

VIXXX THE  
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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE

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1910

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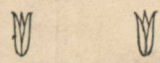
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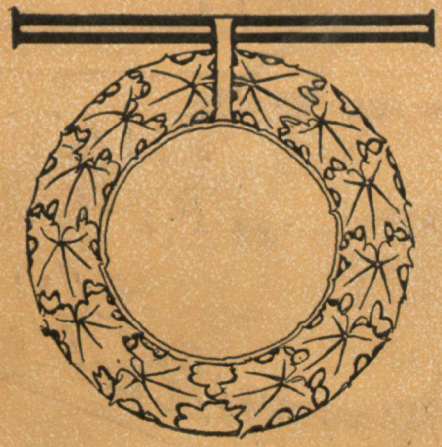
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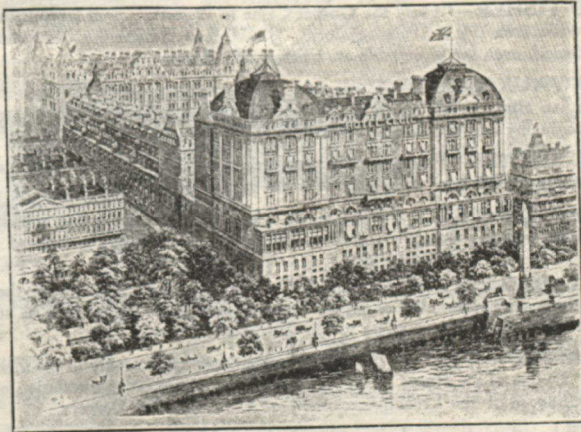
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# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

From the standpoint of literary excellence and artistic setting, the Christmas Canadian Magazine this year will set a new standard. It will be made up almost entirely of short stories and verses by well-known Canadian writers, and the illustrations will be by some of the best Canadian illustrators.

**THEODORE ROBERTS**—"Herself" is a fine story of the primitiveness, superstition and heroism of the Newfoundland fisher-folk. The illustrations are by Fergus Kyle, and they are real pictures.

**L. M. MONTGOMERY**—This young woman's book "Anne of Green Gables" was one of the big sellers last season. She contributes a short story of Prince Edward Island life to the Christmas number. The illustrations are by A. H. Robson—dainty, effective pen-and-ink drawings.

**E. M. YEOMAN**—The late Mr. Yeoman left one short story, "The Wooing of the Widow." All who read it in the Christmas Number will cherish his memory. The illustrations for this story were made by Estelle M. Kerr, who has made a decided mark as an illustrator.

**AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**—"A Shacktown Christmas" is one of the very best things Mr. Bridle has ever done. It is a sketch of genuine merit—artistic and true. It is excellently illustrated by T. G. Greene.

**WARD FISHER**—"How the Gospel Came to Damsite" will familiarise Mr. Fisher's name over a wide area. It is a rousing story. J. W. Beatty made the illustrations, and they are unusually good, even for so capable an artist as Mr. Beatty.

**LOUIS VAUXCELES**—A capable Parisian critic presents an appreciation of the eminent Canadian artist, J. W. Morrice. Some splendid reproductions accompany the article, showing the originality and excellence of Mr. Morrice's art.

**VIRNA SHEARD**—From this charming writer we have "The Pagan," a real Christmas story, a story, nevertheless, whose theme is not merely occasional.

**DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT**—In a poem written on seeing a portrait of Haliburton, Mr. Scott puts to shame the common, ordinary patriotism that is flaunted so freely on all sides.

**ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY**—Mrs. MacKay appears in the November Number as a short story writer, but as yet she is mostly known as a poet, and as such her art is sure and rare. She contributes a poem to the Christmas Number.

**JOHN BOYD**—A year ago Mr. Boyd's name was known only to the elect. Now he is called the "Unifier of the Races." He contributes an appreciative translation of the favourite Christmas Chanson of the French-Canadians—"Ou Viens-Tu, Bergere."

There will be other story and verse contributions of a high order.

The Cover Design is the result of a clever conception by T. O. Martin. It depicts a minstrel, the spirit of merry-making, awakening after the year's slumber.

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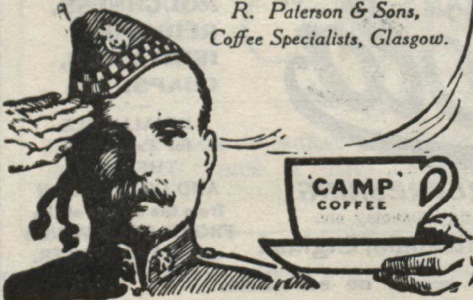
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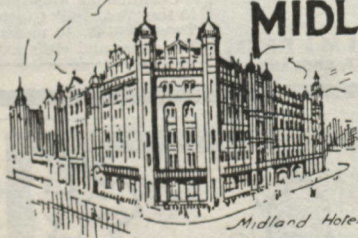
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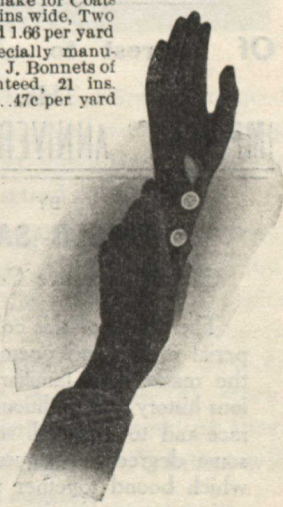


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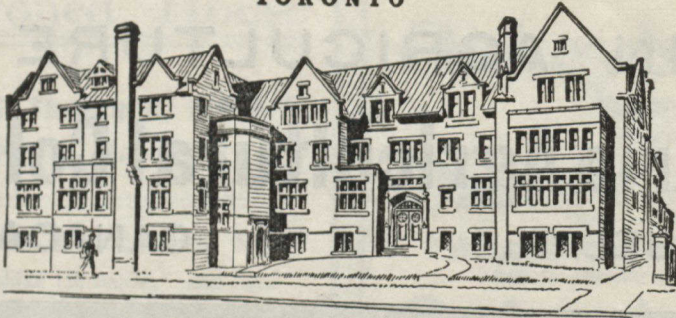
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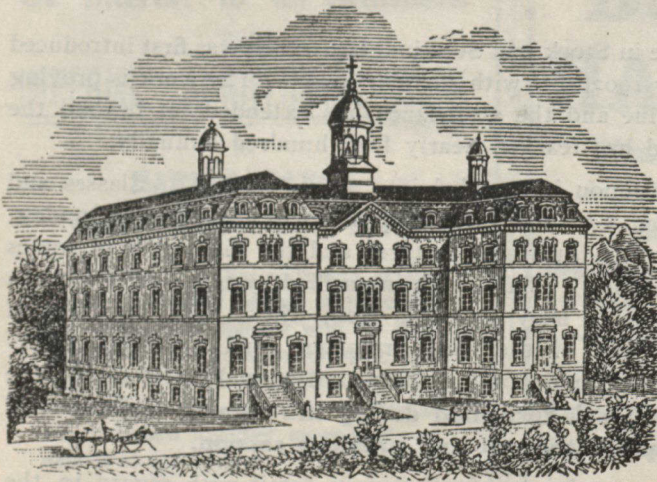
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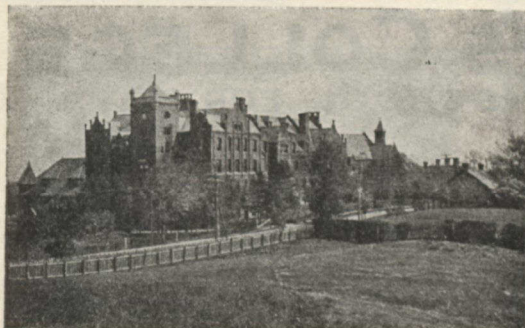
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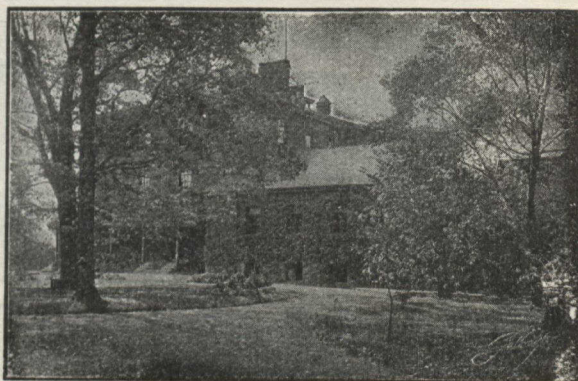
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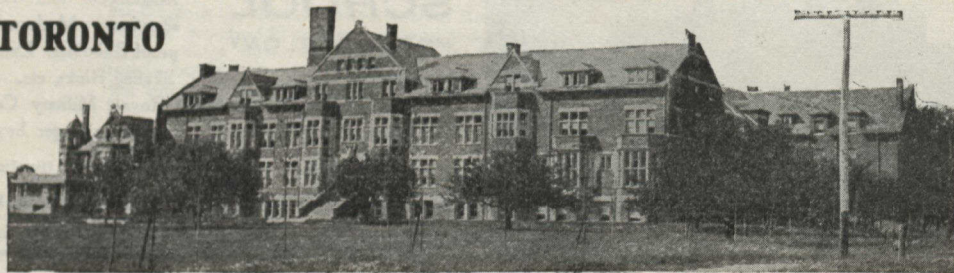
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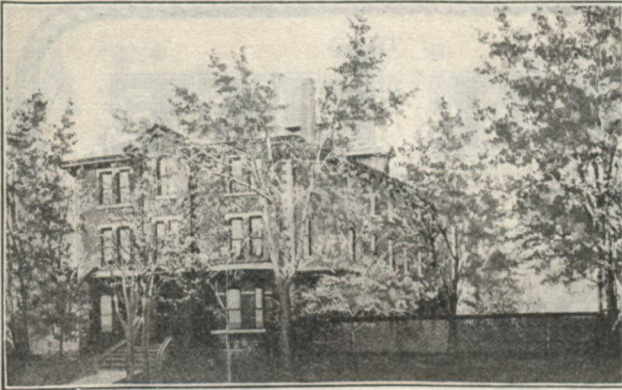
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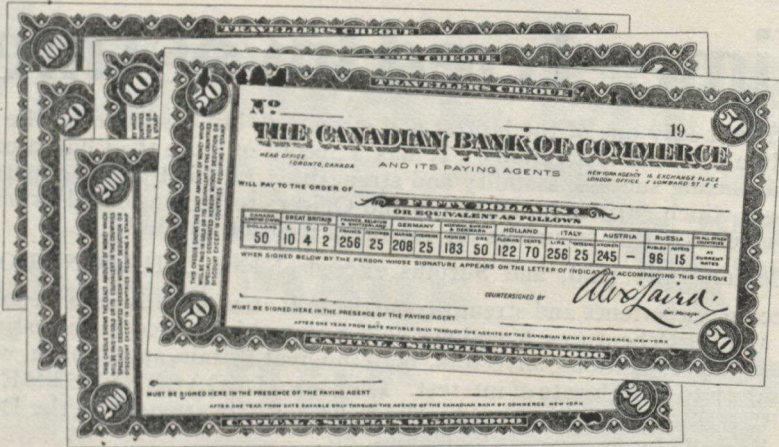
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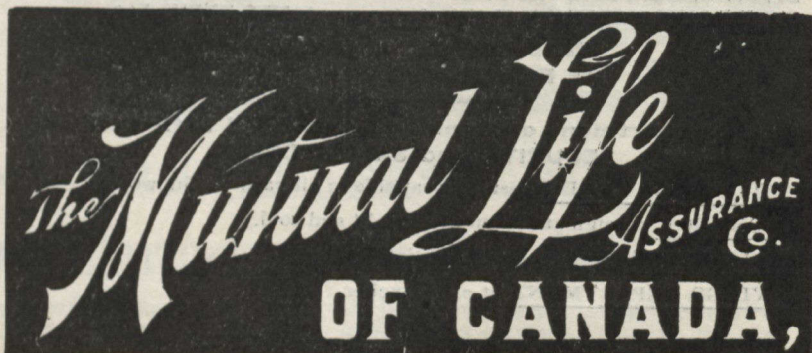
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*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

*See page 14*

"THEY CAME OUT STAGGERING. SOMETHING WAS HELD BETWEEN THEM, . . . . ."

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 1

## THE DRAMA OF THE "WARD"

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

*Illustrations by T. G. Greene*

THERE is a sort of symbolical race drama going on in the middle of down-town Toronto. Mainly it concerns the Jew, who in Toronto is said to number twenty thousand, over six per cent. of the entire population. This number is not diminishing. The "Ward" has already overflowed its banks, and the river of people is running west and south, being stopped eastward by Yonge Street, where real estate values are jumping ahead too fast for even the Jew, who acquired one of the most valuable estates in Canada when he got title to a large part of St. John's Ward. Over in Beverley Street, the large residence of the late D'Alton McCarthy, the life-long enemy of dual languages in Canada, has been turned into a "Cosmopolitan Club," where well-to-do Jews discuss the affairs of a nation.

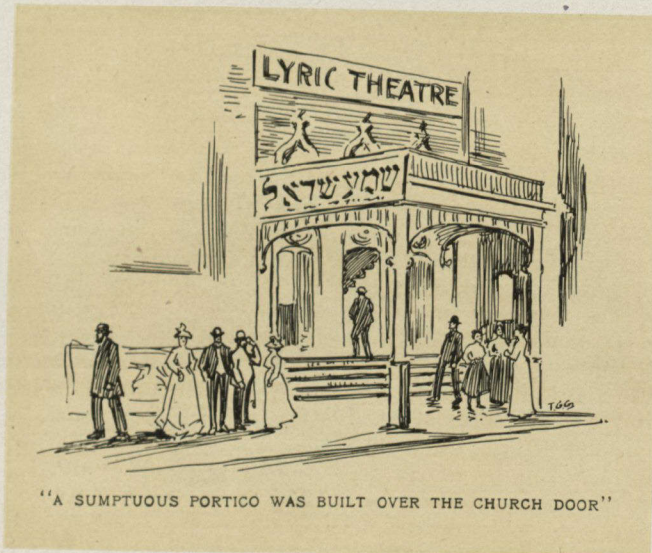
There are nine synagogues in Toronto. One of them was for sixteen years a large Methodist church—built during the famous "boom" of 1888. A people with nine churches, a Cosmopolitan Club, and twenty thousand population were surely entitled to a drama of their own; to plays given in Yiddish, the language of the ancient

Bible. Two years ago a small Yiddish theatre was opened on University Avenue, in some sort of little sectarian chapel. But it was far too small to accommodate all the Jews who nightly did not wish to buy tickets in the down-town theatres. Once last year also the gallery broke down. The place was abandoned. The enterprising local management, headed by Messrs. Pasternak and Abramowitz, looked about for a bigger and a better theatre—which should not cost too much.

Now it happened that in the evolution and multiplication of the Jew in Toronto there began to be a diminution of other interests in the "Ward." We speak not of the Italians who are flourishing in that quarter quite numerously, parallel with the Hebrews. Neither of the negroes, who have still a little brick chapel on Elizabeth Street, but are not crowding other populations out. As for the ancestral Irish, who years ago made the daily life and the nocturnal revelry of the "Ward"—they have long since been crowded out into the open; forty people in one fair-sized house being too many even for the Irish.

But a long while ago when the "Ward" was the population centre of Toronto, two Methodist churches were built there; one on Elm Street, near Yonge; the other on the corner of Agnes and Teraulay Streets, fair amidst the "Ward." Old Agnes Street Church was the real mission centre of Toronto. It was sustained as a mission before it became strong enough to pay a minister. But it was, nevertheless, the stronghold of militant Methodism amongst the swarming foreigners. I remember well being at a missionary meeting in that old church nineteen years ago.

Jews of 1909 desired another and a bigger theatre where Yiddish plays might be heard every night in the week but two—having already made a synagogue of McCaul Street Methodist Church, they immediately cast their eyes upon "good old Agnes Street church." They had the price. The Methodists had no longer foothold enough in that part of the city to refuse the money. The church was sold. It became an extemporised theatre; at first the old pulpit being enlarged enough for a stage. Then the theatre crowd shifted from University Avenue to Agnes Street.

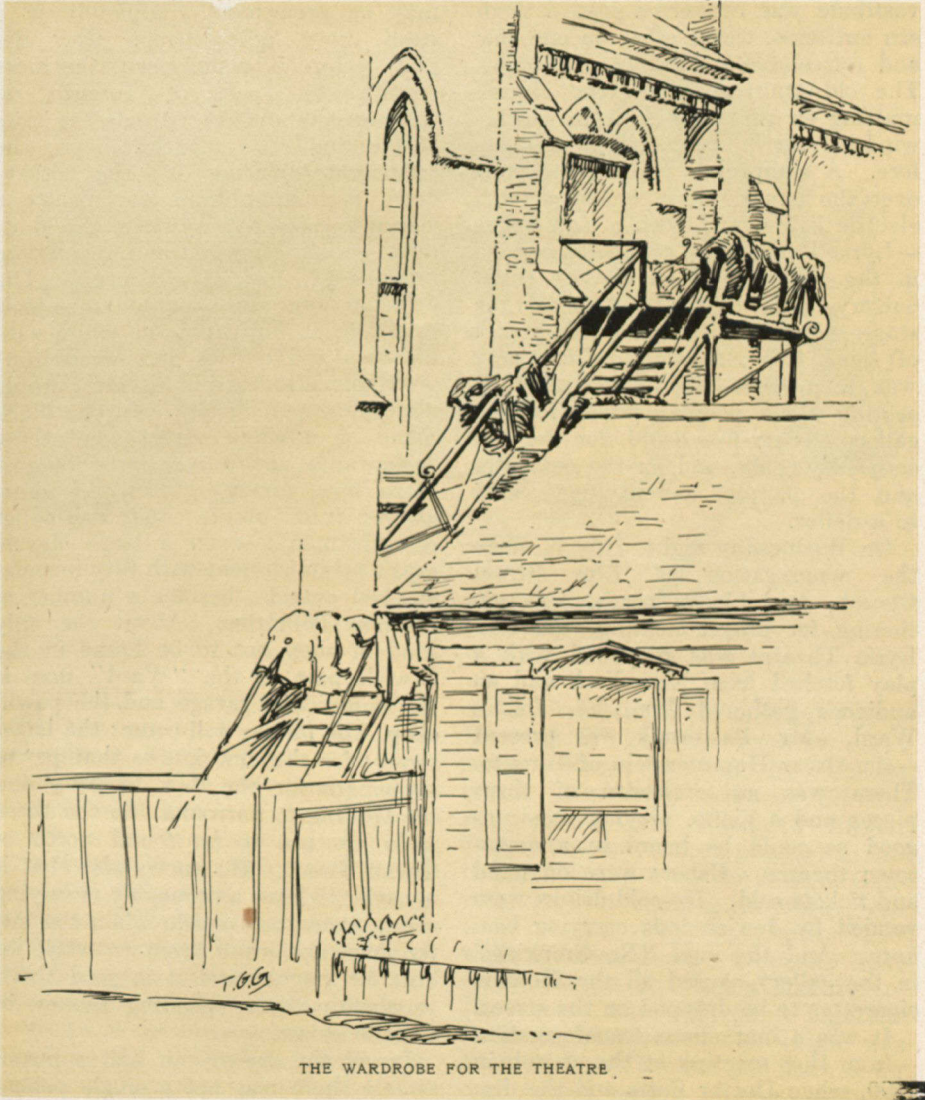


"A SUMPTUOUS PORTICO WAS BUILT OVER THE CHURCH DOOR"

It was a sort of congress to represent the triumph of Methodist Christianity in that part of the field. The pulpit platform was crowded with Methodist leaders and dignitaries, chief among whom was the stalwart Doctor Potts, who delivered a notable address to the congregation that packed gallery and aisles and sat upon the steps. What the Doctor spoke about I have forgotten; but I well remember with what perfervid, hortatory eloquence he spoke about "gude old Agnes Street Church!"—the great rock in a weary land.

That was in 1890. Now when the

But the Jews of Toronto are a constructive people. Messrs. Paster-nak and Abramowitz and Company had been abroad. They had seen the Jewish theatres of New York. They desired to have a Yiddish theatre in Toronto which should be as cosmopolitan as any. This would mean reconstruction. But the old church was well built. Luckily the basement used for a Sunday-school room was almost on a level with the street. The first thing to do was to tear out the church floor proper, making the basement the floor of the theatre. That left a large space up to the old



church gallery that ran clear around two sides and an end—room enough for a fine new balcony capable of seating three hundred more people. So a modern stage with orchestra stalls and a huge prompter's box made of copper was thrust out over the space of the old pulpit and the communion rail. Four elegant boxes were installed. One Kaminsky, a Jew from outside of Toronto, was fetched to contrive a scenic proscenium. An as-

bestos curtain was hung; also a street-scene stage curtain bearing the "ad" of a prominent Jewish merchant. The gallery with the hymn-book rail was turned into a "gods." Exits were built where mullioned Gothic windows used to be. The old gable-end windows with the stained-glass edges were walled up. Elegant modern seats were put in below; but the same old mission Methodist pews were retained in the gallery. The church

vestibule was converted into a modern entrance, ticket office on one side and refreshment stand on the other. The old staircases with the church matting on the steps and the Gothic windows above were left just as before. A sumptuous portico was built over the church door, spangled with electric lights, and with a sign above—Lyric Theatre. An office was opened in the corner, and an electric light battery was installed—behind the stage—so, presto! at a secondary cost of some four thousand dollars, here was a modern theatre capable of seating 1,365 people; prices for the gallery twenty-five cents, for the balcony fifty cents, and for the orchestra and the parquet seventy-five cents to a dollar.

On Wednesday night, July 7, when the congregation of Elm Street Church, two blocks north, was gathering for prayer-meeting, the new Lyric Theatre was reopened with a play fetched from New York and an audience gathered from St. John's Ward. Mr. Pasternak was present—the Oscar Hammerstein of Toronto. There was an orchestra of three pieces and a piano, playing music as good as could be heard in a downtown theatre. Ushers were on hand and tickets sold. Ice-cold drinks were vended by Jewish lads carrying baskets. And the sign "No Smoking" in the gallery caused all the Hebrew cigarettes to be dropped on the street.

It was a marvellous transformation—from that meeting in the church in 1890, when Doctor Potts and the dignitaries declaimed about "good old Agnes Street Church." It was the twentieth century represented by the most ancient people in the world. The orchestra played "Big Night Tonight!"—and there was no minister to give out the doxology, no choir to sing and no organ to play; only now and then an absent-minded Gentile in the gallery fumbled on the gallery-rail for a hymn-book—but found none.

This is part of the drama—which

may be seen more completely in a stroll down Agnes Street after the play. Here is a shoptown, the most cosmopolitan part of Toronto; on cross streets and side streets the rows of blinking little modern shops; the phonograph blaring at the corner; down four doors from the theatre a new synagogue; everywhere the shuffling, gabbling crowds and the flaring little shops—fronted with people. The Jew has long since learned that it is profitable to buy from the white man his rags and bottles and scrap iron; profitable also to sell his own people almost everything else. In one block alone on a single street were three restaurants and three barber shops. Here were grocery stores and shoe-shops; fruit stores and wall-paper establishments—even a large bicycle repair establishment with fifty bicycles stacked outside, besides a number of Chinese laundries. About the only kind of shop not to be found in the Jewish part of the "Ward" now is the automobile garage and the pawnshop. The former will come; the latter never; for the Jew knows that pawnshops are for the Jew to keep and the Gentile to patronise. So the three balls are not to be found north of Queen Street. He knows also that it is easier to have a monopoly of buying cheap from the Gentile when the latter does not want them to work for him for wages; and it is good thrift to abstain from spending money in Gentile stores.

In all the crowds on half a dozen streets there was not a single policeman. No. 2 station, however, is almost opposite the theatre and keeps in wholesome awe what few of the Jewish population may be inclined to disorder—and these are very few. There was no brawling. Well dressed young men and young women went about among the bearded patriarchs with the cigarettes; children played by scores together and they all spoke English—even under the shadow of the Jew theatre and the synagogue. One block west from the theatre was



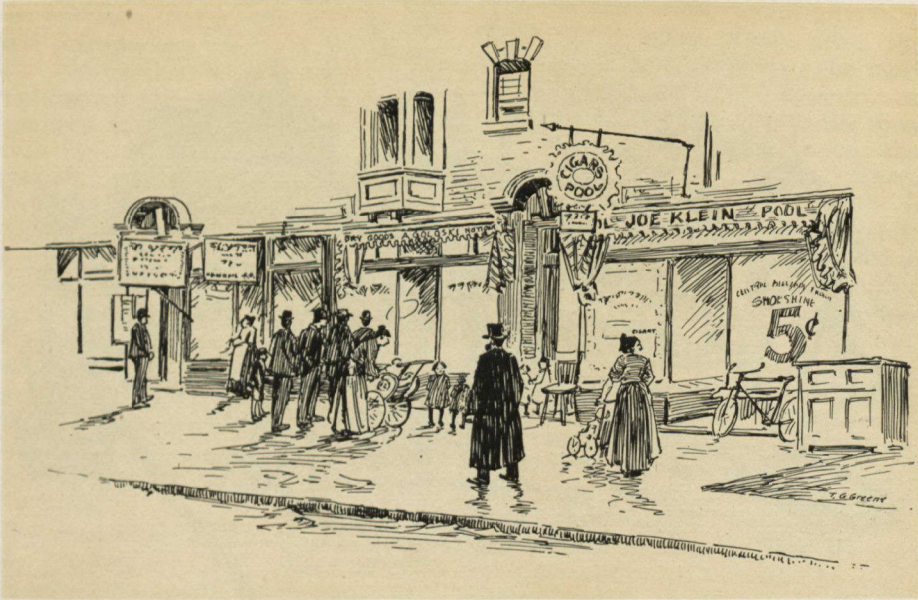
THE DEMOLITION OF THE "WARD"

a new block of stores built last year, fitted and equipped with all the modernity of Yonge Street. The Jew is progressive. He may deal in dirt and somewhat live in it; but he is as modern as the twentieth century; and in St. John's Ward, which used to be the most antiquated and unsavoury district in Toronto, he is demonstrating that he knows how to keep pace with the times and keep out of the Police Court — that in the division courts he is as litigious as were the patriarchs of old when they kept flocks.

The upshot of all which seems to be, that the Jew has got hold of the "Ward" to keep it and to make a new community there in the name of the Jewish language and religion, regulating his time, however, by the City Hall clock and sending his children to the English schools.

But the other part of the drama is being enacted on the northwest corner of the "Ward," where during the past summer a process of devastation has been going on. Two years

ago the trustees of the General Public Hospital in Toronto acquired eight acres there, bounded by College Street, University Avenue, Christopher Street and Elizabeth Street. They have now taken possession. All the inhabitants, whether Jews or Gentiles, in that eight acres were given time to quit. They have quit. Their walls are torn down. Even the little synagogue on one corner had to go. The houses were sold for a bagatelle each, to contractors to whom was given so much time to get them down and carted away. Gangs went in with crowbars and hammers. In a few days there was a large yawning desolation in that part of the ancient colony. Shacks disappeared as though a cyclone had gone along. Stables fell down. Old cellars walled up with cedar posts gaped among the ruins. The wild grape vines that used to clamber over the rickety fences were ripped and torn. The old apple-trees and the chestnut-trees in the rear, where the patriarchs and the young ones gathered, were stripped of all



"ABOUT THE ONLY KIND OF SHOP NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE JEWISH PART OF THE 'WARD'  
IS . . . . . THE PAWNSHOP"

their microby investitures. Timbers hewn with the broadaxe seventy years ago were laid bare. Laths lay on the ground by carloads—firewood for the "Ward." Loads of lumber went rumbling out; loads of brick and of slate from the roofs on University Avenue, where some of the houses had brownstone fronts. The family cat sat blink-eyed among the ruins of the cellar and wondered where even the rats had gone. Women and children came with toy waggons and baby carriages and aprons to take away the firewood.

For the Hospital Board, with a Methodist at the head, had come into its own in that part of the "Ward." Jews and Gentiles fled the streets and the lanes at the approach of the invader. Modern money and enterprise drove them out. The "Ward" had a reputation for dirt and disease and

diligent microbes. The Hospital was the enemy of all. Millions and millionaires were behind. Capital and philanthropy, hand in hand, decreed that whatever might be the history of delay in the centre of St. John's Ward, the northwest corner of it should become the thin edge of the wedge to let modern methods and daylight in. There had been talk of expropriation over in the "Ward." Newspapers had talked of it and public men had backed them up. Here was the chance to begin.

So with the Jews crowding out the Gentiles in one part of the "Ward," and the Gentiles driving out the Jews and the Italians in another, the drama of the slum as they have it in Toronto—by some old-country critics considered worse than the ghettos of Europe—is in a fair way to begin working itself out.





## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHAT was it that her brain was trying so hard to remember? It is annoying, when one is very tired, to have a brain which insists upon remembering. Lorna made a little restless movement, sighing, and a nurse came quickly with something pleasant in a glass. It was cool. The drinking of it soothed her and deadened the wearisome reiteration of "Remember, remember."

The thing to be remembered grew unimportant and remote and, as the effort to grasp it grew less insistent, rest came. She had no physical pain, but let contentedly letting her thoughts carry her whither they would. She felt so light that her imagination could carry her anywhere, she thought—like a dandelion-top blown by the wind.

The nurse moved quietly about the room and once Lorna heard her say in answer to some whispered question, "Yes—sleeping beautifully," but it was not apparent to whom the question and answer referred, Lorna, herself, was not asleep. The thought of the dandelion-top had blown her to the bank of the trout brook. There were dandelions there and she was sitting among them, an open book upon her lap, listening to the water splashing and to the snatch of song that Barkley was singing under his breath—he was only pretending to fish—

(Certainly it was pleasanter there than in bed trying to remember. She could smell the woody scents in the

air and see the warm sun shining through the branches. There was a sense of well-being, too, of happiness, of content.)

—Barkley was singing: "To all you ladies, now on—" the song stopped abruptly and she heard him laugh.

"I'm coming up!" he called. "I'm not going to fish any longer. I am not going to fish another minute."

"If you come up you'll have to read Keats," she called back.

There was a vigorous snapping of branches for answer, and the screen of leaves and saplings below her parted, disclosing a flushed and aggrieved face.

"It wasn't in the bargain that you were to sit up on the bank and read," said the face, "I'm coming up."

"You said that before. Why don't you come? I'm delighted that you should prefer Keats to fishing."

"I don't," determinedly. "Who's Keats, anyway—he's dead, isn't he? Who wants to read dead people on a day like this—let's play."

"I haven't played for so long I've forgotten how."

"I'll teach you. The game I want to play is very simple. It's called 'I love my love with an "A".'"

Lorna put aside her book with pronounced reluctance. She did not intend that he should see how much she loved his boyishness.

"Very well. If you are determined to be silly, we may as well be as silly as we can. You begin."

"O you fraud! You like it as much

as I do. Well, then—I love my love with an 'L,' because she's a lady. How's that?"

"Very poor."

"But so true. I never thought of it before but it just exactly fits it. I love my love with an 'L,' because she's a lady—it's all there!"

Lorna looked at him curiously.

"Are you serious?" she asked dubiously.

"Don't you see that I am? Not seriously serious, but cheerfully serious."

Lorna smoothed her muslin skirt over her knees and settled back against the tree—

(In a subconscious way she heard the nurse reply to someone unknown "Yes. Sleep is what she needs"—but she herself was leaning against the tree looking at Barkley as he lay at her feet).

"Then your silly game may be interesting, after all," she said. "I've often wondered why you loved me—the special reason, you know, the *real* reason. The thing that made you like me first, made me seem different from other girls. I'm not very different. I'm not very pretty, and I'm not very clever, but I suppose I must be something special in some way. Am I?"

"Yes, you are. You——"

"Well, then, tell me the difference. And don't be silly. We never talked this out before. Just whenever I begin to fear we have talked out everything something new comes up. I wonder if it's the same with everybody?"

"No, of course not. Solomon, for instance, was quite bored for the want of something new to talk about. He couldn't have had a past experience like ours to draw upon."

"Poor Solomon! Well, let's begin our play all over. Go on."

"But I told you the straight truth before. I love my love with an 'L,' because she's a lady. Because she is a lovely lady, she lives in London, her father's a lawyer, and one day she

left him and came to live with me—there!"

Lorna shook her head. "That doesn't help at all. I am a lady because my mother brought me up as one. Wouldn't you love me if I weren't a lady?"

"Certainly not." Then, teasingly: "The thing's quite inconceivable. If you weren't a lady you wouldn't be you, and, if you weren't you, you wouldn't want me to love the other person, would you?"

"But if I weren't myself I would be the other person."

"No, you couldn't. I can prove to you—but I won't. I haven't time. I'm so anxious to hear your side. It's your turn."

"Wait a minute. I never really thought of it before. Of course I loved you for lots of things, but I think—perhaps—the very first thing—was—don't you want to guess?"

"That's easy. You love your love with a 'B,' because he's big."

"No, I do not. But it's just like a man to think so. I like you to be big and broad and brown, but I would love you just as much if you were little and narrow and pinchy-faced and wore spectacles."

"That's a whopper!"

"No, it isn't. You don't understand. I have never told you this before, but I loved you before I ever saw the tip of your nose."

At this Barkley, for no perceptible reason, sat up a little straighter and, though he still laughed, his voice seemed to have caught a note of her more serious tone.

"What is this?" he asked dramatically. "What do you mean by it? How is it that I have never heard these terrible revelations before?"

"We have never happened to talk about it. Just think—we have only been married two days."

"Impossible—and still more impossible. I can't believe that you thought that you might—like me before you saw the tip of my nose? This nose? The one I'm wearing now—my fa-

ther's father's classic nose?"

"If you're going to laugh, I won't tell you."

"All right, I won't—but my surprise is natural."

"You never seem to think how much I had heard about you from Ellen. She would rather talk about you than eat her meals. But she never would show me your photo. She said the only one she had ought to be sued for libel. And she was awfully careful not to say what you looked like. She wanted me to be entirely unprejudiced."

"Humph!" said Ellen's brother thoughtfully.

"Yes. All she ever told me about you was about the things you did."

"Things I did? What things?"

"Oh, just things."

"Of course—and so lucid! But couldn't you just tell me of one special and particular and individual thing—by way of sample?"

"I don't know," doubtfully. "I have forgotten just exactly. But they were all the same kind of thing—about how you tried to save the Adams boy from drowning—"

"I swear I didn't. I fell in and had to be fished out myself."

"And how about that football game—scrimmage she called it. I can't remember just what you did—but I know it was something stunning."

"Stunning—that's the word. I was insensible for a couple of days. But that happened because I couldn't help it—got in and couldn't get out. I—I've never played football since. I hate it."

"It's all very well for *you* to say that," said Lorna placidly. "But—can't you guess now why I love my love with a 'B'?"

"No, I can't," snappishly.

"Yes, you can. I love my love with a 'B,' because he's brave. Now—don't root up that poor little flower!"

She tried to make a prohibitory movement with her hand—but the hand didn't seem to belong to

her. And somewhere someone said "Hush!"

Barkley replanted the flower in silence. There seemed to be a subtle change in his manner.

"You needn't pretend that you don't like it," she prattled on. "You know you *do*. It's all very well to be modest. I'm modest myself, but I like to be told I'm pretty"—she paused imperceptibly but he did not glance up—"and, of course, you like to be told you are brave. It must be lovely not to be afraid of things."

"Are you afraid of things?" He was still very much occupied in patting down the earth around the flower.

"Yes. I hope you don't mind? I was always a coward. Do you want to know what it feels like? I suppose you can hardly understand, but when I'm frightened I get cold all over. My brain seems to spin around and I scream and scream."

He was still planting the flower.

"I scream and scream," she repeated gently, poking him with her finger.

He looked up at this and she was surprised to find his face grown serious.

"I wish we had had this talk before we were married, Lorna," he said. "I never bothered about why you loved me. I took it as a gift of the gods and asked no questions. Wouldn't you love me if you found out that I am not really brave at all?"

"Certainly not. The thing is inconceivable. If you were not brave, you wouldn't be you, and, if you weren't you, you wouldn't want me to love the other fellow, would you?"

"But—seriously, Lorna?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Seriously? Haven't I just been telling you that your courage has always seemed your outstanding quality—it has been the lamp, if you insist upon seriousness, by whose light all your other excellence becomes visible."

"Couldn't you exchange the old lamp for a new one?"

"No. The wicked magician would get me if I did. And some morning you would wake and find me gone, and my father who is a lawyer would come and say, 'Where is my daughter? Go and find her immediately!'"

Barkley did not respond to this as he ought to have done. He was staring gloomily in front of him.

"Oh, hang it all, Lorna, don't joke! You may as well know the truth at once. I'm a born coward—there!"

"Of course!"

"I'm serious, Lorna."

"Yes, dear. Very well. But please don't *look* serious. I'll believe you. You are a coward, and I am not a lady, and we neither of us love our loves with any letter at all! Now, the play's ended. It was rather a stupid play."

She turned his face towards her trying to draw him out of his inexplicable mood with the laughing mockery of her eyes.

"It *was* a stupid game," he answered. "Let's read Keats."

She wanted so badly to hear Barkley read Keats! But her brain was awake again and would not allow her. It kept interrupting with "Remember—remember—remember!" and something else, some other more subdued brain voice, warned, "Don't remember—don't remember," and with this latter voice came a cold thrill of fear; fear of something unknown but very vital and very near. Something which *must* be remembered soon.

It was a wearisome struggle. She tried with all her feeble strength to leave it and go back to the trout-brook. Perhaps she may have moaned a little, for the nurse was quickly beside her with the glass. She drank and sank back upon the pillow. Somewhere far away Barkley's voice was certainly reading Keats—his favourite poem, too.

"I sat her on my pacing steed

And nothing else saw all day long—"

But she could not get to him, and the voice grew fainter as the clamour in her brain increased. She felt that

it would be impossible now to win through to the green bank and the dandelions. She must give it up.

Suddenly! There was a *connection* between that day by the brook, long ago in their honeymoon, and the something which her brain was trying to remember. The reconstruction of that almost forgotten scene had not been quite as aimless as she had thought. There was a key somewhere, and her brain was searching, searching for it. Presently the key would be found. But not yet. She did not want it to be found yet—the warning "Do not remember" persisted, growing clearer all the time. But in spite of it, in spite of her own half-awakened will, the searching process went on.

Once the key was almost found, then lost again! She was getting very tired. Perhaps the pleasant drink in the glass was helping her to rest, for, very slowly it seemed, the conscious effort of memory grew less. The searching became more fitful. She began to feel light again—light as thistle-down. But what was this?

She was in bed, not the bed on which she lay and of which she was always partially conscious, but her own bed in her own room. There was a terrible sense of suffocation—a helplessness—an instinct of danger which prompted her wildly to rise—to get away—to find air somewhere! It was all very much confused; a kind of nightmare with dim half-memories. But it seemed that in some way she managed to fall out of the bed and creep along the floor, blindly, in the direction of where the window ought to be. The oppression, the suffocating smell seemed to close around her. She knew that she would never reach the window! Another struggle, purely instinctive (since it carried her but a few useless paces nearer) and then—a crash—a glorious breath of air!

Someone's arms (Barkley's, of course) lifted her and the fresh wind blew upon her face. How painful, yet how delicious to breathe again!

But it was not Barkley who was holding her, for when she opened her smarting eyes she saw a face she did not know encased in a leather helmet, dripping water. A fireman? Then the house must be on fire! How stupid of her not to have thought of it before. The crash must have been the breaking of a window—

"Steady her, Bill," said the face in the helmet to someone invisible. "She's coming around, all right, all right."

Another pair of arms grasped her firmly, and presently she was out of the broken window and down the ladder and lying on the grass. She felt very ill and her brain was not clear; but it seemed that Barkley bent over her for a moment. His face was very white. He was speaking, but she could not understand what he said. Then he was gone again, and there was nothing but the arch of stars across which fiery meteors flew; and now and then a burst of flame-edged smoke, a mass of rose and gray, very beautiful!

Her brain began to clear. She remembered that she had gone to bed early with a headache. That would account for Barkley not—Oh, now she remembered—Barkley had not been at home! He had gone to pass the night with his mother who was inordinately nervous when left alone. It was not far, only in the next block. Her confused thought dwelt upon unimportant details in a dazed way. How fortunate that his mother had not lived farther away. How good it was that she had been rescued before Barkley had arrived, though it would have been rather nice if Barkley had found her. Still, she was glad that Barkley had been spared the anxiety of knowing that she was in the burning house. It was all clearly providential. And the child—how fortunate that she had allowed the child to go home with his Aunt Alice—

Her brain cleared magically. The child had not gone!

One moment of agonised struggle to

make sure that the horror was real, and then she seemed to turn into a mad woman—racing across the lawn and screaming! She thought that she screamed, "The child, the child!" Perhaps the words were inarticulate, for no one seemed to understand. For an instant the amazed crowd parted, and, quite mad, she would have flung herself into the first flaming doorway had not someone, sensible in time, caught her back, holding her very firmly.

There was shouting all about her, but she did not understand what was shouted. The check had steadied her, compelled her to think—she could think with terrible clearness. There was one chance for the child, the little side passage which led to his room. The whole front of the house was in flames. But by the side passage there might be time yet!

"The child is in the house." She spoke almost collectedly. "Let me go. I know how to reach him." But the firm grasp on her arms tightened. Someone said soothingly: "Don't! The child isn't in the house — he's safe!"

"He is! He is!" she gasped—then somewhere among the firemen she caught sight of Barkley, and shouted,

"The child! The side passage!" She knew that he understood by the quick horror on his white face. Why had he not thought of it before? How had he forgotten the child? Ah! She remembered—he had believed that the child was safe. She had told him herself of the contemplated visit—no one had known that at the last moment he had not gone! No one but the maid! Where was the maid? She asked the question mechanically and heard the answer: "Safe but insensible."

Insensible! She, too, had been insensible while the child—

Barkley had started for the passage door, running, and as the hands sustaining her let go their hold, she ran after. There was time yet! She sobbed in thankfulness that there was

time yet! Barkley would save the child!

But what was happening? Barkley had not gone in! Someone had gone in—some one in a dripping helmet—but not Barkley. People were cheering—cheering the dripping helmet, she supposed, since Barkley was still standing with a white face beside the door and had not gone in. Such cheering!

Somebody touched her arm gently (everyone was just "somebody").

"Don't be afraid. He'll have the boy out. It's Bill Davis, he's a corker—not afraid of anything! You'll see, he'll have him out—not a bit the worse."

He would have him out—who? Not Barkley—Bill Davis, who wasn't afraid of anything! (Someone near her was crying hysterically, "O dear! O dear!" It appeared to be the maid). What was barkley waiting for? Was someone holding him back? No, he was standing quite alone staring at the door.

"Barkley!" Did she whisper or did she shout? She couldn't tell. But he must have heard her for he turned slowly. His face was like a mask. He did not speak, nor did she, but under her terrible look he shrank away—closer to the door—closer. She could see a flash of flame behind him through the opening. There was no one else in the world—just himself and herself, and their eyes spoke. Then he turned and burst through the doorway, running. The smoke parted and closed, and again there was a tiny spurt of flame.

More cheering! Was it for Barkley this time? No, for that other in the dripping helmet with a bundle in his arms.

"Here he is!" said a hearty voice beside her. "Not a bit the worse."

They placed the child in her arms, but beyond a look making sure of his safety she scarcely noticed him and her arms seemed too weak to hold him. Her eyes were upon the doorway with its curtain of smoke. There

was a moment's wait, and then confused murmuring broke out. She caught scraps of sentences.

"Why did he go?—Is he down?—What did he go for?—Do you think he's down?—Child's safe, isn't it?—Guess he went batty—Looks as if he couldn't get back—Let's have a try for him—It's likely he's down."

The eager smoke received two more helmets, and the crowd waited, breathlessly this time—no cheering.

They came out staggering. Something was held between them, something which collapsed helplessly upon the grass—a tumbled heap.

No cheering yet. Only dead silence. A silence which seemed to drag at her limbs, holding her back when she tried to reach the heap on the grass.

"Is Barkley dead?" She asked somebody—anybody. No one answered. Then a cheerful voice began to speak.

"Fire hasn't touched him—and he wasn't long enough in the smoke—doctor'll be here soon. He'll be all right—not a bit the worse." (How maddening the repetition was.)

She raised his hand and it fell like lead. An ominous silence had followed the cheerful words. "Doctor's coming right away," had assured someone through the silence, but another voice, low, whispering, but terribly clear said:

"Heart failure, I expect—poor fellow."

*This was what she had been trying to remember!*

\*

Lorna opened her eyes and shut them, quickly—but not before she had seen that there was no one in the room beside the nurse. It was a pleasant room and the nurse sat beside a window, reading. Barkley was not there!

She had known that he would not be there. What was it that the whispering voice had said. Heart failure.

And Barkley was a coward! *That* had been the connection between the

day by the brook so long ago and the night of the fire. He had told her, then, that he was a coward—a born coward—and she had laughed. Who wouldn't have laughed at being told such a preposterous thing? Men, real men—like Barkley—are never cowards! Could a bride of two days be credulous of such an anomaly?

A vision of a white face and fear-filled eyes, against a background of shifting smoke—Barkley had certainly been a coward!

How she despised a coward! There had been a boy who used to carry her books to school—such a pleasant, kind boy—but one day he had shirked a fight with a bully. Of course, it would have been foolishness to fight the bully, who was twice his size—but how fine if he had not thought of that. At any rate, he never carried her books again.

Ellen had always told her of how brave Barkley was. It was strange that she could not think of any specific instance. It must have been an atmosphere in which Ellen wrapped her stories. "Barkley is too reckless, you know," and "Barkley is so brave he's always running into danger." Phrases like these had been great favourites with Ellen.

Barkley was so big and strong and gentle. How happy they had been—that day by the brook had been but the beginning of their happiness. And the child—so like Barkley. She had thought that, with a mother, a child is first—always. Now she realised that Barkley had been first—always!

There was that time when the child had been ill with diphtheria. How anxious she had been—how she had been afraid to sleep almost, fearing Barkley would break the quarantine and go past the disinfecting screen. She saw and understood those fears very closely now. If the child had died she would have been broken-hearted. But if Barkley—! Why had her eyes sent him into the burning house—even when the child was

already being carried to safety? Was it to make doubly sure of the child, since they held her back and would not let her go herself? The merciless lucidity of her thought told her instantly that it was not. It was of Barkley that she had been thinking—of Barkley standing, white-faced, by the passage door while another went in. It had been to save him from himself, to save him from that terrible verdict which her eyes had pronounced, and which the silence of the crowd had shouted—Coward!

Well, he had gone in. She remembered how the smoke had closed behind him, and the little flash of flame.

"Heart-failure—poor fellow!" Who was it who had whispered it? The fire had not touched him and he had not been long enough in the smoke. She drew a long shuddering breath. Heart failure! Had he died of fear then? She opened her eyes and glanced about the room again. The nurse was not alone now. The little boy was beside her, and she bent down to whisper with him.

Lorna closed her eyes. She could not speak to the child. At the moment she did not feel any overwhelming joy at his safety. How unnatural! And yet the boy had been the very pride of her heart, dearer than anything on earth—except his father!

If Barkley had died of fear—but had he not rather died of the conquering of fear? She remembered the look in his eyes before he turned to face the fire. Had not the abject fear in them given place, for that one moment, to some mysterious exultation? If he had conquered—it had cost him his life. If he had not conquered—

Surely she wouldn't live when she realised that Barkley was dead. She had not begun to realise it yet. She looked upon it as an outsider might look upon some fact with which he had no concern. Any actual realisation seemed immeasurably remote.

It was only last night that he and she had sat in the big arm-chair to

gether and talked about a new rug for the parlour and about the holiday in the mountains (for the boy's sake) and about how pretty her hair looked in the lamp-light. This had been before he had left her to go to his mother's. And they had been so occupied that she had neglected to mention that Earl had not gone home with his Aunt Alice, but had been sent to bed instead because he had been a very naughty boy and had defied authority. And then they had talked together down to the gate and they had discussed the possibility of an automobile in two years if things went well, and had talked about Susie Adams and her husband and how sad it was. And then Barkley had kissed her and said—

Someone had entered the room! The doctor probably. She heard a whisper—if she had not sent Barkley

into the burning house it might have been his whisper asking how she was. Another whisper — it sounded — it *sounded* like Barkley's voice, if Barkley had not been dead. She crushed out the terrified spark of hope. She would not even open her eyes to see—the disappointment would be too awful.

Someone was bending over the bed. Of course, the doctor! She would not open her eyes. She lay quite still. Someone touched her hand—timidly. Surely not a doctor's touch! But she dared not open her eyes. She *dared* not! Someone was bending low—

“Lorna!”

Her eyes flashed open.

“Barkley. Barkley!”

And when he gathered her into his arms (big men are so gentle) she didn't need a lamp to show her why she loved him.

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## AN INDIAN LOVE SONG

By KATHLEEN MURPHY

Beautiful art thou, my little white owl,  
 Thou art very beautiful!  
 Thou standest out from among women as the silver, satin birch stands  
 out from among the dark spruce trees.  
 Thou art tall like the pine and supple like the willow,  
 Oh, my little Manganis.  
 Thy cheeks are soft as the gold moss in the autumn;  
 Thy lips are as wild poppies, fully blown.  
 Thou art very beautiful!  
 Thine eyes are like the stars shining through the tamarack boughs,  
 And they have the depths of the little pools beneath the hemlock  
 branches,  
 Oh, my little Manganis.



# COMEDY AND HUMOUR IN THE BIBLE

BY J. D. LOGAN

THIS is no laughing matter. An essay in criticism may take for its theme the most seemingly inconsequential element of literature, and by the very contrast between the subject and the treatment heighten the seriousness of both.

There are three or four good reasons why an essay in criticism dealing with comedy and humour in the Bible, is worth while. The literary study of the Bible is now definitely a part of the science of Comparative Literature; at present this study is chiefly morphological—an inquiry into the literary forms in the Bible, their varieties and their structure. Are comedy and humour represented amongst these? Those who profess the literary study of the Bible observe that the Scriptures contain gnomic, epic, dramatic and lyric poetry; tales of love, adventure and wonder; cosmological, social and political history; philosophy, oratory, epistles, biography and pure fiction (allegory). But they do not seem to remark the existence of genuine comedy and humour in the Bible; or if they do, they forget to mention it. Eminent critics, Carlyle and Renan, for instance, have declared that the Hebrew genius had not the gift of humour. If the Bible contains no humour of its own form and quality at all (which, indeed, is not the fact), this must be due either to the peculiar genius of the Semitic mind, or to the special function of the Bible as literature. Can we dis-

prove from the Scriptures Carlyle's and Renan's dictum that the ancient Israelites had no gift of humour? And what is the special function of the Bible as literature, as distinguished from the function of the ancient Greek and Latin classics and of modern literature? The question, then, as to the existence of comedy and humour in the Bible, a question which at first seemed relatively trivial and quite inept, turns out to be an exceedingly nice problem in criticism—the problem involving, as appear, matters of history, morphology, psychology and literary æsthetics.

Laymen who pretend to considerable culture in letters but who lack knowledge of philology and comparative literature, have been puzzled to understand why Dante should have named his great "three-movement" poem, "The Divine Comedy." The idea of comedy is associated in the modern mind with anything else than with a highly serious or a beautiful literary species—with satire, for instance, or with farce, or with burlesque. Generically, however, the idea of comedy should be associated with happiness or the joy of life, not with mere gaiety or frivolity or the inconsequential accidents of human conduct. Aptly Dante named his work "The Divine Comedy" because its events moved from grave to fortunate, from suffering to a happy close. This indeed—the happy ending—is the essential aspect of liter-

ary comedy. In this view the Biblical drama of "Job" is properly described as a "Divine Comedy." And the pretty stories of "Esther" and "Ruth"—are they anything else than genuine romantic comedies, in beauty of form, winning humanity and emotional fervour as engaging as "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like it?"

Indeed, the stories of "Esther" and "Ruth" contrast very much as do the two Shakespearean comedies instanced, not, to be sure, in formal structure, but in romantic atmosphere and in emotional quality. As in "The Merchant of Venice," so in "Esther," the progress of events is dangerously near the tragic, but the denouement is essentially romantic because relief from the emotional tension comes in the form of a happy ending which agrees pleasantly with our sympathetic attitudes and satisfies our ethical demands. "Esther" is almost as idyllic as an Arthurian romance; it is much more intellectually and morally exalting than "Ruth;" but the latter is more intimate, more earthly, nearer to ordinary vulgar humanity. When one reads the episode of Ruth and Boaz which begins, somewhat by intrigue of Naomi, at the threshing barn, after a hard day's work in the fields, one sees in it the author's attempt at an original method of depicting piquantly a romantic courtship; and inevitably one recalls the sensual but dainty ditty, "It was a Lover and his Lass," from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

In the Dantean and Shakespearean meaning of comedy, we may rightfully, and without danger of degrading the Biblical stories of "Esther" and "Ruth," classify them as comedies. To object that these cannot legitimately be regarded as romantic comedies, on the ground that their authors did not write them under literary inspiration, did not consciously aim to create literary species as such, is to substitute a theological theory for a method of classification, and to

turn an æsthetic appreciation into a superstition. The literary study of the Bible concerns itself only with the question of what is in the text, and leaves the question of the divine or human origin of the text to the professors of the so-called "Higher Criticism;" it seeks to comprehend the literary forms in the Bible, to analyse their structure and to classify their varieties; finally, it aims by comparative criticism, to appreciate the æsthetic values of the Biblical literary forms and to distinguish their excellence and function from those of other literatures, ancient and modern. Thus applied, the literary study of the Bible discovers that the Semitic genius was gifted to create, as it did for instance in the stories of "Esther" and "Ruth," authentic romantic comedy.

The lower phase of comedy, which we categorise variously as the comic, humour, wit, satire, and which is based on the perception of incongruity of relations and on degradation of personality—this, too, exists in the Bible. And here again it will appear that Carlyle and Renan were wrong in declaring that the Semitic mind had not the gift of comedy in the more vulgar forms: if in nothing more, the Hebrew genius did express itself at least in satiric humour. Inasmuch as this is an exceedingly nice problem in literary criticism and involves somewhat unfamiliar distinctions in psychology, it is necessary at the beginning to determine the special points of view from which the problem must be apprehended. These points of view are two:

First of all, the strict literary attitude to humour in the Bible requires that we do not look at the text from the angle of our own highly developed comic vision. We can find humour in the Bible; but we must distinguish between the humour which our modern comic sense creates out of the text and that which was meant by the Biblical authors themselves to be comic or humorous. Two or three

rather pertinent instances will make the distinction clear. In Jevon's textbook of Logic an example of the fallacy of accent and suppression is taken from 1 Kings, Cap. 13, vs. 13 — "And he said unto his sons, 'Saddle me the ass.' So they saddled *him*." The humour here is deliberately derived by suppressing the final words of the second sentence and by emphasising the pronoun "*him*."\* It does not at all surprise us that Mark Twain saw in certain passages of the Bible excellent chances for his own freakish and delicious humour. In "Innocents Abroad," Twain points out that we should observe how the writer of the Acts of the Apostles indulges (Cap. 9, vs. 11) in a little side-play of satiric humour; for the New Testament writer, as Twain notes, is careful to distinguish the fact that when Ananias is bidden to go to the house of Judas to find Saul of Tarsus, he is not told to go to the street, which is straight, but to the street which is called Straight, so called, no doubt, in Twain's view, satirically or by euphemism.† And was it not the application of his own comic or satiric sense to the Biblical text that prompted Thomas Hobbes, in the 17th century, to make the world laugh at the familiar Old Testament formula: "And God came to Laban in a dream," "I the Lord will speak in a dream," and so on in its many variations? It was easy for Hobbes to turn the laugh by acutely observing that when the Bible says that God spoke to men in a dream, it is the same thing as saying that men dreamt God spoke to them. This is good psychology on Hobbes' part, but rather brutal, and, of course, quite illegitimate satiric humour. Twain's humour, too, is factitious, for the

New Testament author himself was certainly not indulging in a witticism or even, with the slightest sense of humour on his part, quoting a "standing joke" amongst the citizens of Damascus in his day.

Secondly, if we may not survey the Biblical text from the angle of our own comic vision, much more we may not neglect to observe how right knowledge of the development of the comic sense in a people of a given epoch is the only method by which we moderns may properly determine whether what in their writings is humorous to us was not serious or tragic to them, and conversely. We may readily see the value of such psychological knowledge as it works out, for instance, in the case of the Elizabethan playwrights.

One of the nicer problems in Shakespearean criticism is to determine the development of the comic sense amongst the people of the great English dramatist's time. Mr. John Corbin has suggested in his monograph, "The Elizabethan Hamlet," that many of those scenes, or at least episodes, which, in Shakespeare's plays, we take to be comic, were really not so to the Elizabethans, and episodes which are tragic to us were to them essentially comic. We need not wait to speculate on this. We may, however, observe in passing that only in this way can we offer a reasonable explanation of the plot and under-plot of such "comedies"—for so their authors named them — as Jonson's "Volpone," or Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." For if we suppose that amongst the Elizabethans the sympathetic emotions were weakly developed, then we can readily understand how these two "comedies," despite to us their pathetic or semi-tragic endings, must

\* Cp. the unconscious humour, based on what our rhetoricians call grammatical incoherence in the double reference of the pronoun "they" in 2 Kings, cap 19, vs. 35: "And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." This recalls the absurdity of "If I should die before I wake," in familiar prayer of childhood.

† "The street called Straight is straighter than a corkscrew but not as straight as a rainbow." St. Luke is careful not to commit himself; he does not say that it is the street which is straight but the "street which is called straight." It is a fine peace of irony; it is the only facetious remark in the Bible, I believe.—Innocents Abroad, Chap. 44.

have been really comic to the theatre-goers of the 16th and 17th centuries.

There must have been indeed an element of malice in the comic sense of the Elizabethans; and we detect the survival of this element in ourselves when, for instance, we say to one who has been entertaining us gratuitously with some tom-foolery or horse-play but who meets with a painful mishap in the midst of it, : "Well, it served you right!" We must fall back on the undeveloped condition of the philanthropic emotions of the Elizabethans to explain their somewhat malicious comic sense and the element of pain, pathos and semi-tragedy in such comedies as "Volpone" and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." And this explanation is also a much better way of accounting for the "mixing" of comedy and tragedy in Shakespeare's plays than is the 19th century theory of "artistic contrast" and of "emotional relief." Psychologically viewed, the latter is an anachronism; the former quite agrees with the principle of sufficient reason.

Now, only by an identical psychological method of criticism may we determine what scenes and episodic passages in Homer and in the Bible are genuinely comic, satiric, or humorous, and whether they were written by their authors under the inspiration of the comic sense and imagination, and intended by them to produce humorous or satiric effect. Three *prima facie*, or possible, comic episodes in Homer are considered here, only because the conclusions arrived at will assist us in judging whether or not three or four episodes in the Bible are similar in intention and effect.

As to the episode in Book I. of the Iliad, when Hephaistos, reel-footed cup-bearer to the court of Zeus,

"—With awkward grace his office plies  
And unextinguished laughter shakes the  
skies."

as to this episode in Homer there can be no doubt about its being genuinely comic: the author of Book I. of

the Iliad must have laughed — it is a psychological necessity,—at his own picture of Hephaistos, the awkward butt of the gods, and the merriment in high heaven; the ancient Greeks, too, must have laughed with the author in equal enjoyment of the "fun" amongst the immortals. This episode, it may be remarked by the way, is an apt instance of comedy which depends on incongruity of relations and degradation of personality.

If Homer meant to make a genuinely comic picture of Hephaistos, is it possible that the poet was also somewhat under the inspiration of the comic spirit when in Book XI. of the Iliad he likened the mighty Ajax to an ass belaboured by boys? The poet, we know, employed homely comparisons frequently: and the presumption must be that since amongst the Greeks, as amongst the Hebrews, the ass had no ignoble associations in the imagination, or no such grotesque associations as obtain in the modern mind, the simile was intended to accomplish what it actually does, namely, to produce a clear and vivid picture of certain characteristics of Ajax. Still, granting the liveliness of the image, it must be admitted that its psychological elements are precisely those incongruous relations in perception and the degradation of personality (contrast between the great warrior and the lowly beast of burden) which constitute the essence of comedy and the comic.

Finally: if we must attend solely to the objective purpose of this famous simile, ignoring the subjective elements of the image which it wakens in the fancy, in order not to degrade it to the comic, we must also take the same attitude to the Homeric episode of Hector's flight around the walls of Troy (Book XXII. of the Iliad). In literature this is the most remarkable case of a serious incident which is saved from being comic only by the interest in the objective events and intensity of the mental excitement or emotion. When we read how

the boasting Hector came forth boldly to fight the mighty Greek champion, Achilles, we are all on edge for the great combat to begin. But when we read how the approach of Achilles so filled Hector with terror that he turned and fled, we are not prepared for the positively absurd and ridiculous picture, which Homer gives us of the Trojan hero (?) fleeing around the walls of Troy, three times in succession, with Achilles in pursuit, and both, as we say vulgarly, going it lickety-split. The picture is not only "unheroic," in the Greek sense; it is ignoble, ludicrous, positively comic and grotesque. It was not so to Homer and the Greeks; and only by subjective reflection is it so to us, because, as remarked, the objective interest in the event, the excitement, and the intensity of emotion inhibit reflection and thus save the incident from being, as it really is, ridiculous and comic. For here again we observe those incongruous relations in perception and the degradation of personality which constitute the essence of comedy and the comic.

By our psychological method of criticism we were able to discover in the Iliad one genuinely comic episode, and two which are comic in essence but which, in view of the development of the sense of humour in the Greeks, may not be appreciated as validly comic. Are there such episodes in the Bible—to which just this method and these distinctions apply? There are.

It will be best, first, to classify the comic, humorous or satiric episodes in the Bible according to the schemata which we employed in the case of the Iliad; and then critically to consider

each episode in detail. In the Bible there are at least three episodes which are genuinely comic or satiric. These are the skeptical laughter of Sarah on hearing the prediction of her maternity in old age (Gen. xviii., vs. 9-15); the irony with which Elijah mocks the prophets of Baal (I. Kings, cap. 18, vs. 27); the incident of the children taunting Elisha and this prophet's angry cursing them for their innocent prank (2 Kings, cap. 2, vss. 23-25).\*

The humour in the first class of comic Biblical episodes is not factitious, is not derived by our modern attitude; it is as obvious and real as the merriment of the Greek gods over the clownish Hephaistos. It may be serious fun or satiric humour, but it is fun and humour, none the less. To the second class of comic Biblical episodes belong the incident of Balaam belabouring the ass, divinely gifted for a special purpose with speech (Num. xxii., vss. 22-30), and the dispute between the archangel Michael and the devil for the right of possession to the body of Moses (reported in Jude, vs. 9). In psychological elements these episodes depend for their humour on the same incongruity of relations and the degradation of personality which obtain in our modern comic appreciation of the Homeric simile applied to Ajax and of the flight of Hector around the walls of Troy. But, as observed in our consideration of the Greek incidents, in view of the development of the sense of humour in ancient times, the comic Biblical episodes of the second class may not be regarded as validly humorous.

\* Possibly a fourth episode may be the seemingly satiric humour of Isaiah, cap 44, vs. 14, on the uses of wood for human domestic purposes and for graven images of God. But only to us moderns, now pothered with the problem of woman suffrage, can there be anything else than derived humor in Abimelech's appeal to his armorbearer to save him from the disgrace of having been killed by a woman (Judges cap IX, vs. 54), and only to modern comic sense, aroused, no doubt, by Shylock's remark in *The Merchant of Venice*, "Mark what Jacob did"—can there be a genuinely humorous quality in Jacob's outwitting of Laban by forcing a special kind of procreation of the sheep and goat flocks through the effect of animal susceptibility in the presence of artificially striped and speckled tree rods (Gen. cap. XXX vs. 25-41). The intention of the Biblical author in writing this episode was no more humorous than was, as is to us, the really satiric utterance of Laban to Jacob, when the former named the seat of their covenant "Mispah," which, rightly interpreted, does not mean, The Lord watch between, in the sense of, "Keep special kindly care over," the two covenanters, but rather "Keep a sharp lookout for trickery" between the two, who have already pitted their wits against one another. To us there is a comic quality in Laban's utterance. "The Lord watch out for sharp trade deals between us two," because we are in knowledge of the secret of Jacob's exceedingly "Jewish" business trickery (Gen. cap. XXXI, vss. 44-53).

Examining now in detail the comic Biblical episodes of the first class, we observe that in the case of Sarah's laughter, the humour is not so much, if at all, in the laughter itself, as in the implied satirical attitude of Sarah. Plainly she herself took the prediction of her maternity humorously—there can be no doubt about that. It is, to put it familiarly, as if she were saying, "Really this is a joke—too funny altogether," enjoying the humour of it, she chuckled over it (for this is the meaning of the phrase, "laughed within herself"); and we, for our part, are irresistibly drawn into the mood of Sarah; humanly viewed, the prediction is as much a joke to us as it was to her. The background, the setting, and the events are no doubt serious; but Sarah's own mood, attitude and skeptical chuckling are genuinely humorous. And as we read the episode, we ourselves enjoy the humour of Sarah's humour.

There can be no doubt that the ancient Hebrews enjoyed, strictly as satiric humour, Elijah's mockery of the prophets of Baal. "Cry aloud," so he taunts them, "Cry aloud: for he (Baal) is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be waked." This is ostensible irony on Elijah's part; and in view of the natural antipathy of the Hebrews, whose allegiance was to Jehovah, to the worshippers of Baal, the elements of malice in their own prophet's irony must have peculiarly heightened the humour of it for them; must have made it obvious and real. It is based, we may observe, chiefly on the degradation of the personality of Baal, implied in the sarcasm of Elijah.

In the incident of Elisha and the children, merrily and unwittingly, after the manner of children, taunting him for his baldness, we must carefully distinguish wherein the humour of it lies. To our modern minds, the prophet's turning upon the children

and cursing them is humorous, because it calls up in imagination the picture of dignity degraded both by the children's mockery and by the prophet's evident inability to appreciate the fun the children are having at his expense. To us the prophet, to put it colloquially, appears humorously as a very excited and angry old man. This, however, is only a case of our deriving humour from what is essentially pathetic or tragic; the wholesale destruction of the children by the she bears readily proves it. The real humour of the incident lies in the children's comic appreciation of the prophet's person. To them, by contrast between their conception of what a prophet's person should be and their perception of what, in Elisha's case, it actually is — to them he is comic. To them Elisha appears not as a dignified and holy servant of the Lord, but as an every-day human creature and, unexpectedly, as an object of fun or raillery. Only the first part of the incident is genuinely comic; and our own appreciation of it must take the form of enjoyment of the children's comic sense and of the fun which existed for them in the prophet's person. Their humour is the real humour of the incident.

The episodes of Balaam and the speaking ass and the dispute between Michael and the devil, while in psychological elements essentially comic, quite lose that quality when considered in connection with the development of the sense of humour in the Hebrews at the time that the text in which the episodes appear, was written. It may be well, however, before concluding, briefly to remark on the basis or essence of their comic quality, in so far as they have that quality for the modern imagination.

There is nothing comic in the ass suddenly acquiring the gift of human speech; for, first, in Balaam's time the ass was the domesticated beast on whose back kings and princes sat with dignity; and secondly, if there

were something essentially comic in the ass addressing his owner in the vernacular, then also should there be for us a comic aspect in Xanthus, Achilles' horse, predicting his master's doom (*Iliad*, Book XIX.): the very fact that the mouthpiece of fate is a domesticated animal serves to give all the greater significance to the prediction; and the same quality would have belonged to the utterance of the ass, had the words of the beast been dignified with a portentous meaning, instead of being, as they were, mere reproaches for cruelty. The comic elements in the episode reside altogether in the fact that the reader of the narrative is let into the secret of the ass's unusual conduct. The animal sees the threatening angel in the way; Balaam does not. The frightened beast shies, and crushes Balaam against the wall; then stumbles and falls with her master beneath her; and all the time Balaam is unwittingly belabouring the poor creature. As we say vulgarly, the joke is on Balaam; and this is the comic element enjoyed by modern readers of the incident.

On the other hand, there is nothing objectively comic in the dispute between the archangel Michael and the devil over the body of Moses.\* We ourselves may make it comic by reflecting on the subjective elements of the contrast between our conceived notions of the spiritual dignity of the disputants and their actual, vulgar conduct. The incongruity between the conceived and the perceived elements of the episode, and the degradation of personality, give the whole incident the same grotesque quality as would appear in the case of a wrangle between earthly persons of acknowledged spiritual and social dignity. As in the instance of the flight of Hector before Achilles, so here, comic quality will or will not appear in the Biblical incident according as we look at it objectively (that is, simply as a nar-

rative of fact), or reflect on the subjective contents of what we, by hypothesis, should expect to experience and the surprising non-fulfilment of our expectations.

Finally: the question of the existence of comedy and humour in the Bible may now be viewed as answered in the affirmative. But still the valid comedy and humour in the Bible are so insignificant in quantity, when compared with the rest of the text of the Scriptures and with the place of comedy in Greek, Latin and modern literature, that they appear too episodic seriously to be considered and appraised by Comparative Literary Criticism. This fact raises the further question, What is the cause of the relative insignificance of ancient Semitic comedy and humour? The cause, as our present study makes it appear, is not in the genius of the Hebrew race; this people had really the gift of humour. The comparative absence of comedy and humour in the Scriptures, then, must be due to the special function of the Bible as literature.

To determine what is this function, is a problem big enough to require special treatment by itself. We may, however, briefly summarise distinctions which the writer has signalled in a previously published essay. The literatures of the world may be distinguished according to the peculiar mode of consciousness expressed in them. In Greek literature there is the feeling for the heroic; in modern literature, the sense of the romantic. In Hebrew literature, on the other hand, there is always the most intense imaginative realisation of man's "adequate Socius in an ideal world." No people, save the Hebrews, have had this peculiar social apprehension of reality. The æsthetic result is that while Greek and modern literature are always human, they merely delight the senses or seduce the fancy. They minister to beauty, and gild the

\* Competent critics declare that Dante had this Biblical episode in mind when in the *Inferno* he describes the dispute between St. Francis and a "Cherub dark" over the right of possession to the body of Guido (lines 112 to close.)

earth with loveliness, or recall us from the distractions of life to contemplate existence with a subdued joy or a tender peace. But they do not, as Hebrew literature does, minister to sublimity and those ideas which are powerful over the religious imagination.

As mere literature the Bible has all those elements of matter and form which in Greek and in modern literature delight and elevate—music, colour, vivacity, eloquence, power, dignity, ideality and truth. But it has one gift in a supreme degree, which

Greek and modern literatures totally lack. The latter delight and elevate, but they have no power to *console*. This is the specific function of Hebrew literature alone. It is only natural, then, that there should be in the Bible a very insignificant place given to comedy and humour. Beauty and all that in literature appeals to the æsthetic imagination are in the Bible; but above all else its pages are the perennial fount of consolation for those who must support their mundane existence by faith in the moral reality of the universe.

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## THE END OF THE TRUCE

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

The white face of the summer moon,  
Through all the sun-burned afternoon,  
Stares down through shimmering miles of haze  
And thin haze dims the afternoon.

The flaming fall has brushed away  
The silent summer from the day,  
And what seemed endless quietness,  
Has turned to war within the day.

Life crushes life to save its own;  
A stream draws to the sea alone;  
And separately each ripe thing drops;  
A reaper reaps his field alone.

The oceans toss their silence by,  
And speak across the hollow sky,  
And toss the ships that leave the land,  
And draw black waters from the sky.

And cities war; but their unrest,—  
The struggling life at the sterile breast  
That strives in vain against its fate,  
And cries against the barren breast!





SPECTATORS OF "THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP"

## THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

ARTICLE II.

HAVING witnessed the first in-gathering on the hills, and experienced the chase down the Bitter Root Canyon, through the fenced runway and into the Pend d'Oreille, it is with sympathetic chagrin that you awaken next morning to learn that all the buffaloes have escaped from the field and returned to the range. A consultation is taking place, and the captain of the riders looks wise and says that it is time to do a little head work.

3-25

Word soon goes out that Pablo is short of men, and even to a mere spectator it is evident that no progress can be made unless at least four riders can be stationed in the field, ready to drive the buffaloes into the corral after they have crossed the river. But all the riders are needed for the chase in the hills, and where can four more be procured on so short notice? Little Jimmy, a visitor at camp, volunteers, and Big Duncan, the Scotch half-breed, who is into his

seventieth year, begins to yearn for a last real reminder of the days of his youth. He, too, is offered as a recruit. Even plucky Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist, who came to paint and not to chase, has thrown aside his brushes, and is now chafing in his long boots and inquiring about a suitable cayuse. As for us, all we have to do is recross the river, scale the Rattlesnake Cliffs, and, while waiting for the buffaloes to come rushing into the river beneath us, while away the time by watching the native graces of Adeline, the "breed" beauty of the camp.

As yet you do not realise that as one of a deplorably small group of spectators you are about to witness "the greatest wild-west show on earth" — the last stand of these hitherto monarchs of the plains against the white man's now almost supreme civilisation. You will see that these buffaloes appear to realise that with them dies or lives the untrammelled life that was once so abundantly theirs, for when you see them in the great fenced field, coming face to face with fresh riders and fresh cayuses, backed by the most resisting fence that Pablo's men could construct, your unbounded admiration is aroused, and you realise with genuine regret the great loss that posterity sustained when the American bison became almost extinct a quarter-century ago.

The scene from the Cliffs is one of surpassing grandeur. Nature at this spot has spread her canvas with lavish hand and her colours with a gigantic brush. The river itself flows with the speed of a mountain torrent several hundred feet below, while its course forms a large semi-circle wherein stands the field into which the buffaloes will be again induced to run. This field is a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, and is fenced on three sides, with the side breasting on the river left open so that the buffaloes may enter. Within the field a corral of extraordinary strength has

been erected, and it is with the hope of driving the buffaloes into the corral that the ingenuity of experienced herdsmen is about to be severely tested.

The riders have gone back into the hills again, as they went yesterday, and the group above the cliffs is waiting eagerly for the culmination of the chase. Presently some one possessing a keen ear shouts "They're coming," and almost immediately thereafter you can just barely detect hoof-beats beyond the point of vision.

"They're coming! They're coming!"

The hoof-beats become more and more distinct, and a cloud of dust rises beyond the first hill. Every eye is fixed on the chute at the point where it meets the river, and every nerve is atingle as the rush and roar of the chase now beats full upon the ear. You cannot see them as they come down the valley of the runway, but you await with tingling nerves the plunge into the river. And what a plunge! Without hesitation, and indeed with apparent relish, the buffaloes rush headlong into this unfamiliar element, snorting and blowing, and almost obscuring themselves in a mass of foam and spray. The calves do not take so favourably to the water, but are clever enough to crawl upon their mothers' hindquarters and make the crossing in that manner. The swift current carries the whole herd down a hundred feet below the chute, notwithstanding the fact that they are struggling against it with some pertinacity. Now, however, they are crawling out on the opposite shore, and, dripping wet and panting as if almost spent, canter leisurely into the field, just as if they felt that at last the pursuit is at an end.

The situation now is somewhat complicated. The buffaloes are fenced in on three sides, and the river and Rattlesnake Cliffs act as a barrier on the fourth side. The current of the river is so swift that all attempts at



"HERE IS A VERITABLE BRITISH SQUARE TO CONFRONT"



"THE BULLS ARE ASSUMING AN ANGRY ATTITUDE"



VIEW FROM THE CLIFFS, SHOWING THE CORRAL, WITH BUFFALOES INSIDE AND THREE MORE APPROACHING THE GATE.  
THE TREE ON THE RIGHT OBSCURES THE RIDERS

booming it on the lower end have failed, but the fence has therefore been extended inwards as far as possible, with the hope of diverting the course should the buffaloes return to the water, for it would in ordinary circumstances be extremely easy for them to swim down the river, as the first herd did, land below the fence and then scamper away to the ranges.

But what is that emerging from the glade? Three men, the three volunteers, on fresh mounts come cau-

witnessed by so few persons, for a stage more suitable or a grand-stand more comprehensive could scarcely be imagined. The cliffs whereon you stand as one of a dozen spectators command the entire scene, and you feel your breath bating and your nostrils aquiver as the buffaloes, aware now that the supreme period of the chase has arrived, stand at bay, with lowered heads and fierce, calculating mien. The riders in front, confident of the speed and freshness of their



BUFFALOES RUNNING IN INDIAN FILE ALONG THE RIVER-BANK

tiously out, and a practised eye could detect three extra ponies standing beside the corral and three more riders, — Arthur Ray, Joe Bonaparte and Young Pablo—landing from a row-boat, in which they have followed the buffaloes across the river.

Here, then, is about to begin the real wild-west show.— the imposing spectacle of the Last Great Round-up. One cannot help regretting that so magnificent a panorama should be

cayuses, advance more recklessly into the field, and with equal daring the three from behind rush down upon that formidable phalanx of tawny hide and glistening horn. Here is a veritable British square to confront, and, as the riders press nearer, they begin to draw rein, because experience in the hills has taught them that to run close to buffaloes in this mood is to court disaster. There is a moment of hesitation and uncertainty,

and then the square breaks, the herd falling apart and scattering at a high speed in several directions. For the minute, the riders scarcely know which way to turn, but, as if of one mind, they all dash after the buffaloes that have started towards the river. As the river at this point forms part of a semi-circle, it is possible for the buffaloes to reach it in several different directions, just as if they were located on a section of a huge saucer, with the river laving the brim. They go thundering across the undulating surface of the field, a cloud of dust at times obscuring them from view. Now the riders start hot-foot in pursuit, but their mounts are no match for these huge animals of the jack-rabbit gait, and therefore they show by their actions that they have undertaken something more than they had expected.

The corral stands in one corner of the field, and the common object of the riders is to induce the buffaloes to run along beside the fence that leads to the corral gate, and if they can once get them through the gate, the keenest part of the contest will be over. But let us not count too

soon on the gullibility of these majestic beasts, for with extraordinary perverseness or stubbornness or intelligence, the buffaloes press towards the other side of the field, and time after time they are urged back, only to turn at the gate again and gallop like black demons towards the river.

Little Jimmy is wild with excitement, and spurs his cayuse with maddening recklessness and unnecessary daring. Big Donald rushes after him, shouting to "let them take it easy," but Jimmy heeds him not, endangering his life and imperilling the success of the whole venture. The herd comes together again, and, led by two magnificent bulls, moves almost as a solid mass towards the end of the field farthest from the corral. Meantime, Charlie, who has not forgotten his cowboy tactics, holds aloof in the hope of giving the buffaloes a chance to assume a more philosophic mood. But now one might as well try to humour the whirlwind. The buffaloes are by this time down amongst the big firs, with Little Jimmy in hot pursuit and Big Donald and Charlie and the three hill-riders shouting admonitions in the rear. The



MICHAEL PABLO, BUFFALO RANCHER, ON HIS FAVOURITE CAYUSE, IN THE BIG CORRAL



GOADING A BUFFALO UP THE CHUTE INTO THE CAR

river is uncomfortably close, and it seems certain that the buffaloes are making for the water. The riders from the first chase, anticipating that, have swerved to the right and are already nearing the point of departure from the field. The buffaloes, seeing them coming, wheel about, hug the fence at the farther end, and run into a small horse corral, which breaks like pine slabs before their ferocious onslaught. Now is the chance to press them up against the long side fence and urge them into the big corral.

The buffaloes strike the easy canter of the hills, and act as if they would run without hesitation straight through the gate opened to entrap them. But instinct seems to come to their assistance, for as soon as they are within about 100 yards of the gate they swerve to the left and are again in the open field, heading away from the place prepared for them. Little Jimmy thinks he can stop them by galloping up in front, and Big Donald hurries after him to dissuade him from such tactics. In a twinkling the two



A BUFFALO RUNNING UP THE CHUTE TOWARDS THE CAR, WITH HIS HEAD ENTERING THE NOOSE THAT WILL HOLD HIM IN THE STALL



riders realise that the buffaloes have no intention of stopping, so they wheel about, and pressing the cayuses to their utmost speed start out to lead the company. An enormous bull, resenting what he regards as an intrusion upon his rights, leaps forward in front of the herd, and, notwithstanding the fact that the cayuses are themselves terror-stricken and running at top speed, thunders down upon them like an express engine, and, just as you hold your breath in expectation of one of the horses and its rider being tossed into the air, the bull seems to change his mind. Instead of attacking, he runs up between the two ponies and passes them in front, showing in no uncertain way that his speed is much greater than theirs.

From this distance it looks as if the cowboy artist has come to the conclusion that it is necessary to "take the bull by the horns." The buffaloes have slowed up and are moving slowly towards the lowland, which is always towards the river. Charlie makes a sudden dash across the field, comes upon the buffaloes suddenly from behind, and, waving his hat and shouting like a river boss, manages to turn them about, with their heads again pointing towards the corral. The riders from the rowboat rush up, and immediately there is a scattering of buffaloes in all directions. Some run towards the corral, some towards the river, and some towards the farther end of the field. The riders separate also, and the chase now becomes general. The bulls are assuming an angry attitude, and horses and riders are being charged every minute. The buffaloes can outrun the horses; and if they were to charge and then stick to it, there would be no possible chance of taking them alive. But they charge only for a short distance, usually to the spot where the horse stood when they started, and seldom farther. It seems to be scarcely necessary for the riders to be on the alert for a charge, because the cayuses

will jump just as soon as the charge begins, and all that it is necessary for the rider to do is to hold fast to the saddle.

From our point of view, it seems impossible for the riders to get the buffaloes together again into one group, and they seem to be making an attempt to chase them into the corral two or three at a time.

Suddenly you hear a pistol shot, and, turning your eyes quickly towards the middle of the field, you see Charlie Russell's pony swinging about and young Pablo leaning from his saddle, smoking pistol in hand, over a big bull that stands quivering as if about to fall. Charlie and Young Pablo had undertaken to head-off this bull, which was running away. Charlie must have run too close, for, as you learn later, the bull suddenly turned and charged. Had Young Pablo not been ready, having anticipated the move, Charlie's cayuse at least would have been a victim. But the bullet from the pistol took effect, and hereafter the camp will have a supply of fresh buffalo meat.

This incident has given the buffaloes a chance to reach the river, into which three of them plunge with great eagerness. The rest swing about into the trees along the shore, while the three in the river swim across and are lost to view by landing on the narrow strip of beach between the waterline and the bottom of the cliffs. You cannot see them, but you can hear them snorting and pawing the gravel, and then running down towards the point where they think they can escape.

We have now a double-ring performance—the buffaloes in the field forming one and the three under the cliffs forming the other. But the men do not intend, apparently, to let the three on this side escape so easily, and as soon, therefore, as the buffaloes come near to the place of possible escape, they are confronted with a series of pistol shots and demoniacal yells, causing them to wheel

about in much confusion and start in extreme haste towards the upper end. But the upper end is no more hospitable than the lower, and so the poor brutes have to retreat again. In desperation they try to scale the cliffs, and actually ascend for fifty feet or more, only to be met with a shower of rocks from above. At last, harried and tormented and outwitted, they take again to the river, and within a few minutes' time are once more in the field with their mates.

The sun is coming close to the western horizon, and just as you begin to think that darkness will soon prevent any further attempt at corraling, you see the buffaloes all coming together and the riders acting in unison, with more caution and less speed. Now the buffaloes have broken into an easy canter and are coming down the long stretch of the field in a mass and as of one mind. The fence confines them on the far side, the side of the corral gate, and the riders curb them on this side. A big bull acts as if he sees the gate and regards it as a way of escape. He presses out in front of the herd, makes a dead set on the gate, and, almost before you know it, the whole herd has passed through. The gate closes, and a mighty shout goes up to announce the first real victory for Pablo.

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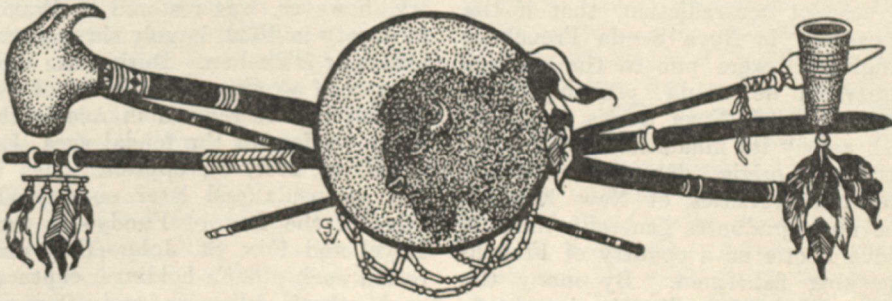
It was fully a month after preparations began before the first lot of buffaloes were chased into the corral, and it was almost another month before the last instalment was brought in, making a grand total of 600 head for the Canadian Government, counting those taken in June and October, 1907. In this last round-up twenty-five head were killed. That was Pablo's loss, because the contract between him and the Canadian Government called for delivery on cars at point of shipment.

After the buffaloes had been chased into the corral, they had to be induced to enter ponderous crates, and

they were then hauled in caravan style to the point of railway shipment at Ravalli, thirty-five miles away. That was by no means a light undertaking. The crates were made of two-inch plank on two-by-four scantling. Each one held two buffaloes, the first going in far enough to allow of bars being placed behind to keep it there. Inside the big corral a smaller corral was used solely for the purpose of loading, and from this smaller corral ran a narrow chute which was gradually elevated from the ground at one end to the height of a waggon-truck at the other end. Into this chute the buffaloes were goaded to enter, one at a time, but while the contest on the ranges and in the field was in speed, endurance and cunning, later it was in pure brute force. The buffaloes stood in the big corral as quiet as domestic cattle, but as soon as an attempt was made to further confine them they began to show their mettle, and planks and nails were of little consequence against the tremendous impact of horn and hoof. As a matter of fact, the first crates were smashed to splinters, and Pablo found it necessary to have his carpenters use bolts instead of nails to fasten planks to scantling. The bolts hold more firmly, and soon there was a caravan of three waggons, carrying six buffaloes and hauled by ten horses, moving slowly across the reservation towards Ravalli. Thirty-two similar loads went before all of the 190 buffaloes captured in this last round-up were hauled, and it should be understood that at the railway station a more elaborate process of loading into the cars had to be undergone than was necessary at the corral. The scheme was practically the same, but it was necessary to snub the buffaloes to the stalls inside the cars, and in order to do so a loop of slip-knotted rope was held in the chute into which the buffalo, running rapidly forward, would unwittingly thrust its head. The rope would tighten just sufficiently to make it secure and yet not choke

the animal, and it was so arranged that the slack lay along the chute, into the car and out through an air space at the head of the stall. As the buffalo rushed into the car from the chute, enraged because of the goading it had received, a number of men on the outside of the car would haul up the slack and thus fasten the animal pretty securely in its berth. Every one of the 190 had to be similarly handled, but naturally

some were much more obstinate than others. However, all were finally loaded, and, after a journey lasting for several days, during which time not one buffalo was lost, the whole lot were delivered into their new home in Alberta, where they will in time come to prove to be an asset to the Canadian Government as much as they now are a credit to the enterprise and foresight that resulted in their acquisition.



## BURREARD INLET AT DAYBREAK

By R. E. MACNAGHTEN

The dawn has come; yet still the moon is high,  
 And smiles serenely on these haven'd shores,  
 And still a stream of silvery radiance pours  
 On yonder tree-clad headland. Earth and sky  
 And land-locked waters 'neath her influence lie  
 In this last hour of slumber—Mortal eye  
 Ne'er gazed on fairer or more peaceful scene.  
 And now the sun arises in his strength  
 And floods thy snow-clad heights, Vancouver Isle.  
 With roseate splendour, until all the length  
 Of mountain range and forest, answering, smile  
 And all thy fairy waters glow between:  
 While far above, carved by a Master-Hand,  
 "The Lions" crouch, God's guardians of the land.

# IS NOVA SCOTIA FRENCH OR ENGLISH?

BY THEODORE H. BOGGS

IT may be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that if the question "Is Nova Scotia French or English?" were put to the average American he would probably reply that although Nova Scotia is a British colony its inhabitants are largely of French origin. Even in one of the oldest universities of New England the undergraduates generally think of Nova Scotia as a country of French-speaking fishermen. By many the name French-Canadian is thought to be equally applicable to the people of Quebec and Nova Scotia. This prevalent but erroneous belief owes its existence to the influence of Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" and to a somewhat hazy knowledge of Nova Scotian history.

For a proper understanding of the present-day population question in that Province a brief historical survey is necessary. The first European settlement in Nova Scotia was made in 1604, when the French under the leadership of Champlain and De Monts formed the beginnings of Port Royal (now Annapolis) and St. John. These points accordingly were settled four years before Quebec, the French stronghold in America. For nearly a century after the arrival of the French pioneers the interest of Englishmen in Nova Scotia was at best spasmodic. In 1621 the King of England ceded Acadia, as Nova Scotia was then known, to Sir William Alexander, who established a small Scotch

settlement at Port Royal. The country, however, was restored to France by treaty in 1632, largely through the efforts of Richelieu. During the next quarter of a century the rivalry of two French leaders revived in Acadia the petty warfare of the feudal ages. Located, at first, on opposite sides of the peninsula and later on opposite sides of the Bay of Fundy—at Port Royal and Fort St. John—they contested each other's holdings, captured each other's followers, and often appealed to Boston for aid in their intermittent warfare. In 1654 Acadia was captured by a New England force under the leadership of Major Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, but again was restored to France by treaty in 1667. Between that date and 1710 Port Royal was besieged no less than five times and was repeatedly handed back and forth by the two interested nations. English power was finally established in the Province for good and all in 1710.

The British were then confronted with the problem of dealing with the French Acadians, the earlier inhabitants of the country, of whom there were at the time roughly 2,000. The treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, by which Acadia was definitely ceded to England, expressly provided that the Acadians were to have the right of remaining in the country and continuing their religion or of leaving the colony within a year with all their movable ef-

fects. What happened later is too well known to need more than a brief reference. During the years 1755-1762, approximately 14,000 of the Acadian people were taken from their homes and carried to foreign lands. The question of the justification of the expulsion is entirely outside the scope of this paper and may be passed over. Grand Pré, on the Basin of Minas, was the point from which the largest number were carried. This act, involving separation of families, poverty, and death has been immortalised by Longfellow in "Evangeline."

By the Nova Scotia tourist public the region surrounding Grand Pré is known as the "Land of Evangeline." Among the many reminders of Acadian occupation the most enduring is the extensive dyke system, by means of which a vast area of fertile land was reclaimed from the sea.

The first important settlement of English-speaking people in the Province occurred as late as 1749, at the time of the founding of Halifax, when a body of nearly 3,000 colonists emigrated from the British Isles. Up to that time there were scarcely a score of English families to be found in the whole Province, excepting, of course, the garrison at Port Royal. The French, however, continued to predominate in the population until about 1760, since which time there has been a steady movement into the Province of a people of British antecedents. Hundreds of New Englanders flocked to Nova Scotia during the years 1758-1770 to occupy the fertile but deserted farms of the exiled Acadians. These American colonists were attracted by proclamations, issued by the Nova Scotia Government, in which easy terms were extended to those who would settle the vacant lands. The documents were widely published and circulated and aroused much interest in New England and New York. The government motive in stimulating this population movement was obviously to strengthen British interests in the Province. Its

success is attested by an official report of 1767, which stated that the territory now comprised in the Maritime Provinces of Canada contained a population of nearly 13,500, of whom about 7,000 were Americans.

A larger and more notable body of British colonists arrived during the American War of Independence and immediately following it. Roughly 30,000 American Loyalists, driven from the victorious Thirteen Colonies, settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The latter Province was separated from Nova Scotia and erected into a distinct colony in 1784, primarily as a result of loyalist settlement. New Brunswick and Ontario are frequently spoken of as the Loyalist Provinces of Canada, because founded by the exiled American "Tories." The permanency of British interests in the Maritime Provinces was henceforth fully assured, and the superior quality of the great bulk of the Loyalist arrivals argued for a progressive future. Among their number were many statesmen, lawyers, judges, physicians, merchants, and clergymen—men who had had distinguished careers in the Thirteen Colonies and who, with few exceptions, bent their energies to the development of their adopted home.

Throughout the nineteenth century there was a continued stream, though not large, of immigrants from the British Isles. Accordingly, since 1760 the English-speaking element in the population has been greatly increased through immigration. The French, on the other hand, have had to rely almost solely on natural increase. The number of French immigrants into the Maritime Provinces during the last hundred years has been so inconsiderable that it may be left out of the reckoning. The Acadians, however, are a notably prolific people, and have been able to maintain themselves numerically to a surprising degree. The 4,000 French people left in the Maritime Provinces in 1762, after the wholesale deporta-

tion of their compatriots, have so multiplied that their descendants to-day number 150,000. It is frequently maintained that the Frenchmen of Canada alone on this continent have clearly shown that they really have a birthrate. They marry young and since most of them are farmers they regard families of ten and twelve as a source of wealth. It was estimated in 1900 that the descendants of the exiled Acadians and of those who were permitted to remain in the colony numbered approximately 275,000. Of that number over 140,000 were to be found in the Maritime Provinces and neighbouring small islands, about 100,000 in the Province of Quebec, and the remaining 35,000 in Louisiana and elsewhere.

The total population of the Maritime Provinces at the present time is roughly 900,000. As already mentioned the French inhabitants number 150,000, forming therefore almost exactly one-sixth of the whole population. They are most numerous in New Brunswick, that province containing about 90,000, as compared with 46,000 in Nova Scotia and 15,000 in Prince Edward Island. For the most part they are segregated in certain counties, forming real French communities, differing in manners and language from nearby English-speaking districts. According to the census of 1901, there were only 152 French inhabitants in Albert County, New Brunswick, out of a total of over 10,000; while in the County of Gloucester, in the same Province, the French numbered 22,500 out of a total of 27,000. In the township of St. Bazile, in New Brunswick, there were 1,580 French and only twenty-one British citizens; in the district of West Pubnico, in Nova Scotia, out of 1,151 people 1,139 were French. Four of the thirteen counties of New Brunswick contain over three-fourths of the French inhabitants of the Province, while in Nova Scotia one-half of the French are to be found in three of the seventeen counties. Although

greatly outnumbered the French Acadians have come to occupy a not unimportant place in the affairs of the Provinces.

In many localities the type of society is essentially French. There are parishes in the three Provinces where English is not spoken and where the majority of the inhabitants know nothing more of Britain than that she is their sovereign power by whose authority their rights are protected. Most of the educated Acadians, however, speak English fluently and in many instances cannot be distinguished from Anglo-Saxons by their speech.

In view of the policy of the Nova Scotia Government a century and a half ago, in exiling thousands of their race, it might naturally be expected that the French population of the Maritime Provinces would form an element of dissatisfaction and danger—a people having little sympathy with the British administration. This would seem the more natural when one recalls that the few hundreds of Acadians, who drifted back to Nova Scotia from their exile, were generally granted unbroken forest country—land far less desirable than their well-tilled farms which had passed into the possession of an English-speaking people. There is no section of the population, on the contrary, that is more industrious and law-abiding than the French.

In common with the French people of Quebec they have adopted Great Britain as their sovereign power and are steadfast in their allegiance. With characteristic thrift and diligence they have applied themselves to the struggle for existence to such good advantage that the people as a whole enjoy to-day a material contentment comparable to that which was rudely disturbed by the expulsion in 1755. They have practically succeeded in overcoming the handicap under which they have been working for more than a century.

The British Government has tried to wipe out the memory of 1755 by

the extension of political and religious rights to the French inhabitants of the country. Religious toleration exists in its fullest sense, and not only do the French possess the privilege of the franchise on an equal basis with their English-speaking neighbours, but many Acadian descendants occupy positions of power in the administrative scheme of the Provinces.

The French have been so convincingly impressed with the sincere effort of England to extend equal rights and justice to the two great races in Canada that they to-day accord to Britain a "loyalty of the intellect." The French in the Dominion hold a dual attitude on the question of political allegiance. This was well shown by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a speech delivered in Paris in 1897. "We are loyal," he said, "to France, the great nation which gave us life. We are faithful to England, the great nation which has given us liberty." The same statesman, at another time, has said: "Whilst remaining French, we are profoundly attached to British institutions."

Mr. Henri Bourassa, another leading French-Canadian, writes: "We are the subjects of a Power which for centuries has been the foe of the land of our origin. We owe political allegiance to a nation which we can esteem, with which we can make a *mariage de raison*, but for which we cannot have that spontaneous love which makes a joy of life in common and mutual sacrifice \* \* \* \* Our loyalty to England can only be, and should be, a matter of common sense." One of the leaders of the French Roman Catholic Church in Canada has said: "Our lot is cast in with England for good and all. British rule suits us perfectly. Thanks to it, the position of our Church in Canada is excellent. We are in the enjoyment of complete liberty, and for no consideration on earth would we willingly fall under the domination of France." The French of Canada nevertheless cherish a deep love, and

naturally so, for France, while to England they accord respect, admiration, and gratitude for privileges they have received. Sir Etienne Pascal Taché, an eminent French statesman of the Dominion, has declared, that "The last shot fired on American soil in defence of the British flag would be fired by a French-Canadian."

Language forms one of "the outworks protecting Catholicism in Canada." So long as the French, who are almost invariably of the Catholic faith, can be kept ignorant of the English language the Church may be at ease in the thought that they are proof against the influence of Protestantism. Fully appreciating, however, the impossibility of preventing all intercourse between two races living in the same counties and towns the Roman Catholic authorities have placed all possible hindrances in the way of marriages between Catholics and Protestants. This policy has been notably successful, as shown in the comparatively small number of mixed marriages. The French clergy are not animated in this course of action by anti-British feeling. They are striving merely to guard against Protestant and religious radicalism.

They have likewise established separate educational institutions that the young may retain the tongue and religion of their parents. The Acadians of the Maritime Provinces, not a numerous nor wealthy people, are supporting three colleges, which although small in numbers and equipment are fulfilling their function to good advantage.

In the diocese of Chatham, New Brunswick, people of French origin number approximately 52,000 out of the total Catholic membership of 65,000. Of the 1,073 inhabitants in the French community of St. Jacques, New Brunswick, in 1901, 1,071 were adherents of the Catholic Church. In Paquetteville, of the same Province, of the 1,341 citizens 1,340 were Catholics and of these 1,318 were French.

There are three Acadian newspapers published in the interests of the French portion of the population. A convention of representative Acadians meets every year to consider questions relating to the welfare of their race and to perpetuate the spirit of unity which binds into a single people their scattered groups. The president of the convention for the past year was the editor of *L'Impartial*, one of their newspapers.

Mention has already been made that the French have come to occupy a position of considerable importance in public affairs. This is best shown in the political sphere. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the prominence attained by the French of Quebec in government activity. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, and Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux, the talented Postmaster-General of the Dominion, are but two notable examples from a long list of French-Canadians who have achieved prominence in political life. The French of the Maritime Provinces have acquired an influence fully up to the measure of their relative numerical importance. One of their number is a judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. Senator Pascal Poirier, of that Province, holds a seat in the upper house of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa. The French of Nova Scotia are similarly represented in the Dominion Senate. Several of their number are members of the House of Commons. In local politics their in-

fluence is also clearly felt. In the Legislative Assemblies of the three Provinces the Acadians have more than a dozen representatives, and members of their race have had and to-day occupy seats in the Provincial Councils and Cabinets. Among the more prominent names are Senator Comeau, Honourable Isidore La Blanc, Honourable Mr. Turgeon, and Judge Landry.

In conclusion, the French inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces are numerically unimportant, forming as they do but a small fraction of the total population. They occupy a somewhat inferior position in industrial and commercial pursuits, through no fault of their own, but because of the disaster of 1755, and of the subsequent settlement on lands of a somewhat undesirable character. They are, however, a peaceful and religious people, who have attained a considerable influence in the affairs of the country through a combination of thrift, diligence, and political effort. They live in perfect harmony with their English Protestant co-citizens. Although every Acadian is proud of his race and proud to be a descendant of one of the exiles of 1755-62, he is loyal to England. Nova Scotia and its sister Provinces do not suffer from the presence within their borders of the 150,000 people of French descent, but the contrary seems rather to be the case, in view of what the Acadians have done and, seemingly, are doing to-day.





# THE SUB-RUNNERS

BY FRANK D. MURPHY

TAKING my seat in the smoking-car, I opened the book a friend had given me before leaving Toronto. It was a most interesting tale, so interesting, in fact, that when I finally closed the book and looked at my watch I was surprised to find that it was nearer one than twelve o'clock. And, as was to be expected, at that late hour the car was nearly deserted. Here and there a belated group were smoking and chatting. Directly across the car from me was such a group. I glanced across at them, and as I did so one of the party—a tall, thin, distinguished-looking man, who wore a military beard—arose and wished his friends good-night. As he turned and walked toward the door, I followed him with my eyes. He walked with a perceptible limp. I at once made up my mind that he was an old soldier. Then I overheard something that caused me to transfer my attention to the men opposite me.

"That man," remarked one of the party, as he of the military beard passed out onto the platform, "has a past that runs like a novel."

The other men insisted that their friend should tell the story.

"When the American Civil War was at its height," he began at length, "there was a practice called 'sub-running' carried on in this country, from which many unscrupulous men reaped a rich harvest.

"You know that after all the men who had any intention of doing so had volunteered there was a call for

more, but, as there was no response, the army began to draft men.

"Well, it was at this time that the sub-runners began to get in their work. The scheme was to get a likely-looking fellow intoxicated, then hustle him over the line to Buffalo, where there was a recruiting station. Here the intoxicated man enlisted, and the sub-runner would manage to get his victim's bounty. Then, when the luckless one got over his spree, he would find himself down at Elmira, in New York State, with a whole gang of 'Johnnie Raws' preparing to go to the front. Of course, they all raised a row, but to no advantage; they had enlisted and that was all there was to it.

"To return to my subject. Well, Roxton was keeping a drug store back in Hamilton, and I set up a law office in the same town. I had my office in a room over the drug store.

"As business was rather slow for both of us, I was down in the drug store discussing the most talked-of subject of the time—the war.

"One day when I took my usual seat behind the screen and lighted my pipe, Roxton laid before me a scheme of which he had been thinking some time of putting into action.

"'You see,' he told me, 'things are going too slow for me to continue business here. I've got to do something else or starve. Now, there is a very easy way out of the whole trouble: that is to start running "subs." This don't require capital, and there is all kinds of money in it.'

"And then he said that after much trouble he had prepared a compound, which, on being given to a man, would deprive him of his will power for a period of twenty-four hours, when normal conditions would be restored, and no ill effect would follow. This, he thought, would be a far better mode than that of getting the 'sub' intoxicated.

"He would still continue the drug store as a blind, he told me. He knew of a young fellow who was nearly through college, but, his finances having run low, he was compelled to leave college to recuperate his dwindling bank account before he could finish his course. Roxton could secure the services of this chap to take charge of the business, so that he (Roxton) would be free to attend to the sub-running.

"Well, in due time everything was in readiness and Roxton embarked in his new business. Things went smoothly for the first six months. Sub-running proved to be a regular mint for him.

"Then came a rough spell for Roxton. He and I boarded at a place kept by a widow named Clark. The widow's daughter Edna was as pretty and fascinating a girl as one would meet in a month's travel; and Roxton was over his ears in love with her, as were all the young men of her acquaintance, myself included. But Roxton seemed to be the favoured candidate for Edna Clark's hand and heart—until the new boarder appeared on the scene. This chap was a mesmerist, Verno Queerlton by name, and he was giving exhibitions in a local hall.

"He was a strikingly handsome chap, tall, straight, dark, smooth-shaven, with a pair of large black eyes and a massive forehead, together with a head of luxuriant black hair, which he wore very long. Just the kind of man to take a woman's fancy.

"Anyway, he took Edna Clark's fancy, much to Roxton's chagrin, for

she was all attention to the new boarder, ignoring Roxton as though he were a complete stranger.

"This treatment rankled within him, as it would with any of us. I could see that Roxton was jealous from the first. I feared trouble, for when the sub-runner's ire was roused he was a regular devil. Of course, I could not blame him for feeling sore because of the girl's actions, but I didn't want to see him do anything desperate.

"One evening about a week after the new boarder's arrival I was in my room writing a letter, when Roxton came in and seated himself by the window. I saw that he was in no humour for talking, so I continued writing. Finishing the letter, I waited expectantly for him to speak.

"'Say, Jack,' he began at length, 'don't you think if that d—n interloper was out of the way, I could make up with Edna?'"

"'Why, what do you mean?' I demanded in alarm.

"'Oh, you needn't get excited!' he snapped. 'I don't intend to use violence. There is one thing, though, Queerlton has got to get out of this. I'm the boy to get rid of him, too. Don't you think he would look great in the Union blue, Jack?'"

"'For a minute I did not know what he was driving at; then the full significance of the question flashed over me. He meant to enlist the new boarder.

"'You don't mean——'"

"'Yes, I do! He is no better than any of those I have taken before, and before he is many days older he'll be a Yankee soldier. Then I'll have Edna all to myself. Now Jack,' he said, rising from his chair, 'I don't want a word of what I said repeated. I have your word to that effect, I suppose?'"

"I told him he had; and he left me.

"By some pretext or another Roxton enticed the new boarder into his room the following morning. What

happened in there I never found out. But I do know that, as I was leaving the boarding-house for the office, the sub-runner and Queerlton passed me on the steps. Roxton whispered: 'I have got him. Not a word about this.'

"I suppose that I did wrong in not giving the authorities a tip on what was taking place, but I had given Roxton my word not to divulge his secret, and I meant to keep it.

"That night the sub-runner came to my room, and from his satisfied demeanour I knew that his plan had succeeded.

"'Well,' he said, laughing, 'I saw the new boarder start for Elmira this afternoon. And see what he gave me for accompanying him to Buffalo?' He displayed a roll of bank notes. 'Wasn't he kind, though? Joking aside, however, if he comes out of that war alive, I don't think he will ever show his face in this town again, so there is a clear field between Edna and me.'

"But when he tried to shine around Edna he found that it was no go. She told him that she wished he would leave her alone; that she had trouble enough worrying over the fate of the man she loved. Roxton told her how Queerlton had trifled with her affections; that he wasn't man enough to leave in an upright, straightforward way, and a lot of other stuff that painted the new boarder the blackest wretch that ever trifled with a woman's heart. But for all his trouble he was told by the girl's mother to look for another boarding place, which he accordingly did, realising that the split was final.

"I can tell you, gentlemen, Roxton took it hard, for he really liked the girl. It was exactly seven months to a day since Roxton had taken the new boarder to Buffalo. I was in my usual place in the drug store listening to the sub-runner tell of some of his experiences, when a tall man, with a dark beard and moustache, entered the store. He

asked for the proprietor, and Roxton went out behind the counter.

"The newcomer claimed to be a representative of a large perfume establishment in France. From my position at the peep-hole in the screen, I watched the man. And all the while I was busy trying to recall where I had met him before, for there was something familiar about him. Think as hard as I could, however, I could not come to any definite conclusion. I particularly noticed that the stranger gesticulated a lot while he talked.

"The traveller was in the drug store about an hour when he began to pack up his samples. He and Roxton were talking about some special brand of perfume, when suddenly the drummer passed his hands before the sub-runner's eyes, as if in gesticulation.

"'You come to the King's Hotel at half-past one this afternoon,' he said in a peremptory tone, and then: 'Don't forget the time and the place.'

"With that he picked up his case and walked out. Roxton came behind the screen, and paying no attention to me, picked up his hat and hurried from the store.

"That was the last I saw of Roxton until I met him in this car this evening, although we have corresponded quite regularly ever since.

"The first letter Roxton wrote me came a week after his strange disappearance and was dated Union Recruit Camp, Elmira, N.Y. Well, now, that was an awful letter for any sane man to write. He stated that when he came to himself he was drilling with a company of raw recruits in the camp. He remembered the perfume traveller, and without further hesitation came to the conclusion that the former was no other than Verno Queerlton. This conclusion was quickly verified, for Roxton found a note in one of his pockets which read: 'He who laughs last, laughs best,' and was signed 'The New Boarder.'

"Well, do you know, after a few weeks' soldiering Roxton grew fond of the life and served through the campaign. As the war was drawing to a close, he was wounded, and that is what causes the limp. After the war he was offered a position at Washington, which he accepted and still holds.

"After enlisting Roxton, the new boarder returned to Hamilton, and shaving off his beard and moustache presented himself at Mrs. Clark's boarding-house, where he was received with open arms.

"When I received Roxton's first letter, I went to Queerlton and demanded an explanation.

" 'What do you mean?' he asked.  
 " 'What right had you to enlist Roxton? Are you aware that sub-running is a criminal act, punishable by the law, sir?' asked I, indignantly.

" 'Oh, if that is all,' he said, unconcernedly, 'I do not consider it any of your business! And now, I would like to ask you if Roxton had any special right to enlist *me*?'

"Of course, I had to admit that he had not.

" 'Well,' he said, 'if he takes 'French leave' like me he won't be rone the worse f r his experience. By the way, Miss Clark and I are to be married to-night.' "

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## BEFORE STORM

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

There's a grayness over the harbour like fear on the face of a woman,  
 The sob of the waves has a sound akin to a woman's cry,  
 And the deeps beyond the bar are moaning with evil presage  
 Of a storm that will leap from its lair in that dour northeastern sky.

Slowly the pale mists rise, like ghosts of the sea, in the offing,  
 Creeping all wan and chilly by headland and sunken reef,  
 And a wind is wailing and keening like a lost thing 'mid the islands,  
 Boding of wreck and tempest, plaining of dolour and grief.

Swiftly the boats come homeward, over the grim bar crowding,  
 Like birds that flee to their shelter in a hurry and affright,  
 Only the wild gray gulls that love the cloud and the clamour  
 Will dare to tempt the ways of the ravening sea to-night.

But the ship that sailed at the dawning, manned by the lads that love us,  
 God help and pity her when the storm is looséd on her track!  
 Oh, women, we pray to-night and keep a vigil of sorrow  
 For those we sped at the dawning and may never welcome back!

# THE CONGENITAL CRIMINAL: A PLEA

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

A RECENT case in the Toronto Police Court which resulted in a young lady of wealthy connections being committed to an asylum as a criminal lunatic raises the whole question of our treatment of the insane and habitual criminal.

The young woman referred to had for several years past, as occasion offered, carried out confidence frauds on the public which had cost her friends thousands of dollars for purposes of restitution. Fortunately the social standing of the girl's family, and the utter absence of any necessity for her to have recourse to crime in order to obtain money, made it clear to everybody that she was the victim of a congenital impulse.

But what would have happened, we might ask, had the young woman not been the child of well-to-do parents? Had she been a milliner, a shopgirl, or one of her own servants, would she now be receiving medical attention in an institution for the mentally afflicted, or would she be consorting with depraved women in the confinement of a female penitentiary?

In her especial case it was the obvious lack of motive which showed her to be of other than sane mind, rather than anything in her manner or conversation. Indeed, on an earlier occasion when her relatives had sought to have her placed in an institution she had engaged counsel and medical experts, and successfully re-

sisted to the law's satisfaction her friends' efforts to prove her insane.

The interest of this case to the general public takes on additional significance because it followed a number of cases in which severe sentences were imposed upon other offenders whose records—with the exception that they were not the children of the socially well-to-do—would seem to indicate that they also were the victims of congenital impulse.

A few weeks before in the same city a girl, nineteen years old, of respectable working-class parentage, was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for pocket-picking. There were several charges against her, and the jury who tried her on the first three charges, obviously affected by the sight of the little figure full of timid winsomeness as she sat in the dock, found her not guilty. But on a second trial on two later charges another jury very properly found her guilty on the evidence.

Yet strong material facts were brought out by the Crown itself to support a theory that the girl was the victim of congenital impulse. She was under no compulsion of circumstance. Her father was able and willing to support her. She had employment at her trade as a milliner. The thefts were all of petty amounts, and desperate chances had been

taken in their carrying out. She had more than ninety dollars of her own money in her *chatelaine* at the time of her arrest.

Her record also indicated congenital crime. At twelve she had been caught robbing a church collection plate. At fourteen she was in trouble for picking pockets at a crowded ferry. None of the grosser offences were to be laid against her—nothing proved against her but an apparently overmastering desire for petty pilfering. All this was brought out by the Crown at her trial, not, of course, to show congenital impulse, but to show that the girl was a menace to society.

Yet it is not comforting to reflect upon, that the judicial system of a modern civilisation, maintained at great cost, has provided no better way of dealing with such cases than by sentencing this young girl on the threshold of womanhood to spend two of the most impressionable years of her life in close confinement with the most degraded harlots and viragoes in its boundaries.

At the end of the two years, when society bids her go forth a free woman, what then? Will the associations of those two years have cured that inbred desire to pilfer, or what?

Truly if she has sinned against society, society has revenged itself.

This case does not stand alone. An analysis of the elements in many cases which have come under the writer's close observation, including those of the three men, Rose, Chambers and Slack,\* now serving life sentences for crimes of violence, supports the belief that many prisoners now serving penal servitude are fitter subjects for medical treatment. Indeed, the large scope of crime in which the congenital element is indicated cannot be better suggested than in the words of Colonel Denison at the close of the trial of the young woman referred to in the first para-

graph: "As the result of thirty years' experience as police magistrate of Toronto, I have come to the conclusion that every habitual criminal is more or less insane."

To this statement need only be added the fact that last year one person out of every seventy-eight in Canada was convicted of some offence, compared with one out of every 136 ten years ago, to make it clear that our present clumsy and unscientific method of dealing with criminals is not retarding crime, if indeed it is not tending to create a class of habitual criminals. If this suspicion is in any degree warranted, the question of a more scientific treatment becomes of public importance, for every habitual criminal is an expense to the community while he is under restraint and a menace while he is at large.

Up to the present time, most of the attempts at criminal reform in England, the United States, and Canada have been founded on humanitarianism. It is to the Italians, of whom Lombroso, Ferri, and Enrico Ferreri are the most famous, that we must look for investigations in criminology conducted from the scientific standpoint. And all three agree upon placing as the two most important classes in the criminal ranks, those who are forced into crime by the pressure of economic circumstances and those who are criminals from congenital causes, with whom mere punishment is useless as a deterrent.

Space will not permit in this article a discussion of the first class, and only a brief suggestive treatment of the second.

The most welcome discovery made by investigators into congenital crime is that cures are frequently possible by surgical and hypnotic treatment. In this connection a very comprehensive and pleasing illustration came recently under the writer's notice. The detective department in one of our largest Canadian cities was enlisted by a prominent merchant to aid him in capturing a burglar who

\* A few hours after writing the above, news was received that Slack had finished his life sentence. He died, after serving eleven months in Kingston Penitentiary.

was reputed to have made so many attempts to rob his residence that the complainant's wife and daughters, with nerves unstrung, had refused to live longer in the house. They had taken up their abode at a hotel, leaving the merchant with two maids to care for the house. The burglar was said to have effected an entrance more than half a dozen times. Once the merchant had seen his form disappear over a fence, while one of the maids had seen him on three occasions, and was able to give a detailed description of his appearance. He had stolen no articles, but on one occasion had smeared the drawing-room walls over with chewed tobacco, had ripped some valuable upholstery on another occasion, and mixed the contents of the salt and sugar barrels in the pantry, on the occasion of a third visit. Upon the final visit he had hurled a stone through the stained glass panel of the front door and had then run away.

The detective officer who was commissioned to investigate the strange happenings first noted that, although the stone was picked up by the maid inside the hall, the pieces of glass were found outside on the doorstep. His next discovery was that the "chewed tobacco" on the drawing-room walls was chewed fruit-cake. The final discovery which enabled him to locate "the burglar" was that one of the maids, a young bright-eyed, keen-witted girl, was able to give an exact description of the man, although the burglar's visits were all supposed to have been committed in the dark hours of the morning, while the family was asleep.

When informed that the burglar was none other than the younger maid, the merchant declined to believe it.

"It was a man. I saw his form in the dark disappear over the fence," he insisted.

"A trick of an excited imagination," replied the detective.

As the reward of the next night's

watching, the merchant was enabled to catch the burglar in the act, and the capture quite supported the detective's judgment. No arrest was made. The girl's parents were communicated with, and the girl was examined by a doctor as to the state of her mind. It was discovered that owing to a slight physical defect existing from birth, nature had been unable to fulfil her functions in the girl's life, and this condition gave rise to criminal tendencies. A trifling operation removed the difficulty, and with it the abnormal tendency.

But had the officer in the case been a bumptious *Dogberry*, had the girl's master been unsympathetic and vindictive, especially if the girl's mania had brought her profit instead of being entirely mischievous in character, it is very probable that she would today be among the ranks of our female habitual offenders, instead of, as she is, a happy and respected wife and mother.

Another interesting instance recently recorded by Dr. McEwan, of Glasgow, in *The Lancet* shows also how criminal tendencies may result from physical causes after birth. In this case the patient, a Glasgow labourer, a man of good character, had been injured by falling from a scaffold. He was discharged as cured from the hospital. Later it was discovered by the man's friends that he had developed immoral tendencies. An examination of his old injuries showed that a tumor had formed on his brain. This was removed by trepanning, and the immoral tendencies disappeared.

These and many other illustrations would seem to entirely justify the conclusions of Dr. Lydston in his book on "The Diseases of Society," in which he says: "Vice and crime will some day be shown more definitely than ever to be a matter to be dealt with by medical science rather than by law." In support of his argument he quotes the experience of Flesch, who examined the brains of fifty criminals and found imperfections of

one kind or another in them all.

Mention has been made of hypnotism as an agent in the treatment of crime. Unfortunately the word has been so associated in the public mind with exhibitions of mountebankery that its mention in uninformed circles is apt to be an occasion for mirth. But the fact is that nothing promises so great a harvest of success in the treatment of mental ailments as hypnosis, or "suggestion," as it is more frequently called of late. In France it has attracted the serious attention of such scientific physicians as Charcot, Lièbeault, Bernheim and Janet; in England, Braid and Bramwell; in Germany and Austria, Moll and Krafft-Ebing; in Sweden, Wetterstrand, and in the United States, William James, Morton Prince, and Boris Sidis. As a treatment for all manner of functional diseases Drs. Worcester, Coriat, and McComb, and the Emmanuel Movement at Boston bear witness. Indeed as Dr. Bramwell asks in his book, "Hypnotism, its History, Practice and Theory," "What medicine would one prescribe for a man, who, in the midst of mental and physical health had suddenly become the prey of an obsession?" Investigations into the realm of the subconscious mind have already proved the potency of suggestion to accomplish moral rehabilitation. Indeed, its potency seems greatest where other correctional and therapeutic agents seem of least avail, notably in the treatment of degenerates, dipsomaniacs, kleptomaniacs, morphino-maniacs and sexual perverts.\*

What can be done by medical science in cases of perversion is nowhere more interestingly told than by Dr. Morton Prince in his "Dissociation of a Personality," a narrative recounting his experiences in the restoration of Miss Beauchamp to mental health. Miss Beauchamp's case was remarkable, because she developed four distinct personalities, her normal self and three others. As Miss

Beauchamp, she was a well-bred, healthy girl of twenty-three years, with refined tastes. After her illness her personality changed until the four strongly-marked characters appeared. Then they struggled for supremacy. The fourth personality, "Sally," an impish, prankish, lively madcap seemed the strongest, and she loved nothing better than playing practical jokes on the personality known as B1, who was a quiet, nervous, miserly character. Once when B1 had saved up ten dollars "Sally" went down town and spent it. Then she came home and told B1 what she had done, to B1's great grief. On another occasion when B1 was tired, "Sally" went down town, and for a joke left B1 to drag Miss Beauchamp's tired body home, and she frequently made the acquaintance of objectionable people in order to annoy the other three tenants of Miss Beauchamp's disordered mind.

The final synthesis of Miss Beauchamp's several personalities into one healthy self furnishes a splendid example of the efficiency of purely psychological methods in bringing about a cure.

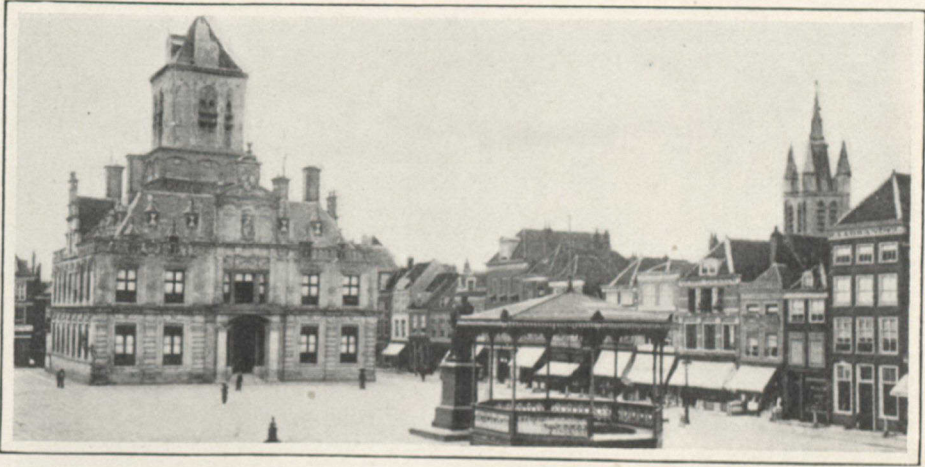
That brilliant Utopist, Mr. H. G. Wells, has said in his book "A Modern Utopia" that the day will surely come "when crime and bad lives will be the measure of a nation's success." Here surely is a work of high importance—the nurture of society's weaklings, the extirpation of crime—in which Canada might hope to lead the world.

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\* The hopelessness of our present method of treating such offenders was exemplified in the Toronto police court on April fourth. I was present when a man of about thirty-five years was sentenced to six months in prison, for an offence against morals of a very loathsome character. It was his twenty-fifth conviction. In conversation later I expressed my doubts to Colonel Denison as to the efficacy of the sentence. Apparently thinking I referred to its duration, he replied, "Well, what's the use of giving a man like that more. Prison has no terrors for him. He'd as soon be in as out!"

This is probably true. But if penal measures have no terrors for such an offender, and a committal to an asylum could not be made, then the welfare of society demands the complete segregation of such offenders until such time as they are fit to be allowed at large. Such segregation need not necessarily be penal in character, nor an economic burden to the State.





THE MARKET-PLACE, DELFT, HOLLAND

## IN DELFT LAND

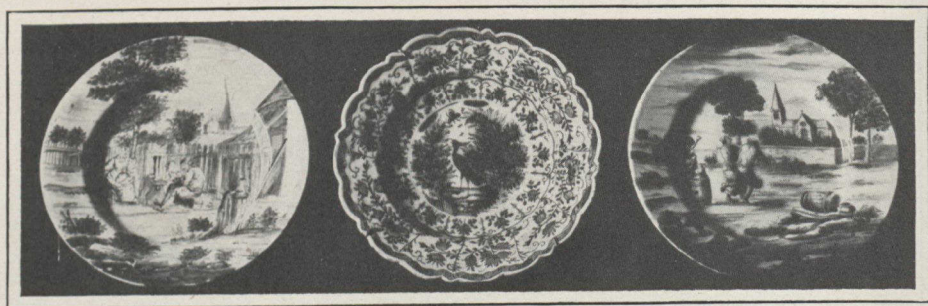
BY JEAN GRAHAM

“What land is this? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;  
The pride, the market-place, the crown  
And centre of the Potter’s trade.  
See! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine;  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim flasks with fleur-de-lis,  
And ships upon a rolling sea,  
And tankards pewter-topped and queer  
With comic mask and musketeer!  
Each hospitable chimney smiles  
A welcome from its painted tiles.”

IT is to the old-world drawing-room or hall that we look for cabinets of rare china and shelves displaying bits of Majolica or Faience. In Canada, we have been so busy breaking the furrow and making the highway, that the china cabinet has not been taken into full consideration, while the passion of the “collector” has remained dormant. Yet, even in our workaday world, there are a few who have turned their fancy from the heavier

cares of business or political affairs to the dainty attractions of Delft or cloisonné. Foremost among the Toronto collectors is Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., whose halls and spacious rooms proclaim him a very devotee of Delft. The public, to whom Mr. Johnston is one of our keenest and most brilliant legal celebrities, would be astonished to see his inquisitorial glance soften as it rests on a rare plate or imposing garniture and would hardly recognise the counsel whose glance is terrifying to the unskilled witness, in the connoisseur to whom Dutch art has opened a world of delight where never a brief may break the sheltered peace. The “land of sluices, dikes and dunes” appears to have captured the interest of the western world, for its sturdy history and treasures of paint and pottery, and Mr. Johnston is among its most enthusiastic adopted citizens.

It is somewhat humiliating to the



A SECTION OF PLATE RAIL

Showing, from the left, a village scene, the peacock pattern (after Chinese), and a church and landscape

westerner who fondly quotes Tennyson's

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,"

to discover that the Orient has given the Occident many valuable arts, to say nothing of profound philosophies. It was in the Sixteenth Century, that wonderful era which saw the meteoric career of Charles V. and the glories of Elizabethan England, that porcelain became known to Europe, having been brought from the East by Portuguese navigators. But it was early in the following century that the Dutch East India Company was the means of introducing this novel ware to the general notice of well-to-do burghers.

The soft-bodied wares of mediæval times have been divided by ceramic authorities into glazed, unglazed and enamelled. The glazed wares, as Mr. N. Hudson Moore informs us, con-

sisted of earthenware with a glassy coating, or with a film produced by shovelling common salt when wet into the kiln. As the salt vapourises, it forms on the ware in the shape of tiny drops, which run into each other, giving a granular or pitted appearance, and while rendering the article impervious to liquid, still shows beneath the transparent glaze the coarse body of the clay. To conceal this defect, before the use of tin enamel became general, pipe-clay especially prepared and moistened, was applied to the pottery, dried and slightly fired, after which it was ready to receive the glaze. This was called "slip ware," and a common method of decoration was scratching a pattern in the white slip before placing it in the kiln. A more popular mode was to apply it to the body in the form of ornaments of the simplest order, lozenges, drops



ANOTHER SECTION OF PLATE RAIL

Showing, from the left, William of Orange and his Niece, the finding of Moses (Oriental design), and a polychrome peacock plate



MANTELPiece IN MR. E. F. B. JOHNSTON'S RESIDENCE

Showing small peacock plates on top, two sets of garnitures in middle, with man and wife at ends, and Delft lions and pots on bottom shelf

and bands being among the earliest, applied by means of quills or spouted pitchers, through which the liquid slip dropped or trickled out, according to the fancy of the potter.

As this ware was more extensively known and manufactured, decoration became more elaborate. Little clusters of clay were stuck on and designs stamped in them by means of metal dies, so that we discover birds, fleur-de-lis, coats of arms, rosettes, and sometimes ships and human figures set haphazard on the jugs, mugs and other designs of the early half of the seventeenth century. Then came the use of oxide of tin which was added to the oxide of lead and glass, producing enamelled or stanniferous pottery, to which class Delftware belongs.

In the popular fancy, all ware with blue and white decoration is denominated Delft but, as a matter of fact, other colours are frequently employed

and the term is properly used for a class of ware made of coarse pottery, yellow or brownish in colour, covered with a coating of enamel composed of glass, oxide of lead and a certain proportion of oxide of tin. The clear white tint of the enamel is due to the presence of the tin, which, with the application of heat, renders the enamel adaptable to being painted on in colours. This covering of coarse pottery with a coating which gives it a superior surface, capable of elaborate ornamentation, had been known in Italy and among the Moorish potters.

The Dutch were a people of extraordinary commercial activity and consequently came into contact with all the curious wares of Southern Europe. Then when the ships of the Low Countries came sailing back from the Orient, with the wonderful porcelain whose composition was a mystery, what more logical than the increased



PLATES, SHOWING DUTCH LANDSCAPES, TWO PAROQUETS, AND A TULIP JUG

use of the stanniferous enamel? It made the common ware look so much like the marvellous plates and dishes from far-off China that all but the most expert were readily deceived.

There is a quaint story of the beginning of the potter's craft in Holland, connecting it with the ill-fated heroine, Jacqueline. In the year 1417, this persecuted princess succeeded to the estates of her father, consisting of the three provinces of Holland, Zealand and Hainault, but her wicked uncle, John of Burgundy, made her reign a series of flights from one castle to another. During one season of concealment she stayed for safety in the Castle of Jeylingen, a hunting-seat which was half-way between Haarlem and the Hague. The castle was surrounded with a moat, and long after the death of unfortunate Jacqueline, when the moat was drawn, in the mud at the bottom were found twenty or more little round jugs of the crudest workmanship. At once it was declared that these were the handiwork

of the unhappy Jacqueline, who used a potter's wheel to make time pass more quickly, and they were called "Jacoba Kannetjes" or "Little Jugs of Jacqueline." This is a pretty little story, but the Higher Criticism of the ceramic art says that these little jugs were found in other spots in Holland, and that tiles, not jugs, were the initial objects of the potter's ambition.

The first member of the potter's craft whose name and date of work are unquestionably known is Herman Pietersz, a widower from Haarlem but living in Delft, who married Anna Cornelisz, a spinster of Delft, in 1854. His business is given as that of a potter, and he was a person of substance, as is proved by the fact that he owned three houses in Delft. The people of this prosperous town must have appreciated the wares of the potter and the weaver, for by the year 1611, when across in England the King James version of the Bible was being published, the Guild of St. Luke was formed, consisting of workmen



A PAIR OF JARS BY ADRIAN PYNACKER (FRENCH INFLUENCE)

employed in painting, glass, engraving, pottery, weaving of tapestry, printing, and other craftsmen who contributed to the stability and decoration of the city. The rules governing these bodies were exceedingly strict. The articles made by the various branches were only allowed to be sold by guild masters. The trading rules became stricter until in the year 1662 no strangers were allowed to trade at Delft. Eight years earlier the law was passed that candidates who wished to belong to the branch of potters had to submit three articles, a salad bowl, a pot for syrup and a salt-cellar made from one piece of clay. In order that there should be no underhand work by any of the candidates, they were shut up in the guild building and not allowed to leave it till their test was completed. If the articles submitted were not of such workmanship as to entitle the candidate to a place in the guild, he was forced to wait a year and six weeks before trying again. Truly,

those were not days of easy honours and there was no royal road to membership in the Guild of St. Luke.

The same dogged persistence which characterised the Dutch in their long struggle against Philip of Spain marked their perseverance in arts and industries. Hence the potters of Delft worked with the Oriental porcelain as model until the thick, milky enamel gave the requisite coating to conceal the coarse enamel and also produced the smooth glaze which is the chief distinction of this ware. Naturally the Oriental designs were copied closely, as is evident from a study of many plaques and plates representing scenes which distinctly belong to the East. The blue, so prevalent in Delftware, is also taken from the Chinese porcelain and varies from a dull, slaty tinge to the most cerulean shades. Cobalt tint is common, while some of the paler specimens show a shadowy blue-gray.

The factories grew in number until there were twenty-eight of them, and



DELFT ORNAMENTAL JAR, VASE, AND FLUTED JUG

the early part of the Seventeenth Century saw the Delftware at its zenith of popularity. In the latter half of the century, the Imari ware was copied by the Dutch potters from a kind of Japanese ware and was widely used. The Dutch traders to Nagasaki brought home this ware, so brilliantly decorated by using three and even five colours on enamel ware, and the potters of Delft were delighted with its effectiveness. They found the simple designs of a spray of flowers, a cluster of cherries or a branch of almond too simple for their taste and set to work "to paint the lily." Some of the examples are gorgeous in design, especially those of Pynacker of "The Porcelain Bottle," a factory which has survived the changes of potter's art, and makes today a new Delft, not of the clay or tin enamel of the old. When, at the close of the eighteenth century, the Low Countries were flooded by cheap ware from the English factories, the ancient Delftware was doomed.

To the collector, however, these old jugs, sturdy vases, quaint figures and

massive snuff and tobacco jars are more attractive than any modern products of ceramic invention. As one stands in the dining-room of Toronto's well-known "counsel" and looks at the array of blue and polychrome, which is a history of Holland in pottery—with copious illustrations—one realises the fascination of gathering these pieces with the famous potters' marks, until the collection is representative. Folly, indeed, says the Philistine outsider, to pay fifteen pounds for a plate of coarse clay, with a coating of tin enamel. But it is a link, a bit of "fired" history and the collector can tell you just which of the potters used this colour of paste and cunningly contrived the trees, the peacock or the tulips which have survived in glaze to show us the fancies which flourished in the days when the Stuarts ruled in England, or when the Georges were learning the language of their adopted kingdom. Holland has become a somewhat costly hunting ground for all manner of antiquities; but, to the true collector, the remotest town may yield

marvellous treasures of pottery, with the excitement of the chase for the student who knows the story of the old specimens.

The town of Delft of to-day is described as "a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city. The placid canals, by which it is intersected, are planted with trees, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glides along noiselessly. The streets are clean and airy, the houses are well built, the whole aspect of the place comfortable and thriving."

Among the most curious and interesting features of old Delft ware is to be found the "garniture," a set of three, five or even seven jars and goblets which graced the tops of cabinets. The latter were filled in olden days with all the treasures of Oriental porcelain and its European imitation, while the surmounting garniture was the pride of the household, the various pieces being handled as most precious heirlooms. The temporary sojourn of the Orange royalty at Delft had occasioned a marked increase of manufac-

tures and imports, and it was about this time that Orange was largely introduced into the colouring by way of compliment to the ruling sovereignty, the House of Orange. In this Canadian collection there are several plates with a design introducing royal figures of those stormy times.

In the illustrations of this article one may notice the varying plaque designs. There is the showy polychrome style with brilliant bird as central figure and decoration of blue and rich red blendings in leaf and feathery spray. Then there is the representation of scriptural or historic scene, with a rare pre-Raphaelite fidelity to details of feature and foliage. In all of these we see the Dutch fondness for the garden, flowers and arbors being seldom absent from the fancy of the Delft potter. Then we find quaint figures which the public would call "typically Dutch," in the costumes which were worn in the days of the various Williams. Then will be seen a plaque with a thoroughly Oriental depiction, in copy of the ware which Holland sailors brought from the other side of the world. Fig-



A TOBACCO JAR, A POTICHE (FRENCH INFLUENCE), AND A TULIP JAR



AN INTERESTING DELFT GROUP

Delft plates, showing seal fishers, oriental design, and July month. A butter dish, a jug (French influence), and a fowl

ures, flowers and ornaments are exotic, but in them, one may read the force of Oriental example.

The bird creations are impressive in the extreme, manifesting the taste for the gorgeous displayed by the more ambitious burghers. The influence of the mariner is again in evidence, for the birds brought from South and East were those whose plumage was industriously copied. The taste for the large and massive was most marked during the seventeenth century when the trade of the Low Countries went on with exceeding briskness, for we must remember that Louis XIV. anticipated Napoleon's remark on England and, as early as 1680, called the Dutch, "a nation of shop-keepers." Vases or flower-holders in the Delftware are mainly imposing pieces of pottery with many "mouths" to hold the hyacinths or tulips which bulb-loving Holland produced in such splendid array. The decoration of such pieces is usually

elaborate and in some of the scenes, the influence of the French is distinctly noticeable. Cupids, airy scrolls and an elegance of courtly attitude, more of Versailles than of The Hague, beautify many of these vases.

Tea became a most popular beverage during the centuries in which Delft pottery flourished, and this fact is enforced as we see the numerous caddies and teapots which made gorgeous the tables and cabinets of the Holland housewife. These frequently show again the Chinese designs, for the "cup of kindness" is another of the blessings for which we have to thank the Celestial Empire. There is a solidity about these creations in pottery which indicates that these worthy Netherlanders took their pleasure substantially and possessed such appetites as made stalwart citizens and sailors. In fact, the character of the people who snatched a kingdom from the sea is painted on these vases, cups, plaques and cas-



kets in designs of many colours.

Many of the potters used no mark for their wares, and only such study as the connoisseur gives can enable one to recognise the marks of those whose work was thus distinguished. Thus it would require more than amateur enthusiasm to distinguish the mark of A. Pynacker (1690) from that of Aelbrecht de Keiser (1642), while the sign of that famous pottery, "The Rose," is dear to the collector's heart—but this mark was used by others of much inferior repute. Curious, indeed, are some of the devices adopted by these workers in clay whose masterpieces are eagerly sought by the modern millionaire.

The demand for old Delft by American and English admirers has been so great that during the past few years the supply of genuine pieces has practically become exhausted. The result is that some potteries in Paris have commenced the reproduction of the old examples, and with a zeal worthy of a better cause have gone so far as to put the marks of the old potters on the ware. This is particularly so with the garniture sets. Unskilled collectors may, therefore, find themselves in the possession of moderately good "blue and white," but to the expert, its spurious nature is at once apparent. It is now difficult indeed to obtain from the people of Holland old examples in their possession. They prize them very highly and cling to the family relics with that tenacity peculiar to the Dutch.

The collector has to exercise judgment in the acquisition of Delft, for between the fairly good reproductions now made and the commoner kind

made in the old days there is to the untrained eye very little difference in appearance.

Mr. Johnston has been interested for many years in gathering together the five hundred or more pieces which make up his collection. His acquaintance with Delft collectors and dealers in Holland, and his frequent visits to that country during the legal vacation have been freely utilised to make the examples representative and of the highest possible quality. Mrs. W. D. Matthews and Mr. Byron E. Walker are also great lovers of the "blue and white" faience and possess many beautiful pieces, although not so numerous or diversified as those to which reference has more particularly been made.

It is interesting and significant to find a man whose name is one to conjure with in our law courts, turning from the day's work to such a delightful pastime—or should we call it passion?—as the collection of the ware which made Delft a city of famous potters during more than one century. One of the dangers in the business life of this continent is that the commercial, legal or medical specialist may forget that life is more than a profession. It is in such a realm as Delft or Chelsea offers that one may forget the cares of this twentieth century world and wander in the leisurely avenues and sail on the placid streams of an age that knew not hurry. The interest in the potter's art is as old as the race, for are we not all, in the dream of the Eastern philosophy, "vessels fashioned by Potter Time and broken in an hour?"



# A LITERATURE OF WARNING

BY W. D. McBRIDE

CANADIAN readers follow up the fugitive literature of the United States almost as closely as the inhabitants of that country themselves. Some critics have complained of the neglect of native and British literature as a consequence, and others have seen in this tendency a danger to the Empire. Fortunately, like the British Constitution, the Empire has a way of surviving dangers held by worthy people to be certain to involve it in ruin.

The large British immigration and the Intellectual Preference accorded the homeland may reasonably be expected to work towards the diffusion more widely of British periodicals in our land. It is to be hoped also it will lead to the voidance of contracts whereby Canadians are precluded from obtaining other than American reprints of the best reviews and magazines.

I have a young American friend who eschews magazines because he holds that a steady course of such reading, especially of their short stories, would injure his memory, and thus detract from his advancement in business life. Editors and writers must discourage such a view. Being somewhat nomadic in my habits of late years, I have browsed promiscuously in the current American literature that is popular on the news-stands, and have received certain impressions from it.

I confess I cannot regard it as a literature of enticement likely to woo young Canadians from their loyalty

to British ideals. A Toronto journalist was nearer the mark in describing it as a literature of warning. In this he was referring more particularly to the crusade of muck-raking. While wrongs were exposed in this crusade, the demand was for new laws and stricter regulations oblivious of the fact that all wrongs proved arose from the violation of laws and the disregard of a binding sense of honour on the part of those in positions of trust.

We are more particularly concerned here with the songs and stories that if written with truth arise from the lives of the people, and in turn influence them. In our youth, by the reading of American literature, we were brought under the spell of pure democracy, and the United States, as professedly its greatest exemplar to the world, was a land of enchantment. Here all men proudly boasted themselves Kings. We learned from American authors that the great progress of this land was due solely to its democratic government. We may have suspected that its great resources helped, but we were not allowed to forget the great cause was the pronouncement of the Declaration of Independence "all men are born free and equal." As years went by we took leave to doubt this as an axiom. We considered equality before the law and an equality of opportunity in its widest acceptation as of more importance than a factitious social equality. Still, it is with a sense of injury that one learns from American

novels of fashionable life how strictly and offensively class distinctions now are drawn. One must say offensively drawn where the chief basis of distinction is money, its lack or its possession. History shows us that class distinctions are an orderly growth of historic conditions in older lands. Their justice is another question. But even in the strictest of these older lands these distinctions are being surely if gradually broken down in favour of men of intellectual and moral worth, whatever may have been their birth. It seems to be lost sight of that in the days of chivalry even herd boys became pages, then squires and then by proven worth knights and belted earls. They were judged not only by their prowess at arms but also by the culture received at courts. These men, in common with the best in America, were their own ancestors. Men of lowly birth may yet win their spurs by modern means in these old lands where birth and rank count for much as an integral part of the social and political organisation. Judging by modern American fiction worldly wealth is the sole passport to social rank in this land where men may not live but are "born free and equal."

Snobbishness is a highly infectious disease. The world has made merry at the love of the Englishman for the lord. However, between the love of the common or garden Englishman for a lord and that of the American social "climber" as depicted in novels, one acquires by the contrast a strong respect for the English labourer who has an inherent respect for gentility and rank. The labourer has the manliness to resent the intrusion upon his privacy of one classed as his social superior. One can only hold one's breath in wonder at the grace with which Americans, risen from the humblest ranks, outshine the great ones of the older earth in fiction. When the fevered society of New York is represented as enhancing the graces and *hauteur* of an ancient and

cultured aristocracy, one can only admire either the sublime impudence or the sycophancy of the novelist. One is given too close a view of the pagan gorgeousness of the entertainments in the city or in the so-called country houses, modern hotels, in effect. We are allowed to realise too intimately the vapidness of the pleasures of these votaries of fashion; the illusion of culture is spoiled by witnessing the gilding process. These epicene women and purposeless men are held up to us as the goddesses and gods of the modern Olympia, but our respect is marred by the docility with which they will endure any snubs whatever, if by any means they be allowed to scale the heights. One is more amused than angered when such men and women as these undertake to make sumptuary social laws to put down people of worth and modesty because of trade, or western connections, or something equally impalpable, and to exalt people of susceptibilities of brass.

The gorgeousness of these fashionable folk is a source of wonder unceasing. The robing of a modern society heroine is truly regal, and our fathers would have been shocked at the pæons sung in honour of my lady's intimate garments. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, an authority on all that is proper, harrowed our feelings by publishing a story describing the fortunes of Lynch's daughter. Lynch eventuated from railway labourer to be a multi-millionaire and owner of many railways. The exquisite creature, who was his very own daughter, married an English artist, but, through scruples as to the manner of their acquirement, he refused to touch any of her father's money. Our hearts yearned over the sufferings she was forced to endure when living in a flat in London with only two servants. But when her husband bought for her as a present a toilet article of silver (silver for her whose toilet articles were all of solid gold), why then we broke down and wept without shame.

One learns from American novels that it is axiomatic that the American woman is the wonder of the world in her social grace, possessing a *nuance* of soul peculiarly American, which enables her to outshine all other women of whatsoever nation in any sphere of social distinction. Even western birth may be overcome in this respect, serious a handicap as it appears to be. They may be said "to belong" truly in the most exalted circles. There are such women in all lands, but how rare; and they belong not by outvying but by virtue of indefinable, individual charms.

It is in writing of the aristocracy of this land where all men are born free and equal, and all women are born superior to their sisters of other less favoured lands, that American authors are sublime, taking even the easy step to the ridiculous. David Graham Phillips is one of the most successful of the younger authors. He has given up the literature of exposure to move with assured grace in the highest circles of The Court of Washington. His latest hero is one Joshua Craig, commonly called Josh. One with a respect for an aristocrat is relieved to find Josh was not one. The proof is conclusive Josh was not even a gentleman in rough, else why should he openly boast of the love of the heroine before their engagement, even? His plebeian force and energy are represented as sweeping the heroine and her family off their feet, because of the inertia of their aristocratic culture being no match for his primitive, not to say vulgar, strength. Still, in view of his boastings we are disposed to accept the author's assurance that Craig's mouth was "not an aristocratic mouth"; and, moreover, "his skin, his flesh were also plainly not aristocratic; they lacked that firmness of grain, that finish of surface which are got, only, by eating the costly, rare, best and best prepared food." To be sure, one's cook is important! Furthermore we are not

surprised to be told elsewhere in this book that money is "the bone and blood of aristocracy." Craig stood in awe of his love as a woman but more as an aristocrat. One does not wonder when one learns she had a "well-bred accent," received him in an "aristocratic old room, a complete picture of the life of upper class splendour."

As a fitting climax to such state we learn she was surrounded by "the aristocracy of menialdom." Craig, we are told, looked upon his love as "a representative of people who had been for generations far removed above the coarse realities of the only life he knew"; and he mused that "he might overcome his awe of her person and dress, of her tangible trappings, but how could he ever hope to bridge the gulf between himself and her intangible superiorities? He was ashamed of himself, enraged against himself, for this feeling of worm gazing up at star. It made a mockery of all his arrogant, noisy protestations of equality and democracy."

Much is to be forgiven to a young man in love, but in this adoration of caste to replace a democracy that had much of sturdy manhood about it, despite its "arrogant, noisy protestations," of an equality that was purely factitious? Craig was a bold man, despite his humility in presence of this young woman, who for further identification is elsewhere described as "the quintessence of aristocracy," we learn he crushed her to his breast on a public square.

A western woman on being congratulated upon the eligibility of a young man who was attentive to her daughter remarked languidly: "But we cannot forget he made his money in real estate." Alas, we also learn that the heroine's grandmother inherited from her husband money made in lard.

The aristocratic tradition is not indigenous to America. It is an exotic plant, a sport one may say in fact, with most remarkable proclivities, to judge from current American fiction. While the organisation of the South-

ern plantations was such as to preserve and to create much of the aristocratic atmosphere, people of rank, such as the Fairfax family, when they settled in Virginia, became plain gentfolk.

Those who are endeavouring to ape the older aristocracies emulate their least admirable characteristics. In the British Empire rank entails public duty, and the motto "*Noblesse Oblige*" has binding force still with the aristocracies of most of the older lands. On the whole, these duties are taken seriously. There are exceptions, of course, and even Newport has not yet learned that rank of itself does not imply undoubted social standing. The depraved and the dissolute among the upper classes of Britain are regarded as recreant to their own order, and their social standing is impaired by the looseness of their lives even more than would be the case with a commoner.

One gathers from novels dealing with American society that its fashionable folk recognise no duties whatever. Craig's wife tried to tempt him to abandon his chosen career of public life as being ungentle and deficient in monetary rewards. Mary Crawford Fraser, in an article in *Scribner's* dealing with the expatriated American and trenchantly assailing the national self complacency, mentions a New York family of wealth and social position that ostracised one of its sons because he embraced a political career. "He was," she says, "the only member of a numerous and wealthy family that recognised the duty of the citizen and he was regarded as an outcast in consequence." The reason alleged for making a pariah of the one patriotic son is illuminating: "National politics are so corrupt that only some almost inconceivable necessity could lead a gentleman to be associated with them." This conception of the rôle of a gentleman is the fine flower of a bastard aristocracy.

There is no identity of interest

shown between this social aristocracy and the ordinary American citizen. The social leaders hold themselves aloof from the people. This is in striking contrast with the attitude of the old territorial families of England. I was assured by an English mechanic that the Duke of Norfolk was a "fine old chap" (what higher praise could he be given by one of the people?) and knew everybody about Arundel. One reads that their Majesties are on terms of friendly intercourse with all the people at Sandringham. Judging from current fiction, the American social aristocracy would be shocked at such condescension, and they would openly regard it as such.

One must conclude that so far at least as American society is reflected by fiction it has renounced democracy, and this at a time when sane democracy is winning signal triumphs in Europe and even in Asia. In Canada we boast three peers of the realm and many knights, but, let us hope, we stand in awe neither of their "intangible superiorities" of rank. For the most part they are worthy Canadians whose honours from Majesty are acclaimed by their fellows.

With acute and accurate observation Kipling recognised the "cynic devil" in the blood of the American

"That bids him flout the law he makes,  
That bids him make the law he flouts."

It is this quality that is most noticeable in modern American fiction. Owen Wister is among the foremost novelists of the day, and in his "Virginian" presents a likable young chap moving in the wild, free life of the West. It is a well told tale with a manly hero, but it is spoiled by a laboured attempt to justify the shootings at sight on the frontier. The Virginian leaves his bride-to-be at the hotel, and goes out and kills his enemy who had sworn to kill him on sight. It is a tribute to Mr. Wister that our sympathies go with the young hero in reading, but in after review, de-

spite the fact that he had the blessing of the frontier parson, our judgment is not convinced that this killing was otherwise than murder. The lawlessness of private and mob vengeance is such that even the fiction of genius cannot throw around it the spell of the heroic.

The code of honour made its appeal to the heart of humanity at one period of the world's civilisation. Here the conditions were equal, but the shootings on the frontier are in most cases cowardly murder from ambush. In his latest novel John Fox, Jr, makes his hero muse thus:

"One of them was to strike a trail more lonesome than The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and that man would not be John Hale \* \* \* Very quietly he drew his pistol, cocked it, sighted it at the opening (it was a very easy shot) and waited. He would give that enemy no more chance than he would a mad dog, or would he?"

There is a question, of course. Yet one must feel the hero was saved from murder by his love and not his enemy coming through the opening. His enemy had met the ultimate fate of such lawless men. Still, this is an idyllic story with a subtle charm. It deals with a clan feud that placed in Corsica would appear a romantic dream. One boy laughed unfeelingly at the patch on another boy's "pants," and from this dire insult arose a private civil war which lasted for years and cost many lives. There was no virtue in the law of the sovereign State of Kentucky to stamp it out. In fact the Court House Square was selected as the place for an outbreak of hostilities. When Mr. Fox describes this Court House as lacking a pane in every window and with floors stained by tobacco juice, one feels he has revealed much of the cause of such a state of affairs.

The very large volume of fiction dealing with roaring mining camps, lawless cowboys and mountain feuds is condensed for our purpose into a little story by Elmore Elliott Peake.

It relates to the adventures of a mountain parson called The Sage of Little Thunder. As a young parson he wore a tall, beaver hat, and a young mountain rowdy was moved by his sense of humour to put a ball through it. Some parsons might have taken this reproach to their vanity with meekness. Not so the Sage, for we learn: "The warlike preacher who could shoot as well as pray, turned swiftly in his saddle, drew his ready pistol, and notched the ear of the fleeing youth." When the Sage was ninety years old he went to a picnic; and carried his rifle, declaring: "Some of them Yarrows may take a plug at my beaver to-day, and if they do I won't notch no year this heyer time." In an abandoned hut (the home of his early married life) near the picnic grounds the Sage comes across a boy of one clan and a girl of another trying to escape the guarded trails to get married. All the parsons, on pain of instant death, had been warned not to marry them. When the Sage learned that they had a license "all lawful like," this is what happened:

"Then, by jickitty, I'll marry you," shouted Popsy, leaping into the air and clicking his heels together, the customary prelude to a mountain fight. "I'm an ordained minister of the Gospel, and I'll scatter the brains of any man on Little Thunder who says I ain't."

Furthermore The Sage married this couple, after standing off and disarming four of their enemies who came upon the scene.

In his own terms, this Sage would have been described as a hot old sport. Still, we must confess we would desire more precision of language and less of marksmanship in a preacher of the Gospel. Youth ever loves a mettlesome steed and maturer years one of steadier paces. May it not be attributed to us as a sign of vanished youth if we own we love not such a Pegasus. When we desire romance we will sail away to Treasure Island, or to any other land of enchantment where new genius may afford passage. When the spell of

magic has worn off we will know the lawlessness was imaginary and not by any chance a libel on a brave but primitive people.

The school of the ready revolver has made the American West to glow with romance. But in this romance the horse thief is lynched, the gambler caught cheating swung to the nearest tree and arguments between cowboys settled by the lottery of which is quicker with "his gun." The survivor lived in honour ever afterwards, and the authors bestowed their blessings on the men who executed speedy justice. Low saloon-keepers and gamblers arrogated to themselves the right to lead the mob that wreaked summary vengeance upon the man who had offended and whom they had debauched. In so far as these writers portray actual conditions I have no quarrel with them. I do not squeamishly hold literature dealing with crime to be immoral by virtue of its theme. In fact, I admit an instinctive avoidance of fiction cloaking the preaching of a moral. However, I feel the literature of the school of the ready revolver is immoral and in-artistic, for the reason that it constitutes itself an apology for conditions producing lawlessness and crime.

A Southern writer, Viola Roseboro, recently published a story in *McClure's* in which a young man was "shot in the back by a cowardly knave who was showing off," because this young man, against his wish but by the force of the conventions of polite society, was drawn into dalliance in the train of a young married woman. The murderer got off, for otherwise his father threatened to "smash some business interests." The old doctor says they would have brought him to trial "in spite of all the business interests spawned in hell" had there not been a woman in the case. They could, he says, hide their shame by boasting about the purity of women, the higher law and Southern tradition. This old-time Southern gentleman gives his modern

confession of faith, in the following musing:

"I used to believe in every man being his own policeman, the way I was raised. I suppose likely he was a prejudiced authority sometimes (it seems likely) but all codes work awry; maybe ours did as well as the others once. But when it comes to the higher law mixed with the money power and business interests, I'd give my right hand to rid the South of the shame it brings her."

There is truth and sound feeling in this, a healthy attitude of indignation against wrong one searches for in vain in the fiction of the ready revolver school of the West. The Southern woman has seen clearly what was hidden from their eyes.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., in his story "The Leopard's Spots," appears as an apologist for the mob vengeance of the South. He paints the Ku-Klux and other clans who terrorised the negroes after the war as patriots. While one feels sympathy for the South and its trials and wrongs, one can scarcely conceive of patriots bringing into contempt law of their own making. One must part company with him when he brings forward an old Baptist minister to palliate mob vengeance on a negro suspected only of a terrible crime. One cannot forget this old man was pastor of a church whose members profess personal reconciliation with the Saviour who pardoned the thief on the Cross, and the minister of a God who has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." Yet he is represented as actively approving of lynching an untried negro, and ever afterwards living unrepentant of his deed and at peace with his God.

It remained for a woman of the South, Lucy Pratt, in a number of delightful stories about a negro boy named Ezekiel, to appeal to our hearts on behalf of the poor ex-slave hunted like a wolf for a crime of which he was innocent by men who were the inheritors of all the ages. By the moral force of a Southern woman, a former slave owner, the

fugitive was saved, and this woman's such fiction does the terror of the neighbours, the best families of the hunted grip at our heart strings is South, were held back from shedding assuredly a commentary on its tone, innocent blood. That so rarely in and the civilisation it mirrors.

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## THE SHADOW-MAN

By VIRNA SHEARD

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.

(Shadow-man is comin' in de door!)

You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white.

(Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor).

Little honey baby, keep yo' footses still—

(Rocky-bye, oh! rocky, rocky-bye!)

Hush yo' now an' listen to dat lonesome whip-po-will—

Don't yo' fix dat lip an' start to cry.

Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick—

(Hear de hoot-owl in de cotton-wood).

Yes, I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere truffin' trick.

(He gets chillern if dey isn't good).

Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?

(Sister keep on climbin' to de sky).

Dat's a june-bug—it ain't got no stinger lak a bee.

(Reach de glory city by-an'-by).

Little honey baby, what yo' skeery at?

(Go down Moses—down to Phar-e-oh)

No; dat isn't nuffin' but a furry fly-round bat.

(Say he'd betta let dose people go).

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.

(Shadow-man is comin' in de door).

You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white.

(Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor).



# WHERE NATURE'S GAS IS KING

BY W. LACEY AMY

A DEPRESSION in the prairie; a wide river running through to the east, then turning abruptly to the north-west around a delightfully wooded, sweet-briered point; cut banks all around, steep, save on the south where houses wander up the incline and spread out a half mile beyond; a cross-continent railway winding down a long coulee from the east and climbing along the face of a steep cut bank to the west; cotton-wood trees thickly dotting the valley on two sides—and in the midst Medicine Hat, "The Gas City of Canada," "The Chicago of Western Canada," "The Hub of the West," "The Town that was Born Lucky," and a few more appellations less generally known.

It was in this city that the delegates to the Convention of Canadian Municipalities were entertained during the last week in July in a manner typical of the West, and especially of Medicine Hat, which has acquired the name of "the Convention City" from its whole-hearted invitation to convening bodies and its uniform success in presenting its claims with sufficient attraction. The august municipal leaders from Halifax to Victoria will give voice to the sincerity of the welcome and the surprising facility with which the smallest city ever honoured by their official presence accommodated and entertained them. From the commonest tourist to Kipling and Lord Charles Beresford, Medicine Hat has long had a reputation for filling in pleasurable every moment of the visit.

Familiarly called "The Hat" in the West, an abbreviation not popular with its six thousand people, there has long been a desire among some of the citizens for a change in the name, for Medicine Hat has had an undeserved reputation in the United States for everything disagreeable in the way of weather. Ask any citizen of the Western States where the snow-storms come from, and he will say "Medicine Hat," with no other idea of its nature or location than that it is in Canada and is the location of the factories of Æolus. The Dominion Government in the old days confined its meteorological observations in Western Canada to Medicine Hat. Accordingly any storm from the north was reported from that city. As a matter of fact, Medicine Hat has a higher average temperature than any other Canadian town between the great lakes and the mountains. Sleigh runners are almost unheard of in the city, and up to the severe winter of 1907-08 snow shovels were not a part of any hardware stock. An alderman who proposed a by-law dealing with the removal of snow from the sidewalks was laughed at by his fellow aldermen and the city at large. The mildness of the climate in the valley from a period long before the knowledge of white man is attested by the statements of very old Indians, who tell of thousands of bugaloes wintering under the cut banks; and the innumerable buffalo-trails down the steep sides and the wallows for miles around give evidence to-day.

A change in the name might dispel



BURNER FOR LIGHTING WITH NATURAL GAS

By this means an engine is ready for the road in less than a quarter of the time it ordinarily takes

the prevalent idea of the home of storms. It would at least relieve the citizens of the necessity of explaining the origin of the weird name. To save time and trouble a Medicine Hatter will explain that the location of the city resembles an inverted hat, and the inquirer is satisfied. As is the case with many other western towns, the Indian is responsible for the name. And as might be expected the legend apparently has very little to do with "medicine" and nothing with "hat," but additional explaining will show a vague connection. To make it clear requires more effort and a better memory than the citizens consider should be necessary in answering a daily question, so they take the easiest way out of it. To-day there are not a half-dozen persons in the valley who could give you the legend.

However, the name is not to be changed just at the moment, partially because Kipling advised no alteration, the same Kipling who described Medicine Hat as "the town that was born lucky." But if you desire peace forbear mentioning the illustrious author's pet name. So conspicuous a feature of its publicity literature did the "Lucky" appellation become that the consequent ridicule of scores of writers in Canada and the United States has made it a tabooed subject. Nobody but the Publicity Commissioner ever uses it now, and he only on the sly.

Dating back to "pre-construction" days, the city possesses a history full of incident. Its origin is similar to that of a dozen other western towns. The trail from Winnipeg to Calgary and the mountains led across a ford



A GAS WELL ABLAZE

This well was lighted on July 26 for the delegates to the Union of Canadian Municipalities. Pressure at this well is 580 pounds, and the open flow is 3,000,000 cubic feet a day, equivalent to 151 tons of coal or 12,500 horse-power in a gas engine

on the South Saskatchewan just where the city now lies. When the river flowed swift with the melted snow of the mountains, the trekkers were forced to camp on the east side until the waters subsided. Away back in the early '80's an unusual flood delayed a long train of loaded waggons on the trek westward. The Canadian Pacific Railway was still several hundred miles to the east. On the waggons were store-supplies and one complete outfit for a new store to be opened in Calgary. The owner, seeing several days of waiting ahead, opened his bales and boxes, and, as the new arrivals increased, he did a thriving business. The approach of the iron rails brought more travellers and the merchant built a shack. The

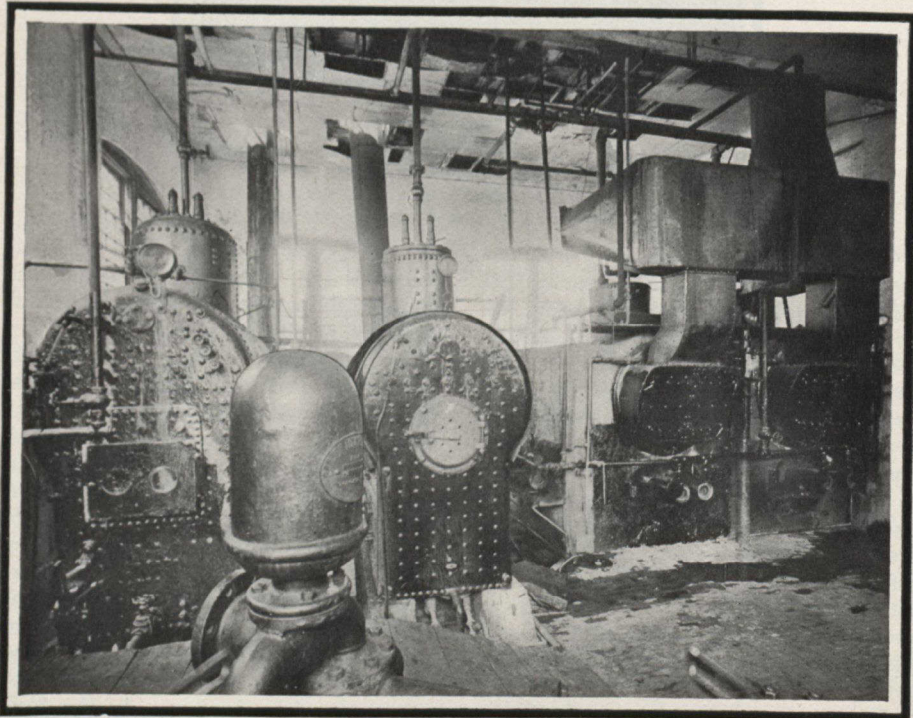
shacks have changed to brick and stone buildings of a quality of which any city might be proud.

Until a lustrum ago, the city remained at the point where progress was measured by the general growth of the West. The location was ideal, no other towns were near, and the climate was delightful; therefore, even then, Medicine Hat met with favour. But when suspicions of natural gas led the City Council to set aside a sum of money for drilling, the citizens watched the work with feverish anxiety. The huge drill pounded away day after day, eating up the money voted by by-law. As the fund diminished, the faces of the aldermen grew longer and longer. The thousands of dollars wasted on the well

would seriously handicap the town. Gas pockets maintained the excitement, but no steady flow was struck. Deeper and deeper the drill went; smaller and smaller grew the remnant of money. Then the money ran out. A special meeting of the city fathers debated the question long after midnight. Any further expenditure without another vote would be illegal, and it was certain the ratepayers would never spend another cent. The driller begged for a few feet more, and the Council turned a blind eye to the technicalities. It was decided to resume work for a few feet the next morning. At 9 o'clock, just after the Mayor had opened his harness store, a coatless, hatless man rushed into the store and gasped: "For God's sake, man, come up to the well." The Mayor stopped not for running shoes. At the well everything seemed to be going up into

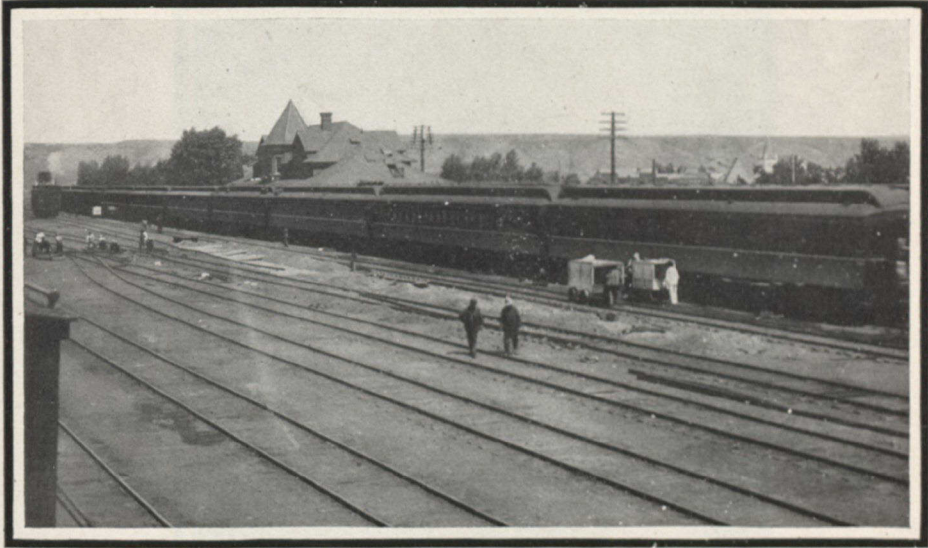
the air. A terrific pressure had been struck after just ten feet of drilling.

Now they strike gas at about 300 feet, more at 600, and a flow of three million at 1,000. Until this spring no deeper well had been sunk. But about thirty-five miles west of the city the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the trail of oil, sank pipes 2,000 feet, and the gas is flowing about six million feet a day. Medicine Hat has given the contract within the past few weeks to reach the same level. Any place is suitable for a well. There are a half-dozen in the city and four or five more within thirty-five miles, all but the one mentioned being close to the city. The gas is almost odourless, and so cheap that it is easier to open the windows than check the furnace. Lights burn on the streets day and night, and a rate of thirteen and a half cents for heat, light and



INTERIOR OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BOILER-ROOM

Here natural gas is used to generate steam and operate the entire plant of this company at Medicine Hat



THE ONLY TRAIN IN CANADA LIGHTED BY NATURAL GAS

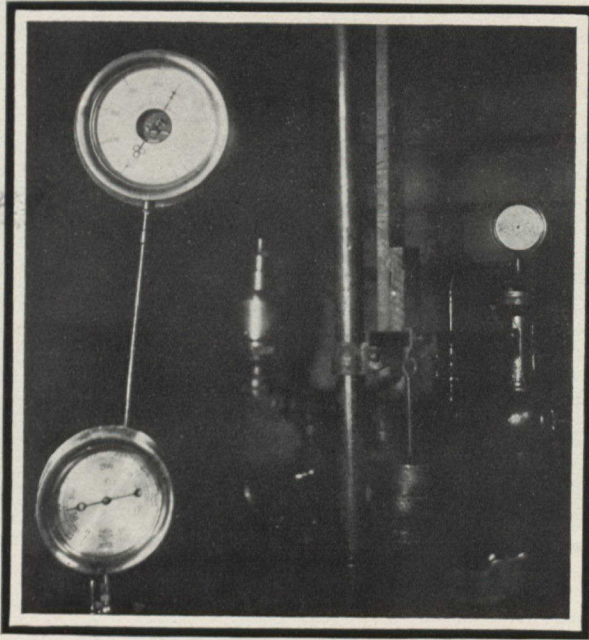
It runs on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Calgary and Kootenay Landing (880 miles) on one charge

power renders of little value the coal mines within a couple of miles of the city.

It is in vain that neighbouring cities indulge in every witticism at the all-prevailing gas of Medicine Hat. That fortunate city simply chuckles with a full knowledge of the envy at the back of it. A half-dozen years of experience of natural gas is sufficient to place it beyond ridicule. All the light, heat and power of the city comes through a six-inch pipe. Every wheel turns, every corner is illuminated, every building is heated, without machinery, without man's intervention, save the sinking of a little pipe. The day and night burning of the street lights never ceases to interest the traveller. Tourists from the exhausted areas across the border hold up their hands in dismay at the fate they predict for the gas. But the pressure continues — even increases. Down below gas seems to be manufactured faster than it can be used. The city fathers cannot see the necessity of paying men to manipulate a gas tap, and replace the mantles they break

in doing so. In fact, jets are left burning in buildings under the firm belief that the mantles broken by the sudden changes of temperature of lit and extinguished lights cost more than the gas. Some time ago the Canadian Pacific Railway, influenced by the protests of experienced natural gas consumers, and thinking to teach the city a lesson, gave orders to extinguish the lights on the station platform. The unusual economy continued for three days.

At Dunmore, three miles away, the railway company bored for oil, and at something over a thousand feet struck such a flow of gas that their apparatus was unable to cope with it. To prevent accident a match was applied to the escaping gas, and for almost a year the surrounding country never saw darkness. Finally a controller was applied. Out at Grassy Lake the gas struck at 1,900 feet shot a flame seventy-five feet into the air, throwing sufficient light for the photographing of a building a half-mile distant. For weeks the flame burned steadily, but was then put



#### THREE PRESSURE GAUGES

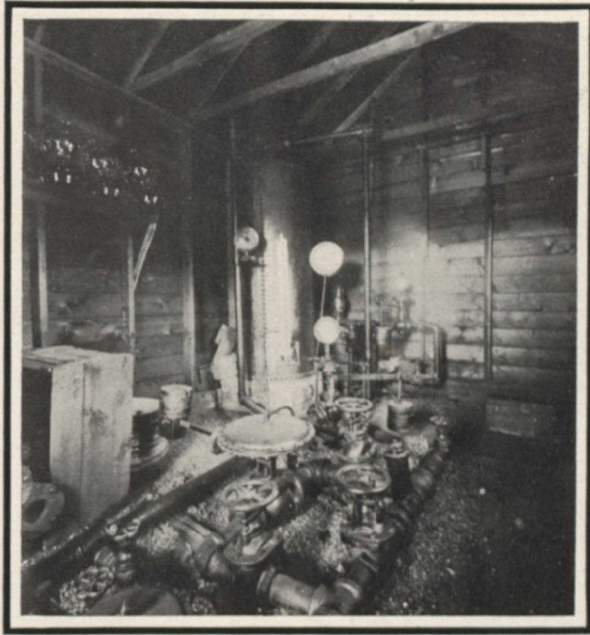
Pressure of 480 pounds on upper left-hand indicator (the reserve pressure when the service is in full operation). The lower left-hand indicator shows sixty-five pounds. The right-hand indicator belongs to the train-lighting tank

under control until the other day when someone fired it again. Little wonder is it that nobody concerns himself about the waste.

As a convenience, the natural gas must be experienced to be realised. No ashes or coal to handle—the householders' paradise! Some of the houses have even installed automatic controllers, which maintain the same heat in the house throughout the season. The furnace then is never touched from November to March. Whereas any kind of stove used to serve as a heater, a pipe with many holes being the only necessary attachment, nowadays modern gas stoves and furnaces are being installed. A bill of five dollars a month is not likely to make the householder long for coal and illuminating gas; nor is a gas engine, with an expense of only two dollars for every horse-power a year apt to conceal its value from a manufacturer.

It is in the big Canadian Pacific Railway shops that the most practical use is made of Medicine Hat's specialty. Here a saving of \$60,000 a year is effected by the use of gas, an amount which does not include the added convenience and the facility of operation. The railway has its own gas well at the corner of the shops, and pipes the gas to all parts of its large yards. The illustrations show the processes passed through between the well and the final place of use. A well pressure of 557 pounds is reduced in some cases to a mere eight ounces.

The enterprising railway company has done much for the better understanding of the uses of natural gas in the Alberta city. In fact, to them is largely due the present development of this great natural advantage, and of the city at large. Thousands of dollars have been spent in experiments, many of which have brought



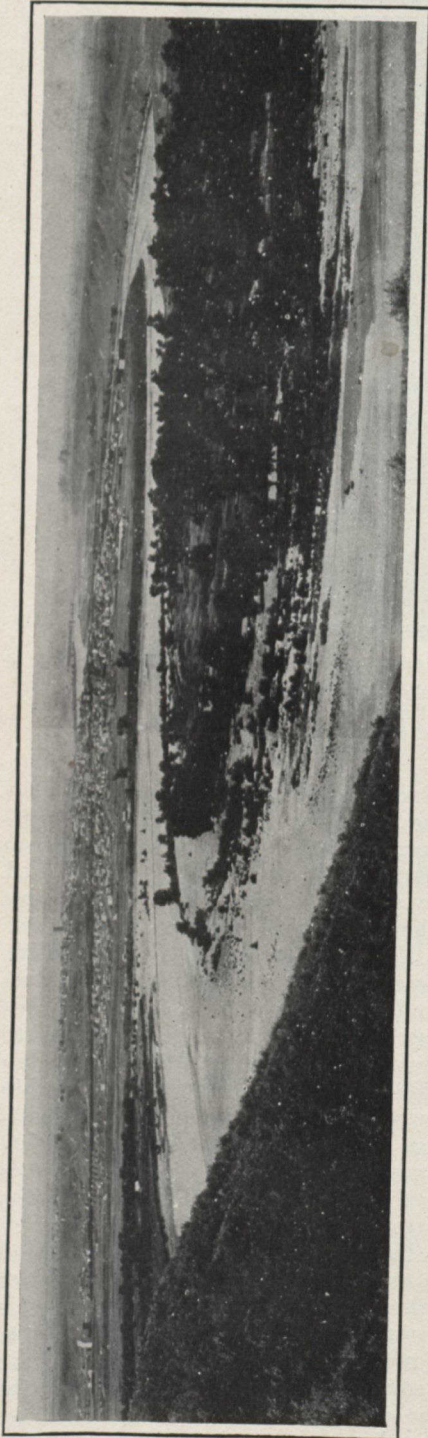
INTERIOR OF REDUCTION ROOM

Where the well pressure of gas is reduced from 557 pounds to sixty-five pounds for smelting and six pounds for boilers and general transmission

no practical results. The biggest engineers in the service have been brought to Medicine Hat from time to time, and every facility has been provided for experimenting. A locomotive was last year placed on a platform consisting of revolving wheels, and a thorough test of many weeks' duration made of the value of natural gas for power in the ordinary locomotive. Speed and power tests were made exhaustively, and the engineer in charge expressed surprise at the results. It may not be long before the yard engines at least, are run by natural gas stored in tanks. After a long test of gas lighting, the passenger train that runs from Medicine Hat to Kootenay Landing and return is entirely lighted in this manner. The ordinary Pintsch gas tanks are loaded in Medicine Hat, and the run of 800 miles is made on the one charge, with a quantity remaining when the train pulls in at

the end of the trip. A passenger train was run from Medicine Hat to Winnipeg, 688 miles distant, and the gas left in the tanks after the run burned for almost a day. Were there any other points of replenishment even a thousand miles apart the entire Canadian Pacific Railway service would consume natural gas. The railway shops are open at all times to travellers in order to demonstrate the efficiency of gas for every conceivable purpose in that line—heating, lighting, power, smelting, welding, lighting engine fires, and so forth. Gas is used even for whistles all through the city.

The city itself has not been behind in experiments, as far as its facilities have afforded. A small engine is maintained in the Publicity Commissioner's office, and power can be turned on in a moment. Around the top of the standtank, 125 feet above the lower town, is a ring of lights



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF MEDICINE HAT

visible forty miles away. Two years ago a local genius, Doctor Smith, made experiments in running an automobile by gas. Although using only a rude tank without control of pressure other than by tap, he proved its adaptability and cheapness for that purpose. Sand has been brought in for glass-making, with perfect results. Every day the Publicity Commissioner and the Board of Trade are devising new methods of exhibiting the value of natural gas. The Southern Alberta Land Company, a great English irrigation syndicate, has had gas experts on the ground for a year, one of them being probably the greatest authority in America. Samples of the gas sent to the United States gave results in heat value that proved Medicine Hat gas to be much superior to that found in Western Ontario, and equalled by only one rapidly-weakening area in America.

Two immense English gas engines pump the city water, and two men handle them for the twenty-four hours. The many large brick yards in the vicinity accomplish their drying by gas. A number of small irrigation schemes for market gardens are possible through tiny gas engines. When the big 1,100-foot bridge across the Saskatchewan was being built two winters ago a gas pipe kept the gangs in warm quarters, heated the rivets, and performed all the work where heat was necessary, thus facilitating speedy construction in the depth of winter. If there is anything to be done anywhere in the city a gas tap is turned on. "What natural gas can't do, can't be done," is the slogan of Medicine Hat. And its possibilities have merely been touched on the, outside.

The bid for manufacturers is based largely on the cheapness of power, and the thousands of dollars saved to any factory makes the need of money bonus very slight. The city is almost at the point where it will ignore the proposition that demands more than the five-cent gas offered to manu-



facturers. This growing feeling is increasing rapidly from recent experiences with firms which have traded on the desire of the city to become a Chicago. Within the past three years three or four industries that were willing to promise anything if they could get everything have shown the citizens that the firm with both hands out and a begging tongue is worth to the city much less than it asks for. The city has not yet struck its gait. It means much slower progress to depend upon factories in the West than upon farmers. But it is sure to come.

Five years of fairly good times should see Medicine Hat many times its present size. Its natural advantages cannot hold it back. The rancher who has long made it his special work to keep out the settler is either out of business or an enthusiast through

speculation. Providence did not place the cheapest and best of heat, light and power in Medicine Hat to have it remain unused. The man who faces a bill of only four dollars in a winter month for heating and lighting a seven-roomed house and can spend his leisure hours without the ash sifter and coal shovel is naturally a believer in the future of the city. The manufacturer who can obtain his power at two dollars and ten cents a year for every horse-power, instead of at twelve times that price, is going to act as a drawing-card for other manufacturers. And when you combine with it all a normal tax rate of only nine mills, a perfect water service, a system of sewage, three of the best public schools in the West and an energetic, fearless City Council, it is little wonder that the man who knows the city wishes his money spent there.

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## THE MOTHS OF THE SEA LAMPS

BY WILLIAM A. CREELMAN

Where land and restless ocean meet, the gale  
 Its booming billows hurls against the wall  
 Of sea-bound rocks, where standeth lone and tall  
 The ocean tower cased in iron mail;  
 And, rimmed in armoured glass and circled rail,  
 The great lamps o'er the seas effulgent smile,  
 And drive their beams through many a blackened mile,  
 Spreading the sea-floor like a comet's tail.

But on the lights where hailing tempests lash,  
 Blinded and dazzled by the radiant glow,  
 The wildered birds of ocean heedless dash,  
 And, dying, fall upon the rocks below.  
 Poor ocean moths on which the bright lamps shine,  
 Whose bleeding breasts the waves incarnadine!

# THE OLD THIRD READER

BY FRANCES TYNER KNOWLES

A QUARTER of a century has gone by since the old Ontario readers were introduced into the schools of the Province. After a long and strenuous career they have been discarded. Something newer has taken their place and it is generally supposed that that something newer must also be something better.

In the case of the old Third Reader, at least, this supposition cannot but be correct. Who was the unhappy being, it has often been asked, who dominated the choice of selections for that mournful volume? From what form of melancholia did he suffer? With what ideals of martyrdom was he imbued? What dark purpose did he hold before himself, in electing to fill with tales of tragedy and death, a volume dedicated to the use of children? May it not be that, to the forceful melancholy of his temperament, we owe much of whatever pessimism darkens our own? Let us go back ten, or fifteen, or twenty years, to the days when we waded through those moody, yet sensational pages, and call to mind their blighting effect on our then unclouded minds.

What a thrill we had when, after the mild insipidities of the Second Reader, we were introduced to the first lesson in the Third, where the White Ship, "manned by fifty sailors of renown," set sail for England. We saw the brave ship tossing wildly on the waves, but did not tremble for her safety. In the former reader all narratives had ended tamely, and long immunity had created in us a

sense of security. We dreamt not of impending disaster. How horrid then was our surprise when the crash came and "a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts—for the White Ship was filling, was going down \* \* \* and of all that brilliant company the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved." *Two hundred and ninety-nine lives!* It took our infant breath away. It stopped our childish heart-beats—for a second.

We turned, however, with the optimism of early childhood, to the second selection. Casabianca stood then as now upon the burning deck, but till we arrived at stanza nine, we guessed not at his insistence upon that hackneyed stand-point:

"There came one burst of thunder sound;  
The boy—Oh! Where was he?"

It dawned but slowly on us that he too—that gallant child—was lost in the waves.

"With mast and helm and pennon fair  
That well had borne their part,  
But the noblest thing that perished there  
Was that young faithful heart."

I think Casabianca was good for us, however, and that much of whatever heroism stirs in the blood of young Canada, comes from contemplation of that "proud though child-like form" which stands forever "beautiful and bright" in the background of our memory.

Some uneventful lessons now occurred; then, closely following one another, came tragedy after tragedy. There was little Lucy Gray, "the sweetest child that ever played be-

side a human door," who, lost in the storm that "came on before its time," was drowned in the river "a furlong from their door." There was the "Poor Little Match-Girl" who died in the snow with all her burnt matches beside her and "soared far, far away where there was no longer any cold or hunger or pain—she was in Paradise." The "Sands of Dee," we scarcely understood, but it also seemed to end in fatality, for:

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
To her grave beside the sea."

We were now becoming calloused, and these dreadful events had ceased to startle. It hardly shocked us when, in Lesson XV., our boy acquaintance, Prince Arthur, met with his untimely end: "He knelt to them and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties they stabbed him and sank his body in the river with heavy stones." Terrible—to be sure—but to be expected in the Third Reader!

In "We Are Seven," only two out of the seven succumbed, and we were almost bored by the uneventfulness of the narrative.

"The first to go was little Jane."

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" put us again in touch with disaster by water. It was our sixth illustration of the dangers of the deep, but in no way similar to the preceding five. We viewed the frozen body of the father "lashed to the helm all stiff and stark with his face turned to the skies" and the "form of a maiden fair lashed close to a drifting mast," and we were ready enough to ejaculate with the narrator:

"Oh! Save us all from a death like this  
On the reef of Norman's woe!"

We had now good reason to feel that it was dangerous to be afloat very much on Third Book waters. The two hundred and ninety-nine in the White Ship, Casabianca, Lucy Gray, Mary who called the cattle home across the sands o' Dee and Prince

Arthur had all found a watery grave; and, now, on top of these dire happenings came the "Wreck of the Hesperus" with its new images of horror.

"The Heroic Serf" seemed to be of an original turn of mind, and escaped the usual watery ending by throwing himself to the wolves. This act of forethought in no way detracts from his heroism, which was of a really high order.

"Hannah Binding Shoes" is mourning incessantly the loss of Ben, "the sunburnt fisher" who was drowned twenty years ago. "Still her dim eyes silently chase the white sails o'er the sea." She hopes, poor soul, that Ben will yet return. We know that he will not. In the Third Reader none returneth from the mighty deep.

On page 110, in a selection called "The Rapid," we found a boatful of rowers gaily gliding down a river, singing as they went. The unfortunate young fellows rowed for only three stanzas. In the fourth, the line, "Yon rock — see it frowning, they strike—they are drowning" assured us, if assurance had been necessary, of their mournful ending.

Page 127 brought us to "Lord Ulin's Daughter." The run-a-way couple were being rowed "o'er the ferry" while the father gesticulated from the shore.

"'Twas vain! [of course] The wild waves  
lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing—  
The waters wild went o'er his child [also]  
And he [like everyone else] was left lamenting."

Our weary souls turned from contemplation of the picture illustrating "The Inchcape Rock"—a number of men in a boat setting out to cut down the warning bell. It took no second sight to tell what their finish would be.

Being now fully assured of the inevitableness of disaster by water, we entered on a Complete Course of Land Catastrophe. We were to learn that

the field of battle was, in its way, as fatal as the treacherous wave. In "The French at Ratisbon," we watched a young soldier ride out "twixt the battery-smokes," and, "full galloping," hear a momentous message to Napoleon. A moment later "his chief beside, smiling the boy fell dead." Next came "Zlobane," the record of two deaths in battle with the Zulus:

"Then, covered with uncounted wounds,  
He sank beside his child;  
And they who saw them, say in death  
Each on the other smiled."

"Somebody's Darling" was the next to perish, and dear to the hearts of Third Reader girls were the lines:

"Into a ward of the white-washed walls  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling so young and so  
brave,

Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's  
grace."

Ah—but that was a favourite recitation of a Friday afternoon in the old days! Myself have recited it some thirty times with great effect.

"Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," confirmed us in our opinion of the dangerous nature of war, and, when page 207 came in sight, it was no surprise to us to learn that "A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers." We were gloomy-hearted little pessimists by now. Every literary character we knew was either dead or dying, and not even the rich sentimentalism of "Bingen on the Rhine" could rouse us to emotional activity:

"His voice grew hoarse and fainter;  
his grasp was childish weak;  
His eyes put on a dying look; he sighed  
and ceased to speak."

That was sad—but quite, quite right we felt. We did not wonder that:

"The soft moon rose up slowly and  
calmly she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field with  
bloody corpses strewn,

*Calmly*—why not? We could not have got excited ourselves.

The most calloused, however, could not but be roused a little by the splendid ring and swing of "The Burial of Sir John Moore":

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeams misty light  
And the lantern dimly burning.

\* \* \* \*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down  
From the field of his fame fresh and  
gory;  
We carved not a line and we raised not  
a stone  
But we left him alone with his glory."

There were flashes of light through such gloom as this. The poem was wholesome—for all its sadness.

"The Road to the Trenches," too, was simple and salutary:

"One more gone for England's sake  
Where so many go,  
Lying down without complaint  
Dying in the snow."

That picture of endurance did us no harm. The words "Where so many go" used to touch us vaguely. Certainly many — all too many — went *somewhere*.

"The Burial of Moses" next commanded our grave attention. It was unlike the burial of Sir John Moore — more strange — more awful:

"For had he not high honour  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing  
plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land  
To lay him in his grave."

The last death-scene in the book was that of "The May Queen." The poem was sweet and very sad with the sweetness and sadness which children love, but, I believe it was unwholesome for them. Sickness therein was made so rhythmically attractive that children, knowing nothing of its prosaic side, were all too

likely to cultivate the semblance of fragility and finally to attain to a state of genuine disease, through their admiration of the gentle girl who could look forward with rapture to being,

"Forever and forever all in a blessed home,  
And there to wait a little while till you  
and Effie come—  
To lie within the light of God as I lie  
upon your breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling  
and the weary are at rest."

"How beautiful," says Carlyle, "to die of a broken heart—on paper! How different in reality! What of the fore-done soul drowning slowly in quagmires of disgust—a whole drug-shop in his inwards?" What indeed? Perhaps all of us saw a little too much dying — on paper — while passing through the vicissitudes of the third grade.

I have not touched here on the disasters that didn't quite occur or on those that were but vaguely recorded. There was a lesson on "Volcanoes" in which much loss of life was alluded to; a poem called "After Blenheim" wherein a peasant is portrayed ploughing up skulls; a selection yclept "A Narrow Escape" and properly so yclept for it dealt with the perils of the jungle; and others which made our hearts stand still with dread of what might happen next. John Gilpin for instance—none of us expected to see that renowned gentleman safely home after his perilous ride. How came it that John was permitted to escape when many who were younger and stronger than he were cut down as cumberers of the ground? Little Marygold, too, who turned into a

golden image and was brought back to life by the application of water (so fatal in other cases). And Elihu of the Gray Swan, "who went to sea the moment I put him off my knee," and ought to have been drowned for his twenty years of filial inattentiveness—but wasn't. These are single instances of merciful preservation in the midst of crowding catastrophe.

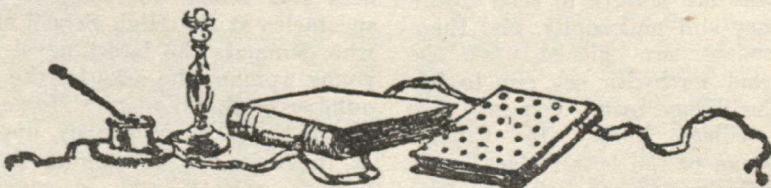
It is hard to know just where to place such selections as "The Old Arm-Chair" and "Rock Me to Sleep," two poems dedicated to the memory of the dead. To me and my companions many years ago they were, in effect, as drear and desolating as the others, though not actual records of death.

In all that repertoire of gloomy melody, there is struck but once the note of optimism. It is to be heard in:

"There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming,  
We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming."

From this light-hearted jingle, we received the assurance that the fog would some day lift. By means of it a generation of Ontario children have kept a gleam of hope in their hearts while passing through that Valley of Despair—the Third Class. We have—most of us—lived "to see the day." It has already more than dawned. A lovely, new, sunshiny Third Reader has risen above the eastern horizon. To it we look for the scattering of our gloom.

We may now, not without tears (of joy) bid a gloomy, yet glad, farewell to our venerable and melancholy friend.





## At Five O'clock

### SONG OF THE DYING YEAR

The waves are gray and chill  
 Beneath an ashen sky;  
 Across their waste forlorn  
 There shrills a lonely cry.

It sighs o'er darkened groves  
 O'er petals lying low,  
 As from the cloud-hung North  
 Comes presage of the snow.

It echoes from the depths  
 Of woodlands dim and far,  
 And dies upon the hills  
 Beneath a shadowy star.

The sky is dusky pearl,  
 The earth is bare—and yet,  
 Beneath the brown, cold leaves  
 There sleeps the violet.

J. G.

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### IN THE LIBRARY

**M**OST Canadians are familiar with the village library, with its long tables covered with carefully chosen periodicals and its shelves of the "standards." It is a gathering-place for all those with leisure for fiction or a fancy for the monthly magazines. There are a few really "superior persons" who are sincere in their desire for history and philosophy, and these local leaders are placed upon the Board and forthwith set out to improve the village taste. You may find in the village library the English workingman of the better class—none of your Cockney dregs—who has been

away from the Old Country for twenty long years and who appears every week to read from cover to cover *The Graphic* and *The Illustrated News* and who would rather go without his dinner than fail to read his *Punch*. He can talk a bit about Balfour and Lloyd-George, perhaps he caught many a glimpse of Gladstone or John Bright in the old days, and he has his views on the tariff and the budget.

The librarian in the village is usually a respectable old gentleman who has held a series of secretaryships and who declines into the keeping of the library with a gentle resignation, which later on becomes a certain intellectual pride in the treasures of the shelves. He is an authority on most questions, from the true and original discoverer of the North Pole to the comparative literary standing of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Edith Wharton. He expresses an opinion with careful deliberation and due solemnity, allowing no vain prejudice to sway his judgment. He wears garments of a subdued shabbiness and looks dubiously over his spectacles at the High School student who demands the latest novel or the young woman who asks for the recent number of the *Woman's Home Companion*. He is frequently appointed as judge in the debates of the local literary society and is capable of

weighing nicely the arguments as to the relative devastating power of war and intemperance.

In the reading rooms of the cities, you find types of well-defined characteristics. There are derelicts who mope all day, during the bitter months of winter over "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." They find the reading-room or the reference library a haven—a place of refuge from the cold and bleakness of the winter streets and they droop their weary old heads and red noses over the books which a busier world has forgotten.

The most interesting figure of all in the dreary group is the Lady in Drab. She has a dull gray face, with pale gray eyes and dusty gray hair, drawn severely back and untidily wound in a dreary knob about three inches above the bony nape. She possesses a nondescript nose, a flabby mouth and gray hands which make nervous fluttering movements over the magazines. She is the apotheosis of dulness and desolation. Usually she is a spinster of small means and much sentiment. Sometimes she is a widow whose son's wife or daughter's husband has found her impossible and has exiled her to a city boarding-house. Sometimes she is a grass widow with a defaulting husband in the Antipodes who occasionally sends a belated cheque to keep the wolf at a respectable distance from the threshold. By some incongruous freak of taste, the Lady in Drab chooses the lightest literature, avoiding sternly the Heart-to-Heart talks in which the path of duty is pointed out to the wayfaring woman and choosing the column of advice to the newly-engaged or the latest automobile story with a disguised marquis as chauffeur.

She scorns the local paper and the accounts of small festivities. Not for her the ball in Toronto nor the carnival in Montreal. She devotes herself to the accounts of royal doings in the English weeklies and can tell to a

nicety just how the Duchess of Sutherland looked at her last reception and what kind of trimming adorned the wedding-gown of Lord Dalmeny's bride. She bends her weather-beaten bonnet over the brilliant paragraphs concerning Queen Alexandra's fondness for mauve headgear and the Duchess of Marlborough's ropes of pearls. Mostly of all, she loves the story of the beautiful girl in a quiet country rectory who is wooed and won by a haughty and handsome earl. The most high-flown and extravagant lovemaking is none too exalted for the Lady in Drab, who devotes herself to cheap romance with an earnestness such as a student of Sanskrit might envy. Cook and Peary may come and go, North Poles may rise and fall, the English Channel may become the spoil of the swimmer or the aviator, but the Lady in Drab cares not. She is absorbed in the course of Lady Gwendolyn's true love and the devious ways of the Duke of Stanhope's Family Skeleton. We need not pity the Lady in Drab. She lives in a world of dreams, she dwells among the highborn and beautiful, where dames in velvet and diamonds dine sumptuously every night, and young noblemen whose beauty would put Apollo entirely out of court kneel at the feet of maidens in moonlit gardens of old-world roses. Lucky Lady in Drab!

"In dreams she grows not older  
The land of dreams among,  
Though all the world wax colder,  
Though all the songs be sung."

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#### A WOMAN WITH CONVICTIONS

**M**RS. PANKHURST is coming to Canada. At the time of writing this paragraph, the redoubtable lady is not yet with us; but, as she is to address Canadian audiences during the month of November, it may be well to consider her aims and methods. Mrs. Pankhurst is an English-woman of broad education and vigorous policy. Her present mission is to

secure the suffrage for women and, with that end in view, she disturbs public meetings, endeavours to address the British House of Commons and even goes so far as to slap stalwart members of the police force. Such proceedings, it must be admitted, are rather shocking to Canadian women, who have been brought up to regard the police with respect, and members of Parliament with more or less deference. There may be "wrongs" to women perpetrated in Great Britain of which we know nothing. There may be injustice beneath the surface which excuses such tactics. Yet—I doubt it. The resort to physical force is surely the worst mistake which woman can make. The English believers in woman suffrage are by no means united on this question. There are many women in Great Britain and Ireland who are extremely desirous of the vote, who are working towards that end and yet who are opposed strongly to the methods of Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers. A Canadian girl who visited England more than a year ago discovered to her confusion when she assumed that all woman suffrage campaigners are of the "militant" class that she was making an almost unforgivable blunder.

"Believe in Mrs. Pankhurst!" exclaimed the English acquaintance whom she had addressed, "I should think not. *Our* methods are very different."

The Canadian visitor felt herself properly snubbed and forthwith set out to acquire information concerning the ramifications and divisions of the suffrage party in the Old Country and discovered to her dismay that it was a labyrinth of various ways and means. However, Mrs. Pankhurst herself will soon be within our peaceful borders and will, no doubt, make interesting material of her prison sojourn and her strenuous policy. Like most Canadian women, I am quite indifferent to the suffrage and would not use a vote if I had one. This

may be narrow-minded and deplorable, but one may as well be honest, when opinions are in the very air we breathe.

At the same time, let us do justice to the Canadian Suffrage Association whose officers are capable and courteous women. The members of this society believe that woman should have the vote and are working to that end, using methods which are in keeping with the dignity of their convictions. They are not, in any sense, freaks or faddists and, if the success of their campaign will make a better Canada, a nobler Dominion, it is to be desired. They are daintily-gowned women, with gift of fluent speech, and either equipment will go far.

Mrs. Pankhurst's own side of the case, as stated by her in the *Daily News*, of London, England, under the heading, "Why I Am Arrested," is quoted in part.

"To-day I was arrested at Westminster; to-morrow I shall appear at Rochester Row. Let me explain why. The methods of the National Women's Social and Political Union are based upon the recognition of the fact that Governments act only in response to pressure. Men who wish to bring pressure to bear on the Government can do so in a constitutional and orderly manner by the exercise of their votes.

"Women to whom the vote has been denied are obliged to substitute other methods. After long years of quiet, patient propaganda, they have now adopted more forceful tactics. These are (1) the questioning of Cabinet Ministers in public meetings, and demonstrations such as those which have taken place during the last few days; and (2) the policy of opposing the Government candidates in by-elections, which has proved so successful, especially in the recent by-elections of Mid-Devon, Hereford, and Worcester.

"The question which till three years ago seemed almost dead is now burning. At first the women were ridiculed, their demonstrations were laughed at, and it was said that their work at the by-elections produced absolutely no effect upon the electorate. Now, however, the situation is changed. The Press, both Liberal and Conservative, testify to the great impression produced by the women's arguments upon the men electors.

"Liberal agents and prominent local Liberals tell those at headquarters how



dangerous they are to the prospects of Government candidates, and the electors themselves are responding nobly to the women's appeal to stand by them. Even the 'raids' on the House of Commons have at last been viewed in the serious light in which they ought to be regarded.

'Mr. Muskett, in prosecuting the fifty women who were sentenced yesterday, said that if the powers which the authorities possessed under the Prevention of Crimes Act were not strong enough to restrain the women Suffragists, an obsolete Act of Charles II. would be put into operation against them. This Act provides that 'no person shall go to his Majesty or to the House of Parliament accompanied by an excessive number of people at any one time, or with above ten, under a penalty of £100 or three months' imprisonment.' The question has therefore been pushed into the forefront of practical politics and public attention, and the women's movement is linked with the great historic movements for securing the liberty of the people, but the women's struggle for liberty is a greater and more honourable one than any that has been known in history, for they have been the first to discover how to carry on a militant campaign without injury either to life or property, and they themselves have been the only ones exposed to sacrifice or danger.

'It has been said against them that their campaign has been undignified and unruly, but those women who really have their cause deeply at heart know that it is only undignified to submit to political subjection. We believe there is a point when revolt becomes a duty. Fifty years of patient educational work has produced so little result that the present Government came into power not intending to do anything for women's suffrage. This being the case, we have done what

men would have done in our place. We have resolved that power shall be won for the helpless, because voteless, women. Our by-election policy, our independent action, our 'raids' that have been so often held up to ridicule, are succeeding, and the goal towards which we have been striving is already in sight.'

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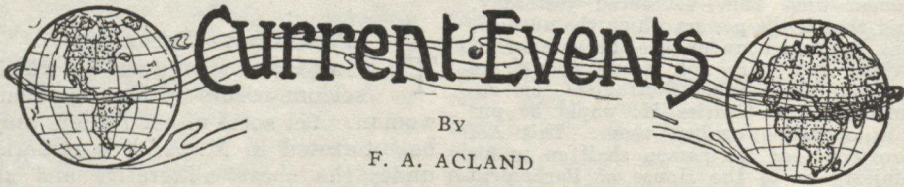
#### PROSPECTIVE PEERESSES

**T**O be a peeress is an ambition which seldom occurs to the Canadian woman. Yet some of our readers may be interested in M. A. P.'s remarks under the above alliterative and alluring phrase.

Besides the eighteen peeresses in their own right, now in possession of their titles and estates, there are several peers whose titles on their death will devolve upon women. Lord Roberts' earldom will go to his daughter Lady Aileen, and the viscounty of Lord Wolseley to his daughter, the Honourable Frances. The heir to the barony of Strathcona is Lord Strathcona's only child, the Honourable Margaret, married to Robert Howard, M.D., F.R.C.S. Baron Clinton will be succeeded by his two daughters, the Honourable Harriet and the Honourable Fenella, as co-heiresses. The Barony of Vaux of Harrowden will, on the decease of the present holder, descend to his three daughters as co-heiresses; while the barony of Zouche is entailed upon Lord Zouche's sister, the Honourable Darea Curzon.

JEAN GRAHAM.





# Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

TWO claimants for the discovery of the Pole is so extraordinary a finale to three centuries of heroic effort that, coupled with the bickerings on the subject that are resounding through the world, the situation becomes almost a burlesque. It is impossible not to sympathise somewhat with Lieutenant Peary in the intense chagrin which he must have felt on learning that the prize to win which his life had been so largely devoted and which had eluded so many generations of hardy explorers and adventurers, had been actually seized or claimed but a few days before he made known to the world his own gallant exploit; yet the world will not say of Lieutenant Peary that he took his disappointment in a sportsmanlike way.

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Whether Doctor Cook is an impostor or not, he had not at least been proved such when Lieutenant Peary hurled the lie across the Arctic wastes, and Peary would have shown a finer sense of dignity as well as of justice if he had refrained from exhibiting such obvious evidences of petulance and resentment. As to the validity of Doctor Cook's claim, it is, of course, impossible to say. The Brooklyn man has at least preserved hitherto a modest and courteous demeanour, and so far has impressed the world favourably. *The Daily Chronicle*, of London, which was responsible

for the exposure of de Rougemont after he had solemnly swindled the members of the British scientific associations, has insisted from the start that Cook is either a swindler or has been himself mistaken, but it admits that if a swindler, he is one of heroic dimensions, and will go down into history accordingly. Let us hope for the credit of science that neither of the explorers at least will turn out to be a deliberate impostor.

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Twice during the month Lord Rosebery has delivered remarkable addresses in England, once when he made his much advertised attack on the budget, and again when he appeared at Lichfield as the eulogist of the great lexicographer. As to the first, it marked the definite severance of Lord Rosebery's relations with the Liberal party, and as such it is an event of no trifling importance. Twenty years ago Lord Rosebery was a leader in the new radicalism of the day and was hailed as an English Mirabeau by those who followed his democratic-imperialistic guidance, now as county councillor and colleague of John Burns, now as Foreign Secretary and heir-apparent of Gladstone himself. Lord Rosebery claims that it is not he who has changed, and in this he is in the main correct. He had reached the limits of his Liberalism, and it shows how fast the Liberal party has travelled that its former

chief should be left so far behind. We have yet to see whether the rate has not been perhaps faster, too, than the people of Great Britain themselves can stand. It is likely that the test will not be long delayed.

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Everything seems now to indicate that the Lords will throw out the budget and the Government would in such a case be compelled to accept the challenge and go to the country. Were the Unionist party free of the tariff reform policy, or were it united even on tariff reform, the Government would be beaten, but even the mildest form of protection is a poor battle cry in Great Britain, and Mr. Balfour has been slow and reluctant in taking it up. The Government will have, at least, a good fighting chance. Mr. Keir-Hardie, the leader of the extreme section of the Labour party, predicts that the Government will certainly win, and that the Labour party will be more numerous than in the present Parliament. It increases the chances of Liberal success, perhaps, that it does not appear to have alienated those who follow Mr. Keir-Hardie, and there will probably be more give and take between Liberals and Labourites at the next general election than at the last.

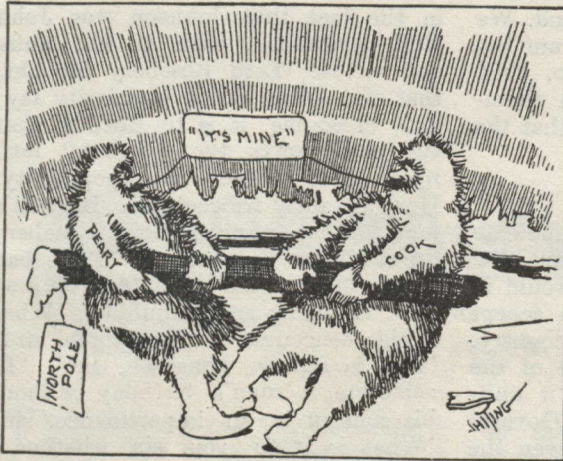
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Lord Rosebery's second address, the Johnson eulogy, was what might have been expected from a scholar and a statesman. It was a neat and humorous revenge taken by Scotland on the great Englishman who hated her with such intense satisfaction that she should supply his biographers and eulogists. Lord Rosebery sought in vain in Johnson's literary work for his lasting popularity. The philosopher's "Lives of the Poets," the orator held, was admirable, and his Dictionary was a heroic accomplishment, but neither of them represented literary greatness, and Johnson's other works are now unread. It was

in the fact that Johnson was John Bull personified, with all his faults and virtues, Lord Rosebery thought, that the secret of his popularity lay; and, of course, it is to Boswell that the world owes the delightful intimacy that begets this popularity. How instantly we recognise Boswell's hero in the portrait Lord Rosebery drew of him in a breath. "We can fancy him," said he, "approaching now, rumbling and grumbling, 'What is this concourse of silly people, sir?' 'This is strange nonsense, sir.' 'To celebrate a man's birthday without his consent is an impertinence, sir,' 'What is it to you, sir, whether I am 200 years old or not? Methusalem, of whom we know practically nothing, was undoubtedly my senior, and we do not commemorate him.' Boswell at his side obsequiously explaining and anticipating. Dubious grunts follow, possibly an explosion, but Lucy Porter, Molly Aston, Peter Garrick, and the Swards rally round him; he beams serenely and calls for tea." One little reference, adroit and inoffensive, yet stinging, Lord Rosebery permitted himself during the day to contemporary politics, when in accepting the casket containing the freedom of Johnson's native town, he protested that it should remain with him and his "as long as any form of property is allowed to exist."

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Among the causes tending on this continent particularly to increase all prices bearing on the cost of living we are apt to overlook the economic revolution which is taking place in the United States. According to Mr. J. J. Hill, the rush from the country to the city is bound to create a great army of the unemployed in that country, as in England, unless an increased foreign market is found for the manufactures. It is the increasing refusal of the people to produce from the soil that is largely responsible for the increasing cost of life. There is not "enough in it," relatively speaking;



NOW COMES THE REAL STRUGGLE

—The South Bend Tribune

husbandry has none of the glittering chances of millionairism which the imagination pictures in other walks of life, and is more and more rejected by the spirited and energetic portion of the people.

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As to the larger foreign market demanded by Mr. Hill, that can be no more than a temporary solution of the difficulty at best, and means fiercer competition than ever with other countries for the patronage of the foreigner. If the United States wins, it must be by ousting those in possession and creating more or less of the conditions of unemployment elsewhere. Any real remedy for the evil of the drift from the country to the city must be found in a direction far other than this, and far nearer the foundations of our social system, but in the meantime the demand for an increased foreign market will have a tendency to lower the cost of production, and perhaps to compel a further revision downward of the United States tariff at no distant date. A highly protective tariff is not conducive to an expansion of foreign trade in manufactures.

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The splendid gift to the public of Toronto, and, in a very direct sense,

to the whole people of Canada, by Professor Goldwin Smith and his lately deceased wife, of the fine old colonial mansion in which the eminent English publicist has spent that part of his life which has been passed in Canada, is an act conceived on a grand and princely scale, and will render yet more pleasing and grateful to coming generations of Canadians the memory of this great citizen of the Dominion, who, as a leader in thought and culture, has already long enjoyed the highest esteem and respect among his fellow-citizens. It is a gift in the nature of the famous Wallace collection, the Mecca of the art-lover in old London, in its turn, *The Grange*—the very name has a century-old flavour—will become the nucleus of an art museum and collection that will speedily lift Toronto out of the marked inferiority in this respect which she has hitherto occupied. The suggestion of the *Toronto Globe* that the first work of art placed on the grounds of *The Grange* should be a statue of Mr. Goldwin Smith himself, and that the work should be accomplished in the lifetime of the distinguished philosopher and scholar, is one that will attract the widest sympathies.

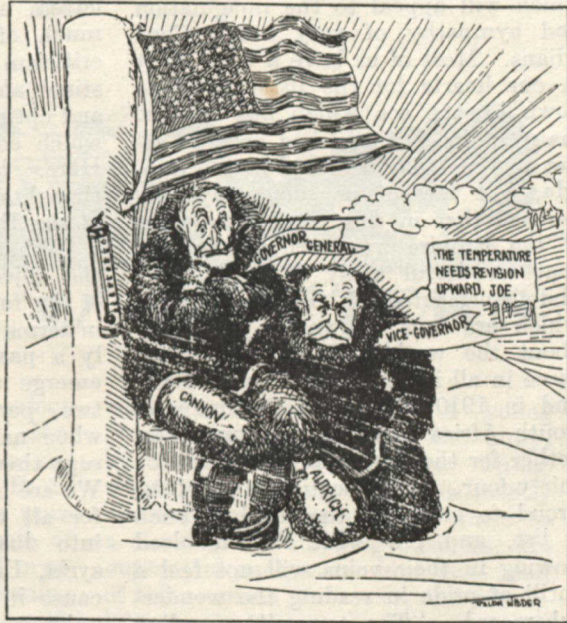
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The name of Professor Goldwin Smith, who in his eighty-seventh year is still enjoying the use of the great faculties of his mind and is happily in the possession of reasonable health, calls to mind another eminent Canadian, yet more aged, who has lately visited Canada and made, in his ninetieth year, such a tour of her new cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific as would tax the energies of many a man in the prime of life. Lord Strathcona is less eminent in the domain of intellect than in the field of action,

but he will go down into Canadian history as one of the most remarkable men of his time. He is a living incarnation of the doctrine of Work, that "unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel," as Carlyle calls it—"Work, and therein have well-being." Dr. Grenfell, another famous disciple of Carlyle's gospel, tells the story of finding Lord Strathcona hard at work one holiday in the offices of the Hudson's Bay Company in Montreal, with no other soul in the building save the janitor. "I should die if I did not work," he remarked, in reply to the Labrador missionary's exclamation of surprise, thus demonstrating the truth of the gospel. Such a career, so honoured, so fruitful, so far extended into the night of life is an inspiration and a beacon to all.

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Lord Northcliffe, the former member of the Harmsworth family, who controls the *London Times* and the *London Daily Mail*, not to mention many lesser journals, is not disposed to let the German scare die down. In an interview lately given out by him in Chicago, he contrasts the present time with 1869, when, despite friendly relations with France, Germany was secretly preparing on a great scale for war. It is impossible, of course, to say what analogy exists between the two occasions, unless we know what is working in the minds of the leaders of the German people to-day as we know now what was working in the mind of Bismarck in 1869. Bismarck wanted war, because he saw victory ahead and the unification of Germany as a result. It is a tremendous hypothesis to suppose that Germany is now in the same mind as



THE APPOINTMENT OF THE OFFICIALS OF THE TERRITORY  
WILL SOON BE IN ORDER

—Chicago Record-Herald

regards Great Britain and that she has, as Lord Northcliffe intimates, other ships secretly building apart from the great programme which is causing such world-wide commotion. It is, no doubt, absolutely necessary that Great Britain should take the most ample precaution to prevent a catastrophe, but interviews with prominent Englishmen in this strain can have no other than a directly irritating effect on Germany, and may well intensify her own suspicions and spur her on to greater efforts for defence or offence.

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The present is an age of memorials, so much so that some irreverent person has insisted that the right of Adam and Eve to a monument of some kind should no longer be overlooked; but the appeal of the Canadian Club of Halifax for contributions to aid in the erection of an historic tower to commemorate the establishment of responsible government in Nova Scotia in 1758, is one

which will appeal to the imagination and sympathy of very many Canadians. Most of us have a warm spot in our hearts for the little Province down by the sea which has sent so many of its distinguished sons to assist in the building up of newer Canada, but few of us have probably realised that in this particular corner of the Empire was born the first of that wonderful array of parliaments and legislatures of Greater Britain which are now strewn so plentifully about the world. There are thirty-three in all in this year of grace 1909, and in 1910, when the Dominion of South Africa calls its parliament together for the first time, there will be thirty-four. Nova Scotia may well be proud to stand at the head of such a list, and few with British blood flowing in their veins will not feel a thrill of pride in reading the wonderful record. "The tower," according to the appeal, "is designed to have many galleries dedicated to the memory of men who have served their country, and it has been suggested that the ground chamber be associated with the name of the illustrious statesman William Pitt." This is all excellent and the project of the Halifax Canadian Club should receive a wide encouragement.

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A pleasant echo of the Imperial Press Conference of the past summer has reached some of the many friends of Mr. J. W. Dafoe, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, in the shape of a pamphlet in which Mr. Dafoe takes a "retrospect with comment" of the famous gathering, the articles being reprinted from the fine Canadian newspaper edited by the writer. The

letters are virile and pointed, with much of sound and discriminating criticism in them, but they are instinct also with the spirit of a broad and optimistic imperialism of the type which compels attention and respect. Here, for instance, are the final thoughts he offers on the problem of the Empire:—

"What are to be the function and the objective of the British Empire of the future? We talk about it now in terms of defence; but this is merely a passing phase. The world will emerge some time, in a century or two, perhaps, from these dark ages when nations are compelled to bankrupt themselves in readiness for war. We are building the Empire, we hope, for all time. It is not to crumble into dust like the Empires of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome because it is to be inspired by a spirit unknown to the ancient world. They lived for conquest and oppression, for the subjection and exhortation of classes and nations; and they fell, in time, before the inerorable natural law of change and progress. The British Empire, to endure, must be worthy to endure. It must be a union of free and enlightened democracies dedicated to the cause of peace and to the service of humanity. So constituted, so inspired, the Empire will command the lasting affection and the devotion of all the British people; and perhaps in some far off time, the support of all Anglo-Saxondom."

This is the real essence of the matter and it remains only to give form and shape to the ideal expressed. For that we must wait, but while we wait such thoughts stimulate our hopes and energies.





## The WAY of LETTERS

THE best novel of the kind since "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Robert Hichens' masterpiece, is undoubtedly "The Veil," by Miss E. S. Stevens. From the standpoint of pure fiction, full of absorbing interest, of colour and action and delightful mystery, "The Veil" is a work of genuine merit; and, what is even a rarer quality these days, it is written in a good, literary style. Some readers will perhaps find it too full of passion, but no one, so it seems, can picture the life of Northern Africa and avoid that. But this book is never vulgar or gross, and no countenance is given to immorality except as the life of the setting is reflected in and through the people. The character of most interest is a wild mixture of femininity—a dancer of the Oriental type, a woman of mysterious allurements and seductiveness, a strange creature, possessed of a superabundance of animal magnetism and bedeviling physical charms. This woman is in succession a murderess, a sorceress, an enchantress, an abductress, a courtesan, a diplomat; in short, everything that could accompany misdirected beauty and sinuosity in a land where such are the most esteemed of all feminine attributes. A woman of magnificent self-control, ingenuity and as well of varying and interesting caprices, she is nevertheless the devoted slave of a man who is using his powerful influence and great wealth in the hope of re-

storing Arab dominance. A young Sicilian comes early into the story, he having crossed over to Tunis, where the ensuing drama is mostly enacted, to engage with an uncle as a clerk in the shipping business. He enters in succession into the spell of this woman, *Mabrouka*, and the intrigues of her powerful patron, *Si Ismail*. His uncle, as a shipper, has been used by *Si Ismail* to transport without government inspection goods of a secret and undoubtedly contraband nature. It would be impossible in a brief review to give even an indication of the many mysterious influences at work to drag the young and unsuspecting Sicilian into the meshes of a huge political plot. But, although the youth is tempted and cajoled and threatened and allured, he comes out of it all without blemish, a condition that is due, not so much to his own strength of character as to a strange series of circumstances that kept him from falling as he otherwise most assuredly would have fallen. But he is able in the end to escape from the wiles of *Mabrouka*, or rather *Mabrouka* sees the futility of an alliance between them, and, seeing that, she disappears, proving in a hard test her final devotion and sincerity and making possible a natural and honourable marriage between the young Sicilian and a daughter of his uncle, whose business he has by this time inherited. "The Veil" is an admirable romance, and

one can scarcely believe that the author, a young woman of little more than a score of years, could possibly know human nature and sex instincts with the keenness that is displayed in the pages of this book. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

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"A CERTAIN RICH MAN"

Has the great American novel come at last? "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White, is surely sufficiently American, and some reviewers do not hesitate to add the adjective; but is there not a possibility of a novel being too utterly American to be essentially great? We do not wonder that "A Certain Rich Man" is selling by thousands — in America. We can understand an American rejoicing in it, loving it, being touched by its pathos and cheered by its humour. We can picture him as being infinitely interested in the thousand little incidents and happenings which are chronicled just because they are American happenings and incidents, and for no other earthly reason. It makes us almost wish to be American ourselves in order to appreciate it properly; this feeling of being on the outside is unpleasant, and we are apt to comfort ourselves with the reflection that there are others! But the conviction grows that there are no others in Mr. White's book and that if one is the least bit outside one cannot be in it at all—which is Irish, but true. Now, is this lack of common atmosphere, this limitation of horizon to be counted as strength or weakness? If the work is primarily by an American for Americans it may be strength, but if it is a book by an author for the world it can scarcely be anything but a weakness. After all, in real life, one knows Americans, and likes them, and sympathises with them and forgets all about who they are. So why must we continually run up against the wall of their nationality in a book

—a book so good that we want to come in and enjoy it too? There are many delightful people in "A Certain Rich Man" (really fine people with no nonsense about them) with whom we would like to be friends, but we know that real friendship is impossible, for as soon as they know that we are not of their own circle they will drop us, quietly and kindly; but we shall feel the bump! We can hear them chatting together, telling their little reminiscences of the war and what came after and in between and all around, but we listen, as it were, behind the door, and when they discover our presence a sudden silence falls. They know quite well that we cannot really get into the spirit of the thing and that *Watts McHurdie* and *Martin Culpepper* are not to us what they are to them.

One peculiarity of style is that from the very beginning we have it forced upon our attention that all these happenings are over and done with and all these people are gone. We are never allowed to forget that we are looking back into days that were and hearing voices which are now silent; and, sometimes, in spite of the genial atmosphere, we shiver as if we had inadvertently stepped upon someone's grave. The effect of this curious method is twofold: we are convinced of the truth, the *realness*, of what we read, but we lose in interest and in expectation. We do not look ahead and hope for things to happen because we know that whatever happened happened long ago, and the end is rather more of an end than ends usually are. In fact, the sense of finality is somewhat overpowering and a little depressing. It puts one in mind of the old Scotch fatalist who insisted that "whatever will be shall be if it never comes to pass." It is this kind of feeling which makes one's individuality shrink to the vanishing point; the world seems so big and time so long and we seem so little and so brief and "what's the



use, after all, of anything, anyway?"

It is a good thing that there is humour in the book; not boisterous fun, but the quiet humour which makes the lips curl into an involuntary smile. There is very little plot and the theme is the life of a certain rich man who was never bad at heart, only sealed over and frozen up — a man who was at once a product and a producer of his time. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

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POEMS BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

Mrs. May Austin Low, who is an occasional contributor to verse to magazines, is the author of a new book of poems entitled "Confession and Other Verses." The volume is distinguished more for sympathetic and philosophical appreciation of everyday problems and experiences of life than for pure poetry. In reviewing a volume like this, one frequently asks the question, Is it better to have a lofty conception expressed in ordinary language or a commonplace thought expressed in elegant language? For some readers the former is the more acceptable and for others the latter. While Mrs. Low is stronger in the former, she is in most instances satisfactory in both respects. The poem that gives title to the book is the confession of one who seems about to confront death. The closing lines are as follows:

"I do not say I am glad to go  
Thou knowest all things, and thou must  
know  
How my spirit clings to this beauteous  
earth,  
While my love is with her who gave me  
birth!  
Ah! I long to live—life is so sweet;  
Though every promise lies incomplete,  
The trial seems trivial, all things so  
small  
By the side of this dying more dead than  
all—  
So dark, so dread! I have often cried  
To think of all the souls that have died.  
Yet the world goes on in its selfsame  
way,  
For all that is huran has but its day.



MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY,

Whose new novel with a Prince Edward Island setting, "Anne of Avonlea," a sequel to "Anne of Green Gables," has been published by L. C. Page and Company, of Boston

Is my day done, with my dreams still  
here?  
Dreams that have grown so great and  
drear,  
Dreams that may die with my conscience  
sense,  
And but "dust to dust" be recompense."

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MARY'S NAIVE HUMOUR

If all persons were to see things in the same light as the author of "Opinions of Mary" there would be much more merriment in the world and

much less gloom. "Opinions of Mary" is the work of a new writer, Alice Ashworth Townley. It is praiseworthy, because it is fresh, naïve, wholesome and amusing. Its humour is not of the smart, cheap variety, but is rather quiet, subtle and unobtrusive. Weaknesses and ludicrous and grotesque tendencies of human nature are in it played upon in a novel manner, and for a time, and at times, one is at a loss to know whether the author is in earnest, or whether there is not underlying this wise comment a touch of ingenuousness or a touch of satire. Here is an instance:

"There are many good ways of eluding work or responsibility, and nearly always somebody will turn up to assume the burden if you don't. You can do the 'standing from under' act quite gracefully, and in such a way that very few will recognise it. It is not in the least necessary to make a fuss or be unpleasant over it—there are many admirable plans in daily use. One good way—in the family circle anyhow—is to be 'perfectly willing' but rather stupid—find a difficulty in understanding the mechanism and working of quite ordinary things—how pipes are put up and clocks wound, and doors fastened. . . ."

This is a book that will make friends. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

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#### A COLLECTION OF BRILLIANT APPRECIATIONS

One of the most delightful volumes of personal essay-appreciations that has appeared in many a day is Mr. James Huneker's work entitled "Egoists: A Book of Supermen." This book is not a collection of biographical sketches, although it is confined to striking personalities, but it is rather a brilliant summing up of the ac-

complishments, characteristics and influences of outstanding men, divided into chapters with the following captions: "A Sentimental Education: Henry Beyle-Stendhal," "The Beau-delaire Legend," "The Real Flaubert," "Anatole France," "The Pessimist's Progress: Joris-Karl Huysmans," "The Evolution of an Egoist: Maurice Barrès," "Phases of Nietzsche," "Mystics," "Ibsen," and "Max Stirner." Mr. Huneker writes with a brilliant style, keen appreciation, and fine judgment. Of Nietzsche, for instance, he writes:

"His truth is enclosed in a transcendental vacuum. Whether he had Galton's science of Eugenics in his mind when he modelled his Zarathustra we need not concern ourselves. His revaluation of moral values has not shaken morality to its centre. He challenged superficial conventional morality, but the ultimate pillars of faith still stand. He reminds of William Blake when he writes: 'The path to one's heaven ever leads through the voluptuousness of one's own hell.' And his psychical resemblance to Pascal is striking. Both men were physically debilitated; their nervous systems, overwhelmed by the burdens they imposed upon them, made their days and nights a continuous agony. The Nietzschean philosophy may be negligible, but the psychological aspects of this singularly versatile, fascinating, and contradictory nature are not. His 'Will to Power' in his own case resolves itself into the will to suffer."

But no one except the well read should attempt to appreciate this book. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, \$1.50 net).

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#### NOTES

—A new life of Fielding, by Austin Dobson, has been added to the "English Men of Letters" series. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).



# Within The Sanctum

THAT irrepressible monarch the German Emperor has asserted within the last month that peace is a grave improbability, if not an impossibility, and that wars and rumours of wars will be the order of civilisation for many decades to come. One may remark in passing that it is a great pity that Wilhelm II. does not take a leaf from his Uncle Edward's book and realise that he who shows himself friendly is never lacking a supply of allies and moral support.

Whether Mars will ever become an outworn deity is a matter for the debating societies to consider; but it is certain that his sovereignty is on the wane. Commerce has changed the course of diplomacy and the stock market is too sensitive to military disturbance to tolerate anything like a Continental war. A wise cosmopolitan has said that four men talking around a table can settle any question to the satisfaction of each member of the quartette—but he did not mention whether there was to be anything less dry than maps and specifications on the said table. Compromise is the magic word which seems to lubricate the wheels of international machinery in these days of rapid transit and fluctuating tariffs.

One of the most interesting features in the New Diplomacy is the part played by transportation. The Navy may be a primary consideration, for the protection of commerce, but the nation which holds the railway bonds goes far towards ruling the situation. Even in the East, the importance of the thin steel line of transportation is

becoming apparent to Orientals, who have considered haste an accursed thing and a time-table a device of the Evil One. The late Cecil Rhodes was a far-seeing conjuror in continents when he insisted on the Cape to Cairo railway, and our own Sir John A. Macdonald knew what a transcontinental line would mean to the Dominion when he made his famous speech about leaning from the battlements to watch the Canadian Pacific Railway trains cross the prairies and the Rockies. It hardly seems right to send a new railway into Bagdad—the city sacred to the wanderings of Haroun al Raschid and other adventurous Persian potentates—but the locomotive and the motor car are no respecters of traditions and will shed coal dust and gasolene where the attar of roses once turned the desert into a garden. "Let me build the railways of a people and I care not who makes their laws" might be the motto of a modern financier.

England and Germany may be playing a pretty game of checkmate with *Dreadnoughts*, but their gaze is on the lengthening line of rails in the Orient, as well as on the highway of the seas. The more amicable attitude of England towards Russia is partly due to the latter's apparent cessation of designs on Persian territory. It was William Pitt the younger, who, on being chided for having forgotten his father's hostility to France, declared that it was childish to suppose that one nation must eternally be the foe of another. Hereditary enmity has played a picturesque part in the world's pageants and plays, but it is obliged to hide

its diminished head, before the demand of modern business life that friction shall be reduced to the jingling of the guinea. The spirit of goodwill towards men and the desire to do shopping with one another are working together for the elimination of war.

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There are certain phrases which become part of our oratorical and editorial stock-in-trade, and which we placidly produce at tea-meetings, political gatherings and press conferences, without any definite impression of their meaning. One of these is "Canada for the Canadians," a cry which is heard in nearly every town of the Dominion on State occasions. The speaker who utters it, with the correct degree of gusto, is almost sure of frantic applause, but not one-third of the enthusiastic auditors could explain what had aroused their vehement approbation.

The phrase is sometimes used in educational circles, to indicate a desire for Canadian instructors only. In such a case, its application is mischievous and provincial. What Canada needs is the best—made at home, made in Great Britain, France or Germany, wherever you please—so long as it is the best. We do not need to imitate the New Yorker, who is accused of not appreciating his own artists and musicians until they have received the seal of European approval; but we *do* need to cultivate the virtue of open-mindedness, and to avoid the pharisaism of continually thanking God that we are not as other nations are. The editor of one of our greatest newspapers, on his return from a trip to Great Britain, wrote a gruesome account of the dwellers in the slums as his predominating impression of a comprehensive tour. It was true enough, no doubt. But how much better will our city slums be, when we have millions instead of thousands? It is not greatly to our credit that we are clean and hopeful.

One does not expect to hear a young man complain of gout and rheumatism, to say nothing of failing eyesight.

Who are Canadians? Someone will blandly make a remark about Anglo-Saxons, but a brief consideration of racial history will show that this convenient compound is hardly applicable. Doctor Oronhyatekha was a well-known figure in our business circles but he could not be called an Anglo-Saxon. Papineau and Cartier would have scorned the allegation, and Mr. Henri Bourassa, who is a "Canadian of the Canadians," according to his enthusiastic followers, would wave "Anglo-Saxon" aside with a gesture of Gallic grace. The compounds, "French-Canadian," "Scotch-Canadian," "Anglo-Canadian" and "Irish-Canadian" are still used, although another half-century may see them disappear. Toronto, as a strong "Anglo-Saxon" town, was wont to speak of the French-Canadians as a foreign people, whereas the ancestors of the latter were in quaint homes on the banks of the St. Lawrence when the forefathers of Toronto's first families were not yet contemplating a trip across the Atlantic to the bleak shores of British North America.

In truth, Canada needs people of clean blood from all the older nations. Let us keep out the unfit and those who have the pauper habit; but let us welcome the industrious and well-meaning immigrant, whether he come from Glasgow, London, Dublin, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Palermo. Poverty is not necessarily pauperism, and we must bear in mind the rejuvenating influence of a land of opportunity, remembering the poetic description of the rapid rise of the Irish immigrant.

"There came to the beach a poor exile  
of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and  
chill.  
Ere the steamer that brought him had  
passed out of hearin',  
He was Alderman Mike introduc' a  
'bill'."

"Canada for the Canadians" is a pleasant bit of vague independence. It sounds blustery and looks well in red letters, in a frame of evergreens at a big political rally. But before we adopt it unanimously, let us ask once more the questions—what is Canada and who are the Canadians? Canada is a Dominion, with a fair past, excellent prospects and great empty spaces—"a map that is half unrolled." We have a "Makers of Canada" series of biography, but Canada is, by no means, "made" yet. Hence, if there is any material in Great Britain, Italy or Hungary which will make durable national fabric, let us have it.

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In this department, last month, mention was made of the alleged Polar discoveries, with some regret that the North Pole has finally emerged from mystery into the limelight. After all, the *aurora borealis* is a more alluring display than the fierce light which beats upon the yellow journals and the North Pole is hardly to be congratulated. It was acknowledged that there is now hardly anything left to be explored save the regions of the occult. It is interesting to note in this connection an article by Professor William James, of Harvard University, in the October issue of the *American Magazine*. The title, "The Confidences of a 'Psychical Researcher'," backed up by the sub-heading to the effect that the author has spent twenty-five years in this elusive pursuit, leads one to expect thrills and revelations.

However, Professor James, like the philosopher he is, disappoints the

sensation-monger in the second paragraph when he declares:

"For twenty-five years I have been in touch with the literature of psychical research, and have had acquaintance with numerous 'researchers.' I have also spent a good many hours (though far fewer than I ought to have spent) in witnessing (or trying to witness) phenomena. Yet I am theoretically no 'further' than I was at the beginning; and I confess that at times I have been tempted to believe that the Creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain baffling, to prompt our curiosities and hopes and suspicions all in equal measure, so that, although ghosts and clairvoyances, and raps and messages from spirits, are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration.

"The peculiarity of the case is just that there are so many sources of possible deception in most of the observations that the whole lot of them may be worthless, and yet that in comparatively few cases can aught more fatal than this vague general possibility of error be pleaded against the record. Science meanwhile needs something more than bare possibilities to build upon; so your genuinely scientific inquirer—I don't mean your ignoramus scientist—has to remain unsatisfied. It is hard to believe, however, that the Creator has really put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock our scientific tendencies; so my deeper belief is that we psychical researchers have been too precipitate with our hopes, and that we must expect to mark progress not by quarter-centuries, but by half-centuries or whole centuries."

Evidently Professor James is not one who utters vain imaginings on the subject of psychic research. Indeed, one would say that the man or woman who is in earnest in the discussion or investigation of such phenomena is in need of a great store of patience, since the frauds in that field are so many and so audacious.

*The Editor*

---



## WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



### THE MAN OF THE HOUR

"What is a food expert?"

"Any man who can make his wages buy enough for the family table."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



MELLOWED BY EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE WOOD  
—*Life*

### ANOTHER IRISH BULL

The late James R. Macshane, of Halifax, better known among his later contemporaries as Colonel Macshane, criticising St. John, New Brunswick, as an undesirable place for a young man's residence, said to a gentleman, who, like himself, had several years before removed from that city: "If you had lived in St. John till this time you would have been a dead man long ago." Three noted Irish-Canadian lawyers were present, and apparently did not see the incongruity.—*Contributed.*

\*

### MIGHT BE MISTAKEN

He—"Do you take me for a fool?"

She—"No; but my judgment is not infallible."—*Boston Transcript.*

\*

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Never turn your back on a friend unless you're sure your dress is all buttoned up behind.

\*

A man has to brag about something if it's only about how he never does brag.

\*

"A play," remarked the theatrical manager, "is like a cigar."

"What's the answer?" inquired the innocent reporter.

"If it's good," explained the manager, "every one wants a box; and if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw."

\*

A man gets to be conceited by thinking he isn't."—*The Montreal Star.*



"Ethel dear! I've got the powder and the pins, but I can't find your hair-net anywhere!"

—Punch

#### THE SUMMER GIRL

"Where are you going, my pretty maide?"

"I'm going to love you, sir," she saide.

"Why do you want to, my pretty maide?"

"Oh, I don't want to, sir," she saide.

"Then why should you do it, my pretty maide?"

"Simply for practice, sir," she saide.

—July Lippincott's.

\*

#### EFFORT APPRECIATED

"So you were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Guffson wrote to you?" said Maude.

"Yes," answered Maymie.

"But it was not a good poem."

"I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."—Washington Star.

86

#### BETTER PLAY SAFE

Esmeralda—"How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes?"

Gwendolen—"If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time."—Chicago Tribune.

\*

#### THE MAN IN NEED

The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only: "Who is he?"

The young widows: "What is his position?"

The old widows: "Where is he?"  
—Pick-Me-Up.

\*

#### SAYS COLONEL B. TO COLONEL R.

There was a wild African gnu  
Who was feeling exceedingly gblu.

"If Teddy spots me

And shoots off my g,"

He observed, "what the gdeuce shall I gdu?"—The Commoner.



THE KNIGHT'S HORSE (after a busy day spent in liberating distressed damsels, and various other exploits) "I wonder what the fool's going to do now!" —Punch

#### CLEAN LIVING

Tampo—"A bath bun and two sponge cakes, please."

Waitress—"Two sponges and a bath for this gentleman, please!"—*London Opinion*.

\*

#### SURE OF THE SCOTCH

A Scottish laird overheard some Lowland cattle-dealers discussing the use of "England" instead of "Britain" in Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." According to one patriotic Scot there was no question of the admiral's forgetfulness, and when a companion expressed surprise at the "injustice" the patriot reassured him. "Nelson," he explained, "only 'expects' of the English; he said naething of Scotland, for he kent the Scotch would do theirs."—*London Globe*.

#### HANDICAPPED

"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter," faltered the young man.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the fond parent. "Well, I have been rather expecting this, and to be thoroughly orthodox, I shall put a few questions to you. Do you drink?"

"No, sir. I abhor liquor."

"You do, eh? Smoke?"

"I never use tobacco in any form."

"Well, I didn't suppose you ate it. Do you frequent the race course?"

"I never saw a horse-race in my life, sir."

"Um-m-m. Play cards for money?"

"Emphatically no, sir."

"Well, young man, I must say you are heavily handicapped. My daughter is a thorough society girl, and I can't for the life of me see what she

is going to do with you. However, it's her funeral, and if she wants to undertake the job she can risk it." —*Tit-Bits*.

\*

#### HER ONLY REGRET

The Bride—"Oh, darling, our honeymoon was just the loveliest ever."

The Groom—"It certainly was, dearest."

The Bride—"And I have only one regret—I may never have the pleasure of going through another."—*Chicago Daily News*

\*

#### IN THE HUNTING SEASON

Hotel Visitor—"Are there ever any deer about here?"

Gillie—"Well, there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shootin' and shootin' at it, and I'm thinkin' it left the deestrick."—*Punch*.



B-10-09

# BOVRIL

## in the Fall

Whether you are driving, motoring, or engaged in any other sport or occupation, that exposes you to chilly or wet weather, you will find a good cup of hot BOVRIL warming, stimulating and nourishing.

**BOVRIL gives health and strength**

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### Ale and Porter

AWARDED

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ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

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On the Character of Candy  
depends its fitness for

Gift making

No Candy is so well fitted  
and so graciously accepted as

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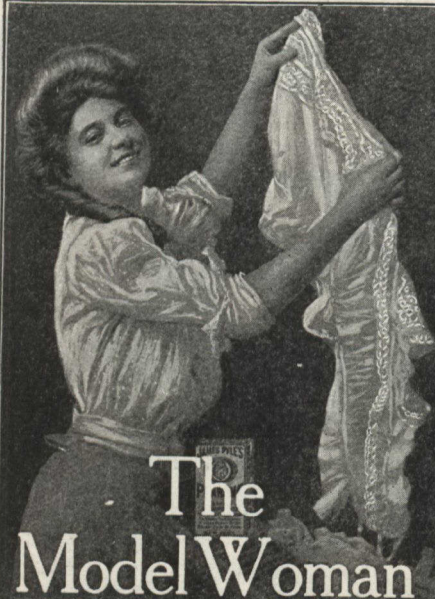
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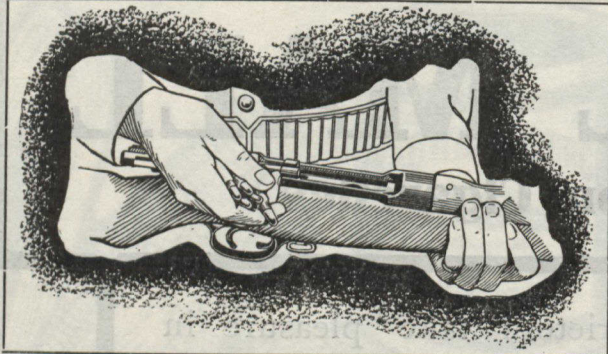
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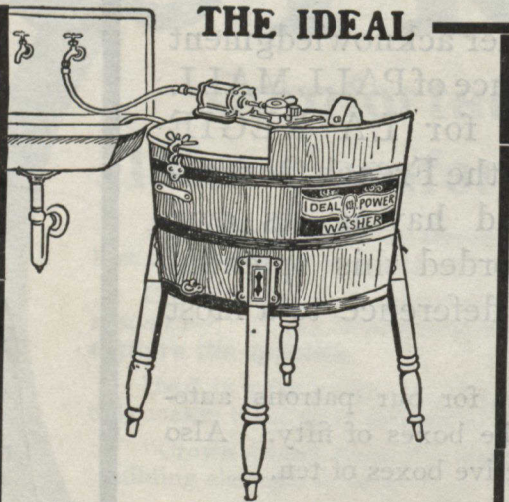
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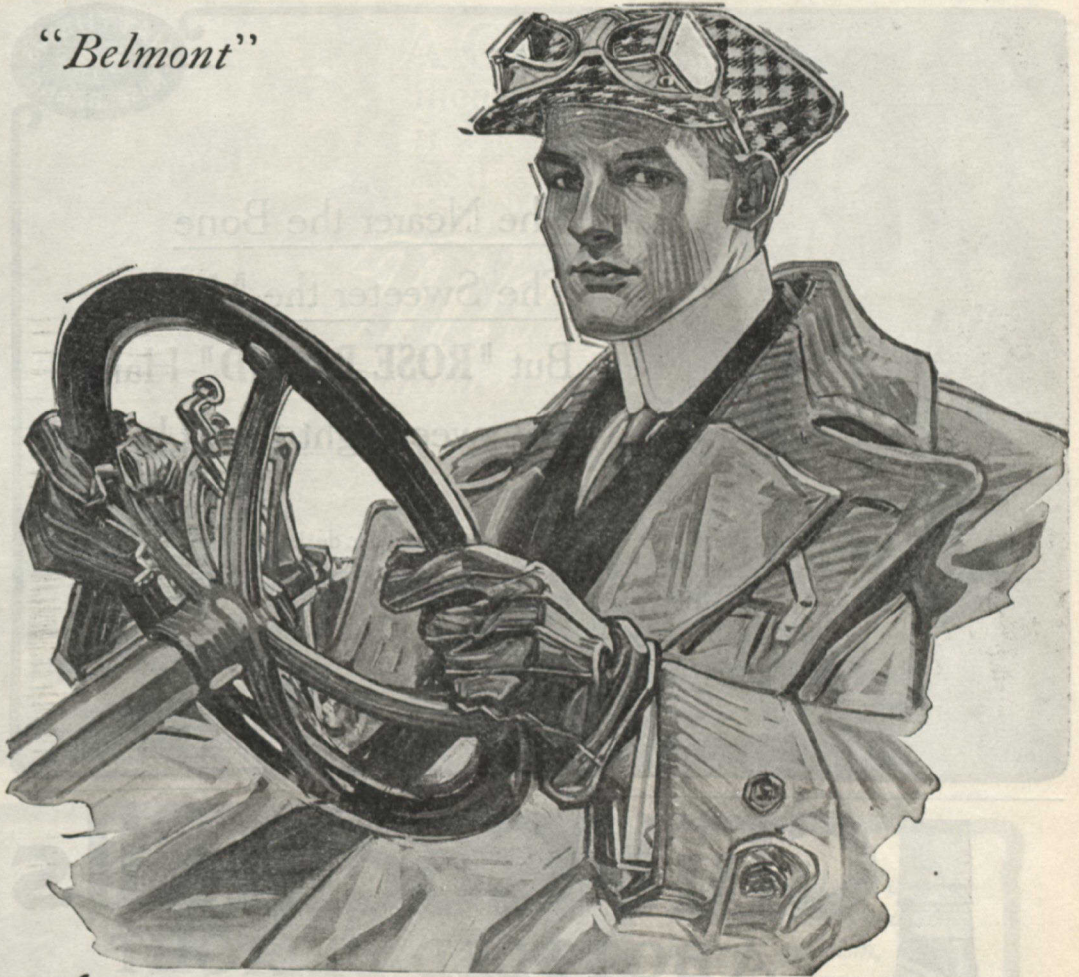
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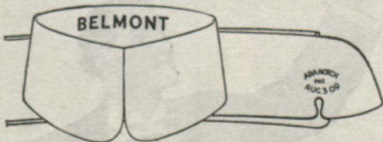


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a sureness and force  
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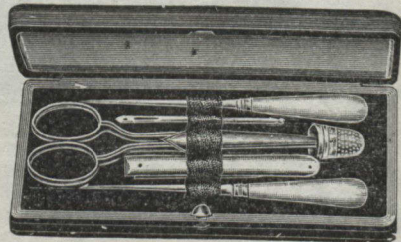


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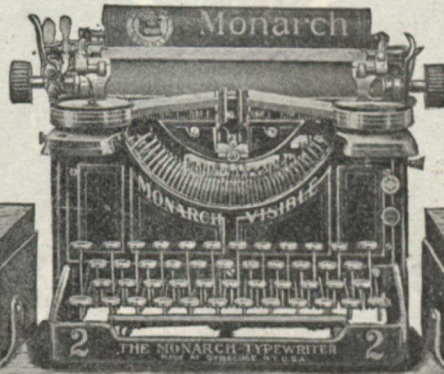
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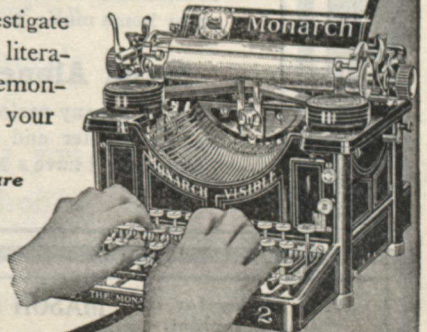
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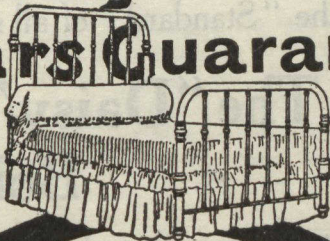
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These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate the feet or rip apart.

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No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs \$2.00.

## FOR MEN

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl

gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

## INSTRUCTIONS

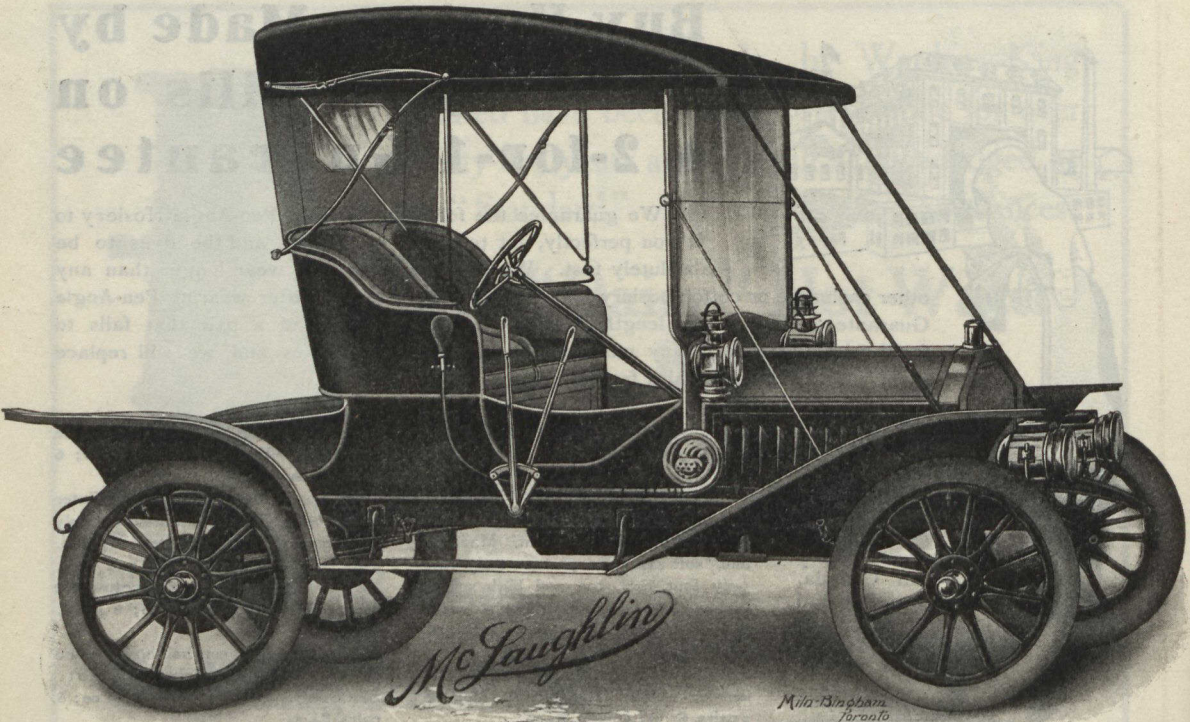
If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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Model 10—\$1100 Top and Windshield extra.

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A great many physicians have purchased the above model in different parts of Canada this season and are adding to their practise and revenue through its use and doing it with greatly increased physical Comfort.

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Head Office and Factory,

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THE

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- ¶ FOR years, the Goldsmiths of two continents have been experimenting and searching for a satisfactory Expansion Bracelet.
- ¶ Less than twelve months ago a jeweller in England envolved the principle upon which "The Duchess" Expansion Bracelet is made, and after the most severe test, it has come through absolutely without a fault.
- ¶ We introduce it to-day with every assurance that it definitely solves the Expansion Bracelet idea in a permanent and satisfactory way
- ¶ The spring has always been the weak point in Expansion Bracelets—in "The Duchess," *the expansion has to do with the mesh, not the springs.* Its successful secret lies in the woven wire mesh band, with two spiral springs interwoven with the mesh, and running along the edges (see illustration).
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 size of illustration, - - - - -

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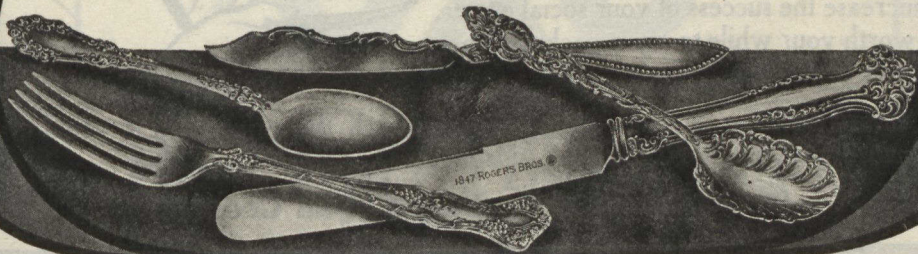
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ROGERS  
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A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

Dutch Artists & English Painters  
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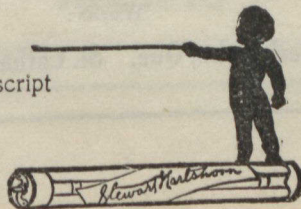
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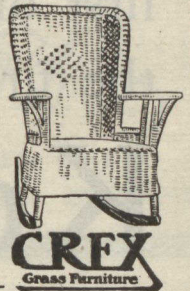
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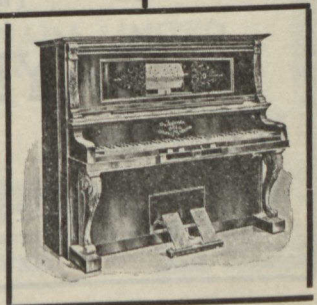
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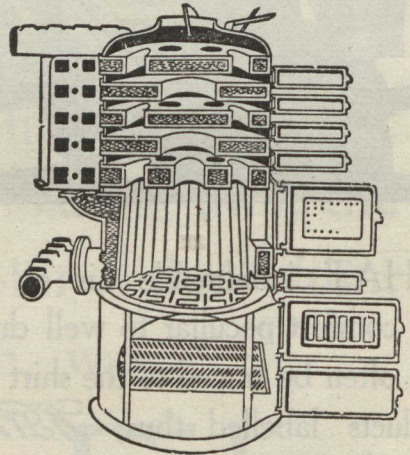
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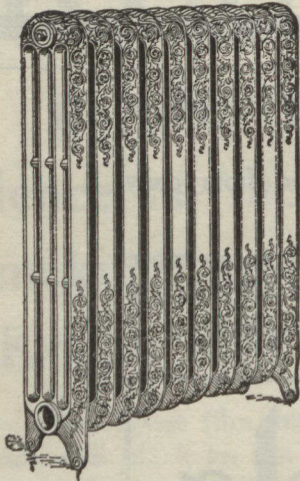
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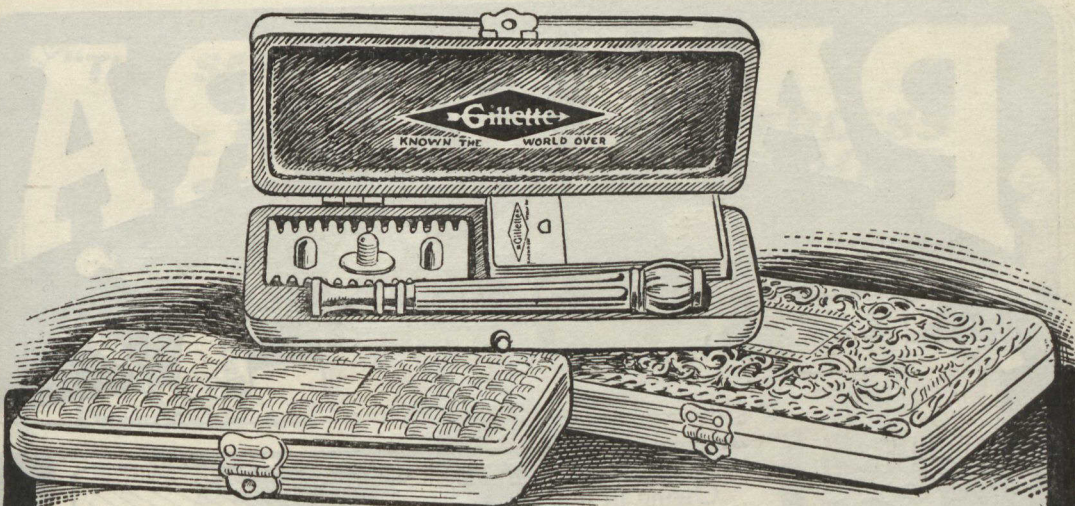
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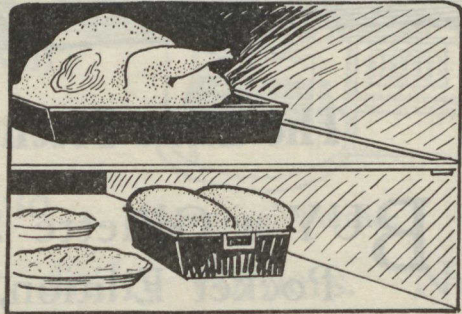
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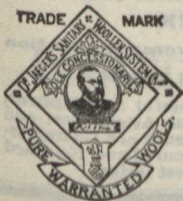
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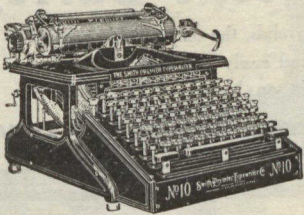
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← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →

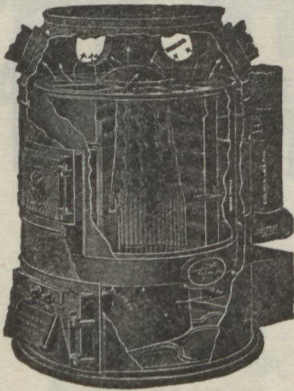


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drink, that with its delicious aroma and flavor tempts the most capricious appetite, and with its full richness satisfies the hungriest man, is

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It is a food as well as an appetizing drink, for the selected cocoa-beans of which Suchard's is made are richer in nutriment than even meat or bread. Suchard's is the finest form in which you can get all the appetizing and strengthening properties of one of nature's choicest gifts to man—the cocoa-bean. Try it.

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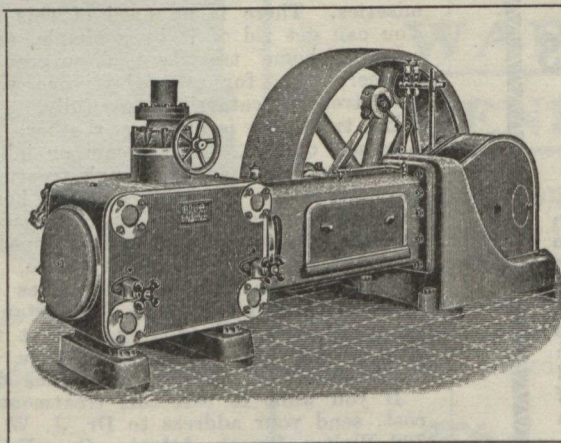
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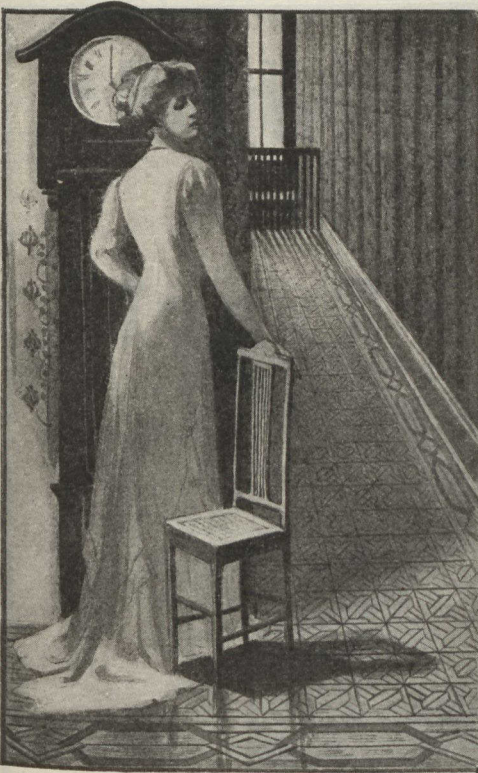
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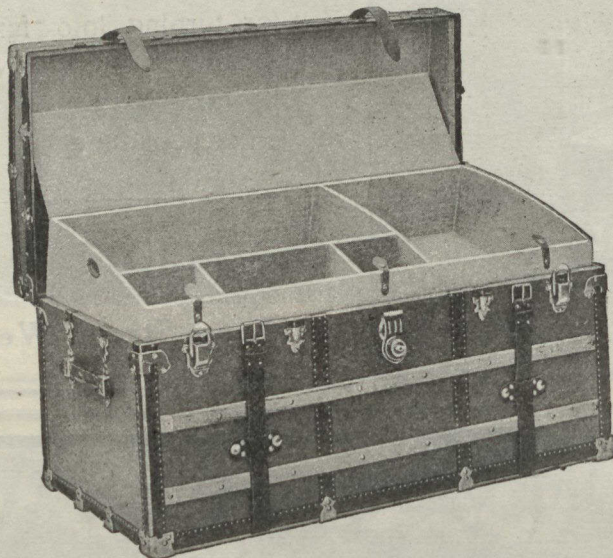
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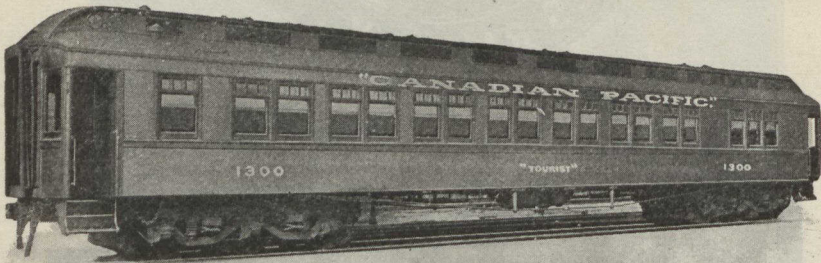
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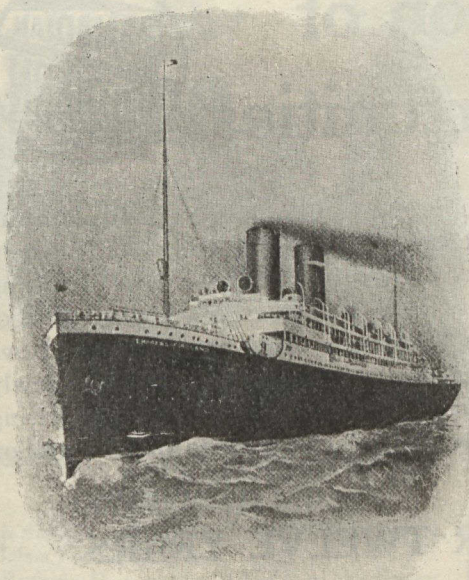
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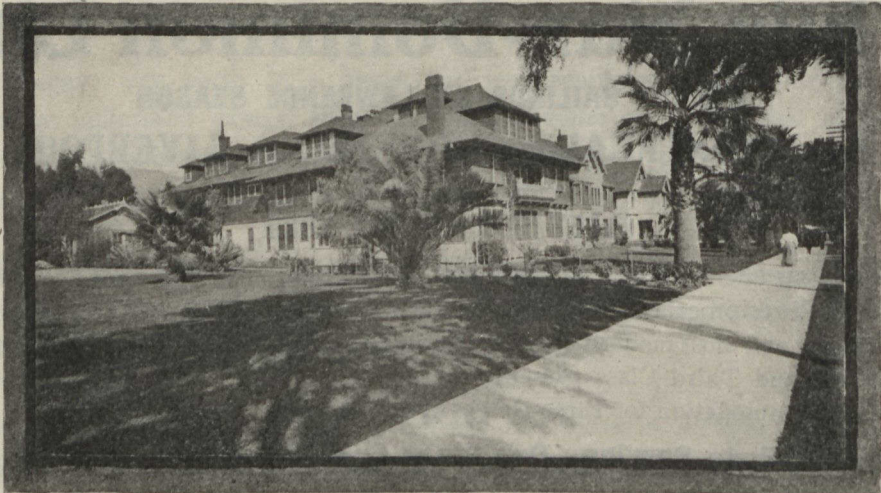
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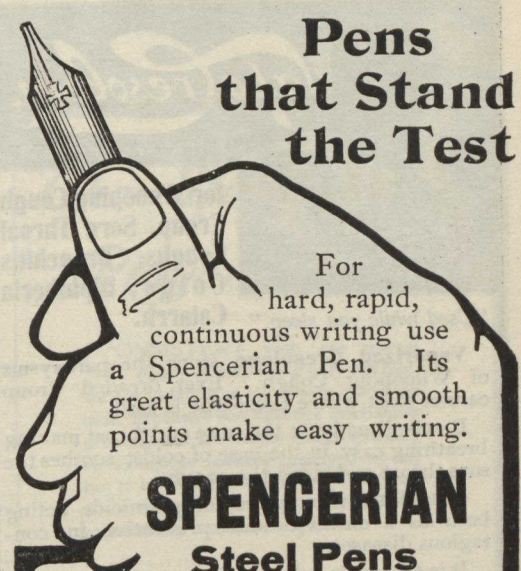
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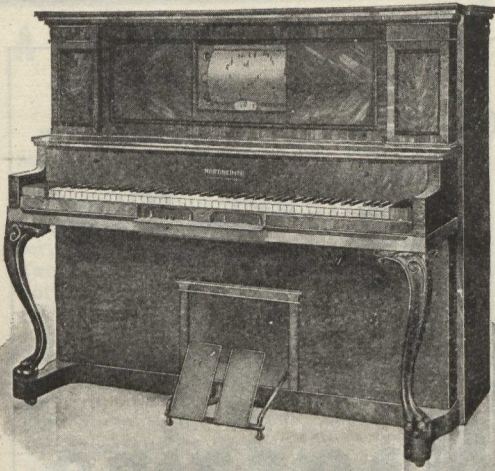
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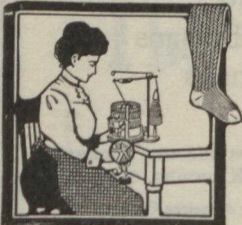
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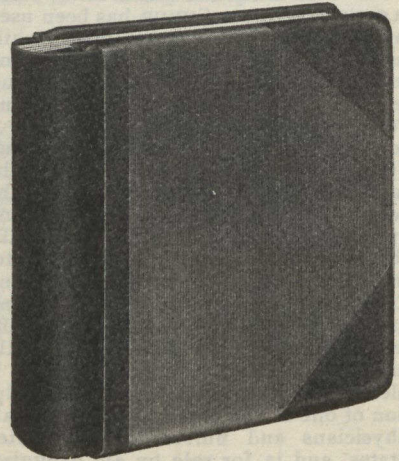
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Persons who suffer from this trouble are easily excited and irritated; cannot do as much work as formerly, and in attempting any mental effort, quickly become confused, and are unable to concentrate the attention. They also complain of insomnia, nervous indigestion, depression of spirits, and palpitation of the heart.

There is a general muscular weakness; the person cannot walk very far, and tires quickly on attempting physical exertion. There is ringing in the ears; blurring of eyesight; headache and vertigo; specks floating before the eyes, and a general restlessness. The ability to sustain prolonged intellectual effort is interfered with, and the patient imagines he is losing his memory.

Neurasthenics continually watch for new symptoms, unconsciously exaggerate the old ones, attaching undue importance to them. Causeless fear is often suffered from; a dread of some impending danger; extreme pessimism; dark forebodings, and hysteria. Sleep is not refreshing, and the person feels much more tired in the morning than at night. Horrible dreams and nightmare are usually complained of.

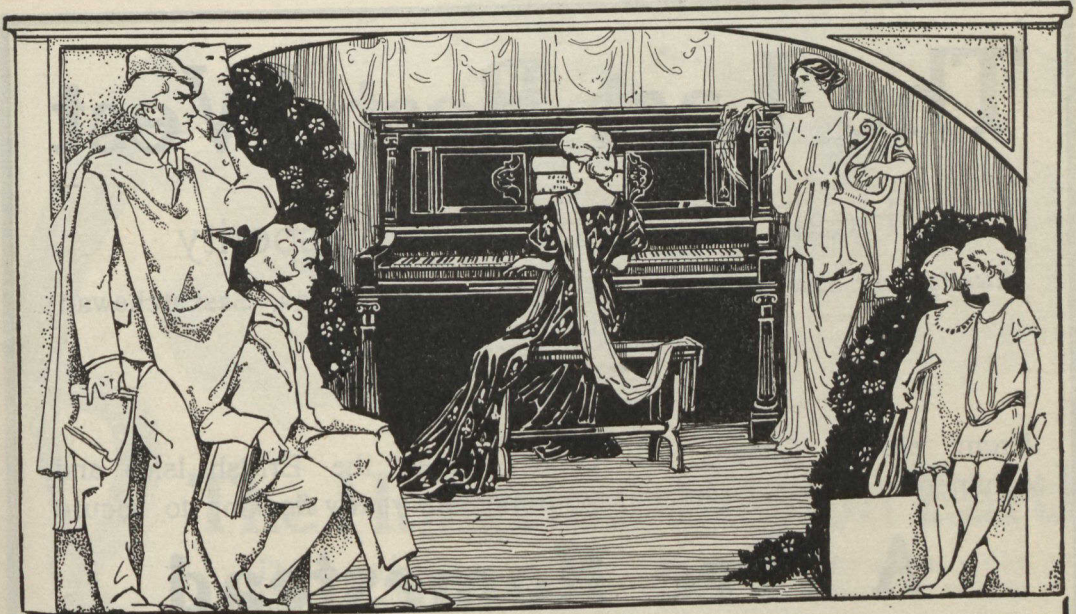
But by far the most prominent manifestation of **Neurasthenia** is **Nervous Dyspepsia**. In nearly every case, this disturbance of the stomach dominates the complaint. Cause and effect may be transposed, and dyspepsia may be the result of Neurasthenia, but oftener, indigestion is the original cause of the nervous condition. The nerves are simply "starved" because the stomach does not digest the food properly, and as the nerves are dependent upon the food which the blood absorbs from the stomach for their sustenance, any deprivation thereof is sure to cause nerve weakness.

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The Piano Anyone can Play Artistically

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And above all, you will enjoy the intense satisfaction of doing your own playing in your own way.

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## The Hungriest Boy on Earth

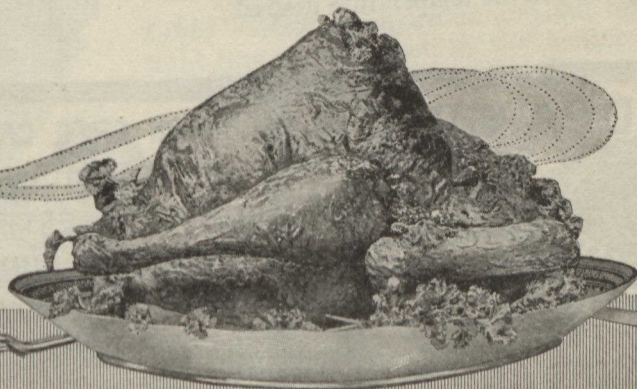
The hungriest boy on earth is the growing boy at ten. The Thanksgiving turkey melts quickly away before his voracious appetite. You can't build him out of books or sermons. His growing body demands material for the building of brain, bone and muscular tissue; this must be supplied from the food he eats and the air he breathes. The best food for the growing boy or girl to play on, to study on, to work on, is

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Golden Wheat*

The Canadian Shredded  
Wheat Co., Ltd.

Niagara Falls, - Ont.  
Toronto Office:

49 Wellington St. East

1947

# NEW IDEA FURNACES

## No Running Up and Down Stairs

The New Idea Furnace may be entirely controlled and regulated without going down stairs. The New Idea Regulator does this.

Handsome, solid steel chains are connected to the draft and check dampers in the furnace room, and brought up stairs over smooth working pulleys to a regulating board, placed in the hall or dining room, or other place convenient for the owner of the furnace. The installing of this system does not in any way disfigure the room, and the board itself is beautifully nickelled and is a real ornament. It is simply operated and saves an endless number of trips up and down stairs.

If your house is too warm you simply change the chain to a position marked "Check," if more heat is desired you change the chain to "More Draft," and you always get a quick answer when you operate the Regulator on the New Idea; it responds quickly at all times. Saves you trouble and gives you the temperature desired.

**NEW IDEA GRATE**  
NO SIFTING  
OF ASHES



**BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS**

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.  
SEND SIZE OF HOUSE  
IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF  
**COST OF FURNACE**  
INSTALLED READY FOR USE  
**THE GURNEY TILDEN Co.**  
HAMILTON LIMITED MONTREAL  
WINNIPEG DEPT. D VANCOUVER

# Libby's

*Natural Flavor  
Food Products*

## Use Libby's Mince Meat



**Because:**—You can prepare for a feast or holiday dinner in less than one-half the time—no worry as to the result—and at a smaller expense by using Libby's Mince Meat.

Mince Pies made with Libby's Mince Meat have the old time goodness and flavor. Libby's Mince Meat is made of selected fruits, meats, etc., in Libby's white enameled kitchen by an expert chef.

**Libby's California Fruits**—selected fresh fruits put up at our California plants—a refreshing dessert for your table.

**Libby's Pickles**, fresh and crisp with just the right flavor. They are pickled and cured at our plants in the country districts of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan.

**Libby's Milk**—evaporated and put up in air tight tins at our plant in the center of the great dairy district—Morrison, Ill.

*Insist upon Libby's and  
you will get the best.*

**Libby, McNeill & Libby,  
Chicago**

Perhaps you never before realized the strong position of Loan Companies which these figures disclose. We can offer you 4 1/2% and 6% investments. If this interests you write for 16th Annual Report. The Peoples Building & Loan Association, The Peoples Building, London, Ontario.

## Exploded Theory—

There was once a "theory" that coffee was a cause of dyspepsia, palpitation, etc., but it has ceased being a theory and is now an established fact.

# POSTUM

has proved the fact.

**"There's a Reason"**

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.  
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

## A Delicious Drink Baker's Cocoa



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

made by a scientific blending of the best tropical fruit

**52 HIGHEST AWARDS  
WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780

**Dorchester, Mass.**

**Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.**

## Light as a feather



**YOU'LL** be 'proud to slice the light, snowy-white bread made from "PURITY" flour.

Costs more than the other kind, but worth the money. Results prove this.

**"More Bread and Better Bread"**

**Western Canada Flour Mills Co.,**  
Limited  
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon

# PURITY FLOUR

# MELANYL

**BEST MARKING INK FOR ALL LINEN**

In one bottle. No Heating or Mixing required. Clean, Indelible and Harmless on any fabric. Once used, always used!

May be obtained from stores throughout the Dominion.

**COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Limited**

**Platts Chlorides.**  
... is now manufactured in Canada and sold there by druggists at the same price as in the United States, viz: 50 CENTS PER QUART.