

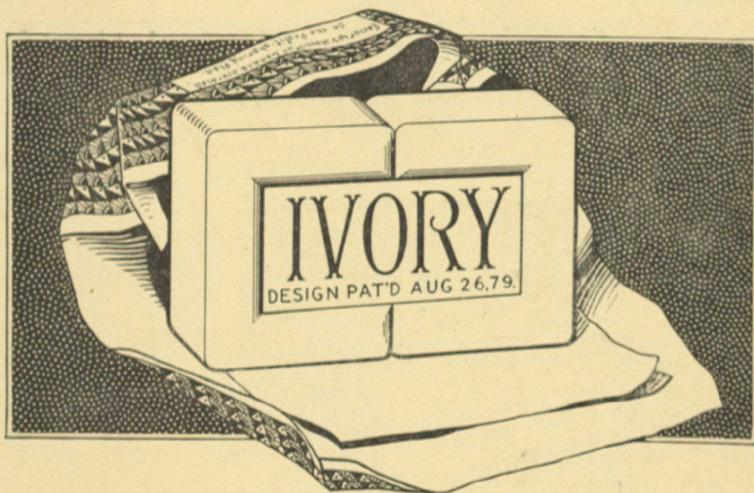
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVIII

Contents, March, 1917

No. 5

A NEW BRUNSWICK SUMMER-RESORT.

A Painting by G. Horne Russell - *Frontispiece*

THE BIGGEST YEAR IN CANADA	- - -	William Lewis Edmonds	- - -	407
CANADIAN POETRY OF THE GREAT WAR	J. D. Logan	- - - - -		412
PARIS AND LONDON IN WAR TIME	- Main Johnson	- - - - -		418
ROSY MORNING. A PAINTING	- - -	Henri Lerolle	- - - - -	423
LITTLE METIS AND THEREABOUTS	- -	Frank Yeigh	- - - - -	425
ILLUSTRATED				
THAT WIRE. FICTION	- - - - -	F. T. W. Ceats	- - - - -	435
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FERGUS KYLE				
THE WOOD PEWEE. VERSE	- - -	Charles Barltrop	- - - - -	440
SAWING. A PAINTING	- - - - -	Homer Watson	- - - - -	441
SPRING THE ELUSIVE. A SKETCH	-	A. B. Brown	- - - - -	443
THE ARMY OF TO-DAY	- - - - -	Patrick MacGill	- - - - -	448
THE GREAT EXCEPTION. FICTION	-	Phyllis Bottome	- - - - -	451
THE TRIUMPH OF THE ZEPPELIN. A DRAWING	- - - - -	Louis Raemaekers	- - - - -	459
WITH CANADIANS FROM THE FRONT VII.—THE NON-COMBATANTS	-	Lacey Amy	- - - - -	461
THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE CHAPTER IX	-	F. McKelvey Bell	- - - - -	467
PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN III.—MRS. TRAILL AND MRS. MOODIE	- - -	Emily P. Weaver	- - - - -	473
JUSTIFICATION. A DRAWING	- - -	Louis Raemaekers	- - - - -	477
THE CHEMIST'S TASK	- - - - -	Francis Mills Turner, Jun.	-	479
HENRI DESROSIERS	- - - - -	- - - - -	- - - - -	485
THE CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH PORTRAIT OF STEWART LYON	Newton MacTavish	- - - - -		486
THE LIBRARY TABLE	- - - - -	Book Reviews	- - - - -	490

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF KHAKE—By J. D. Logan.

Here is a new subject by one who during the past few months has been discussing literature. Just now the man of khaki should be more interesting than the man of letters, and no one is better able to discuss the subject learnedly and interestingly than Dr. Logan, who is actually in khaki himself, and in England to fight for King and country.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NAVY—By Taffrail.

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THE FIRST MILLER ON THE HUMBER—By Herbert Macdonald.

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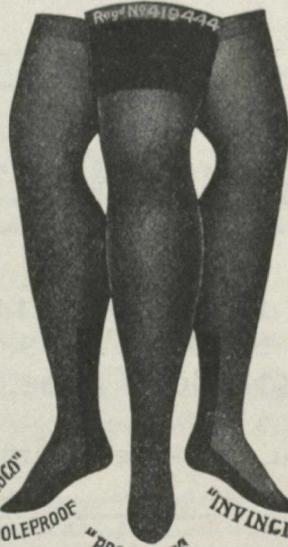
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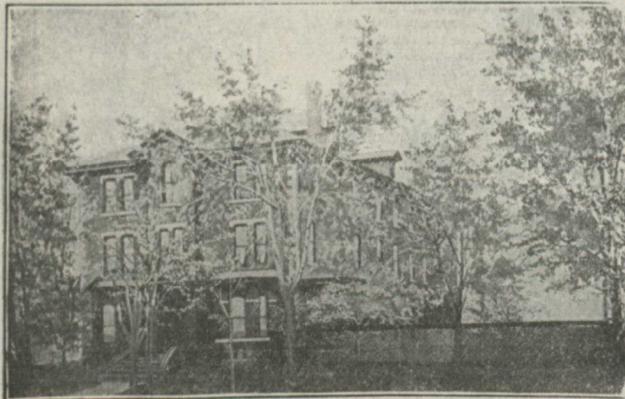
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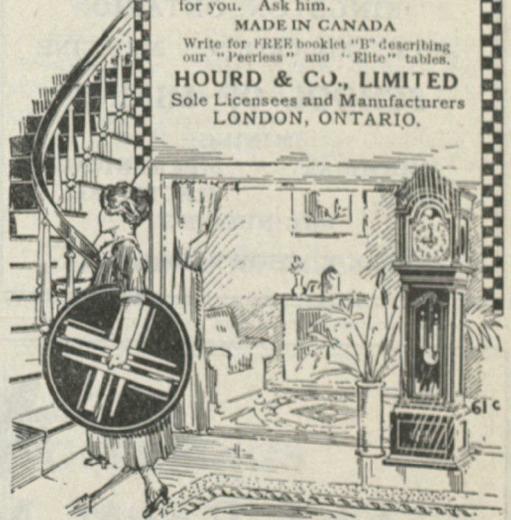
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Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,

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Department of the Naval Service,
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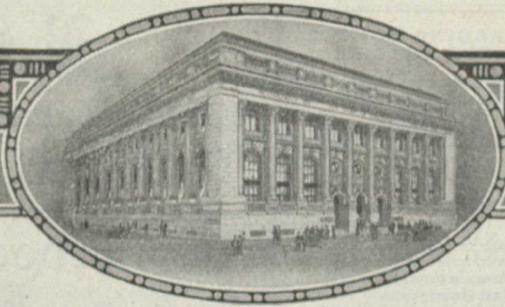
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A 75% greater gain than in any previous year.

Lapse Ratio and Expense Ratio reduced in both Departments.

Profit Distributions for 1917, 45% in excess of Estimates.

SYNOPSIS OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Receipts.	Disbursements.
Premiums, Industrial and Ordinary	Paid Policyholders or Heirs..\$
Interest on Investments	All Other Disbursements
	Balance to Investment Account
\$1,571,636.21	507,583.54
402,144.17	592,580.01
	873,616.83
\$1,973,780.38	\$1,973,780.38

BALANCE SHEET.

Assets.	Liabilities.
Mortgages, Debentures and Stocks	Reserve on Policies in Force..\$
Loans on Policies and Other Invested Assets	Accumulating and Accruing Profits
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums, Net	Investment Reserve and Other Liabilities
Interest Due and Accrued ...	Surplus on Policyholders' Account
\$5,990,071.83	\$6,294,974.00
616,133.46	164,680.00
188,409.62	214,705.14
181,148.81	301,404.58
\$6,975,763.72	\$6,975,763.72

THE ANNUAL REPORT EMBRACES THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS:

- Business.** The gain in amount of New Business was 18%—the gain in Business in Force 20% of the amount at the end of the previous year—an unprecedented record for an Industrial-Ordinary Company.
- Income.** The gain in Income—over \$300,000—was 50% greater than the best previous gain ever made.
- Expense Rate.** In both the Industrial and Ordinary Branches of the business the expense rate shows a reduction from that of 1915, which, in turn, showed a very favorable rate as compared with previous years.
- Assets and Liabilities.** The Assets have again been valued in a most conservative manner, the Bonds, Debentures and Stocks being carried at a figure considerably below the current market value. The Liabilities are provided for on a basis much more stringent than that called for by the Dominion Insurance Act, and include full reserve for all profits earned on participating policies to date of statement.
- Profit Distributions.** The increased profit scale, which took effect in 1916, has been fully maintained. The profit distributions during 1917, under present premium rates, will be, on the average, 45% in excess of the original estimates.
- Mortality Rate.** The Mortality Rate continued very favorable in both Branches. In the Ordinary Branch the claims from usual causes were only 36.2% of expected. The War Claims were 28%, making a total of 64.2% of the expected.
- Surplus.** Notwithstanding total War Claims, amounting for the year to over \$100,000, the surplus, on the Government Standard, has increased to \$834,642.58. After setting aside the amount required to bring the Reserves to the Company's standard and providing for other special funds, the net surplus on Policyholders' Account is \$301,404.58.



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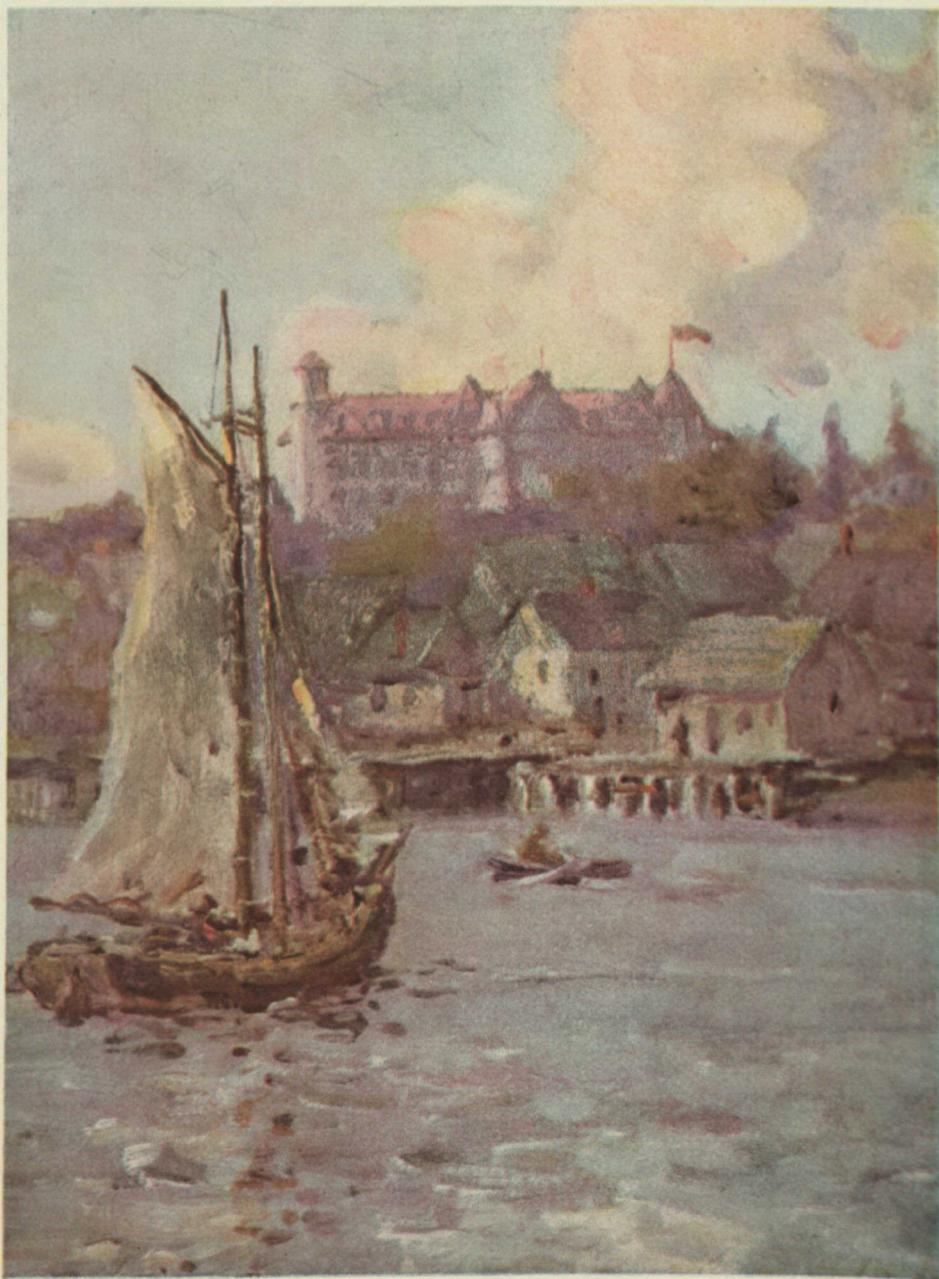
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE BIGGEST YEAR IN CANADA

By William Lewis Edmonds

SHOWING THAT CANADA IS NO LONGER A DEBTOR NATION



HAT 1916 was a year unique in the history of the trade and commerce of Canada there can be no doubt. When the year opened the outlook, thanks to the big crop of 1915 and to the munition orders, was of a most favourable nature. But it is doubtful if there was anyone endowed with sufficient foresight to enable him to see the extent to which the trade and commerce of the country would really develop. At any rate, whether anyone anticipated it or not, 1916 was undoubtedly the most prosperous year in the history of the Dominion.

In a country like Canada much of its prosperity naturally depends upon the character of its crops. For the year 1916, owing to unfavourable

climatic conditions, the yield of grain to the acre was decidedly poor. The yield of fodder and root crops, on the other hand, was good. The hay crop was the largest on record.

The total value of the grain crops of the Dominion, according to a statement issued the other day by the Census Bureau, was \$558,172,400, compared with \$611,789,900 in 1915. The value of the root and fodder crops, on the other hand, increased from \$229,508,000 to \$249,882,000. The total value of all the field crops was \$808,054,000. While this is below the figures of 1915 by \$33,243,000, it is the second largest in the history of the Dominion. In fact the grain crop, small and all as it was compared with the yield of 1915, exceeded by some six million dollars the total value of all the field crops of

three years ago. Although the yield of wheat to the acre was but 17.11 bushels, compared with 28.98 in 1915, it was even higher than the yield in the United States in the big crop year, 1915, when the average was seventeen bushels. In 1916 the average yield of wheat in the United States was but 12.1 bushels, a difference of 5.10 bushels in favour of Canada. This means that, with the price of wheat at what it is to-day, the Canadian farmer obtains approximately five hundred dollars more from every hundred acres than his fellow farmer in the neighbouring Republic.

From field crops, live stock sold and dairy products the farmers of Canada must last year have received a revenue of approximately \$1,200,000,000.

Nineteen sixteen was the third good revenue-producing year in succession which the farmers of Canada have experienced. The result is that to-day they are, generally speaking, in a more prosperous condition than ever before. This is in turn reflected in the unusual promptness with which they are liquidating their liabilities. Recent annual reports of the mortgage companies inform us that not only are the farmers of the country paying unusually large sums of money on account of principal, but that the demand in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta for farm loans has fallen off considerably during the past year or two.

While there has been more activity in some lines of industry than in others manufacturers generally have been well employed during the year. On account of orders for munitions the greatest activity has naturally been in the steel mills and in the metal-working plants. In the making of munitions alone more than 600 factories are steadily employed, and their number is increasing from time to time. This work is giving employment to more than three hundred thousand men, while the value of the daily output is estimated at a million

dollars. During the current year the output will in all probability increase by about twenty-five per cent., as several large plants will shortly be in operation.

Owing both to the demand for the supply of the troops and the difficulty of importing as before the war, textile manufacturers of all kinds were busily employed during the whole year. In fact, as a rule, the demand was greater than they could supply. The same remarks apply to the manufacturers of clothing and boots and shoes.

Scarcely any industry has developed more during the past year than that of pulp and paper making. Canada has for some years been prominent in this respect, but, through the new plants, which have already begun operations or that will shortly do so, her prominence will be greatly enhanced before the close of 1917. It is estimated that when expansions now under way are completed the surplus of paper available for export will be approximately three times as large as it is at present. During the twelve months ending October the paper exported had a total value of \$22,754,000, which was a gain of more than thirty per cent. compared with the corresponding twelve months of 1915.

One of the most gratifying developments during the year in the Dominion is that in regard to the construction of steel steamships. Since the exit of the wooden shipbuilding industry the construction of vessels for ocean traffic had become a thing of the past in Canada. But during the past year not only has there been a renewal of wooden shipbuilding for the export lumber trade, but steel ships are to-day being constructed in yards in Canada for ocean traffic. Orders have already been booked for about a score of steel-made steamers, most of which are freighters for the ocean trade. At Atlantic, Pacific and inland lake and river points there are half a dozen firms engaged in the enterprise, and an additional one will,

it is expected, be shortly under way at a Georgian Bay port. The development of shipbuilding will in turn naturally mean much to the steel industry of the Dominion.

That the value of the factory output of Canada during 1917 will be the largest on record there can be no doubt. The special post census taken in 1915 by the Government, the result of which was recently made public, shows that the value of the output of the 21,291 firms which reported was \$1,392,516,000, compared with \$1,165,975,639 when the regular census of 1910 was taken. As 1915 was by no means an active year in the manufacturing industry, we are quite justified in saying that the output of to-day is on a much larger scale. A twenty-five per cent. increase, which would appear to be a moderate estimate, would make the present value of the factory output of Canada approximately one and three quarter billion of dollars.

That 1916 was an eventful year in the mining industry of the country there can be no doubt. While the figures for the calendar year have not yet been issued authorities are of the opinion that the value of the output will far exceed anything in the history of the Dominion. One of the officials of the Mines Department at Ottawa estimates the total value at \$175,000,000. If the official figures establish this estimate it means an increase of about \$36,500,000 over 1915 and of nearly \$33,000,000 above the previous record. Judging from the figures published for the early part of the year we may expect a particularly marked increase in the production of such important minerals as gold, silver, lead, nickel, copper and zinc. It is already known that the output of asbestos, of which Canada supplies eighty per cent. of the world's total, is the largest on record, being valued at \$4,750,000, or about \$1,200,000 in excess of 1915. The total output of coal is slightly larger than in the previous year in spite of

a decline in production in Nova Scotia owing to a scarcity of labour.

But possibly the most interesting feature in connection with the mining industry of the Dominion is the fact that during the year the refining of copper and zinc has been undertaken, thanks to the patronage of the Government, on a scale that augurs well for its success. Hitherto all these ores had to be shipped to the United States for refining. The development of this industry is directly due to the demand for copper and zinc for the manufacture of munitions.

A new record was established also in the value of the fish caught and marketed in the Dominion during the fiscal year 1916. The total value was \$35,860,000, an increase of \$4,500,000 over the previous year. Of this total \$31,241,000 was contributed by the deep sea fisheries.

Owing to the fact that fish has been accepted as part diet for the British and Canadian troops on active service a material increase in the export trade is naturally expected. During the twelve months ending December fish to the value of \$24,349,000 was exported, compared with \$21,673,000 in 1915.

In spite of the decline in the home demand for lumber for building purposes, trade was on the whole active. This was due in the first place to the activity in the demand for lumber for munition boxes, which has reduced stocks of the kind suitable for that purpose to a very low point. The other contributing factor to the activity was the demand on export account, and particularly to the United States. The total value of all forest products exported during the calendar year was \$55,224,000, compared with \$49,779,000 in 1915 and \$41,871,000 in 1914.

Owing to the scarcity and high cost of labour and the dearth of supplies, lumbering operations in the woods are being carried out on a reduced scale this winter, in consequence of which a decrease of about

twenty-five per cent. in the cut of logs is anticipated.

Although lumber is higher in price than it was a year ago, the advance has not been nearly as great as in many other lines of merchandise. It may be safely predicted, in view of the present comparatively low conditions of stocks, that prices will be higher rather than lower, especially as an improvement is taking place in the building industry.

Naturally among barometers of trade none are more reliable than the figures dealing with railway earnings and bank clearings, the one indicating the extent of the merchandise that is being transported and the other indicating the transactions that are passing through the banks.

Owing to the trade depression railway earnings declined considerably during 1914 and 1915. Since then, however, there has been a steady improvement. Thanks to the improvement which began in the autumn of 1915, the aggregate earnings of the three transcontinental lines showed a total increase of \$48,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, thus practically restoring them to the record mark of 1913. In spite of the fact that the quantity of grain to be moved is smaller than it was a year ago, earnings are still on the increase, due in part, no doubt, to the transportation of munitions and material for the manufacture of the same. The congested state of traffic, and the fact that the railways have periodically to refuse to accept goods for shipment, indicates the extent to which the business activity of the country is testing the carrying capacity of our transportation system. And the trouble is that the railways are unable to get anything like an adequate supply of new equipment from manufacturers in either Canada or the United States. In 1914 they could have bought, but then, in view of the trade depression obtaining, they were not warranted in doing so. Now they want to buy, but cannot get delivery, the steel,

locomotive and car companies being too busily employed on munition work to give the usual attention to their regular lines.

In bank clearings 1916 was a record year. The total for the year reached the enormous sum of \$10,315,853,900, exceeding by \$2,760,407,000 the figures for 1915 and by \$1,255,533,000 the previous record established in 1913. If the present rate of increase be maintained, and there is every reason to believe that it will be, 1917 promises to establish another high record.

Among the many remarkable developments which have taken place in Canada within the past year none are more so than the increase which has characterized the export trade. When the calendar year 1915 closed with an increase of \$225,172,000 we naturally congratulated ourselves. But when the figures for the calendar year 1916 were issued, and we discovered that the value of the merchandise exported during that period had reached the enormous total of \$1,112,445,000, an increase of \$458,956,000 over the preceding year, we had double reason for congratulating ourselves, particularly when the fact was realized that the amount of the increase was greater by about thirty million dollars than the value of the total exports two years ago. The total value of the exports in 1914 was \$428,315,000. And what is more remarkable still, our exports of manufactured goods, amounting in value to \$440,477,000, exceeded by twelve millions of dollars the merchandise of all kinds exported two years ago. Still, another matter for congratulation was to be found in the fact that an analysis of the returns for 1916 showed that the value of the merchandise exported in 1916 was in excess of the imports and exports, even including bullion, of 1914 to the amount of \$50,326,000.

As a result of this extraordinary expansion in the exports, the trade balance on the year's external trade

reached the unprecedented sum of \$345,718,000, and that in spite of the fact that there was a large increase in the imports of merchandise, the value of the latter being \$766,726,891, compared with \$450,547,000 in 1915.

When we realize that Canada's total interest charges on money borrowed abroad is now between \$175,000,000 and \$180,000,000 we get some conception of the importance of this substantial favourable trade balance. It adds greatly to her financial stability.

Surprising as has been the industrial and commercial development of Canada during the past year, her financial development has been even more so.

When the war broke out Canada was accounted a debtor and not a creditor nation. And with good reason, for in order that she might develop her resources and meet her interest charges on her foreign indebtedness she was borrowing abroad to the extent of about three hundred million dollars annually. As, in addition to this, there was annually a large adverse trade balance, she could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered any other than a debtor nation. But nations, like individuals, do not always appreciate that which they are capable of accomplishing until the test is applied and they have the resolution to respond.

The test came to Canada when the demand for munitions became urgent. Canada had received an initial order for two hundred thousand shells. But when this order was about completed the outlook for further orders, owing to the drop in exchange and the apparent inability of Canada to provide a line of credit to a substantial amount, was not by any means bright. Manufacturers who wanted further orders endeavoured to get one or more of the leading banks to finance the enterprise. But the only promise the

manufacturers could get was that if they would take securities in payment for munitions they (the banks) would advance money upon them. Not considering this feasible, the manufacturers rejected it.

But in the meantime the balance of trade began to take a turn more favourable than was at one time deemed possible. This enabled the Minister of Finance, who had all along been closely studying the situation, to try the hitherto unheard of experiment of floating a domestic loan. As the banks had promised to subscribe liberally, he asked for fifty million dollars. To the surprise of almost everyone, the amount subscribed was more than double that sought. Of the amount subscribed one hundred millions was accepted, one half of which was set aside for the purpose of establishing a line of credit in the interest of the Imperial Government. Later on, in co-operation with the banks, a further line of credit was established. Thus Canada awoke to the fact that she had been suddenly transformed from a debtor to a creditor nation. Last September the Minister of Finance sought a further domestic loan, the sum aimed at being a hundred million dollars. Again the amount subscribed exceeded by one hundred per cent. the sum asked for. Besides the two hundred millions which have been raised by domestic loans the banks and the Finance Department between them have established credit in the interest of the Imperial Government to the amount of \$250,000,000.

Still another remarkable thing in regard to the financial situation in Canada is that, in spite of the extensive nature of the domestic loans, the deposits of the public with the chartered banks have continued to increase at an enormous rate, the total at the end of the year being \$1,466,075,000, an increase of nearly \$177,000,000 in the twelve months.

CANADIAN POETRY OF THE GREAT WAR

By J. D. Logan

AUTHOR OF "INSULTERS OF DEATH AND OTHER POEMS OF
THE GREAT DEPARTURE," ETC.

BRITISH, American, Belgian, and French literary critics and historians have published estimates of the poetry occasioned by the current war and written by the professional poets and the soldier-poets of the United Kingdom, Belgium, and France. It is time that some Canadian literary critic or historian should write a sincere, straightforward appraisal of the contemporary war-poetry composed by the professional poets and the soldier-poets of the Dominion.* In the Preface of my recently published "Insulters of Death and Other Poems of the Great Departure: A Book of Solace", I hinted at the material waiting for a literary review of the war poetry by contemporary Canadian poets and poetesses, and at the method to be employed in such a review. The following essay is an attempt at a critical, but popular, estimate of the poetry which has been written by Canadian

poets and poetesses on themes suggested by the current war.

Now, in passing, I shall not repeat for true the hackneyed dicta of certain critics—W. D. Howells, Richard Le Gallienne, Brander Matthews, E. B. Osborn, for instance—that war silences the muse of poetry, that the poetry occasioned by war has never been of commanding originality or importance, and that very infrequently have the great poets been inspired by war or that the number of even good war poems by the great poets is strikingly few. So far all this is an historical fact. But not any or all of it is a *necessary* fact. It is possible, genuinely, not barely, possible, as my lost teacher, the late Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard used to observe—it is possible that the mighty spiritual or emotional upheaval caused by a war should result, as seemingly it is resulting in Belgium and France, in fine and noble poetry which, despite its immediate sanguinary or

* Since composing this article Dr. Logan writes from camp in England: "When I wrote the article, Service's new book of versified brutalities, or poetical garbage, had not appeared; nor had Canon Scott's 'In the Battlefield Silences', though I mention him and quote some of his fugitive war verse in the article."

tragic inspiration, is authentic literature. Long ago, in an essay on "Permanency in Art and Literature" (*The Philosophical Review*), I pointed out that the permanency of the appeal of a poem—as it were, its "longevity"—was a subjective, not an objective, quality, and had nothing to do with a poem's being authentic literature. As long as Right clings to the hands of Peace, and as long as Love kisses the lips of Death, so long will there be poetry about Right and Peace, Love and Death; for the ideals, sentiments and emotions of which these in real existence are the outward envisagement, are amongst the most enduring in human nature. Now, these are the perennial themes of much of the finest, of the authentic, poetry of the world. War does but poignantly bring into consciousness the reality, the everlasting spiritual preciousness, of these ideals, sentiments and emotions.

It is plain, then, that I disagree with those critics who conclude that because, in the past, war has inspired very few of the great poets, and has not been, or seldom been, a true cause of authentic poetry, it necessarily silences the muse of poetry, or, at any rate, cannot be the cause of poetry which will have commanding importance or greatness. They commit the fallacy of *non sequitur*. Their powers of observation are acute and exact; but their gifts in logical thinking are mediocre. They have observed truly these three facts: first, poetry requires leisure and freedom from social cataclysms, or the peace and prosperity, which war destroys; secondly, the material of poetry is emotion and passion re-felt and expressed in revery and retrospect, not emotion and passion at white-heat, uncontrolled, and dethroning intellect and reason; but the emotion and passion caused by war are at white-heat; thirdly, modern warfare is too much a matter of bestial butchery and diabolical slaughter by machinery to

have the show of the heroic battling, the generous magnanimity of foe to foe that, in ancient times, in the times of the Crusaders and the Armada, and in the day of Nelson and Wellington, made war really glorious and spiritually sublimating. There is not material in modern warfare for heroic or great poetry—unless, paradoxically, it be the total absence from it of thoughts or emotions caused by war.

This will never do. The heroic death of young lives—the beauty and nobility of the sacrifice, the tragedy of their death—on the battlefields of Europe, the love of right, peace, liberty, humanity that inspired the sacrifice, the loyalty, the courage, the free gift of life, of all, when life was most dear to the young in their manhood's first estate—are not all these the very stuff of which great poetry is made? What the critics have been attempting to signalize is that the glorification of war as war, even by re-imagining in it the spirit of the supreme dead heroes from Achilles and Hector to Cachullam and Ferdinand, and from the great Crusaders and warriors of mediæval Europe to Napoleon and Wellington, is no longer possible in the poetry of to-day when, as the critics truly observe, war itself is bestial butchery and diabolical mechanical slaughter of the innocent on the field of battle, and the slow, soul-rendering death of the still more innocent, uncontending, fathers and mothers in a million homes.

Let this be granted. Still it must be submitted that all the heroic virtues which shine resplendently and unforgettably in war, as well as the holy beauty of love and the sublimity of sacrificial death, remain as material for fine and noble poetry, to be wrought into enduring idylls or new *Iliads* of the chastened and enlightened spirit of humanity.

That the current war has initiated a spiritual and poetic renaissance, I have no doubt. I observe it in the contemporary poetry of Belgium and

of France. I sense it coming, rather than observe it as real and potent, in the poetry of England, and in that of the Overseas Dominions, Australia and Canada. Whether there is a genuine renaissance on the way in Canadian poetry I cannot say; but that there is a genuine spiritual renaissance in the minds and hearts of Canadian poets, is unmistakable. At any rate there is a significant change of attitude to war as material for poetry. Following the second year of the current war, no longer appear in contemporary Canadian poetry the ruthless call to bloodshed, hate of enemies, and glorification of the genius of war, but rather positive, constructive sentiments of love of man, forgiveness of enemies, and even for the arch-enemy, Germany, sorrow and pity and prayer that her people who gave much to the priceless spiritual possessions of the world may be rescued from their blind leaders and regenerated to begin again ennobling contributions to the civilization and joy of mankind. With this spiritual renaissance in Canadian poetry I shall not deal, but confine myself to a summary review of Canadian war-poetry written in the first two years of the great conflict.

At the outset I observe that Canadian poetry inspired by the current war, whether it be literature or not, cannot be accused of being "twinkling trivialities". The best of it is all good poetry—originally conceived, winningly suffused with beauty of sentiment, imagery, and verbal music, and technically well wrought. It has, however, one serious defect, due to the fact that it was written almost wholly by poets and poetesses at home and not by soldiers in the trenches. It contains nothing of what Mr. E. S. Osborn of the *London Morning Post* believes is most desiderated, namely, "true war poems", as he calls them, the spontaneous work of real, fighting soldiers, delightful, if technically imperfect or

crude, "song-pictures of the campaigns and of the soldiers' life": That, however, is a defect which may be remedied after the war is over.

In the meantime I remark that, as I observed some years ago ("The Martial Verse of Canadian Poetesses", *The Canadian Magazine*, April, 1913), the distinction of having written inspirational and commemorative war-poetry of such superior quality as to win the commendation, and even admiration, of British and of American critics and poets, belongs now, as in the past, not to Canadian poets, but to Canadian poetesses. It was so in the first civil war; it was so in the second civil war or Riel Rebellions; it was so in the South African war; and literary history in Canada to-day is repeating this singular and unique phenomenon.

First and foremost on Canada's contemporary role of martial poetic honour is Katherine Hale (Mrs. J. W. Garvin). Authoritative English and American critics—Mr. Twist of London and Miss Whiting of Boston, for instance—have given Katherine Hale's "Grey Knitting and Other Poems" (Toronto, 1914) high praise. The little book contains, in addition to the highly original title poem ("Grey Knitting"), several winning or piquant and tender lyrics, as "When You Return" and "In The Trenches," and a noble sonnet, "The First Christmas". But there is a special beauty of sincerity, simplicity and tenderness in "In the Trenches, Christmas, 1914," which I quote to show how the heart and the imagination may refine a simple fact of love and war into pure poetry:

War gods have descended:
The world burns up in fine!
Warm your hands at the trench's fire,
Dear lad o' mine,
Bullets cease this Christmas night,
Only songs are heard,
If you feel a phantom step,
'Twas my heart that stirred.
If you see a dreamy light,
'Tis the Christ-Child's eyes;

I believe He watches us,
 Wonderful and wise.
 Let us keep our Christmas night
 In the camp-light shine;
 Warm your hands at the trench's fire—
 They still hold mine.

But engaging and delectable as Katherine Hale's poetry is in "Grey Knitting," the poems in that booklet are surpassed in conception and craftsmanship by her long poem, "The White Comrade" (Toronto, 1916). It is a poem of some 500 lines in blank verse, treating beautifully a difficult mystical theme. "It contains," says one critic, "some very vivid descriptive passages. Along with its central theme, it covers with sufficient poetical fullness several phases of the Great War. . . Her treatment is singularly original and the poem is perhaps the strongest piece of poetic work Katherine Hale has yet done". In my own view, "The White Comrade" is the finest and noblest long poem so far written by any contemporary English-speaking poet or poetess on a theme inspired by the current war.

Between the publication of Katherine Hale's "Grey Knitting" and "The White Comrade" appeared Dr. Thomas O'Hagan's "Songs of Heroic Days" (Toronto, 1916) and the present writer's "Insulters of Death and Other Poems of The Great Departure: A Book of Solace" (Halifax, N. S., 1916). Two collections of poems also were published—"A Band of Purple" (Toronto, 1915), a compilation by Mrs. Lillie Brooks, in which the only fine poems are two, one by Duncan Campbell Scott and the other, Lieutenant A. S. Bourinot's noble sonnet to the memory of Rupert Brooke, and "Hearts of Gold" (Toronto, 1915), being reprints of Prize Poems, originally published in *The Globe*, Toronto, on persons and incidents notable in Canadian history. "Hearts of Gold" was compiled and edited by the Canadian Poetess Mrs. Jean Blewett, but the poems have no

connection in themes with the current war. Dr. O'Hagan's "Songs of Heroic Days" is a popular volume, in which, for the most part, the poet recrudesces in good newspaper verse, the traditional war spirit of bloodshed, retaliation and revenge. The poems, however, are made engaging by a ready humour and an Irish *Jeu d'esprit* in the thought of "squaring things" with an enemy guilty of "d'irty thricks" in war. The present writer's "Insulters of Death" is essentially a Book of Solace for those who have been robbed of their beloved by the war. Death is the theme of all the poems: and they were inspired by thoughts of the beauty of heroic death and the immortality of the heroic dead. More important than the poems in the volume, is, in the author's view, the Prose Preachment, "The Fatal Paradox and Sin of Sorrow For The Dead". Frankly, however, I do feel that the refrain line, "Hearts of the Mapleland—Insulters of Death" in the title poem, would make a good "catch-line" for a new lilting but dignified patriotic song-lyric for musical setting—if a competent song-lyrist could be found to write the poem. There is too much of the *siccum lumen*—"the dry light"—of the intellect in my own imagination for me to write a successful song-lyric. Yet Canada needs a new dignified patriotic song; and it struck me that the refrain, "Hearts of the Mapleland—Insulters of Death" had the rhythmic lilt of "Hearts of Oak", which my line suggests but which was not suggested by the English song.

It remains to disclose the quality of the fine, the spirited, and the impressive single war poems which have been written by contemporary Canadian poets, and which are worthy to stand beside the best verse of English and American poets who have been inspired by the current war. The most noted of such poems by a Canadian is Dr. J. B. Dollard's still oft-quoted sonnet to the memory of Rupert Brooke—a sonnet in which,

as the English and American critics observed, Dr. Dollard made beautiful use of the cause (sunstroke, but now known to have been blood-poisoning) of Brooke's death, and the place of his burial (announced as Lemnos, but really Syeros in the Aegean). I quote:

Slain by the arrows of Apollo, lo!
 The well-beloved of the Muses lies
 On Lemnos' Isle 'neath blue and classic
 skies,
 And hears th' Aegean waters ebb and flow!
 How strange his beauteous soul should
 choose to go
 Out from his body in this hallowed
 place,
 Where Poetry, and Art's undying grace
 Still breathe, and Pipes of Pan still mur-
 mur low!
 Here shall he rest untroubled, knowing
 well
 That faithful hearts shall hold his mem-
 ory dear,
 Moved to affection weak words cannot tell
 By his short, splendid life that knew no
 fear;
 Beloved of the gods, the gods have ta'en
 Their Ganymede, by bright Apollo slain!

Almost as celebrated as Dr. Dollard's sonnet to Brooke is Lieutenant Arthur Bourinot's sonnet to the dead poet-soldier. I prefer here, however, to give another sample of Lieutenant Bourinot's war-poetry—a most winsome, tender lyric, simple, sincere and convincing. I take it from his "Laurentian Lyrics" (Toronto, 1915). It is entitled "Immortality":

They are not dead, the soldier and the
 sailor,
 Fallen for Freedom's sake;
 They merely sleep with faces that are
 paler
 Until they wake.
 They will not weep, the mothers, in the
 years
 The future will decree;
 For they have died that the battles and
 the tears
 Should cease to be.
 They will not die, the victorious and the
 slain,
 Sleeping in foreign soil;
 They gave their lives, but to the world is
 the gain
 Of their sad toil.
 They are not dead, the soldier and the
 sailor,
 Fallen for Freedom's sake;

They merely sleep with faces that are
 paler
 Until they wake.

To Lieutenant Lloyd Roberts the war poetry of the Empire, as well as of Canada, is indebted for two of the most striking and impressive short poems in the spirit of the poetic renaissance, and, as I must note, in the new poetic style of the younger Roberts. Lieutenant Roberts's "Come Quietly, England," simple and direct in thought, free in form, colloquial in diction, but positive, candid, sincere, is one of the most arresting and convincing poems that have for a theme "the call to arms"—not for King, or country, or party, or power, or England's glory, or fear, or anything else undivine:

But for the sake of simple goodness
 And His laws,
 We shall sacrifice our All
 For the Cause!

The Literary Digest (New York) signalizes the poem as "one of the most striking statements of what may be called the philosophy of the war from the English [British] point of view because it puts so candidly into words the thoughts that are in the minds of the author's fellow countrymen." The other poem by Lieutenant Roberts, also in his new simple, colloquial, direct style, is entitled "If I must". It is the most remarkably original anti-pacifist poem yet written by any English-speaking poet. It takes the form of a quasi-dramatic monologue, and concludes with a stanza which, as the newspaper men say, has "the punch" in it. I quote in full:

God knows there's plenty of earth for all
 of us!
 Then why must we sweat for it, deny
 for it,
 Pray for it, cry for it,
 Kill, maim and lie for it,
 Struggle and suffer and die for it—
 We who are gentle and sane?
 Let us respect one another, wherever we
 are,
 Fly your flag, O my brother;

I like its bright colour, whether red, green
or yellow;
Your language is queer, but I'll learn it in
time;
And you're a dear fellow,
If your laws are not quite so clean as our
own;
But then ours need pruning, and thistles
have grown.
So I won't spill your blood, for that's not
the way
To assist in law-making, whatever some
say.
I'll try by example to lead you aright
Out of the shadows and into the light—
If you'll do as much for me.
What! You don't understand?
You refuse my right hand?
You say might is right,
And to live we must fight?
Are we still in such plight?
Poor, blind, stupid fool, so deep in the
dust—
Well, hand me the gun—
If I must—if I must!

The most lilting Canadian poem of
inspirational war poetry, after the
manner of Campbell, Tennyson, Kip-
ling or Sir Henry Newbolt in their
war poems, is Douglas Durkin's "The
Fighting Men of Canada". It is
spirited and inspiring, and the collo-
quial diction of the refrains charge
it with veracity, vividness and "the
punch" of Mr. Osborn's "true war-
poems":

Call it lust, or call it honour. Call it glory
in a name!
We're a handful, more or less, of what
we were,
But we praise the grim Almighty that we
stuck and played the game,
Till we chased them at the double to
their lair.
For the word came, "Up and over!"
And our answer was a yell
As we scrambled out of cover—
And we dealt the dastards hell!

Now, Mr. Durkin's ballad is a hu-
man, veracious war poem in the tra-
ditional spirit of Campbell's "Battle
of the Baltic," Tennyson's "Ballad of
the Revenge," and Newbolt's
"Drake's Drum". It is designedly in-
spirational in the old heroic fighting
quality. That spirit may now be ob-
solescent, but it is still real and felt.
On the other hand, there is no excuse
for such a poem as "The Hun" by

Canon F. G. Scott, major with the
Canadian Expeditionary Force, and,
no doubt, officially a chaplain. Canon
Scott's beautiful and tender lyric "A
Grave in Flanders" is in the new
spirit of the poetic renaissance. But
his "The Hun" is itself a Hunnish
"Chant of Hate," brutal and brutal-
izing and unworthy of any poet what-
soever. I quote in full:

Treaty breakers, poison throwers, baby
killers, spume of swine,
Heavy bellies, carnal feeders, bulging eyes
of beer and wine,
Cries of women, screams of children, ris-
ing o'er the shot and shell,
Blast you with the curse of Heaven, in
the hottest gulfs and hell.

Positively, that is immoral, obscene
and hellish—revolting. Certainly it
is not poetry. Moreover, it is insin-
cere. For as a man, not to say as a
Christian gentleman, Canon Scott
knows that we have already turned to
forgive and pray for the German peo-
ple who are blinded by their leaders,
and for the German soldier who is as
patriotic and loyal and courageous as
we are, but who, as Mr. Louis How
puts it in his "Epitaph for a German
Soldier":

"Fought for what was wrong; but he was
right".

I should like to quote in full Dun-
can Campbell Scott's noble and ex-
quisitely wrought sonnet, "To a Can-
adian Lad Killed in the War". In
the large sense, it is the finest con-
temporary poem of commemorative
martial verse written by a Canadian
—fine in conception, novel in terminal
endings, and elevating in emotional
appeal. Excellent poems to be men-
tioned here, especially after the sadly
pathetic performance of the Poet
Laureate to memorialize Kitchener's
loss, are S. Morgan-Powell's unrhym-
ed iambics, "Kitchener's Work", T.
A. Browne's threnody, infelicitously
entitled "Kismet", and Dr. Arthur
Webster's well-wrought sonnets, be-
ginning "Inscrutable, with single lof-
ty aim", and "Tread softly where the
earth and ocean meet".

PARIS AND LONDON IN WAR TIME

By Main Johnson

LONDON in war time is a much more complicated city than Paris, which is strangely simple and calm. To define the quality of the soul of Paris is comparatively simple; to try to analyze the spirit of London is a delicate and difficult task. That is why there are differences of opinion regarding London's attitude towards the war and arguments as to whether or not London, in the midst of deep tragedy, is heartlessly gay and carelessly frivolous.

It is so easy to make a mistake about London; there are many superficial characteristics, which, if one observed them alone without looking beneath the surface, would give an emphatic but nevertheless quite erroneous impression. With many exterior signs to the contrary, the soul of London is as sound as that of Paris, and both are such as to command the deepest and most reverent admiration.

One typical incident taken from the life of each city epitomizes the deep, underlying feelings of both London and Paris. Curiously enough, both incidents are connected with a railway station. This is rather odd, for although railways have played an

important part in European life, they have never been a dominating factor in its civilization, as they probably have been in America. The difference in their comparative importance is illustrated by the character of their station buildings. In New York, railway architecture is inspiring, expressing as it does, the spaciousness and virility of new-world civilization. In London and Paris, however, one would never think of going to the dull and purely utilitarian railway terminals to gain any adequate idea of European architecture or culture.

Since the war, however, the railways have sprung into a supreme position as the transporters of men and supplies, and railway stations have become nerve centres of vital movements. There is another aspect of the war, a sadder, deeper tone, which has also become associated with terminals, and it is on this characteristic that both these typical incidents are based.

In Paris, for example, let us go to the Gare de la Chapelle, a station for the arrival and departure of trains for the east. Structurally, the building is as colourless and ordinary looking as the customary European terminal, but there is one section of a

very different quality. Under the hot glass roof, with the warm sun blazing through all too brightly, we see, unexpectedly, a vision of artistic coolness and daintiness. Instead of the common paraphernalia of a station, there are a series of frame huts, of pure white, with their window sashes and door-posts and cornices painted in soft, delicate shades—one in violet, for instance, the next one in a soft pink, another in green, still another in rose; no glaring reds or heavy blues; all colours restful and refreshing. By the entrances of these huts, and around the sides, bloom fragrant flowers and giant-leaved palms, growing from earth rich and black with frequent watering. Gliding in and out, quickly, noiselessly and gracefully, are groups of young girls, the prettiest girls you will see in France (and that is saying a good deal), with head scarfs of soft, blue silk, white dresses, white stockings and white shoes. And all this artistry, all this scene of delightful charm, in what otherwise would be a dirty, grim, colourless station!

What is its significance? It means that at this station, in trainloads coming, alas, all too frequently, arrive the wounded soldiers of France, direct from the battlefields of Verdun and the Somme. These girls, belonging to the Association des Dames de France, and representing the most wealthy and aristocratic families in the land, are at this station day and night, to receive the wounded "poilus", to give them tea and coffee and hot soup, and to care for them in the daintily furnished hospital huts, until the medical authorities are ready to distribute them among the countless hospitals of Paris and the other districts of France.

Not only do these young nurses look after the wounded efficiently and skilfully, but they preserve the beloved atmosphere of "La belle France", in surroundings of charm, of colour and delight.

We were there when a trainload

of wounded men arrived straight from the Somme—with white-faced young Frenchmen lying alongside coal-black Singalese. To see these men, shattered and torn, lying on their stretchers and suffering silently but visibly as they were borne from the train, was one of the sad scenes of war, but to see their faces, pale and wan, light up as they caught sight of the beautiful girls and the cool looking resting-huts, with their circle of flowers and ferns, was to realize the other side of the war too—the unselfish service and nobility of the women, nowhere more fragrant or more devoted than among the women of France.

In London, let us go to Charing Cross station, an ugly place, as the Strand on which it faces is unlovely compared with the Parisian boulevards. Even Charing Cross, however, has been transfigured under the influence of the sorrow and the humanitarian service of the war. To-day its heaviness, dullness and its commonplaceness is quickened and exalted by the spirit of the crowds of women who stand outside its gates for hours at a time, waiting for the trains of wounded coming direct from the front *via* the Channel and Folkstone. As the wounded men are driven away from the station in ambulances, these patient, loving women, of high and low degree alike, throw armfuls of roses into the motors and wave their handkerchiefs in a sympathetic welcome. Sometimes the soldiers are well enough to catch the flowers and wave a feeble hand in response as they are driven through the Strand. More often, the nurse in the ambulance picks up the blossoms, lays them on the stretchers beside the wounded men, too ill and weak even to move a finger, and, silently, on their behalf, waves thanks.

La gare de la Chapelle and Charing Cross, with their tender care for the wounded, reveal the soul of Paris and London alike—a soul full of sadness and grief, burdened

down under the unspeakable tragedy of the war and yet, in its service of mercy, expressing its courage and its fundamental nobility.

That is the soul of London as well as of Paris, but, it must be admitted, this soul does not shine through the life of London as clear or unblurred as in Paris. In London there is a well-defined area of gayety and frivolity; in Paris, there is practically none. To look casually at London, in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, for example, or in the district of Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square, one would not seriously realize that there was such a thing as a war at all. All Paris, on the other hand, breathes the very atmosphere of war and the sadness that follows in its train.

One reason for the difference is this—by some unofficial but well recognized convention, heavy mourning is not worn publicly in London. Paris, on the contrary, is a city of black. If you enter a railway compartment, and three of the passengers are women, it is probable that two of the three will be in the heaviest mourning. The streets are desolate with the appearance of innumerable widows, dressed in their long widows' weeds and black bonnets, edged with white. Even when you go to the theatre, three-quarters of the women in the audience are sure to be in black. Paris mourns, and with such a sorrow that she cannot conceal her grief privately and within doors, as London seems to do.

Geography too has something to do with the difference. Even London is a long way from the scene of the actual struggle. One doesn't think of the Somme very much when walking through Kensington or Kew Gardens, or when travelling on the bus to Putney or Wimbledon, but in Paris, in spite of all the quietness and beauty of the Luxembourg Gardens, the Tuileries and the Champs-Élysées, one cannot forget for a moment that the sky above is not very far

from the sky that lies above the German lines. Nor can one forget that the northern part of France is still actually held by the German invaders, who, although every Frenchman knows they must be driven out before peace will come, and that they will be driven out, have been in his beloved France for more than two years. The war is much farther from Paris than it was in the terrible days of August and early September, 1914—the Battle of the Marne marked the end of the worst crisis for the city; but even yet, the war is too near Paris, by train, or automobile, or by aeroplane, for a Parisian to think of anything else but the war and the fundamental things it means for France.

Paris also, although it has some colonial troops within its gates, hasn't the great crowds of sons who, as in London, come from every quarter of the globe, lusty and vigorous, fresh and eager, ready for any dangers, and, in the meantime, anxious for all the amusement they can find in the wonderful metropolis, which many of them are visiting for the first time. The Strand is full of Canadians and Australians; the hotels and restaurants, theatres and parks feel the vigorous influence of the men from overseas. They want excitement and they crave fun, and London, in her generosity, gives them what they want.

In spite of the darkness of the streets at night, the hotel and theatre districts are crowded with people. The sidewalks are not wide enough for the good-natured jostling throngs; the roads are blocked with taxicabs, navigating miraculously and by instinct through the unrelieved blackness of the night. The *revue* houses, with such side-splitting spectacles as the famous "Bing Boys", are crowded to capacity; the big hotels are brilliant with dinner and supper parties, with all the men either in dinner jackets or evening dress, with opera hats and the full equipment of fashion; the women dazzling in their beautiful gowns, made in charming

designs from the softest, rarest fabrics. There are wonderful dances, ablaze with light and happiness.

Paris is a different world. In three weeks, for example, dining in many of the best known cafés, I did not see a single man wearing evening dress. There is not a single orchestra in Paris, except at the theatres. World-famous restaurants, awlirl before the war with mirth and music and dancing, are now as quiet as the inns of a provincial town. At only one café, the aristocratic Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, did we see the slightest touch of pre-war conditions. Here there were some wonderful creations in women's fashions, and a little relief from the prevailing sadness, but even here there was nothing you could really label gayety. The Hotel Ritz, although well filled with guests, was quiet, almost sombre looking, and, at times, nearly deserted. Even during luncheon and the tea hour, in the charming garden adjoining the hotel, with its splashing fountains, its delicate sculpture, and its cheerful umbrella tents, the guests were serious and restrained. At the Savoy in London, on the other hand, and at the Cecil, the Carlton, and the other well-known hotels, there are imposing, red-uniformed orchestras, purple patches of colour, and a spirit of buoyancy and youth, with more of that vivacious animation which one used to associate traditionally with Paris.

Another influence making for contrast is the different attitude of the French and British soldier home from the front on leave. The British have become more like the French of the olden days, gay and light-hearted, wholesomely and insatiably wanting light and colour, relaxation and gayety—and London will refuse them nothing. The French soldier, when he returns on "permission" does not seem to be seeking for excitement. Either he goes with his family or friends to his favourite café on the Boulevard des Italiens or in the Champs-Elyseés, where he indulges in

the quiet Parisian pleasure of spending two or three hours over a meal, delectable as only a meal in Paris can be, or even more to be wondered at, he stays at home, almost an unheard of thing before the war, and enjoys the exclusive companionship of his family. Soldiers on leave do not make Paris lively, as they do in London.

To say that there is gayety in London is not to criticize it unfavourably. It is not as if London were lax in the war. Not only the metropolis, but the whole of Great Britain is "speeded up" to an astonishing degree. The extent and pressure of the activity, in every department, is almost incredible. The British achievement, in two years, is probably unmatched in history. If therefore, in London, there is a superficial froth of gayety and light-heartedness, it is the sort of reaction that makes the burden of war tolerable; it is the cheerfulness of the British race under sorrow and strain—the marvel of all who witness it.

By being comparatively normal, however, London loses the spiritual exaltation of Paris. There is a rarified air in the French capital comparable to the atmosphere on some peak of the Rockies, where one feels purged of all influences and interests belonging to the lower levels of the world. There is inspiration and spiritual peace in the Paris of to-day, without the hectic feverish air of certain London manifestations.

Not that Parisians have entirely given up their pleasures. It is the feverishness that has gone; some of the quiet normal good things of life remain. You can watch the phenomenon particularly on Sunday. In the morning, many more people than formerly now attend the services in Notre Dame, La Madeleine, and other churches, but for the rest of the day the Parisian and his family feel themselves free to seek repose in enjoying the beauties of the most artistic city in the world, a city worshipped and beloved by its citizens, for whom the very universe revolves.

In the Gardens of the Luxembourg, those entrancingly beautiful Renaissance gardens, the Parisians still sit under the shade of the graceful trees, in full view of the wondrous flowers, and, in their setting of natural charm, the light and delicate marbles of the "Bacchantes", "Shepherd and Faun", "Goatherd", "Mower", "Young huntress" and all the other gods and goddesses of this delightful park. Old men still play croquet along its walks, and vie with one another in anxious competition.

In the Gardens of the Tuileries, children still sail their little boats with their reddish sails, in the miniature lakes, or play hide-and-peek among the wooded alleys. In the Place de la Concorde, the Parisians still gaze admiringly at the statues of the cities of France, and especially that of Strasbourg, now crowned not with a wreath of black but of bright flowers, prematurely, but, let us hope, correctly enough.

In the Champs-Elyseés, particularly on a warm Sunday afternoon, the scene approximates animation and forgetfulness more than anywhere else in wartime Paris. Little children drive about in small carts, drawn by white goats; others sit entranced in the little open-air, *guignol* theatres, and grow hot and cold with excitement, like their English cousins do, with their Punch and Judy shows. The youngsters pay their ten centimes for waffles or milk chocolate, or twenty centimes for the tasty brown buns, with the sweet nuts as a filling.

As to the adults, some are at the Marigny, or the Theatre des Am-

bassadeurs nearby, but the majority of them are sitting down on chairs rented for ten centimes each, facing the main thoroughfare of the Champs-Elyseés, reading or talking or, quite as likely, merely watching the other people in the park. There are ten or twelve rows of chairs, occupied by soldiers, old men, women of all ages and classes, and children of every variety. The fashions of the Parisian women, even in mourning, have that indefinable and inimitable quality of *chic*, but of sensational costumes there are none.

London is spiritually more intricate than Paris, as her streets are more complex than those of the French capital. The curves and twists of London thoroughfares contrast strongly with the comparative straightforwardness of the Parisian boulevards and the wonderful succession of open spaces from the Louvre, through the Gardens of the Tuileries, across the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs-Elyseés, through the Arc de Triomphe, and into the Bois de Boulogne. But, in its own way, even in its rather grotesque way, London is as wonderful a city as the simpler and more modern and more beautiful Paris—and also, in its more complicated way, the heart and soul of London are as wholesome and devoted as those of Paris. To say that, in the light of what Paris and France mean after two years of war, is to give the highest praise of all. To compare anything or any person to France and the people of France is to pay the noblest of all possible tributes in the world to-day.





ROSY MORNING

From the Painting by
Henri Lerolle

One of the French Exhibits at the
Canadian National Exhibition

LITTLE MÉTIS & THEREABOUTS

By Frank Yeigh

AWAY down on the St. Lawrence where the kingly river is forty miles wide, is a little English speaking island in a French-Canadian sea, one of the many settlements where a group of Protestant English settlers have held their own during the long years, though ringed around with neighbours of another tongue and religion.

Along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, where the tides make their daily assault on the barricade of rocks, Little Métis cuddles at the head of and around a picturesque bay, a fringe of houses, for summer and winter use, lining the curving shores and facing the deep blue waters.

Tradition has it that our old friend Jacques Cartier, on that memorable first journey from Gaspé to Hochelaga, took refuge from a storm in the quiet water of the Métis bay and thereupon gave it its name as a half-way stopping-place, as they characterized the Bay of Chaleurs as the bay of heat because he there ran into a heat wave.

The Little Métis of to-day is a summer suburb of Montreal, where many magnates of our commercial metropolis have palatial homes, with the usual modern accompaniments of steam yachts and limousines. Where not so long ago the buckboard planquettes of the habitant had the narrow winding roads to themselves, now the big blazing eyes of a honking monster cast their shafts of light around the sharp corners where danger signs hang, running opposition to the triple flashing beacons from the stately lighthouse on Leggatt's Point.

The story of Little Métis is as interesting as it is unique. The six-mile square seignory was originally granted to a French officer who seemingly regarded it as of so little value as to neglect its cultivation or care, for no evidence of occupation was left by this old-time son of France.

In course of leisurely time it was sold to a Scotsman—rumour says for a keg of whisky! Such a sale would be on a par with the original disposal of Manhattan for a song, and a cheap song at that. But once the Little Métis seignory was transferred, by



STREET SCENE IN RIMOUSKI, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

every lawful means to a son of Scotia, it prospered and expanded in importance and value—and it is still Scotch in essence! So one is not surprised to find a Ferguson as the present day seigneur, and Macniders and McGingans and others with the significant Mac prefix among the dwellers. Do you want evidence? Well, there are two Presbyterian churches in the seigneury, and a graveyard full of Scots sons of the soil who, their day's work done, rest their bones within sound of the river surf. Thus it is an English-speaking isle in a wide-flung French-Canadian sea, and so bids fair to remain for many a long year to come.

That little God's acre, at Leggatt's Point, tells many a tale of both sea and land. One grave holds the dust

of sixty sailormen who were cast ashore nearby, away back in the forties, from a wrecked frigate. Some graves are marked by the old-fashioned boards whose lettering is all but gone. Other strips of land, long and narrow as all individual graves are, are roofed over with sea gravel, with edges picked out by shells.

One head-board has a plate of glass in an opening, protecting no doubt at one time a portrait of the deceased, as is the custom in European cemeteries, but the picture has been removed and the glass broken.

"You can almost feel the coffins under your feet," came a gruesome suggestion of one who knew that the little beds in the earth are of necessity shallow, but mother earth is sparing of her soil covering hereabouts, where

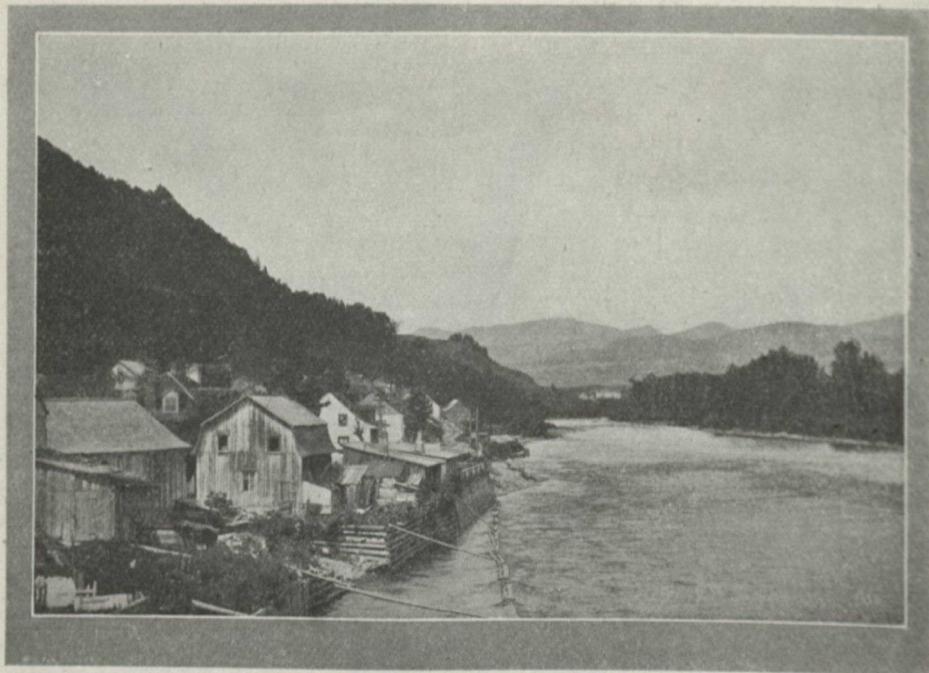


A PRIMITIVE WINDMILL IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

rocks abound. But the forefathers of this little Quebec hamlet rest none the less peacefully for all the battling breakers when the St. Lawrence is in storm.

Once you leave the sleeping dead

by way of the ancient gate, and ere the winding highway is reached, a curious little carraway farm intervenes. There, in actuality, were the real seeds such as gave flavour to the cookies of our grandmothers. Another



ON THE MURRAY RIVER, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Canadian industry was thus discovered away down in Quebec, while, across the way, the broad leaves of the tobacco plant filled a field. Therefrom will come the weed whose pungent perfume will penetrate into the next parish!

Give me a river road for an attractive turnpike, especially a Quebec one, such a one as borders the St. Lawrence down Métis way. Not two vistas are alike, monotony of view is made impossible by the erratic twists, while every new turn frames a new picture. Baby streams trickle over rock ledges into the St. Lawrence as the gems of Bettws-y-Coed makes wales a mecca. Deep, dense cedar groves make delectable hide-and-go-seek spots for the children, and homes for the squirrels.

But the water is the winning magnet. The beach is marked by boulders, pygmy and giant, Thois marbles, balanced on basic rocks whose knife-like edges tell of the mighty up-

heavels when the world of sea and land and rock was made.

The beach still bears pathetic reminders of the *Empress of Ireland*, whose great hull lies buried not many leagues away. The remnants of life-boat and raft still survive, mute witnesses to the awful and seemingly needless catastrophe. Rimouski holds scores of the unidentified dead, as the deep-hearted river itself still does.

There is a point where the line is crossed beyond Sandy Bay between the seignory of Scots possession and a parish of French Canada.

The changes are quickly evident in architecture, in the prevalent speech and signs, in the increased size of the families as indicated by the swarms of kiddies who line the highway, which is one of their playgrounds through the vested rights of generations of free use.

A hundred-thousand-dollar church, whose spire is seen miles away, rears its massive stone walls in the heart



A WAYSIDE SHRINE IN RURAL QUEBEC

of the straggling village of a single street, as the curé watches the great structure grow.

The same highroad is one long picture gallery. A little newly-white-

washed *cabane* proudly carries an oil painting—a landscape scene—over its front door, as do the walls of many a Tyrolean cottage. Occupations are made known by object signs: a baker



AN ANCIENT THATCHED BARN, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

has a facsimile loaf of bread nailed over his bakery; a stove dealer simply puts an old heater on his store verandah,

One recalls the curious signs in Holland: such as that of a drug store indicated by a carved head of a poor suffering mortal with a wry face and an out-hanging tongue that bore every evidence of needing a blue pill.

And what a friendly note in the landscape is struck by the open air bake-ovens. A most ancient dame has steam up in the one we just passed, catching on the wing that most pleasant of all odours: baking and browning bread. Clothes lines, too, afforded an open air art gallery of handicraft. Rugs and quilts, as wonderful in design as in brilliant colours, exhibited the cleverness of Mrs. Habitant at her hard loom. Nets hung out to dry spoke of a fishing industry, as do the long weirs made of saplings woven together with strips of bark. It is interesting to examine

the inner trap at low tide, with the remaining channels of water holding a few stranded fish. Or at a specially low tide, to wade to the mermaid rocks and there study the wonderful marine museum in every limpid pool: star fish of vivid colours, sea urchins travelling in their curious baskets, shells of all sizes and colours, infinitesimal creatures of the deep, to whom their brief span of life is as important as that of gigantic whale or fat porpoise. Even eel-like creatures wiggled to get free from their rocky prisons, but with no escape till the next tide came. Sea-weeds, too, made millions of medusa heads, swaying with each passing current.

Ever alert, fish-hawks poised with infinite patience high overhead ready to make a sudden dive for their finny suppers. Not every waterward dart was successful, and sometimes a watching bird seemed to be relieved by a comrade. And over the muddy flats, crows in black clouds noisily



A BAKE-OVEN, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

advertised their quarrels and activities.

The Little Métis manor house is the focal centre of the seigniorie. While not as ancient as those of Fraserville or Murray Bay, and lacking the Gallic romance and atmosphere of a building of the French régime or the early days of the British conquest, yet the Little Métis seigniorial headquarters speaks of comparatively olden days, pre-dating Confederation by years not a few.

Mr. John Ferguson welcomes strangers to the old stone structure that neighbours the highway. Deep bay windows and generous-sized rooms match the thick walls, built to keep out Quebec cold, arches connect drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and halls, and quaint dormer windows blink at the passerby. The abolition of seigniorial tenures, now half a century ago, made radical changes in holdings and titles. To-day titles may pass fee simple; leaseholds are not obli-

gatory. An annual rental, in perpetuity, however, still obtains, though it is so trifling as to be burdensome.

Other wayside glimpses into the little frame houses that border the Quebec highway linger in the memory. Because it is a summer day, doors and windows are open to sun and air, revealing the quaint interiors to the inquisitive. Many a contrast is seen. At a window sits a woman, spinning in the good old-fashioned way of our pioneer grandmothers, from the wool shorn from their own sheep. The contrast comes in an up-to-date sewing machine ready at hand. A habitant farmer just passed by, clad in the queerest suit of homespun imaginable. It was literally a garment new and old, the latest patches showing with startling clearness in between the faded checker-board sections of the suit.

The dormer-windowed cottage at which we halted for a drink of spring water is flanked by an ancient bake-oven, the white brick structure giving



A FARM SCENE IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

a curious suggestion of an elongated coffin, with a swing door opening at the end. A rough timber roof makes a shelter for the oven, with a receptacle spacious enough to make a week's supply at the one firing-up, and that for a family that would make a Sunday school by itself. But the neighbour cottage advertises a fine new kitchen range, immaculately shiny as to blacking, and resplendent as to the burnished nickel-plating.

Down the turnpike ambles a yoke of oxen, drawing a generous load of hay. Once they would have had the turnpike to themselves, but now an assertive automobile challenges a right-of-way with insolent honkings.

A young swell from the next parish advertises the fact that he has a vacant seat in his glossy top-buggy, and that he is on his happy way to pick her up, and as he speeds around the curving twists of the road another contrast is had in a big shaggy dog hauling a diminutive two-wheeled

cart and a large-sized man—a bit of Belgian or Dutch transportation in Canada.

We are told that a single grain of wheat will produce thousands of its kind, but the yield from a miniature French-Canadian garden, no larger than the area of a kitchen floor, would tax the imagination, and again prove the marvellous productivity of nature. One can easily guess that every last potato in its warm earth bed, every last vegetable and plant will be used to feed the many mouths facing the oilcloth table, for the spirit of French thrift has long since been transplanted from old France.

The smallest of farms has a representation of every type of beast and fowl, with special preference for chickens. The fattest of pigs grunt their never-satisfied hunger, a house dog regards itself as an integral member of the family, and even horses and cows help to make up the pastoral scene where barn and house and

out-buildings make a friendly cluster alongside or on opposite sides of the main road.

And as one rolls off the miles and leagues, the exceeding neighbourliness of the place is revealed. Such another country for door-step visiting never existed, nor such a variety of verandah conferences, for a Quebec homestead without a gallery or two is an architectural blunder. So, when the day's work is done, and the cool of the evening gives recreation to tired folks, the villagers fraternize on their porches with delightful camaraderie, when all talk at once, with the maximum of Gallie animation, to the accompaniment of incessant rocking by the women, for there is a rocking-chair for each, and constant smoking by the men, even the mere lads.

Which again reminds one of the patches of tobacco grown in most gardens. Rank of leaf, like a burdock, the product when reduced to smoke is correspondingly rank of aroma. The pungent odours from this native-grown tobacco advertise the strength of the plant, and its deadliness of effect on any stray germ thereabouts. "Hold-on-tight" is one of the many nicknames given to the French Canadian's pipe when steam is up, referring presumably to the wisdom of holding one's nose while the smoke issues from the old pipe. One ancient smoker showed me his home-made pouch with no little pride, for it was made of a slice of moose skin *au naturel*, which is still good for another generation of wear.

It is a land of the home-made. Investigating thatched roofed barns and little farm-yards, I discovered all kinds of home-made implements and equipment, hoes, ox yokes, scythes and cradles, for these are still used, wagon shafts and tongues, improvised harness and pokes for wandering pigs and wayward geese. In the white-washed home just across the way chairs and tables were of manifestly home manufacture. Children's swings abound. The baby carriage was a

soap box on wheels, with a canopy of loud chintz shielding child number twenty-four from the mid-day sun.

For they still grow large families in Quebec. Up in the twenties are not infrequent, while one of my pension landladies, having no offspring of her own, has already adopted eight girls in succession!

Notice, too, the house adornment. The bluest of blue window shades advertise their colour a long distance away. They match the imitation blue glass windows, the green sashes, the white walls, and sometimes the yellow door. Flowers are everywhere—in the old-fashioned gardens, on the verandahs, and especially in the windows, and nothing so brightens the world and the highway as the glowing riot of colour in a window-bar.

The wayside Calvary adds its own note to the out-of-doors world. Every emblem of the cross is affixed to or painted thereon, and he who will may pray as he travels until a church is reached, whose doors seem ever open. The clang of its bell sounds afar, calling the faithful to prayer like the muezzin call of the East.

I also like summer saunterings in rural Quebec because of the humanness of its simple-minded folk. No one ever fails to receive a quick and cordial response to a salutation, a smile for a smile, and often an invitation to step over the threshold of the home where kindly hospitality is bestowed. Each member of the family is called in until the living-room holds a meeting, and even the ten-day-old baby is brought in for inspection and admiration.

But the traveller is again on the move, and as he leaves the wayside cottage behind, the eye notices the quaint weather-vanes on the roofs of house and barn, and the neighbour's barns as well—miniature horses and cows and fowls, swaying with the wind. Designs are even painted on house walls, and over the doorway of a Sandy Beach cottage an ambitious painting of a vividly-coloured land-

scape brightened the entire street!

What bursting barns these east-end Canadians possess. The hay-making part of the farming is always picturesque, with the loaded two-wheeled wains, as in England, the ox-teams or the horse. In the fields, scythe and sickle are still used, sometimes in fields adjoining farms where the latest machinery is utilized. There is every evidence that the Quebec tiller of the soil is, to say the least, in easy circumstances. No longer is his bank a stocking hung from the rafter. Branch banks are now everywhere found, and the thrifty habitant is, moreover, investing in bonds and debentures and the very safest of securities.

So the summer days sped happily by in Quebec land. There was much to see on highroad or byroad. side paths led up rolling hillsides to the upper heights that are mountains in miniature, and from whose summits glorious views are had of all that makes up a perfect nature picture. At the end of one winding trail a human hive was discovered as the

centre of a pulpwood industry hidden away in the backwoods. Here the northern woods were giving up their timber wealth as fast as trees could be cut and their trunks rossed and cut into pulpwood lengths.

Coming back to a main road, and therefore a river road, the country store was a magnet of interest for resident and stranger. Prodigious quantities of oil-cloth must be used by the French Canadians, judging by the stocks carried. A queer assortment of goods do the shelves carry, including canned goods of all kinds, for, alas, it is as difficult to get fresh fruit and vegetables in a wayside inn as peaches in Grimsby or grapes in Niagara!

But the last vacation day finally comes. Madame serves her last meal to the strangers within her gates and doors; "her man" (much smaller in stature than she) drives us to the station, good-bye is said to the big river and the little rivers that feed it, to the long narrow farms and the white-walled homes, and to the kind-hearted rustic people who live therein.



THAT WIRE

By F. J. J. Ceats
Illustrations by Fergus Kyle

HELLO, Blair," said the voice over the telephone, "there is only one more target to-night to register. How about that wire in Z-50, B-12? I hear the Brigade is pulling a little 'show' to-night and the General wants about ten yards clear without fail. We are the only battery to do it, and we have four hours."

"Very good, sir," replied Blair, "we'll do that right away."

He turned to his telephonist.

"Chisholm," he said, "the major wants me to cut that wire we have been after for the last two days. Go down to my other observation post and set up your 'phone and wait for me there."

As the telephonist turned to go, Jerry Blair sat down on a sand bag, pulled out his cigarette case, selected a cigarette, lit it and commenced to think.

Yes, life was very sweet just now. He had done well; had earned the confidence of the major, and was on the way to make a name for himself. How different he was from his cousin, John Hackett! The last time he had seen John was at Shorncliffe, in England, where John was still training to be an officer. Poor old John! He would never do out here—too serious for him, too much work. He should have

been a man and have realized that he would never make an officer.

But Hackett was in France—had come last week—and was placed in the S-4 battery of the First Division. Well, he wished him luck. But if a youngster of eighteen could not take things seriously in England and could not be trusted there, how would he succeed in France, where only an old head on a young pair of shoulders would make up for his youth?

Blair pulled himself up with a jerk. It was half-past four now, and the major's orders were already half an hour late in being carried out. Rising, he put his equipment on and made his way down the trench to the second observation post.

"Is everything all right, Chisholm?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the telephonist answered, "a clear line through to the battery, and Major Sanderson says to inform you that the battery is laid on the base line."

"Very good. Carry on with these orders: All guns one degree, thirty minutes more right, No. 1 ranging plus 3,900; fire when ready."

Blair took his periscope and focused it on the target. He had no sooner done so than Chisholm reported:

"No. 1 fired, sir."

"Slightly over," said Blair. "Drop fifty."



"I'm all ready now, sir"

Once again No. 1 gun fired, and this time the shell landed, Blair thought, in the midst of the wire. But that wire was rather difficult to see, and the observing officer thought so to himself. There was a small ridge in front of it which concealed the very part of the entanglement he wished to cut.

"Repeat," he ordered.

Again the shell landed within fifteen yards of where the second had fallen. Yes, it was a hit or—was it? Well, he would call it that.

"Registered," he said aloud.

"The major says you may come back to Flukers Farm (the billet of the battery, situated about a thousand yards behind the trenches, and used by the observing officer when he did not spend the night in the trenches) now, sir; that he will commence fir-

ing on that wire, now; and that he does not think it necessary for you to observe any longer so long as you think it unnecessary for you to observe any longer and so long as you think you are registered there, sir."

"Tell the major we are registered O.K., and that I will come back immediately. Ask him about orders for to-night's show.

"He says your orders will come up by a runner to Flukers Farm, sir."

"Then everything is arranged. We'll go back now, Chisholm, as soon as you have disconnected."

"I'm all ready, now, sir."

When Blair arrived at Flukers Farm he found his orders for that night's attack awaiting him there. Tearing the envelope open, he cast his eyes rapidly over them. The usual information was contained in the des-

patch. He was to watch for a green rocket to be sent up by the infantry when they had reached the enemy's trenches. Upon seeing this he would know that his infantry had succeeded and nothing further would be done that night. But if the attack was stopped, a red rocket would convey this information to him.

The bombardment was to commence at half-past eleven. It was now ten-thirty. One hour to wait—it seemed a lifetime! Supposing the wire had not been cut as he had thought! But this was foolishness, he said to himself, and tried to put the impression aside. But try as he would, the picture of that wire, still intact, presented itself before him. He could see bleeding pieces of humanity, caught by the wire, held there and shot down. He thought his nerves were affected. Any way, these thoughts were but the result of overwork, for the wire *was* cut.

Eleven-thirty, and the deep boom of the guns broke forth. Another second, and the booming was increased by the light field guns. The sound increased continually until there was nothing but a deafening roar. Far ahead, Blair could see the trenches illuminated by flares. Those poor devils, the Huns, were facing a hell of shell fire he thought.

Quite as suddenly the roar ceased. Then came the rattle of machine guns and rifle fire. In a few minutes the observing officer hoped to see that green rocket. But the minutes dragged on to an hour, and still there was no signal.

"The major wishes to speak to you, sir," said a voice from within the dug-out.

With a sickening feeling Blair went inside the dug-out and picked up the receiver of the 'phone.

"Hello, Blair, you had better get some rest now. The attack was held up. That wire was not cut after all our trouble. Good-night."

Wearily Blair turned away, dropped to the ground and tried to go to

sleep. An hour later he was awakened by some loud bomb explosions.

"It is all right, sir," one of the telephonists said, "those bombs have come from a point outside our zone."

"Call me if anything happens," returned Blair.

But nothing else happened that night.

In spite of Major Sanderson's advice, Blair did not sleep. If there was one man in France who hated to be beaten it was Blair—and he was beaten that night. It was the first turn of the tide, he thought. He knew what it meant to be told to do a thing and to fail in the doing of it. Probably a sharp lecture, some sarcastic remarks on the major's part (and, by heaven, the O. C. could be nasty, too); no more trust, his advice not asked on anything. And all this just when he was nearing his climax! But the worst thought of all was, what would John Hackett think? He knew that his cousin rather looked upon him as a snob, and John would probably have a song about the whole affair. He was just that sort and, never being serious for a moment, would think it a great joke—Jerry Blair tried to cut some wire and couldn't!

Next morning Blair returned to the Battery. His three days in the trenches as observing officer were at an end. As he walked into the officers' dug-out Major Sanderson and Bobby Forsyth (the other subaltern in the battery) were seated at breakfast.

"Good morning, sir," Blair said.

"Hello, Blair," returned the O.C., "So they fooled you on that wire. Well, it wasn't so bad as you think. The attack was really successful. But that is another story. First of all, I want you to have some breakfast and then go into Q—to the Casualty Clearing Station to see your cousin. He was wounded last night and I think it would be a decent thing if you went to see him. We shan't need you to-day. Forsyth and myself will



“I think your cousin must be delirious. He has proposed to me three times already this morning’”

look after the battery. Now, don't look worried. Everything was all right last night in spite of your mistake. Everyone makes mistakes and, fortunately, yours was not a serious one.”

“Thank you, sir; it is most kind of you.”

“All right, my boy. Now, get started for Q—, and I'll tell you all about it when you get back.”

Blair rode to Q—, arrived at the Casualty Station, and asked if he could see Lieutenant John Hackett. Yes, he was granted permission, and would he come in.

Entering the hospital, he looked around the ward and could see noth-

ing of his cousin when, suddenly, he heard a voice:

“Hello, Jerry, delighted to see you—the spirits of the troops are excellent. How are you?”

Turning, Blair saw Hackett, a smile on his face, holding a pretty nurse's hand. Very rapidly he introduced the sister to Blair.

“You know, Mr. Blair,” the sister said, “I think your cousin must be delirious. He has proposed to me three times already this morning. But, fortunately, his wounds are not serious.”

“No, I am all right, Jerry. Just a nice little bit of shrapnel in my right leg. But I am awfully sorry that I did not last longer out there because

my major predicted a brilliant career for me on the Western Front."

After talking for some time, Blair said good-bye and started on his way back to the battery.

Trust that ass, John. There he was flirting with the nurses. He did not know when he was going past the endurance of people; did not know that in a hospital he should act sensibly and not as a schoolboy. As to Blair believing that his cousin was sorry to leave the Front, he knew that was just a little bravado.

That evening was a quiet one and, after dinner, Major Sanderson asked Blair to come to his dug-out as he wished to speak with him.

"Well, Blair," the major said, "until yesterday I really thought you could observe fire, but last night's wire-cutting failure showed me that perhaps one should not place too much confidence in young subalterns. However, we will let all that pass. Now, it seems to me that you have spoken of Young Hackett in rather a rotten way, and now that he has been out here he deserves just a little credit because the fellow really has nerve. Last night I went out into the trenches myself after the attack was held up and found some of the infantry officers making nasty remarks about the artillery. There was a young artillery officer there who was so infuriated over the remarks passed that he walked away. Three-quarters of an hour later that same fellow came back limping to Battalion Headquarters, where I happened to be at the time, and asked to see the colonel. Thinking it might be something of importance, the colonel admitted him. 'If your men wish to raid the Bosch trenches now, sir,' said the artillery



"Oh, he was the 'some men' who cut the wire"

officer, 'they can fire ahead. There is a clear four-yard passage through the enemy wire. Some of the men cut it with wire-cutters'. Naturally the colonel seized the opportunity and sent a raiding party of two hundred men out. They were entirely successful and managed to capture a few Huns. You might have heard a few bombs

exploding about three o'clock ——"

"Yes, sir, I did," replied Blair.
"But what has that to do with my
cousin, John Hackett?"

"Oh, he was the 'some men' who
cut the wire," replied Major Sander-
son with a smile. "The colonel of the

battalion has recommended him for
the Military Cross—which the young
'nut' deserves."

"Well, sir, I expect old John was
not such a fool as I thought him," re-
plied Blair, as he rose and made his
way outside—to curse "that wire".

THE WOOD PEWEE

BY CHARLES BARLTROP

WITH ashy breast and olive wing,
In leafy maze and lonely tree,
Upon a dry branch balancing,
Sat little wailing wood pewee.

To wind lament in stately pose,
Like those in selfish sorrow blind,
And din the woods with minor woes—
Such seemed the bent of pewee mind.

But when this percher made a dart,
He snapped his beak with lightning vim,
And every moth he caught apart,
He made a sacrifice of him.

A habit of complaint had he;
But for my life I could not tell,
How, day by day, this wood pewee
Could ail so much and eat so well.

Pewee, pewee his trebles flow;
If sadness he were called to bear,
What living thing would wish to know
The grief that waked his trivial air?

He soothes me, does this wood pewee,
I scarcely know the reason why;
But life would be less dear to me
Without his little wailing cry.



SAWING
From the Painting by
Homer Watson



SPRING THE ELUSIVE

By A. B. Brown.



PEAR-POINTS of golden sunlight thrust past the green linen blind, and awakened the placidly dreaming Mr. Bowermeek. He returned to consciousness with a start, from a delightful dream in which he had just shaken hands with Lord Tennyson, while Mr. Rudyard Kipling sat cross-legged on top of a hackney-cab and declaimed in Hindustani. When the phenomenon of the dancing yellow patches on the carpet had sufficiently penetrated his intellect, he sprang out of bed and hurried to the casement. Sending the blind whirling around its roller, he threw open the window-sash. Then there might have been observed—had any one been looking—the spectacle of a small pale-faced man in a blue flannelette nightgown leaning far out of an upper window. It was early in the month of April; also early in the morning.

"O irresistible Spring," he apostrophized rapturously, cocking his eye at the blue arc above,—“O Spring, thou glorious youth-time of the universe, thou dulcet dove of peace; soft thou art, and blue as a—a Damson plum. O Spring, thou, —a—you are here again.”

All of which verbal acrobatics came quite naturally; for Mr. Bowermeek was a poet. No common poet either, was he. Had he not won the third prize in the poetical competition of

The Fireside Key, that great family journal, and had he not more than once contributed to the local press? . . . Such was his proficiency in the gentle art of making rhyme, that, metaphorically speaking, he roamed hand-in-hand with the “ten” Muses. To him the composing of verse was a mere song. He was recalled from his blissful contemplation of the rooftops however, by a voice from the interior.

“Mr. Bowermeek!” called the voice tartly, “what are you doing there? And what will the neighbours think? Haven’t you any common sense?”

Drawing in his head, the gentleman in question faced the bed.

“My dear Amazonia,” he answered in a voice which he hoped was firm, “I was but welcoming the spring time, with—er—a few convivial phrases.”

“Spring,” said his better half, figuratively putting her foot down, “nothing of the kind! Why, winter isn’t over yet. . . . If you insist on keeping that window open,” she continued, “I shall catch the grippe. I never thought,” she went on, becoming plaintive, if Mrs. Bowermeek could be said ever to become plaintive, “I never thought you would wilfully try to make me ill. I thought better of you, Mr. B.”

“All right my dear, all right, the window is closed. But,” he added mildly argumentatively, “this balmy

spring weather would give no one a cold."

"It's no more spring," insisted the bed, "than—than I am. You'd better go down and start the fire."

Mr. Bowermeek went.

"Ah, dear me," sighed his lady. "Poor man. He thinks it's spring."

Here Morpheus, in the form of a ten-minute snooze, overcome her.

Meanwhile Mr. Bowermeek, clad in airy negligé befitting the season, stood on the back stoop in his carpet slippers, and regarded the yard with a connoisseur's eye.

"Fine!" he ejaculated, with visions of a luxurious vegetation in the back of his head. "This spot seems to be intended to grow flowers."

The garden, be it said, was only in prospective; at present the earth was sodden, and soiled patches of snow lingered in the fence-corners. The grass looked like spinach.

"Fine!" repeated Mr. Bowermeek. "I shall have a row of asparagus along that side, and sweet-peas over there. I'll put in tomato-plants across the back; they say it's so easy to grow tomatoes. By Jove, this air evokes the muse. I feel as if I could write a lyric or some *vers libre*. How's this?"

The birdies chirp in yonder brake,

"I wonder what a brake is?" he thought. "However, anyone can her";

The vagrant cats are all awake,

"Although they keep out of sight.
Now to make a neat finish,

The sun is high up in the sky,
And as for me—er—why—a—here am I.

"Not bad," he modestly commented, though he dimly felt his effort might have risen higher.

Sighing gently, he picked up the milk-can, and retraced his steps to the kitchen. His early morning duties were to take in the milk, light the kitchen range, and put the kettle on to boil. Presently Mrs. Bowermeek would descend, prepared to make the coffee.

On this particular morning the nominal master of the house was unusually sprightly. The promise of spring in the air seemed inoculated into the mild little gentleman. He hopped about humming a tune, and made a quite unnecessary hot fire. His enthusiasm even stooped to pat the family cat, which delicate but unusual courtesy that agile feline misconstrued; she scuttled with trailing tail through the open door.

When Mrs. Bowermeek—a large-boned but plump woman with strawberry coloured hair and pale near-sighted eyes—appeared, arrayed in a wrapper, Mr. Bowermeek greeted her effusively.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "You look as joyous as Aphrodite new-risen from the sea-foam this morning. Consider the enchanting seasons, my love; it is the youth of the year. Is it not delicious?"

At her husband's remark the lady merely yawned, and shook out a small measure of Cero Fruito flakes—or whatever it was—into the breakfast-food tureen.

Mr. Bowermeek tried again, almost desperately.

"The air, my dear," he said, standing on the other side of the stove, "the air outside is soft and balmy, the song birds sing in the old chestnut tree. There is not a trace of snow in the back-yard; everything is lovely. To stand at the back door and breathe the refreshing ozone is like wandering through the—ahem, green fields.

He had almost said Elysian Fields, but that flowery allusion seemed too incongruous with the majestic Amazonia.

"Goodness me!" she ejaculated, addressing Master Alfred Bowermeek, aged eleven, who was putting on his boots. "I wonder what's wrong with your father?"

"With me, my dear?" inquired that long-suffering person.

"Yes, with you. I can't see anything but mist. You better hurry and get dressed. I'm going to make

the toast. You can't live on spring, you know."

"Ah, dear me," ruminated Mr. Bowermeek, ascending to complete his toilet, "women, women! They seem to lack imagination! Dear me! Dear me!"

At the family's morning meal, consisting of the ubiquitous *Fruito*, coffee, toast and marmalade, the head of the house of Bowermeek said a rather perfunctory and conventional grace. Then he beamed around the table. "The air these mornings is so exquisite," he remarked, "splashing the milk over his cereal, "that we should all get up early to enjoy it."

The wife of his bosom yawned again, and poured out the coffee.

Mr. Bowermeek, slightly abashed, continued: "It is as mild and gentle as—a—cold cream." This aphorism also fell on rocky ground.

His spouse said she supposed that the Jones chickens would soon be scratching up their (the Bowermeek's) back-yard, and further she declared she couldn't understand why people wanted to keep hens in a city. She also stated with vague meaning it was hard that honest Christian folks, who paid a cash rent, should be worried to death by wild animals and other birds of prey. She stared sternly at Mr. Bowermeek as if he was the primary cause.

Miss Carolina Bowermeek, aged nineteen, who imagined herself to be æsthetic, now joined in the conversation.

"I'm glad the mild weather's here," she remarked, gracefully helping herself to sugar. "It'll be more comfortable to wear invisible sleeves."

But Mrs. Bowermeek being a tenacious lady (albeit a model housewife) could not rest now the Joneses were under scrutiny.

"The way that Mrs. Jones dresses," she informed her surprised mate, "is really too—it's simply—now isn't it, Caroline?"

Her dutiful daughter agreed that Mrs. Jones's costume was too—that is

to say, it wasn't what it should have been. Though the gentle Carolina, relenting, said that young Mr. Jones was rather a nice boy.

At this juncture Master Bowermeek, with his mouth full, mumbled: "Glad when the mud's gone. . . playin' marbles . . . spinnin' tops. . . Gee!"

"Don't speak with your mouth full, my son," corrected his father, then remembering a rebuke on such a day was impossible, he coughed apologetically.

"My dear, that window," he observed, buttering a piece of toast, "might remain open to-day?"

"That reminds me, Stanley," said his vis-a-vis, (thoughtless parents had christened Mr. Bowermeek Stanley). "It will be possible to work with the windows open. You know that spare room carpet must come up, and be beaten. It hasn't been touched for three years; it needs it. Then there are the stove-pipes to be taken down and the yard to clean up. Do try and get home early to-night. It's bright till seven o'clock; you can get a lot done."

Mr. Bowermeek groaned aloud.

"And Stanley," continued the relentless housewife, "try and remember to bring home a bag of camphor balls. I'll need a fresh supply. Oh dear," she sighed, "there's so much work to do in the springtime!"

Mr. Bowermeek fled, almost slamming the front door.

"Ah, my family," he said to himself, as he inhaled spring in large gulps; "they have no artistic feelings such as I possess; their thoughts run on material things; but after all it's only men of imagination and poets who really understand this weather."

He decided to walk to his office this morning, rather than cling to a street car strap.

"Confound that nasty work," he thought, remembering the homechores; "I don't want to do it. Bah! What's the good of spring if you've got carpets and stove-pipes?"

"Ah, here's Simpson," chortled Mr. Bowermeek, as a figure came down a cement walk. "He's a newspaper editor and can appreciate this. Hello, Simmy old boy! How are you?"

"Deuced poorly," answered the individual addressed, who had a muffler swathed around his neck, topped by a very red nose. . . "Col' in m' head. Echew! Wretched weather."

"You don't call this weather bad?" mildly interposed Mr. Bowermeek. "Why, I think it delightful."

"Oh, yes, of course," returned Mr. Simpson hotly. "But there's nothid the batter with you. First it's hod, then it's col'. Echew-w-w! Oh dear, enough to make an angel swear."

Mr. Bowermeek walked on in silence. On the down-town streets which he was compelled to traverse, the slush lay deep. Here the air was not quite so invigorating, and the poet felt slightly annoyed. "I'll not give into it," he said. "The idea of knocking this fine weather is absurd."

In the tiled rotunda of Mr. Bowermeek's office building the air struck damp and chill. However, bracing himself, he strode into the elevator.

"Good morning, Henry," was his gracious greeting to the shiny-visored elevator-man.

That worthy, having just concluded a successfully worded bout with the Janitor, was inclined to be facetious.

"Mornin', Mr. Bowermeek," he replied. "Fine mornin' sir, but chilly. See you didn't wear no rubbers. That reminds me of a little riddle; 's too good t' keep—Why are you—no offence meant—like the price o' leather?"

Smiling pleasantly the questionee said he had no idea. "Er—a—why?" he asked.

"Because—te he—'cause you're both going up," sped the answer. "Just thought of it, Mr. Bow'rm'k, when I seen slush all over your boots."

"This merry fellow," thought the genial gentleman, "can appreciate spring. Perhaps a poet's heart beats beneath that humble uniform." And

passing the fourth floor, he remarked: "A little slush is of no matter in this warm weather, Henry; it will soon dry. It was not so a month or two back."

"You can't trust this blame weather," said the elevator-man suspiciously, as if it was a bank. "First it's mild as soft soap, then it turns cold as blazes."

"Yet it holds a promise of good things to come," hinted the partizan of spring.

"I dunno 'bout that," was the skeptic's retort, as he peered through the now open door; "seems to be somethin' like—." The lettered shingle of a brokerage firm suggested a simile. "It's somethin' like Wall Street," the knowing one added.

With this captious criticism still ringing, its recipient entered his office feeling as if he had just imbibed a dose of bad disillusionment. The clerkship he adorned, while not very lucrative, was quite comprehensive, and his superior that day having troubles of his own was, as Mr. Bowermeek mildly put it, rather exciting.

So at noon he thought that a quick-lunch, followed by a brisk walk, would set him to rights. But at that noon-time he found the weather changing. Gray clouds obscured the sun, when he looked for it at the cross streets; the wind had risen; it looked like rain. Partaking of a hasty and not very enjoyable lunch he returned dejectedly to the office. His poetical dream of spring seemed shattered; he thought with an inward groan of the waiting work at home.

About half past five he boarded a home-bound car. It was beginning to rain, and the car was crowded. Clinging to a strap, a hat ornamented with artificial fruit nestled beneath his arm pit, causing him acute apprehension lest he crush it; while on the other side, a barbaric quill feather pricked him in the cheek. He alighted at his own corner, plainly annoyed.

It was a typical April day, such as Mr. Bowermeek had experienced every season for the past forty-two years, and promptly forgot by August. Dark heavy clouds raced across the sky, and places which had been pools of water in the morning, were now glares of ice. . . . Slipping on one of these traps for the rubberless, he saved himself by a great effort, to the disappointment of a watching small boy. The wind tore the hat from his head, which was recovered only after its pursuer was thoroughly winded. His breath came in short gasps. His head whirled. He sneezed several times. . . .

Coming in the front door contrary to custom, Mrs. Bowermeek met him in the hall.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried, while her harassed helpmate groaned, "you forgot your rubbers. Got your feet wet, eh? I see you have a cold. Well, as I said before, what can you expect? I could talk myself black in the face before you—"

"Any carpets to take up?" he interrupted.

"What! in weather like this?" was the cutting rejoinder.

"Confound it, Amazonia, I came home early on purpose, to help you."

Mrs. Bowermeek only regarded him with a glance of scorn.

"Any stove-pipes to take down?" weakly inquired the repentant wight, with his handkerchief to his nose, like a pummeled prize fighter.

Then his wife, who during the day had tried to regard his short-comings leniently, arrived at her tether's end. "Well of all the —!" she exclaimed. "That's just like a man. Stanley Peabody Bowermeek, how do you suppose I could even let the fire out, in bitter weather like this?"

The unfortunate, misunderstood optimist sank sighing on the hall-seat. Soon—in a week or so, ran his thoughts, things might change, the grass would again be green, the sun would once more shine. But for the present he was subdued.



THE ARMY OF TODAY

By Patrick MacGill

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END", "THE AMATEUR ARMY",
"THE RED HORIZON", ETC.

ISUPPOSE it has been the lot of every resident in the United Kingdom to see the British soldier leaving home to proceed overseas on the most momentous journey of his life; the journey to the field of battle. Those who have looked on him have seen his merry eye lit with the fire of romantic longing and heard his good-hearted laugh and song. If he had any misgivings on his fate in the crowning carnage of war, his face never gave expression to his feelings. Child of a great illusion, he laughed his mood away and hid his own soul. He was going out, a brave-hearted lad, to battle; another man to swell the ranks of our mighty Army.

Out there the civilians who have donned khaki enter on a new life and new experience. The battle front will never be understood by those who remained at home, despite Somme films and War Correspondents' stories. The atmosphere of war is confined to the field of operations, and no outside imagination can picture or penetrate it. The man who helps to hold a trench would willingly change places with Damocles who had to fear death from one quarter alone! The trenches hold death at every corner, from the furious shell, the vicious shrapnel, the hideous mine, the frost

fiend, disease, and the ten thousand several means of destruction which modern war has let loose on the European nations.

The greedy casualty lists eternally cry "More—more," and are not satisfied. Full blooded men have sunk with the tumult which they created, and hearty fellows come out to take their places, to dare as they have dared, and die as they have died. Now and again the appalling conflict may sober for a second, only to be taken up anew with redoubled intensity; the raw winter day is made lurid with the blazing hell-fire of destruction, and summer with its fields of poppy flowers is made pungent with the smell of death and decay.

Who shall pay tribute to the fighting Britain of to-day, tell the tale of its prowess, endurance and chivalry? Shall we ever find a writer to tell the story and give due praise to the mushroom army which has arisen as in a dream, but which is very real in fortitude, veteran self discipline and self control, which is vigilant, energetic and ready to sacrifice its own will almost without convincing its reason?

The story of our day is too big for any pen, only in the hearts of the people will the history of our times be written, and written in blood and tears.

The war is one great long-drawn battle which ceases not by day nor night. The fighters never rest, the frenzied attack gives place to the stubborn defence; men die, and others as brave and hearty take up the fight over their dead bodies. Moments of hell-frenzy, when the swift clear steel carves the path of victory through the shell-shriven barbed wire contraptions which fence the enemy's alleys of war, are followed by days of tense waiting as a trench is held and consolidated.

Men's souls are tried when they cling on to a trench which the enemy endeavours to shatter to pieces. It is then that men prove their worth, for their endurance is tested to the uttermost. Our men seldom give way, and we know of none who give themselves up as prisoners to the enemy. On the other hand, the Germans are pleased to finish their share of war in captivity with a whole skin. We who have witnessed the marvellous war organization at home have marvelled at it, but it scarcely prepared us for the tremendous results of the last three months, the miracle of steadfast and irresistible progression across the stricken fields of Picardy, which lies to the credit of our inimitable New Army. The German Army, at the height of its strength, is being beaten and crushed by a young giant that has not yet attained the zenith of its power. Our air service is far superior to that of Germany now. Probably our machines are nothing better than those of the enemy; but the spirit of our young aviators is superb. Every fallen machine bears tribute to their worth. The German flyers, more discreet and less courageous, seldom cross our lines, while our boys move through the high heavens at will. Nothing deters them; they train their machine guns on the hostile trenches, locate the enemy gun emplacements and give the range to the British artillery. I have seen many of these young heroes return at dusk to their aerodromes behind

the Allied lines full of the romance of their work and the spirit of young adventure. To them it is a great game, a joy flight through the sky. They speak little of the daring of their job; they merely bless their luck in being masters of their profession. They are men of whom Great Britain may well be proud. The last three months of Somme fighting, with its colossal artillery havoc and dogged infantry perseverance may well give hope to the England that waits at home. We all love peace and dislike war, especially war as it is waged to-day. But of the men who have gone out to fight there is no reason to feel ashamed. In the medley of heated passions they have played their part nobly, fighting with a zest when the battle was bloodiest, but ready in the hour of victory to take the enemy prisoner and hand him over to safe escort. There is no long-lived rancour in the hearts of the brave boys who fight so cleanly and courageously. A new chivalry has sprung up in the mind of Flanders, and there the traditional and heroic soul of England has come into its own. I know them well, the men of the British Army of to-day, men who laugh at death, weep over a fallen foe, grumble at fatigues, go into a bayonet charge with sublime nonchalance, and join in a song with their mates, even when the threat of death hangs over their heads. Mons knew them in defeat; Picardy sees them in victory, always the same, light-hearted, simple and brave. Their worth can never be gainsaid, their fellowship never questioned. I know them in all their moods, in depression and jubilation; little incidents make for either in their lives. An extra fatigue depresses them, especially when the work to be done is of no importance, an extra hour of sleep makes their mornings light and enjoyable. But even in despondent moments their jokes shine like stars.

A few weeks ago, when we were holding a trench near Vimy, a work-

ing party went out on our front to put up wires. The enemy discovered them, and opened a terrific bombardment. Presently one of our officers discovered one of the working party walking from the trench on the way out.

"Where the devil are you going?" asked the officer.

"Just going for a stroll down to the dressing-station," the man replied.

He was wounded in five places, and one of the wounds eventually necessitated the amputation of his right forearm.

The British soldier has much to his credit in France.

The patronne of the Café smiles when she hears his gay "Cheero" in the village; the children cluster round him in his billet. He evinces as much interest in "piggy-back" as in fighting, and laughs and sings at both. His big-hearted carelessness strengthens the bond between Great Britain and France. The soldiers of both countries have fought side by side; the peoples of both countries have lived together, eaten at the same tables and slept under the same roofs. The bonds formed in days of stress will not be severed in times of peace.

The British soldier has begun to take the war seriously; a new deter-

mination has been born within him. He wants to win now; once he used to want to get the job finished and done with, he wanted merely to give his foe a little chastisement and let him go home again when he promised to behave properly, become a better boy, and never play the fool again. But now the soldier is all for a merciless drubbing. He wants to beat the enemy, to smash him up. His resolve is written on his face, you see it in his eyes and the determined thrust of his jaw, but above all you can see it painted red in the villages and woods of the Somme region. There the spirit of our fighters makes itself manifest in deeds of great daring. In that district the British Army has come into its own. But not alone in the Somme region has Tommy put his back into the great work. Every trench from the Somme to the sea holds men who long to sweep across the parapet, and get to grips with the foe; men who have left homes and wives behind in England. Our soldiers are now in dead earnest; they want to get home to a country no longer imperilled by invasion or defeat.

The spirit of the Army to-day is as the song has it, "all right". It is the spirit that makes for victory.



THE GREAT EXCEPTION

By Phyllis Bottome

IT was a day of heat and richness; the sky was filled with light summer clouds piled high in shining whiteness over the undulating hills.

Kathleen Travers, lying back in a lounge-chair, felt a sense of physical well-being and content, which became enhanced as she saw her husband approaching across the lawn.

If she had been told before her marriage, two years ago, that she would find this pleasure in the Master of Hermmits, she would have politely disbelieved the statement.

It was improbable that she would have admitted it now; but as her husband stood before her, accompanied as usual by a bulldog and two fox-terriers, she felt the same sense of serene enjoyment with which she regarded a satisfactory dummy-hand at bridge. With what she had herself, and the exposed cards of her husband, she felt herself to be extremely capable of pulling off the game.

She did not repeat this reflection to Algernon as he sank into a chair beside her. She was not in the habit of repeating her reflections to him unless they dealt with the activities which formed his sphere. He had as much taste for abstract ideas as a dog has for red pepper. They did not make him sneeze, but they left him dazed.

Kathleen turned her eyes to his

and smiled. Algernon's handsome, good-natured face wore a puzzled and vexed expression.

After a few moments' silence he burst out impatiently: "Hang it all, Kit, I'm in a hole! I want you to help me about something, and yet I don't much like to ask you. A man never knows his own sister! Of course, I'm awfully fond of Pam. She has been everything in the family line to me since my mother died. Told me what to go in for and keep out of, don't you know; and sometimes I've done what she suggested, and I've never been sorry afterwards. But when it comes to knowin' anything about her—by Jove, she might be a girl in the moon! What's a fellow to do?"

Pamela St. John's greatest friend crossed her extremely pretty feet, and gazed up into the chestnut tree above her. It had come at last! She was the only person who knew Pamela's story. She had always wondered if Algernon would ever ask her; and she had decided very often not to tell him because she was Pam's friend, and then to tell him because he was her husband.

She dropped her unfinished cigarette upon the ground. "I suppose you have a reason for wanting to know?" she asked.

Algernon was not the kind of man who wanted to know things without a reason; on the contrary, he preferred

not to know things at all. He wanted to think life very simple; and it is difficult to think this without a good deal of carefully-cultivated ignorance.

"I'll tell you just what I know," said Algernon, growing rather red and pushing one of the fox-terriers off his knee, which was immediately supplanted by the other one; "then I'll tell you why I want to know more, and you'll see what there is to tell me. It seems such a rummy thing to do to talk about one's sister. Besides, a person's either all right, you know, or else they ain't; and, either way, the less said about them the better!"

Kathleen nodded her head. She knew her husband's code, and for the most part she agreed with it.

"Well, I liked St. John awfully," Algernon continued. "He was a first-class shot and a downright good fellow, the kind of man one would like one's sister to marry. Pam was twenty, old enough to know her own mind, and young enough not to have much mind to know (first-rate age for a girl, I think)."

"I was only a kid at school. I heard she was holding off a bit; so I wrote and said: 'You're jolly lucky to hook the beggar at all. Don't be a fool!' And Pam wrote back: 'You're quite right, old boy; but only fools are jolly lucky!' I didn't know what she meant, but I remember puzzling over it at the time.

"I didn't see her for some time after her marriage. When I did, St. John had gone off to Canada, nobody knew why. My mother said it was absurd and horribly unwise, but his people were awfully nice to Pam; they stuck to her all through.

"A fellow once said something to me about her, and I knocked him down, of course; but I didn't find out. That was eleven years ago, and St. John hasn't been back; and naturally I've never asked, or anything, but I've often wondered. The aunts would have told me, but I've stopped them off. I'd be hanged before I'd

listen to an aunt. And then, after all, Pam goes everywhere—and you were with her!"

"Yes, I was with her," said Kathleen very quietly. "I came to her six months after St. John had left her, and I've been with her, more or less, ever since."

"Six months after?" her husband asked, dropping the hot ash of a cigar upon the bulldog's nose, who promptly mistook it for a fly, ate it and looked disgusted.

"Six months after," repeated Kathleen.

Algernon cleared his throat. "Well, the name of the boy (the boy I knocked down, you know) was Clifford Lynn; tall, dark fellow, with narrow eyes. D'you ever see him?"

"Yes," said Kathleen tonelessly.

"Well, he took up painting (funny thing for a Lynn to do; most of 'em are soldiers), and then he married a rich wife. She died the other day, and left him a heap of money."

"Oh, I didn't know that," said Kathleen quickly. "I didn't know she was dead!"

"They were living abroad, you know—some rummy artist place with a funny Italian name—and now the chap's back. He did me a very good turn in the city the other day; just something he'd happened to catch on to, about rubber (it was an extremely useful deal. I should have had to let Hermmits if I hadn't made it); and he asked if he might come down here for a Sunday; said he hadn't seen Pam for an age. I've got the letter in my pocket, but I wanted you to see it before I answered. I say, Kit, you're not cold?"

Kathleen had shivered. It seemed to her that a small gray cloud had suddenly come between her and the sun—as if the glory of the day was blurred by the smudge of a careless hand.

"Let me see that letter, will you?" she asked indifferently.

Algernon did not repeat his question. He noticed that as she read it

her hand shook. It was one of Kathleen's peculiarities that she never showed anger by any other sign, and her hands only trembled when she was extremely annoyed.

"Have the man here," she said, handing Algernon back the letter. "By all means have the man here. I'll let Pam know."

"Is there anything you'd better let me know?" her husband asked anxiously.

Kathleen was angry, but she smiled. It was so evident to her that Algernon's supreme desire was to be let off knowing anything.

"I think you had better leave it to me," she said. "He won't suppose, you see, that you're aware of there being anything at all. You were only a child at the time. It would never do to have him think Pam minded meeting him. Yes; I think he'd better come."

Her husband rose, looking very relieved. No revelation had disturbed the quiet of his naturally placid mind. No doubt there was something—one of those vague and indeterminate affairs women are so apt to consider mountains, the kind of thing that, to a man of the world, barely exists as a molehill.

It would have been infernally awkward to tell a man not to come, anyhow, after that useful deal; and Kathleen would manage things all right.

He gave his wife a shy look of boyish admiration and gratitude, and laid his hand on her shoulder a little awkwardly.

"You've got an awful lot of sense, Kit," he said approvingly, then he went off with the dogs.

Kathleen sat for a long while after he had left her. Her eyes were half shut, and she rolled and smoked cigarette after cigarette with hands that trembled. She was living over again the most tragic episode of her life—an episode of somebody else's life.

Kathleen had been through hard times herself; she had borne the bitter

ache of disappointment and the hidden smart of unavailing tears, but she had never suffered for herself so fiercely and so impotently as she had suffered for Pamela St. John.

Poor, pretty, clever Pam, who at eighteen had irretrievably lost her heart to a young artist, too poor to marry her! Poor, malleable, gentle Pam, whose world-wise mother had broken her romance as a heedless hand might prick a bubble, and had reconstructed her life for her, with the unswerving rigidity of the world's knowledge! Poor, heart-broken, shrinking, cowardly Pam, marrying a man she did not love, because her mother told her love did not matter; because St. John was kind; because the world was hard and she was young! And then the girl died forever, youth died forever, and Pam was a living woman, passionate, headstrong, desperate; and Lynn came back. He was not brave enough to keep her, but he had courage enough to tempt her, and St. John was a gentleman. It was true, that, as much as possible for the world he lived in. St. John hid the damning fact that he had not a single mean or cruel "sensible instinct", that he was chivalrous and generous and clear-hearted. But he did not hide it from the woman he loved. He knew nothing about Lynn till Lynn came back. But the moment he did know, he went away. Everybody said what an extremely unwise and foolish thing to do; and his wife thanked God, and forgot all about him for six months.

When Kathleen remembered St. John her face softened a little; but her mind went back to the story she was reliving, and it hardened again.

Pam was not a wise or a very brave or at all a far-seeing person then; Clifford Lynn was the only idea she had in the world, and she had it very badly. She was quite reckless; and the more she gave, the more he took; and the less he wanted what he took.

St. John wrote that he would have given her her freedom if he could;

but they were both Roman Catholics—it was not as easy as that. There was no freedom. From first to last there was for Pam only unrelieved and cruel pain—the pain of having what she wanted, and the pain of doing without it; she had them both. And though she loved Lynn better than her life, better than the whole of all things, she knew, in the fresh knowledge that came to her day by day, that he was not worth it.

There was not one wholly fine or strong thing in him—she was giving all and getting nothing; but while she was giving she knew some joy, as all women know who give for the sake of the man they love. The bitterest was still to come—the inevitable moment when she was face to face with the truth that she could give no longer. Stripped even of giving, she must bear the jeers of the blind world. All that meant anything to her ceased to live; there was nothing left. She had burned all her boats, and she was alone on a desert island in an empty sea. She couldn't believe it, of course, at first; she expected him to come back. She told herself that he still loved her, that he had to be away. Then, when he announced his coming marriage to her, she found excuses for that; an artist must have money, an artist is not like other men; but her soul began to grow—she refused to see him after his marriage.

She nursed for a long time in her heart the last of her delusions that he was still, in spite of everything, even if he wasn't hers, not anyone else's.

This, perhaps, was cold comfort for a proud woman. But it was the only comfort she had, and people who have no other alternatives must take their comforts cold. However, Pam was not left even this comfort very long, she found there was someone else—not his wife, but someone else.

Kathleen Murray had always been her friend; Pam had let her go with the rest of the world; she had almost forgotten her existence, but one day, in the miles of dead faces that seemed

to haunt the sea of London hours, she saw eyes that really looked at her—that really saw her. Kathleen said, "May I come to tea?" and Pam had let Kathleen come to tea.

Afterwards, they talked for an hour about nothing, and then Kathleen said that she was glad to have seen Pam again. She said it has, if she meant it, and it was such a shock to Pamela St. John to hear that someone was glad to see her; that there could be anything glad left in connection with her, that she began to cry (a thing she hadn't done since the days of her girlhood). And she found such a surprising relief in tears, that she went on crying for several hours, while Kathleen stayed with her and smoked endless cigarettes, and the sun was hot on the London blinds, and nobody called.

Kathleen remembered just how Pam's drawing-room had looked, and the stripes on the awning over the balcony, filled with pots of hanging pink geraniums, and the bowed figure that seemed twisted and tortured with grief upon the sofa. Then Kathleen thought of the letter her husband had shown her; and she set her teeth and prayed that God would for once, just for once, punish the man.

Lynn, and her husband, whom she had not seen for eleven years, but remembered as being kind to her, were the only men who had ever played any real part in Pamela's life. For a year or two after Lynn's desertion, she had been for several men a dangerous woman, but that phase of her pain ceased and left her generous and kind; and, in the meantime, all sorts of merciful other things had taken place. Pamela had developed into a woman of many interests and profound originality. Her beauty had become astonishing, life and sorrow had made out of her face an exquisite picture; her mind had awakened and her whole being had become richer, stronger, and more alive.

Kathleen's friendship had turned the London tide. St. John's people

had never thrown her over (he had taken care of that). Lynn married and went abroad; and Kathleen Murray lived with Pamela. Kathleen was an heiress and a personality; and she would take no favours and accept no invitations that Pamela did not share.

So London came back; great ladies forgot to look over Pamela's head; invitations came pouring in, and Kathleen forced her to go out. Gently, gradually, inexorably, Kathleen took Pamela out of grief into life, out of darkness into intolerable twilight, and time and nature did the rest.

There was a great deal to do, and it had taken a long time, but it was done.

Kathleen, looking back over the years, knew that Pamela was safe, as secure, as free, as if she had never let those eyes, rather close together, look into hers, and take from her, one by one, all that makes life significant, precious and endurable.

"He made, quite without knowing it," said Kathleen, as she rose slowly to her feet, "an interesting woman out of a happy girl but it wasn't a pleasant method of creation, and I pray that the Lord will deliver him into my hands!"

Kathleen went to the house, but she did not write any letter to Pam. "I won't let her know," she said reflectively. "If she knows, she won't come; and if she comes, she won't care—and he will."

The drawing-room was full, and dinner had been kept waiting five minutes before Lady Pamela St. John came downstairs.

Kathleen was distinctly nervous; she laughed louder than usual and advanced to the borderland of conversational possibilities, till Algernon vaguely felt that he would rather she didn't.

A tall, dark man in the corner sat with his eyes on the door, twisting long, artistic hands, in a dumb anxiety.

"Pam wouldn't be Pam if she wasn't late," explained Algernon.

"Kathleen says she'll keep heaven waiting on the Judgment Day; should be surprised if she did. But people ought to be more careful about dinner; there won't be anything to keep hot there, don't you know. Albert told me when I engaged him that he'd cook anything in the world I liked, but that he wouldn't keep back the dinner. Oh! thank goodness, here she comes!"

The door opened and Pamela St. John swept into the room. She was very tall, dark and slim, with blue black hair, and great gray Irish eyes, with lashes that hung over them (the comparison was Clifford Lynn's) like pines about a mountain lake. She was a little short-sighted, which gave her an eager, questioning look, relieved by her slow charming smile. She was dressed in apple-green, and she wore the St. John emeralds.

"I'm quite awfully sorry, Kathleen," she said in low tones (her voice held the deep sweet notes of a black-bird in the spring) "but you know quite well you ought to have told me dinner was at seven-thirty, I should not have believed you, but I'd have been ready. I can't see very plainly across the room, but isn't that Mr. Lynn over there in the corner? You know one hasn't seen him for so many years, he may have grown a beard."

"So glad you haven't grown a beard, Mr. Lynn?" her voice dropped and she turned another slow, bright smile to Kathleen, who introduced her to the famous explorer waiting to take her down to dinner.

Everyone had watched the previous encounter with keen interest; most people knew that there had been "something", nobody knew what. For the last ten years Lady Pamela had been a personality in society; she could do now practically what she liked; but what she had done always remained an open question.

Clifford Lynn stood perfectly still looking at her; he was like someone under a spell, mesmerized and utterly dazed. Kathleen had to touch him

twice on the shoulder before he regained his wits sufficiently to offer his arm to a shy girl in pink, who became quite brave towards the end of the dinner, when she found that Lynn was more inarticulate than herself.

It was a small dinner party, and Pamela and Kathleen between them played on their guests with the skill born of experience, and an intuition as subtle as genius. Kathleen had, perhaps, the quicker wit, but Pamela's soft strength, the velvety elasticity of her mind, was more than a match for her sometimes.

Lynn continued to look at her all through dinner. When he knew her, Pamela had never talked, she had listened to him and said things, generally the wrong things, because almost everything is the wrong thing to a man who is too conscious that a woman is trying to please him.

Lynn was a clever man, too clever a man not to see that he had made a great mistake. The woman who sat opposite him now could not have tired him; he was consumed with inward vexation and the hardest kind of remorse—remorse that tells a man that in doing the worst for another person, he has yet failed to do the best for himself.

The question now was, what was left—everything or nothing?

He turned at last to talk to his neighbour; he did not hear what she said, nor what she answered; he only heard every musical and delicious note that fell from the woman opposite, and each word that she uttered extravagantly meant to him the whole passionate, perfect past (for it had really been very perfect to him, as perfect as he would let it be.) He wanted it back, he wanted it different, he wanted it forever! Ah! her beauty, her maddening beauty! The way her neck was like a flower-stem, the way her full, round chin rose above it, and the shape of her face! Other women's faces were flat, hard; you saw the skull in them, or their cheeks were over full—you guessed

what they would be by forty. Why wouldn't she look at him? He saw, as in a half-waking dream, those gray eyes throwing wide their gates for him, while all her heart was bare before him; and his?

He met her eyes across the dinner-table, and the gates were shut; she looked at him as if his face were part of the pattern on the wallpaper behind him; all significance was gone—all light, all life! Suddenly she addressed him directly, and he felt a pang that made his heart leap against his side.

"Have you been long in England, Mr. Lynn?" she asked him. "Do tell me what it seemed like getting back after so many years. It always interests me so much what people feel like on a return. Has everything shrunk? I remember going to see a clock-tower once after ten years; I was a child when I had seen it before. I thought it was about the size of Canterbury Cathedral; the difference now is that Canterbury Cathedral seems about the same size as the clock tower!" She gave a vague, formal smile as she finished speaking.

Clifford Lynn gathered himself together, trying not to remember what her voice sounded like before, when every word was his home, and every note of music it contained an orchestra in his praise and for his glory.

"Some—some things, when you return to see them, seem more beautiful," he stammered; "you didn't know, you didn't realize what you had left!"

"Ah!" said Pam, "I expect that's the difference between an artist and a common person (I suppose it is rather common, isn't it, not to be an artist? He brings back the beauty of the past, while all really sensible people take it away and put it into the future."

"People who think about the past are usually very young," said Kathleen. "I stopped thinking about it when I was eighteen. I thought about it a great deal before that; in fact, I

never thought about anything else. Personally, my dear Pam, I don't agree with you. It seems to me just as silly to think about the future. Now, a really wise person just sits down in the present, reckons on the past, and carries on into the future, but lives, don't you know, upon the immediate column!"

"Now, I," said the explorer, with a twinkle, "have carried on in the past, reckon upon the present, and live in the future. I think my plan the most satisfactory, but perhaps it pays better for men than for women."

"It would be an interesting question to know what does pay women," someone asked.

"Women," pronounced Algernon, "don't need to be paid; they are supported."

"Then, I suppose," said Pam, "we pay you for being insupportable. It certainly explains a good deal. But if you come to think of it, we don't get much fun for our money. It would pay us, perhaps, if you played fair, if you really bought all the amusing things in life, and handed them on to us; but so much of that sort of thing stops with the middleman, it doesn't get handed on."

"I think Pam's growing clever," said Algernon. "It ought to be stopped. Somebody told me the other day I had a clever wife. It annoyed me awfully, but I'll be hanged if I'll let anyone tell me I have a clever sister as well. A man must draw a line somewhere."

Kathleen rose and laughed. "You can draw all the lines you like," she said. "That's what I think men are for—to draw lines, that women may step over them. There would really be nothing in stepping over lines if men didn't draw them for us!"

Clifford's eyes sought Pamela's. Pamela was looking at Kathleen. Nothing passed between them; their eyes met as sentinels relieving each other at a dangerous outpost.

After Pamela left the room, Clifford Lynn knew that there was nothing

else anywhere—nothing else at all.

The soft summer twilight lingered late upon the terrace; a band of yellow hung in the west between the jagged purple clouds; from time to time a flash of heat lightning opened a door in the sky and closed it again, with a faint reverberation of thunder. It was the hour when every blossom seems to yield its heart up in fragrance to the evening. The scent of honeysuckle, of roses, of ghostly white tobacco plants, passed in waves of sweetness across the garden. From time to time the sharp, sobbing note of a settling bird, speaking, and not singing, the last word of the day, struck across the gathering silence.

Clifford Lynn felt the spirit of the night press upon him in intolerable desire; his blood sang in his ears, and his heart beat thickly, as if he had been running to escape the pursuit of a deadly fear. He heard Kathleen's light peals of laughter at the other end of the terrace. Pamela stood a little apart, talking to the explorer, but when Clifford drew near the explorer turned away.

"May I speak to you?" Clifford muttered. Pamela turned her head and looked at him. There was a good deal of wonder in her eyes, but no fear, and no consciousness.

"Oh, yes," she said, "of course. Let us sit here." She chose a seat in full view of the group on the terrace. It was out of ear-shot. Then she leaned back, and drew in a long breath of the fragrant night. Her eyes wandered across the garden to the faint lightning in the west.

"Pam," he said quickly, "Pam." Then, indeed, consciousness came to her in a surprised and angry wave. Her eyes blazed at him.

"How dare you?" she said. "Never use that name again!" She rose as if to leave him, but something in his imploring eyes stopped her. They were full of tears and wild with pain. Looking at him, she saw suddenly across a wide abyss a feeble ghost of her own lost agony.

"Hush, hush!" she said gently as if she were speaking to a frightened child. "It's all gone now—it's all forgotten. Don't you know that it's dead?"

"Ah, not for me!" he cried. "Don't you see I love you! love you! love you! I'm mad and dazed and blind for love of you! You're my life! The very air I breathe is you! I am suffocated and lost and broken if you won't listen to me! Kill me if you like, but in mercy don't treat me as if you were not you, but some strange woman with your eyes, your lips, your hair! Oh, God! you're too beautiful! There's nothing I won't do for you. My whole life—" He stopped short. Something in her eyes stopped him. It was not scorn, it was not anger; it was simply weariness. She looked very tired. "Why, why," he stammered, "you don't love me! I thought you loved me! You can never have loved me!"

"I didn't mean to make you suffer," Pamela replied in a low voice. "I didn't think the question would arise. Why should it? Think for a moment. It was of your own free will you left me. Why should I for a moment have supposed you would have changed your will? As a matter of fact, I didn't think anything about it. When I saw you here to-night I thought it was an accident. I'm very sorry if I've hurt you; I don't like giving people pain."

"People," he groaned. "Can you speak of me like that?"

Pamela frowned. "How else should I speak of you?" she asked a little coldly. "Once, it is true, you were The Great Exception. Now you are the rule; the rule, you know, that is proved by being the great exception! If you mind, I'm sorry; but I didn't make the rule."

"Now, Mr. Lynn, I'm not going to talk to you any more, or see you any more. What's the use? It would only make you sad. I should like it so much better if you could go away

not feeling bitter, or wronged, or unhappy, because, you see, there is nothing to feel bitter about!"

"Nothing," he interrupted angrily.

"Nothing! My whole life is ruined!"

"No, it isn't," said Pamela quickly.

"Nobody, fortunately, can ruin our lives. They can try, but they can't do it. Good-bye." She rose as she spoke, and turned towards the group on the terrace.

"Nothing," he interrupted angrily.

"Nothing!"

Kathleen came forward as if she were going to speak to him, but Pamela slipped her arm in Kathleen's and drew her away. Kathleen gave her a quick glance. Pamela smiled, and gently shook her head.

"Don't want to be unkind," she said, "because things are always unkind enough."

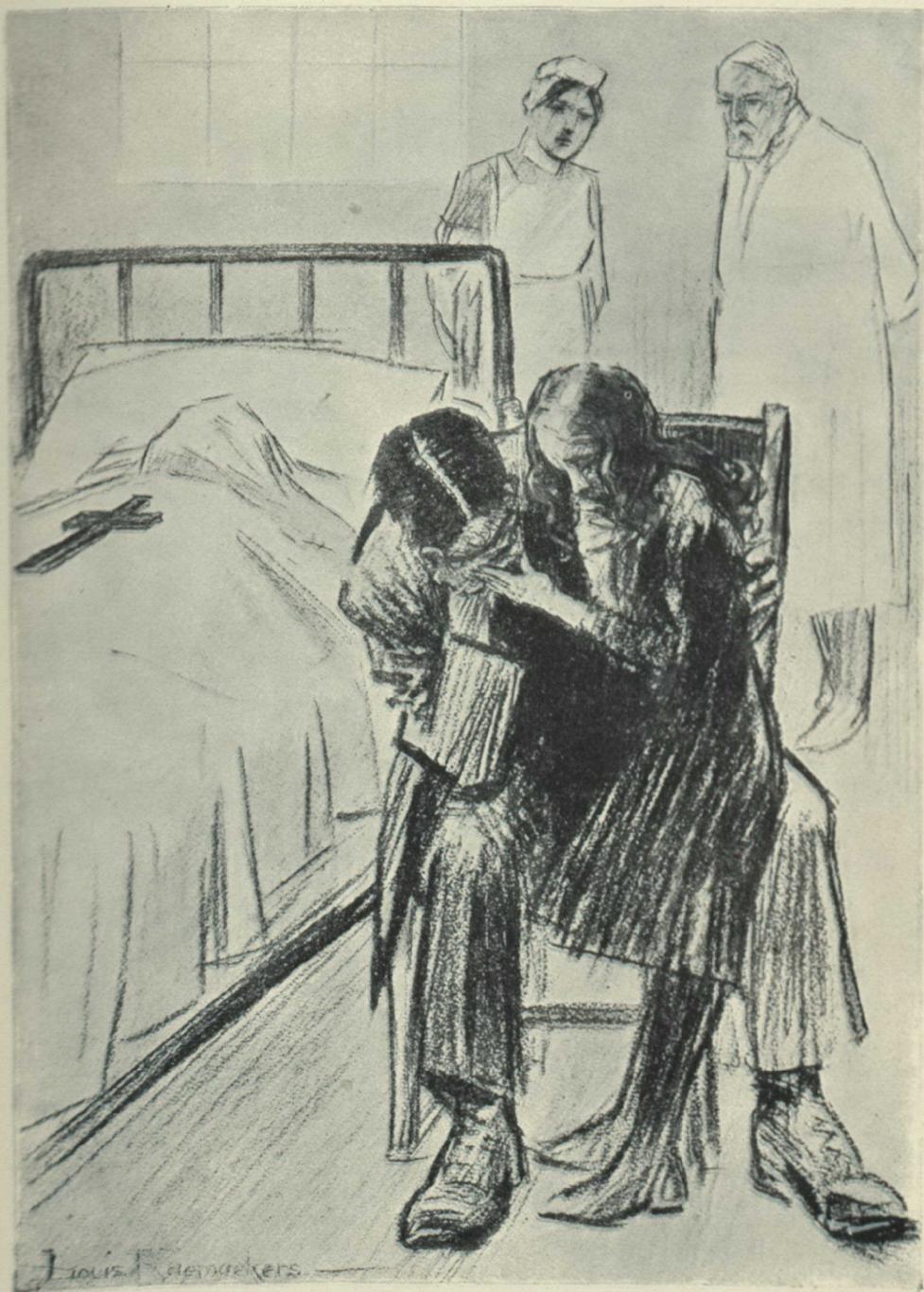
Kathleen stood looking at her for a moment. "If I'd been you," she said, "and seen what you've seen, I'd have tortured that man before I let him go."

Pamela shook her head again.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Kathleen. You think you would, but you would not. You can't go on slapping a selfish child; and if the selfish child was once the man you loved, there isn't any pain you wouldn't spare him, except to be again the woman that he thinks he loves."

Clifford Lynn sat with his face buried in his hands. He was suffering, suffering horribly, and there was nothing, there was no one, who could share his pain. Even his wife was dead. In his head, like the swinging of a pendulum, rang out two unmeaning, torturing words, "Everything!—nothing! nothing—everything!" They might have been the epitome of his life.

Then the artist woke in him for a quivering and astonished moment, and he saw there was nothing left him but himself; and for the first time in his life he did not want—himself.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ZEPPELIN

"But mother had done nothing wrong, had she, daddy?"

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

VII.—THE NON-COMBATANTS

ALL who don khaki are not fighters or Red Cross men. Another class has sprung up with the new conditions of war: the Pioneer Battalions, the sappers and miners and wirers. They are the labourers of the force, the men who take strange risks against which they can scarcely protect themselves. Their work is never finished, idleness is never more than enforced at the point of a gun. With the big guns roaring about them their duties continue, increase, oblivious to the fortunes of the struggle in which they indirectly take such an important share.

Day and night are the same to some of them. To others night and darkness provide the only protection they know. But some time their toil must be performed. The Pioneers are pioneers indeed, first on the new ground where the deserted, battered trenches of the enemy must be rebuilt without loss of time for their new occupants, always fighting against conditions that seem to conspire to impede them. Like the fighters, they are not fair-weather soldiers; but, unlike the soldiers, the resting enemy affords them no rest.

In the German army the Pioneers and sappers form an integral part of the combatant forces. When there is no fighting they are working. When

their friends go "out over the top" they are in the thick of it. That is one reason why they are a larger proportion of the soldiers in the front lines. In the British army they are called on to fight only in extreme cases. In such a struggle as that at St. Julien, when the enemy was held up only by the grim grit of every man in the Canadian camps, they are able to prove that, under necessity, they can handle a rifle as well as a pick. But even the camp cooks and roustabouts were called into that affair. Every arm that could pull a trigger or throw a bomb figured in the repulse which added the grandest battle-page to Canadian history.

But these charmen of the army are not left to the charman's standing in society. The boys who make things possible, who make impossible the worst of the enemy's menaces, who offer to their friends that protection which could come from no other source, are not apt to be looked down on in an army where every man has his part—and it makes no difference whether he was a clergyman or a billiard marker. Digging trenches, piling up a parapet, gouging out a dug-out for others to enjoy, laying a trench mat, clearing the water and mud from about the soldiers' feet—it all gives them an importance which is appreciated at its real value in the scheme of things. And even back in

camp they are not allowed to rust, for a camp is a huge house to look after. Then at night they may form a burying party, that evaded task of the soldier's daily life, with a chaplain mumbling reverently but hurriedly the service in the blackness of a cemetery within reach of the enemy's machine-guns.

Plug—plug—plug is the routine of the soldier who lifts pick and shovel as his share of the great war.

The miners are as real miners as those who seek coal or gold from the depths of the earth. Indeed many of them were miners in civilian life. The Maritime Provinces have supplied hundreds of miners from their coal-fields, men inured to underground life and work, accustomed to the back-flaying task in impure air, trained to play with gunpowder, to sense subterranean dangers, experienced in the demands of safety where an accident is certain death. England's miners have responded by the thousands, many of them engaged at their ordinary wages in a task that requires an expertness equal to that demanded of the army General.

Never, day or night, are the tunnelers of either side idle along those hundreds of miles of front. Down beneath the mud and cold of the trenches above, the snow and rain, the thunder of guns and the tearing of shells, the advance and retreat of struggling millions, the miners swing along foot by foot farther and farther towards the enemy, cutting the shafts and drifts and galleries that will some day play an important part in the defeat of the enemy. And the men above never forget it. To them the menace of the unsuspected mine is more terrible than a score of attacks.

Tunnels vary in size and length and shape as they do in the pursuits of peace. Usually about three feet wide and four to five feet high, they advance about a foot an hour, two miners using the pick while two others carry back the loosened earth.

If it is to be a long tunnel it will sink as far into the earth as sixty feet before striking its level. In that case it probably starts back in the supporting trenches and sinks either straight into the earth or by a slope. The extreme depth of a long tunnel is necessitated by the fact that an obstruction of water or rock is surmounted only by rising, and in a tunnel of a mile many upward deflections may be necessary. As it progresses it is shored up every three feet by timbers brought in by working parties during the night. The loosened earth is removed in sandbags that are used as parapet or emptied somewhere out of sight of the enemy. For the earth from a tunnel is recognizable, and the entire value of a mine is its surprise.

Over all these operations a mining officer, an engineer, has charge, performing the task as accurately according to plan as his facilities permit.

Some of these tunnels are the products of more than a year of unbroken work. As this is written there are at the front certain huge tunnels about which the soldiers speak in awed voices. Extending on and on, they pass beneath two, three, four enemy lines, even back beneath towns in which the enemy thinks himself secure, under artillery emplacements which will one day be marked only by a tremendous hole in the ground. When the time comes for advance these mines will play a part that will effect the results.

At the great fight at Hooge a German mine blew up almost an entire company of Canadians. The boys are going to exact retribution.

Four to eight hours at a stretch the miners toil underground, coming to the surface "for a blow" as the quality of the air and their experience demand. Fresh air is pumped in by bellows through pipes, but only the most modern ventilating system would purify the air of some of these larger tunnels.

And all the time an enemy mine

may be near, awaiting the moment when it may be blown up with greatest damage. The only defence against a mine is a counter-mine. Groups of enemy miners may tunnel within hearing of each other, both feverishly seeking the advantage of level where the other may be destroyed. When the enemy's mining is suspected a counter-tunnel may be hurried out towards it and blown up in its path, thus blocking its progress by means of what is known as a *camouflet*.

Another kind of tunnel has proved itself especially serviceable to the Canadians. At an exposed point where a hill ranges behind the front lines a tunnel was dug beneath the hill to provide safe passage for the incoming and outgoing troops. Six feet in height, it is a luxury that has saved its hundreds of lives, for it prevents an exposed movement within easy range of an effective German artillery that here has every foot under fire.

A third variety of tunnel is that utilized as a listening-post. One of the wounded Canadian miners has told me that the strangest feeling he had at the front was when he lay only four feet or less beneath the feet of a trenchful of Germans, hearing them with perfect safety converse and laugh and play their musical instruments almost within reach of his hand. A charge of gunpowder would have blown up the entire company, but the spying value of the tunnel was greater than its destructive value. From that listening-post we were kept informed of every enemy movement in the immediate vicinity, with some knowledge of their gun emplacements, their working parties, their night patrols, and their suspicions of the movements of the enemy before them. There is always the chance that the conversation of the front line is within the hearing of the enemy.

The sappers are the privates of the Engineers. They take charge of fatigue parties for digging trenches,

building parapets, laying trench-mats, guarding ammunition dumps and stores, and of the thousand and one duties for which men must be detailed. In most of these the knowledge of engineering, however slight, is of value.

The wirers have a particularly unpleasant job. Not so expert as the miners, they are, nevertheless, selected for this task which takes them always within reach of the enemy rifles and machine-guns, of flares, of bombing and patrol parties, of every sniper who looks out towards the lines for a chance shot. Barb wire, while it is a curse to friend and foe in the wrong place, is as necessary for protection and rest as the sentinels themselves. Its only place of usefulness is in the most dangerous part of the front, where only darkness offers protection to the men who stretch it. And the Germans have an unpleasant habit of turning loose a machine gun or two without provocation; and a machine gun may wipe out an entire company of wirers without knowing it. When the wirer goes out into No Man's Land he simply takes a big swallow—and his life in his hands. At the first sound of a Veery light, before it has had a chance to light up the ground, the wirer throws himself on his face or turns to stone and escapes notice by mere lack of movement.

His fate is less disagreeable to-day with the improvement in the style of fence. At first the posts were wooden, and had to be driven in. Even when they were made of iron in the next stage, they still were pounded in where noise was the last thing desired. The Germans first developed the new idea, the screw post, but the British quickly followed, the only difference in the two styles used being that the British posts did not have the arms that were a characteristic of the German variety. Now a wiring party goes out into the danger zone and works in silence. The posts are four feet high and eight feet apart, with a low post midway be-

tween. The barb wire, which at first was wired to the wooden posts, then strung through poles in the early iron posts, is now simply looped over hooks on the posts. From high post to high post it runs, with other wires proceeding downwards to the low posts, thus making a network impossible to pass through without cutting.

Comment has long been made on the maze of wires that protects the German lines, the deduction being that the enemy is much more afraid of surprise attacks than are our men, so nervous, in fact, that he is willing sometimes to wire himself in as well as wire our soldiers out. And patrol and listening-post is considered to be an integral feature of the British war scheme.

The strain of continued wiring must be tremendous. S., a Toronto-born lad who enlisted in the West, was sent from the trenches to hospital with a complication of diseases, among them being a weakness of the heart. Arriving in England for treatment, he fumed at the enforced inaction, for, although feeling at times almost as well as ever, he was ordered to bed. He knew it was unlikely that he would see the trenches again, and back in Canada a very sick sister and mother called to him to return. It seemed to him, too, that only in Canada would there be relief to the lung trouble that was one of his ailments.

Of course his only chance was to remain in bed, an order which he consistently ignored at every opportunity. He was a dark, suspicious-eyed fellow, fostering the idea that the world was against him, and to every effort at restraint he opposed a watchful silence or an explosive disgust. The knowledge that came to him gradually that the doctors were not frank with him increased his insubordination, and finally one evening I undertook to put his case frankly before him. It was a seemingly useless task, for when I called the next two nights he was out. On the fourth

evening I was prevented from visiting the hospital, and a message was delivered to me from him that he was remaining in bed at last. I understood. For a week I saw him every day, and for another week he stuck faithfully to his word. Then he was allowed up, and to give himself some interest in life he established a barbershop in the hospital. It brightened him up wonderfully. And there he remained, seeing ahead of himself in the end a reasonable recovery that could be attained only with extreme care.

His weak constitution and bad family record were scarcely the foundations on which to build a winner's career.

Of course there are thousands of others in khaki who not only have not fought the enemy but have not even seen them, who could scarcely be called soldiers in any sense of the word. Many of these have landed in the non-combatant service from choice. For instance, the Canadian War Records Office in London was filled with them, until a "man-power board" yielded to public clamour and cleaned a lot of them out for the work for which they were supposed to enlist. But "man-power boards" are more for the public eye than for real "comb-ing-out", and still many continue to draw good pay without more danger than threatens in the life of London. There have been, too, in these offices many who were not permitted to go to the front, because their faithfulness to the work in hand made their presence in London desirable. What they suffered from was the quality of their work. The young fellow who loafed on his job and filled no essential place in the offices was—unless he had the "pull"—cleaned out for active service, while those who were eager to do everything they touched with all their energies were put down as "indispensable", although they were usually the ones who had enlisted to be real soldiers. In addition there were a number upon whom sick-

ness fell before they could cross the Channel. So that not by any means all the clerks in the War Records Office were shirkers.

Of the didn't-want-to's I came across an interesting example who for many months had succeeded in evading discovery. He was admitted to the hospital where I met him with what appeared to be shellshock. It was a well-defined case. I saw him first seated on a bench in the blazing sun (of which England had experienced none for weeks previously) but in his surly, cynical face was a hopelessness and disgust with life that seemed to call for sympathy. His right knee thrown over his left twitched spasmodically and he watched it with sneering contempt and disgust.

From the first word I found him "fed up" with everything—the many hospitals he had been in, the weather, the state of his health, the food and treatment he had received at everyone's hands. He was explosive in language, irritable, almost vicious, with a face from which every gleam of pleasure seemed to have taken permanent leave. At times it was impossible to get a word out of him until some impulse started him, when he would hiss and sputter out his anathema until it was considered wise to keep the poisons out of his reach. The only treatment seemed to be to rouse his interest in something outside himself, and at first he was put on the mess. For a few days he improved, and then he began to complain of the clatter of the dishes. He was set at gardening, but something or other there did not agree with him and he was put to making chicken coops. For a few weeks the young chickens did seem to be working a cure.

I came to understand his case and the reason for his eternal grouch, as well as for his transference from hospital to hospital. He had not only never been at the front but he had tried every means to escape being

sent. At Shorncliffe his leg was injured by being thrown from a horse, but his "shellshock" was sheer fear. In the hospital where he was undergoing treatment for his leg the inmates quickly diagnosed his case and laid themselves out to make him undergo some, at least, of the suffering, even though he never got to the trenches. They piled on him such terrible stories of the life in the trenches, the suffering, the danger, the misery and injuries that he developed shellshock without having heard a big gun. It is an established fact that the boys who have been in the trenches have nothing but contempt for the khaki-clad pseudo-soldiers who prefer a safe job in England to taking a term in the active fighting.

Of the other kind who were prevented from reaching the front one whom we will call R. is a good example. R., a Westerner, had enlisted with the C.A.M.C. Always before him he held the picture of the good he might do as a stretcher-bearer up in No Man's Land. After very little training he was sent to England and there his training stopped. His earnestness and indefatigability earned for him right away one of those positions of drudgery that come to the faithful, in order that some officer may have at his beck and call the best workers in the army. He became a batman to an officer, and such a good one that his delivery to the active forces was not to be thought of. In the course of many changes he reached a convalescent home, not as a patient but as one of the staff whose duties were to scrub and sweep and clean and perform other tasks within the powers of wounded soldiers unfit for the front. Transferred to another convalescent home, he came to my notice. He was never idle. No need to point out what needed attention; R. always saw it and attended to it. When the ordinary work of the staff orderly failed, he filled in his time in a little garden he commenced to make in waste ground.

He was too good for the trenches, of course, said the officers.

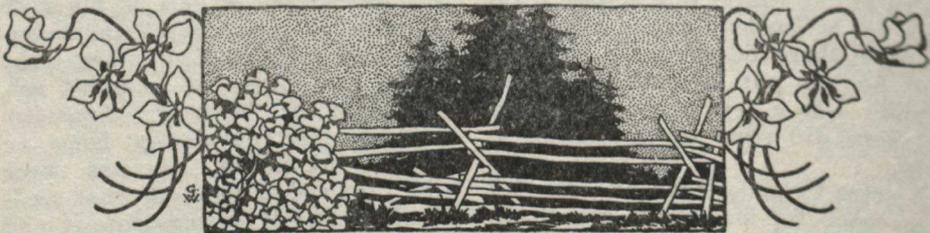
He became a silent lad, moving about his work with a wordless suffering behind his patience that was pathetic. It was in a moment of confidence that I obtained his story. He had never been "crimed," never been even lectured save when he pleaded to get to the front. Strong and clear-eyed, he was at first sight the very man to have about anywhere. Had he dared he would have removed the red cross from his arm, "for," said he, "anyone can do this work. I thought I might be of use out there at the front," he moaned. "They told me they needed stretcher-bearers when I enlisted."

I was able to obtain for him his wish, and the last word I had from him, written in a Y.M.C.A. hut at the front, was the gratitude of a happy soldier at last within sound of the guns. The flotsam in the eddies and back currents of military red tape and discipline is sometimes as pathetic as the suffering of the wounded and nerve-stricken.

Another, a Russian, who enlisted in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, came over to England as a gunner, full of the enthusiasm that so often characterizes that branch of the service. When about ready to leave for the front, at Shorncliffe his gun back-fired. Once before it had done the same without serious injury to any of

the crew, but the second time it caught five of them. The other four recovered, but the Russian's heart had been too badly tampered with. In the hospital he struggled hard with his malady. Time after time as the medical officer inspected the boys he put on the best face he knew how, but the trained ear heard the murmur of the weak heart and turned the Russian back. Long since I lost track of him but at the last he was becoming reconciled to return to Canada without a taste of that for which he had enlisted.

As sad as any are the cases of those who took sick in the training camps in England through no fault of their own. The exposure of that first camp at Salisbury Plains will stand for many years a discredit to the authorities. How many of the boys contracted through it pneumonia or rheumatism, tuberculosis, kidney trouble or the other diseases resultant from such outrageous mud and exposure I do not know. That any of them came through it is surprising. English weather, combined, perhaps, with a certain recklessness on the part of the boys, has claimed a toll that has decreased as experience taught the best methods of combatting it. So that to-day the Canadian soldier who has no chance to reach France is becoming a rarity. In that stands the protection of these who would be real soldiers.



THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER IX.



EVERY military unit at the front has its mascot. Our's was no exception; in fact we overdid it, and became a sort of home for pets of all shapes and sizes, from Jean, a little French boy of nine years of age, who wandered in one day from Soissons, to Nursing Sister Marlow's baby goat.

Jean's mother was dead; his father was fighting at the front, and the little chap being, as we discovered later, of a migratory disposition, forsook his native haunts and "took the trail". How or why he came to us, no one knows, but he liked our company, so he stayed.

A small boy being the only sort of animal we had not already adopted, was hailed with joy, and before two days had passed, we had taken up a collection and bought him a complete military uniform, from cap to boots. He couldn't speak a word of English—but he was a boy, and as we too had been boys not so very long ago we understood one another from the start. Jean picked up English words with disturbing rapidity. He had learned several distinct and artistic varieties of oaths before we were aware he understood at all.

Jean and the goat had much in common. They had both been cast upon a warlike world at a tender age. They had both adopted us, and both accepted their living from us with gracious condescension.

According to world-wide custom, the goat was promptly nick-named Billy, although he was a mere bundle of lank gray wool with legs so long that it must have made him dizzy every time he viewed the earth below. He was just strong enough to stagger over to the nursing-bottle which Jean held out in his grimy fist.

Jogman loved Jean; Jean loved the goat, and the goat loved Jogman. Thus was established a circle into which none might break.

"Dat's a hand fer ye'," Tim commented to Jogman, as the pair watched Jean feeding the goat. "A hand like dat ain't friends wit' soap an' water, but de goat ain't too pertickler."

"I washed him about an hour ago," Jogman replied defensively, "but ye can't keep th' boy clean—he ain't happy without dirt."

Jean sat upon the ground as they spoke, still holding the nursing-bottle up to Billy's greedy mouth. He understood only a little of what they

were saying, but looked up quickly at the last few words.

"I'm happy here—me," he cried. "*Bien content. Damn!*"

The expletive was addressed to Billy, who with a sudden tug had pulled the bottle from his hand.

"Do ye' know where small boys that swear go?" asked Jogman reprovingly.

"Big boys what swear go to de war," Jean contended, "an' me soldier too."

"If ye do it again I'll send ye back to yer aunt at Soissons," said Jogman.

The child sprang to his feet at once, and catching him by the hand cried tearfully: "No! No! No! Not back to Soissons—"Oh, *Je vous en prie, non!*"

What strange fear had driven him from home? He couldn't or wouldn't explain it; but he was in great dread of being sent back, and this dread was the one thing that influenced him.

"Well, well," said Jogman soothingly; "be a good boy, an' don't swear no more—then we kin keep ye' with us."

Jogman had a good heart, but a bad stomach—it's difficult to get a perfect combination. Jogman drank; so did the goat, but they imbibed from different bottles and with different results. Jogman had been on his good behaviour for almost two weeks—his money had run out. But pay day came at last and trouble always followed in its wake.

Thirty dollars—more than one hundred and fifty francs in French money—was enough to turn the head of any soldier. With a bulging pocket the Tommy's heart throbbed nervously, until he got a chance to "blow it in". But before this fortuitous undertaking was completed Jogman had signally disgraced himself and us. Tim accosted him as he was leaving the hospital grounds:

"Where are ye' goin'?" he demanded.

"Goin' to town to see th' sights,"

Jogman returned, with a wide grin.

"Some sights—dose gals," Tim growled. "Remember yer failin' an' don't hit de can too hard. I can't bear seein' ye' doin' mor'n six days 'First Field' per week."

Jogman had good cause to know to what form of military punishment Tim alluded. He had already had several trials of it.

Paris-plage was only two miles distant, and its smart cafés and pretty girls called irresistibly to the lonely boys. The girls, however, never worried Jogman. His life was full when his stomach was full, and the fumes of *cognac* or *whiskey blanc* beckoned him like a siren's smile. Loaded down with his full month's pay and with a twenty-four-hour pass in his pocket, he took the shortest path through the forest towards his objective.

The day was clear and almost warm, and the soft breeze droned lazily through the pines. As he reached the edge of the wood he saw before him the sand dunes rolling gently toward the sea. There was a weird fascination about those great hollows and hills of sand. Time and the wind had beaten them so firmly that one might tread upon their crusted surface and scarce leave a footprint. Craters as large as the Roman Coliseum, surrounded by tufted grass, spread before his gaze but he tramped stolidly on, hardly conscious of the lonely beauty of his environment. All that Jogman saw was the top of the large French hospital which marked the edge of the town and stood out clearly against the deep blue of the sea.

When he came to the highest point of the dunes, he idly noticed the strange house surmounting it—a dwelling made from an overturned fishing-smack, with door and windows in its side. But a little farther on a habitation, stranger still, by accident attracted his attention. He had lain down for a moment's rest beside some bushes, and on turning his head he was surprised to see a small window

on a level with his eyes. The house was buried in the sand; its little door, scarce big enough to permit a man's body to pass through, was cunningly hidden by the brush and grass. Whoever lived within was hiding from the world.

Jogman got upon his knees and thrust the brush aside; he pried open the window and peered within. He saw a small room, neatly furnished with bed and rug and chair. A dresser stood against the wall. An electric light hung from the ceiling, but no wires were visible without. The clothes still lying upon the bed, the overturned chair and the remains of a lunch upon the table all spoke of a hasty departure. Perhaps it had been the secret home of a German spy. If so, he had decamped.

Dismissing idle speculation, but making a mental note for future reference, Jogman rose and proceeded on his quest. He soon found himself in the streets of that lively little town which has been aptly called the Monte Carlo of northern France. Its big gambling casinos had long since been turned to better use, and the beds of wounded soldiers now replaced the gaming tables and *petits chevaux*.

Hurrying through the "Swiss Village" and scarce taking time to acknowledge the greetings of a Belgian lassie who waved her hand from a shop window as he passed, he entered the Café Central and seating himself at one of the little round tables forthwith called for a drink. The barmaid approached him.

"*M'sieur veut?*" she asked at once.

"Gimme a glass of Scotch an' soda," Jogman demanded.

"Ees eet wiskie, m'sieur desire?" she queried in broken English.

"Yes—whiskey—big glass," said Jogman picturing the size with his two hands.

"*Oui, m'sieur.*"

She filled his glass. He drank it thirstily and called for another. Several more followed their predecessors,

and being now comfortably alight he proceeded up street, seeking new worlds to conquer.

The butcher-shop door stood invitingly open. Jogman entered unsteadily; what maudlin idea was fermenting in his brain none but himself might say. The fat butcher, meat axe in hand and pencil behind ear, approached to take his order.

"*Bonjour, monsieur!*" he said.

Jogman placed one hand upon the slab, the better to steady the shop which, ignoring the law of gravity, was reeling in most unshoply fashion.

"Bone Dewar, yerself!" he cried, incensed at being addressed in an unintelligible language. "Why th' hell can't ye speak English—like a—white man?"

How often we, too, have been unreasonably irritated by a foreign and incomprehensible tongue! Jogman's sense of injustice was preternaturally keen just then. The butcher was a trifle alarmed at his attitude, without in the least understanding the cause.

"*Qu'est ce que vous voulez, monsieur?*" he demanded nervously.

"Drop that hatchet," cried his irrational customer, making a step forward. "Drop it, er I'll drop you."

The unfortunate shopkeeper grasped his weapon more firmly still, and stood tremulously on the defensive.

"I'll learn ye to do as yer told!" shouted Jogman, and seizing a large knife from the slab he rushed at the frightened man, who ran screaming into the street with Jogman in hot pursuit.

The sight of a British soldier brandishing a meat knife and chasing a fellow citizen along the main street was terrifying in the extreme to the peaceful denizens of the town. They ran shrieking for help, bolting into their shops or houses, and barring the doors as if the devil himself with a regiment of imps on horseback was at their heels.

Jogman had cleared the *Rue de Londres* and in the pride of drunken

conquest was about to attack the lesser streets, when the military police hove in sight. The disturbance interrupted Sergeant Honk, much to his annoyance, in a monosyllabic conversation, which he was holding with a pretty French girl. He humped himself around the corner just in time to see the sergeant of police take the belligerent Jogman by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his breeches and heave him into a waiting ambulance.

Honk returned to his Juliette. She had retired to her balcony and refused to descend. Honk lifted his voice appealingly from the street:

"Hi say! Down't ye' be afeered; 'e won't come back, an' 'e wouldn't 'urt ye when hi 'm 'ere. Come hon down!"

But Juliette was obdurate; she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties.

"*Merci. Je ne descends point!*" she returned.

This was about as intelligible to Honk as Chinese script, but he understood the shake of the head all too well.

"Blast 'im!" he grumbled. "Them bloomin' blokes what drinks is goin' to 'ave th' 'ole bleedin' town habout our hears. Th' gals won't look at a decent feller soon." And he forthwith went to drown his sorrow in a mug of beer.

Honk's complaint was soon verified by the facts. Jogman's fame flew from house to house with such rapidity that in less than twenty-four hours the French had learned an English phrase which it cost our lads several months of good conduct to eradicate. It was simple and to the point: "Canadians no good!" For weeks afterward it was shouted at them every time they entered the village. The populace gathered in little groups close to their own homes, while a few of the more timid locked themselves in and shouted through the shutters these same humiliating words.

As Jogman was brought into the guard-room, Barker caught a glimpse of him.

"Well," Barker cried in scathing criticism; "Th' colonel said I wuz th' first t' disgrace th' unit. By cripes; I wusn't th' last. You sure made a good job uv it!"

The colonel was a busy man. His day was as varied and colourful as Job's coat. When it wasn't the vegetable woman who had to be bartered with, it was the iceman who sought, with true French business acumen, to show him why he wasn't really overcharged, although the bill was three times what the natives had to pay.

Alvred had been installed as "Interpreter", and throughout all these ridiculous and unsatisfactory arguments maintained a face as impassive as an English butler at a club dinner.

If the electric light bill to the former tenant was eighty francs a month, and our bill was three hundred francs for the same period, monsieur was assured on word of honour that the party of the first part was undercharged and would forthwith be requested to pay the difference. But one thing was certain, the account against us was *always* correct.

When the colonel had finished these little business details he was hurried away to the operating-room. A serious case was awaiting his skilled hand. The patient, whose thigh had been shattered with a rifle bullet, was lying upon the table waiting patiently to be etherized. The colonel stepped over to pass a kindly word with him before he was put to sleep.

"And how are you this morning?" he inquired.

"Oh, verra weel in meself," the poor fellow answered, with a ready smile, "but ma leg is a bit troublesome. I hope ye won't hae t' cut it off, sir."

"Oh, I think not," the colonel declared reassuringly. "I expect it won't be as serious as that."

"In course, sir, ye'll dae whichever ye think best, but I hae a wife an twa wee bairnies at hame, an' I were thinkin' as how I'd be better able tae dae for them wi' baith ma legs."

"We'll do our very best to save it," the colonel answered.

In a few minutes we were dressed in our white gowns and caps. The X-ray plates were brought in and placed in the illuminator for us to see the exact damage done. The thigh bone was badly splintered for a distance of three inches, and one large piece was torn away. We hoped to be able to put a steel plate upon the bone and, by screwing it down, draw the fragments together with some fair chance of having them unite. This is a delicate operation; it not only demands considerable skill, but the operating facilities must be perfect.

Fortunately our operating-room was ideal, with its white enamelled walls and marble basins, its rubber covered floor, the most modern of surgical appliances, and, most important of all, a staff of highly trained nurses. It was as ideal as science could make it.

With a bright keen knife the incision was made down to the bone. Alas! It was hopelessly fractured. For a space of several inches there was nothing but tiny fragments, and the one long loose piece we had seen in the X-ray plate. The colonel turned and said:

"What a pity! The space is so large, the bone will never regenerate. This leg should come off, but I promised to try and save it."

We discussed the situation for a few moments, and finally decided to try an experiment. The loose piece of bone had not yet been thrown away. Might it be used as a splint? We fitted it in between the upper and lower fragment—it was just long enough to be wedged between. We drilled a hole through either end and fastened it firmly with silver wire. Would it grow or decay there? We had grave doubts, and time alone would tell.

Let no one imagine that in the thousands of operations performed at the front surgeons become careless. Every case is a special one; every Tommy the private patient of the

Empire. The surgeon's responsibility is as great—and he feels it to—in that far-away land as it is at home.

We put the limb in a plaster cast to hold it firm. It had been a clean wound, with no infection, and we had hope. Six weeks later the bone had united fairly well, and in three months McPherson was able to walk!

But when this operation was done the colonel's troubles were by no means over for the day. It was ten o'clock, and "office" must be held. This miniature military police court sits every morning, with the commanding officer as judge. If the court is small, it is by no means unimportant. Jogman realized this, as he stood waiting with the guard and witnesses in the hall, the day after his great *débauche*.

The colonel and adjutant were seated in due state, being in full service dress, which, as distinct from undress, comprises belt and cap. The sergeant-major, in equally dread attire, ordered the guard and prisoner (the latter being minus both belt and cap, him) to "Shun! Right turn! Quick march! Halt! Right turn!" and the whole squad was in line, awaiting "office".

The colonel's face wore a tired and worried expression; his smile had disappeared. The sergeant-major announced:

"Private Jogman, sir!"

The Adjutant read the charge sheet: "Number 17462, Private James Jogman, is accused with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in that he, on the afternoon of the 21st instant at 4 p.m., in the village of Paris-plage, was disorderly."

The colonel turned to the accused. "Private Jogman," he said, "you have heard the charge against you, as read. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, sir," Jogman muttered shamefacedly.

Sergeant Honk, as a witness, expressed his surprise by an almost imperceptible lifting of the brush of red hair which did service in lieu of

eyebrows. The sergeant-major's lip curled slightly. The colonel's face remained immobile.

"Read the written statement of the military police," he commanded.

The adjutant did so. Each line was correct and convincing. The accused, when asked, declined to express an opinion on it.

"Who is the first witness?" the colonel asked.

"Sergeant Honk, sir."

"Sergeant Honk, what do you know of this case?" demanded the colonel.

"Sir; h'on the afternoon of the twenty-first, at about four o'clock, Hi was talkin' to a lady hon the main street of Patee-plaige, when Hi 'eard th' devil of a row (beg pardon, sir, it slipped h'out afore I thought").

"Go on," said the colonel dryly, "I daresay what you say is quite correct."

Thus encouraged, Honk resumed with morose enthusiasm: "Hi says to th' young lady, says Hi, somethin's broke loose 'ere.' The women and men was a-screamin' an' runnin' into their 'ouses. Hi runs to the corner as fast as me legs could carry me." (Jogman looked instinctively at Honk's queer limbs, as if he were about to do a mental calculation of his speed, but was immediately called to attention by the sergeant-major.)

"When Hi got there, Hi see th' prisoner goin' like h— (h'excuse me, sir); well, 'e were goin' some, I tell 'e, with a butcher's knife in 'is mit—"

"Did he appear intoxicated?" the colonel interrupted.

"'Orrible drunk, Hi calls it, sir. 'E were that same, sir; and afore Hi gets to 'im, th' sergeant o' police 'ad 'im by th' seat of 'is pants an' 'oisted 'im in to the waggin!"

"Have you any questions to put to the witness?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sir," Jogman replied. "Will

Sergeant Honk state, sir, how many beers he had inside him when he thought he seed me in the street?"

The unfortunate Honk turned a deeper hue of red, and shuffled uncomfortably from one foot to the other.

"Your question is not allowed," the colonel replied sternly. "There is plenty of other evidence to show that Sergeant Honk's vision was reasonably accurate."

Other witnesses were called, but the evidence was all equally damning. At last the colonel asked the prisoner if he had any further defence to offer.

Jogman replied: "Yes, sir. Last month I fell from the boiler and my head has been queer ever since. When I take a drink I don't know what I'm doin'. I don't remember anything about all this."

And the colonel replied: "This month you fell from the water wagon, and your head is queerer than before. For the crime of which you are guilty you might be shot; but I intend being lenient with you, on one condition."

Jogman looked up expectantly.

"And that is that you sign the pledge that you will not touch another drop of liquor while you are in France."

Honk looked as if he thought this worse than being shot. Jogman glanced furtively at the colonel's face; he had never seen him look so severe before. It was a big sacrifice, but it could not be avoided. He heaved a sigh and replied slowly: "I'll—sign."

"Right turn, quick march!" cried the sergeant-major; and "office" was over for the day. Remorseful recollection of the pledge he had just signed clouded Jogman's brow.

"He's gone an' spoiled th' whole war for me," he groaned, as they led him away.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

III.—MRS. TRAILL AND MRS. MOODIE: PIONEERS IN LITERATURE



THE first of Canadian novels was written by a woman, Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec. This book, "The History of Emily Montague", issued in four small volumes by a London publisher in 1784, is a somewhat complicated love-story, interspersed with descriptions of Canadian scenes and manners in the eighteenth century. It is by no means devoid of interest, though it is cast in epistolary form and takes the formidable number of two hundred and twenty-six letters to get the lovers happily married.

After this early example of woman's literary activity, there was a long break of nearly half a century before the two sisters, whose names stand at the head of this page, began to write in and of this country. At that date "the woman that writes" was something of a curiosity amongst Canadians. But Canadians these two Englishwomen became, in that they spent the remainder of their long lives here; and upon the whole they served their adopted country well by attracting attention to her in days when population was needed even more than now. Both Mrs. Traill and

Mrs. Moodie wrote numerous tales and sketches dealing with life in Canada. In addition, Mrs. Traill made a special study of the plants and flowers of this new land.

Of the younger sister, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, when calling attention to the strength of Canadian literature "in lady singers", in his introduction to "Canadian Poems and Lays", has this to say:

"Even from the beginning—fifty years ago, for there was no native poetry to speak of before that—we had Susanna Moodie, one of the famous Strickland sisters, authoress of 'Roughing it in the Bush', who gave us the best verses we had during many years and some of the most patriotic."

Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie were the younger daughters of the extraordinarily literary family of Robert Strickland, of Reydon Hall, near Southwold, on the east coast of England. Of the nine children six had a share in writing books of more or less importance, though Elizabeth, the eldest, who collaborated with Agnes Strickland in the composition of the "Lives of the Queens of England", and the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland", declined to allow her name to

appear on the title pages of these monumental works. Of the six writers, three settled in Canada, including the subjects of this sketch and their brother, Samuel, who came to this country when a mere boy and afterwards wrote a book on his experiences of "Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West".

Robert Strickland, in his earlier days, was a successful man of business, holding a responsible position with a firm of ship-owners. Later he was overtaken by a serious financial disaster. This probably hastened his death, while it reduced his family to comparative poverty, which, no doubt, seemed the harder because the children had been brought up in considerable luxury.

In the biographical sketch by Miss Agnes Fitzgibbon, prefixed to Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles", a pleasant picture is given of the earliest-remembered home of our two Canadian writers. Stowe House stood in lovely country, a few miles from the old cathedral city of Norwich. The children's special room, where they played and learned their lessons and waited "to be summoned by the footman to the dining-room for dessert", was a brick-paved parlour, panelled with oak and possessing a huge fireplace.

Late in 1808 the family removed from Stowe House to Reydon Hall, an old Elizabethan house with tall chimneys and ivy-mantled walls, which Mr. Strickland had recently purchased. About the same time, he bought also a house in Norwich. There he usually spent the winters, leaving part of the family at Reydon Hall. In this division of the household Katie (or Catharine Parr, as she had been named oddly enough after the queen who succeeded in outliving Henry VIII.), and Susanna were often left at the old country house, which, with its odd nooks and corners, its secret chambers, its own special ghost-stories and its library of musty old books upon which the children browsed at

their own sweet will, was surely an ideal home for the budding writers. They were still very youthful when they raided a supply of paper and quill-pens, stowed away in a huge chest, and began to write stories. Doubtful of the approval of their elders, particularly of Elizabeth's, they endeavoured to keep the diversion of authorship secret. In vain. Katie, at least, was caught red-handed and was ignominiously condemned to use her precious manuscript for curl-papers. But she continued to write. A second time (after her father's death) a manuscript containing half a dozen juvenile stories, fell into hands for which it was not intended, on this occasion those of the young people's guardian. Instead of condemning it to destruction, he carried it to a publisher, and brought back to the delighted author (still only sixteen) the sum of five guineas. Thus Catharine was the first of the Strickland family "to get into print".

Her story-writing was no longer discouraged, and she wrote much, including some nature tales, though not under her real name. The resources of the family were now so limited that the small sums she gained by her pen often found their way to her mother at Reydon Hall.

In 1831, about a dozen years after Katie's first adventure into print, Susanna published a little volume of verses, with the rather unpromising title of "Enthusiasm, and Other Poems". In the same year this youngest of the sisters married Lieutenant Moodie, a half-pay officer from the Orkney Islands, who had spent some years in South Africa and had written a book on his experiences.

In his house at Southwold Katie met a widower, Lieutenant Traill, also an Orkney man. He fell in love with the pretty, blue-eyed, happy-hearted young woman and persuaded her to go with him to Canada, where both he and Moodie meant to take up free grants, as offered to military men.

The pair were married in May,

1832, and a few days later the bride bade a life-long farewell to her mother and sisters and native land. Susanna and her husband, however, were soon to follow across the ocean, and Samuel Strickland had already been in Canada for seven years.

The Traills, after journeying north to visit their relatives in the Orkneys, set sail from the Clyde on July 7th. The date is of interest for their vessel, the brig *Laurel*, was the last of the season bound for Quebec and Montreal.

Catharine and her husband landed at the latter port on August 17th. The weather was terribly hot and the cholera was raging. Mrs. Traill sickened and came to death's door, but was saved by the good care of Dr. Caldwell (who died of cholera a month later) and of a woman of the hotel, where they had lodged. By the end of August she was able to make the toilsome journey by stage, boat, steamer, light-wagon: a second steamer, a scow, and finally a canoe, to her brother's log-house on Lake Katchewanook, near Peterborough.

Mr. Traill drew a grant nearby, partly in Verulam, partly in Douro township, but it was not till nearly Christmas that the newcomers could move into their own log-house—"Westove"—which was to be their home for seven years. Two months later the Moodies, after a brief sojourn near Cobourg, settled in the neighbourhood.

The members of this little family colony drank deeply of the common trials and hardships of the inexperienced in the bush. They had all the lore of wilderness life to learn, from the clearing of the soil to the making of sugar, vinegar, soap, candles, and "hop", or "salt rising" as a preliminary to the baking of bread. They were very poor—the poorer for blunders, which older settlers might perhaps have avoided.

Mr. Moodie was peculiarly unfortunate. Hampered from the first by the effects of a wound which had ren-

dered his left arm and hand almost useless, he met with more than one serious accident, and during his later years was partially paralyzed. Nor was this all. Too hastily he sold his commission (which entitled him to half-pay) and invested the proceeds in "steamboat stock", which proved almost worthless.

The sisters had not been long in Canada when they again took up their pens, partly perhaps for the pleasure of writing, partly to eke out their scanty resources, and partly to forewarn coming immigrants as to conditions in the wilderness. Mrs. Traill's "Backwoods of Canada" was published in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" in 1836.

"Roughing it in the Bush", Mrs. Moodie's rather unattractive sketch of life in the wilds, with its agues, its squalid discomforts, its uncongenial Yankee neighbours, was not published in England till 1850, and was followed by "Life in the Clearings versus the Bush", in which the writer painted a brighter picture of life in the settlements. This book, by the way, contains an interesting chapter on Toronto, as it appeared sixty-five years ago. Coming in by water from the east, the author mentions the new University and the Lunatic Asylum as standing out in bold relief. King Street she describes as the Regent Street of the provincial capital, and Front Street as its "West End", or fashionable residential quarter. The work of both sisters, though according to modern standards, too leisurely and diffuse, contains much of historic interest, especially in relation to social conditions.

In 1837 the settlers on the Otonabee were thrown into wild excitement by the arrival of a messenger from Peterborough in the middle of a December night, when the snow lay thick in the woods, to tell of William Lyon Mackenzie's rising. Instantly the military settlers answered the call.

Before dawn Mr. Traill was on his way to Cobourg. A few hours later

the maid and manservant deserted his wife, and she was left alone on the bush farm with three children under five. It was hard to keep the fires going with the great logs then in use, but presently a neighbour came to her help, and after some weeks of uncertainty the men who had assembled at Cobourg were disbanded.

Moodie, however, had gone straight to Toronto and served for several months on the Niagara frontier. His wife, with her four small children, had an Irish servant to help her, but they lost their crops next summer through want of men to gather in the harvest. However, in 1839, Moodie was appointed sheriff of Vittoria (now Hastings) county, an office he held for twenty-three years, to lose it at last through a technical irregularity in the appointment of a subordinate.

In 1839 the Traills also moved to the outskirts of Peterborough. Seven years later they moved again to "Mount Ararat", overlooking Rice Lake. Mrs. Traill was the mother of nine children, but she continued to write. Indeed, her literary work was important in "keeping the wolf from the door". Some of her books passed through many editions, but as she usually sold the copyright outright, their popularity did not immediately add to her resources.

Both sisters were "burnt out" at different times. In 1857 Mrs. Traill lost everything by fire, including all her books. Her husband never quite recovered from the shock of this disaster and died soon afterwards. His widow then went back to the Otonabee, to be near her brother. One of

her daughters taught the settlement school, and Mrs. Traill, whose interest in botany had never flagged, began to send collections of pressed ferns and mosses to England for sale.

One of these collections attracted the attention of Lady Charlotte Greville. She interested Lord Palmerston, and the result was a grant of one hundred pounds from a special fund, which enabled Mrs. Traill to buy a house and lot at Lakefield, where she passed the remainder of her days. In her extreme old age she asked and received from the Dominion Government, the grant of an islet in Stony Lake, where Polly Cow, an Indian girl, was buried. Mrs. Traill desired to be able to protect the grave from desecration.

In 1869 Mrs. Traill's botanical notes were used in preparing descriptions of the illustrations drawn by her niece, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, afterwards Mrs. Chamberlin, and published in her book of "Canadian Wild Flowers". Fifteen years later appeared Mrs. Traill's "Studies of Plant Life in Canada", also illustrated by Mrs. Chamberlin.

Mrs. Traill's latest book, "Pearls and Pebbles", was published in 1894, three-quarters of a century after her first little volume, brought out by "Harris, the Publisher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London". Not many authors can match this record, but Mrs. Traill lived till her ninety-eighth year, and those who knew her in her old age were as much impressed with the sunny cheerfulness of her disposition as were her childhood's friends.

Mrs. Moodie had died in 1885, at Toronto.

The next article of this series will give an account of the career and attainments of Madam Albani, a pioneer prima donna.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

JUSTIFICATION

"It's all right; if I hadn't done it someone else might"

THE CHEMIST'S TASK

By Francis Mills Turner, jun.

THERE is no class of human workers more directly responsible for a nation being self-sufficient and self-contained as regards the staples of life and industry than the chemists and the chemical engineers. At the same time there is hardly any profession regarding whose work so little accurate information and so much misinformation exists. One particular class of chemists, the pharmaceutical chemists, have been looked on as representing the whole profession, and consequently it is not at all surprising to find, as was the case only a few years ago, the mayor of a great city welcoming a convention of chemists in terms which showed plainly that he believed them to be apothecaries.

Chemistry is the science which deals with the composition of things and the changes in composition which these things undergo. These changes are called reactions. There are a great many industries where chemical reactions are not called into play, chiefly industries in which materials are simply shaped or rearranged in some way without changing their composition. For instance, in the making of hardware and tools from steel or the making of furniture from wood. However, in the main, industries are based on changing some substance into another substance which for some reason or other people want and are

willing to pay for, and consequently there are continually things arising in industry which only the chemist can explain.

Of course, a great many of these things were explained before chemistry existed as a profession, but generally only after many years of tedious work, and even then the men who worked out the explanations were more or less chemists although they did not know it and would have said that all they made use of was "common-sense".

Asphalt pavement would not seem at first sight to be a subject about which the chemist would have much to say, yet this industry has been quite revolutionized by the work a few chemists have done. Formerly when a pavement was put down it might be good and give many years of satisfactory service, and it might be so bad it would have to be replaced in a few months. If a bad guess was made in the proportions in which the asphalt, sand and powdered limestone were mixed it was merely a bad guess and nothing was learned from it that would help avoid such mistakes in the future. The chemists came and took pieces of old pavements and resolved them into their respective constituents. They found that the good and bad pieces varied very much in the way they were made up; they invented ways of controlling the size of the sand by sieves; they studied the

nature of the bitumens of which asphalt is composed and made it possible for engineers to specify exactly what one they wanted used. They then studied the physical structure of pavements and found that in this work a most thorough knowledge of some principles of physical chemistry was required which formerly had been thought to be chiefly of academic interest. In this way an industry that developed in a purely "rule-of-thumb" manner has been put on an entirely reliable and scientific basis.

Until the beginning of the present century Portland Cement was very little used in America. At present 25,000,000 tons are made every year, and it ranks next to steel in keeping busy the freight departments of the railroads. For a long time people were afraid of using American-made cement because it was not so good as European. The chemists soon showed that this was not due to any inherent defects in the American materials, but merely to poor technique in manufacture, and when they had overcome this tests soon showed that it was even better than cement that had been made in Europe. This being done they turned their attention to making it cheaper so that its use could be extended. Until about 1898 oil had been used as fuel in cement manufacture; after a great deal of experiments chemists found out how to make cement using powdered coal as fuel, thus effecting an enormous economy in its manufacture. Many other economies were introduced after this and so largely is the chemist in control of the operations of cement making to-day that one of the largest manufacturers of cement in the United States gives great prominence to the fact in his advertising.

The gas-mantle, used for illuminating purposes practically everywhere to-day where electricity is not used, is a brilliant example of an industry not merely aided by the chemist but built up entirely on the fruits of his

researches. There is a series of very rare elements, not even the names of which are familiar to most people, which occur in minerals mined in Norway, the Ural Mountains and certain parts of Australia and America. More than thirty years ago Baron Carl Auer von Welsbach discovered that a vegetable fiber could be coated with these substances, which become brilliantly incandescent when held in a gas flame, and then the rare earths would still retain the form of the original fibre structure, thus making the incandescent mantle. The present mantles much excel the first ones as to brilliancy and permanency, and it has only been after years of profound research that these improvements have been made. Selection of the proper material for the vegetable skeleton of the mantle was found to be most important and a great deal of research was done on this before the present substance, a certain quality of artificial silk, was perfected. The coating of the mantle, which has to be burned away before it can be used, would not seem to be very important, but few things connected with the industry have required more patient and skilful research. Only by patient chemical and physical research at every turn has an industry become possible which permits vast savings in the gas bill of the nation and in turning out millions of mantles annually gives employment to great numbers of people.

Nearly a century ago Liebig, a great German chemist, studied the chemistry of plants and found out that certain mineral substances were necessary in the soil to ensure good crops. He found that chief among these substances was phosphoric acid and devised a scheme to render the phosphates in bones soluble by treating them with sulphuric acid. A very little later Laws, an Englishman, established a factory for making phosphatic fertilizers from rock phosphate and sulphuric acid, and this

was the real beginning of the fertilizer industry which to-day, if tonnage be made the standard, is by long odds the most important branch of the chemical industry. In the United States alone about 8,000,000 tons of fertilizers are made annually and over 2,125,000 tons of sulphuric acid (or over half the total made in the country) was used to produce this tonnage of fertilizer. At first there was a great deal of insoluble phosphate in even the best manufactured phosphate; by the aid of the chemist this has been reduced till it is only a fraction of what it was: double phosphates containing very large amounts of available phosphoric acid have been invented, thus effecting a great economy in shipping: waste from packing-houses, abattoirs, city refuse plants, fish canneries and other industries has been converted into most valuable fertilizers: the nitrogen in the gas from coke-ovens has been converted into sulphate of ammonia, a valuable fertilizer of which over 400,000 tons were made in England and over 200,000 in the United States in the last year: finally the chemist has worked out how to blend and proportion all these fertilizers so as to secure the best results to the farmer or gardener who is only beginning to realize what research has done for his business.

The making of leather is one of the oldest of industries, but it was not until the growing scarcity of suitable materials and the increased demand for leather forced the tanner to look about for cheaper raw materials that he began to make use of the chemist. Once the chemist was installed in the tannery for this purpose he turned his attention to a great many other matters, and as a result most large tanneries now have their operation controlled by their laboratories in charge of expert chemists. Skins are tanned by either vegetable or mineral tanning substance. The vegetable tan-liquors are made by soaking certain raw tanning materials in water in

machines called extractors. These machines have been much improved by the chemist so that now a much greater proportion of the tannic acid content of the raw material is available than was formerly the case. The mineral tanning processes have been entirely invented and worked out by chemists. Other lines along which he has benefited this industry have been improvements in the preliminary preparation of the raw skins, utilization of the exhausted tan-liquors, formerly let run into the sewer, production of patent and enameled leathers, production of dyed and fancy leathers and the application of certain oils to remedy some of the defects in leather. This being such an old industry, the chemist has had at every step to combat the prejudice of the "practical" tanner, but the results have been so brilliant that there has been a great increase in the number of tannery chemists and in one of the great technical institutions of America chemistry is the most featured subject in the course in tanning.

In no field have the contributions of the chemist to industry been quite as interesting as in the production of glass. Originally only five substances were used in glass manufacture, viz., silica (sand), soda, lime, potash and lead oxide. By the introduction of the use of borax in glass glass-chemists have been able to produce glasses which expand when heated and contract when cooled so little that pie-plates which can be used for baking in ovens can be made of them. Of course such glass is far superior for lamp-chimneys, and as those glasses were much more easily worked than the old chimneys of much better designs have been made. It is not generally appreciated that ordinary glass is by no means insoluble in water, and although this solubility is insufficient to be noticed in every day life, it becomes a matter of grave import in the chemical laboratory where small quantities of materials have to

be taken care of. Quite recently special glasses, very highly insoluble, have been made. Other achievements have been the making of special glasses for X-Ray tubes and telescope lenses and the production of artistic glasses, such as the beautiful Tiffany or Aurene glass.

Steel is the most important material known to man. Both in peace and in war it is absolutely necessary to the carrying on of all his activities. Half a century ago steel was made in a forge, the blower for which was operated by a water-wheel. The pig-iron was made in a charcoal furnace and was generally transported to the forge by canal-boat. At that time about two tons a day was produced at a cost of about \$250. By such means slightly improved only 40,000 tons of cast steel was produced in 1872. In 1912, forty years later, more than 30,000,000 tons of steel was produced. To whose work must the possibility of the enormous increase be attributed? If we say chiefly to that of the chemist, few voices will be raised among those familiar with the iron and steel industry to deny the statement. The following quotations from an article by Dr. A. S. Cushman of Washington, D.C., in *The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* will demonstrate how great have been the contributions of the chemist to the iron and steel industry:

The contribution of chemistry to the iron and steel industries may be said to have begun with the introduction of the great pneumatic process of steel-making in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The Bessemer process, brought out in 1863, and the Siemens-Martin open-hearth process, which followed soon after, produced a revolution in the iron industry that gave the chemist his first opportunity. Before the days of steel, iron-making was largely an empirical art, and no one considered the estimation or control of the impurities which usually accompany the metallurgy of iron to be a matter of vital importance. It was, of course, known through the operation of the puddling and crucible processes that certain elements could be depended on to confer hardness

and toughness, but the very important quantitative roles in the metallurgy of iron played for good or ill by the five ever-present elements—carbon, manganese, sulphur, phosphorus and silicon—were not understood. It was by means of his original researches into the methods for determining and controlling these so-called impurities that the chemist began to force his co-operation upon the more or less unwilling body of contemporary metallurgists. Even within the memory of the present writer, which does not comprise more than a third of a century, iron masters were loathe to recognize the necessity for well-equipped laboratories under the charge of college-bred chemists.

After the ore is mined and shipped, the iron industry begins in the blast-furnace in which chemical reactions involving enormous energy changes take place. Just as soon as the professional chemist was allowed to work his way out from the laboratory into the works, revolutionary changes in output and economy were very soon accomplished. This move forward constitutes, in the mind of the writer, the first great contribution to the iron industry made by the chemist.

In the meantime, the steel-maker, in charge of the rapidly developing pneumatic processes, required to know and follow the content of carbon, manganese and other impurities during the progress of a heat. Analytical chemistry came to the rescue by devising quick methods of analysis. So rapid has been the development along this line of chemical contribution that the modern metallurgist can literally obtain his information while he waits, and thus modify and control the degree and duration of his heats. The writer has information that by a recent method even carbon, by combustion, can be accurately determined in eight minutes from the time sample drillings are delivered to the laboratory. The developments of modern methods of rapid and accurate analysis may be held to constitute another great contribution of chemistry to the metallurgy of iron and steel.

Modern metallurgy has not been satisfied with the development and improvement of ordinary carbon steels, for modern requirements have demanded the production of alloy steels possessing marvellous, and until very recently, unheard of and undreamt of physical properties. The ores of the rarest elements have been unearthed to produce these wonderful alloy steels, and the chemist has been called on to devise ways and means for their development and study. This evolution has indeed presented many a knotty problem to the analyst, as well as to the chemist in the works. It is no easy task to separate,

estimate and control such elements as chromium, vanadium, titanium, nickel, cobalt, molybdenum and tantalum, as everyday constituents of steel.

Space will permit of only the briefest reference to the very important place that these curious alloys have made for themselves in the metallurgy of iron and steel. The tungsten, chromium, cobalt and molybdenum alloys of varied composition constitute the modern "high-speed" steels (so-called on account of their ability to hold their temper at high temperatures, and consequently when running at high speeds) which have revolutionized machine shop practice. Vanadium and chromium are used in the manufacture of the so-called anti-fatigue steels for springs and other rapidly moving machine parts. At the New York meeting of the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry, in 1912, Dr. Carl Duisberg said that the very latest alloy manufactured by Krupp for the manufacture of safety vaults and safes can neither be drilled nor exploded, nor can it be cut by the oxyhydrogen flame. In the light of subsequent events we are led to presume that the manufacture of safes was not the only purpose in the minds of our chemist-colleagues across the water. It is interesting to note in passing that unless the chemists of Germany had worked out the synthesis of nitrogen compounds from atmospheric nitrogen, as well as the special steels suitable for the construction of the necessary apparatus, the present great world war would have been brought to an early close.

Another important contribution of chemistry to the iron industry which may be called purely American is the manufacture of pure iron on the same scale which is usual in steel production. This development, which the writer is in large measure responsible for, has had to win its way against many difficulties and even much prejudice and hostility. Many hundred thousand tons of commercially pure iron are now produced annually in this country and are in demand for many purposes for which pure iron is more suitable than steel. Pure iron is soft and ductile, with a high electrical conductivity and valuable magnetic properties; for many deep drawing and enamelling purposes it is unequalled, while its slow-rusting qualities have given it a widespread reputation and use. Some years ago the demand for pure iron could only be filled by the importation of Norway and Sweden charcoal irons; at the present time the industry is fully established in this country on the large scale which our industrial and economic conditions demand. That the

chemist has contributed to this line of development, there cannot be the slightest doubt. It has been found necessary to eliminate the gaseous as well as the solid impurities from these pure irons, and this difficult problem has engaged the closest co-operation between the men in the laboratory and the mill.

In a brief review of this nature it is possible to touch only lightly on the many contributions of chemistry to the iron and steel industry, but it is the writer's experience that unless the divisional superintendents in a modern iron and steel plant are themselves chemists as well as metallurgists, they cannot be depended on to carry on progressive work.

In the copper industry the chemist has had an equally great part to play. Over seventy-five per cent. of the copper used in the world is refined in America, and most of this is refined by electrolysis. All this electrolytic work demands a very expert knowledge of the principles of electrochemistry and the chemist has been largely responsible, acting in co-operation with the electrical engineer, for the improvements made in the last twenty years. More than half of the copper refined is ultimately made into wire for the conduction of electricity. A very small amount of arsenic lowers the ability of copper to conduct electricity very markedly. In fact a quarter of one per cent. cuts down the conductivity more than fifty per cent. Most customers specify that their copper shall not contain more than one-thousandth of one per cent. of arsenic, and it is only by using the results of much careful research on the part of the copper chemists that these small amounts can be tested for quickly and accurately, and the arsenic kept below this in the process of manufacture.

Copper is not the only substance the demand for which has risen enormously on account of the development of the use of electricity. On account of its excellent insulating properties rubber has steadily become scarcer and consequently dearer. When we add to this the demand for

rubber created since the automobile came into being, it is easy to see that anything that will help make rubber more cheaply is very interesting. Although there is still a great deal unknown about the chemistry of rubber, the chemist has shed a great deal of light on its manufacture and use. He has studied the structure of rubber and is able to tell the manufacturer something about what the process known as vulcanization is and the conditions under which it should be carried out to get specified results. He has found ways of working up second-hand rubber, of recovering the valuable solvents used in manufacturing rubber articles, which formerly escaped into the air, and of removing the "fillers" from old rubber so it can be worked up again. Finally he has been preparing for the day when the natural supplies of rubber material will be quite inadequate to meet the demand, by discovering how to make rubber synthetically from other substances. The rubber made in this way is in no sense a rubber substitute. It is rubber, chemically, physically and in every other way. However, it does not pay to-day to make rubber this way; it is cheaper to make it from natural raw rubber, but just as soon as the cost of natural rubber exceeds that of the product of the laboratory we shall see synthetic rubber works all over the land just as we now have synthetic indigo works and artificial silk works.

Since Canada is already a very important paper producing country, and

likely to develop into the chief source of pulp and paper of the world in a few years, the chemistry of pulp and paper should prove very interesting to young Canadians, and a perusal of the literature of the subject will show that although the chemist has already done so much for this industry there are still a host of problems awaiting solution.

It would be impossible to go thus into detail about all the industries in which the chemist has played a great part. Sufficient has been said to show that making coal-tar dyes is not the chief work of the chemist. Brilliant as has been the record of chemical achievement in this direction from a strictly business point of view coal-tar dyes can scarcely be said to be a necessity of life. A most liberal estimate of the value of the whole world's production of coal-tar dyes is \$100,000,000.* Now in the United States alone thirteen industries, quite as much the product of chemical research as the manufacture of coal-tar colours in Germany, produce annually \$2,500,000,000 of manufactured products. This large total is just about one-eighth of the value of all goods manufactured in the United States in a year, and these industries employ about one-twelfth of the wage-earners of that nation, and yet in the whole United States there are only about 9,000 chemists (about 0.01 per cent. of the population) who direct this industry and provide for its future development. Quite an important class of workers, are they not?

* At the outbreak of the war a perfect flood of mis-statements and exaggerations about the importance of the German coal-tar dye industry appeared in print, especially in England. Members of Parliament and others stated that the capital of the German industry was from £100,000,000 to £200,000,000. As a matter of fact it was less than £15,000,000. The parliamentary chemists never explained how an annual production of £13,500,000 of dyestuffs could support a dividend of from 12% to 25% on a capital of one or two hundred million pounds.

The Canadian War Correspondent

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH



STEWART LYON, editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), sets aside for the present at least the foremost position in journalism in Canada to become what is known as a war correspondent. But not a war correspondent in the ordinary sense, for he virtually goes to the battlefield to report officially for all the people of Canada, or at least for all of them who read newspapers.

About the time that Canadian soldiers began to operate at the Front the Government appointed Sir Max Aitkin official eye-witness. Sir Max made records for the Government and later on he published a book, a very good book, entitled "Canada in Flanders". He had in a staff of helpers more than his own two eyes as witnesses. Lyon, on the other hand, goes unaided. He has the consent of the Government, but not its assistance. And although his mission, which is supported wholly by Canadian Press, Limited, is in many respects as important as a commanding officer's, he does not command as much as a corporal's guard, an orderly, or even a cup-bearer. He goes alone, relying on his own resources to carry him through all the vicissitudes of an unattached man at the Front.

Stewart Lyon is fifty-one years of age. He was born at Port Glasgow, Scotland, and therefore he went to the

editorial chair of *The Globe* with all the traditional Scottish qualification. George Brown, the great founder of *The Globe*, was a Scotsman. John Cameron, his immediate successor, had the name and half the claim. J. S. Willison came of Scottish parentage, and J. A. Macdonald, the next to follow, has boasted ever since that the blood of the Cameron of Locheil and of the Grant of Craig Ellachie and of the Macdonald Mohr himself that mingles in his veins is to this day untouched and untainted by any Lowland or Sassenach or alien blood of any kind.

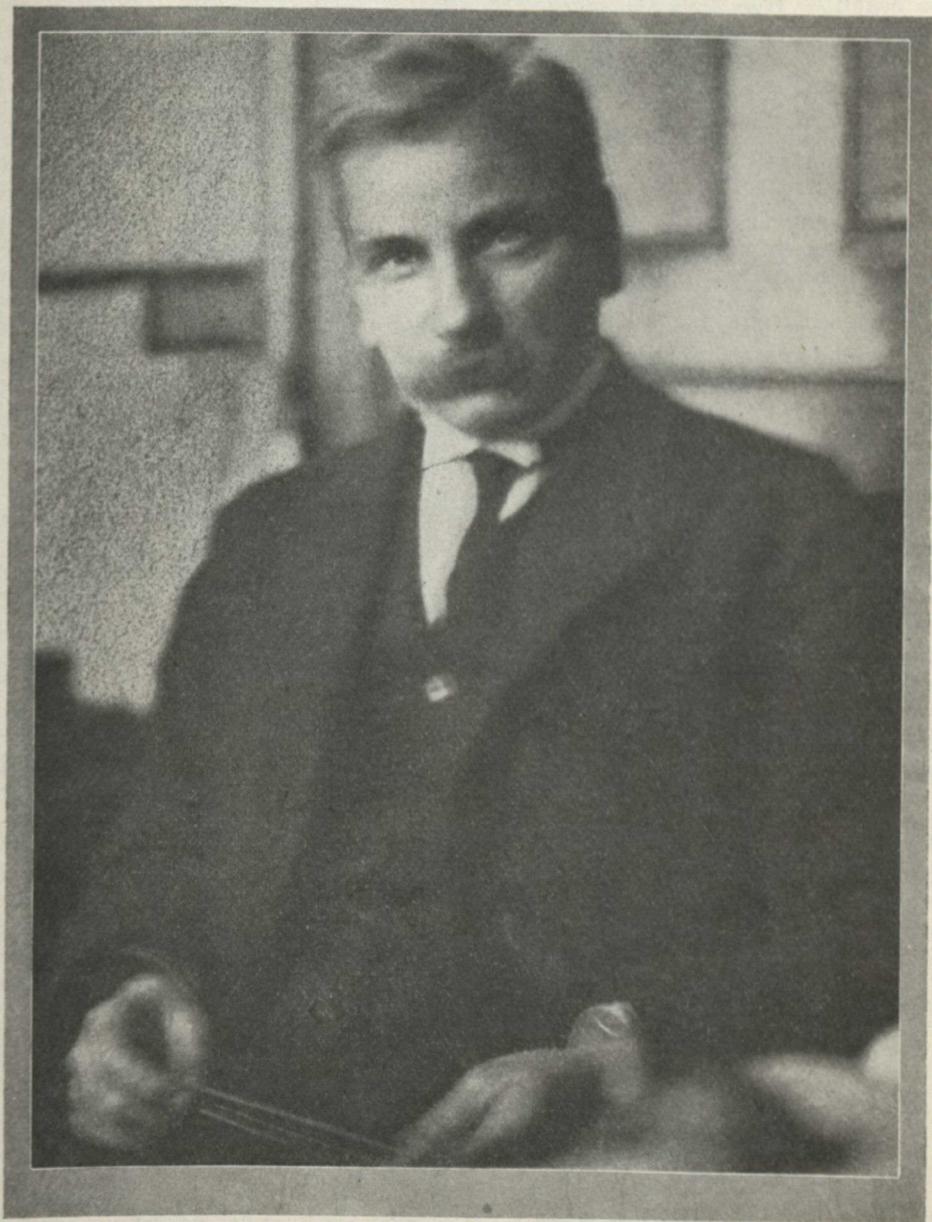
But Lyon has not depended his chances in life merely on the chance of birth. Had he done so he still might be sitting at the saddler's bench where he began. Saddlery, indeed, was his beginning after he left school, but it was far from being the end; for having a radical nature and an expanding disposition he soon set foot on the soil of the new world, where he began to seek the moulds of public opinion. Among the first available was the open-air meeting, a mould that he had seen used more freely in the Old Country than in the new. He selected the Queen's Park in Toronto, and there, until he was stopped by the police, he discussed single tax and other social questions. Then he perceived the advantages of the newspaper, and having made a study of

municipal affairs, he was put on the staff of *The Globe* as city hall reporter. It was while he was still in that position that I first saw him. He was sitting at a flat desk in the reporters' room in the present *Globe* building before it was remodelled—a slight, wiry, keen-visaged young man, with touseled black hair, now almost white, and a black moustache. I was told in a whisper that he was the crack reporter of the staff, getting the princely salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Naturally I regarded the crack reporter as a person of extraordinary importance, a more important person, indeed, than Mr. Willison, the editor, who had failed to discover on me the shining spots of genius. F. A. Acland, the present Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, was city editor, or, rather, he combined the functions of news editor and city editor. It was to him that I had to apply, as I did every day, for a position or a night assignment. He kept on telling me that Willison had made one or two promises, which might not be set aside, and that until they were fulfilled I had no chance. Meantime, however, if I wished to give him a few lines about a farewell to some outgoing missionary or the regular monthly meeting of the Separate School Board, he might find room for them among the items of local interest.

Then, one afternoon, I went in, as usual, to the city editor's desk, and there I saw the black-haired, keen-visaged Stewart Lyon—the new city editor. I asked for Mr. Acland, and without looking up from the paper he was reading he informed me that he himself, very likely, would be in that chair thenceforth for some short time at least. He knew just as well as I knew what I wanted, and the one thing I remember is that he was curiously sympathetic. Sympathy, indeed, is one of his attributes, even if at times he uses peculiar means to hide it. He can be sympathetic and yet, apparently, very hostile.

The editorial system of *The Globe* was enlarged when Lyon became city editor, for then Acland became news editor, a new position in that office. Previously one man had done the work of two. There was, indeed, a general branching out. An assistant was appointed to the financial editor and the reporting staff was enlarged. Lyon assumed his new duties with immense enthusiasm, and that enthusiasm, in all circumstances, never has displayed any appearance of waning. It was only natural, therefore, when Acland resigned that Lyon should succeed him. As news editor he acted with signal success until after the death of John Ewan, whom he succeeded as associate editor to Dr. Macdonald.

Ewan used to relate an incident that revealed the dissimilar temperaments of Lyon and Macdonald. It should be explained that the news editor has to oversee the arrangement of all matter that goes into the paper. That arrangement is called "make-up", and most of it is done between midnight and three o'clock in the morning. The editorial page, unless the circumstances are extraordinary, is not affected immediately by news, and therefore it is the first to go in for make-up. It so happened, however, that Macdonald, the editor, was sufficiently a Celt in temperament to be absorbed by the editorial he had just written and utterly contemptuous of the mechanical process of getting it to the readers. It naturally followed that a few nights after Macdonald became editor Lyon suddenly discovered, away beyond midnight, that the editorial page had not gone through. He jumped about four feet into the air, and then made a dash along the corridor and up the stairway into the composing-room. There he found Macdonald calmly reading his "leader" aloud to the foreman, oblivious of time or audience, except that he appeared to think he had plenty of both. When Lyon returned to his office, Ewan found him



MR. STEWART LYON

Editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), who goes to the Front as War Correspondent for Canadian Press, Limited

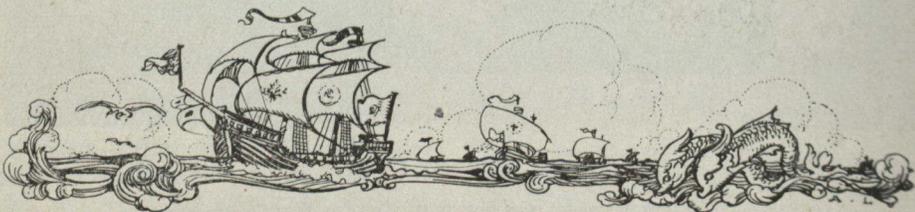
still foaming, but when the comical aspect of the incident was pointed out he began to feel as if the earth was again revolving on its axis.

Lyon has a passion for promptness and thoroughness, and always has been a slave to his position. He has a ready-made opinion for all emergencies, but his opinions, unlike most Scotsmen's, can be changed. They can be changed, even though it is not always necessary to use a sledge-hammer, a hand-grenade, or a Jock Johnson.

There have been few Canadian war correspondents. The first was George Ham, who sent to *The Mail* (Toronto) accounts of the last Riel rebellion. John Ewan was sent by *The Globe* to Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war, and he also, as well as Frederick Hamilton, represented the same paper in South Africa. Several others went to South Africa, but their work was so inconspicuous that it scarcely is worth recording. W. Richmond Smith represented a number of publications during the Russian-Japanese war, and "Kit" sent to *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) letters about the Spanish-American war.

To Stewart Lyon has fallen a more important and more imposing task. He will rise to it the same as he has risen to each opportunity as it has come to him in the successive stages of newspaper work from reporter to editor-in-chief. He is well equipped for the work. He writes well, is unusually alert,

and owing to the demands of *The Globe's* "War Summary", which he has written since the beginning of the war, he knows thoroughly every aspect of the great struggle. He will not be easily upset or misinformed. If he finds it necessary to reveal wrong-doing he will reveal it with unflinching honesty and fairness, and nothing will be done with malice or with a view to making mischief. He will take his work seriously, because it is serious work, and he will not take anything for granted that is too important to be so taken. For he is a strict Presbyterian and a stickler on points of religious observance. He advocates and practises temperance. He never drinks tea or coffee, and only on very special occasions, such as an annual dinner, a twenty-first birthday, or a general election, can he be induced to smoke even a cigarette. He is extremely simple in his mode of living, and is the very antithesis of the man who rides to work in a limousine and grows his own asparagus. He is an excellent companion, a lover of nature, but scarcely its devotee. His office bearing is aloof and rather frigid, but socially he is genial and highly entertaining. He is unusually well-informed on most subjects of current interest, and apart from that he has acquired a vast amount of general information. Although he never may have put a foot on the soil of Flanders he goes with a better knowledge of the country than most persons who have lived there all their lives.





LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRI DESROSIERS

A hero of Langemarck and Ypres

Among French Canadians who have distinguished themselves at the Front few are more noteworthy than Lieutenant-Colonel Henri DesRosiers. When war was declared M. DesRosiers was one of the first to enlist in the 65th Regiment. He received a commission as lieutenant, but at the Front he was promoted to the rank of captain. He made an enviable record in the terrific encounters at Langemarck and Ypres. After the battle at Ypres he was left in command of his battalion, and was then raised to the rank of major. Later on he was recalled to Canada to take command of the 165th Battalion under organization in Montreal. For this command he received the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He has been working in conjunction with M. Olivar Asselin, who was asked by Sir Sam Hughes to recruit a regiment in Quebec Province. Mr. Asselin agreed to undertake recruiting if the Minister would place in command of the regiment an officer who had had actual experience at the Front. M. DesRosiers was chosen, and both he and M. Asselin have done much to promote recruiting throughout the Province.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADA'S FUTURE

By E. A. VICTOR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



THE whole continent of America, north and south, is staked out in huge areas for experiments in democracy; and now democracy is on its trial as a form of government. One issue of the present war is whether government of the people, for the people and by the people is to perish from the earth. Of all American democracies, Canada is most clearly involved and most deeply concerned in the conflict. For her the war may mean national death. It is therefore natural that Canadians should try to look ahead and, if possible, anticipate what is to come when the conflict is over. The question has been widely discussed in the Canadian press, generally in an optimistic tone. In complete keeping with this tone is this compilation by Mr. A. E. Victor. The compiler calls to his work "a symposium of official opinion", and it is a collection of the views held by leading Canadian politicians, scholars, journalists and men of science. No attempt has been made to correlate these opinions, or present some composite picture of the nation's future. Each reader is permitted to make it for himself. One conclusion that every reader will draw is that Canada's conviction in the success of the cause for which she is pouring out blood and treasure is unshakable. From first to last there is no shadow of doubt expressed or implied as to

how the war shall end. The universal assumption is a greater, stronger Canada after the war.

The future of Canada has always been precarious. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, a force of Continentals occupied Montreal, and another almost captured Quebec. Sir Guy Carleton, the heart and soul of the British defence, barely escaped being made a prisoner. At Halifax, Governor Legge had only thirty-six effectives, when word came that an American expedition of ten thousand men was organizing for the invasion of Nova Scotia. What the success of the Revolution meant to Britain is put by Cowper in a single ironic line:

True, we have lost an empire.

The unconsidered fragments of that Empire, Canada and Nova Scotia, though lopped and pared, were invigorated by the immigration of thousands of exiled Tories, whose descendants are proud to call themselves United Empire Loyalists. Out of those fragments grew the present Dominion of Canada.

In the second war between the United States and Britain, Canada bore the brunt. Her territory was invaded by American armies. More than once they were within sight of complete conquest.

When the danger of invasion from without passed away, internal troubles arose which threatened the very life of the country. In 1837, armed rebellions broke out in Upper and Lower Canada. Both the British and the French populations were apparently defying British authority. Those

rebellions failed, but if the Liberal leaders, Papineau and Mackenzie, had won, Quebec and Ontario would now be States of the American Union.

Danger soon arose from precisely the opposite quarter. Among the very party which stood for British connection arose an agitation for the annexation of Canada to the United States. In Britain itself, statesmen held that colonies were only a needless expense, and advocated "butting the painter", by which the little cock-boat Canada towed in the wake of the three-decker *Britannia*. Annexation with the United States was long regarded as the one cure for all the ills of Canada. Confederation of the scattered jarring Provinces in 1867 proved to be the solution of the problem, though annexation died hard. It is buried in the grave of Goldwin Smith, the brilliant Oxford professor who made himself its consistent advocate, and became in consequence the most unpopular man in Canada.

That the future of Canada should be doubtful is nothing new; but never before did that future seem so uncertain. It is not impossible that the British Empire may go the way of Carthage, and that Canada may become a German colony; or, after this long struggle towards individual nationhood, she may be compelled to merge her identity in the Great Republic.

To the casual observer, Canada is completely Americanized. In voice, accent, slang, dress, manners, sport, amusement, social customs, the ordinary Canadian is not to be distinguished from the ordinary American. Canadian journalism, French as well as English, follows American, not English models. It has never attempted to strike out original lines. Bulky, screaming headlines, sensation are features of the Canadian press, and it is hard to find a journal free from American "boiler-plate" and the loathsome comic supplements. An Englishman does not find himself very welcome in Canada. His speech, his

dress, his manners are subject to the natives' criticism or ridicule, as Goldwin Smith was always pointing out. The most popular series of cartoons that ever appeared in Canada burlesqued the young sporting Englishman who comes out in a Wild West costume with a complete arsenal to shoot buffalo in Montreal and grizzly bears in Toronto. Even the sign, "No Englishman Need Apply", has been seen in Canada. And yet when England went to war at midnight, August 4th, 1914, Canada never hesitated for a moment as to what she would do. This is a paradox which Canadians themselves find hard to explain. In political theory, there was no reason for Canada to enter the war. There was no document, no pledge, no bond requiring Canada to fight when Britain fought. One respected political leader had always used his great influence to keep Canada out of "the vortex of European militarism". In theory, Canada might have declared herself neutral, or have limited herself to the defence of her own shores. She did nothing of the kind. Any government that proposed either course of action or inaction would not have survived for twenty-four hours. Those who lived through the first four days of August, 1914, will never forget the fever of excitement that reigned throughout the country until the issue was decided. On the eighteenth of the month, Parliament met in Ottawa, the Duke of Connaught presiding in the "service" uniform of a British field-marshal. The speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was worthy of the great occasion. He promised the undivided support of his party in the hour of national trial. Having enjoyed the privileges of British subjects, we were now prepared to pay the penalties. The Premier, Sir Robert Borden, is not the equal of his brilliant French opponent in eloquence, but he was equally in earnest. His speech was a revealing of state secrets. The actual text of the telegrams exchanged between Canada

and Britain during the crisis proved that up to the last moment Sir Edward Grey was hoping for peace, almost discouraging Canada's representative in his offers of help, in the expectation that it would not be needed.

If the action of the Canadian leaders was a complete answer to the suggestion that the country could be kept out of the vortex of European militarism, when the life of the Empire was menaced, the action of the people was even more unmistakable. Britain was unprepared for war. If the Kaiser called her little army "contemptible", he was quite correct; a force of 120,000 men, no matter how brave or how highly trained, is as flax in the furnace when millions clash. Canada had a standing army, or permanent force, of fifteen hundred men. No democracy will ever prepare for war in time of peace. Canada certainly did not. In 1913 Sir Ian Hamilton inspected the forces of Canada from east to west, and scrutinized the Canadian provision for war. The men he found excellent, but *material* was absent and organization was awfully lacking. Yet Canada promised a complete division, or a unit of twenty thousand men, comprising the three arms, infantry, artillery and cavalry. That division was not only assembled, by the free will of every single man in it, but clothed, armed, organized, equipped and despatched in three months. Twenty thousand men were asked for; thirty-three thousand were sent overseas, the greatest force that ever crossed the Atlantic. To her lovers, Canada seemed "incomparable Britomart", the lady knight hastening to the field where right encountered wrong, and buckling on her armour as she ran.

That First Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force was the first British unit to meet the new device of the Germans, the poison gas, on April 22nd, 1915. The Turcos, wild men from Africa, inured to war, broke and ran. The Canadian boys from comfortable, sheltered homes,

stood fast. By every rule of the war game they should have been crushed; but they fought on, blindly, desperately, with appalling losses, for three days and three nights until the German rush was checked. Since then there have been nearly 400,000 enlistments and Canada is maintaining four full divisions in the field, in spite of nearly 70,000 casualties. The losses, the return of the sick and wounded, the prospect of a billion-dollar war debt have not for an instant shaken Canada's resolution.

In the third year of the war the Government is adopting the drastic measure of national registration in order to render more efficient aid to the common cause. Wherever possible, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shell factories are turning out incredible quantities of munitions. The youth of British Canada, the flower of the country in character, education, property, is in arms. From east to west the women of Canada are unresting in their labours for the common cause. They bear their grievous losses without a murmur, even with pride. It is an epic time. This is Canada's crusade.

The war has proved to be Canada's testing-time. It has revealed unsuspected possibilities of heroism in countless individuals. It has also revealed the deepest political instinct of the Canadian people, the instinct for unity, for cohesion with peoples of the same blood and the same racial traditions. It has also shown that Canada's manifest destiny will not be accepted passively by Canada, as Goldwin Smith preached. She will shape her destiny with her own hands. Be the future of Canada what it may, it will be through her own decision. How it can be separate, for weal or woe, from the future of the British Empire, is difficult to imagine. "Light as air, but stronger than iron" are the ties which bind the daughter nation and the mother country.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.



MRS. BEATRICE HARRADAN
Author of "The Guiding Thread"

TOLD IN A FRENCH GARDEN,
AUGUST, 1914.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH. Toronto: The
Musson Book Company.

THIS delightful little volume is by the author of "A Hilltop on the Marne"—an American author, indeed, who has become almost French. The scene of this story (or series of stories) is in a suburb of Paris, where a party of uncommon persons meet and by common consent agree not to discuss the war. They are in the very atmosphere of the war, almost within hearing of the guns. But they held to their resolution, by telling tales, some of which are retold in the book, the war meanwhile coming closer and closer. The tense, absorbing situation is splendidly depicted, and the style of the writing unusually good.

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NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE
WAR.

BY JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas
Nelson and Sons.

THE interest and value of this popular history of the war seem to increase with each successive volume.

Volume IX describes the Italian war, the campaign in Gallipoli, and the Warsaw Salient. Then in Volume X the writer takes up the Russian stand and the September offensive in the West. Volume XI discusses the struggle for the Dvina and the great invasion of Serbia. Volume XII, which is one of the most interesting in the series, deals with the retreat from Bagdad, the evacuation of Gallipoli, and Derby Report. Volume XIII follows with a statement as to the position at sea, an account of the fall of Erzerum, and a description of the great Battle of Verdun.

*

THE GUIDING THREAD.

BY BEATRICE HARRADAN. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the story of a runaway woman by the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night". Joan, a blacksmith's daughter, marries a recluse who passes his time in a lonely house on the moor, where he is engaged in writing a history of the Renaissance. The young wife, exasperated in time by her husband's jealousies, runs away, and although they both love each other they remain separated for several years. At length friends intervene, and the wife is urged to return. She does so, but is repulsed by the husband. After she leaves, however, the house takes fire, and her heroic efforts to rescue her husband bring about a happy reconciliation.

*

A SUNNY SUBALTERN.

BILLY'S LETTERS FROM FLANDERS.
Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild
and Stewart.

THIS book contains letters written by a Canadian lieutenant to his mother. The letters begin at St. John, the point of departure, by vessel, and extend to the days passed in the trenches. They contain much pathos, much mirth, with the result

that the reader is inclined to laugh one minute and weep the next. Many incidents in the soldier's daily life are vividly described.

*

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

BY MRS. GEORGE CHURCHILL. Edited by Grace McLeod Rogers. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

FEW books present so clearly as this one presents the spirit and life-work of the foreign missionary. Mrs. Churchill went with her husband, the late Reverend George Churchill, to India about fifty years ago, and the record of her work, the expression of her Christian faith and zeal, and the results are given in the form of letters which begin on the day when the writer received from Mr. Churchill an invitation to accompany him on his great mission to India and realize her fondest ambition. The book is readable and entertaining.

*

THE WOMAN—GOD BLESS HER

BY MARJORIE MACMURCHY. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a timely volume from the pen of one who has had a wide range of experience and observation in women's affairs, and who is also a student of economic conditions affecting women. The book is divided into six chapters, which treat respectively of women's organizations, the business woman, the college woman, the country woman, the woman at home, and women and the war. Miss MacMurphy observes that the majority of girls in Canada go to work when they leave school, but afterwards enter the "more important occupation, socially and economically, of creating the homes of the country". Statistics show that eighty-seven per cent. of the women of the United States marry, and Miss MacMurphy thinks that the percentage in Canada is higher than that.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Mac-Millan Company of Canada.

THIS novel will be regarded by many readers as the author's greatest achievement. It certainly is a distinctive achievement considered as a novel of to-day, and it is peculiarly of to-day. While the author might claim for it nothing more than the status of the novel, it nevertheless is a study of English life and customs immediately preceding and during the present war, and it is as well an attempt at an appreciation of the war. The title is a misnomer, because as a matter of fact Mr. Britling does not see it through. He may think that he sees it through, and likewise Mr. Wells, but the philosophy and conclusions will not satisfy the average reader. There are many, however, who will agree with the book, that the war is not the design of the Almighty, but rather that it has been brought about in spite of or against the design of the Almighty. Or, in other words, that God is able to create but not able to control what he creates. Nevertheless it is an extremely clever book, with many humorous and appealing touches. An American of British descent goes to England for the express purpose of inviting and urging Mr. Britling, who is an essayist of international reputation, to come to the States to address an association of which he is a member. He is met at the station in England by Mr. Britling himself, and then the fun and the exchange of international opinion begin. Mr. Britling is the garrulous, fussy type of little Englishman who is pleasant in his way if you let him have his way. While the book presents a splendid picture of English home life, it is largely a study of Mr. Britling as the centre of that life—a very fine study, an original characterization, a book well worth reading.

WHAT IS AUTO-INTOXICATION—AND HOW TO PREVENT IT

BY C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest—

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Langour, Headache, Insomania, Biliousness, Melancholia. Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in

the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchinkoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they therefore "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is

called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligation, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 536, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Magazine.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent. of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what it has to say on the subject.



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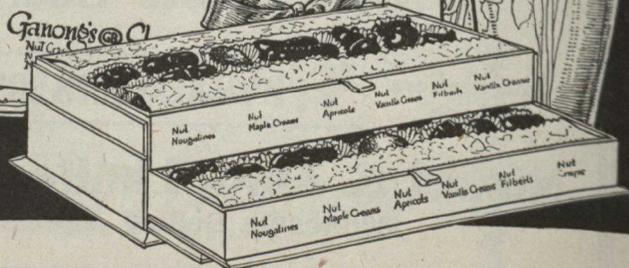
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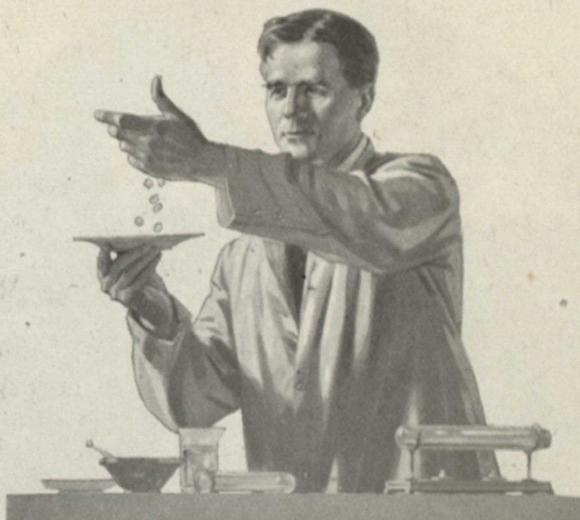
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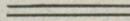
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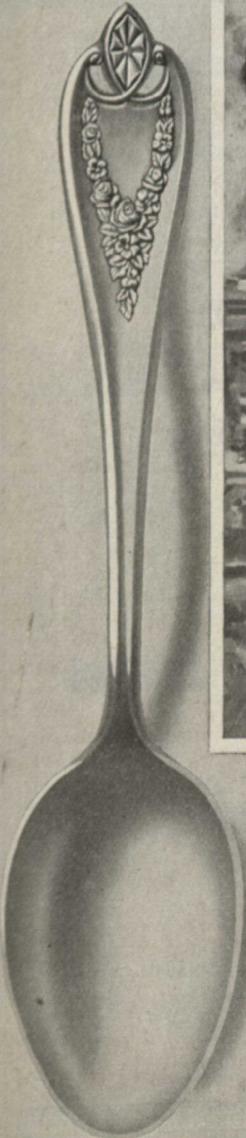
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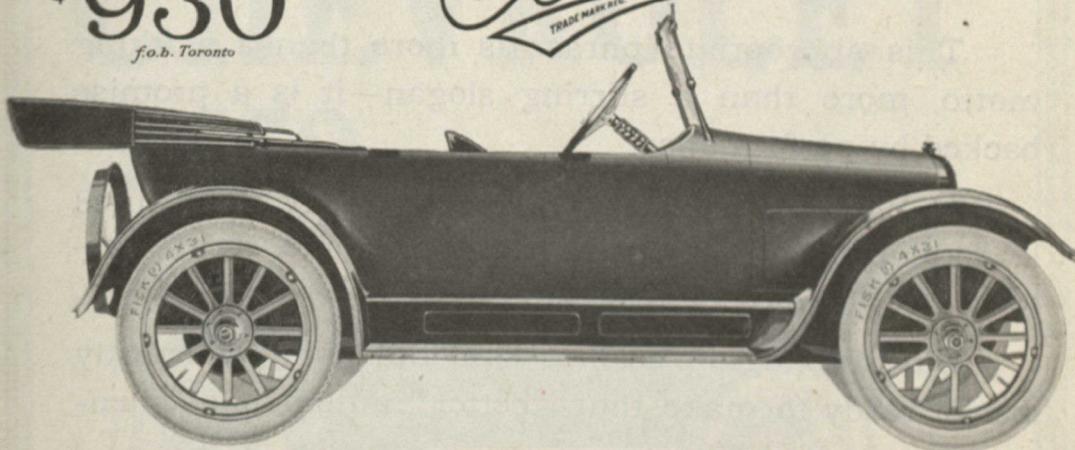
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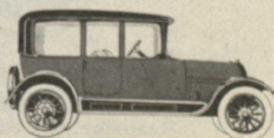
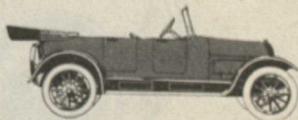
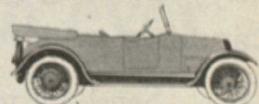
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112 in. wheelbase
\$2030

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This appropriate phrase is more than a working motto, more than a stirring slogan—it is a promise backed by performance.

McLaughlin Builders have won today undisputed leadership on a big idea—a right principle, rightly applied on the famous McLaughlin Valve-in-Head Motor.

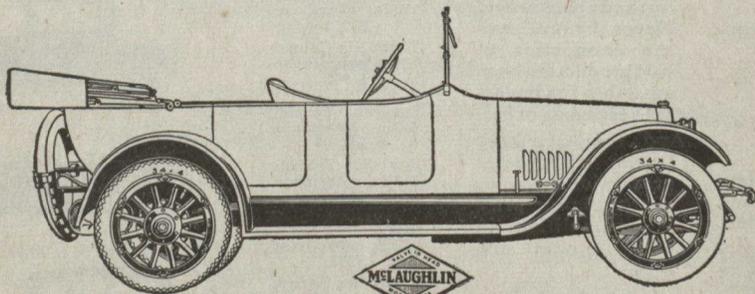
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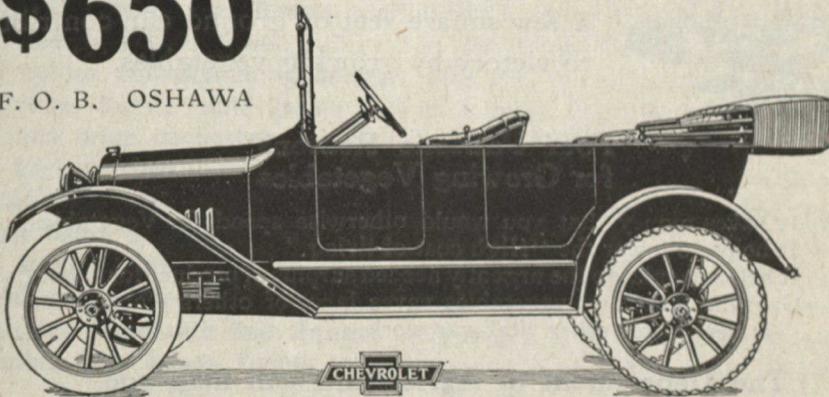
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Four Patriotic Reasons for Growing Vegetables

1. It saves money that you would otherwise spend for Vegetables.
2. It helps to lower the "High cost of living."
3. It helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export.
4. Growing your own vegetables saves labor of others whose effort is needed for other vital war work.

The Department of Agriculture will help you.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing; manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be, "A vegetable garden for every home."

Organizations are requested to arrange for instructive talks by local practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure suitable local speakers, the Department of Agriculture will, on request, endeavor to send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at

once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate the work by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers, or by supplying expert advice in the field.

To any one interested, the Department of Agriculture will send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop. A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden, will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin.

eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells

Hens are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh how to keep hens.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

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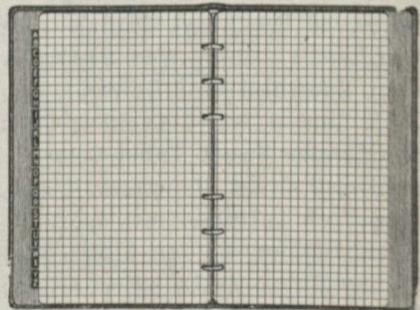
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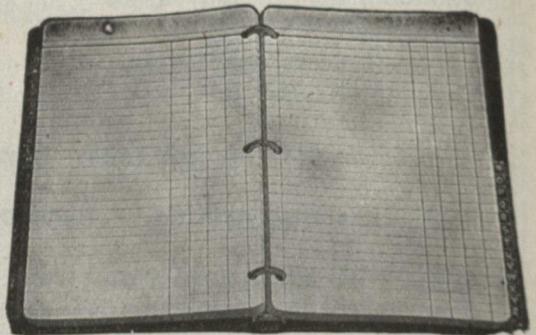
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TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE

NEXT WAR LOAN

JAN. 9, 1917

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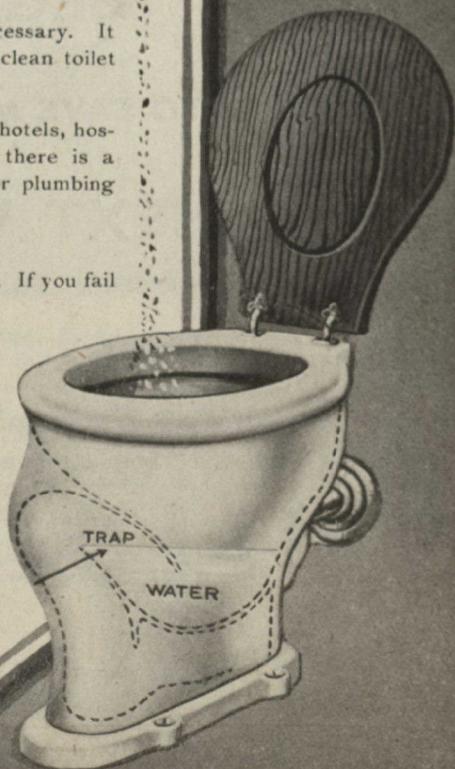
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