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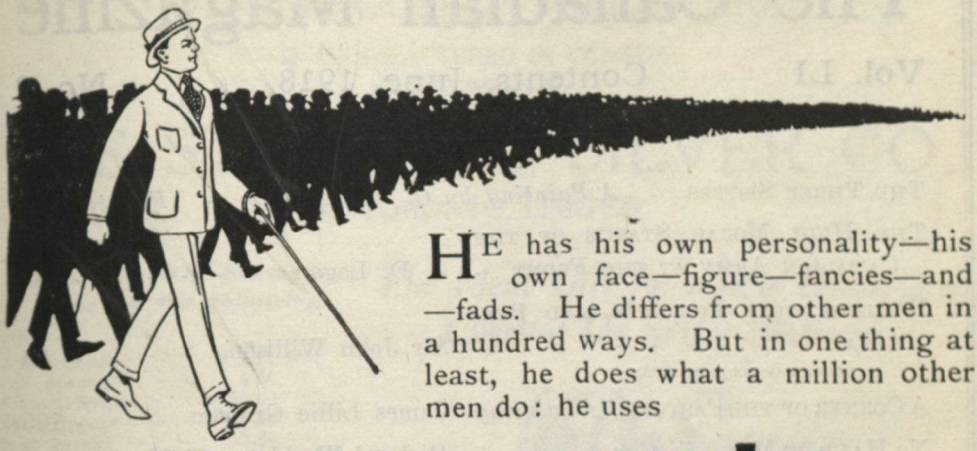

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The Canadian Magazine

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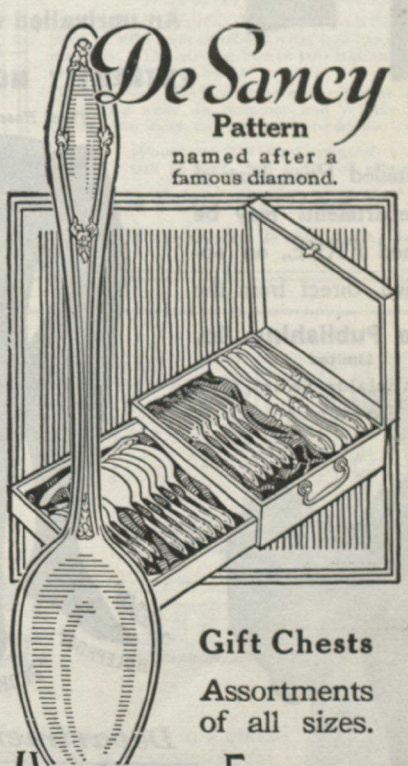

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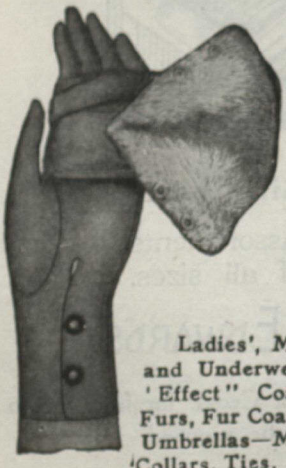

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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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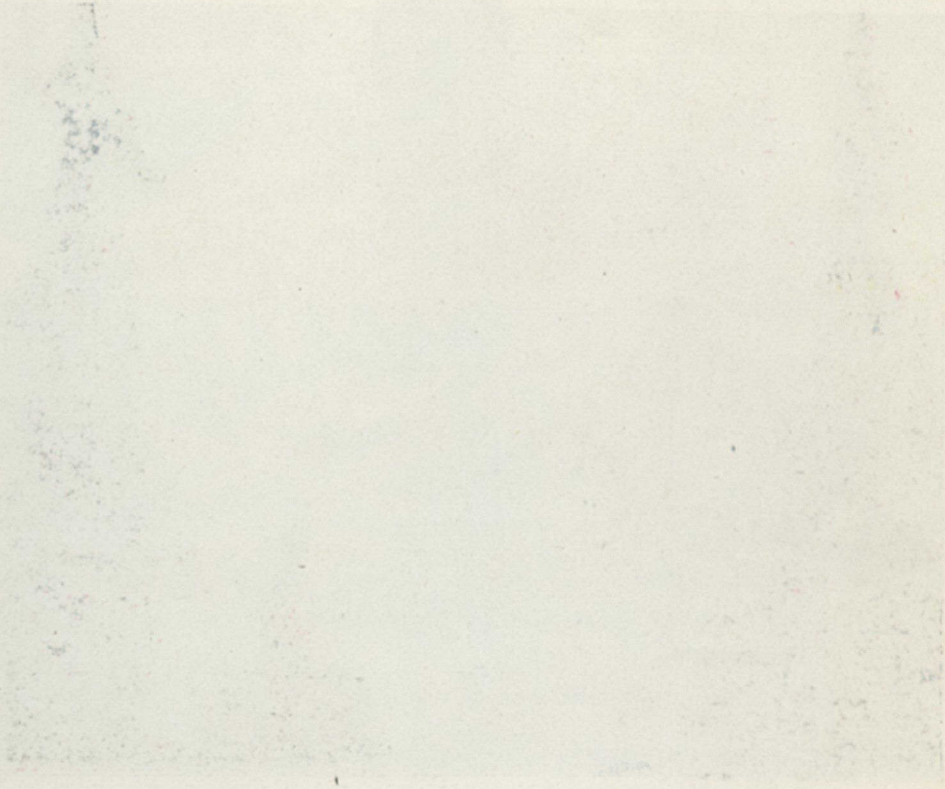


THE THREE SISTERS
As seen from Canmore, Alberta.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL LI. TORONTO, JUNE, 1918 No 2

THE HIGH MORAL STATUS OF OUR FIELD ARMY

BY J. D. LOGAN

LATE SERGEANT, CANADIAN INFANTRY, FRANCE

PURE buncombe and alarm! Thus, in a single exclamatory phrase, would I signalize the untruth of almost all the charges and countercharges that have appeared in the press and that have been uttered from the pulpit and the platform respecting the moral status of the Canadian army at the battlefront. No editor sitting in his office chair at home, and not even the reverend doctors of divinity who went overseas and made alleged investigations of our soldiers' morals, could possess anything more than partial facts and a distorted view of the real truth as to whether or not the Canadian army in the field was given to drunkenness and sexual sensuality. They could not possess the truth in the matter and thus could not speak with indubitable authority *pro* or *contra*, because by no possibility could they know the "inside" facts of army life—unless they had served for long months in the ranks on active service, which, of course, is contrary to fact. Only a soldier who has served long in the ranks at the Front and who also has, besides his first-hand knowledge of the life and habits of his comrades in the line, intimate acquaintance with official army vital statistics and with the reports of army Medical Officers, can be a real eye-witness of the "inside" facts about our soldiers' morals, and thus a realiable reporter of the facts or an interpreter who speaks, as it were, *ex cathedra*—with authority and infallibility.

Now, it happens that I am one who is the kind of soldier so informed as to know and to be able to report or interpret the facts about the morals of our soldiers at the Front. Barring the very remotest possibility of my being a lying partizan or a sensational journalist, the public can feel

"safe in taking chances" on accepting me as an authentic and reliable eye-witness and reporter of the truth about the moral status of the Canadian army at the Front. For I was for months a soldier in the ranks of the Canadian Infantry at the battle-front in France. Also I was Sergeant-Inspector of sanitation for my own battalion in the field; had access to the official army vital statistics; and was in close relation, professional and personal, with the Medical Officer of my unit. So that by virtue of these army functions and relations in the field I came to have a first-hand knowledge of the truth about the degrees of sobriety and sexual continence obtaining in the ranks of the Canadian army in the foreign field. And these are the conclusions I was compelled logically to draw from my experience of observed facts: (1) That the Canadian army at the Front is essentially a sober and continent army; (2) that, in general, the moral health of the Canadian army in the field is as excellent as our soldiers' admirable and enviable physical health, and (3) that if any Canadian father has a son who is "sowing his wild oats" and who refuses to be "straightened up" by paternal advice and warning and home influences, such a father will find in the army the very best of reformatory schools. For army discipline and army inculcation of respect for and obedience to authority will, unless one is innately depraved, practically guarantee moral reformation. At any rate, in the large, volunteer citizen-soldiers while on active service will be better men morally as well as physically; and when they return from war will be better fitted, morally and physically, for higher citizenship in the new democracy that is to be.

In what follows I shall not be engaged on a preachment, or a polemic, or a defence, or even an apology. I shall aim to report history—to enlighten the public. Incidentally, I trust I may sustain the patriot fathers and mothers and wives who loyally sent their sons and husbands to war against the Huns and who yearn to know truly whether their "lads over there" are safe from, or are successfully respulsing, the attacks of those insidiously fell Huns that kill the soul as well as the body, namely—strong drink and sexual vice. I turn now to submit proofs *presumptive* and proofs *factual* of the essential sobriety and continence of the Canadian army at the Front.

First of all, what inference must we draw logically from the facts of the general health of our army in the field? Indisputably, the health of the ranks is very excellent. Taking my own battalion as an average battalion, I know that the amount of illness in the unit during the first six months of active service in the field was about two and one-half per cent., or twenty-five cases of illness per 1,000 men, including sicknesses of all sorts—colds, asthma, tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid, dysentery, tetanus, trench and relapsing fever, and loathsome diseases. Now, this extraordinary state of good health amongst the rank and file of our army would be impossible if our fighting forces were given over to boozing and sexual incontinence. For drunkenness and infections from sexual vice would have so debilitated the bodies of our soldiers that they would have been unable to resist even the more common physical ills of life, such as colds and fevers. The presumption, then, is that in view of the good general health of our troops at the Front there must be, to say the least, a very negligible degree of boozing and incontinence in the Canadian army in the field.

Again: the same conclusion is to be drawn from the splendid exhibition of courage and "nerve" by our men in the line. The first time a man goes into the line, he goes forward with courage and even cheerfulness. Why? Because his experience is a

novel adventure. But in the midst of the adventure and excitement he looks upon sights—oh, the ghastly horror of them—that utterly rend his soul: fallen comrades all about him, armless, legless, even headless, or mangled beyond conceivable mutilation. What psychological changes are, under these circumstances or from the vivid memory of them, sure to occur in the mind and heart of a fighting soldier? Just these: a decrease in his sense of adventure in going into the line and an increasing dread of the enemy fire, each succeeding time he is ordered to go with his unit into the line. It is not that the fighting soldier lacks courage, but that, after what he has been through and seen in the trenches, he cannot help having less and less "nerve" for the hellish fray, each succeeding time that he must go into the line. Now, every adult civilian knows that boozing and incontinence make nervous wrecks of all men, no matter how strong by natural physical constitution, who indulge in the vices of inebriety and incontinence. It would be impossible for thousands of our fighting soldiers to go into the line with courage and the "nerve" required to face horrid mutilation of body and ghastly death—if they were boozing and suffering from infections from vice. But they do go into the midst of war's howling and terrible holocausts, time after time, for months. They do keep their nerve and stand firm, heroic in hell. The presumption, the logical inference, then, is that the Canadian army is an essentially sober and continent army.

Once more: there remains another proof presumptive of the high moral status of our fighting forces at the Front. It is a psycho-physiological phenomenon by itself. I mean the winning fight which our wounded soldiers put up in the way of will power and physiological resistance to wounds that would otherwise, in all likelihood, prove mortal. I instance two characteristic cases. The first is the case of Private Porter, who was horribly wounded by shrapnel. He crawled into a nearby shell-hole; and there he lay for forty-eight hours, with his wounds suppurating until, when discovered by comrades, the wounds were swarming with maggots. Yet so excellent was his physical and nervous condition and so persistent was his will not to die that he recovered and lives to-day. Then there is the case of Private Prentice, who was voluntarily doing sentry duty for a comrade. A church tower, hit by a long-distance shell, fell on him. When dug out of the débris the Medical Officer observed that it was futile to take the man to a hospital, because, as he said, Private Prentice was dead. However, with fifteen wounds and a terribly mutilated face and jaw, Prentice lingered several months in French and English hospitals, where the surgeons regarded his case as hopeless. But with splendid determination to live he defied and fought against death, in which he was helped by a naturally strong body, and eventually recovered. To-day he is at home in Canada, unfit for further service, but a "going concern". Now, how could our wounded soldiers exercise such dogged resistance of will and of body to death that they eventually recover—if it were true that the Canadian army in France was given over to boozing and incontinence? For these vices debilitate profoundly men's physical constitution and volitional powers. The fact, then, that the physical condition of our soldiers' bodies is superior to their condition in civilian life and the fact that wounded soldiers exhibit the most astounding exercise of will power and physiological resistance when suffering from seemingly mortal wounds are, surely, an impressive proof presumptive of the essential sobriety and continence of the Canadian army in the fighting field.

I turn now to the factual proofs of the genuine sobriety and moral clean-

liness of the Canadian army on active service in the field. Considering, first, the matter of "booze-fighting" in our army in France, I observe that for several sufficient reasons it is practically impossible for soldiers while on active service in the field to get drunk or to protract boozing. The facts are these: the men cannot get the kind of stuff from which "booze-fighters" are made; and, even if they could obtain the stuff, army regulations in the matters of time "off duty", soldiers' pay, and punishment for crimes would prevent anything but the most negligible abuse of the beer and the light wines supplied by the army "wet" canteens and by the French *estaminets*. In particular: first, soldiers on active service in the field are seldom in areas where "hard liquor" can easily, if at all, be obtained. By military regulation and orders, dire punishment is visited on the proprietor of any French *estaminet* who clandestinely sells rum or other spirituous liquors to soldiers; and the thrifty French are careful or shrewd enough to take no chances. All that our soldiers on active service can legitimately purchase in the way of alcoholic beverages are French beer, a French white wine (*"vin blanc"*), and a cheap French (so-called) champagne—all of which, *per se*, are the merest apologies for intoxicating drinks. But there is another beverage which is a vile and a sort of "rapid-fire" intoxicant. It is, however, a soldiers' own concoction, and goes by the aptly descriptive name of "lunatic soup". I shall briefly describe these soldiers' beverages and their effects on the human system.

The French beer is a very indifferent cross between our domestic so-called temperance lager and onion soup—at least it tastes like and affects the system like such a concoction. It is cheap and watery; and if a soldier drank two gallons of it at a sitting, he might as well have drunk so much molasses and water, so far as its causing any appreciable stimulation of body and imagination is concerned. The French *"vin blanc"* is a cheap brand of white wine, which tastes and acts like a very mild vinegar. The French champagne sold to soldiers is also cheap and mild. Now, this *"vin blanc"* costs a half-franc (or sixpence) a wineglassful, and the champagne costs from seven to ten francs (or from $1.40 to $2.00) a bottle. In the field soldiers are paid, if they are on hand to be paid, fifteen francs (or about $3.00) fortnightly. Fifteen francs can buy at the most no more than two bottles of the cheapest champagne. And since, like the French beer, a great deal of it must be drunk to cause any appreciable degree of intoxication, fifteen francs' worth would go little way towards over-stimulation of the nervous system. Moreover, in an hour or two a soldier's fortnightly pay is gone, and he cannot get any more pay for at least another fortnight. Finally, military regulations and police supervision over the French *estaminets* absolutely prevent beer and wine being sold for more than two hours (six o'clock to eight o'clock) in the evenings to our troops. Accordingly, considering the opportunities or permitted time for drinking, the quality of the French beer and wine, and the small amount of money (pay) a soldier possesses in a fortnight or a month—what chances have our forces in the field for boozing or drinking to excess? The chances are practically *nil*.

Yet there have been instances of individual soldiers, while in rest quarters or even in the line, being the worse for liquor. How was this possible? While in billets in a village it could happen in two ways. French civilians are allowed to buy "hard" liquors at the *estaminets*. A soldier might bribe one of the French civilians to buy a considerable quantity of rum or whiskey and sell it to the soldier. But the French are very inept "boot-leggers", and it would be difficult for a soldier to bribe a French

civilian to get him spirituous liquor. Still, it has been accomplished. "Lunatic soup" is the facetiously cynical name given by soldiers to an intoxicating beverage in France. The Australian troops, I understand, invented the name for the concoction. But they do not drink it. The Canadians "try" it once—just once; and then, like the Australians, eschew it forever afterwards. "Lunatic soup" is a soldiers' own concoction, or, rather, a soldiers' exclusive method of mixing drinks. The method is to consume as large quantities of French beer, *"vin blanc"*, and champagne as possible—and then wait for results. The intoxicating results are slow at the beginning, but sudden and inevitable in the end. I need not describe them; they are sufficiently suggested by the sobriquet "lunatic soup". In the line, an individual soldier may happen to get "tanked up" either by the accident of finding a lost S.R.D. jug containing soldiers' rum rations or by stealing a quantity of rum from the quarters of the officer who may have charge of the rum rations. But such cases are very, very rare. Moreover, the term rum rations is now, as it has been for many months, only a witticism. For only on extraordinary occasions, such as after a long, hard turn in the cold and wet with a working party, or, in action, when a wounded or exhausted soldier really needs a stimulant, is a rum ration served to Canadian troops—and, if so, the quantity served is, honestly, hardly more than a thimbleful.

In the field, then, the only cases of drunkenness are strictly individual cases, rare in place and time, and quite negligible. For the time spent in drinking the cheap washy French beer is negligible; and the amount consumed at a sitting, or even in a month, is quite harmless. In short, in the field the Canadian army is a genuinely sober body of fighting forces.

On the other hand, when, after long wearying days or months in the fighting line, our soldiers are granted leave to London and other cities in the United Kingdom, it does happen that they inevitably meet insidious and overwhelming temptations. Since the loneliness of the soldier on pass in a great and strange city is very depressing, since he is avidly yearning for human companionship, and since the "pubs" of London and other British cities are inviting social centres, it is only natural and to be expected that there should be some drinking to excess by soldiers on leave. But still, I can honestly say this—that when I was enjoying my evacuation pass of fourteen days' leave from my regimental depot, I did not see one drunken Canadian soldier on the streets of London, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, or Edinburgh —and they were there in hundreds. Even on Christmas Day, 1917, which I spent in London, I saw no drunken Canadian soldier, but I did see several British civilians jagged, juiced, jabbering, and jumping. So that, in my view, the evidence is conclusive that in the field, or while on leave in the United Kingdom, Canadian soldiers are essentially sober men; and, in any case, their moral status in sobriety is, considering the quantity of insobriety per one thousand men, much higher than obtains in a civilian population, say, in a Canadian village or town of one thousand inhabitants.

As to the degree of incontinence in our army in France, I can put the facts summarily. In the field, even when our men are quartered in villages for a rest after being in the line, Canadian soldiers are immune from temptation, and live thoroughly chaste lives. For there are no such temptations possible, because the war has emptied the villages and towns of all females from fifteen years upwards, except old women. All the youths and men have gone to the war; and the young women, too, are gone somewhere to do their bit for the war, presumably in the munitions plants and other necessary industries, tak-

ing the place of their fathers, husbands, and brothers. In the villages and towns one finds only old men, old women, and small children. How, then, can anyone who is not an actual eye-witness of army life in the field really know the truth or charge that our soldiers at the Front are given to incontinence. The charge is absurd.

On the other hand, real moral danger stalks our soldiers when on pass in the cities of France and England. In Paris and in London the temptations to incontinence are, I must admit, ubiquitous, and almost inescapable and overwhelming. Only innate character and loyalty to their own people can protect our soldiers on leave in Paris or in London, and save them from the temptress, as, in my own observation, innate character and loyalty have, in the great majority of cases, actually done. Such exceptions as have occurred have been inevitable, and when considered relatively to the total chastity which obtains in the Canadian army are to be regarded as negligible.

Reviewing all I have written to show truthfully the moral status of the Canadian army at the Front, I can confidently reassure fathers and mothers and wives that they have no grounds to be disquieted over any alleged prevalence of insobriety and unchastity in the rank and file of our figthing forces. Despite a certain inevitable degree of degradation in manners and speech, due to the rough-and-ready communism of the army and the life-and-death democracy of the trenches, army life in the field is a first-rate conserver of morals. The physical health of our soldiers at the Front, and even in the trenches, is suberb; nay, better than it ever was when the men were civilians; and their moral health is as excellent as their admirable and enviable physical condition. The Canadian army at the Front is a notably sober and chaste army. Any other view, opinion, or belief is not logically tenable by those who look squarely at the facts as I have submitted them. Myopic moralists may continue to hold to opinions other than mine and to publish startling charges against our soldiers at the Front. These charges I shall stigmatize, to use again my opening phrase, as pure buncombe and alarm.

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

II. EARLY DAYS IN JOURNALISM

FROM boyhood I thought of journalism as the pursuit to which I would like to devote myself. I do not say profession, because journalism is not exactly a profession, nor exactly a trade, nor always a means of livelihood. In confidential intercourse with my companions I often declared, not in sheer vanity or arrogance, that I would be editor of *The Globe*. Behind the conviction there was more of instinct than of conceit. So far as I know I come of a stock of writers and preachers and publishers. But I have never been interested in the pursuit of ancestry. That is not because I have read Bret Harte's "First Family of Tasajara", nor because I have been deterred by the experience of the man who paid £500 to discover his ancestors and £1,000 to have the facts suppressed. Who was it that said the vital question is not where you came from, but where you are going, not what you inherited from the past, but what you leave to the future?

Still we are directed by forces that are in our "bones and blood". There are voices within us that call across great distances. In a second-hand bookshop in Birmingham I found a book more than 200 years old by John Willison, M.A., "Late minister of the Gospel at Dundee", entitled "The Balm of Gilead for Healing a Disfeafed Land". One scoffs, but what is the true mission of the journalist, whether one confesses it or not, but to find this "Balm of Gilead" for the humours and distresses of his time? If one does not possess the evangelical spirit, and strive to make the world cleaner and better, what profit hath he "of all his labour wherein he laboureth under the sun". There may be the flavour of cant in the suggestion, but I do believe that the true journalist is most happy in the prosecution of movements which assail abuses and diffuse social blessings. If he thought chiefly of wealth or position he would not plant his ladder upon any such unstable foundation. It may be that occasionally there is the clink of dollars between the sobbings for "the people". In the business office there may be "wicked partners". If it were not so possibly the sheriff would forever hover in the offing.

My first contribution to a newspaper appeared in *The Whitby Chronicle*, then edited by Mr. W. H. Higgins, who like so many of the craft found his final refuge in the civil service. This was a poem of dejected spirit and portentous solemnity. Never was there a sadder message for a gray world, ailing by heredity, evil by tendency, and vicious by instinct and practice. At the moment I was under the inspiration of Swinburne, and if my verses were not as mellifluous as the master's they were as evasive and mysterious. It

was not my fault that those who read would not understand nor "return from iniquity". Fortunately the verses had no gift of life, and I am comforted by knowledge that the fyles of *The Chronicle* have not been preserved.

I also imposed verses of flagrant sentimentality upon *The London Daily Herald*. *The Herald* departed this life long ago, and it may be that my verses contributed to its demise. The first letter on any public question that I offered for publication appeared in 1876 in *The Guelph Mercury*. The Dunkin Act, which was the forerunner of the Scott Act, was submitted in Wellington county. There was a hard contest and ultimate defeat for the prohibitory measure. On some phase of the controversy I expressed a weighty opinion, and *The Mercury* was hospitable. I forget whether I wrote over my name or as "Total Abstinence", "Pioneer", "Ratepayer" or "Pro Bono Publico". Any one of these would have carried more authority than my own signature.

Many excellent speakers appeared in Wellington during that contest. Among these were Mr. E. King Dodds, Mr. Joseph Gibson, Mr. James Fahey, and Mr. Marvin Knowlton. The chief protagonists were King Dodds and Gibson. Generally they met each other at joint meetings. Mr. Gibson was a ready, eager and versatile debater with style and method greatly in contrast with those which Mr. King Dodds adopted. The champion of the prohibitionists was fluent, direct, sincere and eloquent without tinsel or tawdriness. King Dodds was verbose and torrential. He was a master of all the artifices of platform advocacy. Fertile in sympathy or indignation, as the occasion required, he often produced striking, immediate effects. The fashion of oratory which King Dodds affected is passing as the cause for which he contended has gone down to defeat. It is the fortune of Joseph Gibson, in a serene and honourable old age, to rejoice in the victory for which he fought so long with unquenchable ardour and unfaltering courage. I like to think that between Mr. Gibson and Mr. King Dodds on the platform there was conflict without acerbity and contention without detraction. When I asked Mr. Gibson if this was so he said: "Yes, E. King Dodds and myself were on the best of terms. I can see no reason why public men who differ about some public question should allow the difference to affect their personal relations." In the old days the joint meeting was often a school of courtesy and, if there was much raillery and banter, accuracy and moderation of statement were essential if any permanent effect was to be produced. If sometimes joint meetings were disorderly and turbulent we know that the later fashion does not always ensure quiet and decorum.

On the night before the polling in Wellington county a meeting in the City Hall of Guelph was announced by the prohibitionists. Mr. James Fahey appeared as the champion of the opposing forces. There is reason to think that Mr. Fahey had deliberately settled upon the course that he would pursue. Whether the dispute that arose before the meeting could be organized was over the selection of a chairman or the time to be allotted to the various speakers I do not recollect, but it is certain that the meeting never was organized nor any speech delivered. With consummate strategy Mr. Fahey made objection to every proposal that was submitted by the temperance party, excited furious controversies on the platform and in the audience, and finally created a pandemonium of confusion and disorder. Before the hall could be cleared many benches were broken. There were actual physical collisions between the disputants, defiance of the police, and all the mad manifestations of riotous free men in a sanguinary combat.

We forget James Fahey. He ran well for a season, but health failed and the road became dark at mid-day. So far as one can learn he joined the staff of *The Guelph Mercury* in 1879, and a year later became editor of *The Herald*. He and Mr. A. W. Wright were among the speakers for Mr. James Goldie, the Conservative protectionist candidate in the bye-election of 1876, which became necessary when Mr. David Stirton was appointed post-master at Guelph. In the contest Mr. Donald Guthrie, whose son now represents South Wellington, was the Liberal candidate, and even the "National Policy" could not prevail against a man of such solid ability and skill in debate as Mr. Guthrie. In this contest Mr. Fahey established his reputation as a speaker even in comparison with Mr. A. W. Wright, and that is a test to which few men are equal. They were formidable antagonists even for Mr. Donald Guthrie. Why do we shut Wrights and Faheys out of Parliament? To have youth, intellect, gifts of tongue and a residuum of independence almost closes the gateway to the Canadian House of Commons. No young man ever enters the Senate, and no old man ever leaves it. How much we "democrats" have to learn from the old mother of free communities where despite class and caste talent is recognized, youth may serve, and independent thinking is not always culpable eccentricity.

On the platform Mr. Fahey was brilliant alike in defence and in attack. He had little personal magnetism. His delivery was rapid and unrelieved by oratorical artifices. But his language was chaste, felicitous and impressive by its beauty and simplicity. One is told of a lecture by Mr. Fahey, entitled "The Literary Club", in which he wandered with Edmund Burke, Samuel Johnson, Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick and other figures in that glorious company of immortals, revealing their wisdom and their folly, their virtues and their failings, with sympathy and insight and in language not so inferior to that of the old English essayists. He had gone to school to the masters. In political controversy Fahey was merciless; on the platform he could be unscrupulous. But he was ever intrepid and never commonplace.

From Guelph he went to *The Stratford Herald*, but in a few years his health became so unsatisfactory that he was ordered to California. In a letter from Mr. J. P. Downey, superintendent of the Hospital for Feebleminded at Orillia, who was among Mr. Fahey's successors on *The Guelph Herald*, and is himself an attractive and effective public speaker, it is said: "Fahey knew what it was to work hard for his wages and work harder to get them when they were earned. I think some of the wage cheques issued at that time by *The Guelph Herald* are still in circulation." But this condition of financial uncertainty was not peculiar to *The Herald* forty or fifty years ago, nor even in these days are newspapers always immune from the anxieties and vicissitudes which follow upon an empty treasury. There is a legend that once when Edward Farrer, George Gregg and Alex. Pirie were engaged upon a publication which suffered from a perennial shortage of the medium of exchange they loaded the safe upon a dray, drove to a pawnshop and secured enough cash from the dubious dealer in pledges to meet the unreasonable demands of printers who thought they should receive actual money for their labour.

For a time, towards the end, Mr. Fahey was on the editorial staff of *The Toronto World*. We were comrades in the Press Gallery of the old Legislative Buildings on Front Street, but the flame of his genius was not burning with its early splendour. He was indifferent, not sour, listless, often weary. Among Canadian journalists we have had good paragraph-

ers, but they have not been numerous. Few have had the quality which gives distinction to many American newspapers. We seem to labour over our humour. We seem to feel that if a blow is not struck with a club it will be taken for a caress. In the United States the editorial paragraphers are many and they are keen, incisive, stimulating, irreverent and delightful. In their work we have a key to the strength, sanity and audacity of the American character. It is curious, however, that of all the professional humourists of the new world only Haliburton in Sam Slick, Lowell in Hosea Bigelow, and Clemens as Mark Twain survive. And Haliburton was a Nova Scotian. Indeed, a Nova Scotian was the father of American humour. Petroleum V. Nasby, who so often brought healing to the soul of Lincoln, Mrs. Partington and Ike, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Bob Burdette and Bill Nye became shadowy memories. Lowell was a teacher as well as a humourist. Clemens was a fine craftsman and without humour would have had distinction among writers of English in America. Haliburton blazed the trail in which so many have sought fame and bread. The paragrapher must have humour. He cannot have immortality. But he contributes richly to the gladness of mankind. He gives the real impress of nativity to American journalism. The best paragrapher of his time in Canada was James Fahey. Nor can I think that he has any successor of equal polish and pungency. It is a pity that we have no memorial of Fahey. Nor, so far as I know, has any of his work been preserved. It is true that he wrote for the day only, but he said things that should not have perished.

Among other leaders of the Temperance movement whom it was my fortune to hear in the seventies were Mr. George W. Ross and Mr. Edward Carswell, of Oshawa. Of Mr. Ross there will be much to say later. Mr. Carswell I heard often in South Ontario from political and temperance platforms. In the press notices he was "the Canadian Gough". As one who heard John B. Gough I can testify that Mr. Carswell was not greatly his inferior in mimicry and anecdote, in moving appeal and homely argument. His hair was long and luxuriant, almost falling upon his shoulders, he was of commanding stature and altogether a picturesque figure. Once at a meeting in Whitby he was interrupted by the natural question, "Have you a barber in Oshawa?" The retort was instantaneous, "Yes, and we have a barbarian in the audience". The first time I heard Mr. George W. Ross was in 1875 at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Guelph. He came as a fraternal delegate from the Sons of Temperance. The hotels were crowded and it had not been easy for Mr. Ross to secure accommodation. He had been married only a few days before and when he was introduced to Grand Lodge it was explained that he might have written that he had married a wife and therefore could not come, but since he had come they had done him all the honour possible under the circumstances; they had let him sleep with the Grand Chaplain. In reply Mr. Ross was flippant if not audacious in his references to the Grand Chaplain, and grimly but slyly humorous over the method adopted to atone for the separation from his wife and relieve the pressure on hotel accommodation. But he was seldom unready and never unhappy. Among the chief causes of his successes on the platform were those flashes of candour which were as much defiance as confession, and which so provoked audiences to levity that they could not pronounce judgment with sober faces. A striking figure at this Grand Lodge meeting was Dr. Oronhyatekha, who had not yet set his hand to the task to which so much of his life was devoted. A discussion arose as to whether or not prohibitionists in Federal and Pro-

vincial elections should ignore all other considerations and support only candidates who were abstainers and advocates of prohibitory legislation. Defining his own position Dr. Oronhyatekha explained with severe gravity that when he had last voted he had to choose between a sober Grit and a drunken Conservative, and that after anxious and mature consideration he had given the Grit the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Alex. Pirie, whom I have mentioned, had his training on *The Guelph Herald,* while Mr. John R. Robinson, his successor as editor of *The Toronto Evening Telegram,* began his career on *The Guelph Mercury.* Guelph seems to have been a school of journalism as Brantford was a school of oratory. In 1887 Mr. Pirie succeeded Mr. John C. Dent as editor of *The Telegram.* For ten years he gave a pleasant humour and a distinct individuality to its editorial columns. If he was seldom aggressive he was adroit in controversy, supple in defence and persuasive in argument. During the parliamentary session of 1888 he represented *The Montreal Star* in the Press Gallery at Ottawa. In 1890 he acquired *The Dundas Banner.* Gay, insouciant, effervescent, irrepressible, Mr. Pirie was a stimulating companion and a delightful after-dinner speaker. He was often venturesome and occasionally audacious. I would not say, as Bagehot said falsely of so great a man as Disraeli, that " his chaff was delicious but his wheat was poor stuff". His wheat was often the good seed of sound counsel, but his more serious performances were affected by his reputation as an entertainer. When Mr. James Johnson, of *The Ottawa Citizen,* was elected president of the Press Gallery, Mr. Pirie seized a pad of copy paper from the desk where Mr. Johnson was sitting, and giving the impression that Johnson had prepared an address for the occasion read several pages of extravagant gratitude for his election and absurd exaltation of the office to which he had been elected. It was done with becoming gravity and the sentences were so rounded and followed each other in such orderly sequence that it was not easy to believe he was fabricating every word as he proceeded. I have known few men who could equal Mr. Pirie at this sort of fooling.

In order that Mr. Johnson could attend the funeral of Honourable Thomas White at Montreal, Mr. Pirie, at this time his colleague in the Press Gallery, agreed to supply editorials for *The Citizen* during his absence. There never was a man with less hair on his head than James Johnson, and this suggested a subject to Pirie. He contributed an editorial on baldheads, and a paragraph on "Porridge as a Food". "Statistics," he said, "show that baldness is spreading in all civilized countries, and some of the distinguished scientists, who put their spectacles on their noses and look into these interesting subjects, assert that the time will inevitably come when the whole race will be baldheaded. This is not a pleasing outlook. 'Bald as a billiard-ball' has become a familiar simile by which people describe a bald-headed person. But who can look with equanimity to the coming of the time when people will be so bald that nothing but their ears will prevent their hats from slipping down upon their necks? Brain-workers grow bald at an early stage of their existence. This should teach us to reverence and respect bald-headed members of the community rather than to jeer at them and make them feel uncomfortable, as it is too much the custom of modern society to do. Some of the most profound thinkers the world has produced have been deficient in capillary adornment, and civilization has lost nothing in consequence. But taking a merely picturesque view of the case, it is a matter of regret that the tendency of the race to baldness should be as marked as it undeniably is." As to porridge, Mr. Pirie said:

"The circumstance that the oatmeal mills of the country can, if worked to their full capacity, produce more oatmeal than is required for the porridge of the people is adopted by the Reform organs as an argument for Unrestricted Reciprocity. How the admission free of duty of cottons, woollens and other American manufactures can promote the consumption of porridge it is impossible to explain, except on the assumption that under the trade system the people will be reduced to an oatmeal diet. 'Much, of course, can be done with a little oatmeal'; but porridge is liable to become tiresome even to the sons of Scotland, if served up morning, noon and night."

While Mr. James Dickinson, for a time night editor of *The Globe*, and afterwards connected with weekly journals at Fort William and Windsor, was speaking at a meeting of the Canadian Press Association, Mr. Pirie intervened with a humorous observation. To the general surprise Mr. Dickinson intimated somewhat angrily that he did not want to be interrupted. Mr. Pirie arose and with infinite meekness declared that he would never speak to Mr. Dickinson again. Dickinson joined in the laughter. At a public dinner Mr. Pirie said that if he should print in *The Dundas Banner* such stuff as I allowed to appear in *The Globe* he would lose one if not both of his subscribers. Speaking at a dinner of the Canadian Press Association at which Sir Oliver Mowat was the guest of honour, Mr. Pirie explained that his contemporary at Dundas, which supported the Conservative Government at Ottawa, boasted that it got more public printing than his newspaper, which supported the Liberal Government at Toronto, and turning to the Premier with hand upraised and voice attuned between pleading and indignation he said: "I ask my honoured leader here and now to put me in a position to hurl back that slander". When Sir John Carling was Minister of Agriculture the members of the Press Gallery visited the Experimental Farm near Ottawa. At that time so many counties had adopted the Scott Act that prohibition prevailed over the greater portion of Ontario. At luncheon Mr. Pirie, proposing the health of the Minister, suggested that he should develop a grade of shorthorns for Scott Act counties. But Mr. Pirie was more than a jester. He had qualities of heart and mind which were seldom revealed and only to those who had his affection and confidence. These were few, for beneath apparent openness and spontaneity there was a reserve which was not easily penetrated. He got much out of life, but not all that he deserved nor all that he desired. Happy but often anxious and foreboding, aspiring but not fully achieving, when I think of Pirie I recall what was said of Shelley: "He passed through life like a strange bird upon a great journey, singing always of the paradise to which he was travelling, and suddenly lost from the sight of men in the midst of his song".

I knew Mr. R. W. Phipps, one of the pamphleteers of the protectionist movement, and the first Provincial Superintendent of Forestry. He was a graceful and exact writer and a very confident controversialist. His confidence was not offensive, but he did sometimes seem to suggest that "the creature was made subject to vanity". It is said he was profoundly persuaded that he should have been taken into the first Conservative Protectionist Government. There is a story that he once confided to Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin that he had qualifications to govern Canada at least equal to any that Sir John Macdonald possessed. Mr. Davin agreed. "Phipps," he said, "if you had a secretary you could govern the universe."

In the spring of 1880 I was in Toronto with empty pockets and uncertain employment. Greatly daring, I wrote a letter to Mr. J. Gordon

Brown, of *The Globe*, enclosing cuttings of my contributions to various weekly publications and urging my desire to join the staff of a daily newspaper. The answer came next morning: "I believe you can do newspaper work. Come and see me. I think good will come of it". I ask myself if any other letter that I have received gave me greater pleasure or cast such radiance upon the future. But there was to be no immediate result. I saw Mr. Brown a few hours later. He was courteous and considerate, sympathetic and interested. But I was told that there was no vacancy on the staff at the moment and that I must wait until a vacancy should occur. He assured me that I would be remembered, but suggested that I should not be discouraged by delay nor hesitate to apply again. The gloom of that night wholly eclipsed the radiance of the morning. But I had done my best and there was a promise.

Three or four months afterwards I wrote again to Mr. Brown and again was asked to call at *The Globe* office. This time Mr. Brown gave me a note to the city editor with the definite instruction that I should go on the staff of reporters. But the raw youth from the country was rejected. The rejection was curiously emphatic and determined. Of Mr. Brown's good faith I never have had any doubt, and I have always thought his word should have prevailed. But the city editor, if not discourteous, was coldly unsympathetic. It may be that I made an unfavourable personal impression, or that, as so often happens, the staff was encumbered with juniors, who, whatever their natural adaptability to newspaper work, sorely tax the patience and vigilance of city editors until actual experience is acquired. At any rate the city editor was hostile. He insisted that there was no vacancy, that Mr. Brown did not understand, and that I must accept rejection without appeal. But, standing firmly upon Mr. Brown's order, I would not be repulsed. Finally the city editor descended to the floor below where the chief editor's offices were situated in the old King Street building, and returned with the message that I could not be accepted. Against this decision I made a vain appeal. Mr. Brown explained that the city editor was unwilling to put me on the staff, that he was assured no more men were needed, and that I would enter into an unsympathetic atmosphere if under such circumstances he forced me upon an unwilling subordinate. I had no alternative but to submit, although I did not doubt that I could establish myself in the city editor's confidence if he would give me the foothold which I was so eager to secure.

In later years I often saw Mr. Gordon Brown in the streets of Toronto, but I never had opportunity to speak to him again. Sometimes I regret that I did not seek the opportunity, for he was gracious and considerate to a young man who had no credentials, no influential connections and little beyond his confidence in himself to excuse his persistence or justify the attention which he received. I came to know many journalists who were on the staff of *The Globe* under Mr. Gordon Brown and never one but spoke of him with regard and respect, never one who doubted his qualifications for the position which he held, never one but regretted that *The Globe* should have passed out of the hands of the Browns and a tradition broken in which there was so much of honour and dignity, of effort and achievement. What the Walters were to *The Times* the Browns were to *The Globe*, and to reverence these ancient dynasties is not to suggest that the great journals which they founded are less influential under their successors or less stable pillars of the commonwealth.

Ten years after my second failure to secure a place on *The Globe*, by decree of the Imp of Destiny, I had the chair in which Mr. Gordon Brown sat

during our two interviews. Stranger is the fact that the city editor who defeated my aspirations ten years before applied to me for a position on the paper after I had become its editor. He had not passed out of my memory, although I had never cherished any resentment. It was clear, however, that he did not recognize me nor was there any reason that he should. What had been of moment to me was to him only an incident in the day's work. We had passed each other often on the street as strangers. When he came to the office I did not reveal the fact that we had met before. If at the time I could have considered his application favourably I should have disclosed the circumstances of our previous meeting. But since I could not there was nothing to do but maintain silence. He did not renew the application, nor did he re-enter journalism. We ceased to be strangers, however, and if he reads this chapter he may remember and we will come together if only to lament the ruthless extension of the dry area which debars descendants of Scotsmen from any full expression of neighbourly feeling.

Failing with *The Globe*, I turned to *The London Advertiser*. I wrote a frank letter to Mr. John Cameron stating my circumstances and declaring my determination to enter journalism. In the meantime I had done some editorial writing for *The Tiverton Watchman* and *The Kincardine Reporter*. A few of these powerful utterances I submitted for Mr. Cameron's edification and instruction. No one, I am certain, ever spoke with greater authority than I did in the editorial pages of *The Watchman* and *The Reporter*, but in reply Mr. Cameron repressed his admiration to a degree that was surprising, if not disturbing. I must have sought advice as to the qualifications necessary for reporting and how best to secure connection with a daily newspaper. Mr. Cameron was explicit and epigrammatic. He wrote that when the statesmen at Washington were re-establishing the finances after the Civil War, Horace Greeley declared that the best way to resume specie payments was to resume. The implication was that the best way to begin newspaper work was to begin. He added that it was desirable to learn typesetting and to have experience in proofreading. When I pressed for more definite information and for a position on *The Advertiser*, Mr. Cameron in another letter offered me $3.00 a week for the first year and $4.00 a week for the second on condition that I would learn to set type and be content with an occasional opportunity to do reporting. The offer held no immediate prospect of affluence and since I was twenty-five years of age was not alluring. After long hesitation, however, I accepted. I am not certain that I would have done so if I had known that I would be required to sign a contract. But when I reached London in October, 1881, Mr. Cameron produced an agreement in the exact language of his proposal and I signed with reluctance and a reservation. I had no thought that I would fulfil the contract, although I did not contemplate any deliberate or dishonourable repudiation. I reasoned that if I had any natural talent for journalism I would soon be released from typesetting, while if I had not Mr. Cameron would not try to keep me at wages on which I could not exist. I had saved nothing and had to depend altogether upon my weekly earnings. Once Honourable A. S. Hardy and I were comparing early experiences, not in any spirit of self-commiseration or with any thought that we had suffered as other men had not, and I told him that for three months in London I had drawn only $3.00 a week and paid $2.75 for board and lodging. He threw his head back and with a shout of laughter said, "What in h— did you do with the other quarter?"

For three weeks I stood at "the case" with submission but not with

enthusiasm. For my position was that of an apprentice with the wages of an apprentice. Day by day I handed Mr. Cameron notes and paragraphs on local and general subjects. Sometimes they were printed; more often they were not. At the end of three weeks I was asked to report a lecture by Honourable S. H. Blake before the Young Men's Christian Association. That was my first actual assignment, and I rejoiced in the opportunity. In the morning, for then as now *The Advertiser* had morning and evening editions, my report appeared very much as it was written. On the next afternoon I was called from "the case" to report a lecture delivered in one of the churches by an American temperance orator whose name I do not recall. A few days afterwards I was asked by Mr. L. K. Cameron, then city editor of *The Advertiser*, and later King's Printer for Ontario, if I would be willing to set type only in the afternoons and in the forenoons "cover" London East, where a system of county police bureaux and the oil refineries were the chief sources of news. Two or three weeks afterwards my career as a printer terminated. I was made proofreader for the evening edition, and a regular reporter for the morning edition. There was an incipient rebellion in the composing-room over the eccentricities of the apprentice's proofreading, but the revolt was not general nor very acute. I knew nothing about proofreading and for a few weeks the printers had a legitimate grievance.

Once before I had set out to be a printer, not so much from choice as from necessity. As a boy I worked for two weeks in the office of *The Exeter Times*. But I did not like typesetting, while for the hand press I had even less affection. So one day I was reported "missing". When I was editor of *The Globe* Mr. W. J. White, Inspector of Immigration Agencies, called at the office. He was good enough to say that he had desired to make my acquaintance. "But," I said, "we have met before." He was positive that we had not. I asked him if he could remember a boy who entered his father's office at Exeter to learn printing but left, by the light of the moon, without notice. He could remember and declared he had often wondered what had become of him. "I know," I said; "I am the boy."

At the end of three months, as I had intended, I approached Mr. Cameron for a revision of the contract under which I had entered the office. I argued that I had been withdrawn from typesetting, which in itself was a violation of the agreement, for which I was not solely responsible, and that I must have better wages or be released. The immediate result was an advance from $3.00 to $6.00 a week. Two months later there was a further advance to $8.00, and by the end of the year I drew $10.00 or $12.00 a week. For nearly two years I was a reporter on *The Advertiser*. There was nothing remarkable in my experiences. Once I was assigned to describe the live stock at the Fair, which was the great autumn festival of western Ontario. I wrote something about a pair of horses shown by a farmer from Biddulph which so pleased him that when we met next day he offered me a quarter. At a meeting of the city council an official who was somewhat active in the Conservative ward associations was made the object of a savage and I thought unjust attack. *The Advertiser* was as strongly Liberal as *The Free Press* was Conservative and neither had mercy for opponents. But I induced *The Advertiser* to publish a defence of the Conservative official, for which he was grateful. He came to see me at the office and when he had gone I found a $5.00 bill on my desk. I have often said that I returned the quarter with indignation and the five dollars with reluctance. The fact is that I did not misunderstand nor think my dignity grievously affronted by either incident.

In those days reporters of *The Advertiser* were not admitted to Conservative conventions, nor reporters of *The Free Press* to Liberal conventions. I was sent out to a meeting of the West Middlesex Conservative Association at Mount Brydges. As instructed, I was to "nose" among the delegates and extract information by guile and strategy. But just before the meeting opened I passed into the hall with the delegates and took my seat at the reporters' table. I was "named" within a few minutes and asked to withdraw. Mr. Alexander Johnston, of Strathroy, who was returned to the Legislature for West Middlesex in 1883, arose and suggested that no such extreme action was necessary. He argued that the convention would do nothing of which it was ashamed, and that I would probably give a fair report if I was allowed to remain. The convention agreed, I remained, and at a convention at Napier a few months later which nominated Mr. Nathaniel Currie for the House of Commons I received a vote of thanks for my "fair report" of the meeting at Mount Brydges. In all newspapers occur grievous typographical errors and mistakes and blunders in "make-up". In *The Advertiser*, while I was on the staff, we had a daily column of "Labour Notes". By unhappy accident or evil design a despatch about the birth of triplets in Mitchell appeared under that heading. There was a somewhat similar blunder in *The Ottawa Citizen* thirty years ago. The wife of a young curate gave birth to a baby and by an unfortunate transposition a line from a legal advertisement appeared at the bottom of the birth notice: "By his solicitors—and—"

If in these last few pages there is a word or a sentence that seems to reflect upon Mr. John Cameron or *The Advertiser* I have expressed myself badly. No man ever had a truer friend than I had in Mr. Cameron, relations more pleasant than I enjoyed in *The Advertiser* office or associations more lasting or more dearly cherished than those which I formed in London.

In the July number Sir John Willison will give an interesting and revealing account of "Mr. John Cameron and the Blake Wing".

A CORNER OF THE PASTURE

From the Painting by
James Lillie Graham, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

NO HAND OF MAN

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

AUTHOR OF "JIM HANDS," ETC.

"SHE had the largest, softest, most trusting eyes I ever saw."

Pindar Rowe sometimes will say this, and then, if it is evening and supper is over and his corncob pipe is glowing, rumbling and bubbling like an asthmatic engine, and if the stars are thick in the tropic sky in Hawk Channel and a soft breeze, blowing across Spongecake Key, stirs the palms to sounds that suggest silk petticoats, the old man will reach up to a shelf attached to the outside wall of his shanty and feel around for something. This something is nearly six inches long. In the uncertain light of dusk it looks flexible.

"When I sit alone and look at that thing," says Pindar, taking off one of his inevitable shabby Derby hats, "I *think*. Being alone here on this Key ever since my wife died and I gave up wrecking, I get time for it. And I think of what mosquitoes was made for and I think of this thing and him that used to wear it, and why God made death in two needles. Now—Listen!"

With a strange tremulous motion of his knotted, salt-bleached, weather-roughened old hand, he moves the thing toward you.

It makes no difference whether or not you have ever heard it before; instinct screams within you, instinct jerks your muscles taut and like a chilly fluid creeps along your skin. The sound is a warning! You recognize in it danger, agony and death.

Then this old rascal, who has a long record of filibustering, wrecking and inciting revolutions in South America, will explain.

There's a time in a man's life for action and then a time when joints are beginning to get stiff, and there's a time to think it over. I sometimes wonder why it wasn't arranged so a man could think first and avoid the mistakes. Never mind. Here I am, living alone on Spongecake, cooking my own meals, and I've got a partner and that partner is solitude. But solitude speaks most ideas to human beings. Solitude is more talkative than running for office and it whispers ideas to you as if it was a person. It's convincing, too. And one thing it told me I can't no way disbelieve. That's about sin.

A hundred times I've heard a voice coming out of the acres of stars at night or from that jungle of cacti and prickly pears baking in the sun. It says that there is a squaring of accounts. It says that Something watches and when it sees a bill of sin that's growing too big and ain't paid, it reaches out across land or sea and —strikes! There's mutineers on ships and mutineers on land and mutineers standing out against the orders of the Big Skipper. But the belaying pin comes to 'em. Sometimes in front, sometimes behind. A man stands

laughing and spitting in the sunlight and then it comes—crack! And the bill is paid.

So I'll tell you about this thing I've got in my hand, mate, and about him who grew it on himself and what he did for Lenora Gonzalez.

You see this clump of cocoanut palms side of my camp here. They were planted by a poor skipjack of an ice-cream maker from Pennsylvania who came down here to raise tropical fruit. And now the brush has grown up so thick among some of them that a man couldn't stick a machete into it. It's nature laughing at what man tries to do and it will always be that way. And the brush is a world itself, I tell you. I, who have been always on the water, was surprised what life there could be in a thicket like that—full of the nonpareil birds and yellow spiders as big as your hand and lizards with beady eyes and scorpions as black as shoe polish and big red ants, waving their feelers. It's a world. I used to sit here in the sun adreaming and awatching it.

And one day there came out of that clump a snake. He came out slow, the way tar will move when it's hot. The sunlight was beating down on this coral sand, and he moved like things that are well fed and deliberate and satisfied. Mate, his head looked most as large as a dog's.

I've seen those diamond-back rattlers before. They're a pretty colour —prettier than the tint of a *man's* skin—and there isn't a motion in their bodies I don't envy. But I reached up onto that shelf and took down my revolver and I was sighting along the barrel of it with my arm crooked like this, when I saw that snake draw his whole length out of the brush. And, mate, he was more than eight feet long!

I had my finger on the trigger. I reckon I was ready to kill. But, somehow, just then, I thought of his size and his bright markings and how clean he kept himself and how God made him for some purpose. He was stretched out most full length on the sand there and his head was turned toward me. His eyes seemed half shut and happy, and just then he lifted his head in one of those curves as pretty as the rounding in and out of a young girl's neck. He raised his head and opened his jaws, and inside, except for his black tongue, it was pink as a bleached conch shell. He trembled a little, too, and just as if it was for practice, he darted his head forward and I saw the two white needles. Those fangs moved down for a second from the roof of his mouth. They were more than two inches long! And I put the revolver back on the shelf.

"Friend," said I, "I've seen a lot of rattlers in my day, but you are more of a rattlesnake than I ever saw before. You're a machine of death, and you certainly are perfect and handsome. The Lord made you for something and I shan't do you any harm."

I suppose the sound of my voice startled him. I could see his muscles move under his skin like liquid—like quicksilver. He drew his eight feet into a coil and stuck his tail up into the air, and all the buttons were rattling till it sounded like peas shaking on a drumhead. It sounded like a Venezuelan revolution half a mile away. His head had flattened and swayed back and forth as he looked for the thing that meant fight.

"Easy, son," I said. "Nobody intends you any harm. Lie there in the heat and sleep for all of me."

I've wondered sometimes if he understood me, because he stopped swaying his head and seemed to be looking at me. And then he pulled himself out of his coil, which means a rattler is satisfied and trustful. I like him for *that!* I lighted my pipe and I watched him that day, on and off, till the red sun went down into the Gulf yonder. And I named the snake. I named him Gus.

He came often. I used to wonder

" And one day there came out of that clump a snake "

what he did the days when he didn't crawl out of that thicket there. But he never warned me again. I got to like him, I say. Maybe that sounds funny. Yet when a man's alone he gets fond of friendly things, the way I took a notion once for a man-o'-war bird that followed me when I was sailing a bad trip by myself in the hurricane season from Havana to Progreso. And when Gus looked dusty and his hide was peeling and scaly, or when he'd drop his head heavy on the sand and act uncomfortable, I used to worry about him as if he was an old pal.

And then some day, about that time, I'd see him running along against the stems of little bushes and afterward he'd cast his skin and come out as perfect and handsome as ever, with his hide with its diamond marks as bright as polished mahogany and the liquid muscles showing through. Sometimes a hawk would swing a curve over the tops of those palms and Gus would remember when he was a little feller and had to watch out for those birds, and just out of habit, he'd raise the rattles and shake 'em for a hint.

I've poured out many a saucer of condensed milk for that snake. Things that are alive—are alive. And both

me and Gus had *that* between us, anyhow. And whatever you can say of snakes, I'm going to tell you that this big diamond back never, from first till last, rattled at me again. He knew me, I tell you. And I knew him.

I reckon I never had a bigger surprise than when Gus brought back the girl. He had been gone five days, mate, and the wind had blown and ruffed up the hollow he'd made in the sand. I went on my trip down the East Coast after provisions and the Florida newspapers, and when I got home I could see that even then he hadn't come back. I pictured how he used to look, curled up in the sun there, waving his head now and then as if looking for beach mice, or something, or asking me to open another can of milk, or sleeping so peaceful with his sides flattened out and his skin so near the colour of the coral riffraff and dried cocoanut husks that you could hardly tell that eight feet of a big rattler was there. I wondered if I wouldn't ever see him again. But the next day he crawled out among those prickly pears and *she* was with him.

I might as well say I never thought much of *her*. She wasn't any such snake as Gus. But he'd been away and got her. Maybe she was the best he could find on Spongecake Key here. If he liked her, it wasn't any of my business. I only say, I wouldn't have picked her as a helpmeet for him nowise. But I am prejudiced because she never got over being nervous when I was around, and sometimes she'd forget her manners and coil and rattle if I met her down the shore, and that used to worry him, I reckon, because *he* liked me.

She was shorter than he, and her head was narrower and she was daintier and fussier with the milk in the saucer, and she was very faithful to him, I'm bound to say that of her. She'd crawl along behind him. He was always leading the way. She was affectionate, too. She'd often lay her head across his when he was resting. But the one thing that opened my heart to her a little was the way she'd stay awake and coil herself and watch whenever he was sleeping stretched out and unable to spring, and she'd keep that way no matter how long he slept or how tired she might be. They were happy, I reckon. And Gus knew I wouldn't do her any harm. I named her Bess.

She and Gus was company for me. It was the first year I'd spent here alone on Spongecake and the nights was still. I'd wake and feel around for a wheel or a tiller as if it was in the old days—the days when I'd dropped off into a doze sailing a calm night under a sky full of stars, with the water running off the stern, smelling warm and oily. By day I'd find myself looking around for some sailor who'd done something wrong—to abuse him. I reckon I read "Pilgrim's Progress" a half a dozen times. I was lonesome. My wife—

It seemed pretty good to me when a flip of chance threw the little Gonzalez girl and the man who was with her up onto Rib Rock Bar and I had to take 'em off and bring 'em in through the night to this camp. They were in a thirty-foot launch when they struck, and though it was calm weather there was a falling tide. I couldn't move her off. A bottom of a boat will stick to that coral as if it had grown there. I got the man and the girl back to my wharf, and I thought I'd take a chance at getting their boat off on the morning tide.

It was as dark as a ship's bilge that night and the water was alive and burning with phosphorus a hundred different colours. I suppose I might have known a norther was going to set in for a blow and rough weather in Hawk Channel. And I noticed how the sound of my engine stirred up the vultures on the little keys. They were sleeping light and they and the pelicans and white cranes would whir up till it sounded like thunder. I might have known.

But somehow, I didn't think of any way to get that launch off. I can recollect how I put it out of my mind on the way up the pier.

I hadn't had a chance till then to see who my passengers were or what they looked like. But just then, in the dark, with only the swing of the lantern moving around, I came up close to the girl. I just saw one thing about her. It was her eyes.

It was her eyes, mate. Dead men's fingers! I never saw such eyes before on any living thing—animal or woman. They were nearly black, with long lashes, and the eyebrows was like a picture and the flesh between those brows and the lashes was full and curved and rounded and soft and smooth. And then there were those eyes. They were a mile deep, mate, like the clear water off Nassau Reef. There was just that flick of light that showed 'em to me, and they were big and trusting and perfect like no eyes you ever saw. They belonged with a child's heart. I seen it in that second. And when I got up to my camp, I made up my bed fresh for her and took my lantern outside and put the latch on the door as if she'd been my own daughter.

I saw when I got outside that the storm had pounced down on us like a hawk. I heard the palms whistle and rattle in the wind. It *was* cold. The tide in the channel had begun to tumble and the norther had shut off the stars like you'd wipe out sparks with a sweep of a wet mop.

I called to the feller who'd come with the girl. He hadn't said much and he came to the door of that other shack there I use for a kitchen and stood waiting while I was trying to light the lamp.

"Stranger," I said, "you've lost your boat."

"I reckon so," he said, calm and cool as a fresh kingfish in the ice barrel. "But you needn't call me stranger."

When he spoke like that, I looked at his figure—thin and graceful.

"If this is Spongecake Key, then you're Pindar Rowe," he said. "You old reprobate. Hold up the lamp. Now look at me!"

"Young Joe Kitchell!" I roared.

It was him, just as I'm telling you. It was Joe Kitchell, with his palaver and cigarettes and his insinuating ways and his slouchy, easy clothes and his diamond scarf pin. He looked just as he used to look in Havana when he was in the sugar trade and later, too. I knew about *him.*

I knew how they'd put him out of the North American Club, and how an army officers wife had cut him up one Sunday on those grassy banks of Moro, and how he'd been caught cheating in a game of poker in the Machado Hotel, and how he had left a girl in New York and what winning ways he had with all women—even the best.

So I leaned across the table and I said sharp, "Who's this girl?"

He smoothed his brown hair and smiled. "Well, Pindar, I reckon you know enough about me and my adventures. I'll tell you. She's a prize. A Cuban."

Maybe he saw me look at him, because he said right afterwards: "She's an orphan. She's just over twenty-one and you'll think it pretty comic, but she's been so carefully raised she won't even let me hold her hand. And money? Mr. Rowe, believe me, I've suffered grief about money so long that I can't believe it's true. Why, just before we left Key West, she sold an American broker who met her there a third interest in the Vista Hermosa plantation and machinery and cane mill. I'm going to be married, Mr. Rowe."

"Umph," I said. "You've been going to get married fifty different times, I reckon."

"Women take a fancy to me," he whispered. "They still do. *She* loves me. I don't like her to sit and look at me all day. There's such a thing as too much. But this time I'm going to be married all right. I've got to

be married. There's no getting the money without it."

Somehow as he spoke, I thought of my wife. There was a bread knife on the table and I could have killed him. The norther had come up. It was howling outside like a pack of dogs. The light flickered. It showed me his grin. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to see him fall forward over the kitchen table.

"What's this runaway business?" I asked him. "Why did you have to start up among these keys alone with her?"

"My dear, old Pindar," said he, "that *is* too plain. When a girl like that goes off alone on a trip like this, she must go back married or not at all. It cinches the matter. Do you see?"

"Yep," I said, "I do. But have you told this girl you've had a wife?"

"No," he answered, licking his cigarette. "That would scarcely do. This young lady is religious and in her religion they don't marry men who've been divorced, especially when the man wasn't the one who brought the suit. Oh, no. On the contrary, it is much better to deny ever loving anybody before. I've done *that*. It's comical, isn't it?"

"Will you stick to this one?" I asked, looking at the bread knife. "Will you stick to her?"

"Oh, as long as I have to. Just see how plain I am with you, Mr. Rowe!" said he. "Personally, I don't fancy undersized Cubans. A pretty little thing? Oh, yes. But delicate. Almost nothing. Possibly I am spoiled."

I leaned over the table again toward the rat and I said, "Suppose, Kitchell, I hate you like a scorpion. Suppose I hate your ways and suppose I'm going to stop your game. Suppose I tell her what I know of you."

He just sat back in his chair and laughed. He laughed and laughed and kept on trying to laugh so as to show me how cocksure he was.

"Go ahead," he said, grinning at me. "Go ahead. Others tried it. They tried it in Havana. That's one reason why I had to get away with her so fast. You can try it. Do you think she'll believe you? Oh, I'm not fool enough to risk anything by talking to you. She wouldn't believe you. Tell her! Swear. Take oaths. Cut up all the fuss you want, old feller. She'll hate you for it. Why? Because she believes *me*."

I tell you, mate, the man had me ready to do murder. I've seen necessity in my day and I've brought men down with lead. It seemed to me then I never had so much necessity before.

"Kitchell," I said quiet, between the roars of the wind, "you have lived some thirty-eight years. You've done a lot of damage. Somewhere there is more women than I can count on my fingers that owes you a heap of evil. I don't suppose they'll ever pay it. Kitchell, I give you warning, man to man. There's a sailboat belonging to me down at my pier there. When the weather clears, you're going to take it and go to Key West and leave this girl here."

He brushed back some of that silky hair of his, then, and looked at me good-natured and shook his head.

"Nothing like that," he said. "You're mistaken."

"If you don't," said I, "look out for yourself."

But he shook his head again. "You wouldn't kill me, Pindar," he said with his smooth, sure way. He stopped to think it over to be certain, and then he laughed. "You wouldn't kill me. I know the cards you hold, my old friend, and it isn't a winning hand."

He sat there for a while, listening to the cracking of the boards when the wind drove against the walls of the shack. I saw the yellow light on his face and it was an evil face, too, for all its even features.

"No," he said, by and by. "I know when I'm going to win. I can feel fate just like a man feels warm or cold. I can tell by the feeling how

" 'You wouldn't kill me Pindar,' he said with his smooth, sure way."

the ball on a roulette wheel is going to drop. I know whether a card is good or bad without turning it over. Some things is certain. They're marked out beforehand. I feel 'em. I feel a confidence, and that confidence accomplishes anything. Nothing can stop me. And this is one of those times. No man can interfere. It was written down beforehand. This is a wild night—a night for strange things. See the light dance on the wall there. Look. Do you see letters written there—big, red letters?"

I looked, mate, and I hope to drop dead if I didn't see writing on the boards. It was dim at first and danced, and then it settled down and got clearer and clearer like a ship's name through a glass when the fog is blowing away. I couldn't read it yet, but I knew that Something had come into the room and was writing there with its finger!

I could see the words growing clearer and I felt my blood pounding in my ears. The writing was done. And there it was on the wall. It was his name!

"What's it mean?" I whispers to him.

"What?" he said.

"That writing."

"I don't see any writing," he said. "I was just joking. I meant that things was marked out beforehand. What ails you?"

He looked a little scared then.

"Did you see anything?" he said.

I looked again and the writing was gone.

"Speak up," said he. "What did

you see when you looked over there?"

"Nothing," I said.

"You looked as if you saw something," he roars at me. "What was it?"

It came to me like a flash what it all meant.

"You said that sometimes things that happened was marked out beforehand," I said to him. "You was right. Something steered you onto Rib Rock Bar, Kitchell. Something brought you onto Spongecake Key. Something has been watching you, Kitchell. Something has a bill against you that's been standing long enough. Something has marked you, Kitchell. Something will reach out and you will never dodge its fingers. Kitchell, you have come to the end of your rope!"

"You—" he said, and then he stopped.

"It ain't me," I said.

"What do you mean?" he whispered. "You've lived alone too much, Pindar. You're seeing things! Confound you! What did you see?"

I never answered him, nowise. I got up and threw a mattress in the corner by the old music cabinet that used to belong to my wife. He looked at me for a long time and then he got up and walked over to it and stretched out. There wasn't any sound but the wind and the ticking of my clock.

Toward morning the weather broke again and the light that came in through the cracks was pink. I got up out of my chair and I looked at the wall where I'd seen the words and wondered if I'd dreamed 'em.

After I'd gone outside and looked at the sun rising and the water in the channel all filled up from the bottom by the dry norther, I took up my glass and sighted it out toward Rib Rock Bar and I saw the launch was gone. I searched the passes between the Keys for her, but she wasn't there. And I was standing looking when I began to feel as if somebody was watching me from behind.

I turned around and I couldn't see anybody. It was so calm I could have heard a step on the coral gravel a hundred yards away. And nobody was there. And then all of a sudden I saw who was watching me. It was Gus!

He had shed his skin again and he'd crawled out into his hollow in the sand just this side of that thicket. Only about half of his eight feet was coiled, but his big flat head was up in the air as if he was smelling or listening. It waved to and fro, easy and soft and the muscles in his body were rolling under the skin, looking as if they were travelling down in slow waves from his neck to his tail. He opened his jaws and just dropped those two long white fangs enough to show 'em. And he seemed to be watching me.

"Gus," I said, "where's Bess?"

He pulled himself out into the sunlight, then, and flattened out his sides and laid his chin on the cocoanut husks.

"You want some condensed milk?" I said. "Wait till I've got some breakfast. Lie still there."

So I went back and put the coffee on, and Kitchell got up off the mattress and stretched himself.

"Has Lenora got up yet?" he asked, yawning and pulling his clothes into shape. I didn't answer and he went out. I wished later I'd stopped him.

I'm telling it just as it happened. Let's see. I was turning some cakes in the frying pan when I heard a voice behind me and I turned and looked and saw the girl standing in the door. She seemed like one of those little birds that come there and hop around for crumbs—a timid, pretty little thing. And her eyes were so much eyes! They were so soft and black and round and trusting.

"I—senor—I am Lenora Gonzalez," she said, so soft you could hardly hear her. "I may help you wiz the café? I ask, where ees Senor Kitchell?"

I shan't forget her, I tell you—a

little thing with a wilted flower in her black hair, and a skin not white or brown or yellow or pink, but only like a few of the Cubans have, so thin and delicate you can see into it the way you can see into a piece of polished shell.

"He's outside, Miss," I said to her, flapping over a jack. "Did you sleep through the storm?"

"Vera leetle, senor," she answered, and looked at me out of her big eyes.

It was just at that second there came the pistol shot. The air was so still that you might say the noise bore a hole out of the morning. I thought at first he'd put a bullet into Lenora Gonzalez. She jumped like a sandpiper that's been hit and came down on her knees holding onto the edge of the door, frightened and shaking like a palmetto. I picked her up onto her feet. She was a grown girl, but she felt like a child.

"Oh, senor!" she cried. "I do not like! I do not like!"

"I know," said I. "But he hasn't shot himself. Not Joe Kitchell. Don't worry."

We heard him coming just as I spoke. He came and stood in the door and he held up something and shook it and a drop of blood spattered on the floor. The something he shook, mate, was these rattles that I hold in my hand now. And these rattles belonged to Gus. He'd killed my snake!

"Mr. Rowe," he said. "Come out here! I've just shot the biggest diamond back I ever saw."

"Yes," said I, holding myself back from springing at him. "You killed him. He never did you any harm. But you killed him. He was happy. But you killed him. He was lying asleep there in the coral sand and cocoanut husks and his back was turned. But you killed him."

The miserable cuss began to laugh and shake the rattles at the little Cuban. She screamed and shrank back. And he laughed again.

"Kitchell," I said. "You were meant to destroy. But, Kitchell, you are marked out. Last night when the wind was ashrieking around this shack you asked me to see letters on the boards. Now, Kitchell, it is bright and sunny. It's not the night. It's the day. Look on the wall there!"

The feller turned. He turned and he dropped the rattles out of his hand. The breath squeaked in his throat.

"What do you see?" I roared.

"Confound it," he whispered, looking around at me. "It was my imagination. I haven't had any sleep."

"What did you see?" I said, for I knew Something had come into my shack again.

He laughed then—laughed without any fun in it.

"I didn't see anything," he said. "I thought at first I saw letters—my name. It's my stomach. I'm hungry."

But he never picked up the rattles or stopped to get breakfast. He walked out into the sun and I saw him with his hands behind his back and his head bent down as if he was thinking, walking down onto the beach. . . .

There's plenty of people below here that will soon tell you I'm a liar. Plenty of 'em don't believe I steered the tug *Moss Rose* loaded with guns under the walls of Morro and landed the whole cargo in Havana without showing my papers. But, mate, I say there is strange things among these keys, and what I'm telling is so-help-me truth, as I saw it. It taught me that no bill of sin goes too long unpaid, nor a poor living creature needing help that isn't seen in its struggles.

And I say Kitchell went off down onto the shore and began picking up those sea-shells and throwing 'em into the water.

"Do you love that man?" I said to Lenora.

She nodded and began to call to him—like a child. She called to him and when he roared back for her to go ahead and eat her breakfast, she

sat down. She sat down at the table I'd set outside the shack door, as meek and silent as if she'd been punished. I think she was a child and didn't know what love meant.

I sat there drinking my coffee and looking at Gus. Eight feet of him was lying over there in his hollow under the cocoanut palms. There weren't any life in him any more. The bullet had torn a hole in his neck. His head wasn't raised and it wasn't swaying, and his muscles weren't moving under his skin. His colour wasn't bright. Some of his blood was drying on the white sand. He was the most perfect snake I ever saw. And he was dead.

I looked at him and then I saw the grass move beyond where he lay. I could look right over Lenora's shoulder and see the grass move. A head came out of the grass into the sun and then, the body, moving slow like a trickle of hot tar. It was his mate! It was Bess!

She saw him lying there, then—her mate. And she threw her head back and held it stuck up in the air. She had seen him—seen him dead! She went to him and laid her head across his body and he didn't move. And she darted her tongue out and touched him and he didn't move. And she threw her head up again.

Oh, I tell you, mate, it was cruel to see grief so silent—to see her crawl around him and stop and raise her head and shake along her body and then drop her neck across his. And he never moved, because he was dead and wouldn't ever move again. She was a rattler. She couldn't scream. She couldn't talk. And finally she dropped her head on the sand as if there wasn't any more strength in her body. She half turned over and the sun shone on the white scales of her belly. It was just then that Kitchell, who was down on the beach, stretched his arms and gave a loud yawn.

She heard him and she seemed to know. I saw her coil and raise her neck up and up and up to where she could look over the top of the clumps of grass on the slope. Her head was swaying to and fro like a swinging bracket. And then she rattled.

"What ees that, senor?" asked the little Cuban, catching the folds of her white dress in her little hands.

"Nothing," I said, for I was watching Bess. The snake had seen Kitchell. I knew she'd seen him. He had stuck his hand in those flannel jeans of his and he was still moving off by the water's edge, and Bess uncoiled and began to crawl in the same direction.

"We have lost our boat," said Lenora.

"That so?" I says. I wasn't thinking of what she said at all. I might have answered anything. I was watching for Bess to come out on the other side of that patch of prickly pears.

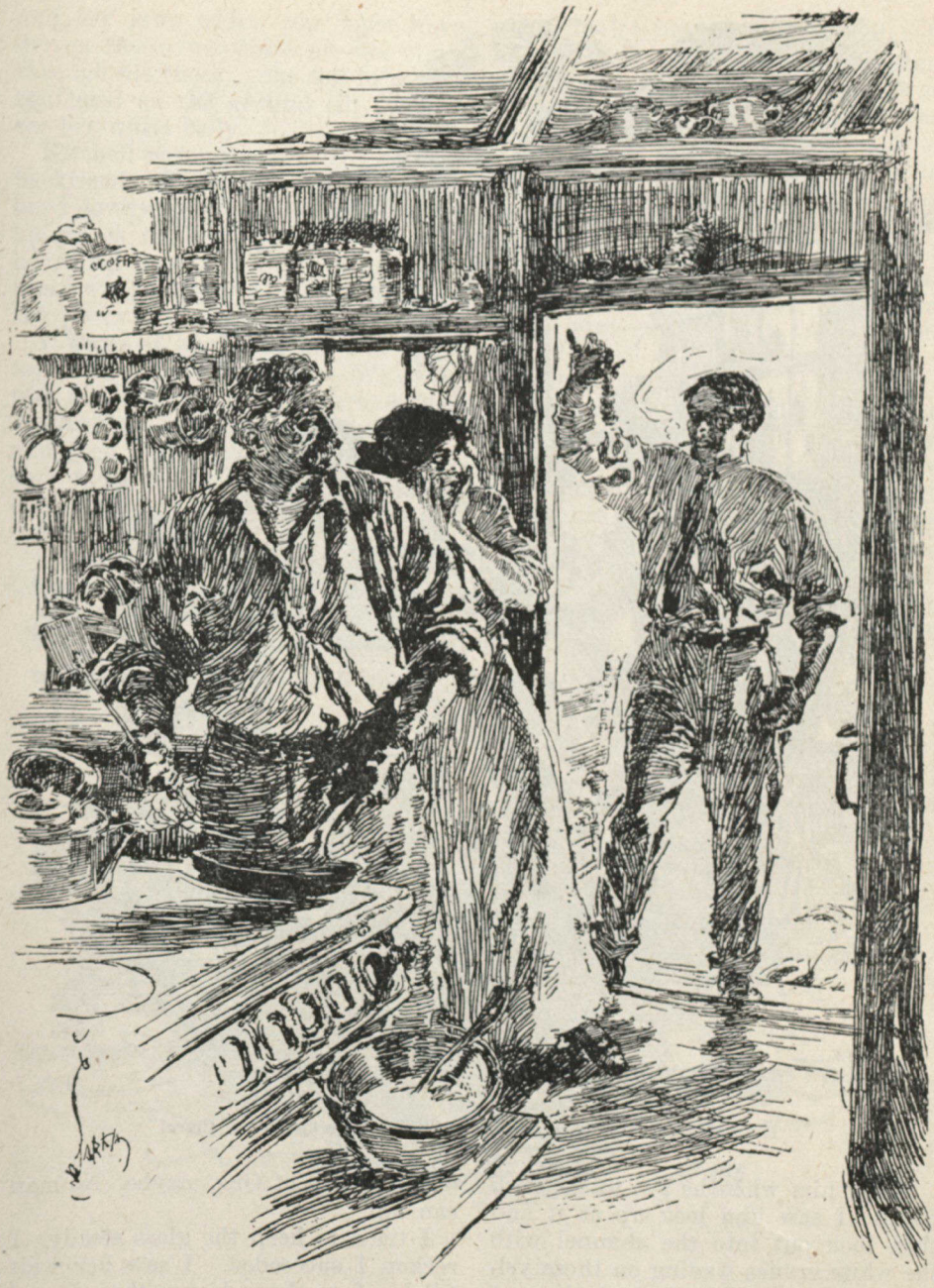
In a minute I saw her. She stopped on a bare spot and though she was some distance away by that time, I saw that poor dumb thing coil itself again and curve her neck and raise her head. Then she dropped it and crawled along.

"You, senor, are vera kind," said the girl, then. "You have been kind to us. Pardon, but what you look at?"

I was afraid the little Cuban would turn around. I was afraid she'd interfere. I could see how Something had mapped out what was to happen. It was working—surer than death! Everything was marked out.

"Miss," I said, "I often look around Spongecake Key."

It seemed to satisfy her, so I took down my glass and wiped the lens and put it to my eye. I could see a heap plainer. I could see Bess crawl out onto that white limestone point that stands up there now over the water. It's white by moonlight now. It was white by sunlight then. She stretched herself right near the crest of it and on that surface she looked as black as a wriggle of ink on writing paper.



"He came and stood in the door, and held up something and shook it"

Kitchell was still walking along the shore toward the point. He was still picking up shells and pebbles and throwing 'em into the water. I could see how slick and brown his hair was. I was looking through the glass. He was moving toward the limestone rock. He *was being moved* there. Something was moving him with Its hand.

"He was moving toward the rock. He was *being moved* there."

I saw him when he got to the rock itself. I saw him look up at it and then look out into the channel with the white cranes wading on those yellow sand-bars. Then he looked up at the ledge again. It is steep there for six or eight feet, as you can see. But he was *moved* up.

I saw Bess coil. I watched to see if she'd rattle. But she never used it. She never gave any warning. She was thinking of Gus, maybe. No man can tell.

I tried to keep the glass steady. I reckon I succeeded. I saw her wait till his face showed over the edge of that table of limestone. She never rattled. She waited for his face. Her long body came out of its coil like a steel spring. She went her length—a heavy black streak in the air. She struck him with her head bent back

and her jaws wide. She must have driven those two white needles clean through his cheek. She fell back and squirmed on the ground till I could see her white belly.

Kitchell never shouted. He jumped backward. His foot caught. He went head downwards over the rock. I think he struck on his forehead. Because he rolled over and over, then, as if there was no life in him, and fell into the water.

I watched him float off that shallow where I catch mullet. When he was in deeper water, he turned face downward. I saw the tide catch him and then I thought he was going to sink. He didn't just then. An eddy shot him around the point out of sight.

"What you look 'at now?" asked Lenora with her big eyes on mine.

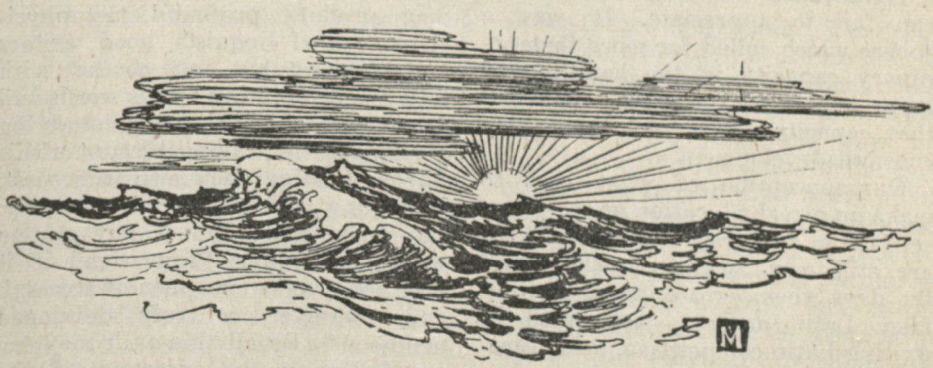
"Umph," said I. "I was dreaming."

I was planning already how I was going to let her think that Kitchell had gone off with one of my boats and deserted her. These waters and passes never tell what they know. I was planning how I'd let her think he'd run away from her, and how I'd take her back to her home. She was a child. She hadn't learned yet what love meant.

"Senor," said she, with her head on one side and that smile, "you make vera nice—what you call them, senor?"

"Flapjacks," said I.

And then I whistled "The Last Rose of Summer". It's one of my favourite tunes. I always whistle it when I'm a little off my bearings. And I felt just then as if Lenora Gonzalez and Joe Kitchell and I hadn't been alone on Spongecake that night. I felt as though Something else—the thing with the long arm—had been there, too.



A BISHOP OF THE PEOPLE

RIGHT REVEREND MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON, D. D., BISHOP OF LONDON

BY W. E. KELLY

TWENTY years ago, and for a season or two before and after Ottawa University held the Rugby championship against all contestants, the indomitable fourteen were regularly accompanied by a young professor to whose energetic interest and unerring management it was commonly felt much of their phenomenal success was due. That the early years of one who now stands eminent among the master minds of Canada should be remembered for a success in the promotion of athletics has probably a significance which no educationist can fail to appreciate. It was a sphere which called for more than ordinary capacity in the handling of men; it was also a sphere in which that capacity could and did receive constant development.

Our conception of what goes to make up a real education appears susceptible of very rapid changes. There are still men among us who recall the days when a readiness in quoting from Latin authors, some skill in writing Latin composition, a familiarity with ancient history, and a no less accurate knowledge of classic mythology were taken as indisputable evidence of the teacher's having done everything possible for the youth with whose formation he was entrusted. The next generation heard a great deal about "training the mind". A study was valuable only in so far as it served to exercise or develop some latent intellectual capacity, while the games on the campus had but one purpose—to keep the physical organism in vigour sufficient to stand the strain put upon it by a close application to intellectual pursuits. Present-day conditions are best exemplified in the standards set by the Rhodes Scholarship Commission, which say definitely that greater importance will be attached to a candidate's record in athletics than to his scholarship. "Of what avail," they say, "to have mastered the most difficult problems in higher mathematics if you have not acquired the art of succeeding with men. The lecture-room and library may produce profound metaphysicians, skilled linguists, good writers and speakers, but only contact with fellowman, profiting by his words and achievements and bearing, studying his capabilities, taking account of his foibles, holding one's own in contest, struggling with him for the mastery, can make men; and is any system worthy the name "education" if it does not give us men, men of strength and character, a truly developed manhood? Be all this as it may, no one following the successes of the man now occupying our attention fails to recognize the generalship which led his team to victory in the early days and the consummate generalship which attends his movements in his present exalted sphere. However varied the tributes of praise which different admirers bestow upon him, none fail to recognize that everywhere and al-

Right Reverend Michael Francis Fallon, D. D.,
Bishop of London.

ways he is pre-eminently a leader of men.

It was in the early eighties that the vigorous and brilliant schoolboy of Kingston matriculated into the University of Ottawa. Four years of college studies and college drill culminated in his seeking admission to the Oblate Order. The greater part of the next decade was spent in comparative obscurity. The years given over entirely to ecclesiastical training, and a considerable term devoted to post-garduate work in European universities fill up this period. With the Oblates, as with all great religious organizations, these years of retirement are considered essential to the formation of a subject. Those whose privilege it is to regularly hear the Bishop of London in the pulpit can perhaps best appreciate the contribution this made to the education of the future churchman. The deeply spiritual tone of his utterances, the religious fervour of sentiment they breathe forth, that intimate knowledge of God's words and ways, are begotten within the quiet of the cloister and fostered in after years of life over which those early influences hold constant sway. Thus it is that the man whose position calls for an almost incessant activity and an absorbing interest in all the great movements with which the world around him is agitated has learned to seek refreshment from turmoil in the quiet of study and meditation. Difficult as it necessarily is to appear in a role so varied and varying that very world demands nothing less of him who would undertake to lead his fellowmen to an interest in the great eternity beyond. Bishop Fallon owes much of his success in the pulpit and

in all the duties of his lofty position to those early years spent in the seclusion of an Oblate seminary.

From another point of view to become a member of the Oblate Order is for the young Canadian to be admitted to the enjoyment of a most precious heritage. No other institution, civil or religious, has been more closely associated with the country's development. Pitching its tent some seventy or eighty years ago in what was to be afterwards the federal capital, its establishment there became the recruiting and training ground for those bands of missionaries which have since traversed all the territory lying between the Great Lakes and the Pacific.

They entered loyally into the aspirations of our young Dominion and became a power in its development. It is generally said that in the decades preceding the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway that vast expanse was controlled and civilized by three powerful agencies, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Oblate missionaries, and the mounted police. The peaceful settlement of our immense West we, in Canada, have simply taken as a matter of course; we have not been accustomed to ask how it came about. Apparently we have failed to contrast it with the circumstances so strikingly different which attended the settlement of those other western plains just below our southern boundary. The extent to which the courage and perseverance of the Oblate missionary contributed to bring about this wonderful issue is well known to all who knew the West at that period; little is known of it elsewhere. Spending his youth and early manhood amid a body of teachers and pupils all aspiring to similar undertakings and achievements, the ecclesiastical prelate whom we now observe enthusiastically devoted to every project looking to his country's weal no doubt received his noblest inspirations during that period.

His first appointment following upon the completion of those years of training was to the staff of his own university. From one of his early pupils, himself, now also a university professor, I recently heard this remark: "I should not know where to look for a man capable of taking Father Fallon's place in a class of English literature. I have known others more widely read, more familiar with details affecting the subject under consideration, but none with his power of arousing interest in the author or work before him." His success on the university staff and the force of his pulpit deliverances attracted universal attention in the Capital, and soon all classes and organizations sought his co-operation when questions of grave import were being discussed. When still a young man several occasions occurred on which his influence in such matters was dominant. The entire British Empire at this hour rejoices to know that the objectionable clauses in the Coronation Oath are at last removed, but it may not be a matter of general information that the first effectual move looking towards their abolition came from the present Bishop of London.

The time seemed near at hand when the university would ask its Professor of Literature to accept the rectorship; but the order to which he had consecrated his services had greater undertakings to commit to his guidance. On the retirement of the American Provincial, Father Fallon was named successor, and thus he became general manager of all the Oblate institutions in the United States. Buffalo now became his place of residence, and his old friends were not surprised to hear, a year or two later, that the commanding personality to whom all paid deference in the Canadian Capital had become a power in the guidance of both ecclesiastical and civil interests in the commercial centre of the Empire State.

The duties now devolving upon him required his presence at all points, north, south, east and west, an experience which accounts for his marvellous knowledge of conditions everywhere through Canada and the United States.

Bishop Fallon has now been eight years in the See of London. The Canadian public have heard a good deal of him in that time. To the general reader he is a man who at times takes a vigorous stand and makes trenchant pronouncements when certain important issues are at stake. To those who hear him in the pulpit—and opportunities for doing so have been found not only in every church in his diocese, but in almost every centre between the two oceans—he is an orator of the rarest charm and interest, combining an inimitable force and lucidity of expression with a rich, musical voice and an imposing personal appearance. To those who know him in the daily routine of life he is a tireless worker, handling an immense correspondence early and late, attending to endless calls, interviews and consultations, and withal reserving a great deal of time for private reading and study. Few who have been close students for over thirty years retain such vigour of constitution, few at the end of thirty years continue to tax that constitution to almost the very limits of endurance. No one speaks of anything particularly distinctive in his policy, his energies being devoted chiefly to explaining the teachings and enforcing the laws and practices of the Church he represents. Though young and active and familiar with all that is new, he is by disposition conservative. Beliefs, customs, practices, maxims, held in honour in the social life of a generation or more ago engage his partiality while many of the new-fangled schemes of reform tend to arouse his suspicions. Much of his attention has been given to improving the parochial schools of his diocese, but always along the lines of systems in general use. He threw himself enthusiastically into the further development of the Western University merely in the hope of seeing some of those opportunities for culture which are the peculiar heritage of older lands enjoyed by the people of his own city and surroundings. He founded an ecclesiastical seminary in London to perpetuate the methods already everywhere adopted, not because he had a new system to introduce. From the liturgy of his church changeless and unchanging for centuries, he is wont to look for inspiration, and his most eloquent discourses teem with veneration for the past.

When the advocacy of bilingualism began to forbode difficulties more or less acute in the school legislation of Ontario the public at large were disposed to look to Bishop Fallon as one eminently qualified to assist in their adjustment. He had spent many years where young men of both races were being educated side by side, he spoke French fluently, a large portion of the population in London Diocese were of French origin. His attitude towards the whole matter he has given to the public on several occasions, insisting that this is not a religious question at all. Because of statements occasionally heard from the platform and through remarks sometimes coming to us from the press there seems to be a tendency in the public mind to identify the aspirations of bilingualism with the interests of Catholic separate schools, and he, in common with the representatives of his Church, felt constrained to disabuse the public of their error. I cannot recall in his administration of the See of London any legislation or direction affecting the language question. His conservatism has been manifest here as elsewhere. Schools in which the French language was previously taught continue free to exercise the privilege; churches in which services were formerly conducted in French have not been asked to make any change in programme.

It may be said in conclusion that the subject of this essay places his reviewer at a decided disadvantage, in leaving him little or nothing to communicate to his readers. Bishop Fallon has few secrets; his policy is open to the world. He sees nothing in mysterious suggestions and cautious reserve, he has small regard for the wiles of diplomacy. He is usually accustomed to lay bare his convictions frankly and fearlessly and trust their inherent soundness to prevail with his hearers and readers. For similar reasons he is disposed to favour a thorough inquiry into an upsetting situation rather than fall back upon what might be deemed a prudent adjustment, one of these which in all likelihood would leave the way open for dissatisfaction and misrepresentations in the future. He knows nothing of embarrassment in presence of others, one or many, nor understands how another could be embarrassed in his. He is easy of access, always willing to hear another's argument from any angle or viewpoint whatever, generous in dealing with an opponent, and fearless in his decisions.

On the subject of Imperialism he has made an open pronouncement:

"I am an Imperialist on principle and by conviction. As a student of history I have found that there has been always one dominant nation, whether Assyria, or Babylon, or Rome, or Carthage, or the Empire of Charlemagne, or of the Franks or of the Empire of Philip of Spain. For three centuries or more Great Britain has been the dominant power, and I see no nation prepared to take her place. For that reason I am an Imperialist. And it is in no restricted, narrow national sense either. There is freedom where the old flag floats, and it is the only nation that, to the fullest degree, knows the meaning of civil and religious liberty."

When the great war began he said:

"We are standing on the brink of events, the consequence of which no man can foresee. Through circumstances which it attempted to control, but unfortunately without success, the Empire of which Canada forms a part, has been forced in defence of its very life and liberty to unsheathe the sword in a struggle fraught with the gravest import to the most sacred interests. Every sentiment of loyalty to our King and country, as well as of love for our very homes, prompts us to turn to God and seek from Him the blessed gifts of peace and security for the Empire, that will mean the freedom and welfare of the world."

Perhaps these pronouncements had something to do with his recent call to the scene of hostilities by the overseas military authorities.

LAURENTIAN SUMMER SONG

By LILY E. F. BARRY

COME to Kilmarth!
A fresh log blazes on the hearth,
A welcome waits you there
From bird and bee,
From bush and tree,
From every floweret fair
That stars the wood or decks the hillside bare.
Sweet summer sings in every breeze that stirs
Among the scented pines and pointed firs.

Blue flows the tide;
The sea-gulls are at play;
The beach is warm and wide;
The rocks are glistening all the way
From Lighthouse Point to Sandy Bay.
Come soon, before the crescent moon,
Full-orbed, proclaims the end of June.
Purple and white the lilacs blow
Across the lawn, and by the gate
Gaily the honeysuckles grow
A greeting for you (an you come not late),
While at your feet, where'er we pass,
The fragrant twin-flowers creep and mass,
The gray old rocks adorning
With pink, to meet the morning;
And farther, under cover,
Where birch and spruce roof over
The cool dim solitude
Of the still, mossy wood,
The pigeon-berry blossoms white,
In thousands, make a goodly sight.

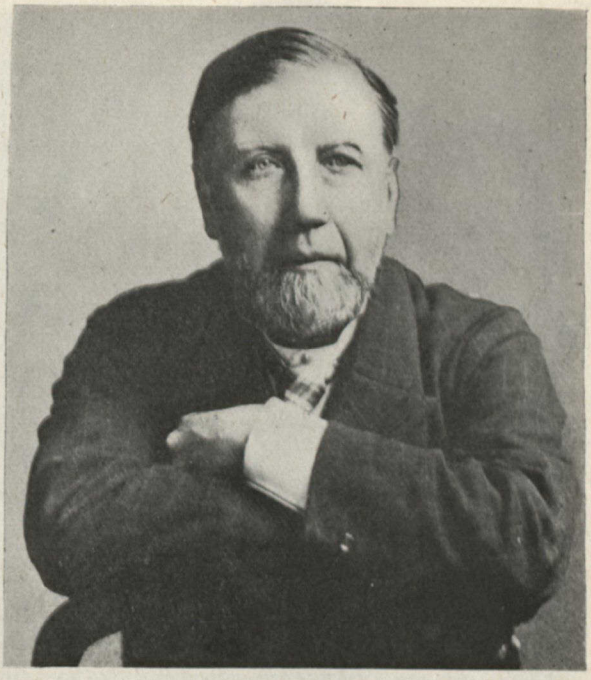
But if in roving mood, you tire
Of the near view, and sitting by the fire,
Fleet-footed "Tom" is waiting at the door
To climb the hills and speed along the shore
With you and me, as oft before;
Content to wait when our delighted eyes,
Met by the glad surprise
Of fields on fields abloom
With flowers of every hue
That all the air perfume,
Compel our feet to wander
Where so much beauty grows,
Where lavish nature loves to squander
Purple and crimson, white and gold,
Buttercups, daisies, vetch and clover,
Milk-weed, iris and briar-rose;
Or, when these be over,
Fire-weed, laurel and golden-rod.

Gathering gaily all our hands can hold,
Trophies from every path we trod,
We'll carry back from hedge and hill,
To share the joy we found afar.
Then every jug, and bowl, and jar,
On shelf and table, floor and sill,
With the bright blossoms we'll quickly fill,
Until the sunshine and the glow
From every corner overflow,
To greet each comer,
Bringing the summer
Into the house to cheer
Tired eyes that find their heaven here.

Or, of the bracing air
And wholesome country fare
Lure you to exercise your skill
In some more strenuous way,
No better time to do it than to-day;
To drive the ball, or toss it, as you will.
The links are smooth, the courts are clean;
Beauty and youth are gathered on the green;
(Expectant caddies animate the scene);
Whether your game
Win praise or blame,
The sheer joy of playing in the sun
Proclaims it wisely done;
And if the mid-day heat
Oppress you, when the score is lost or won,
Follow with willing feet
Where in the cooling wave the swimmers meet,
Ere strikes the hour to hunger ever sweet.

Then when the sun dips low,
In a rose and purple glow,
Between the sea and sky,
(Where all the sweet days die),
Together we shall watch soft-footed Night
On tip-toe stealing o'er the bridge of light,
Intolerably bright,
Shimmering shoreward to the shadowy beach—
Just you and I—
And with such glad excuse
For watching, through the screen of pine and spruce
That breaks the crimson splendour where it falls,
With darkling intervals,
Making mysterious hyphens with the blue
By every wavelet kiss'd
To green and amethyst,
Just I and you,
Silently each to each
In such an hour more closely drawn,
Then in the noon or at the dawn,
Our inmost souls revealing
Their every secret feeling,
Shall dear communion hold,
In voiceless terms that never can be told
In song or story,
But only in the glory
Commingling heaven and earth for our delight
On a sweet summer night
In fair Metis,
Twice-bless'd abode of beauty and of peace.

The air is chill, the flames leap on the hearth,
Draw up the sofa—welcome to Kilmarth!



Mr. John Ross Robertson

"WHAT ART HAS DONE FOR CANADIAN HISTORY"

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

THIS is the suggestive second title of the recently issued "Guide to the J. Ross Robertson Canadian Historical Collection", which is appropriately housed in the great Reference Library of Toronto.

Even a hasty visit to this wonderful collection of historical material makes it clear that the graphic arts have done far more for Canadian history than most people imagine. But any one who has had the least experience of seeking for authentic illustrations for any phase of the story of our country will further realize that without the patient and public-spirited labour of such enthusiasts as Mr. Robertson art as a handmaid to Canadian history would never have come to her own.

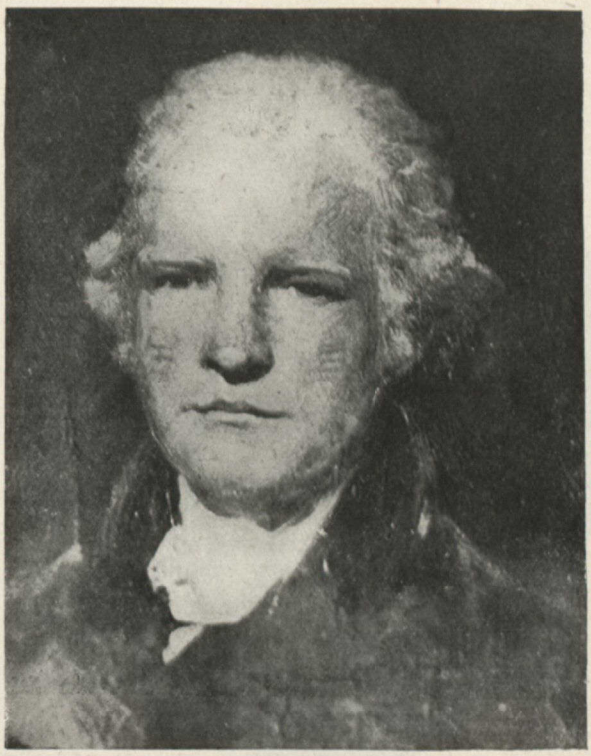
As Dr. Locke puts it, in his introduction to the new catalogue, "The history of this collection is very interesting. In a letter to the Public Library Board in 1910, Mr. Robertson stated that for many years he had

John Ross Robertson, as he appeared when a lad in the uniform of a Toronto Hose Company

been collecting examples of the history of Canada from 1758 up to the present time as exhibits in pictorial form, and that he was anxious that the public should have the benefit of it. He knew of no more fitting place than the Public Library, and informed the board that he was willing to install this collection and, eventually, to give another collection of Canadian prints and photos contained in portfolios in his private library, numbering about 15,000 pieces, to be held by the board in trust for the people of Canada." It was stipulated that "the pictures should be placed in a suitable room, with skilled attendants, covered by insurance, catalogued, and that they should not be lent or removed from the library building on College Street". A further condition is that any one wishing to copy a picture must first obtain permission from the Librarian and must give due credit to the collection.

When the formal opening took place at the end of January, 1912, there were 560 pictures in the collection. The number listed and annotated—a most laborious task—in the new catalogue is 3,715, while there is an overflow, as yet uncatalogued, of another thousand pictures in the upper art rooms of the library. About one-fifth of the pictures are originals, of which there are no copies. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the library contains another of Mr. Robertson's generous gifts to the people, in the shape of several hundred beautiful water-colour drawings of Canadian birds.

The historical collection is estimated to be worth no less than $200,000. Many of the pictures and prints were exceedingly hard to obtain, and "there are at least one hundred important exhibits . . . which have not been on the London market in complete form for twenty years, and deal-



William Osgoode
First Chief Justice of Upper Canada

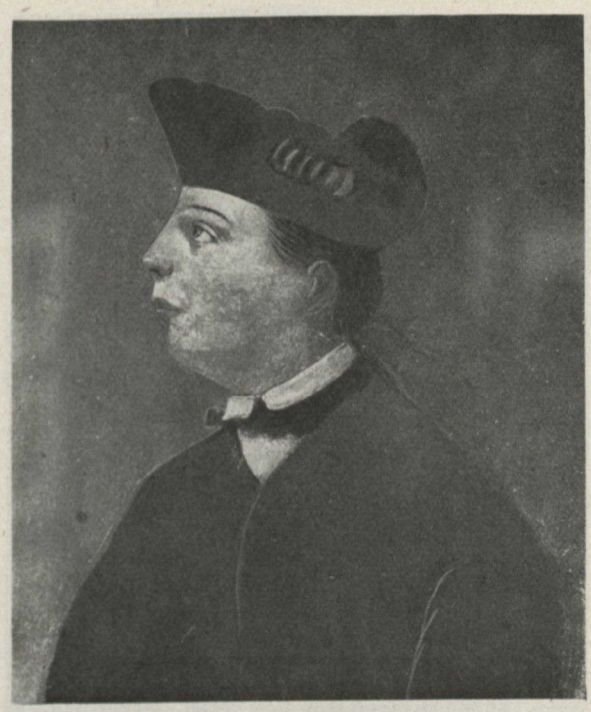
ers do not know where to look for them".

Regarded from the educational standpoint the collection is invaluable. The more carefully it is studied the keener is the realization of the light it throws upon our country's past—brief, but not lacking in significance. It is a short-sighted view of life which declines to be concerned with anything not up-to-date. Who can estimate what a clearer reading of the past may do for the future and the present? In picture form the story of Canada has its black shadows as well as its high lights, its inspirations as well as its danger-signals..

The collection is particularly strong in the human element, and intermingled with views of cities and ships and battlefields is what might fairly be described as a Canadian national portrait gallery. Many of the pictures are of small size, and the visitor soon discovers that it is a work of many hours to gain a fair knowledge of them.

The making of it was, says Mr. Robertson, "a labour of love". None the less it represents a heavy cost in thought and time and energy. The gathering of these treasures has involved thousands of miles of travel by land and sea. Moreover, Mr. Robertson has availed himself largely of the services of experts to test the genuineness of his "finds" and of artists to copy pictures, necessary to his plan, which were otherwise unobtainable.

Apparently Mr. Robertson has always been peculiarly interested in pictures. He made his first collection, as a boy of twelve, in a scrap-book. A dozen years later he began in earnest the collection of historical pictures, in



General Wolfe
From the portrait by Captain Inch, painted during the seige of Louisburg in 1758

connection with his "History of Freemasonry in Canada", which he wished to illustrate fully with authentic material.

To go a step farther back—perhaps Mr. Robertson's passion for history, and his enthusiasm in the pursuit of his hobby, may be traced to his Gaelic ancestry. He is a member of the great Clan Donnachaidh, or Robertson, and traces descent from a Highland chieftain of the fourteenth century.

In any line of study, there is nothing more desirable than some definite point of interest as a basis for further exploration, and what could be more stimulating, historically, to a youthful imagination than a sense of kinship with such a romantic personality as that of "Duncan the Stout". staunch warrior and favourite of Robert the Bruce. This Duncan sheltered the king in his days of adversity, received from him the title of Lord, or Baron, of Strowan, or Struan, in Perthshire, and fought for him at Bannockburn. There is a picturesque story that the chief when marching his clansmen to join the Bruce, on the eve of this battle, planted his standard in the ground at a night's camping-place. Next morning, on drawing it up, he found a glittering crystal, clear as glass, embedded in the clod of earth adhering to the staff. He took it as a good omen, and ever since the chief —to this day designated "Struan", has on great occasions worn the "Clach na Brataich", or "Stone of the Standard". The clan accepted it as their "Stone of Destiny", and it was used as a charm to cure diseases. In the time of the thirteenth chief, Alexander Robertson, who was "out" with his followers for James the Second, for the "Old" and the "Young Pretender", the crystal developed a mysterious crack or flaw. Despite this presage of evil, the inveterate supporter of the "Kings over the Water",

The Duke of Kent
From the Painting by James Gillray

was fortunate enough to regain his estate and died in peace under the Hanoverian, George II. It is believed that this "Poet-chief", as he is called, because he interspersed verse-making with his fighting in the cause of the exiled Stuarts, was the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's *Bradwardine,* in "Waverley".

However that may be, the character and adventures of the Jacobite Struan might well have been woven by "the Great Magician" into some such romance as those tales of "Ivanhoe" and "Old Mortality" and "Kenilworth", which have helped British folk all the world over to realize that there is endless interest to be won from knowledge of the past.

Some of us fancy, perhaps, that Scott was peculiarly happy in the picturesque quality of his material—the mountain background, plaided clansmen, men of desperate courage in hand-to-hand encounters, loyalty to chief, or king, or kinsmen that knew no limit. Is it not true rather that Scott's genius was merely the crucible which brought out the interest and the beauty embedded in the wild chronicles of Scotland's past?

And we, too, as has been demonstrated in different ways, again and again, have a history which might well prove as inspiring to the imagination and the patriotism of Canada's sons and daughters as the tales of old Scotland have been to her children. Can it be anything but lack of knowledge which causes teachers to complain that history is so dry a subject that children cannot be interested in it?

Who could go through such a col-

A Seaman, (1768-86). Showing also a man-o'-war barge

lection as that gathered by Mr. Robertson and fail to realize that the story of the Dominion has not only a vast and varied background of wood and river, wilderness and mountain, broad, open plain and wild sea-coast, but an equally varied personnel of explorers and savages, soldiers and seamen, adventurers, statesmen and quiet builders of order out of chaos. It has had its gatherings to arms, its rebellions, its struggles against class privileges, its clashes of race against race, its special social developments, its slow working out of material prosperity from poverty, and of a people that is new, sometimes from the wreckage, sometimes from the choice, of older nations.

In this great story, every year brings to light fresh records of Canada's childhood and adds to the store of historical portraits, pictures and sketches accessible to the public. The Dominion Government is doing this work through the Archives Department at Ottawa, whilst in Toronto we have now, thanks to Mr. Robertson, "a National Gallery of Canada, where the pictures tell the stories, and link together the men and the events so that one can see the evolution of a nation. . . . This is the outcome of the hobby of a great man", and Mr. Locke continues, "Hobbies are incident to real greatness, and when these hobbies are socialized and applied to the public good they are the greatest legacy one can leave to mankind".

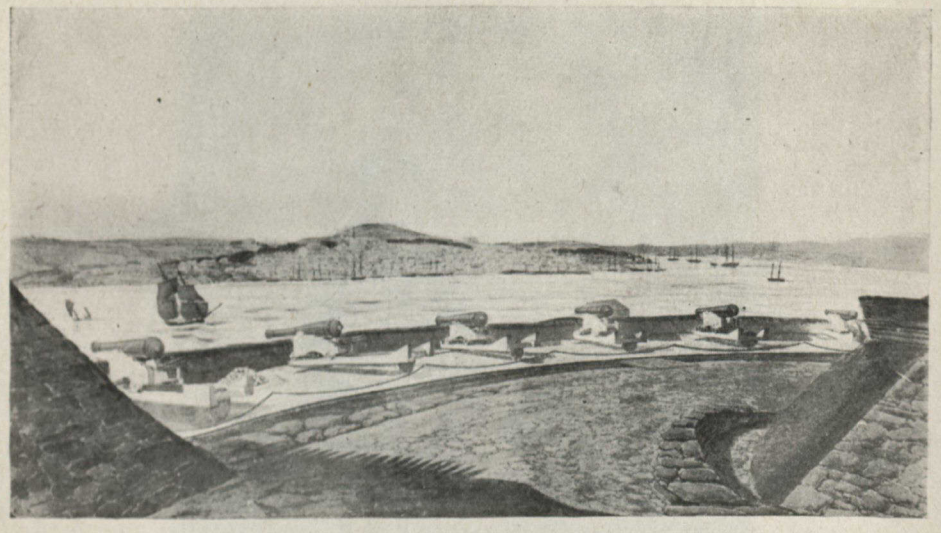
In this connection it may be said in passing that Mr. Robertson is no "Dry-as-dust" collector, for busy as he is in the world of books, other interests have shared his heart and his energies. On the one hand, he has done much to encourage healthful sport and recreation. On the other he has been the faithful and devoted friend of sick children. As Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, he has for years borne the chief burden of its support, not only giving generously and continuously in money, but giving also his untiring service as organ-

Uniform of an Admiral, (1768-86). Showing also a first-rate man-o'-war

izer and financier. In connection with the hospital, he built and equipped the "Lakeside Home for Little Children", on Toronto Island, and later built and presented to the College Street institution a peculiarly comfortable and convenient nurses' residence, which contains a hundred and fifty rooms.

Mr. Robertson is a Toronto man, by birth, up-bringing and life-long residence. He was educated at the great school, founded by Sir John Colborne, which has been called the "Canadian Eton". Whilst still at Upper Canada College the boy showed his bent towards newspaper work by learning printing in his leisure hours and issuing a school paper, called *The College Times,* and afterwards *The Boys' Times.* During a year at the Model Grammar School he brought out another paper, *Young Canada,* and after this apprenticeship, when he was twenty he went into the printing business for himself and began the publication of a periodical devoted to athletics, named *Sporting Life.* This did not afford sufficient occupation for his energies, so in addition he became a reporter on the staff of *The Leader.* Next he accepted the position of city editor of *The Globe.* Two years later he assisted in founding *The Daily Telegraph,* which existed for five years, and in 1872 he went to England, to live for three years in the metropolis of the Empire, as correspondent and business representative of *The Daily Globe.* In 1876, soon after his return to Canada, he founded *The Evening Telegram,* which, under his ownership and management has had a most successful career for more than forty years.

All this varied experience as a newspaper man was widening and deepening his knowledge of his country and was bringing him into touch with the men who were making history in his own day. At last, some time in the 'eighties, he began the gathering of his vast historical collection—not with the intention of founding a picture gallery for the benefit of the public—that plan developed later—but with



Halifax as seen from Georges Island about 1775.
From the Drawing by R. Short

the object of illustrating a book—which he was writing.

Mr. Robertson, it must be explained, early became an enthusiastic member of the Order of Free Masons, and is now a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, having attained the highest honours in the power of his fellow craftsmen to bestow upon him. Being so much interested both in history and Freemasonry, it occurred to him to write the "History of Freemasonry in Canada". He gave something like sixteen years' labour to this book—two of which were devoted to searching for the illustrations, of which there are nearly five hundred in the two volumes. It was published in 1899.

A few months after the completion of the work the author described to a fellow-voyager on an Atlantic liner some of his numerous and often disheartening adventures in "Hunting for Pictures", and the conversation shows so vividly the kind of work and the qualities required to make a great collector that it is worth recalling.

He had spent weeks in old print shops and months in the British Museum and other great libraries of London and Paris, searching for pictures. These were sometimes very elusive. The obtaining of one illustration cost nearly a month's toil.

"As for incidents," said Mr. Robertson, "my hunt was full of incidents. The trouble was there were so many hunts, just bristling with incidents. I have had queer experiences. What disappointments I have had just when ready to land a print! Month after month, yes, year after year, like a detective on the trail, and then in the end to know that I might as well have tried to grasp a shadow on the wall!"

The hunt for the picture of a certain man-of-war, named the *Vanguard,* "on which Brother Dunckerley held a lodge at Quebec in 1760," was especially strenuous. "I had almost given that chase up," said the veteran collector. "I had explored the print and model room of the Royal United Service Institution, opposite the Horse Guards, and examined every naval history in its book-shelves that had a picture; spent a long day at Greenwich Hospital examining models of men-of-war from 1650, and photographing oil paintings of groups of warships that might contain the *Van-*

General Simon Fraser, eldest son of Lord Lovat of the Forty-Five

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War he raised the 78th, or Fraser Highlanders, which took a leading part in the expedition against Louisburg, Cape Breton, in 1758; served under Wolfe, and was Brigadier-General in the British force sent to Portugal in 1762. While in America, General Fraser was elected M.P. for Inverness, Scotland, and represented that city until his death in 1782.

guard—for I couldn't take the oils away and therefore had to submit the photos to an expert. But all in vain. I thought I had the ship in an oil painting showing the fire fleet of the French attempting to pass through the British fleet off Quebec in 1759, but my expert friend said I was on the wrong track."

After this Mr. Robertson had another look at the catalogue of the print room in the British Museum and discovered one engraving of a ship of war entering Wolfe's Cove and "another of a ship of war passing the Pierced Rock on the Gaspé coast". The second picture had been made, it appeared, by Captain Harvey Smyth, who in 1758 had sailed in the *Vanguard* for England. "This looked near my goal," said Mr. Robertson. "Once more I made use of the camera. I reproduced the picture in enlarged form and my cup of satisfaction overflowed when my expert friend told me that the ship was undoubtedly the long-sought *Vanguard* — a dictum which Mr. Robertson speedily verified from the original log of the vessel preserved in the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane.

One thing led to another. While searching for Masonic pictures in the King's Library in the British Museum Mr. Robertson chanced to open a portfolio containing thirty-two original drawings of Canadian scenes by Mrs. Simcoe, wife of the first Governor of Upper Canada. These had been presented by the Governor to George III.

The 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment of foot. In Nova Scotia, 1776.

The regiment fought for King William at the battle of the Boyne and throughout the Irish campaigns down to the fall of Limerick. It was at home during the Seven Years' War; went to America in 1767, and was at Boston at the outbreak of the War of Independence. The 18th was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill, but left Boston for Nova Scotia, and returned to England in July, 1776.

in 1800, and for nearly a century had lain forgotten in the library. Amongst the sketches were views of Kingston, Toronto harbour and the Mohawk village on the Grand River. Facsimiles of these drawings, and others which Mr. Robertson discovered at Wolford Lodge, the lovely Devonshire home of Mrs. Simcoe—about ninety in all—now hang in the Toronto Reference Library. It contains also numerous pictures of the Governor, of his wife, and of persons and places nearly connected with them. A very fine picture of Major-General Simcoe, life-size and in uniform, painted by Mr. E. Wyly Grier, hangs at the end of the art room, facing the visitor as he enters.

The collection is perhaps equally rich in portraits and mementoes of General Wolfe. There are photographs of Westerham, where he was born; of Greenwich, where he was buried, and of many of the monuments erected in his honour. There are portraits also of his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Wolfe; of his handsome mother, and of his fiancée, Katherine Lowther, who afterwards married the last Duke of Bolton. Of Wolfe himself there are a dozen portraits—full length, head and shoulders, a few full-face, most making the

utmost of the great soldier's odd profile. Amongst these is a little-known portrait, of which the original (now in possession of J. Vowler-Simcoe, Penheale, Cornwall) was painted on wood by Captain Inch, of the 35th Grenadiers, during the siege of Louisbourg in 1758. The painting made for the collection is the only copy in existence.

Mr. Robertson "searched the world over" for a portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Simon Fraser, who had led the Highlanders at Louisbourg, and was with Wolfe at Quebec. He was the first Provincial Grand Master of Masons of Quebec, which "at that date meant all Canada". Finally an advertisement in *The Edinburgh Scotsman* brought out the information that there was a miniature of Fraser in existence. Mr. Robertson offered thirty-five guineas for it. For seven or eight years the owner refused to sell, then promised to do so. Mr. Robertson sent a cheque and waited three years more, only to have his money returned after all. But at last Dr. Doughty, of the Dominion Archives Department, obtained a coloured photograph of the celebrated miniature and presented the prize to Mr. Robertson. From this the latter had two oil-paintings made, one for the Masonic Temple, the other for the historical collection in the library.

Another great prize, and a very valuable picture, is one of the numerous portraits of the Duke of Kent. This is a miniature water-colour by a celebrated British artist, James Gillray, which Mr. Robertson bought in a London print-shop. Next day the dealer wished to buy it back, as he had been offered sixty guineas for it by some one from Buckingham Palace.

Even the new catalogue, though it is a perfect storehouse of information and curious bits of historical detail, conveys no adequate idea of the value of the collection, either to the general student of Canadian history or the seeker for information on special subjects. It must be seen to be appreciated fully. There are hundreds of views of Canada's older cities and towns and of other places of interest, including a large number of delicate pencil drawings, made by G. Harlow White in the 'seventies. There are portraits galore, in every style of art from the quaint, unsatisfactory silhouette to the elaborate oil-painting, of all classes of Canadian celebrities, including explorers, politicians, business men and legal luminaries. As an interesting example of the latter, we reproduce here a beautiful portrait of Honourable William Osgoode, first Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

Naturally the collection is especially strong in subjects connected with Mr. Robertson's native Province and city. The gradual growth of Toronto may be traced from the garrison of York, as depicted by Mrs. Simcoe in 1796, to "Toronto in 1908", painted by Owen Staples, O.S.A. Nor is this all. There are endless street scenes and pictures of buildings, ancient and modern, beginning with the little log cabin built by the father of General Brock's fiancée, Sophia Shaw, and ending with the up-to-date luxury of the new Government House in Rosedale. There are also series of views of Toronto's custom houses, post-offices, theatres, and jails, which suggest a pictorial history of the town.

There are portrait-series also of the mayors, the city solicitors, the lieutenant-governors. This last group (of even more than provincial interest) consists, with one or two exceptions, of copies in water-colour from oil-paintings at Government House, many of which were the work of George Theodore Berthon, a French painter, who settled in Canada in 1844.

There is an interesting group of pictures of the principals and masters, also the janitors of Upper Canada College. Amongst these may be mentioned those of Dr. Harris, first principal; Reverend John McCaul, afterwards President of the University of

Toronto; Dr. M. Barrett, founder of the Ontario Medical School for Women; John G. Howard, an early drawing-master, who afterwards presented High Park to Toronto, and Stephen Butler Leacock, of "Nonsense Novels" fame. There is a picture of the old college building on King Street, and a quaint little print, depicting the visit to the school in 1847 of the Earl of Elgin, with his wife and sister-in-law, daughters of the famous Earl of Durham.

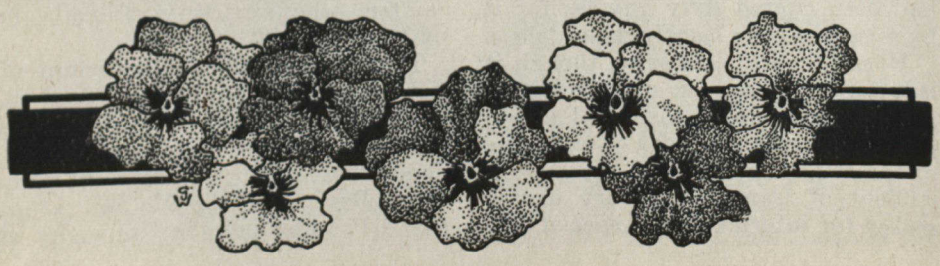
Mr. Robertson was at that time too young to be a pupil, but there is an interesting sketch of him as a boy, in the uniform of the Boys' Hose Company, attached to the "Rescue" Fire Engine. He was first lieutenant of the company, which attended day fires and was much in evidence in the firemen's procession of May 24th. There are pictures also of the "Rescue" itself and other early fire-engines.

To boys of to-day the collection offers much in the way of pictures connected with outdoor sports—football, snowshoeing and lacrosse. Upstairs may be seen a "Meet of the Toronto Hunt Club in 1877", downstairs "A Century of Yachts on Lake Ontario", from the short, sturdy *King's Yacht* of 1795 to the graceful *Patricia* of 1911, all drawn by that expert yachtsman, Mr. C. H. J. Snider.

There are many other drawings by his hand in the series, which shows the evolution of the steamboat from the *Accommodation* and *Car of Commerce* to such magnificent modern boats as the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer *Keewatin*.

Amongst the vessels represented in sketch or painting are many whose names are written on the page of history. There are pictures of Cabot's *Matthew*, of Bristol; of Champlain's *Le Don de Dieu*, of the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, of Mackenzie's *Caroline*, nose-diving over the Falls. That well-known Niagara boat, the *Chicora*, appears also in strange guise, without cabins or upper works, as the *Letter B.* (*Let Her Be*) for she began her career in the American Civil War as a blockade-runner. There are pictures also of old "horse-ferries", and of those curious experiments, Tinning's "cigar boat" and Knapp's "roller boat".

Space is lacking even to suggest the wealth of material that lies to the hand of him who wishes to study the wars in which Canada has played a part. Besides portraits of the commanders of fleets and armies and the leaders of insurgents or loyalists, a long series of water-colour drawings shows the uniform of captains and privates of the regiments that served in Canada from 1757 to 1869. Other drawings show the dress of the men who manned Britain's fleets from 1748 to 1786. Moreover, there are numerous war scenes from the landings at Queenston Heights and at York in 1813, to the reproductions of Mr. Paul Wickson's "Your Country Calls" and "Home Again after Two Years 'Somewhere in France' ", which bring us back to the terrible struggles of this present day, but with the inspiring thought that hundreds and thousands of our young men have shown themselves worthy to stand with the best of the men—and the women—who laid the foundations of the Canadian nation in days of hardship and sacrifice.



TROUT-STREAM IN THE FOREST

From the Painting by
Allan Edson, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

Dahabeah Days

BY HELEN M. EDGAR

III. FURTHER WANDERINGS ON THE NILE

FEBRUARY second. — Our journey to-day was only one of seven or eight miles. We anchored above the village that had a fleet of feluccas at its port. Just as the sun was setting we could see, a mile down the river, about seventy black-robed figures moving swiftly along the bank in silhouette such as only the Nile and Egyptian sky can furnish. It was a funeral party returning from the cemetery, the advance members carrying the empty litter. They walked to their feluccas, which bore them to their own village on the other side of the river. This custom of burying the dead on the opposite side of the river is an old custom carried out in many villages. Within a few yards of their lonely landing stage, in savage contrast, we saw fierce vultures tearing to pieces a dead buffalo.

Feb. 3.—A windless day and our journey consequently was very much retarded. In the morning the desert called C. and P., and off they went for a tramp, returning for a late luncheon with a few comforting flints. After luncheon our crew took to the tow-path. For two miles they pulled against the current, landing us at a place where barges were being laden with sugar-cane. It was very like watching an emancipated zoo. Camel after camel breasted the hill and descended it with careful steps, the rustling of the sugar-cane making soft accompaniment. The day before we had passed flocks of storks, cranes and herons, living the simple life on sand banks in the river, and to-day the same sight met our eyes as we were slowly towed by the crew on our upward journey. Our men looked most picturesque in their multicoloured garments, bending and singing a melodious chant. A slight wind helped us for a few hours past the great limestone cliffs where quarrymen were blasting. Huge boulders rolled down the steep sides, the waiting camels and workers on the narrow shoreline seemingly quite regardless of danger. We passed the Rock Chapel of Merenptah, dedicated to Hathor. It stood out in crude and lonely grandeur. Later in the morning we saw perched high on the summit of the

"Perched high on the cliff the coptic Convent of Der-el-Bukra"

cliff the Coptic Convent of Der-el-Bukra. Visitors can be drawn up by a windlass in a cleft of the rock, but we were not tempted to make the journey. The Empress Helena was the foundress, and Byzantine ornamentation adorns the gate half-buried in the sand. The light on the limestone was dazzling. The moving figures of the workmen looked almost as small as ants crawling up and down the surface.

Shortly after midday the wind again subsided, and towing went on peacefully until tea time. Then the Rais and steersman disagreed, and, the dahabeah grounding, the crew refused to tow. A "scene" followed, defiance on the part of the crew, and frantic protest and gesticulation by the Rais. When the Rais was on the verge of tears the men consented to continue operations for 100 yards, landing us on a low stretch of sandy desert. A grand sunset gilded our resting-place. The long line of sandstone cliffs caught and absorbed the ethereal colour shot from the western sky. On a low bank opposite, a rich Sheik had his dwelling, a substantial-looking building, with many smaller ones, all embedded in palm trees, which looked black against the crimson sky. We sat up late on deck, and when we descended to our cabins our crew looked very mummy-like, each

man rolled up in a tight bundle awaiting the attack of dawn.

The crew are gradually assuming an individual aspect and we no longer class them collectively as pirates. The two splendid Egyptian brothers, Mohammed and Achmet, first attracted us by their fine physique, and we soon recognized their equally fine dispositions. Our frequent collisions have also given us an insight as to their ready resourcefulness. Mohammed adds a sporting quality to his attractions. If he spies duck on the horizon he stands before P. and shoots with an imaginary gun, to intimate that it is time to prepare for slaughter.

Doubletoes came into prominence at once from the peculiar manner in which an extra toe is placed tidily over the fourth one of each foot. He is not beautiful. His teeth protrude at an angle that makes one feel he has a duplicate set hidden behind them as well. His cleanliness and carefully arranged turban are greatly in his favour; the latter he wears with fan-like ends emerging after many twistings. For real turban effects we count on Abderachman, the Fuzzy-Wuzzy cook. He stands alone, the

Achmet and a Retainer, with pigeon towers in the background

preux chevalier of all that is fine and dignified. Long since he parted with his fuzzy-wuzziness and wears instead a many-folded turban of spotless white for ordinary occasions,—an additional orange scarf appears for state events. His manners are delightful. Should extra seasoning be needed in the curry, he bows and with a graceful movement touches head and breast. The crew's cook, Abdul Aziz, is of a very different calibre. His most honourable job is being the first man to climb our spar when furling-time is due. We trust his heart is not as impervious to sensation as his head. Cooking, I imagine, stands third on his list of accomplishments, dancing intervening. He is very popular with the crew, but we have not admitted him into the inner circle of our regard. The Vulture stands out a grim, gray, coughing ghost with a ghoul-like aspect and a "Henry Irving" stride. He manifests his powers as leader of the chorus, his deep sepulchral tones booming out with great effect. The Rais's composition seems to be of black India rubber. So black he is that should he receive a cut, we are sure only ink would appear from the wound. He sits for hours silent and alone on top of the galley and takes his exercise by quarrelling with the steersman. His actions then are violent and so uncontrolled that his limbs appear to be responding to the pulling of strings by some invisible hand. The steersman when not leaning heavily upon his tiller is sleeping equally heavily on a sail cloth stretched over the crew's supply of bread. He has been appointed guardian of their provisions and watches with a jealous eye all who approach his ward. When the first supply of bread came on board at Cairo, I thought it was fuel for our range. It was in round, flat and hard cakes, yet apparently not hard enough for native taste. About a ton of it was spread out on our upper deck and sun-baked for days. Then a cutting up "bee" took place, and again a drying process was undergone. By that time it looked a dangerous missile, so hard and black had it become. However, that is evidently its proper state, for the gusto with which it was eaten was not at all assumed. The rest of our crew are nondescript Berberees, with the exception of Abdallah, the laundry "maid," whose dazzling teeth, flashing eyes and Horus lock make him quite conspicuous.

Feb. 4.—In the morning we lay becalmed beyond the limestone cliffs crowned by the Coptic Convent we had passed yesterday. P. and C. started off for a desert tramp about 10 A.M., taking the felucca to a climbable part of the cliff. On scrambling up they were met by the usual figures that seem born of sand and sun and rise to view in the most desert-like places. With vigorous protests they tried to prevent C. and P. going inland, saying that the evil spirits, "the Afreets," would do them harm. C. replied, pointing to his heart, that he had a spirit with him that would guard him, so they ceased their protests and even ventured under his protection to penetrate a few miles into the desert. Nummulites they picked up in quantities, fragile proofs of how these mighty cliffs have been formed by tiniest insects. Before they returned they visited the Coptic Convent and viewed the dirty interior of the chapel. As they stood there, a young girl entered and wiped her poor blind eyes on the altar cloth. Faith and hygiene are, alas! not synonymous terms. By 3 P.M., a slight wind being manifest, we hoisted sail and ran cheerfully before the breeze for a couple of hours. Then came a calm and we resigned ourselves to an anchorage. As luck would have it, a breeze sprang up about 6.30, and the Rais with unprecedented courage decided to continue his way. It certainly was *his* way. Darkness descended and our only guiding light was the twinkling electric globes at Minyeh, many miles away. The breeze became a gale, and rushing out

Pushing the *Dodo* off shore

into the Egyptian night our Rais justified the proverb about the recklessness of fools. The *Dodo* rolled and pitched, the wind increasing every moment. Through a medley of feluccas and the solid fact of a Cook steamer, we steered a tortuous way, and after only one collision with a felucca ferry, we were finally caught in the embrace of a friendly shoal opposite Minyeh. There we anchored, and during the manœuvres to that end, P. and C. held our dinner table candles at the stern to notify an Anglo-American craft that we were a stranded dahabeah. It certainly was more by good luck than by good management that no damage was done. Fortunately there was no dispute between the Rais and steersman, and our crew were now beginning to show some training. Our respect for them increased when our huge sail had to be furled in a veritable tempest. From the deck, Abdul Aziz seemed to be dangling from Orion's Belt.

Feb. 5.—This was a delicious morning of fresh north wind, but we had to remain in Minyeh till provisions were purchased and four belated friends picked up. The *Dodo* had now her full complement of passengers. Catering became a somewhat difficult problem for such a large number, as our sources of supply could be reached only when the wind consented to blow in the right direction. All afternoon a most favourable breeze stayed with us, but we were delayed by the non-arrival of Abdul Aziz, who had been commis-

sioned by the crew to replenish their stores. Abdul Aziz proved faithless and justified the perennial pun, Abdul Aswas.

Feb. 7.—Yesterday was without any exaggeration a dull day. We endeavoured to reach Beni Hassan, but only accomplished three miles of the journey. A mud bank was our resting-place, guarded as usual by a medley of natives. But to-day we managed to accomplish the rest of our journey, puffs of wind assisting the towing. We anchored opposite Beni Hassan and took a tramp into the Arabian desert to try and still our impatience at our slow progress. An Arab of courtly bearing acted as our chaperon, stopping when we stopped, turning when we turned. He carried a large onion-top, which he had extracted from a passing donkey's pack, and waved it fragrantly at every point to emphasize his quite unintelligible speech. The ferry landing was just at our stern. The crowd that patronized it appeared the most dissatisfied of *clientèles*. A free fight seemed imminent at each arrival and departure, the dear donkeys being the only non-combatants.

Feb. 8.—P. got us all up very early, and after breakfast we feluccaed across the river to Beni Hassan. Donkeys were not procurable, so we walked a couple of miles on the edge of the desert. The green wheat lapped the border of our road like ripples of the sea. One could literally stand with one foot on the desert and the other on fertile ground. We mounted the sandy hillside, visiting tomb after tomb whose walls glowed with colours which the sand had done its best to destroy. Black, white, yellow, blue, green and red were the prevailing tones laid on with skilful fingers nearly five thousand years ago. The subjects treated were usually the daily life of the people. The dead owner would be represented not only at home amongst his possessions, but if a warrior, amid scenes of conflict. In tomb No. 3 we saw Khnemhotep II. as a great hunter and skilled fisherman. The hieroglyphics on the walls of this tomb tell how this keen sportsman was "Great in fish," "Rich in wild fowl" and loving the goddess of the chase. Above the entrance to his shrine we saw him seated behind a clump of reeds holding a cord in his hand, and the inscription tells us how this forerunner of Izaak Walton, "hidden by a screen closes the great trap net". To the right of the shrine doorway again we see him in a canoe spearing fish with a harpoon. The text attached to this picture is as follows: "Canoeing in the papyrus beds, the pools of wild fowl, the marshes and the streams of Khnemhotep, the chief canoer." Farther on we read the exclamation, "How delightful is the day of hunting the hippopotamus!" In the tomb of Amenemhat the owner boldly states his claim to the consideration of the gods: "He spake words of truth", "Was free of planning evil", "long-suffering". Amenemhat was also a diplomat, for the walls record that "he knew the place of his foot in the house of the King".

These tombs are hewn out of the solid rock, a vestibule, a great sacrificial chamber ornamented with lotus or fluted columns, and beyond, a smaller niche to receive the statue of the Governor or Prince. Shafts now filled up, lead two hundred feet down to the mortuary chamber where a few years ago much treasure was discovered. Exquisite was the prospect of the Nile Valley framed by the doors of the greater tombs. The river flowed purple and brown in its broad bed, a ribbon of intensest green on the Arabian side indicated the width of cultivated Egypt, and to the west the level lands, palm-dotted and myriad-tinted, with ripening crops stretched to where the horizon was bounded by the dim Libyan hills. The sunlight almost blinded us as we emerged from the dim interior. Mohammed and Achmet, with two Arab boys made a black silhouette as they

crouched under the shadow of the rock. We stood at the top of the sand slope built dim ages ago to draw up the heavy sarcophagi. Distant chanting and staccato shrieks of women told us that somewhere a funeral was in progress. Looking across the rippling fields we saw a line of black-robed figures carrying on a litter a sharply outlined shrunken form. The deep-toned chanting drew nearer. The thin black thread of mourners wound its way towards the cemetery, enclosed in its mud walls. The voices grew faint and far away, and the waving arms and fluttering veils of the distraught women were slowly blended with the deep, mysterious, all-absorbing desert.

We were met on our descent by donkeys procured from somewhere, and we had the unique experience of riding *sans* saddle or bridle. My little beast picked his way so daintily that I had no difficulties. His reward was frequent grassy treats nibbled from the wayside grain. We had a hard tussle with wind and current to reach the *Dodo*, our crew having to tow us waist-deep in water more than half the way. All afternoon we waited patiently and impatiently the coming of the north wind.

Feb. 9.—Was a day of towing by the crew and suppressed cases of African irritability on the part of the passengers. At that rate we could never reach Assouan and be back in Cairo at the end of March. One bright spot in the day was the singing of an Arab boy, who walked along the shore chanting melodiously. We anchored near a fine grove of palms, where P. took a walk, while a motley crowd of armed and unarmed natives followed him at a respectful distance.

Feb. 10.—Towing began the day, and then a wind springing up, we had a fair run, passing several villages at quite close quarters. Kalandoul was specially interesting, as several of the huts were built entirely of water *kulae* (jars), the mouths turned outward to house innumerable pigeons. Roda was also passed, a flourishing town with lovely palms, and then Sheik Abadah, on the opposite bank. Nearby the latter is the site of Antinoupolis, the town erected by Hadrian in honour of his favourite, for it is supposed that here Antinous drowned himself in the Nile to fulfil the oracle that had predicted a great loss to the Emperor. The winds were variable, but after a flurry of nerves, the Rais consented to take advantage of the north wind that carried us on in a repentant mood for its past neglect. We anchored by the muddiest bank the Rais could find. A policeman appeared and guarded us for the night, fading away with the daylight with the usual suddenness. He had, however, thoroughly frightened our crew, for they now required a night light.

Feb. 11.—Towing again began the day, and a light wind assisting, we drifted by the limestone cliffs, where quarrymen were hard at work. On the summit of the plateau many outlined figures were lost from time to time in the obliterating, dynamite smoke. Huts of sugar-cane were perched in perilous places, their owners standing nonchalantly by while boulders from the cliff above tumbled about their frail dwellings. We ended our career that day on a sand bank in mid-stream opposite El Amarna, the site of the vanished temple, and palaces of the city of Akenaton, the Heretic King. We sat on the deck late into the night talking about this dreamer king, who succeeded his father, Amenhotep the Magnificent, in 1392 B.C. Egypt had need of a strong man of dominant and fighting qualities, but instead, the fates decreed that a king lost in the maze of philosophy and theology should mount the throne of the Pharaohs. Thebes crowded with temples and glories of the worship of Ammon was no place to develop the new religion, so Akenaton forsook the capital and founded in this narrow bend of the river what was to be the "Everlasting City of

the Sun". Palaces reared their stately walls and all that art could do was done to beautify them. The new god must have his temples, too, so they also became dreams of beauty realized.

Feb. 12.—This morning we landed for explorations at what is now the village of Hadgy Kandil. Donkeys awaited us and the whole village gave us welcome. They were a motley crowd, dirty children predominating, who chiefly relied on flies for a permanent costume. It was horrible to see the babies covered with these pests and no attempt being made to drive them off. We soon reached the enclosure erected by Professor Flinders Petrie in 1911-2 to preserve the wonderful fragments of the stucco pavement, almost the only remaining sign of the beauty and colour that glowed during the seventeen years of Akenaton's brief reign.* The desert sand now sweeps over the broad highway that led to the kingly palace, and only crumbling walls trace the vast proportions of the Temple of the Sun. It was difficult in that sandy waste to conjure up the gorgeous procession and ceremonial when the Heretic King in pride first entered the temple to receive his revenues. The king proceeded thither in a chariot, accompanied by his four daughters and was received in the temple with shouts of "Welcome". Round the temple were the chateaux of the nobles. One of them poetically describes the city: "She is lovely and beautiful; when one sees her, it is like a glimpse of heaven". Through desolation and destruction we wandered for some time, stooping often to pick up fragments of blue and green enamel that had mingled with the sand. Remounting our beasties, we followed a desert track till we reached, three miles away, the cliffs where the Heretic King had commanded his workmen to hew out of the solid rock tomb dwellings for each one of his favourites. At the foot of the cliffs we left our donkeys with nothing, alas, for them to browse, while we climbed to the summit, frightening as we did so a jackal from his lair. Before beginning explorations we lunched and at the same time feasted our eyes on the view across the sand to where the green fields met the desert in a waving line. The little village showed its domes and pigeon towers between the palm trees, and beyond them the river, blue and swift, wound its sinuous way. At intervals a spiral whirl of sand would sweep across the desert and we wondered if our boys huddled by the donkeys were afraid that an "Afreet" was after them, for it is in these twisting veils of sand that the native thinks a *genie* is hidden.

One result of this new religion of happiness is reflected in the more joyous and natural manners of the decorations. On their tomb walls the Ammon worshipper had solemnly portrayed the trials that beset the journey of the soul, while the devotees of the Sun god brightened their walls with pictures of the everyday life of the people. Shockingly mutilated as the tombs are by the enraged priests of Ammon, who on their return to power hacked to pieces some of the most beautiful work of all time, the iconoclasts could not yet quite destroy the fresh and natural pictures of the ceremonies and life at the court of Akhenaton. We learn more of the customs of this lotus land from the tomb walls than could possibly be found now in the desolation of the glorious city of the "Horizon of Aton". Again and again we saw the figures of Akhenaton, his Queen and usually the little Princesses standing under the sun disk, with all its rays ending in a tiny protecting hand. Before them we could trace the design of dainty, dancing figures, while blind musicians, their faces a marvel of character study, twanged their instruments in unison. In the background priests could be seen issuing from the temple in ceremonial procession to greet their king. In one tomb the headless statue still sits in

* Recently destroyed by a spiteful guardian.

The rock desert, which is distinct from the sand

its appointed place, where no doubt the living man had planned that he should rest, gazing with lordly pride into the sunlit space, where he hoped forever to see the temple and palace glories of the new god that was to be the crown and hope of a reviving Egypt. That Akhenaton recognized the necessity of keeping his adherents faithful by granting them rich gifts, there is abundant proof. In the tomb of Tuti, his chancellor, we could follow with some clearness the carvings descriptive of the honours he received from his king. His rather fulsome reply accepting these gifts has an ironic sound surviving as it does in the midst of ruin and desolation: "Make thy monuments stable as heaven and make thy appearance in them forever, for as long as the Aton (sun) exists, thou shalt exist, living and thriving forever." We crept along the steep side of the cliff, passing endless Roman remains of potsherds, the colour and pattern on them as clear as when their owners of 300 A.D. used them for their oil and honey. We rode home facing the sunset sky, and as we neared the village, numberless dogs rushed out, barking furiously, and in their wake a herd of perfectly naked savages, clamouring for bakshish. The children have not only unclothed bodies, but their heads, too, are bare, being shaved closely except for one long forelock. A superstitious origin can be assigned for this odd feature. In fear of beheading, the native wishes to defend his mouth from desecrating fingers by providing his enemy with this convenient handle for his coveted trophy.

(To be continued).

CANADA ORGANIZED FOR AERIAL FIGHTING

WHAT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN FOURTEEN MONTHS

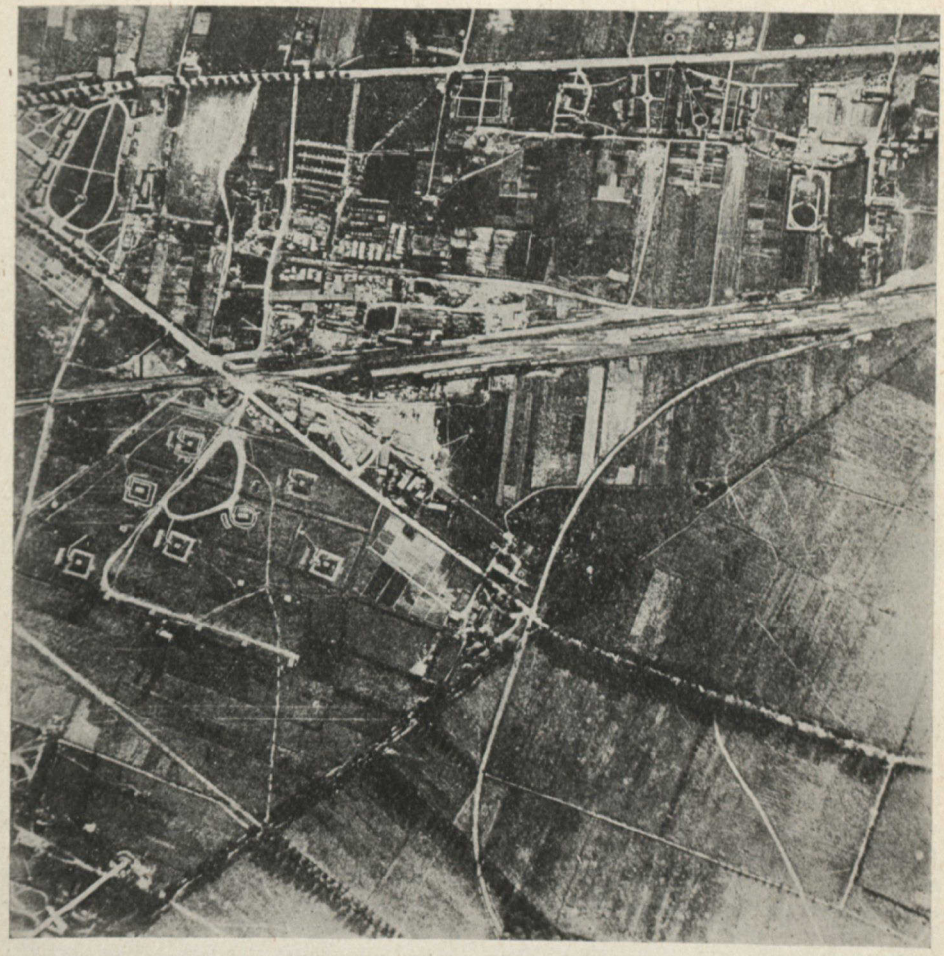
BY A. D. CAMP

EARLY in January, 1917, the *Metagama* landed at Halifax with a party of fourteen officers and fifty men who had seen active service with the Royal Air Force at the Front in France. Among all the many "missions" that have crossed the Atlantic for purposes connected with the war in Europe this, perhaps, will be regarded in future as the most noteworthy of all. It came unheralded, to tap Canada's resources in a new way, for a new material. It set to work immediately, quietly, with startling efficiency, to discover "aerial warriors"—surely the newest, war-created novelty among a nation's resources. Probably Canadians themselves did not even suspect the existence of this rare and precious material. Perhaps but few realized that this "mission" was here and achieving things—till by and by stories filtered through the newspaper channels of aviators who "received their training in Canada".

At this writing, only fifteen months have gone by since this small unit arrived in Canada. Yet in that time they have accomplished tasks the mere recital of which is sufficient to make us—well, one would say "gasp", if we had not almost ceased gasping at the achievements wrought in this war. For this small nucleus of the Royal Air Force operating in Canada faced a big task and dealt with it in a big way.

Note the characteristic way in which this handful of men started. They landed without any equipment, beyond their experience and knowledge of air service. To teach men to fly they required, among countless other things, aeroplanes. Right away, within the same month that they had landed, they laid the foundations of an aeroplane factory. Within six weeks the plant was built, completely equipped and manned. Operating with a civilian staff under the Imperial Munitions Board (it is worth noting that all money spent by the Royal Air Force in Canada comes from the Imperial treasury) this factory, known as "Canadian Aeroplanes, Limited", was soon producing aeroplanes at the rate of thirty machines a week, and now is turning out one every working hour! When one considers the many materials that go into an aeroplane engine, rubber, wire, canvas, spruce, leather, pressed steel, etc., and adds to this the fact that the supply of these materials had to be arranged and skilled men gathered to do work of precision that was entirely new, it will be realized that this was no mean accomplishment.

In that same month of January the envoys of the Royal Air Force working in conjunction with the Imperial



A typical example of an Aerial Photograph. Shows a section behind the German lines on the West Front

Munitions Board, inspected numerous sites for aerodromes. Their first choice was the district now known as Camp Borden. This ground, which for years had been nothing but a lake of sand, is to-day transformed into the largest aerodrome in the world. The immense hangars, store-sheds, sleeping quarters and miscellaneous other buildings cover an area of four square miles. And the desert of sand has been replaced with seas of green grass. Five flying squadrons can be housed in this camp, including all machines, personnel and equipment. Working at full pitch, Camp Borden can send to France 100 or more trained pilots each month. And it was capable of sending this quota overseas when the Royal Air Force had been active in Canada for only six months!

In addition to Camp Borden, the Royal Air Force has built during the last twelve months other aerodromes, on sites that bear the names Mohawk, Rathbone, Beamsville, Armour Heights, and Leaside.

The building of the aeroplane factory and the laying-out of these seven aerodromes represents significant achievements. And it is typical of the efficiency and quick despatch with

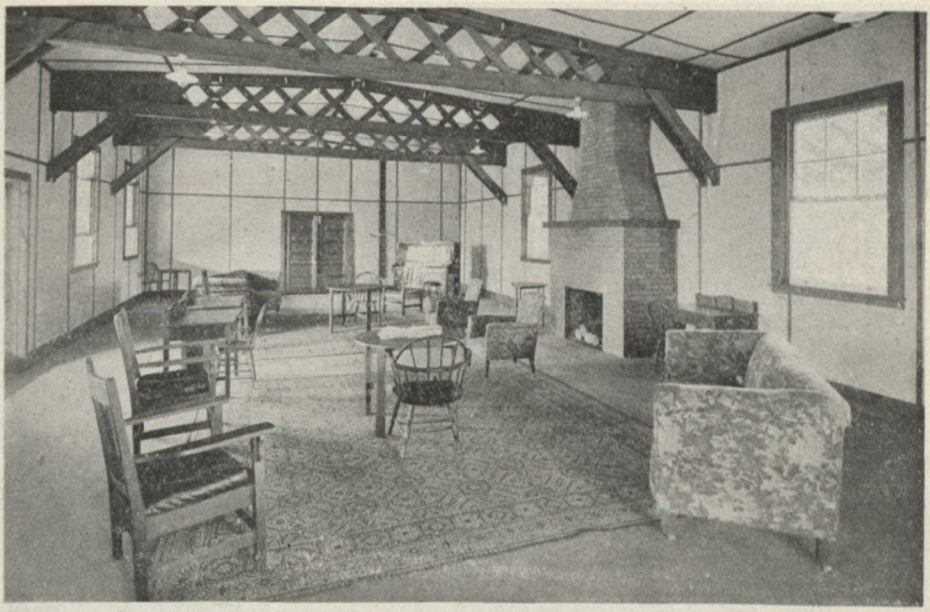
Showing how to manoeuvre for an attack

which men of the new wartime Britain have learned to meet wartime situations. The problems they presented were solved by the Royal Air Force with a characteristic promptitude and thoroughness. But they were only incidental to the big task this small mission had undertaken. For the main objective of their "invasion" was to supply the armies in France with fighting aviators. Machines and training-grounds were subsidiary.

To-day the chief recruiting officer for the Royal Air Force in Canada will tell you that he is receiving around 500 applications each week from men who are anxious to fight the Hun in the air. Incidentally he will smile and say, "And we can take care of every one that comes up to our standard". Yet right when the Royal Air Force entered Canada —fifteen months ago—voluntary enlistment seemed to have waned to the vanishing point. Since that time they have combed the country for thousands of mechanics. They have been sending for months in regular batches scores of trained aviators, men who with a couple of weeks' "finishing-off" in England would be ready to engage with any experienced knight of the air. In addition, they have in training a force of men which in numerical strength has grown beyond the size of a brigade.

How was this force stimulated into action and brought together? Attracted by the fascinating appeal and novelty of flying, you may say. True in some measure. But the real, big fundamental thing that produced this result was organization.

Simultaneously with "starting something" in the way of building an aeroplane factory and several aerodromes, the Royal Air Force mission launched a recruiting campaign, through public speaking and adver-



A Typical Anteroom to Officers' Mess, Royal Flying Corps

Summer Camp of R. F. C. Mechanics at Leaside

A Squadron Engine Repair Shop

tising. The results that followed were gratifying. But the most important effect of this initial campaign was the interest it provoked from the "Aerial League". This body promptly approached the Royal Air Force and made a generous offer of its assistance. Much credit is due to the members of the League for the wholehearted way in which they placed themselves at the disposal of the Royal Air Force. By a happy stroke of fortune, the membership of this League included prominent citizens in the leading communities in Canada. Through their activities the recruiting officers were put in touch with many young men who wanted to fly. The Aerial League have also shown their interest in the work already accomplished by raising funds to present planes for training use in Canada. It was early decided to appoint committees in every locality with a view to interesting young men in the air service and obtaining the necessary publicity.

The country was divided into four districts, with recruiting headquarters at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. Each district was placed in charge of a recruiting officer. The committees worked under the recruiting officer for their respective districts.

The care of detail relating to this recruiting organization demands the services of more than twenty officers and 100 men. The daily mail in the head recruiting office requires the employment of sixty stenographers; it would, indeed, make many a mail-order house envious.

"Only a very exceptional sort of young man is any good as an air-fighter," says H. G. Wells. And that testimony is borne out by all who have been in close contact with the aerial service. It is a matter of some importance therefore that in Canada

the men who enroll in this splendid service are first chosen by public men in their community. The pilot who goes to France is a man with big responsibilities. In addition to having a clear brain, keen eyesight, quick perceptions, steady nerves, and a fair education, he must have sound common-sense. It is gratifying to think that these civilian committees have interviewed and been able to select so many men with these essential qualifications.

The Royal Air Force values highly the judgment of representative Canadians in selecting young Canadians for the air service. Young men, recommended by local business men who know their character and have been able to observe their conduct, are usually found to be most reliable in training and in actual service.

The Royal Air Force in Canada has grown within fifteen months to three wings. When military aviation has grown to be less of a novelty we shall all be able to calculate what strength that is. We shall know that there are five "squadrons" in a wing, each squadron consisting of four "flights". But at any rate it is but an indication of the big work the Royal Air Force has accomplished in Canada in training the cavalry of the clouds that leads the charges of to-day's battles.

The following briefly summarized facts will serve to amplify what we have herein indicated has been actually done since the work began fifteen months ago.

Between the time that voluntary enlistment was presumed to have stopped and the time the Military Service Act was passed, some thousands of mechanics were enlisted in the Royal Air Force—voluntarily. All are highly skilled men of any of the fifty-six different trades that go to form a Royal Air Force unit. Most of these men have been drawn from all parts of Canada, some even from the United States. There have been organized in addition two "cadet wings" capable of accommodating 1,000 cadets. Here the aspirant to the aviator's glory receives his "infantry" training and preliminary instruction in the construction and use of the machine gun.

After this preliminary training, the cadet goes to the School of Aeronautics, which is held within the precincts of Toronto University. Eight hundred cadets at a time can me handled by this "ground" school. The instructors are all officers who have seen actual service. Here the cadet learns the theory of flight, wireless telegraphy, artillery observation, meteorology—and more of the machine gun. All this before he learns to fly.

It usually takes about four to six weeks to complete the training at the School of Aeronautics. The successful cadet then goes to one of the "wings" to learn to fly. During his instruction in flight he receives further instruction in wireless telegraphy, aerial photography, gunnery, map reading, etc. Here he gets a taste of camp life under romantic conditions. His day is made up of so many hours of flying and so many of study. While he has a certain degree of freedom and enjoys an association with hundreds of spirited young men of the finest type, he is, of course, under military discipline. He has comfortable quarters and has his meals at the officers' mess. The final training in actual war tactics is given at the School of Aerial Gunnery, where he uses the machine guns in actual target practice. Wonderful practice, this! Starting with ground targets, the cadet soon becomes skilled enough to try his aim on swiftly-moving targets of many types. By concentrated study and practice the cadet soon acquires remarkable proficiency in using the machine gun. In about three weeks' time he is able to qualify as a flying officer and goes to England for his post-graduate course before going to France.

The complete course lasts about

A Sunset

five months and costs about $10,000 for each man. Is it any wonder that the men are chosen with care? Think what it means to train 1,000 aviators.

Behind the scenes, as it were, the Royal Air Force has an immense organization to provide the equipment for these young men in training. For the handling of technical equipment and distributing it to the various units there is a "stores" department, in which over five hundred mechanics are employed. The purchasing of the supplies involves a knowledge of markets and a business capacity that one can realize if thought is given to the unusual nature of the commodity handled. Thirty officers and an enormous staff are required for this work alone.

Then there is the "repair park", a veritable factory running day and night. Here are rebuilt aeroplanes and engines, and performed such repair work as cannot be done on the field. Eight hundred skilled soldier-mechanics are employed in this department, working three shifts a day every day in the week. The services of forty officers and staff are required to supervise the repair park. Repairs in the field are performed by the wing repair section. One hundred and fifty skilled mechanics go to form each of these repair units.

The mechanical transport is another important section of the service. They take care of hundreds of motor-cycles, cars, tenders, lorries, etc.

Any commercial enterprise that could build up such a vast organization within fourteen months, as the Royal Air Force has done in Canada, would surely be regarded as a prodigy. We have been too apt to pay tribute exclusively to the German genius for organization. Let us realize that under the stress and exigencies of modern war, the British have proved to the world that they, too, have lightning capacity for efficient, thorough organization.

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

FATHERS AND HUSBANDS

WHERE ARE WE LEADING THEM?

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", ETC.

IT is strange to think that there are people still living who remember the days when children were seen and not heard. To most of us those days seem incalculably remote. To a coming generation their very existence may come to be a matter for speculation. Times are changing with breath-taking rapidity, and before long it may be hard for the earnest inquirer to talk personally with anyone who can give first-hand testimony of an age when children had a place of their own and were expected to stay in it. It was a real place, too, not a mere phrase—a comfortable, even if walled-off "thus-and-so", "do-and-thou-doest-it" sort of place, adjacent to, but not impinging upon, those wider spaces sacred to their elders and betters.

"But," we say in a doubting tone, due to our secret thoughts of children as we know them, "but did they *stay* there?"

"Yes," replies our informant grimly, "they stayed."

A tendency to do otherwise was, we gather, not popular. It received no applause from the gallery. Once in a while some adventurous soul essayed the barrier, but the result was not encouraging.

"Who is this?" asked the grown-up world, fixing eyes of cold amazement upon the abashed intruder. "A child? Children should be seen and not heard. Put him back in his place!" And back in his place he was put, tingling with salutary tingles. No one pitied him a bit. For in those days a child out of place was like a foreign body in the social eye—not to be tolerated.

Where was it? Did it ever really exist? Whither has it vanished—this place where the children used to stay? No one of the present generation seems to know much about it, the children least of all. The barrier, if ever there was one, is down; the boundaries are lost. Children are all over the place now. We live, it appears, in the day of the child. The child has come into his own, and his own, apparently, includes everybody else's. Beside him everybody else is as nothing. And if anyone ventures to object or tries to hang on to a little corner of anywhere he is promptly called a child-hater and shunned accordingly.

I wonder who it was who first found out that the child was being disgracefully neglected? I do not mean that most pathetic of all things, the child in the factory or the mine, where the childhood of the poor is shamefully ground into the luxury of the rich. I mean the child (common or garden) in the homes where children are just children and not wage-earners. I wonder if this discoverer had any children of his own, or if he was a

bachelor with no nephews, or a maiden lady who was not an aunt? Whoever he was, he is responsible for a whole lot.

You see, we always liked children. Even in those former dark days when we made them obey us, we honestly liked them. We did not dream that we were blighting their young lives, crushing their individuality, and ogreish things like that. We thought that a little blighting was jolly good for them! But all along our hearts were in the right place and when we had it pointed out to us, in special articles, in pathetic stories, in plays upon the stage, and lectures upon the platform, that we were in reality ruthless monsters preying upon our young, we began to sit up and take notice. The process of our education was subtle. We first endured (the children), then pitied (ourselves), then embraced (the situation). We became positively nervous. Every time Belinda cried because she was put to bed at seven o'clock and left there with the electric light on in the hall and the door open and someone sitting reading in the next room, we remembered all that we had read about "night-terrors" and the utter incapacity of any grown-up to understand the high-strung nature of a child who cries at night. Also we were afraid lest every howl should bring in the neighbours to find out what we were doing to that precious baby to make her sob so pitifully? It ended in our going in to Belinda and holding her hand and telling her stories until even the most heroic efforts on her part could not keep her eyes open any longer. A similar thing happened with Thomas and the porridge at breakfast. Porridge, it seemed, was good for Thomas's stomach, but not good for his soul. Thomas's soul abhorred porridge. As a soul, Thomas preferred waffles and syrup. In the old days Thomas would have had to eat that porridge or, if he wouldn't eat it, he would have gone hungry until lunch. If Thomas howled at this dictum we would have allowed him to howl with perfect complacency. Think of it! The stomach first and the soul second. The soul, in fact, not anywhere. Thomas might just as well have had no soul at all. The idea of a delicate and subtle, psychical aversion to good porridge and milk, and a tender, mystical affinity for waffles we would have sniffed at.

It is different now. After all, who are we to attempt to understand these wonderful children of ours? Why should the likes and dislikes of a child be callously disregarded because he is a child? Can our years of gathered experience mean anything beside that marvellous instinct for knowing exactly what it wants which every child is born with? I am aware that this heaven-implanted instinct used to be called "original sin", and, as such, was subject to much discipline —a misunderstanding which now we shudder to remember. Is it not true that a child is very much nearer to the beginnings of things than we are? Nearer to the—the—hum!—the infinite cosmos, so to speak? Well then —that's reason enough, isn't it? No more porridge for breakfast!

Once, you know, a baby was just a baby. Ah, me, how short-sighted we were. We know now that a baby is an immortal atom, a breath of the eternal consciousness, a psychological miracle. Before the astounding wonder of him, we poor, ordinary, world-worn grown-ups had better wonder and be silent. True, we were babies ourselves once, but we have forgotten our early wisdom. Let us in our latter state be seen and not heard. It used to be that when we picked a baby up (if a mere man and a father) we trembled lest we drop him. Now we dare not pick him up at all, and our fear is lest he drop us. The position of the mother is a little more secure, seeing that even psychological miracles have to eat. But the modern mother, even when enabling the

miracle to perform this necessary rite, is much more self-conscious than her old-fashioned sister. Motherhood is not merely motherhood now. It is a "great regenerating experience", "the fulfilment of the female ego", etc., etc. All the wonderful things which must always have been inherent in it, but were never talked about or insisted upon, are now plastered up as mottoes on the wall. The mother must be made conscious (by much insisting) of her unique privilege. She is not to sink into slothful ease and contentment, knowing nothing save the joy (purely physical) of a soft little baby in the warm hollow of her arm. She must be made to realize herself, and her position.

Appalling the ignorance of that olden time! It used to be that mothers did not know a thing about babies except what they learned incidentally from bringing up eight or ten of them. These women had never read a book in their lives on the "Care and Management of Children", on "What to do Before Baby Comes", on "How can I make my Child a Personality?", on "Baby's Diet for the First Three Months". All that they knew about baby's diet for the first three months was that if that diet were other than that so thoughtfully provided by nature, all the family and friends (especially on the father's side) called around at once and wanted to know why? And the reason had to be one that was passed upon by the family doctor. If she had told them that she wasn't nursing baby because in the throes of her great regenerating experience she could not trust her moods, they would have suspected incipient insanity or at least would have gone home wondering, audibly, why George hadn't married someone with common sense? They never gave the soul a thought! It was all stummy.

Then there is "What to do Before Baby Comes". All that the old-time mother knew about that was just to go along as usual. Positively, she didn't do *anything!* She just went over and borrowed grandma's patterns and was careful to choose a good quality of flannel. Everyone that came in, of course, told her a few things, such as a bit of baking soda on the tongue being good for heartburn, and that if one can take a bite to eat before getting up in the morning it is sometimes helpful, and that on no account must she go down-town to see the circus parade. Save for these well-meant efforts she was allowed to do pretty much as she wished. And she did it with an easy mind.

But not now. How, I ask you, can a prospective mother sit in a hammock and sew tiny "nighties", with an easy mind after having read "Myself the Architect of my Child's Character?" and "Am I my Baby's Keeper?" or "How Baby may be Given a Beautiful Face", and "Why my Babies Never Cried", or "How to Evolve an Ideal Nursery out of Nothing", and "Why Young Babies do not Need Clothes", also "Why a Baby's Layette Should be Dainty and Exclusive?" etc., etc. You will see by this elementary list that modern mothers can't swing in hammocks. They have something else to do. From the first moment, after reading "How I Felt when I First Knew", a sense of awful and overpowering responsibility descends—even before, perhaps, if one should be thoughtful enough to study "How to Help the Stork Choose Baby".

And to think that the old folks left all these things to Providence! The carelessness of it! The incredible slackness! Yet do not blame them too much. They were ignorant, you see, and we must admit that their very ignorance held elements of bliss. Think how soothing it must have been when baby insisted upon "taking after" Uncle Henry to lay the whole blame of the catastrophe upon Providence! How comforting for the mother to believe that it wasn't her fault, and that she was doing her whole duty when she carefully nip-

ped the Uncle Henry propensities in the bud! At least, she was never kept awake at night wondering if by taking thought she might have managed an entirely different baby—one who "took after" Uncle William by preference.

Ignorance of this possibility spared her many disappointments, for even now, in spite of all our enlightenment and all the earnestness with which we attack the subject, disappointments are inevitable. Those who are most careful and follow all the rules do not always win out. Scientifically they ought to. Practically they don't. Perhaps some of the rules are still missing. Anyway, the results of true effort are often heart-rending. Think, for instance, of the incredulous chagrin of the woman who had set apart certain hours of each day to pore over the pictured faces of angelic children in a book of Old Masters, only to find that when baby came she looked exactly like Aunt Selina. (To be sure, Aunt Selina looked a little like an Old Master herself—but not an angelic one!) This mother never got over the idea that the dice had been loaded somewhere.

Can we blame her, or others in similar case? Who would like to think beautiful thoughts almost all the time, to restrain one's natural temper while fairly sizzling inside, and to produce an offspring which, to say the least, proves grouchy and inclined to shriek at the beautiful in life? Up to date there are many little disappointments along these lines. Perhaps we shall do better presently.

After the child has successfully arrived (whether as per esteemed order or not) we make more progress. Formerly, after the stork had departed and the monthly nurse had followed him, things were fairly simple. There was the baby and there was the mother. There was also the baby's lesser-parent, the grandma, the grandpa, and the aunts. But on the whole, mother and child had to get used to each other in their own way. When baby cried, mother went and picked it up to see what was wrong with it. If she couldn't find out, she sent for grandma, who probably knew. If grandma failed, she sent for the family doctor. The family doctor always said he knew, whether he did or not. In time baby stopped crying. It sounds incredibly simple. But slack—terribly slack!

The modern mother has other methods. She has probably taken a course in "Baby's Cries, Their Origin and Meaning, Value and Duration". Whereas her old-fashioned sister would have declared, with the poet, "a babe has a thousand cries and they're all like one". The modern woman knows that baby's howls are really comparatively few in kind, definite in degree, and easily classifiable. There is the cry of temper, the cry of hunger, the cry of pain, the cry of weakness, the colic cry, etc., etc. It is her duty to study these cries, to distinguish between them and to act as advised on page 128, paragraph 14. She may make mistakes, of course. She may confuse the cry of pain (hot water-bottle) with the cry of temper (allow to cry itself blue), but if so only the baby knows it.

"My dear," remarks the older generation somewhat timidly, "the baby is crying, won't you go and see what is the matter with him?"

"Certainly not," says Mrs. Modern, "That cry is pure temper—listen—three sharp shrieks, one short shriek and a prolonged 'Ooo'. It is unmistakable. My child must learn to control himself."

"Yes, but—he isn't controlling himself! It might be a pin."

"I never use pins."

"It might be a pain."

Mrs. Modern smiles pityingly. "No, the cry of pain is quite different. Two short shrieks, one long, piercing shriek and a gasp."

(At this point the older generation excuses itself and goes home).

Knowledge like this is the very sim-

plest aspect of the new babyhood. A mother who really takes herself seriously (and they nearly all do now) has before her whole mountain ranges in the higher education of babies. Babies are plastic. You can do almost anything with a baby. (He can't help himself). All that is necessary is a little work and concentration on the part of the mother. Why, for instance, should a baby learn only one language? It must certainly be just as easy for a baby to say "oo" in French, Italian and Russian, as it is in English. All he needs in order to pick up these languages quickly is to hear them spoken in the home. Here is an opportunity which no earnest mother should neglect, offering as it does, plenty of employment for her evenings and leisure hours.

Then there is the matter of the classics. Why should baby wait until college days to become familiar with the sounding phrase of Virgil, Homer and all those other dead ones whose phrases certainly did have lots of sound? Think what an early knowledge of Greek and Latin would mean to a boy at college—releasing all his spare hours for football, and ragtime! Mothers should think of this! The project is quite feasible. It is just as easy to teach baby to lisp out *"Arma virumque cano"* as to chatter about "Little Bo-Peep", and if all nursery nonsense be cut out and a classic course be gently but firmly persisted in, the child may soon be quoting classics by the yard even without the faintest idea of what he is talking about.

Lullabies, too—oh, what pain to think of the time lost in singing children to sleep with "Rock-a-bye baby on the tree-top", "Sleep, baby sleep, the stars they are the sheep", or just the simple, quiet, senseless, "um-um-um", which babies love. The baby would go to sleep just as quickly if the mother were to chant pages from Plato and Aristotle—more quickly, perhaps. And who can tell the subconscious effect, or just what gems the infant mind may treasure up. (Sometime when the baby is an old man and delirious with fever he may suddenly begin to shout Plato, in the original, to the wonder and admiration of listening doctors). We all have memories of those lullabies mother and big sister used to sing—we hear them at night, lilting through our dreams, fresh and sweet as ever, quite untouched by time. But do they add anything to our sum of actual knowledge? Alas, no. Stars, we know, are *not* sheep, neither is the moon a shepherdess. Babies do not rock-a-bye on tree-tops (except in cases of our most remote ancestors). Papa is not a nobleman, nor mamma a queen. So our first knowledge, gleaned from these delectable rhymes, is all wrong. Oh, yes, I will admit that we find pleasure in thinking of these foolish things. It is delightful to sit and let oneself be surrounded by all the dear old sillinesses of the nursery—the cow that jumped over the moon, the blackbirds who were baked in the pie, the bag-pudding stuffed so well with plums, the old woman who never told lies. The memories of these things persist with remarkable tenacity. I have sometimes wondered if they are not as immortal as the old Greek gods themselves? And there have been times when I have weak-mindedly asked myself if the things which they brought to us were not worth more than knowledge? But I realize that this is heresy and must not be told in Gath.

No. The thing which must be shouted in the streets of modern Ascalon is, "Start your baby right!" and once you get him started—keep him going. Concentrate. Don't let the growing child sit down and begin to wonder. Give him facts. The child who begins to muse and wonder will soon be lost to true knowledge. He will create a universe for himself. He will imagine all kinds of fantastic nonsense. To him, the gold of the buttercups (whose botanical name he will not know) will seem as valuable

as real gold. The rainbow will resolve itself once more into a fairy bridge, the crescent moon become a shining ship, the wood (whose trees he may not be able to name) an enchanted forest. He will, if left alone, accumulate a great store of charming, childish fantasy and fairy lore which one day he must acknowledge for the absurdity that it is. He will then appraise it at its true worth. Or will he? Perhaps he will not even be able to do this. Perhaps he will insist that it has a worth (to him) which is not dreamed of in our new philosophy. Perhaps, he will always cling to it, love it, pass it on (oh, horror!) to his own children? The danger is startling. We cannot begin to counteract it too early.

Of course, the child which is undergoing the new intensive culture must be, to a certain extent, isolated. He must not be allowed to waste useful hours hanging on the back gate in unspecialized converse with the little girl next door. He must not gather the neighbourhood kiddies together for boisterous games without sense or meaning. Above all, he must not dawdle. Everyone knows the tendency of the normal child to dawdle.

Remember how you used to dawdle! Remember those long golden summer days when you went fiishing, or flower hunting, or—oh, just anything? Those glorious days when from morning to night you did not do a thing, or think a thought, but just lived and grew and enjoyed and—dawdled! The modern child who is going to be a wonder must never do this. It is waste of time. The schedule is the thing—so much sleep, so much food, so much indoors, so much outdoors, so much study, so much play (the disguised brand)—all this will make of Jack an infant phenomenon, ready (and willing) to teach his seniors all they don't know at the age when old-fashioned children were still in the heavenly background country where they might be seen, if clean enough, but not heard.

So here we are, back at the beginning, and wondering where that place is, how it vanished, if it ever really existed, and if it will ever come back! No, I am afraid it never will come back. For nothing ever comes back in just the same way. We must go on, and the children must come with us. But where? Where are we taking them? And couldn't we possibly take a few of their playthings with us? Poor little kiddies, they get so tired of being always on the move!

A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

EVELYN FLETCHER COPP
And Her Music Method.

THE very original originator of the Fletcher Music Method, which for twenty years has exercised an important and growing influence on musical education in two continents, is an Ontario woman.

The second daughter of an able lawyer, Ashton Fletcher, Q.C., she was born at Woodstock in 1872. She and her two sisters began their education in the public schools of their home town, but in 1887 were taken by their mother, an Englishwoman of rare gifts and power of sympathy, to study music and languages in Europe. The girls were placed first in Leigh Court school, at Torquay, chosen because their mother had been a pupil of its "head", Miss Trevor, at Bonn, in Germany. The sisters next went to Brussels, boarding with a French family and becoming day-pupils in a large French girls' school. Here they studied music with Madame Cornelis Servais and other teachers from the "Conservatoire".

After Evelyn and her sisters had passed a year in Belgium, their father and mother came over from Canada, and they went for a holiday trip down the Rhine. When at Mainz they heard of an excellent Conservatorium at Wiesbaden, directed by Dr. Albert Juckes, and it was arranged that the three young Canadians should be left in the care of the director's mother, to attend the Conservatory. Here they remained for more than two years, and Evelyn was put down for twenty hours' instruction a week, including lessons in harmony and on the piano and violin, from teachers of great reputation.

The girls, now left in a measure to their own resources and all intensely alert and alive to the impressions of their environment, had some trying and not a few droll experiences in that grim country where discipline is a fetish. They amazed their duenna and their teachers with outbreaks of that "initiative" which in our Canadian fighters has often played havoc with the calculations of German officers.

Mrs. Copp's estimate of the advantages of her five years' study abroad is suggestive. She recognizes that when, as a young woman of twenty-five she undertook to launch her newly-invented system in her own and other countries, it gave her prestige with those trained in the old methods when it was known she had studied under this or that famous master of music. Many a skeptic, unconvinced

of the merits of the new method by what the originator regarded as her most telling array of facts, "decided to believe that it must be all right", after hearing the names of the great musicians by whom the audacious young woman had been taught.

But her own conviction of twenty-five years' standing, which she has only dared to express openly within the last two years, is that the best thing she learned abroad was *how not to teach*. "It seems rather mean," she says, "to say this now"; but, to do her justice, her friends were well aware, long ago, when her system was but a project and a hope that she had no slavish admiration for either methods or manners made in Germany.

One of the glaring defects in the social customs of the country—a defect especially repulsive to girls brought up in the atmosphere of courtesy which surrounds Canadian women—was the slighting disrespect with which German men treated the women of their nation and households. And, according to Miss Fletcher's observations, the relation between teachers taught was little happier than that which commonly obtained between husband and wife or father and daughter.

The average pupil was afraid to ask questions. What the teacher was for if not to answer questions, puzzled the young Canadian girl, but the situation was accepted as natural by her classmates. "Now, I asked questions," she says, "and consequently understood in our harmony lessons at least much more than the majority, and it came about that I was appealed to to ask the questions for the class". Anyone, who can call up the picture of Mrs. Copp in her girlhood, with her small figure expressing concentrated energy, her crisply curling fair hair, her penetrating, fearless blue eyes, her quick directness of speech, will realize that it must have been a very obdurate "Herr Professor" who could refuse to answer her questions and a peculiarly adroit one who could parry them.

It was excellent experience. The rôle of class interrogator got her into the way of learning to pass on information to others.

The reason her companions feared to ask was because everything was carried on in a "bullying system", and "the attitude of the teacher was inclined to be sarcastic rather than encouragingly interested in the pupil's problems. . . . This," she says, "was a stimulating suggestion to me when I came to teach teachers how to teach. One of the first lessons they have to learn is never to be bombastic or superior, "but to allow the child to discover, explore and ask questions, whilst they follow his lead", inspiring and helping him to sort and tabulate his collection of ideas. . . . We have been under the mesmerism of Germany in music and her grasp of it has been autocratic in the extreme".

Mrs. Copp believes that the self-consciousness, nervousness and over-sensitiveness which mars the happiness of many musicians is largely due to errors in their training. To illustrate, she relates how once, when awaiting her turn to "come on" at one of the Conservatorium recitals with a fellow-student, the late Max Reger, afterwards "the most celebrated harmony teacher of the Conservatorium of Leipsic", and a singer, the latter "told us she was not at all nervous, and, after she had gone on, Max turned to me and said in German, 'Ah. Fraulein Fletcher, she is not a real artist. She says herself she has no nerves. Now we have the artistic temperament. We are nervous', and I hid the fact from him, fearing his condemnation, that I, too, like Paula, was not really nervous."

After returning to Canada, Evelyn Fletcher taught for a time in the Ladies' College at Hamilton, and the Bishop Strachan School for Girls in Toronto, and it was at the latter school, when giving piano lessons to some young pupils, that she first tried

introducing the troublesome little notes into games and making up stories to bring out their values and qualities. The children learned quickly and enjoyed their lessons. The teacher saw that the plan was capable of far wider and more systematic application.

Soon she worked out the rudiments of her method. She proposed to teach music as a child learns his native tongue by means of his activities and of what he can see, hear and handle. She perceived that special methods and material might be devised to interest and impress the little beginner and so save him from the confused weariness frequently resulting from the stiff old conventional music-lesson.

But, like most innovators, she found lions in the path. None of her material was ready to her hand. It had to be invented and to a large extent modelled by herself. Enthusiasm, "grit", and ingenuity carried her triumphantly through. She took to pieces the keyboard of an old piano, to make a model keyboard which the children could take apart and build up again. She worked away with a fret-saw to cut out in wood large representations of printed notes and musical signs. She contrived a series of graduated blocks to impress the differences between the time-values of whole-notes, half-notes, quarter-notes, and so forth, and invented a "tone-ladder" to help the pupil to understand the construction of the major and minor scales.

For a while she talked "Fletcher Music Method" by day and dreamed of it by night. She accepted with gay good humour the gibes of her friends till at last the system was clearly mapped out in her mind, much of the necessary material had received tangible form and the usefulness of both had been tested with a class of children.

The next task was to convince teachers of the merits of the new method, and this process was neither so lengthy nor so discouraging as

Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp

might have been. In 1896, even before there was any apparatus, the Metropolitan School of Music in Toronto, "through the musical alertness" of Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Edmund Roberts, became interested in Miss Fletcher's idea; and in the following year she was invited to hold demonstration classes in Boston, at the New England Conservatory of Music, where forty children and thirty teachers studied with her. She also taught successfully at the Perkins Institute and School for the Blind.

In 1898 Miss Fletcher and her family removed from Toronto (where they had lived for some years) to New York, which continued to be her home till her marriage to Mr. Alfred E. Copp in 1901, when she settled in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Miss Fletcher promptly patented her system in Canada, the United States and many European countries. Before the close of 1898 she had eighty teachers of her method in the United States and Canada. Now she has some eight hundred teachers, all of whom she has trained herself, refusing to admit to her classes any girl who

seems unlikely to make a competent and sympathetic teacher. With the same object of retaining control of her system so that it may do the work for which she planned it, she has refused to sell the patent rights for her games and apparatus, though she has been offered large sums for them. She has been disseminating her views broadcast for twenty years, by means of lectures, demonstrations and occasional writing for the press. Naturally she has not escaped that "sincerest form of flattery"—imitation; but she and her own teachers have bound themselves together into the Fletcher Musical Association, each member of which is pledged to give to all the benefit of any new and helpful idea in the line of their work.

Mrs. Copp's aim in the teaching of music is thoroughness in ear-training, in control of the hands, in the reading of music, in knowledge of the keyboard, and "in a basic knowledge of music in its theoretical aspects". In other words, she aims "to free the child from mental and technical difficulties and to stimulate him to think his own thoughts in music and to express them freely and fearlessly".

It is on the child's need of music that Mrs. Copp bases the whole philosophy of her teaching. "Music," she says "is as necessary as an outlet or means of expressing the beautiful and spiritual side of man as speech is necessary for the outlet of the intellect." "The value of learning music is not in the number of pieces one may play, but in the number of musical thoughts one may think". Not that all children who are encouraged to compose their own little pieces are likely to become great composers any more than all those who write essays at school are likely to become great authors. But "a child who has made his own reverie or dream has the keenest apperciation of a 'real composer'"; and "there are times when every human being feels the need of a language beyond the power of words. Plato said, 'Music is to the mind what air is to the body'. Now, air is a necessity, but we moderns have not believed music to be a necessity. We have considered it merely an accomplishment. How much more it might be!"

Mrs. Copp is nothing if not courageous. Long ago she formulated a "Declaration of Independence" of foreign domination in music—a domination which since the outbreak of the war has been submitted to far less meekly than of old. She is a believer in what she calls "musical democracy", or "the direct recognition of each child's individuality in music", contending that "musical ability is part of the universal inheritance of man just as the ability to talk is, and the differences between individuals in respect to it are due much more to training than to differences in heredity".

Such a claim may provoke criticism alike from the musical and the unmusical. It is at any rate a hopeful standpoint to be adopted by a great teacher, and many of Mrs. Copp's achievements with the pupils of her method would seem to strengthen the claim. For instance, "Positive pitch — the ability to name a musical note when it is sounded—has often been considered a rare inborn trait, which marked its possessor as particularly fortunate in the inheritance of musical ability", but many a Fletcher method child has been taught, little by little, to recognize "the voices" of every one of the notes of the piano.

If the average child, beginning at six or seven years of age, can have daily lessons, the course may be completed in five years, otherwise it takes seven. Unfortunately many parents, acting apparently on the old adage that "Well begun is half done", think two or three years of the method sufficient as a groundwork for music lessons on the old lines, and so the child misses the end of the course.

Through all Mrs. Copp would make music study delightful to the child, holding with Edward Howard Griggs,

"The more we convert hard actions into glad spontaneous ones, the more free are we to press on in obedience to a still loftier call of duty".

EMILY P. WEAVER.

A FRIEND OF LITTLE CHILDREN

"ONE of the leading women of Canada", were the words used recently to a large audience in introducing Mrs. Rose Henderson, the distinguished worker among the probation officers of Judge Choquet's Juvenile Court, in Montreal. The subject of the address that Mrs. Henderson delivered following this justifiable tribute to her was "Impending Religious Industrial and Political Revolution". There is no more concise way of putting her opinion of present-day affairs. Born and educated in Bray, the "Garden of Ireland", Mrs. Henderson has lived for twenty-two years in Montreal, where her husband was financial secretary to the late Sir William MacDonald. Mr. Henderson's death twelve years ago not only robbed Sir William of an unusually capable secretary, but robbed Montreal of an able musician and writer.

Mrs. Henderson has always been interested in the moral and physical welfare of children regardless of their creed or colour, and since her widowhood she has devoted her entire time to their service. No one has done more for the waifs and strays of Montreal than this profoundly religious-minded woman whose work is illumined by that highest and brightest of all lights—love. To her, the principles involved in caring for children reach vastly farther than those which come under the jurisdiction of a probation officer. She is the type of woman who would find no joy in simply doing her duty; any one can do that. The radiance that shines in the life of some people comes from doing more than one's duty. It is not difficult to imagine, then, that she is ably fitted

Mrs. Rose Henderson,
Probation Officer, Juvenile Court, Montreal

for the position she holds. Her sympathetic temperament offers rare opportunities for obtaining deep insight into the warped lives with which she comes in contact. She is able to draw out honest admissions as to the reasons for temptations proving too strong to resist, and she is wonderfully discerning when it comes to seeing latent characteristic in her youthful criminals, characteristics which properly developed, will be the means of guiding their owners into saner, better, brighter paths.

Mrs. Henderson does all the investigating of the non-Catholic cases of the Juvenile Court before any form of judgment is passed upon the delinquents. This means a great deal

more than the unthinking person can realize. It means that the children themselves and their parents are able to present their story fully and without fear—and the story is often a pitiable, a tragic tale.

"The physical and moral conditions of these children," said Mrs. Henderson, "teach me that I owe much to humanity. Their chances are frequently so slim; their grimy little faces are so often turned in the wrong direction, without their ever seeing the other path which they might take, if they wished. And their bodies and their souls are so precious. They have a right to a good home; to be sufficiently fed—for although they cannot live by bread alone, they cannot live without it. They have a right, too, to be clothed warmly, and given the opportunities for education which will awaken their moral responsibilities as well as their ordinary intelligence. They have a right to such advantages as will help them to become good citizens, and noble-minded men and women, all of which they cannot hope to become while dens of infamy dominate their neighbourhood. They must be safeguarded from vice by liberating them from an environment where dens of debauchery are rampant."

This is a case where a woman's life-work grew out of teaching a Sunday school class, composed of children who were so poor that for the most part they attended barefooted and in rags. What clothing covered them was as filthy as were their half-starved little bodies, and with her own hands Mrs. Henderson used to wash them while trying to clear a spot for their souls to grow, in cleanliness and beauty. Perhaps it was their love for their teacher that gave her the inspiration to broaden her scope, for when dismissal time came the forlorn little creatures would try and cling to the person who had shown them what love was like; they would beg to be allowed to stay near her.

"The beauty and the tragedy of it!" sighed Mrs. Henderson. "How readily they responded to kindness. Do you wonder that I longed to see society constructed anew?"

With a group of other women, she realized the necessity for a Children's Court where a private hearing of their struggles and temptations would give their judges a clearer understanding of future treatment for them. After three years of agitation, the Bill was passed, but in the meantime Mrs. Henderson had been paying her own expenses as a member of the court until such time as it should become a Government institution.

Naturally it follows that she is intensely interested in industrial conditions and has worked in sweat-shops and factories in order to obtain first-hand knowledge.

"At one time," she said, "I worked on shirt-waists, all week as hard as I could sew, and at the end of the six days I received ninety cents as a munificent reward. Out of this sum I was expected to feed and clothe myself."

An interesting experience took place during the time of the New York strike. Mrs. Henderson and a little Italian girl were doing picket duty when a burly policeman ordered them to move on. At their refusal he struck the girl and she fell—really more a result of starvation than the force of the blow, however. This and similar episodes determined Mrs. Henderson to take up the cudgels on behalf of oppressed workers. She is also a pioneer in the agitations for mothers' pensions, and she was called to the Federal Government conference in Ottawa last February to discuss war problems. "One of Canada's first duties," she said, when the matter of food shortage amongst the Allies was mentioned, "is to provide the bread".

MADGE MACBETH.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

SUNSET CANADA

By Archie Bell. Boston: The Page Company.

IT is safe to say that no other book on Canada is quite so flattering or sumptuous as this one. It is a large volume, gorgeously bound and illustrated, and at once sets Canada down as one of the most attractive countries in the world to travellers. We have been in the habit of extolling our resources and opportunities for settlement, and have left our climate and our scenery to be admired by others. The author of this book treats mostly of British Columbia, but he departs from the Rockies and proceeds for some distance out upon the vast prairies. His praise of the "Sunset" Province he could apply (and no doubt will apply later on) to the rest of Canada, for there are beauties farther inland and in the Maritime Provinces quite as charming in their way as one finds in the Province that touches the Pacific. The Dominion of Canada, says Mr. Bell, is "one of the most remarkable stretches of land on earth—old enough to have a history, but a country the present and future of which is destined to be written larger in history than the busy outside world is likely to realize without personal knowledge of it, gained by contact with its people, who have an inheritance from nature such as few nations have had since man began to make the earth his home".

This book is attractively written, handsomely illustrated, with a number of colour plates, and is indeed a notable contribution to literature bearing on Canada.

*

THE ROAD THAT LED HOME

By Will N. Ingersoll. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

AFTER reading this story, one is apt to remark upon the fact that there is no reference to the war; this makes it a little "different".

The young schoolmaster, Ernie Bedford, is a very likeable hero, but at times one might think that he seems just a trifle too inactive—inanimate might be a better word. This, however, could not possibly be said about Jimmy Lochinvar Young, a most energetic salesman, but not nearly so satisfactory or pleasing a young man as the "pedagogue"—which is the name most used by the author in referring to Ernie. The characters all seem very real, if one has any imagination at all; but it takes just a little more imagination to think up a "pale-green smile", such as Miss Ida Bethune, the self-appointed gossip of Oakburn, is said to possess. The story is very interesting without being sensational, and there is just enough of the dramatic element to hold the reader's sympathy and concern. On the whole the book is satisfying, the only fault being that the climax comes too soon, and one feels that a great deal could have been added: so much more might be told about Clara, who, suddenly in the very last paragraph, is introduced as Mrs. Ernest Bedford, wife of the pedagogue.

FLOOD TIDE

By Daniel Chase. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"FLOOD TIDE" is one of those leisurely books in which the hero grows to manhood under the eyes of the supposedly interested reader. The story is told in the first person. Perhaps that is why one never seems to get a really convincing view of the person who is telling it. The minor characters are much more plainly drawn. The result is a certain flatness and lack of sustained interest which begins to be felt about the middle of the book. In order to enjoy a long story, containing much introspection, one must be vitally interested in its principal characters. One may like or dislike them, but indifference is fatal.

There is evidence of much careful work in "Flood Tide", and much of its incidental information is worth while for its own sake. The rise and fall of "The Stores" ought to be intensely dramatic, but the author has missed the dramatic note somewhere. Even the awakening of the hero from his dreams to the knowledge that love and a woman are the first things in life leaves us doubting. We find it hard to believe that he really cared quite that much for Bess—a sprightly person who is whisked out of our ken just as we begin to like her and who does not appear again until her necessary return toward the story's end. Indeed, at the risk of being thought lacking in real literary taste, we might characterize "Flood Tide" as solid but slow.

❊

A FLYING FIGHTER

By Lieutenant E. M. Roberts, R. F. C. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

FOR one reader at least the outstanding feature of this book is the vividness with which it has succeeded in leaving one scene set in the mind—a scene in the air.

Two flyers, flying parallel, neither able to get in position either ahead, behind, under or above the other. The two flyers, so close they see one another's faces, laugh grimly at one another. Then Roberts gets position and shoots his opponent's legs off at the hips and watches him and his machine go whirling down to a soundless crash.

The book is written in free and easy style, sometimes half slangy with the vividness of slang, always intense with the intensity of the soldier's zest. Lieutenant Roberts is evidently the kind of story-teller whose stories lose nothing in the telling; that is (the receiver hastens to add), he has the knack of imparting the immediacy of the event to the subsequent narration. From the time when, an American adventurer prospecting after oil in the Canadian West, he joined up with the Tenth Canadian Battalion at Calgary to when he was discharged from the air service as physically unfit some three years later, in a sort of impersonal personal way, he lets his readers have the tale of all his days. It is a tale that would have been unimaginable five years ago.

For those who are interested from any standpoint in the kind of life these war-makers of the air live this book will be worthy of attention. It is a chapter out of the psychology of that life, entrancing to those who want simply the excitement of the story, suggestive for those who are disposed to philosophize a bit.

❊

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY

By Edward Howard Griggs. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS used to please Toronto audiences (composed mostly of teachers indulging in uplift courses) with soulful talks on multifarious topics. There is

a sort of natural inevitability about the fact that Dr. Griggs, when taking up democrary for his consideration, should be primarily concerned for its soul. But the book is less fulsome and sentimental than the cynic's comment might suggest. It is a book marked by a reserve of manner and a dignity of treatment that is gratifying in these days. There is nothing shrill and little that is at all hysterical, and apparently none of that blind seeing which is the characteristic of so many books now coming from the press. The Socialist may dismiss the treatment of Socialism, the Feminist may be dissatisfied with the rather weak little gesture on Feminism, and the Pacifist and non-resister will certainly crave the right of reply, but none will claim against the book that it closes the door on discussion or that it is dogmatic in any blatant fashion.

Dr. Griggs preserves the international mind. His sense for history has not left him. This gives to much of his discussion, especially in the earlier chapters, a certain academic or judicial atmosphere that is not unpleasing. When, later in the book, he begins to deliver his own judgments one is rather prejudiced in their favour.

But the book is no epoch-marking contribution to modern thought.

*

CANADIAN HOME VEGETABLE GARDENING FROM A TO Z

Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THE trick of this book is that while it is called Canadian it isn't. It is an American product conceived and developed south of the border. There is nothing that really deceives about the attempt of the publishers to get the book across as bona fide Canadian for Canadians—if one has the book in hand; a single glance at the preface suffices. The book is a good garden book. Its coloured plates are excellent, the compass of the field it covers wide, its treatment of vegetables and vegetable gardening in most cases interesting and adequate. Dull would he be of soul who in these days would not sit down to the book and respond to its call. There is an illustration on every page and there are 289 pages. It is a fascinating text for the amateur gardener.

*

THE CHURCH IN THE FURNACE

A Book of Essays by Chaplains on Active Service.

CAN ENGLAND'S CHURCH WIN ENGLAND'S MANHOOD? By Major Reverend Canon Davidson, of Peterborough. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a dubiousness about these books that is a new note in Anglican discussion of the Church. A crowd of soldiers has jostled these chaplains and set them wondering. The gratifying thing is that the chaplains, some of them high dignitaries of the Church of England, are confessing with sincere frankness to their misgivings and are honestly and fearlessly calling the church in question. In the light of their recent experiences they can do no other. One imagines that certain dissenting "chapel people" in England will read these essays with amusement. Picture a typical high Anglican divine, who, having gone to the Front solemnly conscious of the duty that a sense of high Anglican divinity involves, questions Tommies, exclaiming, "Why, there are numbers of men who do not care for the Church of England!" and finally, being honest, and at last out of the conservatory of exotic privileges into the free air of common life, says, bluntly and like a man, "We've got to admit that the Church of England, in the matter of vital religion, has been a good deal of a failuse". That, in a sentence, is about the impression a reading of these

books leaves upon one. To all Anglicans who cling to the denominational sanctity in formal and external fashion and who make "the Church" and religion synonymous, the words of some of these chaplains at least will constitute a challenge. There is a challenge in the books for Nonconformists also. Anglicans have a fashion of conducting their discussions with dignity and reserve and a delicate and firm fineness of mentality that certain rough-and-ready elements in Nonconformity are without. Nonconformity can learn from these volumes.

*

CAN WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

By James H. Snowden. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IT is safe to say that in our search to establish the infinite, a search that is constant in the human mind, we are no farther advanced to-day than Socrates was when he drank the fatal hemlock. Philosophers of all times have endeavoured to give us something on which we could rest our faith in the immortality of the soul, and here we have a modern thinker asking the question, "Can we believe in immortality?", and at the end of an interesting book on the subject answering it in anything but a positive fashion:

"Gathering up all the threads of our discourse, following all gleams of light, listening to all voices and intimations of mind and heart, nature and revelation, science and Scripture, and letting our deepest needs and finest moods speak, we join in faith with Socrates as he said: 'The venture is a glorious one'; with Carlyle in his 'Everlasting Yea'; with Job as he affirmed, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and apart from my flesh I shall see God'; with Paul as he declared that 'this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality'; and above all we trust the Lord of Life and Master of Death, who prayed, 'Father, I desire that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory'."

The author is a doctor of divinity, and a liberal writer on religious, metaphysical and psychological subjects.

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THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES

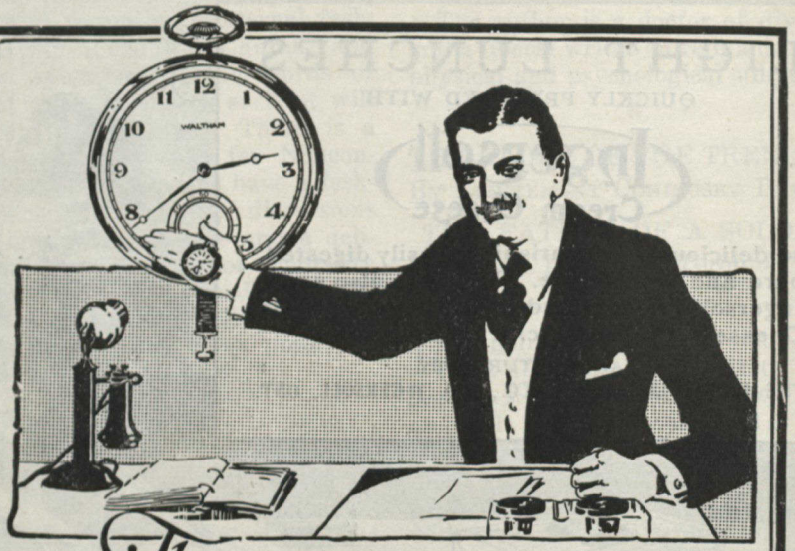
By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson.

THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER

By W. J. Dawson. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

I AM going to say the worst that I think about these books first. There are times in the reading of them when one feels as if the books said: "Mark us. We are the Dawsons. If you go to war and send your sons to war as we have done it, you will be examples with us of all that is fine and chivalrous and splendid". In the reading of the books I cannot escape it. There is that savour. It was in "Carry On", Lieutenant Coningsby's book of letters. There were too many passages in the letters which sounded as if (maybe he didn't at all) the writer knew as he wrote them that they were to be published letters; they were self-conscious, and so lacked the touch of direct sincerity, and absolute artistic validity.

Having said this—it has to be admitted by the reviewer if he speaks the truth for himself—having said this, the books are delightful! They are so engagingly bright, so well written, so open, one is again and again inclined to the idea that the apparent egotism is really the truest humility and personal self-forgetfulness. In the father's books especially, it is so seriously taken for granted that his moods and soul battles are of importance, so obviously implied that the revelation of what he has felt can be of moment to all fathers with boys in arms, that one is won by the very naïveté of the presentation. If only they wouldn't blazon their photographs so! But that is perhaps naïveté also.



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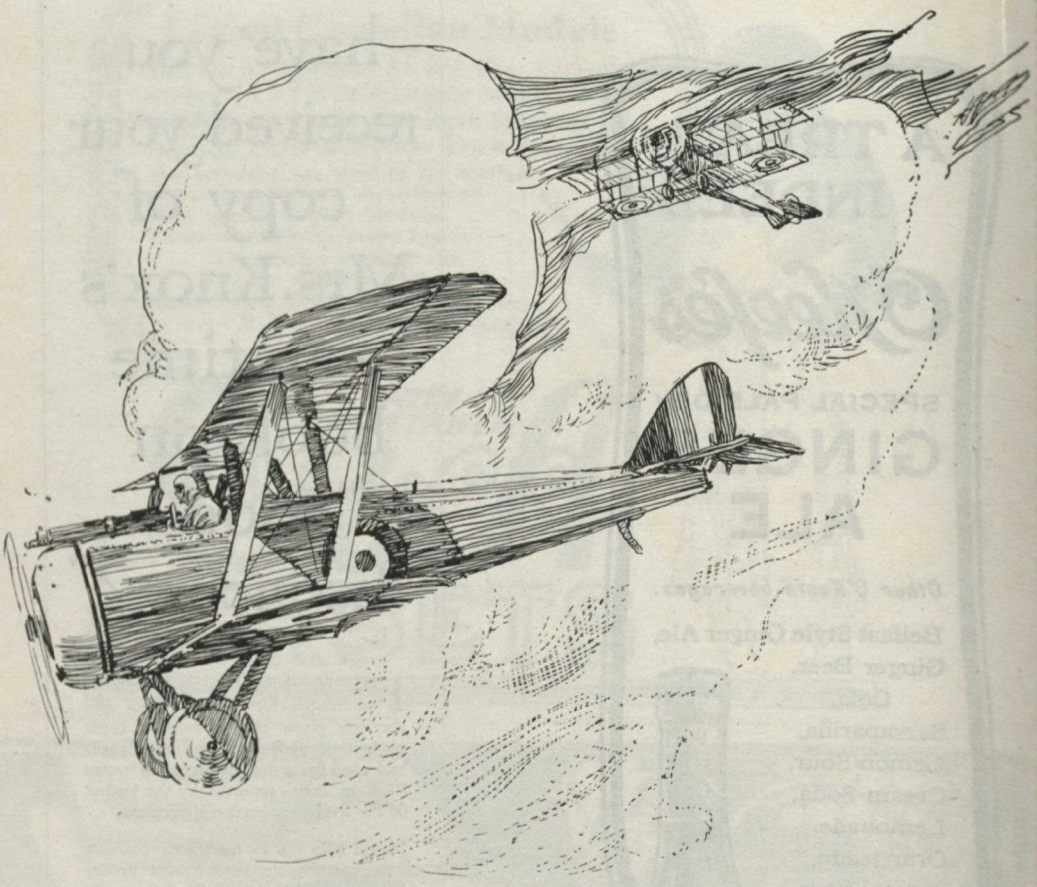
Put a Cecilian Concertphone in your home—there is a wide range of models to choose from—the illustration is just one of five beautiful styles—select a range of records—it doesn't matter which record you desire—The Concertphone plays any and every kind of disc record without any extra attachment — and there you have gladness, restfulness,—the soft glamour of "Home Sweet Home."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

THE CECILIAN COMPANY, LIMITED
247 Yonge Street, Toronto
Established 1883



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Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Walkerville, Ont.

"Provided all shipments now en route arrive the Belgians will still be without bread from exotic grains for 20 days."—Official cable from Brussels.

THEY SAVED YOU IN 1914. WILL YOU HELP SAVE THEM NOW?

The children of the men of Belgium, who gave their lives for civilization are now in great need. Can you refuse them bread? Remember that it might have been YOUR FAMILY that suffered as they have suffered, and, give unto them as you would want others to have given unto yours, had the positions been reversed.

IT IS FOOD THEY WANT---NOT LUXURIES

There are thousands of little orphans in Belgium who are hungry. Would you deny them?

$3.70 will keep one orphan for one month, $44.40 for a year. Make cheques payable to Belgian Relief Fund, and send to

THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

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Shall we send you a copy?

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Filing and Record Keeping Systems for the Salesmanager, the Ad man, the Purchasing Agent and the Credit man

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Practical, workable systems that save time, money and conserve energy—both for you and your staff.

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Milk Desserts

are *wholesome* as well as delicious. And when in the form of Junket they are ideally so.

Junket

MADE *with* MILK

Junket can be made according to a wide variety of recipes. Can be served plain or with fruit, berries, nuts, whipped cream, etc. ¶ It is easy to make—and economical. Everybody likes it—children "love" it. Because it is nutritious, you can give the little ones all they want of it, as you would milk.

Order Junket Tablets of your Grocer or Druggist.

Send 3c for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package of 10 Tablets.

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"Nesnah" is Junket prepared with sugar and in four flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10c.

From a dentist's letter—name will be furnished on request.

"Only a powder has the necessary abrasive qualities for polishing and cleansing. You can feel the harmful deposits being rubbed from the teeth by

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THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Cleans—Whitens—Preserves

A package sufficient for one week's trial and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Powder is better than a Paste" will be sent free on request.

Tell your friends about CALOX

The large size contains more than twice as much as the smaller size.

"Your 32 Teeth are 32 Reasons" 13C

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MURAD
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Everywhere
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When you buy an expensive car you roll your dollars away. When you buy too cheap a car you are not economical. The Chevrolet is the choice of business and professional men who study values.

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"Motorwise" Buyers are using McLaughlin Cars

McLAUGHLIN cars are more and more coming into popular favor among Motor wise men who make a minute study of real motor car value.

Now that motor cars are such a factor in business, men look for that particular make of car representing highest value for the amount involved. McLaughlin cars give uninterrupted service due to their efficiency.

Men who buy McLaughlin cars are assured of real service—the kind of service which many companies are unable to give.

McLaughlin cars are made in Canada at the large McLaughlin factories in Oshawa. They are distributed through 12 directly owned McLaughlin branches, and over 400 dealers. Branches and dealers keep repair parts and expert mechanics, assuring prompt and efficient service when it is needed.

"ORDER NOW AND BE ASSURED OF PROMPT DELIVERY"

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited
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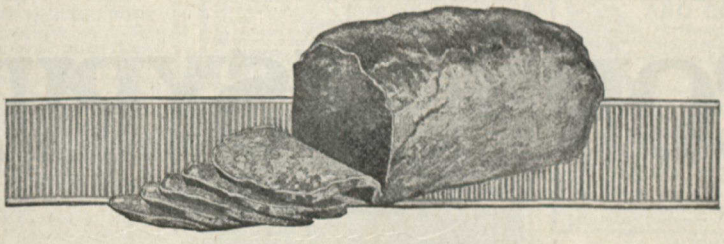
E-6-45 SPECIAL

"Branches in all Leading Cities, Dealers Everywhere."



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SWIFT'S BAKED LUNCHEON LOAF is made of choice selected meats, carefully prepared and spiced so delicately that it appeals at once to the most discriminating taste. We know you will like it.

Why not use this and other

Swift's Cooked Meat Delicacies

this Summer? It makes it so easy on hot days. No fuss, no worry.

READY TO EAT
NO COOKING
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Your grocer or butcher has them, or can easily get them for you.

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Premium Cooked Hams
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New Management. Golf. Tennis. Boating. Fishing. **Heart of the Green Mts.** Hugh J. McKinnon, Mgr., Lake Dunmore, Vt.

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LET US HELP YOU to decide where you will spend your Summer Vacation by sending to you our 48-page beautifully illustrated booklet, descriptive of the River St. John—the Rhine of America—and the hunting, fishing, canoeing and camping opportunities in the delightful climate of this country.

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Commodious—Restful—Luxurious

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The Newest and most beautifully appointed resort hotel in New England. Every modern convenience and luxury, including salt water baths.

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Operated five years under present management. Both hotels offer superior accommodations at rates which are high enough to insure the best in service and cuisine. Every summer recreation including perfect golf. Season June to Oct. Both hotels, management P. F. Brine, Plymouth, Mass.

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The most unique and original resort in the United States. Half way between the North and the South, enjoying a large patronage from New York, Philadelphia and the Southern Cities.

A 20 acre vegetable garden. Herd of tuberculin tested cows. Lambs. Chickens. Eggs and Ducks from "Skyland's" own farm.

Dancing. Tennis. Horseback Riding. Swimming Pool. 50 open fireplaces.

Most beautiful scenery anywhere east of Colorado. Five hundred testimonials.

A beautiful 80 page booklet tells all about it Write for one to Proprietor G. F. Pollock, Skyland, Page County, Virginia.

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or in need of rest and recuperation go to the **Steuben Sanitarium,** Hornell, N.Y. Every facility known to medical science at command. Free booklet.

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MOHAWK 4th Lake. Capacity 125. Latest equipment, electricity, *& Cottages* running water every room. Garage. C. M. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

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large, airy rooms. Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c. Rooms $1.00 up, with bath $2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

Where-to-go for July closes June 1st. Magazines off the press last week in June

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YOUR BOY will have Best of Care & College Preparation, Fun & Health bld'g. of glorious Maine at **The Abbott School,** Farmington, Me. New Residence Hall. Wonderful Athletic Field. Lakes, Streams, Mountains. Tourists visit us.

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National Camps South Casco, Me. 24 m. from Portland in pine forest on Lake Sebago. Mod'n. Baths. Open fires. Gar. Salmon. Boats. Canoes. Bk't.

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Laurel Park Camp for Boys. Near Hendersonville, N. C. Fine lake. Tutoring. Military (optional) Target Practice under West Pointer. Athletics. Physician. Booklet. Write I. B. Brown. P.M.A. Charleston, S.C.

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ABERDEEN HALL On Cape Cod. Distinctive. Golf. Boatg. Bathg. Fishg. Tennis. Modern. Garage. Hyannis Mass

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ROCKBOUND CAMP Rest in one of my comfortable cabins in wilds of Pike Co., Glen Eyre, Pa. A. W. LeRoy.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA.

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When timing your vacation, time yourself to return via Toronto during the **Canadian National Exhibition,** August 26th to September 7th. The World's largest Annual Fair.

ROYAL MUSKOKA Hotel on famed Muskoka Lakes. Over night from anywhere via Buffalo. Golf. Booklet "A," care Royal Muskoka P.O., Ontario.

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Black Bass and Maskinonge. Sportiest in Canada.

Oak Orchard, Peterboro, Ont.
PERRY ALEXANDER, MGR.

In the Famous Rangeley Region — **RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE** — Rangeley, Maine Open June First

One of Maine's best inland resort hotels. No black flies or mosquitoes. Fine roads. Trout & Salmon Fishing. Golf & all sports on our land. Boating. Bathing. Spring water. Cuisine unexcelled. Steamboat trip to White Mts. from our wharf. Write for booklet.

MOUNTAIN VIEW COTTAGES. No frills—all one family. Established reputation for superior table. Write for booklet. C. D. Petrie, 4th Lake, Old Forge, N.Y.

2000 ROOMS in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

Three Giant Mountain Ranges Making Fifty Switzerlands in One

Between Calgary & Vancouver, B.C.

Distinctive hotels — each as picturesque as the scenery into which it fits — each with its special feature of glaciers, lakes, Alpine climbing, fishing, pony riding, swimming or golf. Luxurious mountain-guarded Banff Springs Hotel — restful Chateau Lake Louise, among the Lakes in the Clouds. Mount Stephen House at Field, under the shadow of Cathedral Mountain — the gem-like Emerald Lake Chalet — Glacier House, glacier rich — Hotel Sicamous, on the the Shores of Shuswap Lake — spacious, gracious Hotel Vancouver, at the Gateway to the Pacific — the Empress at Victoria, B. C., on Vancouver Island, with its atmosphere of old England — these hotels invite you this summer.

F. L. HUTCHINSON
Manager in Chief of
Canadian Pacific Hotel System
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Your War-Time Vacation Should Be Spent In

The Pacific Northwest

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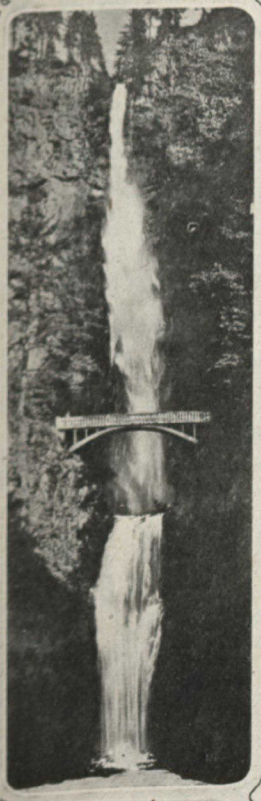
In these war times it is important that every citizen of Canada and the United States should acquaint himself with the awakening industrial wealth, extent and beauty of North America. The Pacific Northwest is one of its richest sections in agriculture, minerals, timber and fish. **The Pacific Northwest contains**

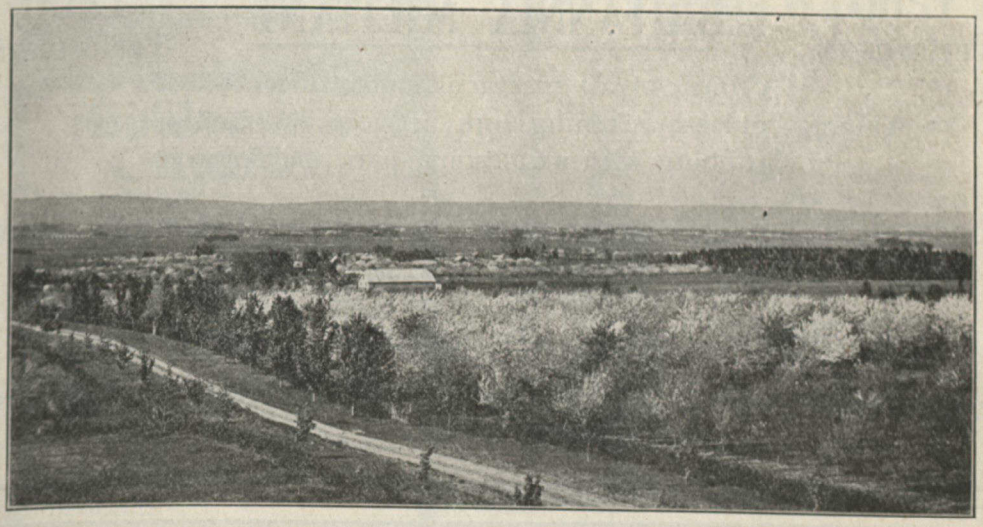
550,000 Square Miles of Scenic Wonderland

Scenery which can be found in no other part of the world with recreations and outdoor sports as varied as its scenery. Visit the vast timberlands which provide the ships and airplanes to help win the war. Visit the immense industrial plants which arise over night for similar purposes and thus combine with the pleasure of your vacation profitable knowledge.

Write for free illustrated booklet to any Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, or Commercial Club in the Pacific Northwest, or the Tourist Department, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C., Capitol Buildings, Salem, Oregon, or Olympia, Wash., or the Office of the Executive Secretary, Herbert Cuthbert, Pacific Northwest Tourist Association, 1017-1018 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Wash.



What Nova Scotia Offers The Farmer



Land Suitable for Dairying with succulent and well watered pastures. The climate is moist and cool and the markets for dairy products unexcelled. Good breeds of cows average 10,000 pounds of milk per cow.

Land Suitable for Fruit Growing. Nova Scotia Apples are among the finest flavored in the world. Trees bear from five to ten years after planting and yield profitably for from 60 to 100 years. A million acres of land not yet planted are suitable for orcharding.

Land Suitable for Sheep Raising in one of the most favorable portions of Canada for the sheep industry. The hilly pastures produce healthy sheep and the mutton and lamb are of superior quality and flavour. Nova Scotia wool is sought after by cloth manufacturers.

Land Suitable for Market Gardening. Strawberry, Raspberry and Cranberry Plantations yield profits ranging from $200 to $500 per acre.

Strong Local Markets and excellent opportunities for EXPORTING.

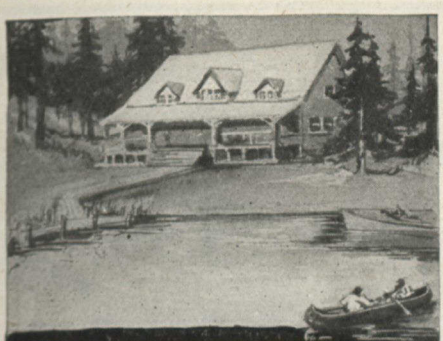
For further information including booklet of sample farm properties available, write,

ARTHUR S. BARNSTEAD,

Secretary Industries and Immigration,

197 Hollis Street,

Halifax



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Canada

Embrace millions of acres of virgin pine and spruce, broken by thousands of lakes and streams. Is it any wonder that the Highlands of Ontario is the mecca for out-door men and women.

Algonquin Park
Muskoka Lakes
Georgian Bay
Lake of Bays
Timagami

are all famous playgrounds. Modern hotels afford city comforts but many prefer to live in tent or log cabin —your choice at reasonable cost. May we help you plan your trip? Write or call for illustrated literature.

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C. E. Horning, Union Station Toronto, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

No Dressing-table

is complete without a bottle of

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

This matchless perfume, after a Century of success, still stands today the acknowledged favorite among Toilet Waters.

In the Bath, on the Dressing-table, after Shaving, in fact however used, it is always delightfully refreshing.

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP,
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.
Accept no Substitute!

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS

In tins
10c.
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Death to all Insects

Get the genuine Keating's

Made in England

Sold by all Dealers

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Murine

is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes —Granulated Eyelids

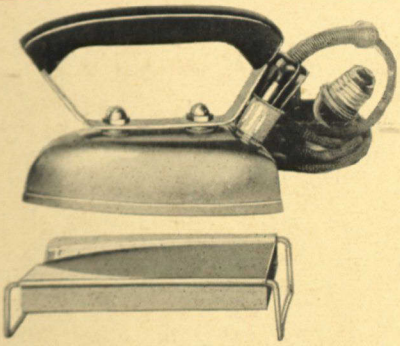
Rests—Refreshes—Restores

Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

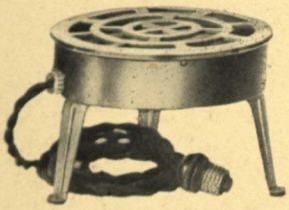
YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!

Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores

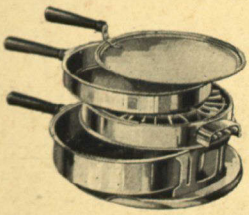
Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book



The "Premier" Electric Iron
It is all that the name implies.



Small 7½ in. "Premier" Stove for
Boiling and Light cooking.



The "Premier" 4 heat, 3 pan Grill.
It Toasts, Boils, Grills and Fries.

The "Premier" Toaster, shown in actual use, makes two slices of golden brown toast in a jiffy. Always ready for instant use.

Welcome in *Any* Home

EVERY up-to-date housewife needs these three modern electric appliances. They save drudgery, weariness, money.

Because they bear the name "PREMIER" you can depend on their quality. They are built to last *and serve* a lifetime. Made by men who have grown up with the electrical appliance industry. Guaranteed, of course.

Don't buy an electrical appliance till you have seen the "PREMIER" line. Then you know the highest standard of construction, beauty and value.

At most good electrical dealers and hardware stores. Note the "PREMIER" brand of quality shown below.

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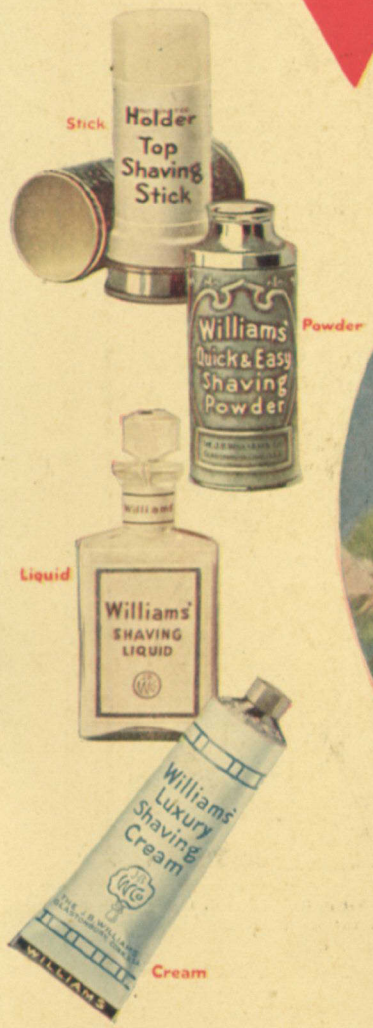
SUPERIOR ELECTRICS LIMITED

PEMBROKE TRADE MARK **CANADA**

Four forms of
Williams' Shaving Soaps

Williams'



PATENTED

Holder Top Shaving Stick

WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap is as much at home in camp or at the front as it is in a bathroom. The water need not be hot, your brush need not be a fine badger, to coax Williams' Shaving Soap into a lather. Like a good soldier, it fits into any kind of life, and delivers its full quota of rich, creamy, lasting lather, even under difficult shaving conditions. Pass this war comfort along to your soldier. It is one of the few luxuries the Government permits.

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Canadian Depot,* 655 Drolet St., Montreal