THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XXXIX

MAY, 1912, TO OCTOBER, 1912, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO
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1912

Contents of Volume XXXIX

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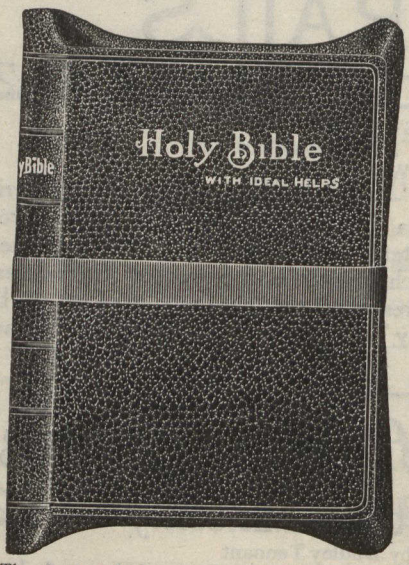

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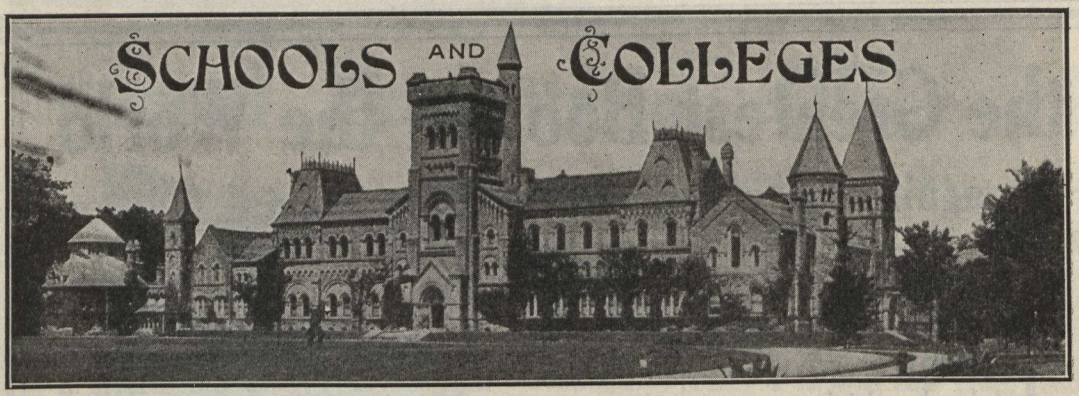

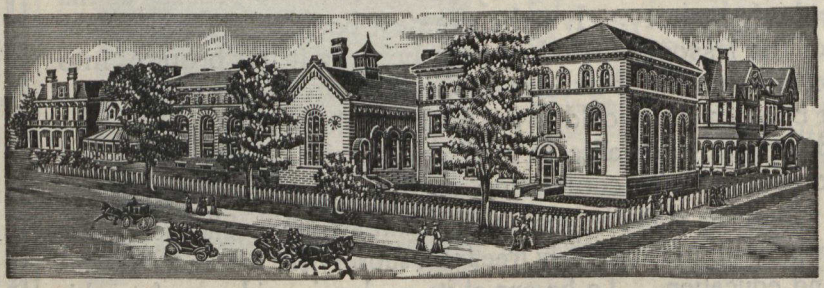

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX TORONTO, MAY, 1912 No 1

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

WORDS, PHRASES AND EXPRESSIONS

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

It is proposed to give a short series of articles under the above general heading, touching various phases of life and interest in the Maritime Provinces. These articles pertain to such subjects as words, phrases, and expressions; place names, political and civic practices, common customs, and flora and fauna. The chief purpose in each will be to show some of the sectional or provincial peculiarities.

The Maritime Provinces of Canada, though comparatively small in area and intimately united socially and otherwise, have, nevertheless, many striking contrasts historically, geographically and commercially, which give them each characteristics and individuality of their own. But now that communication is easier, there is a greater commingling of population, and many of the present distinctions are likely to disappear gradually. It is therefore of interest to note these various distinctive differences before they are swept away by the unifying process now at work. The fact, too, that Maritime Union periodically comes to the front as a subject for practical discussion gives additional interest to this subject. The open vote is still practised in Prince Edward Island. While the secret ballot is strongly advocated by many, there are those who as stoutly defend it as being the expression of British openness and independence. Thus each province illustrates in one way or another a conservatism in clinging to old forms: New Brunswick with its parishes, Nova Scotia with its second legislative chamber, and Prince Edward Island with its antiquated ballot. But, despite these peculiar contrasts found in all phases of the governmental machinery, each province seeks to outdo the other in loyalty to the Crown of Britain, and, let us hope, also in the art of economic and honest government.—The Author.

PROVINCIALISMS of speech exist to a greater or lesser extent in all languages, amounting in some cases to dialectic differences. We have ancient and even classical precedent for this: the variations of the Doric and Attic Greek forms as compared with the classic. Scripture also informs us that the Apostle Peter was detected, on the occasion of his denial, by the peculiarities of his Galilean speech. These facts should be at least sufficient to clothe the subject with respectability and absolve it from the charge of vulgarity.

Provincialisms in England, though probably disappearing, are still very common. It is claimed that those intimately acquainted with old country conditions can tell the county to which any man belongs by his speech. The Cockney and the Devonshire man present strong linguistic contrasts, as

do also in Scotland the Highlander and the Lowlander, and in Ireland the Ulster man and the man of Cork. The cosmopolitanism of the new world tends to the obliteration of the provincialisms of the old, and yet striking contrasts in speech are represented in the different states of the American Union, as well as in the different Canadian provinces. It has been asserted that an expert can readily tell to what particular state a man belongs by noting his speech in a brief conversation. Within certain limits this is undoubtedly true.

If, therefore, there are in the states of the American Republic and the counties of England speech peculiarities to distinguish one from another, it would not be surprising to find some of these among ourselves. Indeed, it would be strange if we should not, as we have a similar origin and have been touched by the same influences. These influencing factors are chiefly old-world environment, insularity in the new, and the commingling of peoples of different race origin. Be it remembered, however, that Canadians as a whole have the reputation of speaking the English language with as much purity and correctness as any part of the Empire or Anglo-Saxon world. In this comparatively high standard, the Maritime Provinces show to good advantage, and the few provincialisms about to be referred to do not as a rule appear in the form of corruptions; they are chiefly of interest as indicating the origin of the people and the process of their fusion. Generally speaking, such provincialisms as exist are found outside the centres of population, though not wholly so.

In the two island sections of the Maritime Provinces, for instance, we notice a peculiar use of the word "whatever." This is, of course, a perfectly proper word, used on proper occasions, but the use which is generally made of it in these sections is, to say the least, peculiar. It seems to be employed as a terminal expression, for the purpose of lending emphasis to what has been said. It is in general use throughout the country districts and by most all classes of the population. It is also found in many combinations, of which the following may be given as a few examples:

"This is a fine day *whatever.*"

"The boat is late to-night *whatever.*"

"That's a fine horse *whatever.*"

Thus these expressions go through the whole round of ordinary conversation.

A somewhat amusing illustration of its extreme use is here given: The clerk of a certain church was sometimes a little slow in giving the "Amen" responses as he followed the parson through the service, but what he lacked in promptness he sought to make up in emphasis, so with becoming solemnity he, in time, caught up to the parson by saying "Amen, *whatever.*"

I do not remember ever having heard this word used in this peculiar way in any other part of the Maritime Provinces. It is clearly Highland Scottish in its origin, and was undoubtedly introduced by the large colonies of Highlanders who settled in Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton more than a century ago. But, while most of their peculiarly Highland customs and costumes are either dead or dying—even their beloved Gaelic—this expression seems more tenacious of life than the names of the people who brought it to the country. It is now grafted into the common speech of the Englishman, Lowlander, Irishman, and even the Frenchman has found a way to get his tongue around it.

There is also noticeable in the island province a somewhat peculiar and local use of the word "bush." A "bush" in the mainland provinces would, generally speaking, convey no other meaning than that of a small tree, whereas on the island it carries the idea of a more or less exten-

sive grove of trees or block of woodland. Usually a man does not go to the woods to cut trees, but to the bush. The introduction and use of this expression in Prince Edward Island is quite natural and proper. To a certain extent it supplies a lack which the other provinces might borrow with profit, since it is more expressive and convenient in many cases. The other provinces use the word "grove" in a similar sense; it is also sometimes so used in Prince Edward Island. It would be quite proper in Prince Edward Island to say that "Mr. Jones lives in the white house beside the fir *bush.*" In New Brunswick or Nova Scotia such an expression would signify that near his dwelling there was a small fir tree. In other words, the same conditions in either of these provinces would indicate that he lived beside a *grove* of firs.

This common use of the word "bush" as expressive of a body of trees may be explained in part by the absence of any extended forests such as obtain in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. To this may be added the fact that Prince Edward Island was originally settled by people who, for the most part, came directly from the old country, where the term "bush," as distinguished from forest, had a definite meaning. On the other hand, the mainland provinces were first inhabited by people of New England origin, to whom the word "woods" became familiar by virtue of their vast forest surroundings. Thus this peculiarity is explained. It is of interest to note that the word "bush" has impressed itself so deeply on Australia that it takes the place of both "woods" and "forest" in that country.

In this connection we are reminded of another somewhat peculiar expression. Though wire fences are becoming somewhat prevalent, the old rail fence, in different forms, is still in common use, the material for which is generally referred to as fence rails or poles. But in the Garden of the Gulf, if not universally yet quite generally, these poles are called "longers." I have not been able to trace this expression to its origin, but it probably came across the water. It is supposed by some to have been brought to this country by emigrants from the Channel Islands a century ago, but this is uncertain.

A common variety of wood from which these "longers" are made introduces us to another provincialism common in this region. This is the general use of the term "var," as applied to the fir tree, so called elsewhere. There is, of course, good authority for the use of the word "var," but it is quite safe to say that it is practically obsolete in Canada, except in isolated communities. It is doubtless of English origin, but has not come into general use on this side of the ocean, fir taking the precedence. The same tree is generally called "the balsam" in Ontario and the West.

We may now note a difference in the scope given to the word sleigh in Canada's most eastern province, as compared with the adjoining provinces. Here everything that has runners is a sleigh, irrespective of its build or use, with the possible exception of a hearse. It may be a jaunting sleigh, a pung sleigh, a wood sleigh, a bob-sleigh, a mud sleigh, a drag sleigh, or a hand sleigh; it is always a sleigh, the particular kind being determined by the prefix. In the adjoining provinces, however, the term "sleigh" is used in a much more limited sense, generally being applied to what has here been referred to as a jaunting sleigh. The word "sled," seldom heard on the island, in the other provinces always is applied to the heaviest forms of runnered vehicles.

There is authority for both expressions, and the term "sleigh" may be applied to all such vehicles, though the distinction between a "sleigh" and a "sled" is both simple and con-

venient. How or why these differences of expression became current among people so closely related it is difficult to determine. Be this as it may, a New Brunswicker would no more think of calling his wood sled a "sleigh" than he would of calling his dump cart a carriage. This, of course, does not imply that he is more correct than his Prince Edward Island neighbour, though it serves to illustrate a peculiar provincial contrast.

To "hitch" a horse is more or less used in all the provinces by the sea, but in the horse-producing province the process is generally spoken of as "yoking" a horse. This, at first, sounds a little strange to the visitor from abroad, where the word "yoke" is seldom or never used except as applied to oxen. In the neighbouring provinces the horse is generally "harnessed," though sometimes he is "tackled," but, I think, never "yoked." As the ox is absolutely extinct in Prince Edward Island as a beast of burden, the word "yoke" can be applied to the horse without involving confusion. Perhaps it has survived to its present use from the pioneer days when ox teams were prevalent.

Speaking of the ox and the horse naturally suggests the word "team." In the mainland provinces this word is make to cover a wider range of use than strict dictionary authority would allow. In this connection the Prince Edward Islander scores a point for correctness over his neighbours. On the mainland a team applies, generally, to draft animals of any description or number in the performance of a task of labour. It might be an "ox team" or a "horse team," a "double" or a "single team," but always a team. On Prince Edward Island, however, the more proper distinction is observed, and a team consists of not less than two animals united in a common task. When one animal only is employed another term is used to designate it. Though this is supported by the best of authority, it is nevertheless somewhat confusing to the visitor from the "other side." In this connection it is related that a clergyman, soon after settling on the island, was asked by a parishioner if he had noticed a team passing down the road a short time before. The clergyman promptly replied that he had, and not only one, but a number, quite recently. At this his questioner expressed surprise, and others standing near thought the new minister either saw visions or had scant regard for the truth, as they had seen none. Fortunately, explanations were soon made, and the clergyman was able to save his reputation for veracity. He also had a new conception of what constituted "a team" in his new field.

The foregoing may introduce us to some of the necessary equipment of the team. For example, the words "whiffle-tree" and "swingle-tree" come to mind. These words mean precisely the same thing, but are strictly provincial in their use, and both are correct. But why this little piece of equipment should be called a "whiffle-tree" in New Brunswick and a "swingle-tree" in Prince Edward Island is not easy to determine.

From the foregoing it will be seen how a number of these provincialisms could be combined in a single sentence without expressing anything unusual to the ear of a person accustomed to hear them. For example, "Mr. Jones yoked his horse yesterday to the bob-sleighs and went to the bush for a load of var longers, but on coming home, I hear, he broke his swingle-tree, whatever."

As already noted, strictly speaking, no oxen are used in Prince Edward Island, and yet the words "ox" and "oxen" are everywhere used almost to the exclusion of the more common and appropriate term, "steer." In other provinces an "ox" is a male animal of the bovine species, grown to maturity, and not intended for

stock purposes. Every such animal, under three years of age, whether trained to work or not, is a steer. In Prince Edward Island the term "ox" is generally used to designate all male animals of this species other than stock animals, and calves a year old. Here the "ox" is produced wholly for beef purposes and seldom if ever is permitted to live beyond the steer stage. It is not uncommon to notice in the local papers advertisements relating to strayed "oxen," the age of which is given as eighteen months or two years. Let it be observed, however, that none of these petty distinctions affect the price of beef, except to increase it, for everywhere, commercially speaking, the cow and all her kin, both ox and steer, "jump over the moon."

In the various provinces there are, also, certain words where the vowel sounds vary in length or roundness from common usage. Some of these are such words as spoon, roof, room, road, and school, which are often pronounced almost exactly as if spelled spun, ruff, rum, rudd, and schull. These examples are quite evidently New England in origin, and were no doubt brought over with the immigration which followed the expulsion of the Acadians. There is also noticeable a tendency in some sections where oysters are abundant to refer to this delicious bivalve as the "eyester." Consequently there are "eyester" beds, "eyester" boats, and "eyester" tongs, which merely indicates a provincial habit, rather than any strain of Hibernian blood.

Further differences of expression are noticeable on the solemn occasion of funeral obsequies. In this respect New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island refer to those who are placed in charge of the remains as "pall-bearers," while in large sections of Nova Scotia the word "under-bearer" is in common use. The former term is doubtless derived from the ancient custom of covering the coffin with a black drapery called a "pall," while the latter, probably, originated from the old English practice of supporting the coffin upon the shoulders of the bearers.

There are many expressions confined to more restricted areas among people whose mother-tongue is other than English. These can hardly be called provincialisms, though they are peculiar to considerable groups of people. Many of these expressions are extremely quaint, and only illustrate the difficulty in overcoming a native idiom and accent. Among these most peculiar are those which are heard among people of French, Gaelic, or German origin. Space will not permit the reproduction of many of these peculiarities, but one may be introduced to indicate a common tendency among the Germans of Nova Scotia. A venerable father, speaking at a religious meeting, in quoting the well-known passage relating to "vowing unto the Lord," said: "Better not to wow a wow unto the Lord than wow and not pay." This is a characteristic difficulty among the older people.

Before bringing this article to a close, reference must be made to a few somewhat peculiar expressions found on the western border of New Brunswick, where it adjoins the State of Maine. Here the shafts of a carriage or sleigh are generally spoken of as the "thills" and sometimes "fills." Both of these expressions are probably corruptions of "felloes." In this region also the word "shoat" is commonly made use of in referring to young pigs, but nowhere else in the Eastern Provinces. Both of these expressions are decidedly American, and like many other things good, bad and indifferent have been borrowed from across the border.

In the June number Mr. Wightman will tell about peculiarities of Maritime place names.

AVENGING THE "NANCY"

BY MARY ADELAIDE SNIDER

To this day you could find at the edge of an island in the Nottawasaga River the bones of the good ship "Nancy," whose fate during the war of 1812 is here recorded. The record embraces also the fate of the United States schooner "Scorpion," whose hull lies in a muddy creekmouth in Colborne Basin, off the harbour of Penetanguishene.

THE last red ensign left on the Upper Lakes flamed from the main peak as the schooner *Nancy* dipped farewell to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, in the Georgian Bay. 'Twas the first of August, 1814. Eleven months earlier the disastrous Battle of Put-In Bay had given the Americans command of the inland seas above the Great Cataract. The *Nancy* had a close call in the St. Clair River then—fifteen minutes under fire, with splinters flying from the main boom and railing and the mainsail ablaze, while she stemmed the current and worked clear of the treacherous shore. But she had escaped, and with a few other schooners winged to and fro in the service of King George III., piling up profit for her owners, the Northwest Fur Company.

Now the net was closing in. An American squadron had covered Lake Huron, bent on the recapture of Fort Michillimackinac at its north-west extremity. The *Mink* had fallen a prey at the neighbouring island of St. Joseph's, and the *Perseverance* was captured and sent over the falls at Ste. Mary's, where the ravaging invaders even burned the fur company's horses alive in their desire for destruction of all things British; and now, though her crew knew it not as yet, the *Nancy* alone was left—one little trading schooner pitted against a fleet—the twenty-gun sloops *Niagara* and *Lawrence,* the brig *Hunter,* of eight guns, four armed schooners and five gunboats.

At Fort Michillimackinac, 220 miles away, stout Lieutenant-Colonel Robert McDouall, with 550 men, was holding out against two foes—hunger and American sailors and soldiers who outnumbered him three to one. The *Nancy* had already made two runs between the island and the mouth of the Nottawasaga to load the supplies stored there after a long haul across Upper Canada from York or Kingston. When she left Michillimackinac on this last trip the blockade had not yet been established, and she was now homeward bound, loaded to the sheerstrake with 300 barrels of flour for the King's soldiers, fifty bags of the same precious article as private merchandise, besides powder and shot, clothing and salt provisions for the needy garrison. Her freight was precious, for flour was worth $60 a barrel and salt pork fifty cents a pound.

She was an inspiring sight as she stormed along, stretching ever stitch of canvas to get her cargo under the guns of the Gibraltar of the north. A square topsail and top-gallant sail swelled on the foremast like the bursting breasts of racers of the clouds. Her masks raked aft at a sharp angle. Her mainsail, cut low in the peak and loose on the foot, bellied in the following wind like

some rising balloon. Beneath a range of straining jibs her bowsprit speared defiantly heavenward. Below it, but above the smother of foam that burst and played in wild cataracts at her cleaving bows, showed the vessel's namesake, no nereid nor mermaid, but an eighteenth century belle in hat and feather and all the elaboration of costume of the late seventeen-hundreds. Skelling, the carver, had been at particular pains to make that figurehead, and it had been brought all the way from New York when the schooner was built at Detroit in 1789. From the lady's skirts swept the broadening curve of the headboards, on either bow, beaded and enscrolled with the letters of the schooner's name. They widened into a broad white band, which flowed aft, girdling the ship's bulwarks, broken with the black squares of gunports—some real, some only painted, after the fashion of the time, which made every craft look as formidable as possible, for the better effect on pirates and the nation's foe.

A glimpse of the deck gained as the schooner dipped and heeled showed a stretch of holy-stoned planking perhaps twenty feet wide and eighty feet long at the very most, looking narrow and crowded between the high bulwarks, with barrels and bales lashed in every available space between the forecastle head and the raised quarter-deck and cabin aft. A heavy wooden capstan and windlass, brass guns on little wooden carriages, and a long boat stowed on chocks amidships heightened the crowded appearance of her decks and left little room for the movements of her large crew of French-Canadian *voyageurs* and Newfoundland fishermen who had joined the Royal Navy for the war on the freshwater seas. But all were blithe as crickets. Lieutenant Miller Worsley was in charge and he was driving her, under a press of canvas, for the sore beset isle of Mackinac. The enemy might be there—would surely be there ere long—but the *Nancy's* cargo would be a godsend to the garrison, and of the mosquitoes and blistering heat of the Nottawasaga shore all hands had had more than enough.

Suddenly "Sail ho!" came from the vigilant lookout in the fore topgallant crosstrees.

There was a racing aloft of blue-jacketed figures, and a concentration of long brass telescopes on a tiny dot that heaved and disappeared far ahead, right in the schooner's track.

"It's a big canoe," said Worsley. "What's she doing in the open lake so far off shore?"

The schooner came up on the craft rapidly, for strong arms were plying the paddles. A man stood up in the canoe and waved.

"Why, that's Mr. Livingston, who piloted us to the Nottawasaga, voyage before last!" exclaimed Captain Alexander McIntosh, the *Nancy's* sailing master—a grim and seasoned veteran of the lakes, who not long before had sailed the *Nancy* past Detroit with a fuse laid to a powder keg, ready to blow her up rather than surrender. 'Twas he, too, who stood at the helm all the while she fought her way out of the St. Clair, escaping gunshot as though he bore a charmed life.

"Heave her to," called Worsley.

"Back the tops and put the helm hard down!" echoed the sailing master, and, with a flailing of loosened jib sheets, the schooner came into the wind, while the canoe swept alongside.

The seaman was right. It was Lieutenant Robert Livingston, the daring officer of the Indian Department, who had been midshipman, fur trader, and leader of Indian warroirs, and was always engaged in some desperate and thrilling enterprise which only a man of his pluck could undertake. He had volunteered to carry a warning to the *Nancy*, and here he was, despite the fact that two of four wounds he had received in conflicts with the enemy

were still unhealed. Worsley welcomed him as a brother.

"The island's blockaded," announced Livingston shortly, "and Colonel McDouall's orders are for the *Nancy* to take shelter in the Nottawasaga, as far up as she can be towed. The squadron'll be after her hot foot. Despatches, sir," and he handed Worsley a packet.

"The devil!" was Worsley's comment.

"The devil!" echoed Sergeant Thomas of the 104th, who had just escaped in the schooner after a miserable wait for her at the river mouth. "Back to that hole in the wall, eh, with mosquitoes and Indians in equal quantities. Ugh!"

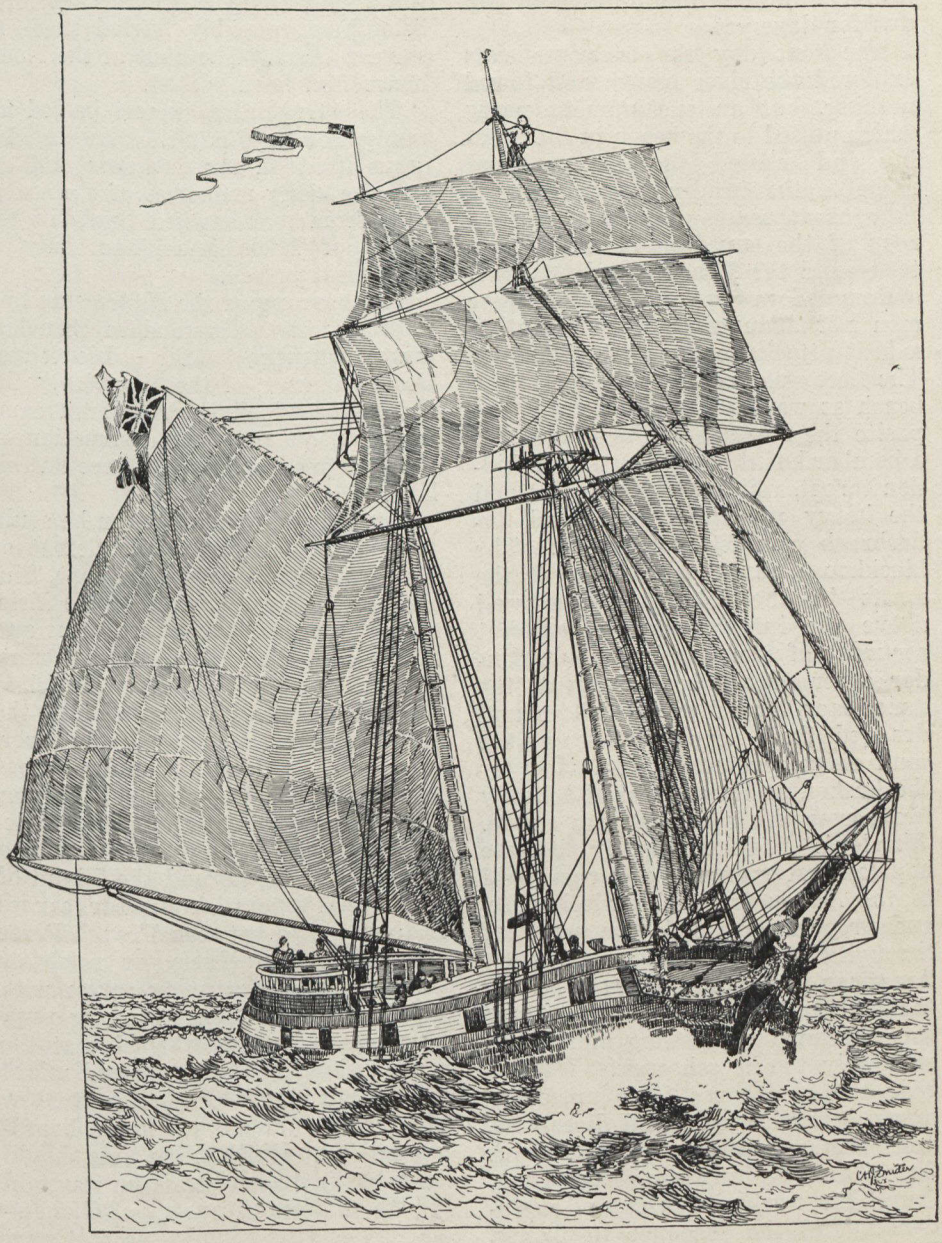
"Put the helm up and box her off," Worsley called to the sailing master, after a glance at the letter. "We must run back to Nottawasaga. There's no help for it, gentlemen, Colonel McDouall's orders are explicit."

The canoe which had carried the daring Livingston was taken in tow and the schooner headed back for the sandbanks that marked the river mouth from which she had emerged so jauntily a few hours before. Arrived there her own boats and the canoes and batteaux left at the little establishment formed in a long procession and towed her, with many a weary oar-stroke, up the winding stream fully two miles.

Lieutenant Livingston hurried the *Nancy's* peril to Lieutenant-General Drummond, who was besieging Fort Erie. On the high bank on the east side of the river a rough log blockhouse was hastily built, its elevation offering a better position for defence than the low deck of the schooner. Opposite this impromptu fortress the *Nancy* was moored. Through the treetops the lake could be seen from the blockhouse, as the river bank was only a few hundred yards distant from the shore, the stream paralleling the bay for miles before entering it. Guns were mounted in the fort—two twenty-four-pounders, and one six—and here Worsley and his men awaited the enemy, every moment of the time busily occupied in strengthening their logwork defences.

They did not have to wait long. On the thirteenth of August the lookout in the tall pines sighted the broad topsails of a brig, then the narrower pinions of a pair of schooners, in the north-west horizon, and ere long three American war craft anchored off the beach close enough to the blockhouse to be easily identified. All three had been in the battle of Lake Erie the year before and helped send the British squadron to its doom. To the largest, the twenty-gun sloop *Niagara*, Commodore Perry had rowed with his flag around him when his own ship the *Lawrence* was so shattered she could fight no more. The *Tigress* and the *Scorpion* had helped in the battering of the British fleet then, and were fresh from the capture of the *Mink* and the destruction of the *Perseverance*, and now, loaded with guns and men, they were hot on the *Nancy's* trail. Driven off with heavy loss when they attempted to take Mackinac, Colonel Croghan and Commodore Sinclair had determined to wreak vengeance on the *Nancy*, the last surviving British vessel, and, in destroying her, completely cut off communication by water, retrieve their repulse, and leave Mackinac to fall through the stress of starvation. Part of the discomfited flotilla was sent back to Lake Erie. Retaining three vessels with their regular complement of marines and sailors and armament reinforced by field guns, howitzers, and three companies of infantry, the invaders prepared to deliver this final blow.

Against this host of 500 Worsley had a little company of nine French-Canadian boatmen, twenty-one seamen of the Royal Navy, under Midshipman Dobson, and twenty-three Indians, whom Lieutenant Livingston



Drawing by C. H. J. Snider

THE "NANCY"

Stretching every stitch of her canvas to get her cargo under the guns of the Gibraltar of the North.

had mustered. Livingston himself had only returned that morning from York, and the promised reinforcements of Indians and militia were not due for days yet.

The first day the enemy's boats explored the river mouth and found nothing, but an encampment party which pulled to the beach in the evening and crossed the narrow sand ridge to the winding river spied a pair of topmasts when the sloping rays of the sun illumined the tree-tops—and the *Nancy* was discovered.

Commodore Sinclair wasted neither men nor ammunition in attempting a boat attack up the river by night. The fleet was brought as close to the beach as was safe next morning, opposite the *Nancy's* hiding-place, and a bombardment opened upon the hidden target, which the sand ridge and the heavy growth of pines and underbrush completely screened. The blockhouse guns roared back at the masts in the lake, which showed above the intervening foliage, but accuracy of aim was impossible. Under cover of the bombardment the Americans landed on the shore and dragged their heavy guns up the sand ridge, protected from view by the bushes, and soon opened a heavy fire across the river at close range. Worsley's position rapidly became hopeless. A train of powder was laid to the *Nancy* from the blockhouse, and preparations made for a retreat through the woods. A shell from an American howitzer burst right within the fort and the place at once took fire, the flames spreading almost immediately to the schooner. With a roar the blockhouse blew up, fragments being hurled in all directions, and the pursuing and victorious Americans, pushing across the river, found the works in ruins and abandoned, and the schooner in flames. Repeated explosions of powder below decks defied all attempts at boarding her or towing her to the lake. She burned to the water's edge and sank at her moorings.

Of the defenders the victors found no living trace. The desk of the commander of the *Nancy* was found in the woods, along with other scattered belongings, possibly hurled there by the explosion. The guns at the blockhouse had been spiked.

The surrounding forest baffled investigation or pursuit. Skulking Indians fired on the invaders and recalled ghastly memories of the scalps torn from tomahawked heads in the battle of Michillimackinac only a few weeks before.

The burning of the *Nancy* "accomplished," as Commodore Sinclair magniloquently told Lieutenant Daniel Turner, of the *Scorpion*, "the object for which the squadron came into this quarter, the destruction of the enemy's whole naval force on this lake."

Plucking what satisfaction he could from this victory for the defeat of the expedition against Mackinac, Sinclair sailed next day for Lake Erie, taking with him the spiked guns and a batteau he had found which mounted a twenty-four-pounder. He felled trees across the stream and left the two schooners to blockade the river. They were told not to suffer a boat to pass in or out—and yet Turner, of the *Scorpion*, was authorised to detach the *Tigress* for a cruise of a couple of weeks around the Island of St. Joseph's to pick up fur canoes as they passed between French River and Sault Ste. Marie, or rowboats that might be venturing across with supplies for Mackinac from far-away Montreal. He was warned that the enemy would be desperate and might try a night attack by small boats. For this reason Sinclair left him a boarding netting. But lest the time should hang heavy on his hands he was told to take an accurate survey of Gloucester Bay and its islands—as that part of the Georgian Bay was known—and also one of Matchedash Bay.

In the flame of the last sunset in August a deep-laden canoe paddled briskly into the shelter of Fort

Michillimackinac. She was crowded with twenty-five men—some pigtailed after the fashion of man-o'-warsmen then, some long-haired like bushrangers; all sunburned, powder-blackened, and unshaven. The brass buttons and stained blue and white of the King's uniform marked the man in charge as an officer of the Royal Navy. 'Twas Worsley.

"We had to blow the *Nancy* up," he told the wondering McDouall. "They thought we went to heaven with the bits of the blockhouse when our magazine exploded, but we stood off their whole force with the loss of one killed and one wounded, and escaped into the woods and reached the second blockhouse, four miles up the river, where Livingston's canoe and two batteaux were hidden. They never found us, for a gale of wind gave the schooners left to blockade the river an excuse to go hunting for the brigade of fur canoes, and we slipped out past the obstructions left to block us.

"We rowed and sailed 360 miles around the shores of this lake—and here we are. Only, at St. Joseph's, within thirty-six miles of here, we had to hide the two batteaux and seventy barrels of provisions we brought from the upper blockhouse. For, what do you think? When we reached the Detour we found our old friends the blockaders lying in wait for the fur flotilla. We passed within a hundred yards of one of them in the dark last night. Just give me a hundred Newfoundlanders and I'll bring them both here and square the yards for the poor old *Nancy!*"

"I'd give you half of his Majesty's Kingdom if I had it, seeing that you bring seventy barrels of provisions," said McDouall, "for our belts are pulled in here to the last hole!"

Next day four large rowboats, two of them with field-pieces in the bows, and a score of Indian canoes, set out from Michillimackinac. By night they were all securely hidden in a bay near the Detour, the narrow strait between the Island of St. Joseph's and the mainland.

In the gray of the dawn Worsley and Livingston set out in a small canoe, and, with the growing light, discovered one of the schooners anchored six miles away. Paddling back, they told the news and all lay hidden until sunset, when the flotilla rowed quietly to within three miles of the enemy. Here the Indians were told to wait, although three of their chiefs were taken on board the rowboats. With muffled oars the party of ninety-two sailors, soldiers, *voyageurs,* and redskins crept silently through the still darkness to the anchored vessel. Worsley's boat approached her on the starboard side and got within ten yards of her without being discovered.

"Boat ahoy!" suddenly hailed the startled lookout. "Show a light, or we'll sink you!"

There was no answer to the challenge, and the twenty-four-pounder the schooner carried at once roared a red greeting through the startled dark.

The shot went ploughing above the heads of the rowers and was followed immediately by a quick blaze of muskets and pistols. Worsley's boat swept alongside, followed by Lieutenant Bulger's, and then the others, and in a twinkling the assailants were pouring over the schooner's rail from port and starboard, British cheers mingling with French-Canadian war-cries and Indian battle screams. The sailing master in charge of the schooner was cut down with his officers and the crew of twenty-eight men driven below decks. From here they kept up a musketry fire which killed one of the boarders and wounded others, but victory seemed secure when a pistol flash revealed a sight which for a second froze the bravest heart. The great twenty-four-pound cannonade had been reloaded, and a huge negro was in the act of pulling the laniard and sweeping the gangway of friend and foe.

McIntosh, the Scotch seadog, leaped across the deck and severed the man's head from his body with one sweep of his cutlass. A black mass, grinning horribly, flew over the rail and fell in the starlit water with a hideous gurgle.

"Follow your head!" exclaimed the infuriated seaman, and, seizing the tottering trunk ere it fell, he hurled it overboard, too.

The prize proved to be the *Tigress*. All her officers had been wounded. Such had been the fury of the British onslaught that several of the defenders were pinned, writhing, to the deck, by the fixed bayonets of the Newfoundlanders, and the latter fought the rest of the fight with clubbed muskets. So crowded was the fighting space that only one dead body was found, the others having been forced overboard. The British loss was two seamen killed and Lieutenant Bulger and seven soldiers wounded. The enemy had four killed and as many wounded.

"And so the *Nancy's* avenged," laughed Midshipman Dobson, wiping the sweat-caked powder from his face.

"Not quite," said Worsley, "there's the other schooner yet."

Next day the boats, loaded with prisoners, were sent back to Mackinac, and the captured *Tigress* lay quietly at anchor. There was every likelihood that her consort had not heard the firing, so the American pennant flying from her truck when captured—although the rule says "Sun down, colours down"—was left aloft. Livingston, the indefatigable, paddled off in a canoe, returning with the information that the other schooner, which had been anchored fifteen miles away, was beating up to them. The wind was light and it was dusk before she came in sight. The elementary precaution of exchanging signals was not taken—as a matter of fact the vessels had no material for doing so; and all unsuspecting, the second schooner, Lieutenant Turner's *Scorpion*, anchored within a mile and a half of her consort, now held by the foe. She was the larger and smarter of the two, and had she suspected what had happened might have escaped. Worsley waited for the dawn, and with the first light slipped his cable, hoisted the jib and foresail, and stood down under easy sail, with the American colours flying, and his soldiers in the hold and cabin, only a dozen men in American greatcoats being visible.

The gunner was in charge of the *Scorpion's* crew, washing down the decks.

"The *Tigress* is standing towards us," was the word passed below, but no comment was made, and no officer came up until the crash of the *Tigress's* twenty-four-pounder rent the morning air. The soldiers rushed from her hold and amid a sharp fire of musketry she ranged alongside and her exulting crew tumbled over the rail of the craft that had destroyed the *Perseverance* and helped send the *Nancy* to the bottom. The bare-legged deck swabbers were in no condition for defence, and the first rays of the September sun flamed upon the British ensign proudly floating above the Stars-and-Stripes on both the *Tigress* and the *Scorpion*.

The latest prize yielded thirty-six more prisoners. She mounted a long twenty-four-pounder with a long twelve on a disabled carriage in the hold. Worsley had only one man wounded. Two of the Americans were killed and two wounded.

To quote Sinclair: Worsley in turn had succeeded in "the destruction of the enemy's whole naval force on this lake," and in addition had provided King George III. with two serviceable warships.

With a thoroughness which had a touch of humour in it, Worsley completed the avenging of the *Nancy* by sending her captured destroyers back to the Nottawasaga, where they disembarked some members of their former crews, and loaded enough pro-

visions to supply the garrison at Mackinac for six months.

Tradition around the river mouth still tells of the terrible aspect of the "fierce-looking cut-throats" disembarked there. The privations of confinement in the pent 'tween-decks of two small schooners had probably done little to improve the appearance of the survivors of the foray. The prisoners had to march across the wilderness to Kingston and Quebec. The boatswain and four others from the *Scorpion* escaped to the Bay of Quinte, crossed Lake Ontario from there to Genesee River, and made their way to Erie—the naval base on the lake of the same name.

To this port, too, on the wings of a November gale, came the cartel schooner *Union,* which had been held at Mackinac until the *Tigress* and *Scorpion*—now renamed His Majesty's schooner *Surprise* and His Majesty's schooner *Confiance*—returned from a successful trip to the Nottawasaga. The *Union* was loaded with paroled prisoners, including Sailing Master Champlin; and from them the directors of the war on Canada received full confirmation of how completely the loss of the *Nancy* had been avenged.

THE COMPACT

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

"LET each look in his soul to-night
And on the morrow we will tell
The secrets of that naked sight
Where no illusions dwell!"

Agreed! And each at his own place
Kept true the vigil, as he sware,
And looked upon his soul's sad face
And read his annals there.

I know not what of grief or guilt
They saw, nor if they cursed or pray'd,
For on the morrow when they met
No word of it was said!

GOING FISHING

BY CURRIE LOVE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

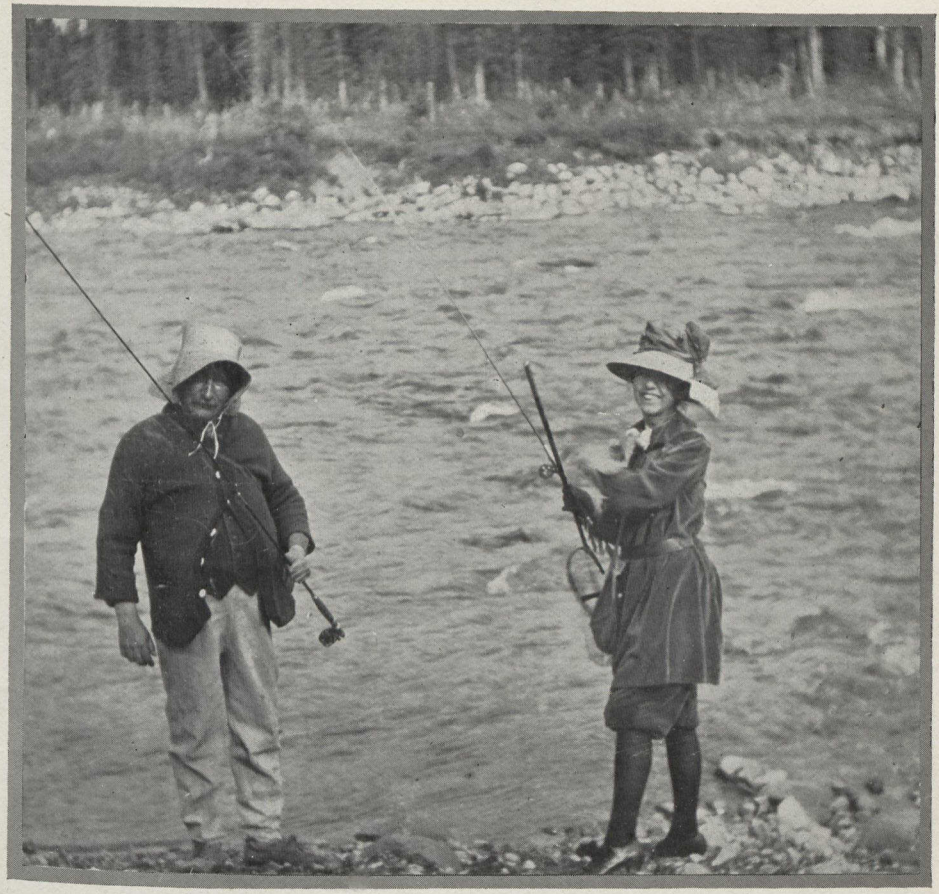
THERE were four of us, and we planned a nice, long day in the country, with a fish-fry midday meal on the bank and the joys of trout fishing in the Elbow River during the day. It looked very alluring the night before, and we arranged to get up at fourth-thirty a.m. (note that a.m.) to get a good, early start. "For," said the fishing expert of the party, "we've simply got to get there early if we want to catch any fish."

It sounded very well, but I had an "innard" feeling that four-thirty is much more attractive the night before than it is when the alarm clock rings in the morning. Far be it from me, however, to cast any gloom over the assembled party, and I cheerfully agreed to bring coffee-pot, cream, a frying-pan, my own cup, coffee for four, and anything else they might like. The other feminine person in the party is her own chaffeuse (do you suppose that's the proper feminine of chaffeur? I don't know). She was to bring her five-passenger car and be the working member on the way out. She said she'd come down to spend the night with me in my bachelor girl flat, so we'd be ready to start off together in the wee, sma' hours. I agreed to that, too. It's a habit I have. You have never known so agreeable a person as I am. Even though I knew perfectly well she'd go sky-larking or joy-riding or something before she came, and arrive about eleven, full of conversation, just when I was sleepiest. That four-thirty alarm loomed large before me.

Well, she did just what I thought she would do. Isn't it a melancholy pleasure to be able to breathe to yourself, "I told you so"? She came about eleven (eleven-twenty, to be exact), and she talked until one. What about? Gossip, or clothes, or men, or something like that. I wasn't listening to her, but I do remember how sleepy I was.

At last she allowed me to drift into slumberland, and it seemed to me I had been asleep only a minute when the alarm went off. Isn't it a fiendish feeling, that impotent rage you engender against an alarm clock? I just opened my eyes and glared at the noisy thing and wished I were a man so I could have a really worth while profane vocabulary, and felt how tired I was, and groaned a little bit, and grumbled some more, and, would you believe me, that girl who talked all night jumped up as spry as you please and walked into her cold dip without a word. People like that are positively distressing in their moral superiority, aren't they?

Then, of course, I was ashamed to grumble any more, and I had to get up for my cold dip, too, and make coffee and toast, which we decided was all we'd need before the start. The other girl went over to the garage to get the car, while I proceeded to pack my best black "bull sea-lion" suitcase (it was an expensive one, too) with coffee, fruit, tea, coffee-pot, tea-pot and frying-pan. We had



UNCLE AND EMILY READY TO CAST

been told not to bring any more stuff to eat, for the other girl's uncle, who was married, was to provide a big basket of provisions. Her aunt wouldn't come. She said she had more sense than to go out at that hour in the morning with four crazy idiots who ought to know better.

I got everything packed, and carried it all down to the front door of the apartment building, with my steamer rug and two pillows, and stood there shivering in my knickerbockers and sweater, with a long coat over me, wondering why in the world that girl didn't come. It was six o'clock when she finally arrived with the first tale of woe. Her gasolene had all leaked out of the tank, and she had had to have it filled again.

We got in and started over to "Uncle's," (I'll call him Uncle, too, though he wasn't a relation of mine), where we were to pick him up, as well as some other man, a friend of his. When we got there we found Uncle simply dancing with rage because we were so late in starting. He looked like a picturesque pirate in his green and red sweater coat, a perfectly disreputable old pair of trousers and a cap that surely came out of the Ark. His friend, who had a name like Giestenhanger, or Gerstenhausen, or Geeseldopper, or something deradful like that, we promptly dubbed "Mr. Tom," because no one,

not even Uncle, could remember his name.

Mr. Tom was frightfully respectable-looking, and I shuddered as I thought of my knickerbockers, carefully hidden under the all-enveloping long coat. But it was too late to sigh for skirts, and I proceeded to huddle myself into the smallest possible corner, while Uncle and Mr. Tom packed me round with fishing-rods, more frying-pans, a huge basket of "eats," a fish basket, a camera, rubber boots, waders, and other little things like that.

"Don't mind me," I murmured resignedly, when Uncle, who weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds, donned a huge fur coat and packed himself in on top of the load, while Mr. Tom, springing lightly to the seat beside Emily, which, of course, had to be kept free, so she could drive, gave the signal to be off.

Alberta early morning air is cold. Did I mention that we were starting out from Calgary, Alberta? No? Well, anyway, it was cold and I shuddered and shivered, and reflected that trousers weren't really as warm as skirts, though I'd always hitherto supposed they were, and wondered why I'd been such a fool as to go fishing at four-thirty a.m. and similar pleasing reflections. Uncle said I was sensible because I didn't worry him with talking, and Emily, that's the other girl's name, kept up a constant stream of conversation with Mr. Tom.

I will say it was a jolly drive out there, and the car behaved beautifully. Only one stop because the engine boiled over, or whatever you call it when the thing gets too hot to be handled. That didn't stop us, however, from going twenty-eight miles to the very heart of the beautiful Sarci Reserve. Mr. Tom, who is a Yankee, said, "Gee, isn't it a shame for the Dominion Government to keep this gorgeous place for the Indians?"

THE FISH-FRY OF THE BANK OF THE ELBOW

My voice was icy, when I said:

"You see, we Canadians keep our word, even to Indians, and, of course, it was a part of the treaty that they should get this place. Besides, if we hadn't kept it for the Indians it would probably be cut up

into sub-divisions for the real estate agents to handle, and you wouldn't be able to fish here at all."

Emily giggled. Mr. Tom had just been telling her he had come to Calgary to "go into" real estate.

Finally we found the place where Uncle said we were to stop. Uncle and Tom disappeared into the bushes to put on their waders, and Emily and I bravely got rid of our long coats and appeared in our knickerbockers. Mr. Tom looked surprised, but as he was too polite to say anything, we shrugged our shoulders and decided we didn't care.

Uncle, who is a heartless old brute when it comes to fishing, calmly informed us that he and Tom were going to ford the river, to explore a creek someone had told him about, and if they found it all right they'd come back after us. He didn't invite any comment on the scheme, so we didn't make any—just sat down and looked blankly at each other, as the two men disappeared into the water.

"Well," I remarked, as soon as the breath returned to me, "that's what comes of going fishing with married men. I wish we'd brought some nice young ones with us."

Emily just gasped. Suddenly I saw her eye brighten, and she remarked calmly, "I'm going to ask that man on the bank over there to put up the top on my car."

So saying, she arose and walked over to a youth who was stretched at full length on the bank, enjoying a siesta, while his two friends fished down stream. Making her sweetest smile, Emily asked in dulcet tones, "Would you mind putting up the top on my car for me?"

He was an amiable youth, and arising lazily he came over to put up the top, under Emily's calm direction, but he was not an enterprising youth, for after putting up the top he walked off and lay down again. I carefully avoided Emily's eye. But Emily has travelled round the world, and to think that a mere Calgary youth could circumvent her wiles was not to be calmly endured. So her busy brain suddenly bethought itself, "We'll have some tea, and we'll ask that man to build a fire."

Over she went once more, and back came the lazy youth to gather twigs and build a fire within two flat stones. The little sauce-pan was soon boiling right merrily, and then it began to rain. The lazy youth was pressed into service to put up the sides, while I hastily finished making tea, and we all scrambled into the car to drink it.

The rain didn't last very long, however, and after it was over, the youth, grown more enterprising, suggested that he and Emily should look for mushrooms. Personally, I didn't believe there was a mushroom within ten miles. Neither, incidentally, did Emily, but she said she'd "just love to," and off they went, leaving me alone in the car. I gasped, "Well, what d'ye know about that?" to myself, but philosophically reflecting I might as well make myself comfortable, pulled a rug over me, and putting a cushion under my head settled down for my long-wished-for sleep. Back came Emily and her new acquisition, with his two friends in tow. It was raining again. So I had to sit up once more and make myself agreeable to three strange men, meanwhile horribly conscious of my knickerbockers, and wishing to goodness they'd please go away and let me sleep.

But they didn't, until the sun once more broke through, and they all started off to fish again. Emily and I were suddenly conscious that we were hungry, so we decided to explore the provision basket. Horror descended upon us. There wasn't a thing that didn't have to be cooked. No cold meat, no pickles dear to feminine heart—nothing but a small can of sardines, with no can-opener, potatoes that needed to be boiled,

bacon that needed to be fried, with only bread and butter that could be eaten as it was.

"Oh, my aunt," wailed Emily, "what were you thinking about? My, I'm hungry! What shall we do?"

We sat there loking at each other mournfully. The wood and the ground were too soaked to permit of our building a fire. It was nearly one o'clock, and we hadn't had a thing to eat, with only a cup of tea to drink since our four-thirty breakfast. The gnawing pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt. Suddenly Emily had an inspiration. "I know," she exclaimed delightedly, "we'll steal those boys' lunch."

Stern, sober, business woman that I am, I forbore to rebuke either her faulty English or her elastic morals. Nay, I even joined her in predatory march against the luncheon of the unsuspecting men, who had left their hamper unguarded. There were ham sandwiches, mustard pickles, and cheese, and with one accord we "swiped" a large, joyous sandwich each, a "hunk" of cheese and a handful of pickles, and clasping these to our grateful hearts, we made all speed back to the car, to stave off the aforesaid pangs with our stolen booty.

Once more we stretched ourselves on the seats of the car with rugs and pillows, and I, for one, was well on the way to dreamland when the voices of our recreant knights reached us. They had come back, like the cat of immortal fame, and they bore with them a basket of Alberta trout that weighed about forty-five pounds, and looked like food for the gods. The sun had come out, everything was dry and bright, and Mr. Tom soon had a fire going that was sufficient to warm the coldest heart. We forgot to be dignified. We laughed as we fried fish, boiled coffee, fried potatoes, and had a meal better than the *chef* of the newest and most gorgeous hotel could turn out.

It was a meal, believe me! And when we had finished, we decided we would not be left again—we, too, would ford the river. Little cared we that it ran far above our waists, that the current was swift, the riverbed stony, and one's footing consequently most uncertain. Go we would, and go we did. We borrowed waders from one man, and went across singly under the care of the other, who came back and gave the waders to his friend when we had finished. Then for the creek!

Such a creek! Deep down and clear, it was the abode of speckled beauties such as you dream about, but seldom see. Such scenery, such trees, such hills! We wandered on in our rubber boots, through water up to our knees, and we came to one place that made you wish you could be a fish for one of your lives, if you could spend it in such a beauty spot. A deep canyon, with a wall of rock on either side and verdure that surpasses in beauty anything you could see even in our beautiful Ontario. To Uncle its chief claim to beauty was the fact that he caught eight fish in about fifteen minutes in the deep pool under the overhanging rock. Uncle is one of those fishermen who can stand all day and all night—and just fish. As long as the fish are biting, he doesn't remember meal hours, the approach of dark, the long drives home or anything but—fish!

It was eight o'clock when at last we managed to abstract the absorbed Uncle from his fish. It was a half-hour's work to divide the spoils of the day, which numbered about a hundred speckled beauties. Emily and I rode across the ford on the horses of two obliging Englishmen, and we were soon ensconced in the car for our twenty-eight-mile homeward trip. It was ten-thirty when we reached Calgary, and even Emily was glad to go to bed.

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE

BY ANNE WARNER

HE was the only son. He had had every advantage, natural and acquirable. He was above the average—really very far above the average. Not perhaps quite as far above as his father thought, and certainly nowhere near as far above as his mother thought—but infinitely farther above than he thought himself, for he was one of the sweetest, most modest, and most lovable of young fellows, and to him it was nothing short of torture to be so awfully over-estimated.

"Because, you see, I'm really such an ordinary kind of chap," he said to the girl in the case (there is always a girl in every case—it's a little way that cases have), "and it bores me to be looked up to in that way."

"Oh, but you know you are most awfully clever," said the girl; "you know that you are."

"Now, look here, I won't take it from you," he cried out, almost angrily; "I won't have it."

The girl stared. She had never seen him vexed before. "I didn't know that you had a temper," she said very gravely—almost disappointedly. (But not quite, for she loved him too well to see a single fault in his construction.)

"I've a shocking bad temper," he declared through his teeth—and then he turned his horse in a bit closer her's and said, in the low, confidential tone which ought to be taken away from a man if he has any other social assets, for it is the cruellest charm of all, "I've a really most horrid temper, and it's worse than usual to-day, for I'm awfully cut up over something."

"Oh, what?" asked the girl. It was so heavenly to be told things by him. Life was *too* lovely when they happend to ride home together. "Do tell me all about it," she asked, earnestly, "you know how interested I am." (And, indeed, she really was.)

"Yes, I know, and I always do tell you everything—don't I? Well, this is what it is this time." He squared about in his saddle and tried to speak as if he liked the prospect. "My father called me into his room last night and told me that I was twenty-three now—just the age of Gladstone when he first went into the House of Commons, and he wants me to enter Parliament."

I suppose that the girl must have heard some rumour as to this before, for Parnell, when he rose from dinner and suddenly began looking about for a constituency, was a notable exception to a very well established rule. But she only turned her lovely face his way, and, although there was no enthusiasm in her eyes or her voice, still her faith was beautiful to watch in its milk and roses manifestations. "When shall you be elected?" she asked, and her parents had educated her so carefully that she really meant it.

He did not smile at her naïveté. Nothing delights a man so much as ignorance in a woman (until she becomes his wife). He had no doubt as to the prettiness of her innocence.

"There will be a bye-election

at——," he said, mentioning a place of which she had never heard, "and it can be managed, my father says; indeed, it can be very easily managed, I believe. They want a new man, the present incumbent is worn out. He's been there years. Ever so long. Too long, in fact."

"The Duke of Newcastle gave Mr. Gladstone his seat, didn't he?" said the girl, who was glad that she had read that far in the Life of Gladstone, even though she should never read any farther. "I think it was so kind in the Duke, for Mr. Gladstone can't have turned out at all as he expected."

"No," said her lover (for he was her lover, although he didn't altogether know it yet); "but the Duke didn't foresee that then."

"No, I suppose not," said the girl. "It must have been a great difficulty for the men who did the appointing of the members to ever be sure how they would turn out."

"They didn't appoint them," corrected the young man, "they went through a show of holding an election. But it was nothing but a show."

"It's *so* different now," said the girl, and then she sighed. "Elections are *such* hard work! Dear me, but how I did work last time addressing envelopes! And then our candidate lost. It was too dreadful. And the other was such a nasty, horrid little man. Even his wife was sorry that he won. Everybody was"—she paused to sigh again. "I think that it's all so trying now-a-days," she added; "quite impossible men so often get the most votes."

"Yes," said the hero of this tale, slightly saddened by the manner and matter of her speech; "of course, it's a game that one can never be absolutely sure of beforehand."

In the face of this undoubted truth they both sighed and rode on a little more quickly. They were not exactly depressed, but there was a feeling that somehow life had taken on a deeper shade of meaning and the deeper shade was less agreeable than the old gay youthful irresponsibility. The girl felt a dread lest happiness might be forever over, and the man was deeply impressed by the sense of his impending lot. He might be going to be very great. No one could be positive that he wouldn't be. Very young men, who have never been out in the world much and who are consequently still carrying their ideals about with them uncracked, nearly always feel that to enter the political arena is a great, glorious, and *very* solemn thing. It is such a common feeling that I suppose that it is at once natural and customary to feel it, and when, in addition to such sensations there exists a widespread of one's very own horizon on all sides and a subconscious exhilaration over the power that is entailed with the acres, and over the presence of the only essential left to desire close by on another horse as good as one's own!—well, words fail to convey just the spiritual environment of the minute, but it was certainly superb and supreme. He was stirred to the depth of his soul and he knew, with a curious psychical intuition of which he had read two nights before in a book he had picked out at random—that his country, being in that especial state of need too well known to be recapitulated here—he and he alone was the man to respond. And how he would respond! It went through him with a flashing thrill that it was to be he—he himself—who might be entitled the man of the future, the man who—in that darkest time of all—would spring forward, bare his breast and somehow save things. Momentary depression over a dubious outlook is frequently followed by these gorgeous inner outbursts, warm-hearted, ardent youth always wanting to be in some breach, reloading somebody else's cannon. "If I do go in for it," he said aloud, turning his face her way and with a strong undercurrent of feeling

threading his tone; "if I do go in for it I know one thing—I shall give myself up wholly to the work. There will be no halfway measures with me. There is such a lot to do in the world at present, a man could very well give his life to his country in this time of peace as well as in any past time of war."

The girl did not look happy over this speech, but if he had enthusiasm at command she made up her mind to have faith to match, so she said, trying to sound quite gay and natural, "You do speak so well. Whenever you are going to speak I'll run up and stay with aunt and we'll go together and hear you."

"I shall have a lot to learn before that, I expect," he said, smiling in spite of himself over the mental picture of his eloquence pouring up through the grating to her. He resolved to remember to always speak loud enough so that the ladies of the harem could hear; not all members bear that in mind, he knew, for he had sat behind the sacred screening himself once and hadn't heard a thing. His mother, who had been with him, had been quite vexed and had declared that he would have been further on with his education if she had taken him to the tower that afternoon instead.

"I think you ought to read a great deal," she said, trying desperately to be vividly interested. "Dear me, how much you will have to know! Think of the statistics. They are always asking such funny questions, too. About the Sunday Closing Bill and the sleeping sickness, and other droll things. Papa was talking about it to uncle the other night. Papa said that if all that was said was true this was no time for splitting hairs, and if it wasn't it shouldn't have been said. Papa is very bitter about the last two elections."

He looked extremely thoughtful. "I wonder if they are ever asked questions without warning?" he said. "I know so little about it all. It's quite a shock for me—it really is. Dear me, I must hope that they won't ask me questions. I never had any head for figures."

She could not reassure him because she knew nothing of Parliamentary rules and never read any of that part of the papers. A brief silence ensued and then finally she said, with another brave attempt to put a bright face on a bad matter, "It will be nice to have you know what everything means because then I can ask you to explain. I do so want to learn who Mr. Osborne was and what he judged, and all about it. And the difference between devolution and de-nationalisation and what preference is. I'm most anxious to be an up-to-date woman."

"I shall soon be able to tell you everything," he declared, laughing. "I shall begin by reading the Encyclopædia Britannica straight through, and then I shall specialise on the British Empire."

"How fine of you!" she exclaimed, her eyes glowing with anticipation. "They won't be able ever to catch you napping *then*."

"I think not," he said, laughing more. (She was so charming with her belief in the capacity of his brain.) "I certainly shall know it all when I finish."

"Yes," she said, with a little confident nod, "but we knew that before."

They had to get on a bit faster then as the sun was fast setting, and so the conversation turned to less heavy subjects, to subjects equal to taking a brisk trot without too much jarring.

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The next time that the girl saw him he was weeks further on his upward way. The member who had expected to resign on account of severe and unremitting advance of age (he had sat for the same constituency for so long that when he had to make a speech he rarely ever mentioned any other fact), decided that perhaps he

could hold out through one more sitting, the more so as his country house was having itself rebuilt and the family would be away most of the year in consequence. There are all sorts of little ins and outs in the big Parliament game and this was one of them. The member never stopped with his family much of the time, but if they were to be where he wouldn't ever be called upon to stop with them at all he didn't mind London or any other place. Besides, the House was home to him—he had been lying about it in one way or another for so many, many years. So his vacating was deferred.

This gave his successor time to study, and he had studied. And he had done a lot beside studying. His parents were progressive and ambitions, each with strong biases and no end of plans for him to carry out. The girl noted with anxiety the changes which the interim had made, but when she learned how it had been spent she wondered that the changes were not yet more marked. It seemed that he had been up in town to look over the Doomsday Book. His uncle, the vicar, was anxious that he should do something in regard to Land Reform and had advised him strongly to "begin at the beginning." English land had its origin in the Doomsday Book, further averred the vicar, so his nephew had been up in town to see the Doomsday Book (of course, I mean a copy).

But that was not all. He had been through the Black Country, too. "You don't know what you're talking about unless you've seen Leeds and Birmingham," his father's second cousin, the awfully rich member of the family, had told him. "Why, they talk about London and Downing Street running the Government! Well!" The awfully rich second cousin had that way of speaking—that way of launching widely forth and then, before he had really said anything especial, stopping short in a manner that forbade any opposition to what he might have said further on. In this case his mere manner, without any words whatever, would have sent the family aspirant to Leeds and Birmingham. And that was not all either.

"If you are so far north you must—you really must go on to Edinburgh," the awfully rich second cousin's wife, who was Scotch, and with whom had originated that branch of the family's fortunes, had insisted. "If we are going to have a member of Parliament in the family I do want him to do a little something for Scotland. They talk so much of Ireland and India, but things need looking after just as much with our poor people. I do hope you'll bring in new marriage laws for the poor. They're so much better provided for if they're not married, that it's leading to a most shocking state of things. They soon won't marry at all, and then only think of the thousands upon thousands of orphans to be looked after!"

So, naturally, he had been to Edinburgh also, and had walked down from the Castle and up Calton Hill, casting earnest, thoughtful glances at all he saw. He was so earnest and so thoughtful. And getting more so daily. And that was not all, either! He had been to Wales, too. "Depend upon it that's where the trouble will begin when the trouble does begin," his father's old friend, the Colonel of the Crimea, had taken him confidentially aside after dinner to say. The Colonel of the Crimea was a very old and distinguished officer and everyone always tried to take his advice. "England can talk about Germany and Hounsditch," continued the Colonel of the Crimea, "but the real trouble is coming out of Wales. And I don't mean Lloyd George, either—I mean exactly what I say. It's war that we're going to have—that's it—war. War, with a big W. And it won't be anything funny. The Saxon is going to have the Celt at his throat—that's what

I said, the Celt at his throat, and when the Celt gets hold there he sticks. Talk about riots, we'll have riots, and then we'll have more serious riots, and then we'll have a riot that no troops can put down, and then we'll know that *that* place is held for the Liberals. And then we'll have war. In short," wound up the Colonel of the Crimea with cannon-like explosiveness, "you must, you really *must* go to Wales."

So he had been to Wales.

He was very white and worn-looking, and the girl's mother and aunt were quite shocked, and begged him to have something stronger than tea. But he declared himself to be quite all right.

"To say the truth, it's not the travelling but the situation at home that troubles me," he said confidentially (he knew them all so very, very well). "I'm awfully bothered over the situation at home."

All the three drew closer to the tea-table, and the girl's mother said anxiously, "There is no real trouble at home, I hope!"

"No," he said, rubbing his forehead with an air of perplexed seeking after truth, "but things have taken such a strange turn there and it's very hard on me."

"Poor boy," said the aunt, who was sympathetic and rather young, too. And such a sweet voice.

"Do tell us all about it," begged the girl, whose heart was sobbing fear over his status in general.

"Why, you know father has always been a Conservative and mother has always been a Liberal, but they're such a devoted couple that they never talk about it."

"Dear me," said the girl's mother, showing very plainly that the trouble was nothing like what she had anticipated when she provided her ready sympathy. "And what are you?" she asked, apparently having never thought of that before.

"Why, I had to be whatever the present member is or I couldn't succeed him, and now it seems that he changed when Chamberlain did, and is rather inclined to regret his change, so really it isn't easy to decide *what* I am."

"Does it matter?" asked the girl.

"Oh, my dear, you have to know what you are so as to know which Lobby to go into when you divide," said her aunt, in a tone of reproof. "Dear me, what a predicament," she added then to their visitor.

"I was away, so I knew nothing of the difficulty until my return," said the man of the future; "but now that I am back it appears that father and mother felt the gravity of the situation so kneenly that they've sent for no end of books and worked ceaselessly over them during my absence, and as a consequence they've each gone over—father's become a Liberal and mother's become a Tory."

"Oh, *dear!*" cried the girl's mother, "*what* a situation!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said the poor boy, "and the worst of it is that, like all new converts, they're so enthusiastic that really I don't know what to do. They're so fond of one another that they never talk about anything on which they differ, but they each have spoken to me privately and they feel very strongly. They didn't feel at all strongly before. Father was sensitive over the war scare and mother couldn't quite swallow some of her party's language, but now father says that the party that embodies the principles of a man like Lord Morley deserves the support of every Englishman, and mother says that if she had ever realised the whole truth about the Boer War before she could have been a Conservative since then, even if she never by any means was one before."

"I agree with your mother," cried the girl's aunt, "and there was poor dear Gordon, too—they simply deserted him up there, where nobody could get at him. It's a burning disgrace to have sent such a brave man

where he couldn't possibly hope to be rescued."

"We won't discuss that, my dear," said the girl's mother. "I know your feelings, and we won't say another word. But you know as well as I do that he disobeyed orders and——"

The man and the girl looked a bit forlorn and seemed to almost wish that there were a chance to talk of something else, but just then a dog-cart came whirling along and whirled in that gate.

"Oh, this is delightful!" exclaimed the girl's mother, and she and the aunt hastened across the turf to greet the newcomers, who were jumping down to their level with a rapidity equally flattering.

"You look so ill," said the girl, hurriedly, and oh, so very tenderly! "all this is so hard on you."

"I don't know what ails me," said the man, rubbing his forehead wearily. "I do hope that I can pull it off satisfactorily, but it's so much bigger an undertaking than I ever imagined before I went in for it. There are so many sides. And they all seem reasonable enough to me. Whatever I read or whatever anyone tells me seems so reasonable. Both sides are so reasonable. They did treat Gordon abominably, but if he'd done what he agreed to do he'd never have been shut up in Khartoum. I quite agree with mother about the Boers; I think Kruger was an old rascal—but, then, most men who don't win prove to be as great rascals as the men who do. Wellington wasn't all they quite thought him. I agree with father that Richard Cobden did infinitely greater services."

"How bee-eautifully you put it," said the girl, pressing her pretty hands together in a veritable ecstasy of admiration (and it was noble in her, too, for she still was heartsick over his going away). "I *know* that you're going to be great," she added with a choke.

The man shook his head. "I'm not so sure," he said sadly; "they've sent me down four more cases of books and a complete set of Hansard. It's dreadful to only look at them, and my uncle writes me to cram for all I'm worth because the man of to-day is the all-round man, but my old tutor writes me to specialise because if Brougham had specialised he'd have made an immortal name for himself, whereas by not specialising he's only remembered as being so versatile."

He paused and rubbed his head again.

"I see," said the girl, who didn't see at all and wished most heartily that there were no Parliaments and that she had the right to rub his head for him. It seemed to her that life ran in the wrong channels so much of the time.

And now the dogcart people, linked arm in arm with the mother and the aunt, came across the turf, and while they were getting themselves pleasantly grouped fresh tea came out of the house and life took on a somewhat brighter view.

"Mr. McCrea is Irish," said the girl's aunt to the future M.P.; "he'll be able to tell you ever so much that will come in usefully later."

"No, he's not Irish," said Mrs. McCrea, an extremely pretty and vivacious little woman. "The very idea! When he's a descendant of those horrid Scotch Presbyterians who have helped make life a burden to us ever since the Peace of Limerick. Don't call him Irish. It's an insult to the Blarney Stone."

"My love," said her husband, smiling at her quick ripple of words, the which did not seem to distress him in the slightest, "the Peace of Limerick was over two centuries ago. My family have lived there ever since and been making the most orthodox mixed marriages constantly."

"Mixed marriages!" said his wife with lively disdain; "marrying into those Ulster families, you mean."

"Ulster is Ireland, darling."

"Ulster is not Ireland—don't for-

get that," she said, turning to the man of the future. "If you want to make yourself famous, emulate Regulus, and every time that anything Irish comes up in the House rise and proclaim loudly, 'Ulster is *not* Ireland.'"

She spoke so earnestly that nobody could do so much as smile, and the man could only murmur:

"I certainly will do as you say."

The girl was fearful that they would send him flying to Ireland next, but beyond some rather rapid discussions of Grattan, the Castle, Irish lace, and whether Flood was or wasn't honest in accepting office, they did no other damage than that which was only natural to the cake and tea.

After tea the whole party strolled about the garden, and the man managed to say to the girl, "I'm off again, to-morrow."

Her jaw dropped. "Off again, to-morrow! Where?"

"Well, you see, I've had a letter from a man in London as to the German Workingman's Colonies. You can't think what a *mail* I get now, but this man's letter really set me thinking. He wants me to take up the cause of labour; he says that I can emulate Duncombe or something of the sort."

"Who was Duncombe?" asked the girl.

"I don't know. That's something that I must look up at once, too—but really he did put his case very well. He sent me four pamphlets and twenty-six leaflets, and before I'd read three I was dumbfounded over the state of things. Something must be done. I don't know what Duncombe did, but I do know that I shall try to do more."

"You are so good," said the girl. But she was conscious of a great sinking of the heart. She felt that he was too good for one so little and unambitious as herself. It flashed over her what a bitter draught it might be to see one's—one's husband —become famous. She wanted to cry.

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He went to Germany and it took three weeks. It proved more arduous than Scotland or Wales. The man of London had given the man of the future introductory letters in Berlin, Essen, Ebberfeld, and Cassel, and the results nearly wore the latter to skin and bone. Every man to whom he had a letter gave him his whole time and more letters to other men. They wanted him to meet the heads of all their departments, to dine with the promoters of schemes for further benefits, and to visit everything that Germany had founded so far. The German charity mind was divided as to whether or not it was wisest to charge two-fifths of a penny for hot baths with two towels, and consulted his opinion. It seemed that Cassel felt baths should be like sunshine and so charged nothing. The man of the future felt that, according to that doctrine, baths would practically cease for his countrymen, but was too bewildered by this time to do more than shake his head.

"In Essen they make them pay," said his guide of the moment, looking anxiously into his face. But he could only shake his head again and say "So?" which, pronounced "Zoh," is probably the most useful German phrase which a travelling philanthropist can hold on the tip of his tongue.

They are thorough in Germany, and although he only came accredited to the workingmen, they led him to the deaf, dumb, blind and babies also. He saw poor houses, insane asylums, military drills, button factories, and the Gypsy foundling whom the Kaiserin commended to Wilhelmshöhe. He almost died.

When he finally finished and was on his way back home a friend of the London man's tripped him up at the Belgian frontier and carried him to Brussels, where he had his principles completely *bouleversé* by Socialistic propaganda, and, fleeing

to Bruges to rest at the Oude Doelen, fell in there with the free milk scheme for poor mothers of poor babies and learned with horror what ought to be—but isn't always being —done in that direction.

But at last, at last, *at last,* he did set foot on English soil once more and found his peaceful home looking even more attractive than he had ever imagined that any combination of nature and man-made material could be. It was perfect (until he found out the state of things within). He thought that a few days of quiet were now to brace him for the digestion of his late heavy feeding of facts, but, alas—alas! Bewildering things had come to pass during his absence, with the result that he had to learn that owing to a diet of still further and yet more burning application to the study of the problems of the day his father had become a teetotaler and was now in Glasgow, looking into the latest schemes of reform and entertaining serious thoughts as to whether he should be best fitted to work in the mission field or settle permanently in a London slum, while his mother, having once begun to develop had gone ahead at such an appalling rate that she had actually sailed the day before for American to conduct meetings on behalf of votes for women.

The reader will not be surprised that the son found the old place lonely and deserted, with only the butler and the housekeeper, tears in their eyes and quivers on their lips, to keep him company through his hour of shock.

For a little he was too dazed to speak—almost to even think. Later he ate his dinner in a gloomy silence, painfully conscious that the gardener in building the floral centre-piece had striven to conceal from him the absence of the family. After the meal was over he went out into the park and walked slowly down by the lake, thinking with a sort of mental somersault, things that he had never thought of before. He walked far and thought much, and then he returned through the village and thought more. All the cottagers were at their doors and he fancied—not being sure whether it really were so or not—that their faces were full of anxiety—almost of some poorly-concealed dread. He smiled and nodded to each and every one, but their expression did not change, and after a while he knew that it was no imagination on his part, but that their hearts were really fearful.

He came just then to the last cottage of all, the cottage where the old man lived who had cared for his pony when he was a little lad and for his father's pony when *he* was a little lad. Old John was *very* old now and had his cottage and his garden and pretty much his everything as a free gift from the House on the Hill. In return he was supposed to unlock the little gate that led into the park if it wasn't rainy, or his rheumatism wasn't too bad (when either of these mischances befell, his daughter, who lived just beyond and had an extension of the bell, opened it for him). The old man was sitting outside his door contemplating nothing, with that beautiful appreciation to which a higher order of intelligence can never hope to attain. But when he saw the man of the future approaching, he hoisted himself upon his crutches and hobbled quickly forward, his hands shaking, and tears re-born again after a long series of dry years. As he hastened he mumbled something, words which neither you nor I could understand, but which the boy whom he had first mounted in a little white frilly frock and whom he had last held the bridle for the day that he attained his majority, understood very well. They were words of appeal, of pleading, of begging not to be abandoned. They stammered troubled apprehension, they trembled with fear of something that might be desertion. He said that there were enough men in Lon-

don, men who weren't needed by those of the poor who had loved, and nursed and harboured their love from generation to generation until it grew into the family life as the bark grows about the heart of the tree. He was not so far out of the current of the day but that he spoke about the land, too, the land that cries for its heir as much as it cries for any other man or men.

The man of the future stood still, his hands upon the old, wrinkled hands that clutched the crutches close in their shaking grasp—his head bent down over that other head bent down by years that had not always flown. It was a great minute in his life.

As he stood thus it came to him that no one life can carry all the burdens, master all the knowledge, or hold the skeleton key to fit every problematical keyhole. He had tried, he had tried earnestly, and he had not learned enough to help effectively in any one channel of need, but he had learned enough to learn himself. After all, which of us by seeking may hope to learn much more?

"I hardly think that I shall go away, John," he said, pressing the old, nervous, twisting fingers hard in his young, firm grasp, "it seems as if my place were here."

Then the old man broke down altogether and his daughter came running. "He is not goin' to leave we, he is not goin' to leave we," her father sobbed as she led him under the porch-vines, and the man shook his head with a smile at her backward-glanced question, and then strode quickly onward with a lump in his throat.

He entered the park and threaded its fair, curving paths in silence. Those turnings which led to the House upon the Hill he passed one after another. But the turning that led to the stables he took, and when he reached them he ordered his horse and mounting, rode through the fast-falling night to where the girl lived, her life just now nothing but an anxious pit-a-pat of wonder and waiting.

He arrived. He went in. They were in the library, all three, and in their faces he read at once that they knew of his parents' flight. No need to explain—they understood.

"And what comes next, India?" her father asked, trying to be jocular, but not so very sure that there was any joke about it.

"No," he said slowly, thoughtfully; "I've given it all up."

"Given it all up?" exclaimed the girl's mother.

"Yes," he said. "They say that all things must have a balance or a drag or some what-you-may-call-it, and I feel that under the existing circumstances I'm most needed as a dead-weight. Perhaps I'm best fitted for that, too. I know that I never could be a success in politics. Whatever anyone says seems so reasonable to me. I've no proper party spirit."

Her father stared at him with such a curious expression that, while its purport seemed vague, its intenseness was perturbing, but it very quickly settled into deepest admiration, and then the visitor felt relieved indeed. "I wish that we wouldn't have another reform, or another piece of progress, or another Parliament for ten years," her father declared with great emphasis.

"Then you'll settle down and live here?" said the girl's mother, and a perfectly radiant smile overspread her face.

The girl said nothing; she simply sat still, rose-pink as usual and newly beatific. It was coursing through her every separate vein and nerve that he wasn't going to leave them all and be stupid and famous and absorbed.

They had a delightful evening, and towards its close someone wanted her father at the telephone and her mother had to attend to something important, and so they two were left alone by the open window, with a flower-laden breeze drifting in and

unutterable happiness interweaving.

"I suppose, perhaps, it will be doing just as much good in the end," he said slowly, almost painfully; "it won't be the world or big things, but there are a good many people here and some are poor and some are ill and—and one can always make things a bit better while one lives and maybe leave them a bit better when one dies." And then he stopped and flushed deeply and looked at her—and that was his proposal.

She looked at him and then down at her hands and then aimlessly about. The night-breeze kissed her forehead. "I'm sure that it's what God meant for you," she said, almost in a whisper.

And that was her answer.

*

And they were married. And never knew who Duncombe was. Nor bothered about devolution nor denationalisation nor preference.

THE DAISY

By VIRNA SHEARD

AN angel found a daisy where it lay
On Heaven's highroad of transparent gold,
And, turning to one near, he said, "I pray,
Tell me what manner of strange bloom I hold.
You came a long, long way—perchance you know
In what far country such fair flowers blow."

Then spoke the other: "Turn thy radiant face
And gaze with me down purple depth of space.
See, where the stars lie spilled upon the night,
Like amber beads that hold a yellow light.
Note one that burns with faint, yet steady glow;
It is the Earth—and there these blossoms grow.
Some little child from that dear, distant land
Hath borne this hither in his dimpled hand."

Still gazed he down. "Ah friend," he said, "I, too,
Oft crossed the fields at home where daisies grew."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TAXI

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

THE theory that chauffeurs are of mechanical creation rather than human birth was not so generally accepted among surviving horse drivers as it is to-day when these Beings first came under discussion at the Green Lawn Club. The theory then developed in that cosiest of cab shelters was more to the effect that chauffeurs were an irruption from the nether world—a sort of demoniacal plague with which London and its cab drivers was afflicted.

The taxi-cab had appeared in London and the club endeavoured to conceal its obvious uneasiness by feverish protestations of disbelief in the continuance of the plague. Juggins held that no gentleman who knew a good 'orse would consent to patronise one of "them stinkin' rattletraps," and he pointed out in addition, that for luggage-carrying purposes no noisy 'eap of old iron on wheels could hope to compete with a smart, solid-roofed, four-wheel Clarence cab.

The Club fervently agreed with him and adjectival kettle was the mildest of opprobrious terms heaped upon the new form of locomotion, which could be distinguished in the general riot. Battersea Bob, the patriarch of the Club, alone disagreed with the majority and shook his head in mournful prophecy of the downfall of his ancient craft.

Suddenly the Club was stricken dumb. New and highly complicated terms of abuse froze on the lips of their utterers. A chauffeur had actually slid open the door and calmly taken a seat; and no man could find words of sufficient or worthy protest

Amidst dead silence the taxi-man ordered—with a gratuitously insulting reference to cab-horses—fried sausages and mashed. Awaiting his meal he sat stiff and unsmiling in all the arrogance of a double-breasted overcoat of super-military cut and a peaked cap after the fashion of a German field marshal's. Not a word was spoken as sausage followed sausage into this grim man-mechanism. The Club remained silent for an appreciable time after the monster had risen from his seat, lighted a cigarette and vanished into the night. Corkey handled his sixpence as though it were a loathsome thing.

I was puzzled by the unusual silence of the Club in the face of an enemy. I had looked forward to an outburst of blistering comment and repartee. I was disappointed in being deprived of an opportunity of gauging the conversational prowess of these new London phenomena.

Then light came to me. I understood that it was this frigid immobility on the part of a presumably human being that was appalling to my hosts—something altogether outside their experience. Now to me, of course, it was familiar, even homelike. The chauffeur had the same air of god-like superiority worn by Canadian baggage-men and express-drivers. His lip had curled in exactly the same manner as that of a Niagara hack-man and doubtless he would be capable upon occasion of the same expresion of piratical ferocity. Familiar enough to me, to the London

cab driver it was a terrible thing.

Rockin' 'Orse Alf broke the silence in a hoarse whisper with a long and ingeniously intricate oath. Battersea Bob slid open the door and spat vigorously into the night.

"Thet puts the lid on it!" he said dismally. "Thet's London's future kebman. Mark my words! 'twon't be four years before 'arf you young men 'ere will be learnin' engine drivin' same as 'im."

"Read this, wot it says in print," continued the old man when the storm had subsided producing a crumbling newspaper cutting and handing it to his neighbour. "In America the 'orse is forbidden by lor. All the kebs and carts there is now motor-cars and what 'orses they 'ave is bred only for eatin'."

The cutting came round to me. It was one of those circumstantial prophecies of what will happen some problematical number of years in the future. A "filler" at the bottom of a column.

Ginger George, more in touch with modern ideas, laughed derisively at the old man for believing all he saw in print and turned to me for confirmation of his denial that the horse was extinct on my side of the water. He had learned only the previous week that Canada was on the American continent and it had surprised him to discover that it was not "a country by its bloomin' self"—a sort of island.

Fortunately I was spared the pain of shattering the patriarch's faith in the printed word by the Club's unwritten law. With one voice the members reproved Ginger George. "Shut yer 'ead yer silly fool! Can't yer see the gen'elman's eatin'?" It is not etiquette to speak to a man till having put away his victuals he signifies a desire for human converse by pushing away his plate.

"Well, any'ow," said Ginger George conclusively, "stands to reason 'e's wrong. I pinched a book abaht America from my eldest nipper and was readin' it on the rank yustiddy. Wasn't a word about motors in the 'ole book. 'Pears they don't do 'ardly anythink but ride round on 'orseback shootin' injuns, and from what they said I shouldn't say there was roads there as you'd care to take a motor on. . . . Rocky-like it seemed from the pitcher on the cover. 'Ardly fit even for a ridin' 'orse."

It is difficult to say how Battersea Bob would have met this spirited and well-founded counter attack if Juggins had not roused himself from morose meditation. Someone in a distant corner had uttered the word "Police" and that echoed in his ears like a war trumpet.

"The p'lice! These motor bloomin' kebs in another bloomin' p'lice outrage if you arsk me. The coppers ain't 'appy wiv all they've got again us nah, so they goes and puts these bloomin' steam-rollers on the streets as an extra aggravation. Thet shuvver wot none of you 'ad the guts to kick aht of 'ere was the very moral of a copper's bloomin' nark!"

Juggins professed a violent hatred for the London police based on the number of times he had come into collision with that unrivalled body of men. To see a police spy in the visiting chauffeur and Scotland Yard underground influence in the introduction of the taxi was quite a natural course for his foible to take.

"Wot they're after is to force these 'ere little clocks on us 'orse drivers. . . . D'you know wot the beak said larst time I was up for overchargin'?—and s'welp me I 'adn't arsked the old gal 'ardly more than the legal—'e said it would put a stop to these 'ere contortionate practices if the 'orse kebs was fitted wiv taximeters, and 'e 'oped that keb owners would once a-bloomin'-gain consider the question thet 'ad so often been put before them—and wiv thet 'e fined me five shillin'."

"Nice state of affairs thet 'ud be,

wouldn't it? By the regulations you're under the rozzer's thumbs as it is. Got to 'ave your licence ready to show to any bloomin' copper. Got to be able to identify yourself as 'im wot's named there. Any copper can get you for "plyin' for 'ire" if you bloomin' well stirs orf the renk to look for a fare. Copper's word goes again yours as to wevver you're drunk or sober. . . . And nah we 'ave the very magistrates openly confessin' thet they wants to force these 'ere taxi-blooming'-meters on us. . . .

" 'Oo know where it 'ud stop? Scotland Yard's capable of putting machines on the kebs wot wouldn't only tell lies abaht the fare we was to get, but which 'ud tell where we picked up a bloke and where we set 'im dahn and wot colour 'is 'air was and where we stopped to 'ave a drink. . . . 'Tain't the motors, or the bloomin' shuvvers as I'm afraid of; they'll never do no 'arm, the public likes 'orses too well; but wot I don't like is the new 'old the slops'll 'ave on us. . . . And 'ere we are doin' nothin', makin' no struggle! 'Strewth! they'll never force me to tie a bloomin' alarm clock on the old 'orse—I'll bloomin' well take and drive a 'bus first."

But argument waned that night at the Green Lawn and light-heated gayety was absent. A blanket of despondency seemed to descend upon the company. Even Slop's Pal Peters —so called from the affability of his manner towards the police—failed to make his accustomed feeble protest against Juggins's attacks.

Rockin' 'Orse Alf started a hoarse oration advocating "nippin' these motors in the bud by amalgamatin' and takin' a stitch in time," pointing out that taxi-cabs were in London as a bloomin' experiment, that people would not use them if they did not work, and that the cabman's obvious duty was to see that the experiment failed by crawling in front of taxis in the traffic, interfering with them wherever possible and even puncturing their tires and bu'sting them up anyhow. The measures he propounded were bold and imaginative, but, unencouraged either by support or contradiction, Alf relapsed into gloomy silence. The members glared despondently at their empty coffee mugs, saying nothing. The Club was "fey."

One by one the men grunted goodnight and passed out into the fog with an air of fear lest they should find their horses drinking petrol from a bucket and the reins transformed into a hateful steering-wheel.

*

Last summer I saw thirteen spick and span taxi-cabs on the rank by the little shelter. One horse in a battered old four-wheeler ended the line. I thought I recognised it as the four-wheel Clarence cab of which Juggins had been so proud, but I hadn't the heart to enter the Green Lawn again.

Curiously enough, a few days later I saw the fulfilment of Battersea Bob's Jeremiaic predictions. I had taken refuge from a shower in the Law Courts, and the first thing I heard as I entered one of the galleries was a familiar voice inquiring indignantly, "Wotcher larfin' at up there?"

Years had added to his girth, but it was unmistakably Ginger George's red face which glared at the convulsed spectators over the barrier of the witness-box—a claim for damages case was in progress.

"Close by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus it was," said Ginger, addressing himself to the examining counsel, "I was just passin' the end of Conduit Street when the motor-'bus come up and I felt thet summink was goin' to 'appen. . . . I was drivin' a blood mare and goin' eight or nine mile an hour, but the bloomin' 'bus come up at sixteen mile an hour good."

"Did it pass you? Did the driver sound his horn?" said His Lordship.

"Passed me like a bird, sir. The driver never 'ad time to sound 'is 'orn. If there'd been a bird flyin' across the road 'e'd 'ave caught it. . . . All right, larf away!" this last with an indignant glance into the well of the court.

But the fulfilment of the prophecy came in his answers to the next questions.

"I've drove a keb since 1874, sir. . . . Well, I don't say I *like* motors, but I think they're most deservin' things when you're in a 'urry. . . . I'd like to 'ave the eight bob a day their drivers make and go about blowin' a 'orn. . . . Yessir, I 'ave tried drivin' one, but there was a difficulty."

The Court was curious.

"What was your difficulty, my good man? Hadn't you the nerve?"

"Nerve! Gawd bless you, sir, I've got the nerve of an Irishman! All of us kebmen 'as plenty of nerve. Lots of my pals is drivin' taxi-kebs today and doin' well at it. I wish I could myself. I'm almost the last 'orse kebman left. The 'orse ain't no good nowadays," he observed pathetically. "Nobody wants to wait, the 'orse ain't fast enough for them. Quite time 'orses was done away wiv, although I'm drivin' a——"

"But what prevents you following your friends' example and learning to drive a motor-cab?" interrupted counsel impatiently.

"Well, sir, it's my figure," confessed George, looking down sadly at his waistcoat, "I'd drive a taxi tomorrow if I could get be'ind the steerin' wheel. They ain't made big enough.

FRIENDSHIP

By HENRIETTA MOONEY

WE sit alone amid our mystic themes,
By day, by night watch the shitfing scenes.
Our loved ones come; we open the door,
But none may cross the threshold o'er.
We rise and teach with defining lines,
With wisdom's words we decipher signs—
The twilight dim, the mysterious lore.
"How strange!" they say, and we close the door.

With soft, low tap our belovéd stand;
We lift the latch with a timid hand.
Strange forms of loveliness, pure and fair,
And upward flashes like thoughts of prayer!
Then eye seeks eye, and hand clasps hand;
And swift and strong is the heart's command.
Though none, aye none, cross the threshold o'er,
Yet free and wide do we open the door.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A MEANS OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

BY H. MORTIMER-LAMB

THE application of photography to artistic accomplishment and endeavour is relatively a recent development. There were, it is true, pioneers of the movement, even in the days of the wet plate, whose achievements, more especially the *genre* of portraiture, have scarcely been excelled by the best of modern workers. The portraiture, for example, of D. O. Hill, a Scotch painter, whose photographic productions date from between the years 1840 and 1850, is remarkable for its virility, its characterisation, its individuality of expression. No less fine in their way were the photographs of Mrs. J. M. Cameron, whose portraits of Watts and many other notabilities of that time possess great charm. But these are isolated instances. It was not until many years later that the potentialities of the medium began to be properly appreciated; and, in truth, the last decade has witnessed the really important development of this application of photography.

Before proceeding, however, it may be necessary to define what is ordinarily implied by the term "pictorial photography." The meaning should be obvious enough if the word "picture" were not so commonly misused or abused. Hence I here define a picture as the deliberate and personal expression of a conception by means of graphic representation in terms of colour, or of light and shade, and designed to awaken æsthetic pleasure or emotion in the mind of the beholder. Whether the picture is good or bad depends, of course, on the mental equipment—the personality—of the artist and on his ability to sensitively and convincingly set down what he wishes to convey; but for present purposes the definition may be allowed to stand.

The photograph taken, therefore, merely for the purpose of recording a physical fact may not be described as a picture. It is a topographical record, mechanically obtained. On the other hand, the same subject, attempted with artistic intention, that is to say, without regard for its objective characteristics or interest, may readily be capable of pictorial representation or interpretation. In this case the subject as subject is of quite secondary importance to the artist. He has merely made use of it as a motive, as a basis, as an excuse, if you like, for his pictorial essay. He has seized, perhaps, on its decorative possibilities; or a bold effect of light and shade has presented an opportunity for an interesting arrangement; or he may merely have watched and studied these changing aspects under differing conditions of time and season, until at last he finds nature's mood in tune with his own; and his endeavour then is to concentrate on registering not the actual facts, but their essence—the greater truths of which natural phenomena are the sign and symbol. But

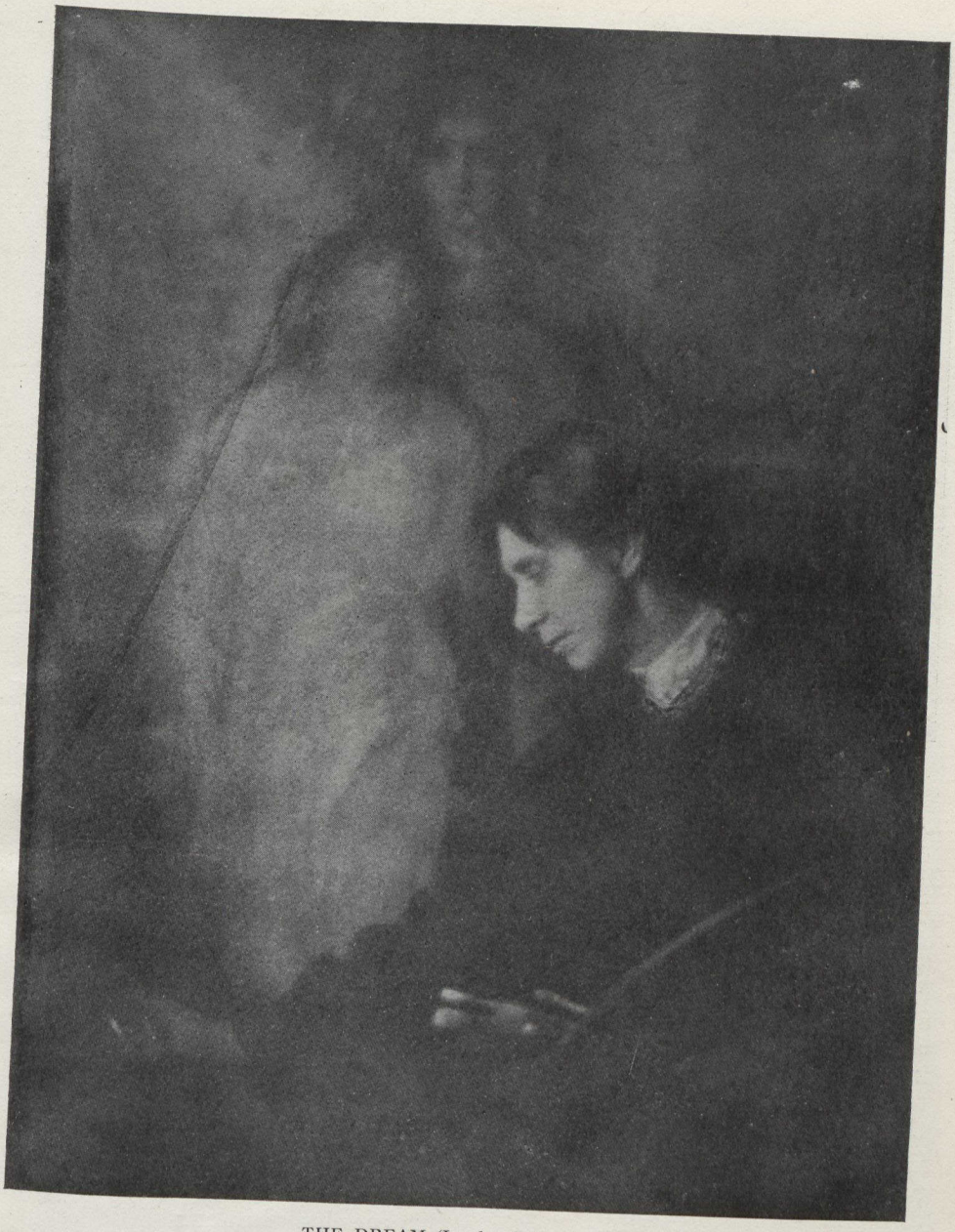
By Courtesy of "Camera Work"

PASTORAL

By Heinrich Kuehn (German School)

here the artist employing photography as his medium is confronted with his main difficulty. Art is selection, emphasis, a personal interpretation. The photographic lens has no discrimination. Its optical perfection is unwelcomingly obtrusive and must be subordinated. We desire to concern ourselves with salient matters, the real essentials, and the inclusion of petty, unnecessary detail is fatal to forcefulness of expression. Thus the use of late years by many pictorialists of the single uncorrected lens, whose scientific shortcomings from the artist's standpoint are virtues, since such an instrument, corresponding as it does more closely to the limitations of the human eye, will yield a result more nearly approaching the visual impression. There are other means of checking or suppressing the too exuberant responsiveness of one's mechanical appliances and of introducing control in the subsequent operations of development and printing; but even under the most favourable conditions it is rare in nature to find an arrangement that without subsequent modification will be entirely pictorially satisfying if directly photographed. Certain modification, particularly in the direction of emphasis, may, however, be introduced at the moment the exposure is made in the camera by erring deliberately either towards over or under-timing to obtain an aimed-for result. But this is a somewhat uncertain and risky method of procedure, and most successful artist-photographers now aim at securing a technically perfect negative, which afterwards may be modified chemically or otherwise manipulated to yield an image representing the pre-conceived intention.

Perhaps enough now has been said



THE DREAM (London Salon, 1909)

By H. Mortimer-Lamb (Canada)

by way of introduction and explanation. We may next proceed to consider some of the claims of pictorial photography to serious attention. The position of photography among the arts has been the subject of an extraordinarily interesting and even bitter controversy; and it is only quite recently, thanks chiefly to the advocacy of and educational campaign so truculently conducted by Mr. Alfred Steiglitz, director of the photo-seces-

By Courtesy of "Camera Work"

MONTMARTRE

By Puyo (French School)

sion movement in the United States, and his coadjutors, both in his own country and abroad, that a half-reluctant recognition of the æsthetic value of this means of expression has at length been accorded. Among other champions are men well known in an even wider field, and the interest attaching to their views, whether we agree with them or not, is a sufficient warrant for quotation. This from Maurice Maeterlinck I have extracted from *Camera Work*. He writes:

"I believe that here are observable the first steps, still somewhat hesitating, but already significant, toward an important evolution. Art has held itself aloof from the great movement, which for half a century has engrossed all forces of human activity in profitably exploiting the natural forces that fill Heaven and earth. Instead of calling to his aid the enormous forces ever ready to serve the wants of the world as assistance in those mechanical and unnecessarily fatiguing portions of his labour, the artist has remained true to processes that are primitive, traditional, narrow, small, egotistical, and over-scrupulous, and thus has lost the better part of his time and energy. These processes date from the days when man believed himself alone in the universe, confronted by innumerable enemies. Little by little he discovers that these innumerable enemies were but allies and mysterious slaves of man which had not been taught to serve him. Man to-day is on the point of realising that everything around him begs to be allowed to come to his assistance, and is ever ready to work with him and for him if he will but make his wishes un-

Courtesy of "Camera Work"

NUDE

By Edward Steichen (American School) Copyrighted

derstood. This glad message is daily spreading more widely through all the domains of human intelligence. The artist alone, moved by a sort of superannuated pride, has refused to listen to the modern voice. He reminds one of one of those unhappy solitary weavers, still to be found in remote parts of the country, who, though weighed down by the misery of poverty and useless fatigue, yet absolutely continues to weave coarse fabric by an antiquated and obsolete method, and this, although but a few steps from his cabin are to be found the power of the torrent, of coal and of wind, which offer to do twenty times in one hour the work which cost him a long month of slavery, and to do it better.

"It is already many years since the sun revealed to us its power to portray objects and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon. It seemed to work only its own way and at its own pleasure. At first man was restricted to making permanent that which the impersonal and unsympathetic light had negatived. He had not yet been permitted to imbue it with thought. But to-day it seems that thought has found a fissure through which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force, invade it, subjugate it. animate it, and compel it to say such things as have not yet been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty, and of truth."

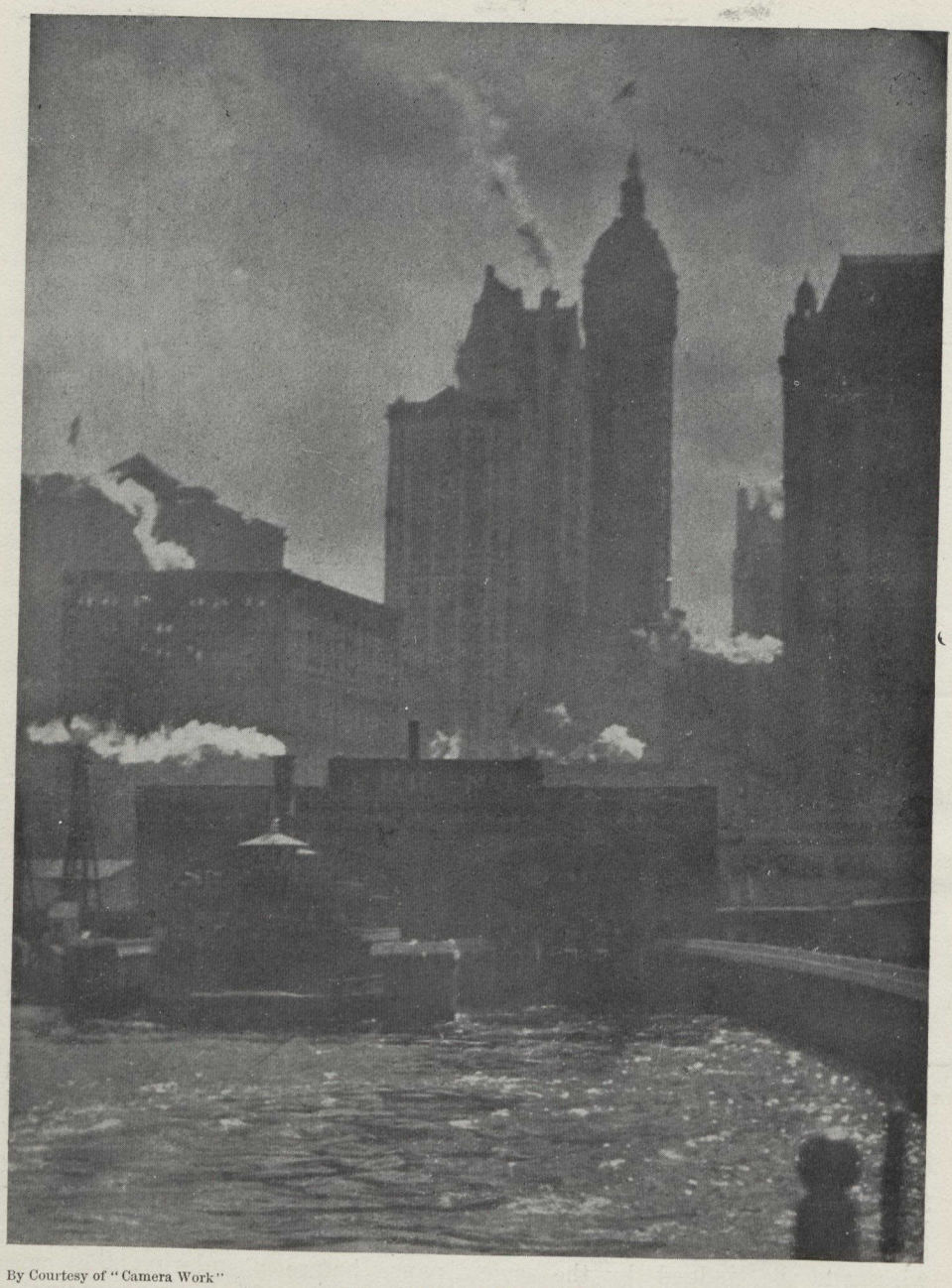
Bernard Shaw's contribution to the subject is characteristically "Shavian"; in fact, so much so that one is more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. "I know nothing funnier in criticism," he remarks, "than the assurance of the painter and his press-parasite, the art-critic, that all high art is brush work—for surely nobody can take three steps into a modern photographic exhibition without asking himself amazedly how he could ever allow himself to be duped into admiring and even cultivating an insane connoiseurship in the old smudging and soaking, the knifing and graving, rocking and scratching, faking and forging, all on a basis of false and coarse drawing, the artist either outfacing his difficulties by making a merit of them, or else falling back on convention and symbolism to express himself when his lame powers of presentation break down. It may be asked why, if photography be so exquisitely an artistic process, it was not practised by painters twenty years ago. Well, there were many reasons. The first and principal one is never mentioned It was that artists were terrified by the difficulty and mystery of the process, which, as compared with the common run of their daubing, in which any fool can acquire a certain proficiency, certainly did require some intelligence, some practical science and dexterity. However, many artists were quite handy and clever enough for it; and a good many, as I have hinted, used it secretly, with lucrative results. The artists have still left to them invention, didactics, and (for a little while) colour, but selection and representation covering ninety-nine-hundredths of our annual output of art belong henceforth to photography. Some day the camera will do the work of Velasquez and Pieter de Hoogh, colour and all; and then the draughtsmen and painters will be left to cultivate the pious edifications of Raphael, Kaulbach, Delaroche, and the designers of the S. P. C. K.; and even then they will photograph their models instead of painting them." And so on *ad infinitum*—I had nearly written *ad nauseam*, which would apply justly enough had the author of this delightful rubbish been anyone but Mr. Shaw.

To come to the real truth of the matter. The worth of the medium employed by the artist may be measured by the limits of its capabilities. Further, the means employed to arrive at a desired result do not, or should not, count in estimating the

THE MOTHER (London Salon, 1910)

By H. Mortimer-Lamb (Canada)

value to be placed on a work of art; always provided the end is attained. It is no longer necessary to prove that in the hands of an artist photography is capable of yielding results possessing a direct æsthetic appeal. Such a photograph then should rank with and be judged by the same standards as a fine etching, lithograph, engraving, mezzotint, or any other artistic monochrome production whose æsthetic value is dependent on truth of sentiment, beauty of line or mass, tonality or atmospheric quality. When, however, we come to colour, we must concede the inadequacy of photography, at least at present, to cope with the problem. It is true we live in an astonishing age —an age of discovery and invention, and the marvellous development of mechanical science during the past few years may well make any man pause before postulating that any achievement within the conceivable limits of human accomplishment is impossible. Yet no two people see colour alike. It is a distinctly personal attribute, so indefinable a sense that one's imagination refuses to grasp the idea of a machine or mechanical process so cunningly



By Courtesy of "Camera Work"

THE CITY OF AMBITION

By Alfred Steiglitz (American School) Copyrighted

adapted to successfully record, not the material colour of various objects—for that is more or less effectively done to-day—but the subtle mental conceptions or impressions of colour peculiar to each individual, and which, finely conceived, mark the great colourist. Therefore, I question whether photography will ever even in the most limited way take the

place or rival oil or water-colour painting, although pictorial work, similar in conception and intention to Japanese colour prints, wherein colour is employed merely for the sake of emphasis or with strictly decorative intent, is quite within the limits of possibility; in fact, very interesting productions having these characteristics represent in a notable degree the work now being done by leading exponents of pictorial photography in Germany.

What the future of pictorial photography may be it would be difficult to forecast. The last word may already have been said, the highest pinnacle of achievement attained. That, no doubt, would be a pessimistic view; but after all we are bound to remember that the basis of all great art is the exercise of the creative faculty. In this respect the photographer is limited by the limitations of his medium. He has the power to select, to compose, to arrange, to render in perfect drawing and tone the facts the lens records; to even leave on his work the impress of his own personality; but more he cannot do, and unless some sort of camera is invented whereby he shall be able to photograph his dreams and visions, photography must necessarily continue to occupy a subordinate, if honourable, place among the graphic arts.

Meanwhile the discovery of the pictorial possibilities of photography has had a further, and, I venture to say, a more important and far-reaching value than that of merely placing another medium at the disposal of the artist. Among photographers the number of artists whose productions entitle them to distinctive rank is indeed small; but many thousands are climbing the hill of ambition, and year by year their recruiting grows. However futile the efforts of this majority, usually they lead somewhere—to the love and better understanding of nature and, in general, to the development of the faculties of observation, of order, of arrangement, with all that necessarily implies. Nor does the education of the camerist usually stop here. A realisation of natural beauty leads on to an appreciation and comprehension of the language of art—the human expression of the beautiful. For he who has learnt to know and love nature is worthily equipped to sit at the feet of art and listen sympathetically and understandingly to her message, be the language in which that message is conveyed never so foreign. For nature is the instrument on which the artist plays, and the greatest art is that which most truly and melodiously strikes those chords whose vibrations are heart beats and whose music is the language of the soul. In the last quarter-century there has manifested itself a remarkable improvement and refinement of taste in general. In no small measure this may be ascribed to the development of pictorial photography and the influence it has exerted in teaching its thousands the value of communion with nature. Good taste is a synonym for harmony. Since nature always sings in tune no one who attempts to study her intelligently will for long continue to tolerate the discordant or endure the tawdry, the vulgar, or the commonplace. Had the movement been fruitless in all else it has done this great thing.

Photography, in fine, may be regarded as a sort of short cut to the study and practice of art. In the practice because it is easier and less tedious to master the technique of photographic processes than to become expert in handling brush or pencil. But the actual achievement, be it what it may, is of little account compared with the worth of the effort. The artist gift, the God-like powers of creation and of nobility of expression are shared by few. They cannot be acquired, and unless already innate, cannot be cultivated. But to nearly all is given the capa-

city to see and to enjoy, and the fault and loss are ours if we remain oblivious to the possession of that sense.

This article would be altogether incomplete without a brief reference to the several existing schools of pictorial photography, reflecting as they do in each case racial differences of outlook and manner of expression. This may be prefaced by remarking that photography as an art would have no claim to such pretensions did it not afford an opportunity or scope for individualisation; and not only is the work of individual artists of any prominence at once distinguishable by this test, but there is seldom difficulty in determining the nationality of the designer by the general character of the work. The accompanying illustrations are intended to bear out this contention. Of the schools in question those especially worthy of mention are the American, the English, the German, and the French.

Writing on the subject of the American school in the special number of the *Studio* devoted to "art in photography," Mr. Charles H. Caffin, a well-known art critic, points out that the growth of artistic photography in the United States has corresponded in point of time with a remarkable development of American painting, and in no slight measure has been influenced by it, although when the serious student of photography has turned to painting for instruction in artistic matters he has sought to emulate neither the technique of painting nor the manner of the various painters, but has borrowed and adapted to his own medium the general principles applicable to all forms of pictorial representation. "In adjusting their pursuit of these qualities to the characteristic possibilities of the camera, the best American photographers," Mr. Caffin proceeds to remark, "have put themselves in line with the most modern workers in painting. For the latest phase of the latter, the most important contribution of the nineteenth century is the closer analyses of the action of light, especially in relation to the rendering of atmosphere and values; and the best American photographers, recognising that light in their palette, have, as a body, ventured further in the direction of these qualities than those of Europe." Again, most of the really fine work is produced by the most direct and the simplest means, involving a minimum of subsequent interference or modification by hand, the artistic result being almost entirely dependent on selection and arrangement, the disposition of light and shade, and fine tonality, such correction in negative or print as may be necessary is usually chemically made. This, of course, necessitates an absolute mastery of technical methods. While some American workers belonging to the secession body are apt to give a too free rein to fancy and thus risk the charge of eccentricity, the distinguishing marks of the American school are originality of conception, sincerity of purpose, and breadth of outlook; and probably the school can boast of a greater proportion of workers to whom the title of artist belongs of right than any other.

The British school is essentially—British. That is to say, it is eminently respectable, inclined to sentimentality and stodginess, and is rarely profound. In fact, British photography is but a short step in advance of British painting, generally considered. Until more recently the chief exponents of the school depended to a large extent on methods of combination printing—the making of a print from two, three and sometimes four different negatives—to arrive at a given result. The work sometimes showed extreme cleverness and ingenuity, but was not often convincing. There are, however, among British photographers a few workers of unquestionable artistic

ability and standing. In time, it is hoped, their influence will tend to counteract example and teaching that has been in a wrong direction.

The photography of France, as exemplified by the work of such exponents as Demachy and Puyo, is characterised by a piquancy, a deft delicacy and daintiness, unconscious and altogether charming; but behind that one feels the thought, the keen and ready perception, responsible for representations essentially vital. The leaders of the French school have developed the bi-chromate printing processes to a point near perfection. These processes, which are based on the well-known sensitiveness of the chromates to light action, of all processes afford the widest opportunity for the introduction of control. Thus the development of the gum-print, which has many things in common with water-colour, is conducted by removing superfluous or unaffected pigment and mucilage by laving the surface of the print with water, a paint brush being commonly employed for the final corrections. Another of the bi-chromate processes very much in vogue in France at the present time is known as the oil process, in which pigment, or, rather, a lithographic ink is applied with a brush to the surface of the paper, which, coated with sensitised gelatine, has been acted on by light in such a manner as to produce an image in slight relief, and hence susceptible to the application of pigment in a proportionate degree. This is, of course, merely an adaptation of the old Collotype process, which for a certain class of commercial work is still in common use. Among, however, the photographic purists (and Mr. Steiglitz, to whose influence I have already alluded, is of their number), the methods and results of those utilising these processes are alike condemned and deprecated as non-photographic and, therefore, since they trespass on the domain of painting, an admission of weakness or inadequacy. A great deal is to be said for this point of view. It is that of the consistent believer in the integrity and independence of photography as a means of expression. A work of art is a work of art irrespective of the means employed to bring it into being; but there is soundness in the contention that a photograph is one thing and a painting another. Each has its characteristic quality. To detract from or destroy the photographic quality by substituting a quality appertaining to water-colour painting is to these advocates an art solecism, under no circumstances justifiable. Yet who having seen a Demachy gum-print has not found in it a fruitful source of delight?

Lastly, there is the German-Austrian school—for those of Italy, Belgium and Spain do not at present call for especial comment. Those who have followed the progress of the modern art movement in Germany will better appreciate the significance of the statement that photography in that land has marched with it. The German is generally supposed to be a sentimentalist; but in his art of to-day this is far from revealed. Brutal rather, vigorous always, sometimes passionate, never weak nor small, his aim seems to be primarily decorative; an effective massing; the motive usually of the simplest. Hence the work has a directness, a purport, a strength to make up for what it lacks in subtlety and the more delicate qualities. Most of the leading German photographic pictorialists, the Hofmeisters, Kuhn and others, employ the gum bi-chromate process, printing in two or more colours, to produce colossal prints of poster-like effect. The small half-tone reproductions of such work give but a faint suggestion of the originals, although indicating well enough, in the examples selected, their individual and decorative character. It is worthy of remark, in passing, that photography as an art has so far received its major public recognition in Aus-

tria by the acceptance of photographs on equal terms with paintings, by the Vienna Secession and the Artists' Club Secession of Munich.

In Canada to the present the movement has made no great headway. There is, however, a small group of pictorial workers whose achievements are not discreditable, and in this regard the work of Mr. Sydney Carter, of Montreal, is entitled to special mention, while recently Messrs. Mackenzie and Fenwick, in collaboration, have succeeded in raising commercial portraiture to a higher plane. These are the pioneers. In no country are the pictorial opportunities greater; in none is there more pressing need for education conducive to the knowledge and appreciation of the finer things of life.

THE VICTORY

By LLOYD ROBERTS

RUPERT called his troopers up
(Strong hearts and light hearts singing for the fray),
"Gentlemen, your blades I want,
Fling your sheaths away.
Your voices ring
For God and King;
For we will guard the throne of each
Before the close of day!"

Rupert led them to the foe
(Prince and Lord and Commoner, true to cross and crown),
From the heathered hills and locks,
From the sea and town,
Rode to their Lord,
With hand on sword,
But lived to taste the joy of war
Before their plumes went down.

We are cavaliers to-day
(Gallant-hearted gentlemen whose naked blades are bright);
We have flung our sheaths away,
For what we know is right;
And singing go
Against the foe,
For triumph's in the sweep of steel,
Though death is in the fight!

THE WASTER

BY E. HYLTON

WE sat down outside Bloemfontein for six fever-stricken weeks before the army faced north again towards Pretoria. We sat down near the Modder River, about seven miles from Thaba N'chu, and waited for fresh horses and ammunition. Day by day the lumbering ambulances carted away the sick to Bloemfontein Hospital, and every day down Maitland Street rolled the buck waggon, piled high with dead, to the cemetery beside the old fort. Many of the Waster's comrades took that journey in two stages—the end was the big grave that lay open until layers of dead men and quicklime rose close to the surface. Death had a merry time in those sunny six weeks. But the Waster did not get enteric; he got fat—fatter than ever before. He was free from care, free from the menace of Mauser bullets and screaming shells. His old-time gaiety of manner returned to him, and the fine appetite that was naturally his, now that his fears had left him, urgently insisted upon being attended to. The Waster became the very finest, most skilful and completest forager in an army of petty larcenists of foodstuffs.

"Waster," they said—"Old Waster thinks about nothing but his stomach."

Once he stole the remaining two fowls from Widow von Start. Several times he returned to camp with more than a dozen eggs. He captured a thin sheep and a mangy goat, and stewed and ate them both. At the very worst he thrived upon great supplies of mealie meal, levied from bewildered Kaffirs. He laid tribute in a score of ways upon the scant supplies of a hungry and exhausted land.

One evening he rode his Basuto pony into the lines, and pegged him down with an air of satisfaction.

"Oh, Waster," they shouted at him, "what luck?"

He beamed on them.

"Fine," he said, "done first-rate."

"Did y'eat it all? Ain't there none for us?"

"Did I eat it all?" he retorted. "Didn't I think of you boys at home? Ain't it my style?"

They crowded round him, noting the fat haversack that rested by his fat side.

The Waster enjoyed the recital of his foraging exploits. It was his specialty, the acquisition of provision. That was the direction in which his military genius lay. He could fatten while others starved, and justly he was proud of his accomplishment.

Horses came suddenly from Port Elizabeth, London 'bus horses, draught horses and cab horses, and in the chill hour before dawn the brigade stole away northward on a morning in May. Horse, men, guns and waggons streamed across the golden veldt as the sun rose, and the wonderful fresh African day, smiled upon another Great Trek.

And De Wet put up a battle. As battles go in history it was not a very

imposing affair. Beside Inkermann, Waterloo, or Mukden it was nothing. But to those who were concerned in it it was a very strenuous argument indeed, a very laborious slaughterous, perspiring controversy. There is no special clasp for it upon the South African ribbon, because it had little meaning and little result. But it meant a great deal of hard work, a considerable amount of danger, and little ease to the men who fought in it.

To the Waster it meant no breakfast, no dinner, and—Death. It also meant more glory than he ever expected.

There was a chill bivouac on the northern bank of a great river. As the evening turned the gaunt thorn bushes into fantastic shapes, and the sentries before the outpost began to strain their eyes in trying to see through the gathering gloom, a sudden storm came up, and the rain came down in torrents and put out the feeble little fires. Steadily the heavens soaked till midnight. At one o'clock the drenched troopers were stealthily aroused. Orders were given in whispers, more particularly and aggravatingly, that no matches should be used. The cold, flabby, saddlery was girthed upon the shivering horses, and, in the starlight that comes incredibly quickly after rain, the brigade staggered away to the unknown.

It is a dreary thing to ride damply in the small hours towards the inscrutable. It is a sad thing to halt at daylight, feed the horses and not feed one's self . And it is a miserable, deplorable, unsatisfactory thing not to know what it all means.

The forenoon mellowed and warmed, and the sun blazed down upon the hungry thousands who, away from the rest of the army, moved slowly over the undulating veldt. Kopjes of a dainty blueness lay at wide intervals across the edge of the yellow world. Little herds of springbok fled noiselessly before the advance of the profane and hungry brigade. The guns rumbled along on the right flank. At noon they halted, and when the march began again it was at right angles to its former direction.

"What ho!" said the wise, "we're getting round behind 'em."

The Waster mused sorrowfully upon his condition of hunger and fearfully as to the possible strife which the midnight march, the weary trekking of the forenoon, and this sudden turning to the right might mean. He thought uneasily of the bullets, and often looked at the big warrens of the meer-cots, with a longing to thrust himself deep into one of the dark holes that make the ground so treacherous to mounted men. An oppressive melancholy beset him. He wondered if anyone would notice or miss him if he just slid out of sight. But they all seemed to be noticing, and they even chaffed him, recalling his former fright.

"Waster," said one, "you dunno—they might be getting your range now."

And just as he spoke the first shell arrived in their midst, without any announcement. It was from a high-velocity gun, and the noise of its crashing burst drowned the "boom" of the gun's discharge. Six horses lay still or kicked the ground. Two men were dead, and one crawled about blindly with a red mask to his face. The regiment had been riding knee to knee. At once it scattered to more open interval, and at once came the rush of six more screaming shells. Back came Bowler's scouts. For five minutes there was confusion, and in that five minutes the Waster made his military reputation, and perished in glory.

There was a panic in his soul. There was vague terror of persecution, which he had experienced before,

that certainly he was the focus upon which the path of destruction concentrated.

"My God!" he groaned. "What have I done?"

In his terror he dropped his rifle and clung to his horse's neck. Hurrying men forgot the shells and yelled with laughter. But one came by. The Sergeant-Major of a rearward squadron saw the Waster crouching in the saddle along his terrified horse's neck. His quick eye saw the rifle lying in the grass, and his heavy hand smote the Waster in the ribs as he galloped past him. The Waster fell off his horse.

"You d—d coward," the Sergeant-Major roared, as he rode, "pick up your d—d rifle!"

The Sergeant-Major had his leg shattered and his horse killed under him before he had ridden the next fifty yards towards the crest, behind which the brigade was hastily dismounting. But his words impressed the Waster. He crawled towards his rifle, reaching out a trembling hand, grasped it and stumbled to his feet.

From the crest came the roar of rifles. Farther away another crash of rifles answered it, and with the sound of screaming shells over the Waster's head mingled the spitting whisper of the Mauser bullets beside his ears.

He turned to run for cover, but the nearest kopje was a mile away. But distance did not matter. He ran blindly. In front of him a volcano of earth sprang with a crash from the ground. He turned about and ran, panting, in the opposite direction. A string of crackling pom-poms tore the ground in front of him. He spun round dizzily, still grasping his rifle. His helmet fell off. He stopped to pick it up. As he did so, with feet wide apart, a "plugged" seven-pounder shell struck the earth between them, tore out of the ground, ricochetting across the veldt, until, tumbling over and over, it came to rest three hundred yards away, without bursting.

The Waster fell over backward. He was unharmed. He picked himself up slowly, dazedly. His eyes were starting from their sockets, for beside him lay a dead horse, and beyond him a groaning and helpless man. With all his running and turning he had made little headway. Seeing the mangled horse and the face of the groaning Sergeant-Major, his dazed brain seemed to clear. He forgot his terror, forgot the screaming shells and the whisper of the Mauser bullets. He dimly remembered having seen a golden-haired child clinging to this same man and crying, "Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me! Do come back soon!"

The Waster in earlier, peaceful times, in far-off Canada, had worked on the docks, a labourer, lifting and carrying heavy burdens. Now, with all the strength and knack that were in him, he gathered up the helpless and suffering man, the dead weight taxing his muscles cruelly, and this time started off in the right direction, towards the lumbering ambulances that had been hastily summoned to the firing line.

He had already carried him more than half the distance when his old horror came upon him. Little spurts of earth were springing up all about him. Screaming shells went hurtling over his head. His chest laboured, and he breathed with a gasping mouth. His limbs ached bitterly. He staggered on under his burden. In his misery and terror he would have liked to drop his burden and flee from it.

But he was close to shelter now, close to the hastily-erected emergency hospital, out of the awful bullet-swept zone. The stretcher bearers were coming toward him. Why did they come so slowly? They had no heavy burden to carry! Surely they could hurry! A few more yards and

he would have been safe, when a stray bullet pierced his brain.

Three years afterward, unveiling the memorial tablet erected to his memory, Sir James spoke in part as follows:

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' He died for his Queen, for his country. He died that others might live. The bullet that killed him killed a hero. I am proud to be called upon to unveil this tablet in his memory. May the glory of his brave deed never fade."

Amidst the crowd listening to these words was a man with but one leg, his eyes dim, tears coursing down his cheeks, and clinging to him a weeping, golden-haired child.

THE HOUSE OF CEDAR

By JEAN GRAHAM

AFAR in depths of dim and fragrant woods,
We builded in the Very Long Ago
A house of cedar walls, with glint of gold,
Where vagrant sunbeams crept in softened glow.

The furnishing was of the woodland craft,
With cushions of the coolest, softest green;
The couch was framed of boughs of sturdy fir,
The carpet had a rich and mossy sheen.

The pictures, those by childish fancy hung,
Were fairer than the connoisseur can buy;
All painted with a broad and lavish brush
In colours that were borrowed from the sky.

The dishes were of fragments bright and rare,
Which served a banquet fit for Eastern kings;
The broken tumbler held the draught of youth
That gave to all the moments radiant wings.

The walls are dust and gone the tenants gay
Who toiled and laughed and sang within their shade,
The guests who gathered in the spicy gloom
Have nigh forgotten where their games were played.

O, little house of fragrant cedar boughs!
We'd give the richest mansion with its show
To dream one golden hour within your walls,
Amid the treasure trove of Long Ago.

A CANADIAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. F. WINTER

During the night of 12th-13th September, 1882, that portion of the British Expeditionary Force invading Egypt which had seized the Suez Canal and advanced westward from Ismailia—some 15,000 men, with forty-two guns, under General Sir Garnet Wolseley—made a surprise attack at daylight of the thirteenth, after a night march of eleven miles from Kassassin, upon the main Egyptian position at Tel-el-Kebir, which was occupied by some 30,000 men, with sixty guns, under Arabi Pasha. With a casualty list of about 500 they carried the position, captured fifty-nine guns and all the enemy's stores and supplies, as well as inflicting a loss upon the Egyptians of 2,000 killed, 1,800 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners. The actual struggle for possession of the trenches did not occupy more than twenty minutes. The immediate results were the surrender of Cairo, the capital, and the implanting of British supervision and control in the Government and administration of the country, producing the direct results of the abolition of slavery and the corvee, the regulation of the courts of justice, the modification of taxation and rehabilitation of the national credit and finances, while the indirect results extending over half the African continent are well nigh incapable of numeration. Even as British soldiers and sailors have by their sacrifices opened up many of the dark places of the earth to the sway of a more beneficent civilisation, so the men of Tel-el-Kebir may be said to have paved the way for modern progress and enlightenment in Egypt and the Soudan. For years that progress was along a crooked and weary road, but the sequel came sixteen years later, when in September, 1898, the misrule and tyranny of the Dervishes in the Soudan was brought to a close at Omdurman by another British Field Force—allied this time with Egyptians—under Sir Herbert Kitchener.—The Author

A NIGHT of inky blackness—a veritable "Egyptian darkness that could be felt"—following a blazing hot day, in which the superheated air waved and quivered over the sandy desert as from a furnace, preceded that which now nearly thirty years ago was to mean so much for modern Egypt. To the troops of Sir Garnet Wolseley's army at Kassassin, lying down in serried rows of lines of quarter columns as they tried to snatch what rest was possible prior to the commencement of the night march to carry out the instructions of their commander, indicated in the orders issued early in the evening, the intense darkness of the night seemed fated to be unfortunate, for all knew there were eleven miles to be traversed between midnight and the dawn, with an "attack" at the end of it, and "Tommy" couldn't quite see how he was to make his way with any certainty through such a blackness. In addition, an unusual order had been promulgated and enforced by the officers making a rigid inspection of the men's pouches to see that all loose cartridges therein were tied up in packets as when first issued. This at the time caused much grumbling, on the ground that if there was a sudden attack from the enemy during the night no man had a "round" handy with which to defend himself. The knowing ones among the rank and file (in an army they correspond to what are called on board ship "sea lawyers") waxed

eloquent among their comrades in the bivouac as to the foolishness of such an order, though in the quiet hours of the next day all extolled the wisdom of the General's arrangement.

Sir Garnet intended his attack to be a surprise. His plan was to carry the enemy's position with the bayonet, and he very wisely refused to risk the success of his whole scheme by some panicky private banging off a shot in the darkness, thus apprising the enemy of our approach and enabling him to take measures to avert the storm that was being prepared to break upon the heads of his devoted followers behind the sandy earthworks of Tel-el-Kebir.

Shortly after midnight of the 12th-13th September the British Force of some 13,000 men (a detachment with details was left at Kassassin) was in motion westward, groping along in the darkness with much difficulty on the part of individuals to avoid losing touch with one's neighbour, and under the strictest admonitions of silence—"not a word above a whisper," "no matches to be struck or pipes to be lighted"—now sinking ankle-deep in soft sand and then stumbling over low gravel ridges, with ever and anon a whispered halt to correct direction and to try to find out just where one was. It is not likely that any who made that march will ever forget its tedious monotony and the heavy sense of anxious expectation felt by all through what seemed to be an almost endless night. Few could have counted upon the lucky, short-lived struggle which was to ensue, while the majority looked forward to a long and arduous day in the stifling heat and without water, which would follow the sleeplessness of the night.

To Canadians especially some of the features of the action at Tel-el-Kebir will always appear interesting. The date of its occurrence, the 13th September, is the same as that of Wolfe's brilliant achievement, which is primarily responsible for the Canada of to-day. The midnight march and attack in the early morning at Tel-el-Kebir were likewise similar, in a certain degree, to the movements of the troops in the darkness which preceded the "Battle of the Plains"; and even as the results of the one changed the fate of half the American Continent, those of the other are exercising the same influence to-day upon more than half that of Africa. Moreover, an officer, born and educated in Canada (Bishop's College, Lennoxville), in the person of Commander Wyatt Rawson, R.N., led the force across the desert by compass and chronometer as one would steer a ship at sea, and was the first to sacrifice his life in the casualties which followed. Further, "Tel-el-Kebir" was the last battle in the long list of Empire struggles in which the regular troops of Britain wore their historic "red-coat," and which has become emblematic of the martial pride of the mother country. Gray or khaki has taken the place of the red ever since, but here, in all probability for the last time, was seen the "Thin Red Line" of verse and story. At the time, of course, none of us thought of these things.

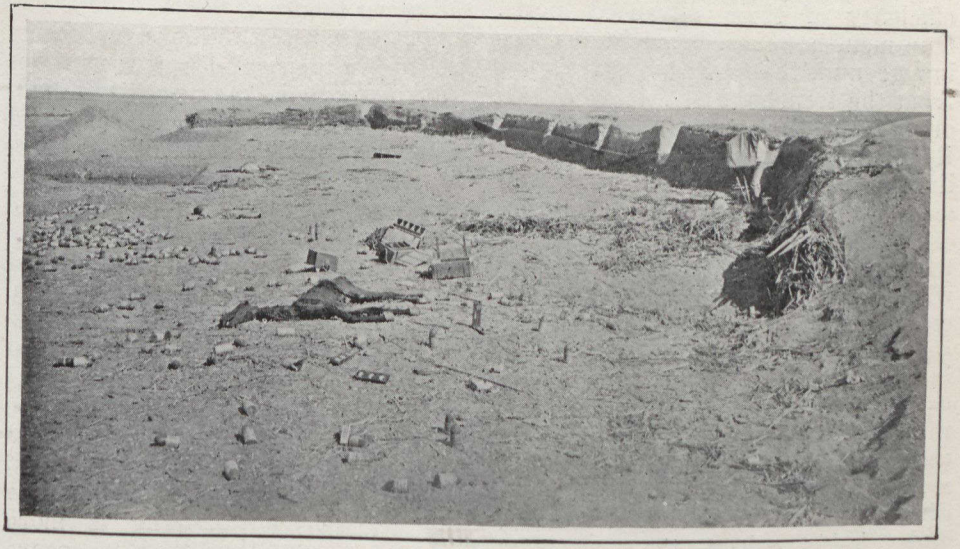
After what seemed an interminable time of plodding and stumbling in the darkness, with scarcely suppressed murmurings and ejaculations which were not all prayers, much concern was aroused among all ranks by the appearance of a strange light upon the horizon in our rear. This we afterwards knew to have been our first sight of the comet of 1882, the beautiful appearance of which in the clear atmosphere of Egypt we subsequently learned to admire during the weeks it continued visible. Little opportunity was, however, given on this morning of the 13th September to take much notice of what was behind; then all our thoughts were in front, and scarcely had the first signs of approaching dawn been observed when the force was halted and whispered cautions passed along that we

Grave of some of the British killed in the advance to the entrenchments

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

were now close to the enemy's position.

Thanks to their carelessness and lack of discipline, the Egyptian outposts, which should have warned their main body of our approach, were cleverly captured by our Mounted Infantry in advance, and thus when the line had again moved forward a few hundred yards it was practically safe from the fire with which the enemy had counted upon receiving us upon the slightly elevated plateau, which at about 1,100 yards from the



The extreme left of the Egyptian position in the desert, with debris of the fight

EGYPTIAN EARTHWORK AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

earthworks, extended along almost the whole of his position. West of this plateau the ground dipped for several hundred yards, and then again rose at a gentle slope to the low gravel ridge crowned by the Egyptian earthworks. In front of the centre of their line and at about 400 yards from it, was a one-gun field redoubt, a cannon shot from which was to be the signal for volley firing by double companies and the opening of the field guns all along the entrenchments upon the plateau in their front, where they expected our troops to be. The plan was good, but the Egyptians naturally counted upon being notified by their advanced posts of our approach in time to prevent our men ever getting beyond the edge of the plateau, the whole area of which would be swept by their fire. As it was, on going over the ground afterwards, the surface in many places from 1,100-2,000 yards from the entrenchments was furrowed by shell and rifle fire like a farmer's field, and it was not difficult to imagine the punishment our force would have sustained had the Egyptian plans not utterly miscarried owing to the inefficiency of their advanced posts. Our men, however, being in the hollow ground, the first outbursts of fire from the trenches all went overhead; one of the first men killed being a Royal Artillery gunner sitting on his limber far in rear and probably asleep or dozing as the batteries crawled along at a slow walk, with wheels of guns and limbers bound up with hay to prevent noise as they crunched along over the gravel.

It is very doubtful if any man in our little army of that morning will ever forget that first cannon shot, the enemy's signal from the one-gun redoubt, which opened the engagement. For hours we had been plodding along in the darkness, footsore and half asleep—the watchful anxiety of the first hour's march having been worn off by the eleven miles of shuffling over sand and gravel in the darkness—but that one reverberating "boom" in the silence of the early morning brought everyone "upstanding," wide awake to the knowledge that something was now happening. No longer any need for silence. Loud commands of "fix bayonets," "double," "steady by the centre" were followed by those crashing volleys which straight ahead in the darkness appeared in places long lines of fire, like lightning flashes, extending right and left, while others by their flickerings and lack of martial uniformity told of a hasty manning of the parapet by excited and startled men. Marvellous is the effect of rifle fire upon even the most tired and weary mortals. Gone in a moment was all thought of the long and tedious march; sleeplessness was banished instantly, all dashed forward with every sense alert—nervous no doubt and filled with a strange feeling of repressed excitement difficult to describe, but keen to get beyond that parapet, the dim outline of which was now visible, fringed with its vicious lightning flashes, and, after the first volleys, accompanied by the louder booming of the field guns all along the line.

It was not the writer's fortune to be in the front line of the troops most exposed in the attack—the gallant "Highland Brigade"—and which, owing to the difficulty of keeping touch and direction in the darkness, as well as the angle which the line of march had taken up with the entrenchments or main objective, had got out of line with the other troops. The 2nd Brigade (with which the writer served), under Major-General Gerald Graham, was some distance to the right rear of the Scottish regiments, as well as farther from the parapet when the actual firing began. Theoretically, all should have been in line together, but nothing is more difficult at any time than to ensure a simultaneous attack by many units; and, of course, this is all the more

Grave of British officers in foreground

EGYPTIAN EARTHWORK AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

difficult when preceded by a night march of many miles. The consequence was that for several minutes the brunt of the enemy's resistance fell upon the 3rd or "Highland" Brigade, which, being the only troops at first seen in the dim light by the Egyptians, was given the monopoly of attention by those manning the parapet to right and left, as well as directly in their front. In much shorter time, however, than it takes

The front face of some of the gun redoubts in the front line

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

now to describe it, the Highlanders were in the front trench, scrambling and assisting each other up the outer face of the parapet, while Graham's Brigade, hastening forward at top speed, prolonged the line of attack to the extreme right. The next five minutes was a "wild" time indeed, a veritable Donnybrook Fair, but with more serious and lasting consequences, since it was not only "hit wherever you see a head," but also jab with the bayonet at anything and everything in front of you. As the prisoners of war expressed it afterwards, "It was not war, but simply a great wave of brown helmets," as our men surged over the parapet and on the other side engaged in hand to hand combat with the bayonet; for it will be remembered they had no cartridges loose for instant use in the rifle. The effect of this silent surprise was startling. The poor Egyptians, finding we were so much closer than they had imagined possible, lost heart on seeing our men amongst them, and, with the exceptions of individuals here and there, and in the main the men of the Egyptian Field Artillery, made but a very poor fight of it. The artillerymen fought valiantly with gun rammers, spades, shovels, and anything they could lay their hands to, and wherever there was a gun our men had a lively time around it. In the intervals, however, or "curtains" of the earthworks between the gun redoubts, the enemy appeared panic-stricken. Many of the Egyptian officers made brave attempts to stem the tide. Here and there a devoted few would rally, drop on the knee and fire, then retire, to do the same again farther on.

It was now daylight, and the scattered groups of individuals of various regiments who had at the first opportunity loosened their ammunition and were firing independently upon the fleeing Egyptians, were reformed as hastily as possible, while our Horse and Field Artillery, coming up from the rear at a gallop, got over the works wherever they could do so, and, dashing on in front, came into action with case and shrapnel upon the flying foe, now thoroughly demoralised. About this time Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff rode along the line from the right and were received with vociferous cheers from the elated troops in the midst of the débris of the enemy's bivouacs in rear of the entrenchments and surrounded by many of the dead and dying of both armies. The scene was one well calculated to make any General rejoice. Securely planted within the enemy's position, which a few hours before had seemed capable of keeping his force with much suffering in the desert for an unknown period—that enemy now a panic-stricken mob in the utmost confusion, each individual who could do so flying for his life, and leaving wounded, guns, stores, and supplies of all kinds behind—his own troops flushed with success and scarcely at all affected by the small losses sustained—no wonder if Sir Garnet felt devoutly thankful, while the morning's events gave great promise of the fulfilment of his prophecy made some three months earlier before leaving England, and which was literally carried out to the letter by the surrender of Cairo by Arabi and Toulba Pashas to Sir Drury Lowe and his cavalry in the evening of the next day, the fourteenth September.*

The advance of the front line was at once continued, following closely the demoralised Egyptians, while to the pressure of the infantry and artillery was soon added that of the two brigades of cavalry from either flank—the British Life Guards, 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, and 19th

*In a report made in June, 1882, at the War Office regarding the then proposed intervention in Egypt, Sir Garnet Wolseley, as Adjutant-General to the Forces, had stated that by the 14th September the Expeditionary Force would have secured Cairo. He was vindicated with an exactitude extraordinary in the annals of war.—C. W.

A portion of the second line of works, unfinished, showing debris of the fight

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

Showing the rear of a gun redoubt and scattered ammunition

EGYPTIAN TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

Hussars, from the north-east or left of the enemy's position, and the Indian Lancers and Light Cavalry, from the south-east or right of the line of earthworks, while the Brigade of Foot Guards, under H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, continued a compact, formed body as the general reserve in rear of the advancing line and conforming to its movements.

Personally, my own experiences I believe to have been in some respects unique. Scaling the parapet in rear of the attack made by the 2 Highland Light Infantry (old 74th Regiment), I had, as a corporal, with a small squad of men, been left for a little time to watch prisoners and assist the regimental first line transport when it came up in getting over the entrenchments. Several cases had occurred after our first line had passed of wounded Egyptians shamming dead firing upon our men from the rear, and even after the reserve had crossed, a colour-sergeant of the Coldstream Guards was shot in the back by a man who had been passed by lying on his face, with his rifle under him, shamming dead, so it was very necessary to exercise care in this respect. In crossing the front ditch a number of our casualties were met with, and I particularly remember seeing young Lieutenant Stirling, of the H. L. I., who had been shot fair in the centre of the forehead and looked exactly as if he were asleep. He had just joined from Sandhurst a few weeks previously. Inside the parapet many dead and wounded lay about, and there were some very harrowing scenes. Close to where we crossed over a young Egyptian artilleryman, badly wounded and bleeding profusely, had propped himself with his back against the parapet, and as we approached him asked in excellent English for a drink of water. To say that we were surprised is to put it very mildly. I asked him where he had learned English and he said in the mission school at Cairo, where he had been a pupil until conscripted and detailed to one of the batteries. We moved on with regret that we could not do more for him, but knowing that our ambulance parties would soon be along to do what they could, after attending to our own wounded. In one of the trenches we found an old, gray-haired man in the loose gown or "gibbeh" of a fellah and wearing on a cord around his neck the Turkish war medal for the Crimean, 1854-56. The poor old chap had evidently been one of the Egyptian contingent to the Turkish Army in the Crimea, and it seemed a strange destiny that he should have met death in his old days at the hands of the allies of his youthful service.

In one of the gun redoubts, where a stubborn hand-to-hand struggle had taken place, some ten or a dozen Egyptians were lying intermingled with several of our men. Some of the latter had been shot, while others had had their heads fearfully smashed by spades or shovels. The Egyptians had all been bayoneted. One young Highlander lay on his back, with his head horribly smashed, but he still grasped his rifle, which was bloody almost from bayonet to butt. He had certainly fought fiercely while he could. All along the line in rear of the infantry parapets and about a pace apart were boxes of rifle ammunition with the lids removed, but in most cases with scarcely a packet missing. The cooking fires were still burning and meat frying in the pans, and everywhere evidences of the surprise were most apparent. Farther on as we advanced in rear of our infantry, following up the flying enemy, the trouble effects of our heavy Martini-Henry rifle bullet were met with. It is certainly something to be grateful for that the wounds inflicted by our modern small calibre projectile, as experienced in South Africa and elsewhere, are much less terrible.

Perhaps the most spectacular event of the day was the charge of the

Indian Cavalry Brigade, which after turning the right flank of the enemy's position swept on in pursuit of the flying thousands. With an open and unrestricted front and on a practically level plain the two regiments of Bengal Lancers (9th and 13th), with the 6th Bombay Light Cavalry, fairly tore up the ground as they launched themselves at full gallop after the mob of fugitives. Never before had I realised the meaning of that expression in the Bible, "terrible as an army with banners." This brigade of horse had no banners in the general acceptance of the term, but the little pennons of red and white on the lance heads, which have such a fine effect at the "carry," must have been terrifying in the extreme to the panic-stricken men whom they were so fast approaching, as the lances sank in line at the charge fringed by a row of swarthy bearded faces, fierce with the lust to kill and intoxicated with the easy victory. Few met the charge with any attempt at resistance—most of them dropped upon the ground, hoping the horses would pass over them. Others threw away their arms, and, dropping upon the sand, held up their hands in token of surrender. Men talk of the days of cavalry being over. They are over, undoubtedly, in an attack against a well-armed foe, but once that enemy has been turned or broken there is nothing like the horsemen for reaping "the fruits of victory." In this case even our own men, looking on with jubilation from afar, felt all the impressive effects of the terrifying spectacle presented by those flying horses tipped in front with the fluttering pennons and flashing lance points. The lesson was not lost upon our men, because, of course, it was quickly pointed out that even the Egyptians, had they been capable of proper discipline and cohesion, could have emptied half the saddles before the threatening lances became effective. To do this sort of thing, however, men must "keep their heads."

The pursuit continued for about two miles, when we came upon the enemy's standing camp opposite the little railway station of Tel-el-Kebir, behind which ran the "Sweetwater" Canal, with the village of Tel-el-Kebir set back some little distance to the southward. The road to the village led over an iron bridge spanning the canal, and thence through what had been a few hours before a beautiful field of wheat, of perhaps 30 acres, dead ripe and ready for the reaper. Flying men in thousands in their eagerness to escape had run through the field along its whole extent and scarcely a stalk was left standing. The congestion at the bridge must have been terrible, but most of those who got away evidently swam the canal, and then rushed through the wheat field like a terrified mob. The whole field was trodden till it looked like an immense threshing floor. At the south end of the bridge were some gruesome sights—camels and horses disembowelled, with many men lying about, the effects of shell fire from our horse artillery, whose motto evidently is "once get the enemy on the run, keep him on the run."

The enemy's camp was large, and the rows and rows of tents abandoned by their owners, with here and there large stacks of all kinds of supplies, with boxes of ammunition piled up like cordwood, afforded excellent opportunity for rummage, which for some time was allowed to be indulged in before the troops could be collected and formed up. Many and curious were the spoils—one gunner of the R. A. was reported to have got a bag with 1,200 sovereigns from one staff officer's tent, though the authorities secured Arabi's tent, with the headquarters papers, and specie, and very soon guards were mounted and general looting and rummaging suppressed. After the seriousness of the morning's work, it was, however, comical in the extreme to see the "Tommies" who had been fortunate enough to

find them here and there rigged out in all the gorgeousness of Eastern costume. Here a tall guardsman would be met in the flowing robes of a Bedouin Sheik, his waist distended to an abnormal degree by his pouches, haversack, and water-bottle, underneath a many-coloured sash or cummerbund; there a little Cockney rifleman of the "60th" would be stalking along in the glory of enormous turban, while many of all corps had secured Arab officers' pouch belts, pistols and holster, or Remington rifles, and looked like veritable walking arsenals as they inquired here and there for the whereabouts of their respective units—only to be obliged to discard most of their trophies when they found it. The most common and picturesque, however, of the soldiers' spoils were the Arab horses and camels, which were picked up in great numbers. At first the officers very wisely purchased the Arabs from the men capturing them, and many very beautiful mounts were bought in this way for five shillings. Laughable indeed was it to see a big Highlander or a sailor of the Naval Brigade endeavouring to drive or bring along a fractious camel, only to find that nobody wanted to buy camels. Afterwards these animals were collected and taken over by the Army Service Corps for the Egyptian Government. The food supplies in the Egyptian camp were enormous, particularly the huge pyramids of lentils and the bags and bags of onions and hard bread like rusks. There were also great quantities of soap, of a coarse "castile" description, in bars, and used chiefly, we were informed, for washing the white drill uniforms of the men.

Some two thousand odd prisoners had been taken and these were assembled under guard near Arabi's headquarters. To reduce the number of men for guard purposes to a minimum the prisoners were at first tied by the right wrist to a long rope, the end man was told to sit down on the sand, the others started to walk round him, sitting down in turn in ever-increasing circles. To break away or be stampeded was soon a physical impossibility. When all were seated, and in order to number them accurately, some bright genius suggested counting them by their caps, and through the interpreter they were ordered to throw the fez which each man wore to the outskirts of the circle—these were then collected in a heap and counted. How each man ever got back his precious fez is a problem I am unable to explain, but the anxious looks from that sea of faces, while the dusty and begrimed red-coats of the guard tossed the red caps from one pile to another as they counted them by hundreds, were curious to see. The same afternoon the prisoners were taken off by train to Ismailia, where, to their amazement, they were paid sixpence a day by the "mad Englesi" for working on the railway, putting in new sidings, or loading or moving stores. A people must be mad indeed, they said, who would pay more to prisoners than the same men had received as free men from their own country.

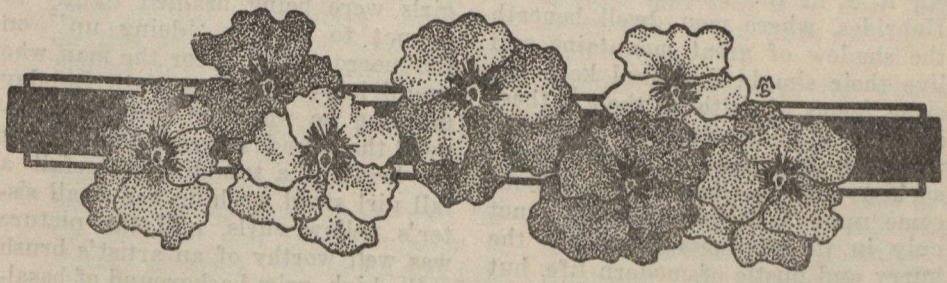
Arabi Pasha's headquarters were very spacious and luxurious—large marquees grouped around a central enclosure, with cut-glass chandeliers, soft carpets, in which the foot sank to the ankle; mirrors, office desks, sofas and divans, and a cooking establishment that must have been the envy of even the Brigade of Guards. To our eyes this was all very fine, but it was not "soldiering." The tent, with its equipment, was given by Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Commander of the 1st Division—the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Willis, and was taken by him to England.

Upon reaching the bridge over the canal, Sir Garnet called for all his senior officers and there and then issued orders for the pursuit, pushing on the British Cavalry Brigade by the shortest route to Cairo, while the

Indian Cavalry Brigade and the Indian Contingent were directed upon Ez-Zagizig, the nearest large centre, where it was expected the enemy might rally and make a further stand. Before the Indian Contingent marched off about 8 a.m. all regiments and units, both of it and the British Force, were formed up and a personal telegram from Her Majesty the Queen to Sir Garnet Wolseley was read to all the fighting units, congratulating all ranks upon their success, thanking them for their splendid services and expressing regret at the losses sustained and sympathy with the wounded. This had been rendered possible by the cable laid along the desert by the Royal Engineers, and which during the night had been extended from Kassassin in the wake of the army's advance upon Tel-el-Kebir. One can imagine the hearty cheers of the soldiers after the reading of such a message at such a time, and if there was any doubt in anybody's mind of the warm feelings of regard entertained by her soldiers for "Victoria the Good" they would have been rudely dissipated by the earnestness and devotion shown in their remarks about the "little Widow of Windsor, God bless her," to be heard on all sides.

Thus ended our engagement at Tel-el-Kebir. Of the aftermath, the occurrences and experiences which followed, they may be recounted another time, for as Kipling says, "that is another story." The little graveyard close to the railway station, into which our dead were collected some time after the battle, is a monument for all travellers to see, and, if they like, moralise upon those of our race who were fated to give up their lives that Egypt might live and prosper. Subsequent events have, it is contended, shown that their sacrifices were not in vain, and may nothing but increasing good continue to come therefrom.

As to the lessons of the action, they were numerous, but to the writer the main outstanding ones appear to be that quality and not numbers succeeds in war, as it does in so many other things, and that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety." In numbers vastly superior, with the benefits of position, and with arms and equipment which might fairly be considered as equivalent, yet the Egyptians lost all these advantages through lack of discipline and training, which rendered valueless the services of their outpost troops at a time when such meant everything to them. Truly, "the wolf cares not how many the sheep may be," and any men without proper discipline and training, unless indeed they be endowed with exceptional moral fibre, are but as sheep in the hands of even a much smaller force highly disciplined and trained in the use of modern weapons.



A SABBATH IN SKYE

BY ADA MACLEOD

THERE are those who claim that the Scottish Sabbath does not occupy the high place that once it held as a national institution, that it has fallen from its high estate and bids fair to become more and more buried beneath the rising tide of mammon-worship and the cult of pleasure. Glasgow, for instance, in some sections on a Sunday, might almost be deemed a Continental city, with its noisy streets, its open shops, its belching furnaces, and even staid Edinburgh, with its army of black-coated, tall-hatted churchgoers, has its clang of cable cars and its procession of pleasure vehicles, insomuch that a certain zealous kirkman during the last summer spent the hour before morning service in strewing the Dean bridge with goodly tacks in the hope of incapacitating some of the many cycles that cross this thoroughfare and of spoiling the day on would-be pleasure-seekers.

But if there is one spot in Scotland where this criticism does not apply and where no breath of the Continental Sunday has as yet penetrated, it is in the Islands of the far Hebrides, where men dwell beneath the shadow of great mountains and live their simple lives and keep the same forms of faith as their fathers in days of old. Strange it is that within a few hours' journey from such a city as Glasgow one should come upon a region so remote, not only in its aloofness from all the hurry and bustle of modern life, but in its very atmosphere, as if here the shadow on the dial has stood still and one breathes literally the air of a past century.

Skye is at all times a haunt of peace. Over its brown moors one may wander for leagues and see no sign of life but the shaggy, long-horned cattle or an occasional shepherd rounding up his black-faced charges, and may hear no sound but the flute-like call of the cuckoo, or, under distant cliffs, the boom of breakers rolling free from Greenland. But in all the haunts of men there is no quiet more profound than that which reigns on a Sabbath among the braes of Skye. On the lochs there is no plash of oars or dip of brown sail, on the hillsides no laughter of children or jest of neighbour, even the raucous cries of the sea-birds seem hushed and all nature goes by as with feet unshod.

On the evening of Saturday we walked through the hamlet and noted on all sides the bustle of preparation for the day of rest. All the water required for Sunday use was being carried in, the peats secured, the meals as far as possible prepared, sometimes even the tresses of the girls were being braided tightly so as not to require "doing up" on the morrow, and as for the man who would leave his shave until Sunday morning he would at once pass beyond the bounds of respectability. By the brink of a tumbling waterfall a tall girl stood washing her small sister's yellow curls, and the picture was well worthy of an artist's brush —the high, grim background of basaltic rock twisted into strange shapes

by the writhings of ancient earthquake, the mountain stream itself, shrunken under summer suns, gentle enough in its descent and easy to be crossed on stepping stones, but bearing witness by its deep-grooved, boulder-strewn bed to mighty forces held in leash sometimes to break forth in sudden death-dealing passion, and in the foreground this Madonna-like vision of youth looking up in quick, shy surprise, a level shaft of the sinking sun making a halo round the golden head of the child.

Another picture remains clear on the mental vision, the simple Gaelic service on the Sunday, strange to Canadian eyes and ears, yet in its inner beauty more impressive than the stately ritual of many a gray cathedral. There is no church and, on this occasion, no minister. The people sit on the benches of the old stone school-house, where many generations of young Highlanders have carved their names, and conned their Latin, and gazed regretfully through the open door at the swimming-pool nearby. Outside one sees no rows of buggies as at any country church in Canada. From far and near the people have gathered on foot, and one imagines that the very walk itself on this rare June morning, amid such a mighty panorama of mountain and sea and flower-clad moorland must of necessity raise the mind to higher levels. The leader is a reverend, gray-bearded elder. My companion had espied him walking grave and solitary on the road ahead and knew him for the very one who in their mutual school-days had once on this self-same spot been his opponent in a boyish wrestling match. And as he glanced back at us out of the tail of his eye, one fancied that he would fain linger and talk over some of these incidents of long ago; but such things must needs wait for the morrow, and the temptation is sternly set aside. In leader and people alike there seems to be a spirit of reverence and devotion that is foreign to many of our modern religious services. The congregation stands during prayer, all seemingly unconscious of the unusual length of the petitions, and in the reading of the Scripture lesson not only is every eye bent on the sacred page, but on many a face is there evidence of the inner vision as well. Most impressive of all, however, is the singing. The leader is the precentor also, chanting the Psalm after the old Highland fashion, one line at a time, in a musical, sonorous voice, and the people respond in the strains of "Martyrdom" or "Stroudwater" or some other of the historic melodies of the church. In all times and places there is a majesty about the singing of the old Psalms to the old tunes that strikes a deeper chord than any hymn music can possibly do; but only those who have heard the singing of a Highland congregation in their native glens can understand its weirdness and pathos, how it touches the very fount of tears. These quavering minor strains seem to have gathered into themselves all the haunting melancholy of this northern clime, the shuddering sigh of the wave as it searches in hidden inlets, the moan of the wind through the corries, the sadness of the Celtic heart. Yet through it all there seems to throb a clear dominant note of hope and victory; and we realise, gazing through door and window at the grim encircling peaks, that on these mountains also have been the beautiful feet of those who brought the good tidings, and that here men through great tribulation have entered into high estate.

Since the days of the wonderful religious awakening attendant upon the Disruption the one great event in any Skye community is the annual Communion season. At that period, under the ministry of such notable men as Macdonald, of Ferintosh; Dr. Kennedy, or Roderick Macleod (known and loved as Maighstir Ruari), it was nothing unusual for

two or three thousand persons to congregate on these occasions at some central place such as the Fairy Bridge, where three highways converged. The services, lasting for four or five days, were held on the open moor and many and fervent had been the prayers for propitious weather. From all directions the people crowded, some by boat from the neighbouring islands, others on foot, and it was no uncommon sight to see women walking twenty or thirty miles over stream and bog and hill, with skirts tucked up and boots carried carefully in their hands, until near the place of meeting. The service begins on Thursday, the "fast day." Friday is the "men's day," when the leading religious men are expected to participate, generally by one of them propounding a certain doctrine or the meaning of a passage of Scripture, and it is the duty of the others to "speak to the question." A tent is erected for the use of the ministers and a pulpit set up, in front of which is the long table for the seating of communicants. But, although such a large throng is present, the number of those who actually participate in the sacrament is comparatively small, so strictly are the tables "fenced" and so extreme is the reverence attached to the rite by the people themselves. Warning rather than encouragement is given in approaching the table, especially in the case of the young people. Indeed, it was customary to place inquirers on a three years' probation before admitting them to church membership at all, and so strict were some of the Free Church ministers in applying the test that *Maighstir Ruari*, on assuming charge of the parish of Bracadale, at once cut down the communion roll from two hundred and fifty to five; yet none was more gentle than he in the house-to-house catechising, that ordeal to which all, righteous and sinners alike, were subjected.

"*Ochan! Ochan! Maighstir Ruari,*" said an old man, shaky on the catechism, "it is myself that is glad to see you on the questions this day, for that Donald MacQueen (the regular catechist) would bring the sweat through the hide of the factor's gray horse."

Some of the clergymen made the performing of the marriage ceremony dependent upon both the contracting parties passing a strict examination on the shorter catechism, and thus to the naturally flustered state of the groom upon such occasions was added the fear that he might flounder in the middle of "effectual calling."

Much of the conversation in the homes of the religious folk of Skye centres about the sayings and doings of these idolised ministers of the olden time. Apart from spirituality and zeal, there were also some mundane qualities that the people seemed to have expected of them, a stalwart, vigorous frame, a good voice, and unimpeachable Gaelic. Not for them the weak bodily presence or the speech contemptible. Indeed, on one occasion the parishioners of the Reverend Mr. Rainy, grandfather of the famous Principal Rainy, went so far as to lay a protest against him before the Presbytery in these words: "When he enters the pulpit we cannot see him; when we see him we cannot hear him; when we hear him we cannot understand him."

Nor was the anxiety about the preacher's Gaelic without foundation in the days when the landed proprietors had the choosing of the minister, for they sometimes placed over the people some callow *Sassenach* of doubtful doctrine and still more shaky in his acquired Gaelic. Such a man was preaching one day from the words of Elijah on Mount Carmel: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" What was the horror of the people when every time he used the text, which was very often in order to fill up other deficiencies in subject matter, he made use of the words, "How long halt ye between

two barrels," the word for "opinion" and "barrel" being somewhat similar. "Oh!" exclaimed an old elder after the service was over, "May the Lord have mercy on the man that sent him to college."

Along with the memory of the heroic ministers of the Disruption who made such sacrifices for conscience sake is treasured also the remembrance of "the men" of that period. This term in the Highlands has a special significance, referring as it does to men of outstanding piety and unusual gifts of expression, who, as lay preachers or catechists, rendered notable service to the church. Such, for instance, was blind Donald Munro, who devoted his whole life to this work, being led from one township to another and carried on men's backs over the rushing streams. Like many others of his class who were not able to read a word, he could in conducting service repeat almost any chapter in the Bible without a single error, and it has always been accounted a marvel that unlettered men such as these should have attained mastery of language and skill in exposition. Some of the Skye "men" came to Canada and served as lay preachers, such as Murdoch Macleod, who emigrated to Prince Edward Island in 1840, and is still remembered by many there for his extraordinary knowledge of the Scriptures, his eloquence and forcefulness, and the magnetic power of his personality.

While many of the "men" in their religious views tended to the gloomy type, they were not devoid of a certain grim humour.

"What is the meaning," asked a certain glib-tongued woman of one of them, "of the words: 'There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour'?"

"That is what would not be there if you were there," was the uncompromising reply.

There was one Donald MacDonald in Braes, a thoroughly good and intelligent man, but of weak voice and very backward in public utterance, and it was the self-constituted duty of a certain half-daft admirer to sit beside him in prayer-meeting and when his name was called to thump him unmercifully until he arose. On one occasion Donald met with an accident on the shore and being unable to move out of the way of the incoming tide called so lustily for help that all the neighbourhood was aroused.

"Why is it," a cavilling neighbour asked of Walter the catechist, "that Donald's voice is so weak in church and when he was on the shore he brought all the people from their houses?"

"Because," replied Walter, "in the church he was calling on God, while on the shore he was calling on men."

To this day the elders are the dignitaries of the community, reverenced by the grown people and held very much in awe by the youths, especially with regard to any supposed breach of the Fourth Commandment. The writer, on the Sabbath referred to, after the simple noonday meal was over, went out and sat down on the hillside above the cottage. She was accompanied by the young daughter of the house, who removed her snow-white apron and rolled it up under her arm, explaining as she did so that in that case the elders would not so readily see her. For it is forbidden to go even so far afield on the Sabbath. One is supposed to remain indoors and read with reverence Baxter and Boston.

Yet there is no doubt that a more tolerant spirit is abroad in Skye. Not many years ago if a Free Church boy were compelled to pass a building belonging to the Established Church he would run as fast as possible, not knowing the moment when something with tail and cloven hoof might emerge, and no sorer insult could be hurled at a man than to call him a "Moderate." Now there is talk of the two churches uniting. And although the Highlander is a born

combatant and is ever ready to kick up a dust over a matter of doctrine, the spirit of union is abroad, and all signs point to the time when the barriers between Frees and Wee Frees, Established and Seceders, U. P's, U. F's, and all other hair-splitting sects shall be broken down and one united church shall stand ready to do her share in the bringing of the Kingdom to the beautiful Isle of Skye.

BLOOD VENGEANCE

By CLARE GIFFIN

NEVER were poppies so red as those in her garden that day,
Never were lips so white as hers when I bore her away,
And knew she was dead, past hope, and cursed, and then tried to pray.

He laughed in his deadly pride, as he sat at ease in his hall,
Laughed and waved me aside, as a thing not worthy at all,
And I fathomed his guilt, and struck—and the thing was done, past recall.

For I saw the red of her blood and the blood-red flowers nearby,
And her face went out in a mist, and the air grew shrill with a cry,
And vengeance seemed mine to take, for I knew that he ought to die.

MUSIC OF THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE HALE

THAT music is becoming a part of the national life of Canada is manifest by the practical support that Canadians are giving to establish local effort. It is probably due to youthfulness and Anglo-Saxonism that we are not intuitive as regards unestablished effort and that we have an unfortunate habit of waiting for the endorsement of other countries. If anyone had ventured to prophesy a decade ago that within five years one province in Canada should boast of a world-famous Mendelssohn Choir, a permanent Symphony Orchestra and another province of a National Opera Company comparing favourably with any other opera company in the world, the prophecy would not have been believed. But these achievements have been made in so short a space of time that it would seem as if one could almost watch musical feeling grow in Canada.

Not to catalogue with any critical precision, but rather to trace movements and events in their significance to the musical public at large, the season just closing has been a notable one in Ontario—taking the musical centre of the Province, Toronto, as the pulse of the movement.

Before the new year the Symphony Orchestra was well on its way with the series of ten concerts, which mark the sixth season of this splendid organisation. Madame Alma Gluck, one of the younger singers now coming to the front so rapidly in the Metropolitan Opera, New York, was the soloist of the first concert, and the chief number on the programme was Devorak's symphony, "From the New World," which brings to life many of the folk songs of the South, which are most interesting and colourful. It was felt at once that this season was to provide a better ensemble in the orchestra. Mr. Welsman's arrangement of the players is more skilful, and the exquisite sweetness of the strings is now ably backed by the woods and brasses.

The second concert introduced our Canadian violinist—Miss Kathleen Parlow—of whose work mention was especially made last season. She played the Bruck concerto in G Minor for violin and orchestra with an added virility, showing that in a year her art has grown surprisingly. The orchestra gave one of the three great symphonies that Mozart composed in the year 1788, the one in E Flat, which breathes the very spirit of joy and gaiety.

Later followed an evening of orchestral numbers chosen from the French school, of which one remembers particularly the "Suite Aresienne," by Bizet, an arrangement of the incidental music to Daudet's tragedy, also the overture to "Anacreon," by Cherubini. Further interest was added by the appearance of Efrem Zimbalist, the great Russian violinist, who played a Spanish Concerto, by Lalo, in a most vivacious and artistic way. His work was full of colour and abandon.

Then came a concert which brought again Gadski, the beloved soprano, whose appearances are always hailed with joy, and on December 13th oc-

curred one of the most important events of 1911 in the Liszt Centenary, celebrated by the orchestra and that great interpreter of the master Arthur Friedhan. To be sure, the longest work of the evening was the Beethoven symphony in C Minor, and the programme ended with Wagner's introduction to the third act of Lohengrin, with the Liszt concerto for piano in A Major and the "Mephisto Waltz," "Les Cloches de Geneva," and the 10th Rhapsody in between. But this was in reality a triumph of programme making, for it is where most musicians place the great Hungarian—after Beethoven and before Wagner. This centenary has been the first cause of a great awakening of popular interest in the composer whom some believe to have been the father of all modern music-drama, including that of Wagner. It is true that the themes, the harmonies, the treatments of Liszt are echoed in the moderns from Wagner to Charpentier. Huneker, the well-known critic, goes so far as to say "the later Wagner could not have existed without first traversing the garden of Liszt."

MADAME BEATRICE LA PALME

Of the Montreal Opera Company

After the New Year came a request programme, which resulted in the Tschaikowski "Pathetique," the Peer Gynt Suite, by Greig, and the Tannahauser March by Wagner—showing a decided popular love for colour and pictorial effect.

Then a great evening with Leo Slazak, a dramatic tenor from the north—a giant in force and ability, well known in European opera houses, but a stranger to Canada until this appearance. A great interpreter of German song, there was a certain fitness in his appearance after the closing strains of the Beethoven Symphony in B Flat—the Fourth Symphony—given for the first time in Toronto. It was composed as a kind of happy lyric between the two great epics the "Eoica" and the C Minor. In its spontaneous joy one catches that happy run of ideas, pent-up emotion let loose in the relief of lesser thoughts, between two great creative efforts. The orchestra was at its very best in the expression of this charming music.

Spring was heralded "In der Natur," Devorak's exquisite overture, played on February 21st, when Jan Kubelik performed the Mendelssohn concerto for violin in E Minor in a way that was as pure and faultless as any lark at heaven's gate singing. The same artist played the evening before at the closing concert of the Schubert Choir, when he gave the Tschaikowski concerto in D Major and three shorter numbers, with all that marvellous dexterity for which he is famous.

One of the intensely classical programmes was that which introduced Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus, a young English-German pianist of note, when he interpreted, with tremendous virility and power, the famous Beethoven concerto in E Flat—that one which has been called "The Emperor," because the year it was written, 1809, was a troubled one for the inhabi-

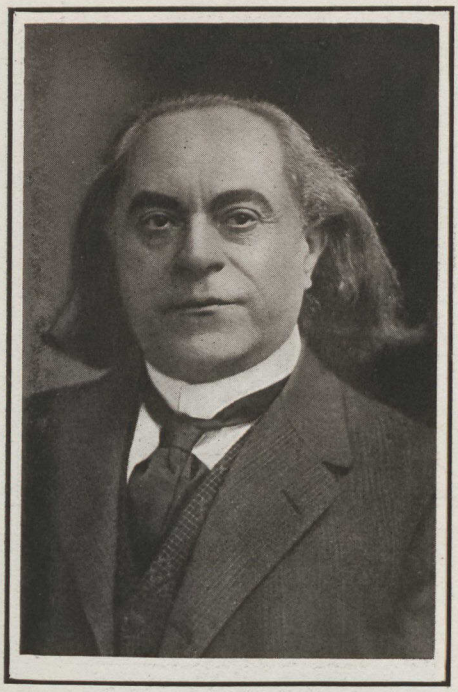
tants of Vienna, when the French occupied the city, and the rising of the Austrian forces occurred. It is significant of the power of Beethoven to concentrate, without regard to externals, that, while the cannons were booming without, he was able to compose a work which, as regards his compositions for the piano and orchestra, is undoubtedly his *magnum opus*. This concerto was a magnificent fusing of the work of the soloist and the orchestra.

A contrast of the various pianists who have appeared here this season makes quite a study in personality and degrees of art-consciousness. First of all and greatest of all came De Pachmann. The writer has heard this master many times, but never before when he was so wholly detached as on this wonderful September evening. You remember what Arthur Symons, the great English critic, says of Pachmann: "He has the head of a monk who has had commerce with the devil, and it is whispered that he has sold his soul to the diabolical instrument, which, since buying it, can speak in a human voice." At any rate, Pachmann is the greatest living, or dead, interpretor of Chopin, because Chopin is the most inveterate Dreamer that ever put down his thoughts in music. Beethoven is a Prophet, Liszt is a Poet, Wagner is a Seer, but Chopin is the immortal Dreamer of all time. He journeys on the astral plains, and no one can follow unless he also knows the brightness of the night. Pachmann knows, and a few listen to him and understand. He is the only occult among the army of modern pianists. This is to the distinct disadvantage of the army. There may be danger in the degree to which Pachmann has allowed himself to become possessed, but there is also a power which will be more fully understood a generation hence than it is to-day. We are in the grip of intellectuality in most ways of art just at present. It is often complained that Pachmann does not interpret

MADAME OLGA PAWLOSKA

Of the Montreal Opera Company

between the brains and music, that he is disembodied. And truth lies in this. Beyond it is the fact that intuition is a short cut that leaves intellectuality very far behind, and everything penetrating the inner circle of life, from an electric ion to the overtone of a note, exists far beyond the limits of the mind. To realise



DE PACHMANN

The great interpreter of Chopin

Pachmann is to have touched Mystery, the messenger of the gods.

Mark Hambourg, who played from Chopin later in the season, showed the exoteric as directly opposed to Pachmann's esoteric vision. Hambourg also contributed to the Liszt Centenary, and in the Hungarian Rhapsody worked up to a tremendous climax of power.

It must be noted that our local music has profited greatly by the sojourn here of the Hambourg family, who have given, among other delightful concerts, a series of historical recitals, illustrating the development of the violin and violincello literature from its earliest beginning to the present day.

One of the most delightful song recitals of the season was given by Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza. The evening was a lyric delight long to be remembered. Gogorza is probably the most delightful concert baritone of the day, and to the silvery voice of Eames has been added a touch of golden warmth which makes it more beautiful now than it was a decade ago. In a personal interview Madame Eames said: "The reason that I am now much more worth while than I was as a younger singer is because life has brought me closer to people, so that I love my audiences now where formerly I dreaded them. Also, I believe that to those of us who think and feel deeply, who live with a vision, the years cannot but bring a happier perfection." She said of her Canadian tour then in progress: "Tell the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* that my greatest wish for them is that they may ever cherish their innate desire for beauty and cleanliness in their cities and towns. Natural beauty seems to be a kind of religion in Canada. I have travelled all over the world and in this vital respect I believe that Canada leads. My message to her is a simple one—keep clean."

There remains an account of the local society concerts and the visit of the Montreal Opera Company, which combined to render the midwinter a brilliant festival of music.

The National Chorus came first, with a fine concert, introducing the Italian tenor, Bonci, the most exacting work of the chorus being the motet for double chorus, "In Exitu Israel," by Samuel Wesley, a number which is regarded as a supreme test of thorough choral efficiency. It was exceedingly well done by the choir, which improves steadily from year to year in balance, sonority, and restraint.

The Mendelssohn Choir presented two evenings of miscellaneous programmes on the 5th and 8th of February, "The New Life," by Wolf-Ferrari, and the Te Deum, opus 22, of Belioz, on the 6th; the Manzoni Requiem, by Verdi, on the 7th; and an orchestra matinée, at which appeared Mr. Josef Lhevinne, the solo pianist, on the afternoon of the 8th. Of the

Manzoni Requiem, which was given by the choir for the first time last year, much has been written. The evening of Tuesday, February 6th, represented the contribution of new work for this season, and certainly gave the mind as much as it could digest in two hours and a half.

"The New Life" is a cantata based on "La Vita Nuova," of Dante, for baritone and soprano soli, adult chorus and children's chorus, orchestra, organ and piano. It is a piece of work so significant and profound in its appeal to the intellect and the emotions that the effect of a first hearing is almost painful in its intensity. In listening the sense of Time's insignificance and Eternity's value sweep over one in much the same way that the verbal measures of Dante attack the ear of the spirit. Wolf-Ferrari is a new writer, but he has an old soul. He makes you hear and think things of which he himself is probably not quite certain. At least, that is the effect. His theme is an Apostrophe to Love in the prologue, followed by the first part, which is a springlike treatment, containing a "Dance of Angels," and the most exquisite chorus work, with an Ariosa and Sonnetto for the baritone. An intermezzo follows, and the second part deals with the death of Beatrice, the agony of Dante and his final beatific vision.

It is, on the face of it, impossible, in a résumé which covers such an extensive season of music to do more than suggest the values of any one piece of work, but I should say that nothing which has been presented this year is so valuable in suggestion as to possible future developments in choral music as this delightful old-world tapestry so pure and uplifting in its sentiment, so faithful and at the same time far-sighted a revival of the rapture and despair of that starry vision which illuminated the mediæval world. The author's treatment of the orchestra is significant. He raises the piano to a compli-

MADAME EAMES

mentary place and by his use of bells and harps, as well as the deeper organ tones, makes an impressive and thrilling picture. In the second part, in which the Angel of Death is represented in sombre harmonies of the strings, and the soul of Beatrice, questioning Death, is heard in the solo violin, one of the most impressive orchestral scenes that can be imagined is evolved. Miss Florence Hinkle's beautiful voice was heard as the Angel Visitant, and too much praise can hardly be given to Mr. Clarence Whitehall, whose deep baritone was perfect in the quaint *ballata, arioso* and *sonettos* that he had to interpret. The Mendelssohn Choir, under Dr. Vogt, showed the clarity of tone and splendour of effect which has so justly made them famous the world over. The tremendous volume of tone of which they are capable when

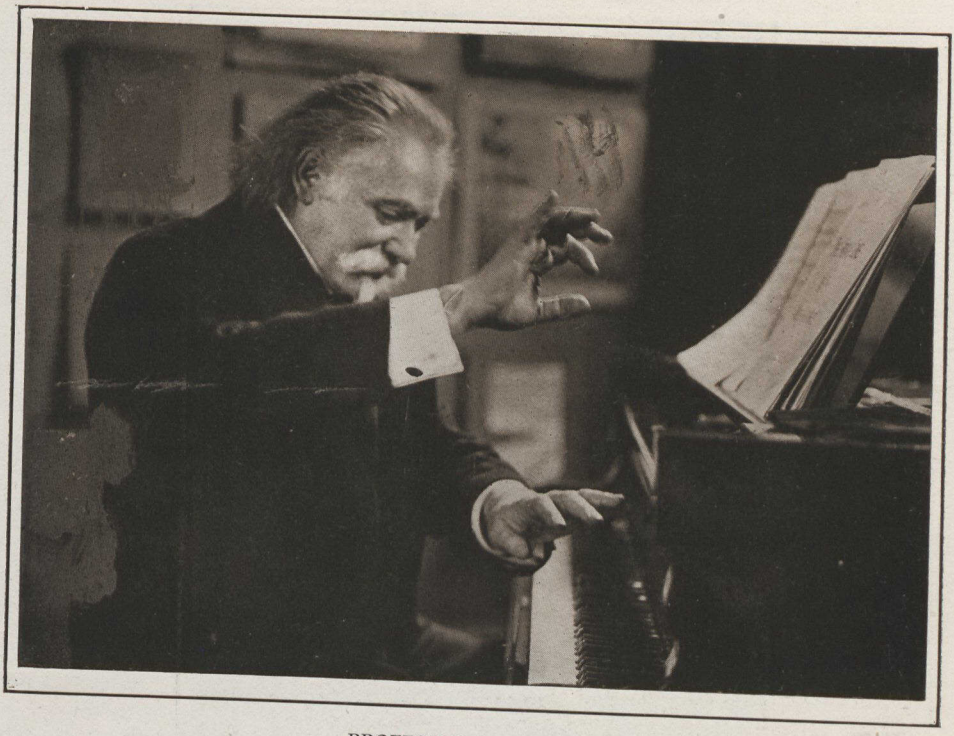
DR. F. H. TORRINGTON
"The Father of Oratorio Music in Ontario

very heavy work falls to their share was ably evinced in the Te Deum of Hector Berlioz, in which effect after effect is piled up to a climax of dizzy height. In the "Judex Crederis" the choir was at its most imposing point, and the audience departed in a "looking upward" attitude. A word must be said for the delightful quality of the Children's Chorus, trained under Mr. A. L. E. Davies. The young voices are charmingly fresh and sweet. It is notable that the Mendelssohn Choir festival brought before the public this year almost every school in the history and development of music for the past two hundred years.

The Mendelssohn Choir, in its tour this season, visited Buffalo, New York, and Boston. The appearance of the choir has become a feature of the musical season of New York, but Boston was a fresh page. In reviewing many columns of critical report from this critical city one gathers that even here "Canada's matchless singers" were a revelation in "exquisite tonal quality," "careful shading," and that "reverent spirit" which Boston guards in relation to all the arts. In spite of the fact that French and German critics, at least, still cling to the belief that the use of their profession is to stimulate and not to smooth, it is probable that few European musical centres could be more difficult to capture, in choral music, than the intellectual "huts" of America; so that the stirring of cool Boston still means a good deal.

Important choral contributions to the brilliant season were given by the Schubert Choir in its two concerts of February 19th and 20th, with Madame Pasquali, a fine operatic soprano; Henri Scott, the principal basso of the Chicago Opera; Jan Kubelik, violinist; and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The programmes revealed much versatility, from the simple ballad and sacred song to the works of Liszt and Schubert, comprising novelties from the fifteenth century up to the present time. One of the most pleasing features was the A Capella numbers, which were graceful and well modulated in tone.

A new chorus is The Oratorio Society, conducted by Dr. Edward Broome, of Toronto, which gave two concerts in January, at Massey Hall, bringing to Toronto the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, whose conductor, Mr. Josef Stransky, is one of the chief forces in the musical world of this continent. The Oratorio So-



PROFESSOR HAMBOURG
A distinctive figure among musicians of Toronto

ciety contributed three numbers on the first evening, one of which was Dr. Broome's "Hymn of Trust," and on the second evening "The Elijah."

No account of choral work in Canada can be complete without mention of the name of one who has been the father of oratorio music in Ontario, Dr. F. H. Torrington, who, on March 12th and 13th, gave final performances of the Messiah and the Elijah, works which he has conducted in Canada scores of times during the thirty odd years that he has been actively engaged in the furtherance of music here. Dr. Torrington has been the pathfinder and broken the hard ways for others to cultivate after him. Too much cannot be said in acknowledgment of his magnificent pioneer work.

The work of the Toronto String Quartette has been carried on most successfully this season, and mention should be made of the Flonzaley Quartette under the auspices of the Woman's Musical Club.

In organising the Montreal Grand Opera Company, one object was to give Canadian operatic singers a chance to develop in their own country, another was to give the Canadian public a taste of good opera at reasonable prices, all of which has been carried out in the institution of that magnificent company which has sung this season in Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa. It is said that so great is the public enthusiasm that in Montreal a number of millionaires have subscribed a sum sufficient to erect an opera house as a permanent home of the organisation, and it is the wish of its backers to make the enterprise as national in its scope as possible, and eventually to provide other cities with properly equipped Grand Opera. The organisation is, of course, a Canadian enterprise in the sense that it is backed by certain leading capitalists of Montreal, but

DR. A. S. VOGT

Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir

it also has on its Board of Honourary Directors such men as Clarence H. Mackay, one of the chief guarantors of the Metropolitan Opera House; Eben D. Jordon, the backer of the Boston Grand Opera; Jean de Reszke, and Sir Edmund Walker, Honourary President of the Mendelssohn Choir. Its artists, conductors and stage managers come from almost every opera house in Europe, and the singers, though chiefly young, have already won fame on two hemispheres. Their repertoire is of the finest French and Italian works, and the aim is to produce each with an ensemble as nearly perfect as possible.

Out of this company three Canadians stand forth prominently: Olga Pawloska, who was born at St. John's, Quebec, is a professional pianiste, has studied singing in Germany, and comes of an intensely musical family; Bruce Wainmann, born in Morrisburg, Ontario, has been educated in Europe and just made his dèbut as one of the principal baritones with the Montreal Opera this season; and Beatrice La Palme, a Montreal girl, who started life as a violinist. She went to Europe to study this instrument, and in France her teachers found that she had a wonderful voice. She took up vocalism and was soon singing at the Opera Comique and in London. She returned to Canada a full-fledged operatic artist.

I have had the pleasure of hearing this young singer in most of her leading rôles, Marguerita, Rosina,

Micaela, and it is my conviction that she has one of the most remarkable soprano voices that this continent has yet produced. The critics who practically ignored Ferrabini until she was established have treated Madame La Palme with the same delightful moderation, but the day is not far distant when she will probably be accounted as the greatest Canadian singer and one of the world's famous prima donnas. She has a faultless voice of silvery soprano timbre, and when she has attained more vision in her work—and she will attain it—her interpretations will be very rare in vocal excellence.

Ferrabini, the wonderful and laughing, was with us again, she of the red-rose voice and the dusky eyes. Her mezzo-soprano was not as smooth or as perfect in production as last year, but the warm-hearted singer, the skilful actress, remained.

The "Louise" of Madame Dereyne was one of the memorable interpretations of a memorable fortnight, as was the "Mephisto" of Huberty and his *Father* in "Louise," the *Valentine* of Bruce Wainmann, and the *Jongleur* of M. Sterlin, one of the most memorable performances of all. Indeed, the two operas new to Canadian audiences—"Louise" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—stand out as virile and remarkable examples of certain tendencies in modern musical drama.

"Louise," an opera in four acts, with music and libretto by Gustave Charpentier, had its first hearing in Paris a dozen years ago. The opera may be regarded as a huge canvas, depicting the varied panorama of Paris. The contrasts are extremely sharp and vivid. We are introduced to a bit of home life in a family of three, typical of the French lower working-class; the big father, who is somewhat of a socialist in his way, the narrow-minded mother, and *Louise*, representing the younger generation that leans out to life, and, listening on the one side to the stern voice of Duty still longs with all its heart to be free. *Louise* has fallen in love with a young artist, whom her parents will not let her marry. She escapes and goes away with him, only to be recalled by her father's stern desire. The musical score, which for two acts has woven the most marvellous pictures of the glamour, despair, laughter and light of that "city of splendour," turns in upon subjective things, and, as in the first act, deals with fundamental emotion in a way which proves, beyond all question, that art is not taking leave of real life in these days of much impressionism. Here is the love of father for daughter in opposition to that of the daughter for her lover, the love of age for safety in opposition to the passion of youth for adventure, and, above all, singing around and through all in great trembling waves of emotion we feel the lure and the endless call of the city, of the pulse of many people beating together as the heart-of-all. Charpentier's music is intensely realistic—revolutionary in some ways. He is a kind of Walt Whitman, as Massenet is a Maeterlinck in music.

"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" is a miracle play, as mystic and exquisite in its conception as is "The Blue Bird." Indeed, Jules Massenet has gone Maeterlinck one better, for his music is even more simple, and, at the same time, subtle, than the Belgian's poetry. They both represent, however, one of the most important movements of the present day—a recall of mystery in all art. "Le Jongleur" was first produced in Paris in 1903. It is cast for men's voices only. The time is the fourteenth century and the scene a priory near Cluny, in France. To the monk's garden comes a wandering mountebank, with his store of songs and tricks. He is poor and joins the order so as to obtain food and lodging. As he is truly a poet and a mystic, he learns to love the Holy Virgin, but he cannot praise her duly because he

knows no Latin. The cook tells him the legend of the sage bush that harboured the infant Jesus when all the haughty flowers refused, and so he decides to give himself and all he possesses—the little store of songs and tricks. He sings and dances before the high, cold image until the monks would flay him. When, behold, the statue itself wakes to life to bless, with outstretched hands, this inspired child. "The Pure in Heart, it is they who shall see God," chants the Prior, and the voices of angels and monks echo the "Amen."

About this story Massenet has woven the most exquisite harmonies it is possible to imagine. Indeed, in hearing these two operas alone—not to speak of the train of works: Faust, Carmen, Rigoletto, Romeo and Juliette and the rest that we know so well—one is convinced of the important mission that lies in the presentation of much Grand Opera in Canada.

IN AVALON

By CLARE GIFFIN

IN Avalon the lilies bloom,
The still, wan water glides,
Within the quiet garden gloom
The nightingale abides.

Ah, Love that died, and Hate that lives,
What do we here to-day,
When peace that silent garden gives
Twice the world's width away?

What dreams may come, what dreams may go,
Beneath that orchard shade,
We may not guess, nor may not know
Whereof those dreams are made.

Only we know, past fear, past doubt,
That there is quiet sleep,
That this our world is all shut out
From that still meadow's sweep.

THE OTHER WAY

BY L. J. BEESTON

THE two men shook hands with the lawyer, passed down the narrow stone staircase, and so into Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London.

"Short and sharp," said Lomas, almost viciously. "You can do things in a hurry in this old country—if you are paid well."

William Peters lifted tired eyes. An hour back he had been the only surviving partner of Juxon and Peters, jute merchants, Billiter Street. And now the slowly dying business had been sold to the stranger. To the stranger he said:

"I understood, Mr. Lomas, that you are British born?"

Lomas, staring fixedly at the stone flags of the quiet court, was lost in some consideration which was drawing hard, ugly lines on his bony face. He looked up suddenly.

"Eh, what's that?" he snapped. "Oh, yes. Born in Yorkshire. I'm a tyke, right enough. Lived in Canada twenty years, though, and have naturalisation papers. Hell, what a dull hole is this Serjeants' Inn! Which room did Noah rent?"

He stared at the pavement again, busy with that consideration which did not improve his looks. Peters reflected that this man was a hard nut, and that his bullying eyes gave nothing away.

"Short and sharp," snapped Lomas. "Root, stock and branch, Juxon and Peters is mine. I'm a jute merchant. Ha, ha! What is jute, anyway? I've no positive idea."

"I fear that you have purchased a moribund business, as we made clear to you," said Peters gravely.

"A dead-as-ditch-water business, if you ask me. Considering which, you have been confoundedly well paid."

Peters winced.

"Twelve years ago twenty times your present figure would not have tempted me," he answered. "I trust, however, for your sake, that you will impart some life to its dry bones."

"I? Good Lord, man! Didn't I tell you that what I don't know about jute would fill the British Museum? I've made my money in cattle." He pushed out his arms as if the tall buildings pressed upon his breathing. "Good Lord, I'd give something for an Alberta breeze. These burial vaults upset my nerves."

"How long have you been in England, Mr. Lomas?"

"Ten days."

"I presume that you will remain until you see what you can do with the business that you have purchased? Rest assured of my assistance in any——"

"Oh, rot the business! I shall do with it—well, what I choose. I have about as much use for it as for another bit of property I've invested in lately, and which makes me a mortgagee on a small scale. That is to say, I don't actually own the property yet, but I can foreclose whenever I want to, the debt being long overdue. In plain words, I've bought the debt. And I've bought William Peters and Juxon. And you needn't think me a fool, either."

Peters regarded him with anxious, kindly eyes. "I certainly do not, Mr. Lomas. I confess that if you have purchased this business and mean to do nothing with it, you make me curious; but I have no desire to ask questions. One matter, however, I compel myself to call to your attention. My clerk, John Greengold, has been with me for thirty years; and if one thing in connection with our recent transaction has caused me apprehension——"

"Any more staff?"

"It has dwindled down to five: Greengold, an office lad, and three men-packers. As I was remarking——"

"And according to my explicit instructions, you have not breathed a word to any of the five?"

"I have not."

"Then that's all there is to it. Now take me where we can get a decent dinner, and afterwards I'll go with you and have a look over your—my offices in Billiter Street."

They had the meal together at a grill-room in the Strand. Peters dined under silent protest. He did not take to this man who shot his bullying remarks at him like pistol balls; but then, he had parted with the remnants of his business for quite a handsome sum in the circumstances, and had to make some show of meekness. He had wanted the money badly, otherwise he would have paused. The precipitancy of the transaction troubled him vaguely, but his lawyer had shrugged his shoulders at it, which seemed good enough.

All the same, the remembrance of his head clerk, who was working late this evening, who was probably at this moment before the desk which he had faced for thirty years, which, in its scratched, dinted, varnished surface had faintly reflected the head of a young man who had become an old one: this recollection dragged a little at his heart-strings.

Lomas paid the bill, and they went out. They climbed to the top of a motor-'bus and were carried through the city. On the fourth floor of an office building in Billiter Street they stopped before a door with black letters on frosted glass: "Juxon and Peters: General Offices." Peters went in. From this room a closed door led to another. Lomas looked contemptuously at the usual, terribly uninteresting office furniture and dusty, linoleum-covered floor.

"Two rooms only," said William Peters. "The firm's books are in the other——"

At that moment the inner door opened, and a man of fifty-five, who looked a decade older, came out.

"Greengold——" began Peters.

Lomas uttered a startled sound that resembled a curse, jerked his broncho hat over his eyes, and bestowed a reminding pinch on his companion's arm.

Peters, however, had not forgotten instructions. He merely said: "I should knock off now, Greengold. Half-past seven's late enough."

The head clerk glanced in a dull fashion at the stranger, who had turned his back upon him, and was looking through the dingy window. A dull and emotionless fashion! What else could one expect? Thirty years bound to a wheel. It wasn't so bad even twenty years back, when the wheel sped round with a hum, for that made things lively; but its rotation—the rotation of daily business—had been lessening and lessening; and no one knew better than the head clerk that a permanent stoppage was imminent.

Thirty years. The life of one day the existence of the next. It does not tend to keep one young. Greengold had seen the row of ledgers in the rack over his desk grow, one by one as he filled them up, each placed by the side of its fellow, and buried in each the best work of one man.

"Thank you, sir. Ten minutes will see me through."

The steel-framed spectacles that assisted light to his faded eyes never got higher than half-way up the bridge of his nose. His office coat was a tattered disgrace. What matter? There was his tail-coat on a nail, ready to be slipped on whenever a customer called. His cuffs, protected by paper, protruded four inches. And he looked tired—tired, subdued by monotony, by this eternal diurnal round on a salary which had never exceeded four pounds a week, and which had dwindled in late years, owing to business stress, to about two-thirds of that sum.

His stooping shoulders disappeared through the doorway.

"Will you see the books, Mr. Lomas?" asked Peters, in rather too loud a tone.

"Shut up, man!" rapped out the other fiercely. "The devil take the books. That thing's Greengold, eh? He goes with the rest of this shoddy rubbish. Greengold? My soul!"

William Peters, a flame of indignation burning his cheeks, watched the other in amazement. Contempt he saw, clearly enough, but what surprised him was something which had the glare of hate.

"I've had enough," growled Lomas, and they went out together.

"We will say 'Good-night' here," said Peters, very coldly.

"Yes; I suppose so." Lomas spoke as if in the least bit ashamed. "You mustn't mind me," he grunted. "I've a reason for wanting to keep this transaction between ourselves for a day or two—no longer—and you seemed to be letting the cat out of the bag. About Greengold! What do you pay him?"

"Three pounds a week."

"He looks worth half that. Don't fear; I shan't offer him less. What are his hours?"

"From nine o'clock to about half-past six, and he's a steady man."

"He looks as if fresh air would blow some of the dust out of him. It's in his clothes, in his eyes, in his face. He's dried up with dust. I suppose that at noon he goes out for a bun and a glass of milk; and for recreation to a lantern-lecture at his chapel. Phew! How anyone could live thirty years in that mouldy air beats me. I guess we'll part here."

"Well, call it a dog's life if you will——"

"Emphatically!"

"But allow to Greengold the merit of a loyal attachment and unswerving faithfulness. Good-night, Mr. Lomas. I am at your service when you want me."

A touch of the hand, and Lomas swung away abruptly. "Piffle!" said he to himself. He paused to light a cigar. "And now I've got him!" He dropped the match, and put his heel on it grindingly.

He looked singularly unpleasant as he hailed a taxi, and ordered the chauffeur to drive to Streatham. The vehicle glided away southward, over London Bridge. Lomas saw nothing; not even the enormous moon, glaring red through the smoke on the river. The voice of the chauffeur through the tube roused him.

"What address, sir?"

Lomas read it from a page in his pocket-book. It was some distance still, where the houses were more scattered. The taxi stopped before an ordinary small villa, gabled, with a wooden fence round it, and chrysanthemums growing in the front garden.

"Keep where you are; I'm not getting out," called Lomas.

The driver wondered, and kept his engine going. Lomas put his face within six inches of the window, and stared at the house opposite. A curtain was pulled back, and a woman looked out from a room at the waiting cab. Lomas recoiled, though the woman could scarcely have seen him.

Nor could he see her with any distinctness, for all his eager staring. His teeth, biting into the cigar, were bared in a ferocious grin. His eyes wandered from the woman to the stuccoed facade, to the roof of red tiles, to the strip of garden where the chrysanthemums nodded ghostly heads in the light of a street lamp.

"That's all," cried Lomas. "Get along to the Trafalgar Hotel."

The cab purred rapidly through the streets, now quite dark; crossed Westminster Bridge, where the river flowed silently under a pallid shimmer, and drew up before the hotel named. The swing door opened as he ran up the portico steps.

"Mr. Tredways in?"

"I think not, sir," answered the hall porter.

He found a letter for him in the rack, asked for his key at the office, and was run up in the elevator to the fourth floor. The key admitted to a private sitting-room. He rang for the fire to be made up, and jerked open the letter. It was headed simply "J. and S. Traves," and was a bill for eight pounds.

"They've earned the money," Lomas growled.

Though the letter-head did not testify to the fact, J. and S. Traves were private inquiry agents.

"Well earned it," repeated Lomas. "I'll send the brutes a cheque."

He put aside his hat and coat, and was in the act of writing the cheque when a man of about his own size and general build, but gray moustached, came in. He gave Lomas the semblance of a nod, tossed his hat on to a chair, unbuttoned his top-coat, and flung himself on his back upon a sofa.

"You look sick," said Lomas.

"Huh!" said Tredways.

"What have you been doing all day?"

"Playing the blighted loafer."

Lomas began to seal up his remittance. His friend jerked his shoulders to the head of the sofa, pulled a pipe from a side pocket of his overcoat, crossed his legs, and sent puffs of strong tobacco to the ceiling.

"So ends twenty years' sighing for home," commented Lomas. "The first real growl I've heard from your lips for two decades. Ominous." He got up and stood with his back to the fire. "I don't feel that way myself—yet. You see, I've had things to do. I've been going some. One, I've bought up a mortgage."

Tredways made a questioning grunt.

"I can foreclose on Greengold without delay."

Another grunt.

"Two, I've bought a business, goodwill and all. A rotting, godforsaken affair, but now mine. You know what I mean?"

"On that old tack still?"

"Is that a criticism?"

"Too bored to criticise."

"I've got him nailed, as I swore I would."

"Good man."

"There isn't much blood left in him, but what there is I'm going to squeeze out."

"Admirable."

"Yes, sir."

Lomas spat the words with vindictive self-satisfaction.

"I congratulate you," drawled Tredways. He drew up his feet on the sofa. "You will smash Greengold."

"As I vowed to do twenty years ago."

"Vengeance so long deferred must taste very nice when it comes."

"You bet! I set an inquiry agency to work. They acted promptly. Greengold was still with Peters and Juxon, and his life has been humdrum enough. Nothing sensational. A boy was born to him sixteen years back: a delicate kid who went into a decline and died at fourteen. It

cost Greengold a good deal of money —for him. He had to mortgage his house in Streatham. Then business went wrong, and his salary was cut down. He wasn't able to pay off the mortgage, or anything like it. He owes money here and there."

"Ah! So, when you turn him out of his job, and bundle him out of his home, he will bitterly repent the wrong he did you, Lomas."

"That'll send it home to him!"

"And when he learns what you, his ancient enemy, have done for him in so thorough a fashion, the sting of ruin will become all the sharper—poisoned, in fact."

"He will suffer, as he made me suffer."

"Splendid."

Lomas glanced towards the figure on the sofa.

"Don't get tender-hearted, old man," continued Tredways. "Rub it into him. No mercy, mind you. There's only one thing that occurs to me."

"What?"

"Twenty years is the devil of a time, Lomas. You have changed physically tremendously since I first met you in Montana all that time back. You didn't look much more than a youngster, then, believe me. Now you've filled out to twice the size. See your picture twenty years ago and look at yourself in the glass—two absolutely different beings. I would bet a thousand dollars to ten that this chap Greengold won't know you, couldn't guess in ten guesses."

"What of it?" growled Lomas. "I don't suppose he will. I hope he won't."

"Why?"

"Because it will make the aftershock all the more deadly."

"Ah, ah, I never thought of that. Fine!"

There was a silence. Tredways reloaded his briar, edged his shoulders into a more comfortable position, and threw one knee over the other. Then he said:

"I'm a fish out of water in London. Just as you have been nursing the idea of revenge, so I've been hugging the notion of having a good time here when my pile was made. We've both made our pile; done uncommonly well. Listen. I want to tell you something, Lomas. You know I was the black sheep of the family. I told you that yarn over a camp fire, and I'm not going to drag it up again. My family was more than glad to pack me off to Canada, and a mighty good thing it proved for me. Well, what I never troubled to tell you is the unimportant fact that I'm related to people of some sort of position here. They lost sight of me, and I of them. It appears now that I'm within reasonable distance of a baronetcy."

Lomas opened his eyes.

"Don't think the discovery pleases me. I've made my wonderful presence known here and there, and I'm received not with enthusiasm—the cold shoulder. I thought I'd lived down the little affair which got me packed away. But it's remembered. People here move in a narrow sphere. Possibly it's my fault. My manners haven't improved since I went away. Anyhow, I've got the hump—the pip. I feel I'm not wanted; and between you and me, I'm going to clear out of this blasted place."

"H'm," said Lomas.

"I want to breathe; I want to use my limbs. Don't be surprised if I pack in a hurry and get back to the wild."

"H'm," said Lomas again. He stretched his legs wide before the fire. "Surprised? No. I've a kind of feeling that when I'm through with my little matter I shall be attacked by the same sensations. Twenty years was too long to be away. It has

spoiled us." He strode to the window and looked down at the wandering lights creeping round Trafalgar Square. "I keep finding myself thinking of the snow-drifts, the pines, the good smell of cattle."

"Don't," pleaded Tredways. "When you have finished your little affair. When?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow you snuff out this man's candle?"

"And leave him to grope." Lomas returned to the fire.

"Bravo!" Tredways felt for a stump of a pencil in a pocket, and jerked down three or four inches of white linen cuff. He then took a firm grip of his pipe, and said:

"Refresh my memory. The eternal woman was the pivot of the trouble, of course. Her name was Alice Bar——"

"Alice Bartrop. What the deuce are you writing it on your cuff for?"

"Interest, merely interest. Correct me if I stray. You and Greengold worshipped this girl, and were most infernally jealous of one another. Er—er—there was Abram—Abram——"

Lomas interrupted with an exclamation of impatience.

"The story's brief enough," he cut in, curtly. "I was caught in one of those chains of circumstantial evidence that may trip up any man, however innocent. Mistaken identity has sent to prison more than a few. One sometimes reads of cases of men whose guilt seemed black as death against them. They plead an alibi; they can't prove it. Under they go. Years later, maybe, someone confesses, and the other poor devil is dragged again into the light and receives a 'pardon.' Such a case was mine. Abram Stoles, a moneylender, and seller of flash jewellery, lived over his shop in the East India Dock Road. I rented a couple of rooms on the top floor—furnished rooms. I was shockingly poor those days and owed rent to Stoles. Pushed hard by him, I made up my mind to cut and run. I walked out one evening, leaving such of my property as I could spare for part payment.

I had a crown in my pocket—my sole wealth. Feeling pretty down in the mouth I decided to spend a shilling of my wealth at a cheap music-hall. Greengold was there. He sat just behind me, and we exchanged a nod. I had met him two or three times only, at Bartrop's. We were both after Alice, and detested each other accordingly. When the show was over I put up for the night at a lodging-house. Next morning came the news that Abram Stoles had been half-murdered in his bed and robbed. He made a declaration that his assailant was myself. Mind you, I think Stoles believed what he said, for he had no grudge against me apart from rent owed.

"I was arrested, of course. The fact that I had cut my tether on the evening of the crime was dead against me. But Stoles declared that he was attacked at precisely half an hour after ten o'clock that night. He was quite sure because there was an alarm clock by his bedside, and he noticed the time just before he saw the man in his bedroom. Well, I was at the music-hall until after eleven. Greengold saw me there all the while. His testimony would have proved my alibi; but the pup swore on oath that I was not there at all; that he had not set eyes on me at all. That lie and circumstantial evidence did for me, as it would have done for any man. I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Two years in hell. And I drank that bitter draught to the dregs."

Tredways quitted smoking and sat up, paying deference to the thrill of rage and pain in his friend's voice. He broke a long silence.

"That is a terrible story."

"Not one that I care to dwell upon, old chap. You understand why I hate this fellow?"

"You must. Did he marry Alice Bartrop?"

"No."

"She refused him?"

"I neither know nor care."

"Those inquiry people told you whom he did marry?"

"Some girl ten years younger than himself. She has always been delicate."

"They live together happily?"

"I know nothing to the contrary," answered Lomas shortly, chafing under this fire.

"Delicate, and loves him, presumably," murmured Tredways. "That means that the death of their boy at the age of fourteen must have drawn blood. Being thirty years at one house of business argues for his steadiness, and when a steady man has a wife who loves him it argues that he owns some sort of conscience. It follows, therefore, that he has been haunted more or less by the deadly wrong he did you."

"My soul!" flashed Lomas. "You take his part?"

"I? By no means. He will deserve all he gets. When you have chucked him out of his job, what will you do with the business?"

"Close it down," snarled Lomas.

"And when you have turned him out of doors, what will you do with the house?"

"Shut it up." Lomas uttered a terrible laugh.

"Where is the house?"

Lomas told him, snappingly.

"Has he any money saved?"

"Not a cent, apparently. On the contrary, he fights hard to make ends meet."

"Excellent." Tredways rubbed his palms in appreciation. "A man of forty-five, of his tame, worn-out spirit, will struggle for an infinitesimal time, in a panic, mad with fear, terrified to meet his wife's uncomplaining eyes, sweating agony as he hears the wolf howl outside his door, and then—down he'll go. Revenge is sweet. You ought to enjoy it."

"In the meanwhile," said Lomas savagely, pulling on his coat, "I'm going out somewhere. I shall try a theatre for an hour or two. Will you come?"

"Thanks, I'm so brutally fagged. I shall have two drinks, smoke three pipes, and retire early to bed."

Lomas muttered an unintelligible good-night, and went out.

He felt mad. Going over the old ground again of that history had heated and excited him. What a despicable cur, to be sure, was Greengold, who had let him sink in the mire—nay, had helped by his lie to push him in! Two years of bitter shame for a crime of which he was wholly innocent. How he had suffered! And now—now——

Why should he wait for the morrow before helping himself to his desired vengeance? Why not go to the little house in Streatham at once and get it all over and done with? A far sweeter draught than that former cup of anguish was at his lips. Why delay to swallow it—slowly—slowly——

He walked about for twenty minutes, and then made up his mind to act. The hour was between nine and ten o'clock. The night had turned warm, close, unhealthy. Once more a taxicab hummed him through South London. He dismissed it a hundred yards from the house, towards which he began to walk, thinking of the precise words with which he would open the interview with Greengold.

Lomas approached slowly on the opposite side of the street. On both sides was a row of lindens. Greengold's house was at the end, separated from its nearest neighbour by

a space of ground partly cleared for building. A man's tread drew Lomas's eyes across the street, and by the light of a lamp on that side he saw Tredways push open the wooden gate of the villa, walk briskly up the tiled approach and ring!

For a second or two Lomas could not stir, so greatly was he astonished. What possible business had Tredways at this house?

"Blight him!" snarled Lomas, his eyes ablaze.

There came the sound of a closing door. The visitor was in the house. With difficulty Lomas fought off an impulse to follow. His blood was boiling. What the devil did Tredways mean by it? There was no light in the front of the house. He ran round and peered over a wooden paling into the back yard. He hesitated.

"My property, really," he grunted; and then, after a glance to right and left in the darkness, he vaulted the fence and advanced with confidence to where a light from the house streamed over a short flight of stone steps and flower beds. These steps led to French windows that opened into the room where the light was. One of the glass doors was ajar a few inches and secured in that position by a hook. The curtains had been drawn, but the draught through the open door had swung them apart a little; and through this space Lomas had a tolerable view of the room. An old lamp, green shaded, burned on a table in the centre. Tredways, just admitted, was pulling off his weighty overcoat. A woman was sitting by the table, on which she was holding some needlework which she had apparently just lifted from her lap. Lomas could not see her face, but he saw distinctly Greengold, who was standing up and looking at the visitor with an expression of trouble in his eyes. He was terribly pale, and his hands at his sides kept clenching and unclenching in a nervous way.

Tredways sat down in a comfortable, quite-at-home attitude. He said, "Permit me to introduce myself. I am the purchaser of the business of Juxon and Peters, jute merchants; offices in Billiter Street."

If he looked to see amazement in Greengold's face he was mistaken. The head clerk of the late firm did not even start.

He glanced at his wife and began, "My dear, we are going to talk business."

"I beg that you will remain, madam," said Tredways sternly. "You are not surprised to hear my news?" he added, turning to Greengold.

"I heard it this evening," answered the other, speaking slowly in an effort to steady his voice.

"Then Peters acted contrary to my wishes," rasped Tredways.

"He told me that he was breaking a promise. I asked him if the visitor was the purchaser, but that Mr. Peters declined to tell me. He informed me of the sale merely."

"No, that visitor was not the buyer; he was my agent," replied Tredways composedly.

Lomas uttered a gasp. He was capable of nothing more.

Greengold waited, stealing a glance at his wife, who kept her eyes fixed upon Tredways.

"I understand that you are—were—head clerk to the firm?" said the latter imperiously.

At that word "were" Greengold trembled.

"Quite right," he answered.

"In which case you are aware that it was a dying concern."

Greengold wetted his lips and said something about "new capital and up-to-date methods."

"A dying concern," went on Tredways harshly, "and I am shutting it down."

The head clerk bowed slowly.

"It has employed you for—for"—Tredways glanced at his cuff—"for over thirty years?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may consider yourself discharged—fired."

Greengold looked round for a chair. He sat down, drawing it up to the fire as if he felt very cold.

"You have nothing to say?" demanded the visitor.

"Only that I wonder why you purchase a business for the sake, apparently, of closing it down."

"That is my concern, not yours."

Lomas, crouching outside, could scarcely breathe for fury. He would have burst in like a tempest, only he foresaw a touch of ridicule, and in spite of himself he was burning with desire to know just what Tredways meant by this cursed interference. Also, he was touched by a sense of admiration for Tredways's coolness and high-sounding insolence; it was a height which he himself longed to approach, and which he knew was beyond him.

"To touch upon another matter, Mr. Greengold. I understand that a year or two ago you mortgaged your present residence. Owing to a reduced salary your payments have fallen off. I wish to tell you that I have purchased the mortgage deed. If you are prepared to settle at once the arrears due, well; if not, it is my intention to foreclose on the property."

Greengold lifted his head slowly. As a matter of fact, he was not quite sure whether he was awake. His senses reeled under the force of these two blows — staggering, blinding, numbing. He rose dizzily, with an almost vacant stare. He felt his wife's hands pressing his arm, and heard her whisper, "John, what does it mean?"

Tredways rose also, keeping his back to the light. He folded his arms and regarded the head clerk steadfastly.

"I have come here to-night for an answer," he added.

Greengold made an effort to pull himself together. He saw his wife's face close to his, with its terrified eyes, and he kissed it. He turned to the visitor.

"For some reason," said he in a strained, unnatural tone, "you are making me an object for persecution."

"Precisely."

"Who are you?"

"Take a good look at me."

A long silence ensued. With haggard, bewildered gaze Greengold obeyed the command. He shook his head.

"I am just back from America," added Tredways in a voice of iron. "I went there twenty years ago. I will tell you why. I had spent two years in a prison cell for a crime of which I was wholly innocent. One man could have saved me. He refused."

Greengold recoiled as if he had been struck in the breast by a pistol ball. He caught at the mantel for support.

"Not Lomas?" he said in a strained, husky mutter.

"You recognise me, then? I have altered in twenty years."

"Lomas!" repeated Greengold, drawing a hand down his ashen cheek. "Yes, you have changed. My God!"

The watcher outside was rigid as stone.

Tredways looked at the woman, still at her husband's side.

"She knows all," said Greengold in a voice of heartbreak. "I told her before I married her. She helped me to pray for forgiveness. It has been the undying worm with me. I have suffered. *You*, Lomas? Is it possible?"

Tredways, suspecting doubt, flash-

ed a glance at his cuff. "You have forgotten me, eh?" he rasped. "And Alice Bartrop, and Abram Stoles—and that night at the music-hall when we met—and how you swore on oath——"

"Stop!" cried Greengold, down whose forehead beads of sweat were gliding. "I begin to understand. You mean to ruin me. You have come back for your vengeance. Is that it?"

Tredways took a framed portrait from the mantel. It was the bright face of a young lad with curly hair. He was just going to ask if this was the dead son when the thing was drawn quickly from his hand. He looked into the eyes of Greengold's wife; they flashed fire.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"I ask you to go, Lomas," begged Greengold, fighting the breakdown in his voice. "You have done your worst. I don't blame you. I deserve every bit of it. I only ask you to believe that I wronged you on impulse, in a mad jealousy; and then it was too late to contradict my sworn word. I would give anything to undo that frightful sin. I thank God that it did not submerge you altogether. You have prospered, and I have not. And now you take your measure of revenge. It is a deep and full measure, I assure you. Go, please go."

He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

The unsuspected watcher remained as if carved from marble.

"Yes, I have had my revenge," answered Tredways slowly. "The cup is empty. I am glad you acknowledge my right. You show more pluck, Greengold, than I gave you credit for."

He resumed his seat.

The woman moved to the table and stood there watching Tredways with an indescribable expression, as if she saw something in his face or read some meaning in his voice.

"It was sweet, but it is over and finished. Look up, man; I want to talk business.

"I have got on, as you say. I have more thousands of dollars than you probably ever had pence. I landed in England ten days ago. I said to myself, 'I'll find that fellow Greengold, who served me a shabby trick, and I'll give him a scare. I found you were tied to a job that isn't worth a pinch of salt; the roof that covers you isn't your own. I haven't a boy of my own, but if I had it would cut me about cruelly to lose him. A rough road, Greengold, you have been travelling on so long."

The head clerk fixed an extraordinary look upon the speaker.

"I've been knocked about, too, but in a different way," went on Tredways. "I've had my angles smoothed down, like you. Glory! I went away sorry that I hadn't murdered you; but twenty years in the big places of the world shows a man what his fits of temper are worth—the snuff of a candle. Still, I did want to give you a bad scare. Felt I owed it to myself. I bought up that ramshackle Peters and Juxon affair; yes, and the mortgage-deeds of this house. More, I mean to keep 'em."

Tredways slipped his thumbs in his waistcoat and tilted his chair.

"But when I've said that I've said half only. Look here, Greengold, it was time you got out of that coffin-office, anyway. I propose to make such a lot of fuss over my forgiving disposition as to come to your assistance in some substantial way. Between you and me, I'm off to the wild again; and before I go I want to make pals. Sure, that is what I mean. I brought along with me this evening a few dollar bills and a Bank of England note or two. There they are. Refuse them, and our forgiveness pact is off—dead off."

Tredways got up and tossed the

roll of bank notes upon the table.

Greengold drew a handkerchief over his forehead. Twice he tried to speak, but utterly failed.

His wife put a protecting arm round his neck and watched him anxiously.

Lomas was breathing so heavily that it was a marvel he was not heard.

"So that's all right, then, eh?" cried Tredways.

"No, no, no!" panted Greengold. "I say yes."

"Impossible! It—it's impossible!"

"Look here, if your boy sees you now—and who shall say he doesn't?—then I guess you would please him, Greengold, by making friends with me. And I swear to you that I won't ever forgive you unless you let me do this thing."

Greengold let his arms fall upon the mantelpiece, buried his face in them, and he sobbed—sobbed.

It was a terrible sound, this cry of an overcharged heart.

Lomas, outside, drew himself up and fumbled at his collar as if it was choking him.

"I'm off," cried Tredways. "Don't suppose I shall see you again, old fellow." He touched Greengold's shoulder in a stroking way. "Good-bye to an old score well rid of." He picked up his coat hurriedly and went out. Lomas heard the door slam; but he did not move; he kept his eyes fixed upon those two.

Greengold could not control himself. His wife was already looking at the bills and notes upon the table, and Lomas saw how they fluttered in her fingers and refused to be counted. She went to Greengold again and drew him away gently.

"It is a great deal of money, John," she said. "I think there are some thousands of dollars—a small fortune."

He yielded to her guidance. Lomas saw the convulsed face as he lifted it. Greengold walked slowly with his wife towards a sofa, then dropped upon his knees, and she knelt by him.

Lomas came away then. There was a sensation at his heart, and at his throat, which he did not understand, which he had never experienced before, but which was inexpressibly fine. He reclimbed the wooden palisade, and got back into the street, and went along slowly, under the linden trees, his eyes on the ground, wondering at himself, at his revelation, at this splendour.

Tredways hurried back to his hotel and began to pack a steamer trunk. He felt horribly perturbed. What a shabby trick to serve his friend! He had got to confess to Lomas and have his head punched. What an ass he had been to give way to this amazing impulse! Every time he thought he heard Lomas's step he started violently. He did not relish the outlook at all.

CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

AT DUSK

BY ETHELWAN WETHERALD

The phantom time of day is here,
Some spirit, from diviner air,
Unto our blindness draweth near,
And in our musing seems to share.

Who hath not in a darkened wood
At twilight's moment dimly known
That all his hurts were understood
By some near presence—not his own?

YES, that "near presence," not our own—what would we do in this world, with its ups and downs, its joys and sorrows, without it?

Nearer do we seem to it in the beautiful month of May, with all its sweet wild flowers, giving us a taste of a "heaven" near at hand, whereby that subtle, almost clairvoyant presence near, a spirit we might almost talk to, to whom we might lay bare that inner self whose thoughts make no claim to the land of the "make believe," where Will-o'-the-wisp reigns and where, as Swedenborg tells us, "the departed watch over us."

At dusk we have, nearly all of us, been conscious sometimes of an experience which words cannot explain, a something like the snapping of a chain or the sudden waking of a dream; since Plato enunciated his doctrine of the cave or the twice-divided line; since Plotinus urged his Neoplatonic philosophy; since Bacon and Pascal; since "Sartor Resartus" and "In Memorium" it has all been a commonplace with thinkers that "the invisible" from the creation of the world is clearly felt, being understood by the things that are made and makes Milton's question superfluous:

What if earth
Be but a shadow of heaven and things therein,
Each to other like more on earth is thought?

*

Practical steps are being taken in the Dominion to organise a "Peace Movement" in conjunction with Great Britain and the United States and celebrate a "centenary of of peace." A committee has been formed in London, England, by the Parliamentary Arbitration Committee to take part in preparing for the celebration. Earl Grey, our former Governor-General, is president, and Baron Shaw, of Scotland, chairman of the Executive. Prime Minister Asquith, Chancellor Lloyd-George, and Andrew Bonar Law are all supporters of the movement. The Canadian programme looks alluring and full of promise.

Men and women are no doubt in-

MRS. R. L. BORDEN

terested and will look for the Canadian Government plan of co-operation.

The National Council of Women will provide for a public meeting in London, Ontario, in the latter part of May during their annual meeting and during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when it is expected some definite plan of co-operation with the Government will be introduced for the celebration of this centenary of peace.

While it is probably true that the principles of peace and arbitration are more universally entertained, it is also true that the sensitiveness of nations in respect to their actual power and their relative influence in the world makes it a delicate and difficult subject. Therefore, from a woman's standpoint, the child should be educated by the promotion of an annual Peace Day in schools, universities, and churches, and by special assemblies and festivals in the interest of peace methods and settlement of differences.

*

Ottawa has closed a gay and brilliant social season, and perhaps those who tasted of its hospitality will remember with pleasure the charm and graciousness of Mrs. Borden, wife of the Prime Minister.

I have had occasion to write since the new year for publication abroad, something about "the Bordens," and when doing so (as now) my mind has flown over to Grand Pré to Mr. Borden's mother, who is named Eunice, which means happy, good, victorious; and I find the temperament of the gentle mother's name embodied in the man who is at the head of Canadian affairs. Then, too, I turn to Mrs. Borden and wonder if the man's mate in this world makes or mars his fu-

ture. She certainly has a great deal to do with it, and Mr. Borden's success has surely been aided by a noble mother and a noble wife.

Since Mr. Borden entered the arena of political life in 1896 Mrs. Borden has ever been his companion on political tours whenever possible, and ever her wonderful tact and personality have won many friends not only for herself, but for her husband.

Having no children, Mrs. Borden has given all her time to her husband and his life work, and to his success she has contributed to a very large degree.

Mrs. Borden's Ottawa home is the centre of many brilliant gatherings, as it is at "Pinehurst," Halifax, where, when her husband is relieved from the cares of state, rest is oftentimes sought. She is what we would call an all-round woman, clever in all things she undertakes. Her hobby is art, and many of the pictures which hang upon the walls of her home are products of her cleverly-wielded brush. Mr. Borden is immensely proud, and with good reason, of his wife's talent. In photography Mrs. Borden excels, not only in posing her subjects, but in doing all the work from developing to finishing. Her life is so closely woven with that of her husband that since the new year her time has necessarily been devoted to the stranger and the citizen in Ottawa, bringing them through her home life in closer touch with the sessional visitor and harmonising the varied elements of an intricate social world.

Mrs. Borden gives generously to philanthropic causes and keeps in close touch as far as possible with the Halifax Woman's Work Exchange, and as one of the vice-presidents of the National Council of Women, sees at close range much of what is done by Canadian women.

*

Canada was represented recently at the International Council of Women by Miss Agnes Riddell, who has written for us a description of her trip to Scandinavia:

It is always a pleasure to welcome the fulfilment of a dream; and thus it was with more than ordinary delight that I embarked for Europe to enjoy a long-hoped-for visit to the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Especially did I look forward to my stay in these countries, because it was to be under the auspices of the International Council of Women, the Executive Committee meeting of which I was going to attend.

My first objective point was Copenhagen, which I reached after a long journey by land and sea from Amsterdam. On the first morning of my stay my hostess took me for a walk through some of the suburbs, with their blossom-embowered houses and gardens, and out to the great park, where the deer range at will under the gigantic beech-trees. It was a beautiful day, the sun shining bright and warm and the breeze blowing fresh and cool from the blue expanse of waters beneath us. Such a day as I have come to associate in my thoughts with the charm of these northern lands. Excursions to see the Thorwaldsen and other museums and glimpses of the quaint older parts of the city filled up the tale of our days in Copenhagen.

During one of the excursions I saw for the first time the "workmen's colonies," of which one hears in connection with many European cities. For a nominal sum the municipality rents to the working-man a little plot of ground on the outskirts. There he builds his little shack, plants his flowers, his trees and vegetables and puts up a swing for his children. In the evenings of the hot summer days, on every holiday and half-holiday out they come, the whole family, father and mother weary from the toils of the day, the children eager to enjoy the delights of "their own garden." Very small is the little plot, and yet it is their own! Who can measure the boon these "colonies" are to working people who are compelled by circumstances to live in hot little flats? In the seeing of such pleasant and interesting sights time passed all too quickly, and soon we had said good-bye to our kind hostesses and were off for Stockholm to enter there upon the more serious labours of the Executive meeting.

Stockholm is a city to wonder at. Many a time during the week of my stay and since, as I saw or remembered its efficient public services, its fine public buildings, its beautiful surroundings, its picturesque old streets and houses, standing up from the numerous waterways which intersect this "Venice of the North,"

have I thought it strange that one should hear so little of this lovely city and so much of others certainly not more worthy. Stockholm had hitherto been a name to me; henceforth it would be a vision of white buildings and blue waters, of green trees and queer-shaped telephone-boxes and dashing taxi-cabs.

The meetings of the committee were held in the spacious rooms of the building belonging to the "Board of Iron Trades." Of these deliberations it is impossible to say more than that they were serious and often exacting. Being executive meetings, they were private and had no other spectacular features about them. Three public evening meetings were held in different places, and almost all the time when we were not at meetings was filled in with a round of entertainments. Here, as in Denmark, our hostesses were more than kind, and seemed determined that we should thoroughly enjoy every moment of our stay among them. On one afternoon we had the honour of being invited to the Palace, where we were received in the absence of their Majesties the King and Queen, by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, the latter the daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, our present Governor-General.

Not least enjoyable was our last visit than to Norway. The journey across the country revealed many resemblances between the Canadian and the Swedish and Norwegian country-sides. Arrived in Christiana, we experienced again the same great kindness, the same succession of meetings and entertainments. Added to these in Norway was the grand beauty of the mountains and the fiords, of which some of us were fortunate enough to catch a glimpse, and which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Then back again to England across the turbulent North Sea, and a long-cherished anticipation had passed into a no less cherished remembrance.

*

One of the important undertakings of the International Council of Women, of which Miss Riddell writes, is that of a reduction in foreign postage.

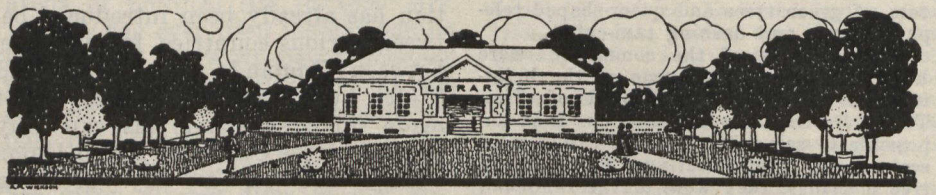
This is a world-wide movement made at the suggestion of the women of Denmark, seconded by those of Norway, and supported by those of the United States.

I think anyone who has had a great deal to do with international correspondence will agree that it would be a great saving to procure a reduction along that line. Such a reduction has already been introduced between various countries, for example, between England and the United States, but if such a reduction is not made universal—and this can only be done by the Universal Postal Union—they are in a way breaking the principles of the union, namely, a uniform rate all over the world.

The International Council is also applying for the introduction of some simple form for "answer prepaid." Of course, one knows that an international coupon can be bought, I think, anywhere. But it is too expensive. As it is now you pay, say, twenty-five cents, and get a twenty-five-cent stamp for it, which on a big correspondence is rather too much to pay on all answers prepaid.

A special request to the twenty-six nations comprising the International Council of Women was made—to apply to their respective governments—that they might present a petition to the Postal Union for such a reduction, as the petition could be presented only through the governments belonging to the Union.

Such a petition was presented to our Canadian Postmaster-General in March last, to be duly presented to the Government, and the women of Canada hope for very good results, which to our ever-increasing foreign immigrants alone would mean a great deal. We have the opportunity of doing a great and advantageous work in making the foreigner happy within our gates and educating those who come to us, more especially the children, by planting their little feet firmly upon the path which leads to good citizenship.



The WAY of LETTERS

HERETOFORE Mrs. Isabel Eclestone Mackay has been known only as poet and short story writer. Now, however, we have to consider her also as novelist, her first novel, "The House of Windows," having been published quite recently in London and Toronto. In this novel Mrs. Mackay has presented some of the social problems that are caused by the modern departmental stores, and thus she creates an affinity between these great institutions and the sordid conditions in which many of the employees therein are forced to live. Within the environment—between the "Stores" and the forbidding street where the House of Windows is located—we observe the development of *Christine,* a foundling, who is reared in poor but praiseworthy circumstances by two sisters who, in a strong sense of duty, rear her as if she were of their own blood. One of the sisters (*Celia*) works at the "Stores," at the ribbon counter, and indeed it was there that *Christine* was found in a perambulator—deserted. While lamenting the lack of discipline that made it possible for *Celia* to take possession of this child, wheel her home and keep her, we, on second thought, overlook it, because the lack of system is, as in so many instances, a human weakness by which the course of one career in particular is diverted from its natural channels. For the child was none other than the daughter of *Adam Torrance,* proprietor of the "Stores." Imagine the daughter of a merchant prince living in the humble home of two sisters—one of them blind, the other a saleswoman at the ribbon counter! There you have the drama. But it is in the development of the character of *Christine* and of the presentment of her environment that Mrs. Mackay's best work is encountered. The three girls live together as sisters. *Ada* cannot see; therefore she remains in the House of Windows, imagining it a beautiful place, with the windows revealing a well-tended garden, not, as in reality, weeds and tin cans. *Christine* goes to school, and it is the ambition of the other two to rear her as a lady. *Celia* sells ribbons—until she breaks down. Her illness makes it necessary for *Christine* to take her place. It also brings about an acquaintanceship with *Adam Torrance,* who at last is taking a personal interest in the welfare of his employees. *Christine* and her father meet, but they do not even dream of their relationship. There has been a courtship between *Christine* and *Mark Wareham,* the father's adopted son. The father knows that the girl who has infatuated the youth is a saleswoman and that her name is Brown. So he concludes to satisfy curiosity to the extent of calling on the *Brown* sisters at their rooms in the House of

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY
Author of "The House of Windows"

Windows. Thus the plot develops. Meantime the woman who kidnapped *Christine* years ago and then abandoned her at the ribbon counter, in order to avenge the downfall of her own daughter, which she attributes to the small wages paid by the "Stores," is hovering in the background because her avengement is not yet complete. She seeks also the downfall of the rich merchant's own daughter, and towards that end she plays upon *Christine's* sympathy and entices her into a supposed errand of mercy. *Christine* falls into the trap and disappears. The *Brown* sisters are driven almost to distraction in their attempts to find her. *Adam Torrance,* warned by a letter from the old woman telling him that his daughter still lives and is about to meet the same fate to which her own child had been driven by the "Stores," employs a detective to investigate. The adopted son, *Mark,* back from a trip to the West, starts out with a determination to rescue his sweetheart. Thus we have a three-

cornered search, which for a time turns the story into the detective class, making it a novel of mystery and crime, with many tense and exciting moments. In the end, which for *Christine* looks like the beginning, the girl is rescued, and in the last chapter, which reveals Mrs. Mackay's art at its best, we hear the happy heart-beats of no fewer than three affianced couples. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

THERE is something annoying about an anonymous piece of writing. Having read it, one feels that for no good reason the author has withheld his name. Sometimes the anonymity is merely a device to suggest mystery and arouse interest, and sometimes the author actually does not wish his name to appear. It is noteworthy, however, that whenever a book without an avowed author is a success the name is soon forthcoming. However that is, there seems to be a first-class reason why the name of the author of "He Who Passed" is withheld, and that is because it is a clever piece of imaginative literature and not a real "human document," as it purports to be. In the first place, it pretends to be the autobiography of an actress. According to the narrative, this actress had little or no education apart from the lines of the plays in which she appeared and the business of the stage. And yet we read in what pretends to be from her own pen a life story of absorbing interest, written with artistic, literary, and technical excellence. As a pure work of art, we admire it immensely, except its undignified end, where the woman, after having told of her *liaisons*, asks "M. L. G.," the initials of the man to whom the account is addressed, to consider her in the light of her exposition and then decide whether he could take her unto himself. Many readers might object to the writer's frankness, but frankness is here a virtue. The woman reveals her recollections of the boarding-house where as a mere child she was suffered to remain while her father and mother did vaudeville "stunts" on the "road." This boarding-house was patronised by second-rate actors and actresses, and it seemed only natural that the little girl should soon find herself playing juvenile parts at a theatre. She had "temperament" and natural charms, and in time a manager of influence and much money offered in exchange for intimate favours to give her the leading soubrette's part in a travelling company and soon thereafter to raise her to the full status of "star." Doubtless the author could produce easily from real life an instance such as this, but, whether he could or not, the narrative reads as if almost every line were true. There are excellent descriptive passages, even to those that savour of the *demi-monde*, and if anyone wants a tract to divert someone's fancy from the stage let him turn to "He Who Passed." (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

*

THERE is no subject which is more in the nature of a quagmire than that known as psychic research. The charlatan and the quack have been found so often in the ranks of so-called "faith healers" that the writer on any subject associated with psychotherapy has need of consummate tact and discriminating caution. In the volume, "Scientific Mental Healing," by H. Addington Bruce, we have a collection of eight articles on topics which are of interest to all who are concerned in the modern development of psychic treatment for disease. Their contents provide the general reader with a brief, yet sufficiently comprehensive, account of the principle underlying scientific psychotherapy. The author emphasises the fundamental differences between psychotherapy of the

scientific type and the psychotherapy of "faith healing." The reader finds the book to be a popular manual and is ready, after reading the last chapter, to agree with the author that such investigations are unquestionably of tremendous importance. In this age, when nervous disorders are so noticeably on the increase, scientific mental healing, which affords a means of coping with this growing evil, is of the widest interest.

Mental healing, as it is practised to-day, whether religious in character or based on the results of scientific investigation, rests "at bottom on two general principles—the power of the mind over the body and the importance of suggestion as a factor in the cure of disease." The first chapter of this book, "The Evolution of Mental Healing," is chiefly historical, giving a resumé of the different movements of this nature down to the present. In the second chapter the writer makes an interesting distinction. "Where the latter (Christian Science and New Thought healers) succeed they owe their success equally with the scientific psychotherapists to the influence of suggestion. Where they fail it is because they ignorantly treat diseases not susceptible of cure by suggestion, or because, in cases where a cure may be thus wrought, they lack the training that would qualify them to make a precise diagnosis."

*

VOLUME fifty-four of *The Studio* is sumptuous in colour and half-tone reproductions and unusually interesting in the letter press. There are appreciations of the work of Jean Charles Cazin, the great French landscape painter; Charles Cottet, painter of Breton life and scenes; Helen Hyde, an American artist in Japan; etchings by American artists at Paris; Prince Eugen of Sweden, landscape painter; Joseph Israëls, John Duncan Fergusson, portrait painter; old Japanese screens, besides some valuable notes on handicrafts, architecture, and the studios. (London: The Studio).

*

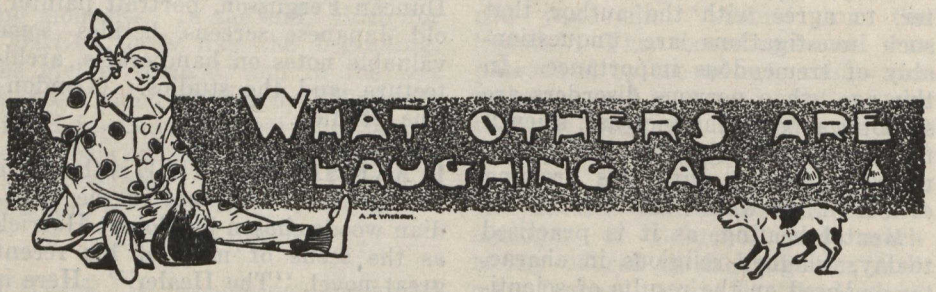
LAKE SANGUISHINE is the name given to the place in the Canadian woods chosen by Robert Herrick as the scene of most of his recent great novel, "The Healer." Here is the description of this place:

> "Sanguishene is far, far north in the depth of the Canadian woods. You go north as far as the railroad will carry you, then crawl for a day through the woods over a rough bed beside a rolling river to the end of the lake, then by boat to the settlement on the other side. Here you are quite beyond the ordinary world, in a land of queer 'lumber jacks' and half-breed trappers, a few fishermen and hunters from the city, and that is all. It's lovely, too—wonderful in its way. . . . Endless lakes and rivers, a low range of mountains across the northern horizon and everywhere the dark wilderness."

To this out-of-the-way place *The Healer* takes a bride to live, and it is there that the woman's fights between her love for her husband and har yearning for the faces and places of civilisation. The whole story is a fine study of the waywardness and passions of humanity. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

THE orders received for "The Canadian Almanac" give some idea of the interest taken abroad in Canada. The publishers report that in one mail orders were received from Paris, France; Timbirsk, Russia; Zurich, Switzerland; Port of Spain, Trinidad. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).



Keeping in Practice

Probably one of the heartiest laughs which the Duke of Connaught, now Governor-General of Canada, ever enjoyed, says *The Tatler,* was that occasioned by the remark of an Irish peasant, who one day, while the Duke was driving in Dublin with the Duchess, ran alongside the carriage and kept up with it in an astonishing fashion. So persistent was the man in his endeavours to keep pace with the carriage that at length the Duchess had the vehicle stopped, and asked the man what he wanted. He said that he was anxious to get a good look at their Royal Highnesses. The Duchess was much flattered, and asked him how he managed to keep up with them. "Oh," he said, "shure, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me loife?"

*

Not so Bad

Rev. Silvester Horne once heard a Tory member of Parliament say in praise of bishops:

"Bishops are not really stiff and starchy. There's a good heart beating below their gaiters."—*Zion's Herald.*

*

Cautious

Cook—"Why didn't you call for your dinner yesterday?"

Beggar—"I heard that the missus was cooking."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Classed at Last

The appreciation of the Canadian winter, which follows this, and the letter preceding it were received recently by the Editor of *The Canadian Magazine*:

Enclosed is a poem which I am respectfully submitting for publication if acceptable.

I can readily see that the religious poem which you so courteously returned is not in the class or spirit of your magazine. Stamps are enclosed for return.

BEAT TO A FRAZZLE

Keen though the air be,
Slip'ry the street,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat!

Fast though the snow fall,
Snow-fall's a treat,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Go out snow-shoeing,
Bright eyes you'll meet,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Think of the dinners!
Cabbage and meat,
The Canadian winter's
Sure got 'em all beat.

Rosy-cheeked, happy
Right down to your feet,
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

Ain't that some winter!
Just got to repeat
The Canadian winter
Has 'em all beat.

COSTER (to his wife, who has fallen off the barrow). "When I start airyoplanin' I shall have to leave you at 'ome, I can see that."—*Punch*

TOO FRANK

"You are workingmen——"

"Hooray!"

"And because you are workingmen——"

"Hooray!"

"You must work."

"Put him out! Put him out!"—*Tit-Bits.*

*

SEQUENCE

Mr. Andrew Lang once asked Mr. Israel Zangwill to give his services for a charity bazaar.

Zangwill replied in a note: "If A. Lang will, I. Zang-will."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*

THE AVERAGE

"Which of these clocks is right?"

"I don't know. We've five clocks. When we want to know the time we add 'em together and divide by five, and even then we're not certain."—*Punch.*

GAINING

Mrs. Dingbat—"I met Johnny Fuller to-day. He says I am filling out."

Dingbat—"It's natural he should say so."

Mrs. Dingbat—"Why?"

Dingbat—"You were looking Fuller in the face."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*

MORE DIGNIFIED NOW

"When I was a tiny boy with ringlets," said the man with little hair, "they used to call me Archie."

"I suppose now they call you Archi-bald."—*Christian Register.*

*

THE SAILOR'S CHEST

Bobby—"This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."

Mama—"Why, dear?"

Bobby—"Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.' "—*Sacred Heart Review.*

How Fame Comes

Scribbler—"It took me nearly ten years to learn that I couldn't write poetry."

Friend—"Gave it up then, did you?"

Scribbler—"Oh, no. By that time I had a reputation."—*Puck.*

*

The Lost Leader

(Browning Up-to-date.)

Just for a handful of silver she left us,
Just for a feather to stick in her hat.
Neighbour next door was the one who bereft us;
Offered her two more a week—oh, the cat!

They with their gold to give, also no children;
Two maids, a butler, and Sunday night free.
So much was theirs, oh, why did they steal her?
Why did they take my one jewel from me?

We that had trained her to cook, clean, and iron,
Fed her policeman, two brothers, a cousin,
Learned all her brogue and subdued her quick temper,
Made her a servant to choose from a dozen.

Swede girls we've tried often, Dutch cooks and Dagoes;
Watched them break all our cut-glass, and depart.
She, alone, built a light dream for an omelet;
She through her biscuits, alone, reached our heart.

—*Lippincott's.*

*

A foreigner, whose imagination had been fired by Southey's wonderful word picture of the "Cataract of Lodore," journeyed across the Atlantic in order to see with his own eyes the tumultuous course of the waterfall. On arriving at Liverpool, he at once started for Cumberland, and armed with map and compass, set out on his search, full of enthusiasm.

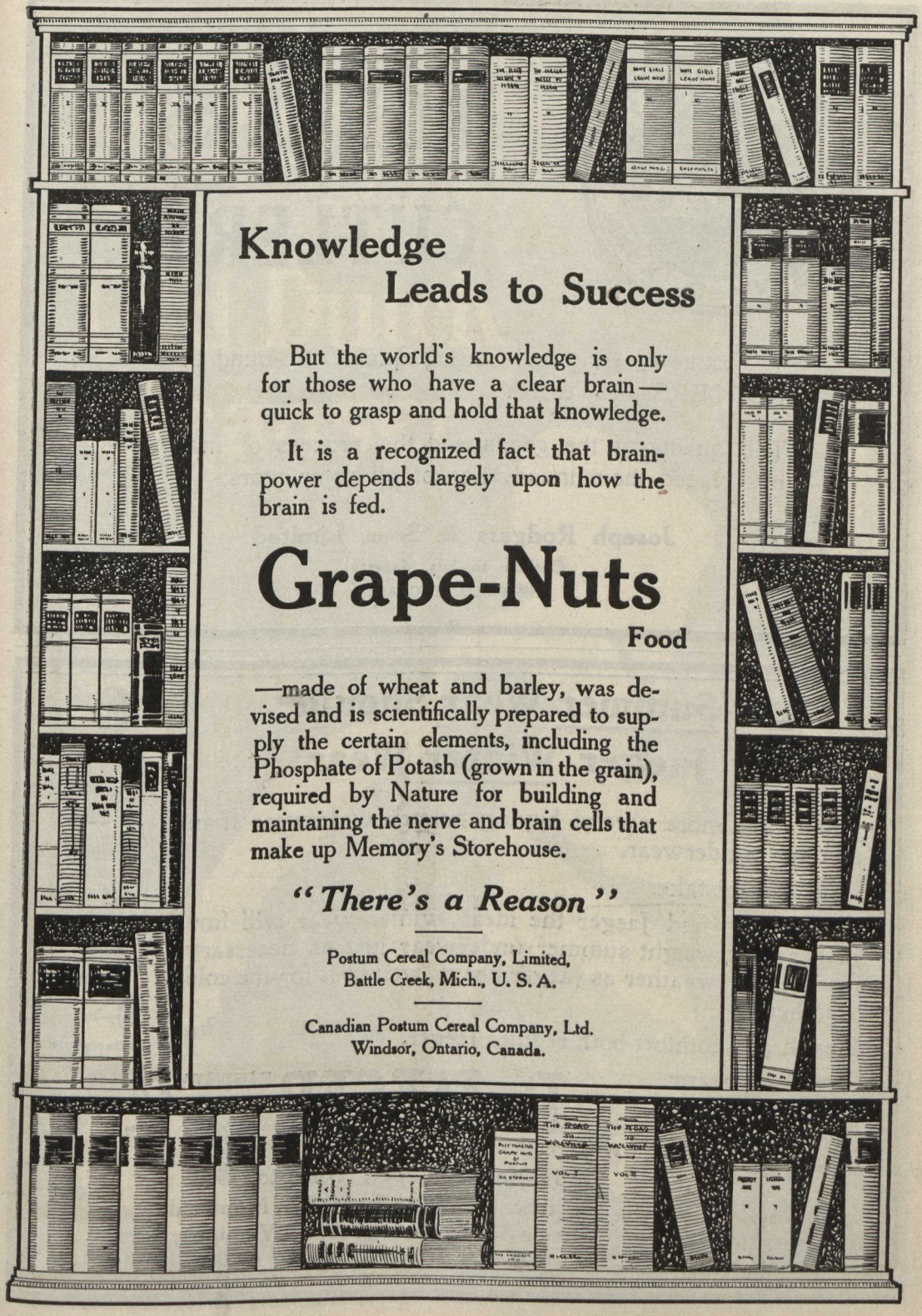
It was a hot day at the end of a dry summer, and as hour succeeded hour, and still no cataract rewarded his efforts, he flung himself down on the dry bed of a streamlet on the hillside, weary and despairing. Catching sight of a native of the country, he hailed him joyfully.

"Can you direct me to the Cataract of Lodore?" he called.

The man looked at him and grinned.

"Ye're sitting on it!" he replied.—*Birmingham Post.*

Wild Animals I have met —*Harper's*



Knowledge Leads to Success

But the world's knowledge is only for those who have a clear brain—quick to grasp and hold that knowledge.

It is a recognized fact that brain-power depends largely upon how the brain is fed.

Grape-Nuts

Food

—made of wheat and barley, was devised and is scientifically prepared to supply the certain elements, including the Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain), required by Nature for building and maintaining the nerve and brain cells that make up Memory's Storehouse.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.


All the hard work taken out of scrubbing with
Old Dutch Cleanser
Many uses and full directions on large sifter can 10¢
Chases Dirt

No Trouble to Prepare

A woman can get too much Exercise, and Housework is monotonous Exercise at that

It is said that the preparation of meals takes up fully one-half of the housewife's busy day.

That time could be shortened and she could have more leisure for enjoyment if

Post Toasties

Were used more frequently.

We do the cooking for you, Madam, in a factory that is spotlessly clean.

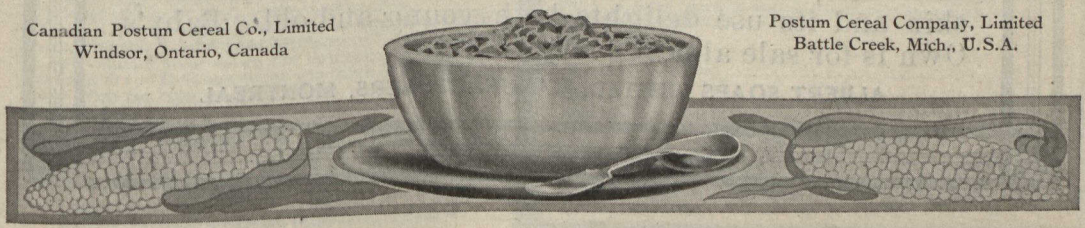
And remember, too, that in the making, "Toasties" are not touched by human hand!

These delicious bits of crisped Indian Corn are already to serve from the package instantly. And your family will like them, too—

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby

Best for You

THE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin—help nature along. It assures a soft, white, healthy skin and its use delights both young and old. Baby's Own is for sale almost everywhere.

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, MANUFACTURERS, MONTREAL

Wear Guaranteed Hose
Send for Price List

YOU ought to wear hosiery that really WEARS. Write for the price list on HOLEPROOF HOSIERY—six pairs guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or darns for six months.

A MILLION PEOPLE are wearing Holeproof Hose because of the wonderful service and comfort they give. These hose are so made that they wear longer than any other hose and yet they are soft and flexible. They are made in the lightest weights if you want light weights. No hose were ever more comfortable. Wear them this summer and your feet will be cool, yet the hose will wear SIX MONTHS. That is guaranteed. Think what it means!

6 Pairs Wear 6 Months Or NEW HOSE FREE!

That's what we do. If they wear out (one pair or all pairs) we give you new hose free. 6,650,000 pairs *outlasted* the guarantee last year. But we replace every pair that *does* wear out without any question or quibble.

Here's how we get the "wear" and the softness that have made "Holeproof" famous—

We use a yarn that costs an average of 70c a pound, while common yarn sells for 30c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, 3-ply strands, the softest and strongest yarn that's produced.

We spend $55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair is perfection, capable of the guarantee.

Then we have had 39 years of hose making experience. We know *how* to make hose wear, and how to make them *stylish, too.* These are the original guaranteed hose—the whirlwind success—the most popular hose in existence. You ought to try them.

Holeproof Hose and Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

Look for this Trademark

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send for Trial Box!
Stop Darning! End Discomfort!

Men need not any longer wear sox with holes in them. Children may now *always* wear neat-looking stockings. WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING! Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon and $1.50 now while you think of it. ($2 if you want them for women or children.) Remit in any convenient way.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
178 Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
178 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen—I enclose $1.50 ($2 for women's or children's) for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight ..... (medium or light?) Size.... ...Color (check the color on list below.) Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Province.....

LIST OF COLORS

For Men and Women			For Children
Black	Light Tan	Dark Tan	Black and tan only, and medium weight only. (319)
Pearl	Lavender	Navy Blue	
	Light Blue		

Let Us Pay for Ten Delightful Meals

This Coupon Buys Them All

The coupon we print here is good at your grocer's for a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

On this condition—

We ask you to buy for yourself at the same time a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice.

Then you have the two foods—the two most enticing cereals ever created.

How to Serve

Serve one in the morning with sugar and cream, or mix it with fruit. Serve the other for luncheon or supper. Serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

The grains are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread.

Like Toasted Nuts

These grains are puffed by a steam explosion. They are shot from guns.

The explosion creates a myriad cells, each surrounded by toasted walls. They melt in the mouth like snowflakes.

They taste like toasted nuts.

For a hundred meals this summer you'll find nothing so good as these crisp, airy, nut-like grains.

We want every home to know them—know them both. So we'll buy one if you'll buy the other.

When you buy Puffed Rice your grocer will accept this coupon in payment for Puffed Wheat. Cut out the coupon now.

Puffed Wheat, 10c

Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Sign and Present to Your Grocer P-41

Good in Canada or United States Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name.....

To the Grocer

We will remit you ten cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Peterborough, Ont.

Address.....

.....

Dated.....1912.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1912
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold your coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

TEN-CENT COUPON
Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough, Ont.

(279)

Every artistic home should contain a

Gerhard Heintzman PIANO

because this instrument presents the most up-to-date features and improvements; is in fact the

IDEAL PIANO

for the home. This reputation has been gained entirely through merit during the past half century of honest endeavor. A demonstration at our salesroom will convince you. Descriptive literature sent free on application.

Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd.

NEW SALESROOMS
41-43 Queen St. W. (Opp. City Hall)
TORONTO

HAMILTON SALESROOMS
King Street East. (Next Post Office)

Williams'

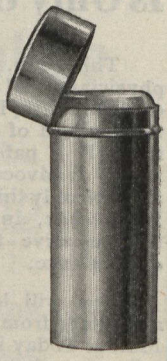
PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

New!

The "Holder Top" is the newest form of Williams' Shaving Stick.

The soap is the same as that of Williams' Shaving Stick in the familiar hinged-cover, nickeled box, which you know so well. The Holder Top enables you to grasp the stick firmly until the last fraction is used. The fingers do not touch the soap.

The Shaving Stick in the familiar Hinged-Cover Box



That peculiar creaminess of lather, the softening, soothing effect upon the face, found only in Williams' Shaving Soaps have made them always the first choice of discriminating men.

Three forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover nickeled box

A trial sample of either sent for 4 cents in stamps

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

"Those who inherit Empires have others shave them—
Those who create Empires shave themselves."

It's over a century since Napoleon Bonaparte evolved this bit of philosophy. While the first part no longer holds (Kings and Emperors now use the Gillette) the second part is truer than ever since the coming of the

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

The busy men who are doing the world's big work to-day—who are creating Empires of commerce and finance—have little time to waste with the barber. They shave themselves with the GILLETTE, not because it saves them money, but because it saves them time and trouble.

Besides, there's a keen satisfaction, to the self-reliant man, in giving himself a clean, cool, comfortable GILLETTE shave in three minutes. Try it yourself.

Your Hardware Dealer, Druggist or Jeweler can show you a Gillette Set to suit your needs and fancy. Standard Sets $5.00—Pocket Editions $5.00 to $6.00—Combination Sets $6.50 up.

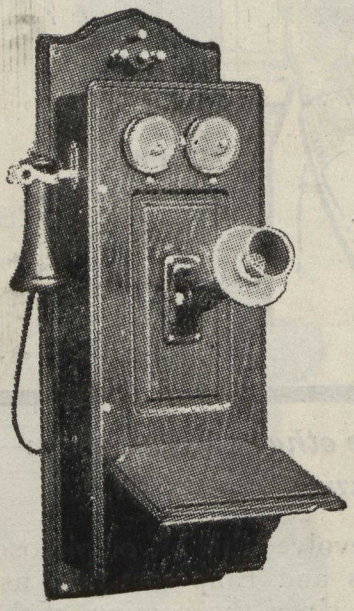
The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd.

OFFICE AND FACTORY

The New Gillette Bldg., - Montreal

TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Our Telephones Chosen by Majority of New Systems



In Ontario where the fight for business is keenest—where all telephone manufacturers enter into competition — this company has assumed a commanding position. Last year The Majority of Municipalities and New Companies entering the Independent Telephone Field selected our telephones and equipment.

Quality Wins

Price cuts no figure in securing the business of those companies. Other telephones were offered for less. SUPERIOR QUALITY won us the victories. Our telephones were selected not only by new systems, but by those who had been using other makes, because they were proven to be the strongest-ringing clearest-talking, simplest and best constructed. They were given the severest-tests, and most minute and rigid examinations. They established their superiority beyond question.

Business Doubling

Between 400 and 500 Independent Canadian Telephone Companies are buying their supplies from us. Our business last year doubled in volume. What better guarantee of satisfaction could a municipality or local telephone company want than the evidence of the satisfaction we are giving others?

Free Trial Offer

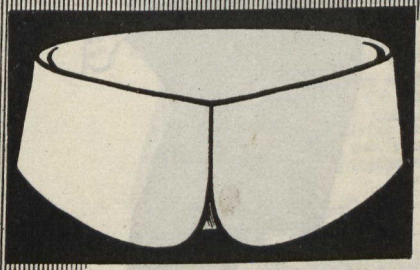
If your company is going to replace some old phones with new ones, or is just starting a system, ask us about our FREE TRIAL OFFER, whereby the quality and efficiency of our telephones can be judged before spending a dollar. Also ask for No. 3 Bulletin—our latest book on telephones.

Canadian Independent

Telephone Co., Limited

Duncan Street - - - - Toronto

Tooke COLLARS



The most successful collar idea we have ever brought out is the new

Tooke Lock Buttonhole

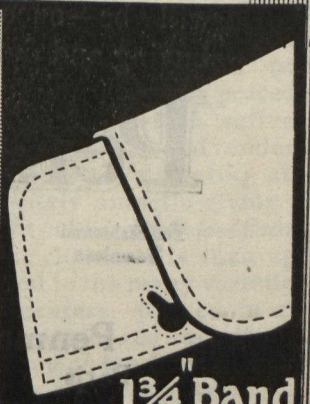
It is easy to button, and gives the very close front effect so much desired.

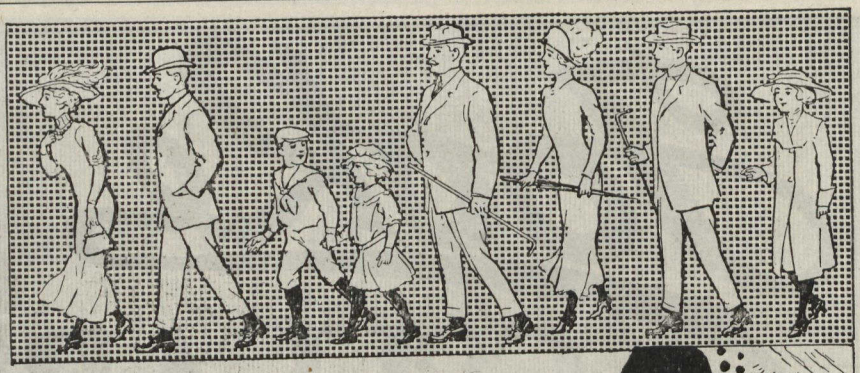
¼ Sizes—They Fit.

SAKTA

MADE WITH THE LOCK BUTTONHOLE

2 for 25 ¢





Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy, troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been knit into them—not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat they fit—how shape-retaining their method of manufacture—how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be—once you cease casual buying and demand only

Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned Seamless **Hosiery**

Made by

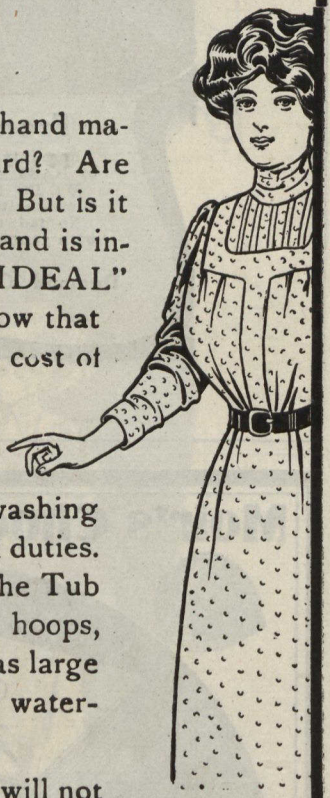
Penman's Limited

Paris - Canada

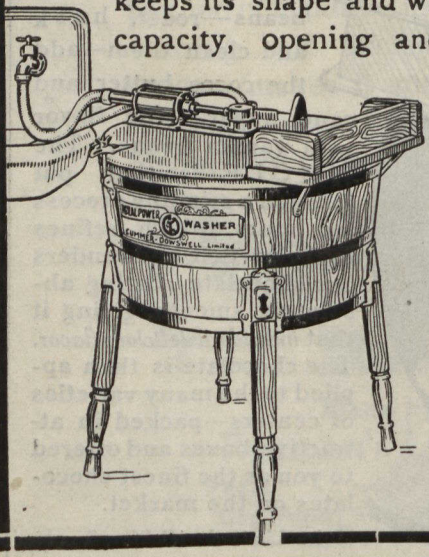
Underwear, Sweaters, Hosiery

'IDEAL' POWER WASHER

How Is Your Washing Done?



Do you do your washing with the old style hand machine or, worse still, the back-breaking wash-board? Are you doing this because you think it is cheaper? But is it cheaper? The hand machine does good work, and is infinitely better than the wash-board, but the "IDEAL" Water Power Washer is better still. Do you know that the cost of the "IDEAL is little more than the cost of the others. Is not the saving of your strength, your time, your temper and your clothes worth the difference. Ordinary city water pressure is all you need; with it and the "IDEAL" your washing is being done while you attend to other household duties. There s nothing about it to get out of order. The Tub is strongly bound inside and out with steel hoops, keeps its shape and will last for years. Ithas large capacity, opening and permanently fixed water-board.



What the IDEAL will not do towards lightening the drudgery of washing clothes, cannot be done.

Write for booklet "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy"—It points the way to happier wash days.

CUMMER - DOWSWELL,
LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA.

Light Housework

These two words tell the whole LIQUID VENEER story—they tell of cheery furniture, fixtures, metalwork, woodwork and hardwood floors—of sanitary rooms—of time, labor and money saved—and of a home that's ***always*** sweet and clean—

WHEN YOU DUST WITH

LIQUID VENEER

Accept no substitute—insist on the yellow package with the black tilted letters (LIQUID VENEER)

Simply moisten a cheese cloth duster with LIQUID VENEER and dust everything with it—from the grand piano to the dainty gilt frame on the mantelpiece. Always dust with LIQUID VENEER and your duster will carry off all the dust instead of scattering it, your home will always look like new, and your housework will be lightened in a way that will surprise you.

Trial Bottle Free

Write to-day for free trial bottle and let LIQUID VENEER speak for itself. Send the coupon.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,
249-E Liquid Veneer Building,
Buffalo, N.Y.

HOME OIL, our new product, makes stiff scissors and shears cut easy.

"CHEER UP" COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
249-E Liquid Veneer Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

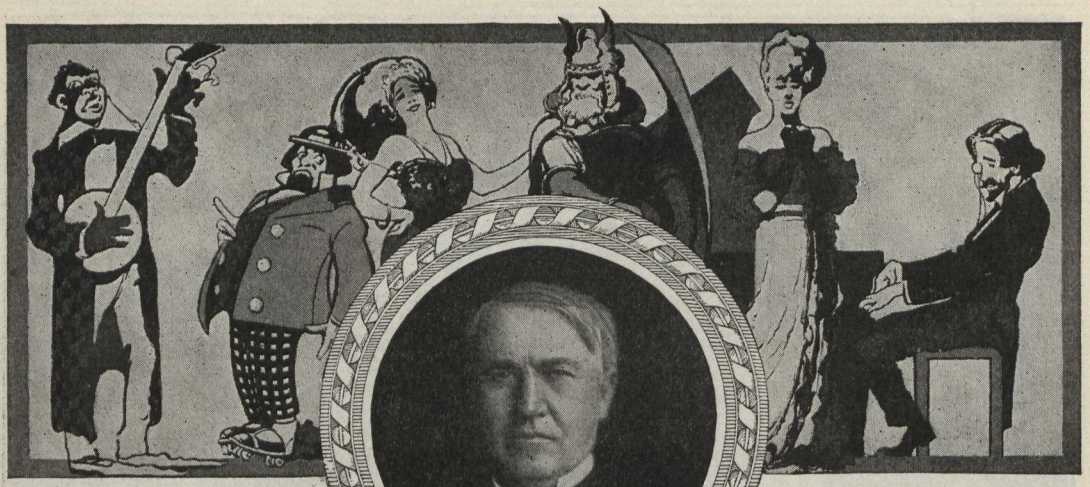
Please send me free and without further obligation on my part sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

Name.....

.....

Street & No.....

City & State.....



Comic Songs
Sentimental Ballads
Band Selections

Grand Opera
Instrumental Solos
Sacred Songs

Your Edison Phonograph is as new as the latest musical comedy hit

or as old as the beautiful ballads of long ago; as cheering as a lively band or as inspiring as a grand opera aria. Whatever your mood or your preference in music, there are Edison Records to satisfy it—Records made by artists who are among the best that the field of opera, concert and musical comedy has produced—new Records every month embracing all of the new things that are good and many of the old ones that have lived.

The New Edison Records for May

are the works of artists of reputation. Each is perfect of its kind, and many of your kind are included. The only way to get all of the enjoyment possible out of your Edison Phonograph is to keep it supplied with new Records. Look over this list; check the ones that appeal to you and ask your dealer to let you hear them.

AMBEROL CONCERT RECORDS

28014 Vito.....Paulo Gruppe
28015 Coppelia—Entr'Acte and Waltz, Armand Vecsey & Orch.
28016 Old Folks at Home.....Margaret Keyes

AMBEROL RECORDS

987 A Songologue—Winter Garden.....Stella Mayhew
988 Mary Was My Mother's Name.....Joseph A. Phillip
989 That College Rag.....Walter Van Brunt and Chorus
990 I Want Some One to Care for Me.....Lottie Gilson
991 You've Got Me Hypnotized, Ada Jones & Billy Murray
992 Take Me Back to the Garden of Love.....Reed Miller
993 (*a*) Three Little Owls and the Naughty Little Mice
(*b*) I'm Old But I'm Awfully Tough.....Cal Stewart
994 The Passing Caravan Patrol..New York Military Band
995 My Lou—Winter Garden, Stella Mayhew & Billie Taylor
996 That Coontown Quartet.....Premier Quartet
997 Your Own Dear Kiss.....Elizabeth Spencer
998 When I Was Twenty-One and You Were Sweet Sixteen
Joseph A. Phillips and Chorus
999 Peggy Gray.....Manuel Romain
1000 Good Night, Mr. Moon.....Campbell and Gillette
1001 That Hypnotizing Man.....Premier Quartet
1002 Alexander's Ragtime Band Medley....Fred Van Epps
1003 Cujus Animam—Stabat Mater....Charles W. Harrison
1004 Rockin' in de Win'.....Bessie Volckmann
1005 Are You Going to Dance?—"The Count of Luxembourg"
Elizabeth Spencer and Irving Gillette
1006 Old Folks at Home, with Variations....Andre Benoist
1007 One Fine Day—"Madame Butterfly"...Agnes Kimball
1008 Let Joyous Peace Reign Everywhere, Anthony & Harrison
1009 Count of Luxembourg—Waltzes, Amer. Stan. Orchestra
1010 God is Love, His Mercy Brightens
Agnes Miller, Reed Miller and Frank Croxton
1011 Happy Days.....Venetian Instrumental Trio

STANDARD RECORDS

10551 Spanish Dance—Suite "Bal Costume," U.S. Marine Band
10552 Pickaninny's Lullaby.....Elsie Baker
10553 I Want "a Regular Pal" for a "Gal," Walter Van Brunt
10554 'Lizabeth Ann.....Campbell and Gillette
10555 Scotch Country Dances.....National Military Band

Edison Phonographs, $16.50 to $240
Standard Records..... .40
Amberol Records (twice as long) .65
Amberol Concert Records.... $1.00
Grand Opera Records.. .85 to $2.50

Thomas A. Edison INCORPORATED
6 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Varnish-buying opportunities deserve your own, personal attention.

More depends upon the right selection of varnish than most buyers know.

It's not simply a matter of price-per-gallon—

It's the fitness of the varnish for each individual need that really counts most.

And that may mean a difference in quality of finish, in initial cost, in ultimate economy, in a saving of shop cost of labor, in increased output.

It may mean any one of these things—or all of them.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

For All Architectural and Manufacturing Purposes

WHETHER the varnish you are paying for is used in homes and other buildings or in the finishing of a manufactured product—the opportunities for clever buying are many.

And in either case you cannot afford to overlook the resources, knowledge, experience and fair dealing of our organization.

OUR special representatives will call on any manufacturers interested in better and more economical finishing. Write us about your varnish problems.

It will place you under no obligation and may mean a great deal to you in the end. You will never regret starting your active campaign for better varnish—but start it now. Every day's delay may mean losses that can be saved.

At least, send for "Choosing Your Varnish Maker," the book that tells why.

ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brother's Architectural Varnishes, and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air Drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers.

Factories:—Detroit, Mich., Walkerville, Ont.

Branches:—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

Why This Is the Safe Electric

Note the picture to the right.

In driving a Rauch & Lang Electric all that you have to do is as follows :

To start, push that lever forward. The farther you push it the faster you go—up to 18 or 20 miles an hour.

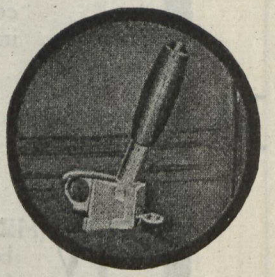
To stop, pull the lever back. That shuts off the power, retards the car and then applies a powerful brake. The car stops immediately. All this is done in the one operation of pulling the lever back.

All the power can be shut off instantly with this lever in any position by simply dropping the hand on the metal ring directly below. A giant-strong foot-brake may be brought into play at the same moment. The car, again, stops at once. It can't start again until this lever is brought to the neutral position.

Either way to stop is unfailing and remarkably quick. And any woman or child is strong enough to lock the wheels with these brakes.

Both foot and hand brake may be used together, but either alone is sufficient.

The natural impulse in emergencies is to "pull back." So you stop this car almost on the impulse—almost without knowing it. It's the safest vehicle ever devised. And there's no other car controlled like it.



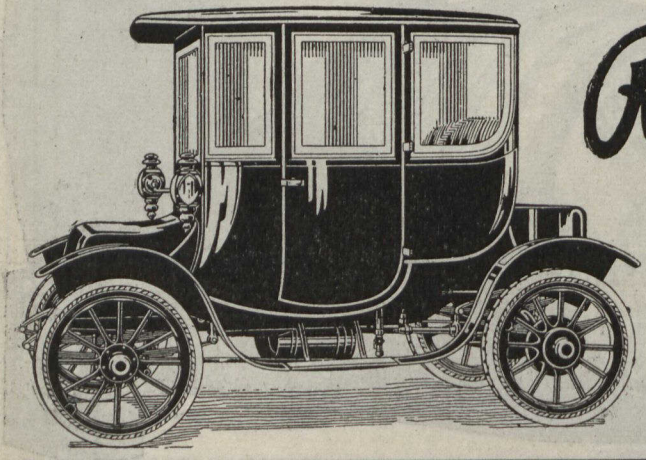
The control handle locks with a Yale key.

The car is not only theft-proof, but fool-proof and accident-proof—all on account of this lever.

Anyone who wants a safe car must judge the safety of others by the Rauch & Lang standard.

There will probably never be a simpler way to operate a conveyance.

The Rauch & Lang catalogue goes into detail. Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.



Rauch & Lang Electrics

McLaughlin Motor Car Company

128 Church St., Toronto

Overland

$1200

Model 60-T

Wheel base, 111 inches; body, 5-passenger, fore-door touring; motor, 4⅞x4½; horsepower, 35; Remy magneto; front axle, drop forged I section, Timken bearings; tires, 34x4 inch Q. D.; equipment, three oil lamps in black and brass finish, two gas lamps and generator. Self-starter, $20 extra. Top and glass front, $55.

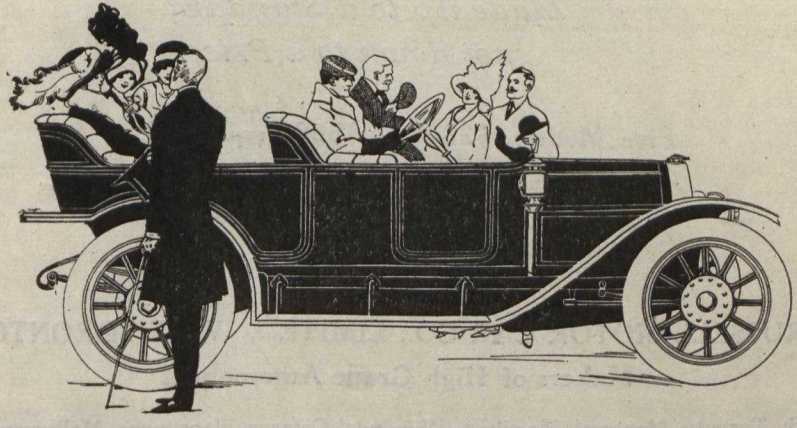
Duty Additional

HERE is the lowest priced thirty-five horsepower touring car made. A thorough investigation of the entire automobile market will reveal the startling fact that practically the only difference in popular priced cars to-day is the difference in price and this difference is due to the size of the plants that produce them.

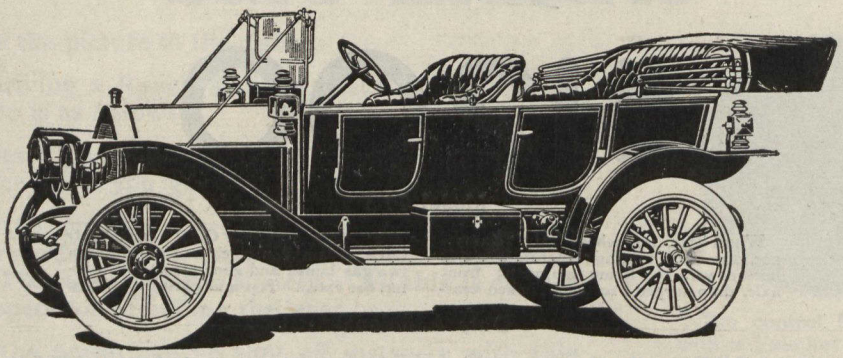
That is why we, the largest individual manufacturers in the business, can market a thirty-five horsepower five-passenger touring car for $1200. If the others are getting $1500 for a car of this type, ***which they are,*** why should you pay it?

Look up the Overland dealer in your city. See this exceptional $1200 car. He will supply you with all the evidence in the world to back up these statements. Let us send you one of our interesting books. Please ask for book J25.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Russell



WILL you be satisfied with "pot luck" construction?

From the day a Russell starts in the making it is watched closely through every process.

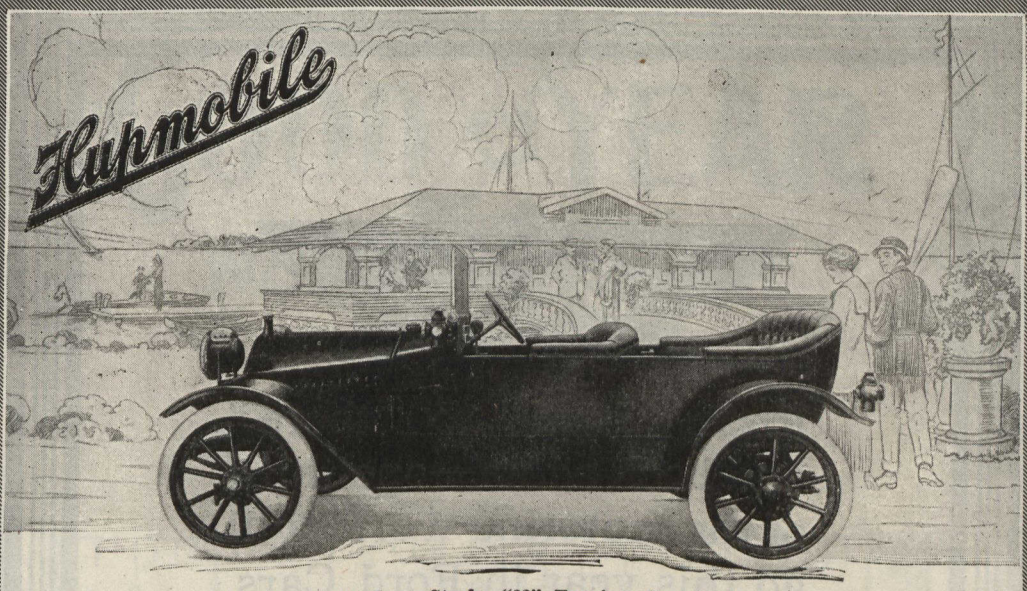
Made up to a Standard—
not down to a Price.

Five Models, $2350 to $5000 equipped.

Write for the catalog.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED, WEST TORONTO
Makers of High Grade Automobiles

BRANCHES: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $1,000.

F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke, Bosch magneto; 106-inch wheel base; 32 x 3½-inch tires. Color, Standard Blue.

Not the Price; Not the Specifications; But—

the Name added to both

You would do this car **less than justice** if you judged it by its price.

You would **fail to do it full justice** even if you judged it by the generous specifications.

It is what the car has always stood for, that renders the price remarkable.

It is the Hupmobile record; and the Hupmobile reputation; that emphasize the extraordinary character of the specifications.

The price is not, in itself, sensational—but the high standard of Hupmobile practice, at that price, is sensational.

You do not buy certain large cars of highest price because they boast a longer wheel-base; or more generous proportions in any part of the chassis.

You buy them because their name and their word have always been synonymous with service and worth

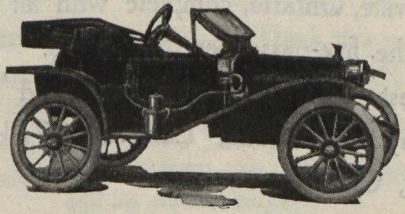
And, in its class, the Hupmobile has always held its ideals as high as cars of the highest worth.

It has shown itself worthy of a place beside them—worthy to share the same garage; it has fulfilled its mission as efficiently as they fulfill theirs.

Bear these things in mind as you study the cars in detail—then, and not till then, will you fully realize the remarkable value embodied in the price, and in the specifications.

We are quite willing that you should compare this new Hupmobile with cars which sell for several hundred dollars more.

We will cheerfully abide by your decision, if it does not demonstrate either quality or superiority in any definite and positive test which you may designate to the dealer.



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $850.

F.O.B. Windsor, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H.P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheel base, $950.

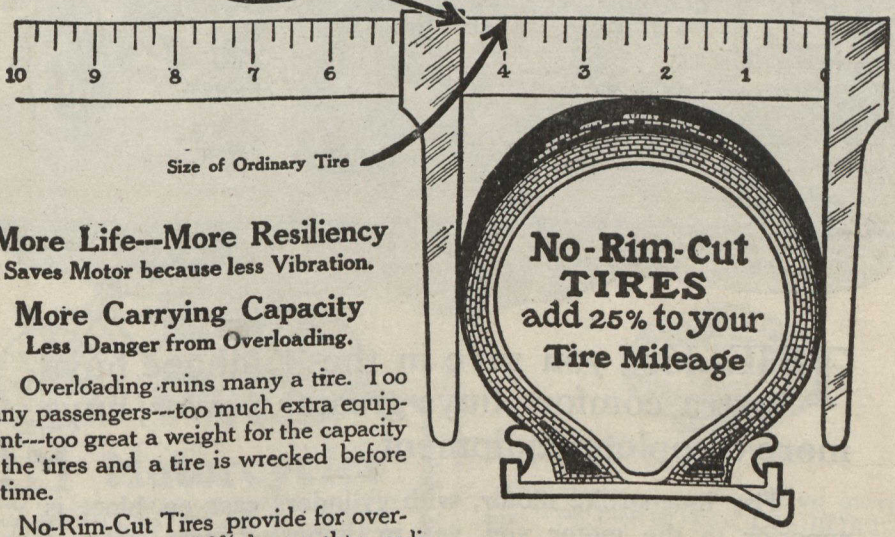
Hupp Motor Car Co., 1269 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ont.

GOODYEAR

No - Rim - Cut TIRES

10% OVERSIZE



More Life---More Resiliency

Saves Motor because less Vibration.

More Carrying Capacity

Less Danger from Overloading.

Overloading ruins many a tire. Too many passengers---too much extra equipment---too great a weight for the capacity of the tires and a tire is wrecked before its time.

No-Rim-Cut Tires provide for overloading. They are 10% larger than ordinary tires. They have 10% more resiliency ---and 10% more carrying power. Fitted to the average car they give 25% more mileage.

No Rim-Cutting

800,000 of these patented tires have been sold to date. Not one has been wrecked by rim-cutting.

When you consider that 23% of the ordinary tires go that way---the saving in No-Rim-Cut Tires is clear---23%.

Think this over! 25% more mileage ---23% saved because of no rim-cutting--- total saving of 48% on tire maintenance.

Investigate No-Rim-Cut Tires.

Our Book "HOW TO SELECT AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE" will be sent on request. 26

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Factory, Bowmanville

· THE · TUDHOPE ·

"The Car Ahead"

THE duty you save in the Tudhope buys extra comfort, buys greater power, buys more complete equipment.

The long-stroke motor, with cylinders cast en bloc, is superior to the motor you get in imported cars, sold at Tudhope prices. The chrome-nickel steel construction—Bosch Dual High Tension Ignition System—Continental Demountable Rims are not found in other cars at $1625.

You get them in the Tudhope because it is wholly made in Canada.

513

Two Years' Guarantee

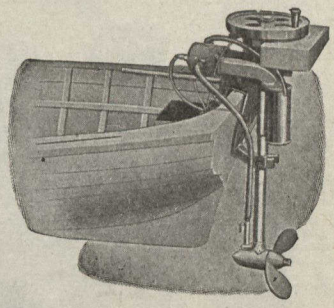
The Tudhope Catalogue has information every buyer of cars should read. Yours for a post-card.

Extra Tire with Every Car

THE TUDHOPE MOTOR CO., LIMITED, Orillia, Canada

THE "EVINRUDE" Detachable Rowboat Motor

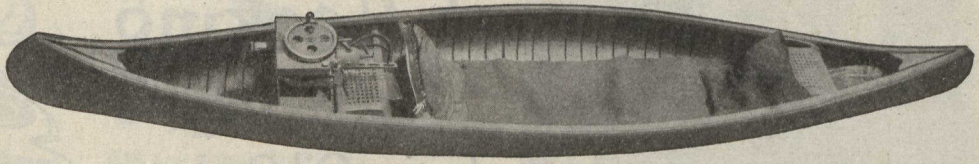
FITS any kind of a rowboat, round or flat bottom, square or pointed stern. Requires no special fittings. Adjustable for any angle of stern. Adjustable for depth. Steers with propeller. Attached or detached in mid-stream in one minute. Weighs 50 lbs. complete. Makes a motor boat out of an ordinary rowboat or canoe, and will drive same over 7 miles per hour. Runs through weeds.



Special Attachment for Canoes.

A HIGH-CLASS OUTFIT. FULLY GUARANTEED.

Sold Wherever Boats Are Used.



AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

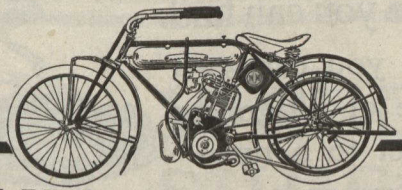
Write for circulars and export prices.

Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau,

Dept. 19—116 Broad St., New York

EXCLUSIVE FOREIGN DISTRIBUTERS FOR EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.

Agents for Ontario and Quebec: H. W. Spencer & Co., St. Nicholas Bldg., Montreal.



M·M Motorcycles

Positively the best machines with more features to recommend them and at the lowest prices ever offered. **$140 to $225.**

Write today for handsome free booklet.

American Motor Co. 812 Centre Street, Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Made in the *Largest Plant in the World* devoted to manufacturing 2-cycle marine gasoline engines.

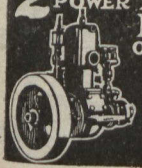
3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install **$55**

ALSO 3½ TO 36 H.P.

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—*tells* and *shows* you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 53 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

2 HORSE POWER AMERICAN MARINE MOTORS $38 COMPLETE



OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSE POWER PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE. AGENTS WANTED.

Send for complete marine engine book FREE.

AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 479 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO. THE Peterborough Canoe PETERBOROUGH, CANADA, LTD.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

This stamp of quality is on every genuine "PETERBOROUGH BOAT."

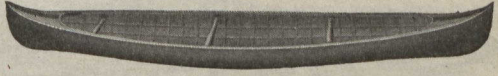
It stands for good design, for the best of material and that careful expert workmanship that has made PETERBOROUGH CRAFT the highest standard in the eyes of all boating enthusiasts.

Our Catalogues fully illustrate our boats.

Insist that your boat is a genuine "PETERBOROUGH."

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., LTD.

Peterborough, Ontario.



New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

For Every Kind of Cooking

The New Perfection Oil Cook-stove, with the New Perfection oven, is the best and most efficient cooking device you can find.

It is an all-round stove—one you can start up in a minute to make a plate of fudge, or trust to cook a full course dinner to a turn—just what the practised housewife needs.

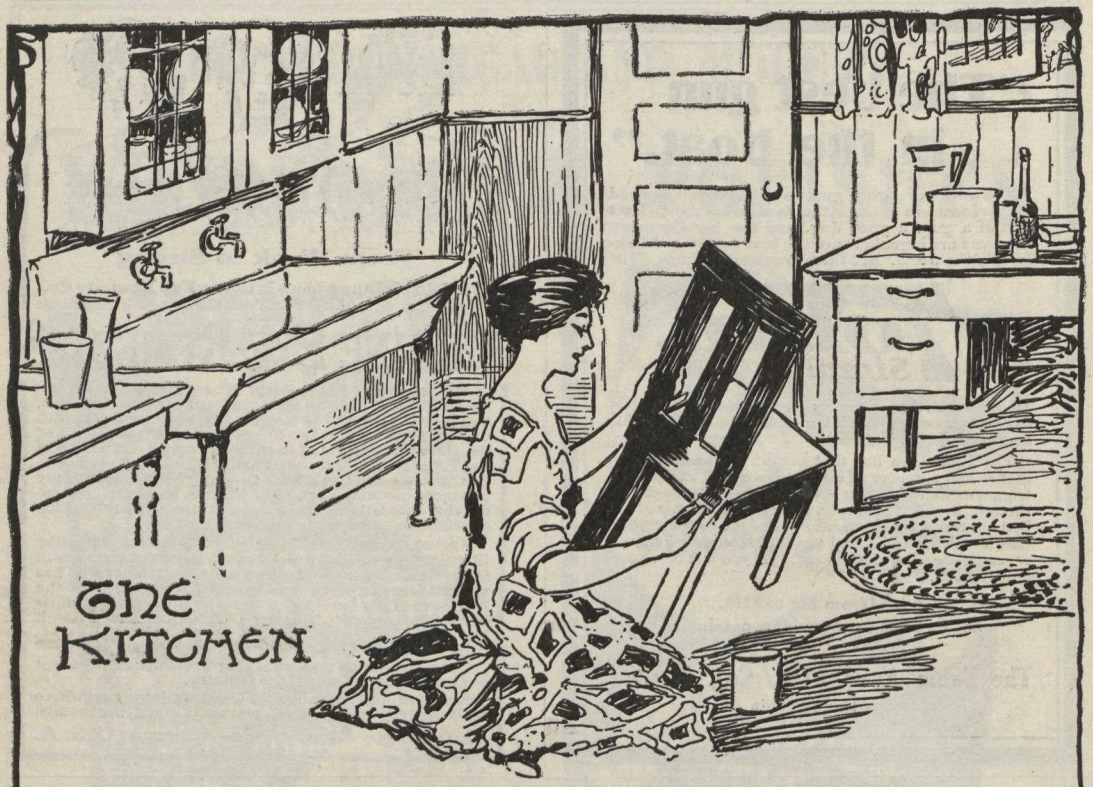
No ashes, no dirt, no smoke. Above all, no overheating of the kitchen.

The New Perfection has a cabinet top and drop shelves for keeping food and dishes hot. Handsomely finished, with long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys—as attractive as it is handy. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners—the 2- and 3-burner stoves with or without cabinet. Be sure the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION."

Write for Descriptive Circular to any Agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax and Queen City Division, Toronto.



COVER THOSE BLEMISHES

'Tis the kitchen that gets most wear and tear. Wear from the scrub brush—tear from the pots and pans and daily toil.

TRADE MARK.
LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

will give a new tone to your oil-cloth—make those old kitchen chairs fit for any company—cover up the ice man's clumsy work on your refrigerator—brighten the wainscotting—banish pussy's claw marks from the table and chair legs. Worth while trying it?

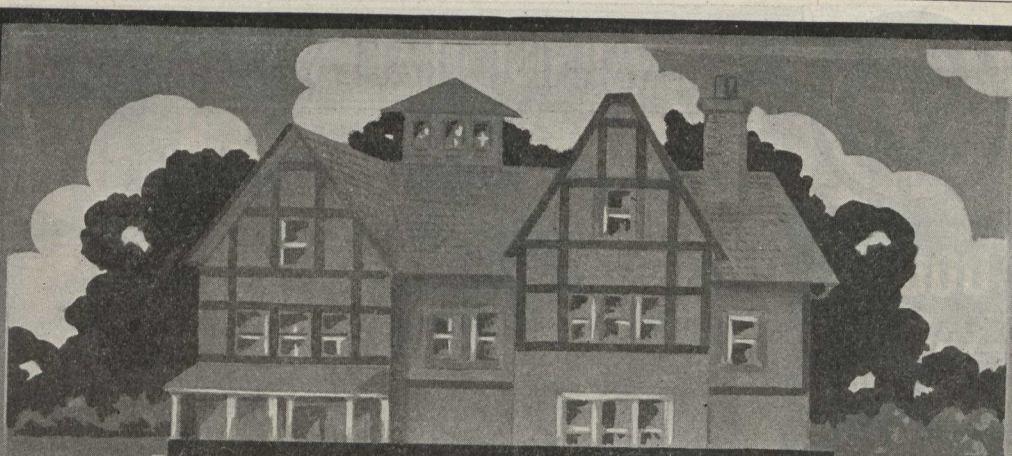
Our little booklet "Dainty Decorator" tells of many uses of "Lacqueret" for *your* home. And there's a copy waiting for you for the asking.

Cans contain full Imperial measure. Ask your dealer. Don't accept a substitute.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

TORONTO - WINNIPEG

Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality.



IT matters not what heating system you use—Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air, you cannot get that much desired gentle, restful and soothing atmosphere without proper humidity.

Water should be evaporated freely, and the

GOOD CHEER

WARM AIR FURNACE

WITH ITS BIG

CIRCLE WATERPAN

holding from four to six gallons, presents the one heating medium which does afford a really comfortable and healthful warmth.

Catalogue mailed on request.

The JAMES STEWART MFG. CO., Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO. WESTERN BRANCH: Winnipeg, Manitoba

2

The Heaviest Storm Brings no Fear to the owner of a *Certain-teed* Roof

General Roofing, the World's Largest Roofing Manufacturers

If after you put on a roof you are a little in doubt as to the quality and do not feel certain sure that you are getting absolute protection from the rain—you always will be worried every time there is a heavy storm—you never will be satisfied till you inspect the roof and assure yourself the first thing in the morning that it has not sprung a leak during the night and damaged your property. On the other hand, if you use

Certain-teed Roofing

Quality Certified—Durability Guaranteed

—the roof that outlasts all other roofs—you will not wake up in the middle of the night worrying whether or not your roof is tight.

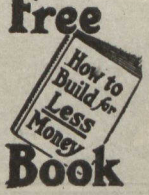
Millions of rolls in use; outlasting all other styles of roofing ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** is the farmer's friend—it has saved him thousands of dollars—it is the best roof covering for the house, barn and all farm buildings—costs less, is easy to lay, comes in rolls or shingles. At least give it a trial—see that your local dealer sells you ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** bearing the ***Certain-teed*** label of quality and **15-year guarantee.**

Certain-teed **Roofing** is sold throughout the provinces of Canada by local dealers and is distributed by wholesale jobbers in St. Johns, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Brandon, Vancouver, Victoria. Take a picture trip through our mills, it is fully decsribed in our new book B J-2, free for the asking.

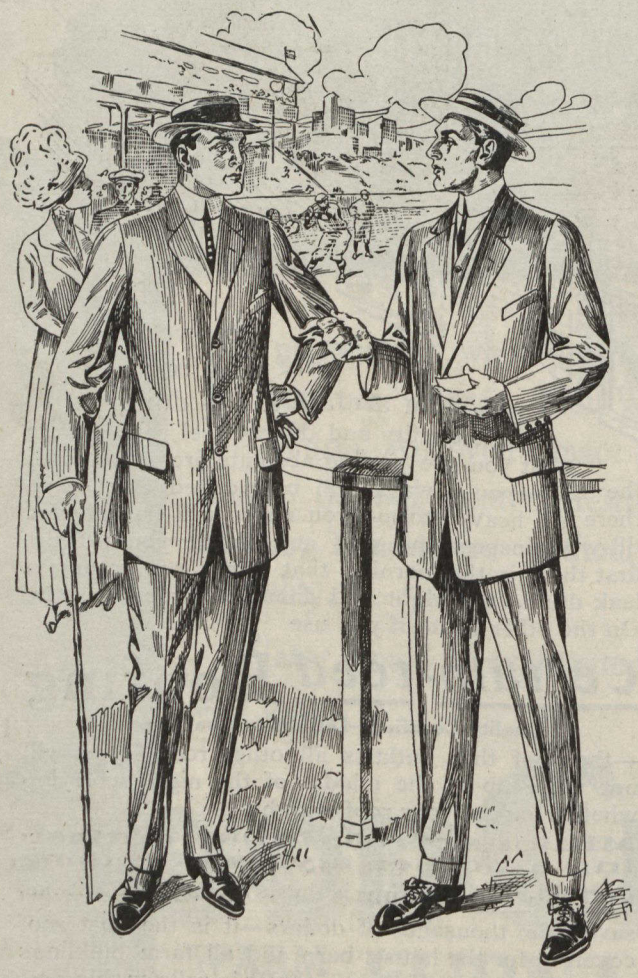
General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Roofing and Building Papers

WINNIPEG - MANITOBA



SPRING MODES



in Correct Dress

¶ CORRECT IN STYLE MAKE FIT PRICE

WHAT more do you need in a SPRING SUIT? :: :: :: ::

Styles as here shown may be selected from our new Spring stock of ready to wear suits or ordered from Special Order Samples.

In Either Case —Satisfaction Assured or Money Refunded.

SHOPS OF "Fashion-Craft"

22 King Street West
102-104 Yonge Street
426 Yonge Street
} P. Bellinger, Prop. Toronto, Ont.

AND AT STORES IN EVERY CITY IN CANADA.

PURITY OF STYLE

Standard Silver Plate

embodieds the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

Quality—The best that can be produced.
Original Designs—Worked out by prominent artists.

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

THE SUCCESS *of* STANDARD SILVER PLATE

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for 'Standard' Silver Plate."

SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited

33-41 Hayter Street Toronto

La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE CORSET

The Plump Woman will be very Stylish provided her Corset is Right.

La Diva "Crest" Reducing Model No. 790 surpasses even the former ones in style, in comfort, in durability.

And it is sold at $2.75, which is $2.00 to $5.00 less than any imported corset that can be compared with it.

The fit of the back and hips together with the spoon clasps and the new double piece rounded effect gives the wearer the greatest amount of abdominal comfort and has the greatest amount of reducing strength. Combined with this is the unbreakable feature, a feature patented by us. This corset is made of strong imported coutil, trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow, and has six wide suspenders, hook and draw string. It is one of the best corset values that can be had.

Liks all other La Diva Corsets No. 790 is sold with an absolute guarantee as to quality. We guarantee every pair or money refunded,

THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY - QUEBEC

Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets.

DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario

Branch Offices—312 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
67 Bleury St., Montreal.

The "Sunday" Vacuum Cleaner

IF you knew how often a perfectly "SUNDAY" cleaned house through lack of dust and dirt and microbes helped to fool the Doctor, you would not be without one for five times its value.

Microbes, moths and *other things* shiver when they hear that a SUNDAY VACUUM CLEANER with its 10 to 11 inches of vacuum is going to start looking them up.

The SUNDAY DOES what is claimed for it, sells on its merits not on its price. We cannot make it cheaper and maintain our FIXED STANDARD.

To agents. Our proposition is attractive, First Class machines and fair treatment.

The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner

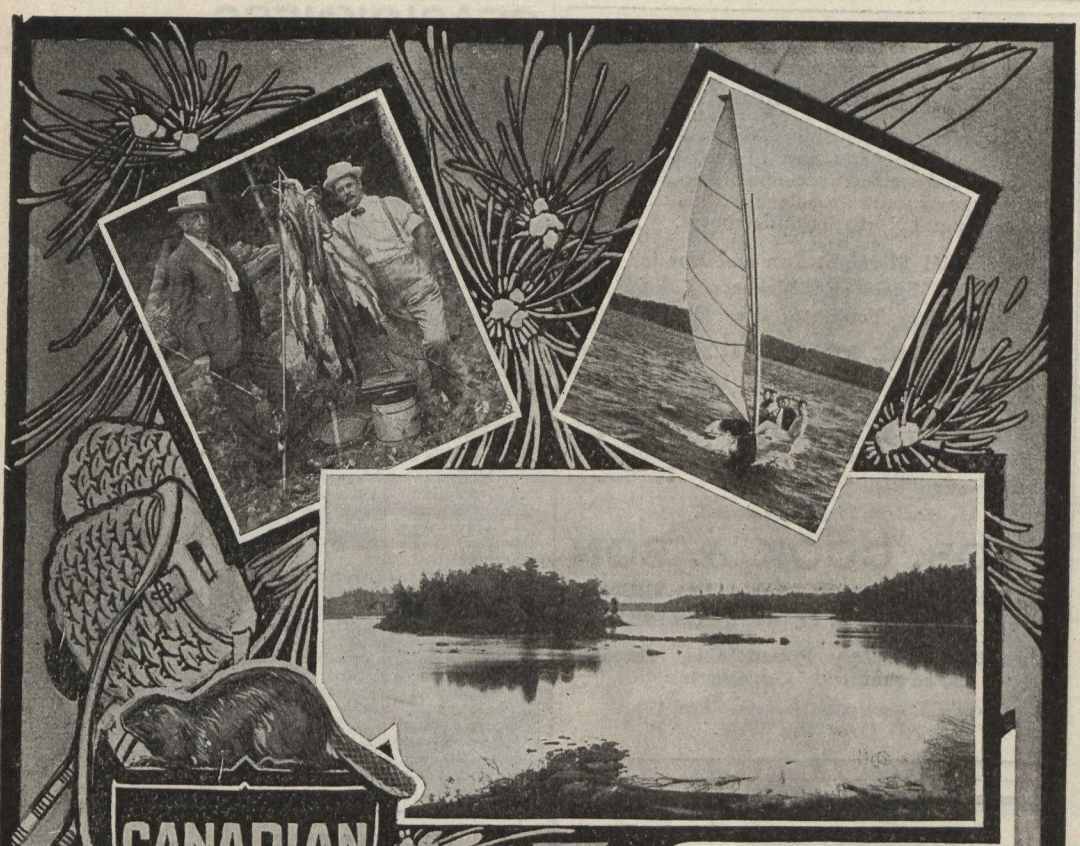
Manfg. Co., Limited

345 to 349 Dalhousie St. - Ottawa, Ont.

TRAVEL

¶ According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. ¶ That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. ¶ Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
Travel Bureau
15 Wellington Street East,
TORONTO *CANADA*



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND YOUR VACATION?

MUSKOKA LAKES——POINT AU BARIL
KAWARTHA LAKES and FRENCH RIVER
RESORTS

ARE DELIGHTFUL LOCATIONS

AND

CONVENIENTLY REACHED BY C. P. R.

Ask nearest Agent for Illustrated Literature or write

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

EUROPE

70 Spring and Summer Tours

to all parts of the Continent, comprising Tours *de Luxe* and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Also a special series at popular prices. A complete range of tours for selection, via the Mediterranean and North Atlantic routes.

Special Midnight Sun and Russia Tour. Spain and Morocco Tour. Summer Tour to the Orient.

AROUND THE WORLD via China, Siberia, Russia, etc., leaves April 10.

Travel Without Trouble

Inclusive Independent Travel for Individuals, Family, and Private Parties.

Send for Programme desired.

THOS. COOK & SON

65 Yonge St., Traders Bank Bldg., TORONTO
530 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL

New York Boston Philadelphia Chicago
San Francisco Los Angeles

Cook's Travellers Cheques Are Good All Over the World.

Furness Railway

The Gateway to the English Lake District.

20 Rail, Coach and Steam Yacht Tours through Lake-Land in operation every week-day, June to September.

Tourists' Weekly Tickets available for an unlimited number of journeys for seven days, to enable holders to explore the beauties of the district.

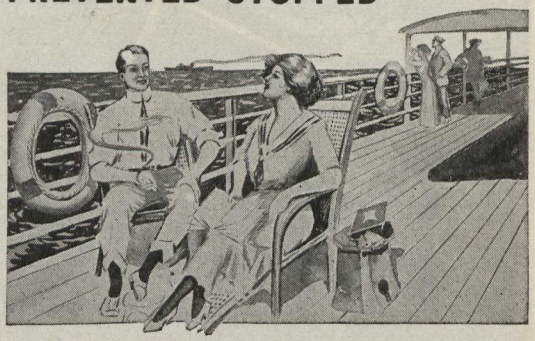
Unequaled Travelling Facilities all the Year Round

For full particulars apply to Mr. A. A. Haynes, Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness, or at any of the offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son.

ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager.
Barrow-in-Furness, March, 1912.

SEASICKNESS— TRAINSICKNESS

PREVENTED—STOPPED



Mothersill's Seasick Remedy Insures a Pleasant Journey.

Mothersill's, after most thorough tests, is now **officially** adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Trans-Atlantic lines.

Three years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy to passengers sailing the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men, as well as leading club women.

A great number of letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much other interesting and valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50c worth is sufficient for twenty-four hours, $1.00 worth for a Trans-Atlantic voyage. Almost all druggists sell it, or you can obtain it direct, postpaid, from MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY, 362 Scherer Building, Detroit, Michigan.

CANADA and the CONTINENT OF EUROPE

IMPROVED SERVICE, DAILY via HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND.

TURBINE STEAMERS EVERY WEEK DAY via **HARWICH-ANTWERP**
TWIN SCREW STEAMERS.

Apply personally to office of this paper for Book of Tariffs. Details and illustrated pamphlets from the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Agent, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

See Europe in an Auto!

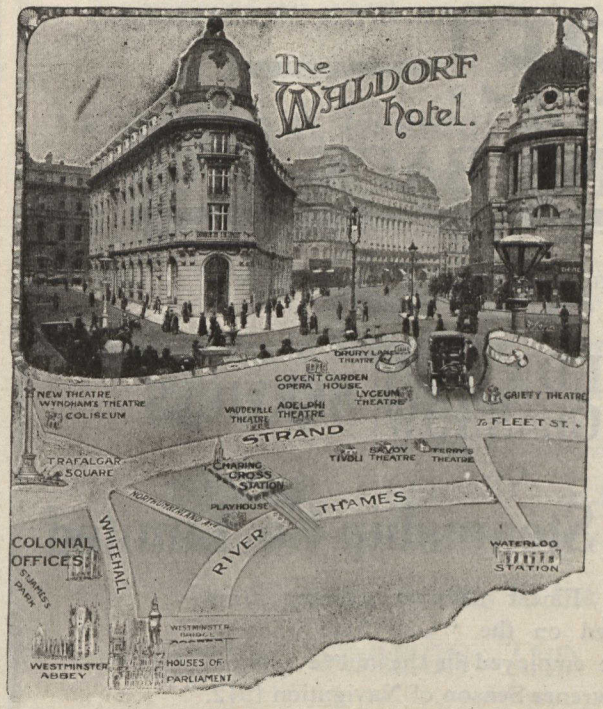
BE free from railway trains. Stop when and where you please. Visit historic and picturesque corners seldom reached by ordinary tourist methods. Comfortable inns throughout Europe now cater especially for the ubiquitous motorist. Save Time, save Money, enjoy more and actually

SEE EUROPE.

WE have for Hire the best open and closed Motor Cars for British and Continental Touring at the most reasonable inclusive Tariff in Europe. Literature, detailed itineraries, with copy of **"Through Europe in an Auto,"** free on request. Write us about everything to do with Motoring Abroad.

The International Autotravel Society

61 to 65 Morning Post Buildings,
The Strand, London, England.



Tell your Friends before you sail

TO WRITE YOU AT THE

WALDORF HOTEL LONDON and STAY THERE

Booklets free from

Canadian Magazine, Toronto

LONDON

DAWSON PLACE MANSIONS HOTEL,

PEMBRIDGE SQUARE, W.

Telegrams: "MANCIPIO, LONDON" Telephone: 2389 PADDINGTON

"A Home Rendezvous for Colonial Visitors"

The largest and most select **RESIDENTIAL HOTEL,** situated in a quiet fashionable square. Three minutes Notting Hill Gate Station and Kensington Gardens; 10 minutes only from principal Theatres and Shops. Passenger Lift. Elegant Lounge and Reception Rooms, Exquisite cuisine, and only best English meat and poultry from proprietor's own farm served.
Terms en pension from **$10** single, **$17.50** double weekly, **$1.80** daily. No charge for lights, baths or attendance.

Tariff card on application to
Canadian Magazine Travel Bureau, or direct from Hotel.

PARIS—Grand Hotel Bergere
and Maison Blanche

32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.

Michigan Steel Launch $96

Complete with engine, ready to run. 18, 20, 23, 27-foot boats at proportionate prices. Equipped with famous Detroit 2-cycle Engines, simplest made—only 3 moving parts. **The safe launch.** Non-sinkable. Fitted with air-tight compartments. Needs no boat house. Orders filled day received. Free catalog. **Steel Rowboats, $20.** (104)
Michigan Steel Boat Co., 1248 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

DRESDEN - HOTEL BELLEVUE

UNIQUE POSITION, WORLD RENOWNED, VERY SELECT

All modern and Sanitary Comfort

APARTMENTS and SINGLE BEDROOMS with private baths and toilet attached

The favorite home of English and American Society

Tariff booklet can be obtained from CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRAVEL DEPT., TORONTO

AUTO GARAGE

R. RONNEFELD, Gen. Manager

"JULIAN SALE"

For Fine Leather Goods

FITTED CLUB BAGS

The Fitted Deep Club Bag is one of the most convenient of travelling requisites—a "Julian Sale" fitted bag is a very fine example of fine leather goods—the fittings are the best and for good style and service is unexcelled. The cut printed here illustrates a fitted Deep Club Bag for a lady it is made of the finest quality dull black Sea Lion—on an extra quality hand-sewn frame—all leather lined—fitted with Real Ebony Hair Brush—Real Ebony Cloth Brush—four Cut Glass Bottles and Comb—all on a detachable stand—one of the finest pieces of leather goods one could select and makes a handsome presentation article as a wedding gift or other occassion where something good and useful is desired—the size of this bag is 16 inches and the price **32.00**

A similar bag in 18 inch size fitted for a gentleman for 39.50.

If your dealer does not carry a line of "Julian Sale" Goods—write us for complete catalogue—or the name of a dealer who can supply you.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

105 King Street West, - TORONTO.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

A day started on Cowan's Cocoa is a day with a clear head and a steady nerve—a day full of snap and life. Cocoa nourishes the body. It is rich in food value and easy to digest.

173

Do You Use Cowan's Cocoa?

You Need Both the Knox Packages

Every housewife will find it of the greatest convenience to keep a package of Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine and also a package of Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine always on hand.

KNOX PURE · PLAIN SPARKLING GELATINE

With the Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine you are always ready to make a dainty Dessert, Cream, Ice or Candy, using freshly cut fruits or nuts for ingredients and flavor—or to use unsweetened for Salads, Sauces or Gravies.

Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine

is exactly the same as the Plain, with on extra envelope of pure concentrated fruit juice—a great convenience when you are too busy to squeeze lemons. Each package contains tablet in separate envelope for coloring if desired.

With each package you know the ingredients of your dish exactly—which you cannot know with the ready flavored packages. Each makes two full quarts (½ gallon) of jelly, or four times as much as "ready" packages.

Coffee Bavarian Cream

½ box **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine,
½ cup clear and strong coffee.
Yoke of four eggs.
1 cup sugar.
1 pint cream.
1 pint milk.
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract.

Soften gelatine in coffee 5 minutes; stir milk and cream together, beat with whip churn, drain the whip; add to unwhipped cream enough milk to make one pint in all, scald and cook in it yokes of eggs beaten with sugar. When thickened slightly, add gelatine, strain into pan standing in ice water. When mixture begins to set, add vanilla and fold in cream, then turn into mold.

Knox Receipt Book FREE

Contains over 100 receipts of Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc, Sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and your grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Avenue **Johnstown, N. Y.**
BRANCH FACTORY, MONTREAL.

131

Why People Prefer the Underwood

IN every city in Canada the Underwood is more generally used than any other typewriter. In many places the number of Underwoods is much greater than that of all other makes combined.

Why this pronounced preference for the Underwood? It is not a cheap typewriter. It does not sell at a lower price—in fact, it costs a little more than most others.

But people do not buy Underwoods on a price basis. A typewriter is bought not for what it *is*, but for what it *does*. The Underwood does more. That is one reason for the preference.

The Underwood has a multitude of uses—for book-keeping, for order systems, for billing systems, check systems—for every kind of accounting, recording and statistical work there is a special purpose Underwood. And the system which is specially designed for your particular needs, and which is made possible by the Underwood, is worth many times the price of the machine. This system service is free.

And behind the Underwood is a highly developed typewriter organization, which will look after your interests in any part of the Dominion—a national, purely Canadian institution, with Canadian ideals and a thorough knowledge of Canadian requirements.

With the Underwood you get *service*,
certainty and *satisfaction*.

Improve your acquaintance with the Underwood representative. His knowledge of the scope of the typewriter's usefulness is at your disposal. His suggestions may prove surprisingly valuable.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

Everywhere in Canada

Head Office, Toronto — J. J. Seitz, President

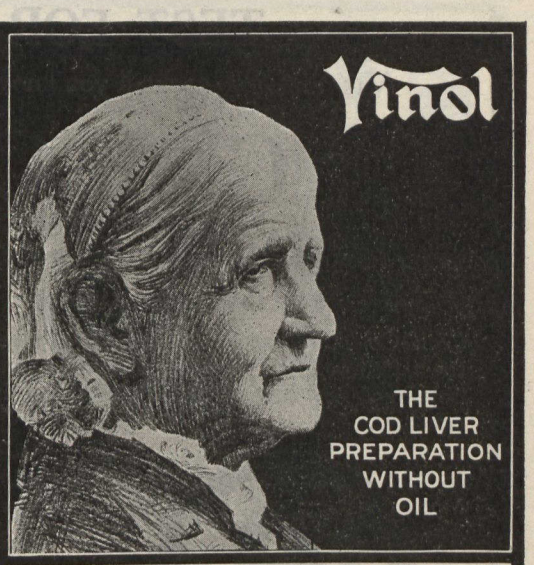
Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out **all** the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, -:- CANADA.



A famous reconstructive tonic improved by modern science

Especially Valuable for Old People and delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles

Vinol is a delicious *modern* Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining the two most world famed tonics, peptonate of iron and all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil *but no oil.* Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach.

FOR SALE AT YOUR LEADING DRUG STORE

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded by all agents

Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place

If there is no Vinol agency where you live, send us your druggist's name and we will give him the agency.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE

CHESTER KENT & CO. Chemists Boston, Mass.

BRIGHTEN UP

Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using **WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS**

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

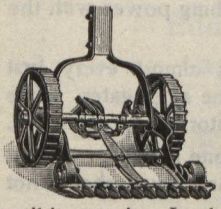
Trade **O. K.** Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. *Liberal discount to the trade.*

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. No 1B



What is Killing Your Lawn?

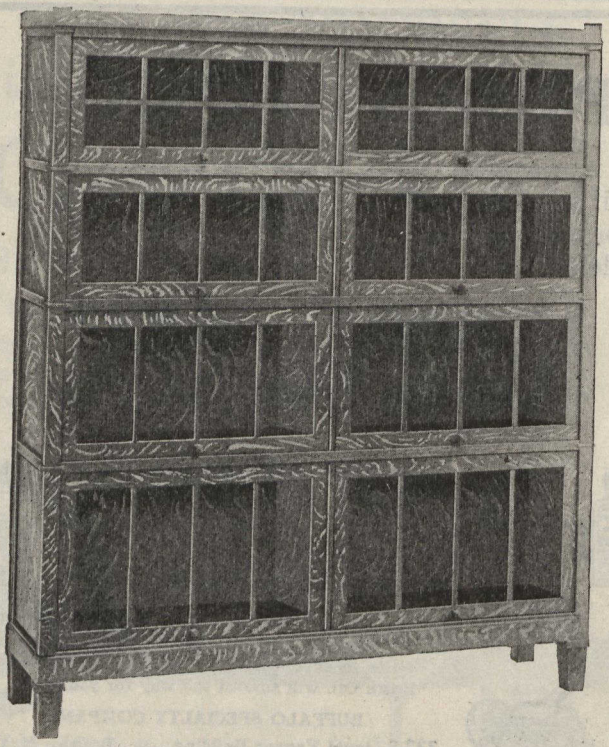
Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

Clipper Lawn Mower Company

Dixon - - - Illinois



You will find them at the top!

"Macey" Sectional Bookcases owe their position at the top to their superiority of construction, and finish. Their exclusive features put them in a class by themselves. If you are a possessor of books, we want you to know all about these bookcases, they are giving perfect satisfaction to thousands, they will satisfy you.

MADE IN CANADA

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

General Offices - Woodstock, Ont.

WRITE FOR CATALOG C.

A New Pattern—the "SHARON"

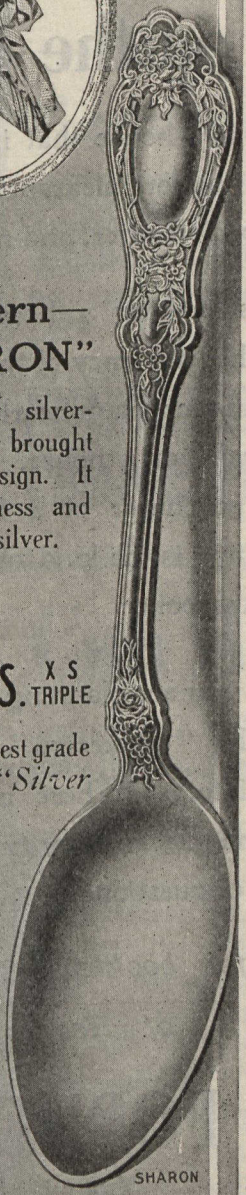
The charm of silverware is beautifully brought out in this new design. It has all the richness and character of solid silver.

1847

ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

is not only the heaviest grade of triple plate—*"Silver Plate that Wears"*—but is backed by the guarantee of the largest silver manufacturers in the world.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue.



MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
HAMILTON, ONT.
MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO

UPTON'S

Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade

are made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar by expert workers. The purity of these goods makes them particularly adapted for children. We are one of the oldest and largest manufacturers of Jams and Jellies in Canada.

At all first-class stores in Canada

The T. UPTON COMPANY, Limited
Hamilton, Canada

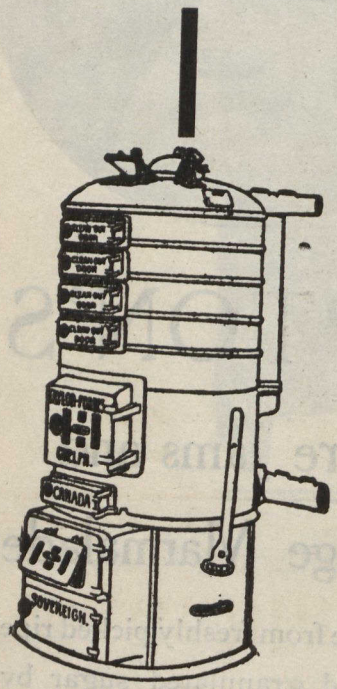
Just as Important as the Weather

Living in a house that is not comfortably heated is no more pleasant than being out of doors in bad weather, and not prepared for it.

Besides making a home comfortable to live in, the efficiency of the heating apparatus has an important bearing on the commercial value of a house. One of the first items a purchaser of a house takes into consideration is the kind of heating and the make of the boiler.

When you are planning your new house, specify the "Sovereign" hot water Boiler and Radiators. There is a difference in boilers and the superiority of the "Sovereign" is unquestioned.

Write for booklet "The Dictionary of Heating."



"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER

TAYLOR - FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

Toronto—1088 King St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer St.
Quebec—Mechanics Supply Co.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
St. John, N.B., W. R. Mathers.

Installed by Heating Engineers and Plumbers throughout Canada.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

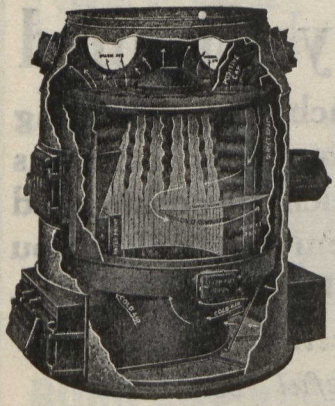
IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it

Accept no Substitute!

Money Can Buy Happiness

—when the source of trouble is bad heating apparatus. Let us install the remarkably successful, celebrated



Kelsey Warm Air Generator.

Some of the troubles the Kelsey will eliminate are; leakage of gas; under-heating or over-heating; large coal bills; foul, impure, unhealthful air.

The Kelsey warms fresh air and gives perfect circulation throughout the house; heats perfectly, distant rooms or rooms in exposed locations and saves 20 to 30 per cent in fuel.

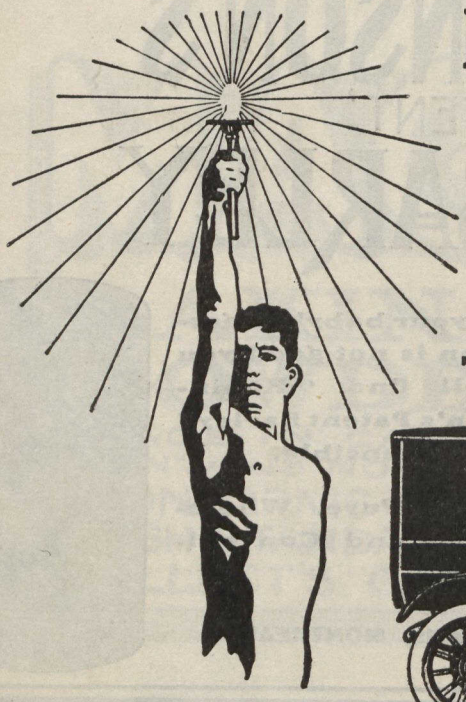
The Kelsey satisfactorily heats 40,000 homes.

Let us show you some of these homes and explain Kelsey Heating to you.

The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

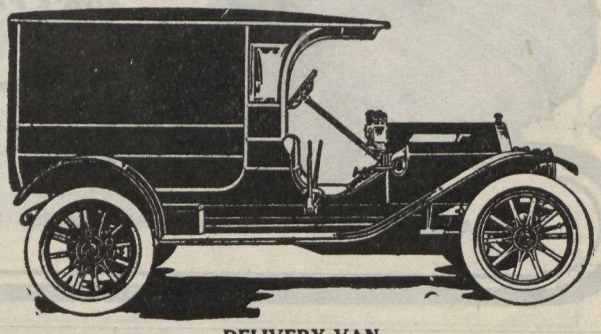
Winnipeg, Man. **Brockville, Ont.**

Enlightenment Re



Schacht

Trucks and Delivery Vans



DELIVERY VAN

Cost of Operating Three One-Horse Vans for Five Years.

3 Vans at $250 each	$ 750.00
7 Horses at $200 each	1,400.00
3 Sets Harness at $40 per set	120.00
Repairs to harness at $5 per set per year	75.00
Repairs to vans, including re-painting	525.00
Insurance at $25 per policy	375.00
Wages of three drivers at $15 per week	11,700.00
Wages of stablemen and general help (one at $10)	2,600.00
Feed, stabling, Vet. service, shoeing, etc., at $25 per horse per month	4,500.00
Depreciation, 20 per cent	1,870.00
Interest on investment at 6 per cent	480.00
	$24,395.00

Cost of Operating One Schacht Delivery Van for Five Years.

One Van	$ 2,150 00
Gasoline, averaging 60 miles per day, 300 days per year, 10 miles per gal	1,440.00
Oil at 50c. gal. 120 miles per gal	375.00
Grease, transmission and cup, averaging 15c, per lb. running 100 miles to the lb.	135.00
Battery charging at 50c. per month	30.00
Tire renewals, averaging 5,000 miles per tire	3,300.00
Oil for lamps	100.00
Repairs	375.00
Liability and Fire insurance	750.00
Driver at $15 per week	3,900.00
Incidentals at $25 per year	125.00
Interest at 6 per cent	645.00
Depreciation at 20 per cent	2,150.00
	$ 15,475.00

Cost of operating three one-horse vans for five years	$24,395.00
Cost of operating one Schacht Delivery Van for five years	15,475.00
Saving in operating van for five years	8,920.00
Net saving, per year, in favor of Schacht Delivery Van	$ 1,785.00

Ask for Diagnosis Blank, fill in and return, and we will analyze your delivery problems for you, and advise you, without prejudice and without incurring any obligation of the feasibility of Motor Trucks or Vans for your delivery service. It will be worth your while.

The Schacht Motor Car Co. of Canada, Limited

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Toronto Garage—112-116 Richmond Street West

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Caruso

THE MARVELLOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT that should be in every home.

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The VICTROLA reproduces the voices of the world's greatest singers in so human and lifelike a manner that you actually *feel* the presence of the living artist.

Melba

The VICTROLA brings to you the delightful humor of the cleverest comedians, just as clear and natural as from their own lips.

Sembrich

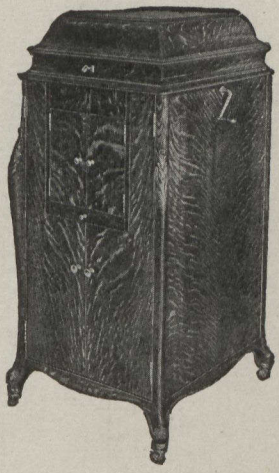
The VICTROLA is made in a wide variety of sizes and styles and priced—$20.00 to $250—within the reach of all.

VICTROLAS may be purchased on easy payments of as low as $1.00 per week.

Homer

Schumann-Heink

Double sided records are 90 cents for the two. Over 5,000 records to choose from.



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in having a clear brain and a continuous round of good health.

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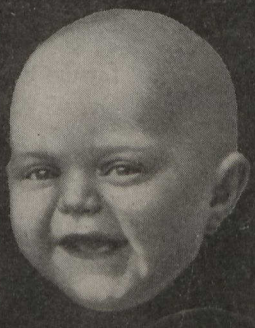
"FOR MINE"



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