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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



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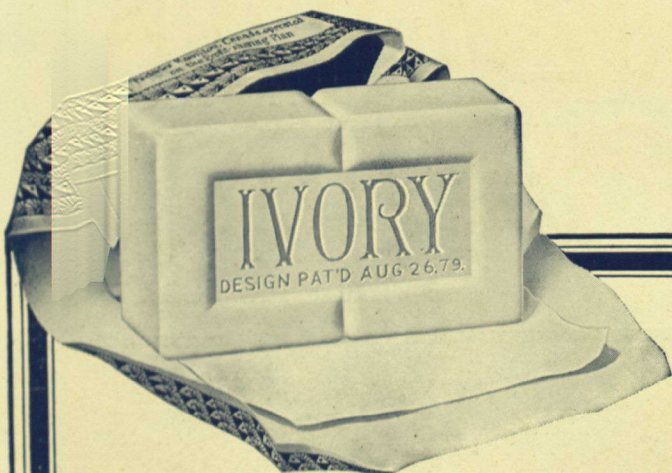


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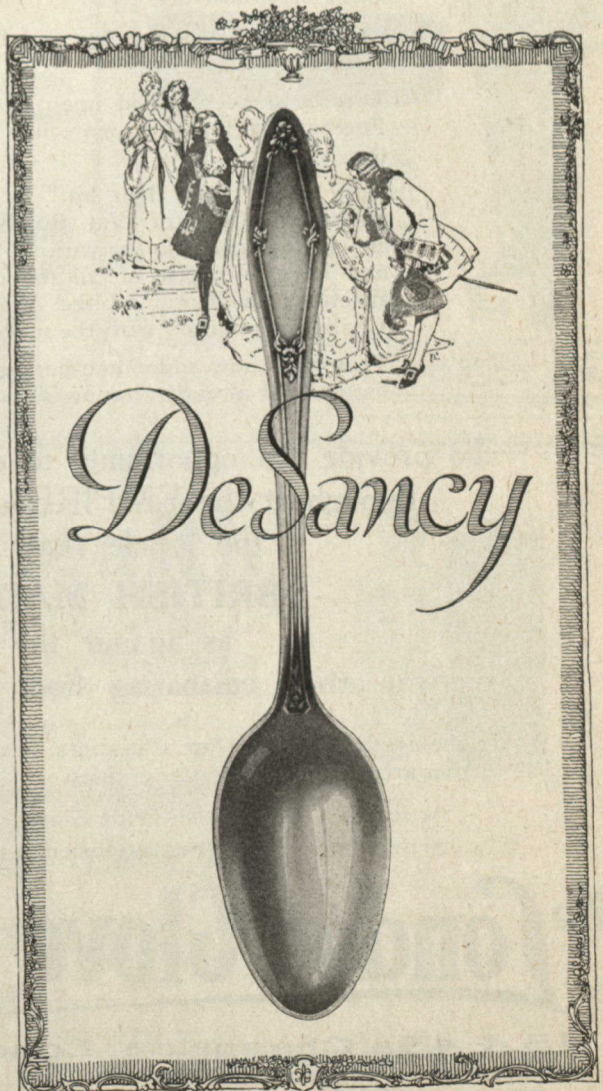
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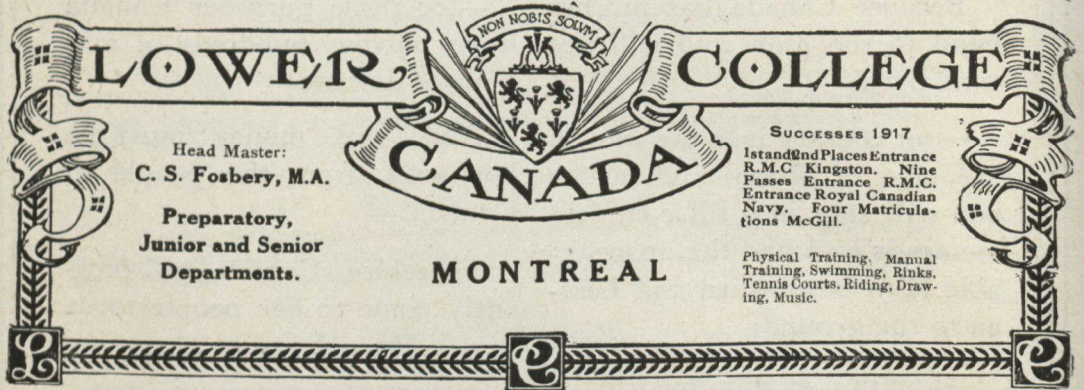
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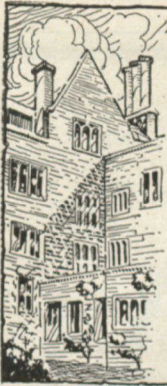


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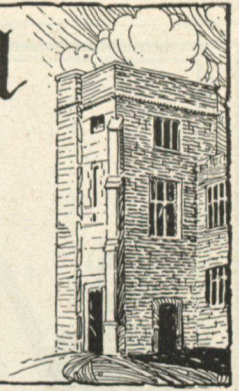
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Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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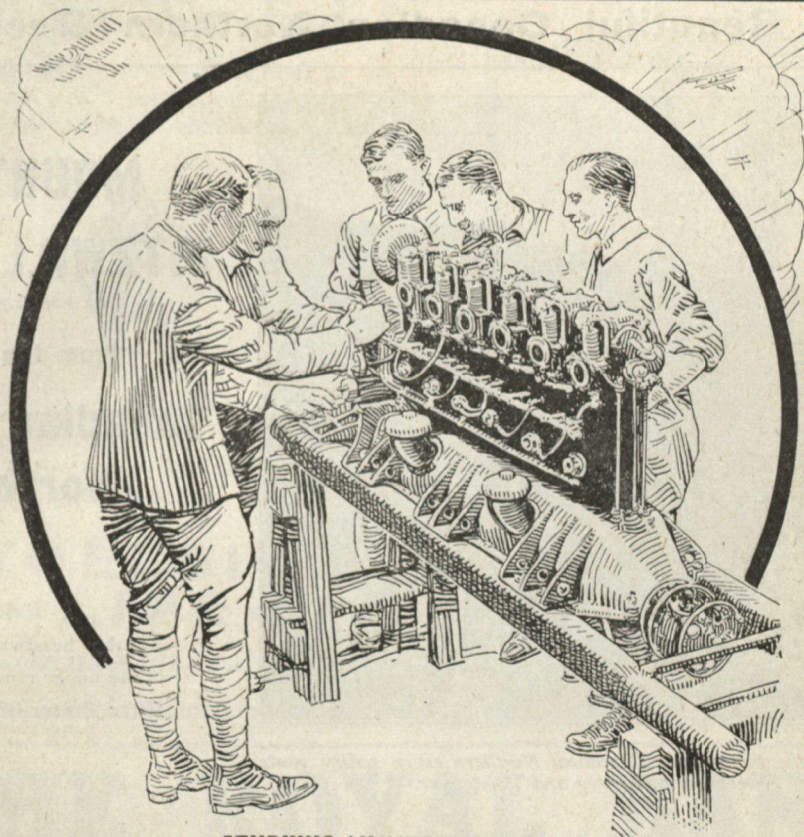
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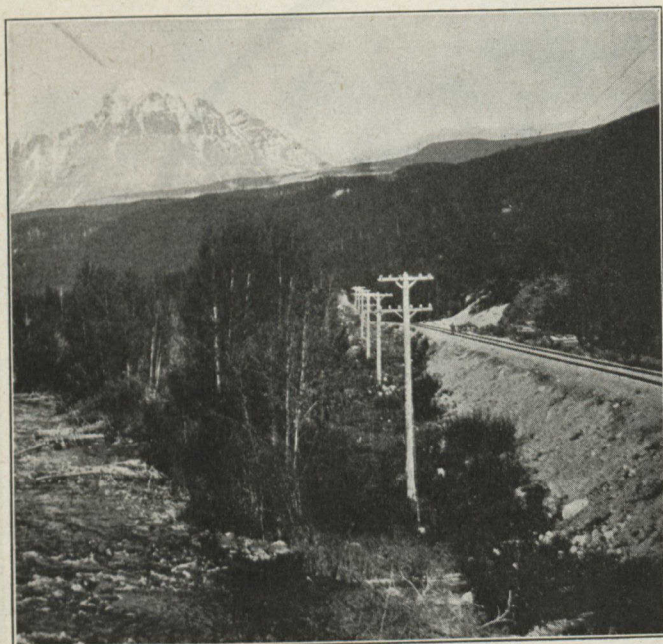
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 1

THE FIRST LORD LANSDOWNE

A SOLEMN WARNING AGAINST A PREMATURE AND DISASTROUS PEACE

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

IT is one of the curious coincidences of history that Lord Lansdowne, who is being censured for his eagerness to accept an inglorious peace with the Germans, is the direct descendant of the statesman who is responsible for the unfavourable terms of the peace made in 1783 between Great Britain and the United States. This was Lord Shelburne, who became the first Marquis of Lansdowne. The present Marquis is his great-grandson. The marquise was conferred upon Shelburne for his services in arranging the treaty. This mark of favour is not to be regarded as proof that either the monarch or the nation was satisfied with his achievement. Far from it. George III., in a letter to Lord North, uttered his famous lament that he hoped posterity would not lay at his door the downfall of "this once respectable empire", while the principal public men of the time were of one

mind in believing that "the sun of England's glory had set forever". Shelburne's reward was a form of polite dismissal. He was never afterwards employed in state affairs, although he lived on for more than twenty years. The British Empire did not, as so many feared, sink into insignificance, and soon regained its commanding place in the world. But the error of the first Lord Lansdowne brought many evils in its train, because the injustice of the peace kept alive misunderstandings, and created fresh ones, between two countries which ought to have been as friendly a century ago as they happily are to-day in the face of a common danger.

The useful purpose to be served in recalling the events of 1783 is to illustrate the permanent evils that follow a badly negotiated peace. The Americans, after France came to their aid, fairly won their independence. Whatever comfort we may extract from the causes and the cir-

cumstances of the defeat, a defeat it was. After Yorktown there could be no other result than an acknowledgment of independence. The English people, who backed the King at the start, had grown weary of the war. The House of Commons declared for peace, the Ministry of Lord North fell, and the King could not find Ministers willing to prolong the war. In this way the Rockingham and the Shelburne Ministries came into existence. They lasted rather less than one year. Lord Rockingham died three months after the Government was formed and Shelburne, continuing as a Secretary of State, became also Prime Minister. All the negotiations for peace with America, therefore, passed through his hands. There are few instances in history where a far-reaching blunder in a matter of high policy is so completely attributable to one man. Lord Shelburne, having served in the army, held a place at court in the early years of George III's reign. In due course, he embarked in politics, and as a follower of the elder Pitt shared that statesman's opposition to the American war. Being an Irish peer, he was eligible for a seat in the House of Commons. As an upholder of "the trumpet of sedition", which was the King's epithet for Pitt, Shelburne was not in the good graces of his sovereign and he was selected as the agent of the court in forming a ministry in 1782 not because he was liked, but because he was less hated than Fox. Between Shelburne and Fox there existed an undying feud. Fox complained that on a previous occasion his vote had been secured—oddly enough on the peace treaty which closed the Seven Years War—through gross deception on the part of Shelburne who was generally distrusted by his contemporaries on grounds the justice of which cannot be easily determined. He was styled "Malagrida" after the Italian Jesuit who was accused of conspiring against the King of Portugal, and it is related that Oliver Goldsmith who,

we are told, "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll" made one of his maladroit remarks respecting the nickname. "Do you know, my lord, I never could conceive why they call you 'Malagrida,' because Malagrida was a very good sort of a man." He meant to say, of course, that as Malagrida was a good man his name should not be used as a term of reproach.

It is a commentary upon the wretched state of the political situation at this time, that Fox and Shelburne, each jealous and mistrustful of the other, should have sat in the same cabinet when the dangers confronting the nation imperatively demanded unity. Fox was what would now be called Foreign Secretary and conducted the relations with foreign countries. Shelburne was Secretary of the Southern Department, which included all dealings with the colonies. The country was at war with France and Spain as well as with America, so that when the peace negotiations began in Paris, two sets of negotiations, proceeding apart, were set on foot. The agents of the two Secretaries did not confer together and were not in one another's confidence, being bound, as they properly enough believed, to keep secret the instructions given to them. The lack of co-operation certainly contributed to the final misfortune. Shelburne had secured from George III. an undertaking that if a treaty were presented to him he would sign it. Benjamin Franklin, who was in Paris as one of the American commissioners, had previously written to Shelburne, with whom he appears to have maintained friendly relations throughout the war, and this afforded an opportunity for opening informal communications. The person selected by Shelburne to approach Franklin was Richard Oswald. The choice of Oswald was entirely unsuitable. He is described as a Scottish merchant resident in London and known to the Government as an army contractor, possess-

ing large interests in America and familiar with conditions there. Furthermore he had been consulted by Government both before and during the war and had evinced a desire to serve the state. But he was entirely without experience in diplomacy and but meagrely educated. He could not even speak French and an interpreter was employed when he called upon the French Minister, M. de Vergennes. He was guileless innocence itself in his interview with the astute Franklin. "I told him," Oswald records, "that I could not but congratulate him in his present happy situation, since I considered the settlement of a peace on a fair and equitable basis to be entirely in his hands. Since, to speak the truth, I could not help thinking, that when they as Commissioners of the Colonies were satisfied, they had it in their power to draw the line of such reasonable termination as ought and most content the other powers."*

Franklin naturally wrote to Shelburne that if he desired the negotiations to succeed he should entrust them to Oswald. Finding the British agent wedded to the American view, Franklin suggested a lasting peace by cession of Nova Scotia and Canada and the complete withdrawal of Great Britain from this continent. Oswald thought the demand reasonable and asked that the proposal be put in writing, undertaking to deliver it to Shelburne. Franklin cautiously replied that as the other American Commissioners had not arrived he was speaking only for himself. However, he obligingly drew up a memorandum of his claim for all the British possessions in America, and Oswald took it back with him to London.

On the receipt of this valuable suggestion, Shelburne had an opportunity of putting himself right. The unfitness of Oswald for such negotiations must have been evident. He could have been thanked for his

services and an experienced man sent to replace him. The document, which came to be known as the "Canada Paper," might have been shown to the Cabinet. When the proposal ultimately became known to the other ministers, they were startled, especially Fox. Shelburne handed it back to Oswald without comment, although Oswald thought, mistakenly it seems, that it would be dealt with later, and probably form part of the terms of settlement. He encouraged Franklin, on returning to Paris, with this assurance, and the other American Commissioners were brought to consent to receive most of the North American continent instead of only a part of it. As the "Canada Paper" is not usually found in histories of the period it may be quoted here:

To make a peace durable, what may give occasion for future wars should, if practicable, be removed.

The territory of the United States and that of Canada by long extended frontiers touch each other.

The settlers on the frontiers of the American provinces are generally the most disorderly of the people, who being far removed from the eye and control of their respective Governments, are most bold in committing offences against neighbours, and are for ever occasioning complaints and furnishing matter for fresh differences between their states.

By the late debates in Parliament and public writings, it appears that Britain desires a reconciliation with the Americans. It is a sweet word. It means much more than a mere peace, and it is heartily to be wished for. Nations make peace whenever they are both weary of making war. But if one of them has made war upon the other unjustly, and has wantonly and unnecessarily done it great injuries, and refuses reparation; though there may for the present be peace, the resentment of those injuries will remain, and will break out again in vengeance, when occasions offer. Those occasions will be watched for by one side, feared by the other; and the peace will never be secure; nor can any cordiality exist between them.

Many houses and villages have been burnt in America by the English and their allies, the Indians. I do not know that the Americans will insist on reparation. Perhaps they may. But would it not be better

*The Administrations of Great Britain, by Sir G. C. Lewis.

for England to offer it? Nothing would have a greater tendency to conciliate. And much of the future commerce and returning intercourse between the two countries may depend on the reconciliation. Would not the advantage of reconciliation by such means be greater than the expense?

If, then, a way can be proposed which may tend to efface the memory of injuries, at the same time that it takes away the occasions of fresh quarrels and mischief, will it not be worth considering, especially if it can be done not only without expense, but be a means of saving?

Britain possesses Canada. Her chief advantage from that possession consists in the trade for peltry. Her expenses in governing and defending that settlement must be considerable. It might be humiliating to her to give it up on the demand of America. Perhaps America will not demand it. Some of her political rulers may consider the fear of such a neighbour as a means of keeping the thirteen States more united among themselves, and more attentive to military discipline. But in the mind of the people in general, would it not have an excellent effect if Britain should voluntarily offer to give up that province; though on these conditions: that she should in all times coming have and enjoy the right of free trade thither unincumbered with any duties whatsoever; that so much of the waste lands there shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the Royalists for the confiscation of their estates.

This is mere conversation matter between Mr. O. and Mr. F., as the former is not empowered to make propositions, and the latter cannot make any without the concurrence of his colleagues.

Shelburne has been defended by a high authority for not disclosing this vital proposition to the cabinet. In doing so, no doubt, he would have discredited his agent, and another negotiator would have stiffened up the terms with America, because as time went on the victories of Admiral Rodney over the French at sea and the defeat of the attack upon Gibraltar proved that England's position was not so hopeless as her statesmen believed it to be. Sir George Cornwall Lewis argues that as the paper was confidential, drew forth no

answer, and was handed back, Shelburne was not obliged to communicate it to his colleagues. Oswald was again sent to Paris, this time as a regularly accredited representative with authority to sign a treaty and Shelburne thus assumed responsibility for what had happened before and for what happened afterwards. About this time, Fox resigned, refusing to serve under Shelburne. Until the Americans put forth their demands in set form, it does not seem that Oswald had any special instructions. No definite statement was given him as to the limit of concession or what things the honour and the interest of England regarded as inviolate.* There are notes among the Lansdowne papers on the negotiations and even a reply to the "Canada Paper," but there is no evidence that they were shown to Oswald, or that he used them to secure the best terms possible for his country. Nor had Shelburne the excuse that he did not recognize the incapacity of his representative. He wrote to him on finding that he backed up every American demand:

I should act with great insincerity if I did not convey to you that I find it difficult if not impossible to enter into the policy of all that you recommend upon the subject of the fishery and the boundaries, and of the principle which you seem to have adopted of going before the Commissioners in every point of favour and confidence. The maxim is not only new in all negotiations, but I consider it as no way adapted to our present circumstances and as diametrically opposite to our interests in the present moment.

The American Commissioners thus had the game in their own hands and they played it skilfully. With Franklin were associated John Adams, John Jay, and Henry Laurens. Laurens arrived too late to join in the principal discussions. Although each of them acquitted himself with distinction the palm must be awarded

*It should be stated that the King's Commission and Instructions to Oswald, dated July 31, 1782, contain brief but definite directions as to the course to be followed. But Oswald had already given his case away in the preliminary conversations with Franklin.

to Franklin. This remarkable man was then in his 75th year. He had complete knowledge of his subject, and to unrivalled powers of dissimulation added resolute courage and vigour of mind. Surveying the whole field of the revolutionary war and the treaty which concluded it, the services of Franklin were of great value to his country. The criticisms that have been levelled at some of the proceedings of the Commissioners do not challenge their zeal and ability. One complaint is that they broke faith with Congress and framed a treaty without consulting France. Technically they were in the wrong, but as they knew that France and Spain were hostile to their demand for the Western territories and that France had sent a confidential agent to London to warn the British Government against making too generous concessions to the Americans, they kept the negotiations secret, and the result justified their precautions. They held out, unwisely as time has shown, against protection and fair terms for the Loyalists, but they could point to the excited state of feeling at home which, in their belief, would not permit any real concession. The article in the treaty on this point turned out to be quite illusory, as they must have known it would. American historians censure the treatment of the Loyalists as an error in national policy, but the Commissioners, as the leaders in a successful revolution, could not be expected to keep their heads on every point. In the exultant enthusiasm of victory

the present was bound to outweigh the future. It was far otherwise with Shelburne, who earned neither the applause of his own generation nor the approval of posterity. He had not even made the best of a bad bargain. The treaty of peace, hastily made and bungled in the making, proved unsatisfactory to both countries. The acknowledgment of the independence of the United States took place before it was signed, and was not therefore dependent upon it. Peace was not ensured, and war broke out again within thirty years. The fisheries settlement proved a bone of contention for more than a century and nearly provoked a third war. The much-vaunted water boundary between Canada and the Republic was the scene of British defeats in the war of 1812. The betrayal of the Loyalists injured the honour of England and made partial reparation a costly business. Worse than all, the treaty complicated the relations and estranged the feelings of the two branches of the English race. The Americans naturally felt no gratitude, and the English suffered from a humiliation which long kept them aloof. The career of Shelburne has been presented dispassionately and adroitly by his kinsman and biographer, Lord Fitzmaurice, and the Whig historians, more intent on the justification of theories than on facts, have dealt kindly with his failures.

But the chief legacy of the first Lord Lansdowne to his countrymen is a solemn warning against a premature and disastrous peace.



BATTLES AGAINST ODDS

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



PROVINCE of warfare which British soldiers have made peculiarly their own since the earliest days of our military history is the battle against odds. The excitement of battle is a strong wine to all men worthy of the name. It is far too potent a vintage for the heart and head of a coward, inspiring in him bestial panic instead of inculcating valour. No men of fighting race answer to its fierce intoxication or carry it so magnificently as our fighting men. It lifts them to a fine, clear-eyed madness, in which they forget all consideration for themselves but do not forget their honour; in which they flame to a splendid anger but do not forget mercy; in which they become something even finer than the fine men they are. Men of lesser breed become beasts or cravens in the madness of that intoxication.

The battle against odds may be a matter of attack or defence. It may be a matter of hundreds against thousands, of scores against hundreds or of individual against small parties. It is more often a matter of defence than of attack.

I have been reading lately of the battle of Inkerman. There was a case of fighting against odds on a grand scale, in a grand, rough-and-tumble, death-or-glory manner; of defending an open position that possessed no trenches and but a few artificial defences of any kind against vastly superior numbers of infantry and weight of artillery metal; of fighting

and winning a great battle against odds that were not entirely of the enemy's creation. The battle was fought and won by piquets and battalions unsupported by any organized system of defence or scheme of operations. A protected two-gun position known as the Sandbag Battery, and a short wall of loose stones across a road as the Barrier, were the extent of our preparations for holding that vital plateau. And yet it was known to us that an attack was imminent. None of the glory of that day—the fifth of November, 1854—belongs to the General Staff. Our staff work has improved since then, thank Heaven!

Read the story of that battle in any one of a dozen histories of the Crimean War. It is timely reading now, for the officers and men of our battalions and batteries fight to-day even as they fought then. Read of the heroic struggles in and over and around that old Sandbag Battery, and the glow of pride that you feel for those heroes long dead will warm your heart with a pride as great for our more recent dead and for the men who even now bar the way to Amiens.

The parapet of that poor fortification was too high to permit of its defenders firing over it. It served as a rallying point rather than a defence. It changed hands again and again during the battle which surged around and over it.

The mortal strife was hand to hand, foot to foot, muzzle to muzzle, butt-end to butt-end. It must not be supposed that we always stood rooted on our ground, that we never budged. The fight was now back-

ward, now forward, now sideways. Here a Grenadier party, after a frantic tussle, would be forced by overwhelming swarms out of the battery; there a knot of Coldstreamers would arrest the advance of an entire Russian battalion; in another place a cluster of Fusiliers, rallying after a repulse, would fling themselves upon a column and send it slap-dash over the height's crest. . . . Ammunition had become frightfully scarce; in many cases, indeed, the soldiers had none left, and were reduced to rifling the pouches of their fallen messmates; and when that resource failed, to pounding away at the ugly Calmuck visages with stocks and stones.

Read again, of that same battle and position, how "The Guards moved to the extreme British right where Adams, at the Sandbag Battery, with 700 men, was trying to bar the march of 10,000 fresh troops". And again of "Four officers of the 41st, all of them young and one of them desperately wounded, who challenged each other by name, ran in on their own account upon Russian masses and died desperately fighting".

Of such heroic stuff is the whole story of the battle of Inkerman. Thus the British Army fought against odds in 1854—the Guards, the old Line Regiments, the army of a time when ignorant men and hopeless men and wasters formed the majority of those who took the Queen's shilling and were led for the most part by dandies and wealthy idlers. When the pinch came, the wasters were lavish with their own blood and that of the enemy, the dandies forgot their vanity and the idlers their worldly wealth. Great fighters against odds! Their deeds are the traditions and inspiration of the great fighters of to-day. Whatever the kind and quality of the raw material changing times and conditions bring to the British army, the ability of that army to battle splendidly against odds never changes.

Thousands of miles away from the plateau of Inkerman lie the ditched fields of Flanders. Far removed in time from that struggle of Guards and Fusiliers against swarming Russians in and around the Sandbag Battery is another great battle

against odds that glorifies Britain's story.

On the 22nd April, 1915, the Germans projected their first attack of asphyxiating gas against a point of our Allies' front. Turcos and Zouaves fell back strangled and blinded. The British left was exposed. A four-mile gap lay open to the Huns. A division of new troops held our left—the Canadians! Well, they continued to hold it—and they blocked the four-mile gap. They held up Germany, gas and all. There was no such things as gas masks in those days, but the Canadians were undismayed by that new terrific form of murder. A few of them had fought in South Africa; a few both officers and men, had served in the Regular Army of normal times; but otherwise they were of the Canadian Militia, officers and men alike. Summer camps in Canada, the great camp of thirty-three thousand at Valcartier, the mud and hardships and weariness of Salisbury Plain—these had never once fooled them into a belief that they knew anything about actual warfare. They had soldiered under various conditions and mastered their drill and musketry, that was all. Actual battle was a new thing to them. They did not pretend to know anything about it. All they understood of it was that they wouldn't like it but that it was their duty to face it and stick it. They had left their offices and shops, their schools and farms and mills, with the intention of fighting the Hun and in return, of suffering the worst he could do to them. They did not expect him to fight like a sportsman, or even like a human being. So they accepted the gas as part of the day's work. It was the last day's work for hundreds of those good workmen.

They were a new division of the army, those Canadians of April, 1915. They fought a great battle against odds of men, of metal, of machinery and of devilish chemistry.

The wonder is not that this thing was done by Canadians, but that it

was done at all. It is still a world's wonder that any one division in any army in the world could have done it. But the chances are that no other division, old or new, could have done it better. It was done in the high, unfaltering, grip-and-hold, war-tested English way against all the old flesh-tearing machinery of war—and *gas, as if for a make-weight.*

I think that the Canadian Division was as ready for that fearful test as any other division in the field. The men possessed courage and discipline. They knew how to use their weapons and their brains. They knew and trusted their officers. They were patriots of the finest type. They had come a long way and given up much to kill and to be killed. They had proud traditions to live up to and die for, and their own personal pride. It is well to remember the personal pride of those free men from a rich free land. No combination of beer-swilling Huns could put anything over on them, old or new, and "get away with it". And they had military traditions to hearten and steady them—all the glorious traditions of Great Britain and the British Army in addition to those of Canada and the United Empire Loyalists and the Canadian Militia.

You smile at mention of the traditions of the United Empire Loyalists and the Canadian Militia. Then it is the smile of ignorance; and I suggest that you read in history of the men and women from New England and New York and Virginia who made Canada for the Empire, and of the Militiamen who held it for the Empire on Queenston Heights and many another Canadian battlefield. Those engagements also were battles against odds, Canadians fought against men of their own breed then—their very brothers—the men of the big, ambitious young Republic to the South. We were in the right of that dust-up. We fought for hearth and home. We used shot-guns, and our equipment was various; but we fought in a just cause and walloped our big brothers.

That was more than one hundred years ago. That family-unpleasantness of long ago, almost forgotten during generations of mutual friendship and respect, is now burned out utterly and forever in the flame of this great war. The men of the big Republic fight shoulder to shoulder with us now. They are more than Allies—for they, too, are of the old, right breed. They are our brothers.

To return to Flanders and to April, 1915. The story of that battle is told as nearly and truly as it has ever been told in the first volume of "Canada in Flanders". I have no intention of trying to retell it, as I had no thought of trying to retell the story of Inkerman, but I shall attempt to catch your eye with an illuminating incident of that battle.

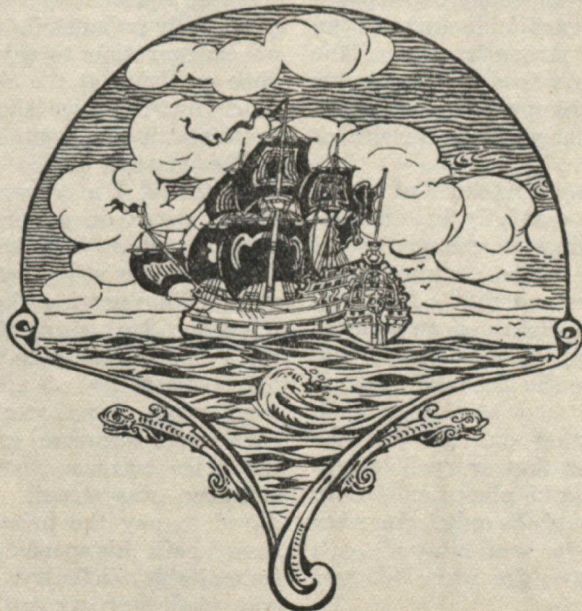
At midnight, April 22-23, the Tenth and Sixteenth Canadian Infantry Battalions charged and took a strong German position in a wood which lay to the west of the village of St. Julien. The attack was made on open ground, in the face of strong machine gun fire and deliberate rifle fire. The two battalions lost heavily, but were still sufficiently strong upon reaching their objective to bayonet the enemy out of a portion of it. One Baker, a corporal of the Tenth and an enthusiastic bomber, gained the hostile trench in company with sixteen other bombers of his battalion. He and his party immediately set off to the left along the trench, exploding the reluctant enemy out of that narrow way as they went. This was not an isolated or self-contained position which the Canadians had captured, but simply a point in the face of a trench system. The Germans were strong in other parts of that trench and in the trenches behind it. They retaliated heavily with rifle fire and bombs, checked Baker's advance at last and put nine of his men out of action. The dead lay where they fell and the wounded crawled away. Then the Germans blocked the trench in front of the

Canadians and dug a cross-trench behind the block. Here the unequal duel of the eight against the superior but unknown numbers in the redoubt continued throughout the remaining hours of darkness. Ammunition, which was scarce, was used sparingly on both sides; but the Canadians maintained the offensive and the Germans were content to defend.

The first hour of daylight brought reinforcements of men and a fresh supply of grenades to the enemy. Thus strengthened, they immediately took the offensive and sought to blow the invaders out of the trench with the sheer weight of their fire. Corporal Baker, who lay close in to the block, escaped injury from the exploding bombs; but his seven companions were killed. One would suppose that the German offensive had succeeded—that they had cleared the trench and could now cross the block. This was not the case, however. One Canadian—one British soldier—remained alive on the other side.

He armed himself with the bombs of his dead comrades and continued the fight. His fire was so accurate and well-timed that the fire of the hostile bombers slackened. He held his position all that day and all the next night, and returned to his battalion just before the dawn of the 24th.

Comment on this minor incident of that great battle would be superfluous. Grenadiers of the British Army, of Home and Overseas regiments alike, have shown the same spirit and the same skill as Corporal Baker again and again in this war. The fact that Baker and his sixteen belonged to a Canadian Battalion is neither here nor there. It neither adds to nor detracts from the glory of their achievement; but it proves that, whatever their peaceful vocations in Western Canada before the war, they were of the right breed—new soldiers, but brothers and equals of the old guardsmen who fought in and over the Sandbag Battery on the plateau of Inkerman.



LAST STAND OF THE OLD ARMY

BY MAJOR A. CORBETT-SMITH

AUTHOR OF "THE RETREAT FROM MONS"



HIS inspiring chapter describing the heroism of the defenders of the Ypres salient is taken from a new book, "The Marne and After" (Toronto: Cassell and Company), by the author of "The Retreat from Mons":

And now at the very moment when Germany was about to hurl the flower of her army against the meagre British line, when the enemy purposed to turn every available gun of an overwhelming strength upon the handful of men who dared to oppose his will, there happened an event as dramatic and momentous, surely, as any in the war.

To realize the significance of it you must first bear carefully in mind all that your imagination can picture of this desperate battle against odds; and then understand that a field battery of six guns, firing on an average 700 shells a day, was even then firing all too little for the needs of the moment.

Then learn that on this day the order was issued that every field gun in the force must be placed on a *daily allowance of ten shells only!* In other words, a battery was allowed each day sixty shells to fire when 700 was not sufficient.

What the gunners said and what the infantry thought I leave you to

guess. But I would also have you think of the high moral courage of the Commander-in-Chief, who, upon the urgent representation of the Q. M. G. (Sir William Robertson), dared to issue such an order at one of the most critical moments of the world's history.

To put the matter very briefly, there were no more shells for the howitzers and eighteen-pounders in France, and the reserve at home was practically exhausted. It is probably no exaggeration to say that had we gone on firing at the old rate for another fortnight we should have had to "cease fire" altogether.

The courage of Sir John French's decision (if I may venture the comment) seems on a par with the one already noted when he dared to extend his line still farther north instead of supporting the battered 7th Division. By issuing the order about the shells he was able to build up at least something of a reserve to be used when any battery was faced with some supreme crises. Though the price was very, very heavy, the situation was saved. Had he not dared to pay the price and to place once again his perfect trust in his indomitable infantry and cavalry, who shall say what the end might have been?

And it is well that the world should

hear of this, for surely it throws another and a still stronger light upon the heroism of the first Seven Divisions during those fateful days. And will the German Staff ever dare to tell the German people how their armies could not break through even then? I think not.

On Wednesday, the 28th, there were but few attacks made, and the enemy's guns were almost idle. It was, however, but that solemn, deathly silence which seems to brood over an Eastern sea before the breaking of the typhoon. You may picture German G. H. Q., where William Hohenzollern is present in person, sending out through their admirable organization the final orders for the great assault. You can see the officers and men of every unit making their last preparations, nerving themselves for a fight the issue of which cannot to them have been a moment in doubt.

Would you compare the two armies? Turn, then to Shakespeare's *Henry V.* and read once again the fourth act, from the prologue to the closing scene. There shall you find it all set down in matchless verse. Here I can add nothing to that picture of genius.

At daybreak on the 29th the storm burst. Heralded by a whirlwind of shells of every size, the German infantry charged down upon the devoted remnants of the First Corps, the 7th Division, and the Cavalry.

And just as the tidal wave tears from the rocks the seaweed and limpet clinging fast, so was the 1st Division torn from its trenches and hurled back, gasping and blinded.

A moment's pause, the battalions turned, and, with the 2nd Division, crashed back again in a counter-attack.

A second time were the British forced back; a second time they recovered their ground. And so the fight swayed backwards and forwards. "Blinded, bloody and torn they reel-

ed," but ever they won back again. And the enemy drew off, swearing that their spies had played them false, that there were two army corps facing them where they had thought it to be a division only.

"Another gap," they cried. "Take the break to the south where the Cavalry are."

So another corps threw themselves at the men of the 7th Division. And the British cavalry, shattered remnants of two brigades, stood to it. Such was the weight of the enemy's gunnery that one troop of them was buried alive. The rest, o'erborne like the 1st Division, were thrust slowly back, struggling with impotent arms against the great wave of Germans.

Back they went, clinging fast to every point of vantage—rallying, charging, and back again. An infantry battalion, close by, sees their plight and dashes straight at the Germans in a counter-charge. One skeleton of a battalion against eight German battalions! And that little one beat them, routed them; two score prisoners it took, ten score dead the Germans left behind.

Again and again the Germans charged; and the day passed into night—a night of blood-red flame and smoke. And still the British held the line. And ever the Germans drew back with their dying and their shame.

The blood-red night melted into a cold, grey dawn, and with the first hint of daylight, the German gunners were at work again.

Now the British battalions are but little companies. The line which they have held is no more a line; but here and there are little groups of ghosts.

The Bavarians *must* capture Ypres. The "War Lord" is with them, and he commands. Therefore it must be.

And the ghosts of men who have said "No" through the last ten days of hell say "No" once again. It shall not be.

So the Bavarians came on, and

the British Infantry and the British Calvary met them as they came.

In fair shock of battle they met. And they fought together as men have never fought before. Never at such odds have men fought. And the daylight drifted into darkness again.

All down the line the battle swayed this way and that. Here is a general in command of two companies of infantry; here a corporal acting as a battery commander—a battery of two guns. There is a junior subaltern leading his battalion in a desperate charge—a battalion of a hundred men. Every man is in. Here are cooks, grooms, officers' servants from a Gunner battery lining up with picks and shovels, branches of trees, or bare fists. Why, in Heaven's name? To hold up and repulse half an advancing brigade.

"God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

So wide was one of the gaps in the British line that a German Corps had actually succeeded in marching through and taking up a position immediately to the flanks and rear of some half dozen of the skeleton battalions.

Then it was that these devoted regiments suddenly found themselves assailed, as it seemed, by their own comrades, for who save British should be behind them? Through the fog-laden, rain-soddened air the deadly streams of machine-gun bullets tore through their ranks. And as the British crouched low and tried to peer into the mist to see how they should reply a Field Battery of ours poured its shells into the mêlée, unfortunately striking down several of our own men.

Who can tell the delirium of the hours that followed! The enemy to the front, to the rear, to the flank. A German Reserve Corps against the remnants of six British battalions, the men worn to a shadow by exposure, want of sleep, want of food. And yet they fought on. Now one bat-

talion is gone, destroyed. A second has 150 men left out of 650, four officers out of sixteen. A third no officers and but a handful of junior N. C. O.'s to lead. And yet they fought on.

The slaughter of it all seems to pass human understanding. You hear of one single British company so surrounded by the enemy that the Germans did not even know it was there in the midst of them. And you hear of those few men within five minutes annihilating a German battalion, accounting for more than 800 of the strength. And still the enemy pour their masses into the battle.

You hear of the last remaining gun of a battery being brought into action on a road and fighting a duel at 500 yards range with a German field gun, knocking it out at last by a direct hit. Of a lance-corporal sitting in a shell-hole with a machine-gun firing methodically for an hour or more into the enemy ranks before they discover him—so mad is the confusion.

And how do they fare in Ypres and Hooge, where the Divisional and Corps H. Q. are? Of what are the Army Chiefs thinking? Within three or four miles of the battle, sharing, too, in the storm of shell, there is never a hint of disaster. The Staff go about their work as though the operations were fifty miles away.

The next evening there sped out of Ypres a dispatch-rider. One of those cheery souls he was who had come over with his motor-bicycle straight from a public school, all for the "fun of the thing." And what a record of gallantry, endurance and cheeriness under all hardships have those youngsters created.

"Carrying dispatches and messages at all hours of the day and night in every kind of weather, and often traversing bad roads blocked with transport, they have been conspicuously successful in maintaining an extraordinary degree of efficiency in the service of communications." That

is the tribute of the Commander-in-Chief.

So Stanmore rode up and delivered his message.

"How are things going?" said I. "And how are you getting on?"

"Having a simply ripping time," said Stanmore, chuckling all over. "You never saw such fun as it was yesterday."

(This was some of the fighting I have just been telling about.)

"Oh," said I, "what was it?"

Stanmore sat down on a bench and nearly choked with laughing at his recollections.

"Had to get a message through to 1st Corps H. Q. at Hooge. Wipers! You ought to have seen Wipers. It was too funny. Not a soul in the streets, every other house in the place burning like mad, and shell pouring in all over the shop. I had to get off and wheel the bike because there wasn't any road left. Great shell-holes you could bury a 'bus in, and all the rest broken bricks and glass. It was a mess. One place I *actually had to pull up* because one of those Black Marias came along, took away the whole of a front of a house, went clean through and smashed into the house opposite. (Fits of laughter.) It was too silly to see all the floors and furniture just like a doll's-house. Dead horses and dogs and cats flying about. Two cats just missed me as they fell off a roof. A harlequinade wasn't in it. I simply rolled into a doorway and laughed till I could hardly see. Of course, H. Q. had been shelled out long ago, so no wonder I couldn't find the blessed place. Ran 'em to earth a bit later. Had the devil of a job getting back climbing over the ruins, and just as I was getting out of the town—oh, lord, you would have laughed—a big shell plumped down about 100 yards in front, and right out of the dust and smoke came one of our chaps wheeling his bike. The silly blighter had been and got a puncture." (Complete collapse of Stanmore.)

What German army, I ask you, is going to contend against a spirit like that?

But it was a few days later that Stanmore brought the most delicious piece of news. Several of the Staff of the 2nd Corps, being apparently bored with life and inaction (think of it!) had actually gone off to London on 48 hours' leave!

Leave, in the middle of all that fighting! It was really too gorgeous. And how mad the Germans would have been had they known.

Of course, one did not know then that the greater part of the 2nd Corps, being absolutely exhausted, had been withdrawn from the firing line. Nor could one foresee that officers and men on active service were going to be given occasional home leave. At that time such an idea was incredible. In fact, when, about Christmas, a certain number of officers were told they might go back to England for 96 hours, several declined the leave, saying that they preferred to stay and see the business through. So convinced was everyone that two or three months at most would bring the end of the war. And of the officers who took the leave one at least returned before the 96 hours were up, being unable to bear the seeming apathy and ignorance of those at home.

The third day of the great battle for Ypres had dawned. The 7th Division no longer existed as a Command, and the heroic remnant had been placed under the orders of Sir Douglas Haig. Yet there could be no withdrawal of the men, for there was none to replace them. The line must still be held. Or if it can no longer be held, the Germans shall advance only over the English dead.

Once more came the whirlwind of shells; once more the blue-gray masses of the Germans swept down upon the defenders. At every point of the defence they struck. To the north where the 1st Division clung on grimly; at the 2nd Division, the 7th, the Cav-

alry, and to the south at Messines, and where Pulteney's 3rd Corps fought.

Once again the 1st Division was swept back. And now as the very heavens seemed to rend apart with sheeted flame and pour down their deluge of thunderbolts, as the ground beneath rocked and heaved to the mighty concussion, so it seemed that exhausted nature at last snapped and broke and men went mad with the shock and horror of it.

The British were swept back, but some remained, remained to be clubbed down or trampled underfoot by the storming wave. The discipline which they had learned kept them there to the last, crouching in the pitted ground, but the brain of them had gone and left them helpless and unconscious, gibbering with unholy laughter.

"At all costs the line must be held," cried Sir Douglas Haig. And with the inspiration of their leader the Division rallied. Once again the enemy advance was checked.

All down the salient and far to the south one British group of men after another (we cannot say battalions or companies) was hurled back; to rally and counter-charge, check the Division rallied. Once again the terrible price which must be paid for it!

Hour after hour passed and the issue still swung in the balance. Shortly after noon German shells crashed into the Headquarters of the 1st and 2nd Divisions, the brain centres of the Corps. The General Officers commanding the Divisions were both put out of action, General Lomax wounded, General Monro unconscious; three Staff Officers of the 1st and three of the 2nd were all killed.

Within half an hour Sir John French was on the spot with Sir Douglas Haig. But nothing more could be done. The issue was in the hands of God.

From two to three o'clock the suspense was unbearable. It was the

most critical moment in the whole battle, indeed since Mons, Sir John French has said.

You may picture those two men, the Field-Marshal and the General standing quietly by the great map spread on the table of the battered château: you see the Staff going quietly about their work; and if the strain is telling you must needs look close into the eyes to detect it. There is nothing more to be done. Not even may any unit be withdrawn and thrust into another corner of the line. If the breach is made there can be no repairing. The seacoast and ports will be lost to us.

Slowly the minutes pass. A quarter past two.—Twenty past.—Half-past.—Are they holding still?

Suddenly over the wires comes the message, "The 1st and 2nd Divisions are *attacking* the German right."

General Landon, who, at a moment's notice, has taken over the command of General Lomax, is making the supreme effort.

Then, "German right being pushed back fast." Then, "Gheluvelt retaken—bayonet charge."

Is the tide turning? Can they do it?

Swiftly now come the messages. The left of the 7th Division is *attacking*. The 7th Division! Do you hear that? And they are *attacking*!

This retaking of Gheluvelt sets free some of the Cavalry, the 6th Brigade, which has shared throughout in the glory of the 7th Division. Sir Douglas Haig seizes the chance on the moment, and the order is at once flashed to the Brigade Commander.

The squadron leaders (what matter the names of the regiments—they are of the 7th Division!) rub their eyes in astonishment. "Boot and saddle"? Horses? They must be crazy at H. Q.! But there is the order. "Get to it, lads!"

The lads get at their horses where they can, and the horses are as amazed as their masters. "This is a joke. Another ruddy route-march." But

even a route-march is better than nothing.

"And where on earth have you been all these years?" say the horses, as they nuzzle for carrots.

"Sorry, old lady," says Trooper Tomkins. "Couldn't help it. Another job on. And a pretty—one, too. But we're for it now. *Get up!*" And in goes the bit, on goes the bridle and the saddle.

"Hurry up, boys," sing out squadron commanders; "not a moment to lose."

Squadrons fall in, some mounted, some on foot. And off they go hell-for-leather straight into the torn and tattered woods where the Germans lurk.

What a round up! "In at them, boys; get to it!" Horses crash and cannon off broken tree trunks in the headlong race; men on foot come smashing through the undergrowth, firing wildly from hip or shoulder as the Germans bolt from cover to cover. Clean through the wood they go; nothing can stop the amazing charge. Through the woods and out into the open again. On, on!

"It's Berlin this time, anyhow," gasps Trooper Tomkins.

At last they pull up as they throw themselves into a gap in the infantry line.

"Cheer-oh," says Private Williams as Tomkins drops down by his side. "'Ad a bit of a beano, 'aven't you?"

"Not 'alf," says Tomkins.

By the late afternoon the British had won back almost all of their original positions, and before midnight, "the line as held in the morning had practically been reoccupied."

Just after the tide had turned, at 5.0 p.m., a French Cavalry Brigade got up to Hooze and pushed forward, dismounted, to the help of the Life Guards and Horse Guards.

And now turn to this little paragraph from Sir John French's dispatch:

"During the night touch was re-

stored between the right of the 7th Division and left of the 2nd Brigade, and the Cavalry were withdrawn into reserve, *the services of the French Cavalry being dispensed with.*"

Who can resist a thrill of ineffable pride in reading that last sentence? Hard set themselves, our gallant Allies had done all they could to send in time the needed support. Everywhere possible—a regiment here, a squadron there—they had given through those days of crisis; but the strong, solid reinforcement which would have meant so much was beyond their power until later.

No, it had been a square fight between British and German, and the British Commander-in-Chief was determined that once the tide had turned the day should be to his men alone. So I read it.

The day was won, the crisis was safely passed. But the cost of it in human lives and suffering had been a terrible one. The flower of England's chivalry, her knights and yeomen had perished. The Old Regular Army had fought its last fight—the last, the greatest of all. And it was in the noblest cause for which England has ever sent forth her sons.

Of the 7th Division, less than one month before there had sailed from England 400 officers. Forty-four returned. Their men had numbered 12,000. There were left 2,336.

"We thought," said a German officer, "that you had four Army Corps against us there."

In every Division the toll was almost as heavy. The 1st Division and the 2nd Division lost nearly three-fourths of their strength. The 1st and 2nd Cavalry Divisions each lost a half.

Forty thousand men is the loss which they say the British suffered. Of the Germans there fell perhaps 250,000.

That it was a victory, and a decisive victory for our arms there can surely be no doubt. The Germans

set out to achieve a definite object: they failed. The British determined to defeat that scheme: they succeeded. How the enemy failed, though massing against the defenders such overwhelming strength, we cannot say. And yet may we not cry in all reverence—

“O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other?—Take it,
God,
For it is none but Thine!”

And England never knew.

SEA MORNING

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

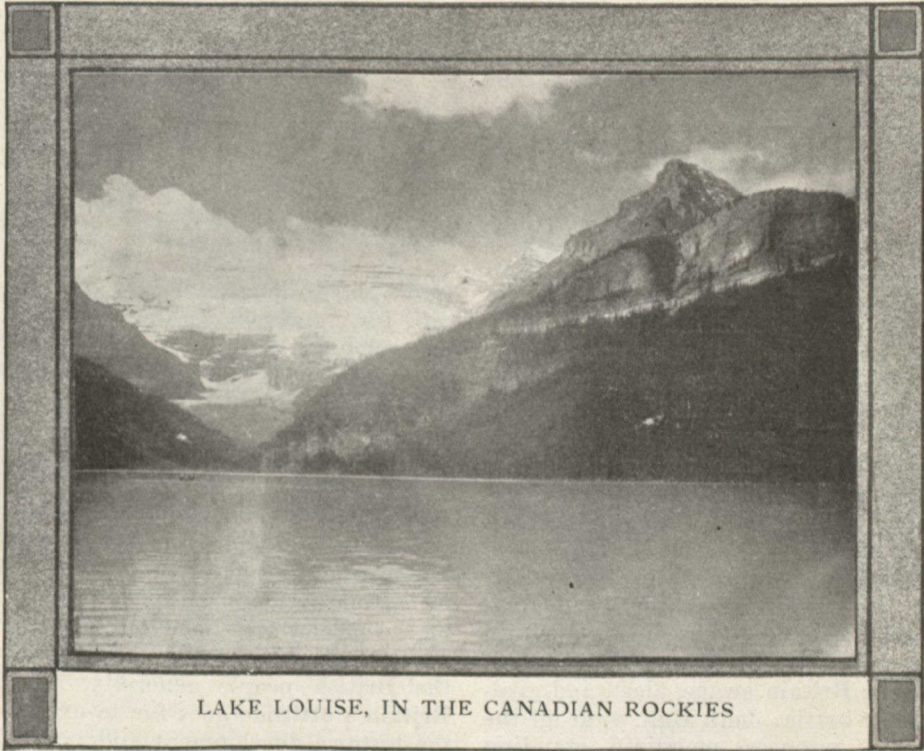
IT is a silent, shimmering world of blue—
A place of strangeness, lonely, cool and sweet,
Filled with a wonder and a shining peace.
There is no sound here on this quiet shore
But slow majestic thunder of the waves—
Unless perhaps the sunshine ripples sing
In lilting treble notes I cannot hear.
Always the dawn in my green woods of home
Is filled with bird songs, here the dawn is still.

I think it may be like this when one wakes
For the first time after the sleep of Death,
And on a strip of silent crystal sand
Learns how to see, and hear, and breathe, anew.
Now in the distance—is it sea or sky?—
A small white sail drops down beyond the rim,
As if it left me here in a new world.
Now a white butterfly floats past me on
Over the sandy shore, to salt sea foam—
Far from warm honeyed gardens, Little Wings—
So frail and tiny in this majesty;
Perhaps a soul has gained new wings this dawn
And these its old ones, drifting on the shore.



THE SPOILS OF WAR

From a drawing by Louis Raemaekers



LAKE LOUISE, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

LAKE LOUISE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I THINK that when the Master Jeweller tells
His beads of beauty over, seeking there
One gem to name as most supremely fair,
To you He turns, O Lake of Hidden Wells!

So very lovely are you, Lake Louise,
The stars which crown your watching peaks at even
Mistake you for a little sea in heaven
And nightly launch their shining argosies.

From shore to dim-lit shore a ripple slips,
A sigh which seems the very breath of night—
The Night herself, asleep upon this height,
Captive of dreams and smiling with white lips.

Surely a spell, creation-old, was made
For you, O Lake of Silences, that all
Earth's fretting voices here should muted fall,
As if a Finger on their lips were laid!

ENGLAND IN WAR TIME*

BY T. T. SHIELDS



ENGLAND at any time commands the attention of all who would trace the streams of civil and religious liberty to their source. Her historic

treasures and associations invest her with a fascinating interest for the man who would learn to view his own day and generation relatively, and to appraise their qualities and values by the criteria of history. But England in war time; England in thoughtful, serious, determined, mood; Britain awake, alert, and girded for battle; John Bull, with all the family resources mobilized, standing with sleeves rolled up, and fists clenched, and muscles taut, and eyes blazing, defying all the world's forces of tyranny and reaction; John Bull defending his own castle and incidentally playing Big Brother to the whole world—well, he is just John Bull! There is no other like him! Matchless in his magnanimity, and truly terrible in his naked might, and with all incomparably magnificent!

John Bull and his wife (*she* is the spirit of Britain), with their sons from overseas about them, present a most interesting spectacle. It may be that these sons, with their new homes in far-away lands, with all their new and absorbing interests, seemed sometimes to think less of the Old Home than filial affection and duty required. And perhaps John Bull and his wife were too content to have it so, so long as they knew the children were doing

well—and so long as letters and parcels, I say *and parcels*, were frequently exchanged. But a crisis in the family fortunes assembled the whole family over night. And notwithstanding the grief of the occasion, John Bull and his spouse undoubtedly have found much consolation in the fact that all the sons are home again.

And Britain shows her true maternal instincts by her treatment of the men from overseas. I speak not now of the official treatment only, but of the treatment accorded our men by the British people generally. And Britain's attitude goes far to explain the historic development and present unity of the Empire. She is not displeased by her children's growing independence, nor too jealous of her own maternal rights. She has acquired the true mother's habit of magnifying all the exploits of her children. And it is indicative of the mother-spirit of Britain, that her men from England and Wales, and Scotland and Ireland, offer no complaint at the generous praises bestowed upon the men of the Overseas Forces. I have talked with British soldiers, officers and men, when they did not know that I belonged across the seas. And I have found them enthusiastic in their praise of Anzac and Canadian achievement. I cannot recall an exception to that attitude. And that is one of the marks of Britain's greatness; for jealousy, whether in the individual or national character, is the distinctive vice of littleness of soul.

*Written after a visit to England a year ago.

Oh, the Mother-spirit of England! She spreads wide her hospitable arms, and would welcome the whole world to her table, if only they would come peaceably.

But John Bull and his wife are continually giving each other little love-taps which sometimes sound or resound as though they might hurt a little. But it is only their playful way of prolonging the honeymoon. They are always finding fault with themselves, and with each other. From reading the English newspapers at certain periods, and in certain editorial moods, one might almost suppose that the United Kingdom was the worst governed country in the world. They complain of their habit of "muddling through"; and they nurse the phrase as if they were rather fond of it. They survey themselves in the mirror, and declare that their clothes are ill-fitting, and unbecoming in their general effect, and inappropriate in all particulars, and old-fashioned and hopelessly out-of-date altogether; and old John remarks, "What fools we are!" And if some incautious meddler ventures to approve the sentiment, John knocks him as flat as the proverbial pancake, exclaiming, "How dare you call me a fool!" And when his critic meekly replies, "I only quoted your own words, sir", John flares back, "How dare you quote my words, sir! I did not speak them to be quoted: and what is more, I won't be quoted!"—And then to himself, "A fine state of affairs indeed! when a man dare not speak his own mind, in his own house, and to his own wife! I suppose I was a fool to let the fellow hear me."

"But I did hear you. I——"

"Hold your tongue, sir! If you were able to stand up, I'd knock you down again for your impudence. Well, well, what doddering idiots we are! What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"H'm. 'Nothing'. You had better say nothing. Everybody had bet-

ter say nothing! My dear, let us have a cup of tea; and send for the boys, and have them come to dinner; and we'll plan to get some things done."

And when the boys come in from Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa, and India, and Canada, how do they deport themselves?

When they were younger they were rather critical of the Old Home and its ways. Indeed, it must be confessed some of them arrived from afar on this occasion, not wholly devoid of what is known as "swank". But boys grow to be men in a week when a man's burdens are laid upon them; and these boys have attained to a riper judgment by the experiences through which they have passed. And they have learned that Father John and his wife are a pretty shrewd old couple after all, with a life-long habit of getting up very early in the morning. The fact is, they are generally out and about their business before other folks are around! And it must be confessed that the present aforementioned family crisis is not un-related to this habit of early rising. For a certain ill-tempered neighbour, by the name of William, got to the market too late, and found that all the best apples and the best potatoes, and the best of nearly everything else had been bought by earlier marketers; and that is what all the row is about. And as for old John's wife—she may be old-fashioned in her habits, and in some things she may seem to be rather slow, but she always manages to get the washing on the line before any of the neighbours. And she has had many a wash-day, in which she has addressed herself to the removal of many a stain from the garments of this old world. But her husband always helps her with the washing, and they never put their tubs away until everything is made clean and white! And the boys have seen them at their work and have a growing respect for many of the Old Folks' ways of doing things.

But to drop my parable; the Overseas Forces need no apology. Of course there are individuals whom no soap or nitre could make clean. But they are relatively few. Canadian manhood generally is not deteriorating from association with the old folks at home. I visited several Imperial camps as well as most of the larger Canadian camps; and so far as a civilian could judge, neither suffered by comparison with the other. I venture to believe, indeed, that our Canadian camps in England will bear comparison with civil communities of the same population in Canada. I did not content myself with casual and cursory observation, but obtained official figures. For the week ending June 2nd, 1917, the "drunk" report for all Canadian areas in England was as follows: Shorncliffe, nine cases; Shoreham, two; Seaford, one; Hastings, two; Crowborough, one; Witley, one; Pirbright, one; London Area, one; Bramshott, nil; a total of eighteen cases for one week. I doubt whether the record of an equal number of civilians, even under prohibition, would be as favourable.

For the seven months ending July 31st, 1917, in the Bramshott district, there were 119 cases of drunkenness, and eleven "drunk and disorderly". That is to say, in a camp whose population I was told varied during that period from 16,000 to 20,000 men, in thirty weeks there was an average of about four cases of drunkenness a week, and only one case of "drunk and disorderly" in about every nineteen days.

These figures are taken from the official camp record and I quote them only to show that our camps in England are well controlled. And if this record were compared with the pre-prohibition record of civil communities of equal size in Canada, I fear we should have something to blush for; and I am not sure that even our present showing would not look as if the toppers had stayed at home.

I should like this article to bear testimony to the efficiency of our Canadian Military control in another direction. So far as the camps were concerned, I saw no evidence of anything being permitted in the areas actually under military control which would have a tendency to corrupt the morals of the men.

There is still another side to this question, which may be of interest to Canadian readers. Personally, I am a prohibitionist, and would make an end of the liquor traffic everywhere, if I could. But we must not too harshly blame the British Government for failing to prohibit it in Britain. Undoubtedly, there is a large body of public opinion which would support the sternest measures. I recognize that it is somewhat hazardous for a mere visitor to attempt to understand so large a question with only comparatively limited opportunities for observation. But so far as I was able to observe there is room to doubt whether the present state of public opinion in England would be sufficient to support the Government in such a radical measure as total prohibition. But certainly the next best thing is being done. And while there is little doubt that the Traffic still does much to hinder our getting on with the war the severe restrictions placed upon it have accomplished wonders. England has greatly improved, in this respect upon her condition of two years ago.

To a discerning mind, with some sense of historic relations, the mere physical fact of successfully evading the submarines, is of less significance than the triumph of moral principle which such a passage implies. On the ship on which I crossed last summer, we had an American military unit. The officers and men were all splendid fellows. Most of the officers spoke apologetically for being behind time. They felt they

were more than two years overdue. Their Commanding Officer, at a concert at sea, reminded them and other passengers that their participation in the war under such circumstances was only possible because Britannia rules the waves. I heard one of the officers, who belonged to the Regular Army, lecturing his men one day as we were passing through the war zone. And when he had instructed them on various matters, he concluded, "I want every one of you to make himself look like a British soldier". While that was complimentary to the British, it was equally complimentary to the American officer: if he had been a little man he would not have said it. He is a wise man who is willing to profit by the experience of others.

If one could only foresee the issues of these pregnant years, with what thrilling interest should we regard even apparently trivial events. More than one hundred and forty years ago, Edmund Burke, in a great speech, pleading for conciliation with the rebellious American Colonies, having observed that "an Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery", said, "The mode of inquisition and dragooning is going out of fashion in the Old World, and I should not confide much to their efficacy in the New". Little did the great statesman dream that the mode of violence he deprecated would persist so long, and that nearly a century and a half later, armed legions would recross the trackless deep from the New World to join hands with the pioneers and champions of freedom in the Old, to put that mode out of fashion forever.

Germany has talked much of "the freedom of the seas". But the seas have long been free for certain classes of people; it is impossible that they should ever be free for everybody. I once asked a Syrian pedlar, who came to my door, of his experiences in some of the many lands through which he

had travelled. He assured me that his native country was one of the finest countries in the world; but he added, "Turkey no good law". When I asked him of Germany, he replied, "Oh, in Germany, too much law". When I inquired how he fared in England, he said musingly, "England? England? Oh, in England, no law at all."

"No law at all, "I said, "what do you mean?"

"In England," he replied, "mind your own business, no law at all." And no professor of constitutional law of any university in the English-speaking world could possibly have packed into a single sentence the whole genius of Anglo-Saxon civilization more comprehensively than did that poor unlettered, but widely experienced Syrian.

And the British Navy exists to see to it that no tyrant shall presume to interfere with other people's business. For all others the seas are as free as they have always been since Britannia became their Mistress. Therefore, I say, England acquires a new glory when you land on her shores at such a time as this. Your passport has a spiritual significance. It is a certificate of character and citizenship, a patent, entitling you to rank among the freemen of the world.

We all have heard of the proposal to starve England. On the map, it looks as though it might be possible; for there she appears to be a magnified Muskoka Island, dependent upon the daily visits of the supply boat. But thanks to the heroism of those men whose business is to "bring a cargo up to London town", and who will not be denied the right to ply their trade, England can never be starved.

And what of London? Who can deny that this is the world's Metropolis? Always of cosmopolitan character, in war time her relation to every people, and nation, and tongue, is more apparent than ever. Com-

mercially, religiously, politically, she is the most influential city in the world. And never was she so influential as to-day.

Of what do these monuments, these peculiar customs of the old City, these historic political and religious buildings, speak? Rightly to understand London at war you must reflect that many a battle has been fought on ground which now is trodden by the feet of London's millions. Briton, and Roman, Saxon, and Dane, and Norman have all wrestled for the mastery here. And in the later centuries, opposing principles have found re-incarnation in courtiers and kings, in soldiers and statesmen, in lovers of freedom, and lovers of power. And London, typical of the Empire of which she is the centre, has not hesitated to buy her privileges with blood. From the time of the Cæsars she has refused to be ignored. Without deliberate design, her missionaries in search of spiritual wealth and conquest, her mariners and explorers in search of new adventures, her merchants, in quest of trade and gold, have put the whole world under tribute to her greatness. And the same subtle, intangible, magic, something which keeps such perfect order in London streets, has cast its spell over India, and Egypt, and Africa, and the Islands of the Sea; and has made the wilderness and the solitary place glad for it, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. The principles of justice and liberty, of law and order, cultivated in the blood-soaked soil of Britain, and transplanted to Australia, and New Zealand, and Canada, and India, are responding to the enemy's challenge with all the Empire's resources of money and of men. The daring policy of restricting government to the one requirement, that a man shall mind his own business and refrain from interfering with other people's, has converted a rebellious South Africa into a valiant defender of the Imperial cause.

Something more than two years ago Prince Von Buelow said in a speech, "All our eyes are directed upon our army and fleet. Never in its thousand-years-old history has the German people shown itself so united, determined, strong, and great, as in the present war. Respectfully we bow our heads before such greatness, and are convinced that victory will not fail such qualities, such pure merit, and proud peace will be concluded, worthy of our heroic efforts and gigantic sacrifices." It seems to be a German habit respectfully to bow its head before such greatness as the mirror reflects.

But Britain's greatness is of another order—born of centuries of simple greatness, and that a secure struggle, not so much with others as with herself. Where can you find a spot in England where men have not died for liberty? To the Briton, liberty is a family tradition, a precious heritage, bought and preserved at the price of blood. And to the man with historic hearing, who is at all sensitive to historic relations, London is vocal with the crimson testimony of the past, the cries, the travail cries, of that Great Mother of whom the world's liberties were born.

Sometimes it appears that Britain carries this exercise of liberty to almost absurd lengths. But it may be that some safety-valves are wisely allowed to blow off. Still the Hyde Park dissentient—the place whence Cromwell's horse threatened the Parliament—descants upon all possible subjects, and denounces nearly everything beneath the stars except his own opinions. For London in war time must talk as usual, whatever else she does. They will do it at Billingsgate, and really it would be a pity to stop them. I have seen and heard them at five o'clock in the morning in war time. There you will hear a wit superior to Sydney Smith's, a mordant irony surpassing that of Junius. And there you will see the fish, tons

upon tons of it, brought in from the sea by those intrepid trawlers for London's breakfast. And even the fish is more intelligent than ordinary fish, for they have scorned the corrupting society of German submarines, and have preferred a British trawler's net.

And Covent Garden is not without its war-time message. Still you will hear a quaint humour, rich as Mark Twain's, as some merry coster's tongue seems to fill the world with laughter. And there are the flowers in war time—London's beautiful flowers, all the way from the Scilly Isles, across the stretch of water where the murderous submarines have been the busiest; here they are, and seeming by their fragrant beauty to say, "Good morning! I have come to cheer you up, that you may see in me a symbol and a prophecy of the survival of all beautiful things in life, over all that is barbarous and brutal."

And there are the trains, and the trams, and the underground, and the 'buses—and women, women, women, everywhere! And such women! With their modish uniforms, their leather leggings, and their bewitching hats! How easy to earn a grateful smile by saving them a climb upstairs by offering them your fare below. How easy, and how well worth while! It makes you feel like paying a second fare, when she comes through asking, "Any more fares, please! Any more fares, please?" Oh, London in war times is not without some charming compensations!

Think of a full-grown man stepping on a 'bus, say, on the Strand; and he is greeted by one of these charming bits of femininity who smilingly informs him, "Seat upstairs, sir". And as he climbs the winding stairs, and the lumbering 'bus moves on, she calls, "Hold Tight!" At first one is amused, until one reflects that she is the typical mouthpiece of the Women of England to the full-grown men of the Empire—"Hold Tight!"

One day in August London heard that some blood-relations for whom she entertained a strong affection, and for whom she had long been waiting, sons of her Uncle Samuel across the sea, had arrived, and would march through the city next day. Hundreds of thousands of Londoners turned out to greet them. I viewed them as they marched along Whitehall toward Trafalgar Square. They had been only six weeks in uniform, but evidently had made good use of their time. They were splendid fighting men in the making. Each unit was preceded by its officers, who were accompanied by a British officer; and each American flag was followed by a British band. And as the American Flag passed by all heads were bared. But there was not much cheering. It is not easy to move London to enthusiasm now. She has seen so much. She has been an armed camp now for three years. And she has seen her own men go direct to the Front by thousands, and by tens of thousands, and by hundreds of thousands, and by millions. And many, many, have not and will not come back. And London had welcomed other allies. Not in the same way perhaps, nor in the same numbers; but representatives of France, and Belgium, and Russia, and Italy, and Serbia, have been there; and had been greeted long ago as comrades in arms. But London welcomed the Americans heartily, and solemnly, but quietly. I heard people round about me talking; and I think I could feel the suppressed gladness of that vast multitude that their new Allies had come. But London seemed to say, "Your ships must have been delayed! I expected you earlier, but, of course, you are heartily welcome, just the same." London's attitude reminded me a little of Martha and Mary, when they welcomed One they had been long expecting, with tears, saying, "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died".

But that is the personal side. There was in many a deeper feeling. I had chosen to see the American troops in Whitehall for a purpose. I stood outside the old Whitehall Palace, but a few steps from where the scaffold stood on which Charles I. was executed, and within whose walls Cromwell, the great champion of civil and religious liberty, died. And not very far away was the place where the old Hall of Westminster stood, in which Pitt the Elder, the great Lord Chatham, had opposed the measures which resulted in the American Revolution. And near the same place was the great Abbey within which the ashes of the great statesman lie, and the great monument, which commemorates his great achievements, stands. And I remembered to have read his great speech from which I will venture to quote. Addressing the House of Commons, he said: "It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in this House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to be carried in my bed—so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences—I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it". And when he had given his reasons for opposing it, he continued: "Gentlemen, Sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from

his project. The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to have made slaves of all the rest."

That was said one hundred and fifty-one years ago. And now, behold, these marching men, passing the site of the very Hall in which these memorable words were uttered. Only four thousand of them, but the vanguard of hundreds of thousands, and, if need be, of millions more.

A little later I saw this vanguard of the American armies pass the gate of Buckingham Palace, where the King received the salute. His Majesty was accompanied by Queen Alexandra, Lord French, Sir John Jellicoe, and the Right Honourable David Lloyd George. The Americans were warmly welcomed at this point also, but it was abundantly evident that for that great London crowd before Buckingham Palace the chief object of interest was his Majesty the King. There can be no doubt of London's affection for the King, and in this respect London speaks for the Empire.

There could be no doubt of the heartiness of London's welcome to the Stars and Stripes, and the splendid men who carried that Flag; and as they marched past Buckingham Palace gate saluting the King, and the King saluting the American Flag, the event was to me symbolic of the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon race in Freedom's sacred cause. No man of refined sensibilities, responsive to moral atmospheric influences, can breathe the air of London, and of England, generally, without feeling a deepening assurance of the ultimate triumph of the Forces of Freedom. Anglo-Saxondom is the proof of their invincibility.

"FOREIGN" WOMEN WHO WORK FOR CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH S. WATSON



THE "foreign" woman in Canada is to-day an object of compelling interest throughout the entire country—a sister in the Dominion's great home army. By reason of her "foreignness" we are more curious as to her habits of life and her attitude at this time than ever before.

These "foreign" women are found in greater numbers in the West, ensconced in prairie homes, than in any other one section of the country. Galicians, Russians, Ruthenians, Mennonites—constituting one of the most important human working-forces of the prairie, the garden-land of Canada.

A "farm hand" in this region is worth her weight in gold to the country and the world at this time. These women are all farm hands born of a long line of peasant farmers back in the region of the Carpathians and the Russian Black-Sea Provinces where wheat raising was known and practised before America was discovered. So that in these farm hands Canada has just the kind of "expert" she most needs at this time, when the "Doughman" has become "the mascot of the world".

A visit to some of these Galician homes in their settlements of Western Canada is in the nature of a revelation. One is struck at once by the ease with which the women labour, by

the absence of all apparent effort in accomplishing the heaviest manual labour. They have worked so long that far from exhibiting our nervous energy in setting about any task, they act with deliberation and assurance making every move tell.

Thus one gets from them in the first moments of meeting an impression of the spirit of permanency and stability, qualities greatly needed in newly-settled country. The West far from seeming crude and new appears old, established and time-softened as you look into their strong faces and note their capable hands and sturdy bodies. This assurance becomes very precious, nothing less in fact than a *national asset* when we realize that the entire development of certain sections of our great Northwest is in the hands of these pioneer women.

The city-born woman could not content herself in the "wilderness", so utterly and completely as these sturdy sisters. Far from being discontented these women glory in the thought that they are establishing themselves and their name on the land. They love the land, this Canadian earth that produces wheat of a quality better than that of their native soil, and heart and soul they are spending themselves to repay to this free country all that it has done for them.

But these women also have their ambitions. Peasants, rather than mere



Ruthenian Women working in a market garden near Winnipeg

labourers back in their native land in the farming region of Southeastern Europe their one ambition here in the Canadian West is to build for themselves a home, like in architecture to the little cottage left behind nestling in some Carpathian glen. Possessed of very little ready money on landing here, it is only by the greatest thrift and economy and their ability to do the heaviest manual labour that their dreams for a home can ever become realized. That they do succeed, thousands of little foreign-looking cottages on the treeless prairie bear evidence.

Not only are these foreigners supplying the Canadian West with farm labour, but they are also giving to

certain sections an architecture that is distinctive.

Take the typical little village of Gonor near Winnipeg. The little whitewashed cottages that here line both sides the street are among the most picturesque in Canada, not even excepting the quaint habitant homes of rural Quebec, which they most resemble.

On first seeing these little foreign houses one finds it difficult indeed to realize oneself in Canada. Rather you must be in the Near East. It takes a moment or two to realize, that instead, here is a bit of the Near East—a bit of the Balkans and the Black Sea,—transplanted—a row of little Carpathian cottages brought over



Galician Women working in a field of onions near Winnipeg

here enshrined in the hearts of these home-loving people and materialized here on the plains, before the memory of those other faraway homes has been effaced by the newer sights and the box-like dwelling which in the West forms the average working man's home.

These cottages stand too, as proof against the much heard statement that "in a new country a man has to take or make any house he can, to live in without regard to its looks". It is not so. A man builds as he has inspiration from within. It is as cheap to build attractively as not. Often much cheaper in fact. But it is not always possible to obtain, as

here, in a new house, the appearance of genuine time-softening, which the architects of these little Gonor houses have accomplished to perfection. For not only are these little homes European in design but they have "age," like Europe—a *charming* age, minus all signs of decay. Imagine what an effect is this, in the midst of the prairie, where the first general impression of every house is its "newness" and lack of—atmosphere.

The point of vital interest about these tiny homes, however, is that they are very largely the product of skillful women's hands. First a frame work of rough hewn logs and then thick coats of plaster within and

without—the plaster prepared and mixed and laid-on by women, a square yard or two at a time, in between times, when no other more urgent work is on hand. The process of plastering an entire house may thus extend over many months or perhaps years, but when done it is well done—no slap-dash masonry for these earnest women who are building to last, and for the comfort of many generations.

The plaster even if only partly done at a time is always neatly white-washed at once, especially about the tiny window set under the shingled, steep and overhanging roof.

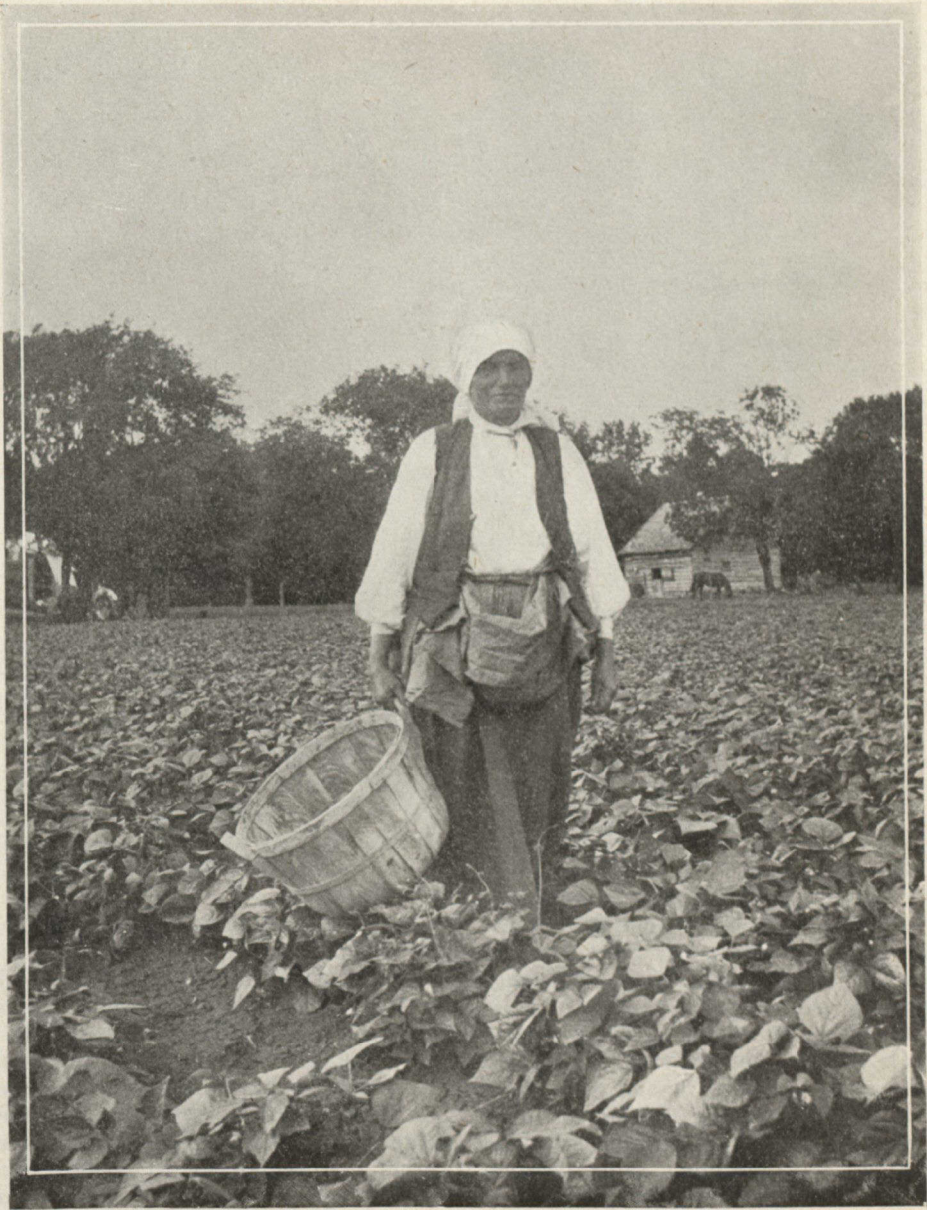
There is no fault to find with the cleanliness and neatness of these little houses or with the women who dwell in them. Indeed neatness is a characteristic of the Galician woman. And like their sisters everywhere they have the faculty of dressing neatly with very little expense. This of course is due to their ability to spin and weave and sew. Embroidery too comes easily to their hand, as to all European women of their class.

Very quick to acquire languages is also characteristic of these women, no doubt arising out of the fact that they grew up in a land that is the frontier of many tongues. To acquire English, therefore, has come easy to most of them, especially to the younger women. There are a few old-timers of course who find the "Inglese difficult," but even most of these can make themselves understood. One young woman who was at the moment picking beans in a large field, told me as a matter of course that she spoke five European languages, and could understand several others when spoken to, though she herself was not fluent in them. The field where she was working at her task of picking "beans for the Allies" formed a part of one of those many Dutch truck-farms, or "market gardens" as they are called back in old Holland, which seem to have their beginnings where Winnipeg's main streets leave off. There is no city in the Dominion that

can compare with Winnipeg in its supply of fresh vegetables in season, and all the labour on these gardens, a Dutch proprietor informed me, is done by Galician, Ruthenian and Mennonite women, at a wage of two dollars a day and carfare. Last winter during the food shortage in the United States carload after carload of cabbages were sent from Winnipeg to the markets across the International boundary line—East and West, North and South—an impossible thing but for these women. Winnipeg also boasts several of the largest "pickle" factories in Canada. The tomatoes, onions, cucumbers and cauliflower used in the preparation of these pickles are almost solely produced by the labour of these "foreign" women. Much of the harvesting of grain in season is also accomplished by this foreign labour. Canada could not get along without this experienced labour on the wheat lands of the West at this time when a pair of hands counts for so much.

During the last week in August I stood at the head of a field of onions in Manitoba, onions destined for the pickle factories of Winnipeg, and watched a company of Galician women weed-hunters advance, baskets in hand. They came on, like a regiment marching at the "quick", eyes and hands down, weeds flying through air into the baskets as if by magic. In the rhubarb fields it was the same. Skillful fingers tore away old leaves, picked the fresh, crisp stalks, then carried them in armfuls to the bundling bench where two of their sturdy sisters "set-up" the strong cord around the rhubarb by means of a small hand winch. This rhubarb, the product of the Galician woman's hand, finds its way to every city-market in Canada.

If there is a food-producing army in Canada to-day it may be seen that the Galician woman stands high in its ranks, that she in fact is a commanding officer. It is the complaint of the United States that the Galie-



A Mennonite Woman in a Western field of beans



Russian Woman working in a garden near Winnipeg

ians who in times past came to her shores, as soon as they made a little money trekked across the border and took up homesteads and farms in Canada, and thus Canada reaped all the benefit of their skilled labour—a plaint which shows how highly the United States valued their “skilled labour” for her new lands, and how sorry she was to lose them to the Dominion.

As the years of war proceed it becomes more and more evident that the woman who farms is working for Victory even more than the woman who knits.

I know, for I write these lines on a stomach that has not tasted white bread in weeks and only a scant slice

or two of “war” bread in that time. I am one of hundreds of thousands who right here in this Western World—our own America—are having to substitute vegetables and anything we can get hold of for bread. And the situation is daily growing worse rather than better.

The centre of life in the Galician prairie-village is the little Greek Catholic church with its distinguishing “cross” standing on a post near-by, forming a veritable “land-mark” silhouetted against the blue of the prairie sky.

This “cross” differs in form from the cross that marks the wayside in rural Quebec by having three transverse bars, the lower one oblique.



Galician Woman preparing mushrooms for supper

The "cross" here, always stands before the church, whereas in Quebec the two may be miles apart.

The Greek-Catholic always bares his head before the "cross" in passing.

Inside of the church Mass is said in Slavonic and a prayer is made for the Pope instead of for the Czar, we were informed, but as we were never present on Sunday, a service in the attractive little church was not one of our experiences.

At Gonor the church-bell is likewise set up outside the church in the churchyard, in a rustic little belfry of a kind which we have seen employed by the Church of England in many a sub-tropic isle of the British West Indies where sunshine, clinging vines and overhanging palms are employed to make an artistic setting. Truly the world is a small place and even its newest settlements are often reminiscent of the oldest.

The women of these foreign settlements often wear sheepskin, as in the old country, the old timers in particular find these sheepskin garments very comfortable during the rigorous weather of the prairie winter. But those who have discarded sheepskin or who may not own one of these valuable garments often wear a man's vest while at work in the fields. This garment being sleeveless leaves the



Dutch Woman doing her "bit" towards settling the West

arms free for hoeing, digging and weeding, beside having a convenient pocket for the clumsy watch and chain, the older women so often carry, which looks like a family heirloom—the handiwork of some old craftsman of an age long gone by in the watchmaking trade and having little about it of intrinsic value except the works, but very precious from the point of view of associations.

These women are all fairly good cooks, understanding to a nicety how to make the most tempting dishes out of the mushrooms which spring up wild in the neighbourhood.

To aid them in the culinary arts and in the baking of bread, they have built great out-of-door ovens similar to those seen in the country parts of Quebec. These ovens are covered with all sorts of flotsam and jetsam to keep out the weather and are not much to look at, especially when the door consists of half a barrel-head propped up with a long stick from the ground in lieu of a hinge, but the bread!—no Vienna roll or French loaf can compare with it! No war bread for these folk dwelling in what is the fountain-head of the world's wheat. Of all the ovens in the world none are at the moment better supplied than these same curious kopje



Galician Women Hoeing

affairs constructed entirely by women, out of adobe worked up from the mud and stone of the Canadian prairie. Most women would fuss in these days if they had to make their own bread, and what wouldn't we say if we had to make the oven too?

These women are particularly thrifty and saving. Store-bought and factory-made glassware and china which is so irresistible to seventy-five per cent. of the world's working people everywhere seems to have little charm for the Ruthenian and Galician woman whose one central idea seems to be to put as much as possible back into the land. Thus long

after she has acquired savings that would permit of many comforts she still continues to live frugally as in the old country, working hard to buy a bit more land or to clear a piece already purchased or to more heavily fertilize that already in her possession, especially if it is a truck farm that she owns. Some of the most prosperous of these Western truck farms are both owned and operated by women.

This kind of ambition naturally keeps them modest and economical in the matter of dress. It is said that a woman who owns the farm cannot be distinguished from her helpers in



GALICIAN WOMEN HOEING

From a Photograph by Edith S. Watson.

The Canadian Magazine

the field. Thus of five or six women working together one may be a land-owner and quite well-off, but the casual visitor would never know it.

This is a most valuable asset to the country at large, this ability of theirs not to be too set up by a little prosperity. This ability to keep down to fundamentals, always keenly perceiving and following what is essential, buying necessities rather than luxuries, saving rather than spending foolishly, in nearly every case putting a high percentage of their profits back on their farm to the profit of their own family and the improvement of the land, their one aim being to produce. Hence it is not only the older women, who were nearing middle age when they first came to this country, who still wear a simple inexpensive and becoming kerchief on their heads, but the younger women and children still follow the old custom as well. What more appropriate head-covering could a farm woman adopt? Having proved its utility the Galician woman would not think of discarding her kerchief because some neighbour does not wear it and rather scorns her for doing it; perhaps even calling her a "foreigner" and ignorant and unprogressive and a hundred other unkind and self-revealing names. But it must be said that this sort of thing under the strenuousness and sorrow and heroism of the times is fast disappearing. These foreign women as producers are far too necessary and important to have it matter whether they scorn our accepted fashions or not. They are giving food and they are giving homes to Canada and re-investing their capital in the land. Some of them are bringing their savings here from the United States, and putting them to work on Canadian soil. But best of all those

already here are bringing to the West the knowledge of the kind of farming that the West needs, farming on a large scale of grain crops, as well as the more specific knowledge required for utilizing every inch of space in growing successive crops at one and the same time, the secret of success in the more intensive form of market gardening.

In short, these foreigners understand by intuition how to make a farm self-supporting in all its many departments of the field, barn and home. The Galician just beginning makes by hand his own garden implements and a rude little shelter for himself which by constant tinkering he finally evolves into one of the charming little cottages so typical and attractive. But his effort does not stop even here. The furniture of the little cottage is likewise handmade, done in spare moments during the long winter evenings. Sometimes even the planes and saws and other tools employed are likewise handmade. Every scrap of board is saved. Every little sapling cut down in clearing land lengthens out the rod-ded fence around the yard by just so much. Children are brought up to feed and care for the chickens and help with raising the flowers that make keeping of bees for honey possible. Young girls manipulate the handmade churn. The mother is a cook and a knitter—a spinner and weaver in the winter months when there is no garden-work in progress to take her into the fields. With her home-grown wool she defies the arctic wolf of cold. With her store of grain and vegetables she holds the frontier of the Canadian wheat lands, from whence by her labour as much as by any other, come the bread-loaves for the "Allies" and the world fighting for Democracy.



THE THIRD ACT

BY MAX PEMBERTON



HERE were twenty-four hours in which to finish it and no line of it was yet written. Geoffrey Chale admitted the fact and no will of his seemed able to alter it.

Twenty-four hours and the theatre waiting expectantly for the new play and his daughter's whole happiness depending upon it and the opportunity of his life at stake. What spirit of evil had come upon him? He was forty-one years of age and this was the second play he had written. His greatest enemy could not say that he was written out. They had called him at the theatre the man of a hundred ideas, and as great had been their confidence in him that they had put the first two acts of his drama into rehearsal before the third was finished. Now suddenly inspiration had failed him and he could not write a word. "My God, it is ruin," he cried, and the words came from his heart. What would Joan say? What excuse could he make to her?

She was to be married in a month's time and all that humble house was full of the joy of a woman's love. The poor room had become rich with the trifles which go to make a woman's happiness. They seemed to reproach him as he sat with bowed head and nerveless pen. A week ago he had rejoiced in the work and found it easy. To-day, his mind was a blank. He could devise nothing; the story of his play seemed hopeless. He could pursue it to no further.

It was tea-time now and Joan came back from the rehearsal, wild with

excitement and the glad bearer of great tidings. Everybody was delighted with the Second Act, she said. The comedian had declared his part to be "a scream". The love scenes were beautiful and the girls had cried over them. None could guess the end of the play and all were waiting for it just as though it were the end of a serial in a popular newspaper.

"Of course you've finished it by this time, Dad, dear," she exclaimed, and she looked at him as though the answer must be in the affirmative.

"It will be done by the morning," he rejoined evasively. The hope of to-morrow had been his salvation heretofore; but the to-morrows were becoming few, and Hartley, the manager, had declared this very morning that he would wait twenty-four hours and no longer. Joan knew nothing of that. Her father was such a quick worker, she would tell you. He wrote everything at the last minute and it was the better for that.

"You must work after tea, dear," she said; "I'm going back for the last half of the Second Act and I expect we'll be late. There's call for ten o'clock in the morning to hear you read. Oh, I shall love it, I'm sure. It can't help being beautiful after what you've done."

Geoffrey said nothing, though the light in her eyes was precious to him and he beheld again the face and figure of her dead mother as she moved about the shabby room. Success in a measure had come to him, but too late to save that gentle soul from the rigours of poverty and its humiliations. Joan was the very image of

her—the very voice of the dead sounded in his ears when she spoke.

“Well,” he said, anxious to turn the subject, “you’ll know all about it in the morning, my dear. Now, get your tea and tell me the news of Jack. Is the leave all right? His Colonel doesn’t say ‘no,’ I suppose—not after seeing you, my dear. How long’s he got and when’s he coming here?”

She liked to talk of this and babbled away merrily. Jack was in the North of England with a machine-gun battalion. He could get a week and that was all. He might be going off the East afterwards, but she hoped not. In any case they would have some delightful days at Silloth and his people had lent them the cottage there.

“We shan’t want very much money, Dad. I’ll see to that, dear. Jack’s people are rottenly poor and, of course, he can’t do on his pay as a lieutenant. But with the fifty pounds you are going to give us and the money I saved out of my salary in London, we shall do all right. Jack says he has taken jolly rooms for me at Cleethorpes, and I shall stop there as long as he is in England. You’ll have to come and stop with me—I do hope it will be for such a long time.”

He knew well that she meant it, and the gladness in her eyes delighted him. All her joy, however, but added to the weight of that anxiety which weighed upon him intolerably. What if he must tell her that this play would never be finished, that inspiration had failed him and that the money which would unlock the golden gates was not to be forthcoming? A great apprehension seized upon him. No tragedy at the theatre could surpass in its terrors this thought that the house of his dreams was about to fall and that he might ultimately be dependent upon his daughter’s pitiful earnings for his very existence.

Of this, to be sure, he said nothing to Joan. They had a cozy tea, with a bright fire burning, for summer had not yet come; and when the meal was

finished, she put on her hat and went back immediately to the theatre.

“You can work when I am gone and it will be nice and quiet,” she said; “if you have finished, perhaps you will come round and take me home. But it doesn’t matter if you can’t, for Elsie Hamer and I always come back together. We shan’t be very late, Dad—Mr. Hartley said nine o’clock, so I can get your supper all right and you won’t be disturbed. Now, is there anything else you want before I go—quite sure there’s nothing, dear? Well, then I’ll be off and cheer oh!”

She kissed him on both cheeks and went down the stairs singing. He listened to her sadly and did not, as was his wont, stand at the window to see her go. The thought that the morrow might change her joy to tears unnerved him as nothing had done since his beloved wife’s death. Good God, what an irony it was that he could not immediately take up his pen and write—he who had been so fertile in idea yesterday! Yet such was the case. A sudden paralysis had overtaken his mental faculties. He sat and stared at the white paper and his mind was a blank. Confused images passed before him, but none remained. He had written too hastily, he said—there was no true foundation to build upon and so the story had come to a premature end.

Two hours passed and found him still where Joan had left him. He knew not why the image of her dead mother had shaped so clearly before him this night, but such was the case. She, also, had been an actress and for many years husband and wife had drawn a pittance from the “fit-up” theatres of the North and waged a war with destiny which often had been bitter enough. The dead woman stood very near him to-night. There had never been any other in his story—he loved her memory and he had loved her in the flesh, ardently and with a devotion that had ever been passionate. And he knew that if she

had lived, inspiration would never have failed him.

II.

At a quarter to nine, abandoning all hope of doing anything in his lodging, Chale put on his hat and went over to the theatre.

Perchance the light and babble of a familiar scene would do something for him, he thought—and with this in his mind, he carried his sheaf of papers and the little red stylo pen with which all his work was done. The rehearsal was still in progress when he arrived at "The Grand" and he heard his own words spoken directly he set foot in the place. They were rehearsing his Second Act, and those about him took the opportunity to say that it was the best thing he had yet done. "The woman's part is so fine," they said. He thanked them and crossed the stage to the little wooden table at which "the producer" sat. "The Third Act, I suppose," exclaimed that worthy, indicating the manuscript under Chale's arm. How much he wished that he could have said "yes".

Hartley, the manager, still wearing that fur coat, which he called the "rat skin", came up presently and said the same thing.

"Glad you've brought it," he remarked; "the time was getting short, old man—you've given us all a bit of a fright, I can tell you. Well, that's all over and bully for you. I suppose we can call a rehearsal to read it at eleven to-morrow. Better not be later."

Chale said that eleven would do, though his heart fell as he did so and the words seemed to be spoken by another. He could see Joan amid the company and he nodded and smiled to her as though to say, "it is all right, my girl,"—and at that she clapped her hands and threw a kiss to him. Then the rehearsal went on in its matter-of-fact way. It was a play which told the story of an adventuress, who at heart was a woman, and the first and second acts showed

her carrying everything before her by sheer cleverness. The audience would like that, for this was a woman against the world and they wanted to see her win all through. "I must give her a great scene in the Third Act," Chale thought and he sat back in his chair and tried to think. Even here, however, the key eluded him. He could not unlock that door of inspiration which alone would make his play a success.

The rehearsal drew to an end presently and there was all the bustle of home-going. Joan came up to him and asked him if he were ready, and to her surprise he asked her to go with Elsie Hamer.

"I want to do a few things to the script," he said to her apart; "it isn't quite finished yet, though everybody here thinks I have done with it. Go home, my girl, and don't wait up for me. I think I may be able to do something when they have all gone."

She was not a little surprised, but promised to do as he wished.

"I'll get supper and leave it in the oven, Dad. Don't you be late now, for you'll have to read it to them in the morning. If it's as good as the rest, our fortune's made—I do hope so, dearest, you know how much."

He knew it well enough and kissed her "good-night" with a tenderness which betrayed some unusual emotion. To Hartley, the manager, he said that he wished to make a few alterations in the manuscript and would prefer to do it at the "prompt" table. "You won't grudge me the light, old man," he said, and the rejoinder was in his own spirit.

"As much as you like, my boy—burn the old theatre down if you can get a success. Don't make Joe drunk and don't overdo it. You'll have a heavy day to-morrow and we can correct as we go along. The chief thing is that you have finished the Act. Thank God for that anyway—"

He did not see the flush of colour which came to his friend's face and he was still congratulating him upon finishing a great play when he left

the theatre. Joe, the night watchman, now came up and suggested that a bottle of stout was a good thing to work upon. "Sort of keeps you going," he observed, and went on to relate the history of other night watchmen whose lives undoubtedly had been saved by alcohol imbibed at the proper time. Chale sent him off to the public house and promised to see that the theatre did not catch fire in his absence. Joe was fast asleep in the corner of the fire-hose half an hour later. It was friendly, he thought, of this writing gentleman to offer him such real hospitality.

Chale, meanwhile, sat upon the darkened stage and dreamed many dreams. The place was very still and to him it was full of ghosts. He remembered how he and his dead wife had tramped to this identical house nearly twenty-three years ago—and how she had sung and danced to Hartley's predecessor, in the hope that he would engage her at the paltry salary of twenty-five shillings a week. Their common life had been a sad struggle those days. Often they were near to starvation; but she had never complained, striving always for the child's upbringing. The price of her sacrifice had been her life, laid down cheerfully for Joan's sake. Well he knew it; for the story of it was written upon his heart. Such success as he had had would have been riches to them in those days. How many years of his own life would he not have given could she have shared them with him.

And yet she must know of them. Nothing, he believed, had been hidden from her. She knew the money he had been able to lay out on Joan's education, the years of labour, the disappointments, the trials. The loom of tragedy which lay upon him could not hide it from her eyes. She must suffer because he suffered. That was his faith, which nothing could change.

He took up his pen and the demons of past failures came to haunt him. There were old and dead actors upon

that empty stage and they pointed the finger of scorn at him. What—old Geoffrey Chale write a play! Nonsense. Of course it must be a failure. He hadn't the wit or the education. What the devil was he doing in that galley? Out with him and his infernal conceits. He heard and saw the same men ranting in the old parts—this fellow as a preposterous Pericles; that, as a beery Hamlet. Dead women, too, were there—mere girls pirouetting for bouquets, now become women whose very names the theatre had forgotten. He pitied them and remembered that his wife had been of their number. How proud he had been of her. What a beautiful creature she was!

His eyes were moist at these thoughts, but there was none to see him and he took up his pen and sprawled a line upon the unblotted page. Act III., Scene: a Restaurant in Paris. He had written these words often before, but he must write them again to-night with the same hopelessness. Beyond them lay the void. He heard the clock strike twelve and the shadows seemed to gather thick about him. Was he alone or did another stand near him? Shivering a little as with the cold, he uttered the beloved name—Joan. But it was not the daughter but the mother whom he called.

"Joan, help me, girl."

The shadow grew blacker, but he was not afraid of it. Far away, as though the sound of it came across the still water, a voice answered him. "I am here, Geoffrey," it said. Again he spoke and again was answered from the great unknown. "Help me," he cried in despair, "help me, Joan, for the child's sake." Now he knew that the responding voice was coming nearer. A sudden chill struck him, but immediately afterwards it was as though his veins were on fire. The stage filled with figures familiar to him. "God in heaven," he cried, "they are acting my own play—and this is not the night, not the night."

It was all beyond his reason and

he could make nothing of it. There, on that stage which had been in darkness five minutes ago, stood the company for which he had written—comedian and tragedian, men and women and all the laughing girls who were to sing the music of his Second Act. But it was not the Second Act they were playing. Here was something new and wholly unfamiliar. He witnessed scenes so powerful in their drama that even he—practised hand that he was—could abandon himself to the cleverness of them and applaud like any amateur.

So the curtain fell—amid a torrent of imagined applause. The vision passed as quickly as it had come. In the far distance a church bell struck four—in the street without the dawn was breaking. Chale was unconscious, however, both of time and place. When Joe, the watchman, addressed him, the voice seemed to come from another place.

"Four o'clock, sir—you've had a good sleep, haven't you now?"

Chale started up amazed.

"Yes, yes, a good sleep. Is it really four o'clock, Joe? Then I must be getting home—"

He rose and looked for his hat. A terrible depression had fallen upon him, for now he realized that all had been but a dream. Day had come—the day; and his play was still unfinished. The vision had inspired him, but what of the reality! He was cold and ill and nerveless. How could he write, how recall the glamour of those ideas which had seemed such a very triumph of genius when sleep adorned them. He knew that he could not. He was a broken man and the end of his career was here.

"Aren't you going to take your papers, sir?" Joe asked. He smiled at the question, for paper was cheap enough then.

"Not much to take, Joe," he said, sadly. Joe did not agree with that.

"You've done a lot of writing in your time, sir," he said—"been busy to-night, too, I see. Joun me if I

didn't think you was asleep, and here you've been working all the time."

Chale passed his hand over his forehead and then looked down at the papers on the table. He was almost afraid to look at first, so fantastic was the idea that had come to him. Well he knew that he had not written a single line since he entered the theatre and he could not understand what the man meant by it.

"All blank, Joe," he said evasively. How his heart beat when he said it!

"Then I'm dreaming, sir. Why they're no more blank than I am. Look at 'em yourself—"

He pointed to page after page covered by the familiar handwriting—neat to the point of wonder, elaborated with a detail which betrayed a master hand. Chale's eyes were afire when he followed the black finger of his destiny. What miracle had happened? What was this mighty thing which he had done in his sleep? He shivered as though stricken. The dead had written for him—the dead had been with him in his sleep. The Act of his play was there on the table before him. The woman he had loved had come back from the unknown to write it.

He staggered from the theatre into the cold light and found his way to the lodging. Joan was restless in her sleep and his step awakened her.

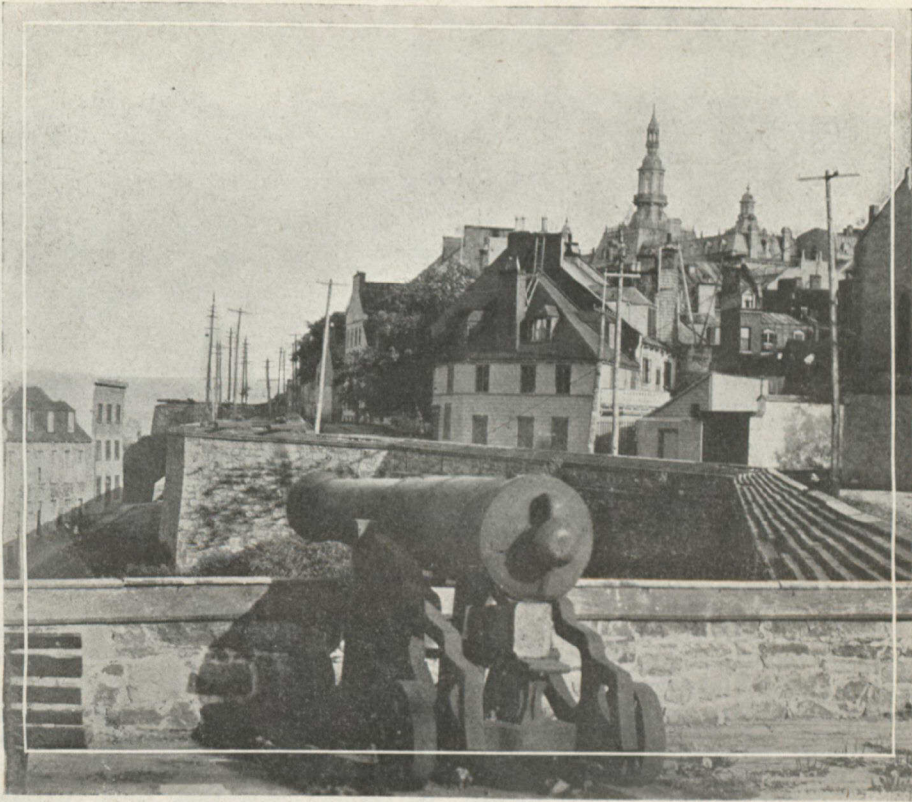
"Father," she cried—"what has kept you? Have you written it, dear? I could not sleep for thinking about you. Tell me what you have done—say that it is all right." He bent over her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Your dead mother has finished our work, my dearest. As God is in heaven, I believe it—" and he showed her the precious pages.

*

Hallucination! The imagination of an overwrought man working at the dead of night and unconscious that he worked!

Who shall say? Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy?



Along the City Wall, Quebec

QUEBEC

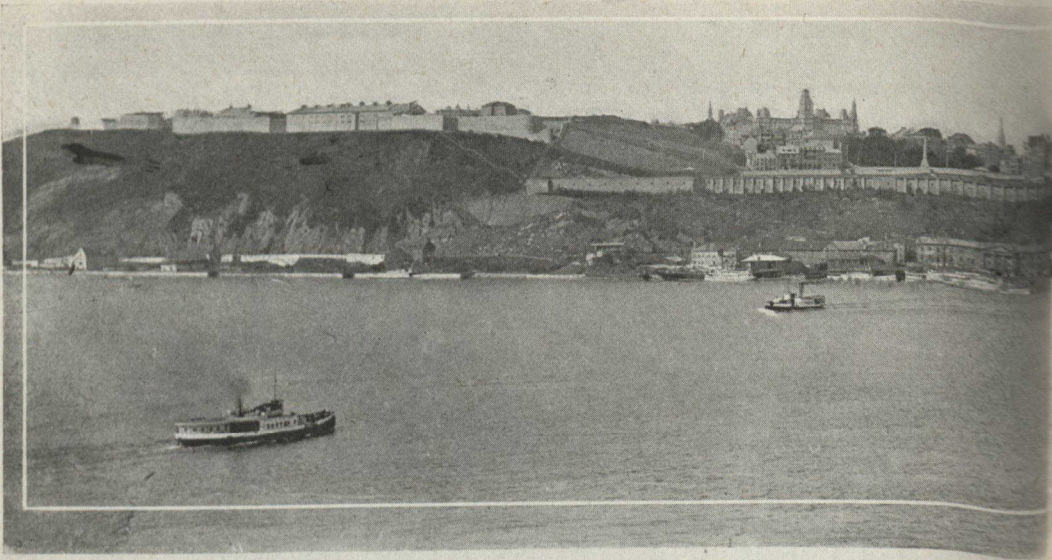
THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CANADA

BY CHARLES W. STOKES



It is related of a westerner, prairie-born and encompassed, that when in middle age he made his first visit to the East he ingenuously suggested that Boston might be called the "Omaha of New England". There was nothing depreciatory in this; on the contrary, it was the highest praise he could bestow. Would that I might begin so naively! Quebec should be the Saskatoon of Eastern Canada; for Canada, being on the average a younger country than

the United States, has its component parts in closer affinity as to age. Canada is a defensive alliance of nine states, the United States a loosely-knit offensive of forty-eight; and it is banality to say that defence—which in this case is the preservation of our nascent nationalism—creates the closer bond. But—! "Defence" might just as well be spelled with an "s" (as it probably is in Saskatoon, whose inhabitants, as I have had auricular proof, call their metropolis 'Skatoon) and be done with it, as institute this shuddering comparison.



A Panoramic View

Boston and Omaha, for all one is so highbrow and the other so lowbrow, are closer together spiritually than the city of Quebec and any other city in Canada. Any evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, they are first cousins, each exhibiting in a highly marked form some peculiarity which it does not deny, in a subdued form, in the other. They jointly prove R. L. S.'s argument that there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it ill becomes the most of us to talk about the rest of us. But Quebec has no family resemblance to anyone. It is neither sister, brother, cousin, uncle, or grandmother to Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver. It might perhaps be a kind of great-aunt, of the familiar type—a little inclined to be peevish in expressing herself, but stately in silence. Communities other than those mentioned will please accept this intimation that great-aunt feels the family tree is too big already. She will not muster a factitious sympathy in their teething troubles or promotion to short clothes, nor feign enjoyment in the sweet music of their infantile prattle.

“Will not”—nay, cannot, for she was never young herself. Quebec was born old.

One of our current amusements is to draw comparisons between the East and the West of Canada, the extremist theory being that these parallel the East and the West of Kipling. But the only difference we need consider here, this being an article on the personality of the city of Quebec, is that in the East the personality is supplied by the general atmosphere whilst in the West the converse usually obtains. Saskatoon is 'Skatoon because its people are congenial 'Skatoonlets who hourly indulge in inevitable 'Skatoonisms, whereas Quebec is Quebec simply because it is Quebec, not because Quebecers vent their feelings in irrepressible Quebecisms. Another way to express it would be to say that Quebecism is the olive of Canadian flora and 'Skatoonism the wild cucumber.

This, however, is a divagation, as Dr. Johnson would say; but it leads rather aptly to a paradox. At Quebec the European immigrant usually lands. Let us reverse the position, and envisage ourselves, Canadians,



of Quebec City

emigrating to England, our objective being free land in the fat acres of Yorkshire, or mill-work in the humming industries of Lancashire. Wouldn't it be rather disconcerting to land in remote Wales, to meet a people of alien mentality, to hear an unfamiliar language? The immigrant into Canada leaves England, or whatever his native land, mainly because he is "fed up" on the historic limitations that hedge around his development and opportunities for self-expression. In taking passage for a new country, he is less concerned with its being new as with its not being old. When it eventually looms upon his eager gaze, the first point of contact is with a country older than the one he has left or than he has probably thought existed!

Quebec is easy pickings for the descriptive writer. Because it has the most distinctive personality of all cities on this continent, it has the most obvious characteristics; but anyone who avails himself of the opportunity finds himself at a disadvantage (apart from the fact that if he really wants to consider the subject thoroughly he will want too much space)

in that so many have preceded him. If he essay the merely practical, there are already several very thorough guide-books; and if the exalted, most of his forerunners—including no less than W. D. Howells, who set the fashion for honeymooning to Quebec—have been so super-lyrical, even when ostensibly writing prose, that he is out-Heroded before he starts. Competition in rhapsodical Quebeciana is now so intense that the pretence of prose cannot longer be maintained.

Here, to be exact, is a specimen, which I may assure the reader did actually appear in print:

"Silence and the mystery of night. Far stars, drowned in an ocean of unknowableness. Not a breath from the dim river, nor the unseen hill. High on her ramparts, ancient and aloof, Quebec crouches, sleepless.

"Quebec is French in her soul. Quebec's skyscrapers are her churches, her Bradstreets is a breviary, her history is ecclesiastical. Quebec wears altar candles before the door of her heart. She is the least modern, the most complex-characterized, and yet the most elemental of cities. Her eyes see farther than the farthest star.



A Market Scene, Quebec, showing in the foreground the vehicle known as the Calèche

"Quebec was born to tolling bells and chanting choirs and the sharp musketry of hostile Indians. Brave counts and braver friars have trod her streets from wall to church, from church to wall, and out beyond. Rough crosses, moulded in the wilderness, but green in heaven, rise where her sons have fallen. Red flowers, white flowers, bloom on their graves."

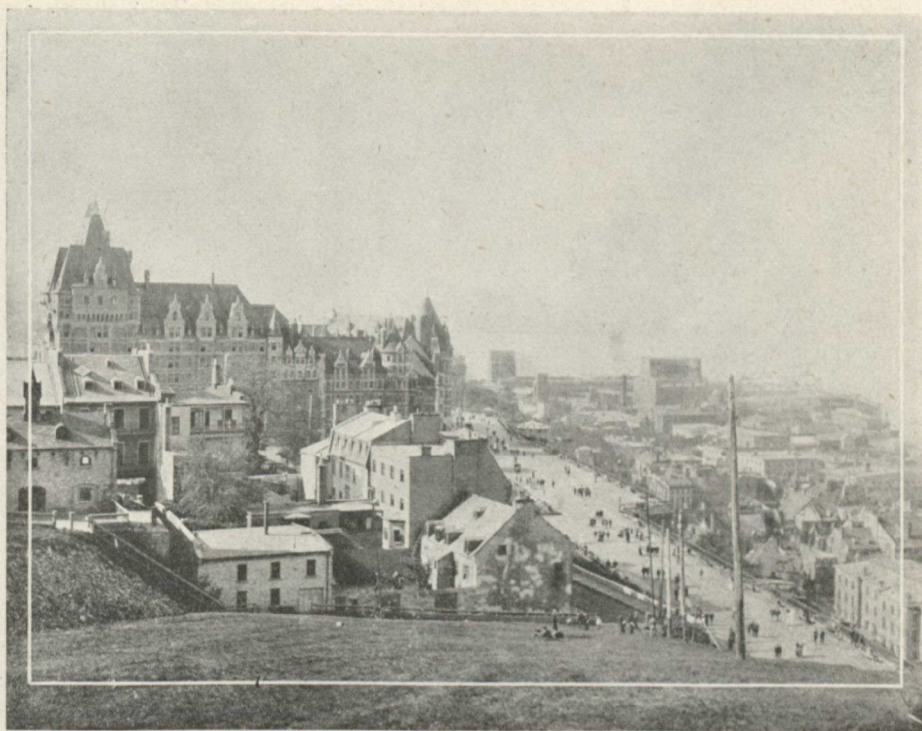
A few words regarding Wolfe, and then: "The fleur-de-lys went down before the cruder Anglo-Saxon, but not to die. The blunt, bluff conqueror wooed the star-eyed prophetess. Their union built the Quebec of to-day, strange blend of might and mysticism, legality and laughter."

A *da capo* to "high on her ramparts", and it is over. After this, why should the present writer try further, biting his pen for imagery or ransacking Roget's Thesaurus of its adjectival store?

It is possible that the citizens of

Quebec endure rather than enjoy their "quaintness". I advance this as a theory only, having witnessed in Holland a very parallel instance. Holland suffered for many years the various drawbacks of being "quaint", until one inspired Hollander—for the Dutch are a very shrewd race—segregated the "quaintness", organized a company to maintain it properly, and now spends his declining days clipping bond coupons. Foreign inquirers in Holland for the wooden boots, petticoats, *et hoc genus omne*, are now directed to the segregated area, whilst the other ninety-nine per cent. of the population go about their daily round in factory and shipyard wearing Derby hats, tailored suits and suede shoes.

It is certain, at any rate, that Quebecers of the past two or three recent decades have not viewed with any great equanimity the decline of their city's shipping trade and the



The Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, overlooking the lower town and the River St. Lawrence.
Showing the Chateau Frontenac

more than corresponding growth of Montreal's. The only reason why an ocean liner stops at Quebec is that it draws too much water to make Montreal; and hence is much heart-burning. But Quebec has a new-born hope in its Bridge. That gigantic steel nexus, epically consummated on the ruins of two tragedies, may yet establish the ancient capital as a focal point in the new world's commerce, although, on a practical basis, its advantages have not yet been demonstrated. Whether lower rates in water transportation on the Great Lakes will continue to divert western grain from the all-rail route to Quebec across New Ontario, whether, even supposing the grain does cross the bridge, it will leave only paltry revenue behind in Quebec and the bulk in Halifax, is for time to show.

There are many guide-books to Quebec. Indeed, it is the only city in

Canada—practically in America—where the guide-book is an everyday occurrence. Baedeker, Murray, Hare, all the standard compendiums of conscripted minutiae, are run a close race by their brethren of Quebec. They serve you faithfully, these guide-books. To ignore them is to lead to the assumption that you have no eye for beauty. Not that I deny the "sights". The Chien d'Or stone, the story of Captain Horatio Nelson and the inn-keeper's fascinating daughter whom he nearly married, the statues, the time-worn ramparts, the city gates, Sous le Cap Street and the other steep, narrow thoroughfares, the citadel, the tin roofs, the churches, the convents, the monks, the "*marche donc*" of the hack-drivers (how the American tourist hungers for that touch of local colour!), the memories of Frontenac, La Salle, Champlain, Bigot, and the rest—I



The Wolfe-Montcalm Monument, on the Plains of Abraham

myself have worshipped at these shrines, and am not ashamed thereof.

Dear friends, for Iesu's sake forbear
To move the dust enclosed here!

I have only one desire, and that is to have a Quebecker point out another native as an old-timer, as they do in the wild and woolly West.

Our friend the guide-book sends you to the Wolfe-Montcalm obelisk in the Governor's Garden, on Dufferin Terrace, with particular gusto. It says it is the only monument in the world erected to the united memory of victor and vanquished, and it is probably true; at any rate, the rhetorical instinct that lies latent in the prosiest of men is gratified with the grand motto: "Valour gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monu-

ment". How Wolfe himself would have enjoyed that! It is the sentimentalist whom posterity remembers. Can you imagine Wellington saying, "Kiss me, Hardy", as he died? And yet it is Nelson's battle that is perpetuated in statues, not Wellington's, although the latter was immeasurably greater. The year 1759 saw other victories besides Quebec, of equal—probably of greater—importance to the British cause. It was the year of Minden, Quiberon Bay and Lagos; but can you enumerate who fought in them, or against whom, or even where they took place? Two years before had occurred the remarkable battle of Plassey, in which there were actually more than twice the number of men engaged on the battle-line than at the Heights of Abraham, with numerical odds four times as great

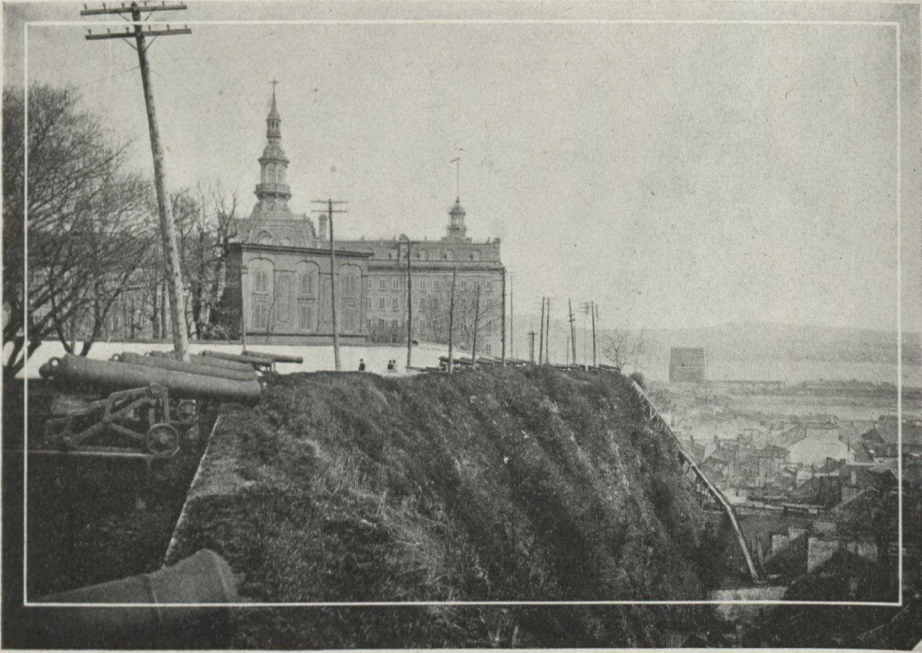


Little Champlain Street, showing at the end the "Break-Neck" Stairway

against the British as at Quebec; but did you ever hear of Clive going into Plassey quoting Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard", or remember whom he fought, where, and why? That "Elegy", since become the most familiar poem in the language, was then only newly published; one speculates whether the press agent of that time seized the unparalleled oppor-

tunity thrust upon him of making it famous in a day.

Dufferin Terrace is the Boulevard des Italiens of Canada. A long, broad, plank walk along the crest of Cape Diamond, stretching from the ancient and once impregnable citadel to the Champlain statue, it is by day the place of assignation for sun-worshippers, and by night the promenade



The Grand Battery, Quebec

superb. The daily panorama of river, cliff and mountain closes in a Wagnerian dusk. When the twilight fades over the blue Laurentians, as the lights of the Lower Town begin to twinkle, when the bells chime and the sunset gun is fired, when the band plays march music or the string orchestra in the hotel plays waltzes, all Quebec, masculine and feminine, lay and monastic, adjourns to the Terrace. Feminine Quebec especially is in evidence; and these Quebec girls—by dusk, at any rate, for we have no daytime data—are as fascinating as that unnamed pretty maid who was going a-milking, sir, she said, and almost as elusive. One of George Meredith's cynics said that romance little realized how much it owed to champagne; at Quebec, he might have added, to the warm languors of a summer's night. The subtle attractions of Quebec to the newly-married begin to appear more obvious.

But here we are, threatening to be as rhapsodical as the worst of them!

Dufferin Terrace and its magnificent prospect must be blamed. The Terrace boasts one of the finest hotels in America—certainly the most delicately designed, for in addition to a site whose scenic value must be millions, its architecture is a perfect match with the old French setting, occupying as it does the former terrain of the historic Château St. Louis. Somewhat surprisingly, it was designed by a citizen of the United States, for the architecture of the country mentioned is more usually associated with grain elevators and reinforced concrete skyscrapers than with repatched old pictures. Facing the Château Frontenac is a poetically conceived statue of Champlain, plumed hat in hand, saluting the soil of Canada—round the corner is another of Bishop Laval. These are two notable sculptures in a city of statues.

Every visitor to Quebec, of course, goes to see the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, marvelling at the pyramids of discarded crutches that give



The Cardinal's Palace in Winter

evidence of the miraculous powers of the good saint. Incidentally, how musically liquid are the names of these French-Canadian villages and rivers! Our Lord, the Virgin Mary, the apostles, saints and martyrs lend lustre to many bare and lonely spots whose single sign of grace is the name they bear. Montmorency, St. Jean Chrystome, Visitation, St. Féréol, St. Raphael—these are some to be encountered in the vicinity of Quebec, as well as other sonorous patronymies, Limoilu, Sillery, Lorette, Point aux Trembles, Rivière des Chiens, the Isle of Orleans (or Isle of Bacchus, if you prefer the original name), Cap Tourmente, Cacouna and Ha! Ha! Bay. The city of Quebec, with its environs, is an epitome of the poetry and colour of the Province of Quebec. Montreal is, of course, the greatest numerical stronghold of the French race in America; but Montreal might be any place, because it tries to be every place.

Quebec, on the other hand, could

never be anywhere else. In its light and shade, its quick temperamental changes, its vociferousness and riparian habits, it concentrates French Canada.

But I like Quebec almost as much in winter. When I was a boy, and read Hans Christian Andersen, I used to wish I could live in Copenhagen, because the old story-teller made winter there so attractive and we had such miserable winters. Quebec would have done equally as well. It bears the obsessions, the inconveniences, of winter better than any place I know—even transforms them into a soft attractiveness. Its architectural peculiarities, designed for winter, are enhanced by snow. Its narrow streets, snow-clad and hushed, sleighs jingling down them, red-cheeked children rushing helter-skelter from the convent school to snowball each other and passers-by, well-swathed nuns toddling off to mass—it needs a Thackeray, who could paint a casual, intimate scene as intensively



A Quebec Winter Scene

as any Dutch master could paint an interior on a two-by-four canvas, to convey this charming aspect to you.

To Quebec at this period of the calendar come yet other visitors, for Quebec has developed a winter as well as a summer tourist cult. Its winter sports, like everything that it does or has, have their own peculiar distinctiveness. To be "correct" in Quebec one must needs wear a snow-shoe-

ing uniform, irrespective of whether one snowshoes or not. This uniform is a mackinaw of fantastic pattern, with nether garments and hat to correspond. The snowshoe clubs have each their own, of barbaric designs in lozenges and other charges, each of which is as full of mysterious meaning, rank and record of prowess as the badges on the arm of the graduate Boy Scout.



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

VII.—WHEN LAURIER BECAME LEADER



AS I have said elsewhere, it is not easy to penetrate the secrets of a party caucus. Of this I had conclusive evidence when Honourable Wilfrid Laurier was chosen to succeed Mr. Blake as leader of the Liberal party. I knew that the caucus was to nominate a leader and that Blake's choice was Laurier. I knew also that there were influential elements in the Opposition unwilling to accept Blake's advice, and convinced that Laurier had neither the industry nor the energy required to discharge the heavy and exacting duties of the office. Furthermore, he was of the French race and a Catholic in religion. There was much feeling that Mr. Blake had received a meagre support from Catholic voters and a keen sense of exasperation over the realignment with Sir John Macdonald of the French Conservative "bolters", whose anger over the fate of Riel did not outlast the first division in the new Parliament. But caucus set aside these grievances, and despite his own resolute protest, Mr. Laurier was elected to the office of leader. The motion which prevailed was submitted by Sir Richard Cartwright, and seconded by Honourable David Mills, both of whom doubted the wisdom of the decision since both aspired to the position. But neither slackened in devotion to the party or ever con-

spired against Laurier. They were slow, however, to admit that caucus had acted wisely, and for years their speeches contained no eulogy of the leader. Mr. Mills cherished the hope that Mr. Blake would return; Sir Richard did not.

For hours I sought to learn whether or not a successor to Mr. Blake had been appointed. But every tongue was tied and every ear closed to my appeal. No one maintained a more resolute silence than Laurier himself. He would neither deny nor admit, confirm nor affirm, agree nor disagree. There was only blunt, deliberate, unequivocal refusal to give any information or even engage in any suggestive speculation. Finally, towards midnight, when the appeal from *The Globe* for a statement became imperative, I saw Mr. Laurier and told him that with or without his consent my despatch would announce in the morning that he had been elected leader. He protested that I could have no knowledge that the statement would be accurate and intimated with cold civility that he did not believe I would be rash enough to send out any such message. But I was rash enough to do so, and the message was substantially if not strictly accurate. I intimated in my despatch that the appointment was temporary and conditional upon Mr. Blake's restoration to health and resumption of the leadership. *The Globe*, however, amended

the despatch, erased the qualifying sentences, and declared editorially that Mr. Laurier had been appointed and that Mr. Blake's resignation was final and irrevocable. In *The Globe* office there was fuller knowledge of Mr. Blake's position than I possessed, but for some time there was no disclosure of the proceedings of caucus. The truth was that Mr. Laurier was elected leader, but could not be persuaded to accept, and insisted upon the appointment of an advisory committee to counsel and direct the Opposition during the current Parliamentary session.

Curiously enough, my action never was questioned nor the accuracy of my despatch ever denied or admitted by any member of the Liberal Parliamentary party. It became necessary to see Mr. Laurier often, but he made no reference direct or indirect to the incident. On the day that Parliament prorogued, however, he called me down from the Gallery and intimated that he had definitely accepted the leadership, and that there was no reason his decision should not be announced. But I cannot think that his judgment was settled or that he was yet persuaded that he could command the general support of the Liberal party. He was comparatively unknown in Ontario and the East, and wholly unknown in the West, while in Quebec he was distrusted by the Hierarchy and regarded with more of respect than affection by the French people.

Once a group of Liberals were discussing the political outlook in Quebec as the election of 1896 drew near and the Manitoba school question hung heavily on the horizon. Laurier said, "How can I be strong in Quebec? I am an old Rouge, I have been fighting priests and bishops all my life." Dr. Landerkin, who was of the company and in very happy temper, rose to his feet, brought down his right hand with a sweeping gesture upon his bosom and declared with impressive fervour, "I am an old Rouge, too, but I am not

such a d—— fool as to fight bishops."

There was a common notion that Laurier had no iron in his constitution, and at best would be an ornamental figure, obedient to the commands and submissive to the dictation of stronger men in the party. This, I believe, was the judgment of Sir Richard Cartwright. I know that this was the view of Honourable David Mills. Recalling the estimate in which he was held by so many of his Parliamentary associates one thinks of Bap. McNabb's little red rooster of which Herndon tells in his *Life of Lincoln*. Beaten in the ring it mounted a wood-pile, flirted its feathers and crowed lustily. Bap., looking on in disgust, exclaimed irreverently, "Yes, you little cuss, you're great on dress parade but not worth a d——n in a fight."

Laurier had a reputation for eloquence which does not always denote strength, and a reputation for indolence which it was not thought he could overcome. If I ever had this impression it was soon dispelled. Shortly after he became leader I was his guest for a few days at his home in Arthabaskaville. During those days he talked much and I very little. In nothing that he said was there any suggestion of arrogance or boasting. But he revealed his knowledge of men and of books, his clarity and vigour of mind, his inflexibility of will and purpose. At least I thought I had discovered a man of very different quality from the amiable Laodicean whom many Liberals feared and most Conservatives believed had been installed in a position to which he was unequal. In a long letter to *The Globe* I sought to convince the Liberal party that Mr. Blake's successor would be an actual and dominant leader. If there were those who doubted and derided, in the judgment of history the prophet will not be dishonoured.

It was my fortune to accompany Mr. Laurier on his first visit to Ontario after he became leader of the party. He and Madame Laurier spent a short holiday in the Muskoka Lakes

with Mr. J. D. Edgar and Mrs. Edgar. At Bracebridge, Port Carling, and Parry Sound the leader delivered short addresses, and at Parry Sound he attended a Methodist camp-meeting. Later he visited Orillia, Cannington, Lindsay, Sturgeon Point, Guelph, Mount Forest, Wingham, and St. Thomas. At St. Thomas, where he was the guest of Dr. Wilson, M.P., and Mrs. Wilson, he attended service at the Presbyterian Church, for which, by the way, he was gravely rebuked by the Conservative organs of Quebec. The preacher was Rev. J. A. Macdonald. The sermon was vigorous and eloquent. I have often thought that Dr. Macdonald is even more effective in the pulpit than on the platform. But most of his speeches are sermons, and perhaps I think of the pulpit as his natural setting. This, I believe, was the first meeting between Laurier and Dr. Macdonald, as it was my first meeting with the man who was to be my successor in a position to which I had no immediate prospect of appointment.

Mr. Laurier's only serious addresses were delivered at Cannington and Guelph. Again and again during those summer days in Muskoka and throughout his leisurely journey across the Province, Laurier insisted that a French Canadian and a Roman Catholic could not hope to secure the common allegiance of Liberals in the English Provinces. Again and again he protested that his elevation to the leadership could be no more than a temporary expedient. In his speeches he declared that he was only a tenant of the office of leader until Mr. Blake's restoration to health, and there can be no doubt that this was his hope and expectation. As a consequence he was not as aggressive nor as authoritative as could be desired. I did not think that he made a strong impression upon the meetings which he addressed. There was lack of vigour and confidence. There was no energy in his deliverance. Nor was even the attraction of personality which is his great possession fully dis-

played. Only at Cannington did he reveal his actual quality. An Anglican clergyman with amazing discourtesy arose in the meeting and shouted that they could not learn the true way from a Roman Catholic. Laurier retorted with passionate energy, "You could—in politics", and he proceeded in sentences of stern rebuke to flog the interrupter into humiliation and silence. The rest of the speech was animated and confident, in contrast to the tame and listless spirit in which most of it was spoken. I had the impudence to tell the leader that he should engage the belligerent divine to attend and interrupt at subsequent meetings. But Laurier seldom was embarrassed by heckling. Nor was he ever overcome by organized interruption. I cannot think, however, that his reputation was enhanced by his visit to Ontario in the summer of 1888, and I am confident that he did nothing to dispel the common notion among Liberals that he was too gentle and too gentlemanly for the hard, rough, uncompromising, aggressive warfare in which a political leader must engage if he is to establish his own position, control a party in Parliament and inspire respect and devotion in the constituencies.

It is curious that the qualities of decision and resolution which Laurier possesses in such remarkable degree were those in which he was thought to be deficient. It is just as remarkable that despite his reputation for indolence when he became leader of the Liberal party he was an example of industry in office, indefatigable in his attendance in Parliament and diligent and vigorous in the direction of the party which he recreated and over which he exercised such complete authority. No one who had knowledge of his career in Quebec before he became a national figure could have doubted his courage, but his comparative inaction in Parliament from 1878 to 1887 explains many misconceptions which prevailed in the other Provinces. He loved the Library of Parliament more than he loved the Cham-

ber of the Commons. He browsed among books, reading and thinking leisurely but spaciouly, happy in a few intimate friendships, and content apparently with the position that he had achieved. For years I was a faithful patron of one of the second-hand book-shops of Toronto. My taste was for biography and memoirs, for the books which describe great figures, great incidents, great events in French and British history, and for the old books and pamphlets which relate to the political history of Canada and the United States. I learned that if I did not order as soon as the catalogues appeared the best books would be taken by Laurier. The range of his interest was wide and catholic, but of modern fiction he read little. While he was at Washington in 1899 he read Uncle Tom's Cabin. When I asked him if he had not read the book before, he admitted that he had, but declared that he found a second reading more interesting and profitable than any of the newer novels. Once I asked him what biographies of Lincoln he had read. His answer was that he had read them all, and that he thought the best was that by John T. Morse in the Series of American Statesmen. Few books have been written about Lincoln that I have not read, but I think the little volume by Carl Schurz has the first place in my affection. Mr. Isaac Campbell, K.C., of Winnipeg, who has read much of the Lincoln literature and has a very complete Lincoln library, values highly the volumes by Morse and Ida M. Tarbell, but he has read so many books illuminating so many phases of Lincoln's character that he hesitates to admit that one or other is a favourite. I once heard Mr. Laurier and Mr. Goldwin Smith discuss treatises on French cookery with a familiarity as interesting as it was surprising. It was this Laurier who did not aspire to be leader of a political party and who seemed to have settled in a way of life which he was reluctant to forsake. But the separation from these

old tastes and interests was not at all complete. He read much while he was in office. One may be certain that he reads more in the greater freedom and leisure which he now enjoys. But surely there was a great reserve of ambition in Laurier which would have gone unsatisfied if he had never commanded a party and dominated a Cabinet.

It was commonly believed when Laurier became leader that he would submit to the stronger will of Sir Richard Cartwright. But if there ever was a struggle between the two the decision came quickly. I do not think there ever was any actual conflict, for Laurier prevailed without apparent effort or assertion. So all those who thought they might be Seward to Laurier were undecieved. It was believed that Sir Richard imposed Commercial Union, or Unrestricted Reciprocity, upon the Liberal party. But probably Commercial Union was conceived in *The Mail* office. Although Mr. Erastus Wiman was the reputed father, one suspects that Mr. Edward Farrer instructed Wiman, and by his persuasive and trenchant writing, made the programme attractive to the Liberal leaders. At this time *The Mail* was at variance with Sir John Macdonald, and there is reason to think that *The Globe* espoused Commercial Union because *The Mail*, by its vigorous advocacy of the new programme, was dividing *The Globe's* constituency. In those days *The Mail* was in search of a party, and the Liberal leaders were very willing to encourage its advances. There never was a complete union, but there was co-operation for mutual advantage which, as I well remember, *The Globe* regarded with disfavour and concern. Between Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Farrer there was a personal relation of long-standing, although not an intimate friendship, and probably Mr. Farrer persuaded Sir Richard to pronounce in favour of continental free trade before Laurier had committed himself. But Laurier was as favourable to the policy as

his associate, even if he was not the first to deliver judgment. I am thinking only of the genesis of the movement and the suspicion that Sir Richard imposed his will upon the titular leader of the party and not of the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy to which they gave mutual sanction and support.

By a speech which Laurier delivered in Toronto in 1889 he dispelled many prejudices among English-speaking Liberals outside of Quebec and finally established himself as the national leader of the party. He could not have become leader at a more inauspicious time. The alliance with Mr. Mercier in Quebec was distasteful to the Liberals of the other Provinces. Indeed, it was not unusual for a French Liberal to whisper that he was a Rouge, not a Nationalist, a disciple of Dorion and Laurier, but a reluctant follower of Mercier. More than once I heard Mercier speak in Quebec. No one except Chapleau could exercise such wonderful command over a French audience. Eager, dashing, dominant, bold and direct, he set the blood of French Canadians leaping, and enlisted in his service all they had of emotional fervour, of racial instinct and racial prejudice. He was not scrupulous, but he had political genius and he was very competent. It was not easy for Laurier to maintain an alliance with this daring provincialist without loss of trust and prestige in the English Provinces. But Mercier was the stronger in Quebec, and any open quarrel would have destroyed the Liberal party in the French Province. There is a story, probably not authentic, that on the eve of polling in the Federal election of 1891 Mercier said to a friend, "If I were leader of the Liberal party I would have a majority of twenty in Quebec to-morrow." The friend asked why Laurier should not do as well since he had Mercier's most active and energetic support. "The reason," said Mercier, "is that Monsieur Laurier is an honest man." I have often heard Laurier say that Mercier had

such influence with the French people that if he had determined to impose economical and conservative government upon Quebec he could have held the Province as easily as by the methods which he practised and which made his last days a tragedy instead of a triumph. At least Mr. Marchand did, and Sir Lomer Gouin has done what Laurier believed Mercier could have done to his own great honour and to the infinite advantage of his Province.

The Jesuit Estates Act, which produced the Equal Rights movement in Ontario, greatly embarrassed Laurier, not because there was any sound constitutional basis for the Protestant agitation, but because he could speak only with diminished authority against the tempest of sectarian feeling which swept over the country. In Parliament he opposed disallowance of the objectionable Provincial measure, as he was bound to do, and as, indeed, did the great majority of Parliament, but there was a formidable element in the Liberal party, as there was a multitude of Conservatives, who would not hear the voice of reason and against whose wrath over the appropriation of \$400,000 for the Jesuit Order by a Canadian Legislature no constitution could prevail. While this flaming anger possessed the country Laurier was eager to come to Toronto in order to explain and defend his position. But the Liberal leaders of Ontario would not entertain the proposal. They insisted that he could not get a hearing, that he would meet with violence, that he would be humiliated and discredited, and would damage the party irretrievably. While I was his guest at Arthabaskaville he lamented again and again that he could not get permission to speak in Toronto, and insisted with absolute conviction that none of the untoward consequences which his associates predicted would follow. I was then President of the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto, and I suggested that if he was so determined to speak in Ontario I would go home and organ-

ize a meeting. It was agreed that I should make the attempt, although he doubted if I could succeed. I had his promise, however, that once the meeting was announced he would not have it cancelled no matter what objection might be offered or what pressure might be exerted to prevent his appearance at Toronto. I came home, at once consulted the executive committee of the club, explained that Laurier was anxious to speak in Ontario and suggested that we should organize a meeting. The committee agreed, we fixed the date, and without consultation with the editor of *The Globe*, any member of the Mowat Government, or any Liberal member of Parliament, I secured the Horticultural Pavilion and announced the meeting. There was much foreboding and head-wagging. But, as I anticipated, once the fact that he was coming was announced it was recognized that the decision could not be reversed and that all possible measures must be taken to ensure a crowded and successful meeting. But there were representative Liberals, afterwards his docile if not obsequious followers, who would not attend and who were only less vigorous in condemnation of the Liberal leader than in censure of those who were responsible for the invitation which he had accepted.

I was chairman of that meeting. The hall was crowded. Every member of the Mowat Cabinet was on the platform. Many Liberal members came in from the country. The bulk of the audience was not unfriendly, but there was a hostile element which was not easily controlled. During the first hour I was not so confident that those who had predicted confusion and disaster were not of the House of Wisdom. My few introductory sentences were taken well enough, and when Laurier rose there was generous applause. But one felt instinctively that there were undercurrents of suspicion and unrest. When he mentioned *The Globe* there was satirical jeering and hissing. As I was a member of *The Globe* staff, that was not

pleasant, but since its attitude towards the Jesuit Estates Act and the Equal Rights movement had been so variable and vacillating I was more abashed than surprised. Once, I remember, I was stopped on the street by an acquaintance, who intimated, with stern displeasure, that he did not like *The Globe's* position on the Jesuit Estates question. I retorted angrily and in unparliamentary language that he must be d— hard to satisfy since there was no possible position on the question that *The Globe* had not taken. The truth was that *The Globe* had first opposed disallowance of the Act, discovered later that public opinion was overwhelmingly in favour of disallowance, and finally argued that the Act should be disallowed because the Pope was mentioned in the preamble. Possibly the Pope had no business there, but since he had been there from the beginning *The Globe's* sudden anger at his presence was not convincing. Those indeed were grievous days for *The Globe* staff, and the hissing at the Pavilion meeting was only a disconcerting manifestation of the contumely to which we were continually subjected.

There was a far more disturbing demonstration when Laurier named Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and Dr. Caven, the wise, revered, acute, judicial Principal of Knox College, whose severely logical mind did not apparently perceive the illogical position of an Association which demanded disallowance by the Federal Government of an Act within the constitutional competence of a Provincial Legislature. For ten or twelve minutes Laurier struggled to recover control of the meeting. But again and again the cheering for McCarthy and Caven was renewed. There was nothing violent or ruffianly in these demonstrations. There was perhaps a suggestion of respect for the speaker, but with this there was cold, stern, deliberate displeasure over his attitude and reso-

lute, uncompromising allegiance to the champions of the Equal Rights movement. One could see that Laurier felt the actual physical strain of the struggle. Not only was there a hostile element in the meeting determined to express itself, but on the faces of many of those who were voiceless there were no evidences of concern or sympathy. There was not, as so often happens when a speaker is badgered and harassed, the quick and fierce rally of the defensive forces and the greater volume of counter cheering which overwhelms a body of disturbers. Laurier had not only to silence interruption, but to dispel coldness, create sympathy and compel conviction. If he did not wholly succeed, he did at least reduce the meeting to subjection and inspire respect for his courage and tenacity. There was no further disorder and as he proceeded there was frequent cheering and manifest agreement with many of his arguments. But the sentences which were applauded were those which recalled his battles for freedom against ecclesiasticism in Quebec, which asserted his devotion to the principles of British Liberalism, which pleaded for sympathy and understanding between Ontario and Quebec, and which deplored racial and religious intolerance. I think of the long roll of cheering when he quoted the great sentence, "No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions", and the fine fervour of his peroration, "When the excitement has subsided let us remember that though divided by different tenets and of different religious creeds, we all worship the same God. Let us remember that though divided by religious forms, still we all believe in Him who came to earth to bring to men peace and good-will, and if we are true to these teachings, if we are ever ready to give and to take, to make all allowance for the opinions, nay, for the prejudices of my fellow countrymen, for my part I shall never despair of the future of our young country".

The man triumphed, but the Jesuit

Estates Act was still an alien and a fugitive in Toronto. The triumph was greater than appeared at the moment. There could be no better evidence of the temper of the meeting than the conduct of Sir Oliver Mowat. He had prepared a speech for the occasion, and the manuscript was in *The Globe* office. But not a sentence of that speech was delivered. Wary and cautious, as he ever was, he felt the ground step by step, never going an inch too far, nor ever reaching the point of danger. He was cheered by those who had harassed Laurier, although he did not actually challenge any argument that Laurier had advanced. He spoke for Mowat with keen, shrewd appreciation of the feeling in Ontario, and the danger of any open rupture with the Equal Rights Association. The eulogy of Laurier which he had prepared was not pronounced, and any positive support for the position of the Federal leader was withheld. Laurier at most carried only a portion of the meeting; for Mowat there was universal cheering and vast enjoyment of his smooth, deft, adroit handling of an audience which knew as well as he did himself that he was manœuvring for safety and leaving Laurier to such judgment as would be pronounced upon his own appeal and argument. At the close of the meeting Mowat whispered to me that he could not afford to make the speech which he had prepared and that I must destroy the manuscript sent to *The Globe* office. As he spoke his eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

It was discovered next day that the common judgment on Laurier's speech was far more favourable than could have been expected by those who had attended the Pavilion meeting. Even Sir Oliver Mowat and many of those who had opposed the meeting admitted that Laurier had greatly enhanced his own prestige and had convinced many doubting Liberals that objectionable as the Jesuit Estates Act might be, the demand for disallowance could not be conceded. At a luncheon to Laurier at the old Reform Club on

Wellington Street, Mowat spoke of the Federal leader with none of the reserve and caution which had characterized his speech at the Pavilion. When he had finished, Laurier said to his neighbour, "Why, why, did he not say that last night?" I have heard Laurier declare that the Pavilion meeting was the most severe ordeal of his public career and that there were moments when he was mortally apprehensive he would have to abandon the struggle for a hearing. But he prevailed and never since in Ontario has the Liberal leader found an audience unwilling to receive his message, although often enough he has breasted public feeling as adverse as that which was expressed at the Pavilion nearly thirty years ago.

Not only was Laurier embarrassed by the alliance with Mercier and the eruption over the Jesuit Estates Act, by the Protestant Protective Association and the movement against Catholic schools in Manitoba, but also by the agitation of which Mr. D'Alton McCarthy was the inspiration and protagonist against official recognition of the French language in the Western Territories. In the memorable debate which McCarthy precipitated in the House of Commons in 1890 there was a greater display of fervour and passion than in any other to which I have listened. Mr. McCarthy was assailed by both front benches and defended only by the faithful O'Brien, by Mr. John Charlton, whose letter expressing despair for the Liberal party under a Catholic leader and connection with the Equal Rights movement revealed his political temper, by Mr. Alexander McNeill, whose personal devotion to McCarthy was only less intense than his devotion to the British Empire, and by a small group in Parliament responsive to Presbyterian or Orange influences. For five days McCarthy sat silent, patient, unprotesting under the persuasive, insinuating, impressive reasoning of Sir John Macdonald, the luminous, sympathetic, tolerant arguing Hon. Edward Blake, the cold,

unfriendly logic of Sir Richard Cartwright, the angry, bitter, arrogant attack of Sir Hector Langevin, the nervous, elevated eloquence of Laurier and many other speeches from both sides of the Chamber aspersing his motives or attacking his position with all the resources of persuasion, dissuasion and denunciation they could command. I cannot remember that he ever showed a symptom of feeling or interjected a word of protest until the resources of the attack were exhausted and he was free to reply. Then he spoke for three or four hours with superb self-control, remarkable precision of statement and complete concentration upon fundamental facts and principles. If he did not convince, he commanded attention and respect, and the whole effect upon a hostile Parliament was singularly pervasive and profound. Those I have always thought were Mr. McCarthy's great hours in the House of Commons. If he was overwhelmed in the division, he triumphed in the debate, and the triumph was accentuated by his high bearing and grave repose. The man was in his cause. He spoke for it and not for himself. At least that was the impression made even upon those who were cold and unresponsive. No one was more generous in praise than Laurier or more convinced that the effect upon the country would be still greater than the effect produced in Parliament.

There was a time when Laurier was not so far removed from Mr. McCarthy in the House of Commons and Sir William Meredith in the Legislature of Ontario. In "The Day of Sir John Macdonald", by Sir Joseph Pope, there is this passage: "About a month before Sir John Macdonald died Mr. Laurier came to his office in the House of Commons to discuss some question of adjournment. When he had gone the Chief said to me, 'Nice chap, that. If I were twenty years younger he'd be my colleague.' 'Perhaps he may be yet, sir,' I remarked. 'Too old,' said he, 'too old,' and passed into the inner room." I think I know where Laurier,

if he could have disencumbered himself of obligations and conditions, would have made his alliances thirty years ago. It is interesting to remember that just before his death Mr. McCarthy had agreed to accept from Sir Wilfrid Laurier the office of Minister of Justice, which he would not accept from Sir John Thompson. From the meeting at Toronto in 1889 Laurier was firmly and finally settled in the Liberal leadership. If his withdrawal ever was imminent it was because en-

tire devotion to the public service entailed financial sacrifices too onerous for his slender resources. But when one thinks upon the questions which disturbed and divided the country thirty years ago, of Nationalism in Quebec, of Protestant agitation in Ontario, of acute division over schools and language in the West, it will be admitted that the leadership of a Federal party was a delicate and difficult undertaking for a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic and a citizen of Quebec.

“The Old Man and His Ways” is the attractive title of Sir John Willison’s Reminiscences of Sir John A. Macdonald, to appear in the December number.

ARMA NOSTRA LAUDAMUS

By P. M. MacDONALD

THE fear-awaking arms our warriors bear,
 On Europe’s war-cursed fields, and bravely use
 Against our cunning foe, with deadly bruise,
 And swift blood-letting thrust, and gross impair
 Of tenements that sheltered souls once fair,
 Resplendent shine, we deem, with glorious hues—
 Despite the gloom of grief’s great revenues—
 For they who bear them in that hell-filled air
 Are just and right in their strong hearts’ intent:
 They strike to lay a despot in the dust;
 They charge to crush Ambition’s regiment;
 To weed the advancing world of ways unjust:
 That men, or strong or weak, may find the ascent
 That leads from doubt and strife to peace and trust.

CANADIAN LIBRARIES AND THE WAR

BY GEORGE H. LOCKE

CHIEF LIBRARIAN OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, TORONTO



O a nation, or, rather, a colony—for we are not ashamed of being a colony—with no standing army, with no regular troops and no garrisons, the great war came with a suddenness that was terrific in its effect. It is true, we were not close to the war and liable to invasion. Therefore we were not panic-stricken in any way. But we were so far from the centre of difficulties and so imbued with the idea that war was impossible because of the peacefulness of our immediate neighbours, that we could only with difficulty realize that war was on. But we recovered our breath, sent over to London our good wishes, and offered to help out with men and munitions, our principal munition being wheat and flour.

We did not wait for our offer to be accepted. The wheat and flour left in the first available steamers. The "fiery cross" set all the country aflame and thirty-three thousand men gathered at Valcartier, near the historic Port of Quebec, the flower of the nation, and eager for the fray.

Everything was done in feverish eagerness and within six weeks of the declaration of war this Armada left the historic Port of Quebec to help the Motherland. We were in it because Britain was in it and were to stay in it because it was a fight for justice, liberty, and the right of the small and weak.

As Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed it on the eve of the sailing of the Armada:

"We are British subjects and to-day we are face to face with the consequences which are involved in that proud fact. Long have we enjoyed the benefits of our British citizenship; to-day it is our duty and our privilege to accept its responsibilities, yes, and its sacrifices. It is our duty, more pressing on us than all other duty, at once, on this first day of debate in the Canadian Parliament, to let Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart, and that all Canadians stand behind the Mother Country, conscious and proud that she did not engage in war from any selfish motive, for any purpose of aggrandizement, but that she engaged in war to maintain untarnished the honour of her name, to fulfil her obligations to her allies, to maintain her treaty obligations, and to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and power."

For every man who went, five had volunteered, and at once we began the work of training in our various camps the reinforcements which we knew would be necessary. The work was carried out with an intensity of purpose and a feverish haste, both of which were natural in the face of the great emergency, but which made drill and food the great essentials of the moment. When, however, the work of the camps got into its stride,

so to speak, it was seen that the organized force of the Y.M.C.A., which was handling with such great success the canteens, was the best agency through which to help the soldier in his leisure and sometimes lonely hours. The public libraries near the training-camps, the schools in the larger cities, the church societies and the clubs became the feeders of the Young Men's Christian Association canteens, and poured in books and magazines in great quantities. The work was not highly organized and was indifferently done, as one might suppose, in the midst of the confusion of the early days. It might have been done better if we had had the warning and experience of other nations. With us the personnel of the camps was changing so rapidly because of the use of training-camps in England, that we considered that backing up the Y.M.C.A. was our best plan. And we did. What we might have done if there had been time to organize would make quite another story. Certainly we should have done it "on our own" as they were doing, and not trusted to any other organization.

When there was a great winter camp at the National Exhibition Grounds at Toronto in 1915, the Toronto Public Library installed a War Camp Library of specially selected books, in charge of a librarian from its own staff, who now is serving in the artillery in France. This was greatly appreciated by the men, so much so that many of the books accompanied them abroad. When the camp broke up, the Library was kept in readiness for use, and when the Young Men's Christian Association opened their Red Triangle Hostel in Toronto this Library was placed in their building, where to-day it is doing duty for the returned soldier.

And so from Victoria in the extreme West, where Miss Helen Stewart, the Librarian, not satisfied with providing for the men in camp, went herself to the Front for a year and a half as a voluntary worker, and since her return has been providing for

the men in hospital, in camp, and in vocational training centres; to Calgary and Edmonton, where the public libraries have co-operated with the Military Y. M. C. A., and furnished books and magazines to the great Sarcee Camp; to Regina and Moose Jaw, where Camp Hughes, of that province, was supplied by those public libraries with books through the chaplains and the Military Y.M.C.A.; to Winnipeg, where there were many soldiers and where the Public Library established special reading-rooms, branch loan stations, and furnished discarded books to the camps and departing military trains; to Ottawa, which co-operated with the Y.M.C.A., bought quantities of inexpensive but interesting reprints for the camp and opened rooms for instructional purposes; to Westmount, Quebec, where Miss Saxe organized the women of the city in her usual efficient manner, this work, new then to all the world, has been in progress.

And of the Library with which I am identified, let me say that we supplied 25,000 books, most of which were from our own stock, some given to us, and some specially bought by us. The range of our activities may be seen when I enumerate the soldier circles which we have entered by peaceful penetration: Camp Borden, Niagara Camp, Exhibition Camp (which had the first War Library on the Continent), Barriefield Camp, in Eastern Ontario; Ketchum Barracks, Ravina Barracks, Gerrard Barracks, Gerrard Base Hospital, Spadina Hospital, College Hospital, Kapuskasing Internment Camp, Muskoka Sanitarium, Great War Veterans' Club, Maple Leaf Club, and Red Triangle Club.

Seven of our men went to the Front—all who were physically fit—and one of them has been decorated with the *Croix de Guerre*, with the palm, and a special medal for valour.

We sent also an ambulance for the Red Cross which for nearly three years has been helping in that great work. It was last heard from late in

August of this year and was still "going strong", and the legend "Toronto Public Library" on its side was often the subject of comment. Possibly it is the only "Public Library ambulance" at the Front.

We had no government aid and little government sympathy. We were not disappointed in this, for we have been identified too long with the promotion of intelligence in communities to hope for immediate and complete recognition.

But what was the most important result of all our efforts was the feeling, new to many in our country, that Libraries were a necessity to the communities and that they had a definite value. In many places there had been a vague and hazy feeling that this was so, but now this became clear and definite.

It was a war which needed explanation and description. It came without any warning and in the midst of peaceful unpreparedness. At once the Library was discovered as the place for public information and was visited and talked about. It became socially recognized. Where there was an efficient librarian or an intelligent board, this responsibility was greatly welcomed; in other cases there was a local panic or hopeless recrimination.

But more than this, it was a war which demanded intelligent mobilization of social effort, and the knowledge that here in a town was a social institution already established which could be used came almost as a shock. There were no sectional, denominational, or social jealousies to be considered in the use of this public institution, and so it became the organizing centre for all the committees engaged in patriotic effort.

As a result, the Public Library has become better known in the community, and in its case to be better known is to be better appreciated. Library grants were not cut by the municipal councils except in some isolated communities handicapped by poor library boards, who had little or no influence in the community.

And now we have had three years of experience, and let me give you the cheering word that appropriations for public libraries in the Province of Ontario have advanced forty per cent. and that circulation of books has increased thirty-five per cent. This has not come without effort, and most of all in Ontario we owe our progress to the Superintendent of Public Libraries for the Province, Mr. W. O. Carson, a Government official all too rare, full of energy and intelligence in regard to every phase of his work.

There may be a tendency in some places to neglect the regular work for the special and more spectacular. There is a glamour about war work, there is a feeling with many persons and institutions—if such can be said to have feelings—that there must be the "soldier contact" and that to miss that experience is to be neglectful of one's duty. We have passed through this stage. It has been difficult sometimes to persuade people that to do their work efficiently and to co-operate so far as time and strength will permit in the patriotic efforts, is the best way to serve their country. An efficient cataloguer is restless to become a Red Cross worker at which she would be but an average person. Her idea is that she will then be doing something for her country—especially if she had a uniform.

And this same phase of unrest imperils our libraries themselves. The spectacular work of the camps and of societies in connection with patriotic effort—all necessary to be done and to be encouraged—makes our regular work of supplying information and going through the routine of daily duties, the keeping of the home fires seem gray and uninteresting. Let me warn you as one who has come through this and is now interested in the soldiers who are returning in large numbers maimed and broken in health but cheerful and wanting to get into harness again, that the Public Library which has been kept lively—not merely

alive—in the interval will have won its very way into the lives of the people to such an extent that it will be the centre for co-operation with government commissions, schools, vocational training centres, hospitals, convalescent homes and thus will be a positive and permeating influence.

That is what we are trying to do in Toronto. We have many discouragements, but we are not easily cast down. There is a big job ahead of us in trying to get suitable literature to the convalescent soldier in hospital, rest home and club. This will be difficult, as we have found already, for government officials often “fancy themselves” and their choice of books is too often without intelligence. I am sure from experience that anyone can picture the official who says that anybody can run a library and choose books. He is sure he can and does not see the obvious moral the librarian draws.

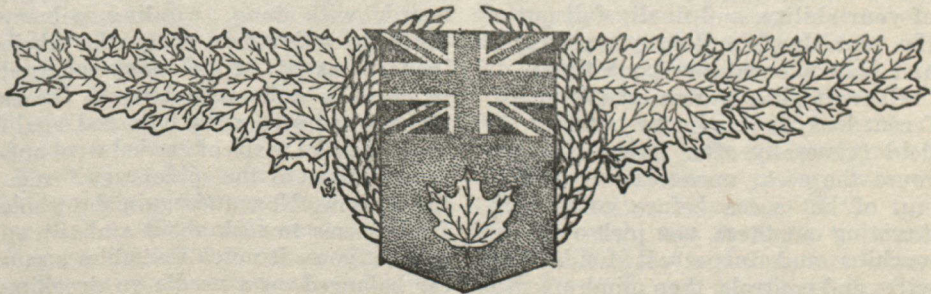
In this connection let me urge that you keep your work organized for the years after the war and you may be able to help very definitely the soldier in his efforts to re-educate himself. The theory that the unambitious man can be made ambitious by education or that the war can bring out ambition and talents in a man who had them not is a fallacy that needs to be dealt with at once. We are suffering from some of that kind of false educational doctrine in our efforts towards re-education.

We are on the threshold of a vast educational undertaking too vast and

far-reaching for most of our educators just as the conduct of the war itself has been too vast for those trained under former conditions. Let us throw aside that faith in experience which hampered the early conduct of the war and which will likely hamper us in dealing with that most conservative social force, education. Let us acknowledge that experience is not the great thing needed, but youth with its imagination, hope and energy and we in Canada who were forced to remain at home, and deal with the prosaic are trying to place the institution with which we are identified as prominently on the map of political and social intelligence, as our representatives in Europe have placed our country on the map of the world nations.

We are a nation of less than eight millions of people in a vast country which is bounded by three oceans and a friendly neighbour. We have equipped and sent to the great war 500,000 men; we have manufactured fifty millions of shells, forty-five millions of cartridge cases, and sent millions of bushels of wheat to needy France and starving Belgium.

And in every good work in which we had a chance to help—or could make a chance—the institution which I have the honour to represent, the Public Library, has been “on the job” and whenever possible led the way. We expect to be even more necessary and more useful in the reconstruction days to come.



A SOLO FLIGHT

BY A CANADIAN AIRMAN



HIS place is most certainly a mighty fine camp, and the boys that are here at the present time are top-notchers.

We don't get very much time to ourselves, and it is very hard to get into Margate, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

I like flying very much, have made my solo flight, and am getting on fairly well. I'll tell you what, it makes you feel very nervous, the first time you go up by yourself. When you get up a thousand feet or so and look around and find you are on your own—I'll try and give you a little idea of how it feels.

Along about 4.30 a.m. the caller wakes you. The sun has hardly had time to drive the ground mist up, and all is crimson and gold, glittering in the early morning light. Up you scramble out of bed, shivering and blinking, and trying at the same time to get both feet into one trouser-leg, stumbling all over and waking your tent companion, who curses you for a noisy idiot and rolls over on the other side, to enjoy a few more snatches of sleep, while you envy him to the best of your ability, and finally fall out of the tent door, pulling your goggles and helmet on at the same time.

Once outside, things take on a different look, as you hurry out into the field (generally after having tried to rouse the cook, unsuccessfully, for a cup of hot cocoa before going up). Arriving out there, you pick out your machine and inspect it for frayed wires and controls, then climb up into the cockpit and try your engine.

With a clutter, clutter of the engine you are off, whirling over the ground at an increasing rate, till you feel your tail lift. Then the ground appears to be sinking fast away beneath you and the horizon fades farther and farther into the bluish haze of the early morning. The machine wobbles and bumps just like a dinghy in a choppy sea, so your attention is taken off the landscape for a few moments while you correct your engine speed and keep levelling your craft to the unavoidable bumps which you continually run into. Gradually the rocking of the machine eases up, generally at about 1,000 feet, and you are again able to gaze beneath you and to the far distant horizon.

All about you like an unlimited circle lies *terra firma* gradually drawing farther and farther away, and it is then that you realize what an atom you are in God's great universe. How puny and weak you look in comparison with the earth and sky! Honestly, mother and dad, it was never brought home to me so much as on my first solo flight.

Look to right and left, and you see grayish spots lined like a check-board, with long, winding, silvery threads leading into them, the whole land is as if on a many-coloured patch-work quilt stretching as far as the eye can see, while now and again long weblike wisps of carded wool outline portions of the spider-web formations below. Now and again the whole circle seems to rock about and tilt up to meet you—it much resembles a saucer balanced on a needle an drocking about, but it is only the banking of

your machine to take a curve. Here and there are farms and hedges, roads and rivers, which you never knew existed, but which now stand out like a huge relief map. The landscape looks as if in the course of a few seconds an immense roller had erased all hills and valleys and made it into a concave saucer, with you in exactly the centre. There appears to be no distance, for you and your machine seem to be overlooking everything at once. The earth appears to be sliding past far below and you to be stationary until you lift your hand up over the wind-shield and feel the terrible rush of air past you.

As you gaze out along the weblike wings, which seem almost too frail to support you, and listen to the deafening roar of your engine, which shakes and jiggles the machine until you think it must surely fall apart, you imagine all sorts of things and what might happen if one of those little wires, which on the ground were loose and sagging, now strained to their utmost limit, and shrilly screaming above the roar of the engine, were to snap. But that seldom happens, as they only support about half the weight they are tested to.

After cruising about the country, it comes time to make your descent. Backing the machine up until she feels as if should you hold her over another inch, down she must come. But her speed keeps her up; and finally pointing her nose toward home, you gaze below at any smoke to find the direction of the wind, as a plane must always be landed into the wind. Having found this, you read your altimeter and make a quick calculation of how far away from the hangars you must shut off your engine to glide home. Having done this, you wait till the machine has reached the point of your calculation.

Pushing ahead your control lever and quickly shutting your throttle, the machine dives earthward at a terrific pace for a few minutes, while the needle on your air-speed indicator ticks up fifty-five and sixty knots.

With a bang-bang of your engine, everything becomes silent, and you feel just as if you were seated upon a huge bladder, when suddenly someone punctures it and you gradually sink earthward. The wires hiss and hum, then presently begin to sing shrilly, while occasionally, from behind you, the bang of the engine back-firing gives you confidence, telling you in engine talk that it is slowly revolving and there in case of necessity, or a friend to lend the helping hand if you have miscalculated your distance when starting your downward flight and are going to land in a ploughed field or some other such place that is liable to cause you to crash. The machine groans and creaks with the strain as it rocks from side to side—now this way, now that, now diving down, now lifting up, as the different air currents strike you as on, down and down, you swoop, while the earth rushes up to meet you and the horizon narrows in and about you at a speed approaching sixty to seventy knots (approximately eighty miles an hour). Your "tummy", which is a creature of moods, keeps persisting in trying to lodge in your chest.

You grip the joy-stick as if it was your very dearest friend, while your eyes are constantly trying to look at about four different instruments at the same time—the point of landing, air-speed indicator, spirit level and other machines.

Tiny specks evolve into men, little green patches into forests, gray dots into houses, silver threads into roads, the large slate-coloured checker-board into a town. Still down, down and down you sink, and every scream of the wires, groaning and creaking of the strained machine, are heard.

Presently your hangars appear far below, and you pull your machine over. Dropping your nose and pressing your rudder-bar, you go into a spiral, pivoting around as if the tip of your wing was fastened to some immovable object and you were being hurled round and round, while the earth below tips and sways about,

while in reality you are making immense circles. Gradually the horizon has narrowed into a few patches about you. Easing up your ailerons, the machine comes to a level keel, and you and your machine rush at the earth.

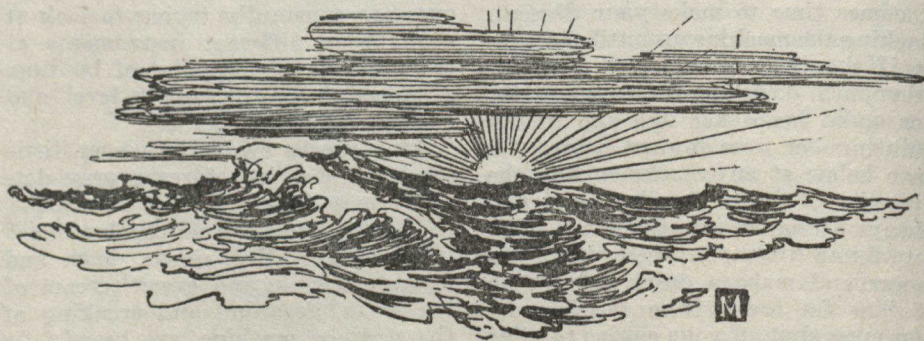
At about twelve feet you ease up your elevators and glide almost level over the earth, sinking gradually to the ground, till with a gentle bump and the rumble of your wheels over the tops of the small bumps you sink properly onto the ground. Switching on your engine, which roars out as if delighted to reach mother earth again, you roll along the field to the hangars, joggling over the rough ground as you go.

Arriving at the hangars, a couple of mechanics seize your wing-tips and wheel you round into position. Reaching out over the side, you switch off your engine, which dies down with

one or two kicks and then is silent. Undoing your safety-belt, you climb onto the ground, heave a big sigh, and reach for a cigarette.

With your ears still ringing with the roar of the engine, you slip free of the machine and run for the mess-room for that long-promised cup of cocoa, and talk to everyone to get the superfluous talk you have been saving in the air out of your system, meanwhile slapping your hands to get the blood going once again.

But it's a great life, after all, when everything goes right. The unexpected is what we watch for. Therefore, while admiring the beautiful scenery you are constantly looking here and there for a good level field with short grass to land on if the engine cranks, which, I regret to say, often happens, even with the best of engines, and this makes for quick thinking.



CANADA AND THE VICTORY LOAN

BY SIR EDMUND WALKER



SINCE August 4th, 1914, when the Minister of Finance and the bankers met to prepare for war, so far as our national credit was concerned, and the 6th when we decided to take part as belligerents, we Canadians have had many problems of vast importance and extreme difficulty presented to us. We have met them with such credit that our status as one of the most stalwart of the young nations of the world is so established that only failure in meeting some new problem can lessen the glory of our recent history.

At the outset of the war we determined to raise 50,000 soldiers and in two months we enlisted, equipped, trained and shipped more than 30,000 in the largest number of transports and convoys that had ever sailed the seas down to that time. Since then we have raised 550,000 soldiers and nearly 500,000 of these by voluntary enlistment. We, a people not highly skilled as manufacturers, were asked to make shells to be loaded and the fuses made in Great Britain, and in a few months we were told that we must make the explosives and load them and also make the fuses, it having been supposed that no factory in North America could make that part of the finished shell. We learned in a few months to make both time and graze fuses, the many parts of which must work more accurately than a Waltham watch, and for a time the

entire British Army depended on us for 60 per cent. of the fuses used in action. We have made countless forms of manufactured munitions, military clothing, airships, and sea-ships for Great Britain, Canada and France, and now we are making war munitions ranging from airships to pistols for the United States. Our farmers, with their sons at the Front and with farm labour practically unobtainable, have raised foodstuffs which it is not too much to say have saved a large part of the allied armies from starvation. When the war began, we who had borrowed year after year vast sums from Great Britain for the development of our country realized that that avenue was closed, but we arranged to obtain five million dollars a month to pay for our share of the war. We soon saw that Great Britain must not be asked to help us and we undertook to find elsewhere what was needed. As the money markets of Great Britain closed, those of the United States gradually opened and some loans, public and private, were placed there, but long before those markets were also closed to us, we learned that we must depend solely on ourselves. We found, indeed, that we must do much more than pay our own war cost; we must devote every energy of production to making war supplies for Great Britain and for these we must give credit, that is for these objects the materials and labour for which had been paid for by the manufacturer

in cash and for which he must clearly obtain cash on delivery, someone in Canada must lend an equivalent amount in order to produce the cash, and must accept the long time obligations of Great Britain. Now to the extent that Canada has to sell bonds to meet her share of the cost of the war the same condition arises. The wages received by the worker, the cost of the materials, the food sold by the farmer, has all been paid for in what we call cash, but this cash is only possible of existence so long as there are people in Canada ready to buy the long time bonds of the Dominion in order to provide it. Every war contract, every purchase of wheat, beef, bacon, cheese or butter, depends on there being someone who will by purchasing a Victory bond make it possible to pay in what we call cash for such contracts or purchases.

The fourth great Canadian War Loan, the second Victory Loan, is about to be offered for subscription. The Chairman of the Dominion Executive of the Victory Loan Committee of 1918, Mr. E. R. Wood, one of the ablest, most unselfish and most public-spirited men in Canada, has already set before the public the facts connected with the next loan, including the statistics showing both the sources of our prosperity and the nature of our financial needs, and it seems unnecessary for me to add to what has been so clearly presented. Why, indeed, do any of us doubt what the response to the second Victory Loan will be?

First of all there is the responsibility of those on whom rests the duty of presenting our needs to the public. They do not dare to miss a single argument lest a single subscriber to the loan should be lost. When a man is ploughing a great field and has reached the last furrow, he is apt to let horse and plough and his arms get slack as he comes down to the end. Victory is in sight and many may think like the ploughman that the great strain upon our energies is past, but there has been no moment in the

war when the strength of an unbending purpose was more needed. Peace is perhaps also in sight, but if our soldiers and our civil representatives are to secure the peace we have been fighting for, vast military action, a long period of time, and the continued presentation of a stern, unrelenting and victorious line of allied soldiers, are the guarantees on which we must rely. The best army in the world at the present time in the opinion of foreign military critics is the British Army and while we will not say that the Canadians are the best soldiers in the British Army, there are many who say so. What do we owe to these sons and brothers who have lifted our name so high? What can we do to feel that we have the right in any measure to share in the glory which they have brought to our country? If money is wanted for the charities of the war, shall we not turn out our pockets for the hundredth time much more cheerfully than for the first? But we are only asked to make an investment at a high rate of interest in the best bond that was ever issued. No government that is borrowing for the conduct of this war has such a vast unopened territory on which to build its future. We are fighting not for the liberty of eight millions of people but for the future of the hundred millions who will people this vast country and who because of what our boys are doing at this moment will glory in the great fact that they are Canadians.

We have carried the financial burden of the war with wonderful ease and very many people find themselves greatly enriched while many wage-earners find that they have much more to spend than ever before, despite the enormous advance in the price of everything they buy; and so when we are urged to economize and are told that every cent is needed for the war, there are many who do not believe there is any necessity for such restraint, but our added wealth is almost entirely in credit obligations

representing mainly the cost of the war. We have not made important public or private improvements to our land, we have not accumulated the only forms of wealth in which debts to other countries can be paid, that is, gold or balances due by other countries which can be drawn against. We have merely provided food and other materials for our soldiers and those of Great Britain and some of the Allies, and for these we have received credit obligations. We can therefore only keep changing one form of credit obligation for another, whether we are paying a day's wages, or buying wheat, or paying for a steel ship. Each bank must balance all of the credit obligations of its customers and of its own, either over its counters or at the Clearing House, and the Dominion Government must balance its accounts after the use of all funds derived from its various imposts, by selling bonds to its people.

Some Canadian individuals or institutions must provide all that is necessary by buying these Victory

bonds, otherwise all that we are doing must stop absolutely. We cannot feed our soldiers, we cannot maintain our munition works, we cannot buy the products of our farms, we cannot, indeed, exist as an honourable nation, unless the second Victory Loan is a success. Almost every person who has a single dollar to spare has it because of the money distributed in paying for the war. He owes it to his country to turn that dollar into war bonds, or war stamps, and if he thinks that with so much loyalty and enthusiasm his little subscription does not matter, he is adopting the worst kind of attitude. Every spare cent is needed.

Let us then as a united people put our backs once more under this task and show to the world that we are not weary, that those who cannot fight are glad to pay, and that until a Peace dictated by the Allies when the Hun has unconditionally surrendered is accomplished, we are in the war with our last man and our last dollar.





John Murray Gibbon

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

A BRITISH NOVELIST IN CANADA

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL



I AM inclined to regard "Scots in Canada", "Hearts and Faces", and "Drums Afar" as the three first volumes of "Gibbon's British Empire". Their author is only forty-three, and has ample time to give us the fifteen or twenty additional volumes which would be needed to furnish a complete picture of the life of

that vast entity at the present time, and the result, while not quite so voluminous as "Gibbon's Roman Empire", will be fully as instructive and have a great many more readers.

Nobody is better qualified to give us a general view of the great Anglo-Celtic community which speaks the English language and pursues British ideals of communal and individual development. Look at the career of

the author of "Drums Afar" up to its present stage, and note its effect upon his successive writings. John Murray Gibbon was born in Ceylon, where the breezes are still spicy but man is no longer considered so vile as he was in the days of Bishop Heber a century ago. From earliest youth, distance was nothing to him; halfway round the world was merely halfway home again; the stupendous spread of the British Empire became as familiar to him as the features of his own county are to the average English novelist, or those of his own state to the average writer of American fiction. Bear in mind, though, that he was not a mere traveller, noting the externals of each country's life with a curious eye and passing out from it as much a stranger as he came in. He found work to do wherever he sojourned, and it was work that threw him into the main current of life, never into its eddies and backwaters. He was educated at Aberdeen, both at school and for three years at the University; and, thus protected by a substantial Aberdonian integument from the unduly assimilative powers of an English university, he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. Now Oxford may be likened to a huge rendering-vat in which the minds of thousands of students are boiled down together until they emerge, beautifully clarified indeed, but reduced to an absolute uniformity of flavour, aroma and specified gravity. Gibbon was clarified but not reduced. He left Oxford, having learned both what Oxford is and what Oxford is not, the latter being a special course not supplied by the college authorities. His academic courses were philosophy and ancient history, and he topped them off with two terms in Goettingen, devoted to Sanskrit and Greek inscriptions.

So far, the map of his wanderings is much the same as that of many a student pursuing the conventional tactic of learning sufficient about one subject to entitle him to turn round

and teach it to others—and stop learning about anything. The mere map, that is; for the method with which he wandered was, as we can now see, far different. When he left Goettingen he abandoned even the map of conventional studentship. He went to Paris. He went to the Paris art schools. Much of what he learned there is to be found in "Hearts and Faces"; as much of his Goettingen acquisition (not relating to Greek inscriptions) is to be found in the earlier part of "Drums Afar". He was really studying life, but he did not make the mistake of thinking that Greek medals and the principles of painting were no part of life and should therefore be neglected by the student of it. Indeed, his way of studying life has always been to plunge into the thickest of the activity of whatever phase or section of life he wanted to examine, and to learn the minds and hearts of those who work by working with them.

There is only one profession in London for a young man with a good knowledge of philosophy, ancient history, Greek medals, the principles of French art, and the workings of the modern human mind. The latter knowledge overweighs all the rest: it takes a man into journalism. John Murray Gibbon became a newspaper man, but he compromised with his Paris art training by making it an illustrated newspaper. He joined the staff of *Black and White*, and it is suggestive to note that the man whom he succeeded when he was promoted after a year of subordinate work to the important post of assistant editor was Eden Philpotts, himself one of the most serious and industrious of the young English writers who were striving to make the novel a sort of history of our own time. Mr. Gibbon soon became the responsible editor, but his health broke down and he went to Algiers; when illness supplied so good an excuse it would have been a shame not to go to the remotest possible place with the right kind of climate. When he came back he

free-lanced for a time, and dwelt, but only as a friendly and comprehending visitor, in the realm of politics, doing a weekly letter on the political situation for *The Illustrated London News*.

About 1907 the orbits of Canada and John Murray Gibbon began to draw together. The Canadian Pacific Railway had decided on a lively propaganda in continental Europe. There was no young journalist in England with a better knowledge of continental Europe and a livelier conception of propaganda than Gibbon. Baron Shaughnessy is generally credited with having "discovered" him, so far as Canada was concerned. It is consistent with the Baron's record for man-picking. At all events, John Murray Gibbon began to travel all over the ancient world, including Russia and Japan, preaching C. P. R. doctrine with the largest type but the smallest human voice that propagandist ever employed. Never was panther's footfall quieter than the voice of Gibbon enunciating some tremendous new idea, whether it be about the C. P. R., or the art of fiction, or Japanese colour-prints, or old French-Canadian songs. You know the French boulevardier's story beginning with the words, "An empty cab drove up to the theatre and Sarah Bernhardt got out". It has been rivaled by the Montreal writer, himself of Gallic extraction, who said, "There was complete silence in the room until John Murray Gibbon ceased speaking". Strange to say this pianissimo manner is duplicated in his writing. Gibbon can inscribe an excellent and perfectly legible sonnet on a man's-size visiting-card. I have not seen the MSS. of his novels, but I imagine he carries them in his vest pocket.

He spent some six years in this apostolic mission of spreading the glad news about Canada *in partibus infidelium*; but the "infidels", particularly in Mittel-Europa, for reasons which we now understand all too clearly, kept growing more and more

unsympathetic to his preachings, and in 1913 he was asked to come to Canada as General Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He had already visited the Dominion annually or oftener for six or seven years, and he was satisfied that Canada, and the C. P. R., had a future. His "Scots in Canada", a picturesque and vivacious narrative of Scottish settlements in this country, was published about the time of his arrival here as a resident, and speedily won him a place in literary circles in Montreal and Toronto. But it was his first novel, "Hearts and Faces" (John Lane), which drew the attention of the general Canadian public to the fact that they had amongst them, not as yet a Canadian novelist, but a very important British novelist dwelling in Canada. It was a study of Scottish character and feeling, with a background of life in Scottish universities, in the artist communities of London and Paris, and in the journalistic world of London. The background not infrequently swallowed up the main figures, but it was always an intensely interesting background, full of movement and colour, noted with a keen eye for detail and described with a vivid and arresting phraseology. Sentimental in its main story, the novel yet dwelt with some aspects of the sex relation with almost scientific detachment and frankness—a fact which did not cause it to be any the less read or discussed. It was, however, thoroughly English, in the sense of being local to the British Isles and the British community in Paris; and most Canadian readers concluded that as a literary phenomenon John Murray Gibbon did not belong to this fair Dominion, and would probably not take root here. That estimate has now to be revised in the light of his second novel, "Drums Afar" (John Lane).*

This book shows that Gibbon has gone on steadily adding to his portrait gallery of types and his sketches of social backgrounds ever since he came to

*Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



The author of "Drums Afar", lifting a trout in the Cains River, New Brunswick

this side of the Atlantic. Some Canadians may be aggrieved that most of the new material is distinctly of United States origin rather than Canadian. A detached critic probably would find this sufficiently accounted for by the fact that the United States is a much more fertile field for vivid, sharply outlined types, and colourful backgrounds, than our more neutral and imitative communities. "Drums Afar" is the spiritual pilgrimage of a young English Oxford student who goes over the regular course marked out on the educational map alluded to above, and learns many things without realizing just why he is learning

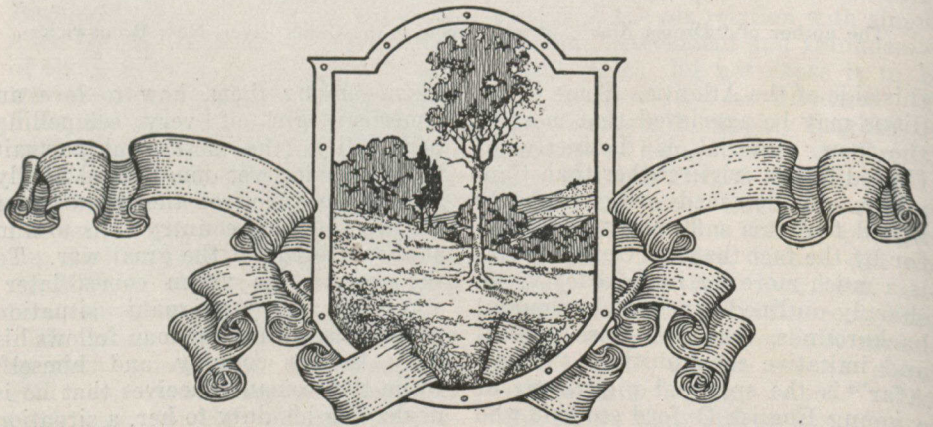
them—among them, how to love an American girl of very compelling personality (the most vital portrait the author has yet done)—and finally grasps the vision of the meaning of his life when his country calls to him at the outbreak of the great war. To the woman the vision comes later; and the very poignant situation which arises when the man follows his duty to his country and himself, while the woman conceives that he is neglecting his duty to her, a situation which must have been terribly common during the years of voluntary enlistment, is treated with great dramatic force and earnestness.

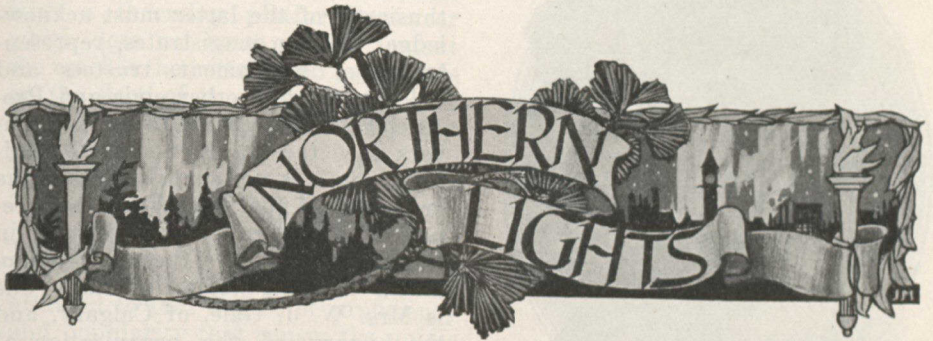
In the main story it is an Anglo-American novel, with some kindly but penetrating satire underlying its contrasting of types—satire directed at both of the contrasted parties. But Canada has a considerable role to play all the same. As already stated, the backgrounds of a Gibbon novel are frequently very much in the foreground; and Montreal in the early days of the war provides a very vivid background for the most dramatic passages of the love-story. It is something in the air in the old city below the mountain, something tangibly expressed in the wonderful exaltation of the first Patriotic Fund Campaign, which stimulates the mind, or rather the soul, of Charles Fitzmorris, fresh from the 1914 Chicago of complacency, money-making, and calm spectatorship of the world's tragedy, until he throws off the silken chains with which his Madeline had sought to bind him, and plunges into the fray—ultimately (I hasten to add it for the sake of the reader's peace of mind) redeeming thus both Madeline and himself. Background merely, this Canadian stuff, but immensely important and very cleverly done. The tale of the Patriotic Fund dinner is

reporting, though reporting with a genuine purpose and much to the point.

But there are many gems of observation. Jeffers, who makes up the party which Charles joins to get across to the fighting, is in doubt about including a ninth member—"a man also of Oxford—a scholar First in Greats—*proxime accessit* for the Ireland—who has begged me on his knees to be allowed to come, but I hesitate—he is a Balliol man. One has to be particular, even as a steward on a transport. . . . , One of Lord Milner's young men. Talks 'Empire' with his chin in the air and thinks Canada is governed by England. Now that I come to think of it, the wisest thing would be to get him out of the country."

No, there is not enough of Canada in this book, considering that John Murray Gibbon lives amongst us and eats our salt. Perhaps it will be necessary to prohibit him from leaving the country for the next two or three years, in order to compel him to devote his talents to the work that we really want him to do, namely, to help in putting Canada on the map of literature.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A CANADIAN WAR ARTIST

LIEUTENANT Gyrth Russell, reproductions of whose work, mostly etchings, have appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*, has been abroad studying and practising his art, and as a result the following appreciation appears in an Exeter (Eng.) newspaper:

One of the official artists of the Canadian force in France, Lieutenant Gyrth Russell, R.B.A., is at present in Exeter and will shortly be entering upon war pictures built up from studies in pastel, crayon, black and white which he has brought back from France. Lieutenant Russell is still comparatively a young man but before the war he was already well known to everyone interested in or associated with that rising school of British artists who look like leaving their mark deep and permanent. He comes from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and before 1914 was studying at Paris. Afterwards he spent some time in Rye, Sussex, that rendezvous of so many artists in the old days. From Rye he came to Devon, for having heard so much of Devon, he could not resist its call. Subsequently he became attached to the Canadian force as one of its official art chroniclers, and now he returns to Exeter with a sheaf of impressions.

Fine work, too, are these impressions. A few Exonians interested in art have been afforded the opportunity by Lieutenant Russell of seeing them in the room which he has fixed up temporarily as his studio, overlooking one of the principal

thoroughfares. Lieutenant Russell is a master of his craft and essentially a modernist in technique, breadth of treatment, and impressionistic suggestion. His sketches will form part, at an early date, of an exhibition of war pictures by official artists to be held probably in London. They are markedly individualistic, and one or two, such as a view of Lens in the distance and a road at Vimy, convey with



Lieutenant Gyrth Russell

A CHARMING PROGRESSIVE

THAT the West is more progressive than the East even the most enthusiastic of the latter must acknowledge. Women magistrates, representatives of Parliament, trustees and holders of many other civic and Provincial posts are to be found in numbers once the traveller strikes Manitoba. So it is not surprising that the organizer of the first Women's Ratepayers' Association ever formed in Canada should have been a woman, and a Western woman at that. She is Mrs. W. J. Gale, of Calgary, and the history of the organization of which she is a leader is interesting though brief.

Last spring the men who formed an association in the southern part of the city hedged themselves about with a very short-sighted policy. This precluded the attendance at their meetings of Mrs. Gale, or indeed any women. The women then took matters into their own hands, called a gathering of those interested and organized an association for themselves. Mrs. Gale was the prime mover and leading spirit. She deserves the honour of being the first president, an office to which she was enthusiastically elected. Although the association was only formed in May, within two months it could boast of more members than the men had enrolled and assuredly one may say without prejudice that its scope was twice as broad. For Mrs. Gale, like so many patriotic women in her Province, has the interests of the Dominion at heart and the highest type of citizen, she feels, is evolved from those who possess an intelligent knowledge of affairs municipal, provincial and federal. To give women the franchise is but a short step on the road to progress without giving them a means of studying its best uses, and to this end the Women's Ratepayers' Association of Calgary works. Its president is a woman well qualified to speak on social, political and economic problems;



Mrs. W. J. Gale
Organizer of the first Women's Ratepayers'
Association in Canada

compelling power a sense of atmosphere. One feels, in fact, as one looks at them that one has got to know through them more of those places than from the host of photographs and stereotyped drawings one has seen before. They are tense with the brooding malevolence of war. His sketches, too, of battered architectural treasures, such as the Arras Cathedral, are equally fine and one can imagine such work being of first rate importance as an abiding record of the war, long after photographic records have faded in their hold upon one. Their value, in fact, is essentially of the permanent order.

Lieutenant Russell is personally reserved and prone to underrate the importance of his own work. It only needs, however, that one should enjoy his friendship for a little time to realize his enthusiasm for this craft, for modern art, and for the greatest of its living masters. He is a fund of reminiscence of present day art circles and a conversationalist of charm in the realms of his particular sphere. He has been glad to work in Exeter unknown, hitherto, and certainly he will keep himself in obscurity if he can, though his studio looks down upon the busiest corner of Exeter.

Lieutenant Russell is a son of Mr. Justice Russell of Halifax.

she is exactly the type of woman who should be in public life—a feminine, gracious, magnetic personality without aggression or bombast; a woman with a charming platform manner which does not come off the instant she reaches the bottom step and stands on the floor of the hall; the type of woman of whom the West is justly proud.

*

EDITH G. BAYNE

WHEN a writer in the development of his chosen art has attained to that degree of proficiency and popularity that causes the public to ask "Who is he?" it may be taken as pretty fair evidence of success. For some time now the name Edith G. Bayne signed to a story or newspaper article has been synonymous with good style and excellent subject-matter.

This young writer is a Canadian,—the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. She was born in the old town of Morrisburg, Ontario, and many of her charming stories have for a setting the beautiful St. Lawrence country—the particular section of Canada she loves best. Miss Bayne's stories are like nobody else's. Originality is one of her greatest charms, and she possesses in generous measure that rare gift of humour. When she joined the Canadian Women's Press Club in 1913 she had the distinction of being the youngest press woman in Canada, and since that day she has risen rapidly in her profession, serving an arduous apprenticeship in free-lance journalism, until to-day she is rated as a leading writer, though barely thirty. Her first newspaper story was accepted by the magazine section of *The Toronto Globe* and was designated by the editor as "first-rate". Her first short story was accepted by *The Canadian Magazine*, where her work has appeared frequently ever since. In all, Miss Bayne has published close to two hundred stories and articles in Canada and the United States. She writes for love of the



Miss Edith G. Bayne

work. For a number of years she has lived in the West, where she has learned to ride, to describe, as few others can, a prairie sunset and to become acquainted at close range with the Ruthenian settlers. Readers of *The Canadian Magazine* may look forward to fresh stories from the pen of this gifted young writer.

*

A STUDENT OF FOOD ECONOMICS

NOT many months have passed since the high cost of living was the chief topic of conversation at home and abroad, and the higher the cost, the more the conversation, many of those who delivered invective against the existing condition of things, quite overlooking the fact that they were responsible for it. The cost of high living, as the late James J. Hill expressed it, was a pretty general national sin until conservation of food superseded it as a conversational mainspring, and conservation of food is rapidly transforming the national crime into a Dominion—a world-wide virtue.

As every new movement brings out its leaders, so this last one has thrown



Mrs. E. P. Newhall,
 † Convener of the Food Economics Committee of the
 National Council for Women.

people into the posts for which they are best fitted, and among these food controllers and conservation campaigners, Mrs. E. P. Newhall, of Calgary, stands out with particular prominence. Mrs. Newhall's office is that of convener of the Food Economics Committee of the National Council of Women.

She began her vigorous campaign in food economics about five years ago, in her home town—Calgary, just about the time when that unfortunate city was emerging from the throes of a real estate boom. Her first point of attack was the organizing of a Consumers' League, designed in the main to cope with the city market problem. To do this it was necessary to interest the women, the marketers, themselves. Mrs. Newhall worked tirelessly, indefatigably, successfully. In a few months after the organization of the league, the market was transformed from a dead weight on the city into a paying public utility. The high cost of living received a severe check when, through Mrs. Newhall's offices, the

producer and the consumer came in direct contact with one another, and the ensuing reduction amounted to about fifty per cent.

The Calgary Consumers' League was the forerunner of similar leagues in almost all of the Western cities, and it is only necessary to look up their records in the daily press to realize the immense improvement in economic conditions they have brought about.

Baffling as was the problem of reducing the high cost of living, that of conserving commodities which were already scarce and expensive—yet which are necessary for the sustenance of life—proved a still more difficult task. But Mrs. Newhall attacked it with the fearlessness which has characterized all her efforts toward reform.

She is a member of the High Cost of Living Committee in connection with the city council. This council is making heroic efforts to accomplish something practical. The members are even now conferring with bakers, dairymen and others to discuss the advisability of abolishing the delivery system and thus reduce the price of certain necessities. The council is also importing large quantities of fish and supplying it to the consumers at a minimum cost. Mrs. Newhall is also president of the Associated Consumers, a group of individuals who are engaged in devising means for helping in the conservation of food campaign. They have passed such resolutions to the Government as the preventing of storage warehouses from buying up eggs until after the last of May, and are asking that ice cream be manufactured only in proportion to its food value. The chronicling of these measures, a consideration even of the possible methods under discussion, can give the average reader but a slight idea of the cost in thought and time of those who have thrown themselves into the work. In Mrs. Newhall's case, it means that she practically devotes her life to it.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE EDUCATION OF THE NEW CANADIAN

By J. T. M. ANDERSON, M.A., L.L.B.,
Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.



REMEMBER the story of an alert and good looking girl who went out West from Ontario to teach a foreign school, doing it because she wanted "experience" and, though she would not likely admit it, because she wanted to serve the present generation of new Canadians. She wrote home saying: "My boarding place is the home of a Ruthenian family,—nowhere else to go—my room is a tiny curtained section of the upstairs of the shack. I have just room to dress and undress by sitting on the bed. It's not bad; I'm really getting along finely. But what bothers me is, where in the devil will I take a bath?" With humour and intense appreciation she is continuing to write of the circumstances she is handling so resolutely and capably. I quote from Dr. Anderson's book another picture of the teacher out West:

"The new teacher decided to occupy the teacher's little furnished cottage which had been erected on the school grounds and her little sister came to live with her. It was a dismal lonely spot where this school had been erected. It was the haunt of the frog, the wild fowl, and the prairie coyote. But there were human beings there, scores of them—illiterate, ignorant adults, sad faced women bent with toil, and over eighty little children, who were rapidly settling down to live the expressionless lives

of their elders. This young girl knew all about these conditions before accepting the position. They were rather disheartening and uninviting, but here was a chance for real service, a chance to live a life, an opportunity to develop and guide and save. Here was one of those big burdens of this world which one must meet and shoulder before one can lay just claim to the smile of the Master.

Thousands would have faltered and turned back, satisfying themselves with performing a less arduous task; but this brilliant young Canadian girl accepted the challenge, and a crowning victory was hers.

The little cottage was cleaned up, and the school house prepared to receive the children. On the opening day a dozen little boys appeared in the school door. Their eyes opened wide with surprise when 'de grand lady' met them with a welcoming smile. She shook their dirty little hands and they smiled in return. Surely this was a strange teacher. Surely she was not a Canadian! Once or twice in their short lives they had visited the nearest town, and had stood on the street corners and watched 'de grand ladies' pass by without noticing them. Yes, this was one of them, but not like them after all. This one was interested in them. They were happy. They carried the glad news home to their parents and to their brothers and sisters. They sat up late that evening talking about 'Miss Teacher'."

There are not enough people excited over this question of citizenship and education in the West. Awhile ago it was stated in a Canadian

periodical that one thousand schools lacked teachers in the West this year. If this be so it means that something like twenty thousand children have run wild on our Western plains all summer much as the coyote and the gophers do.

What are we going to do about it? What are our provincial governments and our local municipal authorities going to do? Where are our missionary teachers to come from? Of the countless girls in our Eastern (and Western) towns and cities who work in office or factory or live at the movies, how many are going to hear the call of the Western plains and of an underpaid, lonely, but soul-exciting profession? We are in danger of fostering in Canada by our public carelessness a medieval and ignorant peasantry when we might create a twentieth century nation. We call ourselves democratic. There is no democracy in a neglect of the problems of citizenship and education. An undue pessimism, however, is as evil as the easy going and damnable optimism that so often characterizes us as a people with reference to the things that matter. Dr. Anderson's book is a wholesome and broad-minded canvas of most of the phases of the citizenship problem in the West. The problem focuses naturally about the questions in connection with education. Efficient and human, and well-paid teachers, consolidation of schools and teachers' residences, interprovincial action in many cases, a serious public concern for the situation, are the things needed. Dr. Anderson's book should be in the home of every Canadian. It is not by any means an epochal or classic treatise on education but it is an ordered and careful and interesting discussion by a man whose experience as a school inspector suggests he ought to know what he is talking about. One thing is certain, until teachers are paid more for their services, even in the West, there will be a gradual falling away from educational pursuits.

FROM BAUPAUME TO PASSCH- ENDAELE, 1917.

BY PHILIP GIBBS. Toronto: William Briggs.

PHILIP GIBBS is one of the wonders of the war. He is the refutation of the recurring legend that the war correspondent's day is over. True, it seemed to be over early in the conflict when writers' copy was mercilessly censored, even if the men got near the fighting at all. But the rulers at length learned that if democracy had to go to war almost in a body, the few left at home must get some news or their morale would go to smash. Hence Philip Gibbs and a few more under reasonable restrictions have served news of the day's fighting for next morning's breakfast table.

Gibbs has perhaps been at the Front longest, and his battle stories are generally regarded as the most graphic as well as most complete of all. Contemporaries say he is a slight, sickly looking man, who smokes cigarettes unceasingly and never eats while writing his long daily despatches. Such a phenomenon might well grow into a legendary character himself, as the years go by. Certainly he is conferring a lasting benefit by his colourful stories from day to day. No matter how bitter the fight or how dangerous his own experiences in traversing the battleground, he never fails to transmit with the utmost coolness his wonder pictures of the hell of war in astounding realism. None of the alarms of battle seem to stop the flow of the peerless vocabulary which makes the novelist so good a correspondent. In this volume of day to day despatches, edited and regrouped, the British troop's war-making in 1917 is described, and not a little of the generous space is given to the Canadians, especially at Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele.

Looking at the uncertainties of 1917 in the light of recent triumphs,

they seem dwarfed, but the incidents of that anxious year will live for the power with which they show the unflinching courage of British arms. Says Mr. Gibbs:

"It was a year of unending battle on the Western Front. It was a year of monstrous, desperate conflict. Looking back upon it, remembering all its days of attack and counter-attack, all the roads of war crowded with troops and transport, all the battlefields upon which our armies moved under fire, the coming back of the prisoners by hundreds and thousands, the long trails of the wounded, the activity, the traffic, the roar and welter and fury of the year, one has a curious physical sensation of breathlessness and heart-beat because of the burden of so many memories."

*

A TRAVELLER IN WAR TIME

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

NONE of Mr. Winston Churchill's novels have been profound, but they have generally succeeded in being pretty interesting and suggestive to the general public. So with the sketches and the essay of this latest volume. If anyone has a dollar and a quarter that is burning a hole in the pocket and the prospect of an hour that need not be spent too seriously, let him buy the book. It is written in free and easy style, there is plenty of incident and colour in it, it will probably be enjoyed. It is easy going and at times somewhat fresh comment on conditions in Europe. The essay with which the book closes is a good minded though somewhat meandering discussion of America's place in the war. Mr. Churchill is not nearly so clever nor so incisive as many writers of the day but he is fundamentally *cleaner* in his thought and heart processes than many. There is no hint on his pages of irrational and wild war mongering. He gives one the impression

of being, within the compass of the ideas he has, careful and sincere and resolute. There is none of the dirty obstetrics, drawing blindness and atavism out of the dark past of heathen and Hebrew eye-for-an-eye war making, which characterizes Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Van Dyck in their recent writings. Churchill stands, not profoundly but sincerely, for that strand in American life at war which is democratic, and resolute and clean. Typical of his whole book is this phrase, culled from a chance-noticed sentence—"the Russian Revolution, which we must seek to understand and not condemn...."

*

WILLOW, THE WISP

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE. Toronto:
Thomas Allen.

THE author of "Gaff Linkum" and "Love of the Wild", two novels of outside life in Western Ontario, in this his latest book surpasses both the others in definiteness of purpose and genuine interest. It is the story of a young man who establishes a preserve for wild animals in Northern Ontario, where he finds health, fortune and the love of a charming girl. The book is marked by a good sprinkling of local humour, a sample of which we give in the following quotation:

The settler lifted his coonskin cap and scratched his red mop reflectively. "This here country is the darndest all-round country fer permotin' the eatin' an' sleepin' habit you ever saw", he exclaimed. "I've got a boy named Tommie; he's a ranger now up in Temagami Preserve, an' he finds it hard to do anythin' much else, an' even my Missus, who's a tarter to work when she's real woke up, is that tarnation hard to get awake mornin's that I'd ruther get up an' light the fire myself than try t' tussel with her. Yes, siree," he chuckled, lashing his whip harmlessly above the hollow backs of his drowsy horses, "you can sleep all right up here. Why, dang it all, the Ozone's that there thick that you have to chew it fine afore you kin breathe it. Fact".

He clucked to the sorrels and cracked his whip at an impudent chipmunk who had climbed a stump close by the roadside

to investigate the clatter made by the loose spokes of the ancient democrat.

"Take them hosses, now", he shouted; "They go to sleep soon as they be hitched, an' they stay asleep all day, rot 'em! It's mighty unsatisfactory that, 'cause they don't seem to realize that keepin' awake durin' business is the duty of beast as well as man. They're both of 'em disappointin', but of the pair I guess old Moll—she's the off un—is the disappointenest".

"In what respect, Mr. Washburn?" laughed the girl.

"Why, lots o' ways, but jest fer instance, this way. T' other day I had a good chance to swap her fer a three-year-old geldin' belongin' to Jake Stoker of Cedar Mills. Wall, we'd jest about made the swap when ole Moll dropped off to sleep an' snored like a house afire. Jake, he declared as she had the roares an' backed outen the deal. Humph, talk about not bein' able to sleep. Everythin' sleeps too tarnation much up here. That's the only thing wrong with this place!"

*

FIRST THE BLADE

BY CLEMENCE DANE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is one of the most popular novels of the moment and it promises to be represented among the largest sales of the season. The author made a distinct impression with "Regiment of Women", but this her latest book surpasses the other in high-class characterization. It fails, however, in the subtleties, and at times the writer is self-conscious to a degree that mars the reader's pleasure in observing two young persons, the one a charming, vivacious girl, the other a man who pursues his hobby of collecting birds' eggs to the point of boredom.

THE GAMBLER

BY FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

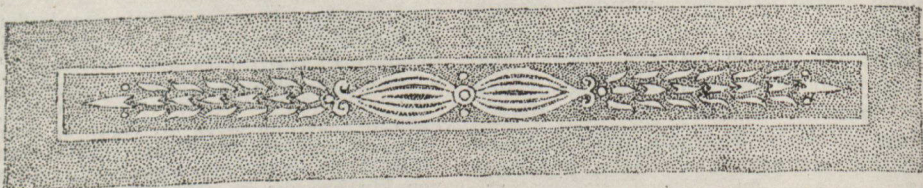
MISS Constance Garnett is making a new series of her notable translations from the Russian. This is the ninth volume treating exclusively of Dostoevsky's works. It brings together three unusually fascinating stories—"The Gambler", "Poor People" and "The Landlady". "Poor People" was written when the author was only twenty-one years of age, but it remains still in Russia one of his most popular tales.

*

ARIZONA THE WONDERLAND

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES. Boston: The Page Company.

WITH this book the publishers add one more to their long list of sumptuous descriptions of fascinating parts of the world. A review is given of the history of the ancient cliff and cave dwellings of Arizona, of the conquest by the Spaniards, of the establishing of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions, an account of the trail-makers, the Indians, and the ruined Pueblos; a survey of the climate, scenic marvels, topography, deserts, mountains, rivers and valleys. There is also a review of its industries; an account of its influence on art, literature and science; and some reference to what it offers of delight to the automobilist, sportsman and the seeker after health and pleasure.



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SECTIONAL
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For sale by All Leading Furniture Dealers.

"MACEY STYLE BOOK," full of information, free for the asking.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
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KILLS BUGS

Reduce the fly population for next year. Use Keating's Powder, the great and sure destroyer of all flies. Sold by all Grocers and Druggists in tins only. 10c, 25c 35c.

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Give a High Grade
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For Matriculants and Varsity Graduates.
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Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35.00 per set, also actual value for **OLD GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND DENTAL GOLD.** We send cash by return mail and hold goods for 15 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to **Mazer's Tooth Specialties**
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PRICE PER 1000 CALORIES

Quaker Oats	5c	Stewing Hens	34c
Round Steak	37c	Broilers	70c
Leg of Lamb	52c	Eggs	43c
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Buy Foods By Calories—Not by Pounds

Compare food cost by calories, and you'll use more Quaker Oats. The calory is the energy unit used by governments to measure food. On this basis, at prices current at this writing

Meats Average 8 Times as Much. Eggs, Fish and Fowl Cost 8 to 10 Times Quaker Oats

That is, for the same calory value. Yet these are all major foods.

Pound for pound, Quaker Oats has twice the calories of round steak. Every cupful contains 280 calories—as much as four eggs.

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You have known the oat as a marvel food, well balanced, rich in minerals. But its wealth of nutriment makes it also the money-saving food.

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Mix it also with your flour foods. Use it to save money, to save wheat and meat, to add flavour and nutrition.

It is one of the greatest foods you have.

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The Best One-Third of Oats

We use just the queen grains—big, rich and flavory—in making Quaker Oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus you get oat flavor at its best. You get it without extra price. All oat foods are made doubly inviting when you use this premier grade.

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Known the world over as the mark
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Look for it on every blade.

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Some of our helps to Food
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- CLARK'S** Pork & Beans
 " Spaghetti with Tomato
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For more than sixty years, O'Keefe's beverages have been the finest of their kinds produced in Canada.

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**SPECIAL PALE DRY
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is quite in keeping with the high standard of other O'Keefe beverages. It is a most delicious ginger ale—pale and sparkling, dry and inviting—with a unique flavour that you will enjoy. Try it.

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"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



has been used by persons of taste the world over. This un failing popularity is due solely to its grateful, enduring fragrance and unique refreshing quality.

It is delightful in the Bath, the best thing after Shaving, and beyond question the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume in use.

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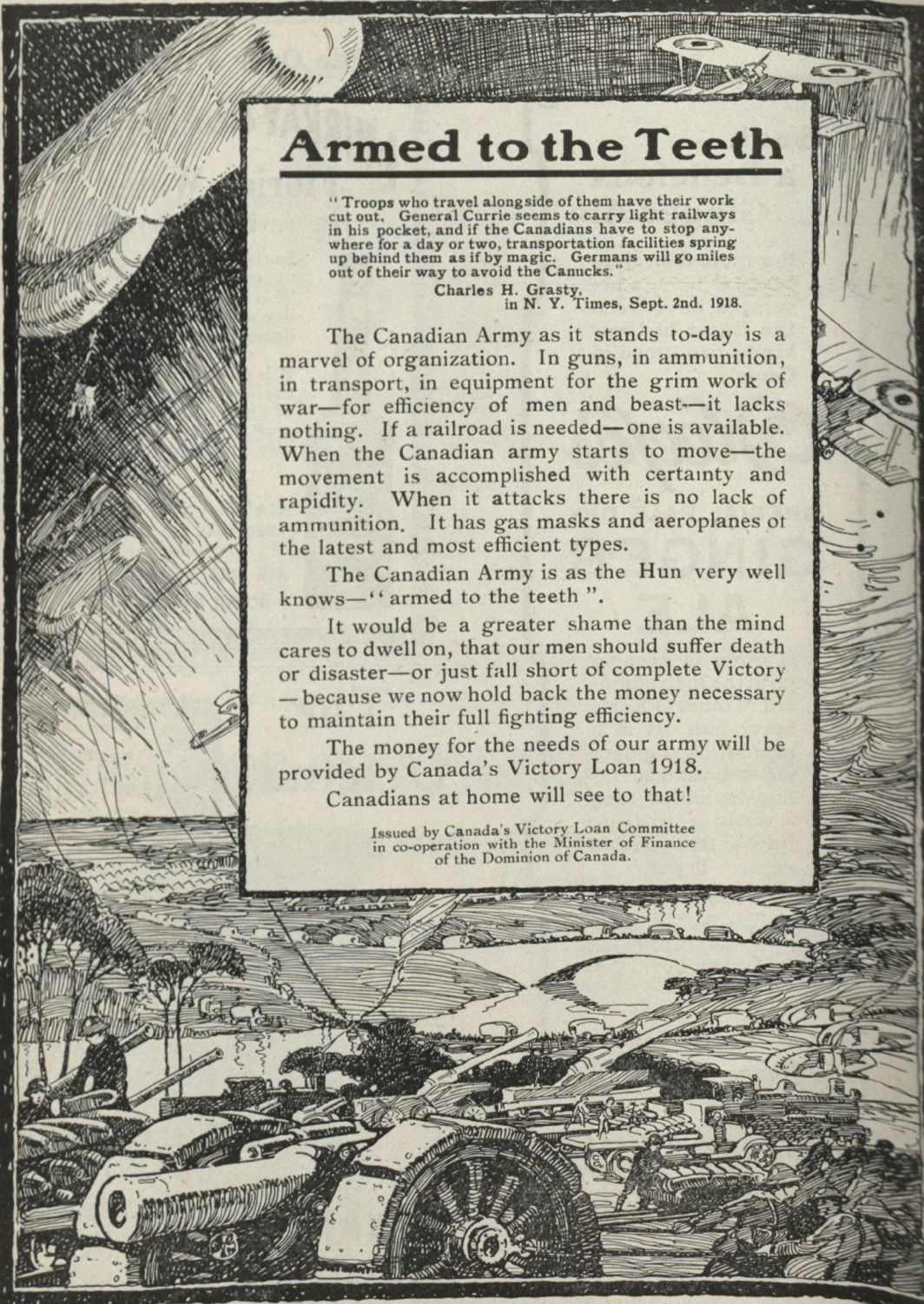
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Accept no Substitute!

The
Original
and
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Beware of
Imitations Sold
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"Troops who travel alongside of them have their work cut out. General Currie seems to carry light railways in his pocket, and if the Canadians have to stop anywhere for a day or two, transportation facilities spring up behind them as if by magic. Germans will go miles out of their way to avoid the Canucks."

Charles H. Grasty,
in N. Y. Times, Sept. 2nd. 1918.

The Canadian Army as it stands to-day is a marvel of organization. In guns, in ammunition, in transport, in equipment for the grim work of war—for efficiency of men and beast—it lacks nothing. If a railroad is needed—one is available. When the Canadian army starts to move—the movement is accomplished with certainty and rapidity. When it attacks there is no lack of ammunition. It has gas masks and aeroplanes of the latest and most efficient types.

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It would be a greater shame than the mind cares to dwell on, that our men should suffer death or disaster—or just fall short of complete Victory—because we now hold back the money necessary to maintain their full fighting efficiency.

The money for the needs of our army will be provided by Canada's Victory Loan 1918.

Canadians at home will see to that!

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
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In the independent experiments on human beings conducted by Professor Thompson, of Dublin, at the request of a Government Department, the Body-building Power of Bovril was proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

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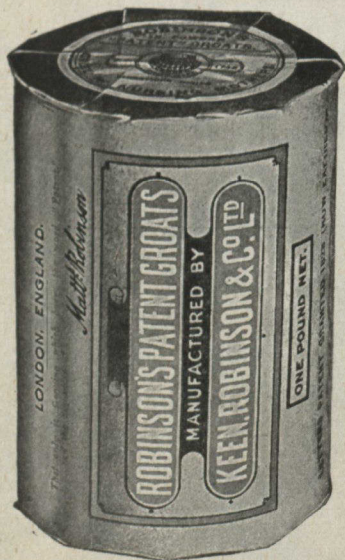
Your request will bring it by return mail.

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CHASE & SANBORN

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Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



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

If the child had been reared on

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

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

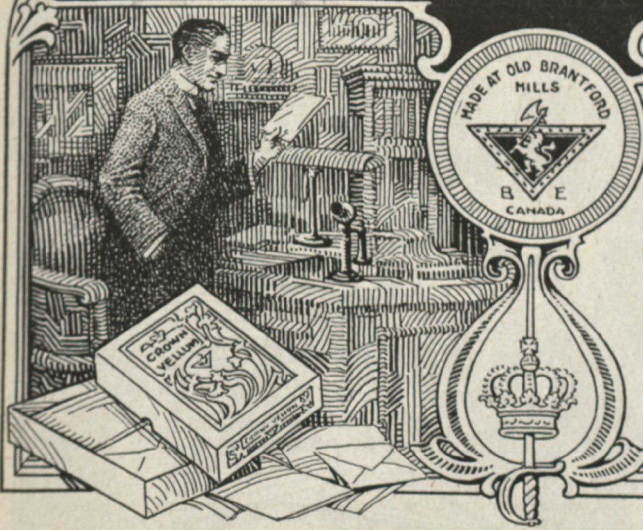
Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

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Insist on Crown Vellum.

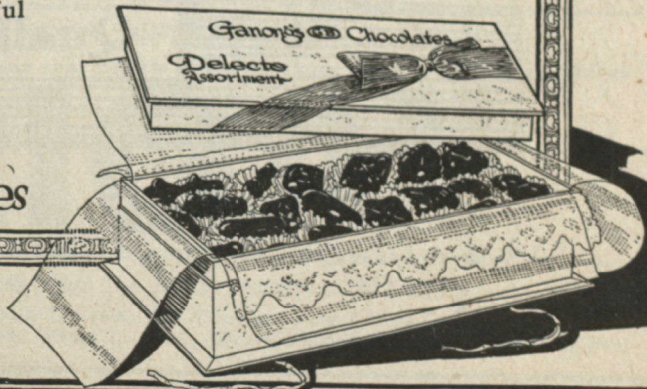
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Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the center.

An unusually delightful assortment.

Ganong's 
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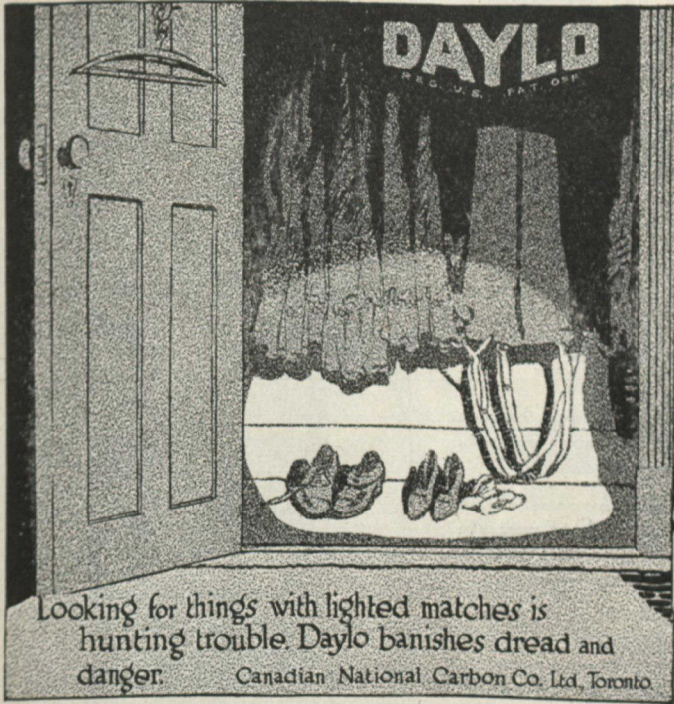
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IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL

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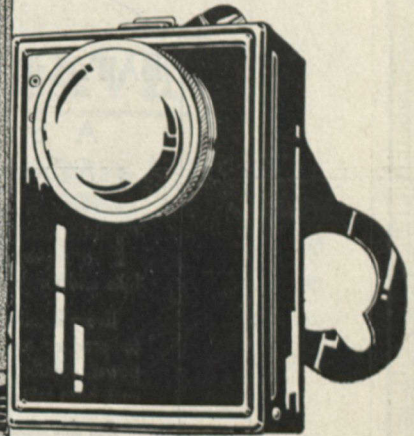
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Looking for things with lighted matches is
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The surest way to prevent it is to keep your bowels active by taking every morning a glassful of

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Purgative Water. It cleans out and keeps clean the digestive organs and wards off disease.

At All Druggists. 25 cents the Bottle (except in Far West).

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A Sturdy Model
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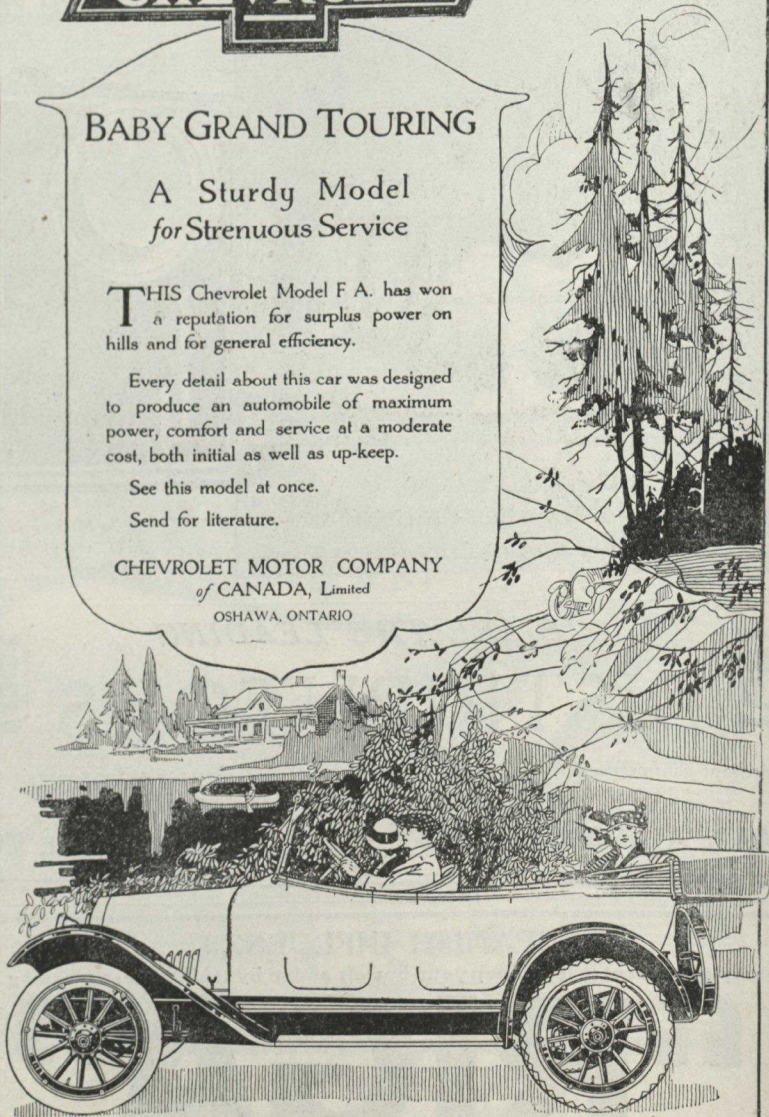
THIS Chevrolet Model F A. has won a reputation for surplus power on hills and for general efficiency.

Every detail about this car was designed to produce an automobile of maximum power, comfort and service at a moderate cost, both initial as well as up-keep.

See this model at once.

Send for literature.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
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A REAL TIRE SAVING

NO man who can afford to drive a car, is going to substitute another make of tire for Dunlop Traction Tread with the purpose of saving money. He really saves money, in the first place, by buying "Tractions," because with "The Master Tire" quality makes the friends and consistency retains them. Then what about all those punctures and that skidding—Avoided Through Using "Tractions?"

The splendid record of Dunlop "Special" anti-skid can also be rightfully emphasized. Introduced in 1915, "SPECIAL" has come right into the front ranks of tiredom.

And Dunlop "PLAIN"—the original tire of the industry—has countless supporters wherever autos are used.

Dunlop Seamless Tubes.

Dunlop Accessories

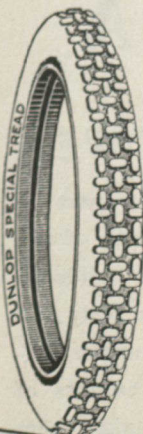
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Makers of High-Grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Bicycles, Motorcycles and Carriages; and High-Grade Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose and General Hose, Dredge Sleeves, Military Equipment, Mats, Tiling, Heels and Soles, Cements, Horse Shoe Pads and General Rubber Specialties.

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Hunt This Fall in Real Haunts of Red Deer



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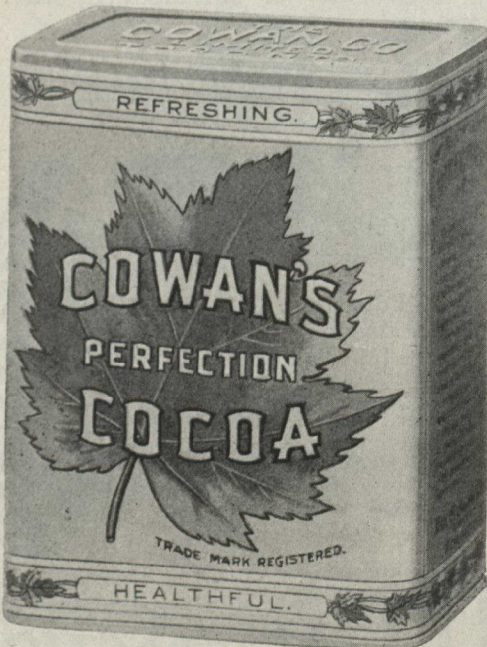


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RESERVE POWER

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THE PARK
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Home of Winter Golf. Tennis. Turkey and Quail Shooting. 700 ft. elevation. Just right climate. No snow. Pure spring water. Best of everything. Cottages. Bungalows. Orchestra. Write CREAMER & TURNER, Proprietors, for Booklet.



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Westclox

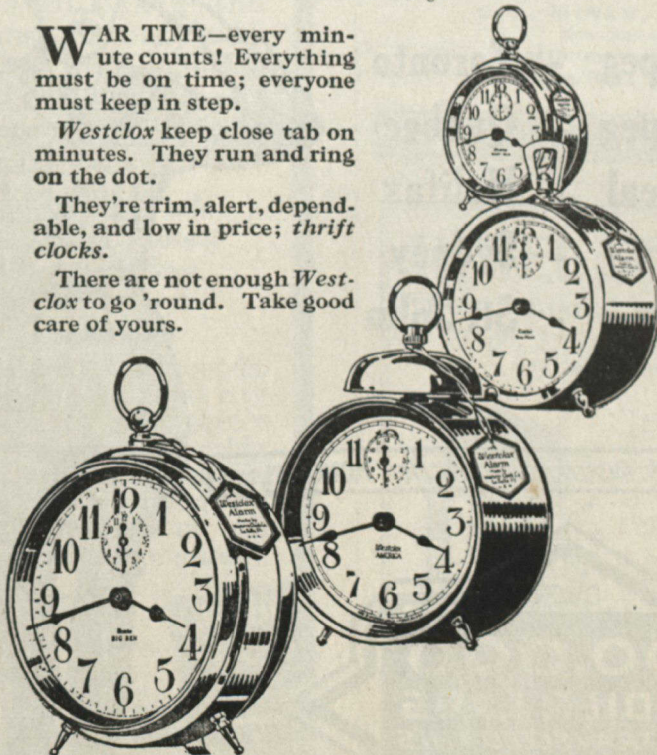
- the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks

WAR TIME—every minute counts! Everything must be on time; everyone must keep in step.

Westclox keep close tab on minutes. They run and ring on the dot.

They're trim, alert, dependable, and low in price; *thrift* clocks.

There are not enough *Westclox* to go 'round. Take good care of yours.



Western Clock Co. - makers of Westclox

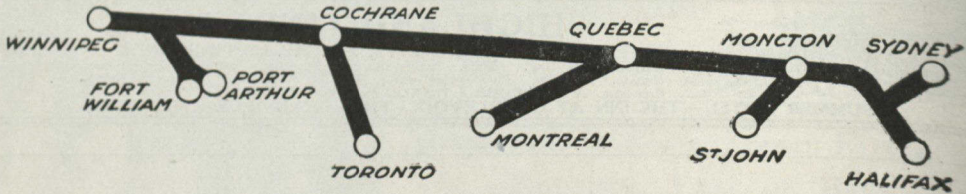
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700,000
SOLDIER LADS
HAVE TRAVELLED THIS
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Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.
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The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

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Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the ‘Rite-Hite’ Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the “hangers” or in the “Chest of Drawers” in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)



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Are YOU saving Sugar by using

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Corn starch converted into its "sugar" form, with pure cane syrup added.

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

The Canada Food Board recommends Corn Syrup (White) for preserving and cooking. Also delicious for all table purposes.

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins, at all dealers.

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Through Trains between Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto

Through Parlor Cars

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* 6.15 p.m.	+ 8.15 a.m.	Lv..MONTREAL...Ar	+11.00 p.m.
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THAT IS CHEAPER THAN THE WHEAT
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**"Pure & White
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REGAL
FREE RUNNING
Table Salt

**The Aluminum Sport
Lets the Salt run Out**



Made in Canada

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Vapo-Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

"Used while you sleep"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

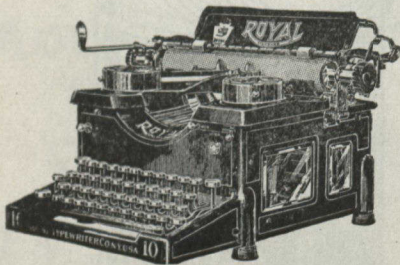
For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

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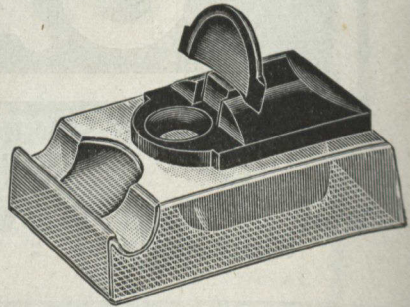
IF YOU TRY IT
YOU'LL BUY IT.

FIELD, LOVE & HOUSE

41 Richmond Street, West
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PARAGON INKSTANDS

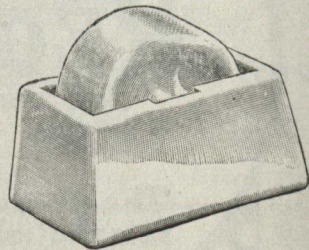
Crystal Glass Base, Rubberoid
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Lift at top, Single Reservoir

Also Double Reservoir with Pin Cup
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These are very attractive Inkstands
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Porcelain Stamp and Label Dampeners

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You, like a great number of business men, undoubtedly are confronted with one of the common problems of the day: increased office and routine work with a considerably depleted staff to handle it.

And the end of the year, when your office force will be burdened with a multitude of additional details, will probably find you in the same position.

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AS THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE PHONOGRAPH WORLD*

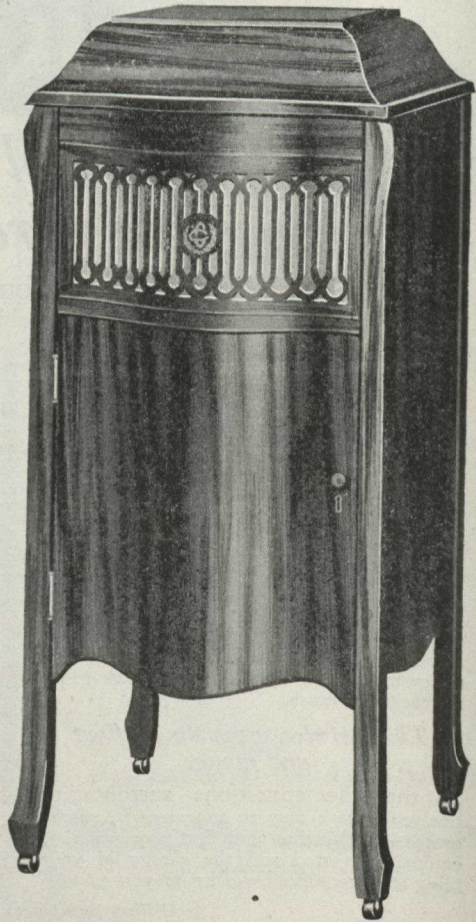
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"That's the make of silver-plate that we received when we were married, and we still have some that was mother's"

Continental Pattern

At the best stores you will be offered to-day as the leading brand of silver-plate the same make that merchants of fifty years and more ago recommended to their customers.

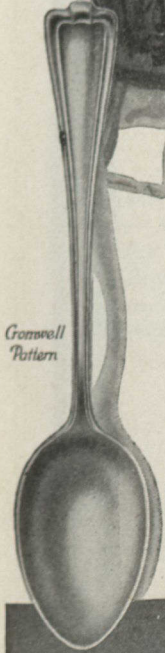
It is quite the proper thing to start housekeeping with **1847 ROGERS BROS.** "Silver Plate that Wears". Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "F-23"

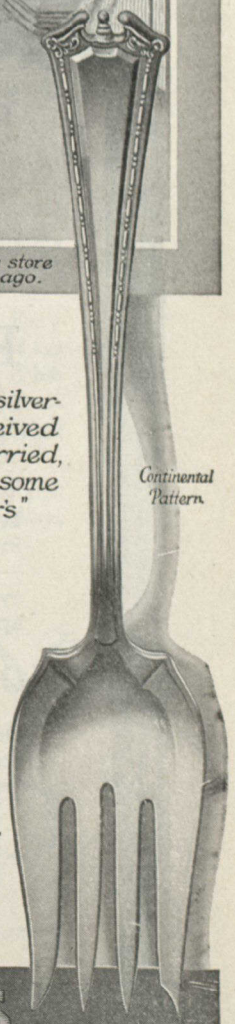
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited
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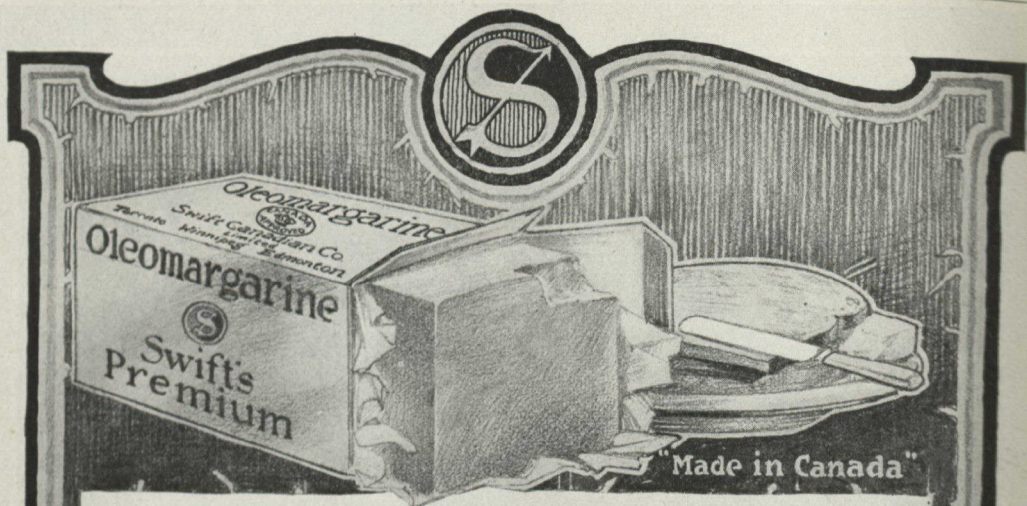
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate



Crosswell Pattern



1847 ROGERS BROS.
 "Silver Plate that Wears"



Remember how skeptical you were about trying for the first time many of the food products you now use daily? It was the *actual use* that eventually convinced you of their value. Why, then, hesitate about trying

Swift's Premium Oleomargarine

So many housewives have learned, by *actual use*, of the delicious tastiness, purity and wholesomeness of this economical spread for bread that you should have no hesitancy in using it.

It is appetizing in appearance—nutritious in value—delicious in flavor. Comes to you fresh—packed in one-pound cartons—untouched by hand—and actually saves you money on every pound you buy. It bears the seal of Government approval and you will approve it, when you

Order a Carton from Your Grocer or Butcher

Get it today and convince yourself of the quality and economy of Swift's Premium Oleomargarine.

Swift Canadian Co.

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Canada Food Board License Nos. 13: 170-171-172





To keep a lovely skin
—with soap that *rinses off*.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense coöperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses*.

It rinses off perfectly — after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

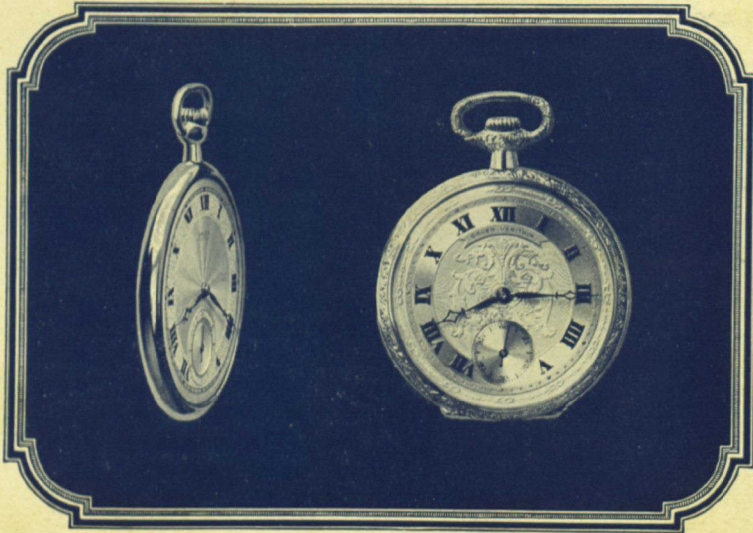
"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES
you find them caring for
their native charms in
simpler ways—the ways
that Nature herself in-
tended."

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

FAIRY SOAP

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"





The Gruen Verithin. Plain or decorated case. Solid gold, \$55 to \$250. Gold filled, \$30 to \$65.

The new Louis XIV style. Solid gold, \$80 to \$250. Gold filled (ultra quality), \$55 to \$65.

When you own a watch with the name "Gruen" on the dial, you own the finest modern example of Swiss watchmaking art—with the complete service of an American workshop behind it.

IN the quaint old Swiss city of Madre-Biel, Switzerland, watch-making is practiced today, as it has been for centuries, almost as a religion.

There the Gruen movements are made under American ownership and management, by the Gruen Watchmakers' Guild—a group of the best craftsmen whose one ideal is perfect workmanship.

The headquarters of

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch thin. The shortness of staff makes watch more durable.



this guild is in America, in a picturesque workshop at "Time Hill," Cincinnati. Here the beautiful Gruen cases are hand wrought and in them the movements adjusted and timed.

The Gruen Watch is obtainable only through one of 1200 Gruen jeweler agencies—the best in every locality—to whom the sale is confined. Duplicate repair parts may be had through these agencies at all times.

Fixed Gruen Verithins . . . \$30 to \$200	Ultrathins . . . \$225 to \$350
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Owing to war conditions, prices quoted are subject to change without notice.

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