

133

THE  
**CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE**

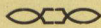


PRICE 25 CENTS

The First Complete Story of  
the fate that befell Sergeant  
Fitzgerald and his Three  
Companions on the Dawson-  
Fort McPherson Trail.



The Curious Case  
of  
Walker's Ear.



Six Short Stories.

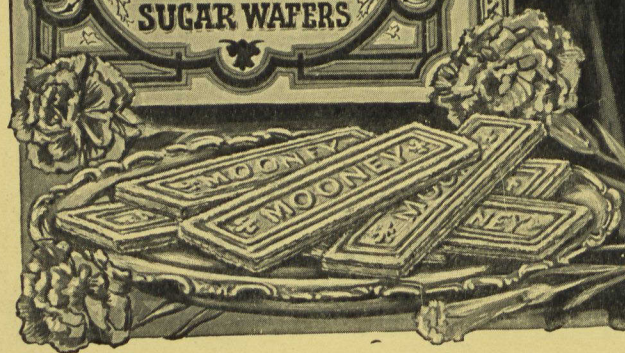
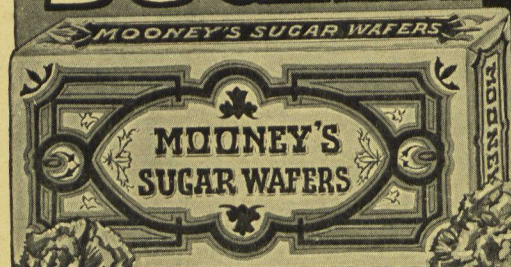
FEBRUARY, 1915

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO



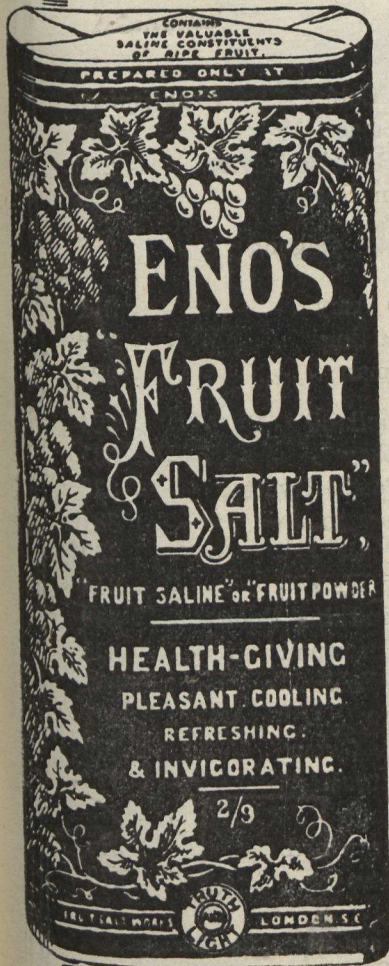
# MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS

*A PERFECT  
DELICACY,  
in Tin Boxes  
10 and 25<sup>c</sup>  
sizes.*



## THE EVER POPULAR HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

Which has now borne the Stamp of Public approval for  
**OVER FORTY YEARS.**



# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

PLEASANT TO TAKE,  
Refreshing and Invigorating.

THERE is no simpler, safer or more agreeable aperient which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality.

*It can be safely used every day even by invalids and children.*

THE BEST OF ALL  
HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES  
AT ALL TIMES.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

Agents for Canada, Messrs. HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd.,  
10, McCaul Street, Toronto.

# The Canadian Magazine

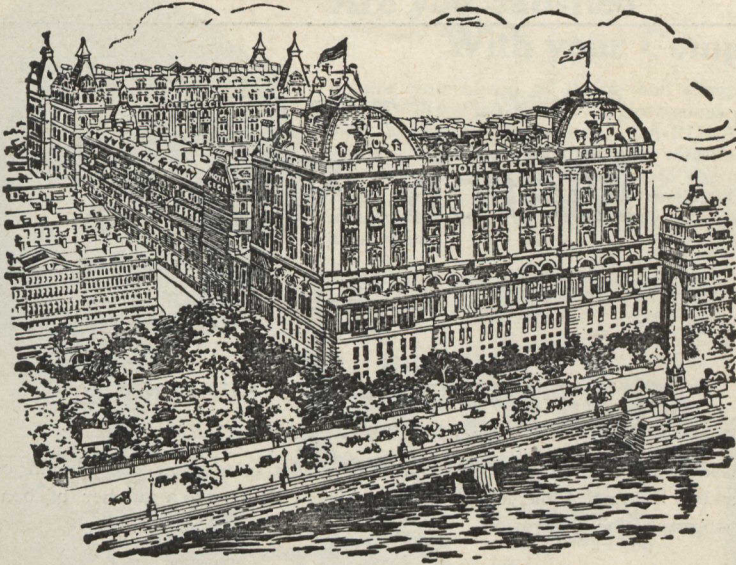
Vol. XLIV Contents, February, 1915

No. 4

YOUTH AND SUNLIGHT - - - - -	A. Suzor Coté - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
HEROES OF THE CANADIAN ARCTIC -	A. V. Thomas - - - - -	293
THE OLD WARRIOR. VERSE - - - -	Frances Beatrice Taylor - -	298
FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS - - - -	A. Gordon Dewey - - - - -	299
II. WALKER'S EAR.		
IN THE LAURENTIANS. A PAINTING -	Clarence A. Gagnon - - -	309
TRAMPING IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA. ILLUSTRATED - - - - -	W. Lacey Amy - - - - -	311
THE STUDIO. A PAINTING - - - -	Louis Mettling - - - - -	319
DEAR FATHER - - - - -	A. R. Carman - - - - -	321
LETTER NO III.		
THE PRIDE OF TWO. FICTION - - -	Rosa Mulholland - - - - -	324
REPARATION. VERSE - - - - -	A. G. Mackay - - - - -	331
THE ADOPTION OF THREE STAR - -	Stanley Portal Hyatt - - -	332
SNOWBOUND BOATS. A PAINTING -	Ernest Lawson - - - - -	337
THE CUR AND THE COYOTE. FICTION -	Edward Peple - - - - -	339
ON CHAMP DE MARS. VERSE - - - -	R. Stanley Weir - - - - -	347
THE FIRST JEW. FICTION - - - -	Francis Haffkina Snow - -	348
ON THE BEACH. A PAINTING - - -	Franklin Brownell - - - -	355
CHIEF CAUSES OF THE WAR - - - -	Theodore Wehle - - - - -	357
THE TUDOR CUP. FICTION - - - -	Neil Munro - - - - -	361
THE STORY OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.	William Le Queux - - - - -	366
REALIZATION. VERSE - - - - -	L. M. Montgomery - - - - -	372
THE HIGHWAY OF THE GREAT DIVIDE.	A Photograph - - - - -	373
CURRENT EVENTS - - - - -	Lindsay Crawford - - - - -	375
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - -	Book Reviews - - - - -	379

\$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,  
Regent St., London, S.W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.  
Copyright, Canada, 1915, by The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited



## —atmosphere:

**T**HERE is something in the atmosphere of the World's Greatest Hotel that can be duplicated nowhere else. The resources of the Cecil—its Restaurant, Palm Court, Grill Room, Indian Floor, and the kind of people one meets there, offer the *bon vivant* the highest interpretation of his ideas and ideals of hotel life—at a reasonable figure.

## —situation:

**O**VERLOOKING Cleopatra's Needle, with broad and noble frontage to the Thames Embankment. Main entrance approached from the Strand, City and West End and all principal centres of business, amusement, and interest, equally accessible.

## —equipment:

**T**HE Cecil is the most comprehensively-equipped residential establishment in the world. Accommodation for 850 guests. Bathroom adjoins every bedroom; telephone in every room. Resources of a small town at the visitors disposal.

*Ask at the Canadian Magazine Travel Bureau, Toronto, Canada, for a 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 visitors to London.*

Telegraphic Address  
"Cecelia, Rand"  
London

**HOTEL CECIL**  
London

# THE March Number

---

---

## 'STAMBOUL OF THE SULTANS

By ALBERT R. CARMAN

An intimate and graphic description of a visit to a great playground of the Turkish Sultans, while it was yet Turkish. There are a number of beautiful photographs for illustration.

## FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

No. 3 of this series deals with the trial of Patrick Whalen for the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. It is written by C. S. Blue, and gives a vivid account of one of the most dramatic episodes in Canadian political life.

## OLD-TIME TRAVEL THROUGH THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

By EMILY P. WEAVER

Now that two transcontinental railways are using this famous pass as a means of reaching the Pacific, it is intensely interesting to read Miss Weaver's account of travel in that region before it was opened up.

There will be as well a choice selection of short stories, among them a capital one entitled "The Magician's Box," by Madge Macbeth, author of "The Adventures of Aniwar Ali," Etc.

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

---

---

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**  
200-206 Adelaide Street West - TORONTO



## Are you Satisfied With your Complexion

or are you afraid of losing the complexion you have? Try "LA-ROLA" a greaseless preparation with a delicate fragrance. LA-ROLA is a high-grade cream used by men and women. It keeps the skin soft and gives beauty to the complexion. After shaving it soothes the irritated skin. Its unequalled qualities have won it a world wide patronage.

GET A BOTTLE FROM YOUR DRUGGIST  
TODAY YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED WITH THE  
RESULTS.

ASK FOR

# BEETHAM'S La-rola

Manufactured by  
M. Beetham & Son,  
Cheltenham, Eng.



**LOWER CANADA COLLEGE**

Head Master:  
**C. S. Fosbery, M.A.**

**MONTREAL**

SUCCESSES R.M.C  
Entrance 2nd, 10th  
places, 1914.  
McGill Science, 1st  
place 1910, 1st  
place 1912, 2nd  
place 1913. Ex-  
hibition Arts, 1913.

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

# "MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE  
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE  
NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

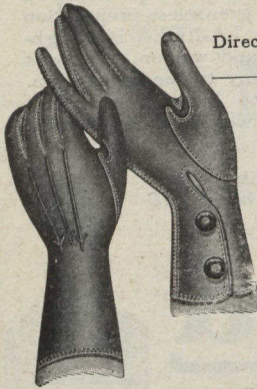
Of all Stationers Chemists and Stores or Post Free for One Shilling (25c.) from the Inventors.

**COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 St. BRIDE ST. ENGLAND  
LONDON E.C.**

# THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Direct Attention to Their Unrivalled Variety of British Made Gloves at Their Usual Moderate Prices.



The "CONNAUGHT" Ladies Superior Quality Cape Gloves, (British made) in Tan shades, Spear Points, Pique seam sewn, 2 Press Buttons, **71 cents** per pair.

No. 315. — Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, (British made) in useful shades of Grey, Tan or Beaver, Pique sewn, 2 Press Buttons, **61 cents** per pair.

The "CANADIAN" Ladies' Buckskin Finish Gloves, excellent wearing, in Tan or Grey, Pique seam sewn, 3 Buttons, **95 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Real Deerskin Gloves, in Dark Tan and Dark Grey, (British made) Pique seam sewn, 2 Press Buttons, **\$1.34** per pair.

No. 310. — Ladies' Best Quality Chamois Leather Gloves, Natural Colour, Hand sewn with Strong Black Thread, Special Cut Thumbs, 2 Large Pearl Buttons, **85 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Strong Cape Gloves, in Tan or Oak shade, 6 Button Length with Wide Arms, Strap and Press Button as illustration, Spear Points, Pique seam sewn, **\$1.20** per pair.

Ladies' "CANADIAN" Buck Finish in same style as above, in Tan or Dark Grey, **\$1.44** per pair.

## MEN'S GLOVES

Strong Doeskin Buck Finish, in Tan or Dark Grey, (British made) Pique seam sewn, 1 Press Button, **73 cents** per pair.

The "CANADIAN" Buck Finish Gloves, in Tan or Grey, a splendid Glove for wear, (British made) 1 Press Button, **95 cents** per pair.

Men's Real Deerskin Gloves, in Tan or Dark Grey, (British made) Pique seam sewn, 1 Press Button, **\$1.34** per pair.

No. 326. — Men's Best Quality Chamois Leather Gloves, Natural Colour, (British made) Pique seam Hand sewn with Black Thread, 1 Large Pearl Button, **85 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, Buck Finish, in Dark Tan or Grey with Wool Lining and Fur Tops, White Fur Lining at Wrist as illustration, Strap and Press Button, **\$1.20** per pair.

Ladies' Strong Dark Tan Cape Gloves, without Fur Tops, with Warm Wool Lining, Strap and Press Button, suitable for Sleighing, Driving, Etc., **95 cents** per pair.

Ladies' "BUCKSKIN," in Tan or Grey without Fur Tops, Lined Fur throughout, Pique sewn, Gusset Wrist Strap and Press Button.

Ladies' Doeskin, Buck Finish, in Tan or Grey, Lined White Fur, Pique sewn, as illustration, 2 Press Buttons **\$1.34** per pair.

Ladies' Real Reindeer Gloves, (British made) in rich shades of Tan or Grey, Pique seam sewn, 2 Buttons, **\$1.34** per pair.

Men's Ditto, with one Large Pearl Button, **\$1.69** per pair.

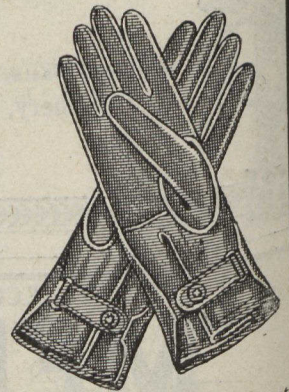
## MEN'S GLOVES

Strong Cape, Pique seam sewn, Double Palms, Wool Lining, in Tan or Black, Strap and Press Button, as illustration, **\$1.09** per pair.

Men's Strong Goatskin Cape Gloves, in Dark Tan shade, Lined with Best Quality Peerless Wool, Hand sewn, with Strap and Press Button, as illustration, **\$1.58** per pair.



Chevrette Gloves, (English make) in Brown or Grey, Fur Tops and half Fur Lined, 1 Press Button, **\$1.09** per pair.



SUPPLEMENTARY DEPARTMENTS—Ladies', Men's and Children's Hosiery and Underwear, English manufacture, at equally moderate prices.

PRICE LISTS may be obtained free, on application to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., 200-206 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, General Post Office, London, England. The Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.

Address  
all Orders

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England.



# Royal Vinolia

## TOILET GUIDE



Royal Vinolia Preparations combine good taste and high quality at small cost

The Royal Vinolia Toilet Preparations represent the higher Standard of Quality and the unsurpassable "Vinolia" Standard of Purity.

**ROYAL VINOLIA TALCUM POWDERS** — in three varieties:

**ROYAL VINOLIA**—an exquisite talcum, superbly perfumed, comes in very large tin, 25c.

**BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE**—a talcum with the pleasing white heather perfume. Extra large tin, 25c.

**LIRIL VIOLETTE DE PARME**—finest quality talcum perfumed with Italian Violet odour, 20c.

**ROYAL VINOLIA DENTIFRICES** — in three styles. Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder and Liquid Dentifrice. Noted for antiseptic as well as cleansing powers. All three 25c. each.

**ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM SOAP**—a pure white soap containing all the valuable medicinal properties of Royal Vinolia Cream. An incomparable Toilet Soap—50c. per box of three tablets.

Booklet "The Care of the Skin and Hair" and Sample of Royal Vinolia Cream Soap for 2c. stamp. Vinolia Co., Ltd., Toronto

**ROYAL VINOLIA VANISHING CREAM**—a cooling and refreshing cream that vanishes from the skin as soon as it has done its healing work. In jars and tubes, 25c.

**LYPSYL**—is an exquisite toilet preparation for keeping the lips in a healthy rose-like condition, 15c.

**ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM**—for beautifying and preserving the skin—sold in two sizes at 35c. and 50c.

**ROYAL VINOLIA FACE POWDER**—imparts to the skin the velvety appearance of a well ripened peach. 50c. a box.

**ROYAL VINOLIA PERFUMES**—have individuality and distinctive flavours that make them leaders in Paris itself.

*Vinolia Company Limited, hold the Royal Warrant of Appointment to their Majesties the King and Queen, and to the Royal Family of Spain.*

MADE IN ENGLAND AND IN CANADA



# By The Way

---

---

The Edmonton Journal, says :

"The Canadian Magazine for January contains the first of twelve articles on "Famous Canadian Trials." This a field which has been waiting for some enterprising publisher. As we are interested in great trials of the present, we are certain to be in those of the past. The people who can remember them will read every line. Those who are not old enough for this, but whose curiosity has been stimulated by incidental references, will devour the articles almost as readily. The first story is told by Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun and is that of the case of Alexander McLeod, arrested in 1841 for murder in connection with the burning of the steam ship 'Caroline,' which was set on fire during the Rebellion and sent over Niagara Falls. The trial had important international bearing and the facts are set forth vividly."

The first of these famous Trials is followed in the present number by an intensely interesting account of a trial that took place at Montreal, just after the English occupation, and that was known as "Walter's Ear." The next will deal with the trial that followed the assassination of D'Arcy McGee. This is a trial the records of which, buried deep in the files of newspapers nearly half a century old, form one of the sensational chapters in Canadian political annals and offer an absorbing study in criminology. The author of the article, Mr. C. S. Blue, has made an exhaustive study of the subject by examining the records at Ottawa, the scene of the crime.

This is a series that every Canadian should read. If you are not a subscriber to The Canadian Magazine, begin now and enjoy this splendid series of articles. There will be at least twelve of them, all by capable writers.

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

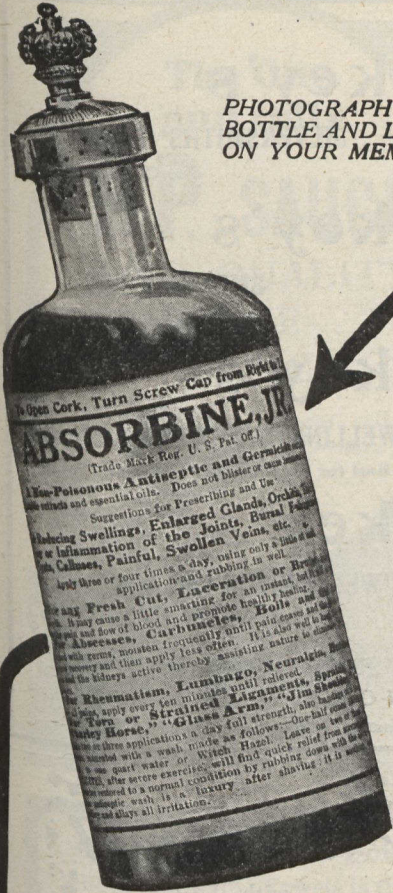
---

---

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

200-206 Adelaide Street West

- TORONTO



PHOTOGRAPH THIS BOTTLE AND LABEL ON YOUR MEMORY

# You Should Have Absorbine, Jr. In Your "First Aid" Cabinet

It is a dependable preparation for the numerous household accidents—even in major cases you will assist your physician by its use awaiting his arrival. Applied to *cuts, bruises, wounds and sores* it makes the parts thoroughly aseptic, *kills the germs* and promotes rapid and healthy healing. *Absorbine, Jr.* contains no minerals or acids and is harmless to the most sensitive tissues.

## ABSORBINE JR

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It is a different kind of liniment. It is a non-poisonous Antiseptic and Germicide

This doubles its efficiency and it may therefore be prescribed and used with every confidence wherever a high-grade liniment or a safe, powerful germicide is indicated.

To reduce inflammatory conditions—**sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands.**

To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations—**wens, weeping sinews, etc.**

Absorbine, Jr. is a **discutient and resolvent.**

To **allay pain** anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.

To spray the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of Absorbine, Jr. is healing and soothing and will destroy bacteria.

To heal **cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores and ulcers.**

## IT KILLS GERMS

Athletes and Trainers use Absorbine, Jr. not only to overcome these conditions but as a preventive. After severe exercise a rub-down with Absorbine, Jr. diluted (one ounce to a quart of water or Witch Hazel), limbers up the stiff joints and muscles, stops inflammation and prevents soreness. This solution is also antiseptic and germicidal.

Absorbine, Jr. is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 and \$2.00, a bottle or sent direct, all charges paid. Descriptive pamphlet and detailed laboratory reports by eminent chemists free to physicians and dentists on request.

### A Liberal Trial Bottle

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

Manufactured only by

**W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.**  
187 Lymans Bldg.,  
MONTREAL, Can.

Reprint from Laboratory Report Made November 15th, 1911, by A. R. Pyne, M.B., Dominion Analyst, 134 Carlton Street, Toronto, on Absorbine, Jr.

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

Test 2 was conducted in the same way with a 15 per cent. solution. There was no growth of the Bacillus Diphtheriae or Bacillus Coli on the sterile agar plates from one up to fifteen minutes, and nine minutes' exposure was germicidal to the Staphylococcus.

Test 3 was similarly conducted, using a 10 per cent. solution. Three minutes' exposure to this solution was germicidal to the Bacillus Coli, while it took seven to destroy the Bacillus Diphtheriae.

2-15  
C. M.

**W. F. YOUNG,**  
P.D.F.  
187 Lymans Bldg.  
Montreal, Can.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which send me postpaid TRIAL BOTTLE Absorbine Jr., pamphlet "Evidence" and laboratory reports.

Name .....

Address .....



This Sample of

# LUX

is for you, Madam!

**WHAT** is LUX? It is a soap of unusual purity made into the thinnest of flakes that readily dissolve in hot water. It makes a creamy, foamy lather that cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the hands.

LUX is a wonderful life lengthener of all woollen and flannel garments. It absolutely prevents them from matting, thickening or shrinking in the wash.

Will you let us send you a sample, free?

Address LUX Dept., Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

All grocers sell LUX 10c. 11

## Won't shrink Woollens

MADE IN CANADA.

# Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

# Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

# Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

# Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LIMITED

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

## No Spluttering

with

JOHN HEATH'S  
TELEPHONE PEN 0278

Registered in Canada

To be had of the leading  
Stationers in Canada.



# WESTBOURNE

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

278 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed, and convenient. Number of resident pupils limited to twenty-eight. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. F. McGillivray Knowles, R. C. A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal.

MISS M. CURLETTE, B. A.

The One  
and Only

# H.P. SAUCE

ONE QUALITY  
ONE SIZE  
ONE PRICE

Stores sell  
H.P.—here



## Get This Set of Three Calendars *Free*

These beautiful calendars are ideal decorations for your boudoir, library or den. They are printed in soft, artistic colors on heavy art paper, (Size 4½ by 10)

Kindly send 5c to cover wrapping and mailing.

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

The ideal liquid face powder has been the favorite on two Continents for nearly three quarters of a century.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.  
474 St. Paul Street, Montreal

An All-important Point about Southalls' Towels is that they are made of an original and perfectly hygienic material.

It is thoroughly antiseptic, comfortable, and absorbs evenly throughout by capillary attraction. Only in

# SOUTHALLS' TOWELS

can this material be obtained, and only Southalls' have the correct shap ng, improved ends, easy attachment, and extra thickness.

Southalls' Towels are most economical and last longest. One trial will prove their great superiority over substitutes and the diaper.

Southalls' are sold by all Drug and Dry Goods Stores, etc., in various sizes, in silver packets of one dozen.

Do not ask for 'Sanitary Towels'—ask specially for SOUTHALLS'.



# 'Camp' ready in a tick!

and the  
flavour—FINE!

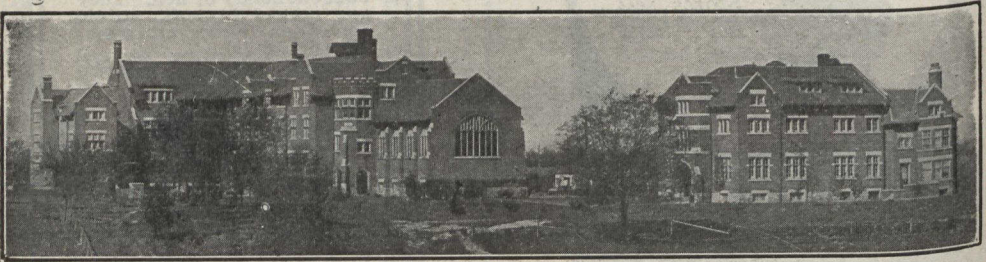
Simply a spoonful of 'CAMP,' boiling water, and milk to taste, and your 'CAMP' is waiting!

## 'CAMP' COFFEE

Usable, delicious  
—to the very  
last drop.

R. Paterson & Sons  
Ltd.  
Coffee Specialists,  
Glasgow





## RIDLEY COLLEGE

*St. Catharines, Ont.*

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate.  
Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.  
The School won University Scholarships at Matriculation in 1909, 1910 and 1911.  
REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.



# Bishop's College School



LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

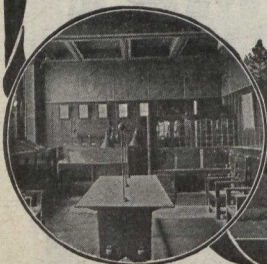
Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

FOR CALENDARS, INFORMATION, Etc., APPLY TO THE HEAD MASTER.



# Bishop Strachan School

## FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR

A Church Residential and Day School For Girls.

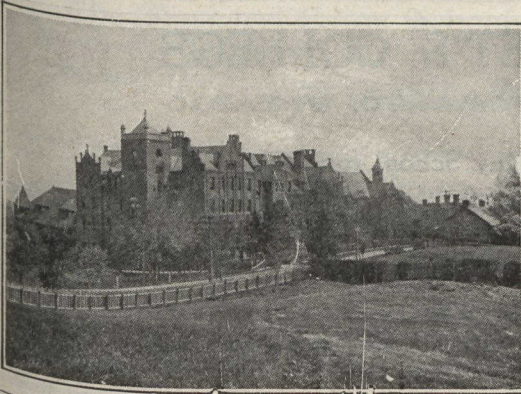
Full Matriculation Course, Elementary Work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting,

President: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Principal, **MISS WALSH** | Vice-Principal, **MISS NATION**

**WYKEHAM HALL, COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO.**

**JUNIOR DAY SCHOOL—423 Avenue Road, Head Mistress, Miss R. E. Churchard, (Higher Certificate National Froebel Union)**



## Trinity College School

FOUNDED 1865

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

### Residential School for Boys

Beautiful Healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario with 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent New Covered Rink.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course, Special attention given to younger boys.

For Calendar apply to the Headmaster—

**REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M. A. (Camb.)**

(Late Headmaster St. Alban's School, Brockville.)

### A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS—

ST. ALBAN'S



Headmaster—A. G. M. Mainwaring, M. A., Trinity Coll., Cambs.

Housemaster—J. J. Stephens, M. A., Dublin University.

Visitor—The Lord Bishop of Ontario.

Separate houses for Senior and Junior Boys. The School Grounds cover 24 acres.

Recent R.M.C. Successes:—  
1913, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 13th places.

1914, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th places.

BROCKVILLE

For Prospectus, Etc., apply to the Headmaster.



P. M. P. 17 Millet,

### Artists, Colleges and Students

using Oil and Water Colors should write for Catalogue.

Special discount to out of town customers

Dealers given trade discount and special discount on following:

Cambridge Colors (Madderton & Co.)

Medici Prints (Medici Society) London, Eng.

Mansell's (London, Eng.) colored and plain platinum and carbon pictures of old masters.

C. W. Faulkner & Co's. (London, Eng.) Pictures, Xmas Cards and Birthday Cards etc.

**Artists' Supply Co., 77½ York St. TORONTO.**

## ASHBURY COLLEGE

Rockcliff Park, Ottawa

RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Modern Fireproof Building. Pure Water Supply.

Small classes. Gymnasium. Chapel. R.M.C.

Entrance 1914. all candidates passed, one first place.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th, 1914

For Calendar apply:—

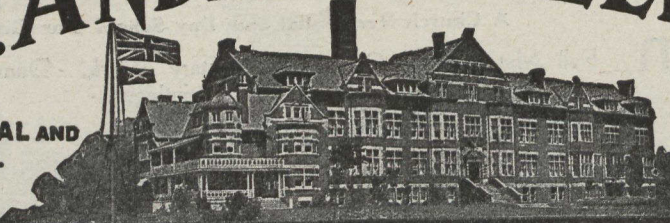
**REV. GEO. P. WOOLLCOMBE, M.A. [Oxon.]**

Headmaster

# ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

**A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

**TORONTO ONTARIO**



Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business  
**UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS**

Calendar sent on application  
Summer Term Commences April 13th, 1915.  
Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., L.L.D., Headmaster

## ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

**144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO**

**A Residential and Day School for Girls**

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson  
**Academic Course**, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.  
**Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education**—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

**Write for Prospectus**

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,  
President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,  
Principal.



## Queen's University Kingston - Ontario

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER IN 1841

THE ARTS COURSE leads to the degrees of B. A., M. A., D. Sc., and Ph. D.

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degrees of M. B., M. D. and C. M., D. Sc.

THE EDUCATIONAL COURSES, under agreement with the Ontario Education Department, are accepted as the professional courses for (a) First Class Public School Certificate; (b) High School Assistant's Interim Certificate, and (c) Specialists Interim Certificate.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degrees of B. Sc., M. Sc., D. Sc.

### HOME STUDY

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken by correspondence, but for degree one year's attendance is required.

Calendars may be had from the Registrar, **GEORGE Y. CHOWN, B. A., Kingston, Ont.**

# SCHOOL OF MINING

**A College of Applied Science, Affiliated to Queen's University,  
KINGSTON - ONTARIO**

THE FOLLOWING FOUR-YEAR COURSES ARE OFFERED FOR DEGREE OF B.Sc.

- (a) MINING ENGINEERING.
- (b) CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.
- (c) MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.
- (d) CHEMICAL ENGINEERING.

- (e) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
- (f) MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.
- (g) ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

For Calendar of School and further information apply to the

**SECRETARY, SCHOOL OF MINING, KINGSTON, ONT.**



# STAMMERING

or **Stuttering** may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references.

*Cured pupils everywhere.*

**The Arnott Institute**

**BERLIN, - - ONT, CAN.**

# Branksome Hall

10 ELM AVE., ROSEDALE, TORONTO

**A Residential and Day School for Girls**

Hon. Principal—Miss M. T. Scott

Principal—Miss Edith M. Read, M. A.

Preparation for the University and for Examinations in Music. Well equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient staff, large playgrounds, outdoor games, tennis, basketball, rink. Healthful locality. Primary School for day Pupils.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

# The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

Send for Calendar

# Bishop Bethune College - Oshawa, Ontario

**A Residential School for Girls.**

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Young children also received.

Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training.

The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.

Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress.

For terms and particulars, apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Major St., TORONTO.

# Westminster College

Toronto

**A Residential & Day School for Girls**

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. W.

Every educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.

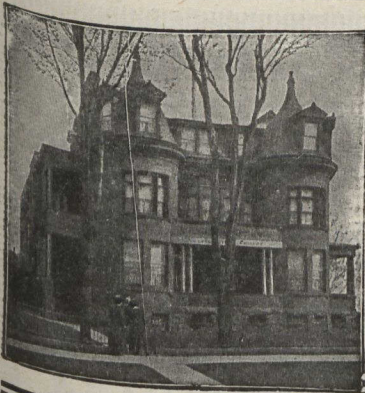
Music, Art and Physical Education.

The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

FOR CALENDAR APPLY—

JOHN A. PATERSON, K. C.  
President.

MRS. A. R. GREGORY,  
Principal.



CHOOSE WITH CARE

The long, successful record of

**Woodstock College For Boys**

merits consideration. Regular courses; special preparation for technical and engineering schools. Correspondence invited.

A. T. MacNEILL, B.A. 34  
Woodstock College - - Woodstock, Ont.

# Moulton College

FOR LITTLE GIRLS

This is an excellent school to which to send your little girl as a resident pupil. Here she will be under kindly and competent instructors, in congenial surroundings.

Courses:—Matriculation, English, Music, Art.

Write for Calendar

35

HARRIETT STRATTON ELLIS, B. A., D. Paed., Principal.

Address:—34 Eloor Street East, Toronto



# The Royal Military College

**T**HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education. The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each. The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

There are a great many imported Note Papers, sold in Canada.

It is your duty to patronize Home Industry.

**French Organdie - Linen Finish**  
**Crown Vellum - Vellum Finish**

Note Paper and Envelopes

**MADE IN CANADA**

Ask your stationer for these papers, they are dainty and exclusive.  
If your Stationer does not carry these, write to us and send his name.

**BARBER - ELLIS, Limited**  
BRANTFORD - - - ONTARIO



**\$25 to \$50**

Per Week

**Are You Earning it?**

Are you fond of drawing? Why not learn to be an artist and turn your talent into DOLLARS? Many of our graduates are earning this handsome salary. It took only a few months of their spare time. We teach you right at home and assist you to a position when you graduate. Some of Canada's leading illustrators are our graduates. Write us for particulars.

MARK THE COUPON

**SUCCESS**

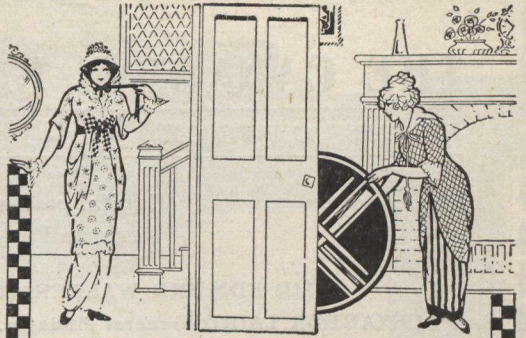
**Shaw Correspondence School**  
Toronto, Canada

Please explain (without obligation on my part) how I can successfully qualify for the position or profession underlined.

Chartered Accountant	Illustrator
Auditor	Designer
Business Manager	Art Specialist
Office Correspondent	Teacher of Art
Bookkeeper	Story Writer
Stenographer	Journalist
Penman	Newspaper Reporter
Commercial Specialist	Photographer
Ad-Writer	Show-Card Writer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Can. Mag.



**HOW CONVENIENT!**

**C**AN you imagine anything more convenient than a light, strong, graceful folding table, which may be set up, at a moment's notice, anywhere? You have need of such a table in your home. It is the



—the table of manifold uses. Everyone who sees one, wants one. It's uses multiply. It is never in the way, because it may be folded up when not in use, and tucked away behind the door. Your furniture dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

**MADE IN CANADA**

Write for FREE Booklet "A" describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

**HOUD & CO., LIMITED**

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers  
LONDON, ONTARIO

**Royal Victoria College**

**McGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL**

For Resident and Day Students.  
Students prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually.  
For all information apply to the Warden.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE - - - - - TORONTO

Capital paid-up \$15,000,000

Reserve Fund 13,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager. JOHN AIRD, Ass't General Manager.

With branches situated in all the important towns and cities in Canada and with direct representation in New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Ore., London, Eng., Mexico City and St. John's, Newfoundland, this Bank offers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business.

## SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention given to every account. Accounts may be opened by two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them.

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000

Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,174,000

Total Assets - 180,000,000

## HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, <i>President</i>	E. L. PEASE, <i>Vice-President</i>	E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., <i>2nd Vice-President</i>
Wiley Smith	Hon. David Mackeen	James Redmond
D. K. Elliott	Hon. W. H. Thorne	T. J. Drummond
C. S. Wilcox	W. J. Sheppard	A. E. Dymont
		A. J. Brown, K. C.
		Wm. Robertson
		C. E. Neill

### Officers.

E. L. Pease, General Manager  
W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches  
C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

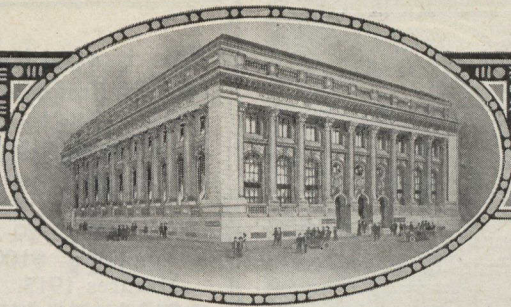
## 340—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—340

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Barbados, Grenada, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands, British Guiana and British Honduras.

LONDON, ENG., Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.

NEW YORK, Corner William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES



**T**HE BANK OF TORONTO invites Personal and Business Accounts, and is pleased to place at the disposal of its customers the facilities gained during more than half-a-century of continuous growth and successful banking service in Canada.

**I**N THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT accounts may be opened for small or large sums at any time, and interest is added twice-a-year to all balances.

**C**AREFUL ATTENTION is given to all Business Accounts, and our long experience and wide connections ensure the full satisfactory service to our customers that has distinguished our service in the past.

Paid-Up Capital	- -	\$5,000,000
Reserved Funds	- -	6,402,810

INCORPORATED 1855

**THE  
BANK OF TORONTO**

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

## A Safe Place For Your Savings

If you refer to the Government Reports you will ascertain that this institution is one of the oldest established of Canadian Banks, with a Surplus Fund of nearly double its capital and a high proportion of cash reserves. We invite deposits, large and small.

### The Bank of Nova Scotia

With which is united  
The Metropolitan Bank

PAID-UP CAPITAL	- -	\$ 6,500,000
RESERVE FUND	- -	11,900,000
TOTAL RESOURCES OVER		90,000,000

BRANCHES OF THIS BANK  
in every Canadian Province, and in Newfoundland, West Indies, Boston, Chicago and New York

This is a typical Policy Result — one of hundreds appearing in the 1915 profit booklet recently issued by The Great-West Life Assurance Company.

Plan: 20 Year Endowment,  
Amount: \$1000. Issued 1895.  
Matures 1915. Age: 26. Premium  
\$47.34.

Total Cash Value of Policy in 1915 .....	\$1577.
Total of Premiums paid ..	946.80
Return in excess of premiums paid .....	\$630.20

Or over  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  compound interest on the investment in addition to the protection.

The booklet also gives present rates and guarantees. Write to The Great-West Life, Winnipeg, for a copy.

## THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Furnishes a Complete System of Insurance

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

*Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000*

Total Benefits Paid 42 Million Dollars

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO

7%

THIS INVESTMENT HAS PAID 7% PER ANNUM

7%

half-yearly, since the Securities of this corporation have been placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Write at once for full particulars and booklet.

### National Securities Corporation

LIMITED

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING

TORONTO, ONTARIO

# WHY WORRY?

You can make sure provision for your loved ones by a policy in



## THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**Our Monthly Income Policy** will give your beneficiary

A Guaranteed Monthly Income for twenty years after your death.

HEAD OFFICE:—TORONTO, CANADA.

## BOND OFFERINGS

Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.

**Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.**

Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED**  
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.



Ask your stationer

250 styles

The most popular pen in the world.

**Esterbrook's Falcon No. 048**

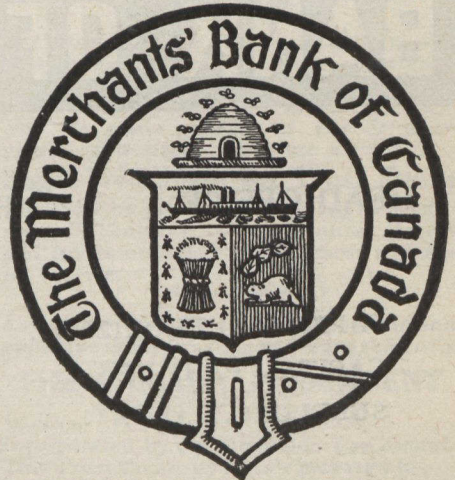
The standard pen for general correspondence, combining a smooth, medium point with large ink-holding capacity.

Send 10c. for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co. New York Camden, N.J.

**BROWN BROS., Ltd.,** Canadian Agents, Toronto

# Esterbrook Pens



Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and

Undivided Profits - 7,248,134

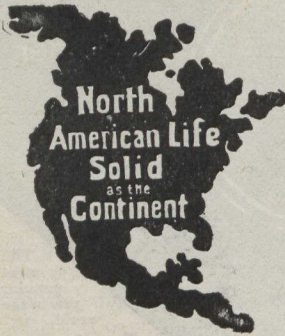
220 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**Savings Department at all Branches.**

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.

**General Banking Business.**



## A Personal Matter

If that grey bearded old man of the scythe were going to cut you off tomorrow, would you listen to a proposition whereby, for a moderate sum deposited with the North American Life, your wife would be assured a substantial annual income as long as she should live? Of course you would.

Well you do not know the time, but the call is certain. Still we make you that proposition—an income absolutely guaranteed your widow every year as long as she shall live.

It will save you worry while you live; it will save the home when you die. Get the little booklet "The Real Service" which explains it fully. You have but to ask.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**

Head Office

TORONTO, CAN.

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS .....	\$3,750,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES





## That Satisfied Feeling

that comes to one when an investment turns out better than expected is the daily experience of Policyholders in the

## London Life Insurance Company London Canada

Actual results under present rates exceed estimates by one-third. It is pretty safe to insure with such a Company, is it not?

Protection and provision for old age are wonderfully combined under our Endowments at Life Rate.

*Write for pamphlet.*

*Policies*

**"GOOD AS GOLD"**

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

**Toronto Street - Toronto**

Established 1855

President, W. G. Gooderham

First Vice-President, W. D. Mathews.

Second Vice-President, G. W. Monk.

Joint General Managers, R. S. Hudson,  
John Massey

Superintendent of Branches  
and Secretary . . . . . George H. Smith.

**Paid-up Capital . . . . . \$6,000,000.00**

**Reserve Fund (earned) . . . . . 4,500,000.00**

**Investments . . . . . 32,496,750.55**

---

### This Corporation is a LEGAL DEPOSITORY FOR TRUST FUNDS

Every facility is afforded depositors. Deposits of one dollar and upwards are welcomed. Interest at

#### **Three and One-Half Per Cent**

per annum is credited and compounded twice a year.

### **DEBENTURES**

For sums of one hundred dollars and upwards we issue Debentures bearing a special rate of interest, for which coupons payable half-yearly are attached. They may be made payable in one or more years, as desired. They are a

#### **Legal Investment for Trust Funds**

We shall be pleased to forward a specimen Debenture, copy of Annual Report and full information to any whose address we receive.

---

Associated with the above Corporation and under the same direction and management is

### **THE CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY**

Incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute trusts of every description, to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator, or Committee of the estate of a lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention. We have special facilities for the safe and profitable investment of funds, management of property, etc.

## They praise the Blaisdell who use it

Standard Oil Company  
Armour & Co.  
New York State  
Bradstreet's  
Carnegie Steel Co.

are several of the many big corporations who use Blaisdells wholly or in part. Many of the largest concerns use Blaisdells exclusively. This is the best praise we know of the economy and efficiency of the Blaisdell pencil.

Blaisdell 7200 indelible copying is nothing short of a pencil marvel. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose. Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.

*Sold by all progressive Canada stationers*



**Blaisdell** Paper Pencil Company  
PHILADELPHIA

## FATEFUL 1915.

The year upon which we are entering is dark with mystery—we cannot forecast the events of a single day of it.

Is it not important that, exposed to these uncertainties, we should protect our households with "the one thing sure"—a life policy?

For if the future is dark to the supporter of the family, what would it be to his dependents if death should remove him?

There is no bond or treaty in the world more binding than a life insurance policy—no policy more immutable than the one issued by

**The Mutual Life Assurance Co.  
of Canada**

Waterloo - - - - Ontario

## "In Time of Peace prepare for War."

Transpose this, and read, "In time of War, prepare for Peace." This means, now is the time to buy Life Insurance more than ever before. Nothing else on the market is worth

**ONE HUNDRED CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.**

In the lean years, make preparation for the fat years.  
Apply to

THE  
**Federal Life Assurance Co.**

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONT.

**CLEANS**  
**WITH DETERMINATION**  
**SCOURS**  
**WITH DISCRETION**  
**POLISHES**  
**WITH DESPATCH**



SILVER WRAPPER

BLUE BAND

GET  
WHAT YOU  
ASK FOR

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY  
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

**WORKS WITHOUT WASTE**



Jams Jellies Preserves Catsup Grape Juice

SELECTED FOR QUALITY



Our name and label is a guarantee that the contents of any of our bottles, is the best that money, skill, care and cleanliness can produce, the contents are selected for quality.



E. D. SMITH & SON, Limited - WINONA, ONT.



Do you ever ask yourself *why* there are so many sauces offered under the name of "Worcestershire" ?

Because of the hope that the sauce will be mistaken for the original Lea & Perrins'—every detail of label and bottle being imitated as closely as the law permits.

Don't call for "the Worcestershire," say distinctly "LEA & PERRINS"—and look for this signature on label and wrapper.

The white writing on the Red Label:

indicates the Original and Genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Company, Montreal, Canadian Agents.





YOUTH AND SUNLIGHT

From the Painting by A. Suzor Cote in  
the National Art Gallery of Canada



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 4.

HEROES OF THE CANADIAN  
ARCTIC

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER THAT OVERTOOK INSPECTOR FITZGERALD  
AND THREE CONSTABLES ON THE FORT MCPHERSON-DAWSON TRAIL

BY A. V. THOMAS

IT was more than mere fact which prompted Commander Evans, second in command of the ill-fated Scott Antarctic Expedition, to refer in his recent Canadian lectures to the tragic death which overtook Inspector Fitzgerald and Constables Carter, Kinney, and Taylor, in February, 1911, on the Fort McPherson-Dawson trail. For Commander Evans knew, as few others could know, just what the Fitzgerald tragedy meant.

When the news of the Scott Antarctic disaster reached Canada few Canadian newspapers or magazines, it is surprising to note, recalled the grim fatality, which, just one year previously, took place at the other end of the earth. Yet when Commander Evans addressed the Winnipeg Canadian Club it was the first thing he mentioned. His words were as follows:

"I have been much struck with the similarity of two celebrated journeys—

that of Captain Scott, of whose party I was a member, and that of the McPherson-Dawson Mounted Police patrol. You must be very proud of the Northwest Mounted Police, who face such a stern climate unflinchingly and do their duty without shouting about it.

"To go on to speak of the great similarity between these two journeys. In Captain Scott's polar journey the disaster was due to diminishing provisions, decreasing temperatures, and delays occasioned by bad surfaces. Inspector Fitzgerald had the same trying conditions, the same temperatures (around fifty degrees), and in both expeditions the leader, as far as we know, was the last man to survive. In both the leader never thought of himself, but only of his companions and of those who were to be left behind him."

So Commander Evans. Such was the interest that the Fitzgerald tragedy aroused in an old-countryman. Yet a compendious review of Canadian affairs for the year 1911, a stout volume of over 800 pages, devotes just six lines to the fate of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three constables. Dr.

Norman F. Black, however, in his recently-published history of Saskatchewan, gives a detailed account of the Fitzgerald disaster.

It is safe to say that no hearts throbbed faster than those of the Mounted Police in the Canadian Northland, when, weeks or months after the rest of the world, they read of the death of Captain Scott and his four companions in the far Antarctic. For the Mounted Police, those at Fort Churchill and Cape Fullerton, as well as those in the Yukon and on the Mackenzie, have felt the fascination of "The sun and stars, and the long white road and the sky," not like Captain Scott's party beneath the Southern Cross, but beneath the starry dome where the Great Bear and Cassiopea and Auriga for ever chase one another round Polaris.

Inspector Fitzgerald's party, consisting of himself and Constables Kinney, Taylor, and Carter, left Fort McPherson for Dawson City on December 21st, 1910, to make the winter mail patrol inaugurated between the two points during the winter of 1904-05. It had for some time been Inspector Fitzgerald's ambition to undertake the patrol, and his wish had been granted. His reputation as a tried member of the force had been established.

The Inspector left Herschel Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie, on December 3rd, 1910, and spent a fortnight at Fort McPherson in preparations for the patrol to Dawson. His party left, as stated, on December 21st. They took with them three dog teams of five dogs each. Under fair conditions of travel the trip from Fort McPherson to Dawson City is made by the Mounted Police and by Indians in less than a month. The Fort is on the Peel River, close to its confluence with the Mackenzie, and some seventy miles within the Arctic Circle. To reach Dawson the Peel valley has to be climbed, the height of land crossed, and then the valley of the Yukon descended.

At Dawson Inspector Fitzgerald's party was expected at latest by the end of January. As the patrol then failed to appear, apprehension began to be felt. Anxiety grew day by day and was much increased by the report made by a number of Indians from Fort McPherson, who arrived at the Dawson post on February 20th. One of these Indians, a man named Esau, reported that he accompanied Inspector Fitzgerald's party as far as the head of one of the creeks off the Peel River, acting as guide.

Esau stated that the Inspector paid him off on New Year's Day, 1911. The Indians estimated that from where Esau left the party to Dawson was only twenty days' travelling, so that the patrol was already a month overdue. Superintendent Snyder, commanding officer of the Dawson post, communicated forthwith with Commissioner Perry, the head of the force, at the Regina barracks, with the result that a fast relief patrol was at once prepared at Dawson for Fort McPherson.

This relief patrol consisted of Corporal Dempster, Constables Fyfe and Turner, and an Indian named Charles Stewart. It left Dawson on February 28th, 1911. Superintendent Snyder's instructions to Corporal Dempster included the following directions:

"I understand that at Hart River Divide, no matter what route he took, he would have to cross this divide. I think it would be advisable to make for this point and take up his trail from there. I cannot give you any specific instructions; you will have to be guided by circumstances and your own judgment, bearing in mind that nothing is to stand in your way until you have got in touch with this party."

On the third day out Constable Turner froze both feet when going over a long stretch of bare glacier. He remained in pain from frost bites for ten days. Early on the journey the whole party went through the ice and had to change their underwear. Their moccasins were frozen stiff. On



March 7th Corporal Dempster's party reached the divide between the Yukon and the Mackenzie. The ascent had been arduous owing to the comparative absence of snow and to the slipperiness of the glacier ice.

As the party advanced trouble arose through the flooded condition of streams. Several times the sledges had to be dragged through surface water. The portaging from creek to creek was also unusually laborious owing to bad weather. On March 12th the party struck a trail, which, in Corporal Dempster's opinion, might have been Fitzgerald's or might have been only an old Indian trail. This trail could only be seen in places as the river was flooding and obliterating it. No traces of a camp were to be found. Corporal Dempster, with the Indian Stewart, left the constables and reconnoitered for some distance on an alternative route which the Inspector's party might have taken. They crossed and re-crossed from bank to bank, but finding no traces they returned.

However, later on this same day, March 12th, Corporal Dempster's efforts were rewarded by the discovery of what, there is now no doubt, was one of Inspector Fitzgerald's night camps. Butter tins, corned beef tins, and a piece of a flour sack marked "R.N.W.M. Police, Fort McPherson" were found upon the ground. This point, some twelve days' journey from the Dawson post, probably represented the furthest of Inspector Fitzgerald's night camps.

The following day the same intermittent trail was picked up. After two hours' travel another night camp was discovered, only four miles from the first one. Corporal Dempster concluded from the proximity of these two camps that the Inspector's party had then been returning, but nothing further was found that day, March 13th.

On March 14th three more night camps were found, all within the space of some fifteen miles. So many

camp in so short a distance greatly strengthened the belief that the Inspector's party had been returning to Fort McPherson. Weather conditions on March 15th were favourable but the going heavy. One night camp was found, five miles from the last. It was noticed that the snowshoe trail which the patrol was still following kept to the river instead of taking a portage which would have saved three miles.

On March 16th Corporal Dempster's party received grim indication that they were hot upon Inspector Fitzgerald's trail. After less than two hours' travel a little cabin was reached wherein were found cached a toboggan wrapper and seven sets of dog harness. On further examination the paws of a dog and a dog's shoulder-blade were discovered. With regard to this day Corporal Dempster wrote in his diary:

"Although everything along the Big Wind River seemed to indicate that the party had returned to McPherson, this discovery was the first positive proof that they had turned back, and also that they were short of provisions. Even at this time I could not bring myself to believe that they had been compelled to eat their dogs, as I found a very small quantity of dried fish in a corner of the cabin above mentioned, which indicated that they still had dried fish with them, and I felt confident that the party had returned to McPherson in safety."

After this four days were spent in hard travel. Snowdrifts were encountered and territory new to Corporal Dempster's party had to be covered. On the evening of March 20th a further important discovery was made. This is described as follows by Corporal Dempster:

"On the evening of March 20th we arrived at a cabin known as 'Colin's Cabin,' between fifty and sixty miles from McPherson. This cabin is situated on a high bank, and I could see no trail leading up to it, but as it was getting dark I decided to pull up to it and camp. In this cabin I saw a couple of packages on a beam, and I remarked, 'I wonder what old Colin has cached up there.' Stewart, the Indian, said he would pull it down and see, and

we then discovered the despatch bag and a bag of mail. These I took possession of and took on to the Fort.

"Even with this discovery I did not think that any untoward accident had occurred to the party, but thought it strange that they had not sent back for it. I thought the party had been somewhat hard pressed and had put off everything possible to make their load light, with the intention of patrolling back again for their cache. I thought that after finding the seven sets of dog harness they still had two teams of four dogs each."

The remainder of Corporal Dempster's story, covering the finding of the bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and of Constables Kinney, Taylor, and Carter, is best told in the Corporal's own words, as follows:

"The following morning (March 21st), about ten miles from this cabin, on the Seven Mile Portage, I found a tent and stove alongside the trail. There were also tent-poles, a plate, and thermometer. I could find nothing else, so proceeded on for about ten miles when I found a toboggan and two sets of dog harness out on the river, some hundred yards from the bank. I noticed that the rawhide ground lashing had all been cut off. Tied to a willow on the bank was a blue handkerchief, the trail leading towards it. I went over and climbed the bank, and back through a fringe of willows into the timber, and here I found a small open camp and I found two bodies, one of which I recognized as that of Constable Kinney, and I believed the other to be that of Constable Taylor, which belief was afterwards confirmed.

"Constable Taylor had evidently committed suicide by blowing off the top of his head with a 30-30 rifle which he still grasped in his left hand. Both men lay in bed side by side. A fire had been at their feet; each lay on his back; they had three Alaska sleeping-bags, one under and two over them; there was a frying-pan, camp kettle, a small tin with a few matches in it, an axe with a broken handle, axe being very blunt. The camp kettle was half-full of moose skin which had been cut up in small pieces and appeared to have been boiled. Beneath the robe on which they lay was a gunny sack containing Inspector Fitzgerald's diary, some old socks, duffles, and moccasins, also a notebook belonging to Constable Kinney. There was also a pocket barometer which had been borrowed from Mr. Campbell, at Red River.

"On the following morning about ten miles further down the river a trail ap-

peared to lead towards the bank, and while feeling for the trail we picked up a pair of snowshoes. We then climbed up the bank and a little way back in the woods we found the bodies of Inspector Fitzgerald and Special Constable Carter. This was Wednesday, the 22nd March. Carter had evidently died first, as he was lying on his back with his hands crossed over his breast and a handkerchief over his face. He appeared to have been drawn from ten or fifteen feet from the fire. Inspector Fitzgerald was lying on his back on the place where the fire had been burning, his left hand on his breast, the right lying almost parallel with the body, but slightly extended outwards. Two half-blankets were wrapped around him. A kettle and cup and a blunt axe with a broken handle were near him. There had been a little tramping around, caused, I suppose, by getting firewood. No effort of any kind had been made in making any kind of a camp.

"On the body of Inspector Fitzgerald I discovered a gold watch in a little sack suspended around his neck. On Carter's body I found a Department of Fisheries and Marine cheque for \$50, and \$7 in cash. His toes appeared to have been frozen and his fingers were bandaged. The bodies of all four were in a terribly emaciated condition. The stomach of each was flattened almost to the backbone, the lower ribs and hip bones showing very prominently. After the clothing had been cut off, I do not think either of them weighed a hundred pounds. Constable Kinney's feet were swollen to almost twice their natural size. Inspector Fitzgerald's feet were also very much swollen. The flesh of each man was very much discoloured, being a reddish-black, and the skin was peeling off. They had put on all the clothing they had with them. Each had on two suits of underwear and the usual outer clothing."

Corporal Dempster's party covered the bodies of the Inspector and the three constables with brush and proceeded to Fort McPherson, which they reached on March 22nd, having taken twenty-two days making the patrol from Dawson. The four bodies were brought to the fort on March 25th by Corporal Somers, in charge of the fort McPherson post, and two Indians. They were laid out in the Anglican mission church of the Fort, covered with black cloth, and buried on the afternoon of March 28th by the Reverend C. E. Whittaker, Anglican missionary at the Fort.

The bodies were laid in one grave side by side, "A firing party of five men," says Corporal Dempster, "fired the usual volleys over the remains of our departed comrades, and even though the funeral was held in the most northern part of the Empire, I am glad to be able to assure you that everything was done in connection with the last sad rites that could possibly be done under the circumstances."

In one of the pockets of Inspector Fitzgerald was found his will, which had evidently been written with a piece of charred wood. It reads as follows: "All money in despatch bag, and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly-beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all."

In the diary of Inspector Fitzgerald, found beneath the bodies of Constables Taylor and Kinney, the last item reads:

"Forty-eight below. Saturday, February 5th.—Fine with strong S.E. wind. Left camp at 7.15 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped about eight miles further down. Just after noon I broke through the ice and had to make fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog tonight; have only five dogs now, and can only go a few miles a day; everybody breaking out on the body and skin peeling off. Eight miles."

With this entry Inspector Fitzgerald's diary runs out, but earlier entries tell the whole sad story. After dismissing the Indian Esau on New Year's Day, 1911, the party made fair progress for about ten days. It had then reached a point where it was a question of finding the right river crossing the divide into the Yukon basin. Inspector Fitzgerald had been relying absolutely upon Constable Carter, who had made the trip from Dawson to Fort McPherson, but not in the direction in which the patrol was then going. Carter failed to find the pass. Hence the whole tragedy. On January 23rd Inspector Fitzgerald wrote in his diary as follows:

"Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another. We have only ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only thing I can do is to return, and kill some of the dogs to feed the others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians. We have now been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter's word that he knew the way from Little Wind River."

So ran the tragic chronicle. It is clear that Inspector Fitzgerald would have done anything rather than turn back and that it was his ardent desire to carry out his commission successfully that cost him his life. The very first day after turning back towards Fort McPherson the party was forced to the desperate expedient of killing dogs. As ill-luck would have it, very bad weather was encountered at the start of the return journey. The policemen had to contend with mists and with snowstorms. Severe cold was also experienced and on one day the thermometer dropped to sixty-two below. But with cruel irony the weather became fine again a few days before the diary ran out.

What the four policemen must have endured in their effort to get back to Fort McPherson passes comprehension. On January 30th the Inspector wrote in his diary: "All hands feeling sick, supposed to be from eating dog's liver." Yet they trudged fourteen miles that day, seventeen miles the following day, and sixteen miles the day after that. On February 3rd, two days before the diary ran out, the party made fourteen miles and the Inspector had still heart enough to write: "We have travelled about 200 miles on dog's meat and have still about 100 miles to go, but I think we will make it all right, but will have only three or four dogs left."

Depositions made after the tragedy all agreed that Inspector Fitzgerald should not have trusted to Constable Carter as a guide over the height of land between the Mackenzie and the

Yukon systems. But in spite of these opinions, the sincerity of which cannot be doubted for a moment, it would be unjust to declare off-handedly that the tragedy was due to negligence. Inseparable from life in the northern wastes are great risks. They have to be taken. It must be assumed that Inspector Fitzgerald, a tried member of the force, was well aware of the risks and believed that he had made reasonable provision to meet them. Only his judgment erred, as any man's judgment can err.

To Canadians the story of Inspector Fitzgerald's attempt to get back to civilization, his heroism, his fortitude, his dignity in death, must ever remain a precious inheritance, a

classic of the Canadian Arctic. When on December 29th, 1912, a bronze tablet to the memory of the Inspector and the three constables was unveiled at the Mounted Police barracks at Regina, Commissioner Perry pronounced the words: "The heroic effort to return to Fort McPherson have not been exceeded in the history of Arctic travel."

Inscribed upon the tablet is the legend:

"In memory of Inspector Francis Joseph Fitzgerald, Constable George Frances Kinney, Constable Richard O'Hara Taylor, and Special Constable Sam Carter, who lost their lives in the discharge of their duty on patrol from Fort McPherson to Dawson, February, 1911. Erected by their comrades."

## THE OLD WARRIOR

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

MY good sword in its scabbard is,  
 Idle long years, and bound with rust,  
 My brother's lips, that tasted this,  
 Are dust, as might and fame are dust.  
 Here, in my quiet ingle-place  
 I hear the strife I knew afore,  
 We have forgot our nation's grace,  
 Beneath the flaming hand of war.

Honour, I know, a man must hold  
 Above the blood of other men;  
 The generals of our race unfold  
 Valour and majesty again,  
 Yet, 'ere we go, upon our knees,  
 God teach us His humanity,  
 Lest, though we win, our enemies  
 Should know the greater victory.



# FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

II.—WALKER'S EAR; AN INCIDENT TO THE FRICTION DEVELOPED BETWEEN  
THE MILITIA AND CIVILIANS IN MONTREAL DURING  
GOVERNOR MURRAY'S ADMINISTRATION.

BY A. GORDON DEWEY

**A**MONG the *causes célèbres* of Canadian history the assault committed upon Thomas Walker takes a prominent place. This was the culminating incident in a series of troubles between the civil and military sections of the population which lasted throughout the administration of Governor Murray and attracted wide-spread attention. Yet these troubles were, as far as we know, confined to Montreal and the immediate vicinity, and concerned only the new British mercantile element, the French being involved but indirectly, and that from association with the English. These disputes form a study in themselves, but an outline of their principal causes is essential to our story.

The first English-speaking merchants of Montreal were sutlers, and those who immediately followed were not much better; between them and the officers of the garrison there was a social barrier, evidencing itself in contempt on the one side and hatred on the other. In official circles, between Brigadier Burton, the military commandant of Montreal, and Governor Murray in Quebec, there was distinct lack of co-operation, if not active intriguing against each other. During "Le Régime Militaire" (1760-1764) the militia captains adjudicated suits for the newly-arrived Britishers, to the latter's great dis-

satisfaction, while differences with the troops were decided by courts-martial. Then when civil government with courts more after the English model was established, the justices of the peace under the new system were thwarted in the rôle of popular tribune by the fact that appeals from former decisions to the new courts were seldom allowed, owing to the small sums generally involved.

The main source of disturbance, however, was the difficulty of housing the troops. The absence of barracks in Montreal made it necessary to quarter the soldiers in private houses. This, Murray tells us, was the accepted custom in other Provinces, and the Executive Council of Quebec lost no time after their appointment in passing two ordinances to legalize and regulate the system in Canada. Trouble was not apparent until justices of the peace had been appointed to administer the affairs of Montreal. The majority of these performed their duties without comment, but certain of them constituted themselves spokesmen of the more turbulent elements in the community and did all in their power to upset Murray's arrangements.

Captain John Fraser, a half-pay officer, who as *custos rotulorum* of the Court of Quarter Sessions also represented the civil magistrates, was thought best fitted to take charge of

the billeting in Montreal. The accepted leader of the party opposed to him was Walker, the most hot-headed of the justices. The colleagues most in accord were Thomas Lambe and Francis Noble Knipe, but these two went into disgraceful bankruptcy and were dismissed within the year, leaving Walker to play John Hampden by himself.

Thomas Walker was an English merchant who came to Montreal in 1763 and engaged in the western fur trade. Though he had been in Boston before coming to Canada, his commercial relations were with London. We are not surprised to find him claiming official notice of his arrival in our country; the *Registre des Audiances* of the Montreal military court records a suit brought by Emond, captain of a river schooner, for freight of goods brought from Quebec to Montreal on what we learn from other evidence was the merchant's first trip up the St. Lawrence; he offers to pay, less value of a mirror broken *en route*. Being well supplied with energy, ability, and capital, Walker soon ranked among the most prominent Montreal citizens. Murray evidently knew him by reputation before their first encounter, of which he has left a characteristic note in a private letter, now in the Archives at Ottawa: "Walker and Knipe have been here with a very respectful address. I have had much conversation, and if any confidence can be put in them, we may hope to find the people in Montreal very tractable; to contribute to it, I have made Walker and Knipe justices of the peace. The first is certainly a sensible man, and with proper management may be kept within the bounds of moderation and made a useful member of society; the man is proud and wants not, perhaps, a more than moderate share of ambition; to give a right turn or bias to such passions is to show we know how to govern properly." These fond hopes of Murray's were, however, from his point of view unfulfilled.

The contest over the billeting was waged with all the bitterness of petty spite. It was charged that some officers in assigning billets made a practice of sending three or four of their wildest men to the house of some well-to-do citizen, and then allowing him after earnest entreaties to buy exemption. Walker urged, probably with a good deal of truth, that the soldiers were very hard to please in the matter of lodgings, and high-handed in their methods, threatening to take the citizens' beds from under them, seizing their food, and sitting up all night carousing, "and upon the least reprimand threaten to burn them and their houses. The women are still more impertinent and abusive than the men." Upon the side of the justices, we are not surprised to learn that their method of procedure was suggested to Walker by his wife. When he was first shown the ordinance, she was standing by and noted that "there was nothing said about candles yet." "No more there is," replied her husband. "I suppose there will be more disputes about that." Trouble soon began. Captain Mitchelson, commanding the detachment of the 28th in Montreal, complained to Burton (November 21st, 1764):

"There appears to be a general spirit amongst the inhabitants of this place, stirred up it seems by some malicious person, tending to deprive the officers and soldiers the common allowances of firewood and candles, beds, and, in short, all necessities hitherto allowed by every person billeted upon, and without which it is impossible that the troops can resist the severity of the climate." John Livingston, a Montreal justice, in repudiating his earlier connection with the disaffected party, blames Walker for fomenting trouble, and says that the few would not have refused what the many had hitherto agreed to until they had, as he put it, "idle notions put in their heads of a strange sort of liberty and independence, which

has caused much disturbance in the town of Montreal." Evidence as to the prime mover was soon forthcoming. Several officers and soldiers testified before Justice Gagy to having been put out of their quarters, given rooms inferior to those first assigned them, or to having been deprived of firewood, furniture, candles, and so on, in each case by the intervention of Mr. Walker, generally among French Canadian landlords. Relations between the soldiers and the citizens were thus becoming dangerously strained during November, 1764, and meanwhile a move of certain magistrates rendered peace impossible.

Captain John Fraser, as a half-pay officer, had been occupying rooms in the house of Charles Réaume, but when given charge of the billeting he exchanged these for quarters in the court-house. Three or four days later Captain Payne, of the 28th, newly arrived in town, applied to him for a billet, and was given the key to the rooms lately occupied by the *custos*. Justice Knipe was also a lodger in the house and had his shop there. He immediately wrote to Fraser, claiming that Payne's billet was illegal as he, Knipe, was a justice, and the house therefore exempt. Fraser answered that the exemption applied to the other's rooms only, not to the whole house, and reiterated his order. Walker's version has it that Fraser threatened Réaume with fixed bayonets if he refused to carry out the billet; "they added insult to oppression by pouring down such quantities of water upon the floor over his (Knipe's) head as wet his papers, spoiled his furniture, and obliged him to quit his room . . . (Fraser) in his general conduct acted more like a Turkish Bashaw [sic] than a British justice of the peace." Payne slept unmolested in Réaume's on the night of November 5th, but was next

morning accosted by Knipe in his dressing-gown and ordered out. Meanwhile four of the justices—Dumas St. Martin, John Livingston, Walker, and Lambe—met, and without notifying the other parties, prepared a warrant for Captain Payne, mentioning the spilled water grievance and warning him to leave on pain of imprisonment. As this was disregarded, three of them (Livingston having backed down and apologized) prepared a new warrant for the commitment of Payne for forcible entry and the seizure of his effects; this was served the same afternoon. After a few days in jail Payne was released on habeas corpus and later prosecuted the authors of this affront in the Superior Court. When Murray heard of the affair he at once ordered the offending magistrates to Quebec to explain their conduct.

The military party was furious; feeling ran so high that "every man now took one side or the other as his profession or connections swayed him"; the soldiery, from Burton to the smallest drummer, were united against the civilians. Livingston was thought to have acted from a mistaken sense of duty and to be absolved by his retraction, Dumas was equally ignorant of the English language and English law, so that the vials of military wrath were poured out upon Lambe and Walker only. They were declared boycotted by the garrison. Walker complained that the soldiers were forbidden upon the public parade to have any dealings with him upon pain of four hundred lashes. Men who had got supplies from Lambe were threatened with severe punishment if seen near the house again; but a more marked vengeance for the chief enemy was resolved upon.\*

Shortly before nine o'clock on the evening of December 6th, 1764, two days before his intended departure for Quebec for the Payne investiga-

\* The following narrative is compiled from the depositions of Walker and his wife, and from evidence given at the various trials.

tion, Walker and his family were in their house at supper. To the right of the entrance hall where they were sitting was the parlour, and beyond that a bedroom where loaded firearms were always kept. Opening off the hall, almost opposite the street entrance, were two doors, one of which led into the kitchen, the other to the back yard. Walker was sitting with his back to the street door and three or four feet from it, his wife was opposite him; the third member of the party was a friend, Miss Jennie Hurd. The French servant, William Fontaine, was waiting on the table; in the kitchen were the black cook and her daughter, and John Lilly, the apprentice. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door, and Mrs. Walker called "entrez," followed by a scream, "Good God, what is this!" as the heavy outer door opened, and the blackened faces of a row of men peered one above the other at her through the glass of the inner door. Walker jumped from his seat as the first assailant, clad in a Canadian cotton nightgown and brandishing a sword, made at him. Mrs. Walker and the other woman rushed through the kitchen and yard into the cow-shed, where they listened in terror to the sounds proceeding from the house, and to the hammering of more assailants at the back gate. With three cuts in his head, Lilly, the clerk, made off to give the alarm. A man with a naked broadsword pursued the French servant into a gallery, whence he escaped by jumping into the yard through some broken railings. Walker meanwhile had received a five-inch wound in his head at the first attack, but turned towards the parlour to reach his weapons, his dozen assailants all dealing him repeated blows on the back, head, and shoulders with their bludgeons as he went. Unable to climb the stairs leading from the parlour to the bedroom, or to open the door, he turned at bay and attempted to parry with his hands the slash of one who called, "Let me at him, I

will despatch him with my sword!" Another struck him on the chest with the butt of a pistol. With astonishing vitality Walker drove back these two with his fists and attempted to get hold of the fire-shovel, but was seized by the leg and throat by two others who tried to throw him into the fire; amid his frantic struggles to free himself, a violent blow on the head felled him to the ground, where he lay all but dead.

He describes his next sensation as that of a severe blow on the loins. One of the assassins kneeling upon him made as if to cut his throat, Walker in attempting to parry felt a severe cut below his right ear which he thought surely mortal, so despairing of further resistance he stretched out with a groan, as if in his death agonies. One said, "The villain is dead"; another, "Damn him, we have done for him now"; a third made some other remark, whereupon they all went out hastily, leaving as additional souvenirs of their visit a regimental hat and bayonet of the 28th, and some pieces of tongs and pokers. The victim of this devilish assault, it is said, received in all fifty-two wounds. As both ends of the street were guarded by soldiers during the attack, no help had come to Walker's continual cries of "Murder." After three or four minutes in the cow-shed, for the whole scene had passed as quickly, Mrs. Walker mustered sufficient courage to return to the house, where she found the intruders gone, and her husband all over blood in the arms of Fontaine, surrounded by some friends whom the boy had brought. "She asked him whether he would die; he said he believed not, but to fetch a surgeon."

Immediately after the assault, while Lieutenant Tottenham and two other officers were sitting in the main guard-room, two men whom all conveniently failed to recognize came in, threw down something wrapped in paper upon the table with the words, "This is Walker's ear," and then left.



After this outrage Montreal was in a ferment. Mrs. Walker applied for a personal body-guard. A correspondent of Murray's thus describes the state of the city and victim a week after the assault: "My stay here won't be above eight days, and indeed the situation of things is such as makes it disagreeable to be so long, as not a man in the street meets another but he thinks of having his throat cut or being despatched somehow or other; a melancholy scene to see every person so on the watch, I don't mean one set of people more than another, for every man seems to be doubtful of his neighbour." He hasn't seen Walker's head dressed yet, but "as for his body, it is one continued piece of mummy, beat as if with frailles [sic] till it is as black as a hat and so swelled that you can barely know the remains of his face or the colour of his skin. The quantity of blood he lost I think saved his life, for if it had depended upon his being bleed [sic] with a lancet, I think the world could not have saved him. . . . The ear is almost divided in the middle, but to make up they have cut off a large piece of his cheek, and this was carried to a person of this town for his supper, whose affidavit on that occasion you will see soon."

There were good reasons to believe that officers of the garrison, if not actually concerned in the assault, certainly countenanced it. Though the magistrates, particularly Lambe, were zealous in their investigations, but lukewarm support was given by the military authorities. This was in no small measure due to "Mr. Walker's behaviour and the suspicions he vented of almost every officer in the place." The Government offered a reward of two hundred pounds, a free pardon, and a discharge from the army, if a soldier, to anyone who would furnish information; the citizens of Montreal at a meeting also promised three hundred pounds, but all to no purpose. Conrad Gogy,

Lambe, and some other magistrates, were able to collect a certain amount of evidence; this and charges contained in a letter to Walker from a man signing himself "Matthew Gospel," led to seven arrests—Sergeant Rogers, who, it was testified, had borrowed a broadsword under suspicious circumstances on the night of the assault; Captain Payne, who was considered likely to harbour thoughts of revenge for his treatment; Sergeant Mea, at whose house the men had disguised themselves; Coleman and McLaughlin, two soldiers suspected of taking part in the assault, and Lieutenant Tottenham, for his suspiciously weak efforts to arrest the men who had presented him with Walker's ear. Payne and Tottenham were at once released on bail, as a mutiny in the 28th was imminent, Captain Mitchelson informing Burton that he could not answer for the behaviour of any man under his command.

When this state of affairs was reported to Murray, he with some members of the Executive at once set out for Montreal; the Governor's description of the city as he found it is much like Ainslie's. A meeting of Council was held there on January 3rd, when three resolutions arranging for the trial of the Walker case and the disposal of the troops were passed. The garrison of Montreal then consisted of five companies of the 27th Regiment and eight of the 28th; it was decided to order five companies of the disaffected 28th into cantonments in adjacent parishes to relieve the congestion, shortly afterwards the whole eight were sent to Quebec, whence two battalions of the 60th marched to replace them.

After making these arrangements and, as he thought, restoring order, Murray returned to Quebec. Immediately after his departure, however, just after roll-call on the afternoon of January 16th, a large body of the departing 28th went to the prison, picked the lock, and freed their three comrades, Coleman, Mea, and Me-

Laughlin (Rogers had been sent in irons to Quebec). Two officers who were in the provost marshal's room heard their whoops and cheers, and went out after them, one through the window, the other through the door, but were unable to do anything. Captain Skene meeting the party as they left the city jumped over the wall and followed on foot as long as his breath lasted, then commandeering a passing *cariote* he and another officer drove past them and with drawn swords ordered a halt. One who made as if he would go forward was run through and arrested; the rest marched back and the prisoners were again jailed. At midnight the performance of the afternoon was repeated; the prison lock was broken, the three sleeping guards locked in, and the prisoners released, this time without disturbance. Next afternoon they appeared at Chambly Fort with three companions and gave themselves up. The deputy provost marshal went that night to arrest them and their companions, but as he was received with fixed bayonets, decided to let the military authorities themselves escort the men to Quebec. Throughout this whole affair, as usual, no one was arrested or even recognized, save the men who had gone to Chambly, and Ensign Hamilton, who was unfortunate enough to be wounded.

When these cases of assault and prison breach were about to be brought to trial, serious complications arose. The Governor naturally had told Walker that the hearing would be in Montreal, forgetting, he tells us, till the fact was brought to his attention by the lawyers, that "there being but fifty-two Protestant householders in Montreal, it would be impossible to hold the tryal [sic] there, as most of the people in that place might and would have been challenged by one side or the other"; and elsewhere he writes, "None were exempted from a challenge, as each man in the place had publicly taken a side and loudly declared his opinion." To

remedy this difficulty, the only apparent course was taken; the trial was ordered for Quebec, and an ordinance was passed on March 9th, directing that in future all juries should "be summoned and returned from the body of the Province at large, without distinction or regard to the vicinage of any particular district in the same." Protests at once came from Walker and the jurymen summoned from Montreal, who represented that not only the journey to Quebec in early spring, but also the danger from the presence of the 28th now in that place amount to a denial of justice. Accordingly at the Hilary Term of the Court of King's Bench in Quebec, when no one appeared to prosecute, the bills were all returned *ignoramus* and the prisoners discharged.

William Conyngham, the soldiers' attorney, was dismissed for unprofessional conduct in connection with the case. Walker, for his "scandalous and libellous" notarial protest against the recent changes in the judicial arrangements in the Province, was suspended from the Commission of the Peace. A new trial of the case was ordered for the next term, this time to be held in Three Rivers, with, as before, a jury from the Province at large. To avoid another refusal of those from Montreal to attend through fear of the soldiers, Murray wrote to Major Brown, now commanding the 28th, forbidding any officers or men of that regiment save those who were witnesses, to attend the trial.

Major Brown, contrary to the advice of his friends, insisted on going to Three Rivers himself. Fourteen of the grand jurymen were from Quebec district and seven from Montreal; all the witnesses were present but Walker and his family, who were fined five hundred pounds for non-attendance. True bills were found against most of the prisoners, but they were eventually all acquitted save Hamilton, who was convicted of rioting only, and given the light sentence

of a year and a day in prison, with a fine of twenty marks. The only noteworthy event at the trial was an outburst on the part of the hot-headed Major Brown. When Sergeant Mea's wife was testifying that during her deposition before Lambe shortly after the assault, he had threatened and forced her into saying more than the truth, Major Brown exclaimed that he believed this quite probable, twitted Lambe on his recent expulsion from the magistracy, and finally declared he believed him capable of anything—all of which was in due time reported in England as additional evidence of lack of discipline in the Murray administration.

Although the suspects had been released, the Walker case was by no means at an end. Walker himself sailed for home, to lay his case before political friends in England. Meanwhile the London merchants engaged in the Canadian trade had presented a petition (April 18th, 1764) to the Government, complaining of the whole administration of this country—the trade regulations, the military, the recent assault on Walker, and the prison breach. One of them, John Stretell, made more specific objection in a memorial to the holding of the trial in Quebec and to the method of summoning juries. The merchants all through enjoyed the advantage of getting in the first word. Murray's lengthy report of March 3rd had not yet been presented and the King-in-Council expressed angry surprise at having had no word from him, and ordered a thorough inquiry by the Lords of Trade.

The board accordingly held several meetings and presented their recommendations (October 8th), which were promptly approved. Considering the uncertainty of the evidence offered, they suggested the recall of Murray and Burton to England to furnish full accounts of the late occurrences. They had considered the complaints of Walker regarding the

Quebec and Three Rivers trials, and suggested the issuance of a new commission to try the offenders, the attorney and solicitor-general to be consulted as to the legality of such a course. The conduct of Chief Justice Gregory all through "having appeared to the committee extremely irregular," they recommended his dismissal. Unless the present troubles subsided, they urged the entire removal of the 28th Regiment from the Province. Finally, they expressed disapproval of the notorious grand jury presentments of 1764. The Governor was informed of his recall, and in due time left to undertake the defence of his administration before the British Government.

It is difficult to see any other course for Murray than that which he had pursued. With the small British population, the complete division into two parties, and the high state of feeling existing at the time in Montreal, a fair trial could not have been held there. On the other hand, Walker's objections to Quebec were well founded; the changes in the judicial system were contrary to British usage, the journey to Quebec with all his family was difficult and dangerous at that season, and broke in upon the preparations for summer trading to the upper country, but none of these disadvantages could be avoided under the circumstances; the much-talked-of danger from the soldiers was more fancied than real, as Murray had made arrangements for the complete removal from the city during the trial of all the troops in question. The Governor did what he could to aid Walker in obtaining justice, the one great difficulty was the long distance to be traversed, and to lessen this the trial at Three Rivers in midsummer was granted. Walker does not seem to have any excuse for absenting himself this second time; in fact, his conduct gives a good deal of colour to the motive suggested by Murray. "Till lately I could not conceive," he records, "the indefatigable pains

Mr. Walker took to baffle every attempt the Government made to punish the perpetrators of those outrages. I little suspected he wanted to persuade the merchants of London of the impossibility of procuring justice here, and that they would as readily believe that, as they did the establishment of a whale fishery on Lake Ontario."

A strong point for Murray is the fact that he was able after reaching England to justify his administration before men who, if we read aright, had been diligently prejudiced against him. An Order-in-Council of April 13th, 1767, dismisses the petitions and complaints against him as "groundless, scandalous, and derogatory to the honour of the said Governor." Murray was continued in office, though resident in England, till 1768.

Walker, meanwhile, after successfully pleading his cause in England, had returned to Canada with an order from Conway expressing horror at the treatment he had received and ordering his restoration to the magistracy. Another letter to the Governors of Michigan and Detroit complained of their methods and ordered every countenance and support to be given the bearer in his trading ventures.

The merchant's next move would be hard to justify.\* The keen party struggles of the last few years seem to have so inflamed and embittered this excitable character that he was unable to discount any story or scheme, however impossible, which was agreeable to his prejudices. Carleton, the new Governor, was but lately arrived and as yet unacquainted with the details of the past trouble; the time was favourable; the choice of victims is illuminating. George Magovock, a discharged soldier who had been living some four months with Walker, impelled obviously by

the hope of reward, came forward to swear that he knew the perpetrators of the assault, had indeed been their accomplice. The deposition was made before the new Chief Justice, and as Walker represented that the matter was urgent and he in imminent danger of his life, it was thought best to effect the arrests secretly and by military force. Accordingly one or two hours after midnight (November 18th, 1766) a detachment of soldiers with fixed bayonets visited in turn the homes of six of the most prominent Montrealers, and carried them off to prison. Those arrested were St. Luc la Corne, Knight of St. Louis and representative of the Canadian noblesse; Captain John Fraser, of whom we have already heard; Captain Campbell of the 27th, the Indian agent; Captain Disney, late of the 44th, now town major; Lieutenant Evans, of the 28th, and Joseph Howard, a leading merchant. They applied for bail. Chief Justice Hey requested Walker to waive any protest, but the merchant was firm, repeating his late assertion, "that he was in danger of his life, and should not think it worth a day's purchase if any of them were at liberty"; so that despite the arguments of defending counsel and the representations of the accused, Hey had no recourse but to declare his judicial opinion that the offence was not bailable.

In this proceeding, public opinion was strongly against the prosecutor. The French Canadians, as yet unable to appreciate the levelling character of English criminal law, were especially grieved that a seigneur and Knight of St. Louis should be thrown into the common prison upon the testimony of a common soldier, whom they knew to be infamous and merely seeking a reward.

Immediately after the arrest the prisoners, at their own request, were taken to Quebec, where they hoped

\* Much of the material relating to this episode has been printed verbatim in the Archives report for 1888, Note A. A process-verbal of Disney's trial is to be found in Almon's Remembrancer.

to be released on bail. Here they received letters of condolence from friends in the Government and army. A petition signed by six members of Council, some other officials, and a large number of Quebec merchants and army officers, was prepared, and on Sunday, after religious service, a large procession visited first Hey, then the Governor. This proceeding Carleton considered quite irregular, and promptly dismissed from the Council Irving and Mabane, who had headed the concourse of petitioners.

Upon Chief Justice Hey's final refusal to grant bail, the prisoners were taken back to Montreal, and as neither the jail nor court-house were fit to receive them, they were lodged under guard in the house of a principal merchant. Here they kept open house for the many friends who resorted to "the Bastille," and public favour was maintained by every art to please. On the other hand, as Hey tells us, "the unyielding and surly carriage of Mr. Walker every day drew from him and his cause some of the few who had before given him their countenance, so that when I arrived in Montreal I found them both under a most notorious and almost universal prejudice."

Nevertheless Walker determined to proceed. An attempt to have the trial postponed till September was relinquished when he was informed that the prisoners would in this case be bailed; a request for a republication of the rewards for information regarding the assault was also refused.

Lieutenant Evans was the first prisoner indicted. The charges were two in number and were preferred against all six accused. The first was burglary, that is, forcible entry with the object of committing a felony, in this case murder. The other was brought under the "Coventry Act" of Charles II., against maiming with the intention of disfiguring. The grand jury numbered among them eight of the French Canadian noblesse, who all met Walker's challenge by cheerfully

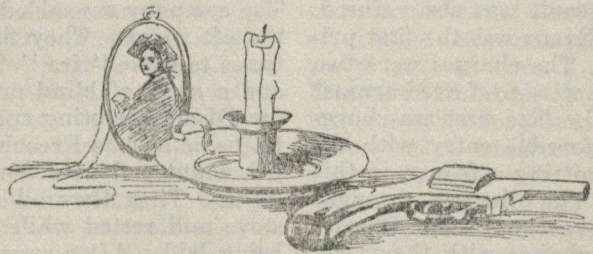
taking the oath of allegiance then and there. They threw out the indictment against Evans, at which Walker was very wroth, and accused them of browbeating the evidence. This was resented by the jury, but the Chief Justice's coolness and tact allayed the confusion. He reminded them that they were to hear the case for the prosecution only, and the next prisoner was put on trial. A true bill was found against Captain Disney, but "no bill" against St. Luc La Corne. Upon this Walker refused to proceed against any of the others, so Captain Disney's trial was begun.

The case was heard on Saturday, February 28th, and Wednesday, March 11th, 1767. Walker, who in his first deposition shortly after the assault had expressed mere vague suspicions against two other officers, now swore positively that Disney was the wearer of the cotton nightgown who had led the assault. Case, a soldier, testified to having seen him on the night in question armed and disguised leaving Walker's house. McGovock was very nervous and contradicted himself sadly, until the jury refused to give him any credence; the defence successfully advanced an alibi. It appears that on the night of Walker's misfortune the accused and his witnesses had attended a "ball" at the house of a former army officer. The élite consisted of three officers and their wives, Madame Landriève, Major Disney, Mrs. Howard and the wife of another merchant. The company assembled about four in the afternoon. They first boiled molasses to make "tire." Then came tea and a game of blind man's buff, Major Disney devoting special attention to the handsome French widow. English country dances were next engaged in. Then they all sat round the stove and rested while the cloth was being laid. After supper came more dances. This delightfully informal party was interrupted about a quarter to ten by the arrival of a messenger from Brigadier Burton for Dis-

ney, announcing the attack upon Walker and ordering the town major upon duty.

Though emphasizing the fact that Lieutenant Robertson's house was within two hundred yards of the scene of the crime, the prosecuting attorney was unable to persuade the jurymen that Disney could have slipped out, committed the assault, and returned unobserved; the accused was promptly acquitted. Mr. Walker and his wife were presented for perjury; the jurymen also, "inflamed by Walker's accusations," avowed their intention of entering individual actions against him for defamation. The Chief Justice expressed himself as quite satisfied with the verdict, and in concluding his report he said: "Mr. Walker's violence of temper and an inclination to find people of rank in the army concerned in this affair has made him a dupe to the artifices of a villain whose story could not have gained credit but in a mind that came too much prejudiced to receive it, and the unhappy consequences of it, I fear, will be that by mistaking the real objects of his resentments, the public will be disappointed in the satisfaction of seeing them brought to justice." Hey's expectations were fulfilled, and no one was ever convicted of this now famous assault.

This ends the episode of "Walker's Ear." The disturbances, too, of which it was the outstanding event had also ceased. The billeting grievance had been removed by the provision of proper barracks for the soldiers; the riotous 28th had been sent away, first to Quebec, and then to Ireland; Burton had returned home, and Murray was also recalled. Of the incendiary justices Walker alone remained, and he had turned his attention from attacking the military to attacking the Government. The history of this headstrong but forceful character is by no means at an end, but we cannot detail it here. He in Montreal and Zachary Macauley in Quebec led the Canadian opposition to the Quebec Act, basing it on two grounds, the denial of representative institutions, and the granting of liberties to French Roman Catholics. When the situation in the New England colonies became acute, Walker, apparently despairing of British rule, took sides with them and plotted with remarkable temerity in the interests of Benedict Arnold. He was arrested, but freed by the Americans when they captured the vessel in which he was being taken in irons to Quebec. Returning with them to Boston, he finally turned up with Du Calvet in London, where we shall leave him.



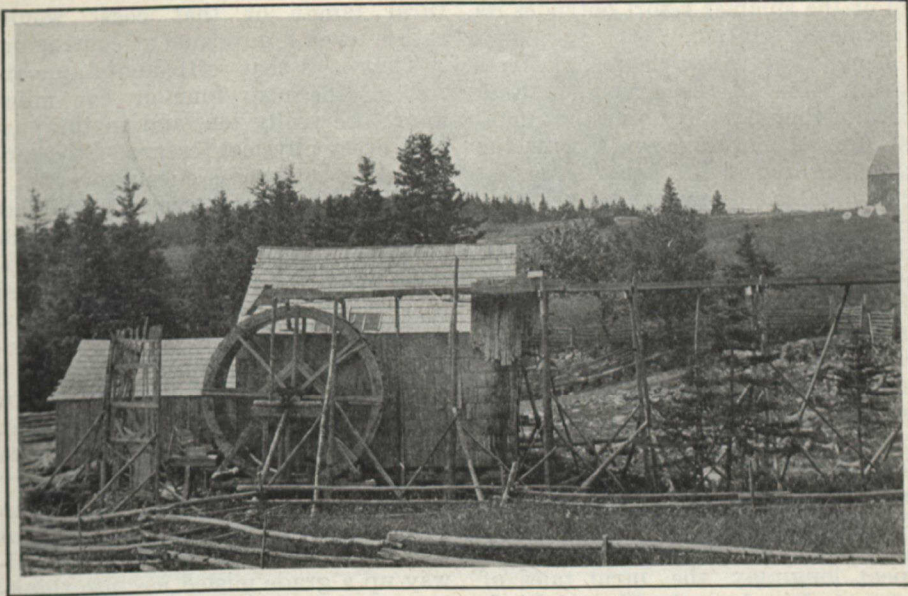


IN THE LAURENTIANS

From the Painting by Clarence A. Gagnon. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy







A MILL, WITH OVERSHOT WHEEL, IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

## TRAMPING IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

BY W. LACEY AMY

**N**OVA SCOTIA, almost equally with Newfoundland, is little more as yet than a coast-line. The great interior remains a hunting-ground, despite the existence along the coast for a century and a half—long before Ontario passed the forest stage—of a hard-working, serious-minded people, who have struggled, first to hold the country for England and latterly in some parts to hold existence in the face of commercial disadvantages. On the south coast from Halifax westward the tourist has begun to seize the scenery as his own, but eastward there is still no railway, no tourist traffic, and little in the way of real industry save cod fishing.

To see this country of unsearched

rivers, untrod forests to the very water, and indentations that twist and wind behind an outpost of innumerable islands, you must forgo your chauffeur—and a lot of other things you may have become accustomed to connect with comfortable travel. It depends upon your point of view. So long as you refuse to lend yourself to the scheme of life that is on a fair way to make man's legs merely historical—like the appendix and the tonsils—there are pleasures to be enjoyed along that coast that outweigh the absence of comforts. The Woman-who-worries and I thought so. Three hundred miles of roadway—and four times that length of coast—was bound to open up new delights not obtainable where the dining-car menu faces

you or the summer resort obtrudes its tiresome affectation.

Along that railwayless coast lives a thin line of fishermen—nothing north of them for fifty miles but manless forest, nothing south but the ocean, nothing in life but the harvest of the water. Stores there are few. Boarded-up show-windows here and there tell of the inroads of the mail-order house, the cheapness of water transportation from Halifax, and latterly the parcels post. All along the road stand these mute signs of a dead trade, with empty houses thickly strewn. Steadily, year after year, the people have moved to the West, or died of the dread scourge, tuberculosis, which plays such havoc with the fishermen. Many of those who remain will tell you of depleted fisheries and repeat longingly the lurid tales of fortunate friends in the West. A kindly people and honest, with hands out to the stranger and an unaccountable lack of many of the ordinary comforts of life. Doctors are few and scattered, visiting their patients in summer by motor-boat and naturally dependent upon Halifax for surgery. The few stores offer few luxuries. The mail-order catalogue is the closest connection between the fisherman and the life we know.

Along that three hundred miles of coast there is but one road, with little off-shoots leading southward here and there to fishing villages on the peninsulas. The "coach road" has covered everything even the careless indulgence of a winking government could permit, but it couldn't reach every cluster of houses on such a sinuous shore. There seemed to be no other limitation to it. Payment per mile has made the miles many. Hills that might have been avoided, with a saving of length, structural difficulties, repair, and climbing, are carefully included. The road glimpsed over simple country only a mile away wanders two or three to get there, for no reason save the extra mileage it means. One would think that the na-

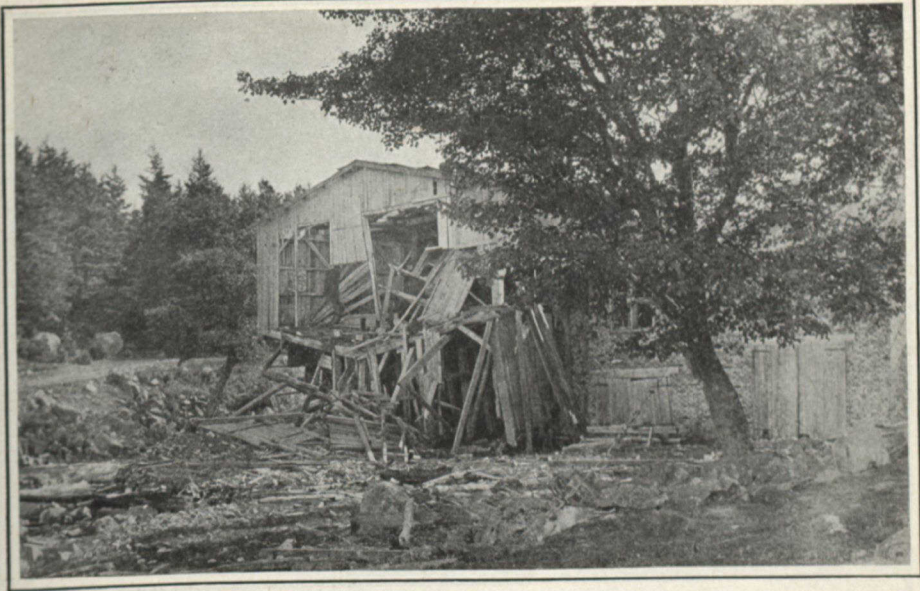
tural tangle of that coast would satisfy even a government contractor.

Thus it is that settlements appearing on the map four or five miles apart are really ten, and in the passage every physical feature of the surrounding country is encountered.

It is not mere rhetoric to assert that a new road could be built through every essential point almost as cheaply as to repair the old one. For years there has evidently been no attempt to repair the bridges over some sections; in one stretch of twenty miles there were missing culverts of an average much exceeding one a mile. How the mail driver overcomes them at night is a mystery; upon inquiry he merely grins and says the horses know the holes by this time. Right in the heart of Ship Harbour the roadway up a grade misled me into thinking we had wandered into the bed of a dry stream. Everywhere along the way springs use the road as the simplest channel for getting there. They ripple merrily along the trail, crossing unbridged at their leisure, fulfilling no purpose but the drainage of the Provincial Treasury and the convenience of the thirsty traveller.

Here and there are short stretches that show the possibilities of the road, and a few cement bridges were under construction over the more dangerous streams. And yet it was under more continued pseudo-repair than any road I ever saw. "Where will we reach decent roads?" asked one of the two automobiles we met in our walk, more than a hundred miles east of Halifax. I referred them to the possibilities beyond Halifax; I had never been there.

It was a hundred miles of that kind of road we trudged—and walking was the only method of doing it with anything resembling comfort. It gave us time, and exercise, and entire freedom of action. The only other way to do it was by "coach"—what we would call the stage—and we tried some days of it to the most kindly memories of the walking.



A RELIC OF PROSPEROUS TIMES

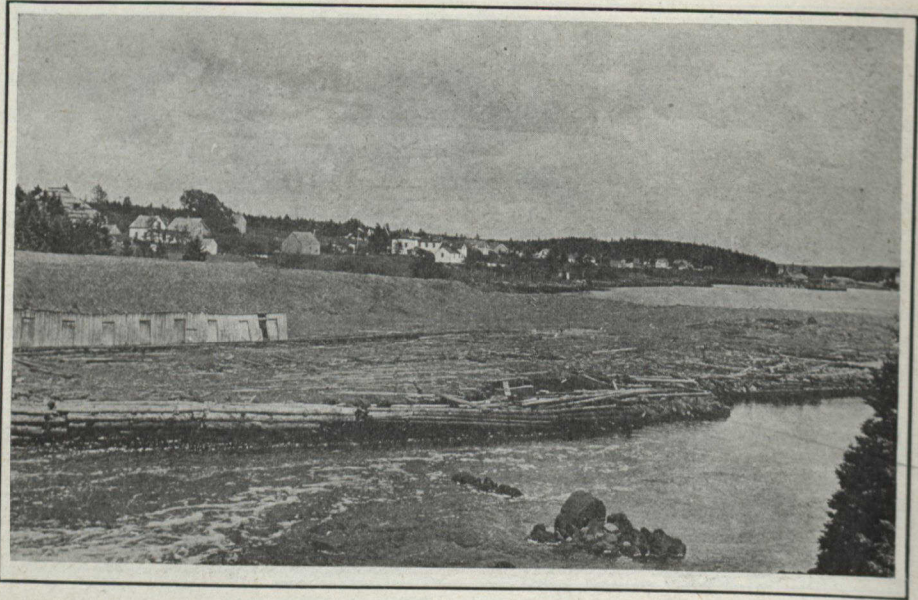
It was a lonely hundred miles—lovely and lonely, lonely and lovely. In that distance we met two automobiles—and they were sorry for it—and not more than a half-dozen vehicles outside the settlements. There seems to be no communication between settlements save by coach and telephone. It is explained by the fact that there is no inter-trade. Each village looks only to Halifax, where it sells its fish, buys its supplies, spends its holidays. Mile after mile there was evidence that nothing but the coach had passed that way for days.

We commenced our walk from Musquedoboit Harbour, a name we learned to pronounce with the greatest pride. Further along we came to a dozen villages that troubled us more—that we mentioned to each other in our own jargon, and stumbled blindly over in getting directions. I carried a large map as the simplest method of finding our way. Chezzetcook, Petpeswick, Newdy Quoddy, Necumteuch, Ecumseum, Mushaboon and the rest of them derive their names from sources of criminal intent, the tourist is apt to think. Get-

ting rid of the words with quick confidence is the only chance of being understood.

Musquedoboit Harbour will some day be a week-end resort for Halifax. My memories of it are a deserted sawmill, a deep, menacing river with steep banks, and an inexhaustible supply of four-pound speckled trout that lay beneath the dam awaiting the first bare hook to be “jigged” out for the table. “Jigging” may be the extreme of bad sportsmanship, but it makes unrivalled eating at Musquedoboit Harbour.

The daily coach provided a solution of the baggage problem, and we experienced little difficulty in keeping in touch with our conveniences. From Musquedoboit Harbour we set out one afternoon eight miles for Jeddore Oyster Pond. On the way we passed through the tiny settlements of Salmon River Bridge, Head of Jeddore, and Smith’s Settlement, each liable to be missed, but jealous of its name. A little Sunday-school picnic in a sheltered nook beside an arm of the sea reminded us that there was still pleasure-taking along the coast. Not



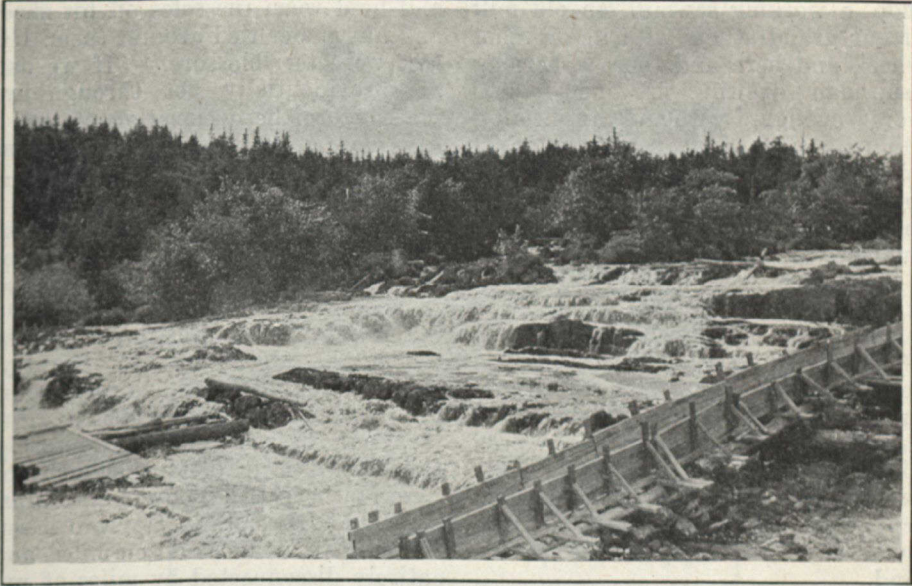
SHEET HARBOUR, AN IMPORTANT NOVA SCOTIAN VILLAGE

even in the settlements did we see another sign of life.

Jeddore Oyster Pond derives the familiar portion of its name from the cultivation of oysters there at one time. A saw-mill quickly put an end to that. Now there are only a few white shells to tell of it. At Jeddore we had our first taste of the possible difficulties we might have to face. By request the coach-driver had unloaded our baggage before a house which had been named to us as a possible stopping-place. But stopping-places along that coast are only possible, as a rule—by which I mean nothing to their discredit. Liquor is not sold east of Halifax, and the road-houses serve you or not, as they please. There are very few to serve. Our baggage was in front of the house, all right, but we were firmly informed that it was not a stopping-place, and even if it had been, a wedding the day before prevented the entertainment of guests. A mile back there was a woman who might take us. I looked at the two suit cases and decided camping out there had its attractions over a mattress a mile back. We went

up the road begging accommodation, and a woman took compassion on us; for the nights were cold. It was no relief later in the evening to be told in a kindly way that no one would have seen us stuck for a place to sleep. We learned then that there must be no guesswork in our information, and that there was not a horse to be had anywhere for moving baggage. It increased our delight that we had not trusted to the steamboats running along the coast, the landings being anywhere up to a couple of miles from the stopping-places.

Next morning we set out for Ship Harbour, an easy day of ten miles, intending to stop for dinner at Lower Ship Harbour, reported to be four miles on the way. By the time my pedometer registered the four miles we had advanced a mile beyond the last house into the heart of unbroken, dismal forest. It was noon, and we had had no meat—and little else—since the noon before, and I carried thirteen pounds of camera. Once more we had come a mile too far—and didn't go back. On we ploughed into the most lonely bit of road we



POWERFUL WATERFALLS WASTING THEIR FORCES IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

met in the whole journey—not a sign of habitation, not even the tinkle of cowbells, and but the dim tracks of the coach of the day before. We learned to yearn for the cowbells from that day, for they told of settlement near at hand.

At two o'clock we burst suddenly on a welcome road-gang at the edge of Ship Harbour, and a few minutes later were making a meal at a table that haunted us for the rest of the trip. Mrs. Newcombe, of Ship Harbour, I remember as one of the bright spots of the journey. With sickness on her hands she still had time for cleanliness of house and pleasing variety of table—and a roll of hooked rugs beneath the parlour sofa made me regret the limits of my baggage.

At Ship Harbour was a relic of prosperous times, a deserted saw-mill. All along the way we came on them. Financed by English capital, they had gone the way of so many industries in Canada thus backed, through prodigal management, ignorance of local conditions, and careless control by the shareholders. Some of the mills were closed through the clear-

ing-out of the saleable timber, and powerful waterfalls and well-built dams were wasting their force. Only one other industry revealed itself along the coast. Two or three gold mines were making desperate efforts to keep at work, depressed a little by the failure of others. At Tangier and Sheet Harbour there were lively hopes that the local workmen would not be turned off.

Ship Harbour, situated at the head of a beautiful arm of the sea, is now best known along the coast for its salmon; but the salmon season was about over, the one or two belated fishermen we met being most concerned about the quickest way out. Down each side of the arm a road ran, the one used only by the coach to avoid the ferry, and the other leading to a fishing settlement down by the sea and to a ferry across to the coach road.

That four-mile walk down to the ferry on a vivid Saturday morning—the coach road, they told me, was almost impassable—was one of the most beautiful stretches along the coast. A church or two, one lone blacksmith

shop, a working sawmill, an old mill of our grandfathers with its overshot wheel, and here and there a herring fisherman drawing his nets—these were enough, without the fleeting glimpses of faraway sea, deep green islands, and quaint houses. Hanging on the fence I found the horn to summon the ferryman across the three-quarters of a mile of water. It was a small horn for such a big job, but it possessed a voice that would have made it the most brilliant memory of any youngster's Christmas. It echoed and rolled over the water, and up the hill behind me, and in among the trees, until I thought I had been playing with a tempest. The little rowboat that ferried us over for seven cents each was manned by a boy who could have had no possible use for land.

I found it difficult to explain that we were tramping — with enough money to pay our way. One kindly-intentioned resident considered he was elaborating on my story by telling of his meeting with "another fellow walking along the coast. He was covering more ground than you a day,

and he'd worn the soles off his shoes and had paper tied around them. His feet were terrible sore." If we had not providentially got through two days before the declaration of war I have no doubt of our classification as German spies. As it was, we were—a new kind of tramp.

That day we had before us a walk of twenty-three miles. We had heard of the stopping-place at Spry Bay, and wished to make it for Sunday. On the way we encountered one of the confusing tangles of the country. Many of the villages have neighbouring settlements distinguished from them only by some qualification. Ship Harbour has its distant suburbs of Ship Harbour Lake, Lower Ship Harbour, and Lower Ship Harbour East, covering an area of a dozen miles, and entirely disconnected by miles of unsettled country. A careless memory is a calamity on the Nova Scotia coast. We learned, too, that distance cannot be gauged by villages, but only by individual houses, for some of the villages are four or five miles long. Five miles is a factor in a tramp of twenty miles, about meal-time.



SUMMONING THE FERRY IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA



A PRIMITIVE CONVEYANCE IN UNFREQUENTED NOVA SCOTIA

We dined at Tangier—pronounced as it is spelled—and after an hour's rest in a light shower, set out in the threatening skies ten miles for Spry Bay; and one of those ocean rains is not to be trifled with. For the last four miles it was village all the way, Spry Bay being separated from Spry Harbour only in the imagination of the residents. Here we found the first mistake in our Government map, but it was a serious one. That four miles followed every dent in the coast in a most aggravating manner, the stopping-house in plain view only a half-mile away as the crow flies, but two miles by the road.

We spent Sunday at Spry Bay, a day of continued rain and fog. We were thankful to be where we were. The table we faced was in a class by itself along that coast.

Speaking of tables reminds me of the beds—and the memory is not the most pleasant. Everything from ropes and feather ticks up we tried, and the springs were usually not the most comfortable. Travellers with ironclad demands in the way of bed comforts

will not be at home there. Breaking new ground has its discomforts, one of the greatest to me being a set of springs that sags a foot and a half in the middle. In case of extremity the rug beside the bed is comparative luxury.

Monday we made but eight miles, to Sheet Harbour, the most important village between Halifax and Sherbrooke. We had of necessity to stop there for we had been unable to learn anything of the coast beyond. Nobody west of Sheet Harbour goes east of it. Between Spry Bay and Sheet Harbour we passed over a great height, the island-dotted, peninsula-pierced sea beneath us specked with groups of distant fishing boats. Mushaboon was a quiet little place of cod flakes and a wharf where a vessel was loading.

Sheet Harbour, you would remember, as composed of Mrs. Conrod, the travellers' friend, and a Catholic church crowning the end of the harbour. To be received by Mrs. Conrod is recommendation enough for the south coast. "Do you see any name

out there to say this is a hotel?" she demanded of a complaining traveller. "Well, then, get out." Three years later he returned, confident that he would be forgotten. She recognized him in the midst of dinner—and he finished it elsewhere. We spent a whole night there. We're proud. Mrs. Conrod is Irish, and seventy-five, and, with one maid, handles a big house and a store across the road. "Go to the other store," she hurled at a customer who had interrupted her afternoon nap.

In the meantime events had been shaping to force us to the coach. The soles of the shoes of the Woman-who-worries were making effective protest against the roads. We didn't appreciate the paper our fellow-tramp had used to fill the gap; but not a shoe repairer had we seen since we left Halifax, and we were informed we probably wouldn't this side of Sherbrooke. At Spry Bay a fisherman drove in a few tacks. At Sheet Harbour we heard of one who worked in the mines by day, and by night cut the village hair, and sometimes repaired shoes. I was waiting for him at six, and found him willing, "supposin' they didn't bother him too much with hair-cuttin'." At eleven that night I stumbled through the darkness to his house and was rewarded with soles that were, at least, solid leather and securely tacked. It prevented the paper situation.

East of Sheet Harbour the average accommodation deteriorates, but is not at all impossible. Sheet Harbour seems to be the end of ordinary traffic, and travellers thereafter must take what they can get. We also began to feel the distressing effects of unreliable information. Having planned to walk only sixteen miles that day, we decided at the end of it to push on five miles further in the uncanny darkness of an ocean fog after sundown. It was a venture I don't want to repeat in a wild country without fences to keep you in the road—and the memory of a bear cub we had

seen saunter out on the road before us that day.

Twelve miles farther on, at Marie Joseph, we were forced to give up walking and take to the coach. The weather was becoming unsettled and raw, the roads were terrible, the stopping-places more irregular, and our meals coming at all hours owing to mistaken local ideas of distance and direction. To reach Marie Joseph we were directed down a branch road that carried us two miles out of our way, having already walked four farther than the distance given; and then another mile out of our way—with a great, gaunt feeling where the last meal should have been two hours before. The remainder we did by coach—longing every minute for better weather, that we might walk.

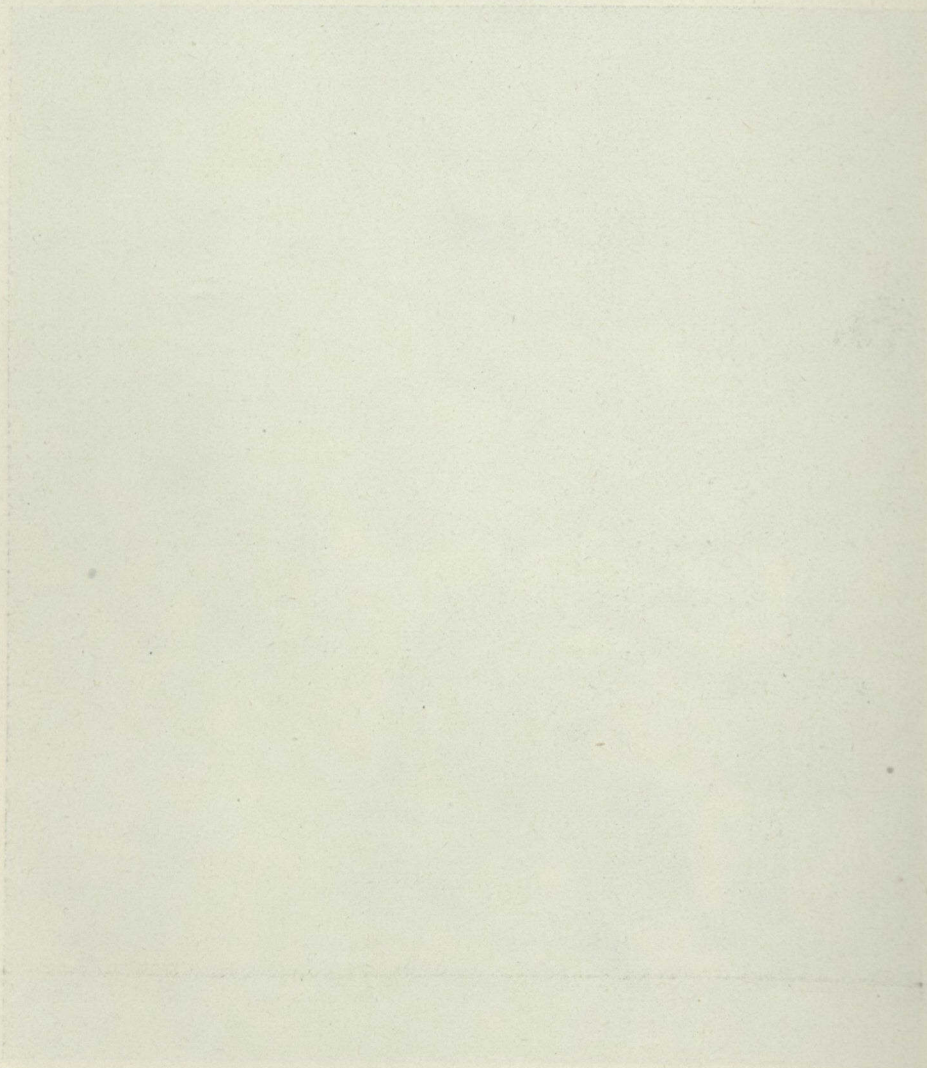
In six days, the Sunday of which we had spent at rest, we had covered almost exactly one hundred miles, according to my pedometer, more than eighty of which was along the coach road. During that week—and through the preceding and succeeding days by coach—we opened to ourselves a variety of scenery indigenous to Nova Scotia. Little, indifferent fishing villages, asleep by day, lively in the early morning and late afternoon, unsullied by the outside world or local class distinctions; ample basins where a country's fleet might anchor, but only bobbing little fishing boats in sight; fresh, white-washed houses set without regard to aught but the owners' whims; white-towered churches peeping over the hills and breathing peace and thoughtfulness; ox-carts here and there, lumbering gravely along as if the world were free of rush and care; a patient people, kind and gentle, bearing the difficulties of their life with wonderful calmness—these but a few of the brush-touches of the picture we saw. Ever it unfolds, bringing to us new memories, new humours, new gladnesses of the life, new sorrows—always beautiful and free and tinged with the colours of simplicity and patience.





From the Painting by Louis Mettling  
in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE  
STUDIO



# DEAR FATHER

THIRD AND CONCLUDING LETTER FROM A SON WHO WOULD MAKE  
SOMETHING OF HIMSELF TO A SELF-MADE FATHER

EDITED BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Hotel de ———, Barbizon.

Dear Father:

It is almost a rebel who sits down to write you to-night. It is certainly an infidel with regard to the great American religion of dollar-making. What would you think of a man who could put up goods which the people were crazy to buy, but who insisted upon putting up an article which they would not have at any price; and who lived his life out in poverty as a consequence? What would they call him in Chicago? Yet there are lots of such men in France. I sat this afternoon and watched one at work. He wore a shapeless "cow's breakfast" to keep the sun out of his eyes. He had on clothes which would excite contempt in the stock yards; and he wore them because he was too poor to buy any better. His paints, his canvas, his brushes, had cost him money which he saved by living in a loft; and he would have borne any hardship for them except give up the wine he likes for dinner. He was working at a picture which he will probably have to give away. Yet he could have painted it so it would sell. But the picture he painted was the true picture as he saw it; and, as he brought it nearer and nearer to the perfection he had in his mind, his whole being seemed to brim over in a sort of subdued ecstasy of enjoyment. He was hungry; for he was economizing by doing without *déjeuner*. He does not know how he is going to live

through the coming winter in Paris. Yet he is the happiest "fool" alive. If he gets just the right shade of the right colour on that commonplace boulder in the foreground, he would not change places with a Rothschild.

The point of view of such a man is so entirely different from ours that it is no wonder neither side can explain it without imputing lunacy to the other. He would like to have more money because it would leave his elbow freer for his work; but that he should secure more money by imprisoning his elbow—or by giving it up to the control of another man—would be to sacrifice the end to the means. He would have put out of his reach the only thing that he wanted the money to buy.

The real difference is that he does his work to please himself and not to please the largest crowd, whereas we do our work to please the crowd and to get their golden applause. He expresses himself; we try to express the average man in our area. He leads humanity; we follow it. He is a creator; we are imitators. He is the master of his campaign, with victory or defeat at the end of his own brush; we are successful sutlers. When we speak of his happiness and our happiness as if they could be compassed by the same word, it is as if we spoke of the song of the frog and the song of the lark.

Yes, dear Dad; that is my mood to-night. It is flat rebellion against

Chicago. I feel to-night as if possible poverty were only a trifling inconvenience which should not be allowed to affect the planning of one's life; and as if the attainment of culture, which would enable one to at least appreciate the higher achievements of these men and which might lead me—even me—to taste the triumphant joys of creation, should be the sole purpose to which I ought to devote my energies. I probably will feel quite differently in the morning. I notice that, after my most exalted hours, I stub my toe against some stump which my up-raised eyes had overlooked; and, in a moment, I am overwhelmed with thankfulness that my feet can still feel solid financial earth beneath them. I do not know why it is; but I haven't the unruffled courage of these men. They apparently never think that they might give up the arduous path to the hill-top, and go to making money. They are quite aware that the money is there for them to make; but they no more consider the possibility of pausing in their career to make it than you do of giving up your immense business to go back on grandfather's farm and raise hogs.

But I lack that spirit. I can swear devotion to culture here to-night in my ten-franc bedroom after a good dinner and with an ample "letter of credit" in my pocket; but if I were to wake up a poor man in the morning I should never think of doing anything else than sailing at once for Chicago and the hog business. Am I a coward, or is it my training? Has the dollar seemed to me the only good so long that I dare worship no higher god except with its squalid approval? The preachers talk to us at home of "unworldliness." That old man, painting away in the shadow of his bent straw hat, knows more of "unworldliness" than all the fashionable churches in Chicago. His is the "higher life." His is the "religious calm." He is "unspotted from the world." He can "endure

hardship like a good soldier," while I will sell my birthright for a mess of pottage any day.

You can see that your son is also in a somewhat contemptuous mood toward himself to-night; and your letters are not entirely innocent of blame. I can see that you are approaching a decision in my case; and that that decision will be to come home and get the nonsense worked out of me. And I am in a "blue funk." For I am pretty sure that I will come. Of what use is it to long for a head of gold if one must stand upon feet of clay? Yet I pump up my courage by reminding myself of you. You remember how grandfather bitterly opposed your move to Chicago. He said that Chicago was a wicked place where you would be led into paths of sin; that in the bustle of the great city you would neglect your religious duties; that he never heard of any real good man in business there; and that they'd be too smart for you anyway and you'd lose all the money you had saved. I guess it was that last notion that made you determined to go. Grandfather was willing that you should buy a share in the store "up to the village," and then you could build a brick house there some day and be one of the solid men of the county. He would let you have an old nag of his—I remember you telling—for your delivery wagon, which would be a new wrinkle there. Thus he mapped out your future—pleasant, peaceful, and profitable. But you dared everything and went to Chicago. You might have been ruined in a month. But you had the courage to take the risk.

Heigh-ho! Have I your spirit; or am I the heir only of your ideals and your dollars? One of the men here—one of the comparatively successful men—was telling me the other day about his folks at home. They are vine cultivators in the south of France, and are in a prosperous way of business. He has three brothers, two of whom have stayed with the

father and helped buy another hillside or so of vines, while the third has become a fat merchant in Bordeaux. My friend's name is Joseph, and it is a name which you would hear in the studios of Paris if you were there when the "rising hopes" of the new generation are spoken of. But his father always says that he has "four sons, three of whom are doing well in the world, while Joseph is a vagabond in Paris." Joseph laughs at it; but there is pain in his eyes—not pain for himself, but pain for the good people at home who suffer sorrow and anxiety for him so uselessly. Then he, too, sorrows for them. He is the only one of the four brothers who is really alive.

Parsons followed me out here the other day—wanted to see something of the artist before he was "cured." But the only thing that struck him was that the attention of Anthony

Comstock and the Purity Department ought to be called to this town. I mention this now because I know that he will; and he will add that you ought to get me out of such surroundings as soon as possible.

As this is a letter of rebellion, probably I cannot stop at a better point. And I am going to mail it tonight, especially as prudence insists that I will be sorry for it in the morning. I probably will; and then I would tear it up if I could. But if I can put myself in my moments of courage in positions from which I cannot run away when I turn coward, I may be worthy of you after all. This may lead you to issue an ultimatum; and then I hope that I will have enough of you in me to refuse to yield.

With double affection,

JOHN.



# THE PRIDE OF TWO

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND

WHEN I became engaged to Kit he had just made a success as a novelist. Persons who knew nothing of my affairs were pleased to cry me about as a great heiress, because my parents having died during my childhood I was very early in possession of my father's property. Kit's pride would not allow him to speak to me till the public had labelled his genius "successful." His pseudonym is Balder Hildebrand, and people have thought him a Norwegian instead of a Connaught man, which naturally added to his prestige. However, I, being Lilirosa Annabella, so named in my father's will, and under promise to my mother always to write my name in full, as it comprehended her own name and those of her two sisters, delighted in the liberty and simplicity of "Kit." To drag sixteen letters of the alphabet along the end of an epistle, and to be replied to by three, was one of the smaller fascinations of a thoroughly satisfactory engagement.

Our disagreement arose out of my caprice—which was as great as his pride. I pretended to fear that a novelist might expect his wife to act as his amanuensis; though I was secretly longing for such an opportunity to help him.

His pride rose to white heat at the bare suggestion of such fears, and I played with it till an angry letter, giving me back my freedom, brought me to my senses. Believing in my power, I made no reply, and my next

news of him was through a newspaper announcement that the distinguished novelist Balder Hildebrand had started on a trip to Central Africa, in search of material for a brilliant novel descriptive of the social life of London.

I finished the season, dancing myself and friends into the belief that I was delighted to regain my freedom, and when that was over I, too, went tripping abroad. I tarried in Egypt, studying the problem of the Sphinx, hovering about the desert, observing human nature under new conditions and trying to believe that I was developing into a superior woman. Two whole years passed before I returned to England, and then I was rather the fashion among my friends and admirers as a girl who had done independent things, and had enjoyed unusual experiences.

I was too proud to ask questions about Kit, and I searched the papers in vain for a word about Balder Hildebrand. He appeared to have dropped out of the fickle public mind. In a ballroom I at least heard mention of his name.

"Do you see that girl in white dancing?" said one woman to another. "She may well look pleased. She has had a lucky escape. Imagine, two years ago she was engaged to poor Balder Hildebrand! What a fate to have been tied for life to a blind novelist!"

"I am quite tired," I said to my partner: and hurried home.

Many careful inquiries failed to procure me further information than was conveyed in such passing words as "oh, yes, poor fellow! Work stopped. Got a blast of some poisonous air into his eyes while travelling. Has retired somewhere or other. Too proud to show himself, one imagines."

My mind kept running on the business of a professional secretary or amanuensis, and to occupy part of my time I got myself on the committee of management of a bureau for procuring engagements for persons who had adopted that profession. I became quite assiduous in my attendance at the office, and took much interest in the applications for help from literary quarters.

One day during business hours I heard the remark, "Application for an amanuensis from Balder Hildebrand, the novelist. He appears to want a man, and we have only women."

I took occasion to say: (my pride comforted by the knowledge that my past was unknown in this quarter) "With regard to the case of Mr. Hildebrand, I can get him what he wants. Write to him that a person will be with him on Monday as he wishes. Give me his letter, that I may have the address."

Not until I got home and sat down to think did I know what I intended to do. But I was soon packing a modest trunk, and looking up the railway regulations for reaching the bye-ways of Devonshire.

I found the place, a cottage lost away in the apple country, standing in a garden clearing among orchards, and walked up a lane between bending trees richly coloured with the ripening fruit.

The air was deliciously sweet, and fragrant with the odours of September flowers that know the dews and winds.

"How he must enjoy this!" I thought, forgetting for one moment that he was blind.

Over a low hedge on which perched a stiff peacock, cut out of the dense dark yew, I saw him coming down the orchard, slowly, stopping a moment and putting his hand on a weighted branch, touching the rounded apples, then dropping his arm to his side and moving on dejectedly, I took care to avoid him, and waited till he had entered the house before I presented myself at the door.

An old Irish servant, summoned to "mind" him in his present state, received me, and stepped from the hall into the little study to announce Miss Gibbs, the secretary sent down from London.

"Yes, sir, it's a lady, sir."

There was an exclamation of displeasure from the master, a murmur of abrupt conversation, and the man returned to me.

"Your sex is against you, miss," he said. "We've only two men here, and we have no way of puttin' up a lady."

"I have made arrangements to stay with the postmistress in the village except in working hours," I said. "Will you tell your master that the men in London were all engaged; and that I know my business?"

After another conference within, and a little delay I was admitted to the temporary sanctum of Balder Hildebrand. "He's in that great a fuss that he'll try to be doin' with you, miss," whispered Bernard, and lingered before he closed the door, as if to see his master well through the irritation of his disappointment.

Kit was sitting in a most uncomfortably accidental position in the middle of the room, with the air of one who did not know where he was, or had no sense of arrangement, no care about his particular surroundings. There was a litter of papers on the writing-table in the wide-latticed window, everything was tossed about by an impatient hand, a pen wet with ink had been thrown down upon a page and had made a blot.

Having greeted me with that politeness of good breeding which no irritation could quite extinguish in Kit, he said:

"I wanted a man. One could grumble at him and swear at him as much as one pleased—"

"Pray don't restrain yourself," I said in a rather husky voice, which I had been practising for some hours, I have a knack of mimicking tones of voice, and was now reproducing the manner of one of my acquaintances who has a peculiar lisp.

"I am not a brute," he said huffily. "I suppose you know why I require your services. I have a novel to write, and I can't see to write it, I hate typing. A pair of hands, and an intelligent brain are what I need to help me."

"Shall we begin at once?" I said. "May I arrange your papers? I can't write in disorder. And won't you sit in a comfortable chair near the window? Let me place it for you. Would not a few flowers on the table beside you be agreeable?"

"What difference does it make to me?" he said. "You have a woman's ways, and I tell you frankly I have no liking for the society of women. As you are here, however, I would rather you were comfortable. If you can do better in pretty surroundings by all means let us have the best of your work."

I had been rapidly putting things to rights, and when a cluster of roses was placed at his hand he belied his words by raising it to his face for a moment, and breathing its sweetness.

"I am ready," I said.

He leaned back in his chair, and seemed to want a minute to gather up his thoughts. I selected my pen, and sat with my eyes on his face till they became inconveniently moist. So this was Kit. He has ruddy brown hair, you know, and a golden light in his eyes when he smiles. His eyelids were now drooped, unexpected of light, and there was no smile.

We began. The story opened pleasantly, and animation returned to his face. That day's work was bright and consoling. As the woman beloved by the man in the book showed herself, I felt exultantly sure that her face, form, and personality were modelled on mine; and I went home to my postmistress with a lightened heart; as day followed day, however, and the heroine's character and conduct took an unexpected turn my spirits sank, and I could not help seeing myself as I must have appeared to another at the time of our quarrel. I bore this change with resolution, strengthening my intention of keeping my secret, if not for ever, at least until some inevitable and encouraging moment might arrive.

Her name was Violante. (He had formerly liked a long name, and to find that he had now unnecessarily chosen one reconciled me a little to Lilirosa Annabella.) I was just hoping that the hero would begin to understand her better when she began to behave so badly that I nearly cried out, declaring myself ready to answer for the innocence of her intentions. I blotted several pages that day, and had to spend my evening copying them.

After that the matter grew worse and worse, and at last I lost my prudence, and threw down my pen, saying:

"This is a very cynical novel."

"Really!" he said in great surprise, "Do you always criticize as you go along?"

"One must, if one has any brains. And you said you wanted a person with brains."

He gave a little laugh. Had I felt less sore I should have been glad to have amused him.

"Pray go on," he said. "I know women, it appears, better than you do."

"How can that be?" I said. "I am a woman, and you are not."

"That is the very reason," he said. "A man unfortunately comes to



know a woman better than women ever know their own sex—through suffering.”

“Then you have — suffered from such a woman as *Violante!*”

“I am not obliged by the rules of this engagement to answer impertinent questions—”

“Oh!”

“But by the tone of your voice I am warned not to class you with the impertinent. You are a sympathetic woman, and I forgive you.”

This, I think, was the very moment at which I began to get jealous of myself. I dared not say more, and was particularly silent and unobtrusive for the rest of that day. But as I walked back to the village between the apple trees there was war in the heart of the girl who was engaged to *Kit* two years ago, with the secretary of to-day who was winning on his sympathies.

The situation was odd, and I tried to laugh myself out of it. I sat down to the work next morning telling a humorous story of the conduct of two little birds I had come upon, evidently making up a quarrel, perched on the tail of the yew-clipped peacock on the garden hedge-row. *Kit* listened with more of his old smile than I had seen as yet, and I made no complaint that day, though *Violante* was behaving disgustingly. All the time I was longing to talk to *Kit*. It seemed so natural to do so. But in much conversation there was danger of forgetting my assumed voice, and my little lisp. As I was leaving after work, he said, “You have been very silent to-day. I hope you are well.”

“Oh, yes,” I replied, “but there is only the story to talk about. And I fear to seem—impertinent.”

“There is really no danger,” he said eagerly. “I would rather hear your comments.”

“I don’t think you would. I am in arms for my sex. I do not believe *Violante* behaved like that.

“Let us talk her over, then.”

“To-morrow, if you wish. I must say good-bye for this evening.”

He looked disappointed. Next day he broke off work early, and the Irishman brought tea into the study.

“Now,” he said, “I invite you to tea with me—tea, and a little conversation. I am a lonely man, with—disabilities. A woman—I will not say a lady, because the other word means so much more—a true woman, as you claim to be, will not refuse to gratify me.”

“I am at your service,” I said; “but the claim I make is not for myself, as I have said, but for my sex.”

“It is a very unusual attitude for a woman to take up. She so often assumes to be herself the only exception to an unhappily general rule. As you are so large-minded I have a mind to trust you. Morose and solitary as I have been for the last two years I have confided in no one. If this blindness had not overtaken me I might have shaken off a bitter disappointment—”

I smothered an exclamation which would have marked my keen sense of the suggestion that I might easily have been quite forgotten, and swallowed the sound with a slight cough.

“I fear you have got a cold.”

“Oh, very slightly. But my huskiness must be disagreeable.”

Not at all. I rather like a low contralto voice.”

Another blow for me, who remembered his oft-expressed delight in the “merry ringing treble of my talk and laughter. Rossetti’s drawing of “How they met themselves in a wood,” just glimmered across my mental vision, with a meaning for me, only. Truly, we were meeting ourselves in a wood; our very selves, with the knowledge that makes a difference.

“Will you please to continue your criticism of my heroine. You accuse me of cynicism in drawing a woman’s character.”

“I do not believe you ever knew such a woman.”

"I have known her. A woman will accept a man's devotion so long as he makes her feel herself a queen, obeying her commands, and delighting in her caprices. But let her find herself called on to bear her share of the burdens of life, and her love has flown. At a suspicion, even a groundless one, that the smallest service may be required of her, interfering with her amusement, her wings are spread."

"Did she behave like that? I don't mean Violante, but the other one?"

"Yes; I fear I snubbed you once for asking me something like that question. I have accepted your sympathy, and I answer your inquiry, straight.

I was choking now with hatred and jealousy of myself. I did not know whether my past self or my present self had the more right to be aggrieved.

"I have not given you much sympathy as yet," I said.

"To listen with interest to the grumbings of a blind man is sympathy in itself," he said with a touch of pathos in the lines of his face, which some people would have scorned as "self-pity," but which did not excite my contempt. I could not, however, afford to show sympathy. The only safety was in continuous argument.

"You don't agree with Scott on the point," I said, attempting to get again upon general ground.

"No," he said, and repeated the lines that already had come into my mind:

"Oh, Woman in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
When care and sickness wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou!"

"I have no belief in that. The woman I wanted to marry would have sorely hated the trouble of me, now!"

"You cruel skeptic!" I cried; and for the moment forgot my caution. It was my own voice that rang in my

ears. He threw up his head as the sound caught him, with an indescribable look which frightened me. A smile slowly grew on his face and died away; after which he drooped his head on his hand, and there was a long silence between us.

"Perhaps I am," he said at last. "But with regard to that memorable stanza, so hackneyed as a quotation, I would say, as a reading of it—that the woman who comes to a man in his pain as a ministering angel is not the same person as the lady caprice of his hours of ease. They are different types of feminine character. So much you will allow, if you are reasonable."

"Let me be reasonable in your eyes," I said, "for my experience is different from yours. But we have finished the tea, and I promised to do a little service for my landlady this evening."

"I rose to go, and he rose also, and made a step towards me.

"Will you not shake hands with me?"

I went to meet him, and put my fingers in his, as he could not see to find mine. He held my hand, closely as if he would cling to it, until I pulled it away indignantly, as I turned to leave the room.

"Good evening, sir," I said in my most pronounced unnatural voice, and left him.

As I trimmed a hat for my post-mistress, shut up in my little room in the village that evening, angry tears fell thick on the tulle and flowers which are not warranted to stand a shower. Oh, the inconsistency of man! Woman is a miracle of fidelity compared with him. To think that I should have nursed my romance through the distractions of travel and society, living on sweet memories in my own heart—for this! Could I have grown sympathetic and confidential with a masculine secretary, in case I had been forced to employ one? Here was Kit, whom I still looked on as all my own more so than

ever in his affection, forgetting me with bitterness, and ready to fall in love with a strange woman, his mere amanuensis, an argumentative woman too, and with an unpleasant voice, and a lisp!

My passion over, I summoned my common sense, and resolved to be what Kit would call reasonable. I was despised and practically forgotten. I would finish his book for him, keeping him well at a distance in the meantime, and then I would return whence I had come, undiscovered, and leave him to find another secretary, who would gladly respond to his confidences. Finding it more than ever difficult to present myself at my desk the next morning I admitted that I was properly punished for my hardihood in venturing on an undertaking which has proved too difficult for me.

All day he made himself perfectly delightful to that odious creature, the secretary. There were no more snubs and lectures. He drew her out, like one who desired to be informed by her superior knowledge. No matter how hoarse she was, or how absurdly she lisped, he listened to her with a rapturous expression which made me ill with unhappiness.

The work went on, nevertheless, "I know you don't like it," he said, "but what I have written I have written. One can only write of one's own experiences. Should sweeter happenings come to me after much suffering, my next novel will, perhaps, be of a more sanguine colouring."

I had been as silent as I found it possible to be, but here I spoke.

"Has any one the right to call his own mood an experience of the character and conduct of others? What he provokes, he creates."

"Ah!" he said reflectively, "not badly put. I will think that over. The inconsistencies of character, and the contradictions of truths are illimitable and immeasurable. Who knows whether Violante may not jus-

tify herself, even in the last chapter?"

He then began to quote again the lines of Scott to which he had given his own particular reading. This hurt me beyond bearing.

"You forget," I said, "that you found two different types of women registered in those verses. And Violante is only one."

He smiled. It was terrible to me to feel that I had grown to dread his smile, which was for the secretary and not for me. I wished he would relapse into sternness towards her, and memories of me. I said something further about two women and one woman. I can't remember exactly what it was, but I know that the utterance left me aware of imminent risk of a dangerous collision between Lilirosa Annabella and the detestable Miss Gibbs. He did not appear to notice it, however. It was evident that the secretary was occupying all his masculine attention.

The novel was drawing to a close, and it was still uncertain whether he meant to clear Violante's character, show her as an angel misunderstood, the victim of deceptive appearances, or dismiss her into the penal realms where wander in eternal oblivion the never-to-be-forgiven heroines.

"I know you mean to end it badly," I said, when he intimated that he was preparing the denouement, and intended to make a pause and think it over. He had proposed an interval for a walk in the orchard and gardens every day, to delay the work while he was making up his mind, and thus rendered me so thoroughly miserable that I could not endure my position any longer and resolved to break the engagement and hurry away, at any cost.

"You have decided on a bad ending," I repeated. "Any one could write it for you, to save you the trouble. Your Violante is not real enough to require you, or any other special author of her being, for her ending. She is such a poor bloodless

creature very little would finish her."

"Will you undertake it then?" he asked. "If I leave the ending altogether to you, will you write me the last few chapters?"

"Indeed I will not," I said—"you must work her out for yourself, or employ some one whose views are like your own. And I am obliged to tell you—" I added with an effort to speak indifferently, "that I shall return to London in a day or two. This engagement has run beyond the length specified, and I am due elsewhere."

His face became clouded, and remorse took possession of me. Lilirosa and the strange woman were rending my heart between them. O, Miss Gibbs, Miss Gibbs, how had you gained such an influence over my Kit, with your sharp contradictions and your purely mechanical services?

"Don't go away yet; give me another day or two," he pleaded.

"I am due in London to-morrow night."

He was silent for a minute, and I fussed with my papers to occupy the interval.

"Come to say good-bye in the morning," he urged, and I said, "Yes, I can do that, feeling as if I had got a reprieve from the full penalty of immediate departure. To leave him so, alone and helpless, without even a secretary to comfort him, was intolerable.

"I may be able to send you an amanuensis from London, I said. "You would still prefer a man, I suppose."

He actually laughed; and that hardened me a little for the moment, and enabled me to get out of his presence without betraying myself.

After a miserable night I rose up, limp, but resolved. I dressed myself for our last meeting, in white, as he used to like to see me, my heart reminding me the while of how silly it was to think of such follies. I might as well be clothed in sackcloth

and ashes for all the difference it could make to a man who was sightless.

"No matter! I said, trying to remove the tell-tale redness from about my eyes, (also of no consequence) "I will, once for all, destroy Miss Gibbs, if only to my own consciousness. I will feel that I am myself in the moment of my last farewell to Kit."

I walked up through the sweet green lanes, and saw that the apple-trees had a redder glow through the green than when first I saw them, and that the yew peacock stood forth more darkly against the brilliance of distant foliage now touched with gold and scarlet. To lengthen my walk I approached the cottage by the orchard paths, and paused a moment to disentangle a tress of my hair from the claws of a pendent branch which had just dropped an over-ripe apple into the hat that I carried on my arm.

Turning my head I saw Kit coming up the path to meet me.

His eyes were open, and the golden smile was in them. He walked with a free step, looking straight before him. It was Kit, no longer blind.

My arms fell by my sides. Hat and apple were on the ground. Transfixed with amazement, I waited for him to come to me.

"Lil!" he said, with the ring of a great joy in his voice.

"Kit! What has done it?"

I forgot all about Miss Gibbs. We were here together, and the sight of me was making him glad.

"You have done it. Your coming did it. My doctor told me that the blindness, being of the nerves, might possibly go as suddenly as it came. The joy of your return to me has acted as a tonic. I knew it when, this morning, I opened my eyes to the sunshine."

"But—Miss Gibbs—" I said, "you did not know—"

"I found you out pretty early in the proceedings. You were not so

clever as you intended to be. How could you expect to keep up a disguise of voice and manner so perfectly that Lil should never shine through it?"

And you were allowing me to go away!"

"As a blind man, how could I take advantage of your generosity? But I was torn with indecision. When I

saw the blessed light this morning I knew that God was sending me a great happiness."

"Kit," I said, after a few unreportable minutes had flown, "we are the two happiest people in the world this morning."

We repeated those words to each other to-day, the seventh anniversary of our marriage.

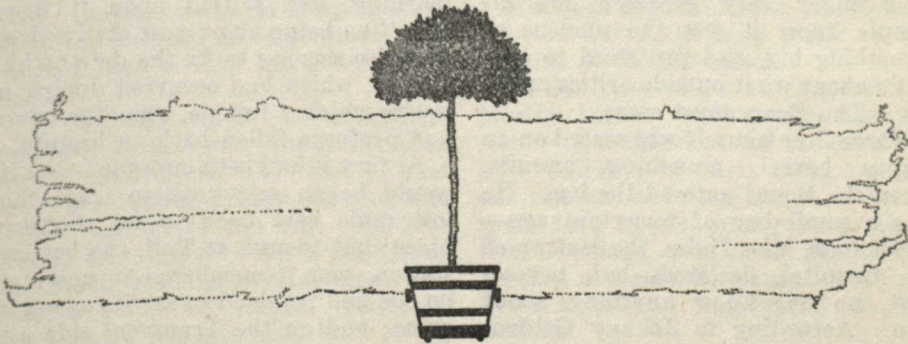
## REPARATION

By A. G. MACKAY

SHE planted roses by the door,  
 And children passed in bands,  
 But none of them would take the flowers  
 She held in wistful hands.

Now silence fills the little house  
 Where weeping was before,  
 And lovers stop to pick the flowers  
 Around the sagging door.

Lord, grant that she may see her flowers,  
 And see young eyes aglow;  
 And may she dream that love was true  
 In summers long ago.



# THE ADOPTION OF THREE STAR

BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

THE Sanitary Board of Fort Alexandra, having got through its ordinary comical business, which consisted of authorising the payment of fifteen shillings each as a month's wages to three Kaffir labourers, adjourned from the Court-house to the bar of the Thatched House Hotel, and went into committee on Three Star.

It was always a sore point with the inhabitants of the township that, though theirs was the oldest settlement in Mashonaland, it was not allowed to have a mayor and corporation. Not that it would have revered mayors and aldermen—but it objected to other towns being granted special privileges, just because they happened to be bigger.

True, Fort Alexander was right off the main track, being two hundred miles from the railway; whilst the other two or three dozen tin shanties which composed it might not impress a stranger very greatly; but the people knew it was the nucleus of something big, and professed to care little about what outside critics might say. The Boom must come.

Three Star himself was seated on an empty barrel, munching biscuits, when the Board entered the bar. He was a small boy of uncertain age—about four, Miss Hales, the Matron of the Hospital, declared—but, beyond that, no one knew anything about him. According to Johnny Geldenhuis, the Dutch transport rider, the child and its father had been travelling north on a private mule cart,

which had been swept away in trying to cross the Lundi Drift when the river was in flood, both the leader and the driver being drowned. A couple of days later, Johnny, who was going south with empty waggons, had found the survivors, drenched and starving on the road, and had promptly turned back and brought them the sixty miles into town; but the father had been delirious all the way, and had died of blackwater fever twenty four hours after his arrival, leaving no clue to his indenty.

The child had been very ill for two days; but at the end of a week nothing short of physical force could have kept him in bed. In reply to questions, he gave his name as "Kid," whereat Miss Hales had shaken her head, and decided that in future he must be "Theodore;" but the town had rejected both appellations, and, after a discussion which had kept the barman up till three o'clock in the morning, had settled upon "Three Star" as being short and distinctive, and also serving to fix the date of his arrival, which had occurred during a severe whiskey famine, when the town had preforee fallen back on brandy.

At first it had been supposed that it would be an easy task to trace the lost mule cart back to its starting place; but though at Tuli, the border station, men remembered it passing, no one had troubled to ask its owner's name; and on the Transvaal side all scent was lost. The Board, acting on behalf of the town, inquired of transport riders, and wrote many letters,

and even wired to an ex-Alexandrian in Johannesburg, but without result; then men began to breathe freely again, and to make plans for Three Star's future.

The idea which found most support was that the town itself should adopt the child; but at a general gathering held after the Saturday market, Father Martin, the chairman of the Board—"Father" being a purely secular title, conferred on him as the oldest inhabitant, he having been there since the foundation of the place, eight years previously—pointed out the legal difficulties of such a scheme, and it was finally rejected in favour of adoption by some individual, who was to be chosen by the Board after its next meeting. Everyone was determined that Three Star should remain in Alexandra, the only dissident being Stephenson, the manager of the Trading Company's store, and he had ceased to count since, as a mere newcomer, he had scoffed at every possibility of a Boom in Fort Alexandra.

\*

Three Star took the glass of lemonade which Jack Hartigan had just brought out for him, in his two chubby hands, washed down his biscuits with a long drink, then nodded benevolently to the Board. He was distinctly grimy, the result of a chance meeting with Peter, a tame goat; though, when he slipped away from the hospital an hour previously, he had been a very model of cleanliness.

"Peter did this," he remarked, pointing to his dirty pinafore; then he scrambled off the barrel, and trotted across to Father Martin, who lifted him on to the bar. "I love Peter, and I love Peter's man," he continued beaming at Hartigan, who besides being the largest trader in the district, was also proprietor of the offending goat.

"Missus wants the piccanin, Baas;" the hospital boy put his head in the

door and spoke to Martin, who glanced rather ruefully at his own attire—a sleeveless flannel shirt and discoloured khaki breeches, then hurried out, leading a very unwilling Three Star.

Miss Hales was waiting on the stoop, looking as severe as her gentle face would allow. She was thirty-two, and she called herself an old maid, which meant she had refused at least a dozen offers in two years. "Oh, Theodore, what a mess you are in! Mr. Martin, I have told you before not to take him into that horrid bar."

Father Martin, who was thirty-eight, and had been refused twice, flushed under the unmerited accusation. "I didn't, matron, really I didn't; I found him there."

"Then who took him in?"

Three Star answered, "Peter's man there. Peter threw me down, and Peter's man carried me in and gaved me biscuits and lem'nade."

Miss Hales frowned again. "It's shameful; Mr. Hartigan ought to know better. Good-afternoon, Mr. Martin."

Father Martin re-entered the bar full of wrath against the trader. "The matron's on your track, Jack," he growled. "She says it's a confounded shame to bring the kid in here;" then, after soothing his feelings with a drink, he turned to his fellow-members, and the Board went into committee on Three Star.

Hartigan seated himself on the barrel, and having nothing better to do, listened to the discussion.

"I don't see who is to adopt him," Martin began. "The only married men—the magistrate and the doctor—have children of their own, and no one else has a decent house, or could spare time to give him proper attention. Besides, most of us are hardly the sort of model he wants. Yet they can't keep him indefinitely at the hospital."

Old John Maddison, the labour agent, wagged his grizzled head. "We're most of us too broke as well

to do it as it should be done. When things buck up it will be different; but whilst one is hanging on to mining claims, and waiting, paying out fees all the time and nothing coming in—" He sighed, and called for another round of drinks.

Stephenson, of the Trading Company, laughed unkindly. "When things buck up!" he echoed. "I've been here three years now, and during that time the town has increased to the extent of two grass huts owned by coolies, whilst there are not ten solvent white men in it to-day."

John Maddison sat very straight.

"You confounded, underselling, money-grubbing, trader-cheating white Kaffir," he spluttered; but Terry, the owner of the Thatched House, laid a heavy hand on his arm.

"Steady on, John," he grunted. Then, "If you're one of the solvent ones, Stephenson, you can afford to pay me. Mac," to the barman, "sing out the total of Stephenson's account. 'Thirty-seven pounds eleven, isn't it?'"

Stephenson muttered an oath, and left hurriedly, amidst the jeers of the Board.

"I'll take the kid myself." Hartigan, who had been listening in silence, spoke abruptly.

The members started and exchanged glances. They had not thought of Hartigan before. True, he was the richest man in the district—at least, till the Boom came—but his nearest store was thirty miles out, and—well, there was another objection.

"I'll take him myself," Hartigan repeated.

It was left to Martin to answer him. "It's awfully good of you, Jack, but your place is too far out, and rottenly unhealthy."

Hartigan had foreseen the objection. "I know; but, then, you see, I am going to live in town now. I'm starting a wholesale store to knock out Stephenson. I bought Murray's old house from the executors this morning."

The Board conferred a moment,

and again Martin had to be spokesman, but this time he got up, and drew the trader on one side.

"Look here, Jack," he said rather awkwardly. "You know what it is, why none of us can really take him . . . this infernal whiskey . . . nothing to do but to hang about and drink till things improve; and you must admit you've been as bad as the rest since—since your younger brother died. Perhaps it doesn't matter for us, but we want Three Star to turn out a bit better."

Hartigan did not take offence, both because what Martin said was true, and because he himself was in earnest; but he stuck to his point. "I'll bring him up as straight as my brother was. If I peg out I can leave him a certain five thousand. You chaps had better let me have him, Martin." Then he went on to the stoop, where he leaned against the rail, whilst the board conferred in the bar.

Ten minutes later Martin joined him. "They think, after all, we ought to leave the decision to Miss Hales. I am going up to see her this evening."

Hartigan nodded. "All right, you'll find me here any time."

\*

For the second time that day Miss Hales looked severe. "I don't think Mr. Hartigan is at all a suitable man. A year ago he was particular in every way, but since his poor brother died here he seems to have ceased to care, like so many of you," she sighed, and stared out into the night. "I am very sorry for him, but I should be afraid to trust him with 'Theodore.'"

Father Martin shifted uneasily in his chair. It was not the first time Miss Hales had lectured him, either directly or by implication; for, almost from the day of her arrival, the brave little woman had set to work, single-handed, to fight the moral dry-rot of the town. The hospital was half a mile from the Thatched House,



a little oasis of cleanliness and refinement; but how could the matron help knowing what went on, when half the population had been her patients? She had not accomplished much; in fact, sometimes, when she had been sitting up all night holding the hand of a dying man, it seemed to her that she had accomplished nothing; but even if she lost heart, she never gave up the fight.

"I should be afraid to trust him now," she repeated.

Martin leaned forward suddenly. "It would be a good thing for Three Star—Theodore, I mean. Hartigan would provide for him as none of us could, and I think it would make him keep straight as well. Give him a chance, matron."

Miss Hales looked away. At last, "Well, he shall try. I will keep Theodore here for six months, and Mr. Hartigan shall come and see him as often as he likes. If at the end of that time I am quite satisfied, I will agree to the arrangement; but I shall have him watched closely."

\*

The town took Jack Hartigan's reformation very seriously. It did not want him to be a teetotaler—it would have resented such a thing strongly; but it gave him every assistance by not pressing him to drink. In any other community, a man would have been chaffed, or even sneered at under the circumstances; but after a police trooper had received a scientific hiding at the hands of no less a person than the barman, criticism ceased, except in the case of Stephenson, and he was ignored as beneath contempt.

The town had been quick to understand why Hartigan wished to adopt the child. "Three Star is the image of poor young Leslie, Jack's brother—the most decent boy we ever had in Alexandra," old Maddison declared, and Hartigan himself had admitted as much to Miss Hales. He had told the matron many other things as they

sat talking on the stoop after Three Star had gone to bed, and the wise little lady soon came to know him wonderfully well. She saw him almost every day, for if she were busy when he called for the boy, he generally found some excuse for a second visit later in the day.

Nearly four months of Hartigan's probation period had gone by when Stephenson started for a trip home. The whole town assembled to see him off, not because it regretted losing him for a time, but because there was nothing else to do.

"Good-bye, Father; good-bye, John," the passenger called to Martin and Maddison as the driver of the post-cart gathered up his reins. "Keep the Boom till I come back." Then he caught sight of Hartigan, whom he detested as a trade rival. "So long, Hartigan. Perhaps I'll drop across Three Star's relatives at home."

"I'll break your neck if you do," the trader replied promptly, though the words gave him an uneasy feeling; and as soon as the cart had jolted off on its two-hundred-mile journey, he walked up to the hospital to talk the matter over with the matron. Somehow, they had become so used to the possession of Three Star, that they had almost forgotten the risk of someone appearing to claim him.

Miss Hales heard him with a troubled face. "But I thought the Board, or Mr. Roper, the magistrate, had made all sorts of inquiries, had advertised in the papers."

Hartigan shook his head. "Roper left it to the Board; and though Martin wrote a lot of letters, they didn't want to lose the kiddie."

"It was very wrong of them," the matron tried to speak sternly. "Suppose he has a mother who has been wondering and longing all these months."

"He can't have one, or she would have tracked him before this," Hartigan answered with a show of assurance, trying to dispel the doubts he

himself had raised. "The only danger is that Stephenson may attempt to scare us with some bogus claim."

Miss Hales sighed; and when her visitor had gone, she sat a long while staring across the great stretch of open veldt towards the distant line of kopjes. "It would undo all the good if he lost Theodore now," she murmured.

\*

Three weeks later Father Martin, who was coach agent amongst other things, was standing in the doorway of the Thatched House watching the post-cart coming down the road. "There's a passenger," he remarked to Maddison. "I wonder who it is. It's three weeks since we had anyone . . . Hullo, Mac," to the barman. "You had better get that trek-gear cleared out of one of your bedrooms; there's a stranger on the cart."

Mac came forward just as the vehicle disappeared into the drift. "We'll see if he looks worth it first," he remarked calmly; but five minutes later, when the vehicle reappeared on the near bank of the river, he gave a whistle of astonishment. "A woman, by Jove! Who can it be?"

The stranger alighted stiffly from the cart; but even the dust and the weariness of the journey could not disguise the fact that she was an English lady; whilst Martin, who went forward shyly to meet her, noted that she was also young.

"You are Mr. Martin?" she asked hurriedly. "I was told to see you, and have come to fetch my little boy."

\*

Miss Hales wiped her eyes. "It is a very sad story, Mr. Hartigan. She had to get a separation from her husband, and, in revenge, he ran away with the child. Months later, she heard he had been seen in Capetown, and followed him there; but she could get no further information, until she saw an account of the finding of Theodore, which Mr. Stephenson had given

to one of the Cape papers. . . . They are going away by the next cart."

Hartigan got up rather unsteadily. "I am sorry," he said. "Thank you, Miss Hales. You needn't mention anything about me," and he turned towards the door; but, apparently acting on a sudden impulse, she called him back.

"Mr. Hartigan, your promise holds good, at least till Theodore has gone."

The man flushed, then laughed a little uneasily. "Very well, I will keep it, Miss Hales."

The whole town went down to the Thatched House to see Three Star depart, and, to their own surprise, and more still to that of his mother, most of them kissed him. Miss Hales had intended to part from him at the hospital, but in the end, she too, accompanied him to the hotel, where she stood on the step beside Hartigan, until the cart finally disappeared over the rise; then she turned to go back to the hospital. Hartigan hesitated a moment, glanced towards the open door of the bar, but finally strode after her.

"We shall miss the little begger," he said at last. "He made a lot of difference to me."

"You must not let it make too much difference, Mr. Hartigan. Promise me you won't." There was a break in her voice, though she strove hard to keep it steady.

Hartigan had been staring straight ahead, but now he faced round quickly. "May I still come to the hospital—to see you?"

"Would that help?" Her voice was very low.

"I should keep any promise I made to you," he replied gravely.

She looked up at him with very bright eyes. "Then you may come."

He laughed boyishly. "But I shall expect you to give up the hospital work as soon as you can. I shall want a lot of watching, you know."

"I am not afraid of that now," she answered with a smile.



**SNOWBOUND BOATS**

From the Painting by  
Ernest Lawson

In the National Art  
Gallery of Canada



# THE CUR AND THE COYOTE

BY EDWARD PEPLÉ

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE CHAP," "THE MALLET'S MASTERPIECE," ETC.

HE was a dog, and they called him Joe. He had no god-father, but was named after Chip Moseby's one rich relative whom the brute resembled physically—and it wasn't a compliment either.

Joe's ancestry was a matter to pass over politely and forget. He was a large animal, with the unmistakable build of the wolf-hound, yet his blood was mixed with many another hardy breed. His hair, of a dirty yellowish brown, grew in every possible way, except that designed by a beauty-loving Creator, while his undershot jaw hinted at the possibility of a bull-terrier figuring as co-respondent in some long-forgotten scandal. Therefore, Joe had little claim to beauty; but, rather, as Frisco Jim expressed it, "was the dernedes' orn'ries'-look-in' beas' wes' of the Mississipp."

Chip Moseby thought of his rich relative, and smiled. The criticism, harsh but just, fitted the dog in all respects with the one exception of his eyes. There spoke the Scotch collic breed. They were beautiful, pathetic, dreamy, yet marred—from a poetical standpoint—by a dash of impishness found only in that cordially despised, but weirdly intelligent race of canine outcasts—the cur-dog.

In the beginning Chip Moseby found him on the prairie. How he had ever wandered into the centre of this trackless plain was indeed a mystery; but there he was, and commanded pity, even from a cow-puncher.

Lost and leg-sore, famished for want of food and water, he waited dumbly for the three black buzzards that wheeled in lazy circles above his head. Chip dismounted and surveyed his find in wonder, striving to decide whether to take the cur into camp or put him out of misery for once and all by a merciful shot. Wisdom called aloud for the shot, but something—a half remembered something deep down in the inside of the man—whispered and made him hesitate.

No, he could not decide; but, being a gambler by birth, taste, and education, he shifted the burden of responsibility to the back of Chance. The process was simple. He reached for the heavy gun which lay upon his hip, and poised a silver dollar between the thumb and finger of his other hand.

"Now, stranger," he observed cheerfully, "you're goin' to be the stakes of a show-down. Heads, you go to camp. Tails, you go to hell. You couldn't ask fer anything fairer'n that, could you?"

He spun the coin and caught it in his open hand. The dog cocked his ears, and the Texan cocked his forty-four. Tails lay uppermost.

"Yo' luck ain't changed much, puppy," sighed the man, shifting his position for a cleaner shot at the back of the sick dog's head. "You've been elected this time, sure, an'—"

Chip paused suddenly, wondering why, but pausing. His victim whin-

ed faintly, raised a pair of gentle, fever-touched collie eyes, and waited. The cow-puncher eased the hammer of his gun and slid the weapon into its holster.

"Dern the dawg!" he muttered beneath his breath. "It's jus' like some po' li'l' helpless, moon-eyed gal what is—what's callin' me a sneak!"

Chip Moseby did not know he was muttering sentiment; but, alone on a wide green prairie with his pony and a dog, where none of his fellow rangers could see and laugh at him—well, it made no difference, anyway. From his saddle-tail he untied his water-flask, pouring its contents into his wide felt hat; then he added a bit of liquid from another and more precious flask, and made an offering to a new-found friend. The dog lapped it eagerly, and, after a time, sat up on his haunches, to devour the last crumb and fibre of Chip's last ration of corn bread and bacon, while the cow-man looked on and cursed him—horribly—but with a smile.

Slipping, sliding, in the dip of his master's saddle, yet wagging a mangy tail to show that he understood, Joe was christened and rode twenty miles to camp. It was just an ordinary camp of twenty cow-men in charge of eighteen hundred long-horns "on the graze." An idle existence at this season, moving as the big "bunch" listed, and dealing greasy cards at all times save when in the saddle or snoring beneath the cold white stars. The cow-men lived, drank bad whiskey, gambled, and died—sometimes from delirium tremens or snake-bite; at other times from purely natural causes, such as being trampled by a steer. A remnant they were of a long-departed hero type, still picturesque, yet lacking in certain vital attributes—mainly morality and a bath.

\*

The camp accepted Joe for two reasons: firstly, because they did not care one way or the other; secondly, because Chip Moseby had, on various

occasions, thrashed three of the cow-men in brutal, bare-knuckled fights—and the rest had seen him do it. Therefore, nineteen more or less valuable criticisms were politely withheld.

For four sweet days Joe ate, drank, and slumbered, recovering both in body and in nerve; then he rose up and began to take notice. The first thing he noticed was a lean-flanked, powerful dog that had dwelt in camp for the space of seven months and felt at home. The "homer's" name was Tonque. He belonged to a gentleman known familiarly as Greaser Sam, a gentleman whose breeds were as badly mixed as Joe's—a fact to which pointed reference was made by jovial friends with frequency and impunity.

Tonque was the only member in camp who openly resented Joe's advent. He first made pantomimic overtures, then displayed a spleenish disappointment at the stranger's gender and disposition. He bullied the new dog shamefully, took away the juiciest bones, nipped him in his tenderest spots, and cursed him in Mexican dog-language, a thing conceded by all linguists to be—with the exception of coyote talk—the vilest of obscene vituperation. Joe bore in silence for many days. He was a guest of Mr. Moseby, virtually a tenderfoot, and uncertain of the etiquette required in his delicate position. The master gave no orders, and what was a dog to do? True, a bite or two was nothing much, but an insult sinks far deeper than a tooth, and when the cattle-camp lay slumbering through the night, Joe's dog heart ached and troubled him. It is a hopeless sort of thing to stand a bullying for the sake of etiquette, but somewhere through the mongrel's many breeds ran the blood of a gentleman dog; so Joe gave up his bones and took his bites without a growl.

"Him dern coward!" tittered Greaser Sam, pointing at the cur contemptuously with his soup-spoon. "Tha's fonny. Big dog—no fight."

"How much d'ye think so?" in-

quired Chip Moseby, puffing at his corn-cob leisurely.

"'Fi' dollar!" chirped the Mexican cook, his little rat eyes twinkling.

"Make it ten," said Chip, with a careless shrug, "an' Joe'll chase that rabbit's whelp of yo'r'n plumb off'n the range."

Greasier Sam laughed joyfully and produced a month's pay in silver and dirty notes. Yank Collins was made stakeholder, while Chip, stone deaf to the warnings of certain unbelievers, knocked the dottle from his pipe and whistled to his dog. Joe came over—for protection, it seemed—and laid a trembling chin on the master's knee.

"Joe, ole man," asked Chip, in the tone of a mother's tender solicitude, "is that there Mexican skunk a pesterin' of you?"

The dog, of course, said nothing—that is, verbally—but his two great glorious eyes spoke volumes. In them the master read this earnest, but respectful plea:

"Mr. Moseby, sir, if you will only say the word and allow me to chew up that bow-legged son of a one-eyed pariah, I'll love you till the crack of doom!"

The master, who was a gentleman fighter himself, smiled grimly, stroked the ugly head, and waved his pipe-stem in the general direction of the bumptious Tonque.

"All right, son, go eat him up!"

It may here be stated that one of Joe's grandest qualities lay in strict obedience; or, failing in the letter of command, he did his best.

The incident occurred just after dinner, when the cow-punchers, replete with coffee and fried bacon, were enjoying a quiet smoke. They rose to a man, formed a whooping ring about the contestants for camp prestige, and wagered on the outcome. The battle, minus revolting details, was soon over and all bets paid, for—briefly—Joe did his best. Only an angel or a ring-seasoned bull-terrier could have done more. Greasier Sam lost twenty dollars. Chip Moseby won

ninety. Tonque, the bully, yelping in the dim distance, lost all his pride, the better portion of one ear, and quite a depressing quantity of hide and hair.

Joe barked once, a hoarse shout of unholy joy—which was only human, after all—then sat down modestly, licked his wounds, and counted up the cost of his victory. He had made one enemy, and many friends; but Greasier Sam was only a cook, anyway—so the sting of a dozen ragged bites was peace unutterable.

Later, Sam partially squared the account by pouring a dipper full of boiling grease on Joe's back. Thus, by the time ten inches of hide curled up, peeled off, and healed again, the cur-dog loathed all breeds of Mexicans, and one in particular. Also, Joe suffered somewhat in the matter of scraps and bones; then affairs took a turn for the better. Greasier Sam, while revelling in a noontide siesta, inadvertently rolled on a rattlesnake, and, in spite of a copious supply of antidote on hand, swelled up absurdly, made noises, and passed out in hideous agony.

At the unpretentious funeral Joe controlled his features admirably, with the one exception of his tail, which *would* wag itself in spite of every gentlemanly instinct. This was wrong, of course, but a dog's ideas on the ethics of retribution are simple and direct. Joe was glad—very glad. He thrashed poor Tonque again—not from malice, but merely in a spirit of exuberance. One of his ancestors had been an Irish setter, though Joe was unaware of it.

\*

And now the waif began to find his own. He learned the profession of cow-punching, together with the arts and observances thereof. He could aid in a round-up nobly, for his wolf-hound length of limb gave him speed, which made even the tough little bronchos envious. At branding-time he could dive into the herd and "cut

out" any calf desired, then hold the evil-minded mother *en tête-à-tête* till the irons did their work. This saved the cow-men much exertion, but was hard on the cattle, and harder still, as it proved, on Joe.

His deeds were praised just a fraction too highly, so the cur-dog lost his head, puffed up with pride, and grew "sassy"—an elusive state to which even humans are subject. It was borne in upon Joe that he owned the camp, the bucking bronchos, the grazing long-horns, and, yea, even the prairie itself for a most expansive sweep, and life seemed good to him.

"Say, Chip," remarked Frisco Jim, with befitting solemnity, "thet there dawg o' yo'u'rn is gittin' jes' too cocky fer to live a minute. He don't need nothin' but a straw hat, 'n' a toothpick shoved in his face, to put me in min' o' thet li'l' English maverick what herded with us las' August'. You reck'lect 'im, Chip—one eye-glass 'n' a hired man fer to tote his shotgun!"

Few cow-men, however, are troubled because of a cur-dog's vanity; therefore, they submitted to his patronizing familiarity and rebuked him not. They loved him for his grit, his speed, his brains. They flattered him and spoiled him, sharing, on common terms, their board and bed—especially the bed composed of a rolled-up blanket with Joe on the outside. Of course, there were fleas—hundreds of fleas—but a hero of the plains soon learns to overlook the little things of life; besides, it was good to feel a warm dog in the small of a fellow's back when the wind was nippy and from the north. Thus Joe waxed fat and prospered in his pride.

It is strange how a mongrel's breeds will crop out singly, and, for the time being, dominate all other traits; yet this was the case with Joe. In a fight of any kind his bull-Irish came to the fore with a rush, the undershot jaw figuring as a conspicuous racial mark. The wolf-hound strain developed solely when he caught a

lean, healthy jack-rabbit in a straight-away race, brought him into camp, and ate him before the eyes of an admiring crowd. His keen, pathetic sensitiveness was no doubt inherited from the collie stock; but of that there is more to follow.

At present Joe's cur-dog intelligence and sense of humour lay uppermost, leading him to the performance of tricks. These he could do without number, fetching, carrying, or standing on his hind-legs to beg for bacon and applause. He could imitate a bucking broncho or a pawing bull. Also, he said his prayers in the manner of certain far-distant Christians—a feat, by the bye, which none of his associates had achieved in years. He named the values and poker-chips by barks, and, finally, could nuzzle a deck of evil-smelling cards, selecting therefrom any named ace or deuce-spot, an accomplishment which was voiced abroad and thrilled the great Southwest with wonder and delight.

Is it, then, to be marvelled at that a carelessly born cur-dog, alone and surfeited with adulation, should weaken and lose his grip on modesty? Joe lost it, but not irrecoverably, for about this time he met his Waterloo, and a mangy Napoleon rested for a space on the isle of mortification.

\*

A light frost fell, and with it came the coyotes. Joe had never seen a coyote, and his interest was aroused—Irish interest, mixed with Western superiority. A lazy white moon swung over the horizon, quenching the camp-fire's glow and flooding the plain with a ghostly glory. From far away in the east came a melancholy yapping, and Joe rose up and listened. Suddenly, from nowhere, appeared the first coyote—a splendid, strapping specimen, with yellow black flanks and a flaunting, feathered tail. He took a clump of sage-brush at a bound, lit on his haunches, pointed his nose toward the sky's high dome, and loosed one long, ghoulish wail.



As has been said, the dog was interested. There was something more. He was stricken dumb—paralyzed—by this cool effrontery. Here was an arrogant stranger, sitting—without the courtesy of invitation—upon Joe's own prairie, disturbing the peace in a hateful, alien tongue. The serene cheek of it! A devil-lipped pitch-imp! yapping at Joe's moon!

A pair of pathetic collie eyes swept slowly round the circle of recumbent cow-men, resting at last upon the master, and seeming—in camp vernacular—to inquire, as plain as words: "Fer Jeroosy's sake, Mr. Moseby, what is it?"

A camp humourist kindly supplied the information.

"That there is a hell-warbler. Sick him, Joe!"

Joe took the suggestion without parley. A noiseless brown streak made out toward the serenader, but Mr. Coyote saw it coming. He ended his song with a crisp crescendo and departed in an easy, shambling lope. The dog was too much occupied to hear the coarse ripple of amusement following his exit, or to see the master stir a sleeper with his foot and remark, with a widening grin:

"Come, git up, Tony, 'n' see the spote. My dawg's a linkin' it after a ki-yote."

A more perfect stage could not have been desired; the moon for footlights, Tonque and nineteen other cow-men as the audience, a coyote for comedian, and Joe, of course, the star. The chase went south for half a mile, doubled itself, and passed the camp again, the manœuvre being repeated six separate times, apparently for the benefit of those who watched. It was a close race, too, or seemed to be, for seldom was the cur's black muzzle more than a yard or so behind his victim's flaunting tail.

Never before had the wolf-hound breed cropped out so strongly. Joe ran low; his muscles ached and burned, his eyes protruded, and he whimpered in desire; yet, strive as he

would, he failed to reduce the lead, while the beast in front reeled onward with a shambling lope. Think of it! A lope!

But now Joe gained. He moaned aloud with joy. His blood was up, and he went for his enemy in crazy, heart-breaking leaps. Three times he snapped, and bit nothing but his own dry tongue; then something happened. The coyote, tiring of the game, took his foot in his hand, so to speak, and faded away as a woodcock leaves a weasel.

Joe sat down and thought about it. Nothing short of a pistol-ball could travel like that little black dot on the far horizon. There was something wrong about the whole affair, but just what the cur-dog could not figure out. Possibly the cow-men might enlighten him and offer sympathy; so, with this false hope at heart, he went back slowly, his hot breath coming in laboured gasps, his stump tail sagging sadly. His reception, however, was very different from the one so fondly hoped. Instead of pats and a courteous explanation, they greeted him with a roar of vulgar laughter—a taunt which stung him to the very quick.

That dogs are sensitive to ridicule is a fact too patent to admit of argument; but collies, perhaps, are the most humanly sensitive of all. And this is where Joe's collie breed cropped out to stay. He was stunned at first. He couldn't take it in; but when the taunts continued, the dog's already heated blood began to boil. He was fighting for his last torn shred of pride—and pride dies hard.

He crouched beside the camp-fire, his rough hair bristling down his spine, his ugly nose distorted by an uglier wrinkle still. And when at last Sprig Flannigan—the humourist, by the way, who had sicked Joe on—laughed louder than the rest, and pointed a derisive finger at the hero fallen low, then the cur saw red and forgot to be a gentleman.

At best a rawhide boot is a rather tough proposition, but Joe bit through

it, through the trousers beneath, through flesh and sinew, till his strong teeth met. With a bellow of rage and pain, the humourist wrenched away and reached for his big blue gun. He was a quick man, but Chip Moseby was a fraction quicker. His hand flew out and disturbed the pot-shot aim, while the bullet went whining out across the prairie, impairing the market value of an innocent long-horn.

"Drop it!" commanded Chip, then added, by way of pacifying argument: "Ef you had made a screamin' ass of yo'se'f like Joe had, an' we'd 'a' laughed at *you*, burn *me* ef you wouldn't want to cut our th'oats!"

This was logic, but Sprig, in his misery, failed to see it. He, too, was Irish. His fingers tingled on his smoking gun, while he urged his death-claim with a quivering chin.

"Th' murtherin' divil's whelp! He's chawed a piece outur me laig!"

Chip Moseby retorted promptly and heartlessly.

"Well, charge the so' place up to profit 'n' loss, 'n' run 'n' tell yer mommer. Now shet up, or I'll bloody yer dern nose."

This, also, was logic; besides, Sprig's nose had been bloddied once before, and memory lingered. Therefore, he dropped the discussion in a Christian spirit, tied up his leg with a whiskey-soaked rag, and strove to forget the incident.

\*

So much for the man's wound. The dog had received a deeper one—larger and more pitiless. A bull's-eye had been made of his vanity, and only death or the coyote's blood could soothe the pain away.

Next morning he tried to persuade himself that it all had been a dream; but Sprig Flannigan limped, and a dog's heart doesn't ache so fiercely because of dreams. The day dragged on and on, but reached a close at last. A purple twilight came sneaking over the west, deeper, darker, till the lazy

moon arose, and again the camp-fire paled—a lonely, flickering blotch on a vast white sea. And silence fell—God's silence, which a whisper mars like a curse on a woman's lips.

From out the east a whisper leaked—a faint *yap! yap!* that rose and sank again. Joe heard it, and strove to give no sign, but his hair *would* rise, and his lips rolled back from his yellow fangs. Silence again, more holy than before; then a ghost-beast leaped the sage-brush, squatted and profaned the night with a shattered, drivelling howl.

"Hi, Joe!" said a merry-hearted gentleman, "there's yer frien' a calling of you. Run along, son, 'n' play with him."

This sally was received with a shout of mirth, and the dog arose and went; not toward the cause of his degradation, but deep into the silent cattle-herd, where his soul—if dogs have souls—was empty of all save hate and shame alone.

The nights which followed were, to Joe, a living death. With fateful punctuality the hell-warbler jumped the sage-brush and began his haunting serenade. He jeered at Joe, and drove him to the verge of hydrophobia. He called the dog by names unbearable, and dared him to a chase. Joe did try it once, just to prove the paradox to his canine mind. Thereafter he resorted to strategy, and laid for Mr. Coyote, but without avail.

This seemed to amuse the cow-men vastly, and each sad failure was a new delight to them. Somehow, they fancied the two words "humour" and "brutality" to be synonymous, and wrought religiously upon that line. They took to tormenting Joe instead of watching his old-time parlour tricks, which now, alas! were played no more. He had no heart for tricks, and even the ace and deuce-spot seemed to have lost their charm. The dog grew thin and hollow-eyed, moaning and battling in his sleep, when false dreams gave his enemy into his jaws.

Then the hell-warbler took to calling in the daytime, bringing his friends and family with him. He would glide into camp and steal something, then glide away unharmed, pursued by raw profanity and a pistol-ball. Joe loathed him, but was ashamed. No longer he waited for the cow-men's nightly jests, but at the sound of the first *yap! yap!* he would rise from the camp-fire and slink away into the outer darkness, to hide his face from the sight of man. Joe's cup of woe was full—and yet, not quite, for another trouble was to come upon him. His master went away.

Chip Moseby had gone in the night—on a hurry-call—while the dog was stalking a certain coyote many miles from camp. Of course, there might have been a trail, but a heavy rain was falling, which is bad for trails; and when a man in the West simply goes away—well—none but fools, or sheriffs, follow after.

And now was Joe alone indeed. For a time even the coyote was forgotten in a grief for the one square man who had offered pats, low-spoken words, and a sympathetic eye. Shame and bitterness for a dog, are hard to bear; but grief for a loved one whisked into the Great Unknown is a pang undreamed by man. It rends him, while his dog heart slowly breaks, and he, too, slips away, to hunt—who knows?—till he licks a master's spirit-hand.

The Mexican dog Tonque was lapsing into arrogance of late. Joe thrashed him soundly, but got no pleasure out of it, thus proving to himself that his case was bad. Then he wandered away on the prairie alone, and made a find. It wasn't much in itself—a calfskin tobacco-pouch—but it belonged to Chip Moseby. Joe nosed it once, and hope came trickling back to him. And now the collie stock cropped out again, assisted by that other and much maligned canine strain—the cur. Joe noted the distant camp, drew an imaginary line between it and his find, and knew that

the master's broncho had travelled north.

This was enough. The ugly ears lay back, the long limbs stretched themselves in a swinging stride. Straight as a shaft toward the polestar sped a faithful dog, while his heart beat high with a bounding, hungry joy. Somewhere in the north his master waited, and behind him lay the camp, the jeering cow-men, and a gang of mad coyotes yapping at the stars.

Then, suddenly, Joe stopped—so suddenly that he slid. For a long, long time he sat motionless upon his haunches; but at last he arose, looked northward with one wistful glance, and then trotted back to camp.

Now this, in a human, might he called heroic courage, or even majestic pride. In a cur, it has no name; but a brazen hell-warbler was still at large—and the cur remembered it.

\*

The next time Joe gave Tonque a thrashing, he did enjoy it—to the very marrow; also, he ate a square meal, and began to study the habits of coyotes from a scientific standpoint.

“Say, Joe,” said Frisco Jim, with his greasy smile, “why don't you put some salt on yo' cousin's tail?”

Joe passed the jest and insult without apparent notice, for now he had other fish to fry. To be explicit, he went out and lay down among the long-horns, hoping the fumes of their smoking bodies might disguise his scent. If Mr. Coyote chanced to wander carelessly among the cattle, as he did at times, then—perhaps! But Mr. Coyote laughed, as one derides a tenderfoot, and bored a hole in the wind with his shambling lope.

This was disappointing, at least from the dog's side of it, but the next encounter proved to be of greater interest to all concerned, and these were many. Joe made a wide *détour*, assaulted the enemy in his rear, and

got him pocketed in a bunch of sleeping cattle. This was well. The coyote's only road to hope lay directly across the backs of several hundred steers; a perilous path, at best, for the beasts rose up in unexpected places, thus causing the race-track to become lumpy and uncertain. The long-horns are peaceful creatures as a rule; but think, my friend! If you yourself were wakened suddenly from dreams of cuds and luscious grass by a charging coyote and a whimpering, foaming dog, perhaps you would think from a bovine point of view. At any rate, the cattle made progress difficult and uncertain, and once the race was all but run. A big steer tossed the coyote fifteen or twenty feet, but another one tossed Joe at the same instant, so honours were even, so to speak.

And now, indeed, was pandemonium loosed upon the night. The terror-stricken cattle, fleeing from they knew not what, surged backward, belching; in frenzy rushing round and round in a swiftly converging circle, tightening into a sort of whirlpool knot, known technically upon the plains as a "cattle mill." In daylight a "mill" is dreaded. At night—well, ask the cow-men.

"Wake up, boys!" screamed Denver Ed, seeking his tethered broncho on the run. "Joe's millin' the meat fer to ketch his ki-yote!"

Now, whether or not it was really Joe's design, is a matter beyond the ken of man; but this we know, ere sweet tranquillity was restored again, the cow-punchers had expended their uttermost supply of plainsmen's three P's, which is to say—powder, perspiration, and profanity. Yet peace and order did arrive at last, and when it came, a little black dot was yapping on the far horizon, while Joe sneaked, panting, into camp, defeated again, but hopeful. The gods had almost smiled upon him, yet with the cow-men he wasn't quite so popular.

Twice more the cur-dog failed—failed by a narrow margin—and the

days slipped one by one away. Each day was a brooding time for the memories of wrongs and ridicule, a yearning time for the loved one waiting in the north. Each night the coyote took the sage-brush at a flying leap, and stabbed the stillness with his hideous, ghoulish cry.

One day Joe lay thinking—hard. Suddenly he cocked his ears, took a short stroll on the prairie and came back satisfied; then he waited many days for chance and a cold, propitious wind. It came—an icy whistler—tearing from out the east till the bronchos backed their tails against it; while the men blasphemed and built a bigger fire. At twilight Joe stole out beside a clump of sage-brush, scratching till he made a hole. In this he squatted, his black nose pointing dead toward the blast, the seven senses of his every breed alert for trouble.

Again came night, but without the lazy moon. Again came silence, save for the moaning of the wind; the wind and one other wail—a faint *yap!* *yap!* that dribbled from out the east. A horrid note, a very caricature of sound, yet music now to the ears of the waiting dog! Nearer it came, and nearer still; no longer an echo down the wind, but a full, deep-throated challenge, mingled with the pattering of velvet feet. It came, a rush—a swish—the shadow of a ghost-beast sailing over the sage-brush in a beautiful, unsuspecting leap.

'Twas a perfect leap, high, graceful, grand; but it had its disadvantages. In mid air the coyote saw his fate beneath him, and tried to turn. He did turn, partially, and lit upon his back. In an instant Joe was all over him.

Of the bliss and sublime brutality of that battle in the dark, none save Joe alone will ever know. But, oh, the glory of it! The feel of a scuffling enemy beneath his paws, when teeth met flesh and bone, to lock with a rasping click! The savage joy of a foeman fighting back at last, frothing, tearing, in a coward's fury of

despair! The peace which passeth understanding when the quivering brute lay dead!

Joe closed his eyes and rested. His throat-grip was still upon his prey, a grip which relaxed not once till the coyote's body was dragged across the plain, till it lay beside the camp-fire, bloody, limp, and still.

"*He's got 'im!*" roared a wondering sentinel, and the camp woke up and cheered.

They formed a ring about the victor and applauded him; but he backed away and snarled. He hadn't asked applause. He wanted justice—justice for a dog.

The cow-men looked and marvelled. A dozen hands reached out to pat the ugly head, for human beasts can honour courage, even in a lesser

beast; but the cur remembered many things. The black nose wrinkled wickedly; the coarse hair bristled down his spine; he barked—one curse of anger and contempt—then turned and left the camp.

In vain they whistled after him; in vain they shouted and called his name. Their voices were lost in the rush of icy wind, and the dog was gone.

Not once did Joe look back. He settled down into a tireless, swinging trot—measured, monotonous—but having for its goal a loved one waiting somewhere in the trackless north. His soul was satisfied; his dog heart beat with the peaceful pride of one who has wiped a stain away. There was blood upon his coat—the blood of an enemy—and Joe could look his master in the face.

---

## ON CHAMP DE MARS (MONTREAL)

By R. STANLEY WEIR

UNSCATHED as yet by battle-scars,  
Tramping through sad December's snow,  
The khaki lads on Champ de Mars  
Are girding for the distant foe.  
Each, with a dream, comes marching by;  
Each all aflame for England's fight;  
*But O, presaging heart, say why  
That sound of weeping in the night?*

The Duke came down one frosty day  
And passed between the khaki ranks.  
Full grave his look. We heard him say:  
"Soldiers! the Empire gives you thanks.  
Long live the King! Our foes shall learn  
You stand with him for simple Right;  
And may God grant you safe return."  
*But still that sound all through the night!*

O, marching from the Champ de Mars,  
They cross the seas; they storm the trench;  
Fighting beneath the troubled stars  
With Belgians brave, with valiant French;  
Fighting till victory austere  
Shall crush the Great Betrayer's might.  
*But, O, my beating heart, dost hear  
A sound of weeping in the night?*

# THE FIRST JEW

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

THE noise of shots, the shouting, the oaths, and screams had ceased. From the Jewish Quarter in the little provincial town of Taviánsk a reddish tinge to the sky and a black haze of smoke, like a pointing finger, marked the zone of the ravages of the Black Hundred.

In a cellar of one of the houses in the Quarter crouched a man. It was almost pitch dark in the cellar; only from time to time the surge of the crackling flames from the windows of the house opposite would cast a lurid glow through the small aperture which served the double ends of light and ventilation, and illumined in a crimson glare the blank, cold surface of the cellar wall. Within the sphere of each refulgence a ghastly face would swim—a pale Jew's face, with large, dilated eyes, an enormous nose hooked down over a thin pencil-line of jetty black moustache and a long mass of unkempt, curling beard.

It was Móisha Varsháffchik, the school-teacher. He crouched there like an animal, a hunted thing, pursued by wild mobs of drunken hooligans, who, with bestial howls, chased, ferreted out, and relentlessly cut down every Jew that still remained upon the scene or who had been so unfortunate as to take refuge in spots too readily accessible to their pursuers' fury. As the wild hunt raged by the house, the fugitive's staring eyes, when the red glare dawned, shone with an almost insane emotion. Hate there was in them, and fear, and horror, and something else besides. His

breath came in short, quick gasps. He crouched there and made no movement, and waited—waited until the noise had died away and the tumultuous tide had turned its raging course aside, until the long, narrow, stone-paved street was silent, strangely silent, silent as death; until only the subdued crackling of the flames told the story of the *pogromchiki's* fanatic rage. Long had he been there; the pogrom had begun at noon, and now the afternoon was fast declining towards its end. The glimmering blur of light from the little window had grown dimmer and dimmer; now only the intermittent crimson glow cut the Cimmerian blackness of the damp, cold, underground cave in which the hunted man had taken refuge.

Over and over again his feverish, half-crazed mind reviewed the event. He had been sitting at the table with Rachel, his wife; with Rebecca, his seventeen-year-old daughter, her whom he called his "Rose of Sharon" in moments of especial affection; with Moisai, his young son. They were partaking quietly of their Passover meal, kosher-meat, goose-fat, stuffed fish, and *priánniki*, pepper, and honey cakes. And suddenly a far-off murmur had risen on the quiet air, a distant moan, gradually increasing in intensity in ratio to increasing proximity; then, like a furious tidal wave, it had hurled itself irresistibly into the narrow streets and lanes of the Jewish Quarter. Shots, oaths, and one long, continuous scream of women

—wild, horrible sounds—were intermingled in a single discordant, terrifying note. They had rushed to the windows: all the windows of the houses bordering the narrow, hilly street were packed with startled Jewish faces. And, as they gazed, a stream of fleeing people, hotly pursued by a motly throng of burly, drunken ruffians, the vivid blue and red of their torn *rubáshkas* splashing out strongly against the blackness of the chosen people's *lapsardakí* had burst round the corner at the bottom of the street and fled frantically up the steep incline, stumbling, falling, screaming. In the houses, as they ran, they took refuge, and the drunken pack behind separated into groups, and pursued them up the rickety, squalid stairs, howling out their fearful cries:

“*Biéi Zhidóff! Biéi Zhidóff! Biéi Hámovo Otródiydl! Pagáni Zhíd! Christá raspiál! Christá pródal! Svin-yóye úcho! Prokláti Zhíd! Biéi ich pagántseff! Biéi ich Néchristiei!*”

The screams and shouts that came from the inner rooms of the houses were horrifying in the extreme. Soon to the tumult the sound of broken glass was heard; furniture, crockery, clocks crashed through the broken panes and splintered into a thousand bits below. Burly ruffians, with hoarse, triumphant shouts, leaned far out and with enormous, blood-stained knives ripped up the bellies of the cherished *períni*\* and *puchoviki*; the stony street grew white as though covered with a sudden, anachronistic fall of snow; the cloud of feathery white flakes swirled madly in the air. Fleeing from death, pale, haggard, fear-crazed men and women leaped out the windows, and lay, groaning, broken, and maimed, on the feather-strewn cobbles below. Once a little child, propelled by some powerful, brutal arm, had come hurtling through the window of the house op-

posite, and had found instant death below, before it had even had time to utter a cry. The Jew shuddered as he recalled the soft, dull thud which he had heard as the small body had struck the stony street.

And then his own door had been burst open, and a half-dozen vodka-crazed hooligans, their dilated blue eyes blazing wildly in their enermisoned faces, had made irruption into his small, low-ceilinged rooms. The Jew shuddered and trembled terribly as the scene came up again before his mental gaze, and he covered his pale face with both hands, as if the vision were actually there before him, painted on the black canvas of the darkness. His young son, who was nearest to the door, struck down at his very feet; his wife and daughter outraged, and slain before his very eyes. Then, fear lending wings to his quaking limbs, he had broken past the drunken ruffians, and, literally crazed by fear, had jumped the whole length of the steep staircase, and, bursting through the half-latched cellar-door at the bottom of the stairs, had rolled down the few steps into the cellar. The door had swung back immediately. The hooligans, thinking he had fled out into the street, had not found it worth their while to pursue him, but had gone on with their devil's work above. Later, by a superhuman effort, he had dragged himself, step by step, up the cellar stairs and softly pushed the bolt. Then he had tottered down again and fallen in a huddled, heart-broken heap upon the cold damp floor. He was safe!

Now the pogrom was over, but still he feared—he hardly knew why—to emerge from his place of refuge. Finally, however, thought of his wife and children expiring above gave strength to his shaking limbs. Painfully he staggered up the stairs, and, unbolting the door, came out and

\* Eider-down bedding, which is the most cherished possession of every Jewish household.

stood for a moment in the front doorway, looking furtively, with staring, frightened eyes, into the white-strewn street. What he saw there made him shudder and turn his eyes away. Everywhere around him he heard the low subdued wailing cry of the survivors, huddled, terror-stricken, half-crazed, heart-broken, within the blood-stained rooms.

He became conscious of a strange throbbing in his head. Mechanically he put up his hand and drew it away, covered with blood. Then he remembered. One of the *pogromchiki* had hurled a bottle at him as he fled; it had crashed to pieces against his skull with an impact which, at any ordinary moment, would have killed him outright. Then, however, he had hardly felt the wound, and had only fled the faster to escape his doom.

Slowly, with great effort, for a strange trembling shook him still from head to foot, and his legs gave way weakly beneath him, he stumbled up the stairs to his rooms. His door and that of his neighbour, Solomon Rabinóvitch, gaped wide. He shuffled across the threshold and tottered into the living-room, where, Oh, Great Jehovah, was it only a few short hours before?—they had all been quietly seated before their Passover meal, when the low, ominous moaning note had struck upon their ears!

Near the over-turned table lay his wife—the wife of his bosom, his faithful, devoted Rachel. He saw at a glance that she was quite dead. His daughter lay where she had been hurled by her brutal murderers, across her mother's body. Her face was a mere red gash. The boy lay huddled in a heap in one corner. The floor was strewn with broken bits of glass and crockery and spilled food and drink. The whole place was utterly wrecked: furniture broken, windows mere empty eyes, and mirrors empty frames.

The Jew stood there as if turned to stone. Finally a low, plaintive moan issued from his compressed lips.

He knelt at his daughter's side, and, almost unconscious of what he did, mechanically began to chafe her cold hands within his own.

"My Rose of Sharon!" he cried again and again, "my little Rose of Sharon!"

But she gave no sign, and looking into her glazed, staring eyes, he realized with a sudden shock that she, too, was quite dead. He crawled over to the corner, with a last hope, and weakly and laboriously rolled the boy over upon his back. With one shuddering glance he turned away.

Slowly he rose to his feet. He stood there a moment, rigid as a statue of stone, looking down at the insensate, silent bodies of his dead. Then, with a horrible cry, he covered his face with his hands, and, reeling like a drunken man, fled wildly down the stairs into the street.

Time went by. The Jewish Quarter had buried its heaps of dead and doggedly gone on with its hopeless, sordid life. New families had moved into the houses and flats made vacant by violent death. Soon the narrow streets resumed, to all external appearance, their normal aspect; there stood the dense rows of squalid, overpopulated dwellings; the multiple little low-ceilinged stores filled with hanging strings of sausage and kosher, or black with a motly assortment of cast-off clothing. Dirty, discouraged geese squawked weakly in the gutters as before. Crowds of black-capped, black-bearded, black-cassocked men and slatternly, shrewish women, their heads, following the old Mosaic law, closely shaven beneath their greasy wigs, moved back and forth like busy ants, or congregated in gossiping groups before the doors of the houses; innumerable children, incredibly dirty (the boys with the inevitable *hoda* trailing rampantly out behind) played, with shrill cries, beneath the very feet of the passers-by. The population, then, showed no visible signs of diminution; only the numerous, freshly-broken graves in



the little Jewish cemetery at the other end of the town remained to tell the tale of what had been.

One living reminder, however, there was always before the Quarter's eyes. It was Móisha Varsháffchik, whose whole family, wife, daughter, and son, had been slain in his very presence. It was whispered that he had gone insane as the result of his experiences. A strange lustre in his hollow eyes, he shuffled about the Quarter, speaking to no man, addressed by none, living alone in the chambers which had been his home. People tapped their foreheads as he passed by the squalid doors about which they congregated.

"*O vái! O zúress!*" they muttered, commiseratingly, the more so as they realized what their own suffering had been. For few had escaped unscathed in the universal circle of grief which linked them all together.

But Móisha Varsháffchik went by without a word, looking neither to the right or left; and always, in his strangely lustrous gaze, a question lurked, a problem which, like the Grecian spouse's web, was half-loomed each day, only to be undone at night; he could never attain its solution.

One day a former neighbour, one Jankel, a kosher-butcher, made bold to pluck him by the sleeve as he passed his little shop.

"Why dost thou always give way to thy grief, man?" he asked, with rough kindness, in his snorting Yiddish-Russian speech. "Why dost thou not stop thinking, and take thy sorrow with resignation, like the rest of us? We are Jews; we were born for suffering, as the rabbis tell us, for wailing and the gnashing of teeth."

Móisha turned his burning gaze upon him.

"Thinking?" he repeated strangely. "Aye, that is it! Always am I thinking, thinking—but I cannot make up my mind."

"What troubles thee, brother?" the butcher began, but Móisha had already shuffled on.

Two Jews stood talking together, a few days later, in this same Jankel's kosher-shop.

"Did you hear the news?" asked one of the other, in the rising nasal whine characteristic of the Jews in every land.

"No, what is it?"

"Móisha Varsháffchik is crazy no more!"

"*O himmel un erde!*" cried the other, raising both lean hands to heaven. "When did it happen?"

"Yesterday night," answered the first, breaking the two words up into a complicated series of tonal varia, with a long crescendo at the end. "I heard it from my wife's sister. She lives in the same house."

The gist of the above colloquy, however, was only half the news. Like wild fire the report soon spread about the Quarter that Móisha Varsháffchik had indeed to all appearance regained his reason; but that he had become an apostate, an Atheist openly declared! Some blamed, some extenuated; the rabbis, of course, were in the former class. Now the shuffling figure inspired no longer commiseration, but fear. A strange gleam still shone in his hollow eyes, and a nervous twitching continually distorted one side of his pale face. At times he looked a devil incarnate as he glared, beneath his bushy brows at the gathered people gossiping seemingly care-free and grief-free before the house-doors in the squalid streets. The women called their children to them as he passed. Had they been Christians they would have made the sign of the cross, so baleful was the light that gleamed in Móisha's brooding eyes. But Móisha passed on without a word, and gave no sign that he had seen.

Soon other rumours were bruited about him, of an even more disquieting nature to some, particularly the rabbis and those whose friends and relatives were involved in these reports. It was said that Móisha had become a kind of self-appointed apos-

tle of atheism and revolt among the younger men, that he was exciting them, by speeches of passionate eloquence, against the rabbis, against the Tsar, against the Government, against the police, against their own people, against everything and everybody, that his influence was growing with giant strides.

The greatest compliment that may be paid, with justice, to the police system of Russia is that its policy of secret espionage is supported by an organization that is well-nigh perfect. In an incredibly short time the Isprávník had received detailed information of the underground activities of a fanatic, half-crazed, in the Jewish Quarter. Immediately he despatched a detachment of mounted Cossacks to take him prisoner at any cost; they were prepared, following their instructions, to show no mercy should there be resistance. It was high time that these Jews should be taught a lesson, when they presumed to rebel against the powers that be!

But report is a winged creature with magic qualities, it is capable of flying in two opposite directions at the same time. Even as the soldiers were on the way, rumours of their progress and intentions had already reached the ears of Móisha and his friends and partisans.

It was the spark required to set ablaze the combustible elements which Móisha had cast into their souls with his wild eloquence. With frenzied cheers they crowded around him in the narrow street as he, standing on a table, harangued them. Excitement and revolt are contagious. The crowd grew denser and denser. All the men pushed their way in; even women and children, caught like moths in the universal flame, fluttered feebly about, and hung breathless on the fiery words of the inspired man, who with long, unkempt hair and matted beard, reviled and persuaded them alike as he threw out his long, lean arms in passionate gestures.

"We are Jews!" he cried furiously. "Jews! Jews! Jews! And for this we are slaughtered and burned; for this we pay with our heart's blood and the blood of those we hold most dear! They come into our houses, into our quiet peaceful houses, where we sit, we who have done no wrong to any man, and they break and smash and slaughter; they cut our children's throats; they mistreat our women; they hurl our infants through the windows down into the stony street below! Then they set our homes on fire, and depart, laden down with booty, gluttoned with blood lust and beast lust."

The people groaned, swaying like a single body back and forth in the densely crowded street. Cries of rage and hatred burst from every lip. The scarcely-healed wounds of the recent disaster reopened, and bled afresh within the souls of each. All faces were convulsed by an uncontrollable burst of emotion. Fists clenched. Breasts heaved. Women sobbed.

"Yea, verily, we remain behind!" shouted Móisha frantically, shaking his fist furiously at the groaning multitude. "We, the Jews! We, the down-trodden, the submissive, the apathetic race! We, the peaceful, the humble folk! We remain behind! We bury all the hope and blossom of our wretched lives in the cold ground, and then we come back to our empty rooms, alone, and bow down in prayer to a pitiless, cruel spirit that has brought us naught but evil; we bow down before the cowardly, hypocritical, lying men, who call themselves His priests."

A commotion in the centre of the crowd suddenly interrupted the torrent of frenzied words. An angry voice cried, "Hold!" It was a rabbi, thin, emaciated, austere, with a long, grizzled beard and a fanatic face. Unable to remain longer silent before Móisha's desecration, he sought now, by a timely protest, to withdraw the people from the magnetic circle of the speaker's eloquence.

“Hold!” he cried again, in a rasping voice. “Why heed ye this man’s words? He is an atheist, self-confessed. He is insane. Would ye turn from the religion of your fathers? Would ye—”

But Móisha, with a voice of thunder, burst in upon his feeble protestations. Pointing his bony finger at the angry priest, who, shaking off the outstretched hands that sought to check him, was hotly retorting to the shouts of protest that rose all around him, he vociferated:

“There, there stands your evil! The man who preaches peace and contentment—when? When wild beasts in human form rush into your quiet homes and kill your children and mistreat your wives and daughters before your very eyes!”

A wild howl of rage went up from the swaying crowd, drowning effectually the thin voice of the rabbi, who essayed to speak again, but with a sudden transition, in a voice that sent an electric current down the spines of the gathered throng, shaking them from head to foot, Móisha cried:

“O, my people! If I could say to ye with the voice of a mighty prophet all that lies stamped, in letters of fire, on my soul! Then would I convince ye, once and forever, that life and death are nothing, nothing, when compared with honour! Honour! We, the Jews, of all nations of the earth have none! They burn our houses, and we say, *Spasíbo!* They cut our wives’ and children’s throats, and we bow our heads most humbly in the dust, and murmur submissively, ‘At your pleasure, *gospodá!*’ They mistreat our women-folk before our very eyes, and we—we wallow upon the bloody floor, and lick their boots, and then, when they have departed, sit back upon our haunches, like ignoble jackals, and meekly wait for them to come, when the humour strikes them, for another frolic in our homes! Such, such are the Jews, my brethren, the accursed, the banned, the base, the ignoble, the unspeakably degraded!”

The crowd trembled, and shrank visibly away from the burning blast of Móisha’s impassioned speech. His wild contempt lashed them like whips; they swayed uneasily back and forth, with a low murmur, like the sound of the sea when heard from far away.

“Aye, and such,” cried Móisha, like a madman; “such will we always be until we learn how to resist! Till we are as bold as lions, where we have been meek as lambs! Till we exact, as our Book commands, an eye for an eye: a tooth for a tooth! Till we court death, instead of fleeing from it! Till we fight as though the devil held us by the throat! Till we stain the ground with rivers of blood, blood, blood!”

His frantic, inspired voice rose to a shriek. He waved his gaunt arms in wild, violent, grotesque gestures. His face was that of some old Hebrew seer prophesying the downfall of a race.

Suddenly, from the lower end of the street, a clatter of horses’ hoofs resounded clearly and distinctly over the cobbled pavement; a metallic clinking and clashing of steel and accoutrement; a ringing word of command. Then a detachment of Cossacks cantered around the corner, and galloped up the narrow, steep street where the densely massed people stood, swaying backward and forward, shaken like a single quivering leaf beneath the powerful breath of Móisha Varsháfchik’s frantic eloquence.

In a moment all was confusion. The larger part of the people, totally forgetting in their fear, the import of Móisha’s burning words, scurried away like frightened rats before the thundering charge of the brutal Cossacks, who, with their deadly *nagáikas*, lashed out right and left, maiming, blinding, slashing, trampling under foot. The younger men, Móisha’s chief adherents, through very shame, sought for a moment, as he wildly harangued them, to make a stand;

but as the Cossacks bore down upon them, they, too, were terror-stricken and broke and ran. In a moment Móisha, an indescribable expression of contempt upon his curling lips, as he watched his people flee, stood alone, utterly alone. The Cossacks, recognizing their man, came at him full tilt, with wild, brutish shouts, whirling the cruel thongs of the *na-gáikas* round and round their heads.

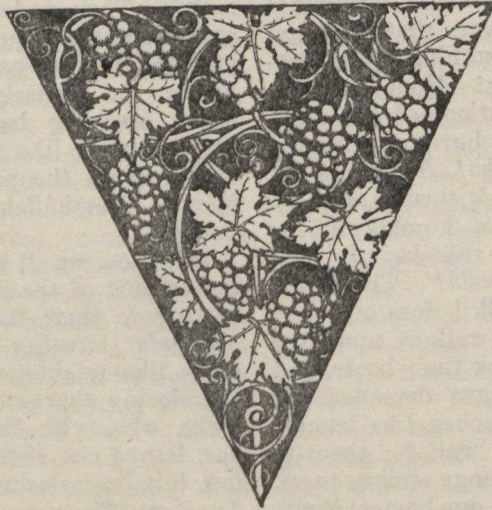
"I—I alone!" he cried, in a voice that resounded down the whole length of the street, as he sprang, like a madman, at the bridle of the foremost horse, "I alone! Barehanded! The first Jew that has had no fear! The first! The first!"

Blows rained down upon his hands and face and cut from him great strips of flesh. Blood streamed into his eyes. The maddened horse reared and plunged, seeking to throw off its heavy weight. Other Cossacks galloped up and formed a circle about him; they rained upon him, as he swung violently back and forth from

the horse's mouth, a shower of cruel, deadly blows. But he held the horse's bridle in a grip of steel, which nothing could unclasp, and finally, snorting and blowing, the horse ceased its plunging and came to a full halt. Still the blows rained. Móisha felt his strength flowing from him in a steady stream: the whole scene swam dizzily before him. With a supreme effort, just as a Cossack cut at him with his sabre, he released his hold on the bridle, and blindly staggering forward, seized the rider's booted leg just above the knee between his strong white teeth, and, with the dying animal's instinct, bit it to the bone.

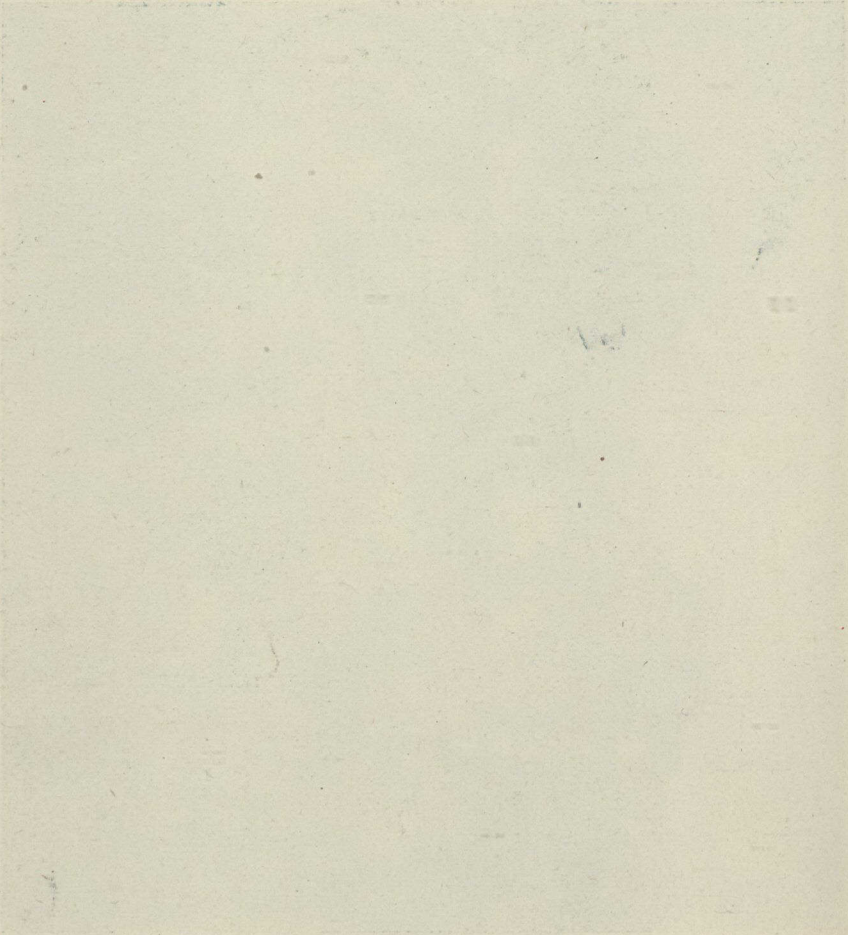
They had to pry his teeth apart with the edge of their sabres to undo the hold. They withdrew him, a bloody foam oozing from his lips, and threw him brutally, like a dog, into the middle of the stony street, still faintly whispering, as his life ebbed rapidly away:

"The first Jew! The first Jew!  
The first—"





ON THE BEACH  
From the Painting by  
Franklin Brownell  
Exhibited by the  
Canadian Art Club



# CHIEF CAUSES OF THE WAR

BY THEODORE WEHLE

AUTHOR OF "ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT," ETC.

THE struggle now carried on between leading European nations may be traced for its ultimate causes to a number of events, some of which occurred many centuries ago. Among the most important the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1453 may be mentioned, whereby the Eastern Roman, or Byzantine, Empire was overthrown. In a comparatively short time the Turks then subjugated Bulgaria, Servia, Wallachia, Albania, Greece, and other states and made themselves masters of the Balkan Peninsula. They became a menace to all Europe when they besieged Vienna in 1529, and not until they had been thoroughly defeated in their second attempt to capture the Austrian capital, in 1683, did they cease to be a formidable, aggressive power.

The population of the Balkan Peninsula was a remarkable agglomerate of different races and nationalities, of widely different speech and religious faiths. Some of the people were early Roman colonists, while other settlers had drifted there in the course of time, and finally the great wave of Slav immigration from Asia left a considerable deposit of the various branches of this race in the peninsula. Now the conquering Turks were added, and with their religious bigotry and intolerance they relentlessly persecuted the different peoples among whom they had settled. Most of these were Greek Catholics, but other sects

were also represented. It is easy to see how under these conditions murder, rapine, assassination, and the extermination of whole communities were of frequent occurrence, and why the same spirit continues to this day, not only among the Turks, but with all the different races.

When at length the Turkish state began to lose its vitality, its poor administrative methods led to general disintegration and Greece was the first nation to assert its independence and to shake off the foreign yoke in 1829. But this event, by indicating that the Turkish rule was becoming too weak to keep control of its subjects, changed the whole international aspect of the question.

Since the reign of Peter the Great it has been the determined aim of Russia to capture Constantinople to obtain thereby an outlet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. This was more than mere ambition and thirst for conquest, indeed, it had become a necessity, because the vast and growing empire had no adequate access to the sea and was thereby largely cut off from the advantage of marine intercourse with other nations. As the weakness of the Turkish state became apparent, Russia proclaimed herself the sympathizer and protector of the Christian part of the population and laid stress on their virtual identity of belief in the Greek Catholic Church. The assumption of this position led to the Crimean War in

1854. When Russia threatened Turkey, the great states of England and France, aided by the rising little monarchy of Sardinia, came to her aid. They feared that with the possession of Constantinople, a Russian navy might contend for supremacy in Europe and destroy the so-called balance of power. On the defeat of Russia, she was compelled to sign a treaty depriving her of the right to have any of her ships of war leave the Black Sea.

The next occasion on which the barbarities of the Turkish rule gave a pretext for Russian interference in behalf of the Christian population was in 1877. But before entering upon the contest Russia found it expedient to make a secret agreement with Austria to secure her neutrality, by promising to allow her to occupy and to administer the affairs of Bosnia and Herzegovina at the end of the war. While the struggle was stubborn and protracted, the Turks were finally defeated and the Russians advanced to the neighbourhood of Constantinople. A treaty of peace was virtually dictated at San Stefano, March 3rd, 1878. Thereupon the English Government, headed by Lord Beaconsfield, entirely dissatisfied with the terms that had been exacted, compelled Russia to attend a European Congress at Berlin, where the treaty was completely revised. Its essential features were the creation of an enlarged Bulgaria, with a Christian ruler, but tributary to the Porte, and the formation of the Province of Eastern Roumelia, similarly governed. Some additions were also made to Roumania and Montenegro. The territory that was left to Turkey in Europe was quite small, but what had been wrested from her became independent and could not be controlled by Russia. This power that had suffered severely in men and treasure, received only insignificant territorial compensation and was sorely disappointed at the small results attained for herself at such great sacrifices. On

the other hand, Austria was allowed to occupy and to administer the Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina as previously agreed. This action indicated a change in the aims and purposes of Austria, for heretofore she had endeavoured to preserve Turkish territory intact and to uphold the power of the Sultan in opposition to Russia. The policy now inaugurated of dismembering Turkey and acquiring some of its territory for herself was most dangerous and in its consequences contributed largely to the present crisis. For when the party of the Young Turks in 1909 overthrew the rule of the old Sultan and proclaimed a constitutional government, the two Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, still under Turkish suzerainty in theory, were entitled to representation in the new parliament. This placed Austria in a difficult position and she met the dilemma by boldly incorporating the two provinces among her possessions. Against such a flagrant breach of the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, England, France, and Russia protested. Russia was particularly aggrieved and would have attacked Austria at once had not Germany declared she would support her ally. Russia, whose army was still weakened from her war with Japan, was not prepared for such a struggle and submitted. But the absorption of two Slav states made it evident to the whole of Europe that it was the aim of Austria to become a mighty Slav power and to extend her territory and her influence over Turkish possessions to the city of Salonica, which would give her an excellent harbour on the Ægean and counteract the possible acquisition of Constantinople by Russia. This policy not only antagonized Russia, but also Slav communities on the Balkan Peninsula like Serbia, which were striving against Turkish power and for expansion and consolidation.

To understand the situation completely we must bear in mind that the principle of nationality had affected



and moulded the whole political development of Europe since the middle of the nineteenth century. Italy had wrested nearly all her Italian provinces from Austria and had become a united kingdom. Under the lead of Prussia, Austria had been expelled from the German Confederation, and a unified state had arisen under the title of the German Empire. This having been accomplished largely through the prowess of the feudal aristocracy of Prussia and the military caste closely allied with it, these forces retained a commanding influence in the new government. While it became nominally constitutional in form, the real power was vested in the Emperor and the Federal Council, composed of the delegates of the hereditary sovereigns. The representative chamber, the Reichstag, while elected by universal suffrage, was not given the power to pass any law without the approval of the upper house, and hence all legislation was dependent entirely upon the will and the interests of the ruling dynasties. To further increase the influence of the reactionary autocratic powers no effort was spared to foster and stimulate the war spirit and to fuse it with the aspirations and ideals of national growth and expansion.

Austria when expelled from its association with the German states was left a loose agglomerate of German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, and other Slav races, and its effort to acquire new Slav territories was necessarily doomed to lead to conflict, for on the Balkan, as well as in Russia, the same longing for unity of race and expansion prevailed.

Finally we come to the war of the Balkan States against Turkey in 1912.

The result of the combined effort of these states to wrest from Turkey the whole territory that she still controlled in the peninsula, with the possible exception of Constantinople, was a great surprise to Europe. The large armies they were able to furnish, the discipline, the organization, and the

effective generalship they displayed, astonished even the best informed military circles. With their overwhelming success the last hope of Austria's obtaining Salonica and control of the Balkan Peninsula seemed to vanish. But instead of accepting the result and endeavouring to cultivate friendly relations with these powers, she resorted to intrigue and threats to thwart the consummation of their wishes. This action by Austria was frustrated to some extent by the mobilization of the Russian army and her clear intimation that she would not tolerate any interference. Still to avert the danger of a general war, the European powers used diplomatic pressure to compel both Serbia and Montenegro to relinquish their claims to a harbour on the Adriatic and to submit to the erection of the independent State of Albania, which was to be ruled by a German prince. But necessarily the whole Serb nationality was aroused and the frustration of their dearest wishes rankled in their breasts, for they had hoped to acquire and to consolidate the Slav races on the Balkan under their rule. These feelings culminated finally in the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, who was recognized as the embodiment of the aggressive Austrian policy.

As soon as it had become apparent that the new Balkan States would henceforth be the implacable foes of Austria, Germany sounded the note of alarm. She felt that the Triple Alliance, consisting of Germany, Austria, and Italy, would now be confronted not only by Russia, France, and England, but also by all the Balkan States, whose power would be formidable after they should recover from the strain of the late war. She at once initiated a system of armaments unequalled in magnitude in time of peace, and introduced a method of taxation that was extremely burdensome and met with much opposition, particularly from the Social Democrats. This party, and its

partial ally, the Progressive Liberal party, had grown greatly in numbers and power in the last few years and looked forward to gaining control of the Reichstag, possibly with the next general election. The prevalent dissatisfaction with the ruinous taxation gave them a weapon and an advantage that the German Government did not know how to meet, for while a Liberal majority could not wrest the power from the reactionary government, it might cause much embarrassment.

Such was the situation before the Austrian ultimatum was sent to Serbia. This, however, was an ultimatum in name only, for in reality it was a declaration of war. No people could have submitted to its terms, and it was well known that Russia could not and would not permit the occupation of Serbia without declaring war. To shrink from assuming this responsibility would have forfeited for her the confidence of the Balkan States and would have immediately destroyed her influence in the concert of nations.

Considering the situation as it appeared at the time the ultimatum was presented, it seems highly probable that Austria would not have taken this aggressive, nay, provocative, step, without consultation with her German ally. Many signs, in fact, indicate not only that Germany approved, but most likely urged this move upon Austria. The motives that led Germany to this policy were probably of a two-fold nature, the conditions at home, as well as the international situation. She had been arming for many months and her preparations had reached the highest efficiency. The strain upon her resources and the irksomeness of the heavy taxation could not be sustained indefinitely in view of its great burden upon her

population. She was fully prepared in every detail, while her chief opponents, France and Russia, were as yet very backward in introducing and perfecting their new armaments. A prompt decision, a quick blow at her adversaries, might cripple them before they could collect their forces and resources, and a peace might be dictated which would give her a commanding position in Europe. In such case Belgium and Holland might be annexed, her own state turned into a military autocracy by simply restricting the suffrage and thus removing all danger of a Social Democratic revolution at home. Austria could expand through the Balkans to the Ægean Sea, and the two empires extending from thence to the English Channel would hold a commanding position in Europe prepared for future conquest.

The two-fold purpose would thus be accomplished of securing the permanent supremacy of the Emperor and his autocratic system, and at the same time satisfying the national longing for expansion. The scheme seems visionary, but the reactionary forces were compelled to take desperate chances to retain their power in an age of progressive liberal and social development.

The effort that is being made after the war has begun to impress the neutral nations with the belief that it is a struggle between pan-Slavism and pan-Germanism precipitated by Russia, hardly deserves serious consideration. On the contrary, the attempt of Austria to make herself a powerful Slav state in opposition to Russia and the lust for dominion of Germany have forced this terrible conflict upon Europe and compelled the most civilized peoples to combine against the two Emperors to preserve the liberties and the freedom of a continent.

# THE TUDOR CUP

BY NEIL MUNRO

WHEN the Tudor Cup was sold at Sotheby's in the year 18— for the sum of £7,000, the fall of the auctioneer's hammer echoed round the world, at all events around the world of men who gather rarities. There were only three such treasures in existence—the one now destined for America, which was understood to have come from Holland, another in the national collection in Paris, and a third in Scotland, the property of Sir Gilbert-Quair, whose ancestor had acquired it one hundred and fifty years before by winning a game of cards in a London coffee-house.

Among those people who were profoundly moved by this record price for a quite unimpressive-looking battered silver tankard was the firm of Harris and Hirsch the Bond Street art-dealers, and two days after the sale in London, Mr. Harris hastened up to Scotland; quartered himself at an inn in Peebles, and pushed some discreet inquiries. Sir Gilbert Quair, he discovered, was in a state approaching penury, living an almost hermit life in the house of Quair beside the Tweed, with a deaf old house-keeper, a half-daft maid who never came out of doors, and an equally recluse man whose duty it was to act as guide to the numerous tourists who flocked to the house for the sake of its place in the Ballad Minstrelsy and its antiquarian collection. If the gossips of Peebles could be trusted, the baronet lived upon the shilling fees his guide extracted from the visitors, dodging, himself, from room to room of the

mansion for fear of encountering Americans and English, whom he hated, resenting their intrusion on his privacy, but counting their numbers eagerly as from his window he watched them coming up the yew avenue.

Harris, the Bond Street dealer, modestly bent on hiding his own importance in the commercial world of art, for the nonce a simple English gentleman with a taste for miniatures, called the next day at the House of Quair whose crenellated tower looked arrogantly over ancient woods and fields where lambs were bleating piteously, and men were walking along the furrows scattering seed.

The avenue of yews, which led from the highway into Peebles through neglected and dishevelled grounds, brought the Bond Street dealer to the forlorn facade of the mansion and the great main door. He rapped upon the iron knocker; the sound reverberated as through a vault, with hollow echoes such as come from vacant chambers. Far back in the dwelling's core there was a clatter of something fallen, but no one answered to the summons of the visitor, and having rapped in vain again, he ventured round the westward wing to find himself confronted by a door on the side of which was hung the evidence that this was properly his entrance. It was a painted board with this legend:

QUAIR COLLECTION.

Open to the Public Tuesdays and  
Thursdays. Admission One  
Shilling.

Now this was neither a Tuesday nor a Thursday, and Harris swore softly. He was just on the point of making his retreat when a footstep sounded on the gravel of a little walk that led to a bower upon the terrace, and turning he found himself face to face with Sir Gilbert Quair.

"The collection is not on view to-day, sir," said the baronet, an elderly, thick-set gentleman wearing a shabby suit of tweed.

Mr. Harris took off his hat, not to the wearer of the shabby tweed suit but to the owner of the Tudor Cup. "I am most unfortunate," he stammered. "I was not aware that the collection was only on view on certain days, and unhappily I must return to England this evening. It happens that I am something of an amateur in miniatures, fortunate in the possession of a few choice examples, and being in this neighbourhood I could not resist the temptation to see the celebrated collection of Sir Gilbert Quair, which is rich in miniatures."

He passed the baronet his card to which the name of a well-known London club contributed the proper degree of uncommercial importance. Sir Gilbert turned it over in his fingers with a little hesitation; shot a sly glance of the keenest scrutiny from under his bushy eye-brows at the visitor.

"In the circumstances—" he began, and taking a key from his pocket unlocked the door which led to the collection, but before he let his visitor through he held out to him a little wooden box with a slit in the lid of it. "In the absence of the usual guide," said he, "I'll collect your shilling for him, Mr. Harris."

Five minutes later Harris was manifesting the most rapturous appreciation of Sir Gilbert's miniatures, which in truth were nothing wonderful, but at every opportunity, when unobserved by his host, his eyes went ranging in search of the Tudor Cup. It was his host who finally called attention

to it under glass in a corner cupboard.

"If you had been interested in old English silver, Mr. Harris, this piece might have had some attraction," said Sir Gilbert, drenching his flaring nostrils with a pinch of snuff from a tiny ivory spoon. "I'm no great judge, myself, but my father highly prized it."

The Bond Street dealer with a thudding heart peered through the glass at the very counterpart of that tarnished goblet which had fetched £7,000 in Sotheby's. He was wondering if the dry old shabby gentleman looking over his shoulder and odorous with tobacco was aware that this was a Tudor Cup, or if he read the newspapers carefully, and knew what Tudor Cups were worth in Sotheby's.

"But Himmel! did you not make him an offer?" demanded Hirsch next day in the Bond Street shop—they called it gallery—to which his partner had returned from Tweedside with a profound depression a man might have who had for a fleeting moment seen the only woman he could ever love and then lost her in a panic.

"Offer, Joel!" he cried in accents of despair. "I offered him five thousand, and he only chuckled. He would not even take it from the cupboard. 'No, no, Mr. Harris,' he said with his head to the side, flicking up his abominable snuff, 'It is an heir-loom older than any here, and I am not selling.' And the galling thing is that he doesn't even know he has a Tudor Cup, nor what a Tudor Cup can fetch in Sotheby's."

"Ah, you should have had the money with you, Harris," said his partner. "Always show the money, I say; it talks for you through a speaking-trumpet. By heavens I will go myself to Scotland and have that Tudor Cup if I have to steal it!"

A spirit of romance and solemn homily on mutability were in the scene when Hirsch walked into the grounds of Quair, though he was not the man to understand. Six hundred

years of history cried from the old bastion; still in its shelter men sowed oats and their shabby dwellings clustered, no way changed, to look at, since the Borderland was vexed with wars, and Quair was lord and warden: but vassals no more, save to that grim seigneur Commerce, who took from them triple-tithes and children instead of the service of the sword which was all the old lords claimed. A valley of peace, and nights untroubled, and the old bold fighting Quairs in their resting graves, and their troopers dust at the roots of English pastures; surely at eve in the woods of Quair, or riding spirit through the passes of the hills, a thousand ghosts went seeking lost passions, old delights.

It was Thursday afternoon. Hirsch stepped in at the door which led to the Quair collection, to find the man in charge of it had all the customary cicerone's dull loquacity. He dribbled dates and gushed details of family history as if he were a gargoyle who had never got refreshment from the current pouring through him. Thick-set, short, and rasped upon the chin from too-close shaving, he looked the very figure of a man to fill one of the empty suits of mail that flanked the entrance to the gallery, and even to the shopman's eye of Hirsch he had the air of truculence that somehow seemed to accord with the situation.

"You do not appear to have many visitors to-day," said the picture-dealer, having looked perfunctorily at dingy tapestry and pictures, and now with eyes, in which the fires of covetousness were with difficulty restrained, upon the tarnished Tudor Cup in its corner cupboard.

"Ye're the first this week," said the guide with acerbity, as if the shilling fees were a more personal matter than the gossips of the country-side believed, and Hirsch the dealer, rubbing his hook-nose to conceal the tremulous avidity of his mouth, saw that disappointed avarice was in this creature's eyes.

"I should like, a little later on, to see Sir Gilbert," said the dealer who had five thousand pounds in his pocket, and a Jew's conviction that an impecunious Scot could never resist the delicious crackle of English notes.

"Ye canna; he's from home," explained the guide. "He's awa' to Edinburgh for a month."

A thought came there and then to the dealer which made him turn pale. Avarice and cunning were in the old man's face; his shillings plainly meant a lot to him; his clothing was in poor accord with the guardianship of treasure.

"Look here," said Hirsch in a confidential whisper. "If your master is to be away for a month, there is no reason why the matter I meant to arrange with him should not be arranged with you and put a handsome sum of money in your pocket. I have taken a fancy to this silver jug, and though I know Sir Gilbert will not part with it, I thought he might at least agree to have it copied. It's a thing that is often done, Mr.—"

"Meldrum," said the guide with a promising air of equanimity.

"In two or three weeks I could have my copy made in Paris, and this cup returned to you in safety, and no one else except ourselves need be a bit the wiser, Mr Meldrum"

The guide gave a laugh that was half a sneer, and checked it suddenly with a hand upon his mouth. "It's a maist singular proposition," he remarked reflectively. "In the four-and-twenty years I have been showin' folk the Quair Collection I havena heard the like of it. And it comes from a total stranger!"

"I represent one of the most reputable firms in London," Hirsch hastened to explain, with the simultaneous production of his business card.

Meldrum looked at it with interest. "Harris and Hirsch. I take it that you are Mr. Hirsch? There was a Mr. Harris calling on Sir Gilbert, I was tell't, some days ago."

"Exactly," answered Hirsch. "My

partner. He had almost completed negotiations for the loan of the cup for the purpose I have mentioned. But really there seems no need for us to be troubling Sir Gilbert. The cup will be back before his return from Edinburgh and—”

“Just that!” said Meldrum dryly. “And what about my security?”

Delighted with such apparent pliability, Hirsch produced his English notes which brought a very passion of greed to Meldrum’s eyes.

“Let us not be calling it security, Mr. Meldrum,” he remarked insidiously. “If a hundred pounds—”

Again the guide ironically chuckled. “If I could trust ye for a hundred pounds, Mr Hirsch, I could trust ye mair for ten times that,” he said. “I take your word for’t that we needna ca’t security, if I’m to risk my job and my reputation, the cost of three weeks loan o’ that silver tankard is exactly a thousand pounds!”

Three weeks later, the Quair Cup and its duplicate came back from Tregastel of Paris, so much alike that Hirsch would have been beat to see the difference had it not been that he found on one a private microscopic mark he had put on it himself.

But it was not the cup so marked that he returned to the accommodating Meldrum.

Two months more, and the curio world was shaken once again by the intimation of another Tudor Cup for sale at Sotheby’s. Amongst the host of possible bidders who examined the precious piece of tarnished metal taken out impressively from Sotheby’s strongest safe some days before the sale, was Barraclough, the expert who had bought its fellow earlier in the season for his client in America.

“A brilliant forgery,” he exclaimed on careful scrutiny. “One of Jules Tregastel’s charming reproductions,” and departed.

Harris and Hirsch were sent for by the auctioneer. “Nonsense!” they

protested, and Hirsch satisfied himself again that the microscopic mark on the veritable cup from Quair was there. “Tregastel never had a tool on it.”

“Hadn’t you better ask?” said the auctioneer, and they asked by telegram, with astounding consequences.

“The cup you sent was a copy made a year ago by myself for another client. I thought you knew,” replied Tregastel.

“Mein Gott!” cried Harris, appalled. “Tregastel has made so cunning a job of it he has even copied your private mark, and you have sent the original back to Quair.”

“I will not believe it, I will not believe it!” said his partner, almost weeping with chagrin.

That night the two of them went to Scotland, and in the morning Harris went out from Peebles to the House of Quair to see Sir Gilbert.

“Might I have another look at the cup?” he asked without periphrasis, and the baronet snuffed and chuckled.

“It seems to have wonderfully taken your fancy, Mr. Harris,” he remarked with an ironic cough. “Again you are unfortunate in the day you call, for this is Wednesday. And in any case I thought I made it clear that the cup was bound to stay here in spite of your most tempting offers.”

“I know,” replied the dealer, “but I should like to see it; that is all.”

“Ah! you mad collectors!” said Sir Gilbert humorously. “Ye can be as crazy over a bashed old siller cup as I might have been mysel’ at one time over a bonnie lassie! Well come your ways in and you shall see it. It is aye another shillin’!”

Harris not only saw the cup this time but got it into his hands. In a fever of apprehension he turned it up and down and sought for a microscopic mark like that which Hirsch had pointed out upon the other—it was not there!

At the sight of the blank look on his face Sir Gilbert chuckled and took snuff. “I see you have discovered,

Mr. Harris," he remarked with his eye-brows twitching. "You connoisseurs are not to be deceived so easily!"

"Then—then you know it is a forgery!" cried Harris with amazement.

"I would not use that word for it exactly, Mr. Harris," said the baronet with a gesture of distaste. "A copy—and a wonderful copy too, by Tregastel of Paris. The truth is I sold the original one some months ago in London, having first had this one made. You see my possession of a Tudor Cup is notorious, and if it got about that the Quair Collection was being in any way depleted, where would our shillin's come from, Mr. Harris?" and he jocosely poked his visitor in the ribs.

Harris flew back to the inn at Peebles, an object of utterable despair.

"Mein Gott! these Scotch!" cried Hirsch, wringing his hands. "But I will have my money back from that Meldrum man if I have to take him to the courts."

"Harris and Hirsch would cut a funny figure in the courts in these circumstances, Joel," said his partner. "It is better that we go out together to-morrow, when your Meldrum's place is open and compromise."

The entrance to the Quair Collection had been hardly open on the morrow when the dealers tried to push their way within. Harris was perturbed when he saw who checked them on the threshold—Sir Giblest Quail himself, who greeted him with a crafty smile, only a little shabbier in dress than when he had seen him heretofore, and with the box for the admission shillings hanging round his neck.

"It might be the flowin' bowl, Mr. Harris," he exclaimed ironically. "Ye come back so often to it"

"I want a word or two with you," said Mr. Hirsch peremptorily, finding the old man barred their further passage. "Did you know that the cup you lent me was an imitation?"

"I could hardly fail to be aware of it," said the baronet. "You surely didna think a paltry thousand pounds would be security for a genuine Tudor Cup, and a' the world sae keen on them at Sotheby's."

"I have been deceived; I must have my money back!" said Hirsch, and the old man shrugged his shoulders and took snuff.

"Na, na!" he said. "A bargain's aye a bargain, and ye canna get your money back. The best I can do for ye is to swop the cup ye sent for the one I lent ye."

"Look here, Meldrum—" Hirsch began and Harris, with surprise, corrected him.

"Not Meldrum," he remarked. "Sir Gilbert Quair."

"Ye're both of ye right, and ye're both of ye wrang," said the old man, with a chuckle. "For twa years back I've been guide to my own collection; It's an only way to keep an eye upon the shillin's."

"You d——d old rogue!" exclaimed the partners simultaneously, and he grinned at them, with his stout old breast across the door-way like a cliff. For a little while he gloated on their fury, then took them by the arms and led them out upon the terrace.

"You see this land," he said, and indicated all the hills and valleys, verdant woods and furrowed fields, and the river sounding at the bend below the mansion. "The greed of English theives brought them here marauding for good six hundred years, and it seems ye're no' done yet! My forefolk fought you with the sword, but Gilbert Meldrum Quair must fight you with his wits!"

"But Gott in Himmel! we are not English; we are Hebrews!" protested Hirsch with his palms upwards and his neck contracted.

"That is worse," replied Sir Gilbert, making for his door. "We Scots are still at feud wi' the Jews for what they did out yonder in Jerusalem."

# THE STORY OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX

**O**URS is truly a life crammed full of adventure.

I had been dispatched on a secret mission to Nice, the town of violets, mimosa and *marrons glacés*.

Carnival was at its height, and as on that sunny February afternoon I sat with my friend Paolo Ferri, the world-famous Chief of Italian Secret Police, sipping a mazagran on the pavement before the Café de la Régence, a gay laughter-loving world surged up and down the tree-lined Avenue de la Gare.

My companion, a refined, gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed man with a pair of shrewd brown eyes and a dark brown beard, smoked his favourite Toscano cigar and smiled at two laughing girls of the people who, in carnival dress as pierrettes, had tripped passed arm-in-arm on their way to the Battle of Flowers which was about to open down the palm-lined Promenade des Anglais, beside the blue tideless sea.

Ferri, of course, knew my position in the British Secret Service, just as I his. More than once in the course of inquiries had we assisted each other. Though I had not told him the reason I was in Nice, just as he himself had been silent regarding the motive of his own presence there, yet I had been despatched from Whitehall at almost a moment's notice with instructions to endeavour to solve an obscure and delicate problem.

As Henry Hatherleigh, author and traveller, I wandered over the continent, careless, erratic and irresponsible, in order to "pick up" material for my books, therefore my true calling as secret-service agent was never suspected. The telegrams I so constantly sent to my devoted brother in London usually had a pre-arranged meaning, and were handed on by special messenger to the calm, clever, discriminating chief of the confidential branch of the service.

Presently draining our glasses, we rose and strolled across the pretty Place Messena—wherein stood the giant enthroned effigy of King Carnival—until we reached the grandstand erected in the Promenade.

The far-famed Battle of Flowers had already commenced. The occupants of the double line of decorated carriages slowly passing each other were engaged in a battle royal with bunches of violets, carnations and other spring flowers, while as they passed the grandstand we also joined in the fray. The gay world had run riot on that brilliant afternoon.

For two whole miles there were rows of laughing faces. The sun was bright and warm, the sea a brilliant blue and the air laden with the sweet fragrance of mimosa and violets.

Standing together, we had been for some time watching the continuous procession of beautifully decorated equipages when of a sudden, seated in



a victoria beneath a canopy of roses, the whole carriage hidden by the blossoms, to the spokes of the wheels, came an extremely handsome, dark-haired girl in a cream gown of the latest mode with a big hat to match. She was not throwing flowers, but held up her sunshade in order to ward off the many bunches of violets flung at her.

Her appearance was the signal for a tremendous outburst of applause, for her carriage eclipsed all others in point of taste, while she herself was far more beautiful than any in that crowd of pretty women about us.

As she passed she chanced to catch sight of me and smiled, whereat I lifted my hat.

"Ah! Then you know 'La Contessina'—the Little Countess—eh?" exclaimed Ferri in English, looking at me in surprise. "If she knew that I was here, in Nice, she would not dare show herself like that! She would fly by the next train—or probably steamer—to America. I am here to watch her, and—well, I may as well be frank with you, my friend—" he whispered in my ear, "to arrest her on a charge of murder."

"Murder!" I gasped, staring at him. "Why, my dear Ferri, Olga Ostrow is a great friend of mine! She is surely not guilty of that!"

But my companion smiled mysteriously, replying:

"If it were not to arrest her, *caro mio*, I should not be here in Nice."

And the eyes of both of us followed the rose-embowered carriage as it disappeared round the bend.

I took him aside, away from the laughing crowd, and as we walked over the wide asphalted promenade beside the sea, I asked him to tell me in confidence something concerning the affair.

"Well, it's a complete mystery," he said. "Briefly explained it is this. The Countess Olga, with her brother, occupies a pretty flat—"

"In the Via Lombardia, in Rome. I've been there," I said quietly.

"On the twenty-first of last month

there arrived at the Grand Hotel a Frenchman named Jules Delannoy, from Nolay, in the Côte d'Or. Apparently he was a friend of the fair Russian, for it is known that she had called and dined with him at his hotel two years ago, and that she had been seen driving with him in the Corso. On the morning following his arrival at the Grand the concierge of the house in which she lives came to the Questura and made a curious statement to me. He said that on the previous evening, about eight o'clock, he was passing up the staircase when he heard the sounds of a violent altercation in the Countess's flat. He listened and distinctly heard a female voice uttering reproaches and threats. Following that, he heard a man's loud cry of pain, and then all became silent. Instead of raising an alarm at once he had descended the stairs and watched for somebody to leave the place. In an hour the Countess herself came down, ordered a cab and, carrying only a handbag, left. Undecided how to act, the old fellow, who is somewhat lacking in intelligence, waited till the morning before he informed me of the occurrence. I, at once, drove round to the place with two agents of the brigade mobile, and on breaking open the door of the flat found concealed in a small box-room in the rear, the body of the Frenchman, Delannoy. He had been stabbed to the heart."

"Did you discover any motive?"

"Yes. On examining the dead man's dress-coat, I found that the lining across the back had been slit with a knife, while there was another slit behind the left lappel. The victim evidently carried something in secret, and had been killed in order to secure it."

"Killed by the Contessina, you allege?"

"Yes. She was the only person there, her maid Anna having been given leave to go to her home at Cologne on the previous day, while her brother—I have ascertained by cabl-

ing to Chicago—is there on business. She was the only person in the flat, and the only person who left it.”

“And she came here?”

“Her baggage came on to Nice three days previously. She has made every preparation for a long absence, having told the concierge two days earlier that she was going to Russia, and would not return to Rome again this winter. I spent nine days in making full inquiry before coming here. She has, I find, rented the Villa Stephanie up at Carabacel and engaged its staff of servants. She is always popular here, it seems, during Carnival.”

“Your story surprises me,” I exclaimed. “Suspicion must be very strong against her, or you would not be so confident, I know.”

“There seems no doubt, *caro mio*, that the pretty Countess has possessed herself of something belonging to this Jules Delannoy who, as far as I’m able to make out, was himself something of a mystery. I am making inquiries regarding him, but cannot find out much, the particulars he gave when registering himself at his hotel being evidently incorrect. Fortunately, however, the contessina forgot to destroy one thing before her flight. In her photograph-album was his picture, and I have found it. Here it is,” and he took a miniature portrait from his pocket-book and handed it to me.

I halted, staggered by its sight.

“What!” he cried. “You know him!”

“Yes,” was my reply. “But are you sure—quite certain that this photograph is of the dead man?”

“Positive. I myself compared it with the features of the victim?”

“Then you are wrong, my dear Ferri,” I said decisively. “The Contessina did not kill him. He was one of her best friends. To him she owed much—her very life in fact.”

“*Va bene*. You are her champion,” laughed the famous Chief of Police. “But tell me who is this Delannoy.”

I hesitated. To explain was to commit a breach of confidence. Yet I felt that at all hazards, I must prevent the arrest and accusation of that woman who was one of my personal friends. Truth to tell, Olga Ostrow, the pretty dark-haired daughter of Count Paul Ostrow of Vilna, was an agent of the British Secret Service who had on several occasions supplied us with important information regarding political undercurrents both in Russia and France.

“Well,” I said rather lamely, “Delannoy is a man I know—an Englishman of French parentage. His name was George Girdlestone.”

“*Benissimo*,” cried my friend. “This is most fortunate! What causes you to be so certain that I have made a mistake—eh? What proof is there of her innocence? They were friends. She knew that he carried something concealed in his clothes. They quarrelled and she struck him down. I have the knife—an ancient Venetian stiletto—which has been identified as hers!”

“If she killed him, then what did she intend doing with the body?”

“Probably intended to return in a few weeks with a big trunk, ostensibly to remove some other belongings and to send it away by rail in that.”

And, replacing the photograph, he lit a cigarette and turned his face towards where the glorious sun was slowly setting in the calm sea behind Antibes.

“Was he wealthy?” he asked a moment later. “Where shall I find trace of him?”

“You will find no trace of him, my friend,” was my slow reply.

“You are concealing something, Signor Hatherleigh. Why?” he asked, looking at me sharply.

“Of necessity,” I said. “This charge against the Contessina has rather upset me,” I added, apologetically.

“Naturally,” replied the Chief of Police. “Five of my cleverest officers have been engaged on the case, and

all are unanimous. In the house live only three other families—all of them highly respectable Italians. There was no backway out of the house, and the question of descending from the window by a ladder has already been dismissed as impossible. No. Depend upon it that your little Russian friend, whom all the gay world here to-day is cheering, killed this man George Girdlestone, in order to steal either some money or documents which she knew he carried. The two cuts in the lining of his coat are sufficient evidence that search was made for it."

I wanted time to think. What Ferri had just told me had revealed to me something of which I had never dreamed. The truth was that Girdlestone, a captain in the Engineers, was, like myself, a member of the British Secret Service. He was missing, and we believed he had disappeared in Nice. It was from that place he had last been heard of, therefore I had been sent south to try and obtain news of him.

Yet here was undeniable evidence that he had fallen a victim of a plot, and had been foully done to death!

Together we strolled back towards the grand stand close to the *Jetée Promenade*, or pier, and there we watched the judges award the prizes—the first to the Countess Olga Ostrow.

Flushed with pleasure and excitement the sweet-faced young woman drove slowly up to the judge's tribune, and there received the white-and-gold silk banner for the best decorated carriage—a prize she had secured annually for three seasons in succession.

A thousand throats acclaimed her, and amid much clapping of hands and throwing of flowers she slowly passed, again laughing gaily at me over her shoulder, triumphant once more.

At the door of the Municipal Caisson I parted company with my friend, arranging to meet him again

at seven, and go over to Monte Carlo to dine and spend the evening. Then I walked back to the *Hôtel de France* where I stood pondering.

What had poor Girdlestone carried concealed in the lining of his dress coat? What could its nature have been that he should have been killed for its possession? Poor fellow! He had been one of my closest and best friends—a splendid linguist, a smart officer, and a cosmopolitan to the back-bone.

That night I dined with the famous Chief of Police at the *Hotel de Paris* at Monte Carlo, and afterwards idled about the rooms, hot and overcrowded as they always are in the height of the season.

"What do you intend doing regarding Olga Ostrow?" I asked him point-blank, as we descended through the moon-lit gardens to the station.

"I have already done as I intended," was his brief reply. "She is under arrest."

"Arrested?" I gasped, staring at him.

"*Si, signore.* She is detained at the central police bureau in Nice, and I have applied for her immediate extradition, and she will be sent to our frontier at *Ventimiglia* to-morrow. From thence I shall convey her back to Rome."

"This is injudicious!" I declared. "But if you have arrested her I ask one thing—I ask it as her friend. Let there for the present be no publicity."

"There has been none. I have made the concierge at the *Via Lombardia* promise secrecy. Nothing has leaked out to the press."

While we walked up and down the railway platform awaiting the express for Nice he told me a number of additional facts concerning the tragedy—facts which I was compelled to admit within myself were very convincing of Olga's guilt. My intention was to have called at the *Villa Stephanie* that night, but Ferri had forestalled me by arresting her immediately after the *Battle of Flowers*.

On my return to my hotel I packed my traps, scribbled a note to my friend, and at eight o'clock next morning left direct for Rome by way of Genoa and Pisa.

Quickly I went to the white house with the green sun shutters in the Via Lombardia and discovered the names of the three other residents, none of whom had any knowledge of the strange tragedy which had occurred in the Countess's apartment. They were all persons of the highest repute. One was Orlandini, the Deputy for Forli, another Floria, a banker, and the third a well-known member of the Bourse.

The further I carried my inquiries, however, the blacker became the suspicion against the Countess. Yet what motive could she have for killing the man who had acted as her friend—the man who on one occasion in Moscow had given her warning of impending arrest after the recent rioting, and enabled her to escape from the country. What was it that had been abstracted from the dead man's coat?

Ferri had returned to Rome, and had brought with him the pretty Russian who was awaiting trial. Nobody in the Eternal City was aware of her return, otherwise a great sensation would have been caused in society, where she was so well known. I saw the Chief of Secret Police at the Bureau, and he told me that she had protested her innocence, declaring that she was totally unaware of Girdlestone's death.

"She endeavours to prove an extraordinary alibi," he laughed, as he puffed at his cigarette; "one that certainly will not hold water at the Assize Court."

"You have not discovered what was stolen from his coat?"

"Unfortunately, no," was my friend's reply, as he slowly stroked his beard. "She will make no admission, though I have repeatedly interrogated her."

Next morning I called upon the

banker Floria at his office at the Via Vittoria and, representing myself as an agent of an insurance company, inquired whether he knew his neighbour the Countess. He told me that he was not on visiting terms with her. She was a lady who kept herself very much to herself, and the only person in the house she visited was the Signora Orlandini, wife of the Deputy.

That afternoon I called upon the lady in question who lived in the flat above the Countess and, full of apologies, made inquiry regarding her neighbour, who, I informed her in confidence, was about to insure her life for a considerable amount.

"Certainly, signore," replied the stout elderly wife of the Deputy. "I know the Countess. She is most charming—wealthy, I believe, for she only spends the winter months in Rome. I became acquainted with her through my brother, Huga Halfinger, who sometimes comes to visit me."

"Halfinger," I repeated.

"Yes. He lives in Zurich. Do you know him?" she asked quickly. "Here is his photograph," and she pointed to a framed cabinet standing upon a table in the shadow.

I glanced at it, and then, after a few moments' reflection, remarked:

"The Countess is on the Riviera just now, I believe."

"Yes. She left quite recently, and will return this season. She came to say good-bye to me before leaving. Huga chanced to be staying with us. He was passing through on his way to Palermo. He and she are great friends."

The Deputy's wife was evidently very proud of her acquaintance with the "Little Countess." So, after some further conversation, I demanded pardon for my apparent inquisitiveness and left, driving straight to a telegraph office, where I despatched a message in cipher to London, asking for an immediate response.

It was handed to me in my hotel just before midnight, and when I

slowly deciphered it I sat staggered at the amazing truth that had now become revealed.

Next day I hastened to the Bureau of Police, and on entering Ferri's private cabinet, that sombre, green-painted room of secrets, asked a favour—that he would interrogate the Countess in my presence. At first he demurred, but when I explained that I desired to clear up one or two important points he at last acceded, and ringing his bell, told the police-officer who entered to bring the accused before him.

Ten minutes later the Little Countess, dressed in black, very pale and wan, entered between two carabinieri.

When she saw me she started, exclaiming in French:

"Ah! M'sieur Hatherleigh! You—you know me—you will speak in my favour, will you not? I beg of you!"

"The Signor Hatherleigh desires to ask you one or two questions, Contessina," said Ferri in that cold formal voice of his.

"Yes," I said, standing beside the Chief of Police, who was seated at his table. "You were friendly, Contessina, with Jules Delannoy—or to call him by his right name, George Girdlestone."

"I was. He was one of my best friends. They say he was found dead in my apartments after I left! But it is amazing. I never saw him. He has not been in Rome for nearly two years—to my knowledge."

"When did you last see him?"

"In Paris, last October. He was staying at the Elysée Palace Hotel."

"Describe your actions during—say the last hour you were in Rome, immediately before you left for Nice," I urged.

"The last hour," she repeated, hesitating reflectively. "Well, I ascended to the next floor to wish farewell to my friend, the Signora Orlandini. Her husband was at a sitting of the Chamber, but her bro-

ther, Herr Halfinger, was there."

"You knew Halfinger—eh? What was his real name?"

"Isaac Goldberg," she replied. "I have known him for some years. While we were sitting together Signor Orlandini entered and wished me farewell, his wife leaving the room to speak with the servants."

"And who is this Goldberg?" I asked, adding: "You can tell Signor Ferri all that you know."

"I have ascertained only recently that he is a German secret agent."

"And now," I said, turning to the Chief of Police, "I think I can explain the mystery. Last October, in Paris, the Contessina introduced this man Goldberg—who is an unscrupulous adventurer—to poor Girdlestone, who is in the same service as myself. Goldberg had ascertained Girdlestone's intention to visit Rome, and call unexpectedly upon the Contessina. He came at once and told his sister of the impending visit. On the night in question, while the Contessina was wishing farewell to them, the Deputy's wife, standing at the window, watched Girdlestone alight from a cab, whereupon she at once made excuse to leave the room and descending to the Countess's flat entered with a false key with which she had already provided herself. When Girdlestone rang the bell, the woman Orlandini opened the door. At first the meeting was a cold one, but quickly there were recriminations regarding an affair which had occurred in Germany, when suddenly, without warning, the woman struck him down with an old Venetian stiletto which had hung on the wall in the hall. Then, after securing what she had desired, she hid the body in the back room where the Contessina would not see it before her departure, and removed all traces of her crime. Afterwards she quickly slipped upstairs and rejoined her guest."

"And what actual proof have you of this?" inquired the famous official, his dark brows narrowing.

"This," and I produced a decipher of my secret message which stated that confidential information from Berlin had been received by our department to the effect that the secret agent, Isaac Goldberg, had, a few days ago, sold to the German Intelligence Department for twenty thousand marks a copy of the cipher used by our British Secret Service, which had been the property of Mr. George Girdlestone. The poor fellow was known to have usually carried the thin little cipher-book sewn in the lining of his dress-coat.

The Little Countess, who gave answers to Ferri's rapid questions, was a few minutes later accorded her lib-

erty, while Ferri drove at once to the Via Lombardia to arrest the sister of Isaac Goldberg.

He found the door of her bedroom locked, and on forcing it open discovered the guilty woman lying in her chair, dead from an over-dose of chloral.

For some months Goldberg was hunted by Ferri and his agents backwards and forwards across Europe, eventually being cornered in Rotterdam, where he committed suicide by throwing himself into the harbour.

On account of poor Girdlestone's death and the theft of the cipher, an entirely new one has now been placed in operation.

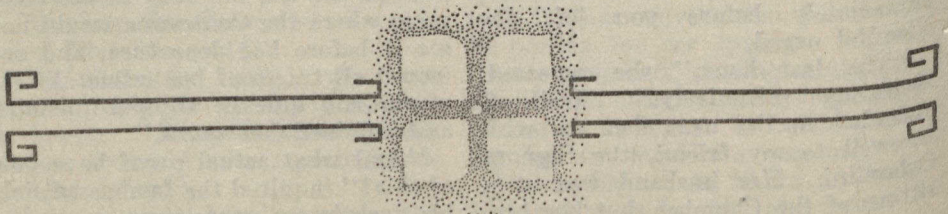
## REALIZATION

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I SMILED with skeptic mocking when they told me you were dead,  
 You of the airy laughter and lightly twinkling feet,  
 "You tell a dream that haunted a chill, gray dawn," I said,  
 "Death could not touch or claim a thing so vivid and so sweet!"

I looked upon you coffined amid your virgin flowers,  
 But even that white silence could bring me no belief,  
 "She lies in maiden sleep," I said, "and in the youngling hours  
 Her sealed dark eyes will open to scorn your foolish grief."

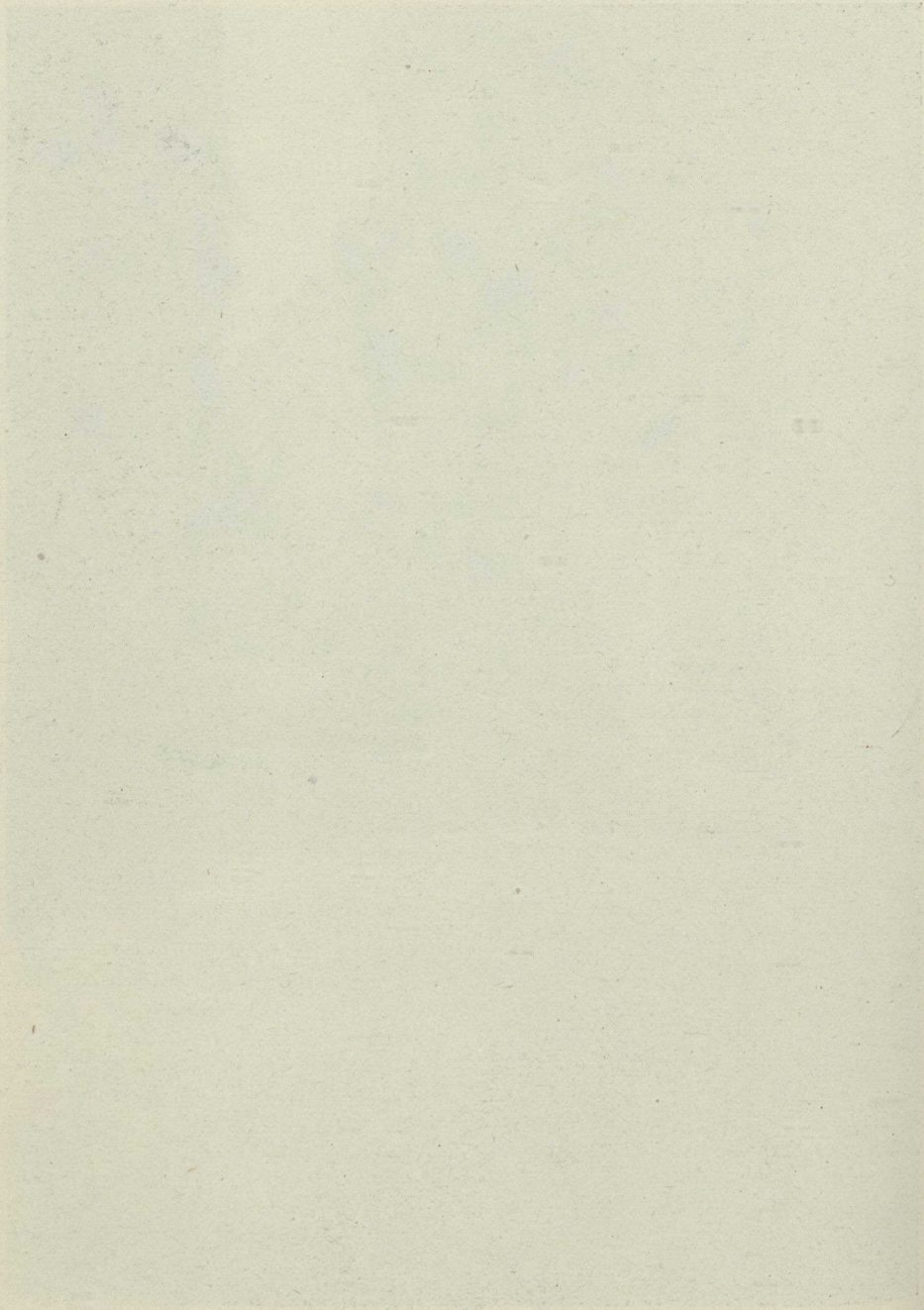
But when I went at moonrise to our ancient trysting place . . .  
 And, oh, the wind was keening in the firs boughs overhead!  
 And you came never to me with your little gypsy face,  
 Your lips and hands of welcome, I knew that you were dead!





A Photograph of the Sinclair Canyon,  
on the Banff-Windermere Route

THE HIGHWAY OF  
THE GREAT DIVIDE





# CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

**N**APOLÉON'S dictum that "Providence fights on the side of the big battalions" is truer of war to-day than it was a century ago. Whether on land or sea the varying fortunes of opposing armies in the present campaign depend to a greater extent on numbers of men and weight of guns than was the case in any previous armed conflict. The destruction of Admiral Craddock's fleet by a stronger German unit, and the subsequent sinking of the enemy's ships by Admiral Sturdee's vessels of superior speed, weight, and guns proves that the day has gone when naval and military commanders can afford to rely for victory on mere dash and reckless bravery. True, these soldierly qualities still count in increased morale, but in modern campaigning they must be harnessed to scientific methods in which there is little room for chance or the spectacular. This was the hardest lesson the French had to learn, but the retreat on Paris, and the early experiences in Alsace-Lorraine brought home to them the importance of the new methods of warfare. The British troops already had learned the value of cover, field trenches, and wire entanglements in South Africa, and, with a much smaller force were able to hold their own against superior German numbers that advanced to the attack recklessly in massed formation. Now that the Allies are on the offensive in the west the importance of numbers is seen in the

slow progress made against a powerful enemy strongly entrenched and rarely exposed to view. So evenly balanced are the opposing forces that progress is measured in feet instead of yards and miles, and it is only through the withdrawal of German troops to the eastern field of operations that the Allies are able to make considerable headway in Flanders and France. Kitchener, with far-seeing eye, provided against this deadlock, and when he hurls his new army against the foe this month or the next, numbers and British doggedness will begin to count.

Joffre's advance through Alsace is the most important feature of the campaign on the western front. This time the French have come to stay. They are nearing the Rhine, and gradually forcing the enemy back on his own soil. Although strategic conditions forbid anything in the nature of a great achievement there has been steady progress on the western front.

On the eastern front the situation is much the same as on the west. Neither side seems to be strong enough to secure any striking advantage. This applies only to the operations in which German forces are employed. Further south the Austrians are again in retreat, with Bukowina occupied and Transylvania invaded by the Russians, while Russian troops are advancing once more across the plains of Hungary. According to Mr. Hilaire Belloc, two things are essential to either combatant—Cracow or War-

saw. Cracow blocks the way to Germany's rich industrial gateway in the south—Silesia. Warsaw, flanked by the fortresses of Ivangorod and Novo-Georgievsk, controls the Russian railway communications. Without Warsaw the invasion of Germany could not be carried on successfully. The campaign has resolved itself largely into a struggle by the Germans for Warsaw, and by the Russians for Cracow. The indecisive character of the operations is due to the fact that the rival plans neutralize each other. Each side has been within striking distance of its objective, but each has failed so far to achieve its ends. The factors that make for success in modern warfare are so nicely balanced that the battlefield swings on a line with Cracow and Warsaw as alternate axes. The deadlock is attributable to the fact that the inferiority in numbers but greater mobility of the Austro-Germanic forces is balanced on the Russian side by superiority in numbers but inferior mobility. At the time of writing the line of battle has swung once again in the direction of Cracow. It may be traced on the map from a point west of Warsaw, on the Vistula, along the course of the Bzura River, up its tributary, the Rawka, thence along a line drawn between Petrokov and Kielce, along the rivers Nida and Dunajec, tributaries on opposite banks of the Upper Vistula, turning east from the Dunajec to join the line of operations across the Carpathians. The last Austro-Germanic advance developed across the Dankl Pass, compelled the Russians to change their front from due west to due south. This necessitated a temporary retirement which the Austrians duly chronicled as a Russian reverse. The control of the network of railways enabled the Germans once more to gain a strategic advantage, but the Russians swung around from Cracow, faced due south and swept the Austrians for the second time across the Carpathians. Having disposed of this menace to their

flank, the Russians are advancing once more on Cracow, with Austria-Hungary weakened and disorganized and too fully occupied by the invasion of Bukowina and Transylvania to be of much service to its ally.

The Allies in the east and west are now co-operating in a simultaneous strategic plan. Within the last month the Grand Duke Nicholas has attracted nine German army corps from the western war zone. The offensive of the Allies is daily assuming more formidable proportions, while that of the enemy grows more ineffective. The day is nearing when the German defensive in Flanders and France must break down unless the enemy is prepared to weaken his front in Poland. The operations of the Allies on sea and land are no longer isolated actions, but parts of a co-ordinate plan for leading the Allies to ultimate victory.

Roumania, Italy, and Greece may yet be forced to join the Allies. Bukowina and Transylvania have long been watched with covetous eyes by Roumania. The inhabitants of these Austrian Provinces are equally desirous of changing their flag. Self-interest must dictate to Roumania the necessity of playing her part if she hopes to secure some of the spoils of war. Roumania will be guided by Italy in any step she takes, as they are in closest harmony on international questions. Italy has wounded Austrian pride to the quick by the occupation of the chief Albanian port, Avlona. This gives Italy control of the Adriatic, which Austria-Hungary regarded as her own preserve. It also gives Italy virtual control of the Mediterranean and protects her African possessions. The day of a Greater Italy has come unless Italy lacks the courage to seize the opportunity.

Austria-Hungary is reduced to a sad plight through her alliance with Germany. Her statesmen have been blind to the lessons of the past. For half a century—ever since the inde-

fensible attack upon Denmark—Austria has been the catspaw of Prussia. She was the first, in 1866, to feel the pressure of Prussian ambition. But Bismarck was a wily diplomat, and took care not to humiliate Austria unduly. The Berlin Conference gave Austria the Protectorate of Bosnia and Herzegovina—a gift that has proved the undoing of the Dual Monarchy. When Austria annexed these provinces in 1908 she went out of her way to humiliate Russia, and she is now paying the price of her stupid folly. Italy has been wiser in her generation and has been careful for some years past to effect what Bismarck termed re-insurance policies. Indeed, Italy, by her cultivation of good relations with the Triple Entente, is paving the way for the realization of what Mr. Asquith calls a European partnership. The remark made by a famous German statesman to the Berlin correspondent of *The Times* on the eve of the war is typical of Germany's attitude toward her deluded ally. Asked what he would do if the punitive expedition against Serbia failed, he replied: "What business, in Heaven's name, is it of mine if Austria smashes her skull?" Throughout the eastern campaign the Austrians have been ruthlessly employed by the German general staff not so much as a barrier against the invasion of Austrian territory, as a buffer to prevent the Russians from occupying the sacred soil of Germany.

Turkey is also paying the penalty of her short-sighted folly. That inflated humbug, Enver Pasha, who has deliberately wrecked his own and his country's career, became the tool of the Germans, who worked on his vanity until they had the country in their power. The Allied fleets are forcing the passage of the Dardanelles, and Enver's army of the Caucasus has met with disaster in a fierce battle with the Russians on the snow-clad passes ten thousand feet high. Turkey's suzerainty over Egypt has been

brought to a dramatic close by the elevation of the country to a Sultanate, and the succession of the ex-Khedive's uncle to the throne. This bold move has checkmated Turkey's attempt to fan the flames of a Holy War in Egypt, the Soudan, and India. The suicidal policy of the Young Turks has solved the problem that has so long endangered the peace of Europe. The future of Turkey now depends on the clemency of the Allied nations. The Russians already call Constantinople by its old name, Czargrad.

Having failed to reach Calais, Germany's war against Great Britain has entered upon a phase so tragically familiar in Belgium. The bombardment of unfortified places and the massacre of women and children, as at Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool, has inaugurated a system of guerilla warfare which can achieve no military purpose. Aeroplane attacks may follow before these notes see the light of day. A large aerial fleet is displaying unusual activity on the Belgian coast and great precautions are being taken in England against a surprise visit.

One of the venerable relics of mediævalism, secret diplomacy, is fast passing away. It is no longer compatible with the rights and privileges of a responsible and educated democracy. Like many other anachronisms it is perishing at the hands of its friends. At no period in history has public opinion been so sedulously moved as during the last six months. Wide publicity has been given to all the secret negotiations that preceded and led up to the war. We have had the British White Paper, the Russian Orange Book, the Belgian Gray Book, the German White Book, and the French Yellow Book. The question is raised why, if it is proper to publish these secret documents now, it should not have been equally permissible to publish them before the war? It is contended, and with some show of reason, that the publication of all

these facts before the war might have averted the conflict. The peoples who now pay the piper had practically no voice in calling the tune. The control of foreign policy by the British Parliament, instead of by a secret Cabinet of Ministers—in some cases by the Foreign Minister alone—has been the subject of agitation for some time past in the British Commons. The vigorous enforcement of press censorship in Great Britain, together with military law, have combined to raise the whole question in a form which will compel attention when the war is over. Open diplomacy may have its drawbacks, but in the twentieth century there is a good deal to be said in favour of a modification of the methods of the Foreign Office. Up till the outbreak of war it was a debatable question among British parties whether Britain was committed to aid France by sending British troops to fight on the European continent. Yet all the time—unknown to Parliament—the Foreign Office had committed the country definitely to the support of its neighbour. Few will question the wisdom of the course adopted, but the policy of secrecy by means of which the country is kept in the dark in regard to its responsibility in the matter is foreign to the spirit of the times. The close of the war will doubtless witness a revival of the agitation for Parliamentary control, and for more clearly-defined relations between the self-governing nations of the Empire.

While the war is progressing favourably for Britain and her Allies, and the cleaning-up process in Africa and elsewhere goes on unchecked, public interest has been diverted for a time to the attitude of the United States touching the rights of neutral shippers. An exchange of views

between the British and United States Governments places the latter in a very unfavourable light as a nation which, having ignored the German violation of treaties, steps in as the champion of the Copper Kings who have been shipping contraband of war through neutral countries to Germany. These are the same Copper Kings who some time ago shot down women and children in a labour dispute. It is naturally to be expected that their sympathies go out to their traffic in copper, and not to the wives and children of British and French soldiers killed to enhance the profits of these soulless magnates. The British Government agreed to forgo search in the case of vessels inspected before leaving port by British Consular officials. A *modus vivendi* may be arranged whereby United States shipping certified by the American Government may avoid delay or detention. Sir Edward Grey's statement of the case was a dignified protest against the sacrifice of British lives through the shipment of contraband to the enemy from a neutral country that through its press has so vehemently voiced its abhorrence of German methods of warfare. Britain cannot forgo her rights as a belligerent, and there is no reason to believe that public opinion in the United States would in this case place the material interests of the shippers before the lives of the men who are battling in Flanders and France for the cause of higher civilization. Here again the blame is not entirely on the American side. Even such an authority as *The Times* (London) admits that "many of the awkwardnesses of the present situation would be got rid of if the Foreign Office would act a little more promptly. *and, above all, a little more publicly.*"

# The Library Table

## CHRONICLES OF CANADA

EDITED BY GEORGE M. WRONG AND H. H. LANGTON. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

IT has remained for this series of Chronicles to demonstrate completely the fact that the history of Canada lends itself with peculiar aptness to treatment in the form of separate and distinct narratives. And in apposition to their distinctiveness these Chronicles compose *en masse* a comprehensive review of the history of Canada from its dawn down to "The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier" and "The Railroad Builders." All this we attest after reading twelve volumes, the first section of the whole thirty-two to be delivered in three sections to the subscribers. Many histories of Canada have been published, a few of them good but most of them bad, yet in all truthfulness it can be said that these Chronicles embrace the first Canadian history that will be read and enjoyed by any great mass of the people. At first thought it would seem as if the plan were too daring to be practicable, as if it would be impossible to get a score of writers to hew to the line and not overlap—not run amuck into one another's territory. But whether it is due to the good sense of the writers or the astute scrutiny of the editors, we find very few passages that are common to any two volumes. The first twelve Chronicles display the work of eight writers, and they display also the excellent judgment that was aroused in the choice of writers and the allot-

ment of subjects. Although the high standard of the writing is approached with remarkable evenness, one could not hope to find another chapter to compare with "Fit to go Foreign" in William Wood's amazingly interesting volume entitled "All Afloat." Colonel Wood gives us a good account of all the styles of craft that have figured in Canadian history from the time when Champlain sailed from Honfleur to Tadousac, in eighteen days, down to 1908, when the Prince of Wales (now King George) steamed from land to land in sixty-seven hours on his return home from the tercentenary celebration at Quebec. In "Fit to go Foreign" he describes the life aboard a "Bluenose" sailing vessel during a voyage from a Nova Scotian port round the Horn. In a series of books that contain many lofty passages one does not wish to praise unduly anything in particular, but, in a word, "Fit to go Foreign" is fit to be placed beside Stevenson and Conrad. We reprint a paragraph:

The "Victoria" is manned by the husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers of the place where she was built. Her owners are the leaders of the little neighbourhood, and her cargo is home-grown. She carries no special carpenter and sailmaker, like a Britisher, because a Bluenose has an all-round crew, every man of which is smart enough, either with the tools or with the fid and palm and needle for ordinary work, while some are sure to be equal to any special job. She, of course, carries two suits of canvas, her new best and older second best. Each sail has required more skill than tailors need to make a perfect fit in clothes, because there is a constant strain on sails, exceeding, if

possible, the strains on every other part. But before sail is made, her anchor is hove short, that is, the ship is drawn along by her cable till her bows are over it. "Heave and she comes!" "Heave and she must!" "Heave and bust her!" are grunted from the men straining at the longbars of the capstan, which winds the tightening cable in. "Click, click, glick-ety click" go the pawls, which drop every few inches into cavities that, keeping them from spliping back, prevent the capstan from turning the wrong way when the men pause to take breath. "Break out the mud-hook!" and a tremendous combined effort ensues. Presently a sudden welcome slack shows that the flukes have broken clear. The anchor is then hove up, catted, and fished.

"All hands maks sail!" sings out the mate. The wind is nicely on the starboard quarter, that is, abaft the beam and forward of the stern, which gives the best chance to every sail. A wind dead aft, blanketing more than half the canvas, is called a lubber's wind. A soldier's wind is one which comes square on the beam, and so makes equally plain sailing out and back again. What sail a full-rigged ship can carry!

"All hands make sail!" Up go some to loose the sails aloft, while others stay on deck to haul the ropes that hoist the sails to the utmost limit of the canvas. The jibs and spanker generally go up at once, because they are useful as an aid to steering. The staysails generally wait. The jibs and staysails are triangular, the spanker a quadrangular fore-and-after. The square sails made fast to wide-spreading yards are the ones that take most hauling. But setting the sails by no means ends the work at them. Trimming is quite as important. Every time there is the slightest shift in the course or wind, there ought to be a corresponding shift of trim so as to catch every breath the sail can hold. To effect this with the triangular sails a sheet must be slacked away or hauled more in; while, in the case of the square sails on the yards, a brace must be attended to.

Our Bluenose mate now thinks he can get more work from his canvas. His voice rings out: "Weather crossjack brace!" which means hauling the lowest and aftermost square sail more to windward. "Weather crossjack brace!" sings out the time-keeper, whose duty is to rouse the watch as well as strike the bells that mark the hours and halves. The watch tramp off and lay on to the weather brace, and A.B.'s—or able-bodied seamen—leading the O.S.'s—ordinary seamen—at the tail. Some one slacks off the less braces and sings out "Haul away!" Then the watch proceed to haul, with weird, wild cries in

minor keys that rise and fall and rise again, like the long-drawn souging of the wind itself. "Eh—heigh—o—ai? Eh—heigh—hee! Eh—hugh!" In comes the brace till the trim suits the mate, when he calls out, "Turn the crossjack brace!" which means making it fast on a belaying pin. The other braces follow. By the time the top-gallant braces are reached only two hands are needed, as the higher yards are naturally much lighter than the lower ones.

Squalls need smart handling. Black squalls are nothing, even when the snip lays over till the lee-rail's under a sluicing rush of broken water. But a really wicked white squall requires luffing, that is, bring her head so close to the wind that it will strike her at the acutest angle possible without losing its pressure in the right direction altogether. The officer of the watch keeps one eye to windward, makes up his mind what sail he'll shorten, and then yells an order that pierces the wind like a shot, "Stand by your royal halliards!" As the squall swoops down and the ship heels over to it he yells again, "Let go your royal halliards, clew 'em up and make 'em fast!" Down come the yards, with hoarse roaring from the thrashing canvas. But then, if no second squall is coming, the mate will cut the clewing short with a stentorian "Masthead the yards again!"—on which the watch lay on to the halliards and haul—Ahoy! Aheigh! Aho—oh! Up she goes!

We have mentioned the good judgment shown in the selection of the writers. "The Seigneurs of Old Canada" was entrusted to William Bennett Munro, a Canadian who has distinguished himself as a professor of history at Harvard and who is acknowledged to be an authority on French Canadian history. "The Dawn of Canadian History," "the Mariner of St. Malo," and "Adventurers of the Far North" were given to Professor Stephen Leacock, who as well as being a humourist is a serious student of history. Besides "All Afloat" we have from Colonel Wood "The Passing of New France" and "The Winning of Canada," both of which convince the reader of the author's close study of the history of his native Province. Quebec, indeed, receives the lion's share of this first lot, for we have as well, by Thomas Chapais, "The Great Intendent," which is an excellent account of the

work of Jean Talon in Canada. Talon was a great zealot in behalf of the early settlers, but some of his methods, especially to encourage temperance, would shock a few reformers of today. Mr. Chapais tells us that Talon thought that "one of the best means of combatting the immoderate use of spirits was the setting up of breweries," which as well would help agriculture. Then we have "The Adventurers of England on Hudson Bay," by Agnes C. Laut, in which there is an all too brief account of a naval battle, in 1697, in Hudson Bay, between specially despatched fleets of the French and the English. The result did not add glory to either side, the account crediting to wind and wave much of the disaster common to both fleets. "The United Empire Loyalists," by W. Stewart Wallace, a reliable contributor to Canadian historical literature, is remarkable for its frank consideration of a subject that usually is treated with too much deference. The purpose and place of these early settlers in Canada is entertainingly told, and the author is not afraid to record that many of them were common people and not of the superior stock from which some of them undoubtedly issued. "Pathfinders of the Plains," by Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa, is a faithful recount of the attempts of a native-born Canadian, Pierre Gaultier de la Verendrye, and his sons to explore the West and discover a sea beyond the mountains.

A further word should be said about "The Seigneurs of Old Canada," by Professor Munro, for it represents within the compass of 150 pages the gist of knowledge that the author spent many years in acquiring. The revelation it gives of the singular conditions affecting early settlement in the Province of Quebec is vivid and intensely interesting, and one sets the volume down feeling that but few persons who have not read it could possibly have a proper

conception of life in a portion of Canada during a period when the seigneurial system flourished.

While the Indian figures prominently in many of the Chronicles, several individual red men provide respectively the subject for separate volumes. The first of these to appear is "The War Chief of the Six Nations," by Louis Aubrey Wood, which is a fascinating biography of Joseph Brant, whose monument stands in the public park of Brantford, Ontario, and whose last days were passed more than a hundred years ago on his estate near Hamilton.

The volumes are judiciously illustrated, and there are numerous maps. Some of the illustrations are full-page in colour, reproductions of paintings by Kreighoff, Huot, Macnaughton, Collier, Verner, Kane, Romney, Weir, Lawrence, West, Reynolds, and many others from public and private galleries, as well as special drawings by C. W. Jefferys.

\*

#### THE DEMI-GODS

BY JAMES STEPHENS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**T**HIS is another of Mr. Stephens's inimitable novels. To classify it as a novel seems as if restricting it to too narrow a compass, for there is in most of this author's work a peculiar quality that is not mere story-telling. As may be inferred from the title, the Demi-gods are three angels. These angels come to earth, and for a period of several months they become the close companions of two Irish vagabonds, Patsy McCann and his daughter Mary. They have a donkey and cart, and they go up and down the country in quest of food, a quest that Patsy follows with "the skill and pertinacity of a wolf or vulture." There is a delightful description of the arrival of the angels one night when the tramps are eating supper in the warmth of their brazier. But it is the kind of book that one must read for oneself.

## WHAT CAN I KNOW?

BY G. TRUMBULL LADD. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

MR. TRUMBULL here gives us an inquiry into truth, its nature, the means of its attainment, and its relations to the practical life. No person seems to have discovered as yet just what the human mind is capable of knowing, excepting, of course, the well-known truism that nothing can be said to be true except that fact in itself, namely, that nothing can be said to be true. But Dr. Ladd is not quite so restrictive in his inquiries as that. His volume will be found interesting to those even who never have studied philosophy or metaphysics.

\*

THE PATROL OF THE SUN  
DANCE TRAIL

BY RALPH CONNOR. Toronto: The Westminster Company.

HERETOFORE we have deplored the falling off in the quality of this author's work. The latest novels from this pen, which at one time was at least virile, are commonplace and lacking in inspiration. "Corporal Cameron" is perhaps the worst of the lot, although "The Patrol," which is a sequel to it, is not much better. They are intended to display heroism, but it is the kind of heroism for which the staging is always set in advance.

\*

## CHILDREN OF LOVE

BY HAROLD MONRO. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THERE is in this little collection, with its chaste gray cover and heroic drawing of Cupid, some fine passages of limpid poetry—cool, refreshing, grass-margined. The first poem gives title to the booklet, an odd thing imagining a meeting between Jesus and Cupid. There are several descriptive poems, one or two sugges-

tive of the war, and one that we shall not classify, but quote:

## THE REBELLIOUS VINE

One day, the vine  
That clomb on God's own house  
Cried, "I will not *grow*,"  
And, "I will *not* grow,"  
And, "I *will* not grow,"  
And, "I will not grow."  
So God leaned out his head,  
And said:  
"You need not." Then the vine  
Fluttered its leaves, and cried to all the  
winds:  
"Oh, have I not permission from the  
Lord?  
And may I not begin to cease to grow?"  
But that wise God had pondered on the  
vine  
Before He made it.  
And, all the while it laboured not to grow,  
It grew; it grew;  
And all the time God knew.

\*

## SINGSONGS OF THE WAR

BY MAURICE HEWLETT. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

HERE is a little booklet of war verse by an author who for the time at least has forgotten himself. He writes trippingly, for the average man, and is not averse to a pleasantry or mild satire:

O, England is an island,  
The finest ever seen;  
They say men come to England  
To learn that grass is green.  
And Englishmen are now at war,  
All for this, they say,  
That they are free, and other men  
Must be as free as they.

\*

—The following books have been added to the Home University Library: "History of Scotland," by R. S. Tait, professor of Scottish history and literature in the University of Glasgow; "Russian Literature," by the Honourable Maurice Baring; "The Ancient East," by D. G. Hogarth, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; "Political Thought from Bacon to Halifax," by G. P. Gooch; "The Wars Between England and America," by T. C. Smith, professor of American history in Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (Toronto: William Briggs).



# British to the Backbone

Bovril is *and always has been* British. Bovril took its origin in Canada; it is blended and bottled in Canada; and employs thousands of Canadian work-people. All the Directors are British, and, unlike some other beef preparations, it owns no cattle on enemy territory.

Bovril is the mighty British body-builder. It is the only food which has been proved by independent scientific experiments to possess body-building powers of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

## It-must-be- BOVRIL

S.H.B.

Of all Stores, etc., at 1-oz. 25c.; 2-oz. 40c.; 4-oz. 70c.; 8-oz. \$1.30; 16-oz. \$2.25.  
Bovril Cordial, large, \$1.25; 5-oz. 40c. 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), \$1.20

"Made in  
Canada."



"Spreads  
like Butter"

### THE Ingersoll TRIO

*Delicious and  
Appetizing*

#### INGERSOLL Pimento Cheese

Sweet Spanish Pimentos blended with INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE. Makes a delicious delicacy. 10c. and 15c. a package.

#### INGERSOLL Cream Cheese

The purest and finest of all Cream Cheese—so rich in cream—so delicious in flavor—so economical in use. Makes all kinds of tasty dishes—and just the thing for dainty sandwiches. 15c. and 25c. a package.

*Sold by all  
Grocers*

#### INGERSOLL Green Chile Cheese

Piquant California Green Chile blended with INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE. Good and tasty. 15c. a package.



## If the *Sphinx* could tell her *Secrets*

If the Sphinx could whisper the story of Ancient Egypt's queens it would tell of the use of Palm and Olive Oils, so that modern women would appreciate even more the value of *Palmolive Soap*.

They would realize why its creamy lather is the most effective cleanser.

The peoples of ancient times that the Sphinx knew could obtain Palm and Olive Oils only in the crude, natural state. How they would have reveled in the convenience and luxury of their combination in

# Palmolive Soap

Women who have made the acquaintance of Palmolive Soap are enthusiastic followers of the Palmolive doctrine of soap and water.

Because Palmolive is made from these same Palm and Olive Oils—Nature's greatest cleansing agents.

## Palmolive Shampoo

A Palm and Olive Oil liquid soap that thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp. It contains no injurious ingredients that will dry out the hair and make it brittle and dull.

## Palmolive Cream

reinforces the natural oil which keeps the skin smooth and unwrinkled. Apply a little after washing and before going to bed if you value a youthful complexion.

**B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Limited**  
155-157 George St., Toronto, Ont.

American Address: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



### Threefold Sample Offer—

Liberal cake of Palmolive bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.



# Burning The Candle At Both Ends

means shortened life for the candle.

Harmful habits of food and drink added to the natural wear and tear of work and play, bring about the same result in the human body.

An ordinary cup of coffee contains about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  grains of caffeine, a poisonous habit-forming drug.

"Both tea and coffee," says a prominent physician, "impair digestion and produce various disorders of the nerves, and lead to arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries, among the results of which are Bright's disease, apoplexy and premature old age."

There you have it—Premature Old Age for coffee drinkers.

Why risk health and comfort for a few cups of coffee?

A steaming cup of

## POSTUM

—the pure food-drink

—made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses—has a delicious coffee-like flavour, but is free from caffeine or other injurious substance.

Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use POSTUM.

*"There's a Reason"*





"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet

### For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,**  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

## New Taste, New Flavor for Familiar Desserts.

Tapioca pudding, custards, gelatine,  
—the sauces you make for desserts—  
can be delightfully changed with

# MAPLEINE

You'll like its delicious  
flavor in whipped cream,  
ice cream, candies.

Mapleine, hot water and  
cane sugar make splendid  
syrup for hot cakes—  
easy and very economical.

Grocers sell Mapleine.  
If yours does not, write

**Crescent Manufacturing Co.**  
Dept. H., Seattle, Wash.

Send 2c. stamp for Recipe Book.



# VICKERMAN'S SERGES WEAR WELL NEVER FADE

## Black—Blues—Greys

Absolutely the best Cloths sold in Canada



This name in gold along the edge every three yards.

**NISBET & AULD, Limited**

**TORONTO**

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.

Serves  
A Double  
Purpose

Brightness

Sanitation



Large Sifter Can  
With Full Directions  
10¢

Old Dutch is Sanitary  
Therefore Safe  
Beware of  
Caustics and Acids  
Particularly on Your  
Cooking Utensils

MADE IN CANADA

# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



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

*Look for it on every blade.*

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited  
CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY  
SHEFFIELD - - - ENGLAND

## Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce    Chili Sauce    Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal



# Fed on Vim

Remember the  
Wealth of  
Vitality That  
Lies in  
Quaker Oats

Oats are for animals needing spirit and strength—for horses, not for placid cows. This is Nature's vim-food. Here she concentrates the very essence of energy.

That is why Quaker Oats is so essential to children. To countless grown-ups, too. It means activity, vivacity, power for work or play.

It should be Quaker Oats because these are the choicest grains. We pick just the rich, plump, best-fed oats for Quaker. Their flavor and aroma make the dish inviting. Their fullness gives the utmost vim-producing power.

Find out how quickly two big dishes daily can make languid people bubble with vitality.

## Quaker Oats

*The Luscious Form of Vim-Food*

Ten pounds per bushel is all we get from the choicest oats that grow. That is because all the puny, starved grains are discarded.

You get in these flakes just the cream of the grain, rich in precious elements. And you get here a flavor, enhanced by our process, which makes the dish extra-delicious.

Quaker Oats is so rare and exquisite that oat lovers, from all the world over, send to us to get it. In the homes of a

### Large Package 30c

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

### Regular Package 10c

These prices do not apply in Far West.

hundred nations it is the premier morning dish.

Here it is handy to you. Every grocer has it. A simple call for Quaker Oats brings it to you always, and at no extra price.

We urge that it pays, in a food like this, to serve the most likable form. You want it eaten in abundance—want it eaten often. The way to insure that is to serve it in this tempting form.

One serving will convince you.



## 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.



## Ganong's Chocolates

The best surprise is always Ganong's



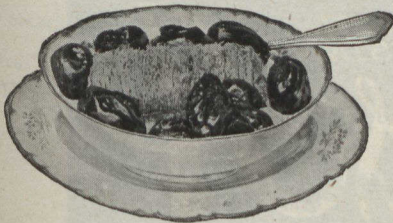
# First aid to the Injured



After the skilled surgeon has repaired the broken body it remains for the trained nurse to assist Nature in restoring wasted tissue and building up the body into new life and strength by giving a food that contains the necessary body-building material in digestible form. As a builder of healthy tissue nothing equals

## Shredded Wheat

a natural, elemental food made of the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest, most hygienic food factory in the world. Shredded Wheat is always the same quality, always the same price.



For breakfast heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Better than mushy porridges for the chilly days. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with stewed prunes, sliced bananas, baked apples or fruits of any kind.

Made only by

**The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited**  
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street E.



# SEAL BRAND

Satisfies the longing for a Perfect Cup of Coffee  
Packed in one and two pound tins only.

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL



**YOUR** dress-maker endorses **D & A**  
Corsets, unless prejudice or a larger  
profit on some other brand warps her  
judgment.

Skilled tailors like to fit a woman wearing the latest models of D & A Corsets, as they assure correct lines. We recommend No. 842, as illustrated for medium figures, its graceful lines adding to the natural beauty while allowing great freedom of movement.

It retails at \$6.00 quite one half cheaper than imported corsets of similar grade. Sold by all popular stores and guaranteed by the makers:

**THE DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC.**  
**Makers also of the LA DIVA Corsets.**

6-14

NON  
RUSTABLE  
**D & A**  
CORSETS

# We Surely Have Great Breakfasts At Our House



Boys enthuse about Puffed Wheat and Rice. There's many a food which they enjoy, but these they revel in.

Each grain is like a toasted nut, made thin and crisp and porous. Each is a bubble, blown to airy lightness by millions of steam explosions.

Each is a confection, yet it is all food and made—by Professor Anderson's process—so it all digests.

## Goodies Without Cream

The chief delight in many a cereal lies in the cream and sugar. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are goodies when one eats them dry. Countless children carry them at play.

Served in milk—like bread or crackers—they are fascinating morsels. They are used in candy making and as garnish for ice cream.

Imagine how such tid-bits taste when served with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c** *Except in  
Extreme  
West*  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

These grains served in puffed form insure easy, complete digestion. Every food granule is blasted to pieces. Other methods break part of the granules. This method breaks them all.

In Puffed Wheat and Rice you get not only the whole grain. You get every element in form to digest. When you know what this means, as your doctor does, you will serve these grains in puffed form every time you can.

Try them all. Serve a different one each day.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Sask.

# Beauty at Sweet Sixteen

---

Comes Back When One Clears up the  
Complexion by the Quick Acting  
Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Pimples are an offense to others and a crime against yourself. People have only tolerated you because they considered the condition of your face to be a misfortune against which you have no remedy. But now that it is universally known that Stuart's Calcium Wafers will usually banish pimples, blackheads, blotches, eruptions, and liverspots, your continued negligence will be considered inexcusable.

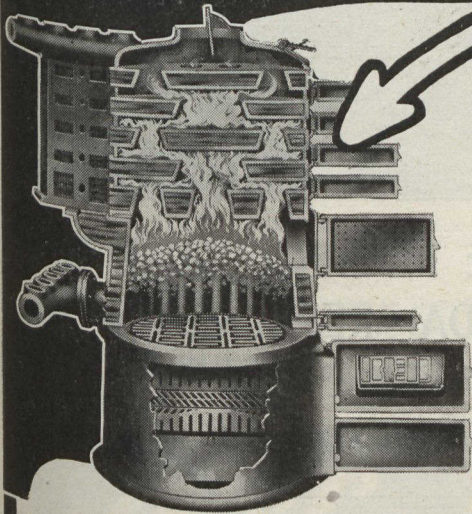
The person with a pimply face is always unattractive and at a disadvantage in society. Those ugly disfigurements set at naught the effect of the most perfect features. If your face and figure had the classical outlines of a Greek statue, a mass of pimples would still destroy your beauty. A clear, fresh skin is absolutely essential to any real beauty.

A beautiful complexion is dependent on a rich, pure, abundant supply of blood to the skin. Calcium sulphide has long been recognized as one of the most effective of blood purifiers. Quickly converting all impurities into gaseous form that readily escapes from the pores, it purifies the blood in remarkably short order. Calcium sulphide is the chief constituent of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, which contain besides, certain mild alteratives that invigorate the blood. You will be delighted at the rapidity with which all face disorders will disappear, once the blood has been cleansed of its impurities through their use.

You have a right to beauty and health and happiness. You have a right to the admiration and respect of others. Take the step that will gain you all of these. Get a 50c box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers of your druggist and win back your birthright. A small sample package mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

# WHY THE "SOVEREIGN" HAS

## INDIVIDUAL CLEAN-OUT DOORS



**WHY** is there a separate clean - out door between each section of the "Sovereign," instead of only one door, covering all the sections, as in other Hot Water Boilers?

**BECAUSE** opening one small door at a time, when removing soot and ashes from the boiler sections, admits the smallest possible current of cold air to chill the water that has been heated for circulation to the Radiators. These "individual clean-out doors" are one of the minor improvements of the "Sovereign" that show how carefully it has been designed to promote fuel economy and increase the heating capacity of this standard type of Hot Water Boiler.

"WESTERN JR."  
BOILERS

**TAYLOR - FORBES**  
COMPANY, LIMITED

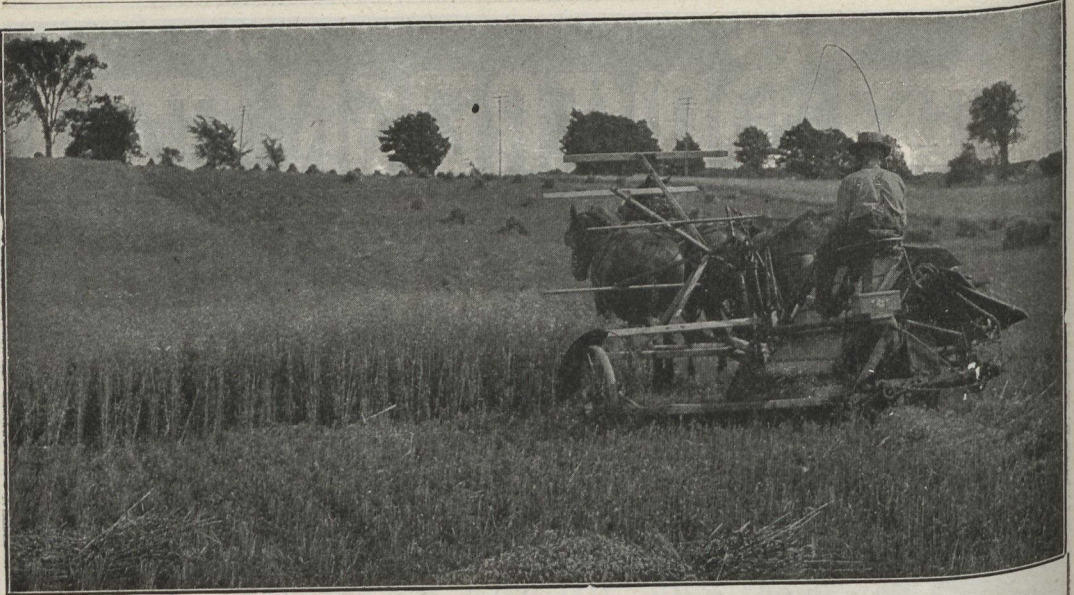
"SOVEREIGN"  
RADIATORS

Toronto—1088 King Street West.  
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.  
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.  
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.

Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Ltd., 622 Ninth Ave.  
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.  
Quebec, Que.—Mechanic's Supply Co.  
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

A3

Head Office and Foundries: Guelph, Canada



**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF  
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS  
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE  
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

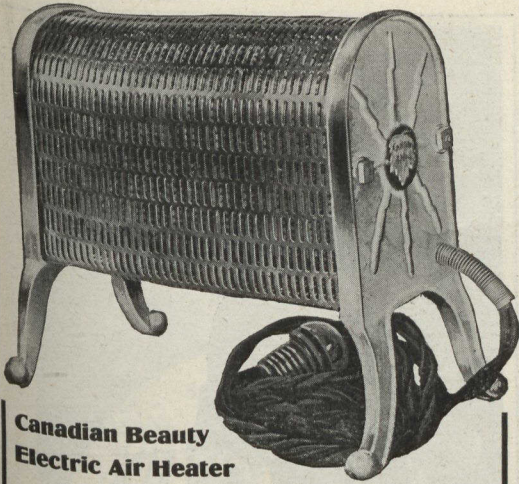
*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes  
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD  
for SETTLEMENT?*

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.



**Canadian Beauty  
Electric Air Heater**

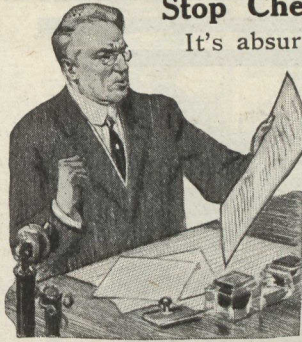
This portable Heater is specially designed for the Spring and Fall months, as it will take the chill from the air in a good sized room in a short time, and even in moderately cold weather will heat an average sized room at little cost. It is very convenient for the bath room, nursery, den or library.

The Radiator is supplied with seven feet of Heater Cord and attachment plug and can be attached to any lamp socket.

**WRITE FOR CATALOGUE**

showing other Electrically Heated Devices for Domestic Use.

**RENFREW ELECTRIC MFG. CO., LTD.**  
Renfrew, Ont., Canada



**Stop Cheating Yourself**

It's absurd to risk the permanency (or even the neatness) of your records for the sake of the pitiful savings you can make by using poor carbon paper.

TRADE  
**MULTIKOPY**  
MARK

**CARBON PAPER**

never fades. It gives (in black or blue) copies that will be legible for all time. Its smooth surface makes all the letters on a page evenly distinct. It is really economical because one sheet is good for 100 letters and 20 copies can be made at one writing.

Send for **FREE Sheet of MultiKopy**

**F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress St., BOSTON, MASS.**

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh

Makers of Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

**O'Keefe's**

**PILSENER LAGER**

How can anyone doubt the concentrated strength, the mental and physical refreshment, in a bottle of O'Keefe's "PILSENER" Lager, when Prof. Gaertner—in his famous book—"Manual of Hygiene"—states that "one quart of beer is equal in food value to three and one-tenth pounds of bread, and one ounce of meat."

Of all pure foods

**O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER**

can be said to be absolutely pure.

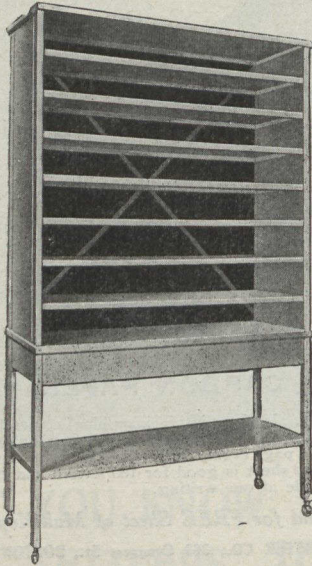
Scientifically brewed in the O'Keefe way from only the finest Hops, choicest Barley Malt and filtered Water it is absolutely pure and healthful, rich in food values and mildly stimulating.

Order a case to-day at your dealer's.



370

**O'KEEFE BREWERY CO LIMITED TORONTO**



Installed in Victoria Hospital,  
London, Canada.

**DENNISTEEL**  
LONDON, CANADA  
UNIT-CONSTRUCTION

## Kitchen Shelving

**T**HIS is the modern equipment for hospitals, institutions and residences. Made of high grade steel and finished with a superior enamel thoroughly baked on. More durable and less bulky than wood, absolutely sanitary and of splendid appearance. Built on the unit system, sections may be added at any time. Dennisteel is almost invariably the choice when investigated. We would like to know your equipment troubles in this line. We're sure we can be of service to you.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON  
WORKS CO. LIMITED  
LONDON  
CANADA



There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as **Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.**

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

*Ask your Grocer for*

**Fearman's Star Brand**

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,  
Hamilton.**



# CEETEE UNDERWEAR

**SOLDIER OR CIVILIAN?**  
 Either Will Be  
 More Comfortable With

**“CEETEE”**

All Pure Wool Guaranteed Unshrinkable  
**UNDERCLOTHING**

Worn by the Best People.  
 Sold by the Best Dealers.

It will protect every one against sudden changes in weather and climate.

Medical men advise pure wool as the best and safest material to be worn next the skin.

Because pure wool is the only material that really protects against sudden changes from cold to heat, and vice versa, it being a non-conductor; it absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp.

Most Economical Because Wears Longer

“CEETEE” all-wool unshrinkable underwear is manufactured from only the very finest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made.

It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form. It is all sel- vage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled, every join is knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

**ALL BRITISH MATERIAL AND CANADIAN MADE FROM START TO FINISH**

Particular people wear “CEETEE” Underclothing because they know it to be the best

*In All Sizes for Men, Women and Children*

**The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt Limited**

**GALT, ONTARIO 1518**

**LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT**



**The General says:-**

Eggs are eggs—when your hens don't lay. A warm chicken house encourages the hens.

Make the roof—and sides too—of

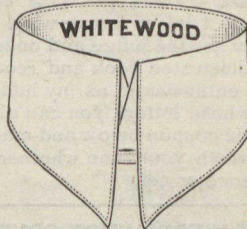
## **Certain-teed ROOFING**

—The label guarantees it for 15 years—the three biggest mills in the roofing industry are behind that label.

No roofing “tests” can give you that assurance.

Your dealer can furnish **Certain-teed** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturers, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

**EARL WILSON RED MAN**



A Triumph of the Collar Makers' Art in a Split Front Collar.

**20c or 3 for 50c**

The distinctive style which makes the Red Man collar different from all others is very marked in this collar. A joy to the fastidious dresser.

For sale by Canada's best men's stores.

**EARL & WILSON - New York**  
 Makers of Troy's best product.

# DON'T WEAR A TRUSS?

After Thirty Years' Experience I  
Have Produced An Appliance  
for Men, Women or Chil-  
dren That Cures  
Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else,  
come to me. Where others fail is where  
I have my greatest success. Send  
attached coupon today and I will send



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance,  
who cured himself and who is now giving others  
the benefit of his experience. If ruptured,  
write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

you free my illustrated book on Rupture  
and its cure, showing my Appliance and  
giving you prices and names of many  
people who have tried it and were cured.  
It gives instant relief when all others fail.  
Remember, I use no salves, no harness,  
no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is  
true. You are the judge and once having  
seen my illustrated book and read it you  
will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of  
patients whose letters you can also read.  
Fill out free coupon below and mail today.  
It's well worth your time whether you try  
my Appliance or not.

**FREE INFORMATION COUPON**

Mr. C. E. Brooks,  
1810 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper,  
your illustrated book and full information about  
your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State .....



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**

MADE IN CANADA

**ACCOUNT BOOKS**

**MEMORANDUM  
and PRICE BOOKS**

**LOOSE LEAF  
LEDGERS and BINDERS**

**COMPLETE STOCK OF  
EVERY KIND, OR SPECIAL  
PATTERNS OF ANY STYLE**

**MADE TO ORDER**

*Established Over Half a Century*

**BROWN BROS. LIMITED**

Manufacturing Stationers.  
SIMCOE AND PEARL STS., TORONTO.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH  
USE  
**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**  
A SPLENDID REGULATOR  
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

## A TOILET TREASURE



## Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the  
best and most popular  
Toilet Perfume made

**I**N the Bath it is cooling  
and reviving; on the  
Handkerchief and for  
general Toilet use it is  
delightful: after Shaving  
it is simply the very best  
thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!

It stamps one "out of date" to use "white phosphorous" matches.

It is now illegal to make "white phosphorous" matches, in a year's time it will be unlawful to sell them.

If you're strong for efficiency for "Made in Canada" and "Safety First" you will use

**EDDY'S "SESQUI" NON-POISONOUS MATCHES**

# COLUMBIA



**F**ROM the ever-enduring music of the opera to the popular songs and dances of the day—not only in quality, but in infinite variety—the Columbia may truly be termed an exponent of what is best and most representative in the musical lore and literature of every age.

When you combine also Columbia *tone-perfection* and the exclusively Columbia control of *tone-volume*, by means of the tone-control “leaves,” you have an instrument of music beyond compare.

Ask any one of the 8500 Columbia dealers to demonstrate the various Grafonola models—and remember there is a Columbia to meet every idea of size and price—from \$20. to \$650. And every one, whatever its price, is a genuine Columbia in its superior tone.

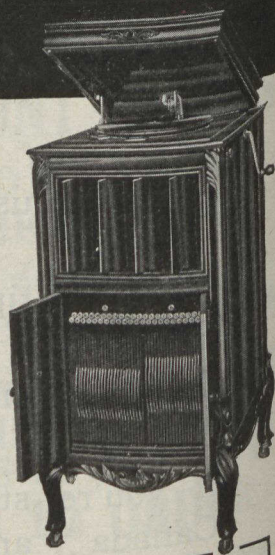
**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** All Columbia Records can be played on your disc talking machine (if any standard make).

# Columbia

Graphophone Co.  
Toronto, - Canada.



Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for particulars.



Illustrated is the Columbia Grafonola “Mignonette,” equipped with exclusive Columbia Individual Record Ejector, \$145. With ordinary record racks \$130. Others from \$20 to \$650



"Made in Canada"

# COSGRAVES XXX PORTER

The Only Chill-proof Beer

is endorsed by Doctors and Nurses as a tonic for convalescents and those whose body requires building up.

COSGRAVES XXX PORTER

is pure and it stays pure. Put up in dark, light-proof bottles.

z-27

On Sale at all Dealers

## THE MANDICK Deep Breathing Educator Will Educate You

Not by force, but in a most gentle and positive way, to sit, stand and walk erectly and breathe correctly—diaphragmatically. It will remedy such physical defects as stooped shoulders, hollow and sore chest, difficult and shallow breathing, lung trouble, constant colds, weak backs, and will generally promote and increase the

### Physical Efficiency

of men women and children, especially those whose duties keep them indoors. Business men have found it a wonderful help. With the educator it is impossible to take a shallow breath. It is worn over the undergarments, weighs but 3 ounces, is perfectly comfortable and will not chafe, pull or annoy the wearer.

PRICE  
\$2.00

Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

### Not a Brace

The principal of the Mandick Educator is entirely new as it is proven by the fact that patents were granted by the government after a most rigid demonstration.

### WEARERS SAY

Enclosed find check for \$4. Send 2 educators at once. Have worn mine 5 days, very much pleased and want others for friends. It has cured my lung troubles in such short time that it amazed me and my friends. It has taught me the correct method of breathing and at the same time to walk erect.

My chest has increased 2 inches and I weigh more than ever. Your educator has given me greater capacity mentally & physically.



*Trichopus Jones*  
Charles F. Mandick

### Send Today

Don't be another day without it. I will mail the educator with full instructions and under an absolute guarantee of perfect satisfaction. Wear it ten days and then if you are not pleased with results send it back and will immediately refund your money. Price, \$2.00

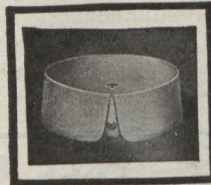
Give chest and diaphragm measurements (natural, not expanded).

CHAS. F. MANDICK  
540 Mandick Bldg. Dayton, O., U.S.A.

**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED** Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT and WHAT TO INVENT** with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes **FREE** offered for inventions sent free. Patent's advertised **WANTED, NEW IDEAS.** Send for our List of Patent Buyers. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 835F Washington, D.C.**

**THE MASTER CHORDS.** Offers a genuine remedy for ill-success. NOT dependent on will, nor fulfillment of impossible conditions. A plain common-sense work, explaining why Your Name is a "Wireless." Teaching simply and easily the TRUE method of understanding and handling the good and evil forces of vibration. **50 cents.**

**J. BOYLE, 40 Gramercy Park, New York**



### CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO.  
of Canada, Ltd.  
58 FRAZER AVENUE  
TORONTO



## 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 and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

# HELP YOUR STOMACH

Instant Relief from Gas, Indigestion and Pains Quickly Comes from the Use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

## FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE TO ALL

Feeling in the stomach is not natural. When you know you have a stomach it is time to help it. Gas, fermentation, foul breath, etc., indicate this. Accept the warning and act at once.

There is no occasion to suffer from indigestion or any similar stomach trouble when you can so easily get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

There is scarcely a well-stocked drug or general store in Canada or the United States but what considers these tablets part of their staple stock.

Do not suffer in silence. Try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and do so quickly so that you may become your old self as soon as possible.

The reasons why Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are such a widely used remedy are very easy to understand. These tablets contain almost the same elements as the gastric juices of the stomach. And when your stomach is sick and not working just right, it does not give out enough of the natural digestive juices to properly take care of the food you eat. So if you will only give the stomach a little help by taking a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after meals you will relieve the stomach of its chief duty and allow it the rest it needs to recuperate. One grain of the active principle in a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet digests 3,000 grains of food, whether you place it in a glass jar with cooked food or in your stomach after you have eaten the food.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and once you try them you will never again wonder what to do for a disordered, weak, sour and gassy stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale at all druggists at 50c a box.

Send coupon below to-day and we will at once send you by mail, a sample free.

### FREE TRIAL COUPON

F. A. Stuart Co., 201 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., send me at once by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

# DIAMONDS \$1-2-3 Weekly

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers.



Terms 20 per cent down, \$1-2-3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in price and quality.

Write today for Catalog, it is free. We send Diamonds to any part of Canada, for inspection at our expense.

Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We allow a Special Discount of 10 per cent for cash.

**JACOB BROS. - Diamond Importers,**  
15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Can.

# FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **TRENCH'S REMEDY**, the world famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 25 years success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1000 in one year

**TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED**

421 St. James Chambers - 2 TORONTO

**\$**  
IN THE  
**MOVIES**  
FOR  
**U**

**OUR EXPERIENCE STARTS YOU**  
**Earning \$35 to \$50 per Day**

We furnish Complete Equipment. Small capital starts you to a big income. Help you—guide you—teach you the business. Our exclusive plan puts you at once into this popular, profitable amusement field.

**Catalog, Plans and Details—FREE**

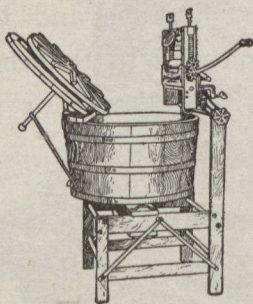
We guarantee results from our outfits. Investigate now.  
Capital Mide Co. 440 S. Dearborn St. Dpt. 408 Chicago

# Clothes Washed Rapidly

A great boon to the busy housewife, is the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Washes clothes spotlessly clean three times as fast as she can do it with a wash board. Does the trick, too, without loosening a button or fraying an edge. Treats delicate fabrics very gently.

# Connor Ball Bearing Washer

Just think of all the wash-board wear on your clothes that the Connor Ball Bearing Washer would save. Just think how much longer your clothes would last. Think, too, how much easier it would be to do the washing on a machine that almost runs itself—runs on ball bearings. It's the handy helper you've needed for a good long time.



Write for booklet telling all about it.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, Ltd., OTTAWA, ONT.

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate

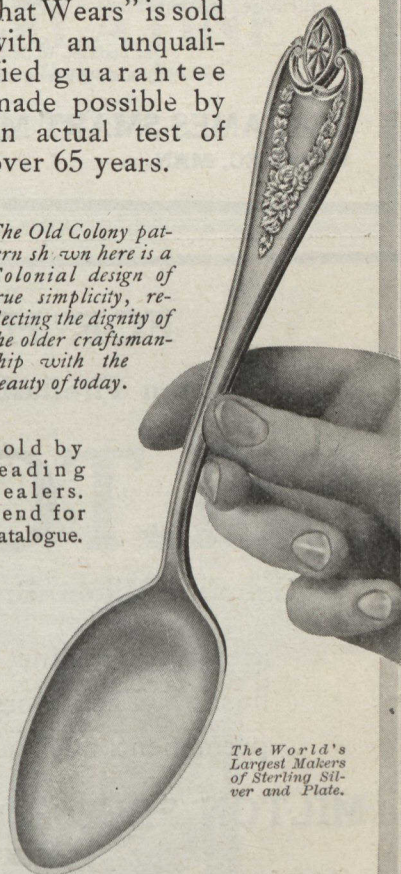
that Wears"



**T**HE best argument for silverware is to say that it has proved its worth through service. 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears" is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

*The Old Colony pattern shown here is a Colonial design of true simplicity, reflecting the dignity of the older craftsmanship with the beauty of today.*

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue.



*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.*

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,**  
Limited  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO  
MERIDEN, CONN. CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK



# KELSEY

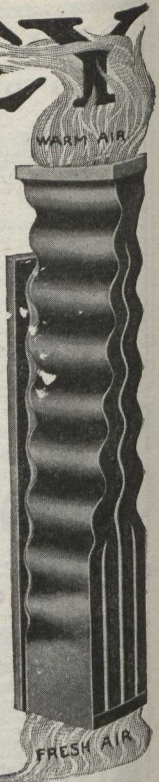
## ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

Choose a "Kelsey" and be done with Furnace bother!

To have one room stifling and another scarcely warm is not only unsatisfactory, but unhealthy. The "KELSEY" system of heating not only ensures good ventilation, but an even distribution of heat. The ZIG-ZAG heat tubes are entirely different from any other warm air heater. The special form of construction gives them 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of grate surface. With an equal quantity of fuel a "KELSEY" will warm two or three times more air than an ordinary furnace, and circulate it more evenly.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

The JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING Co., Limited  
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.

Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office

50 Adelaide Street W.



# ECONOMY in the BUTTER use of

By using the following recipe one pound of Butter will double its weight and cut your butter bill almost one-half:

### BUTTER MIXTURE

1 lb. good butter                      1 heaping teaspoonful Knox Gelatine  
2 pint bottles milk                      2 teaspoonfuls salt

Take the top cream of two pint bottles of milk and add enough of the milk to make one pint.

Soak the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of the milk 10 minutes; place dish over hot water until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Cut the butter in small pieces and place same in a dish over hot water until the butter begins to soften; then gradually whip the milk and cream and dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter add the salt to taste.

If the milk forms keep on beating until all is mixed in. Place on ice or in a cool place until hard. If a yellow color is desired, use butter coloring.

NOTE. This mixture is intended for immediate use, and will do the work of two pounds of ordinary butter for table use and for baking cakes, muffins, etc.

# KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

is also used to make Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Candies, etc.

Let us send you our recipe book. It is FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample (enough to make two lots of the Butter Mixture) will be sent for 2c stamp.

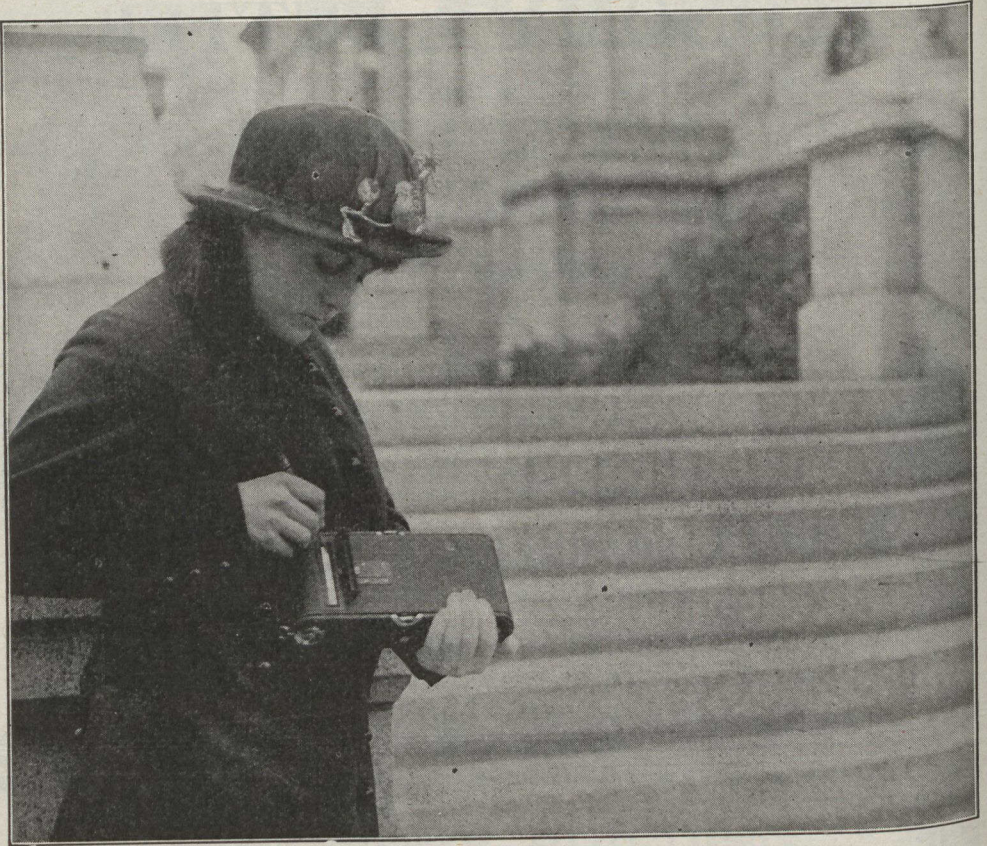
**CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 499 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.**

Packed in Johnstown, N.Y. and Montreal, P.Q.

A Condensed  
Billing  
Underwood  
Typewriter  
will often save  
its cost in a  
few months.

United  
Typewriter  
Company, Ltd.  
in all Canadian Cities  
Head Office:  
Toronto.





*Write the date on the negative.*

Make the pictures that you take doubly valuable by recording, briefly, on the margin of the film negative, the all important: *who - when - where.*

You can do it instantly, permanently, at the time you make the exposure with an

## Autographic Kodak

### THE PRICES

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ,	- - - - -	\$22.50
No. 3 Ditto, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ,	- - - - -	20.00
No. 1A Ditto, pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ,	- - - - -	17.50
No. 1A Autographic Kodak, Jr., pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ,	- - - - -	11.00
No. 1A Ditto, pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ ,	- - - - -	9.00

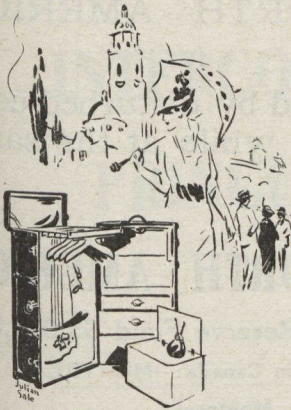
CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

Catalogue free at your dealer's  
or by mail.

TORONTO.

# “Julian Sale”

THE NAME BEHIND THE GOODS IS  
YOUR GUARANTEE FOR THE QUALITY.



## “Rite-Hite” WARDROBE TRUNKS

For your winter trip to Cuba, to Bermuda, to Florida, to California. You may travel in comfort, ease, and luxury, if your travelling companion be a “Rite-hite” Wardrobe Trunk.

For excellence, the most superbly fitted trunk on the market to-day, greatest in capacity, most conveniently appointed, most perfectly arranged for carrying your wardrobe with the least possibility of mussing or wrinkling, a wardrobe and chest of drawers under “one roof”, splendidly finished, the regulation size, and minimum weight.

*A Post Card will get you a special booklet telling you all about “Rite-hite” and “Berth-high” wardrobe trunks.*

“RITE - HITE” Trunks  
\$50. to \$100.

“BERTH-HIGH” Steamer Trunks  
\$45. and \$60.

---

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited**  
105 King Street West, Toronto.

## In Times of War

the income of the person whose capital is invested in stocks and bonds, even of the highest class, is liable to be adversely affected. At such times the value of a substantial balance in the Savings Department of THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA is apparent.

Your capital is safe, unaffected by disturbed conditions, and always at your disposal; while at the same time your income is assured.

### THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

CAPITAL (Fully Paid) \$4,866,666 ∴ Reserve Fund \$3,017,333

Head Office:—LONDON, ENG. ∴ Head Office in Canada:—MONTREAL

H. B. MACKENZIE, General Manager, Montreal

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

## Catering to Canadians

The names of Canadians visiting this hotel are immediately communicated to the general manager, who personally arranges for their comfort and accommodation. The "Old Country" atmosphere of hospitality is combined with the most modern American hotel conveniences. At the

### Hotel Martinique

Broadway and 32nd Street

CHARLES LEIGH TAYLOR,  
President

NEW YORK

WALTER S. GILSON,  
Vice-President.

WALTER CHANDLER, Jr.,  
Manager.

you can secure a pleasant room and bath for \$2.50 per day. Our \$1.50 table d'hôte dinner, served in the Louis XV room, is regarded as the best in the country, and is accompanied by the music of a full orchestra with vocal quartettes by singers from the Metropolitan Opera House.

For literature and reservations address our Canadian advertising agents

**Sells Limited,**

Shaughnessy Building,

Montreal

OWNED BY CANADA OPERATED BY CANADA

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RYS.**

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY**  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
**RAILWAY**

**MARITIME  
EXPRESS**

**8.45 a. m. Daily**

Leaves Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot for

**St. John and Halifax**

☞ Where Canada's next contingent will embark ☞

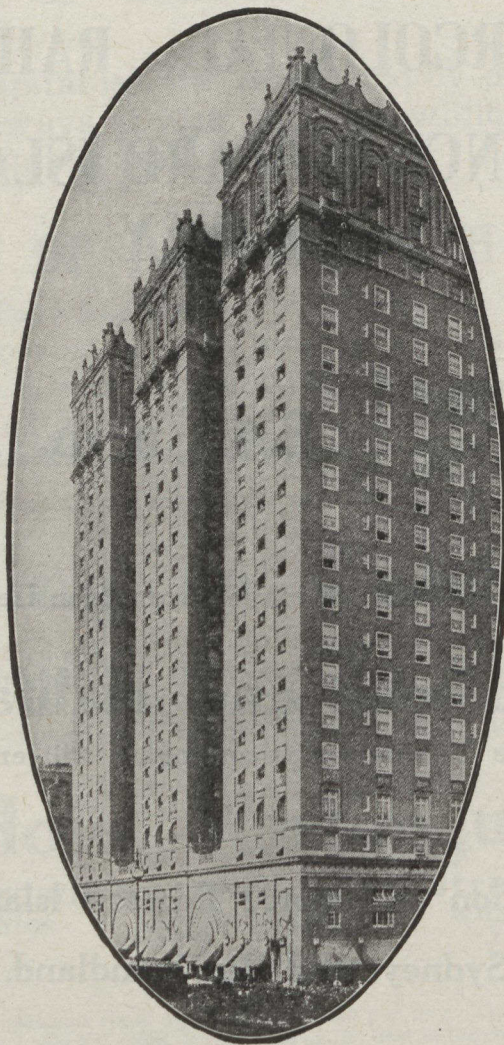
Connection for Prince Edward Island, The  
Sydneys and Newfoundland.

Excellent Sleeping and Dining Car Service.

# THE VANDERBILT HOTEL

Thirty Fourth Street East at Park Avenue

NEW YORK CITY



An Ideal Hotel with an Ideal Situation

WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

## WINTER TOURS

TO THE LAND OF

Sunshine and Summer Days

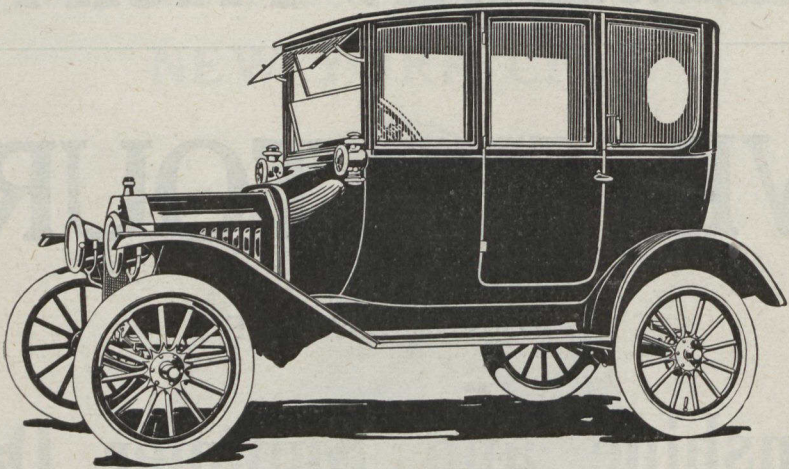
**CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA,**

**LOUISIANA, Etc.**

Limited trains leave Toronto daily, making direct connection at Detroit and Buffalo for the Southern States, and at Chicago for California, Etc.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature should consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, who will be pleased to quote rates, arrange reservations and attend to all details in connection with your trip; or write

**M. G. MURPHY** - District Passenger Agent - **TORONTO**



"MADE IN CANADA"

## The Ford Sedan

This car with its graceful lines, artistic and ample proportions, beautiful finish, roomy interior and luxuriousness in detail of appointment meets the desire for the high class enclosed five-passenger car

**Fully Equipped (f.o.b. Ford, Ont.) \$1150**

Buyers of this car will share in profits, if we sell at retail 30,000 new Ford cars between August 1914 and August 1915. Write for catalog (E-1.)

*Ford Motor Company*  
OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Ford, Ontario







*Overland*  
TRADE MARK REG.  
Coupe

**\$2150**

f. o. b.  
Hamilton,  
Ont.

## Just What She Wants

**T**HE Overland Coupe is especially designed for *madam's* comfort and requirements.

The doors are of extra width and height. This permits her to wear her largest hats, without the inconvenience of stooping or turning sideways when she alights or enters.

As the body is very low only a short step is necessary when getting in or out.

This model comfortably seats four—without crowding the occupants or crushing their gowns.

The seat cushions are deep and soft.

The method of driving is the simplest yet devised.

On the steering column is a small set of electric buttons. By just pressing these buttons the car is started, stopped and lighted.

The interior is finished in that fashionable mouse gray Bedford cord cloth.

The first look at this little beauty will bring you to the full realization that there is but *one* Coupe for you—the Overland.

Deliveries can be made immediately.  
See it today.

*Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4.*



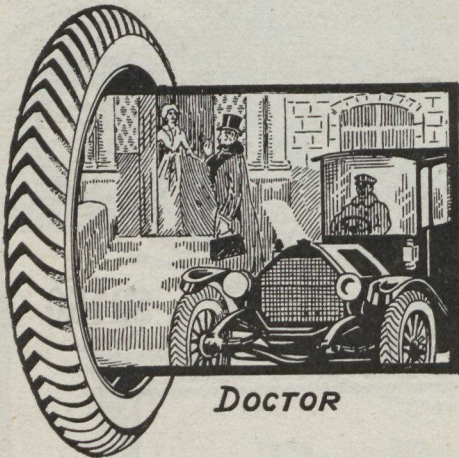
**The Wyllis-Overland of Canada, Limited**

**HAMILTON, ONT.**

66  
Cubic  
Inches  
Larger



Never  
Did  
Rim  
Cut



*DOCTOR*



*MERCHANT*

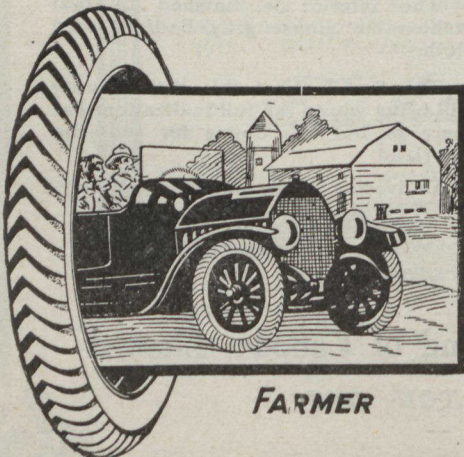
It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things: Safety, Service.

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the "Most Envied Tire In All America."

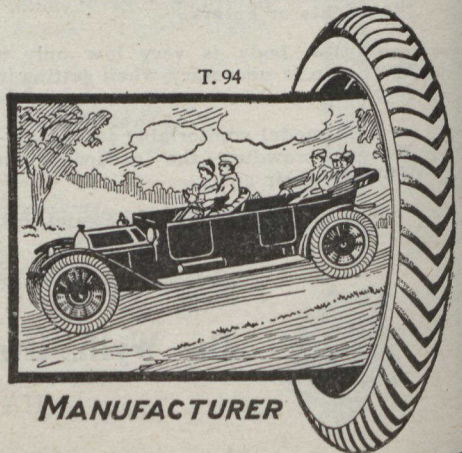
Speed for the Doctor.  
Reliability for the Merchant.  
Comfort for the Farmer.  
Durability for the Manufacturer.

**SAFETY-FOR-ALL**

And these hosts of motorists not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.

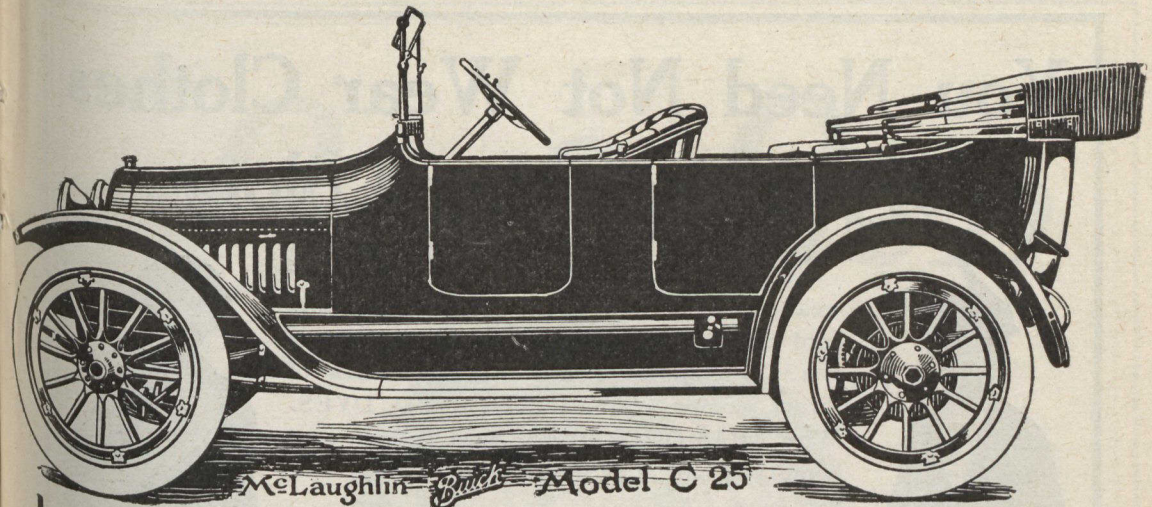


*FARMER*



*MANUFACTURER*

T. 94



\$1,250 f.o.b. Oshawa.

## You—Who Have Never Owned a Motor Car

**Y**OU who profess to know nothing about motor cars—you who are driving some other car—what do you think when you hear McLaughlin-Buick mentioned?

*You Think of Power and Strength*

## McLaughlin-Buick Cars

have so thoroughly demonstrated these features by actual performance, that their reputation is world wide. It is because motorists want Power and Strength that the entire output of the McLaughlin-Buick factory was sold out last season.

The McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head motor is the secret of McLaughlin-Buick Power. The 1915 models are beautiful in line and luxurious in comfort and appointments, but underneath this beauty and grace are the rugged Power and Strength that have made the McLaughlin-Buick famous.

*The demand exceeds the supply. Orders should be placed well in advance of date car is needed. Five models—Fours and Sixes, priced from \$1,150 to \$2,250, F.O.B. Factory. A demonstration will convince the most skeptical.*

**McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.**

Branches: St. John, Belleville, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

# You Need Not Wear Clothes of Unbecoming Colors



Checked Coat dyed  
Black.

There is no reason why you should ever wear clothes of unbecoming colors. Why discard clothes because the colors do not become you? Follow the example of thousands of thrifty women who use **DIAMOND DYES**. With **DIAMOND DYES** right in your own home you can alter the color of any garment with ease.

Read what Mrs. Charles Mueller writes:—

"I send you my photograph which you may use in your advertising if you wish. It shows my silk dress which was light green. My family did not like it, because they said it did not suit my complexion. My mother wanted me to discard it, but I decided to dye it, and purchased some **DIAMOND DYES** and dyed it dark brown. It is now very becoming and suits my complexion beautifully."

Mrs. C. I. Treat, writes:

"It is very annoying to purchase a garment of which you quickly become tired.

"Last season I went to buy a top coat. I had made up my mind to buy a black one, but I am so easy that the saleswoman prevailed upon me to buy a checked coat. When I got home my daughter said it was entirely unbecoming and inappropriate for a woman of my age, and I detested it all last season. I recently decided to try dyeing it, and purchased some black **DIAMOND DYES**. It came out splendidly. I was surprised the work of dyeing a coat was so easy, and did not tire me a bit. **DIAMOND DYES** are certainly fashion helpers, and great money savers."



Light Green Dress dyed  
Dark Brown

## Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

### 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.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED  
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

# Big Ben



## On those night-like mornings

**W**HEN you are going full-sleep-ahead at six-twenty-five and must make the stop at six-thirty—sharp

—for a safe oversleep block signal—a five minute ring that means a quick stop, or ten jerks at the brakes

—for plenty of time to “coal up” at the breakfast table and pull out for downtown on schedule—Big Ben.

Seven inches of honest clock value—well-wrought and well-balanced. His bell is jolly, deep-toned and clear. His bold, black hands and numerals show plainly in the dim six-thirty light.

His price is \$2.50 in the States; \$3.00 in Canada. If your dealer hasn't him in stock, a money order addressed to his makers, *Westclox, La Salle, Ill.*, will bring him with all transportation charges prepaid.

# For Clear Thinking

And efforts that count,

Feed Right!

# Grape-Nuts

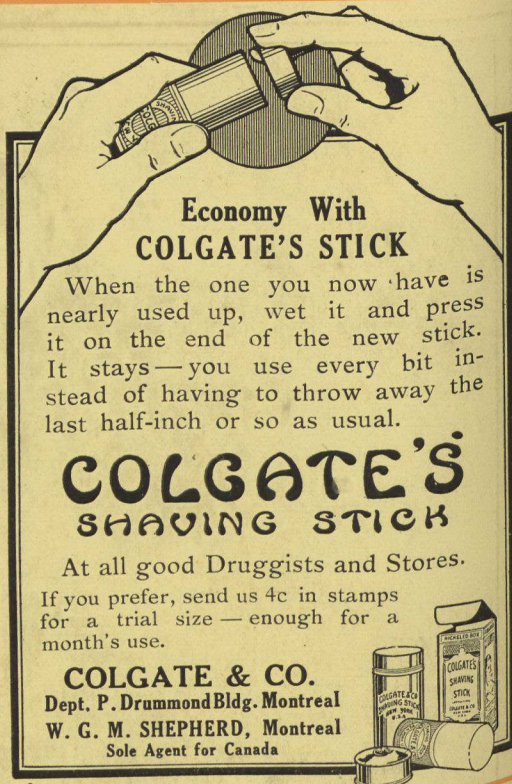
with cream

is ideal food—

Delicious flavour and concentrated food-strength.

**"There's a Reason"**

Look for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.



**Economy With  
COLGATE'S STICK**

When the one you now have is nearly used up, wet it and press it on the end of the new stick. It stays—you use every bit instead of having to throw away the last half-inch or so as usual.

## COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

At all good Druggists and Stores.

If you prefer, send us 4c in stamps for a trial size—enough for a month's use.

**COLGATE & CO.**  
Dept. P. Drummond Bldg. Montreal  
W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal  
Sole Agent for Canada

## Splendid Results— Small Effort

This is the universal verdict of thousands of housewives from all over the Dominion who have used and are using

# O-Cedar Polish

(MADE IN CANADA)

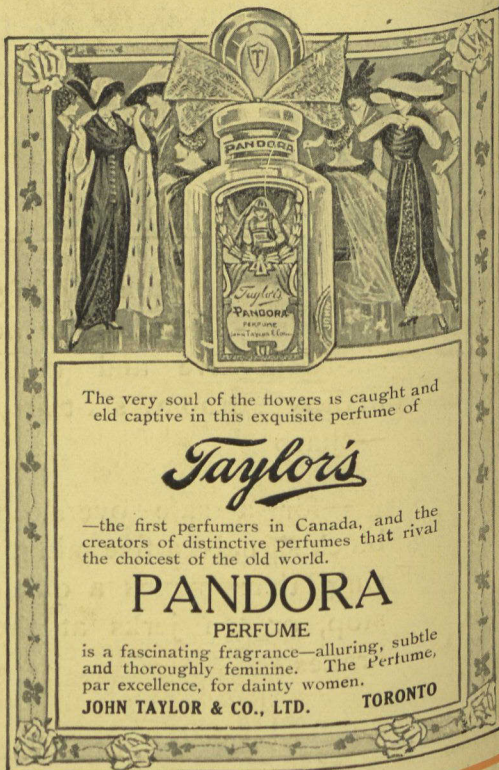
### The Great Varnish Food

Dusts, cleans and polishes all at the one time. Puts a hard, dry, durable lustre on your furniture and woodwork—makes it look like new.

Try a bottle at our risk. Satisfaction or money back is the way it is sold.

See your dealer today.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.  
369 Sorauren Ave., Toronto

The very soul of the flowers is caught and held captive in this exquisite perfume of

## Taylor's

—the first perfumers in Canada, and the creators of distinctive perfumes that rival the choicest of the old world.

# PANDORA

PERFUME

is a fascinating fragrance—alluring, subtle and thoroughly feminine. The Perfume, par excellence, for dainty women.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD. TORONTO**