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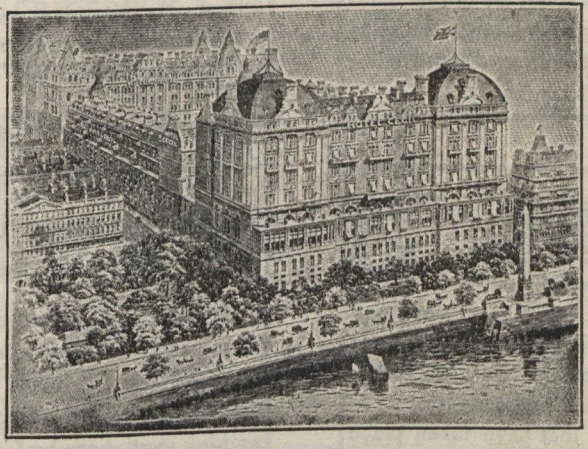

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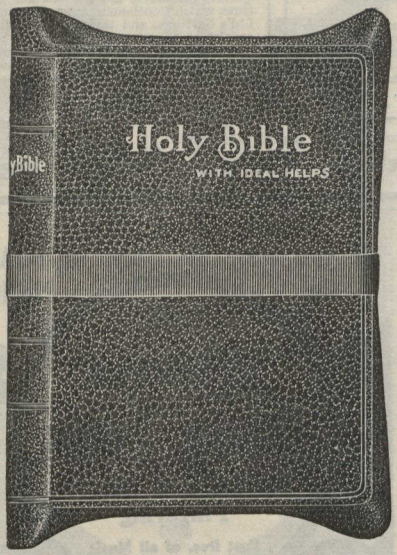

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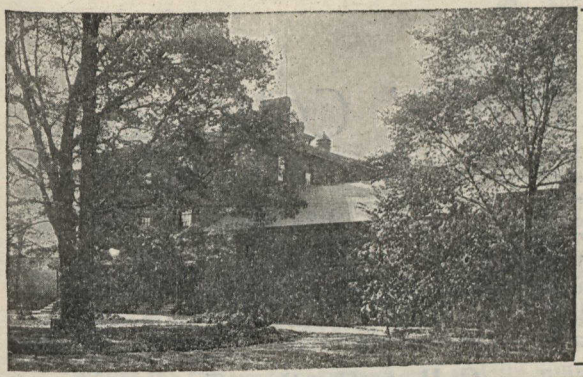

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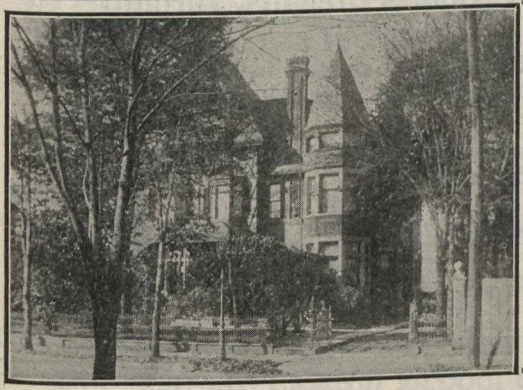

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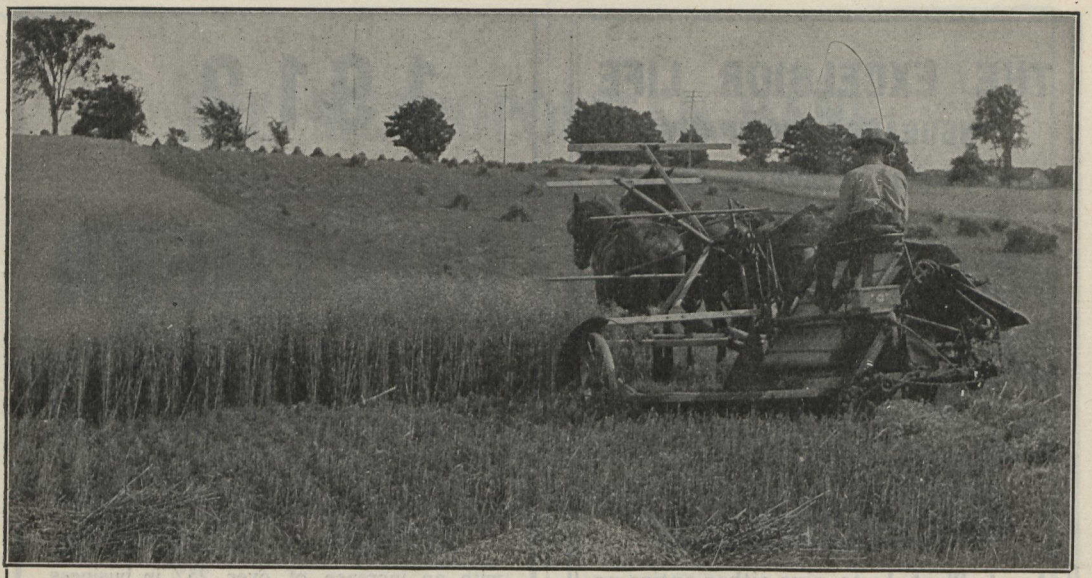

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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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BORDEN'S PARLIAMENTARY MANNER

NOTES ON THE PRIME MINISTER'S TRICKS OF SPEECH AND TACTICS OF DEBATE

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

TIME is sometimes said to be the great tester of all things, but Time is in reality not to be mentioned in this connection in the same expansion of the diaphragm with Parliament. Time merely provides the arena in which the process occurs and looks on while others do the testing. But Parliament is not only the arena; itself also applies the test. Parliament is often referred to disparagingly as a "Talk-shop." Undoubtedly much talking goes on there, the absence of which would not cause great grief in the nation. But Parliament is much more than a "Talk-shop." It is a great test-house. It incidentally tests talk, and in so doing tests a good many men. It also tests ideas—on those too rare occasions when ideas do stray into its precincts. And, finally, it tests men —back-benchers and front-benchers, cabinet ministers and ex-ministers, leaders of oppositions and leaders of governments.

There is one thing about its methods of testing men that is, perhaps, not so well known as it should be. Parliament is not censorious. It gives every member a fair chance. It welcomes every evidence of ability, and rejoices when the new arrival proves himself of good mettle. Men are not sent to the back-benches without a trial. Of course, new men must start at the back and win their way to the front; but if they have the true steel in their composition, they soon find themselves brought forward. For each party is anxious to have bonny fighters in its ranks and soon puts them into the firing line.

Some men come into the House of Commons—for there is where by far the greater part of the testing is done —some few men come into the House of Commons with a great name won in other walks of life. Sometimes they add honour to that name; sometimes they find the atmosphere of Parliament uncongenial and take a

quiet seat among the advisers of their party rather than among its fighters. There is much prejudice abroad against lawyers, and they are accused of monopolising our political life. But it must be owned that as a rule the lawyer of note takes a higher stand in Parliament than does the leader of any other walk in life.

Of that much maligned profession, and one of the men already laureated by the goddess of the world practical, was the Right Honourable Robert L. Borden, when he first took his seat in the Green Chamber. It did not take him long to win his spurs. He was a man of high ideals. His first speech on the evil of patronage is signal evidence of this; he has since admitted that he spoke at the time without an adequate appreciation of the difficulties of practical politics. But he had more than high ideals and high character; he was able to translate into the intricacies of Parliamentary procedure his mastery of the intricacies of the law courts. He soon made a name for himself as an adept in Parliamentary practice, and shortly after winning his second election to the House of Commons was chosen leader of the Conservative party.

In this capacity he has now sat both to the left and to the right of Mr. Speaker, and Time has had considerable opportunity to observe how he conducts himself under the rigid testing of Parliament. Possibly Mr. Borden might think that the opportunity had been inconsiderately divided, although I do not think he has any more than the normal man's love of power, while he does apparently feel its burdens and responsibilities rather more than most politicians. In fact, only a few days before the fateful twenty-first of September last, he remarked to me—under the weariness of the campaign—that he felt more like a holiday in the Southern States than he did like assuming the duties of office.

Entering Parliament from the court-room, the Premier carried with him many of the characteristics of his earlier field of action. I suppose no one who has heard him speak, either in the House of Commons or on the hustings, has failed to notice his peculiar habit of lifting his shoulders. It is not a shrug. It does not seem to be a conscious gesture at all. It is simply the persistence of an old habit which was useful in his previous habitat, where his gown kept slipping down as he argued, and it became necessary for him to lift it up into position again. Other tricks of manner, too, he brought with him. The gestures of emphasis with which he is most at home—the laying off of his arguments with two fingers on his open palm—are the gestures of pleading before a court. He has acquired, since his entry into politics, other delsartean movements with which he presses a point on the attention of a political audience; but these gestures are clearly acquired, he is not at home with them—at least, not yet.

Gesture, however, is not the only inheritance which he brought from his previous existence. The speeches which he delivers to the House bear deep marks of the school in which he learned the art. They are the arguments which a barrister would present to a high court. They are cogent. They often have fire in them. They are sometimes marked by a severe eloquence. But they rarely have passion or the higher flights of feeling. They are appeals to the reason, not to the emotions. They are calculated to carry conviction to the judge, not to sweep a jury off its feet.

The most effective speech which I ever heard Mr. Borden make was his final assault on the Laurier naval law. It was, whatever one may think of its logical matter, masterly in its logical manner. It had also another characteristic of the law courts. It had been carefully prepared for in the previous debates. Mr. Borden had been able even to put Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the witness stand and draw from him

admissions which admirably served his purpose. The questions were clearly lawyer's questions. They were logically knit together as by bars of steel, and they showed keen appreciation of the practical aspects of the situation.

"Suppose a Canadian ship meets a ship of similar armament and power belonging to an enemy," asked the (then) leader of the Opposition, "will she attack?"

"I do not know that she would fight," answered Sir Wilfrid, "I do not know that she should fight, either. She should not fight until the Government by which she is commissioned have determined whether she should go into the war."

Mr. Borden did not reply. He merely asked another question.

"Would our ports and harbours be neutral like our fleet," he asked, "until an order-in-council has been passed?"

"I do not understand," responded Sir Wilfrid, "what my honourable friend means by asking if they would remain neutral. If he means after an enemy has come into our harbour, then it will be time to resist them with our fleet."

"But if our ships do not attack their enemy when they meet the enemy on the high seas, on the same principle may not the enemy's fleet come into our harbour without resistance or attack?"

"That," was the (then) Premier's response, "would be a question to determine any time that a warship entered a Canadian port."

The next day Mr. Borden summed up the case in this terse style.

"The proposals of the Government," he said, "seem to me in one aspect to be absurd and unworkable, but in another aspect they are dangerous and revolutionary. In so far as they are not unworkable, they are dangerous; in so far as they are not absurd they are revolutionary, because it is absolutely inconceivable that, if Great Britain were engaged in a naval war and the Canadian naval force acted as if it belonged not to the Empire or to Canada, but to some neutral country, such a condition would not lead or at least conduce to the early separation of this country from the British Empire. I would recall some of the illustrations adduced in the debate yesterday. A Canadian ship is on the ocean, no order-in-council has been passed, war has been declared or an overt act committed, and hostilities have actually commenced; a Canadian ship is on the high seas flying the British flag, a cruiser of the enemy approaches, the Canadian ship is not to attack or to fight unless she is attacked. In sight of her, on the high seas, a cruiser of the enemy may be capturing vessels flying the British flag. Under the statement of the Prime Minister the Canadian cruiser will not interfere because no order-in-council has been passed. Is such a position tenable, is it not absurd, is it not dangerous and revolutionary? Can it have any other outcome than to bring about the separation of this country from that Empire whose flag flies over us to-day?"

I have quoted this utterance not for the sake of the proposition which Mr. Borden was seeking to establish, because there is no desire to be controversial, and, besides, there is no room to present the other side or discuss the issue adequately. I have quoted it merely to illustrate Mr. Borden's logical methods and as a well-jointed piece of logical mechanism. I am not debating public issues; I am talking about manners. I do not think it is necessary for me to point out the many traces which the argument bears of having come out of a legal workshop.

One of the most famous instances in which Mr. Borden put his legal knowledge to use was in the debates over the Lord's Day Act. That measure, as is well known, got a good deal of doctoring—or, rather, lawyering—on its way through the Commons; and

when it came back from the Senate, it is very doubtful if it knew itself at all. Well, quite early in the discussions over it Mr. Borden laid down what he thought to be the proper procedure. Let the Dominion Parliament, he said, legislate clearly on the matters coming within its jurisdiction, such as railways, and leave the Provinces discretion in regard to amusements and other Sabbath customs. But, no, that did not strike the Government as the thing to do. They agreed that it would be well to legislate on something and to leave the Provinces discretion on something; but they left the Provinces discretion as regards railways and everything else, except amusements and the diverse ways which different sections of our people have of observing the Sabbath. In that shape the bill went up to the Senate, after an amendment by Mr. Borden to give the Provinces discretion in amusements and church-going had been voted down. A little later it came back from the Upper House, with Mr. Borden's amendment among many others. And Mr. Borden's was one of the amendments which the Government accepted. It is true that the amendment was not in the same terms; but out of three changes proposed in the section by Mr. Borden, two were accepted and only one dropped. The claim was disputed, but Mr. Borden's followers greeted it as a distinct victory for their leader.

Lawyers are sometimes charged, not without some foundation, with a fondness for sentences of long and thunderous sound. Perhaps it is because they get so used to tying knots of logic that they cannot resist tying knots of syntax. Be that as it may, two recent Ministers of Justice, both learned in the law, have been the subject of much jesting on this count. My impression is that the Prime Minister is not a frequent committer of this venial sin; but on one occasion during the last session he qualified in a thorough-paced way that does him much honour. It was an important utterance on the naval issue, and I listened conscientiously. But it was all in vain; I was hopelessly lost by the time he was half through, though I picked him up again before the end. The next day I looked into Hansard, and found that that sentence had contained nearly two hundred and twenty words—to be exact, just two hundred and eighteen.

On the same day—it was the occasion of one of the tumultuous encounters between the stormy Lemieux and the fiery Pelletier—Mr. Borden made one of his infrequent sallies from his tower of soberness into the field of wit. It was at Mr. Lemieux's expense, and it brought a laugh from all over the House. Mr. Lemieux, be it said, had been tireless in his devotion to words that day. He had spoken no less than three times on the same subject; and his speeches had been almost all heat and very little light. He had hurled much "langwidge" across the narrow aisle separating him from the Postmaster-General; but his later speeches had not added much to the information of the House. So when Mr. Borden arose after Mr. Lemieux's third attempt, he presented Mr. Lemieux with a poetic parallel.

"The honourable gentlemen," he remarked, in casual tones, "reminds me of Tennyson's famous line:

"'Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever.'"

The shaft was, perhaps, not penetrating; but it was good-humoured and it touched the fancy of the members. There was general laughter, in which Mr. Lemieux himself joined.

The picture of the present First Minister as a humourist is not one which is familiar to us, yet under all his prevailing seriousness there runs a vein of wit, which every now and then breaks through, sometimes with corrosive effect. He gave an exhibition of this during the debate upon the address at the opening of the ses-

sion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier had remarked playfully but cuttingly that he saw upon the treasury benches "one, two, three, perhaps four, upon whom the blessing of Mr. Chamberlain would produce the same contortions as the sprinkling of holy water upon the head of Satan."

"I do not know," shot back Mr. Borden, "whether my right honourable friend compares the blessing of Mr. Chamberlain to the holy water, or whether he desires to compare the Minister of Public Works (Hon. F. D. Monk) to his Satanic majesty. If the latter was his intention I can only say that my right honourable friend might have found a much more suitable illustration a little nearer home."

Mr. Borden did not particularise further, so I hardly care to; but I fancy his meaning is fairly clear.

Mr. Borden enjoys a good story very thoroughly, and can himself tell one with success. The accomplishment is a new one, however, as regards the platform; and for a while his friends used to be very uneasy when they heard him make the attempt. That uneasiness soon passed as he won his spurs in this new field, and now these once timorous friends sit back and enjoy the story with equanimity. I have commented more than once in this sketch on the traces —vestigia is the scientific word— which Mr. Borden still carries of his court-room existence. One finds these vestigia in his story telling. Here is an example, which is at once a very good though old story and a good illustration of what I mean:

"An Irishman," said Mr. Borden, when telling the tale during his recent Western tour, "was travelling one day in the same seat with a churlish individual. The Irishman, with national sociability, tried again and again to get into conversation with his fellow traveller. But the only answer he could get was a very curt monosyllable. Finally, in a desperate effort to bring something more out of his fellow voyager, he asked, pointing to a dog under the seat, 'What kind of a dog is that?'

"'That,' roughly answered the churlish individual, 'is a cross between an Irishman and a monkey.'

"'Faith, then,' replied Pat, 'he must be related to both of us.'"

The story was always applied by the then-shortly-to-be Premier to the Liberal party, which was related to both the Protectionists and Free Traders. Mr. Borden did not specify which was the monkey; but I fancy that one might arrive at the idea in his mind by a process of exclusion.

A favourite trick of lawyers is to spring a surprise on an opponent at a critical point in a case. This is another of the "vestigia" which the Premier brings from the law courts. It was very noticeable during his management of the Manitoba boundaries bill. In fact, he sprang two surprises on his opponents in this "case"; and one of them was amazingly successful. The first instance was the absence from the bill of all reference to the school question. No hint of this came out until the printed bill was distributed. On this point, however, there had been a good deal of guessing; but it was quite otherwise in the other instance. This was the announcement of the grant of a five-mile strip of land across Manitoba to Ontario as a right of way for the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. This announcement came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The Opposition had hardly anything to say. They did, nevertheless, manage to strike off the phrase "Right of Way Province." But there was no mistaking their amazement. For a while they were quite at sea. The "coup" was eminently successful.

Closely related to this sport of the law courts is a game of battledore and shuttlecock which is played with questions in Parliament. The object of the Opposition is to induce the Government to give some information

which it should keep to itself; and the game for the Government is to answer the questions without saying anything. Mr. Borden had proved himself an adept at this sport. The shuttlecock last session was often the marriage question. One day Mr. J. A. C. Ethier, of Two Mountains, put a question which occupied a column and a half of *Hansard*. It contained, first, nine queries put to Sir Allen Aylesworth on the same subject by Colonel Sam. Hughes; second, Sir Allen's replies; asked whether the Government was aware of the questions and replies; and, finally, asked if the Government agreed with Sir Allen. Mr. Borden's answer took nine lines. He admitted that the questions quoted had been asked and answered; the question of agreement with the former Minister of Justice, he added, "has not been under consideration." And that was all.

Another question as to the jurisdiction of Parliament he met by quoting the British North America Act.

"That is safe," commented Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"It is not only safe but accurate," was the Premier's retort.

Neither as leader of the Opposition nor as Premier has Mr. Borden, so far as I am aware, ever been engaged in one of those periodical "rows," which enliven, but do not shed honour upon the proceedings of Parliament. The late Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Mr. Borden's chief lieutenant (Honourable G. E. Foster) were the protagonists in one of the stormiest of these ebullitions in the history of Confederation; but Mr. Borden entered it only to give his colleague some temperate support. Still, if Mr. Borden does not squabble, it is not because he is not the master of strong language when he wants to use it. A report from the bitterly discussed Lumsden committee of two years since roused him as he has been seldom roused. This report had been altered between the committee-room and the Chamber, and Mr. Borden had been unable to get satisfactory explanations from the committee chairman (Mr. Victor Geoffrion). Mr. Borden, in reply, did not violate the rules of Parliamentary decorum, but he managed within those generous limits to accuse Mr. Geoffrion of "unmanly" conduct, of unfair dealing and of equivocation; while a few minutes later he described Sir Wilfrid Laurier in one sentence, as both a "dictator" and a "poseur."

ART TREASURES AT LAVAL

BY E. J. PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE UNIVERSITY

SEVEN hundred years is a long time, but when one stands in the Art Gallery of Laval University, in the City of Quebec, surrounded by painting and portraiture covering seven centuries of production, an age seems as yesterday, and one realises indeed that art is long and forever expressive of the soul of mankind.

Born of an unhappy mischance for one nation, this collection constitutes a happy augury for another. If it had not been for the French Revolution many old paintings now in Canada would doubtless still be the treasured possessions of the Church or scions of nobility in the land of the Fleur-de-Lis. Thus, what has been lost to the Old World has been the basis of upbuilding for a shrine of art in the New.

When L'Abbé Desjardins, Vicar-General of Paris, amidst the ruin and horror of the days of the Commune, gathered together all the art treasures he could and sent them to Quebec for safe keeping, it was no doubt with the idea that they would find only temporary resting-place in the New World. Fortunately for Canada, they have remained here, and not only the original importation, but many other private collections have since been added, under the direction of the late Honourable Joseph Legare, until now there are over six hundred pictures. Outside the large European art centres there will be found but few similar accumulations of rare and valuable masters.

Laval Art Gallery is notable in many respects. Its majority of antique paintings is unusual, its value as representing the earlier schools is unquestioned, it contains many precious historical portraits, and from an ecclesiastical point of view, the great proportion of purely religious subjects therein constitutes a glorious inspiration in itself.

It would be somewhat of a task to completely review such a collection without making the work a mere catalogue. It would be a greater labour than space would sanction to consider the subject from every worthy standpoint. Let it suffice to briefly mention important examples representing various great periods of art. With some knowledge of the thought and spirit of each age in mind, it will be of interest to trace to what extent these examples reflect the history of their time.

If in the presence of many rarities of art one may be allowed a regret, it is that such giants in their work as Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael are almost without representation. There is a fair copy of a Leonardo da Vinci, and also of Raphael's "Burning of the Borgo," but no original works. Any regret on this score may find answering cause for congratulation in the undoubted authenticity of such paintings as "The Supper at Emmaus" by Signorelli, and "Christ's Call to St. Peter" by Salvator Rosa.

Lord Leighton has immortalised the

history of the Sienese school in his "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the streets of Florence," a painting in the Queen Victoria collection. In this wonderful reproduction of both the history and masterly style of the Florentines there is a group of artists, contemporary to Cimabue, marching in the procession following the Madonna. Among these earliest Christian painters is seen Simone Memmi, one of the first artists of the post-Byzantine era—1283-1344. In Laval Gallery there hangs a "Salvator Mundi" by Simone Memmi, thus linking the thirteenth century with the twentieth, and from that period in art until recent date the collection offers notable specimens for comparison and study.

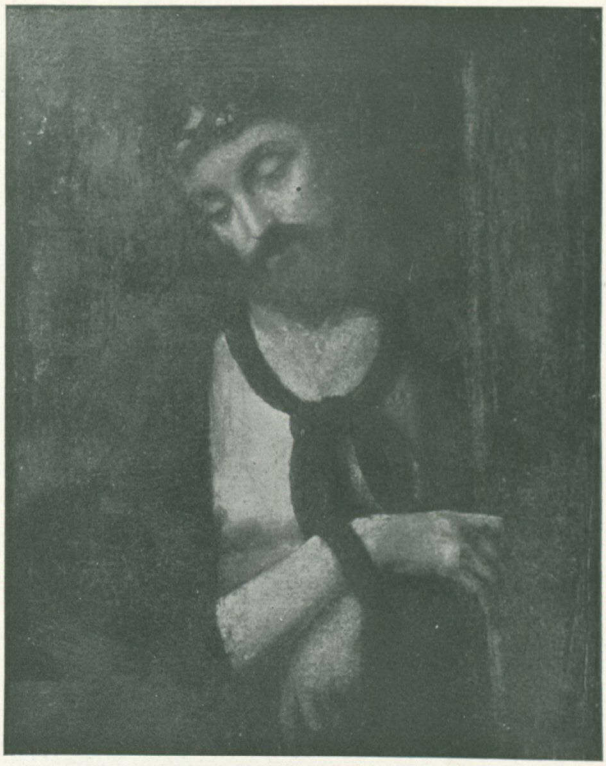
Simone Memmi's life-size portrait figure of the Christ is represented (front view) looking at the spectators. He is depicted with long hair and dressed in a green robe embroidered with a rich gold ornamental collar, over which is a greenish, loose mantle A beautiful halo of gold surrounds His head. The art of Simone Memmi is characterised by a child-like simplicity, and a sweetness and charm of utter guilelessness and rare beauty of colour seldom found in the work of later painters. The method employed is of interest. This picture is painted in tempera, a medium much in use before the invention of oils, on Italian walnut, on a prepared stucco ground. The customary use of gold for a background gives this and similar works a rich and mystic atmosphere.

A little panel in tempera, attributed to Majariboni, "The Mystical Marriage of St. Catharine," is the only other example from this period at Laval, and marks the transition of Byzantine art to the early Italian.

"The Supper at Emmaus," by Signorelli, brings one face to face with an admirable example of the Tuscan school previous to Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael. A document has recently been discovered in the archives of the Convent of the Ursulines at Quebec which proves the authenticity of this great work. It is a gallery canvas, measuring seven feet by six feet, and is in a good state of preservation. The Christ is represented seated at a table between his two disciples, in the act of breaking bread. The majestic figure of the resurrected Saviour is illumined by a wonderful halo, and depicted with an expression of superhuman wisdom. The disciples on either side are portrayed in dramatic attitudes, expressing wonderment at the discovery they have made of the identity of the stranger in their midst. The splendour of the grouping and the magnificence of the amply-folded costumes is characteristic of this master; the technique, colouring and chiaroscuro revealing good reason why the works of Signorelli should have proved an inspiration to his ultimately great compeers Michelangelo and Raphael. This picture is the property of the Honourable John Sharples, and has been lent to Laval. The National Gallery possesses four works by Signorelli, and the Louvre contains but one specimen, the "Birth of the Virgin," in the Salle des Primitifs.

Cima da Conegliano, who painted from 1486 to 1517 and was a follower of Bellini, is represented at Laval by a small half-length of the Blessed Virgin. This is a rare specimen.

Peculiar interest attaches to any work by Salvator Rosa, the gifted genius whose profound melancholy earned for him the title of "The Damned." Sixteen pictures in the Laval Gallery are attributed to this artist, in whom Ruskin found "the last trace of spiritual life in the art of Europe." As the American continent may be said to be inclined to a development of material rather than spiritual art, the influence of these and other examples of the "art spiritual" in their present environment should possess great value.

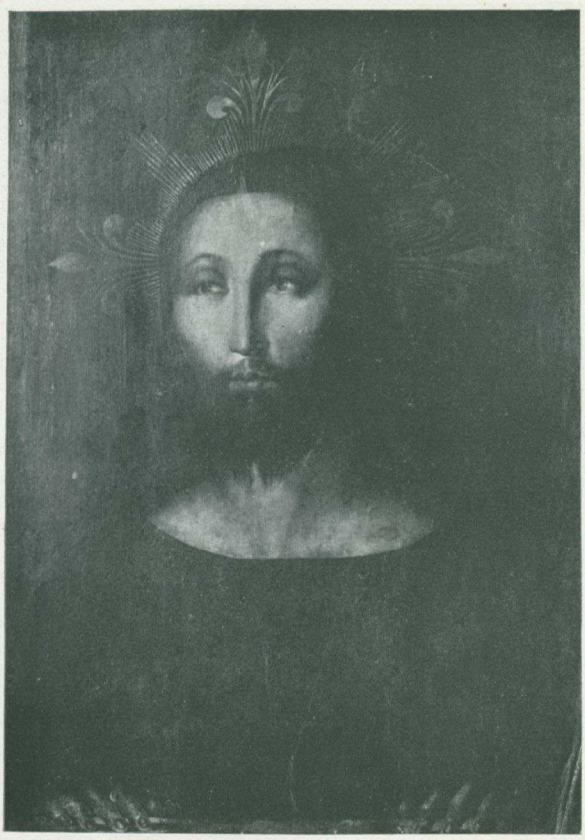


"ECCE HOMO"

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Bernandino Luini

" What is most to be admired in the works of Salvator Rosa," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, " is the perfect correspondence which he observed between the subjects which he chose, and his manner of treating them. Everything is of a piece, his rocks, trees, sky, even to his handling, have the same rude and wild character which animates his figures." The energetic language of Fuseli is well suited to the character of Salvator landscapes, of which there are seven at Laval. " He delights," says that writer, " in ideas of desolation, solitude and danger, impenetrable forests, rocky and storm-lashed shores, in lovely dells leading to dens and caverns of banditti, alpine ridges, trees blasted by lightning or sapped by time, or stretching their extravagant arms athwart a murky sky, lowering or thundering clouds, and suns shorn of their beams. His figures are wandering shepherds, forlorn travellers, banditti lurking for their prey or dividing their spoils." There is, nevertheless, a splendour and poetry in his glorious light and shade, and an awe-inspiring mystery in the nature of his religious works.

The two notable examples of the latter at Laval are " Christ's Call to St. Peter " and " The Ecstasy of St. Martin." The former has been greatly improved by recent restoration. As will be noted in the reproduction of this painting, it is quite characteristic of its author, but possesses none of the coarser features of his work, which have been so roundly condemned by Ruskin. The figure of Christ, although somewhat statuesque, is wonderfully imbued



"SALVATOR MUNDI"

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Simone Memmi

with life, and brings the spectator very near to the human personality of the Son of Man, while retaining all the majesty of the Divine. The figures of Peter and the fishermen at the oar are splendid examples of poetic action.

Spiritual art, the expression of deepest religious conviction combined with genius was at its zenith in the days of Leonardo da Vinci, and one of his most celebrated scholars, Bernardino Luini, has truly expressed this mental ecstasy in his " Ecce Homo." It has been well said that "Luini stands alone for sweetness and depth of feeling, and all the subtle and profound meaning of the manifestations of the soul."

Correggio, the founder of the school of Parma, whose painting, " La Notte," in the Dresden Gallery, is world-famous, will be found represented at Laval by one genuine work, "Head of an Angel," which had been almost entirely repainted by an inferior artist. Under recent restoration a true Correggio has been revealed, and the canvas is said to closely correspond with the old Italian canvas, such as the painter used, with every indication of its right age.

An artist who was largely influenced by Carreggio, and who in turn became a great master and a source of inspiration to many painters of note, was Parmigiano. His "St.

CHRIST CALLING ST. PETER

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Salvator Rosa

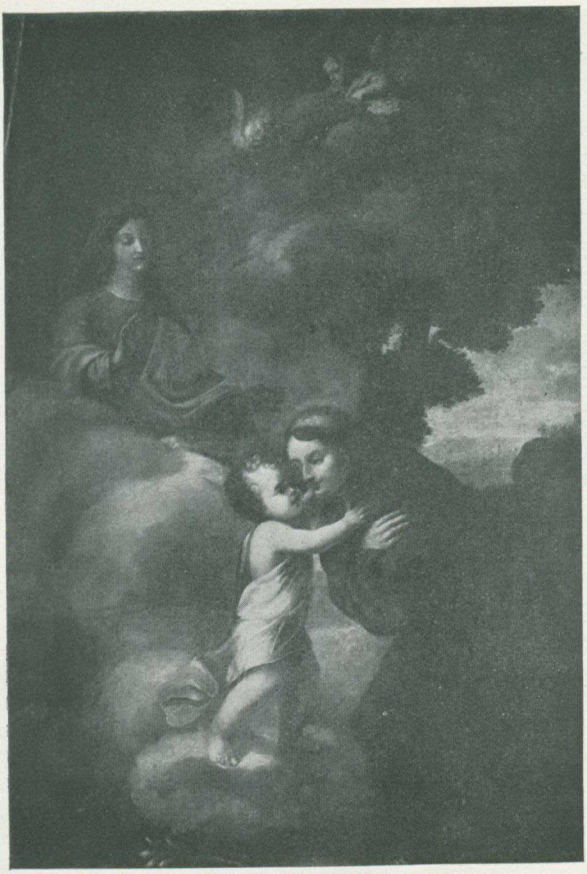
Jerome '' at Laval was probably one of his later works, at a time when he was the contemporary of Raphael and Michaelangelo. Vasari reports that it was said at Rome '' that the soul of Raphæl had passed into the person of Parmigiano.'' Strange as it may seem, his art was soon forgotten in the fatal infatuation of alchemy, and he wasted all his time and substance in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. He died at the untimely age of thirty-six years, of a fever brought on by disappointment at his lack of success.

What is known as the Bolognese eclectic school produced many of the great Italian masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This celebrated art centre was established by Francesco Raibolini in the fifteenth century, and his work is considered in the first school of this epoch. Following him were a number of inferior artists, to be succeeded in 1589 by the Carracci, under whose guidance and inspiration the eclectic school reached its highest form. Lodovico Carracci and his cousins, Agostino and Annibale, Guido Reni, Domenico Zampieri, Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, known as Guercino, and Francesco Albani, are among the great Bolognese masters represented in the Laval collection, besides a number of unidentified pictures attributed to the Bolognese school. Among other pupils of the Carracci, whose works are at Laval, may be mentioned Shidone Spada, and Lanfranco.

Possibly the rarest example of this period is '' The Purification,'' by Guido. It is a fine specimen of his early manner and reflects much genius. In later years he became an inveterate gambler, and the talent that showed such wonderful promise at the time this picture was produced became only a vehicle to furnish him with sufficient money to appease his passion. He died beset by fears and troubles and debts in 1642.

Pierre Puget, painter, sculptor, architect and engineer, was a seventeenth century artist whose manner closely resembles Guido. His '' David with the Head of Goliath '' is a most striking but rather eerie study. This is a signed and dated work, but cannot be said to possess great merit.

The Guercinos offer some study of '' the solemnity of hue, the sober twilight and air of cloistered meditation,'' which is a stated characteris-



THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Parrocelli

tic of the period. This is also noticeable in the two paintings by Albani.

In Florence, Rome, and Naples many artists followed, while others opposed, the eclectic school. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the perfection of art that had been reached by Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian and Correggio was more or less successfully emulated by their pupils and followers. This was the later period of the Renaissance, and all too soon gave place to a rapid decline in matters of art that brought about the final disappearance of the "art spiritual." Among the last of the great Italian painters were Allori and Carlo Dolci of Florence, Sassoferrato and Maretti of Rome, and Salvator Rosa and Giordano of Naples. Works by all these masters are to be seen at Laval.

"All, with the exception of Allori," says Robert Cassels, "were contemporaries and well acquainted with each other; and their lives are interesting as illustrating a period when the last glimmering of bright and glorious light was soon to be extinguished in the gloomy night of darkness and decay. The genius of Italy may now be extinct, but the light, which once shone so brightly there, has cast its rays over the whole world, to enliven, beautify and restore the love of art to the nations of mankind."

ORIGINAL SKETCH (FINISHED) OF THE "FRUIT GARLAND"

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Rubens

The works by Salvator Rosa have already been mentioned as among the most important of the Laval collection; the Sassoferrato is a "Madonna" similar to the work in the National Gallery; the Carlo Dolci is "The Blessed Virgin caressing the Infant Jesus," and in connection with this a small specimen by his daughter, Aguese Dolci, is also of great interest. Maretti, who received the Order of Christ from Pope Clement XI. for cleaning Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, is the author of two small pictures and a "St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus," in the chapel of the seminary. There are also a number of fine religious paintings attributed to the school of Maretti.

"The Archangel Michæl triumphing over the rebellious angels," said to be by Giordano, may be an example of the repetition of subjects common to many of the Italian masters. In the Royal Gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna there are thirteen of Giordano's pictures. The one of surpassing excellence among these is the "Archangel Michæl precipitating the Rebellious Angels to the Bottomless Pit," and the description of this picture is similar to the one at Laval.

Thus far the writer has endeavoured to review the celebrities of the early Italian schools found at Laval. Nor is the list of these by any means exhausted. One might continue with such names as Barocci, Bassano and Bazzi, of whose work there is a very rare specimen; Bronzino (one of the painters who adorned the Pitti Palace in Florence), Lodovico, David, Domenico Feti, Mola and Romanelli, whose "Daughters of Jethro" is worthy of note; Solimena and Pietro di Lorenzo. The works of these artists possess much value and are worthy of study. One must, however, pass on to other great schools of art herein represented.

Nearly a century after the great revival in Italy, the art of the Netherlands was raised to its full vigour by the triumphs of Rubens, Vandyck and Rembrandt. There is to-day a great competition among wealthy collectors for the works of these masters. No specimen of Rembrandt's work hangs at Laval, but the Rubens is one of the gems of the collection.

THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Luca Signorelli

It is the project for the larger painting in the Munich Gallery, and in the estimation of many is a finer work. "The First Garland," for real artistic beauty, could scarcely be surpassed. A group of seven lovely children are playing with a trophy of fruit and flowers. What Sir Joshua Reynolds says of the larger work at Munich will apply with equal force to this "project." "It is one of Rubens's best pictures, both for colouring and drawing, it is indeed soft and rich as flesh itself. Though the flowers are painted with all that beauty of colour which is in nature, yet Rubens has preserved such brightness and clearness in his flesh, though in contrast with those flowers, as perhaps no other painter could have done." This project is dated 1614, the larger work was completed in 1618. Compare this work with that of Salvator Rosa, and then consider the different environment under which it was created. Salvator Rosa, the self-imposed exile, the apostle of all pessimism; Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the polished courtier, the ambassador to the courts of kings and queens, working in the years of his greatest distinction and honour. He was twice happily married and was passionately fond of his children. This love for innocent childhood could have found no more lovely vehicle for expression than the "Fruit Garland," which has fortunately been preserved in much of its original beauty.

SAINT MARTIN

From the Original Painting at Laval, by Salvator Rosa

The fact that Sir Anthony Vandyck was formerly a pupil of Rubens is common knowledge. A pretty anecdote is told in this connection. It is said that Rubens, having left a picture unfinished one night, and going out contrary to custom, his scholars took the opportunity of sporting around the room, when one striking at his companion with the maulstick, chanced to throw down the picture, which, not being dry, was damaged. Vandyck, at work in the next room, was prevailed upon to repair the mischief. When Rubens came next morning to his work, first going at a distance to view his picture, as is usual with painters, and having contemplated it, cried out suddenly, "I like it better than I did yesterday."

Vandyck's "Water Dolorosa" at Laval is an early work, evidently produced before he went to Italy, and while he was still under the influence of Rubens. He afterwards went to England, and there lived in the most brilliant epoch of his career, the favourite of Charles I., who conferred upon him knighthood, and for whom he painted numerous portraits. These historical portraits are, perhaps, his best-known work.

Although lacking a Rembrandt, the Laval collection possesses a Ferdinand Bal, who was one of his pupils. In direct succession to this there is a Gabriel Metsu, who was a pupil of Gerard Dou, another of Rembrandt's scholars. A somewhat large work by Balen. "The Storming of St. Stephen," predates Rubens and Vandyck. Many other Dutch painters find representation in greater or less degree at Laval. Such masters as Paul Bril, De Craeyer, and Aelbert Cuyp are worthy of mention. "A Winter Scene in Holland," by the latter, is an unusual work, as landscapes, and especially winter scenes, by this artist are exceedingly rare.

De Craeyer, a contempory of Rubens, is the author of an interesting "Portrait of B. Dalmatius Monerius," who was a hermit belonging to the Dominican Order in the thirteenth century, and has since been canonised. There are three fine examples of Paul Bril's best work in religious painting.

The Spanish school of art, at its greatest epoch, is said to have produced five masters, Ribera, Zurbaran, Velasquez, Cano, and Murillo. Of these the works of Ribera, Zurbaran, and Velasquez hang at Laval, Ribera, otherwise known as Spaguoletto (the little Spaniard), journeyed afoot from his native land to Naples to study the great Italian masters, and commenced there as a ragged and beggarly youth, dependent on the charity of his fellow artists for his daily bread. His ability soon earned him recognition, but he was never able to live in peace with the Neapolitans, and later in life was one of the famous trio who were known as "The Cabal of Naples." Zurbaran's power as a portrait painter is exemplified in "A Monk Reading." This is a life-size portrait of a monk wearing the habit of the Franciscans. There is a fervent asceticism in the feeling of this work, and strong realism in its presentment.

Velasquez, Spanish court painter, whose name is a household word, needs no meed of praise from the writer. His portrait of Cardinal Prince Trivultius, Spanish Ambassador to Rome in 1653, is not only a magnificent example of the mighty Andalusian's genius but as well a rare and priceless historical work.

One of the most eminent Spanish painters of the sixteenth century was Luis de Vergas, whose "Meeting of Our Lord with St. Veronica" is at Laval. This large canvas depicts the tradition of St. Veronica and the miracle of the handkerchief in wonderful realism. This evidently was intended originally for an altar piece.

Paris and art seem to the modern mind synonomous terms, and not without cause has the French capital become a mecca for artists. As early as the sixteenth century, and through all the troublous days that have since made stirring history for France, she has been the patron and inspiration of all worthy art. The Laval collection, of French origin, in a Franco-British university, should and does represent much that is notable in French art, more especially in the earlier period of its history. Nicolas Poussin and Philippe de Champaigne, great painters and worthy contemporaries, are represented by important examples, which are fully entitled to be classed as world celebrated paintings.

It is worthy of note that Poussin, although classed as one of the great French painters, lived the major portion of his life in Rome. The sentiment of Byron's striking line, "Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul" re-echoes the master passion of Poussin, to whom Rome became as his life. His first sojourn in the Eternal City reached to sixteen years; then the generous offers of Richelieu and the express wish of Louis XIII. brought him to Paris. Only for a short space could the artist breathe contentedly the air of France—though it was that of his native land. The opposition of envious rivals still further fixed his intention to return to the beloved Italy, and the next year after the one which saw him in Paris, beheld him again at Rome—never to return.

"God the Creator," by Nicolas Poussin, is one of the original Desjardins list. There is wonderful breadth of handling in this work. Another picture, replete with feeling and sentiment, is "The Crucifixion," recently restored. There are five other works attributed to this painter whose biographers are pleased to term "a great artist, and a still greater man."

Philippe de Champaigne was a noted painter of sacred and historical subjects. He was one of the first

members of the French Academy, and afterwards its professor and rector. His "Elias Throwing His Mantle to Elisha" is a very striking picture in which the Biblical incident is dramatically treated. The historical portrait of the venerable Francois de Montmorency-Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, is said to be by the school of Philippe de Champaigne.

One is reminded of the romantic connection between Nicolas Poussin and Gaspard Dughet, afterward known as Gaspard Poussin. Two classical landscapes by Gaspard are at Laval. The parents of Gaspard Dughet settled in Rome, and there befriended their fellow-countryman, Nicolas Poussin, nursing him through a serious illness. This friendship brought about his marriage with the daughter of his hosts. Young Gaspard, a boy at the time, showed marked inclination toward an art career, and so apt a pupil did he become, that in later years he was also known as Poussin, and attained an equal celebrity with his relative by marriage.

Charles Le Brun, the French historical painter, is represented by an important pedigreed work, "Two Angels." To Baptiste, who was employed by Le Brun in ornamenting many of the French palaces, is attributed two compositions of fruit and flowers. He was afterwards employed by the Duke of Montague, English Ambassador to France, and accompanied him to England. Here he decorated Montague House, afterward the British Museum, and during twenty-five years of residence was most successful in mural decoration. Bourdon, a French painter, who had some prominence in the seventeenth century, is the author of a grim and terrible composition, "The Death Sentence." On the left sits the judge, on a raised dais hung with crimson. Two soldiers stand behind him, in attendance. He is reading the death sentence to four men who kneel before him bound, and to a man and woman who proudly stand surrounded by soldiery. In the middle distance several figures are seen being burned at the stake.

Offering pleasing variety to the more serious range of subjects, the marine views by Claude Joseph Vernet are also an excellent idea of the work for which he is noted. Of the five canvases, the one most likely to be entirely the work of Claude Joseph is a view of an Italian port. This is signed, "C. J. Vernet, fecit Roma, 1748." His commission from Louis XV. to paint twenty of the French seaports, occupied nine years of his time, but only sixteen of them were ever finished, and the most of these hang in the Louvre.

Other noted painters who are generally classed with the early French school, and whose works of various merit may be found at Laval, are: Corneille, Coypel, D'Ulin, Wenleu, Joseph Parrocel, Pierre Parrocel, Robert, and Van Loo, whose "Holy Family" recently restored, hangs in the Seminary chapel.

Under the separate heading of historical portraits, it may be well to group the work of other noted French artists with that of a number of the most celebrated portrait painters of England. In this manner the historical interest of the portrait will be reviewed in equal measure with the work of the artist.

Portraits of the two outstanding figures in Canadian history General Wolfe and the Marquis de Montcalm are of transcendent value as studies of these men whose generalship did so much to settle the future of Canada. There are a number of portraits of General Wolfe in existence; the one at Laval is attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The work of Largillére in the semblance of Montcalm is of great interest. The famous and gallant defender of the fortress is depicted in a half-length figure standing looking at the spectator. He is dressed in a military light armoured vest and surcoat

of plum colour, which shows beneath a waistcoat trimmed with gold braid. Although an older man than General Wolfe by fifteen years at the time of the capture of Quebec, this picture would make him appear about the same age. It is probable that both portraits were souvenirs of less strenuous days in the lives of these soldiers, prior to the campaigns which brought them together at Quebec, as no doubt the portrait of Wolfe was painted in England and that of Montcalm in Paris.

Worthy art and historical value are combined in the collection of French court portraits. The later monarchical days of France were a more or less dark page in the record of the nation, but the personages of Royal blood, who doubtless lived much as they were led by circumstances and environment, have seemingly been portrayed at their best in the pictures at Laval.

Louis XV., who succeeded to the tottering throne of France in 1715, at the tender age of five years, is pictured by La Tour in apparent middle age. This artist is also represented by fac similes of Louis the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., and Marie Leszczyuska, Queen of Louis XV. The latter is said by historians to have been a good and pious woman, neglected by her daughters, and misused by her abandoned husband.

Francois Boucher, an eighteenth century French artist, whose surviving works are now of great value, is seen at his best in four Royal portraits, those of Madame Louise, Madame Victoire, and Madame Adelaide, daughters of Louis XV., and Madame Josephe de Saxe, Dauphiness, mother of Louis XVI. The somewhat varied lives of these Royal women forms an interesting page in French history, and seem to prove the world-old truth that the mothers and daughters of any given period are much better than their sons and fathers.

The gossip of the galleries credits Boucher with having made his living by the production of many pictures suited to the low moral tone of the period, which brought a good price, but would seem in the present day a most unworthy prostitution of artistic ability. These portraits would, therefore, possess rare value as revealing the artist in better and truer work than was his want. The celebrated Madame du Barry is pictured in the character of Diana, by Largilliére, a most striking work.

The work of the great English school of the eighteenth century had no more able exponent than Thomas Gainsborough, "the purest colourest of the English school," as Ruskin describes him. The portrait of Luc De la Corne, General of the Indians under Montcalm, and a portrait of Lord Holland, the British statesman, are evidently two early productions by Gainsborough in what is known as his "Suffolk period." Sir Thomas Lawrence is the author of a picture of Mrs. Siddons. This was a favourite subject of his, and in many charming semblances of this noted actress the world has become well acquainted with her beauty.

Other historical portraits by artists of lesser fame include many pictures of the Popes and noted Church dignitaries. These may be said to possess greater local value than general artistic interest.

The work of recent years in the world-wide realm of art finds but slight representation at Laval. Various reasons might be assigned for this, but they would not alter the fact that the collection virtually stops short of the modern in art. No other collection in America so fully represents the "art spiritual" of the age prior to Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyck. This was the vast treasury from which our modern ideas of the various forms of human emotion were taken, and, as such, it may be well, from an artistic standpoint, to put the Laval collection in a class by itself. That various circumstances,

financial and otherwise, have contributed to this may be deemed fortunate or unfortunate, according to the opinion of the reader. Viewing these works of the great masters in a proper spirit seems to leave but little room for the moderns, worthy though they may be.

The Laval collection may be summed up as a rare representation of the art periods beginning with the early masters and ending with the classicists, and, in addition to this, sufficient examples from other schools to offer ample comparison for purposes of study.

It will not, however, be fair to the memory of such men as Hamel, Berczy, Legare, Stuart, Huot, and Falardeau to conclude this review without mentioning their names. For many years the late Honourable Joseph Legare had charge of the Laval collection, and in it there are many works of general interest from his brush.

During the past year the Laval University buildings have undergone expensive alterations, and a modern fireproof art gallery has been provided. This was thrown open to the general public recently. The present art curator is Mr. J. Purves Carter, a gentleman well qualified by years of experience in England and elsewhere to give proper care to the numerous treasures of art as are therein found.

The new gallery will be arranged under proper classification and hanging, and the many rare pictures so far lacking recognition will receive their true measure of worth in the world of art.

The authorities of Laval will doubtless find that not the least attraction to the outside world to be found within their scholastic walls will be this up-to-date repository for what will universally be recognised as the rarest accumulation of art in America.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER OF 1812

A SKETCH OF MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON, ONE OF THE EARLIEST CANADIAN NOVELISTS

BY IDA BURWASH

AS a century turns with the turning of the year, it recalls a memorable date to Canadians. It recalls at the same time an interesting figure in the person of Major John Richardson, one of the earliest Canadian novelists, and one of the first historians of the war of 1812, whose border strife he shared. To the present generation Richardson's memory is shadowy. His books are little known to-day and difficult of access. Yet a hundred years ago he stood at the centre of a life replete with interest and action. Though in 1812 he was only sixteen, he was known in the small society of Amherstburg, where his father was garrison surgeon, as a lad of promise. Garrison life was just the one to be attractive to a lively boy. The experience of officers and soldiers either as related to himself or as gathered up by him from the conversation of his elders, were of the kind to stimulate ambition. Then close at hand were the Indians bringing suggestion of the woods and wilds so dear to the adventurous nature.

In summer these Indians camped in hundreds on Bois Blanc Island. There Richardson with other lads was a frequent visitor. He was probably as familiar with the habits of the savages as he was with those of the settlers about Amherstburg. He was accustomed, too, to see the chiefs at any time stalking through the settlement on their way for the stores provided by the Government. Nor were fur traders, those equally daring explorers of the wilderness, lacking within the precincts of the fort. Voyageurs and trappers were constantly passing and re-passing the Detroit River on their way to and from the North. For story of adventure then the lad was never at a loss. In his family circle likewise he heard many a tale of pioneer days that must have fired his imagination, for his grandmother had been among those tried and trembling prisoners shut up in Fort Detroit when that fort was besieged by Pontiac.

Apart from local interests, affairs in Canada and abroad had just then reached a heated point. News of Britain's part in the European struggle going on must have been common talk among the little garrison—Napoleon the terrible, an oft-discussed personality. Austerlitz and Jena were then comparatively recent events and the insatiable Emperor having trodden under heel the nations of Western Europe, was in the act of moving on to Russia.

So matters stood at the beginning of 1812. Napoleon master of Europe, England mistress of the seas! And it was at this point and in this year that Napoleon, when stepping beyond his Continental limits to dip his finger in those seas again by stirring up a war between England and America, made his first backward step—that fatal step that opened up the way for his more fatal day of Waterloo. It was the declaration of

war in 1812 that shook Alexander of Russia free from his alliance with the despot.

In June, 1812, the news that war had been declared against Great Britain by the United States was received in Canada with mingled feelings. The Canadian frontier was a long one. At the moment there was not a settlement in Upper Canada that could boast a population exceeding a thousand souls. To the Loyalist settlers already worn by thirty years of bitter struggle with the wilderness, war was yet another burden imposed upon them by an enemy still unforgiven.

On the contrary, by young John Richardson it was hailed as "a glorious transition," as a welcome exchange of Cæsar's Commentaries and a stuffy schoolhouse for the King's Regulations, the open field, and soldier's quarters. Boys though they were, he and his young schoolmate Garden, managed to get themselves enrolled as "gentlemen volunteers," Richardson in connection with the detachment of the 41st, then part of the garrison at Amherstburg, Garden with the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, a few of whom were also included in that garrison.

The general conditions of the war that followed are too well known to call for repetition. From the beginning to the end of it Canadians, French or English, had but a single purpose. To a man they stood to defend their homes and country irrespective of race or class. They experienced reverses hard to bear. They chafed at times under the leadership of incompetent generals. The names of Proctor and Prevost do not shine in Canadian history. Certain of their officers suffered protracted misery as prisoners of war. Yet, despite all reverses and the far inferior number of her fighting force, at the end of both campaigns, of 1812 and 1813, Canada still held her own. In the following year a peace was arranged between the two Governments. It was one welcomed by both combatants, and one that altogether has proved to be of so satisfactory a nature that it has never since been broken.

Canadians to-day are fully sensible of the benefits of that peace. Yet a glance back at this date to the more intimate conditions of that war-time as described by Richardson, eye-witness of and participant in its events, brings to light many incidents suggestive to a later generation.

Our young volunteer's experience during those years of struggle were confined to the western frontier. Marched from Amherstburg to Queenston and back again to the western border, he took part in every engagement in that region until he was taken prisoner of war at the surrender of Moraviantown. The succeeding year he spent in hard captivity in Kentucky State.

All through his story of the war, Richardson's interest in our Indian allies is shown. He does not try to hide their barbarous war customs. At the same time he reminds his readers earnestly that every possible means were tried by Colonel St. George of Amherstburg and by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian affairs, to soften down the fierceness of the savages. As one means high rewards were offered for prisoners taken by the Indians in the hope of saving such unfortunates from torture and death. But the belief of the savage that the spirit of a dead chief would never rest in quiet till an enemy had been offered up as a sacrifice made this attempt of little avail.

One such case of vengeance is described with thrilling brevity. Logan, a young chief and interpreter, almost as much admired by the English as by his own race, was killed in the preliminary skirmish of Brownstown—an occasion on which Tecumseh, with a little band of twenty-four picked braves, defeated Van Horne and turned back his men

who were marching with supplies to General Hull at Detroit. In this fray one American prisoner was taken.

When the fighting was over Logan's body was carried into the long low Council Room. Round it his brother warriors ranged themselves in circle solemnly and in silence, placing in the circle with them their one prisoner. After they had remained for some time in absolute stillness, a bowl of food was offered to the prisoner. He seemed to eat of it obediently. "And while occupied in this manner," writes Richardson, "a young warrior, obeying a signal from one of his elders, rose from his seat, and coming round behind the prisoner struck him a blow on his uncovered head and he ceased to live. Not a yell, not a sound, beside that of the crashing tomahawk was heard, not a muscle of an Indian face was moved. The young warrior, replacing his weapon, walked deliberately back and resumed his seat in the circle. The whole party remained a few minutes longer seated, then rose to their feet and silently withdrew, satisfied that they had fulfilled a religious immolation to the ashes of the deceased."

The savage, when fired purely with the lust of blood, committed atrocities too painful for mention. But that association with the whites was gradually having a certain civilising effect upon the better Indians is shown by the following incident related of Metoss, a noted chief of the Sacs.

During the siege of Fort Miami this chief was in the habit of crossing the river daily to lie in ambush in the woods, ready to pick off any American who dared to leave the fort to carry back water or for other purposes. One such adventurer Metoss even contrived to secure alive and at once conveyed him to his wigwam to be preserved for future vengeance. The day following this capture, the chief's young son, a handsome lad of thirteen, accompanied his father. The pair in hiding were soon detected by means of a telescope within the fort, and a discharge of grapeshot killed the lad almost instantly. Maddened by grief, Metoss carried the body of his son to his canoe and quickly towards his wigwam, with the stern intent of sacrificing the American prisoner then and there. Happily, a Canadian much liked by the Indians, hearing of what had happened, hurried to meet Metoss. Earnestly he entreated him to spare the innocent prisoner, pleading that the surrender of the prisoner instead to the Indian's great father, the King, would please that father very much, whereas the prisoner's death would sorely grieve him.

Metoss, who in his misery had torn off his gay head-dress of battle, listened, speechless. At length he strode silently to his wigwam, where the body of his son had been laid. Cutting at a stroke the thongs that bound his prisoner, he led him out to the White Man with the mournful words—"You tell me that my great father wishes it—take him!" Then no longer able to control his grief, he broke down and sobbed bitterly.

The white men were deeply moved. In their fellow-feeling for the stricken father they buried the young chief the following day with full military honours. Led by Lieutenant Bullock, the funeral party gathered at the wigwam where the boy lay, his little rifle, powder and ball, beside him, while a dozen chiefs of the tribe with bodies painted black danced a solemn war-dance round his remains. So great was the anguish of Metoss he was with difficulty parted from the son whom he had clasped in his arms for a last embrace. But, finally, the soldiers lifting the child, bore him to his grave on the banks of the Miami. As a further mark of sympathy they added an extra volley to the usual three rounds fired over grave in the soldier's honour.

It was during the campaign of 1813 that the famous Shawnee Chief Tecumseh was slain. His bravery and clever tactics are constantly mentioned by Richardson. But it was not till the night before the fatal battle of Moraviantown that Tecumseh's full power was revealed. The vacillation of General Proctor, followed by his proposal to fall back on the Central Army, with all that can be said for and against it, has often been discussed. To Tecumseh it had but one meaning—rank cowardice!—and in his wrath he did not fail to tell the white man so. Richardson records, word for word, Tecumseh's famous speech at this his last war council. With his young blood aglow, the boy-volunteer listened to those burning clauses of the Indian orator, each one prefaced by its fiery. "Listen!" followed by its array of stern facts and sterner criticism, ending with the appeal—"Father! You have got arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go in welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Scarcely were the words spoken when a wild scene followed. The chieftains sprang to their feet brandishing their tomahawks, while the vaulted roof of the large Council Room echoed back their fierce yells. Above them, a conspicuous figure in his fringed leather dress, towered Tecumseh, his large waving ostrich plumes of white contrasting strangely with his dark face and piercing black eyes. When quiet was once more restored Proctor, through his interpreters, finally persuaded his fiery allies to a compromise—to retire with him to the Moravian village about half way between Amherstburg and Niagara.

This decided, orders were given for the dismantling of the border forts. But things were not well managed. The retreat was too dilatory and the fatal engagement of Moraviantown ensued, when closely pressed by a force of 6,000 Americans, the handful of Canadian troops with their 800 allies had no alternative than to surrender.

The loss of Tecumseh in this encounter was as keenly deplored by the Whites as by the Indians. Down the receding years his conduct must ever shine the brighter in contrast to the flight of Proctor at the commencement of this action. Richardson recounts simply but graphically the splendid appearance of Tecumseh when, just before the bugle of the advancing enemy was heard, he passed along the line in which the young volunteer was placed, pressing the hand of each officer in turn as he passed and making to each one in Shawnee what proved to be a last farewell. In less than half an hour later in a single attack on Colonel Johnson, the commander of the American Mounted Riflemen, Tecumseh was shot dead upon the spot.

As darkness fell and the news spread that Tecumseh had not only been killed but actually flayed by Johnson's followers, the hearts of the imprisoned soldiers were filled with speechless grief. It is but fair to admit that this brutal conduct of the Americans was equally lamented by their General Harrison, who begged certain of the officers of the 41st to accompany his staff in order if possible to identify the body of the fallen hero.

"Of the deep regret with which his death was regarded," writes Richardson, "no stronger evidence can be given than the fact that there was scarcely an officer of the captured division who, as he reposed his head upon the rude log affording him his only pillow that night, did not wholly lose sight of his unfortunate position in the more lively emotion produced by the untimely fate of the lamented and noble Indian."

Among other intimate details related by this soldier of a century ago are his personal recollections of Queenston Heights, of certain daring feats of individuals, of the Battle of Lake Erie (the one naval encounter witnessed by him), and of his imprisonment in Kentucky.

The story of the battle of Queenston Heights has been told and re-told many times in speech and history. Richardson throws no further light upon the action of the battle. He gives, however, a few sidelights that go to show how far war is from being the thing of glory, bugle strains, and gorgeous uniform which it is so frequently held up to be.

He was daily an observer of Brock's vexation at the incomprehensible action of Prevost in agreeing to an armistice—that calm delay that gave the enemy full time to lay their plans, to cross the river and gain the heights of Queenston for a few hours. He was among those too who shared in the scurry of that chill morning when the alarm was given just before the break of day, and news was spread throughout Fort George that the General, alone, unattended even by his aide, was already on horseback far on his way back along the lonely road to Queenston. He recounts Brock's meeting with Colonel Jarvis on that road in the dim, gray dawn, when though the latter officer was hastening to meet his chief with news of the enemy's movements Brock refused to abate his speed and the messenger as best he could was obliged to turn his own horse, going likewise at full speed, and to catch up with his flying General who, still galloping, listened to his word and shouted back his orders from the saddle without a moment's pause.

No time was lost that morning on Canadian shores. Galloping on in his turn towards Fort George to hurry on Sheaffe and his army according to Brock's orders, Jarvis encountered a second desperate rider, young Macdonnell, the General's aide-de-camp, following at break-neck pace his gallant leader. Neither had a moment to spare. But on passing his brother officer Macdonnell snatched his sword from his hand, shouting out like his General before him a hurried direction to his comrade where to find his own sword on returning to the Fort. The borrowed weapon unfortunately was of short avail.

Richardson of course was not present when that gallant charge of General and aide was made up hill in the face of odds so shortly after. But he conveys to us some idea of the grief and rage striving in the hearts of the advancing soldiers as they marched a little later over the same ground so recently passed by their daring leader and his equally daring aide; every soldier burning to avenge the deaths of the two gallant officers.

The young subaltern, however, had his grim share in the battle of the afternoon, when the reverses of the morning were avenged; when 900 American prisoners were taken and the heights regained for Canada. He was also among the saddened band who looked on while the body of the Hero of Queenston was lifted from its bleak hiding-place; when it was carried forth from the rude house in which it had been hurriedly hidden away under a pile of old blankets, in order to prevent its recognition by the enemy. He was one of those, too, who understood most clearly at what a costly price the Heights of Queenston were regained in the loss to Britain and Canada of that inspiring presence.

Shortly after this battle, the 41st was ordered back to Amherstburg, there to remain in garrison. Not until the 19th of January, 1813, was it once more under marching orders, when the whole force of 500 troops with 800 Indians was ordered out to assist Major Reynolds, who with fifty men and a few Indians had been driven back from Frenchtown by the

advance of the American army under Winchester.

The departure of the troops that winter morning made a keen impression on the young soldier, who long remembered the rear of the guns as the troops marched along the ice, the wild yells of the Indians, and the glittering reflection of the rising sun upon the icy cliffs on shore and on the polished arms of the soldiery. Equally keen was his remembrance of the cold of the bivouac at night, before fires kindled on the snow, with only the soldier's coat as covering. The march onward before daylight proved bleaker still but quickly forgotten in the onset of the battle resulting in the capture of Winchester himself and the surrender of his army.

It was during this battle that Lieutenant Irvine, noticing a three pounder gun lying close to the fence behind which the enemy was sheltered, dashed forward under cover of a heavy fire from the Canadian line behind him and seizing the drag rope bore off the gun. For this recklessness he was punished by a shot in the heel that put him out of the contest for some time.

The battle of Lake Erie took place the following autumn on September 9th, 1813. None understood better than the little garrison at Amherstburgh the fatal odds under which Captain Barclay laboured that morning. With heavy hearts they watched him sail from harbour on the lumbering *Detroit*, an unfinished vessel armed chiefly with such guns of any and every size as could be gathered in the neighbourhood. In his wake, the remaining six vessels of his fleet, manned solely by untrained provincial crews, sailed on their doubtful way to meet the nine well-equipped vessels of Perry's squadron. How anxious were the hearts of the watchers on the ramparts needs no telling, as they heard the constant firing and saw the smoke of the guns but could discern nothing of the movements of either side. Later when a change of wind had cleared the clouds away, they saw but too distinctly the wrecked Canadian fleet heavily following the Americans to Sandusky Bay.

Had Barclay's appeal for reinforcements to the Commander of Lake Ontario been listened to Canada might have been spared this fatality. From first to last every Canadian sailor on those ships showed a splendid courage. But courage without training pitted against equal courage with superior skill must submit to the inevitable.

As a further showing of the stern reality behind the glory, we have Richardson's account of the treatment of the prisoner's of war taken at Moraviantown. Among these were several officers of the 41st.

A dispirited band they left the Moravian village on the morning of October 7th, 1813. Their feelings can be better imagined than described as they passed through Detroit over soil which their regiment had held almost unassisted for the previous fifteen months under great odds as to numbers. Two routes lay open to them; one by way of the Miami, the other the Sandusky route. The few who chose the latter, including Richardson, were sent by a gun-boat across Lake Erie to the harbour where the shattered Canadian fleet still lay. To the disheartened prisoners Barclay's ship was a woeful spectacle—her guns dismantled, her bulwarks broken, her decks covered with wounded soldiers while her Captain suffering terribly from his wounds lay in bed in his cabin, hardly recognisable by his comrades except for his *unchanged spirit*.

From Sandusky began the march to Chilicothe, the place of their detention. As week by week went by a weary march it proved, through cold, unceasing rain with but a filthy hut for shelter, or oftener with halt made in the open without even coats to protect them from the storm.

Doggedly they plodded on, unconscious that the day of their misfortune had already been retrieved by the notable success of De Salaberry and his handful of troops at Chateauguay.

For some time after their arrival they were treated fairly. But when news was unexpectedly received that the twenty-three English deserters taken at Queeston had been sent home to England to be tried, the angry Yankees promptly retaliated by ill-treatment of the prisoners in their midst. A number of officers were sent on to the penitentiary at Frankfort, while the few who remained, our volunteer among them, were thrown into the common jail. There, twenty in all, they were crowded into two small rooms, guarded by a sentinel, and placed under control of a low and brutal jailor. The men of the division were kept in a fortified camp on the outskirts of the town.

Some time later, owing to the rumour of a plan being formed for escape of the officers, their ill-treatment was doubled. Handcuffs were added to the miseries of their confinement, the boy soldier alone being exempt from this precaution. At first in youthful pride he refused any amelioration of his fate, which was not to be shared by his seniors. But as time went on the relief he was able to afford his fellow-prisoners by his freedom made that exemption a boon. With the aid of an old knife he managed to extract the iron nails from the fetters, replacing them by others made of lead which he found in the haversack of one of the officers. Only close observation could have detected the difference in these nails. By this means the fettered officers managed to slip off the irons when unobserved and so to gain relief of circulation and position.

Happily this experience was not extended. About ten days of it had been endured when orders were issued for the removal of all prisoners to Frankfort. They were sent by way of the Ohio under conduct of Lieutenant Harrison. It remains to the credit of this officer that on receiving from the Englishmen the pledge of their parole he at once struck off their handcuffs on his own responsibility. From Cincinnati they crossed on horseback a gloomy hill country. In cold and storm they entered Frankfort, the first sight to greet them being the Penitentiary walls, looming up conspicuous. Here they found their comrades, thirty in all, confined in two small rooms in the upper story of the prison but accepting the situation calmly.

This further experience was likewise destined to be short. Almost on the heels of their arrival came the news of Napoleon's reverses in Russia. This freeing of England's hands gave a new aspect to American affairs. The quarters of the officers were soon moved to a comfortable hotel though still their guard was retained. Next came freedom on parole and finally permission to such officers as could pay their own means of transport to repair to the Canadian frontier. To those who remained certain kindnesses were shown, especially by Major Madison who having been previously taken prisoner at Quebec now took this opportunity of returning to the British officers the hospitality he had received at the hands of the Quebecers.

At length came the welcome news that all were ordered to the frontier. So intense was the excitement at first, neither officer nor soldier dared express his feeling by word or look. Once fairly started the return march was by comparison a holiday, though it was the end of August when they reached Lake Erie. Here further trial awaited them in that not a boat was forthcoming to carry them across the lake. While awaiting conveyance they were attacked by a violent malaria from which they suffered greatly. Weakened by disease as time went by, the sound of the wolves

howling the nights away filled them with forebodings. The thought of dying within sight of home was unendurable.

October had begun before a single craft appeared to take them to Cleveland opposite Long Point. The wretched boat was wrecked the same night in a storm and on the beach once more they shivered the night away in misery. On the following morning, however, their passage was achieved. On October 4th, just one year from the date of their captivity, they stepped upon Canadian soil once more. They were sick, exhausted and penniless. One of their number died from the exposure on the beach. Others never quite recovered from the effects of the disease. But better times were coming. Spring brought to our young volunteer both returning health and promotion. Napoleon at this time escaped from Elba. The war was renewed and the 41st ordered to join the British army in Flanders. To the regret of that faithful regiment Waterloo was fought while it was still upon the sea. There was, however, other work to do. It was not indeed till twenty years had passed and the Peace of Europe was followed by the disbanding of the regiment into which Richardson had exchanged that he turned his attention to letters as a profession.

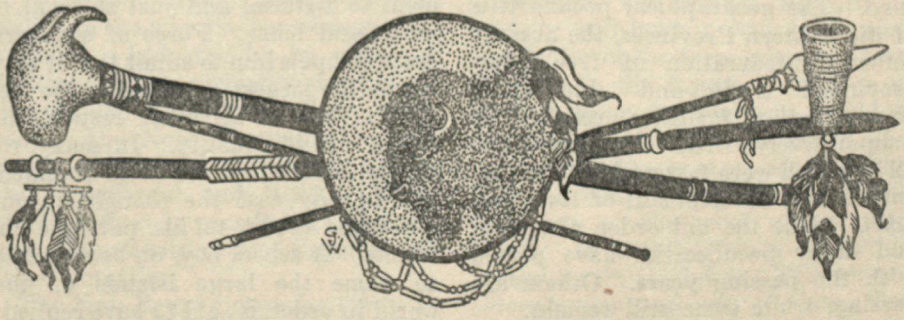
As an historian he is perhaps unique in that he does not hesitate to state plainly our defeats and sufferings in the war of 1812 equally with our successes. He speaks with equal plainness his contempt of Proctor's cowardice and of Prevost's bungling. He readily expresses his admiration of the enemy in cases where he felt it was deserved, while at the same time he does not fail in scathing criticism of their many injustices, and of their persecution of prisoners of war.

The more complete impressions of this soldier of a century ago are recorded in his history entitled "War of 1812," in hisnovel "The Canadian Brothers," and in his narrative, "Eight Years in Canada."

Upon the sad circumstances of his death in New York at the age of fifty-four it is not needful here to dwell.

His contemporaries have frequently been held up to shame as lacking in appreciation of his literary efforts. That is a mistaken statement. Circumstances would seem to show that the Canadians who built up Ontario in those early days had a finer, keener appreciation of true literature than have their descendants of our somewhat slipshod generation. That they had neither time nor money to devote to the furthering of native talent was their misfortune not their fault. They did their own good work with single purpose.

Richardson was of their spirit in that he like them faced his tasks unflinchingly. Fearless of consequence, what he had to say, he said frankly, to the best of his ability.



MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

ARTICLE III—COMMON CUSTOMS AND USAGES

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

THE contrasts existing between the Maritime Provinces as touching common customs and usages are many and varied. They appear in almost every phase of life, from the culinary department of the farm kitchen to the marts of trade, the paths of industry and the religious and educational institutions of the land. Even the people seem to have developed into types with provincial characteristics. It is not possible to treat of all the differences under this heading, but some of the more apparent will be referred to.

These contrasts, like those in other phases of life are the outcome of differences of origin and surroundings. Some have been brought down from remote times by the inherent conservatism of our race and dressed in the garb of the present. Some of course are giving away before the magic of the modernising tendencies of the present time. But old customs die hard. The geographical peculiarities of the Eastern Provinces, the absence before Confederation of free interprovincial trade and inadequate transportation facilities, resulted in comparatively little communication, all of which were favourable to the retention and development of local customs. But the old order changeth, and many peculiarities have passed with the passing years. Others are passing, while some still remain.

So emphatic have these conditions been, that the keen observer will not fail to note the effect of environment as it has left its impress upon the characteristics of the people themselves. But this, too, is being obliterated by the swifter and freer movements of to-day. All these Eastern Provinces have produced a splendid type of Canadian, though somewhat differing in points of excellence. Since the common customs are so closely allied with the people themselves, it may not be amiss, briefly, to consider the contrasts in provincial types.

The Prince Edward Islander of the present is perhaps more nearly related to the people of the mother land than others of the east, as he represents the partly-fused descendant, only one or two generations removed from old-time conditions. He is hardy, industrious, intelligent, thrifty, upright, hospitable, intensely loyal to Britain, and just as loyal to his Island home. Force of stubborn facts compels him to admit that it may not be the largest Province of the Dominion, but in all other respects he claims for it equality. In many respects his claims are well founded, and in any case the thought is one that does credit to his patriotic instincts. A school boy, on being asked to name the large islands of the world in order, is said to have replied:

"The Island, the British Isles, and Australia." This may not be an in apt illustration of the school boy's thought. But the rising generation is experiencing a widening horizon, and his patriotic pride now begins to embrace the whole Dominion. If in the past he has been somewhat insular and more British than Canadian, it is from no fault of his. The Island, as to population, courts higher education more than the sister provinces. Politics and the learned professions generally appeal to him, and in them he excels. The ministry and college professorships are callings greatly to his liking, and these he often fittingly adorns.

The Nova Scotian gives the impression of belonging to a province whose people are perhaps the most homogenous to be found in Eastern Canada. His people are distinctive as a whole, conforming more generally to their provincial type. They are neither English or American, but are thoroughly fused into Nova Scotia Canadians. But why give descriptions, for who has not met the genial, wide-awake *Bluenose*. He is a combination of the New Englander and the old countryman transplanted to Canadian soil, and Nova Scotia soil at that. He, too, is first a Nova Scotian, but none the less a Briton and an ardent Canadian. The earlier resentment of the *modus operandi* by which his Province was brought into the Union has practically disappeared. For some years, however, to quote the familiar saying, "While he did not object to the marriage, he had a strong dislike to the way the banns were published." Industrially, by virtue of natural resources combined with native ability, he leads the East. As a people, the Nova Scotians are tenacious of established customs, hospitable, intelligent and thrifty. Their chief product is prominent statesmen and educationists—for Canada and other countries.

The New Brunswicker, by virtue of being so closely associated with the Americans on the west and the French-Canadians on the north, does not represent so homogeneous a type as either the Islander or Nova Scotian. For the same reasons he is more cosmopolitan. He has been more in touch with continental movements and with Canada as a whole. Nevertheless, there is a typical New Brunswicker as there is a Nova Scotian. In origin, being chiefly of United Empire Loyalist stock, he is of course ultra-British in sentiment, and while being a true New Brunswicker, he claims to be the most ardent Canadian of all. He has seen much of pioneer life, and the subjugation of his fine Province has qualified him for fields of large endeavour. Physically, in stature, he excels his Maritime brothers, while intellectually and in all other respects he is their equal. He manifests the same ability to excel in the learned professions, and if he has specialised at all, it is in the departments of statesmanship and literature. It has been said that a New Brunswicker may be known by the way he shakes a pepper bottle, a Nova Scotian by the way he says "valley," and an Islander in his handling of a horse. Be this as it may, the foregoing may serve to indicate some characteristics of their Maritime types.

Turning more particularly now to the contrasting customs, we note a number, chiefly pertaining to the industrial side of life. For instance, while the ox as a beast of burden has been long since abandoned in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, he still holds a very large place as a factor in the farm labour of Nova Scotia. In the former Provinces, an ox-team upon the highway would be regarded as the advance guard of a circus and the centre of curiosity, while in many parts of Nova Scotia, it is one of the most commonplace sights. In transportation he divides honours with the horse. Though considered slow and out of date, these arguments or prejudices do not for

a moment interfere with his popularity; and the patient ox seems quite serene in a sense of the security of his position. He ploughs, rakes, mows, trucks, goes on long journeys, and in fact does almost everything a horse is expected to do, except to take his place upon the race-course. Even on the streets of some of the larger towns the ox-team is a familiar feature as he moves along or patiently chews his cud in front of some fashionable store. To the stranger, the somewhat loud commands, frequently issued to "Buck" and "Bridget" to "gee" or "haw," introduce a new feature of life.

Associated with the use of the ox may also be mentioned a quite general peculiarity in the character of his yoke. In the days of our pioneer ancestors, when oxen generally furnished the motive power for all ordinary work, they wore a neck-yoke with the familiar ox-bow which fitted against the shoulders, and by which means the ox pulled his load. In most parts of Nova Scotia, however, where oxen are used the neck-yoke and the ox-bow are things unknown. The yoke used here is of the "Dutch" type, wholly different from the former, being lighter, straighter, and fitted to rest upon the back of the head where it is strapped to the horns by leather thongs or straps. For this reason it is spoken of as the "head" or "horn" yoke. It seems to have been used first among the Germans of Lunenburg County (Nova Scotia Dutch), and now holds sway everywhere west of Halifax. It seems less humane than the neck-yoke, and oxen using it seem to travel more slowly; but its advocates claim that it is easier on the animals, which, with it, certainly seem to draw heavier loads. Strange to say, the make-up is not considered complete without the ever-present miniature brass bell tightly strapped around the neck with heavy straps. Thus, both winter and summer, the tinkle of the ox-teams may be heard. This peculiar accompaniment is presumably for ornament rather than to beguile the patient brute into thinking himself in the pasture.

Let not the presence of the ox be interpreted as a mark of failure to keep up with the times on the part of the Nova Scotian. It is not. Neither is it wholly because of his attachment to established customs, but more because of other reasons. A considerable portion of the land is rough, grain is not a larger factor in farm rotation, and pasture is plentiful. The ox, under these conditions, can sometimes work where a horse could not so well, he is more economically kept, and the market affords double opportunity for sale, as he is in demand both for work and for beef. There are many who believe that the complete elimination of the ox from the other provinces is an economic blunder. So the ox will likely remain for many moons to come on the farms of the "Bluenose" Province.

Should our friend of the ox-team take a load of wood to town to sell, he would tell his prospective customer that it contained so many yards and was worth so much a yard. Should his customer happen to belong to New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island, it would be necessary to translate these terms into cords, or fractions thereof, as wood in this form is always so sold in the latter provinces. It may be here said, however, that the New Brunswick cord differs from that of Prince Edward Island, where a cord always contains the standard one-hundred and twenty-eight feet. In New Brunswick, on the other hand, the cords vary in size and are generally larger than the standard. In some communities, for certain classes of wood, the legal cord contains one hundred and ninety-two cubic feet—really a cord and a half. For the uses, the cord is one hundred and sixty feet and the smallest cord, except for private purposes, contains one hundred and thirty-two feet. These variable quantities have result-

ed from varying conditions of trade, and altogether they serve to illustrate an interesting contrast in these Provinces.

If Nova Scotia has her own method of measuring wood by the yard, and New Brunswick peculiarties of cord dimensions, Prince Edward Island has her singularity in computing unsawn timber by the ton, rather than in feet, as is general. This may not be the universal practice on the Island, but it is probably a survival of the earlier ship-building days and the times before saw-mills, when tun timber was largely exported to the old country. As the lumber of the Island was necessarily limited commercially, for export purposes, it became exhausted in the tun timber days, and, naturally, the term, and method of measuring remained. In the other Provinces, where the lumber trade passed from the tun timber conditions to that of manufactured lumber, the old method of tun measures was superseded long ago by the more modern system of mensuration, hence the contrast.

Something akin to this is also found in the Island method of shingle measurements. All through Canada, and indeed North America with the exception of Prince Edward Island, shingles are put up in small compact bunches of four to the thousand. For some reason this is not the method pursued on the Island, where considerable local trade is carried on in the manufacture of fir (var) shingles. Here they are invariably put up in larger flat bunches of three to the thousand. Repeated inquiries have failed to find an explanation for this unusual practice. It is equally difficult to understand, when so many shingles put up in the standard way are imported, why the Island practice does not conform to the general trade. But then we must remember the story of "the tailors of Dooley street" and also the strength of an established custom.

It may be of interest here to note that each of the three Provinces follows a different method in the process of manufacturing lime. In Prince Edward Island considerable lime is manufactured for agricultural purposes, almost wholly from imported stone, with coal as fuel. The kiln used is of small capacity and charged with alternate layers of coal and limestone, it is so burnt. In Cape Breton, where large quantities of both coal and limestone are found, the process of manufacture is different. The kilns are very large and are constructed more after the draw-kiln process of the old country, coal being the fuel used. In New Brunswick, where large quantities of lime are manufactured for the trade, the process is entirely different from that of either of the other Provinces. Here wood is the invariable fuel used, and the kiln is constructed with this in view. The kiln is not charged with alternate layers of stone and fuel, as in the other cases, but after being completely filled with stone, the firing is done wholly from beneath, precisely as if it were a furnace. Different as these processes may be, each is doubtless suited to the local conditions, but the contrast is none the less because of this reason.

Turning again to Prince Edward Island, we notice some peculiarties in the country roads. Here as a general thing they are laid out with a surveyor's compass and run perfectly straight in the direction desired and generally at right angles with themselves. The country has been spoken of as one of straight highways and crooked railway. While the highways pursue their course regardless of hills or dale, it has been said of the railway, "the larger hills were avoided and the smaller ones were gone around." In the other Provinces the tendency is in the opposite direction. While the highways twist and turn in all directions, the railroads, where possible, pursue an unswerving course.

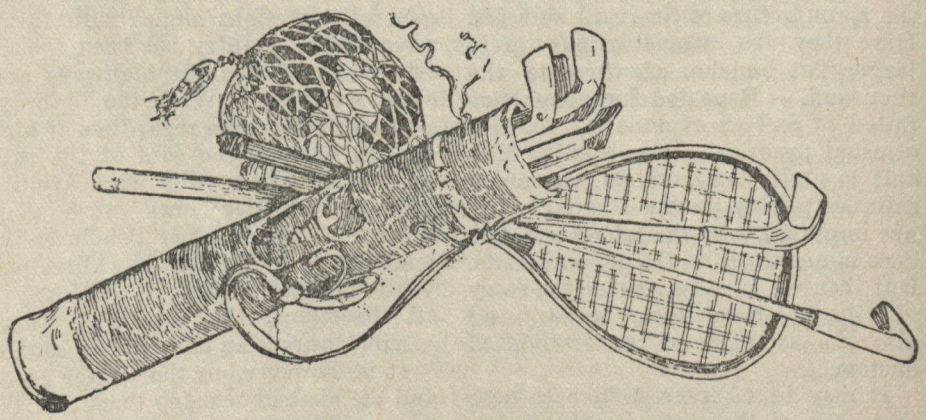
It is, however, on the winter roads and the method of using them that the most striking contrasts appear. In the

main-land Provinces, as in most other civilised countries where runners are used in the winter, the snow roads are broken with and for a span of horses. This makes a much better road, being wider, firmer, and freer from sluing and pitching. It also makes possible the use of a span of horses, where otherwise they could neither travel with safety or comfort. Single rigs travelling such double roads get over the difficulty of tracking by the well-known and simple device of shifting the shafts to one side. Thus, for either double or single purpose, the road is perfectly suitable. This system is never employed on Prince Edward Island. The roads are invariably broken for a single track. As a consequence, they are invariably bad and next to impossible for a span of horses. This seems to be a matter of surprise in a country where horses abound. Such clinging to an unneccessary custom can only be explained by the stubbornness of established custom. A matter so easily remedied should not be permitted to remain, since a change would save a great deal of inconvenience and much profanity. We speak of it here only as a matter of contrast in customs.

The honourable vocation of agriculture is also fruitful of a number of provincial contrasts. As a rule, the Islander uses much more farm machinery and farms generally more scientifically and profitably than his neighbours across the little strip of water. Everywhere with him wheat takes prominent places in the rotation of farm crops. He supplies most of his own needs in this respect. One old man, by reason of the partial failure of his crops, had occasion to buy a barrel of flour at the local store. This he took home in the shades of a dark night lest his neighbours might learn of the fact, and his reputation suffer in consequence.

This may illustrate the general feeling and the place which wheat occupies in the economics of the farm. Comparatively little of this grain is grown in either of the other two Provinces. On the other hand, buckwheat, so plentiful in New Brunswick, is a minus quantity in Prince Edward Island, not being grown even for stock purposes. Here the pancake, so dear to the heart of the New Brunswicker, can hardly be had for love or money. Customs and habit again.

In many other departments of life, not here referred to, especially social and religious, many other peculiar contrasts prevail; but let this suffice. Let it be remembered also, that over and under all minor differences there is a oneness which is coming more and more to characterise all Canadians of all the Provinces.



GRENFELL FROM A DECK CHAIR

BY W. LACEY AMY

THE extent of the popular knowledge of Labrador appears to be that it has provided a grand frame for Grenfell. My friends who recognise the politeness of being interested in my trip down the coast of that north country consider that they have done things ample justice and revealed an intimacy with geography and events by asking if I saw Grenfell. Well, I didn't. And I'm contrary enough to be glad of it. When "David Harum" temporarily ousted the Bible and Dickens from popular perusal, I obstinately refused to read it. What's the use of knowing what everyone else knows? There is no niche in life for the man who is interested only in what is universal knowledge; he hasn't time to add anything to the general information.

Accordingly, I purposely made no effort to see the man who keeps idle women busy on woollen undershirts for the Liveyere children and sleeping bags for the fishermen. Everyone else knew Grenfell from his own mouth; I wanted to know him from the lips of those amongst whom he worked, uninfluenced by the glamour of person or clever narrative. My impressions, therefore, may be unjustified, because, of course, I could talk to only a few hundred; and they may be unjust to Dr. Grenfell, because it has been a pretty universal experience that the great pioneers have been neglected in the disposition of rewards until it is too late to make a personal presentation.

However, I can tell only that which came in answer to inquiries that became more and more interesting as I got to the bottom of things, in the way of reputation and what I myself saw. I am glad I used my eyes as well as my ears, for I am bound to admit the two impressions differed.

Away down in St. John's, Newfoundland, I began to collect local opinion of the great missionary. Everything Newfoundlandish has its starting point at St. John's. Grenfell may officially reside in St. Anthony, up in the north corner of Newfoundland, and all his work may be northward from that, but St. John's is the headquarters of Grenfell, the fisherman, the postal service, the members of Parliament, the Reid-Newfoundland Company, and all else worth claiming. So in St. John's I began to make discoveries.

Tentatively I spoke of Dr. Grenfell to a well-known local man, and I was prepared to duck the deluge of eulogy I knew would come from one who must know the sacrifices and philanthropy of him who moves audiences to tears and women to giving up their earrings, curls and silver bags for the suffering Labradorian. I had to duck, but it was from anything but eulogy. I went out thoughtful. I asked a few dozen more; and, to my surprise, the same feeling appeared to prevail everywhere. Perhaps the friends I picked up on short notice in St. John's were undesirable; I did not have long to make a selection, I'll admit.

Fortunately I had learned the sensitiveness of the Newfoundlander, and carefully I set about finding out what Grenfell had done to earn this resentment. I received many words

WHERE GRENFELL MISSION DOCTORS DO THEIR WORK

in answer, words bubbling from something evidently akin in sound to prejudice, but there was little to seize for use in forming an opinion. I kept patiently at it, and the most intelligent criticism of Grenfell I could at first receive was that he misrepresented conditions to the general detriment of Newfoundland customs and life. It must be remembered that Labrador is a part of Newfoundland, so far as the east coast is concerned.

Meeting one who was less violent and more reasonable, I got nearer to the centre of things. Grenfell, he said, travelled all over Canada and the United States depicting the very worst conditions to be found down the Labrador, until it had become the general impression that these pictures were of the life there, that Labrador was suffering and that misery and illness and deprivation prevailed. Thus far anyone who has heard Grenfell will agree with my informer. The opposition of the Newfoundlander was brought home to me by a clever transference of the scene to Toronto. The man had lived in that city until the last few years.

"You know," he said, "that anyone could go into St. John's Ward, Toronto, and pick out conditions of life that would appear terrible from the lecture platform. But you would scarcely consider it fair that a lecturer should use these in describing life in Toronto. You have just as vile conditions, just as poverty-stricken, disease-ridden, ignorant people south of College Street as Grenfell can meet in Labrador."

I had to admit some ground for resentment there. I saw also that in this fact alone might lie the entire reason for Grenfell's personal unpopularity in St. John's. But granted that was true, there was still no ground for withholding the heartiest sympathy with his work and the largest support in his efforts. On that point I was determined to eliminate prejudice and see for myself.

All the time I felt that there was something more hinted at in the criticism of the Newfoundlander, but it was impossible to get down to a plain charge. However, on the way down the Labrador I was able to corral more critics and corner them into

DR. GRENFELL IN AN ESKIMO KAYAK

something akin to definiteness.

Openly it was charged that Dr. Grenfell did not make a statement of his expenditure. Bluntly I doubted it. It sounded like the last stand of prejudice. I asked every passenger on the boat, hoping to arrive at some dependable information. With one single exception, the statement was made that Grenfell did not find it necessary to account for the money he collected through other sources than the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, the English institution that is responsible for the inception of the work, but which can provide but a small fraction of what is expended in the Labrador mission.

As I expected, my informants were talking from hearsay only. None of them had seen the report, and they had all accepted it as a fact that no statement was given of the thousands received. It was pleasant for no one when they were forced to admit that they had no definite evidence to give.

The one exception to the general criticism was a government official. He stoutly maintained that a report was made, but he, too, had to admit that he was surmising only. The Government, he said, gave five thousand dollars to the mission, and in the postal service every dollar of government money had to be accounted for; therefore, he argued, Grenfell must have to account to the Government. Of course, that was of no use to me.

At last I broached the subject to two eminent English church divines, two of the best-known churchmen in Newfoundland, who were taking the trip for the rest. Here, to my surprise, I received the best confirmation of the report. One of them said that he knew for a fact that the statement was not made,that he had personally asked Dr. Grenfell for such a statement to satisfy the popular clamour, and Grenfell had refused.

A few days later I had the opportunity of meeting several of the mission doctors and employees. Here, I thought, I would at last reach the truth. In answer to my inquiry each indignantly insisted that a statement was made. I was weary of the interminable search and glad to receive any support for my firm belief in Grenfell's worth. But an American passenger persisted.

"Have you yourself seen such a

statement?'' he asked, and each was forced to admit that he had not.

And there you are with all I could learn. Grenfell himself had not yet come this year to the coast; he had been called to England by illness, and had just returned to St. Anthony in August, where his yacht, the *Strathcona*, was ready to bring him down to his Labrador hospitals. From that time I closed my ears as much as I could and used my eyes, and what I saw might almost reconcile one to no statement of the many thousands that are turned over to the great missionary, even if that charge is true.

At Battle Harbour, the first stopping port in Labrador, where one of the two Grenfell hospitals is situated, I saw the first evidence of the practical side of Grenfell's mission. Two large white buildings, across the front of which ran the words, ''Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me,'' faced the harbour, and on the board porches convalescent patients rested on comfortable couches or sat in easy chairs. Thirty-five patients were receiving the blessing of the money that Grenfell was collecting, patients suffering from the terrible wounds and sores that come from sea-fishing when treatment is late in arriving.

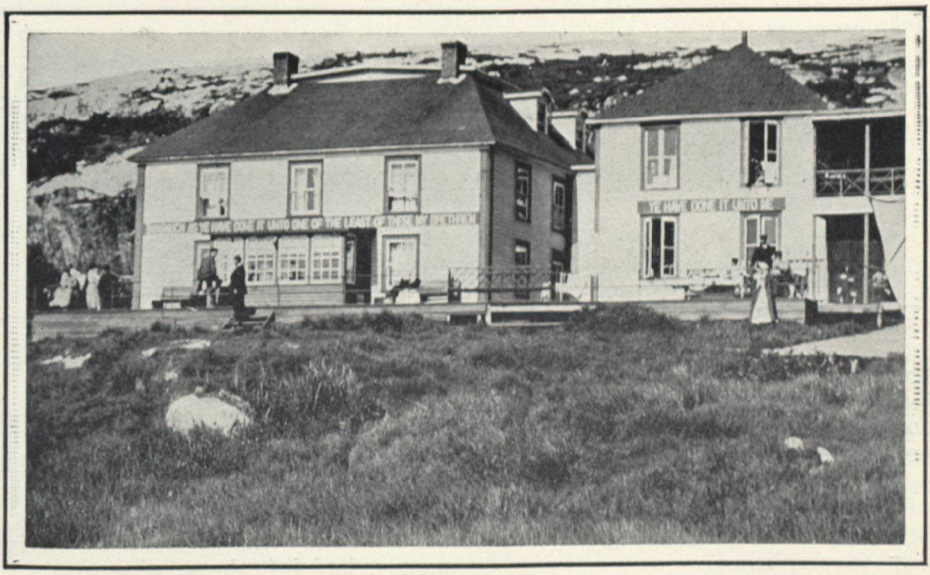
On the return trip the hospital was full of fishermen and children whose sight lay at the mercy of a great New York specialist who was labouring early and late in the little surgery, doing for nothing what would have made his fortune in a regular practice. Men and women and small boys and girls lay blindly wrapped in bandages, quiet under stern self-control, and awed by the first sign of relief that had entered their lives. All along the coast the eye-sufferers had been collected, and in the surgery a tall, thin man worked quickly and deftly to give everyone attention in the few days of his visit.

Criticism vanished at the sight. The only thought was the fear that anything might interrupt this work, that the money might not come freely enough to relieve those who were many hundreds of miles from other medical help than that supplied by Grenfell.

One of the Grenfell doctors boarded the steamer to go north to the other hospital at Indian Harbour, two hundred miles farther down amongst the rocks and the icebergs. He was a strong, large-framed young fellow, full of the enthusiasm of service and the praises of Grenfell, his chief. And I found without exception that Grenfell's staff had the reverence for him that only worth could maintain. In itself that was one of the missionary's strongest recommendations.

Far down the coast the doctor went on shore on the mail-boat to see a family, the father of which was lying in the Battle Harbour Hospital recovering from an amputated leg. Last year the man had gone to the hospital with a tubercular knee, and had returned without it; this year he had spoken to the doctors about his family and the sickness that seemed to remain with them. The medical men know well the trouble, and one of them was now seeing if anything could be done.

When we landed from the small boat we were directed to a mud hut, distinguished from the rest of the landscape only by a stovepipe thrust into the air, a tiny bit of board near the door and a black hole for entrance. It was uninviting at the best, and the sound of a sick child crying from the inside did not add to its attractiveness. I refused to enter, but the doctor stooped and went in, while I looked from the doorway. Inside an old woman sat on a broken chair in the corner nursing with hopeless look a small child that cried weakly and helplessly. Three other children ran out into the sun at our approach, and a younger woman came forward and greeted the doctor, asking for news of '' her man.'' Out in



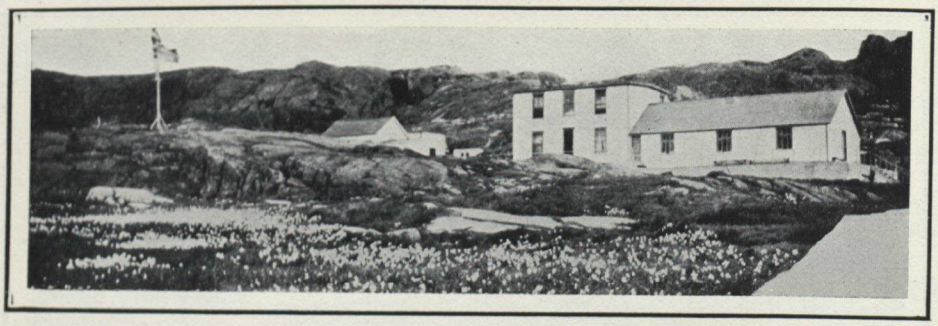
THE GRENFELL MISSION HOSPITAL AT BATTLE HARBOUR

the sun the doctor examined the children and talked of the treatment and precautions they must take. It was a striking demand for just such service as Grenfell is trying to render, and my camera recorded it with convincing faithfulness.

Later the doctor told me what he had found. With the father destined to be a helpless care, the mother was blind in one eye from cataracts, the wife also blind, the baby very sick and doomed to die, and one small child blind in one eye and its face a pitiful sight. Scurvy had done its worst during the past winter and spring; tuberculosis would do the rest.

Last winter (1909-1910) one of Grenfell's doctors started by komatik, as the Labrador dog-sled is called, to make his annual winter trip down the coast as far north as Okkuk, a thousand miles below Battle Harbour. It is the really great struggle of the year, when the young fellow is at the mercy of dogs that are half wolf, and most of the time scores of miles from any habitation of man, surrounded by the terrible storms and snows of the most terrible winter country in the world. But he did not reach Okkuk. Instead of travelling a thousand miles north the suffering and sickness he encountered allowed him to go no farther than Hamilton Inlet, less than a third of the way. The

VIEW FROM THE GRENFELL MISSION HOSPITAL AT BATTLE HARBOUR



THE GRENFELL MISSION HOSPITAL AT INDIAN HARBOUR

previous season had been a bad one for the fishermen, and in its trail came the diseases that low vitality could not fight off. Thirteen cases of scurvy he found, and the spring broke in with but a small part of his trip accomplished.

And even in this trip Grenfell came in for some of the adverse criticism that has met him in Newfoundland. The subordinate doctor, who had battled the terrible conditions of sickness, wired to the New York office of the Grenfell Association, stating what he had found and asking for relief in supplies. The secretary unfortunately showed the telegram to the Associated Press, and thus went abroad an exaggerated account of the suffering and starvation on the Labrador coast, and the Newfoundlander became more incensed.

On board with us was Miss Luther, the head of the industrial department of the Grenfell missions. Here was a practical effort to educate the fisherman and his family to other work than fishing, so that all would not depend on the run of cod. From the headquarters at St. Anthony she directs the teaching of weaving, pottery making and metal working. For use in her department wool is imported and native clay utilised. On our steamer she was going north to look after the placing of a loom that had been sent to Indian Head without the room to use it. An ambitious Liveryere had requested that one be sent to Cartwright and that already in the north was to be transferred there. All the mission officials now dress in the product of their own looms. One of the mission proteges had become an expert metal worker, but lured by the promise of ready money, had left the mission to teach in a small school.

All along the coast Miss Luther collected the moccasins, gloves, dressed dolls, "dickies," etc., that had been made by the Liveyeres from the materials supplied by the mission. For these she would secure good prices when sold outside. Indeed, it is owing to the influence of the Grenfell missions that it is no longer possible to purchase the handiwork of the natives at ridiculously low prices.

When I left the coast I had still been unable to arrive at an authoritative conclusion on the many charges of the Newfoundlander against Grenfell. As to the statement of revenues, I am still at sea. The charge that Grenfell is able to purchase at much lower rates than the resident merchants and can therefore undersell them, may be partially attributed to the uncomfortable opposition of the co-operative stores established by the doctor to ensure honest treatment of the fishermen. The assertion by some opponent that Grenfell preached in the morning and in the afternoon went out shooting was not worth considering. From what I knew of the fishermen, too, I was prepared to ignore indefinite slurs against hospitals, for the fishermen consider hos-

pital treatment as one grand spree, and the dieting and inconveniences of supply in that faraway country do not meet with their approval.

But whether Grenfell accounts for his receipts or not, whether a thousand dollars spent in Labrador will accomplish as much good as elsewhere, whether Grenfell deserves in any way the opposition he seems to receive where he is known best—these things are of no concern to me at the moment. I do know that the only habitable buildings along the coast of Labrador are those of the Grenfell mission and the Hudson's Bay Company, the only education in sanitation comes from Grenfell's employees, the only medical treatment is provided by Grenfell's doctors and the government physician on the semi-monthly steamer; and were it not for Grenfell and his work the life of the Labradorian would be infinitely less endurable and safe than it is now. It is for his backers to investigate the disapproval of the Newfoundlander. I know their sensitiveness and the difficulty of dealing with the fishermen; and I saw the effects of the medical attention and education that is being given free to the inhabitants of the bleakest coast in the whole world.

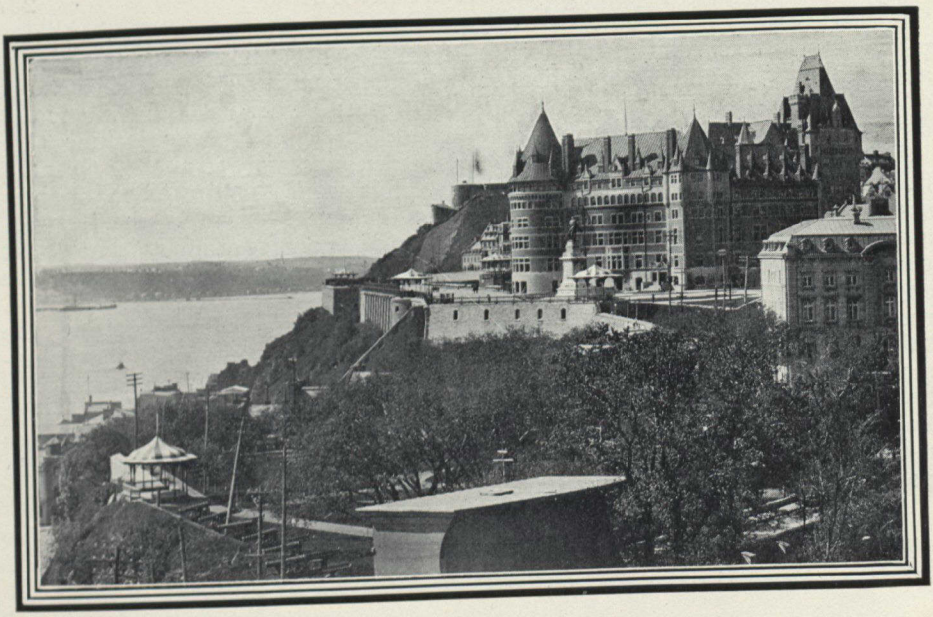
ONE APRIL DUSK IN ENGLAND

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ONE April dusk in England when the rain
Fell warm on field and woodland and the night
Came in with odorous silence, and my soul
Was sick for home, and all the loneliness
Of all the world seemed eating at my heart,
Out of the warm wet woodland and the gloom
Of shadowy hillsides came a sudden burst
of song.

I knew it was the nightingale,
Waking the valley, voicing all the ache
Of all the loneliness that earth had known.
I knew it was a nightingale that made
The mist-emerging moon seem beautiful
And crowned with sudden rapture all the gloom
And touched with calm the heart of troubled youth.
I knew what bird it was; yet ne'er before
Had I once hearkened to its alien throat.

They told me this. Yet long ago and oft
My straining ears had heard this selfsame note,
My breast had known this selfsame ba'm of song,
Had known the mournful music and the moon
That left memorial their hills of dusk
And made me wonder in what far-off times
I had known other lives and was at home
With all my dark and half-remembered ghosts!



The Chateau Frontenac, Quebec

YOU AND I

By EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

ON the window seat in the new Chateau,
We sat in the gloaming, you and I,
A hum came up from the crowd below,
The roar of the city crashing by!
The lovers passed on the esplanade,
The band played on in the flaring light,
The idlers talked in the kiosk's shade;
There were only two in the world that night—
Swung between river and rock and sky,
With our love and our dreaming—You and I.

The river wound, with a curve and smile,
Past frowning fort and the crag that chills,
And crooned around the enchanted isle,
And kissed the feet of the purple hills;
Barge and steamer, and launch, and sail
Floated, and flashed, and glimmered along,
Fading anon, like a ghostly grail,
Or a shower of stars or a burst of song.
Up so high in the new Chateau,
You and I, and the world below.

What cared we for the old-world feuds,
The heroes slain or the battles won?
Love turned our souls to its finer moods
And swept the gamut of joy begun;
While over the cliffs where the rivers race
In rhythmic melody, song and glee,
They met with the thrill of a swift embrace,
And answered the call of the moon-kissed sea.

O lives atune with the song of the spheres!
O lives that loving can glorify!
We are drifting out to God's golden years,
Together, forever dear, You and I.

DEVEAU'S REDEMPTION

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

HOW the fort at Rhattrah came to be built on such an unpromising site nobody knows. It was probably the result of the same mismanagement that ten years later raised the whole district in arms.

At any rate the whole blame, whether justly or not, was laid upon Deveau. Deveau was a young man, a captain in the Sappers. He had already incurred the displeasure of headquarters by his marriage just before leaving England, so he considered himself fortunate in receiving his captaincy and being entrusted with the work of constructing the little fort at Rhattrah

Deveau had put his whole heart into the work, and as he looked around and saw the fresh white masonry and the newly-sodded ramparts he smiled contentedly. A day or two more and the Adjutant-General would make his inspection, and then he would go on his long-promised leave, back to England, to home.

To him the fort meant everything—promotion or disgrace. Disgrace? Yes, it might mean disgrace to him. The idea had not occurred before, and now it haunted him strangely. He drew his hand across his forehead and brought it away damp with sweat. And yet he could find no reason.

"I'm in a deuce of a funk," he said, "probably a touch of the fever," and turning sharply on his heel, he went in search of quinine.

The days passed quickly, and the Aujutant-General came on his tour of inspection. Deveau, clad in spotless khaki, accompanied the staff from point to point about the earthworks, occasionally showing with carefully-concealed pride where some peculiar difficulty had been met with and overcome. But, although everything seemed to be in order, he felt the same feeling of apprehension.

Then they emerged on one of the bastions. The General called attention to the neighbouring hill and curtly asked the distance. Deveau told him, and they passed on. A moment or two later the General again asked the distance, and again Deveau told him. The General shook his head and despatched a staff officer to have it measured.

It was several hours before the little party returned. Deveau, still white from fever, had aged in the interval

The staff officer gave the result of his work. The measurement showed the fort to be within effective rifle range of the hill.

The General broke the silence.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I must order you under arrest until this matter is investigated."

So Deveau went to his quarters and hung up his sword and crimson sash, and for the last time unrolled the well-worn plans. With feverish haste he picked up a pair of dividers and measured the distance between hill and fort. Then with trembling hands he laid the points along the scale—and the result tallied exactly with the staff officer's figures.

With a groan he laid the dividers down and reeled into his chair. He

saw his plans for the future, his entire life ruined, and in place of the vision of his welcome home rose the grim scene of a court-martial. He reached down to replace the instruments, and his hand fell on the butt of a heavy service revolver.

A moment later the crack of the pistol brought the staff tumbling into the room. There they found him fallen across the opened plans, on which he had written in his fine copper-plate lettering "Fort Despair."

So the fort received its baptism of blood, and the Adjutant-General drew up his report and said:

"Poor devil! It's pretty tough on his people, but it's probably just as well.

It was not Deveau he had in mind, however, but the man who had sanctioned the site. Deveau might have cleared himself, but he had shouldered the blame, and so he must bear it. For now there would be no investigation, and under the protection of red tape and pigeon-holed documents the man higher up could rest secure.

And because forts are dear and human lives are cheap, Fort Despair was garrisoned and settled down to humdrum barrack life.

But away in distant England a mother was waiting for the day when her son would graduate, a gaunt young subaltern, from Chatham, ready to fulfil a promise, made years before at her knee, a promise, one might almost say a dedication, to redeem his father's name

And the tale remained, one of the half-forgotten traditions of the mess-room.

*

With sublime optimism headquarters had deemed the impending uprising as trivial. It is true that Cranston, who commanded at Fort Despair, had sent in a rather alarming report, but then Cranston was an alarmist, a failure whose extreme caution had given him the name of "Cautious" Cranston. It was only to be expected that a man who lacked decision and who had been safely shelved in a half-forgotten fort would take an extreme view of the seditious rumours that were always current along the border.

They had instructed him to take what steps he considered were necessary to crush the rebellion and informed him that a force of all arms would be gathered at Akbeer by the twenty-ninth to act in conjunction with his troops.

It was now the twenty-seventh and the troops at Akbeer still waited for word from Cranston. But none was coming, for the hill, the fatal hill, that could alike prove the despair or the salvation of the garrison, had been taken, and the signalling squad that formed the sole means of communication had been cut off.

A narrow ledge half-way up the cliff faced the fort and had given a clear view to Ackbeer some seventy miles away. Approached by a single path, which was jealously guarded by stone breastworks, they had thought the place impregnable.

Perhaps a sentry had slept at his post, perhaps the enemy had discovered a new path and clambered down from above—it would never be known. But the little party of four riflemen and three signallers had been entirely wiped out.

The faint flashes of rifle fire and the distant rattle of musketry had announced the attack to the garrison, and then the long silence, and when morning came the utter lack of response to the little flag that dipped and fluttered on the parapet confirmer their worst fears.

Had Cranston now abandoned the fort he could have cut through the hillmen's lines. But again he hesitated, and the opportunity passed.

And at Akbeer, just seventy miles away, lay the might of the British Army, waiting to strike and destroy. But the connecting nerve was shattered, and the arm lay there, helplessly paralysed.

Meanwhile Colonel Cranston was

pacing the orderly-room nervously. Twenty steps up and twenty steps back, as methodically as the sentry outside. He saw his mistake and realised what it meant. There were but two courses left. He must either await the end in the fort or force it prematurely by vacating the fort and trying to cut through to Akbeer. And he alone must decide.

He glanced toward the desk where young Deveau, his adjutant, was writing and tugged at his moustache as he thought how like the father the subaltern looked. His position at the desk, the way he wrinkled his forehead, his hair—all these were his father's. But his eyes were not. They were the mother's. Cranston remembered her well, for he and the father had been cadets together.

"Poor chap," mused the Colonel. "I wonder if he knows how much of this mess his father got us into?"

As if in answer to his thoughts, the boy looked up and Cranston, wondering if he had voiced his thoughts aloud, halted abruptly.

The boy grated his chair back noisily and came toward him.

"I think it can be done, sir," he started, as if in the midst of a conversation.

"What?" queried Cranston, still uncertain what he had been saying.

"Why, get a message through," continued Deveau. "I couldn't help hearing," he added.

"But it's impossible," continued the older man. "For one thing fifty men couldn't take the cliff, except by surprise, and then we have no instruments. That was the only large heliograph we had."

"There's a small one in stores, sir," broke in the boy; "we might get them with it. The book says—"

"It's no use. How could you reach the ledge?"

Deveau could see the older man weakening; therefore he continued to outline his plan.

"You know they're not up to much on tactics, sir," he started. "Couldn't we draw them off the hill with a counter attack and rush up a small party before they returned. Just two signallers and a couple of men to hold them off a bit till we got the message through."

"It is madness," said the Colonel. "Not one would come back alive. But if it could be done, if it could be done."

"It can," came the answer. "Let me try, sir," pleaded the boy, "for my father's sake."

Cranston paused. To him the boy was more than a subaltern, for he and his father had been as two brothers. He thought of his own son, a dissolute young rascal safe at home, and he wished he had a son like this. Come what might, he would be true to his friend. Deveau's son would have his chance.

"My boy! My boy!" he said at last, "God forgive me if I am doing you wrong, but it is the only way and we must try it."

"To-morrow?" asked the boy.

"To-morrow," said Cranston, as he grasped the subaltern's hand. Then he strode out of the room, his mind relieved by the opportunity of postponing his decision another day.

The boy's judgment proved correct. The hillman, dangerous and skilful antagonist as he is, has one prominent failing. He will leave points of the utmost importance unguarded for the sake of getting into the thick of the fight, where he feels his terrible two-handed knife cutting through sheepskin jacket or woollen tunic.

Consequently when the troops deployed on the plateau the next morning the natives came pouring out of the hills upon them. Then slowly and carefully the line of the British attack was changed farther and farther northward until the signaller on the fort reported the ledge deserted. And as he did so, four men rose from a little hollow and made a dash for the hill, in the vain hope of gaining the ledge unseen. But the keen eyes of the hillmen sighted them, and the

little party gained the path with but a few yards to spare. Hastily rolling a few of the loose stones into a rough barricade, the two Sikh riflemen lay down to await the Afghan onrush. Father and son, these two desired nothing more than to die with a goodly number of their hated foes around them. Truly Deveau had picked his men well. He and old Gibbs, the signalling sergeant, had meanwhile reached the ledge and were setting up and aligning the instruments.

Even as they did so the flag on the parapet of the fort danced and fluttered as it spelt out a warning. Gibbs stooped and picked up a blood-stained flag, a grim relic of the former party, and answered with a cheery and snappy "All O.K. so far." The flag dipped in answer, and from the fort came the clear thin notes of the "Recall." A couple of long-range shots sighed mournfully past them, and the reports came flattened by the distance to their ears. Then the sharp crack of a Lee-Enfield answered from the little stone breastwork.

The attack had begun.

Deveau was swearing excitedly as he worked the key flashing "AB, AB, AB," around the horizon. It seemed to him a decade before an answering star of light shone for a moment in the distance, then winked and disappeared and shone again as it spelt out "Go on."

As if to goad him further the Lee-Enfields began to crack more rapidly, as the Sikhs answered the Afghan fire, and the bullets, fired now from closer range, spattered savagely against the rocks or glanced shrieking through the air. It could not last much longer, but as long as the Sikhs held out they would be to some extent shielded from direct fire.

Even as it was, the bullets were falling nearer and nearer to the pair, and the sergeant pleaded in vain to the boy to lie down and call off the message while he alone exposed himself to the fire.

But he soon realised the uselessness of further argument and only once again spoke save in calling off the message. That was when the firing from the breastwork suddenly diminished in force. The boy had turned.

"Surely they are not running short of ammunition."

"I dunno," Gibbs had replied, though he knew but one rifle was now answering.

"But we 'as this 'ere message to get through."

The boy accepted his reproof in silence, and the message went on.

For some minutes there had been no answering shot from the breastworks. Now the white clothing of the natives could be seen here and there as they crept cautiously up the path. A ragged volley rang out, and the old sergeant, stumbling clumsily, gasped out a hoarse "I'm 'it, sir."

The boy paused as he loosened his revolver in its holster, and then without a tremour his fingers closed around the key again, and he finished the message. What if it were not understood?

Drawing his revolver, he stood up against the bare rock. With exultant yells, the hillmen rushed upon him. Crack! Crack! Crack! spoke the revolver, and an answering volley brought him to his knees. Away to the south he saw the light of Akbeer flash and twinkle as it answered, "Read correctly." The revolver spoke once more, a short defiant shout, and then the long Afghan knives finished their work.

All was over. The hillmen, after a careful search for further victims, gathered in a childish group to see the strange god by which the sahibs were able to call aid from miles away. There they stood, awed by its shining mirrors and lacquered fittings, till one more bold than the rest seized it.

"It's but a plaything," he said, "a bazaar toy," and he smashed it to fragments on a rock.

And then they turned, chattering and gesticulating, to where the light of Akbeer shone and gleamed as it called and implored and called again for an answer.

Down in the orderly room in Fort Despair, Cranston was walking to and fro in an agony of torment, for the day had been heavily fraught with casualties. There was Rankin, the senior captain, and young Hooker, his subaltern—both dead. The ranks had lost heavily, too. And then there was young Deveau. What of him?

At dusk a rustle alarmed one of the sentries, who fired into the darkness. A laugh was the only answer, and a large bundle struck him in the breast. It was immediately carried to the orderly room.

Prepared for any kind of gruesome discovery, Cranston was surprised to find it was only a bullet-pierced tunic wrapped in a bloodstained signal flag. As he mechanically shook out the folds, a little gold locket dropped upon the floor. Cranston turned it over; it seemed strangely familiar, and yet he could not place it. He pressed the spring and gazed on a portrait of the boy's mother. A wave of recollection passed through his mind as he recalled how years before he had unfastened this same locket from round the father's neck and had gazed on the same picture.

And now, as before, he sat down to write a letter, a letter that would bow that head in sorrow even as the other had bowed it in humility.

And with it he wrote another, which, not only restoring the name of Deveau to honour, would, when the first pangs of sorrow had been softened by time, bring to that lonely little mother the greatest comfort our country can give—the little Bronze Cross.

GRIEF

By BEATRICE REDPATH

ACROSS the world her tear pale hands are spread:
Sad Grief, who doeth with us her own will
And leaveth us alone, uncomforted.
Oppressive tyranny of Grief! Yet still
The bird's song ringeth from the shelving eaves,
And flowered spaces of the world are spread
With tangled bloom of gold and silver leaves—
Though Grief endureth, Joy is not yet dead.

ART AND THE CHAFING-DISH

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

HER divorce case comfortably disposed of and nothing else of an exciting nature coming up to occupy her attention, Mrs. Van Stuart was devoting herself to art. As she told Mrs. Joseph Weatherby in confidence—over the telephone—she was quite determined to become an artist. Therefore it came about that the Weatherbys, the Selwyns and one or two others were invited to while away a dull Lenten evening with the Van Stuarts — ostensibly supper and bridge, but incidentally to see the finished products of Mrs. Van Stuart's brush. She particularly wanted Mr. Joseph Weatherby's opinion, for he was a well-known connoisseur and critic.

"It's only a chafing-dish affair," she hastened to explain as the guests were seated at table, "and I prepared most of it myself."

"No apologies needed from the mistress of so many arts," was Dick Selwyn's gallant rejoinder.

Nevertheless, Mr. Weatherby declined the rarebit, and Mrs. Weatherby left one of the salads untouched upon her plate—facts of little significance at the time, but pregnant with meaning a little later.

Supper over and bridge despatched, Professor Schuyler, bowing low before the hostess, said:

"Now for the treat of the evening, Mrs. Van Stuart. Do not keep us in further suspense."

And willingly—let us say eagerly—the hostess led the way to the studio.

Some truly remarkable pictures awaited inspection—pastoral scenes, winter and summer landscapes, a waterfall, the sea in all its moods, domestic animals, fruit and flowers, and many sepias and crayons. But the masterpiece, which the artist assured them was "barely dry," was hidden from view behind a curtain. Coming upon this mysterious gem in his wanderings, Mr. Weatherby halted, hesitating to expose it to the rude gaze until such time as its creator deemed fitting. But with a proud smile, Mrs. Van Stuart drew aside the silken curtains.

Ah! There it was. The little group closed in about it, and their breathless silence was to Mrs. Van Stuart what it is to the singer whose voice has so captivated his audience that when its last note has ceased they remain hushed for a long moment before the thunder of applause.

"By jove!" exclaimed Dick Selwyn at last.

The artist had harked back to the beginning of things for a subject, and this painting depicted "Eden before the Fall."

The background of green woods, blue sky and lamb-like clouds would have passed muster could one have stood afar off and gazed upon it alone. But the foreground was there and cried out too loudly to be overlooked. Under a spreading apple-tree reclined two human figures, the man with his back against the trunk, the woman seated lower down on a grassy knoll. Adam was dressed in a faultless evening suit and his derby lay close to his hand. He bore testimony to recent tonsorial treatment, and alto-

gether he presented a well-groomed appearance. Eve's toilette was the last word in style from the new ruffled skirt and latest sleeves to the timely-shod feet. Her hat had evidently floated down stream, for it was not in sight. Directly over her head a serpent hung, half-coiled about a thick branch, apparently mesmerised by the bejewelled *bandeau* in the lady's *coiffure*. In the lower left-hand corner a brilliant fire appeared to be burning, with a small pile of kindling near at hand to replenish it. Above hung the ruddy globes, which would have been the boon of a fruit packer's advertisement. Each apple bore the blush in exactly the same spot as its fellow, and all were of one size.

Dick Selwyn found himself trying to count them.

"Eden before the Fall," murmured Professor Schuyler. "What fall?"

No waterfalls spoken of in scriptural history that I remember," answered Peter Ross, the only one of the party with no artistic bent.

"What is the fire for?" asked the Professor.

"Why—er—it represents the antipodes of Eden, I suppose," replied Selwyn thoughtfully.

"Nonsense, fat-head," whispered Peter, "that's for the apple-sauce!"

But Mr. Joseph Weatherby, chief critic, seemed to be in rapt contemplation of the canvas. He was oblivious of all about him.

"On his word rests my fate!" whispered Mrs. Van Stuart to Mrs. Selwyn.

At length, sighing profoundly, he turned about.

"That is a very remarkable picture, Mrs. Van Stuart, very remarkable indeed. The more one studies it the—er—more remarkable it seems."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Weatherby, I feel quite flattered, I am sure."

"But," he continued, "I would point out a number of discrepancies, not—er—perhaps noticeable to an amateur. The figures might be done over in the nude—"

"Oh, yes, yes, I thought so at first, but decided to go a little out of the beaten path afterward. So you really think I *can* paint?"

"I will send you some books, Mrs. Van Stuart, which you are welcome to use while continuing your painting."

But more than this he refrained from uttering.

Next morning, at Kent & Fitzgerald's, Mr. Weatherby was burrowing amongst the books. An obsequious clerk stood near, busily engaged in dusting and shelving, but with one eye on Mr. Weatherby, whom he knew from long acquaintance to be a good customer. After burrowing for a longer period than usual that gentleman advanced to the counter with four or five books in an affectionate clasp.

"Send these to my own address, please, and this other to Mrs. Jacob Van Stuart, number forty-one Andover Crescent. Stop—I'll enclose my card." And hastily producing it he scribbled on the back:

"Please accept this volume with the sender's compliments. Hope it will prove helpful."

At dinner that evening he informed his wife of what he had done.

"The very thing!" he said; "'Gabriel de Falliere on Oils.'"

"I hope she will give it some study," remarked Mrs. Weatherby, in whose memory ruby apples yet hung suspended from emerald boughs.

Mrs. Van Stuart opened the package after mid-day luncheon, and her artistic soul suffered a shock when she compared the gift with the card of the giver.

"I remember now," she sobbed, "he wouldn't eat my rarebit and his wife turned up her nose at the nut salad! But this is the height of insult!"

And the little kid-bound book took a sudden aerial journey across the room.

In common with all forms of genius, Mr. Weatherby suffered from

absent-mindedness. So that it was three days or more afterwards when he inquired of his wife as they sat at table:

"How did the cook-book suit, my dear?"

"What cook-book, Joseph?"

"The one I sent up from Kent's, you know. Such a dainty little affair and quite a new one, they told me. I took a fancy to the binding. Did you like it? No good, perhaps."

"Why, my dear, I received no cook-book. But they did send 'de Falliere on Oils.'"

*

Mrs. Van Stuart has grown tired of art. She has no incentive, she says. The latest report has it that she is married again and has gone in for aeroplaning.

O CANADA, MY BELOVÈD LAND!*

BY JOHN BOYD

From the French of Sir George Etienne Cartier

"ONE'S own land is best of all"
Is what an ancient mariner says;
To sing it is the poet's call—
Mine be to sing my fair land's praise.
Strangers behold with envious eyes
St. Lawrence's tide so swift and grand,
But the Canadian proudly cries,
"O Canada, my belovèd land!"

Canadians, like their sires of old,
Revel in song and gaily live,
Mild, gentle, free, not overbold,
Polite and gallant, welcome give.
Patriots to country ever leal,
They, foes of slavery, staunchly stand;
Their watchword is the peace and weal
Of Canada, their belovèd land.

O my country, thou art blest,
Favoured of all nations now!
But the stranger's vile behest
Would the seeds of discord sow.
May thy brave sons for thy sake
Join to help thee, hand in hand,
For thy great day soon shall break,
O Canada, my belovèd land!

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*This translation of the principal stanzas of the famous French-Canadian National Song, "O Canada, Mon Pays, Mes Amours," has been made by John Boyd in connection with the centenary celebration of the birth of Sir George Etienne Cartier, the famous French-Canadian statesman, which will take place in 1914. The song was written by Cartier in his youth.

PLAYS OF THE MID-SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

A WARM Oriental glow spread over the mid-season productions, the first violet rays of "Allah's Garden" deepening to the blood-red of "Kismet" and culminating in the later orange glow of "Sumurun"—the season's wonder.

Coming direct from Berlin, where it provided the theatrical sensation of the past season, "Sumurun," the wordless play so-called, had all the piquant charm of novelty. An old Arabian legend provides the wondrous plot material, which the pantomimic and scenic genius of Professor Rheinhardt has transferred with perfect dramatic sequence into a series of remarkable and highly imaginative stage pictures. The result is an intensely moving story of Eastern life, told with startling clearness and tragic significance, without other aid than the action, facial expression and gesture of the actor. The "wordlessness," far from imposing a tax on the imagination, seems rather to perfect the illusion and deepen the mystery of the Orient, the wonderful silence suggesting the enchantment of distance and producing the effect of voices heard in a dream.

The stage adaptation of what may be described as "secessionistic" art, which makes possible the most beautiful and startling effects with the simplest possible furnishings, is another novelty of the remarkable production. Using backgrounds of almost silhouette slimness, Professor Rheinhardt troops before the scenes his enticing panamora of Oriental life, in which pictures of love, hatred, lust, revenge, murder, are all pantomimed by actors of virtuoso skill, garbed in the most varied and colourful raiment. There is the pathetic little Hunchback who runs a small theatre; the Slave Girl of Fatal Enchantment who dances there; a romantic dreamer of the bazaars; a Sheik and his harem; the Sheik's son and the Sheik's favourite Sumurun —all playing their parts in the bewildering tableaux, lending themselves to the sensuous, the poetic, the comic, the gruesome, out of which contrasting moods and emotions the story is compounded. The entire action proceeds to a musical accompaniment, especially written for the play and incidental and descriptive in turn. The novelty and the artistic achievement combine to make "Sumurun" one of the most interesting experiences of the American stage.

With "The Return from Jerusalem," by Maurice Donny, Madame Simone came somewhat into her own in America. Even the critics whose former coldness threatened strained relations with their Parisian brothers voted her the exponent of a wonderful art, while the public atoned for its former neglect by a considerable measure of popular support. The art of this French actress has certainly undergone no change since her first appearance in "The Thief" and "The Whirlwind"; nor is her *Henriette* more remarkable for finesse or a more worthy histrionic achievement than her *Marie Voysin* or her *Helene Brechtel.* The only

difference is that the Jewess is a recognisable human being, and, like the play, drawn from life, not from the theatre.

"The Return from Jerusalem" discusses earnestly and with a breadth of philosophy unusual on the stage, a highly complex social problem which is still further complicated and involved in the vexatious race question. The latter provides the author's main dramatic motif and is made the rock on which the venturesome lovers finally split. The French author, moreover, does not shirk his problem, nor shrink from the unpleasantness of his task as, for instance, Mr. Augustus Thomas did last year in "As a Man Thinks." But approaching it with courage, he analyses the situation with keen psychological insight and a fine appreciation of dramatic values. Structurally he leaves little to be desired. The major and minor themes are interwoven simply and logically, are simultaneously developed in the course of the action, and each emerges from the din and confusion of a pitched orchestral battle, clear and unconfused as a bugle of retreat. Moreover, throughout the spirited and at times acrimonious verbal duelling, the author's own viewpoint is never disclosed. Entire justice is done to both sides, arguments for the Jew being opposed with equally unanswerable arguments for the Gentile. Even his pessimistic premise of a subtle underlying race antagonism is modified by a doubt of the intellectual honesty of the contending pair. Produced in Paris at the time of the Dreyfus scandal, one can readily understand the impatience of both the Semites and anti-Semites over such impartiality.

Henriette, a beautiful and accomplished young Jewess, has cast the spell of her brilliant intellect over a Gentile author whom she finds stifling in the atmosphere of conventional married life. He makes the conventional renouncement of the Jewess, but the wife smarting under the discovery of his secret, bids him go. The lovers make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on their return to Paris, their salon becomes the rendezvous of Jews with whose race aspirations and ideals the husband soon finds himself out of sympathy. His traditional patriotism based on militarism and emotionally satisfied in love of country and its institutions he finds opposed by an intellectualised abstraction, which claims freedom from all such local ideals, is indifferent alike to national boundaries or national ties, calling itself a "citizen of the world," with a political goal of universal peace. The clash of these conflicting ideals, in which *Henriette* sides with her people, suggests psychological changes in their own emotional relations, which make inevitable their final separation. The dénouèment provides for the husband's contented return to his wife, where his conscience (to which *Henriette* found him a slave) at least will be at rest, while *Henriette* returns to Jerusalem to get fresh inspiration for her work. Altogether the play holds a deeper interrectual interest than any produced this season, and even the translation could not hide the beautifully poetic quality of the lines. Madame Simone received splendid support from Mr. Arnold Daly, whose *Aubien* was played with fine intelligence and feeling.

Madame Simone's transition to the heroine of Rostand's mediæval romance, "La Princesse Lontaine," adapted for the English stage by Louis N. Parker and produced under the title of "The Lady of Dreams," was not altogether happy. Bernhardt in the poetic rôle must have been divine, and the poetic lines must have flowed like music from her golden throat. But Simone, keen analyst of modern emotion that she is, was evidently out of sympathy with her task, and although she played with variety and occasionally with fine fervour, there was little illusion.

Out of a fragment of legend or his-

A SCENE FROM "SUMURUN," THE WORDLESS PLAY

Leopoldine Konstantine, as the Slave Girl of Fatal Enchantment; Emil Lind, as the Hunchback; and Hans Felix as the Sheik's Son.

tory, found in a Provencal manuscript of the thirteenth century, Rostand has woven the richly-coloured romance of *Geoffrey Rudel* a troubadour of France, who falls in love with a beautiful princess of the Orient, sings her praises in verse, and sets sail to find her and lay his love at her feet. Storms and pirates harass him, and the troubadour falls ill, so ill that when land is finally sighted he is likely to die. *Bertram,* his faithful knight, is sent ashore to bring the princess out to his caravel. How *Bertram* fought his way to the palace of the princess, sings the love songs of his friend into her willing ears, and is at first mistaken for the prince himself and loved: how they tarry awhile to enjoy their love, and then conscience smitten hasten to the caravel, bringing flowers and love to the dying man; how he is allowed to take *Melissanda* in his arms, kiss her lips and golden hair before the final summons comes; all this is told in lines of wonderful melody, swelling into rich harmonies of major and minor chord. "All great love ends in heaven," we are reminded as the curtain falls on the last scene. The end is a retreat for the princess and a pilgrimage for the sadly-grieving *Bertram.*

A production of "Frou-Frou," in which Simone will be seen as *Gilberte,* will have followed "The Lady of Dreams," by the time this is read, bringing the present season in America of the famous French actress to a close.

Mrs. Fiske's ability to transcend physical limitations assumes the proportions of genius. "Lady Patricia"

is a case in point. This langorous, romantic, amusing study in temperament, written around the personality of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played the rôle in London, presupposes natural physical endowments so remote from Mrs. Fiske's own as to present apparently insurmountable difficulties. But Mrs. Fiske has that rare gift of conveying a mental image so perfect and satisfying, that visualisation becomes of secondary importance. In common with other great modern realists, she draws for the imagination, not the senses, and is more intent on interpreting the soul that actuates her characters than giving them bodily form and beauty. To please the eye is after all an elementary art instinct; to satisfy the mind, the province of great art.

"Lady Patricia" is broad satire set in a highly poetic key. The central figure is a lady of languors and lilies, who moves about in the moonlit garden bathed in transcendental fabrics, strumming lutes to the nightingale and defining her literary whereabouts in snatches of Swinburne. In one scene she appears carrying a white lily: "I am going," she says, "to do something very wicked and decadent. Do you see this pale virginal lily? I am going to put it in a glass of wine and get it tipsy." This will give a hint of the flavour of the lines. No ordinary husband could fill all the yearnings of such a nature, and so *Patricia* has drawn to her side a callow, inarticulate youth, *Bill O'Farrel,* whose best response to her rhapsodies is a frequent "corking" or "ripping." Notwithstanding that the youth is never in the picture for a moment, the romantic lady finds historic parallels for the situation in the great loves of *Paola* and *Francesca, Launcelot* and *Guinevere—Bill* and *Patricia."* The husband, *Michel,* of course, knows nothing of this innocent passion, because, forsooth the shock might kill him. It so happens, however, that *Michel* is at the same moment secretly satisfying some romantic longings of his own in the pursuit of a little "flapper" (to again quote *Bill*) the *Dean's* daughter. Likewise solicitous of *Patricia's* health and happiness, they also agree to keep their great love a secret. When matters have gone far enough the *Dean* and the boy's mother decide to take a hand in the game. They begin by running the two youngsters into each other's arms and then forcing Patricia to make a clean breast to *Michel.* This she at first refuses to do, in a scene of crowning absurdities, all of which occurs in the *Dean's* garden upon the hour of morning service. *Michel* arrives, and, finding *Patricia* weeping—"combination of nun and courtesan"—concludes that the *Dean* has exposed him and begins at once to explain. *Patricia's* first thought, on learning of her husband's faithlessness, is that she may at last go to *Bill.* But at this point the young couple come in to announce their engagement. When husband and wife are left alone, the still romantic *Patricia* is first to break the silence: "Under the great rose-window in the south transcept our pew is now full of purple and amber lights and shafts of chrysoprase. Shall we not sit there again together? Repentance is very sweet, and how beautiful is forgiveness!" And *Michel* mournfully assents that there seems nothing else to do. It is a long while since we have had a comedy of more grace and charm than this, or more spontaneous in its fun. The acting, as usual, with Mrs. Fiske's companies, is all that could be desired, with perhaps a special word of praise for Ernest Stallard, an obtuse gardener, who, to quote *Lady Patricia,* "adopts futility as a conscious pose."

"Preserving Mr. Panmure" is in Pinero's happiest vein. There is a fillip in every line, the situations are diverting with some ingenious complications, there is shrewd character drawing, and the pungent satire of British domestic institutions is a sub-

MRS. FISKE AND ERNEST STALLARD

In a Scene from "Lady Patricia."

ject always to the author's liking.

The decorous atmosphere of *Mr. Panmure's* country house is suddenly thrown into consternation over the question, "Who kissed the governess?" *Mr. Panmure* is the offender, but for prudential reasons it is deemed advisable to conceal this knowledge from the household in general and from *Mrs. Panmure* in particular. Moreover, there were mitigating circumstances. *Mr. Panmure* had reason to be grateful to the governess for services rendered in connection with one of his bi-weekly sermonettes, —a task imposed upon him by the pious *Mrs. Panmure*. A kiss seemed the most convincing way of showing that gratitude. Little as she relished the manifestation, the governess agrees to be a sport and protect the miscreant. As the house party includes two other married couples and an engaged pair, to say nothing of a bachelor M.P. and his secretary, there are equally urgent reasons why the inquiry should not be allowed to drop. Naturally the wives suspect their husbands and after some highly amusing and recriminating turns, the inquiry is finally turned over to *Mr. Panmure* in his capacity as J.P.,—a position naturally involving some delicacy. In the end the young secretary, as the one least likely to suffer from the confession, accepts the

MISS GERTRUDE BRYAN
In "Little Boy Blue"

burden of guilt and *Mr. Panmure* is preserved. Needless to add, the secretary's reward is in proportion to the self-sacrifice. For the curtain goes down on a prospect of life-long and unquestioned enjoyment of the governess's kisses.

Miss Gertrude Elliott is pretty and charming as the governess, but the casting on the whole leaves something to be desired. However, a comedy of such unusual qualities will survive any minor shortcomings in presentation.

The Liebler production of J. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist" proved to be an interesting dramatic event in itself as well as a timely contribution to the Dickens centenary anniversary.

The exaggerated literary style of Dickens seems a full stellar distance from the art of the modern stage, and the Dickens characters are so coloured and overdrawn that it is difficult to endow them with any theatrical credibility. But the narrative powers of the famous novelist seem just as potent as ever and the story of *Fagin,* the Schoolmaster of thieves; of *Bill Sykes,* large and brutal; of *Nancy,* rough and warm-hearted; and the unfortunate *Oliver,* holds all the thrills of an up-to-date melodrama.

The present dramatic arrangement was made for Sir Beerbohm Tree, who played *Fagin,* and the other characters are consequently more or less subordinated to bring *Fagin* into the limelight as much as possible. From a dramatic standpoint this can hardly be called a defect, however, and as *Fagin* in the present production is admirably played by Nat Goodwin in an interesting vein of Yiddish humour, our entertainment does not suffer. The *Bill Sykes* of Lyn Harding, last seen with Grace George in "Just to Get Married," is a masterly characterisation; Constance Collier as *Nancy* all that could be desired, and Marie Doro makes little *Oliver* at all times a wistful, pathetic, and appealing character. The staging of the piece, particularly the London

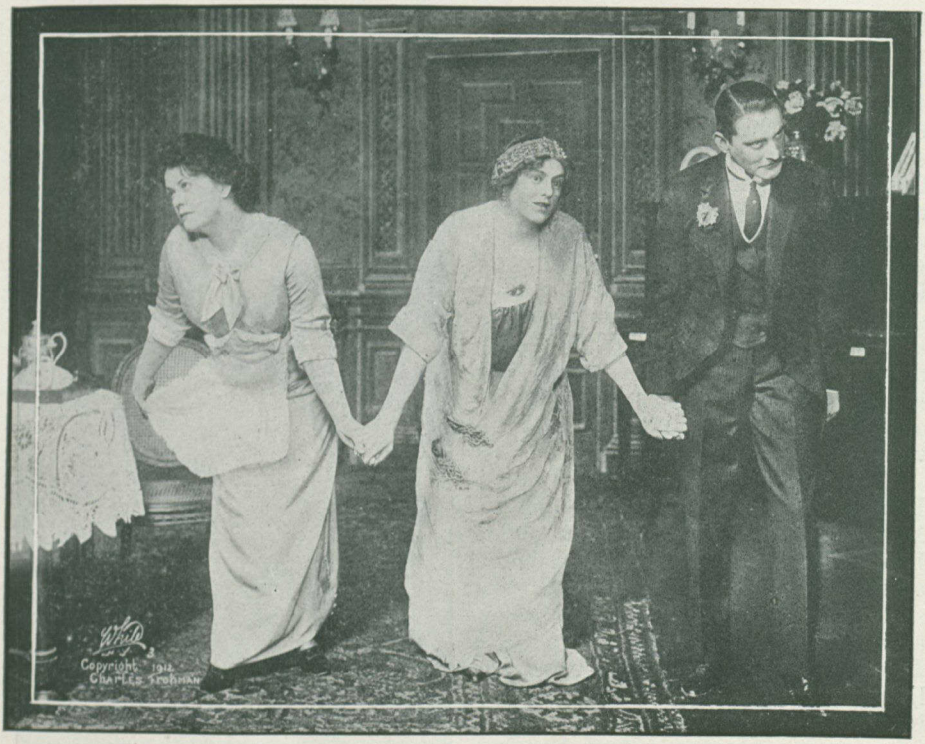
Bridge scene, is unusually attractive.

Among other things the experience of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," holds an interesting moral for managers. Presented earlier in the season by an American company, of which Marie Doro was the head, it proved a failure. Presented later by an English company with Madge Titheradge, who created the rôle of Peggy in London, it has proved one of the substantial successes of the season. English characterisation and English atmosphere are absolutely essential to the interpretation of a piece so obviously English in quality and point of view.

The play is the joint work of two Englishmen, Francis Neilson, an M.P., and Edward G. Hemmerle, a K.C., whose legal affix is no doubt offered as a guarantee of the verisimilitude of the divorce court scene around which the piece is written. *Peggy*, the butterfly wife of an English member of Parliament, has quite innocently been placed in a compromising position by an ardent but imprudent admirer, whose passion she had not heretofore quite realised. The uncompromising husband then promptly institutes divorce proceedings and *Peggy's* futile efforts to establish her innocence against the weight of evidence arrayed against her in the divorce trial, her piteous beatings against the bars of man-made justice, culminate in a highly dramatic outburst that brings the trial scene to a close. "I don't know what I've said. I don't know what I shall say, but I am sensible enough to know that I have no chance at all. I am not surprised now that innocent women in hundreds let their cases go by default rather than face the humiliation and torture of this awful place." In the conduct of the trial, conducted with photographic accuracy, the author's evident suffrage leanings, had no doubt in mind an indictment of the barbarities of the English divorce court, as well as of the mediæval prerogatives still en-

MISS GRACE GEORGE

In "Just to Get Married"



"A SLICE OF LIFE"

A Modern Problem Play, Showing Miss Hattie Williams, Miss Ethel Barrymore, and John Barrymore.

joyed by man in that unsuffraged isle. The propaganda, however, never becomes obtrusive, and the play for its well told story, its excellent characterisation, and skilfully developed situation, is one of the most worth while of the season.

The play also introduces to the American stage one of the most interesting and refreshing personalities that have come out of London. Miss Titheradge is an actress of engaging charm and conspicuous histrionic ability. From a creature of pretty caprices, foolishly ignorant of the ways of the world, she rises step by step and by methods always agreeable and natural, to the more serious emotional requirements of the rôle, her lithe, expressive body, well-modelled face and excellent diction lending effective aid to the interpretation. The well-balanced cast is a feature of the production, with special praises to Evelyn Beerbohm, for an original and highly amusing impersonation of an addle-pated lord.

Playwriting methods, as modern at least as those employed by Henry Arthur Jones in "Lydia Gilmore," are the subject of one of those inimitable Barrie satires under the title "A Slice of Life." *Mr.* and *Mrs. Slice-of-Life,* a husband and wife such as may be found under any roof, have been deceiving each other all their lives. Each has withheld from the other an unbelievable past. Suspecting quite the contrary of each other, they are finally forced to confess that even before they knew each other as husband and wife they have both lived absolutely moral lives. They would tell more of their earlier lives to each other, but that the confession could only be accomplished in

stage "asides"—spoken to the audience—and "asides" are forbidden in the modern drama. Grief-stricken at the thought that he has always been a virtuous man, although his wife had credited him with a past, he is forced to beg of her the courtesy of a single "aside," that he may turn to the audience and express the awful suspicion that "all is discovered." It is now plain that either husband or wife must go away. *Mr. Slice-of-Life is* thoughtful enough to inquire about the child, but the wife reminds him that there is no child. Neither is there time or opportunity to supply themselves with a past. So a coin is tossed to decide which shall go. "Heads," cried *Mrs. Slice-of-Life,* but the husband scornfully recaptures the coin and announces that he will go out into the night. If his life has not a past, it must have a present. Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore and Hattie Williams play the three parts.

The public mood may have had its influence, but its own defects are chiefly responsible for the disastrous experience of Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Lydia Gilmore." There were many good moments in the short live play, and the sustained characterisation of the difficult central rôle will rank as one of Miss Anglin's very finest achievements. A little more help from the dramatist, or fewer handicaps, and her magnificent acting might have borne the play off in triumph, burdens and all, carrying also the public mood with her. But the actress had too much against her. The author, too sparing of himself and his own inventitiveness, leaped improbabilities, with the agility of a fawn; and his effort to introduce novel situations int a threadbare theme resulted in incongruities that bereft the play of theatrical credibilit yat its most vital moments. The effect of the big trial scene, moreover, had been fosestalled by "A Butterfly on the Wheel." A faithless husband, carrying on an intrigue with a neighbour's wife, surprised on one of his nocturnal visits, kills the husband in self-defense, then, hurrying home to beg protection of his wife, the wife swearing to an alibi in court, the prosecuting attorney the woman's avowed friend, and conducting the cross-examination, after collusion with the witness; then the discovery of new evidence that establishes the husband's guilt in spite of their efforts, followed by his suicide in the cell—such is the thrilling narrative material of which the play is made. Mother-love is made the dramatic motive, and we had it thrust upon us in several mawkish scenes.

Scotland did not allow the Orient to hold undisputed sway over the season's attractions. In "Bunty Pulls the Strings" the land of the heather may still claim the dramatic success of the season, and in "Little Boy Blue," its undisputed musical comedy triumph. Most of the action of "Little Boy Blue" takes place in an old castle in the Highlands and the story is concerned with the efforts of the *Earl of Goberdeen* to find a missing heir to the Scottish estates. The Scottish mills, the Scotish songs, and the Scotish pipes would make the heart of an Scotsman rejoice. In Gertrude Bryan, who quietly leaped into fame in the title rôle, a most charming and refreshing personality is added to the musical comedy stage.

THE WAGER FOR LOVE

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

"SAY, what's the matter with Ethel?" queried Charlie Babler, stretching his long legs in the Morris chair and conning with approval the cut and fit of his new polo boots. "She doesn't think of throwing herself away on that Englishman, does she?"

"I should hope not," said John Buxton, grappling with the collar band of a clean, stiff shirt. "She's got better sense than that, I hope."

"Well, she danced with him the best part of last night, and they went in to supper together. I'm not the only one that remarked it."

Buxton turned to the mirror to hide his annoyance. "Oh, I suppose she is flattered at being run after by a fellow every one is making so much of," he mumbled, selecting a dress collar from the large assortment in the drawer. "He plays a good game of polo, and there is nothing against him, so far as I know."

"Well, he may be all right," agreed Babler. "They say he's no end of a swell and, of course, he belongs to a crack English regiment, but all the same I don't like him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. He puts on such a lot of 'side' for one thing, and he is always talking about his brother, Lord Somebody or Other. I hate fellows like that."

"Yes, he is a bit of a snob," agreed Buxton. "But so many Englishmen are like that, and of course it only makes them ridiculous to us. He plays a dandy game of polo all the same."

"Oh, yes, he's the best man they've got, and he won the game for them to-day but I don't like to see a girl like Ethel Wadsworth making a fool of herself over him. It makes me tired."

"I don't think it is quite as bad as that, Charlie," objected Buxton, nettled. "Ethel isn't a fool by any means, and there's not much chance of her falling in love with the fellow. He isn't her sort."

"I shouldn't think so," agreed his friend. "But you can never tell, you know. I've always thought that you and Ethel were pretty thick, and I'd hate like mad to see her throwing herself away. He may be after her money, for all we know."

"Very likely," said Buxton, pulling savagely into place and utterly spoiling an evening tie. "He looks that sort of a fellow, but if he is, you may bet your life that Ethel will find him out. She has the greatest contempt for heiress hunters. You'd better hurry up and dress for dinner, old man! It's nearly time."

Babler rose, and stretching his frame with a yawn, moved to the door. "Guess it is," he agreed. "I wish you played polo, John. With all your money you'd be able to keep a dandy string of ponies. Why don't you take it up?"

"Too much like work," acknowledged the wealthy young broker. "Tennis is good enough for me and since I got that French car I simply hate the sight of a horse. No I like watching the game, and I'll be tickled to death if you can keep those

Englishmen from winning the cup."

"That's a pretty tough proposition," admitted Babler. "You see they've been playing together as a team and know each other's play. You may bet your boots we'll do our best to-morrow, though." And adding some remark about the lateness of the hour, he ran off to dress for dinner.

John Buxton pondered deeply over his friend's remarks, and acknowledged to himself that Ethel Wadsworth's obvious pleasure at the Englishman's attentions was causing him considerable annoyance. Captain Semphill was a fine looking man, he had to admit, and was undoubtedly a brilliant polo player and an admirable dancer; that is, if one can accept the quick, hoppy waltz step, as affected by the English smart set, as the poetry of motion; but with all that there was something about the man that warned a reader of deep insight into character—as John Buxton was—that underlying the veneer and air of breeding which he certainly possessed, was a baser metal, which a properly applied test would in time reveal.

To apply that test, John Buxton determined, satisfied that the worthy Captain would crumple up badly in the process, and so restore to Ethel Wadsworth her practical common sense.

He finished his dressing and, descending to the palm-dotted dining-room, selected a vacant chair at one of the big round tables reserved for the polo players and the Furlingham Club contingent, of which Pacific Coast institution he was a member, and found himself directly facing the fair Ethel and the English captain of dragoons so lately under discussion.

The big hotel at Coronade Beach was crowded to overflowing, the polo tournament having drawn the elite from all the prominent towns on the Pacific Slope, and the country clubs of Los Angeles, Riverdale, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, and the famous Furlingham, or "Flingham," as the members called it, had each sent a team to compete for the valuable cup and cash prizes offered by the admirers of the game at Coronade, and to meet the formidable British military team which had crossed the seas and continent, confidently hopeful of carrying off the coveted trophy.

The English team had won the first two matches, and were to meet the redoubtable "Flinghams" for the final test on the morrow; so excitement ran high, and money was being freely wagered on the result, the Englishmen taking all that was offered at even odds and bidding fair to glean a tidy harvest if successful in the bout.

"Whom are you backing, Mr. Buxton?" cried Ethel across the table to her long-time admirer, who was holding strangely aloof from the heated discussion. "You ought to bet on Captain Semphill's team if you want to be on the safe side." John Buxton's paws stiffened perceptibly.

"I guess you think I'm too slow and sure to take any risks," he replied, with a forced smile. "Well, I'm not. I'll lay Captain Semphill an even thousand dollars, if he likes."

"Done with you!" cried the soldier with alacrity, whipping out his pocket-book and recording the bet. "Buxton, isn't it?"

"Yes, John Buxton," Ethel volunteered, wondering at the temerity of her faithful admirer. "That's a really exciting bet. I don't know which side I hope will win, now. I don't like to think of either of you losing so much money." Charlie Babler chuckled.

"That's a good one," he cried, extending his empty champagne glass to an obsequious waiter. "What's a thousand dollars to John Buxton! Why, he cleaned up sixty thousand in oil last week; didn't you, John? The paper said so."

Buxton mumbled a reply that was understood to be in the affirmative, and begged his friend not to talk shop; Captain Semphill, glancing with interest at his rival, to whom the juggling with immense wealth was apparently a daily occurrence.

To him the successful American business man was a revelation, and he could not understand how a man so astute as the other undoubtedly was could espouse the cause of the weaker polo team, as he hopefully judged the "Flingham" four to be, and, what was more to the point, back his opinion with his money.

"Make it a couple of thousand if you like?" he challenged, dampening his pencil with his lips, eager to record a further wager. "Make it an even two thousand dollars, what?"

Buxton nodded gravely. "All right," he agreed, drawing a check book and fountain pen from the breast pocket of his tuxedo. "I guess Charlie Babler can hold the stakes."

"Eh?" queried the Englishman with a startled stare, unaccustomed to American business methods as applied to a wager. "How do you mean, 'hold the stakes'?"

"Hold the amount of the bet until it has been won and lost, of course," explained Buxton, filling in his check. "It's the most business-like way of recording a bet, except you know of any other?" The Englishman looked for guidance at his brother officers.

"I have always treated a bet as an affair of honour," he declared. "Between gentlemen, I should think one's mere word should be sufficient."

"I know," said Buxton, detaching the check from his book. "I know that's the English way; but I'm a business man, and I believe in the good old American expression 'Money talks.' Here's my check and if you want to cover it, well and good; but you can call it off, if you like."

"No, by Jove," interposed Major Pelham, the senior of the English team, glaring at Buxton through his monocle. "It's all right, Semphill, you give him your check after dinner. If he wants to make a commercial transaction of it, you can't object. I suppose you are satisfied to take my friend's check, sir?" he added, in a query to Buxton, his monocle and bristling moustache challenging with a studied insolence.

"Perfectly," said the broker, admirably restraining his temper. "Mr. Babler can hold it until after the match. Here's mine, Charlie," he continued, tossing the slip of paper to his friend. "When Captain Semphill covers it you may consider it a bet," and ignoring the angry glances of the English team and the reproachful gaze with which he intuitively felt that Ethel Wadsworth was favoring him, he renewed his attention to his dinner.

The conversation lagged and became somewhat forced at the big round table, and it was with feelings of relief that the party faced the warm January night on the piazza, some wandering down to the white sanded beach to the Tent City, and all waiting for the orchestra to strike up in the ball room and set them once more swaying in the maze of the dreamy waltz.

It was with an apparent air of reluctance that Ethel Wadsworth permitted John Buxton to inscribe his name on her dancing programme, on which that of Captain Semphill, he noticed, figured considerably. but, well as he knew her, he refrained from offering any comment on the circumstance, trusting to time and subsequent events to disillusion her of this, to him, misplaced infatuation.

By mutual consent they sought the piazza when he claimed her for his dance, and avoiding the glare of the arc lights, sank into two chairs, so placed as to form an inviting cozy-corner.

He carefully avoided the subject nearest his heart, but try as he would

the conversation drifted to the coming polo match and the English team.

"None of us could understand it," she argued, having broached the subject of the wager made at the dinner table. "We all think that you tried to throw doubt on Captain Semphill's ability to pay his debts if he loses, and that hurt us all very much. Why did you do it?"

John Buxton weighed his words carefully. "I'll tell you why," he said, bending forward and fixing her earnestly with his steady eyes. "We don't know anything about this Captain Semphill. He may be a very nice fellow, and he is a good polo player, but it is my honest opinion that he is living by his wits, and I am as sure as I'm John Buxton that he hasn't got two thousand dollars in the bank, and that that check that Charlie Babler holds is not worth the paper it is written on. No, don't go," he urged, as she arose in half protest. "Time will prove I am right, if he loses, and you will find that he will try to get some rich girl to marry him and pay his debts. I can read the fellow like a book."

"But you don't know who he is," expostulated Ethel, indignant at the evident allusion to herself. "He is a brother of the Earl of Blackport."

"I don't care if he is a brother of the man in the moon," grumbled Buxton, with whom titles weighed little. "I'm a pretty good judge of men, and I don't care what country they come from or who their connections are so long as they are really men of honour. Now, the other three men in that team are thoroughly decent fellows, and I would trust them anywhere, but this chap, Semphill, that you think so much of, I'd trust about as far as I would a Southerner with a mint julep."

"You have simply taken a dislike to him, because I like him," argued Ethel, bravely defending her absent admirer. "And it isn't right for us to discuss him anyway. I am sure there is nothing in his appearance to warrant your disliking him so. He is very good looking."

John Buxton sniffed.

"Oh, he looks like a fashion plate, all right, but his eyes are too close together to suit me. Now, I know, Ethel, that you think I am jealous of him; as maybe I am," he went on impressively. "There is no doubt I should be jealous of any man you showed a preference for, but I am not the kind of fellow to 'knock' any other man without being sure of my ground, and I hate to see you making a fool of yourself, and—"

"Thank you!" cried Ethel, rising, her cheeks aflame. "We won't discuss the matter any further. You can have your own opinion about people, but there isn't a single soul in the place that doesn't think the world and all of Captain Semphill," and having voiced her sentiments, she gathered her skirts majestically and sailed back, alone, to the ballroom.

Many argued that over-indulgence in the festivities of the night before, and others that the unwonted strain laid upon their ponies was responsible for the English team's downfall on the polo field next day, but whatever it was, the fact remained that the coveted trophy was borne off by the triumphant "Flinghams," after a fast and furious game, with five goals to their credit against their opponents' three, and great was the rejoicing in "Country Clubland" throughout the Pacific Coast, and numerous were the checks that the Englishmen had to draw to settle their debts of honour.

Charlie Babler handed over the English dragoon's slip of endorsed paper after the match, and as John Buxton placed it in his pocket, he scrutinised it closely. "On Cox's Bank, London," he muttered. "That's the English army bank, and it's pretty solid. I wonder if the check's any good?"

"Of course, it is," asserted Charlie, amazed at his friend's continued

doubt. "He daren't give it if he didn't have the funds to meet it. It'd be as much as his commission is worth. They're all coming up to my place at Santa Cruz to-morrow, and I'm counting on you, too. Harry Simpson is sending down the steam yacht, and we'll have no end of a time."

"Whom do you mean by 'all'?" queried Buxton cautiously.

"Oh, the four Englishmen and the Roberts girls and Mrs. Laster. About twelve altogether, and Ethel Wadsworth and her mother, of course."

"I see," said Buxton, pondering. "Well, all right. Thanks, old man, I'll go. I never thought our fellows would win the match, did you?"

"Well, I was a bit surprised," admitted Babler. "And we wouldn't have if Semphill had played his usual game. I never saw a fellow so nervous. He overrode the ball every time, and all his shots at goal went wild. He was over-anxious, I guess, and I heard that he had two Scotch high-balls just before they started to play, and that Major Pelham gave him an awful calling down after the game was over. I won a thousand from the Major," added Charlie, with a satisfied chuckle.

Nothing daunted by his experience of the night before, John Buxton craved a dance from the girl he loved on this the last night of their stay at Coronado, and urged her, for probably the twentieth time, to be his wife.

Ethel was much moved by his earnest pleading, but her romantic nature had been deeply touched by the homage and flattery of the Earl of Blackport's brother, who spoke to her familiarly and grandiloquently of European courts and ancestral homes, to such good purpose as to render her dissatisfied with her life and surroundings and instil her with a craving to taste the delight of a sphere hitherto considered unattainable.

She begged the young broker not to press her for an answer, although her heart responded warmly to his ardent wooing, so he had to reluctantly relinquish her to Semphill, who was impatiently claiming her for the next dance, and who monopolised the greater part of her attention for the rest of the evening, and ultimately bade her good-night, Buxton noticed, with an air at once impressive and as of one in prospective possession.

Wending his way to the billiard-room, he sought to console himself with a high-ball before retiring for the night, when the Captain of Dragoons entered and begged the pleasure of a glass in unison, leading the way, when served, to the lounging recess just off the billiard-room.

"I am going to ask you an extraordinary favour, Mr. Buxton," he began, seating himself beside a wicker table and placing his glass to his lips with a nervous hand. "I don't know anyone else I can ask it of, and I would hesitate about asking you, only that you already hold a check of mine for a—er—of course—er—rather large amount, and—er—I know—er—of course—er—that you are a very wealthy man."

John Buxton's eyes contracted, and to screen a smile of satisfaction he gravely inclined his head.

"Yes, I've got money," he admitted, but in no boastful tone. "Want me to lend you some, I suppose?"

"Well, I—er—I would feel awfully obliged if you would—er—just for a few weeks, you know. It's—er—deuced unpleasant being so far from home, don't y' know."

"Must be," agreed Buxton dryly. "How much do you want?"

"Well—er—you've got that check for two thousand dollars," said the Englishman, calculating. "And I was—er—thinking that if you could let me have—er—say—er three thousand dollars in cash, that—er—I could give you an I.O.U.—or something—and—er—redeem the whole five thousand in—er—three weeks or —or a month—that is—if you don't mind holding the check until then."

"I see," said Buxton. "You want me to lend you three thousand dollars in cash and to hold your check from the bank for three weeks. That it, eh?"

"Yes," said Semphill, eagerly. "It'll be awfully decent of you, if you will."

"Quite so," agreed Buxton, repressing a smile. "But what guarantee have I got that you will pay me back in three weeks?"

"Oh, by Jove! y' know, I—er give you my word of honour!" spluttered the Englishman. "And—er—my I.O.U. as well," he added pompously, as one conferring a coveted deed of gift.

"Well, I don't mind lending you the money or holding back your check," said Buxton, producing his pocket book and pen. "But I cannot quite understand your asking this favour of an utter stranger. I should think your polo ponies would fetch the sum you need, without having to borrow."

"Well—er—to—er—tell you the truth," stammered the Dragoon, blushing. "I—er—I've sold them already to one of my brother officers, to—er—to pay my other bets, don't y' know."

"Oh, I see," said Buxton. "You're up against it. Well, I'm a business man and I like doing things strictly according to business. You can sign this note of hand for $3,000, payable this day three weeks, and I will give you my check for the amount," and bending to the table, he drew up the document for the Englishman to sign."

Semphill thanked him profusely, and pocketing the check, hummed and hawed his way to bed, leaving John Buxton a happier, wiser, but, mayhap, a poorer man.

On the following day the gay party broke up, Charlie Babler and his guests wending their way to Santa Cruz, that gem of the Pacific Coast, backed by the hills and forests of gigantic redwood and fronted by the sparkling bay of Monterey, where two four-in-hand coaches met and whirled them, with tooting of coach horns, through the broad streeted town, out on to the well-oiled roads to Ben Lomond, where sequestered among the giant trees, Charlie Babler had built an elegant mansion—fit for a king.

They passed the idle days joyously between the beach and the wooded hills, crossing each day to some enjoyable spot, the few days of December rain having greened this garden of the earth and brought to light the woodland flowers in wild profusion, while the warm January sunshine permitted one and all to indulge their fancies in summer costumes and disport themselves each morning in the tepid waters of the bay.

One day the glades of Rowardennan would ring with their merry laughter, the next, Felton, with its logging camp adjacent, would form a picturesque picnicking ground, and then anon to Boulder Creek, but try as he would and did, John Buxton could not drive the Captain of Dragoons from Ethel's side; and from many little by-plays which his jealous eyes were eager to note, he grasped with apprehension that some secret understanding was being arrived at between them.

Two weeks had passed all too quickly, when one evening, late after dinner, the young broker, having ventured for a solitary stroll, saw standing outside the gate a hired vehicle, and on entering the house confronted Ethel, dressed in hat and heavy coat, with a suit case in her hand, making hurriedly for the side entrance.

On seeing him she dodged into the nearest room at hand, which happened to be the library, evidently with the intention of avoiding him. His suspicions instantly aroused, he followed her, and entering boldly, closed the door behind him. Amazed and obviously startled, she mumbled

some irrelevant attempt at pleasantry and made to pass him, but John Buxton confronted her sternly, with his back to the door.

"Wh-what's the matter?" she faltered, evidently frightened. Why did you follow me in here? What would anyone think if they came in?"

"I am not bothering about what people think," he replied sternly. "I have quite a lot to say to you and I mean to say it."

"Why this is preposterous!" cried Ethel, on the verge of tears. "Please let me out, at once!"

"Not until you have heard what I have to say," he reiterated sternly, as before. "You are probably about to do a very foolish thing, but you will not carry it through if I can prevent you. Does your mother know that you are going out with a suit case, as if travelling, at this time of night?"

"Wh-what do you mean?" faltered Ethel.

"Oh, I am not such a fool as you take me for," he retorted bitterly. "I suppose Captain Semphill has asked you to elope?"

"How dare you think of such a thing," she cried, dropping the suit case and covering her face. "Oh, why do you ask me that?"

"Has Captain Semphill invited you to elope with him?" he demanded, ignoring her distress. "I want to know the truth." She tried to meet his stern gaze, but her eyes refused the strain.

"Who—who told you that?" she stammered, blushing like a guilty school girl.

"I guessed it was what he would do. He couldn't afford to wait and ask your mother's consent and arrange about settlements. No; he has to marry you in a hurry, because he hasn't a cent."

"How—how dare you say such a thing?" she spluttered, again in arms in defense of her hero. "His brother is a Lord and he has lots of money. He—he would marry me tomorrow, just the same, if I didn't have anything. He—he said so—so there!" and she stamped her foot to emphasise the declaration.

"Of course he did," laughed Buxton ironically. "All fortune hunters say that, but if he is so well fixed as you say, why doesn't he—well, here he is to answer for himself." He broke off and stepped aside, as the Captain put his head in through the door, having evidently heard Ethel's voice, and wondering at her delay.

"Oh, I—er—beg pardon," he stammered, surprised at seeing her not alone. "Is—er—is anything the matter?"

"Yes, quite a good deal, sir," Buxton interposed quickly, ere Ethel could warn the Englishman. "I want to know why you are asking this young lady to elope?"

"Well, by Jove! I—er—don't see what b-business—"

"No, but I'm making it my business," interrupted Buxton, undaunted by the soldier's blustering manner. "This young lady is very wealthy in her own right, and you know it—"

"It isn't any of your business, Mr. Buxton," broke in Ethel hotly. "Captain Semphill wasn't thinking of my money. Were you, Captain Semphill?"

"The idea! Of course not," declared the dragoon, with simulated indignation. "Why—er—why should I?"

"Because you have none of your own, sir," said John Buxton, sternly, extracting his pocket-book. "If you don't believe me, Ethel," he continued, turning to her and holding out the Captain's note of hand, "how about this? Here's the gentleman's note to me, for three thousand dollars, payable next week, and here's his check for two thousand more, which he asked me to hold back, because he has no funds to meet it. No, you needn't interrupt," he went on,

as Semphill made some expostulating noises in his throat. "This isn't a private affair between you and me any longer. Now, if Miss Wadsworth chooses to elope with you, it isn't my affair, but, I am not going to let you pay me back with *her* money," he said, extending his for the slip of paper, at which Ethel was gazing as one dazed.

"I—I don't understand," she faltered, somewhat frightened at the expression on the Englishman's face and his apparent inability to defend himself.

"Of course you don't," said Buxton, "because you are not in the habit of meeting gentlemen like our friend here."

"I—I—I'm going to pay you that money," blustered the dragoon, finding his voice, and trying to assert himself. "I'll telegraph to—er—"

"No, you won't," said the broker, deliberately tearing the note in two, and then across and then slowly into little pieces. "I don't want your wife's money, because that's what you are relying upon to pay your debts—"

"By J—Jove! You're g—going too far!" cried Semphill, now thoroughly enraged, his face livid and frenzied past endurance. "I've a great mind to knock you down, you —you—"

"Don't say it!" cried Buxton, quickly, and ready to ward off the other's assault, experiencing a delightful thrill as Ethel clutched his arm in evident alarm at her erstwhile lover's distorted countenance. "Don't say it," he repeated. "Miss Wadsworth doesn't want to hear bad language. If she wants to go with you, well and good; but I doubt it."

"You let Miss Wadsworth answer for herself," cried Semphill, exasperated at the girl's clinging attitude. "C-can't you trust me, Ethel?"

"I—I don't know," faltered the girl, pressing closer, however to the broker's protecting arm, which mechanically slipped around her and drew her to his side.

"That's your answer, Captain Semphill," said Buxton sternly. "So you had better do one of two things. Here's this check of yours for two thousand dollars. If you leave this house, at once, and alone, I will hold this check and keep it for a memento—er—a souvenir; but if you don't, I will pass it through my banker's *to-morrow*, for collection. Which is it to be?" Semphill chewed his mustache and his face went pale.

"Er—*to-morrow?*" he queried, dazed.

"Yes, *to-morrow*," repeated Buxton stolidly. "To-morrow I shall put your check through the bank, and you know what the consequences will be. You had better bid him good-bye, Ethel," he said to the girl nestling within his arm, as the soldier fumbled with the handle of the door. She raised her eyes and gave the captain a wistful smile, which he answered with a grave inclination of the head, while Buxton fluttered the fateful check.

"I will hold this until we meet again," he said cheerily. "So the longer you keep out of my sight, and the sooner you leave the house, the *safer* you'll be."

The brother of the Earl of Blackport started to utter some angry retort, but the disconcerting gaze of four stern, calm eyes were too much for him, and their owners listened eagerly to his dying footsteps, then the clanging of the front gate, and as the sound of crunching wheels and hurried hoofbeats rose from the hard, well-oiled Ben Lomond road, John Buxton kissed her.

THE RETURN OF THE SCAPEGRACE

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

IN one of the dear little toy houses on an island of the Thames, where a row of these so-called bungalows, embowered in trees, gives a charming suggestion of Japan in a musical comedy, Dr. Whalley, over a cigar and his newspaper, was enjoying a pleasant hour between breakfast and luncheon.

His holiday would have to be brief, but it was delightful; sunshine, fresh air, the pleasant society of a sweet-natured wife and her lovely niece, all combined to make it as happy as a dream.

And suddenly, while he lay back in an ecstasy of peaceful enjoyment, a note of unadulterated horror was struck. There came to his ear a hissing whisper of dismay; and looking out, he saw below him on the little patch of flower-decked lawn, his wife with a face of ashy pallor.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, don't shout, don't cry out, but come down here!"

She cast a warning look towards the water, and put her lips close to his ear.

"There's a dinghy—a little way behind me. Don't look that way. Its's—its Munro!"

"Good heavens!"

"You know why he's come. Of course, it's all over. Poor Freda! Poor Freda!"

"Cheer up. Perhaps he doesn't know she's with us!"

"Nonsense. He will have found out. He's the most artful wretch under the sun! After all these years, just when she was going to be safe from him for ever, he's come to spoil it all!"

"Rot! I'll keep him in conversation, if he recognises me, while you punt across the backwater and try to keep her away till he's gone."

"It will be of no use."

"Well, we must try it."

They had retreated behind the trim little bit of hedge between the bungalow and the river's brink which was their pride and their protection against the stares of the river-going Cockney. It was thick enough to hide them, but not too thick for them to watch, through the little gaps in the green, the approach of a hired dinghy, in which sat a fine, athletic-looking man of fifty, who would have been still very handsome if he had not betrayed so evidently the signs of self-indulgence. His long, tawny mustache and somewhat scant hair of a slightly darker shade, his blue eyes and straight nose, gave him a look suggestive of a wild Norseman whom one would rather look at from a distance than know personally.

Jack Munro was, not to put too fine a point on it, an out-and-out rascal. He had been the despair of his family for a quarter of a century, but for some years now he had been lost to sight, first in the silence of a convict prison and then nobody quite knew where.

But it had begun to be believed with deep though unacknowledged

thankfulness, that he had disappeared for ever from his decorous country, when this horrible apparition in the dinghy warned his sister-in-law and her husband that their trials were not yet over.

He had broken his wife's heart years before, and she had faded out of existence during his time in prison, leaving a lovely girl-child who scarcely remembered her father, to be brought up in the belief that he was dead.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Munro had had a little money, which was under her husband's control until the daughter should either marry or attain her majority. If Jack the scapegrace had only deferred his reappearance for another six weeks, Freda would have been safely married to a young fellow who was devoted to her. Now both the doctor and his wife foresaw that Jack Munro would make ducks and drakes of as much as he could get hold of; and they made no doubt whatever that it was with this intention, rather than from any desire to see his daughter, that he had hunted her out.

There was more to be feared than that. Jack Munro was as fascinating as he was unscrupulous, and it was fairly certain that he would move heaven and earth in his own interests, to break off the match between Freda and young Hugh Nethercliffe.

The doctor and his wife had scarcely exchanged the few rapid sentences in which they prepared a plan of reception for Jack, when a good-humoured voice, round and full, called:

"Jim Whalley, ahoy!"

The prodigal's eyes were sharp, and he had "spotted" the doctor behind the hedge. As the host and hostess of the bungalow made a reluctant appearance on the lawn, with forced smiles and airs of affected astonishment, Jack Munro transferred his long limbs from the dinghy to the bank, and coming up to the doctor and his wife, gave each a hand with a deep ringing laugh

"Ah—ha! You never thought you'd have the bad luck to set eyes on Jack Munro again, did you? Thought I was dead, I suppose! Wished it, I've no doubt. And small blame to you, my dears! I've been a handful in my time, haven't I? Not much better now, I expect, when all's said and done. But I thought I'd like to have a look at the old country before I pegged out, and a look at my girl Freda. A woman by this time, I suppose?"

"She's nearly nineteen," said Mrs. Whalley, whose cheeks were alternately red and white as he talked. "Of course, you wouldn't know her, nor she you."

"I wonder!" said Munro slowly. "It will be good sport to find out, anyway. Got her here?"

"No," snapped out Mrs. Whalley before the doctor could form a reply.

"Where is she, then?"

There was a look—a look she remembered—of mocking incredulity in Munro's eyes as he put this question, put it direct, looking with his bold eyes full into hers.

"Really at this moment I don't know."

"Well, you'll have to find her for me," said Munro, as he threw himself into a lounge chair in the corner behind the hedge. "Paternal emotions—all that sort of thing—can't be baulked. Must see her. Hope you haven't told her too many stories of the wrong sort about me?"

He cast a scrutinising look, keen under his affectation of easy good humour, at husband and wife. For a moment there was silence. Then Mrs. Whalley, having obtained her husband's tacit permission to be spokesman, approached the chair in which Munro had thrown himself, and said in a low voice:

"We've told her, or, rather, we've let her think, that her father was—well, all your own mother hoped you would be, Jack."

He nodded.

"That's your sort! Lay it on thick. Tell her she comes of saintly stock, and she'll want to emulate the family virtues, eh?"

"Well, your wife began it." He frowned slightly, but she hurried on: "She hadn't the heart to tell the child—anything different."

"Don't see how he truth would have hurt," commented Jack with a grin, as he mechanically held out his hand for the doctor's cigar case, just as he had held out his hand—successfully, all through life, for the good things which he was too lazy to provide for himself.

"Freda has grown up to believe," went on Mrs. Whalley quickly, "that her father was a sort of mixture of saint and hero—"

"A cross between King Arthur and Hercules, with a dash of the Chevalier Bayard, a few attributes of St. George, and a flavour of Oliver Cromwell to give the necessary virility to the mixture," added the doctor jocosely.

Jack Munro threw back his handsome head and laughed a deep, hearty laugh.

"By Jove, you seem to have done the thing handsomely. Nothing like bringing up a child with a proper veneration for her elders," said he. "But I may find it hard work to live up to the character, eh?"

There was an uneasy silence, and the doctor and his wife exchanged glances. Then Mrs. Whalley spoke again.

"There's one other thing we told her, we had to tell her, all of us," she said with hesitancy.

"What's that?" asked Munro, a cold look coming into his eyes.

"Well, we had to tell her that you —that you—were dead."

Down went Jack Munro's feet, and an ugly frown came at once over his sunburnt face.

"The devil you did!" cried he.

The doctor took up the thread by exclaiming:

"Come, Munro, what else was there to do? How could you bring a girl up to know—what had happened, what was always happening? Wasn't it better that she should think you were the most perfect father and husband and man that ever lived, and that you were cut off in your prime? Besides, you were, you know."

This last reminder was not artful, and Munro swore to himself under the long mustache, the ends of which he was pulling with a shaking hand.

"Give me some whisky," said he at last. "I must look into this."

He required full doses of alcohol to consider most things, as they remembered of old. The doctor brought out the decanter and a glass, and Munro helped himself with the liberality such men always use when they are dealing with the stores of their friends.

"And so you had the confounded cheek—to use no stronger word—to tell my child that I was dead! Hoped I should be, no doubt, before she could grow up and find you out. Why, of all the unprincipled things for a pair of decent Christians to do, this takes the cake; that it does! And now how are you going to face her when she finds out that you've been lying?"

The doctor and his wife exchanged another look. Then the silence, and then there came to the ears of the group on the lawn the sound of a clear, fresh young voice calling, "Aunt Mona, where are you?"

The effect was electric. Jack Munro turned sharply to the doctor and his wife, with an angry glance which showed that he had found them out. Dr. Whalley tried to start another topic, and Mrs. Whalley hurried towards the bungalow to try to stop her niece.

But she was too late. In another minute a young girl, fresh as a rose, pretty as a picture, in her frock of heliotrope cotton and sun-bonnet to

match, had run round the bungalow and straight into her arms. She had not seen her father, who was behind the clump of pampas grass with the doctor.

"Aunt Mona," she cried breathlessly, "there's a man on the bank selling bulrushes. Can I get some? They're only——"

She stopped. Jack Munro had come close to her, followed by the doctor. The girl looked up at the stranger in surprise. There was something about him, and about the manner of the doctor and his wife, which puzzled her.

"An old friend of your father and mother's Freda," said Mrs. Whalley boldly, glancing up at Jack with a mute appeal in her eyes.

For the moment it was successful. Jack Munro held out his hand to his daughter with a smile which the girl found irresistibly winning.

"Say a friend of your father's rather than of your mother's," he said, with a certain dryness which she did not understand, although his two other hearers did. "And I hope a friend of yours, too?"

He was holding the hand she had at once held out to him, and he was looking down into her face with evident interest.

Something in his look and in the feelings roused by these words brought the tears to the young girl's eyes.

"If I'd a hundred wishes," she said, half shyly, half impulsively, "I couldn't have wished for anything better than this—to meet someone who had known them both. You can tell me about them," she added, after a little pause, which none of the others tried to break.

Jack Munro nodded, with a queer look.

"Yes, I can tell you about them," he said. And he cast a mischievous glance at the doctor and his wife, who looked frankly dismayed by the threat. "Supposing," he went on, still addressing Freda, "we go back, you and I, in your boat to the bank, and buy burlushes together? What do you say?"

"Oh, yes, that will be ripping! This way. The punt is ready."

She was conscious of a certain air of constraint and uneasiness about her uncle and aunt, but she was carried off her feet by the newcomer, who put his arm through hers with an air half paternal, half loverlike, and wholly charming, and led her away to the other side of the bungalow, chattering to her the while in an airy fashion, new, and strange, and delightful.

The doctor and his wife, meanwhile, not daring to put obstacles in the way of this strange elopement, stared at each other and at the retreating pair in consternation.

"She'll never come back," said Mrs. Whalley in a tragic tone.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, he's her father. We can do nothing. We must just hope that blood will speak."

Blood was speaking already. Once in the punt, with the fascinating stranger who had thrown a sort of spell over her, Freda had forgotten her bulrushes.

Punt-pole in hand, she was smiling down upon the visitor, as he lay among the cushions and challenged her to take him down to the lock without running the punt into the bank.

"Why, I spend half my time in the punt!" retorted the girl with merry disdain. "You may trust yourself to me. I'll undertake to take the greatest possible care of you, provided you promise, in return, to tell me about my father and mother."

"Oh, I can do that. Mine is the best of the bargain," said he. "What do you want to know?"

"Well, tell me about my father first. I've heard all about my mother from Aunt Mona. But about him there has always been a sort of vagueness. No two people seem to

have looked at him in the same way, so that the impression I've got is blurred. Do you understand?"

Jack Munro nodded.

"But what sort of impression have you got—on the whole?"

"I think he must have been handsome, for one thing; they seem to be agreed upon that. Was he?"

Jack rubbed his chin.

"Oh, well, I suppose he was not so bad. He was straight, if I remember right, and tall—six feet two or more."

"Dark or fair?"

He hesitated, and took a furtive look at the end of his mustache as he played with it.

"Kind of reddish, I think."

She laughed.

"What you call golden in a woman and carroty in a man, I suppose?" suggested she.

"That's it."

"And he had blue eyes, I know. They've all said that."

"Boiled gooseberries *I* should have called them!"

"Oh, if you're going to run him down—" she began.

Jack laughed.

"But I'm not. No fear. Let's get on to his moral character. Heard anything about that?"

"Well, not so much," answered Freda. "That is, I haven't got such a distinct impression of what he was as of what he looked like. I gather that his character was elusive—"

"It was, by Jove!" interpolated Jack.

"So that I've got a feeling that he was a sort of saint in a painted window, too good to have any particular characteristics."

"That's just how he struck me," said Jack dryly.

Freda looked disappointed. She punted along for a space without asking any more questions. Jack Munro put the next question, indeed.

"What sort of a father would you have liked to have?" he asked quietly.

He was lying with his hands clasped behind his head, looking up at her with interest so genuine, good humour so attractive, that Freda burst into a light laugh, blushed, and then said:

"Shall I tell you? No, I don't like to."

"Never mind whether you like to or not. Go on. Tell me."

"Well, if you'd been a little older—old enough to be my father, in fact, I think I should have liked to have had a father something like you."

Jack Munro changed his attitude, and sitting up, tilted his hat, which was soft and squashy, well over his eyes, so that she could not see quite so much of his face.

"I hope you don't mind me saying that," she said shyly, after a pause.

"Not a bit. On the contrary, I like it. But I shouldn't have been a nice father."

"Really?"

"No. The fact is, Miss Freda, I'm a bit of a bad lot."

The girl laughed confidently.

"I don't believe it," said she.

"Why not?"

She hesitated.

"Well, for one thing, my uncle and aunt have known you a long time, it seems, and if they had thought ill of you, they wouldn't have let me go off with you like this."

Jack looked down, hiding his face altogether.

"By Jove, no, of course not. I hadn't thought of that."

"I dare say," said Freda, "you only call yourself a bad lot, because you weren't so much like a saint in a window as my father was."

He nodded vigorously.

"I dare say it was that."

"Did you know him well?"

"Oh, yes."

"And for a long time?"

"Years and years."

"And my mother, too?"

"Not for so many years as I knew your father." He looked up sud-

denly, considering her face closely. "You're like her—very like what she was at your age," said he.

A light came into Freda's face.

"What's the matter?" said Jack Munro.

"I've found out something," said she quickly.

"What is it?"

Freda brought the punt to a standstill, and sat down, holding fast by the pole.

"Weren't you—once—in love with my mother?" she asked softly.

He was startled.

"Well, I'm sure you take a great interest in us all, quite a special interest. And I've been asking myself why. And who you could be. Remember, I've not even heard your name yet. And then when you looked at me, and said that, about my being like her—it flashed into my mind that I understood. Was I right?"

Jack nodded.

"And so—she liked my father best?" He did not answer. "While perhaps she'd have been happier if she'd married you."

He shook his head, but she persisted.

"Perhaps she would, though. Perhaps he was too saintly for her. Saints are cold, sometimes, aren't they? I know she wasn't very happy with him. Perhaps that was why, that once she'd loved you. Had she?"

"Yes," said Jack, "she did love me—once."

"I don't wonder," said Freda softly. "And perhaps you'd have been as happy as birds, if you'd married her!"

Jack Munro did not answer, but presently he asked:

"When are you going to be married, Miss Freda?"

"Next month."

"I should like to see the man."

"So you can. He always comes down on Saturday afternoons. He's in a bank, and it's the only day he can get away early. I should love you to know him."

"And do you think he'll make you happy?"

The girl answered with obvious conviction.

"Yes. I can trust him."

There was quite a long silence. Jack Munro whistled softly to himself, and seemed so preoccupied with his thoughts that Freda, glancing at him two or three times shyly, did not like to speak. Then he said suddenly:

"Take me back and introduce me to him."

She stood up and began to wield her pole again; but he still went on whistling, and she still refrained from interrupting reflections which seemed to be grave.

"Will you be well off?" said he at last, somewhat shortly.

"Not rich, but we shall have enough. I have a little money of my own, and Hugh has a fair salary. Besides, my money has been mounting up, and I'm going to have all the accumulations of income to spend on furnishing a house. And his savings have bought the lease of it."

"I see."

Another long pause, and they came in sight of the bungalow, with its hedge, its flashing white paint, and the gay cushions making a patch of colour on the chairs of the tiny lawn.

"There's Hugh," whispered Freda, with a sidelong look at her companion. Jack Munro pushed back his hat and looked at the young man in flannels who was making ready to moor the punt when it came alongside.

"Well, he hasn't got a bad face," said he at last. "And marriage is not a bad thing when you start fair. Now I hope you will start fair."

"I'm sure I shall."

The punt was drawing alongside, and they stood a moment side by side.

"You have my best wishes," said he in her ear.

"Thank you, I know I have."

"For the sake of my old acquaint-

ance with your father and mother, and all I've told you about them," he added, with good-humoured pleasantry, "will you give me a kiss, Miss Freda, before we get near enough to your fiancé for him to throw me into the river?"

Freda laughed, blushed, put up her cheek, and he kissed her.

Then she asked suddenly:

"Do you know that I've never heard your name?"

"Haven't you?"

She watched him with an odd look of half-suppressed fear on her face. Did she guess anything? He did not know. There was a pause, and then he, laughing, said:

"My name is Jack."

"Jack what?"

He shook his head.

"Just Jack," said he. "The man who knew your father and mother and who now knows you is—just Jack. Good-bye."

They had reached the bank, and the doctor was holding out his hand to help Freda to land. Once landed, she was seized upon by her aunt, who took her quickly indoors, not leaving her even to introduce her fiancé to the stranger.

When a few minutes later the girl went back into the garden, Hugh, her lover, was standing by the river bank alone. He was ashy-white, and shaking from head to foot. The doctor had gone into the front garden, and was out of sight.

"Hugh," cried she anxiously, "where is he gone?"

"Who? The doctor?"

"No. J-j-jack."

Startled, the young man, who had put his arm round her, looked down into her face. Did she understand? he wondered.

"Where is he?" she repeated hoarsely.

"He's gone away."

She broke away from him, and looked out over the water.

In the distance the dinghy, with the solitary figure in it, was already a dim white speck. Frantically she waved her handkerchief. A handkerchief was waved back to her, but the dinghy went on, on, on, carrying the figure away. She turned back, sobbing.

Dimly, very dimly, she understood that this mysterious personage, who had so suddenly come into her life and gone out of it again, was a figure of grave import.

But she had no idea of the peril which she had escaped, which had menaced her own happiness, as, with a strange sense of heartache she let herself be drawn into her lover's arms, and kissed back into happiness and peace.

BATH: AN ANCIENT WATERING-PLACE

BY NORMAN TRICK

I WAS mildly astonished to find at Bath anything but baths. For it is a human tendency to centralise the imagination on the one thing that has made a place famous. Had I even known that Wolfe was at Bath when he received his orders to proceed to the conquest of Canada, I might have felt that there was in the place some association of especial interest to Canadians, but of course one always learns these things after one has been over the ground.

All that I could foresee of Bath was a cupolar body of water heaving up from the bowels of the earth and spreading out into a huge basin large enough for bathing—a mineral water that had been thus gurgling and spouting and heaving ever since the time of Bladud, nineteen hundred years ago or thereabouts.

So much reverence is attached to the name of Bladud, because he was the first of the long run of immortals who have passed up and down the promenades of this famous spa, one almost takes it for granted that it was he who struck the earth with a magic wand, causing the healing waters to burst forth at his command. At any rate, it was Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, who first took note of the curative virtues of the bath at Bath. He had been stricken with leprosy, but whether he gave the disease to some swine or the swine gave it to him I do not know. Nevertheless, the swine used to wallow in the waters that came steaming from the earth and spreading across the meadow and turning the immediate countryside into a vaporous morass.

In time it was noticed that the swine were cured, and, accordingly, this young heir-apparent to the British throne, young Bladud, followed the example of the swine and bathed in the waters and was cured, and from that time to this, with varying but unbroken renown, the baths of Bath have been known far and wide.

Although it was the heir-apparent to the British throne who first realised the importance of this place as a health resort, it remained for the Roman conquerors to give to it its first measure of glory. The Romans built baths fit for kings, and on the same spot, well preserved, remains of some of them can be seen to this day.

Bladud and the Romans, however, are not the only ones who have helped on the renown of Bath, for ever since the time that Queen Elizabeth went down and suffered her dainty feet to be laved by the waters that came spouting from subterranean passages, royalty and gentry and celebrity have come and gone in a continuous procession.

One should bear in mind the fact that Bath is situated in a beautiful Somerset valley along the banks of the Avon, and it possesses much that nature gives so lavishly to some places. Apart from its baths, which are the only hot mineral baths in Great Britain, it is surrounded by some of the finest of rural English scenery. To realise this, one has only to ascend to the top of Beechen Cliff

STATUE OF KING BLADUD, AT BATH

and there see the Welsh Mountains and the British Channel on one hand, and on the other hand the soft undulations of the Wiltshire downs.

Between baths, as they should say at Bath, the imaginative visitor fares forth to reconstruct the town. In this quest he is assisted by the Corporation, an august body in all English towns—he is assisted to the extent of the knowledge conveyed by neat brass tablets placed here and there about town to indicate Bath's precise association with some illustrious person who has passed from all earthly scenes. But apart altogether from tablets or fountains or monuments, there is something in the atmosphere of this ancient resort that stirs fancy and induces one to people the streets with figures that long ago passed into history. To think of Bladud and Lud Hudibras and Roman Senators almost transports one into the realm of romance, but when we come down to the time of Wolfe, and Nelson, and Chatham, we begin to feel that the shades of these departed heroes have not been quite obliterated from Bath. We see Nelson walking sedately under the elms, pining, no doubt, for the beautiful Lady Hamilton; and if he is not pining, he at least should be in order to justify tradition and reduce a hero in war to the level of ordinary mortals in some things common to humanity. They say that Nelson came to Bath to recuperate from the severities of his expedition to Central America.

It was at this time, we hope, that Sheridan used to amble about the walks getting material for "The School for Scandal," and adding some personal experience by spiriting the spirited Peg Woffington off to the mountains of Shannon. "The School of Scandal," by the way, was first put on, under Sheridan's personal

THE OLD "KING S" BATH

direction, at the old Bath theatre, and it was in this play that the great Siddons made her early fame as an actress.

Literary lights and geniuses of the brush there have been many at Bath as well as statesmen and social leaders. Had this famous spa never existed we should be almost without a single intimate glimpse of the immortal Pitt, the great orator of the British Commons. Pitt could be seen and heard in the House, but we know almost nothing of him apart from his forensic utterances. For what little we do know we are indebted to Bath, because when this great statesman's gout became intolerable he was obliged to issue from the privacy of his home and depart for Bath, there to take the waters. In these flittings to and fro the people of England had an infrequent chance to see at close range the great champion of their national rights.

Sir Thomas Lawrence dwelt and painted at Bath, and Gainsborough produced portraits here at five guineas each. The idea is that to Gainsborough the privilege of living at Bath was a compensation for the small fee charged for his work. These streets of Bath saw also Sir Walter Scott, but it was during the great novelist's youth, when, it is supposed, he passed many happy hours. Burke spent his last days within a chair's ride of these famous waters, and while here Chesterfield wrote several of his famous letters. Southey's boyhood was passed amongst these fine old meadows and downs, and Wordsworth was here during part of his prime. But of all the lights of letters the image that stands out boldest in this imaginative repeopling of Bath with celebrities of the past is the portly form of Dr. Johnson. We seem to feel his presence even to-day, as it is felt in the neighbourhood of

A VIEW OF BATH AND THE GREAT ROMAN BATH

275 THE ROYAL CRESCENT BATH AND THE INSTITUTION GARDENS

the *Cheshire Cheese* in London. Johnson's is a fine figure for Bath. What a swath he must have cut on promenade? And how the waters must have risen when he entered the bath! We see him, pletheric and choleric and hectic, taking his ponderous way along the corridors and grumbling at the weaknesses to which the flesh of man is heir.

The glory of Bath is due to one man more than to any other, to Beau Nash. Nash seems to have been the forerunner of the present-day boomster, the advertising agent *par excellence*. The waters had no more virtue in his day than they had had for a thousand years; yet the great mass of the people did not know of them, and the town had not yet become a place of elegant fashion. Beau Nash brought about a transformation. He rebuilt some of the baths and greatly increased the luxury of the accessories. He catered to the tastes and endearments of persons of wealth and station as well as to their chances of physical benefit. He organised concerts, and games, and sports, until the season at Bath became something of an institution. People went as a matter of course, as they go to the Highlands in the grouse season, and to the Mediterranean in the dead of winter.

Thus one finds Bath to-day a resort of fashion as well as of health. The waters are just as hot as they were when they cured the illustrious Bladud, and the prospect is infinitely more pleasing; for in these modern days fine examples of architecture have been raised, and one finds in the Royal Crescent, Bath Abbey, and round the Institution Gardens, structures that are remarkable for their dignified and reposeful beauty. Taking it for all in all, Bath has many virtues even apart from those that have given it a name.

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

As they appeared at Woodbine

THE ROYAL BOX AT WOODBINE

The persons in the front row are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia, and Mr. W. P. Fraser

CONSULTING THE PROGRAMME

His Royal Highness, with the Princess Patricia (in large black hat)

ROYALTY AT WOODBINE

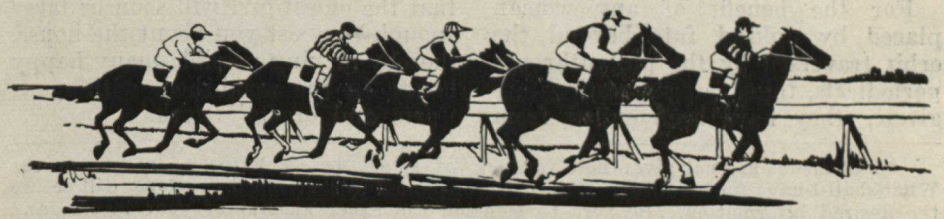
ON the two pages immediately preceding this appear reproductions of several photographs that depict the presence of royalty at Woodbine race-course, Toronto. The attendance this year of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia was accompanied on the opening day by a concourse of fifteen thousand people, while on Empire Day twenty thousand divided their tribute between the royal party and the horse.

The great event of the spring meet at Woodbine is the contest for the King's Plate, which can be won only by animals that have been foaled, raised, trained, and owned in the Province of Ontario, and that have never won except as two-year-olds. The plate is accompanied by a purse of fifty guineas, which has been supplemented to the extent of $5,000 by the Ontario Jockey Club. This now famous event was first run in 1860, when it was known as the Queen's Plate. And although it has continued for more than half a century, under three different sovereigns, to be the chief racing event in Canada, the opening on May the eighteenth of this year was the first time that royalty has witnessed it.

The races at Woodbine, therefore, are held every spring under royal patronage. Even in normal circumstances they attract a brilliant assembly of the flower and wealth of the country, but this year the attendance of their Royal Highnesses in state brought together as great a gathering as is ever seen in Canada of persons who are distinguished for social position, for wealth, or for beauty.

A horse-race, after all, is only a horse-race. But when it can be seen in company with the best blood, the best personal adornment, and the brightest intellect, it must mean something more than the laying of a wager.

And yet we are told that a horse-race is nothing if one does not bet. What is meant is that betting is the alternative of running. As one cannot run, and only a few of us can be jockeys, one must bet. Betting puts us into the race, even though we are not on the course. To try one's luck at choosing the winning mount is an ancient pastime, and, with the pari-mutuel system to regulate and modify the practice, as it is seen in operation at the Woodbine, the sport seems to be more fit than ever for a king, even if it be shorn of some of its erstwhile picturesqueness.



IN THESE GOOD ENLIGHTENED DAYS

BY MADGE MACBETH

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ARNOLD BENNETT)

WITH wide-spread efforts at teaching us how to live (so prevalent amongst current periodicals) as a constant guide, there is no excuse for poverty, ugliness, sickness or early death.

Perfection in all things seems but a matter of system.

We are shown how to select a suitable site for a home. Relying upon the helpful correspondence columns, we are advised how much in proportion to our yearly incomes should be paid for it. There are innumerable plans (free) from which to choose regarding the style of the residence, and the cost of its erection is reduced to a ridiculously trivial sum (heating and plumbing exclusive)! Then, having escaped the pitfalls laid by unscrupulous contractors, having raised a handsome country seat over our enlightened heads, systematic rules are given which, by following conscientiously, will reduce the fretting cares of life and the horrors of ugliness and old age to a minimum.

The servant problem is settled, for there is no servant.

For the benefit of any woman placed by unkind fate beyond the orbit traversed by the philanthropic periodicals, these few suggestions are given; they have been culled from the best sources and are presented in the hope of giving an idea how to properly employ the twenty-four hours from a moral, social and economic standpoint, so to speak:

Rise at 7 a.m.—Tolstoi did; George Shaw, Joe Miller, Elbert Hubbard, Susan Anthony and Joaquin Miller endorse this rule. Open the house for an airing, set the breakfast table, then wake the children. Between the moments when you are overseeing their tubbing and dressing, water the flowers (indoors), and do whatever dusting is possible. When every one is ready, take breakfast from the fireless cooker and sit down to a steaming meal. (For convenience sake, it is advisable to make coffee and toast by electricity, at the table.)*

Breakfast over, John off to town and the kiddies to school, proceed to wash the dishes, and immediately set about preparing luncheon. Gather *perfectly fresh* vegetables from the garden, and place them in the heaven-sent "fireless." Next, make up the rooms, and while this is a bit tedious, comfort yourself with the thought that the oldest girl will soon be large enough to assist you about the house, thereby making possible many happy hours in the wood-shed with your "arts and crafts" work.

*Full menus are not given here for lack of space, but a letter addressed to the What-shall-I-have-for-breakfast Editor, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will secure the desired information. Be sure to mention the exact amount of your income and whether or not your husband is fond of cheese and is a total abstainer.

After the rooms are "done," the outdoor flowers attended to, vases and bowls filled and the dusting finished, set the luncheon table, and do any urgent sewing before sitting down to a pleasant hour with Marcus Aurelius, or the making of the lace robe you have begun.

And before you realise it, the children will be home for luncheon. The morning will have passed without that dearth of idle, heavy moments so common under the old régime.

Having lunched and washed the dishes, prepare your dinner. Of course, vegetarianism is not compulsory, but it is time and money saved, especially when you follow the "system" to the letter and raise your own vegetables, fruit and chickens. Make salad and dessert, for, bear in mind that whatever else is neglected, *do not let it be the table!*

Perhaps, while the grape fruit is being prepared, John telephones to say that he is bringing home some mushrooms and two friends for dinner, so things need an extra polish. The table set, the "cooker" bulging with its dainties, the children invited to repeat their day's encouragements or discouragements, you dress them and set the eldest girl to mind the door bell and telephone—both of which have been particularly insistent—while you go to your tub, and make a careful toilette. Whatever else must be neglected, *do not let it be your personal appearance!*

Thanks to the system by which everything is managed, there is no hurry, and no nervousness as to whether things will go off satisfactorily. Throughout the perfectly-prepared and easily-served dinner the feeling uppermost is one of pardonable pride which increases as the evening wears on and the guests are lavish in their praise and their enthusiasm. After a rubber of bridge they depart—at about eleven o'clock. There are fifty-two dishes to wash, beside the silver, platters and what not, and breakfast to be put into the cooker. At midnight you retire totally ignorant of the agony which besets the woman troubled with nerves and insomnia.

In order to prevent the very simplicity of this system from discouraging you and suggesting those hideous idle hours so hard to fill in the old days, a few variations in the usual routine are given—variations which prevent that dread corrosive of all natures—monotony!

On Monday rise an hour earlier and wash the clothes, using for this purpose an electric invention so simple and manageable that you can read Schopenhauer the while your clothes are yielding to its persuasive influence. On Tuesday, iron—with an electric iron where a mangle will not suffice. Wednesday is a day of thorough sweeping, and a vacuum cleaner does the work. Thursday is your day "at home," and whatever else must be neglected do not *forgo to mingle with your fellow-man*—you owe a social duty to your husband and your children.

On Friday "do jobs"—clean the silver service when necessary, varnish the pantry floor, go over the jam cupboard, and arrange so that there shall be no small duties left for Saturday, when extra baking must be done. Then, for Sunday, when you should encourage the friends of your husband and the children to come in, thereby giving, especially your John, a place in the pleasant social life which surrounds you.

Having slipped easily into the system, you will find it perfectly simple to arrange for preserving, pickling and the pursuance of your individual tastes, such as embroidery, china painting and the like. For whatever else must be neglected *do not let the accomplishments which won your husband rust!*

Too much stress cannot be laid on the preservation of your youthfulness and beauty. While the life you lead is apt to do this in a large degree, there are a few hints which it would

be wise to follow. Of course, if there are individual faults which need treatment or correction, add them to the usual exercises.

Before getting fully dressed, breathe deeply 100 times at the open window.

Take a few arm exercises for developing the chest and back.

Brush your hair fifty times on each side, and massage the corners of your mouth and eyes.

After breakfast do not neglect the hip movements, especially if you do not get much out-door training. Then relax thoroughly and lie down for half an hour, keeping your eyes closed.

After luncheing carefully rub the arms and neck, manicure your finger nails and steam your face. Do not forget to treat the eyebrows. This important feature of a woman's beauty is so frequently overlooked.

Every few days let your hair have the benefit of a sun and wind bath.

Lie down at least a half-hour with the eyes closed.

Never retire until you have brushed your hair one hundred times, massaged the gums and breathed deeply the required amount.

Do not neglect outdoor exercise. If you are not fond of tennis or golf, walk briskly every day, holding the body in accordance with physical culture rules, and when you return to the truthful mirror and see pink cheeks, bright eyes, and a supple figure, no wonder you smile with a deep underlying pity for the misguided women who find themselves hopelessly entangled in the toils of a frettingly busy and mismanaged day!

THE DUEL

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

BLOW low, blow low! The wild rose spreads
Her petals to the sun
And thirstily he draineth all
Her dew-cups, one by one.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
What may be told to none!

Blow low, blow low! O whisp'ring breeze,
When vagrant on the lea
You gently touched her smiling lips,
You heard them swear to me.
Blow low, blow low, that none m ay know
How frail an oath may be!

Blow low, blow low! Last night she wore
His rose within her hair,
She wore a red rose on her breast—
His hand had placed it there!
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
Her smile and my despair!

Blow low, blow low! O gentle breeze.
The dawn had scarcely shone
Ere he and I stood, cold with hate,
Where now I stood alone.
Blow low, blow low, that none m ay know
How hate has claimed her own!

Blow low, blow low! The wild rose sheds
Her fragrant petals wide,
For, when the sun had drained her heart,
She drooped her head and died.
Blow low, blow low, that none may know
The death that death would hide!

CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

THE annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which is held in June, brings its own questions regarding the Council, and oftentimes those who have followed its work since its inception and kept in close touch with its aims and ambitions forget, perhaps, that the girl of yesterday is the bride of to-day and the future guardian of the great questions concerning the betterment of womankind in general.

The rolling years bring changes to the Council. Old faces pass away and younger enthusiasts take thei places in the rank and file. We notice more university girls, which speaks well for our Canadian educational system and cultured mothers.

I have had many requests to write a full account of the National Council, but I could only answer, as the old proverb runs, "It's a wise man who knows his own limitations"; and I might add, a woman either.

To write of that august body would with my limited space result in an unfinished product. One has only to attend one of their annual meetings, as I did in London this year, to come away amazed at the tremendous grasp those women have of every phase of life.

The election of a Council woman is apparently as complicated in process, as that of an Episcopal bishop, when only the brilliant thinkers are chosen. First come the elected from the three hundred and fifty affiiliated societies to the various "Local Councils," then out of the latter are chosen delegates to the National Council, who have the right to vote, though, be it remembered, every member of an affiiliated society has a right to attend all sessions.

I have been asked to write something of the history of the National Council of Women. By many of us it will be remembered that from the time of the World's Fair at Chicago its history should date.

During the congress of women convened at that time by the women of the United States, sixteen of our Canadian women were present, and upon returning home these sixteen sowed the seed for our branch of the work.

So America was the birthplace of the Council, and a fitting birthplace it was, including as it does children from all nations of the earth. What greater tribute could these many nationalities give to their mother countries than an International Council made up of picked women of international ideas from an international population, resulting in the women of all countries being alert to the interest of their sex, their children, home, and country.

Comparing the women of forty years ago with the women of the present time, slowly but surely we see they have risen in the estimation of the world, till to-day we find them companionable, mentally and physically, with men in the grasp of public questions.

Though to-day we find women to the front in all matters, it has not blinded them to the fact that home is the mainspring of human happiness and the nation's welfare This, too, the Council has taught and cherished since its birth, believing that woman's first mission is her home, that by it she will ever be judged and by its home life every country will stand or fall.

Every new era gives rise to new questions and problems, but the home stands first, and the intellect and executive ability shown by women in the management of their own households is needed in the voice of national affairs, be it from the foot of the Speaker's chair, or be it from behind the Throne. It is the leaven the world needs; therefore it must be of the best.

Nations will do well to remember that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world and remember also that no nation can rise above the spirit of its women.

Though the palm belongs to the United States in formulating a truly national and international society, Canada recognised the immense benefits to be derived from such a representative body of women. Germany followed, as did Sweden, Great Britain, the Netherlands, Australia, Italy, France, Argentina, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Norway, Belgium, Greece, Bulgaria, and Finland. Each of these councils meets once a year, and our Canadian one met this year in London. Next year it will meet in Montreal, while the International Council will meet in Rome in 1914. It took nearly twenty years to bring all to a good status, and it took the same time for the National Council to boldly stand out for suffrage.

As surely as something good originates in any one of the aforenamed countries, it is sent to the International secretary, who embodies it in the year's report, and it is read by members in every other country and becomes a sure stream of information and inspiration to each National Council.

One is struck by the different aspects of woman's condition. Some countries have been thrashing out the betterment of womankind in a militant way; others have gone on gently and persistently. Each method has resulted in a measure of success, so that for an instant one is troubled to judge which way is correct; but one concludes that the conditions of the country alone can change our viewpoint. Methods in England would not do at all in the United States or Canada. Canadian men have a wholly different idea of women and their brain power than have Englishmen, consequently English women are endeavouring to procure a voice in their interests in their own way.

At the first annual meeting at Ottawa, in 1894, there were embodied eight local councils and the nationally organised societies. To-day we have twenty-seven local councils and eighteen nationally organised societies, forming a chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They meet in various cities by invitation and at their annual meetings, which last one week, the mornings and afternoons are dvoted to conferences, the evenings to the public, when only noted speakers take part and different aspects of women's work are discussed.

In the past the accomplishments of the National Council through its local councils have been the establishing of manual training and domestic science in all schools; the appointment of women factory inspectors where women are employed; the extension of the same Act to shops

and offices; the appointment of women on boards of school trustees. Very desirable changes have been made in the arrangement of women prisoners in various places, and there have been also the organisation of Boards of Associated Charities in several centres, the establishment of hospitals in some of the smaller towns and cities of the Dominion, and the organisation of the Victoria Order of Nurses. The Council has spread knowledge of sanitation by means of health talks to mothers. It has worked for and obtained medical inspection in schools. It has worked to suppress impure literature and to supply people with sound books. It has inquired into the laws for the protection of women and children, and laid before the Minister of Justice recommendations which have been adopted in reference to criminals. It endeavours to plan for the better care and wiser distribution of women immigrants. It has pledged to co-operate with the medical authorities in respect to tuberculosis. It has furthered the establishment of "Women's Welcome Hotels," from which others are springing up in various places. It has striven with success for vacation schools and supervised playgrounds. For years it has worked in forming public opinion in favour of the custodial care of the feeble-minded, of greater leniency in the juvenile courts, of pure water, the care of the aged and infirm poor, agriculture for women, peace by arbtration, safeguards of public health, higher general education; and, last but not least, the suppression of the "white slave traffic" is on the Standing Committee's programme, thanks to the able work of Mr. William Alexander Coote, of London, England.

The work of the local councils naturally varies a great deal, owing to the fact that some of them are formed in large cities, others in small distant towns. At this year's annual meeting in London one noticed that in Montreal the work ranged in all its forty societies from "Votes for Women" to "Milk Depots for Infants," one being quite as important as the other. Mrs. Pankhurst's visit there last December resulted in the organisation of an equal franchise league, and the splendid methods of organisation prior to the elections of the City Council called forth letters of congratulation from the elected aldermen, showing that by education only will suffrage ever be understood. Montreal is also arranging a "Child's Welfare Exhibit" for next October, to cost twenty-five thousand dollars. The women are striving for compulsory education, and the giving to children of an hour in the art galleries in the morning is a very great educator.

Medical inspection in schools now seems to be a generally-accepted need throughout the Dominion. This has been the special work at Ottawa, and it has been taken up by the newer councils with great zest. Hamilton closely follows Montreal with its milk inspection and milk depots, the city having expended over seven thousand dollars alone on the latter during the last year. One also notices that Hamilton has been the pioneer in appointing a mortality officer, one who is most rigid in the inspection of maternity homes.

In nearly every local council throughout the Dominion the question of the distribution of garbage from time to time has been dealt with, the guarding of which means the abolition of the house fly, which all are prepared to wage war against. London has three supervised playgrounds, the outcome of the Women's Council. London's magnificent trees give an added pleasure; there, too, we notice that the "Boy Scout" movement is a pet hobby, making this a specialty. Winnipeg feels the need, as indeed does all of Western Canada, for the educated immigrant, and has connected itself with the Colonial Intelligence League of Lon-

don, England, which is sending out direct a large number of their educated poor. It was from the Canadian Club of Winnipeg that the great movement started for the repealing of the homestead law as regards women.

Home gardens have been vigorously pushed by Halifax, which also glories in its supervised playgrounds, and a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars, bequeathed to them by Mr. Wright, who went down with the *Titanic*, will enable them to carry on their work on a large scale in future years.

West Algoma accomplished the establishing of domestic science and nurses in schools, two very important factors in educating children.

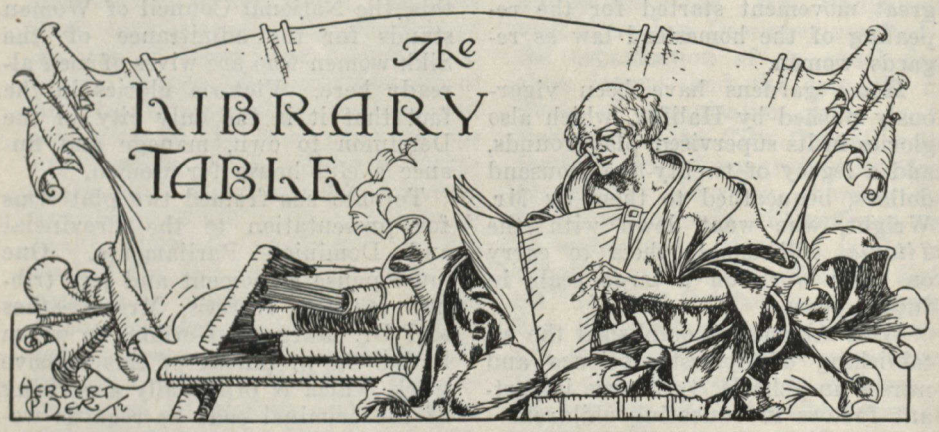
East Pictou established a provincial school for wayward girls, in New Glasgow, and is working along educative lines in its battle against tuberculosis. In St. John they have adopted the idea of making quarterly meetings largely of an educative nature in presenting to the public phases of their various departments. This is a keynote worthy of all councils, the presentation to the city of a patrol waggon and the establishing of medical inspection in schools has taken up the year.

Kingston is interested in decreasing the hours for working girls and is agitating for compulsory education in all provinces. In the far west, Vancouver and Victoria differ regarding the admittance of the Sikh women. Vancouver feels deeply that its beautiful city is so surely being turned into a place teeming with a cosmopolitan population, which now represents only six English-speaking to one foreigner. Even in the face of this, the National Council of Women stands for the admittance of the Sikh women who are wives of men already here. Victoria glories in the fact that it is the only city in the Dominion to own, manage and finance a club-house for women.

Toronto has framed two platforms for presentation to the Provincial and Dominion Parliaments. One must pause a moment and pay tribute to Mrs. Huestis, Mrs. Leathes and Dr. Margaret Gordon, to whom is due the preparing of this massive work, which is practically a revising of the criminal code as regards women and is considered by legal lights to be one of the most brilliant pieces of work ever prepared by women in the history of the Dominion.

To the work of the nationally organised societies I refer you to the Council's year book; these societies specialise, and their scope is tremendous.

I once heard Lady Aberdeen remark, many years ago, "What a pity it is women will not read reports." I think that time has passed; women do read them now, especially university and college bred women, not only as a sense of duty, but because it has become the only way to keep up with the question of the day. The work lasts from October to May, and in resuming it in the autumn many questions of great interest will be dealt with.



THE Canadian Northland has been a fruitful field for more than one novelist. But it is doubtful whether anyone has touched its heart or stirred its spirit or revealed its inner mysteries. London overpeoples it with murderous ruffians. Roberts makes it too mythical. Heming sees too much of the practical side. A host of other writers sacrifice everything in their desire to realise something romantic. Now comes Mrs. Virna Sheard with "The Man at Lone Lake." There is something about this title that grips us, and after the book has been laid aside one carries away a mental picture of this man, purified by his contact with nature in the Northern woods and fortified by the love of *Nance,* standing on the deck of an ocean liner, with *Nance* at his side, and with her looking towards the coast of England, where these two are to make their home. *Wynn* went to the Northland to fight the morphine habit, which he had developed after an accident in the laboratory of a United States university, where he had a professorship. *Nance* lived with her grandfather, a trapper, and it was only natural that these two should be thrown together frequently. And it is likewise natural that love should result, but their love is not permitted to run smoothly, because *Francois,* a half-breed trapper employed by the grandfather, has tender feelings of his own for the girl; but for *Wynn* he has no thoughts except of jealousy and revenge. *Wynn,* as a result, has several narrow escapes, and it looks for a time as if he must leave the neighbourhood or be shot in his tracks. But he is not a coward, and after the grandfather dies and *Nance* is kidnapped and at length restored, the lovers succeed in reaching the mission at St. Elizabeth, where they are married by the priest. From the mission they start out on their long journey to England, there to enjoy the titles and holdings of a baronetcy to which *Wynn* has fallen heir. The book is written with charm and simple dignity. One wishes, however, that it were not so slender and less idealistic. But the character of *Nance* is a worthy ideal, and her influence upon the grandfather and his occupation as trapper would not have suffered by elaboration. There is one scene, for in-

MRS. VIRNA SHEARD

The talented Canadian writer, author of "The Man at Lone Lake"

stance, which sticks to the reader, the scene where the grandfather compares his last mortal agonies to the torments of animals he has trapped and killed in the wilds. *Nance* could never reconcile herself to the cruelties resulting from trapping, and one regards her temperament as better suited to the new life she is entering than to the barbarisms of the old. (Toronto: Cassell and Company.)

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YOU read "Some Reminiscences," by Joseph Conrad, and you are justified in saying that its author, though a Russian, is the first of living English authors. In many minds he had already justified that claim, "Youth," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Almayer's Folly," and "Typhoon" being regarded as the high-water mark in English fiction. But the "Reminiscences" are not fiction. They are, of course, autobiographical, and they compose a most curious autobiography. Conrad, as everybody knows, was born inland in Russia. As a youth he had a strange yearning for the sea, and no life would satisfy him except that of an English sailor. After he had sailed the high seas for some years, the impulse came to write a

book. He had been a great reader, but he had never written anything. However, it was for him to try, and his "Reminiscences" begin where he began with his pen. From that on the book goes back and ahead, hit and miss, with no apparent sequence or order, yet with the delightful style and humour of this master craftsman. It is not read as one reads a biography, for it is more fascinating than a novel, and at times it becomes almost fantastic. It begins by telling how in a London lodging-house "Almayer's Folly" began to take shape, and it harks back to the experience that had caused the impulse to write. Then we have experiences at sea and on land, experiences that give us some little idea of what went to the making of a literary genius. (London: Eveleigh Nash.)

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READERS who enjoy a sentimental type of story will like "The Love that Lives," by Mabel Osgoode Wright. It relates the life of a New England family, the first chapter being devoted to the misgivings, hopes and joys of the parents on the eve of their marriage, the rest of the book to themselves and their three grown-up children twenty-five years later. The author seems to blame the father a good deal for having married, since his salary as a minister cannot provide needful comforts and education for his family. His brother takes this point of view, too, but then he is secretly in love with the minister's wife, and at his death leaves her a substantial yearly income that solves financial difficulties. Each of the children in turn is granted the gift of "the love that lives," and after sundry difficulties that only strengthen their devotion marry their affinities. Three other characters in the story also possess this never-dying love, but fate is less kind to them, and they die desolate. There is good writing in the book, the characters and scenery are pleasant, and the romantic interest is maintained to the end. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"CHANTEMERLE" by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor, deserves a place in the list of best historical novels. Although it is concerned with the French Revolution, the theme is not old, for the action takes place in the provinces, instead of at Paris. No incident of the Revolution is more picturesque than the insurrection of the inhabitants of La Vendée, who protested in one determined body against the harsh interference of the revolutionists with the rights of their simple community. At first they were successful, but eventually almost all the brave countrymen were slain. The terror and pathos of these events are faithfully pictured, but any oppressiveness is relieved by the light-hearted humour of one of the characters and by a strong love element. A feature that stirs one's sympathy most and that will linger long in the memory is the friendship between two cousins, the joint heroes of the book. They have been brought up together, but are entirely unlike, the one having the advantage in solid qualities and worldly possessions, the other in the faculty for making friends and leading a charmed life. They become rivals in love and each shows the strength of his friendship and the metal of his manhood by sacrifice. These two characters have nothing of the lay figure about them, but have life and are strong and convincing. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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"THE Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" observes an increasing volume and importance of literature relating to Canada, and in a concise, comprehensive and, one almost might say, expert way it gives the readers a fine

digest of what is being published from year to year. The volume of 1911 notices in detail books, pamphets and magazine articles with respect to Canada, whether historical, political, economic, geographical, or ethnological. If any thing, the reviews are too academic, and the reviewers too often pay more attention to minor inaccuracies than to literary style or vividness of description. This precise attitude of the historian suggests the want that one feels for a publication, similar to this, dealing with Canadian publications that are purely literary. It is a question whether our verse, fiction, essays and travel sketches are not of even more general interest than veritable history, and what institution could better undertake a general review of this kind than the University of Toronto? (Toronto: The University Library.)

*

THE Drunkard," by Guy Thorne, is a powerful temperance tract that will be read for the everyday truths it contains. Many of the worst phases of the drunkard and his victims are here pictured. Wife-murder is seen in two instances as the direct results of intemperance. One of these wife-murderers is a poor suburban chemist; the other, a celebrated poet who is the chemist's half-brother. The chemist is hanged, but the poet escapes, and owing to religion he at length confesses his guilt. The theory of heredity plays an important part in the study, as it does in most works of a similar character. (Toronto: Wiliam Briggs.)

*

THE Year Book of the Canadian Club of Ottawa contains verbatim reports of the addresses delivered at the Club's luncheons during the year. It is therefor of much value as a work of reference, because the speakers may be regarded as authorities on certain subjects. There are addresses from such gentlemen as Sir Joseph Ward, late Premier of New Zealand; Sir John Hare, the distinguished English actor; and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, a leader of the Canadian Bar. The volume, which is praiseworthy for its excellent arrangement and half-tone portraits, is edited by Mr. F. A. Acland.

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"THE Home University of Modern Knowledge" consists of individual volumes written by recognised authorities and intended to give the reader a general and consistent acquaintance with all branches of modern knowledge. Every volume is new with this library, for which it has been purposely written. "Canada," for example, is from the pen of the well-known writer, A G Bradley, and "The Socialist Movement" by J Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. History, science, art, letters, social science and philosophy are well represented in a popular style and by eminent authorities. The volumes are sold separately at a low price. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

A DELIGHTFUL little romance is "The Jugglers," by Molly Elliott Seawell. As the title suggests, it deals with persons who are in the mimic world, but there is beneath the gilt and glitter of the music-hall, some of the grim features of the life of a French singer at the time of the Commune. A music-hall singer in a garrison town in Normandy is courted by a marquis, and one of the tragical and touching episodes is the scene where the jester gives up his life in the hope of thereby securing the singer's happiness. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

The Second Fiddle

Todgers—"Ah, Count, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Saton."

Count—"It ees a great pleasure for me to meet a musician like you, monsieur. I hear zat you and your family play ze music."

Saton—"Me?—why, I don't know anything about music!"

Count—"Non? Zey tell me all round zat you play second fiddle to your wife?"—*M.A.P.*

Habitual Grumbler: "Waiter! this sandwich is quite cold" —*Punch*

All for Love

He—"I want you to give me a proof of your love, dearest."

She—"Oh, Ernest! Am I not dancing with you?"

He—"That's nothing."

She—"You wouldn't say that, dear, if you knew how badly you dance!"—*New Zealand Free Lance.*

*

One Life at a Time

First Gossip—"Well, good-bye, dearie. Be you happy and virtuous."

Second Gossip—Get along with 'ee, my dear; I'll see 'ee long afore that."—*Punch.*

*

Dreadful Possibility

"Your wife is gone to the dressmaker's to try on a new dress."

"I am glad of that, I feared she had gone to pay the last one."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

Strong Character

Client—"I don't mind what wages I pay so long as she is capable."

Registrar—"I can assure you, madam, she's capable of anything."—*London Opinion.*

His Hat is not in the ring—yet!
—Minor in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Bully for Ohio!
—Cesare in New York *Sun*

Careful, boys! careful!
—Westerman in Ohio *State Journal*

Vignettes from Across the Border

The Only One Lacking

"Why are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

*

Strong One Way

Wife—"My husband is not well. I'm afraid he will give out."

Wife's Mother—"Well, he may give out. He certainly never gives in."—*Town Topics.*

*

The Real Grievance

Friend—"You've got to admit there's nothing in Tripoli worth fighting for."

Italian Diplomat—"Certainly."

Friend—"Then why do you want to keep on fighting?"

Italian Diplomat—"We've got to punish the Turks for giving us the impression that there was."—*Satire.*

*

Modern Mary

Mary had a little skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Outgrew Her Name

You may wrong the child by the name you give it. In this matter the girl baby has the advantage of the boy. She can change it at maturity. A friend of mine whose name was Cremer had a daughter who was christened Constance—very thoughtlessly. A good name for a baby, perhaps, when you put them together. —*London Chronicle.*

*

Where Nature Fails

Little Carl (in the forest)—"Father, I can hear the cuckoo, but I cannot see any clock."—*Jugend.*

*

Goats

Country Boarders—"Don't you see, pretty maid, how we are all following you?"

P. M.—"Oh, yes, when I come home from the pasture the goats do the same."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

On the Safe Side

"I just saw your wife in your neighbour's auto. Why don't you take her out in yours?"

"Oh, we've just made our wills in favour of each other."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

ABOUT TIME FOR SOMEONE TO START SOMETHING—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

How it Goes

"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven-dollar salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

*

Modern Announcement

"Wanted: A governess who is a good stenographer to take down the clever sayings of our child.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Looked Like One

"How did that story pan out about the man up in the Bronx who found the big hailstone on his back stoop this morning?" asked the city editor.

"Nothing in it," replied the reporter. "He discovered it wasn't a hailstone after all. The iceman left it there."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

*

Canny

The Wise man moves next door to a family whose income is less than his.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

*

The Thankless Life

"What on earth do you think about while you're fishing?"

"Wal, when the fishin's good I don't git time to think, an', when it's bad, thinkin' don't help it any.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Copy or Original?

You do not know the difference between original letter and copy when

PEERLESS BRAND

CARBON PAPER IS USED

Peerless Carbons and Ribbons

Sold everywhere in Canada, also abroad.

Write to-day for samples.

Peerless Carbon & Ribbon Mfg. Co. of Canada, Limited.

176-178 Richmond Street West, TORONTO

For Real Comfort in Summer

underclothing you cannot do better than wear all pure wool or silk and wool in light weights.

Medical men all advise pure clean wool as the best material to wear next the skin.

It is cool and comfortable

"CEETEE"

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool only, which is combed and combed until not a particle of dirt or foreign matter is left. "CEETEE" is made especially for those who appreciate quality. It is so soft and clean that the most tender skin can wear it with comfort and enjoyment.

Every garment is shaped to fit the form in the process of knitting—all the seams and joins are knitted, not sewn.

Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

We guarantee every "CEETEE" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable.

Always Ask for "CEETEE"

423

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

The C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, Limited
GALT Manufacturers ONTARIO

This Cub

Has a mother who knows how to keep a boy busy, and the whole family can enjoy breakfast with

Post Toasties

Crisp, nourishing, golden-brown bits, ready to eat from the package, or with cream and sugar. Saves mother's time, and delights the childish appetite—

"The Memory Lingers"

Made at the Pure Food Factories of

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

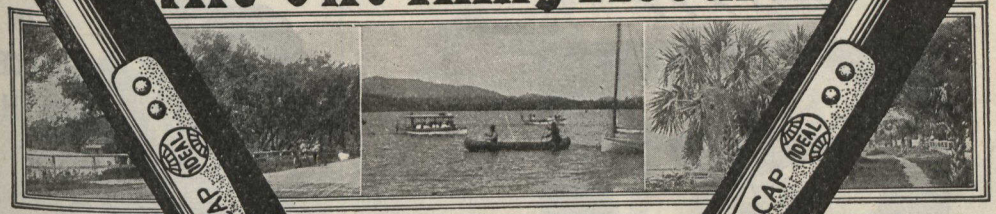
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Cutlery

Kept Clean and Bright

Many Other Uses & Full Directions On Large Sifter-Can 10¢

The One Thing Needful



Your whole writing outfit for travelling purposes is combined in Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. It is a satisfaction to have and use a pen that is fitted to your hand and is always ready wherever you may desire to write.

Wherever Your Travels May Be

There's a Safety style of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen that can be carried in your grip or trunk, in any position, and cannot spill. It is sealed ink-tight by a screw cap. The Safety Pen is an especially practical pen for ladies' use,

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Waterman's Ideal Ink is the most satisfactory make to use in any fountain pen. It is entirely fluid and there is no sediment to clog the pen, Made in only the best colors. There is a Safety Style Ink Container for travelers' use.

The selecting of fountain pens is a matter for personal attention, as gold points can be supplied to meet every style of writing or characteristic hand, and a pen once fitted is always fitted and will not change.

Avoid Substitutes

Booklet on Request

FROM THE BEST DEALERS

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited,

107 Notre Dame St., W.,

MONTREAL.

New York
Chicago
Boston

Paris
London
Milan

Trade E. & W. Mark

A Summer Collar for Stout Men

Very popular in U.S. and will be equally popular in Canada this year. This collar has the distinctive style that differentiates Red-Man Collars from all others.

Sold in Best Stores in Canada

EARL & WILSON, NEW YORK

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

I'm Cool and Neat

IN HOTTEST WEATHER!

"I wear **'King Coatless'** Summer Suspenders out of sight under my shirt as photo.

In hot weather, paddling or tennis I can take my coat off or leave it open for my "KING COATLESS" Suspenders are out of sight. They give me this *cool, neat shirt-waist.* Trousers held up; shirt held down."

"KING COATLESS"

SUMMER SUSPENDERS

are guaranteed absolutely. Genuine have name "KING COATLESS" stamped on buckles. "KING COATLESS" patent button loops can't slip off buttons.

MADE IN THREE STYLES

With *two* button loops that fasten one at each side, as photo.

With *three* button loops, that fasten one at each side and one at back.

With *four* button loops, that fasten one at each side and two at back.

Instructions how to wear with every pair.

50c. at your dealer's, or mailed anywhere on receipt of 50c. State style desired

Look for the name on buckles.

THE KING SUSPENDER CO.
Toronto, Ont.

FOR BREAKFASTS
Puffed Wheat or Rice is served with cream and sugar, or mixed with berries for a nut-like blend

FOR SUPPERS
These crisp, airy wafers are served like crackers in a bowl of milk

FOR DINNERS
They are crisps in soup. Or they garnish ice cream with a taste like toasted nuts

A Million Dishes Daily

Folks now enjoy a million dishes daily of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Morning, noon and night they eat them in a dozen different ways.

And not one of these users ever tasted a cereal half so delightful as these.

You all should have them. Every meal this summer can be bettered by them.

Prof. Anderson's Gift

These curious foods are a basic invention, due to Prof. Anderson. There has never been anything like them.

The grains are steam exploded, to eight times normal size. Each grain is filled with a myriad cells, each surrounded by toasted walls.

All the food granules are so blasted to pieces that digestion acts instantly.

And the terrific heat gives these crisp, porous grains a taste like toasted nuts.

So here are combined the most delicious, most digestible cereals known.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Don't deny yourself these daily delights. Don't neglect them—don't forget them. They are always ready. And every serving means whole grains made wholly digestible.

They are like fairy wafers. Tell your grocer that you want them now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough.

304

Tooke Collars

"FIELD CLUB"

2 for 25¢

You can wear a comparatively high collar, like the "FIELD CLUB," with perfect comfort, if it is a TOOKE Collar, for TOOKE Collars really fit.

Ask your dealer to show you some of the newest models.

¼ SIZES THEY FIT

The Edison

The Phonograph with the right home tone

The Amberola

The Opera

Have you heard the Perfected Phonograph of to-day?

Don't judge this wonderful instrument by your early recollections of talking machines.

Go to a dealer and listen to a modern Edison. The perfect rendition of the music you like, the rich, mellow tone, the absence of noise, the vast assortment of songs and music at your disposal, the long-playing time of the Amberol Records and the splendid talent represented will surprise and delight you.

You owe it to yourself to investigate this greatest of all home entertainers. It is more than diverting; it is educational; it affords the highest type of entertainment to the greatest number.

Edison Phonographs,	**$16,50 to $240**
Standard Records	.40
Amberol Records (twice as long)	.65
Amberol Concert Records	**$1.00**
Grand Opera Records	**,86 to $2.50**

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

The Edison Dictating Machine will add a vast degree of efficiency to the handling of your business correspondence and will split its cost in two.

Avoid Nostrums.

Drugs never have cured, and never can cure Constipation. They work by introducing a poison into the system. Nature endeavours to cast out the poison and in doing so the cells are stimulated into temporary activity; but are left weaker than before by the reaction. Next time a larger dose is necessary and finally nature gives up the struggle and the poison remains in the system.

The only safe and permanent cure for Constipation is the

Internal Bath

It cleanses the intestines—removing the poisonous accretions. The digestive organs, relieved of the obstructions in the lower bowels resume their proper functions.

The internal bath is rendered convenient, safe and without discomfort by the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of Dr. Tyrrell of New York. A 64-page book entitled "Why Man of Today is only 50% Efficient" describing the internal bath, with full directions for home treatment, will be sent free on application to

DR. CHAS. A. TYRRELL,
275 College St. Toronto, Ont.

Order a case of

COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

and have the satisfaction of having and serving to your guests the best ale brewed.

ON SALE AT ALL HOTELS AND DEALERS

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies aswell as **Beautifies** the Skin No other cosmetic will do it.

REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—"*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes Superflous Hair. **Price $1.00 by Mail**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU MAY BE ABLE TO WRITE A HIT

Hundreds of dollars have been made in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure a copyright. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 86, Washington, D.C.

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives **INSTANT RELIEF** and a **FINAL CURE** of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right** is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The B. Scholl Manufacturing, Co., 472 King St. W. Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free.*

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

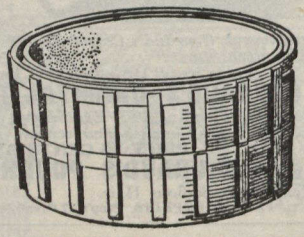
With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested. Address

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son.)
North Adams, Mass.
Established thirty-five years.

Facts about McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace

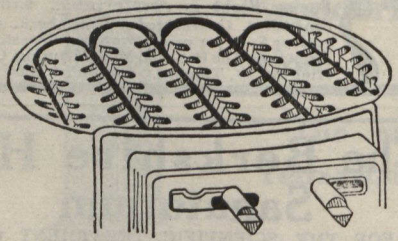
—The Understudy of the Sun—

The Fire-pot of the "Sunshine" is made of Semi-Steel—that of the ordinary furnace is made of Grey Iron.



Here's the difference—Destructive sulphur fumes **penetrate Grey Iron easily because it is porous.** Semi-steel is not porous—it is a **close-grained** material with a smooth surface **secretly** processed by McClary's. Gas fumes **cannot penetrate** Semi-Steel **therefore it lasts** longer. The "Sunshine" Fire-pot is built in two sections joined together with our **famous** cup joint. The shape of this joint, combined with a layer of McClarys' asbestos cement, **makes it absolutely** gas, smoke and dust-proof.

Clearly the "Sunshine" **is the premier furnace** as far as the Fire-pot is concerned. The Grates of the "Sunshine" Furnace have three sides each. Plainly, they have three times the endurance of one-sided grates. Every time you **rock down** the ashes of the "Sunshine" you can expose a fresh side of the grate to the fierce heat of the fire—**lengthen the life of the grates.**

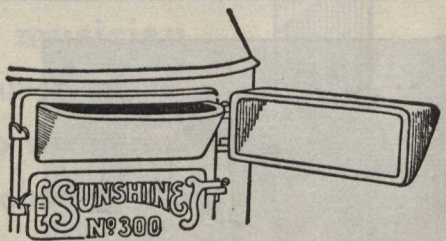


And the short, strong teeth of "Sunshine" grates simply **grind up** clinkers. The "Sunshine" Furnace **is the best** as far as grate construction goes.

Shaking an ordinary furnace is hard, back-breaking labor. You don't need to shake the "Sunshine"—you simply rock it and the ashes drop into the ash-pan. A child **can easily rock** the grates of a "Sunshine"—merely **another reason why you should buy** a "Sunshine" Furnace.

Ordinary furnaces are called coal gluttons. There may be good reasons for that—we don't know. But—we have built the "Sunshine" Furnace so that **it is very easy** on coal. Hundreds of people **now using the** "Sunshine", and having used ordinary furnaces, declare that the "Sunshine" **makes two tons of coal do the work of three** Evidently the "Sunshine" Furnace saves **coal** and **money.**

The ordinary furnace has a water-pan hidden somewhere about the base. There, it cannot cannot carry out the purpose for which the water-pan was devised. The waterpan of the "Sunshine" Furnace is **placed scientifically** above the radiator near the dome—



the heat laps up the water, before being diffused all over the house. It contains the same amount of moisture as the air of a balmy June day. Plainly, as far as the water-pan is concerned, **the "Sunshine" is the furnace you should buy.**

There are many more reasons why you should invest your money in "The Understudy of the Sun"—McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace. Call on the McClary agent and ask him to **show you all the mechanical reasons and exclusive** devices which go to make the "Sunshine" the best and **therefore the cheapest** furnace you can buy. Write us at our nearest address if you cannot get in touch with him.

LONDON
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B.

McClary's

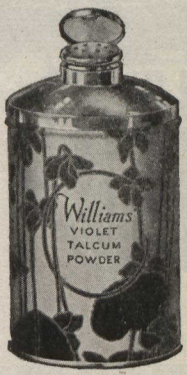
MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
CALGARY

303

Williams' Talc Powder

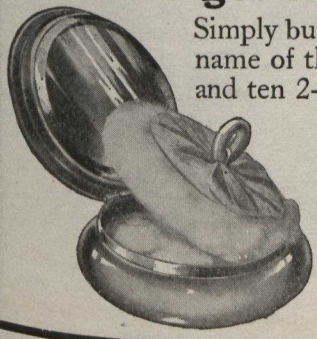
Four odors—Violet, Carnation, Rose—fragrant as the flowers themselves—and Karsi, a rich Oriental perfume

Note the patented Hinged-cover Box



Deliciously soft, fine, antiseptic and absorbent. Whether used in the nursery or for the toilet or after shaving, Williams' Talc Powder has the same degree of perfection that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soaps for generations.

How to get a dainty silver-plated Vanity Box



Simply buy a box of Williams' Talc Powder, any odor; send us the name of the dealer from whom you bought it, the date of purchase and ten 2-cent stamps (20 cents), and we will send the Vanity Box to you at once. This is an article of real value—one that you would willingly pay a dollar or more for at a jeweler's, at least a good many women have told us so.

It has a Hinged cover, Concentrating Mirror, and a French Powder Puff. The little mirror, alone, makes the Vanity Box indispensable to every woman.

Address The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 235 Maple Ave., Glastonbury, Conn.

Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Matchless Cold Cream, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, Etc.

HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

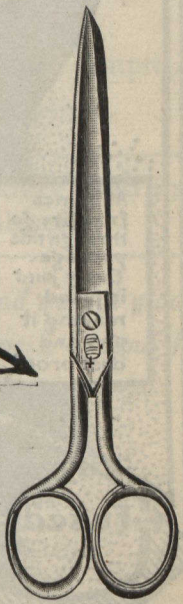
SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

HOW TO KNOW GOOD CUTLERY

The safest and surest way to know good cutlery is to look for this Trade Mark

TRADE  MARK



Razors, Pocket-Knives, and Scissors bearing this Trade Mark may always be relied upon. They are made of the very best material by the most experienced workman.

The Barrel Trade mark means wearing quality and absolute quality.

Ask your dealer or write us direct for dealer's name

Canadian Agents: GREEF-BREDT & CO., Toronto

D. PERES' BARREL BRAND CULTERY

Cross section of radiator showing fused joints.

HECLA FURNACE

Saves one ton in seven.

No Gas No Dust

FUSED JOINTS CANNOT LEAK

Comfortable heating is possible only with a Furnace that cannot leak gas and dust. At every joint where a leak might otherwise occur, the Hecla is sealed tight. We do not trust to bolts and cement. The wear due to constant expansion and contraction would grind out the cement and leave a series of leaks for the escape of gas or dust. To make a joint that will be as tight after years of service as it is when new, we fuse the steel sides and cast-iron frames of our radiators by a patent process. This welds the iron and steel into one piece.

Homes heated by Hecla Furnaces 20 years old are getting as pure air from the registers as when the furnace was new.

And this furnace saves one ton of coal in seven.

Isn't it worth looking into?

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK.

If you want a more comfortable home, it will interest you.

All fumes from fire go through this passage. Every joint is fused making it gas and dust proof

←fused→

Burns wood as well as coal.

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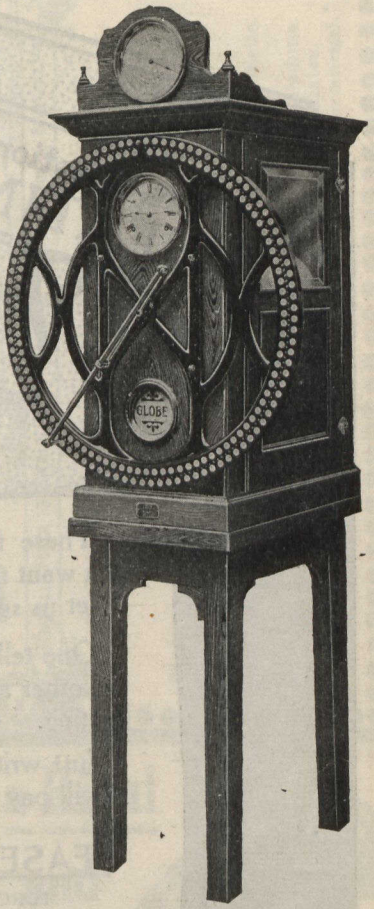
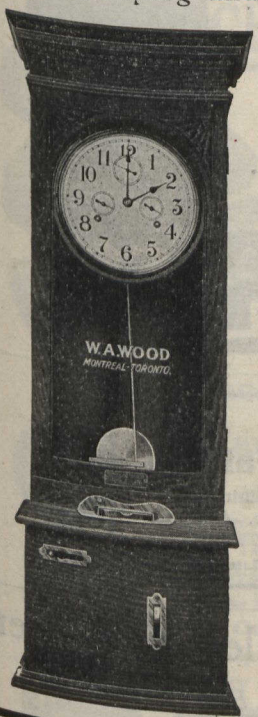
CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, ADDRESS DEPT. C. M., **PRESTON, ONT.**

Indispensable Where Help is Employed



With one of our "Globe" Time Recorders in your Factory, Store, Warehouse or Office, there is no possibility of mistakes occuring in keeping tab on your employees. An absolutely true and reliable check is kept as to when they start work and when they finish, without fear or favour.

A "Globe" Time Recorder is indispensable wherever help is employed as it operates quickly and automatically, saves time and money and does away with antiquated time-keeping and Pay-roll Systems.



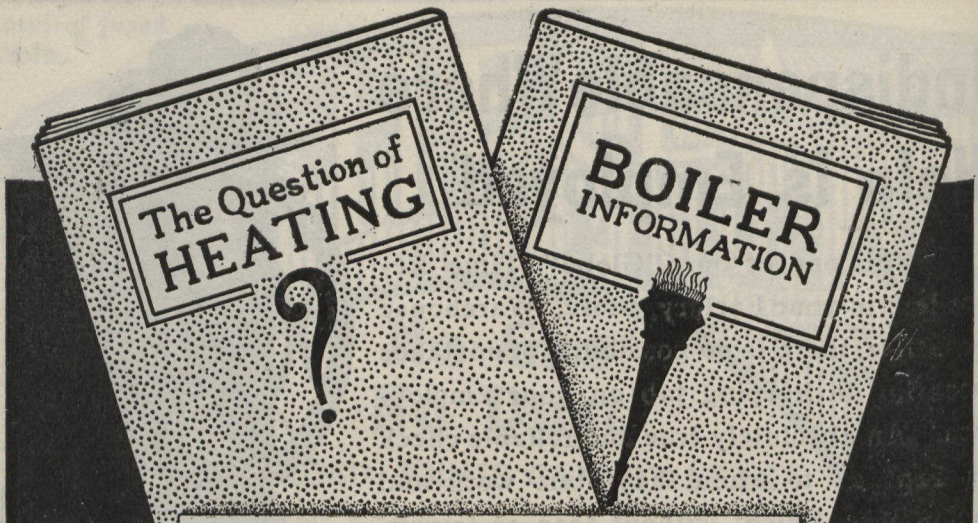
"Globe" Time Recorders can be made at short notice to suit any special requirements. They are accurate, simple in construction, strong, and of good appearance.

There are more of our Time Recorders used in Canada than all others, combined.

Write and tell us your requirements and we will gladly outline the system best adapted to your business, or send for Illustrated Catalogue "G"—free for the asking.

W. A. WOOD

Head Office and Salesrooms: 19 Bleury St., Montreal, Que.
Branch Office: 65-67 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.
Factory: 40 St. George St., Montreal, Que.



These two booklets tell you just what you want to know about heating your home — let us send you the one you want.

One tells chiefly about warm air systems, the other about hot water heating and steam heating.

Just write a post-card and mail to-day. It will pay you.

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG

Showrooms: 32-36 Queen Street E. Toronto

PEASE FURNACES and BOILERS

Why doesn't she take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

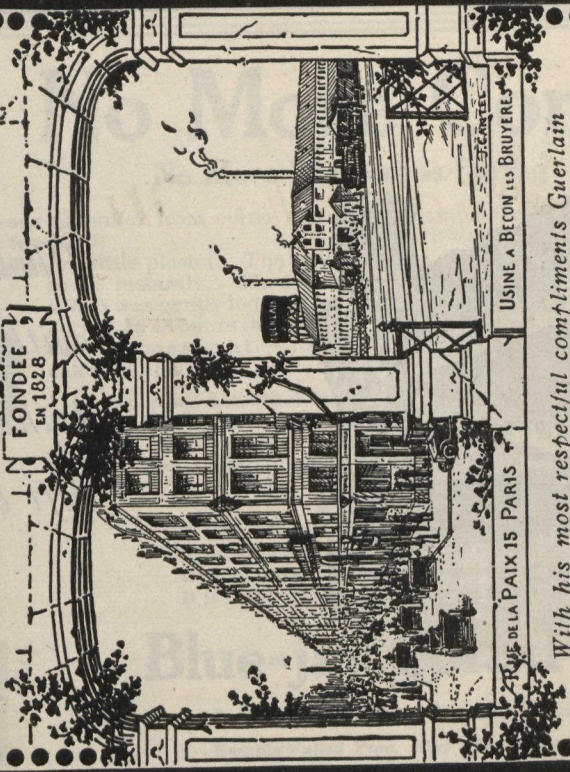
"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL

GUERLAIN

FONDÉE EN 1828

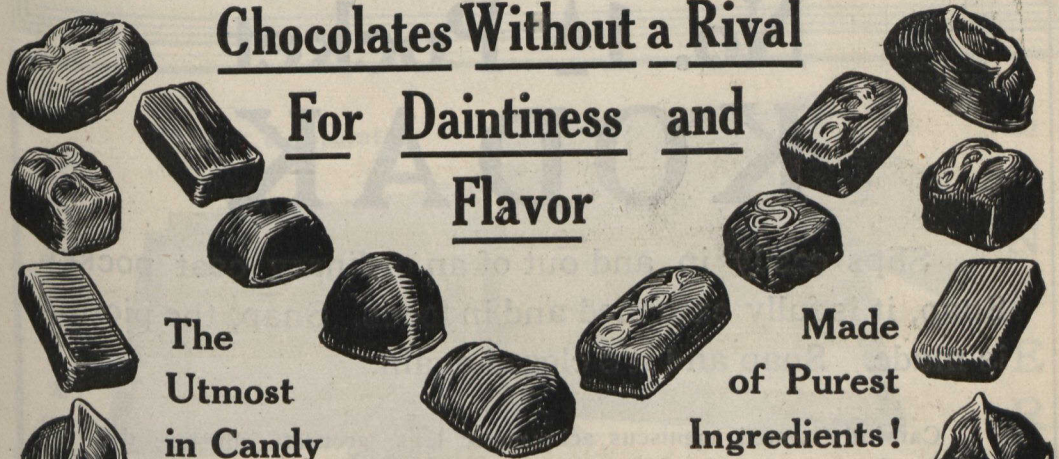


With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :

Parfums pour le Vaporisateur.
Quand vient l'été.
Rue de la Paix.
Après l'Ondée.
Sillage.
Bon Vieux Temps.
Jicky.
Chypre de Paris.
Tsao-Ko.

Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.
Eau de Cologne Impériale.
Eau de Toilette Gardénia.
Eau du Coq.
Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.
Crème de fraises.
Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.
Poudre Ladies in all Climates.
Rose du Moulin (*rouge pour le visage*).

Chocolates Without a Rival For Daintiness and Flavor



The Utmost in Candy

Made of Purest Ingredients!

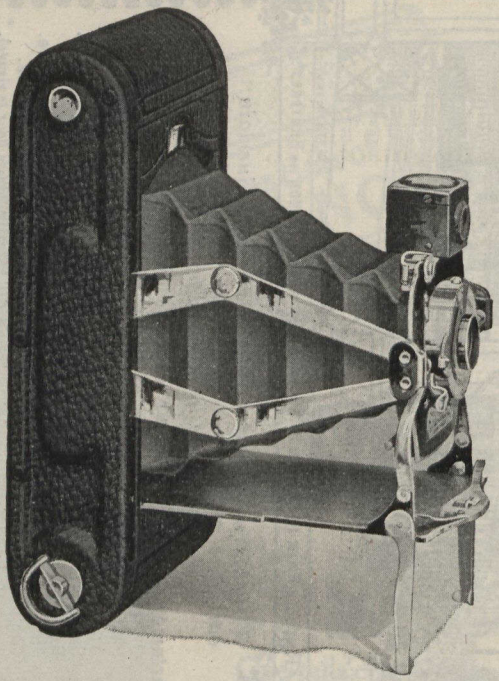
All Moir's Chocolates are prepared from our own Exclusive Receipt from cocoa beans selected and ground by ourselves.

The creamy insides and centres of nuts, fruits and jellies have just the Right Flavor—the rich, thick chocolate coating has just the Right Taste.

Our blending of these two confection extremes creates an exquisitely delicious flavor not found in other brands. Try Moir's.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

MOIR'S LIMITED, Halifax, Canada.



Photography with the bother left out.

No. 1A Pocket KODAK

Slips easily in and out of an ordinary coat pocket. Snap, it is fully extended and in focus. Snap, the picture is made. Snap and it's closed again.

Carefully tested meniscus achromatic lens, accurate shutter; daylight loading, of course. Made of aluminum, covered with fine seal grain leather. Kodak quality in every detail. Loads for twelve exposures. Pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches. Price $12.00.

Other Kodaks $5.00 to $100.00. Brownie Cameras, they work like Kodaks, $1.00 to $12.00. All are fully described in the Kodak catalogue free at your dealers or by mail,

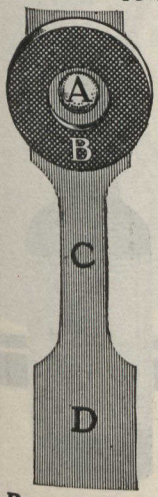
CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

No More Corns

No More Dangerous Paring

Nobody needs to suffer from corns since Blue-jay was invented.

Millions apply this little plaster. The pain stops instantly. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out — root, callous and all.



Blue-jay has done that for fifty million corns, without any soreness, any trouble, any delay or discomfort.

Common treatments mean just a brief relief. Blue-jay ends the corn.

Paring a corn just removes the top layer. The main part is left to grow. And in myriads of cases paring causes infection.

All those methods are wrong. Soon or late the corn must be removed. Why trifle and delay?

Blue-jay removes it in two days. In the meantime you forget it.

Please prove this—for your own sake. It is the only right way to treat corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue=jay Corn Plasters

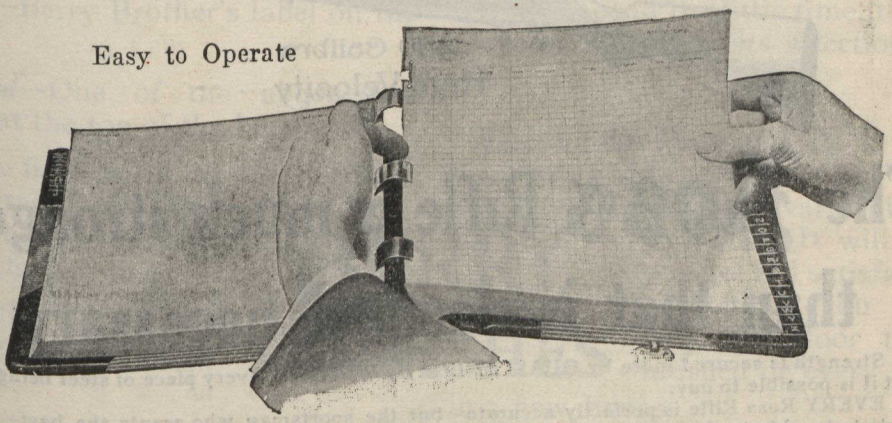
Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (158)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

PROUDFIT BINDERS

Easy to Operate



Flat opening with narrow binding margins.
Save 1½ inches in the safe, and 3 inches on the desk.
Guide bands made of especially tempered steel, will not break, cannot crack or become rough.

Write for sample on business stationery.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

52 SPADINA AVENUE - - - TORONTO, CANADA

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

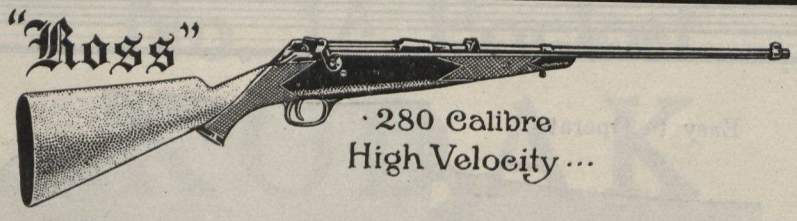
Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by ***aging in wood*** before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

"Manhattan," Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes!

AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props,
Hartford New York London



The Ross Rifle is much stronger than that is deemed necessary

Strength is secured more by QUALITY than by WEIGHT, every piece of steel being the best it is possible to buy.

EVERY Ross Rifle is perfectly accurate—but the sportsman who wants the best—who wants to be able to shoot "dead-on" at 300 yards and anchor his game at any range—should have the Ross .280 High Velocity Rifle.

This pattern is the favorite with hunters of big game and is absolutely unsurpassed by any sporting rifle—at any price—in ballistic qualities and general usefulness. Yet the price is only **$70.00.**

Leading dealers throughout Canada can show it to you. If yours cannot, write for illustrated catalogue and full particulars.

Other Ross Rifles—every one guaranteed—at from **$25.00.**

ROSS RIFLE CO.. - QUEBEC

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best-known and most widely used of all varnishes. There is no substitute.

WOOD LUXEBERRY FINISH

For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window sills and sash, bathroom and kitchen woodwork. It stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries dust free in a short time and possesses great durability under the most trying weather conditions.

SPAR LUXEBERRY VARNISH

For yachts, boats, canoes and other marine uses—either inside or outside. It is impossible to produce a more lasting varnish to withstand the trying conditions of marine use.

Here's Your Guide to All Good Varnishing!

First—Berry Brother's label on the can.

Second—One of the above five names at the top of the label.

These five satisfy all the needs of the average user who goes to his dealer or his painter for varnish.

And there is no way to get greater satisfaction—

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

There's no way to be more certain of the durability, economy and handsome appearance of the varnished surface than by specifying the Berry Brothers' Label, and seeing, personally that it is "on the job."

You can always afford to use the *best* varnish. And you can always afford to spend the little time it takes to see personally to its selection and use.

Tear out this Page and file it away for your guidance the next time you have varnishing to be done. It will help you get full satisfaction—whether you have only one floor to be finished or every room in a new house.

Better still, send for our free book: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all present and prospective users of varnish.

Any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' celebrated varnishes.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Established 1858

WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Why This Is the Safe Electric

Note the picture to the right.

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

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

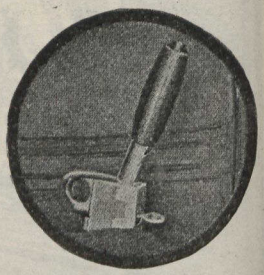
To stop, pull the lever back. That shuts off the power, retards the car and then applies a powerful brake. The car stops immediately. All this is done in the one operation of pulling the lever back.

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

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

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

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



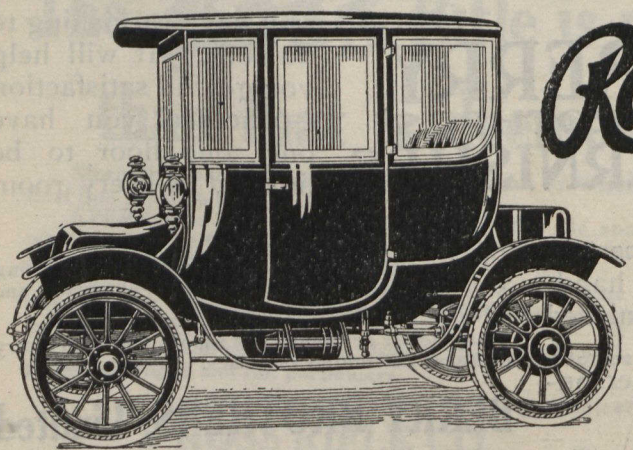
The control handle locks with a Yale key.

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

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

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

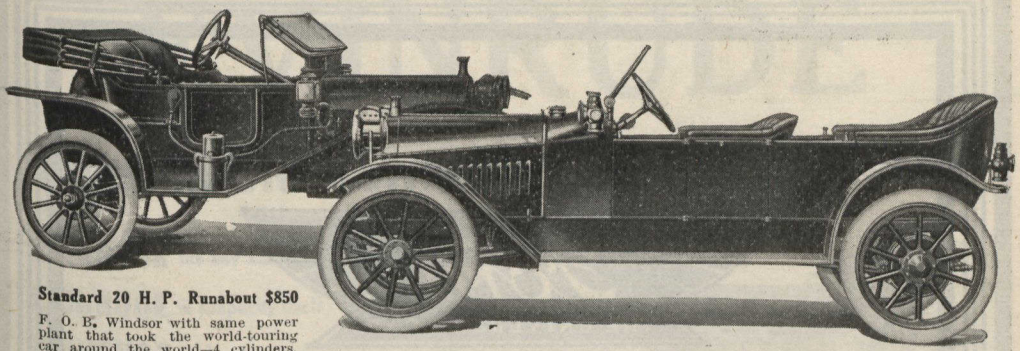
The Rauch & Lang catalogue goes into detail. Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.



Rauch & Lang Electrics

McLaughlin Motor Car Company

128 Church St., Toronto



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout $850

F. O. B. Windsor with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P. sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheelbase, $950.

Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $1,000

F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor 3 1-4-in. bore and 5 1-2-in. stroke, Bosch magneto. 106-in. Wheelbase, 32 x 3 1-2-in. tires. Color Standard Hupmobile blue.

Hupmobile

$1,000

One thought dominates this organization and impresses itself upon every operation that enters into the construction of the car.

To build for the future, and not for the sales of the moment—to build so scrupulously, so soundly and so well, that the lapse of years will find in the Hupmobile owner a deep and abiding sense of service rendered and value received.

We believe the Hupmobile to be in its class the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company,
Desk C., Windsor, Ont.

This man's duty is to ream out the main bearings of the motor. The three bearings are reamed out at the same time; perfect alignment being thus assured.

From this operation the crank case passes on to the skilled workers who scrape the bearings to a minute degree of exactness and marvelous smoothness, fitting the crankshaft with such nicety that any possibility of undue or uneven wear is precluded.

Please note the extra-generous width of the two end bearings; and the third or center crankshaft bearing—a decidedly unusual feature, in a motor cast en bloc, unless the car costs about $2,500.

The careful workmanship told of here is typical of every operation in the great Hupmobile plant.

EVINRUDE

Detachable Rowboat and Canoe Motor

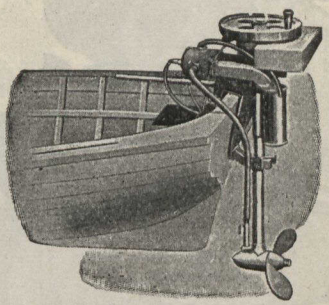
EVINRUDE fits any kind of boat, skiff, canoe, punt, etc.

EVINRUDE is simplicity itself; man, woman, or child can run it.

EVINRUDE makes a motorboat of any rowboat or canoe in a few minutes.

EVINRUDE weighs 50 lbs. complete, drives an ordinary rowboat 7 miles an hour.

EVINRUDE is fully guaranteed; the acme of perfection; thousands in use everywhere.



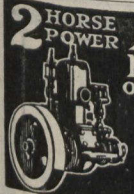
Stop rowing and use an EVINRUDE.

Write for catalog and price.

MELCHIOR, ARMSTRONG & DESSAU, Dept. 17—116 Broad St. New York.

EXCLUSIVE FOREIGN DISTRIBUTORS FOR EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.

AGENTS FOR QUEBEC AND ONTARIO: H. W. SPENCER & CO., ST. NICHOLAS BLDG., MONTREAL. 459 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



2 HORSE POWER **AMERICAN MARINE MOTORS** $38 COMPLETE

OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSEPOWER PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE. AGENTS WANTED.

Send for complete marine engine book FREE.

AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 479 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Made in the *Largest Plant in the World* devoted to manufacturing 2-cycle marine gasoline engines.

3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install $55

ALSO 3½ TO 36 H.P.

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—*tells* and *shows* you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 73 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PARIS—Grand Hotel Bergere and Maison Blanche

32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.

INVENTORS

PATENT your ideas. Our BOOK of complete information on Patents MAILED FREE.

BLACKMORE COTE & CO.,

Registered Attorneys and Solicitors,

409 Lumsden Building - - TORONTO

Offices—Ottawa, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

See Europe in an Auto!

BE free from railway trains. Stop when and where you please. Visit historic and picturesque corners seldom reached by ordinary tourist methods. Comfortable inns throughout Europe now cater especially for the ubiquitous motorist. Save Time, save Money, enjoy more and actually

SEE EUROPE.

WE have for Hire the best open and closed Motor Cars for British and Continental Touring at the most reasonable inclusive Tariff in Europe. Literature, detailed itineraries, with copy of **"Through Europe in an Auto,"** free on request. Write us about everything to do with Motoring Abroad.

The International Autotravel Society

61 to 65 Morning Post Buildings, The Strand, London, England.

Don't Wear a Truss!

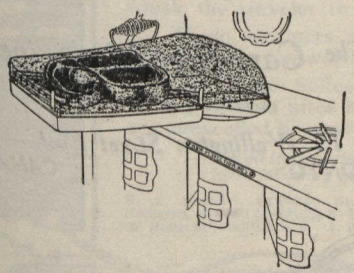
Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past 30 years. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. L. BROOKS, 1503 State St., Marshall, Michigan

Our New Perfection Broiler

Is pleasing many women. It enables the housewife to broil as well on the New Perfection Stove as over a coal fire.

It uses all the heat.
It cooks evenly.
It broils both sides at once.
It doesn't smoke.



And of course you are familiar with the

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

It is such a convenience all the year round. It will bake, broil, roast and toast just as well as a regular coal range.

Ask to see the New Perfection Stove at your dealers. It is handsomely finished in nickel, with cabinet top, drop shelves, towel racks, etc. It has long, enameled, turquoise-blue chimneys. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners. Free Cook-book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost.

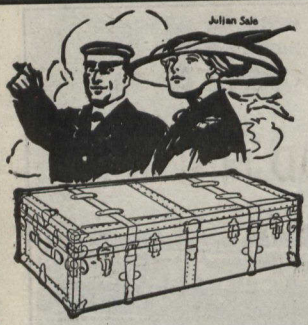
THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax and Queen City Division, Toronto

TRAVEL

¶ According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. ¶ That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. ¶ Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
Travel Bureau
15 Wellington Street East,
TORONTO *CANADA*

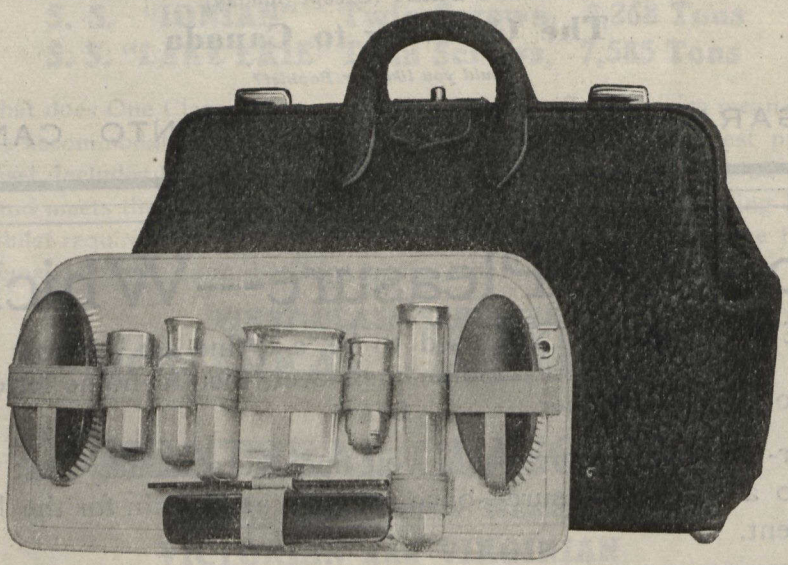


"JULIAN SALE"

For the Finest Leather Goods

"FITTED" TRAVELLING BAGS

For LADIES and GENTLEMEN



Special mention of these is made now not only because of the busy travelling season, but because there is so much that happens now in which one of these fitted bags would make the most appropriate and useful of gifts—there are wedding presents for bride and groom—there are events being chronicled all about us where just such a thing would make the most acceptable of prizes.

As a wedding present for a lady, choose, say, one of those Dull Black Sea Lion Bags, fitted with ebony and cut glass fittings, at..... **$32.**

Or one for a gentleman just like the one illustrated here, in genuine Dull Black Sea Lion leather, with ebony brushes and cut glass bottles—18 in. size **$34.**

Write for complete catalogue of Julian Sale Leather Goods lines—best in the world.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.

105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

EVERY LOVER

of beautiful Silver Plate will appreciate the new styles and designs of our creations for 1912.

The Purity, the Style, the Goodness

of the Silver Plate which bears the brand of this factory entitles it to the name of

"Standard" Silver Plate

as distinctive and leading among all makers of High-class Goods.

PURITY marks the character of the designs, as it does of the material which enters into the manufacture of our goods.

DURABILITY is combined with purity always giving the shopper the assurance of a Silver Plate which will wear and wear and wear.

Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for 'Standard' Silver Plate."

SOLD BY RELIABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited

Toronto

La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE
CORSET

LA DIVA 820 has medium high bust, very long hip, medium back, and is especially adapted to *full* or medium figures.

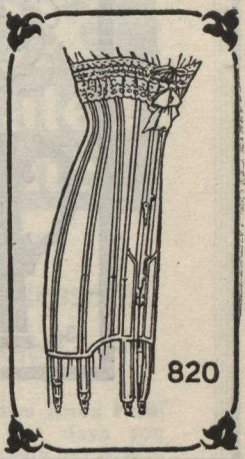
Just a Wee Help to Nature

Such is the latest "Paris" idea of a proper corset, to suit the prevailing *corsetless* figure effect.

And the latest La Diva and D & A creations have just hit this off.

No distortion, no cramping, just the enhancing of the form divine according to the latest style of dress.

La Diva 820, shown in cut, is an entirely new Directoire Model combining all the newest ideas and avoiding all extreme features. It is finished in white English coutil, boned with "Wabone" and trimmed with valenciennes lace. Six suspenders, draw strings, hooks, etc. An imported corset of similar quality would cost $7.00. Our price in all good stores is $5.00. Other La Diva models, $3.00 to $5.00; every pair guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded.



THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
QUEBEC
Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets

Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count —ask for them at all good dealers.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY Limited
HULL, CANADA. Makers of Toilet Papers.

DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario
Branch Office—67 Bleury St., Montreal.

The "Sunday" Vacuum Cleaner

IF you knew how often a perfectly "SUNDAY" cleaned house through lack of dust and dirt and microbes helped to fool the Doctor, you would not be without one for five times its value.

Microbes, moths and *other things* shiver when they hear that a SUNDAY VACUUM CLEANER with its 10 to 11 inches of vacuum is going to start looking them up.

The SUNDAY DOES what is claimed for it, sells on its merits not on its price. We cannot make it cheaper and maintain our FIXED STANDARD.

To agents. Our proposition is attractive, First Class machines and fair treatment.

The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner
Manfg. Co., Limited
345 to 349 Dalhousie St. - Ottawa, Ont.

Too Hot

to make a dessert?

KNOX Acidulated Gelatine

Makes the dessert make itself

Most everyone knows **Knox Plain Gelatine,** but these hot days you should get acquainted with our **Acidulated** Package.

It is the same as the Plain, except the Pure Concentrated Fruit Juice added in this package, in a separate envelope, saves you the time and bother of squeezing lemons.

All you add is sugar and water (fruit or fruit juice if you wish) and you have a most refreshing, cool dessert for hot summer days. Lots of it, too —each package makes two full quarts (½ gallon) of jelly—**four times** as much af "ready prepared" packages.

You can also make quickly from either of the Knox packages Ice Creams. Water Ices, Sherbets, Bavarian Creams, Blanc Manges, Mousses, Parfaits and all kinds of Summer desserts and salads.

Recipes in the Knox Recipe Book, sent FREE for your Grocer's name. Pint sample of Acidulated Gelatine for 2c. stamp and Grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Avenue,
Johnstown, N.Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal

Its  Mark

The Machine You
Will Eventually Buy

The Underwood is the result of concentrated effort to achieve the ideal. It embodies in *one* machine all that is of value in a typewriter.

A wonderfully efficient organization, the highest inventive genius, a capital of fourteen million dollars, all are constantly focused on this single objective—the production of one perfect writing machine.

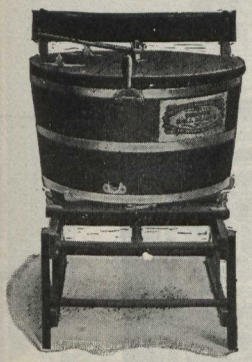
The Franklin Institute in awarding to the Underwood the Elliott-Cresson Medal for "ingenuity, skill and perfection of workmanship" say in their report, "We find in Underwoods having five years usage no detrimental wear."

The Underwood is sold at the price which should be paid for a machine of its quality.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd.

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Head Office: Toronto



Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out **all** the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

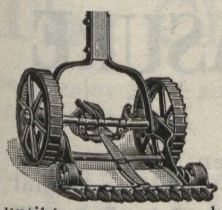
J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, -:- CANADA.

REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for **"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."**

What is Killing Your Lawn?



Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.
The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.
Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

Clipper Lawn Mower Company

Dixon - - - Illinois

BRIGHTEN UP

Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using **WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS**

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O. K.** Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. *Liberal discount to the trade.*

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. No 1B

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Tempered for high elasticity, ground for smooth writing—the perfection of pens. For every style of writing.

Sample card of 12 different styles and 2 good penholders sent for 10 cents.

Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York.

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting — Feels Fine — Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

MADE IN CANADA

MADE IN CANADA

A SOURCE OF PLEASURE

In any Home, is a handsome piece of furniture, but when that piece of furniture is not only handsome but of the highest practical, and educational value as well, its value to the home can hardly be overestimated. In every home there are books, and to get the most pleasure and value from books they should be well cared for.

"MACEY" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

Are the ideal equipment for its purpose, they solve all your troubles in providing proper storage for your books, no matter whether your library is large or small, they fit anywhere and everywhere, can be arranged anyway you want them, and increased at any time.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG. C

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

General Offices - Woodstock, Ont.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG. C

The Children

always enjoy **JAM** and there is nothing more healthful than

UPTON'S

Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

UPTON'S Orange Marmalade made from Seville oranges under expert supervision is delicious.

We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all first-class Stores in Canada.

The T. UPTON CO. LTD.

HAMILTON - CANADA

Wedding Gifts

Dear to the heart of every woman is the silver she receives on her wedding day. It is appreciated long after other gifts have lost their charm and usefulness.

The beauty and quality of

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

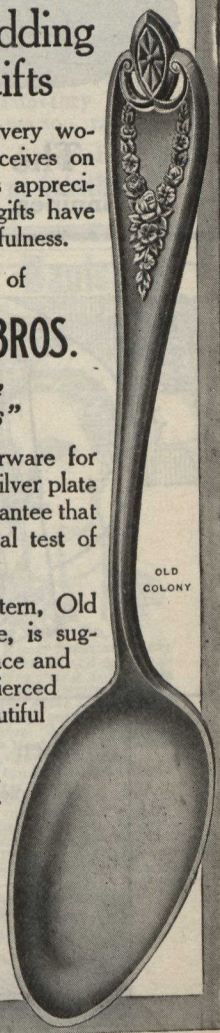
make it the ideal silverware for gifts. This is the only silver plate with an unqualified guarantee that is backed by the actual test of sixty-five years' wear.

Our beautiful new pattern, Old Colony, illustrated here, is suggestive of simplicity, grace and quality. Note the pierced handle and the beautiful decorative work.

For sale by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalog "T-21."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA Co.

Hamilton, Canada.
Meriden, Conn.
New York, Chicago.



Deafness Cured By New Discovery

"We have demonstrated that deafness can be cured"

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. Dr. L. C. Grains Co., (Physicians and Scientists) will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly, and cured to stay cured, at home without investing a cent. Write us to-day, or send the coupon to Dr. L. C. Grains Co., 270 Pulsifer Building, Chicago, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

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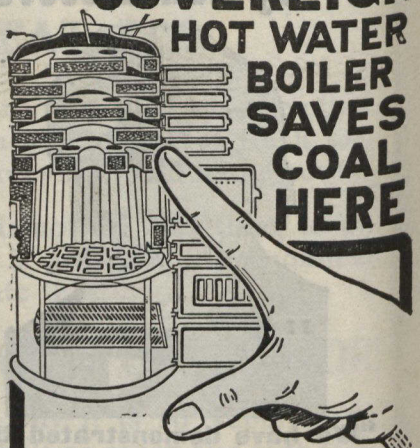

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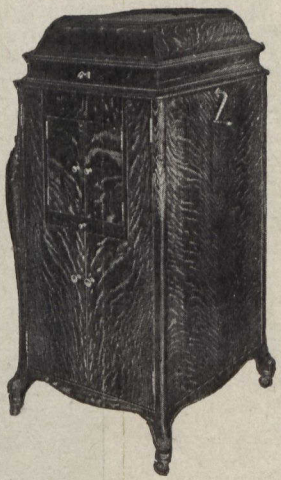

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