England warmer than many of us would have guessed. "I am glad to escape for a time from the Anglophobia which rages in the States," it says; "so that I can quite sympathise with your annoyance at the Prussophobia which rages in England. It offends not only one's patriotism, but one's sense of justice."

We find him writing again to Professor Müller, soliciting sympathy with the launching of *The Canadian Monthly,* and to Mr. Charles Lindsey, expressing interest in the first copies of *The Nation* (Canadian) and avowing his intention of getting into the Provincial Parliament for a session or two, to get a practical insight into Canadian politics. His fear that George Brown's opposition would make his entrance difficult proved to be fear well grounded.

One letter that has caused much resentment is addressed to Mrs. Hertz, a friend of long standing in England. It says in part:

> Toronto is just now in a paroxysm of flunkeyism, called forth by the visit of the Princess [Louise] and her husband. My wife proposed to me at once to fly, and I readily consented, though I should rather have preferred to stay and stand aloof. We left all our neighbours (literally) practising presentation bows and curtseys for a monkeyish imitation of a "Drawing-room" which the Princess was to have. The other day at a state ball at Ottawa a number of people were drunk, including a Minister of State, a Chief Justice, and a Bishop. Thus does royalty refine and elevate colonial society! And the people who are debauched in this fashion are the statesmen and leaders of the community, on whose characters its destinies in great measure depend. If the colony taxes English goods, it pays a pretty heavy tribute to Imperial pride.

Again, writing to a friend, he reports:

> One of the most ludicrous parts of the Jingo policy is the attempt to set up a court here, with an aristocracy of knights. One of the knights had been a chemist, another a miller. The people call them Sir Bolus and Sir Bran. As to the court and its etiquette, they beggar description. . . .

And so on. But the book is valuable and entertaining for its day to day comment on passing events by one of the outstanding minds of his time.

*

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

Definitive Edition in Three Volumes. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons. London: Burns and Oates.

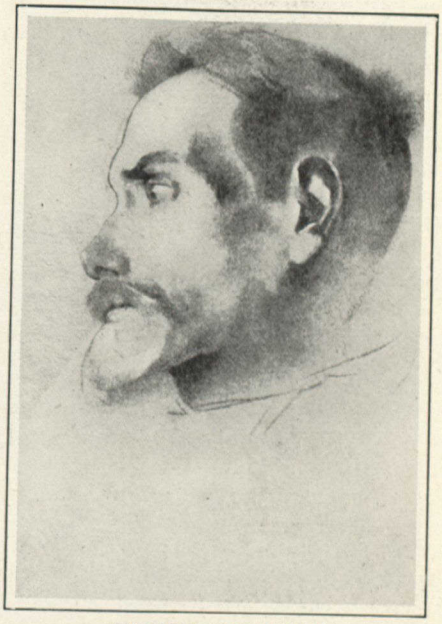
NOTWITHSTANDING all that might be said of Thompson's weakness for the unusual word, it would be difficult to improve on anything that comes from his transcendental mint. Even this weakness becomes a virtue, because it is after all on a thing's fitness that a judgment of it should be based; and if anything can be said for Thompson's words it can be said for their supreme fitness—fitness in meaning, in cadence, in quality of song.

> On heaven's high palimpsest,

seems to so well express what is meant that one scarcely would substitute "parchment," even if the rhythm sufficed. Again,

> But each resurgent moon

thrills one with a sense of something more than the mere reappearance of night's enchantment. Thus Thompson, although he uses unusual words, uses them as if they were usual and in fine keeping with the eternal fitness of things. But great as is Thompson's poetry, equally great is his prose. One of the three volumes contains his essays. The essay on "Shelley" should be read again and again, so illuminating is it on the great subject of poetry, on Shelley's poetry in particular, and so determinative on the subtle quality of art. For instance, Thompson observes that Wordsworth, a poet of nature, is dominated by nature, is, in short, a transcriber of nature, while Shelley uses nature to serve his own artistic ends. When once the essence of that distinction is grasped, the one who grasps it has possession of the rare knowledge of what art is and means.



FRANCIS THOMPSON

From a Drawing by the Honourable Neville Lytton, October, 1907.

*

POEMS

By Alice Meynell. Collected Edition. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

CATHERINE TYNAN, herself a writer of distinction, gives this appreciation of Alice Meynell:

There could be nothing more expressive, more explanatory, of Mrs. Meynell's unique personality in the literature of our day than the fact that her Collected Poems fill one slender volume of 117 pages, of which sixty-five are taken up by those precious early poems, "Preludes," which were published in the author's young girlhood. Her additional output here covers in all forty-one poems since "Preludes." While we wonder at the fertility of other writers in our day, we offer her the greater distinction of our wonder at her reticence. Who shall say if we ought to grieve or rejoice at this reticence? Whether we should grieve for the noble numbers she has not given us, or rejoice at the perfect fruition of her genius which the Collected Poems offer us, hailing it as the fruit of abstinence and self-denial? One thing is certain: with "To the Body," "Two Boyhoods," "The Modern Mother," "The Two Poets," Mrs. Meynell moves on to take her place in the starry line—not among the minor lights, but the major—a fixed star.

We can add nothing to this tribute, although we profess a fondness for the superb sonnet, "Renouncement," one of the Preludes:

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright,
But it must never, never come to sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

From a Drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

THE LAW-BRINGERS

By G. B. Lancaster. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

IN this fine tale of the Northwest Mounted Police, which, by the way, is dedicated to two Toronto ladies, Dr. Helen MacMurchy and Miss Marjorie MacMurchy, the author, Mrs. Lancaster, adds both to her reputation and her popularity. Sergeant Tempest and Corporal Heriot had been friends, but had fallen out for love of a woman. But they meet again, as members of the Force. Heriot still chafes under memories of the past, and it is only after he has been convinced that the woman who broke his life has broken Tempest's also and driven him into this exile that his former friendship reawakens. The widely differing characters of the two men are drawn with real insight. There are two women who count in the story: Jennifer, married to the rascally Ducane; and the childlike, pretty, non-moral half-breed, Andree. You feel it natural that such a man as Tempest should be irresistibly drawn to such a blithe, careless, charming little creature as Andree; and as natural that Andree should care nothing for him; and the tragedy that ended his love for her saved him from a tragedy that would have been greater had it ended as he wished. And it is Heriot's love for Jennifer, that looked as if it might have cast him deeper into the mire, which is the final means of his regeneration.

THE LITTLE HOUR OF PETER WELLS

By David Whitelaw. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE prestige of kings may be declining in fact, but in fiction it is still a fine thing to be a king. So thinks Peter Wells, fruit dealer's clerk and knight of romance, who for a brief but glorious period is lifted up that he may observe the great ones of the earth. The chronicle of his adventures we have in "The Little Hour of Peter Wells." By means of a bicycle, a wrathy pedestrian, and a man who insists on getting himself killed in the alley of Peter's master's warehouse, our little colourless London clerk is embarked upon manificent adventure. In the twinkling of an eye, as it were, he is a clerk no more, but a person of importance, a rescuer of distressed damsels, a man who speaks with kings. Then, as if the whole thing had been some enchantment, the opened circle closes

once more, with Peter the clerk fast inside. He will never get out again, we know that; but neither will he wish to. Peter is not the stuff of which adventurers are made; but he has, as we all have, his moments, and in these moments he has memories. For those who do not insist upon impossibly happy endings, the book is an interesting one, combining clever realism and its opposite.

✲

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE TORONTO REGION

Toronto: The Canadian Institute.

THE Canadian Institute in publishing this book is entitled to great credit by all naturalists in Toronto, and indeed throughout Ontario. Hitherto it has been a difficult matter to find out just what natural history specimens can be obtained in this vicinity and where. The Institute by placing the fruit of years of labour of specialists in a collected and condensed from has made a distinct contribution to the scientific literature of the country, and the book should stimulate the study of natural history. It will also serve as a guide to future naturalists in tracing the changes that are taking place in our flora and fauna. It is quite certain that had a similar book been prepared fifty years ago, one would find that many of the plants, birds, and animals which were then so common as to pass almost unnoticed, have now unfortunately disappeared from our midst.

✲

THE SOUTHERNER

By Thomas Dixon. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

ALTHOUGH this novel is manifestly in sympathy with the cause of the South during the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln is in it the outstanding character. The author makes the statement that everything written in it is historically correct, and that the narrative is drawn from authentic sources. He dedicates the book to "The first Southern-born President since Lincoln—Woodrow Wilson." We do not find this novel greatly different from many other novels of the American Civil War, particularly in its love element; nevertheless, it presents many dramatic moments, and its characterisation of Lincoln is at least interesting—a man of opposing elements and broad human sympathy; but the feature of the book is its sympathy with the South.

✲

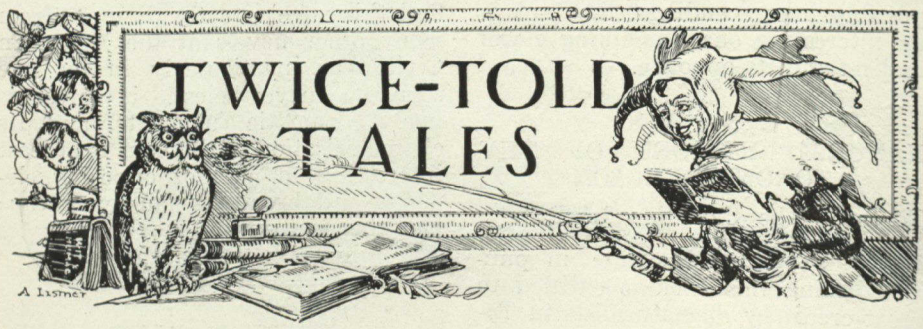
DAISY DARLEY

By W. P. Ryan. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE fascination and mystery of Fleet Street permeates this novel of journalistic and literary life in London. Here is revealed much of the comedy, irony, and tragedy of that great newspaper thoroughfare at the heart of the Empire. The hero is a singular blend of Oriental, Celtic, modern, and mystical propensities, and there are other characters in the story that are not lacking in individuality and interest. Political and social questions are introduced, but the human interest attaching to the story of Daisy Darley is the important part of the book.

✲

—The admirable historical essay entitled, "The Peace Coming After," by Dr. J. M. Harper, which is printed in this issue, will compose a chapter in Dr. Harper's volume entitled "The Annals of the War," which is being published, in commemoration of the century of peace, simultaneously in London and Toronto, by the Musson Book Company.



Taking no Chances

Dugald was ill, and his friend, Donald, took a bottle of whiskey to him.

Donald gave the invalid one glass, and said:

"Ye'll get anither yin in the mornin'."

About five minutes elapsed, and then Dugald suddenly exclaimed: "Ye'd better let me hae the ither noo, Donald; ye hear o' sae mony sudden deaths nooadays."

*

One of Many

Fellow Guest (who has just told humorous artist an appalling chestnut)—"Aw—thought you might illustrate it, you know. It happened to my father!"

Artist—"Many thanks; but what makes it even more interesting is that I must have met twenty or thirty of your brothers."—*Punch.*

*

In the Hookworm Zone

"Is Dobbs a hard-working man?"

"I guess you can call him that. Any kind of work seems hard to him."—*Birmingham Age Herald.*

Not so Well Drained

Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whittinghame informed Mr. Balfour that "It's gaun to rain seventy-twa days, sir. "Come, come!" said the statesman. "Surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days." "Aye, aye!" was the response, "but the warld wasna' sae weel drained, as it is now."

*

Gymnastic Stunt

Barbour—"You seem warm; have you been exercising?"

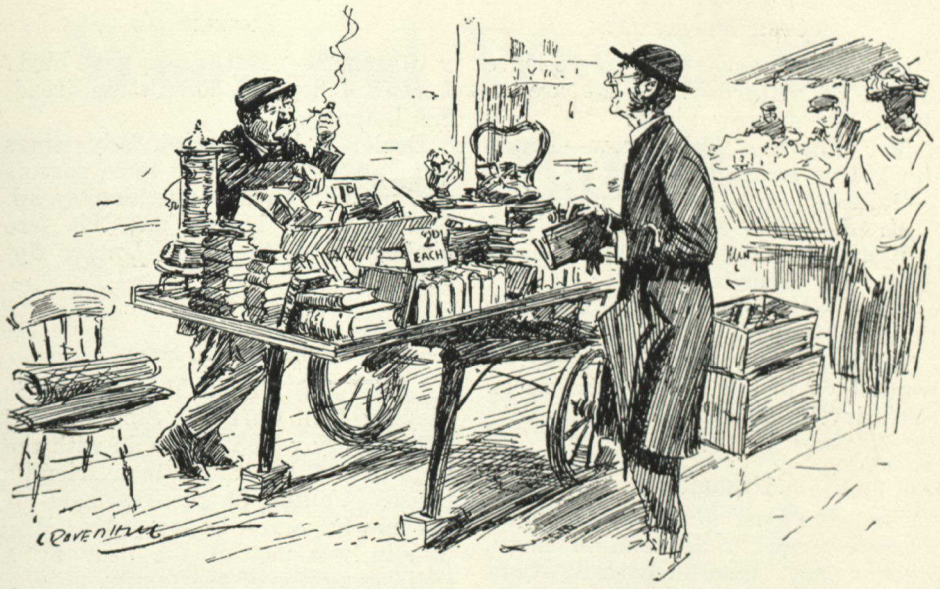
Waterman—"Yes, indeed; I went to the mutes' dance and swung dumb belles around all evening."—*The Gargoyle.*

*

The Critic's Defence

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."—*Argonaut.*



"These fine old theological works don't appear to be a very saleable commodity with you, my man."
"Well, sir, the way is, we buys the books in lots, an' we 'as to take the bad with the good."

—*Punch*

Recruits

Jigson—"Hear you have had an addition to your family."

Nugson—"Yes, two."

Jigson—"No—a baby boy and my wife's mother."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Munchausen, Jr.

'Arold—"Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?"

Jimmie—"No one. I was lookin' thro' a knot-hole in the fence at a football match, an' got it sunburnt."
—*London Sketch.*

*

Worth It

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"No, my lord, there is nothin' I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extra."—*Tit-Bits.*

No Linguist

Mrs. Mills was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her and in a quiet way Mrs. Mills said:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that, ma'am?" he said.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speak Italian," he replied, shaking his head.

*

Literature To-day

A great author, one of our six best sellers, was interviewed by an enterprising reporter.

"What are you writing now?" was the first question.

"The advertisement for my new book. I write my own advertisements, you know."

"How about the press notices?"

"I'll write them next."

"And then?"

"Then I'll write the book."

Scotch Hospitality

Bailie M'Tavish—"An' so ye leave Glesca on Saturday. What are ye daein' the morrow nicht?"

Mr. Jarvis—"To-morrow—Thursday? I've no engagement."

Bailie—"And the next nicht?"

Mr. J.—"I'm free then, too."

Bailie—"And what will ye be daein' on Saturday?"

Mr. J.—"On Saturday I dine with the Buchanans."

Bailie—"Mon, that's a peety. I wanted ye to tak' dinner wi' us on Saturday."—*The Bailie.*

Accidental

The *Southern Bivouac* attributes a severe remark to Stonewall Jackson, who was not a man to speak ill of another man without strong reasons. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major ——— was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty for which he had been suggested. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is really so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—*Christian Register.*

The Moth Killers

An Irishman had besought the druggist to give him something to kill moths. The druggist gave him camphor balls. The next day he was back again, holding some of the fragments of the balls in his hand.

"Are yez the same man pwhat sold me them things yesterday?" he roared.

"I am," replied the druggist, composedly. "What's wrong with them?"

"Pwhat's wrong with them?" repeated irate Mike. "The idea av sellin' thim things to kill moths or anything else! See here! If yez can show me the man that can hit a moth wid a single wan av thim I'll say nuthin' about the orniments an' looking glass me an' the missus broke."

Angelic

Customer—"But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language."

Dealer—"'E's a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot."—*London Bystander.*

Prepared to Stay

Little Miss Vivian Martin, who is playing Joan Carr in "Stop Thief," tells a story which has to do with the visit of old Dr. Stork to a friend's house. Calling at the residence of the newly arrived youngster, Miss Martin was met at the door by a small daughter of the family.

"Hello, Elizabeth, I hear you have a new baby brother."

"Yes," responded Elizabeth.

"Is he going to stay awhile?" asked the actress.

"I dess so," responded Elizabeth, "he's dot his clothes off."

"Pardon me, madam, you're standing on my feet."

"If you were anything of a man you'd be standing on them yourself." —*Punch*

What and Why is the Internal Bath ?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

THOUGH many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times —I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself—who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it

is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physical Culturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsements of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drugshop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing—

Drugs force nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

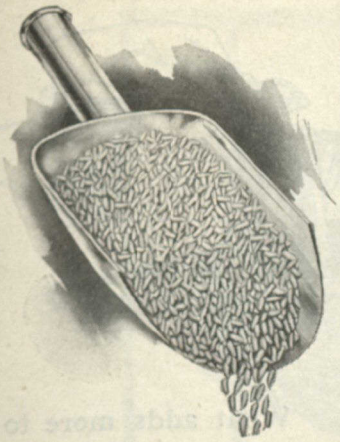
It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means: causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 107, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in *The Canadian Magazine*.

It is surprising how little this is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

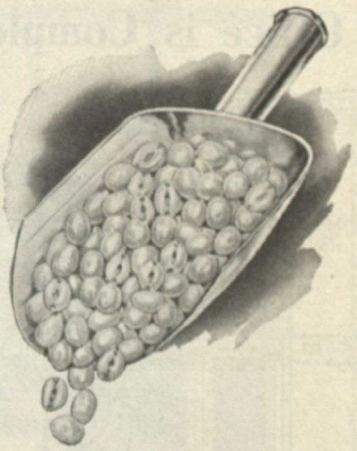
My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.



At 9 a. m.

The wheat or rice kernels are sealed up in mammoth guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Each grain consists of a hundred million granules. Inside each granule is a trifle of moisture which this heat turns to steam. Then we are ready to blast those granules to pieces by a hundred million steam explosions.



At 10 a. m.

The guns are shot. The steam in each granule explodes, The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. And each grain is filled with a myriad cells, surrounded by thin, toasted walls.

That is Prof. Anderson's process for making these whole grains wholly digestible And that is something which was never done before.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

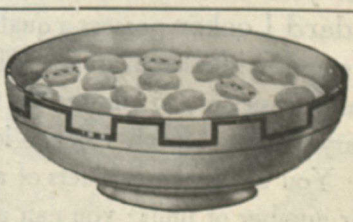
Except in Extreme West

At 7 a. m.

Countless people every morning serve these Puffed Grains with cream and sugar, or mix them with any fruit.

They have grains that are crisp and porous, bubble-like and thin. Grains that melt at a touch of the teeth. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

They have the most enticing cereals ever brought to the morning table.



At 7 p. m.

These grains are served in many a home like crackers in bowls of milk.

The Puffed Grains float. They are crisp and inviting. They are four times as porous as bread. And ease of digestion makes them ideal bedtime dishes.

Forty million dishes are now served every month in delightful ways like these. Do your folks get their share?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers.

(461)

Take Down The Bars

The bars of your neglect. If they are barring your folks from the best in oatmeal let them now enjoy it.

There's a richness and flavor in Quaker Oats which common oatmeal lacks.

It is there because Quaker Oats are made of just the rich, plump grains. We use the choicest one-third of choice oats. And our process keeps the flavor intact.

Because of that flavor a hundred nations send here for Quaker Oats. Some send ten thousand miles.

Because of that flavor, a thousand million dishes are consumed each year.

Because of that flavor, millions of mothers serve Quaker Oats to their children as their mothers served it to them.

Quaker Oats

The Luscious, Big-Flaked Oatmeal

The best oat food is the best food known for growing boys and girls. The best for grown-ups too.

As an energy food nothing compares with oats. No other grain is so rich in the elements of which brains and nerves are made.

That is why all homes should serve the oats that children love. This cream of the oats—this Quaker Oats—cost the same per package as commonplace oatmeal. It costs but one-half cent per dish.

Regular Size Package, 10c.

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West and South.

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(462)

TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

"You're the Razor for Me!"

"I never dreamed there was a razor made that could give me so quick and smooth a shave. What a fool I've been to go without you for so long!"

Thousands of men go through just this experience, for there's such a wide gap between the best shave you have ever got with an ordinary razor, and the velvet shave the

Gillette Safety Razor

is ready to give, right from the first trial.

The Gillette is so easy to handle—it works so naturally around the awkward spots—and it carries an edge so superlatively keen—that once you adopt it the troubles of shaving yourself vanish into thin air. Instead, you find yourself really enjoying the refreshing five minutes you spend daily with the Gillette.

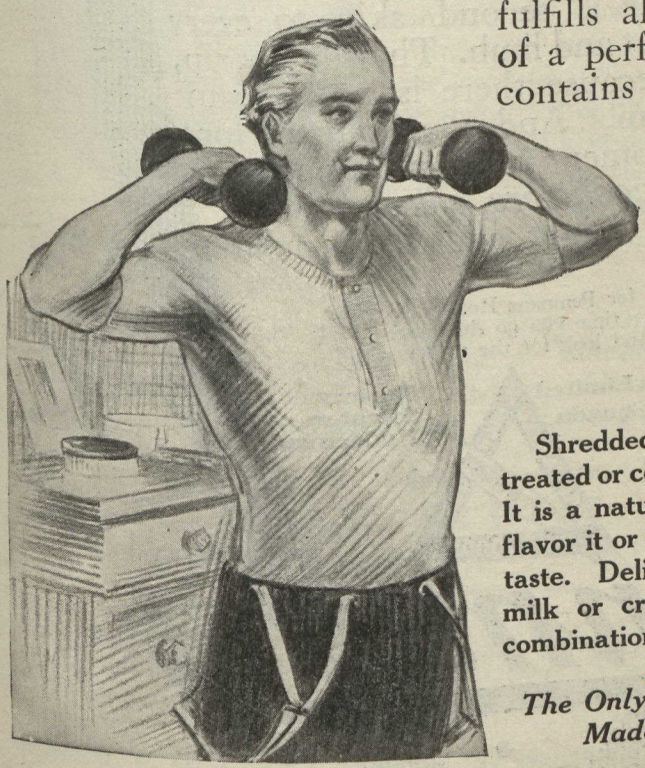
You don't need to hunt around for a Gillette. Right in your own home town your Druggist, Jeweler or Hardware Dealer will gladly show you a Gillette assortment. Standard Sets cost $5.00—Pocket Editions $5.00 to $6.00—Combination Sets $6.50 up.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., OF CANADA, LIMITED.
Office and Factory—The New Gillette Building, Montreal. 48

Are You Up to the Mark?

You can't build the perfect human body through exercise alone. Mental and physical fitness comes through rational exercise combined with food that holds in well-balanced proportion all the elements needed for making muscle, brain and bone, prepared in such a form as to be quickly and easily appropriated by the human stomach.

Shredded Wheat



fulfills all the requirements of a perfect food because it contains all the necessary body-building elements prepared in a digestible form.

It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

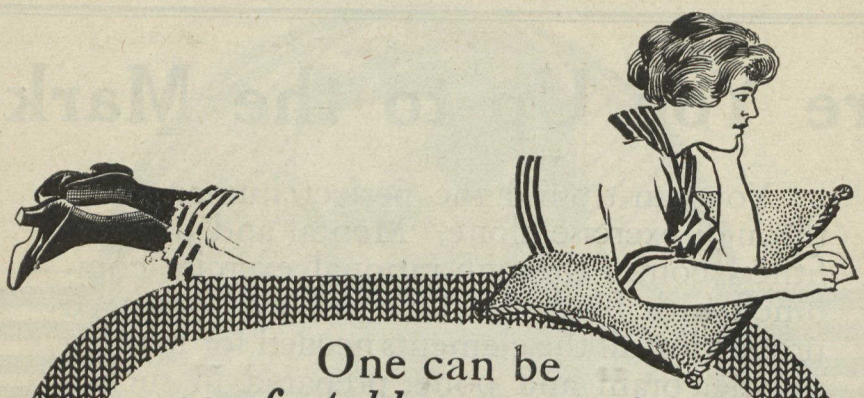
Shredded Wheat is not flavored, treated or compounded with anything. It is a natural, elemental food. You flavor it or season it to suit your own taste. Delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits.

The Only Cereal Breakfast Food Made in Biscuit Form.

MADE ONLY BY

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited - Niagara Falls, Ont.

TORONTO: 49 WELLINGTON ST. E.



One can be
comfortably-unconscious
of one's hose when they are
Penmans-knit-to-form—
without-a-seam.

Think what this implies!
Hose bearing the Penman trademark snuggle like a second skin to every curve of foot and limb. They do not rip, or tear because there is not a seam about them. And, they're made for men, women and children in *cotton, cashmere, silk* and *lisle*— in any weight and all popular colors.

Ask for Penmans Hosiery the next time you go shopping.
And look for the trademark!

Penmans Limited
Paris, Canada

Hosiery
Sweaters
Underwear

83

pen Angle

WARRANTED HIGH GRADE PENMAN'S KNIT GOODS

Penmans

Hosiery

Dear to the Hearts of the Women.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

An Indispensable and Necessary Article for Particular Women who Desire to Retain a Youthful Appearance.

Every woman owes it to herself and loved ones to retain the charm of youth nature has bestowed upon her. For over 65 years this article has been used by actresses, singers, and women of fashion. It renders the skin like the softness of velvet leaving it clear and pearly white and is highly desirable when preparing for daily or evening attire. As it is a liquid and non-greasy preparation, it remains unnoticed. When attending dances, balls or other entertainments, it prevents a greasy appearance of the complexion caused by the skin becoming heated.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream cures skin diseases and relieves Sunburn. Removes Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles and Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Muddy skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion, which every woman desires.

Price, 50c. and $1.50 Per Bottle

at Department Stores and Druggists or direct on receipt of price.

Gouraud's Oriental Velvet Sponge should always be used when applying **Gouraud's Oriental Cream.** It is perfectly smooth and velvety, and will give you the most satisfactory results. Sent in a dust-proof box on receipt of 50c.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, 37 Great Jones St., NEW YORK.

Send 10c. in stamps for a booklet of Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves, a little book of perfumed powder leaves to carry in the purse.

Williams'

PATENTED Holder-Top Shaving Stick

The economy and ease of using Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is exceeded only by the luxury and comfort it affords.

SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent for 24c. in stamps.

Men's Suit Case Set
Contains

- Holder-Top Shaving Stick
- Shaving Cream
- Dental Cream
- Talc Powder
- Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

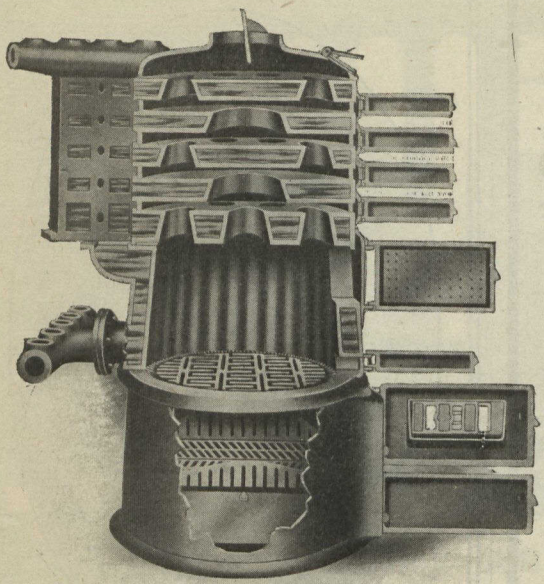
Address: The J. B. Williams Company

Women's Suit Case Set
Contains

- Talc Powder
- Dental Cream
- Cold Cream
- Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
- Violet Toilet Water

Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After Shaving use Williams Talc Powder



THE "SOVEREIGN"

draws all the heat from any kind of fuel

IT will burn hard coal to better heating advantage than any boiler that is made to burn hard coal only—and it will also give the highest maximum of heat from soft coal, wood or any burnable material. With the "Sovereign" you may burn hard coal during the severe winter—or you may burn soft coal, wood, paper or any waste material during the milder season, without having any trouble from soot in the flues. The "Sovereign" is the only Hot Water boiler made that will burn anything but one kind of coal fuel, and as this advantage costs you nothing it is one of the many arguments why you should select a "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler in preference to any other.

TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited, Guelph, Ont.

Toronto—1088 King St. W. Montreal—246 Craig St. W. Vancouver—1070 Homer St.
St. John, N.B.—16 Water St. Quebec—Mechanics' Supply Co. Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
Calgary—P. D McLaren Co., Limited.


MOGUL
CIGARETTES
EGYPTIENNES
Startled at the stillness broken by this word so strangely spoken
I crossed the office softly and I peeped out through the door
But no soul my vision greeted; so went back. but scarce was seated
Ere the voice again repeated, this time underneath the floor
"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."

He's four years old this month

BIG BEN is the biggest thing in the American alarm clock business.

He is barely four years old, but he is already getting more work from the States than any clock alive.

Three million families leave it to him to call them up every morning—three million families use him all day long to tell the right time by.

Counterfeits of all kinds have tried in vain to cash in on him—he had faith enough in himself to dare and advertise.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, massive, well-set, triple-plated He guarantees to wake you on the dot with one long steady call or stop your turnover naps with successive gentle rings. He works 36 hours at a stretch —over time when needed.

His fee is just the same for one year as for ten, $3.00 anywhere in Canada.—A community of clockmakers stands back of him. Their imprint "*Made in La Salle, Illinois by Westclox*" is the best alarm clock insurance that anyone can buy.

La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE CORSET

Ready for the New Costume

For any woman of ordinary height and weighing between 115 and 140 lbs., the La Diva 718 is the ideal foundation for this season's costume, and makes possible a perfect fit and an up-to-date figure, and it sells at only $3.00.

This year's D. & A. and La Diva Models are great successes; they are comfortable, support the figure well, and give that supple, graceful, almost corsetless effect which is the aim of the fashionable "modistes."

Made specially for Canadian Women after long studies of Canadian figures in one of the largest and best equipped corset factories in the world, the D. & A. and La Diva Corsets offer style and comfort superior to imported corsets yet at from $1.00 to $5.00 per pair less.

There is a model for every figure. Our catalogue, sent free on request, will help you to choose the best for yours. 12-13

DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

JAEGER SWEATERS—
JAEGER MOTOR COATS—
JAEGER GOLF COATS—

satisfy all who wear them.

It is all because the one idea in their manufacture is to put everything possible into these garments to bring satisfaction out of them.

It would take a booklet to tell all the points of difference between these and most other garments of a similar kind, but the difference is there and wearers appreciate it—hence the enormous demand for JAEGER.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED

316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
352 Portage Ave., Carlton Block, Winnipeg
32 King St. West, } Toronto
784 Yonge St., next Bloor

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos
Pianos of Prestige

Notoriety
may be bought or borrowed, but
REPUTATION
must be earned. It has taken over half a century to earn the reputation of

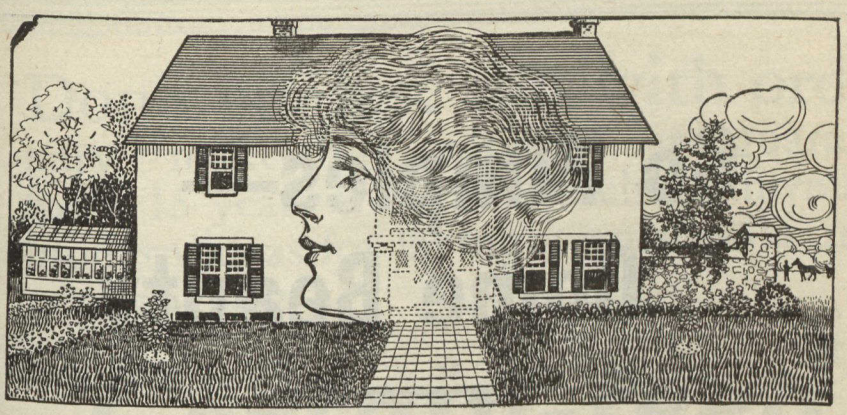
Gerhard Heintzman
Canada's Greatest Piano

You are safe in purchasing a piano or self-player of this make. The same wonderful skill, the same fine materials and the same painstaking methods which have built the world-wide reputation of the Gerhard Heintzman, are maintaining it now.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited
41 QUEEN STREET WEST - - TORONTO
(Opposite City Hall)

Hamilton Salesrooms, Next Post Office. V-35



Beauty in the Home

Homes—like people—have an individuality of their own. A cheerful looking home—like a cheerful looking person—is always pleasing to see. Any home may be brightened—made more attractive outside and more cheerful to live in—merely by a little care in the selection and use of proper Paints and Varnish Finishes. There are Martin-Senour Paints and Finishes for every taste and every scheme of decoration—good, honest 100% Pure Paints and Superfine Varnishes — that will give complete and lasting satisfaction.

There is a dealer in your neighborhood who carries the complete line of Martin-Senour Paints and Finishes.

Beauty on the Walls

"Neu-Tone" is a delight in the home. It's a soft, flat, durable sanitary wall finish, that anyone can apply. Costs little — lasts long. Easily cleaned with a damp cloth. 16 pleasing tints, suitable for every room in the house.

Floor Paint that Stands the Scuff

That's the kind to buy — the old reliable Senour's Floor Paint — the kind that's heel-proof. Remove all trace of Summer's open house with a fresh coat of Senour's Floor Paint. 12 beautiful shades to choose from.

Freshen Up the Oil Cloth

Linoleum and Oil Cloth wear twice as long if made "spic and span" with a coat of **Varnoleum.** So easy to apply—to freshen the colors and protect the pattern. It dries over night with a beautiful gloss, and does not spot or crack.

IT PAYS TO USE

Write for his name and a copy of "Harmony in Neu-Tone", one of the most expensive books on Interior Decorating ever printed. It's free to you. Write for it.

4

Martin-Senour Co., Limited

283 MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

Go Pimples— Come Beauty

This Is What Happens When Stuart's Calcium Wafers Are Used to Cleanse the Blood of All Impurities and the Skin of Eruptions.

If you want a beautiful complexion stop using cosmetics, salves, lotions, etc. They simply plaster the pores and prevent them from doing their natural and normal duties. If you stopped up all the pores you would actually die in a few days.

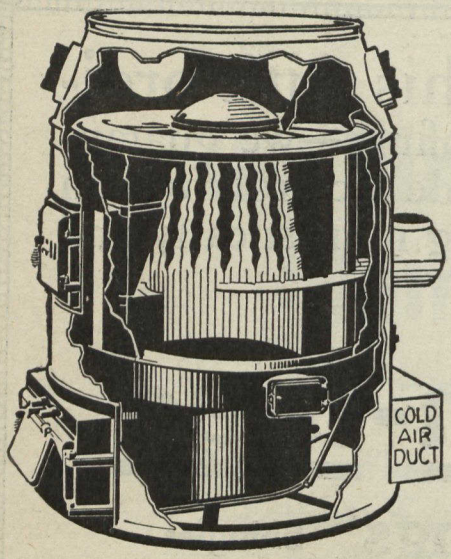
There is no sense in being longer humiliated by having to appear in public with a pimple-covered, blotched face—a face that makes strangers stare and your friends ashamed. Stuart's Calcium Wafers will drive all blemishes away and make your face a welcome instead of an unwelcome sight. You'll no longer be a slave to pimples, acne, blackheads, liver spots, boils, eczema, tetter or any skin eruption.

Nowadays, when you see a real beauty the chances are Stuart's Calcium Wafers wrought that wonderful change. It takes only a short time, even with very bad complexions—the kind that are disfigured with rash, eczema, boils, blotches and liver spots.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers cause the skin pores to breathe out the impurities. The lungs burn up a great amount, but Nature imposes upon the skin the larger burden. Every tick of the clock means work, work, work for these wonderful Wafers. And every instant new skin is forming, impurities become less and less, the pores are reinvigorated, and soon such a thing as a pimple, blackhead or any other eruption is impossible. You marvel at the change.

The soft, rosy tint love-taps the cheeks; the neck, shoulders and arms show the health of youthful skin—in fact, you just can't help having a beautiful complexion if you use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

They are put up in convenient form to carry with you, are very palatable, and are sold by druggists everywhere, at 50 cents a box.



The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

The Extra Weight in a KELSEY Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

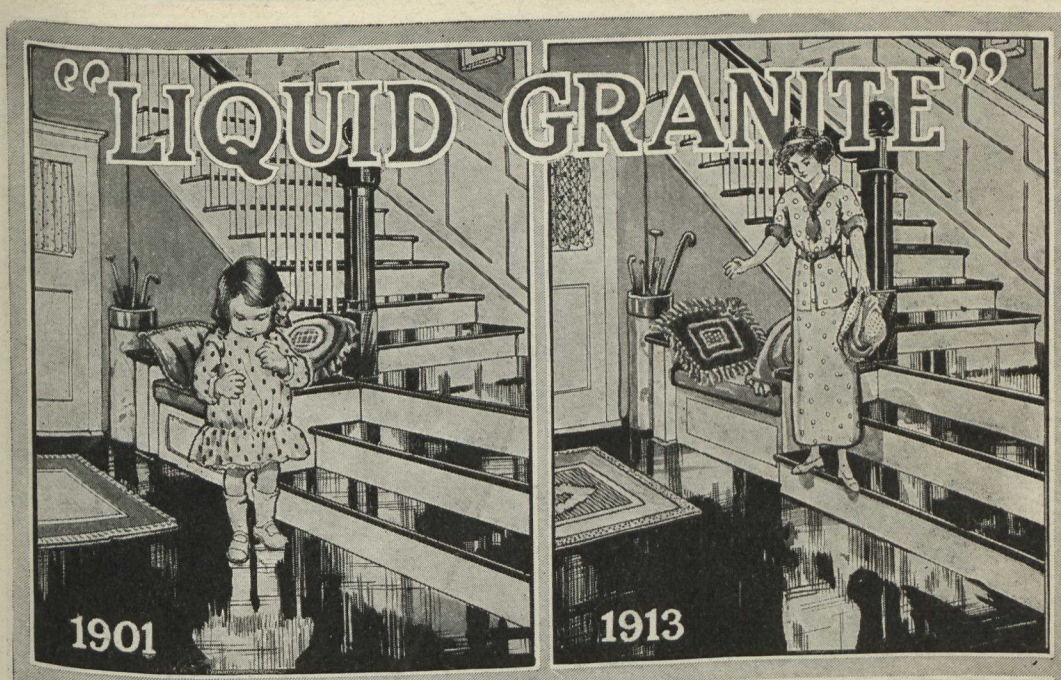
are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide St. W.



After 12 Years

This "Liquid Granite" Floor Is Still Bright and Lustrous

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 4, 1913.

"Some 12 years ago the writer put down in his residence a hardwood floor and in finishing it used Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite. Three years ago we decided to refinish. A solution of soap, ammonia and warm water was used to prepare the floor. We found the soap and water had no effect on the varnish except to clean and brighten it. And we are now using the floor with the original finish of Berry Brothers' Varnish and still find it superior to any finish we have ever seen," George Hodgdon, *Architect.*

An architect is one of the severest varnish critics. He insists on good varnish—not only in his home, but in the different buildings he erects for clients.

Knowing good varnish is a necessary part of the "know how" of his profession.

In the experience of George Hodgdon *and thousands of other architects and users* throughout the land, for thirty years Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite has been superior in durability, lustre and all-'round finishing value.

But it is not alone as floor finishes that Berry Brothers' varnishes excel. They are used for hundreds of different purposes.

BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES

55 years of honest making and honest service are back of every Berry Brothers' product. Berry Brothers' label is your guide to the varnish that will serve you best.

Our service department is also at your disposal to help you get the best varnish for your needs.

Here are four of our principal products:

Liquid Granite—A floor varnish whose name suggests its wonderful durability.

Luxeberry Wood Finish—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior wood work.

Luxeberry White Enamel—For white interior finishing. A white enamel that stays white.

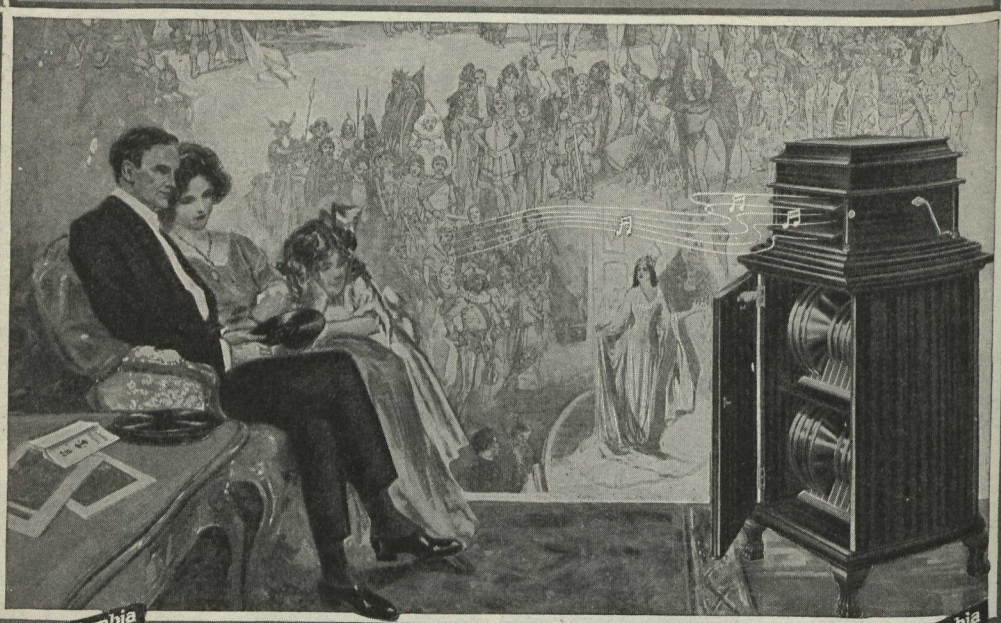
Luxeberry Spar Varnish—For marine uses and all kinds of exposed outdoor finishing. Never turns white, checks nor cracks.

Use and specify "Berry Brothers'" varnish—for sale by nearly all dealers. Write for interesting literature on the varnish question.

Berry Brothers *(Incorporated)*

World's Largest Varnish Makers *Established 1858*

Walkerville - Ont.



Columbia Records TRADE MARK

All the music of all the world

Columbia Records TRADE MARK

THIS typical Canadian family literally have the Music of the World at their command, for if fancy leads them to desire some selection or artist not included in the huge Columbia Catalogue, they can play any other make of disc record on their

GRAFONOLA

So faultless and natural is the reproduction, that, as they listen, their sub-conscious mind summons each artist or artists before their eyes, and they seem to see as well as hear.

Every Canadian family can own a Columbia GRAFONOLA immediately.

Agents in every town waiting to supply
you on your own terms and convenience

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

TORONTO - - CANADA

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry.
Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents.
Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World.

CEETEE
UNDERWEAR

—Vigor

and action mark the successful man or woman.

Heavy uncomfortable underclothing hampers the movements and saps the energy.

CEETEE
PURE WOOL, UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR

for Fall is light in weight, but because of the pureness and quality of wool used, it absorbs all the perspiration and prevents a chill.

Free action of the limbs and body is rendered easy by shaping the garment during the process of knitting.

All joins are knitted not sewn. Made in sizes to fit all the family.

Worn by the Best People.
Sold by the Best Dealers.

Manufactured by
The C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, Limited

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's High-Class Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children. Turnbull's 'M' Bands for Infants, and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

MADAM!

To put the finishing touch to your stylish Costume get DENT'S — the best gloves made.

Dent's Gloves are perfect in style, make and finish —they fit beautifully without u n d u e stretching. Look for the name DENT on the button.

Good Stores Everywhere Sell Dent's.

SEEN AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

(From Toronto Daily Star, Sept. 6th, 1913.)

The manufacturer who is carefully studying the needs of the market he is anxious to supply or the requirements of the business for which he is manufacturing equipment will always be improving his product. It is the progressive manufacturer that keeps a little ahead of the demand of his business that not only holds the customers he already has, but is continually making new ones. The National Exhibition every year furnishes substantial evidence of the progressive manufacturers in exhibits that show improvements over those made last year or in new and additional lines of manufacture that have been added during the year.

It was remarked last year that the Canadian Independent Telephone Company's exhibit in the Process Building showed that this company had capable men studying the improvement of telephone equipment, and that they were getting results. This year they came out with an entirely new system, and one that will undoubtedly fill a long felt want among business men who are conducting large factories or warehouses or in the public institutions where there are many departments which desire inter-communication. The Canadian Independent Telephone Company's new system is called the Presto-Phone, and is an automatic system for private inside service. It would replace many inter-communicating telephone systems and all the manually operated switchboards that are now found in our factories and warehouses.

Small, compact, automatic switches assembled in exceedingly neat cabinets operate the telephones without the service of any girl or operator. The service is quick, accurate, and the system does not get out of order. It is exactly what all those who are associated with large institutions have been looking for. It operates up to one hundred telephones and does not cost very much more than the old style inter-communicating telephones. Its advantages can only be fully appreciated by seeing the system in actual operation. This visitors at the Exhibition were able to do because they had a twenty-five line switch installed in working order. The company will always be able to give anyone interested a practical demonstration of the system at their factory on Duncan Street, Toronto.

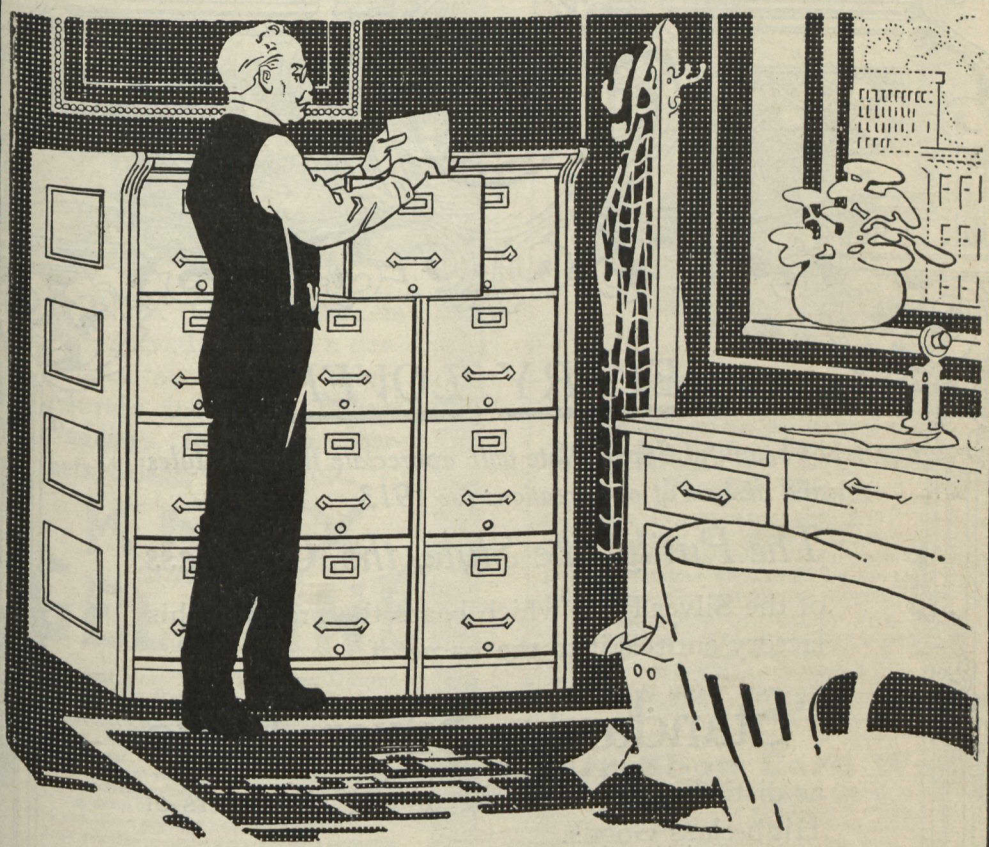
Their exhibit of magneto equipment was very complete and was characterized as in other years by excellence of appearance, showing at once that nothing but the highest class of workmanship entered into the building of the telephones and switchboards. They had wall and desk magneto phones of all types, also test sets and portable telephones designed for use on electric railroads.

The "Phone-Eze" telephone bracket, the most convenient thing for carrying a desk set, was also shown. The company are Canadian selling agents for this.

Their exhibit was exceedingly interesting to anyone associated with the telephone business, and the Presto-Phone attracted great attention from the business men who visited the Exhibition.

The company has literature descriptive of its products, and will be pleased to mail this out to anyone enquiring. No one who looked at their exhibit could fail to be impressed with the fact of the company being high-class, careful, and successful manufacturers.

The Canadian Independent Telephone Offices are at Duncan Street, Toronto.



Ways and Means to Efficient Filing

THE numerous uncertainties attached to the filing and finding records are overcome when your filing system is *basicly correct.* There is an Office Specialty device and System for the filing of every conceivable kind of business records, enabling that particular part of office routine to be done quickly and with certainty.

Let us help you to establish a correct system for letter filing, order filing, invoice filing, stock record keeping, purchasing records; or outline to us any other system which interests you.

Our Catalogs or representatives will be sent at your request by addressing our nearest Equipment Store.

HEAD OFFICE: 97 WELLINGTON STREET W., TORONTO.

Filing Equipment Stores: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver
Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

CANADA

KNOX GELATINE is served alone as a dessert or as a part of many courses including **Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Salads, Candies,** etc.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Top off your Thanksgiving Dinner with a Knox Plum Pudding

1 envelope **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine.
¾ cup cold water.
1 cup sugar.
½ teaspoonful vanilla.
1 cup seeded raisins.
½ cup dates or figs, if desired.
¼ cup sliced citron or nuts, as preferred.
½ cup currants.
1½ squares chocolate.
1 pint milk.
Pinch salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Put milk in double boiler. Melt chocolate; add to milk and add sugar and salt. Scald and remove from fire. Add gelatine and when it begins to set add fruit and vanilla. Serve with the following sauce or whipped cream. Beat the white of one egg stiff; add 1 tablespoonful confectioner's sugar and ½ cup milk slowly. Flavor with vanilla.

Send for this FREE Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. *Pint sample for 2c stamp and dealer's name.*

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory, Montreal, Can.

On Every Woman's Dressing-table
there should always be found a bottle of that matchless perfume, the old time favorite

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

Once used, it is simply indispensable. Grateful on handkerchief or clothing; a fragrant Lotion or Spray; a refreshing addition to the Bath, the Basin, or to the tumbler when brushing the teeth: it is mildly antiseptic and always delightful. :-: :-:

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Prepared only by
LANMAN & KEMP, New York and Montreal

Learn Show Card Writing

We have recently prepared a complete Course in Show Card Writing, which teaches this profession in every detail. Any person of average intelligence can earn from $25 to $35 a week at this business. A course of this kind has never been sold for less than $30. We sell same for only $5.

Particulars and testimonials FREE. Write!

The Chandler Advertising Co., Dept. 3, Box 77, Macklin, Sask., Canada

We Will Pay You $120.00

to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used.
International Bible Press, 182 Spadina Ave., Toronto

FOR FLAVORING CAKES Pies, Puddings, Sauces and Ice Creams try Shirriff's True Vanilla. The real extract of Mexican Vanilla Beans. Surpasses all others in flavor, bouquet and strength. 26

Shirriff's True Vanilla

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

FIRST of all

LITTLE FOLKS must have sweets. Give them something that will benefit them. Maple Buds are a delightful *solid chocolate* confection and *they are pure and wholesome.* Nothing could be better for children. 242

The Delicious Solid Chocolate Confection.

(NAME AND DESIGN REGISTERED)

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound — whispers even do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called **"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"** are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

Drum in Position

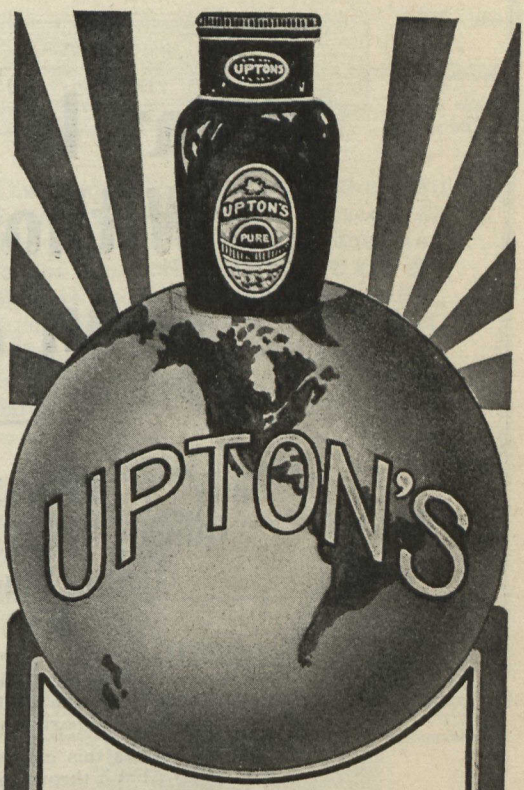
What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay— **Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **BOOK** on **DEAFNESS** — giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
107 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT



When In Doubt

Always ask for UPTON'S which represents the best in

JAMS and JELLIES

made from the purest of fruits under the most hygienic conditions—the natural flavor of fresh fruits.

Try an order of Upton's on your next grocery list

The T. Upton Company, Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

What Is Home Without An Appetite?

Many a Miserable Dyspeptic Can Quickly Enjoy a Good Appetite Using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

There is nothing so deplorable as a home where at every meal one member of the family sits in silence eating a special diet while others are partaking of the regular food.

Not only does this condition become almost unbearable to the dyspeptic, but it throws anything but a joyous spirit over the rest of the family.

The presence of dishes before him that a stomach sufferer cannot eat, makes him sick at his stomach and he is actually doing himself an injury when he eats at such a table.

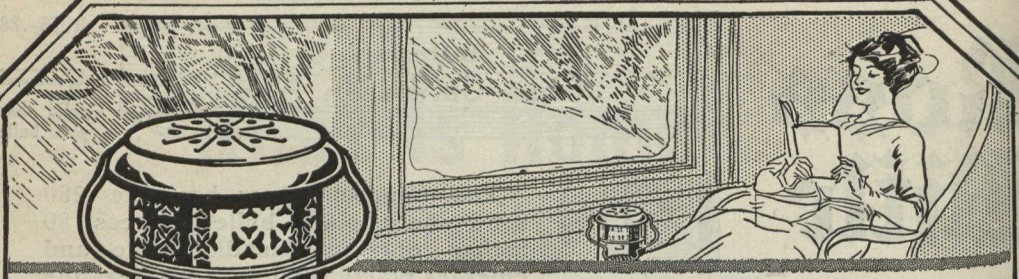
A Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet taken after each meal will excite appetite and in a short time one will find the sight of food becoming less and less repugnant until after a few meals one will take courage enough to join with the family in the regular fare.

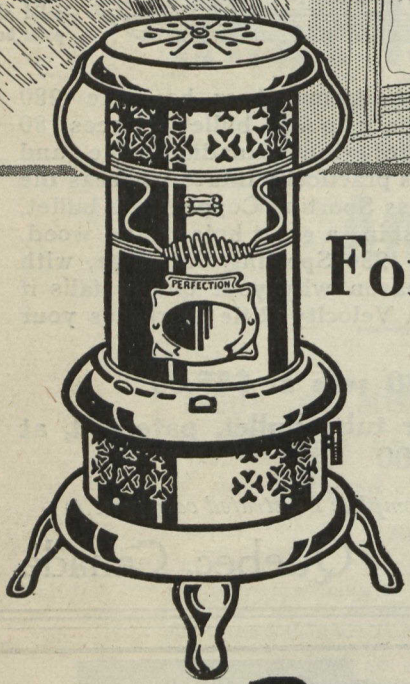
As soon as this is done and there follows no evil effects then by continuing the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets you will soon be restored to your normal, healthy and vigorous appetite.

One of the real pleasures of eating is the joy of smelling and seeing food. These qualities are essential to the normal digestion for they excite the flow of salvia in the mouth, and the gastric juices in the stomach and thus make ready the digestive apparatus for the food when it is eaten.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain ingredients that every system needs. Weakened fluids of nature used in digestion are quickly restored to their normal proportion, and in a short time are so evenly balanced that the system can manufacture its own pepsin and hydrochloric acid as it should.

Go to your druggist today and buy a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, price, 50 cents.





For Chilly Fall Days

A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is the very thing to keep the house cosey and comfortable in the chilly days before the furnace is started. The

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

is efficient, economical and ornamental. Doesn't smoke. Doesn't smell. Easy to clean and rewick. Easy to carry wherever it is wanted. Stock at all chief points.

For best results use ROYALITE OIL

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto	Quebec	Regina
Ottawa	St. John	Vancouver
Halifax	Winnipeg	Edmonton
Montreal	Calgary	Saskatoon

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

In the Fall We Fish and Hunt

THIS is the slogan of thousands of sportsmen the world over, and at this season the question "where to go" has to be solved. To the initiated this is comparatively easy, as it is well known that the

"HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

is the sportsman's paradise. It is, as a consequence, only a question of deciding which of the various districts of "The Highlands" offers the greatest inducements.

HERE IS THE ANSWER

To the Fisherman : The streams and lakes of Algonquin National Park, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Timagami, Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Lake Nipissing Districts, abound with all the species of game fish native to fresh waters.

To the Hunter: Timagami for moose and other large game. Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Georgian Bay Districts for deer, etc. Small game and wild fowl are plentiful in all this country.

Write for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," which gives game laws and all information, to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

gets the credit for the health, of this family of eleven. . .

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL

Read what this Mother says:

"I am the mother of eleven children, and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,
12 Mount Ash Road,
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,
London, England

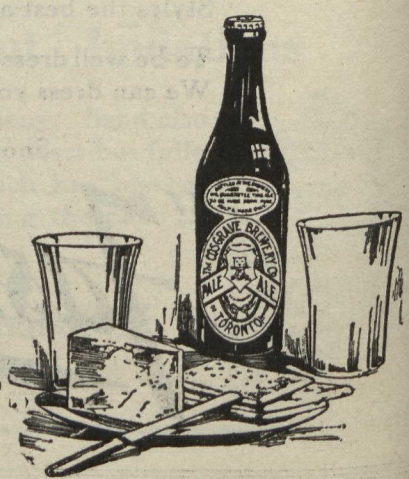
FOR EVERYBODY

For workers with hand or brain—for rich and poor, for every kind of people in every kind of life—there's delicious refreshment in a bottle of

COSGRAVE'S (Chill-Proof) PALE ALE

The best beer anyone can buy—different and better in purity and flavor.

Ask for Cosgrave's at all hotels and licensed cafes.
Family trade supplied by dealers.



Those Corns

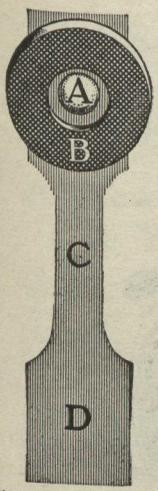
How are You Trying to End Them?

Is it by paring? That is useless and dangerous.

It removes just the top layer, and a slip of the blade may mean infection.

All the petty methods of mere relief last only a little while.

There is now only one treatment used by people who know. That is a Blue-jay plaster.



It gives instant relief. But more than that, *it removes the corn.*

You apply it in a jiffy, then forget it. Within 48 hours the whole corn loosens and comes out. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience.

Every month *a million corns* are ended forever in this way, while you let your corns keep on.

A famous chemist invented this wax to end corn troubles. Why not get the benefit—*today*.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(243) **Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.**

THE "IDEAL" EMANCIPATES

Are you a slave to the old back breaking washboard? Do you know that the Ideal Washer has emancipated thousands of such slaves? The city water pressure does most of the work. The Ideal is a great saver—it saves time, temper, health, strength and clothes.

There is nothing to cause trouble no delicate parts to adjust, no slender parts to break. You will forget that there ever was such a thing as trouble with a Washer—In fact there isn't with the Ideal.
See it at your dealer's or send to us for full information. 106

CUMMER-DOWSWELL LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives **INSTANT RELIEF** and a **FINAL CURE** of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure.

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from

The B. Scholl Manufacturing Co., 214 King St. E. Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free*

COLLECTIONS

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED EVERYWHERE. No collection, no charge. American-Vancouver Mercantile Agency, 336 Hastings Street West, Vancouver, B. C. Phone Seymour 3650.

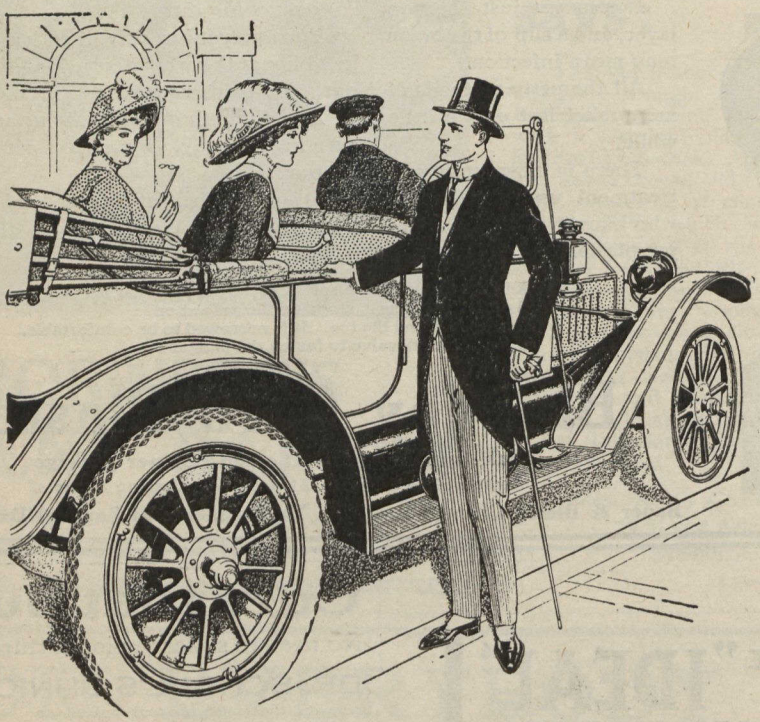
WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

McLaughlin



A Real Car at a Right Price

YOU will find in the McLAUGHLIN none of the fads and fancies which are used as talking points where instrinsic merit is lacking.

Forty-three years' experience in the production of high-grade vehicles has proved the wisdom of adherence to tried and tested principles. With every modern improvement which IS an improvement, the McLAUGHLIN will meet the requirements of the man who is looking for a *A Real Car at a Right Price.*

Runabouts and Touring Cars from $1,250 up.

Write for literature

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA

Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Corner Church and Richmond Streets

Other Branch Houses—St. John, N B., Hamilton London, Belleville,

The Safe Car to Buy

THE 1914 Russell-Knight

A New Car Backed By A Year's Testing.

There are no outstanding new features in our 1914 car. We have been content to refine and improve the many successful and exclusive features of our 1913 model.

That this policy is right is proven by the fact that other manufacturers are copying 1913 Russell-Knight features in their 1914 models.

But in the 1914 Russell-Knight, these features are not an experiment. In the Russell-Knight they have been tested and found successful by rigorous service at the hands of hundreds of owners, and now, have been refined, developed and improved to a degree of efficiency that is without parallel among Canadian automobiles to-day.

The efficiency of the Knight engine never was greater. Its economy in gasoline and oil consumption never more strongly in evidence.

As recently as last May, before the A. C. A. it was shown that the Poppet Valve Engine loses in efficiency after about the first month's work, whereas it has been proven beyond question that the power of the Knight engine actually increases with use, and that it becomes more powerful and more flexible with each succeeding month's work.

The Russell Electric Lighting and Starting systems have proven their reliability under the most exacting conditions and extraordinary emergency tests.

Our Tonneau Heating System and our exclusive Tonneau Windshield, are being widely copied by other manufacturers this year, whereas we have improved them and by doing so have removed the last discomforts of cold-weather driving.

Our standards in deep Turkish type cushions and fine upholstery are unequalled.

Body lines have been harmoniously blended, while the weight of the car has been distributed, to meet the unusual requirements of Canadian road conditions.

In fact, every problem in designing and building an entirely new car has been solved, and proven correct by one year's hard tests.

The 1914 Russell-Knight is a car that for comfort, efficiency and simplicity in operation under all conditions, is positively without equal among cars manufactured or imported into Canada to-day.

The car is new but it is backed by that great Russell tradition for RELIABILITY.

If there is any doubt in your mind about the claimed superiority of the 1914 Russell-Knight, come and have it demonstrated to you.

Don't be satisfied to have our salesman take you for a drive in it—bring an expert with you. Then, after you have examined it thoroughly, take the car out and drive it yourself.

Subject it to any test that you can possibly conceive of as being likely to prove out its value.

And you will say it is the most efficient car ever turned out for service on Canadian roads.

There are more expensive cars—but there is no better car anywhere than the 1914 Russell-Knight.

Write for further particulars. Address the branch or agent nearest you.

Russell - Knight 1914 Chassis and Standard Bodies are as follows:

Russell-Knight, 4-cylinder "28" Roadster Model $3,200
5-Passenger Touring Car $3,250

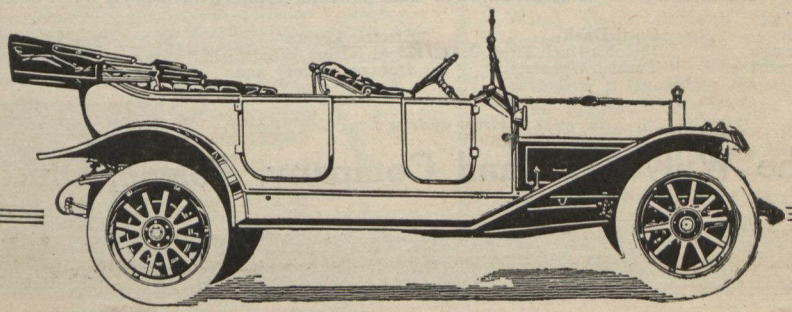
Russell-Knight, 6-cylinder "42" 7-Passenger Touring car $5,000
5-Passenger Phaeton $5,000

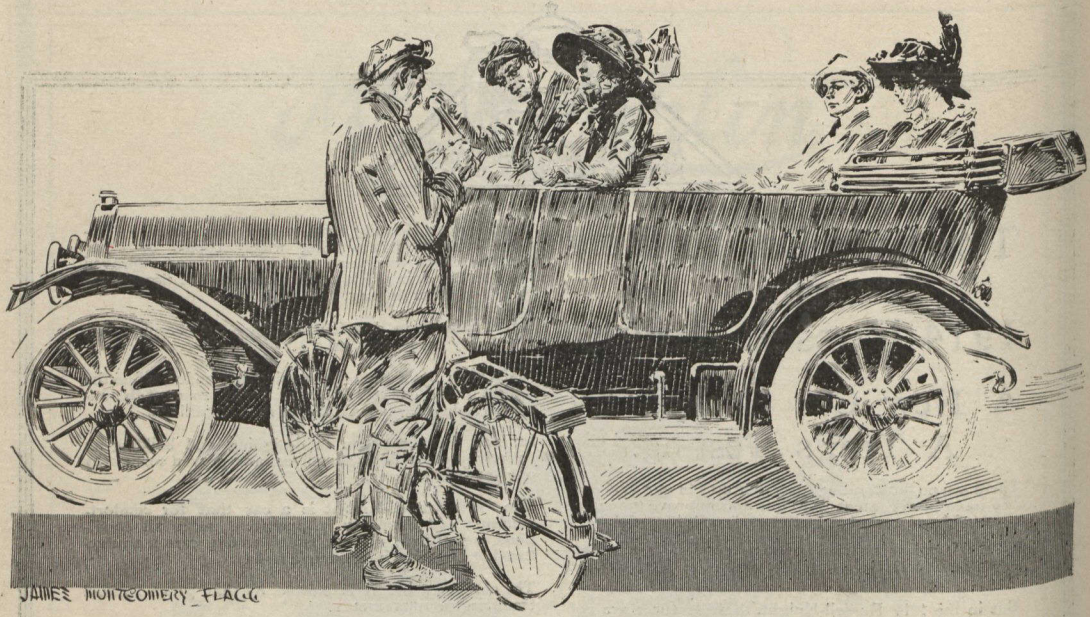
Both Chassis are built with Landaulet and Limousine bodies at proportionate prices. Catalogues on request. All quotations F. O. B. West Toronto.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

Head Office and Factory: West Toronto.

Branches at: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Melbourne, Aust.





Overland 1914

THE motor is larger; the wheel base is longer; the tires are larger; the tonneau is roomier; the equipment is finer; body has graceful European cowl dash and is richly finished in dark Brewster green, edged with lighter green stripings, and trimmed in heavy polished nickel and aluminum.

See the Overland dealer in your town. Handsome 1914 catalogue on request.

$1,250—*Completely Equipped*

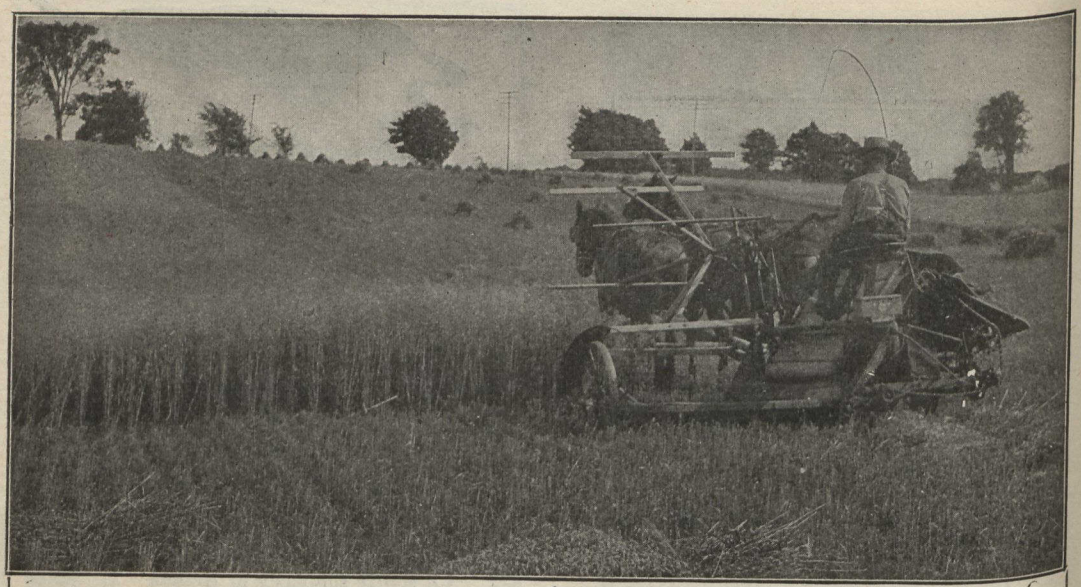
DUTY PAID F.O.B. TOLEDO

With Gray & Davis Electric Starter and Generator—$1425

h. p. Motor	Cowl Dash	Electric Lights	Mohair Top and Boot
Timken Bearings	33 inch x 4 inch Tires, Q. D.	Clear Vision Windshield	Stewart Speedometer
114-Inch Wheelbase	Turkish Upholstery	Storage Battery and Ammeter	Electric Horn

Please address Dept. 4

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE OF OUR WAKING HOURS?

Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD for SETTLEMENT?

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of whose farms thousands are growing rich.

Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest in the WORLD.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.

Five famous beautifying treatments

If there is any condition of your skin which you want to improve, read the five treatments printed below. Here are simple, natural methods to correct the most common skin troubles—methods based on John H. Woodbury's years of experience in treating thousands of obstinate skin cases. Begin today to get their benefits.

Try this treatment for whitening the skin tonight.

1st—For very tender skins. Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

2nd—For sluggish skins. Rub a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap into the skin. Leave it on about five minutes. Then rinse the face with lukewarm water, and rub it gently for five minutes with *a piece of ice.*

3rd—For hard, dry skins. Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

4th—For sallow, freckled skins. Dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times *with the cake itself*, letting its lather remain on over night.

5th—For users of cold creams. Apply a thick lather of Woodbury's and *massage* it into the skin, finally rubbing it off with a dry towel.

Begin tonight the treatment above best suited to your skin. Use it persistently and regularly and your skin will gradually take on that finer texture and velvety smoothness that you have always coveted for it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try *your* treatment above, tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland

Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109-I Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

"The Light Beer In The Light Bottle."

292

AFTER the day's work—a bottle of O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager.

When you come home all tired out, a bottle of O'Keefe's "Pilsener" will take the tiredness all away.

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is concentrated strength, vigor and refreshment. As a food-tonic—as a strength-giver and reviver—nothing surpasses this delicious, sparkling lager.

Keep it in the house—enjoy a bottle after a hard day's work.

Order a case from your dealer.

O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER

Eddy's "Safeguard" Safety Matches

—in special convertible box.
—good matches always ready at the bottom.
—burnt sticks are dropped in the top.
—noiseless; heads do not glow.
—and absolutely non-poisonous.

EDDY'S Matches are the only NON-POISONOUS matches manufactured in Canada.

For safety's sake---Eddy's "Safeguard" Matches---ONLY---should be in every home.

Diamond Dyes Can Solve Your Dress Problem

Blue charmeuse gown dyed black

Miss R. L. ROSTON, writes:

"Like all small towns ours has many cliques and rivalry runs rife.

"I found it impossible to keep up with the girls whose dress allowances were much larger than mine and worried and fretted—then I was told of Diamond Dyes.

"It is very easy to exaggerate, but when I say that after using Diamond Dyes my costumes were both envied and beautiful is expressing it mildly.

"It was so very easy.

"The enclosed photograph shows one of the delightful and stylish gowns I made.

"Taking a much used blue charmeuse gown, I dyed it black with Diamond Dyes. The result was a gown much admired and I believe copied.

"Dresses that I thought I could never wear I have recolored and transformed into beautiful stylish gowns.

"There is no need for any woman to worry about the dress problem—she really owes it to herself and those around her to get a magic package of Diamond Dyes.

"They will entirely solve all vexing problems of dress, making possible a complete stylish wardrobe.

Diamond Dyes

Made a Pleasure Trip Possible

Mrs. R. H. RIDOT writes:

"I have just arrived from Warex, S. D., and as my trip was made possible by Diamond Dyes I want to tell you about it.

"I had few new clothes, in fact not enough to go back east.

"Then I was told of Diamond Dyes.

"I got down all my oldest dresses—I hunted in the attic high and low for things I had discarded as absolutely worthless.

"Old waists, trimmings long out of date were added to the pile of what looked impossible.

"The result was many stylish costumes much admired.

"Mine may be an unusual case, but now that I have used Diamond Dyes I know that every woman may have all the splendor of dress—all those little touches so dear to a woman's heart.

N.B.—The photograph I enclose will show you one of the gowns I made. I had a pink eponge suit which I thought practically gone. By dyeing it dark blue with Diamond Dyes, it has turned out to be simply charming and stylish."

Pink eponge suit dyed blue

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10 cents Per Package.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Now, for a Good, Old-time German Dinner!

Spare ribs and sauer kraut—Libby's Sauer Kraut—not the common, tasteless dish but kraut that's a ***real*** delicacy made so by Libby methods. Sounds good, doesn't it? Tastes good, too. For everybody likes Sauer Kraut—it's such a good, "square-meal" kind of food. And there's no better kraut to be had—***at any price***—than Libby's Hanover Brand.

Made from just the finest cabbages grown, carefully trimmed and ***cored***—cured in the NEW Libby way—and put into the tins, crisp and finely shredded, just when that snappy, delicious flavor is at its height—it's no wonder that Libby's Hanover Sauer Kraut has become a favorite in so many homes.

Get a can at your grocers—and give the family one of those good, old German dinners they ALL like. But be sure you get Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

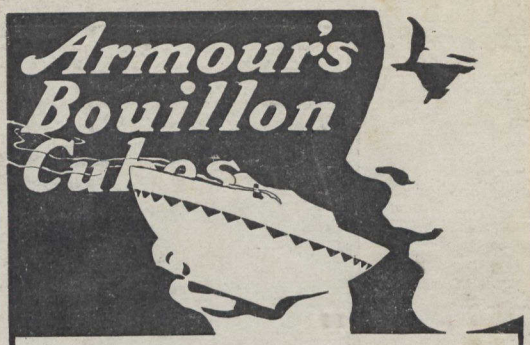
Hand - Springs or Head - Springs

The Athlete and the College Professor both find the "ideal nutriment" in

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ont.



Armour's Bouillon Cubes provide a delicious bouillon at a moment's notice. Stimulating, Satisfying, Wholesome, Refreshing, tasting of beef and fresh garden vegetables with the correct seasoning. Chicken and Beef flavors. A cube to a cup of hot water. In boxes of 12, 50 and 100 at all grocers and druggists.

Free samples on request

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHICAGO

O-Cedar Mop
Polish

the magic wand of easier and better housekeeping. Cleans, dusts and polishes all at one time. Puts an end to backbreaking stooping, bending and stretching. Easily cleaned and renewed when soiled.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed
or money refunded. $1.50 at all dealers, or direct from us.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.,
369 Sorauren St., Toronto, Can.
1456 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Mennen summer suggestion

Powder your neck with Mennen's where your collar rubs.

The powder absorbs the perspiration, allays irritation and eliminates chafing. It makes your collar feel so much more comfortable.

If your necktie won't slide easily in your collar, rub the collar with a little Mennen's.

For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample box 4c in stamps.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

T. H. Best Printing Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.