

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1916



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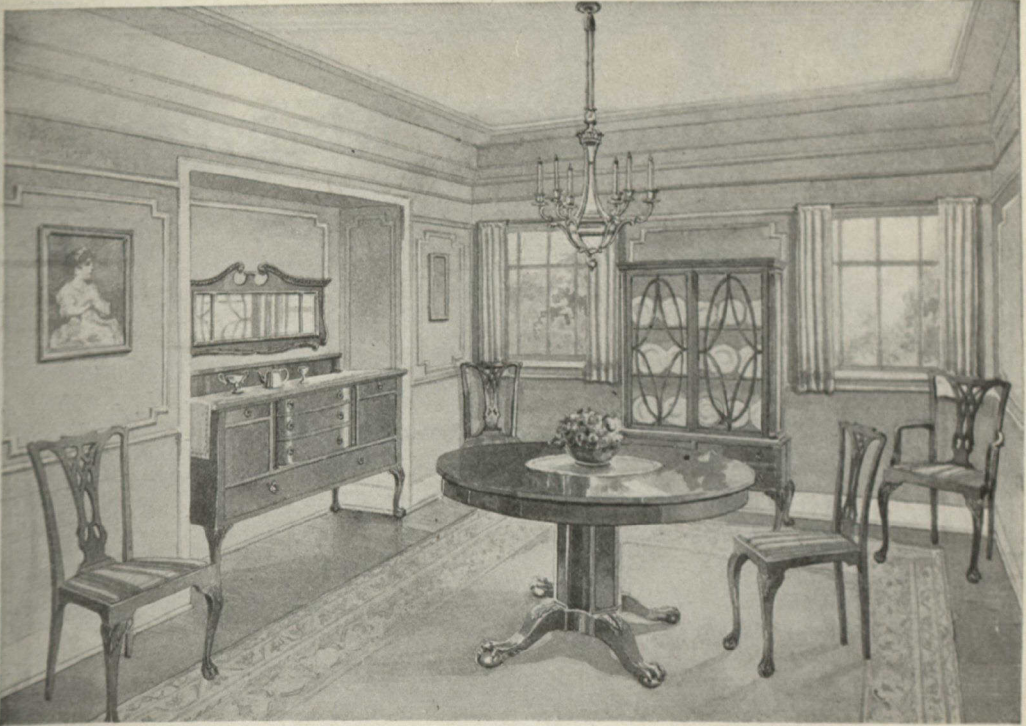
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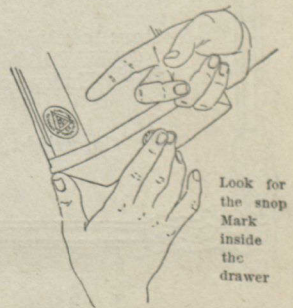
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVI

Contents, April, 1916

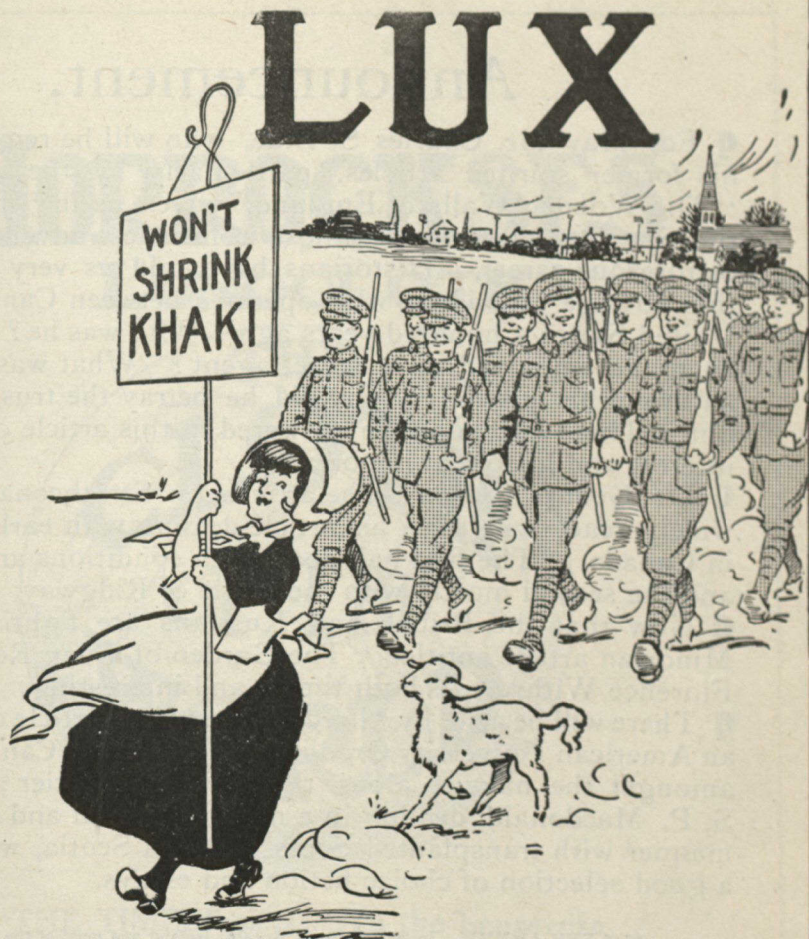
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¶ Dr. George Bryce, whose articles on Strathcona have been widely read, will have an article dealing with early soldiering in Canada. The first half deals with conditions and practices, and the second mostly with the battle of Ridgway.

¶ Now that the British and Russians are fighting in Asia Minor an article entitled "The Garden of Eden Revisited," by Florence Withrow, is both timely and interesting.

¶ There will be also, by Alfred Fitzgerald, an article dealing with an American University Graduate who came to Canada to work amongst the navvies along the northern frontier; another by S. P. Macdonald, dealing in a most delightful and sympathetic manner with transplanted Scots in Nova Scotia, with, as well, a good selection of choice fiction and essays.

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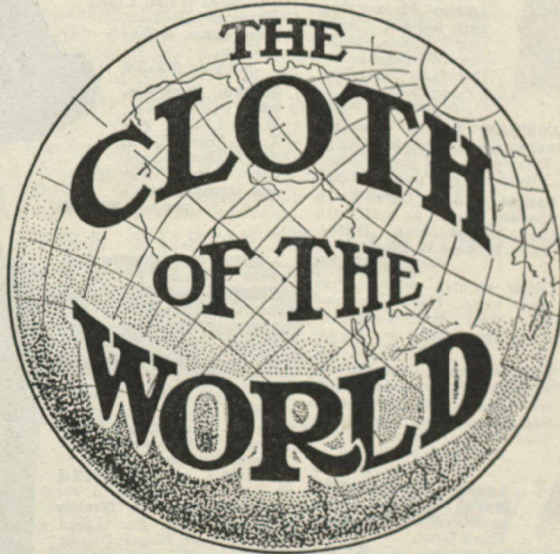
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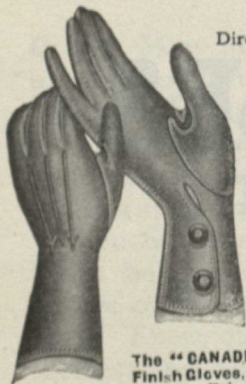
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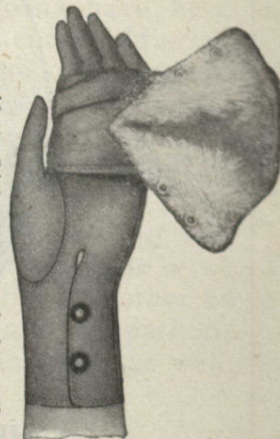
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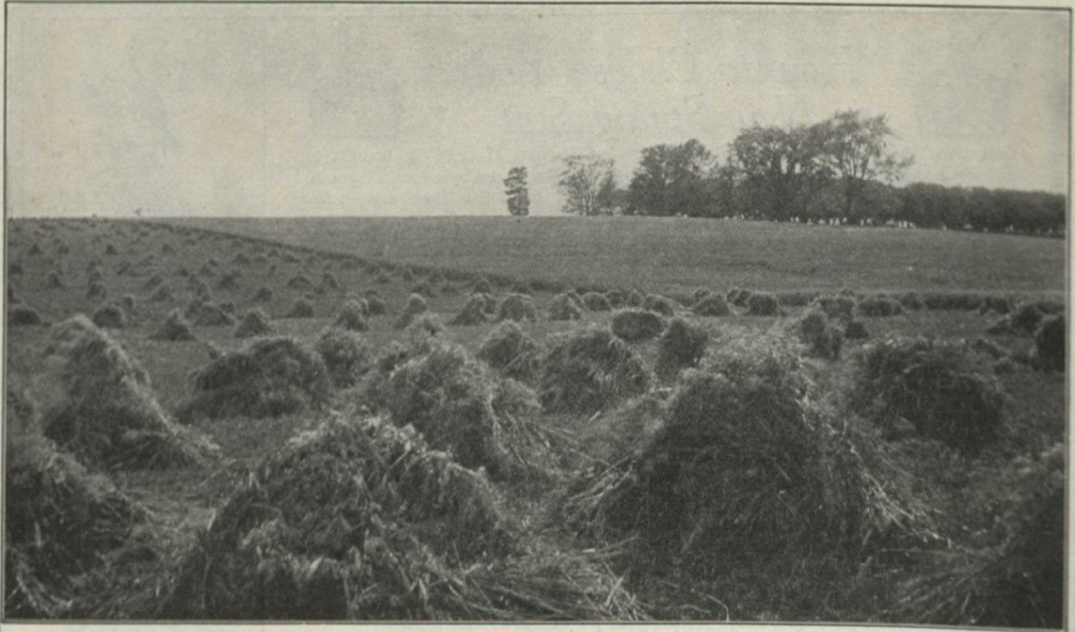
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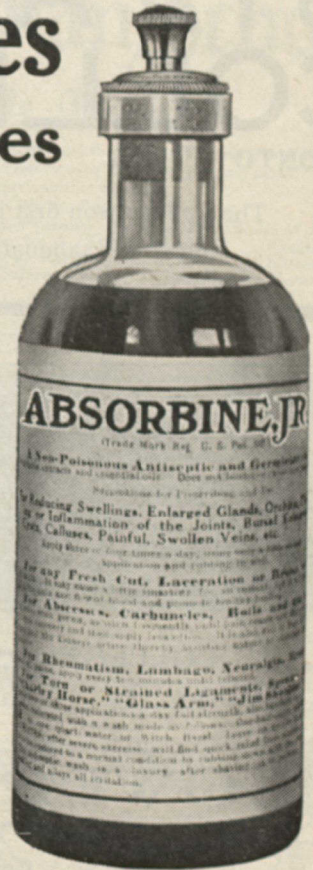
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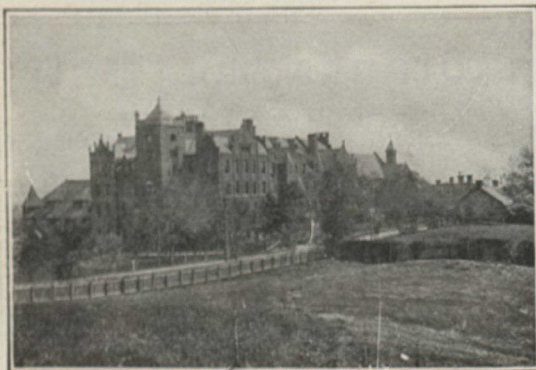
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THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval Career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 8 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 11th, 1916

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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

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The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each. The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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FOR THE

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New Business Written. Gain in Business in Force. Increase in Cash Income, in Assets and in Surplus. All reached High-Water Mark in 1915.

Profits to Policyholders exceeded Estimates one-third and a further increased scale goes into effect for 1916.

The following comparative statement shows the excellent progress made in recent years:—

	1909	1911	1913	1915
Insurance in Force	\$14,189,613	\$20,237,984	\$27,118,375	\$34,820,327
Insurance Issued	5,011,227	7,369,183	8,828,189	11,060,511
Total Assets	2,927,055	3,589,797	4,645,695	6,075,323
Policy Reserves	2,667,513	3,278,616	4,226,152	5,459,242
Premium and Interest Income	754,307	959,185	1,295,840	1,666,122
Rate of Interest Earned	6.57%	6.68%	6.81%	7.08%

Our "Endowment at Life Rate" is one reason for the remarkable progress of the Company.

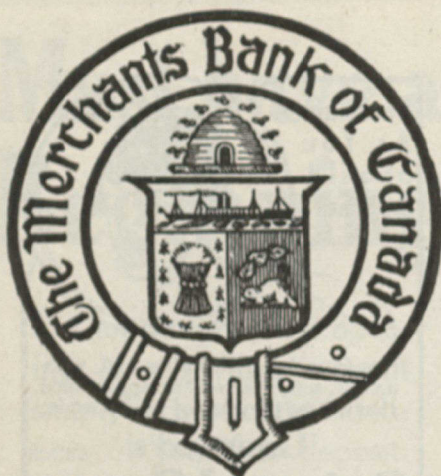
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Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and
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206 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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The Report for 1915

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It records a year of remarkable success—success founded upon twenty-three years of remarkable

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Head Office - Winnipeg

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000

Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,236,000

Total Assets - 200,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, *President* E. L. PEASE, *Vice-President* E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., *2nd Vice-President*

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E. Neill, General Manager

W. B. Torrance, Superintendent of Branches.

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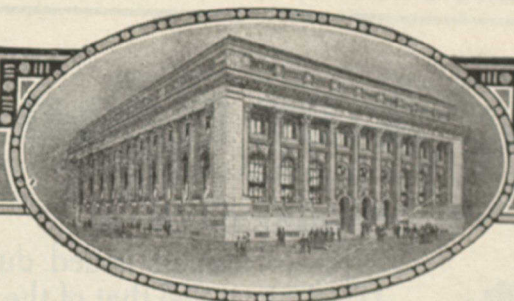
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The knowledge that The Bank of Toronto is strong and secure, with the experience of sixty years, and is carefully managed, gives certainty that all money entrusted to its care will be safely guarded, and can be had when required.

Interest is added to all balances every half year.

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Paid-up Capital	-	-	\$5,000,000
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INCORPORATED 1855

THE BANK OF TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

North American Life

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"



PROGRESSIVE.

New Business issued during the year 1915 exceeded that of the previous year by One and a Quarter Millions. Total Business in Force at December 31st, 1915, amounted to over \$56,200,000.

PROSPEROUS.

Net Surplus held on Policyholders account increased during the year by \$385,927, and now amounts to over \$2,500,000, while Assets amount to over \$15,716,000. It is a Policyholders Company. A "Solid as the Continent" Policy is a safe and profitable one to hold.

North American Life Assurance Company HEAD OFFICE: **Toronto**

EDWARD GURNEY, President.

L. GOLDMAN, 1st Vice-President and Managing-Director

BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS	\$3,475,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES





From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

ACADIA

An orchard scene in the Annapolis Valley,
Nova Scotia.



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI

TORONTO, APRIL, 1916

No. 6

THE GERMAN WAR WOMAN
By Eva Madden.

IT was in 1903, when I was resident in a pensionat for well-born daughters, in Germany, that I was asked a very strange question, strange in itself, but made more so by the age of the questioner.

I was walking up and down the third terrace of the pensionat garden, which was carelessly kept, rose-grown and old. There were girls everywhere, reading, writing letters, doing fancy work at the little tables under the trees, strolling in couples on the second terrace, or playing tennis on the level space below the third.

On the vine-shaded balcony of the rambling, chalet-like building sat the Countess Von Moltke. She came every year for a visit of some weeks, and her presence always caused a thrill of patriotism, since to have a "niece," as the Germans often call a cousin, of the famous Field Marshal there in their midst excited much talk of Sedan and stories of the making of the Empire.

It was a pretty, old world scene: the ancient village with its red roofs and famous church at our feet, the wooded hills for our background, and, beyond, across the valley, the turrets of the old castle of a town which to-day is full of English prisoners.

Peace was everywhere, in the garden of girls, in the summer breeze swaying the fruit trees of the terraces, in the cackle of the wandering hens, in the voices reciting Shakespeare in a distant class-room.

Had anyone told me that aught was going on about me other than the ordinary life of the happiest school imaginable, I should have laughed in derision. Yet the war has revealed to me that there, in that innocent spot, were working in secret those thought-out processes which were aiming to make actual and triumphant the great German dream of world-empire.

But as I, an *auslanderin*, knew nothing whatever of Imperial secrets,

I was more than startled by Herta's question.

"Do you think," she asked me, as she strolled by my side, "that it is right to break a commandment, if by so doing you can aid some genius (this was her English for superman) in a great work of achievement?" Astonished, I turned and faced her, to see a lovely girl of sixteen in a pale blue summer gown, her soft throat outlined by a lace-edged kerchief, one hand fingering a ruffled dimity apron, dark chestnut hair swept back from the noblest face I know or, rather, knew (for *that* Herta has been obliterated), and falling in two heavy braids almost to the hem of her skirt—the very visual embodiment of the German heroine of my former romantic novels, and as well the daughter of a very old-fashioned, orthodox Lutheran Herr Pastor.

When pressed to explain, she changed the form of her inquiry, first asking me if *kraft* (that is, power) were not the highest goal of effort, achievement the prize.

"Good then," she went on, "what I ask is this: If a young girl, such as I am, found out that by any act she could increase the power of a Genius, even if that act were to be to live with him, though he had a wife, wouldn't she be doing more for the world, more for her country to perform it, than by keeping a commandment?"

I had never been asked such questions by girls of sixteen and seventeen, and, therefore, when the idea kept coming to me, again and again, in the bed-time talks in my room, in the discussions in the garden, about the winter stoves, I tried to find out where it had started, but without success, Herta putting me off with the answer that she had read of such ideas in a Russian novel.

Nor could I combat it with appeals to Lutheran teachings.

"We go to church because we must," said one, "but we find that kind of religion very foolish and suited to old ladies. Nature is our religion."

When pressed on this point, they told me that the forests were the true cathedral of the German, and, in fact, I discovered several of these girls, at different times, standing wrapt and silent in the aisles of Odin's old forests.

"Religion," said Herta, "is for the weak. Men are not weak, and, therefore, they have no need of it. Nor have some women," she added. "My father is orthodox, I know, but I must feel as I feel." Thus went on this strange talk, and, even then, I felt about me that rising of some unseen leaven. I know now that it was the evolution of the German War Woman, that woman who has thrown all she possesses into the making of the Imperial *kraft*, dreaming of that world-empire achievement, from the sentimental girl of the pensionats who dreamed of the sacrifice of herself in the service of the superman and who artificially, by suggestion and educational skill, was being trained to become an active and often efficient factor in that gigantic German scheme to accomplish world dominion, by making, as Frank Vanderlip puts it in his "Business and Education," each individual member of the commonwealth the most efficient of industrial and economic units, "the greatest artificial experiment in patriotism the world has ever seen, an attempt rendered abortive by the war and whose ultimate possibility the world can never now know."

What I, personally, saw was the beginning of the transformation of idealistic young girls into war women, busy over propaganda of the war spirit and hate; into spies, operating before my eyes, even in my home, in the Italian city where I later resided; into commercial, industrial, social agents of their Government, giving themselves, their talents, their honour, breaking commandments, if necessary, for the sake of that power and achievement about which we had talked in the quiet old garden.

The whole story is like a novel, and

when passions cool it will live as a romance of woman's blind devotion, however futurity may estimate its morality.

That the impulse was educational, there can be little doubt. Of all lands, Germany alone saw what power lies for a nation in the school-master. Her trade schools, her educational advantages commercially, her continuous trade schools, all were directed towards the one end of elevating Germany as a power. Since the Kaiser showed endless interest in them all, it is hardly possible that a girl's pensionat, drawing pupils from every section of his Empire, was neglected. So that the better to understand the war woman and her work, let us linger a moment longer in the garden.

On the balcony, that day, as I said, was sitting the Countess von Moltke. Now and then she discussed the German woman with me.

She was discouraged, in those days, with the German woman ever shaking her shackles, and she told me a story of herself to illustrate.

"I had dreams once of bettering things," she confided, "and thought that, with my name, I might influence standards."

I looked at her inquiringly, but she shook her head.

The Kaiser had interfered, she told me.

"When the Field Marshal died," she went on, "he left his old home as a residence for my sisters and me. It is in a garrison town, and, as we are none of us young, I entertained the idea of making social life easier between German men and women. As it is, you know, young German men are cut off from desirable female society by the fact that attentions are taken to imply a desire for marriage. My idea was to have our time for drinking coffee like an open reception, giving those young officers, some almost boys, a little taste of home life. How they did love to come!" she reminisced enthusiastically, "and what pleasure for us to have cakes

and coffee ready and to enjoy their lively company. It was humanizing, too," she added, "and good for them. But, one day, came a message from the Kaiser: 'Unmarried women did not receive officers unchaperoned,' his Imperial Majesty would remind us. Our name was a German heritage, our house, national property, and so it ended," she added sadly.

Again, she told me how, when for economy's sake, she, not being rich, had travelled once second-class, a message had come quickly from William (evidence that his spies were everywhere) to inform her that, as she lived in the Field Marshal's house, for the honour of Germany she must travel always first-class. He did not, however, offer to pay the difference.

Her various male relatives were all in the army or navy. One, of whom I heard her speak, was that young man, killed in one of the battles of August in France, his head being blown to pieces, who wore, under his uniform, a suit of armour with the Von Moltke arms embossed on it.

That the work of mastering details of the life of other countries for commercial or military ends must have led its agents to the pensionate, I conclude from the fact that one day, in 1903, a certain person, in authority in the school, drew me aside and asked me to go along the village street, stop the postman, and ask him for the letters coming to a certain English pupil-teacher. I was then to open and read them, reseal and slip them in with the other letters, when later the postman should arrive at the pensionat. The contents of the letters I was to report, since, I was told, it was desired to know if the English girl were happy.

But why, I inquired, was I, a stranger, selected for such a task, and why, if they wished to ascertain in such a fashion if the English girl were happy, did they not read the letters that she herself wrote, and not letters coming to her?

For answer I was told that her family would comment on her confidences and that I was asked because, while they all knew English, I alone could understand the little idioms, and they wanted to understand accurately.

Upon my declining politely, on the ground that American standards did not sanction the opening of other people's letters, no offence was taken, but I was patted on the back and told that I was a dear, good child, and that after all what did it matter whether the English girl were or were not happy?

That it did matter, I have realized since the war, for the English girl was the daughter of the British vice-consul at Dunkirk, France, and the letters I was to read came directly from British headquarters in the very French town so craved for by William.

There were many other English women and girls resident during my stay, but I was asked to inspect the letters of only this one. The girl herself was made much of by all; she was asked as guest to many of their houses, and easier terms were made for her for a second year.

Coming and going from this pensionat was a certain Herr Professor, occupying some official position in the Government schools. There was a resident, a certain very patriotic and rich woman, confident of all the young and old teachers, whose brother had a habit of coming and going to and from Belgium, often with his close friend, a young Alsatian member of a family which figured in the Dreyfus case. This brother had no business in Belgium, but he made his trips purely for pleasure. The sister, who was kindness itself, first interested me in German history. At that time I was writing books for children on certain famous English historic episodes. One day one of the pupils asked me to change from English to German history. Then the little group all clamoured for me to write

a book for American girls on their beloved Queen Louisa. When my publisher agreed, endless was the help given to me by every girl, and when the book was under discussion, the Herr Professor had me informed that he would see that my books should be introduced into certain German schools.

Almost daily girls of the strong pro-German party (there was in the school the cult of the English, as fashionable, and also the cult of everything German, and *Kaiserlich*, such as the new spelling) asked me whether if a war came between England and Germany, I would side with Germany? Extremely anti-English was one teacher of great influence, so much so that, though English was the advertised language of the school, she preferred to suffer incessant inconvenience rather than learn that hated tongue.

Reviewing my life in this school, taking into account where its teaching finally led, I find myself face to face with Frank Vanderlip's statement, that the explanation of the remarkable German progress is to be traced in the most direct manner to the German system of education.

He speaks, of course, of the Government and technical schools, not of these pensionats for the teaching of household arts and accomplishments to German maidens. Still, the majority of these girls had gone first to various Government schools, schools which this writer claimed in 1909 had made of Germany "a strong, self-reliant, progressive, prosperous nation".

What Mr. Vanderlip saw in 1909 struck me, an old teacher in public and private schools in America, as being lacking in sincere fundamentals and devoid of altruistic or spiritual inspiration. It looked well, its methods and machinery dazzled; but nowhere was there the basis of hard commonsense and sturdy righteousness which underlay the simple old methods of those district schools which give us the best education.

There was in that school sentimentality, little or no ethical teaching, and religion was perfunctory. What I observed of the results of the trade schools was that when the pupils became workers and sold me their wares, too often they fell to pieces almost in my hands.

Fifteen years ago I went to Europe with an entirely new wardrobe. Some of my garments were bought and made in Louisville, and certain materials, made later in England, in New York. In Germany I entirely replenished it, but continued to make use of things I had, as one can, abroad when in out-of-the-way places.

When I came to pack my belongings to return to America, I found I wore a silk garment made in Louisville, English longcloth, bought in 1900, I still could pack. Blouses made of my New York materials I gave to my maid only because out of style, and a tulle blouse from Louisville was still without a rent, though I am hard on clothes. A pair of English evening gloves had lasted ten years. As to my German things, of them all I found only a lace dress of fish net. Calling my maid, I asked her what she had left of the garments I had given her in 1906, after I settled in Italy.

"I have, signorina, the gray suit," she informed me. "I have washed it every spring, but it never wears out."

It was the English tweed, made for me in London. I mentioned the German things, one by one, and all were gone. She retained two English flannel blouses and American old shoes.

As for the other things in my possession, such as bags, trunks, ornaments, etc., I find my former things, after fifteen years, still in use, but the hands of my German clock have dropped off, my cheap German watch will not go, and even a German crucifix has fallen to pieces, being glued, not carved, as I understood, when I bought it.

Therefore, I, an old teacher, look at that great educational effort, that

artificial forcing of patriotism for commercial, industrial and military ends, as at a plant of human sowing and tending, whose fruit, to be valued accurately, must be studied out in the world of international competition and its merit appraised accordingly.

I left Germany in 1905, and made my home, until now, in Italy, and there I met my pensionat girl as the German war woman.

As the world knows, in all leading Italian towns there are foreign colonies. Of them all the German differs in not being casual. The Anglo-American, to illustrate, consists of the leisured class, its members being those moving in what we term society. If some member has enterprise enough, there is an American church. Private individuals also, if enterprising or forced to work, start schools.

The German colony, on the contrary, is a busy hive of workers, its members, from the baron bank presidents down to the ubiquitous waiter, living in Italy for commercial reasons.

There is always, therefore, a Lutheran church, and Herr pastor, a German doctor, a German school and a *marienheim*. The German colony celebrates, *en masse*, the Kaiser's birthday; it gathers about the yearly Christmas tree, and its members of all grades of society apparently know one another. German royalties appear during the season and entertain at dinner the consul, pastor, doctor and other important members.

Out of the necessity of such a colony was organized the *marienheim*, a hostel offering accommodation at very low prices to German women arriving to seek work: governesses, nurses, maids, companions, secretaries, sales girls, typewriters, servants of all classes. Attached to the one I knew was an infirmary, with good trained nurses, the charge being lower than any English nursing home and the accommodation beyond any Italian one.

The German school, also, was cheaper than the English one. Prices at American schools being always prohibitive for Europeans, their choice of foreign schools was always between English and German. Because of the educational advantages and price, the German won—until the war began. It was then discovered that its little alien pupils had been systematically Germanized, these schools being subsidized by the German Government.

The charges at the *marienheim*, as I say, were very small, by courtesy also of the Government. In return for such charges, the women who went out, through their various occupations, into every walk of Italian life, were asked to make a return. They were girls and women, as we have seen, obsessed educationally with the idea of self-sacrifice for Imperial power, and it was easy indeed to excite their sentimentality, by talk of Imperial achievement, to an exaltation of devotion peculiar to the Teutonic nature.

These women, then, so the war has revealed, were asked to gather data from conversations overheard in the various houses where they worked, concerning Italy's commercial and industrial needs and enterprises, a thing easy to do, since Italian men discuss incessantly their business.

Their reports were then sifted, systematized, and sent to the proper German bureaux, and thus began that great scheme of commercial, military and social espionage of Italy which had almost Germanized her and which might have led her to Germany's side in the war had not Baron Sidney Sonnino happened to have been born of an English mother or descended from an English grandmother.

These English mothers of foreign-fathered children, let me say parenthetically, are changing the world's history as nothing else has changed it. A German saying has it that "a tree never quite grows to Heaven," and, in the matter of the German tree

in Italy, it was the English mothers with whom Germany had to reckon. That fact Germany forgot.

An Englishwoman always has an English baby, be that baby Turk, German, Italian, Spanish, or Dutch, in law and father.

When the day of the expulsion of the Germans came in Florence, a certain German business man said taunting things as he left.

"Never mind," remarked a bystander, "he's got an English baby. He married Miss H. That's what he'll have for his future reckoning. Let him go."

But to return to the *marienheim*. Besides the women going out into the families of the small tradesmen and the well-to-do merchants, there were also the governesses and nurses, whose avocations took them into the palaces and villas of the nobility and foreign residents and who could bring back reports of army, navy, court and bank.

It is just to these women to say that probably the word espionage was never mentioned to them. Trained to obey, it was only logical that, being obsessed with the idea of Germany's greatness, they should become part of "that spirit of making each individual member of the commonwealth the most efficient of industrial and economic units."

When the expulsion of German spies came in Italy, when every advertising sign disappeared from every landscape for fear of German secret land guides, when Teutons vanished from banks, shops and restaurants overnight, the public of one city was aghast when it heard that the police had ordered out a certain high-born admirable governess, living for thirty or more years in one of the highest Italian families, on the ground that she had acquainted herself and, by inference, her government with the secrets of every ramification of Italian high life, her position sending her into the society of officers, syndics and even royalty.

A servant was told to go who had

remained by choice with her English mistress, who believed her old, harmless, and knowing only her own language. One Sunday, in January, I came upon this Frau B——, amid a large group of Italians. She was speaking French with great volubility and, to my surprise, had got rid of some twenty or more years by an erect carriage, in place of her usual stoop, with quite youthful movement and tones replacing her rheumatism.

With the war many of the German governesses in Italy threw off reserve and came into the open, distributing papers to humbler Germans everywhere and teaching the little children that "Germans are good, French or English bad," according to the nation of her employer, and that when the little ones played at "trenches," as all European children do, the Germans always must win.

The great figure, however, was the "Lady of the Salon."

This was a German woman, an artist, who, knowing the Italian nobility, had set up a salon in one of the leading cities. Here, for two years, were to be seen princesses, princes, Countess This, Baroness That, literary lights, artistic lights, French, German, Italian, English, American, the great social bait being the Princess of Lippe Detmold and her three charming daughters. Like moths about the proverbial candle, lovers of titles clustered about these ladies, thronging the salon. The cards of Prince Lichtenstein, of a young prince of Saxe-Meiningen, now killed, I think, were in evidence, and the "Lady of the Salon" soon knew everybody. She declared herself to be that ambiguous thing, an International and a German, not admiring the Kaiser. She was everywhere, in everything, and painted, in odd moments, in the villa gardens about Rome, Venice, Florence. German royalties came and went like familiar friends to and from her home, and shortly after the war began this lady disappeared into Germany.

First, however, she had visited Americans, to draw them aside from English groups and whisper, "England made the war. She would not give us a colony." When she reappeared it was to consort with the American-German element and relate the German side of it to win them.

In the mean season, Italy, alarmed by Ezio Gray's warning against spies in his *Belgio Sotto la Spada Tedesca*," began the publication of a paper called "*La Fiamma*," or *The Flame*.

Each issue of this paper related the secret history of suspected German spies, and one week it told of the excursion of the "Lady of the Salon" to Germany, declared that her children had received free education at the German school, hinted at other perquisites, and the lady disappeared, gossip said, accompanied by the police; and the habitués of the salon sat down to review just what they had incidentally revealed there.

"In Germany," writes Frank Vanderlip, "every encouragement is given to a man to devote time and thought to new ways of doing things," and these new ways were often put into the hands of German women to promote in foreign lands.

For some years I have acted as correspondent for a certain well-known Paris paper, and, as correspondent, I was approached by a German lady—I use this word in the European sense—about a scheme of apartment houses, in which, if I took quick advantage, I could have stock, she told me.

By another I was interviewed about a bandage invented by a German woman and which it was wished to have introduced into America. This society lady might have been an agent, so ready was she with data, circulars and note-books. Again, I was offered a present to interest me in a German art sale, this by a woman whose husband, I have discovered since the war began, was correspondent of *The Frankfurter Zeitung*," that paper which, we are told in "Business and

Education," can keep you thoroughly abreast of the currents of European commercial life.

Her husband, however, who went only with Italians, passed for an art critic, for art has been a most effective cloak for the German worker. Every year German girl artists in strange costumes have poured into Italy, leading the *frei* life and sketching wildly. Lingering at Viareggio and Forte dei Marni, as many did, how easy to make useful drawings about Spezia, the naval base.

At Viareggio it was discovered last winter that nearly all the pine woods encircling the bay were owned by Austria and Germany. When actually the land passed into German possession it is hard to say, all transfers having been made in Italian names.

Another activity of the German war woman in Italy was what was humorously dubbed the "Pro-Uxoribus Club."

Last autumn articles began to appear in certain Italian papers in favour of Germany and signed by leading Italian professors. Also, under the name of one, were published excerpts translated from *The London Times*, but with meanings altered by the omission of words or phrases.

The Fiamma let the public into the secret that all these Germanophile professors were possessed of German wives. Dubbed "The Pro-Uxoribus Club," they were the butt of infinite ridicule, but so well had these wives worked that not a husband deserted the "Pro-Uxoribus" colours.

The German war woman did her work also in the clubs, introducing displays of German handiwork, shows of German artists, and manifesting an energy and zeal in such enterprises more American than European.

Nor was the energy always commercial. The members of a certain Lyceum Club, with many leading citizens, were invited to its rooms to attend a lecture on "Caste" by a native Indian. When the room was filled and the audience interested by the read-

ing of an extremely well-written page or two on Indian life, the Indian, still reading his carefully prepared manuscript, suddenly began to make propaganda against British rule in India. This was in 1913, and, when on the protest of "a loyal subject of King George," the matter was investigated, it was found that the man had been introduced by a certain German member. Recently, in New York, I was invited to a lecture on Tagore by a Hindu, who, in a woman's club, also attacked the British Government, making propaganda.

Almost the last person I saw, before I left Italy, was one of these club war women, wife of a "Pro-Uxoribus" professor.

Dropped deftly from her position on the board of directors by her fellow-officers, her husband scorned and attacked by his students, she was standing in the club-room, her belongings, as manager of the tea-room, about her. No one spoke to her, some violent Italians having spoken at her, making a scene before I appeared. The maids obeyed her defiantly, and the little page boy stared.

She was going, as had all her race, for Italy had declared her war. Bands of girl students in white dresses, bearing baskets of flowers and singing the National Hymn, had saluted the British Consulate, bands of boy students, wearing the Tri-colour, had torn down all German signs; the foreign colonies had hung out the Italian colours and their own; on the breasts of English and Americans were the Italian Tri-colour rosette and the Union Jack, or the Stars and Stripes. The end had come, and she and her things were ordered out.

Yet, what had she done?

"Germany over all," she had sung to her soul, and yet there she stood, scorned, forsaken, driven out, while the tramp of the soldiers marching northward echoed and re-echoed through the narrow streets of the old Italian town.

In one brief winter the whole work

of these German war women crumbled and fell into nothing, whereas the work of the Italian women, the outgrowth of the practicality of that practical race, is bearing certain fruit.

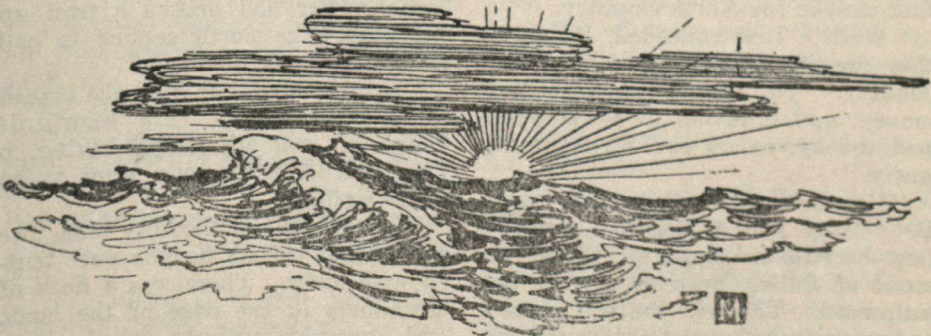
When I lived in that pensionat of the old garden I was asked, one evening, to talk with the girls of the Shakespeare class, as their teacher was indisposed. It was the time of the Russo-Japanese War, and, as I knew, the girls had heard nothing about it, I began to explain to them its causes and to give them an idea of events outside their Fatherland.

"Stop, my dear American lady," said the head of the school, who was listening, "German girls are not taught politics. Listen, children," and she turned to the group: "the Russians are Christians, the Japanese are heathen, God will see that the Russians win. That will do. Let us discuss other things."

In Italy, on the contrary, Italian women are invited to hear lectures delivered by leading lawyers, arranged by the women of the General Federation of Clubs or the Suffragists, on the property rights of women in Italy. In this she has the approval and willing co-operation of Italian men. The Italian women's movement, a leading woman told me, is unique in this co-operation with man, the two sexes working together with the mu-

tual aim of advancing Italy through the emancipation and elevation of woman. Italian statesmen, she told me, consult willingly with the advanced women, and both sexes arrive at a mutual agreement as to the successive strides for woman to make. The German and the Italian methods are being put to the test by the war. The German woman, who served the State by letting the State mould and direct her standards, remains to-day with the results that I have described.

The Italian woman is serving the State by advancing herself with man's willing aid towards self-reliant usefulness. Of herself, she has introduced trained nurses into Italy, teaching nursing herself to banish a traditional social stigma from the profession. She has changed the abuses of the *Casa di Pena* for girls; she has introduced clubs, she has revived and supported old industries, by them bettering the whole race of women peasants; she has battled against tuberculosis; she has organized nearly all the working war philanthropies; she has modernized into usefulness many of the old endowed charities; and last, but not least, she has just invented, in her school for teaching the domestic arts, a new kind of bread. And nearly all this, since the day when Herta asked me her question.



STEVE CONGDEN

By Judith Kingdon

HOMESTEADING in Northern Ontario is nothing but a skin game. This country is all very well to visit, but if you'd lived here as long as we have, you wouldn't like it any better than I do."

Tom Benton was very much in earnest.

"Yes," supplemented his wife, "by the end of March we begin to get pretty tired of seeing snow, snow, snow. Two months of summer, one of spring, one of autumn, and six months of winter—it's too much. Then think of all the stumps there are to the acre."

"Just the same," said Bet cheerfully, "I persist in liking it. Also, I have an idea all your neighbours aren't quite so bad as you think them—though some of them may be."

Bet was Tom's sister, enjoying her first visit in the North Country.

"Well," Tom conceded, "I guess they aren't. But this is a hard luck country. No one's making any money, and it makes us all irritable and touchy, so we fall to scrapping easily."

"But I can't understand," said Bet, "why you should say a man's lazy because he traps all winter instead of felling bush or getting out pulpwood. You say yourself there's no money in pulpwood unless you can grow the feed for your team. And

if a man tends his traps properly, he can't be very lazy."

"Why, that man Steve Congdon is utterly shiftless. He lives on porridge three times a day, so they say."

Tom was obviously disgusted.

"And, of course," he went on, "he snares rabbits like the rest of us. The nicest fellow to talk to, as plausible as you like."

"But what have you got against him?"

"He's just no good; he's lazy."

Tom had strong convictions on this subject.

"I'd like to see him for myself," Bet laughed, walking over to the window. "I believe I'll go out with my snow-shoes," she added; "it is such a perfect day."

There was very little wind. The snow was dazzling in the sunlight. Some settler had broken a trail up the road. The north seemed to call to her, and she followed.

"How beautiful it is!" she sighed in sheer delight. "How beautiful! Think of grumbling over having to live here. I don't ever want to go home again."

The sky was wonderfully blue. The spruce and balsam boughs were tented with snow. There was a flock of chickadees in the edge of the bush, and two whiskey-jacks sailed across the road in front of her.

The light wind southing in the spruce tops lured her on and on. By the time she had gone two miles a few clouds drifted up from the west. In another hour the sunlight had vanished. Then the wind dropped, and the soft, clinging snow fell thickly and silently down.

Bet laughed and lifted her face to the wet flakes. They clung to her eyelashes and the edge of her white wool cap. She laughed again and went on. She felt as if she belonged to the bush—one with it.

Tiring, she sat on the tails of her snow-shoes to rest. Then, after a little, she decided she must return if she were to be back by dark.

But here Bet lost her way. The thought of going wrong did not occur to her, nor was there anything to suggest it. There was no sun. Her own tracks in the time she had stopped were as well obliterated as those ahead, both looking the same—the blur of a trail. Instead of returning southward, she went on northward.

As the dusk came, the trail entered a strip of bush and a clearing beyond. Bet now realized her mistake, but she was too tired to turn back without a rest. Just then through the falling snow a light shone out from a log house in front of her. She followed the trail in. Taking off her snow-shoes, she thrust the tails into the snow beside the path, then rapped on the door, feeling certain of the ever ready bush hospitality.

A pleasant voice called, "Come in."

She pressed the latch, and the door swung open, revealing to her inquiring eyes simply a man and a big, sleek cat.

The man did not look round for a moment, as he was very carefully turning scones in a frying-pan. When this was performed to his satisfaction, however, he straightened up and turned, a soft exclamation escaping him.

"I'm afraid I've got lost," Bet explained rather hesitatingly. "Not exactly lost, only I kept on going

north when I thought I was going south again. So I thought I might come in and rest a little; and perhaps I could borrow a lantern to get back with."

"Why, sure!"

The man beamed hospitably upon her.

"You're just in time for some tea. I got back myself an hour or so ago."

"It must have been your trail I followed up the road, then."

"That was my trail. Great luck this is my night at this end. Sit down here—best chair I've got."

He pointed to a block of wood turned up on end, with a couple of boards nailed on for a back.

"Rather primitive, I'm afraid, and very bushy," he apologized. "Where do you live?"

"I'm staying with the Bentons down on the Porcupine. I'm Bet Benton, Tom Benton's sister."

"Great Scott!" the man exclaimed. "You've been travelling some. That's six miles."

Bet was horrified. It had not seemed so far. The idea of six miles back alone in the dark did not appeal to her.

"I'll go down with you, of course."

The man had noticed her expression. She thanked him.

"My name is Steve Congdon," he said, a moment after.

"I have heard my brother speak of you," Bet acknowledged.

Steve smiled.

"I'm afraid I was not very favourably. Tom Benton and I don't seem to hit it off very well. I guess our ways of looking at life are too different."

Bet evaded.

"Perhaps it is just as well we are not all alike."

She glanced around the house. It was the regulation size, sixteen by twenty feet. In one corner stood a stretcher. The three-foot, round-barreled heater stood in the centre. A small cook-stove was in the far corner, and beside it a table made of four

balsam poles for legs and for top the boards of a packing case. The floor was of flattened logs. The walls were covered with white building paper, with here and there a gay picture from some magazine. It looked much neater, in fact, than she had expected the abode of a bachelor to be.

"Does it come up to requirements?" he asked, quite aware of her inspection.

"Indeed it does," she laughed, flushing slightly.

Steve opened a big trunk which stood against the wall at the foot of the cot. Lifting out two trays, he brought forth a paper parcel. This he very carefully unwrapped, bringing to view a white table cloth. He cleaned all traces of flour from the table and spread the cloth.

"My married sister sent me this two years ago. I have been saving it for a particularly special occasion, and evidently it has arrived. Then he sighed with pure pleasure. "Isn't it great to have a white cloth on? But I suppose you're used to them."

"I'm afraid I never quite appreciated one before. I suppose it's the way with other things too."

"Yes," he agreed. "See this tin of pears I bought down at the post-office to-day? It's not often I blow myself like that. So now they will taste just twice as good to me as they do to you."

"I'm afraid I hadn't better eat any then, if that's the case. It would be a pity to take them from you."

"Don't let that worry you; half will do for me. Come now and have some 'settlers' hope'."

"What's that?"

"Oh, that's what I call rabbits. Whatever would the poor, benighted settler do without rabbits, I wonder? They are the mainstay of our existence—with porridge," he added thoughtfully.

Bet laughed, thinking of what Tom had said.

"Come on, Puss, here's your share." He put the two forelegs in

an old pie-tin and laid it by the stove.

"My cat follows me around like a dog, and always goes with me to my traps. One day I go over my trap trail and stay that night, the next day and the next night at that end. I have a little log shack there. Then I come back and stay two nights and a day at this end. My trail's about fifteen miles long. Quite long enough when I have traps to re-set and sometimes a lost one to trail."

"Where do you go?"

"I go north-east to the Frederick-house and then parallel to the river."

"But do you think you are getting any farther ahead really? Do you think it pays?"

Bet was doubtful.

Steve smiled.

"I can see Tom has been filling you up. Now, it's only fair to hear my side of the story. Tom and I are completely different. Tom is always worrying about something, and he's very much impressed with the seriousness of life and his mission in the world. But I must confess I never worry. Tom says it's because I have not enough brains. He thinks that if a man's mostly always happy and doesn't take the world too much in earnest, he can't be any good.

"Tom has more land stumped than I have, but he has very little more bush down—and he isn't anything like so contented and happy as I am, so I reckon I have the best of it."

"I didn't know you had so much clearing done," Bet interrupted.

"Why, I chop bush nearly all summer. Most of the settlers around here work on the roads in the summer, because the pay is so good, and don't do much of anything in the winter. Now I can make about enough in the winter to keep me for the year, and in the summer, when I can chop half as much bush again in a day as in the winter, I don't have to work out unless I like, but can work on my own place. I wouldn't trade places with anyone."

"Why, I've already sold a hundred

dollars' worth of furs this winter, and this is only just after the middle of February. I've sold eight mink skins for from five to seven dollars apiece: twenty weasels, at sixty to ninety cents, and twenty muskrat at thirty cents. There were three marten at five apiece, and I got three red fox and sold them for six dollars each.

"I'm trying to convince you, you see, what a very respectable person I am! One hundred and fifty dollars will keep me more than well for a year. And," he smiled rather maliciously, "I don't have to eat porridge three times a day either, my neighbours to the contrary notwithstanding."

"How did you know?" she questioned rather faintly.

"Oh, we all of us know what our neighbours think of us up here. There is always some kind friend to tell us. At any rate, this life suits me. I do like it tremendously up here in the bush. I'm sure I was born to be a pioneer. My father wanted me to be a lawyer, but I couldn't stand the thought of being cooped up in a stuffy little office all day.

"How do you like it up here?"

"Why, I believe I was born to be a pioneer, too. I think it's great. It makes me feel like going out and sitting under a tree and taking root, growing to be a part of the bush. I have never seen anything like the moonlight nights up here. The snow looks so white, and the bush looks so black. And then maybe an owl comes hooting along, all so melancholy, up in the bush. It's great, simply great. I never want to go home again. Tom," with a sigh, "Tom says I am a fat-head."

Steve laughed. "You mustn't tell him so, but it's my private opinion that it's Tom who's in the wrong. He lacks imagination, from my point of view."

"It's all too complicated for me," said Bet; "but there's one thing I am sure of: I have never tasted better scones."

Steve blushed with sheer delight.

"Oh, I'm sure some cook when I get worked up to it," he smiled. "But I must confess they aren't always so good. And I say, imagination's all very well, but it is awfully fine having someone sitting at the other end of the table."

He laughed boyishly.

Bet felt mildly flattered.

"I am going to show you something," Steve said when tea was over. "It's an absolute secret, and you mustn't tell anyone."

He brought out from the ever-useful trunk a folio of sketches.

"I occasionally indulge in being an artist," he explained. "These are all bush scenery and log houses and a stray settler or so. They're really not awfully good, but I do like doing them."

Bet looked them over, thought them very good indeed, and said so.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," Steve ventured, "if you did something of the sort yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't draw like that if my life depended on it. But I will confess to writing an odd poem now and then, if you will allow me to dignify my verses with the name."

"I'm sure you never told your brother you had such lapses."

"Certainly not. He would be disgusted beyond words. Why, the other day I showed him 'Moths of the Limberlost,' the most beautiful book I have ever seen, and he said he couldn't quite see the object of such a book, that all the moths had been already classified. He is hopelessly practical. And yet when he was first married he made up a poem to his wife—never wrote it down, you know, and either forgot it or would never own up to remembering what it was."

Steve laughed.

"I suppose the best of us depart from the path of virtue now and then."

"I wish I could go down to see you, but I know Tom would chase me off the lot. You and I seem to think

alike in so many ways. Will you come up here again and have dinner with me some day?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that, you know."

Bet was perhaps the least bit shocked.

"Well, will you meet me some place the first next fine day and come for a walk?"

Steve was persevering.

Bet said she couldn't think of doing anything to displease Tom.

"Well, then, will you marry me?" His lean, brown face and clear blue eyes were very serious.

"Cer-tain-ly not!"

Bet was very much astonished.

"Why, why," she stammered, "I never saw you till just now."

"I really can't see what difference that makes. I don't believe in propinquity myself. You can get to be fond of almost any old thing if she's half-way decent. But, somehow, when you came in here to-night, I felt that you were the girl I'd always been waiting for—perhaps half unconsciously. You seemed like the fairy of the snow-storm. Then when you sat across the table from me, I felt as if you belonged there. I don't think I can sit at the table by myself any more. I believe you to be just the same sort of a person I am, too. I don't see why we wouldn't hit it off ever so well. Won't you change your mind?"

"It's quite unthinkable."

Bet was very dignified.

"And if you'll be so good as to lend me a lantern," she ventured, "I'll start for home. You need not trouble coming with me. I'm sure Tom will be out looking for me. I daresay I'll meet him before I've gone very far," she ended rather breathlessly.

"Do you know," Steve said, with intense seriousness, "whenever I have read stories of a fellow who had the 'villain' in his power and let him go, to have him turn up later to pester him again, it always made me

mad to think he hadn't finished him off when he had the chance. I think the principle applies to this. If I let you go, I may have endless trouble getting you finally. I have been thinking it over. So I'm going to keep you now I've got you." He looked at her gravely.

"You may have some difficulty."

Bet's voice was like ice.

"Well, it's worth a little trouble. I don't expect to get something for nothing. It's possible Tom may land up here before a great while, so I think I'll take you to the other end of my trail."

Fifteen miles on a dark snowy night!

"He'll be able to track you, so it's quite useless," argued Bet.

"Oh, no, he won't. My trail across the clearance will be pretty well covered an hour after I've gone over it, and no one knows where my trap trail is."

"I won't go, that's flat," said Bet angrily.

"You can't help yourself."

"I'll refuse to walk."

"I'm going to put you on my toboggan."

"I'll scream."

"You can. My nearest neighbour is two miles away."

He brought the toboggan in.

"You are a rascal and a scamp and a brute," said Bet, fairly choking.

"I hope not all that. Come, now. I'm going to wrap you in this blanket and tie you on the toboggan. If you don't struggle I'll leave your hands loose. If you do, I'll tie you all up."

Bet struggled. Steve was lithe and strong. In a minute she was rolled in the blanket and snugly tied on the toboggan. He fastened her snowshoes on top. Then he lit the lantern, put everything in shape for leaving, and they were away into the night.

It was not always good going through the bush, as Steve had not troubled to cut out many of the dead-falls. He had to half lift the tobog-

gan over these. Then the soft snow on the trail made the pulling harder. But the trail was not so badly snowed under as in the open, and was sunken from travel, and well defined.

Several times he rested.

"Will you let me walk?" said Bet, suspiciously meek.

"If you'll give me your promise not to try to run away from me."

"I promise."

He untied her, and she struggled to her feet.

"You had better go ahead with the lantern, and I will pull the toboggan and come behind," he directed.

She put on her snow-shoes and went ahead.

"How far have we gone?" she asked.

"About two miles, I should say."

"Then I think we'll stop right here."

She laughed hysterically and swung the lantern against a tree, smashing the glass. A breath of air blew the light out.

Steve jumped forward and caught her arm.

"You needn't grab me," she laughed tauntingly. "I promised I wouldn't run away. Now, what do you think you'll do? You seem to be a person of great resource."

"I'm going on," he said.

"Thirteen miles in the dark?"

"Thirteen miles in the dark—if it takes me a year!" he said, rather savagely. Take your snow-shoes off.

Obediently she wriggled her feet out of the twisted thongs.

He wrapped her in the blanket as best he could in the dark, and tied her on the toboggan.

On and on he went, slowly, doggedly, often tumbling over the dead-falls he could not see. The trail was so much better packed than the snow beside it that he was able to keep to it by carefully feeling his way with his snow-shoes. He plodded on all night. The storm cleared towards morning. When the dawn came the going was better. But so slow had

been the progress in the dark without the lantern that it was well into the morning when they reached the shack.

When Bet was untied and unwrapped she felt very much subdued.

There was a small heater in this shack, and a collapsible sheet-iron stove for cooking. The walls were chinked with clay, and the roof was of poles covered with tar-paper. It was only twelve feet square. There was no clearing around it.

Steve fired up and proceeded to make some breakfast.

"You'd better walk around a little and get yourself warmed up."

Bet felt shivery and took his advice.

"I'll have breakfast ready in about twenty minutes, and if you're not back then I'll go look for you."

"Very well," Bet agreed, "but remember that I won't marry you if they never find me."

"I'm going to marry you if I have to take you all the way to New Post."

In a short time there were porridge, pan-cakes, and a scrap of bacon. Its smell was good, and Bet was hungry.

"I will not eat a bite. I'll starve myself first."

Bet was on strike.

"It looks as if I had a suffragette on my hands," said Steve, inclined to be amused. Sitting on the edge of the bunk he commenced his meal.

Bet was sorry she had refused, but did not like to give in now.

"Come," he said, after a while, "this won't do at all. You must eat something."

Bet's resolution collapsed. She was too hungry to resist.

"If you'll marry me, I'll go to Cochrane this afternoon for a clergyman."

"I won't," she said decisively. "I'm afraid Tom will be worried to death thinking I'm lost." Her forehead wrinkled in anxiety.

"The sooner you marry me, the sooner he'll be put out of his misery."

"That's out of the question."

"I believe I'll start with you for New Post to-morrow morning just the same. Tom might get through to here."

"It's no use, not if you take me all the way to Moose."

"Well, we won't argue about it now. I think we're due for a sleep. You lie on the bunk there, and I'll lie on the floor."

He rolled himself in a blanket and lay down in front of the door.

Bet could not sleep, but Steve had had a long night of it and slept soundly.

After a while, feeling chilled from the draft under the door, he rolled nearer the stove without wholly waking. Then, as he felt the warmth from the fire, he went sound asleep again.

Bet watched him for a minute, very quietly crawled off the bunk, put on her sweater-coat, her wool cap, and very, very quietly opened the door. Once safely outside, she closed the door again, picked up her snow-shoes and made off along the trail, not putting them on till well away from the shack.

Two hours later, Steve woke up. He saw the empty bunk and looked at his watch. Half-past one!

"Fool," he snapped. "Maybe I'll not be too late yet."

He grabbed his coat, fastened his snow-shoes on, and went off at a lope.

In the first two hours Bet made more than four miles, but as she grew tired her pace slackened. Then, too, the charm of the bush caught her, and she was inclined to loiter. The sunlight filtered down through the spruces, making dazzling tracery. Whiskey-jacks flew screaming from tree to tree, while once a string of red-polls flew by overhead, whistling sweetly. Innumerable fresh rabbit tracks crossed the trail and red squirrels chattered at her.

"I must be mad to go so slowly," she thought. Suddenly the realization came to her with a great shock

that she had not the slightest desire to go home. She could scarcely persuade her halting feet to hurry.

"It is so beautiful here! I want to stay." She gave a little gasp. "No doubt I have gone mad. My brain must be upset from being kidnaped."

She had struggled along for seven miles. After a prolonged rest, she stood up to go on. Her ear caught the swish, swish, of snow-shoes. Steve came swinging round the bend in the trail. His cap was pushed well back, and his mackinaw coat was flying open. He came up to her, flushed and panting.

"Well, what are you going to do this time? You've forgotten your toboggan, I see. Are you going to sling me over your shoulder like a sack of flour?"

Bet smiled irritatingly.

Steve's face pictured dismay. He had not thought of how to take her back, only how to overtake her.

Very suddenly he went down on his knees in front of her, putting both arms round her.

"Bet," he begged softly, holding her tight against him. "Betty, won't you come back with me? I want you. I can't sit at the table alone any more. Betty!" He pressed his face against her hand.

Her heart betrayed her.

"Maybe—maybe," she faltered. "Yes, I will, not just right away now, but sometime soon."

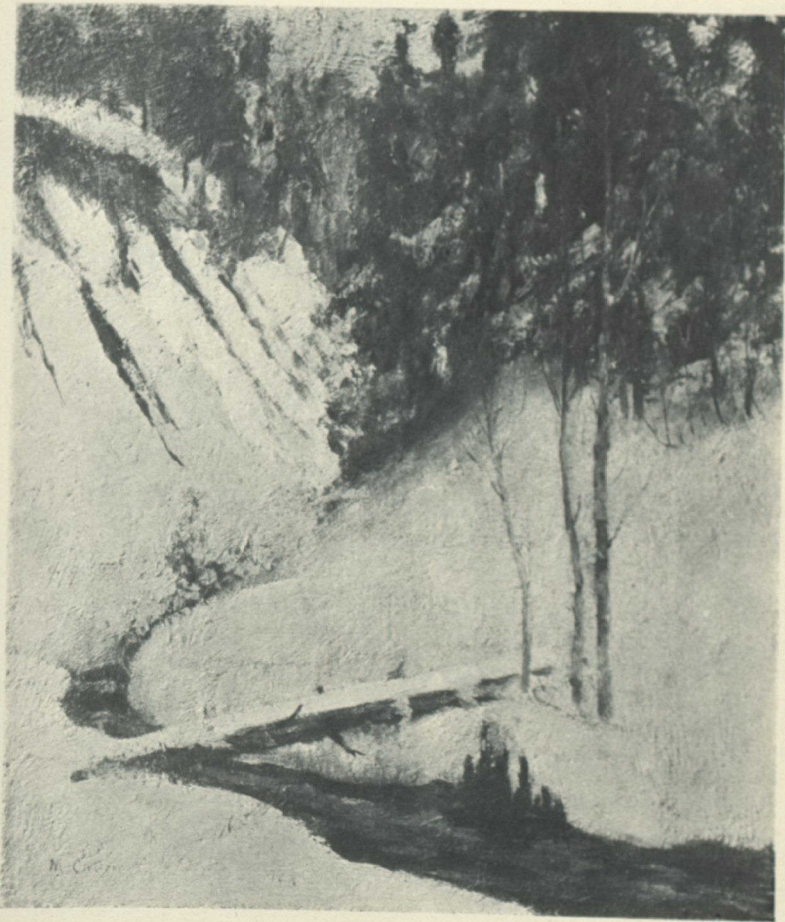
Voices sounded along the trail. Steve stood up.

"God bless you," he said, very reverently. Then he kissed her.

Three men came within view. They had pack-sacks filled with blankets and carried axes and smoky-looking lanterns. Their faces showed weariness. It was a search-party which had been out since the night before, headed by Tom Benton.

"You will stand by me?" whispered Steve.

"I will stand by you," answered Bet.



A WINTER STREAM

From the painting by
Maurice Cullen

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

ASHES OF HISTORY

Events recalled by the Parliament Buildings fire at Ottawa

By M. O. Hammond

BRTAIN has its Westminster, the home of enlightened democracy, France its Versailles, breathing a fragrance of nationalism, the United States its Capitol, with more than a century's precious memories, and Canada had until a few weeks ago its Parliament Buildings, the forum for a half century's political combat, the scene of its development from a timid federation to a confident international commonwealth. The wave of flame which swept its corridors on February 3rd destroyed precious documents, set back a great legislative machine, but it also wiped out vapours of party prejudice, united a people in national feeling and fortified them in their wartime endeavours. A session that opened with ominous political rumblings, with party jealousy and mistrust, was changed in the hour of national disaster to one of unity and serious purpose. An election that hovered on the horizon threatening was swept at once beyond the necessity of immediate calculation. In short, calamity, which has so often been the solvent of difficulty and dif-

ference for a virile race, put a new complexion on the politics of the entire country.

There is something significant of nationhood in the fact that the Parliament Buildings were opened at a time of stress and they were destroyed at a time of world crisis. In 1865 the country was in dispute with the United States over the reciprocity agreement then about to be abrogated, and a few months later the Fenian raids occurred. To provide for emergencies \$1,000,000 was voted for national defence. Fifty years later Parliament was voting war funds by the hundred million. There is a long gap between, but it is studded with mileposts of national development. Not national in the sense of independence, for the Imperial tie is now stronger than ever, but national in the sense of self-consciousness, pride in domestic affairs, capacity in self-government, progress in economic development. The straggling federation of four provinces, at least one of which was even then almost a conscript, has grown to nine provinces,

divided perhaps on details, but united in one great national feeling. The forum on Parliament Hill has been the battle-ground. Its corridors have sounded to the tread of nation builders, its rafters have echoed the eloquence of successive leaders, its rooms have secreted the intriguer, the plans of the caucus, the yearnings of the lobbyist. Its history is Canada's history, its successor will house a new forum for a changed people, for no participant in the world war can ever be the same again. The Parliament Buildings opened a new epoch, and their end came at its close.

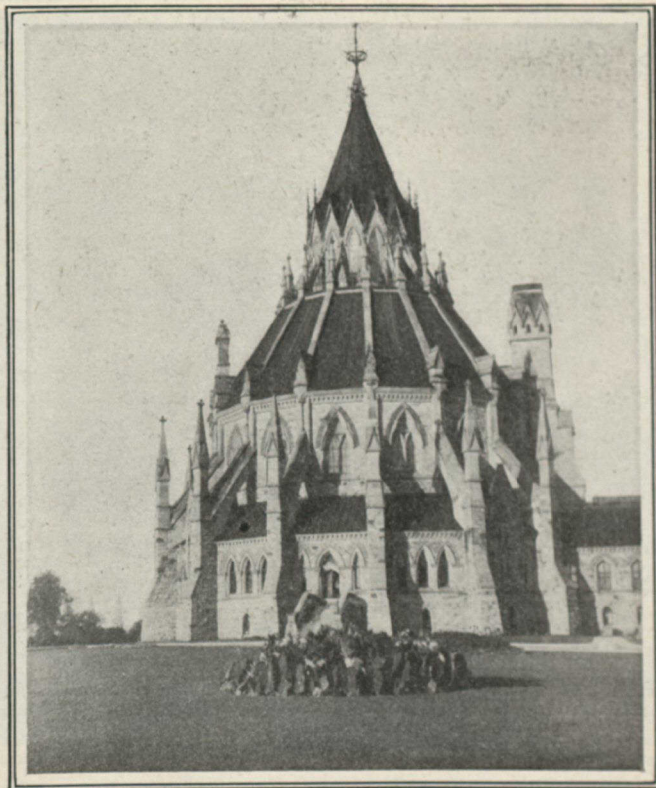
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In a country as large as Canada, it is doubtful if any considerable percentage of its citizens are familiar, by visit, with the capital and its "crown of towers". The mere selection of Ottawa by Queen Victoria in 1858 as the capital of the Province of

Canada was one of those compromises so frequent in politics. Experience had shown that the plan of alternating sessions of Parliament between Quebec and Toronto was not satisfactory, and when the necessity for a definite choice was clear, Kingston and Montreal added their claims, thus further complicating the matter. Queen Victoria selected a "dark horse," a little-known town on the Ottawa, thus avoiding the jealousies which any other choice would have caused. The site then known as Barrack Hill was chosen for the Parliament Buildings in 1859 by Sir Edmund Head. Plans were prepared by Thomas Fuller, a Toronto architect, and a year later tenders were called for, and accepted with some haste, the contractor for the main building being Thomas McGreevy of Quebec. Much confusion, altercation and recrimination followed, and it is characteristic of the continent that



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, WHICH WERE DESTROYED BY FIRE
ON FEBRUARY 3rd, 1916



THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY AT OTTAWA

before the buildings were even finished a parliamentary inquiry was ordered. The original contract with McGreevy, who was heard from again twenty-five years later as the contractor for the notorious Langevin block, was for \$348,500, but this was multiplied several times before the work was finished. In spite of this, it is probably true that the work was not costly, judged at least by American standards.

A story told by the Honourable George Brown long afterwards is illustrative of this. Brown said that shortly after Confederation Sir George Cartier, the idol of Quebec at that time, visited him in Toronto. Cartier said that American tourists were coming to Ottawa to see the new building. One day he was showing a party around when one of the men, much impressed by the sight, said:

"Mr. Cartier, this is a pretty fine building. It must have cost a good deal of money. In our country such a building would have cost \$10,000,000."

"And, do you know, Mr. Brown," added Cartier. "I was almost ashamed to tell him it had cost only \$2,000,000."

At first only the main building was erected, with its front of 472 feet, and completed in 1865. The architecture carried out by Fuller, whose design was accepted, was almost pure Gothic. Beautiful as was the facade, the library, which was not completed until 1877, was more impressive, and, as Anthony Trollope said, worth crossing the Atlantic to see.

That its architectural glories, its octagonal design, flying buttresses and circular galleries escaped the flames is one of the compensations of



THE SENATE CHAMBER AT OTTAWA

the recent disaster. Time brought additions to the main structure without altering its general appearance, the most considerable being a new wing on the northwest corner completed several years ago. Even with that, business overflowed to the corridors, and the building was crowded and inadequate for its purposes.

From whatever point the buildings were viewed, they dominated Ottawa. Whether seen from the gate of Sir Robert Borden's residence on Sandy Hill, from the Experimental Farm, from the deck of a puffing lumber tug on the Ottawa, or from the forested Laurentians, they were ever the luring cluster of towers whose points appealed to the eye and stimulated the imagination.

* * *

Inside, the Parliament Buildings were a mass of straight lines, arches and right angles. Long corridors

made dimly lighted vistas, and on either side low doors opened into rooms for committees, rooms for clerks, and rooms where mysterious business known only to practical politicians was discussed. The Commons Chamber was a high cube-like room, with galleries on all sides, and lighted from above, day and night, the artificial light being a close imitation of daylight. On occasions of important debates the galleries were crowded, special seats facing the Speaker being always reserved for the wives of Ministers and of the leader of the Opposition. At other times there were only a few stragglers, such as visitors to the city who must see Parliament in session, or men to whom politics is as the breath of life, or youths who adore the political atmosphere, as W. T. R. Preston confesses concerning his own boyhood in his "Life" of Lord Strathcona.

Party headquarters rooms were



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA

Looking towards the speaker's chair from the Government side

nearby, the famous "Room 16," just across the corridor on the west side, being the inheritance of the party in power. This was a spacious place and in its dim recesses almost every politician of prominence in the country has chatted at one time or another. Its name in political history smacks of triumphs, and of the confidence of entrenched power that comes of an efficient Whip and a safe majority. The Opposition headquarters, Room 6, was smaller and less marked by confidence. But its air was ever full of hope. The politicians who "have one on the Government," and those who are sure their party will win next election, were encamped here. Other rooms, chiefly upstairs, were given over to provincial groups, and there the Nova Scotia men plotted for a larger fish market, the Prince Edward Islanders for a tunnel, the Western men for a better wheat market, while

it is altogether probable that if you found a dozen Quebec members away from the smoking and card rooms, they would be whiling away the evening with chansons from earlier days, songs that recalled the simple life of the *coureur-de-bois* and other eerie things of the wild.

Not so was the life on the Senate side. Here one passed from noisy linoleum floors to heavy carpets, and red at that! One padded along the corridors with the same noiselessness as the Last Leaf himself. In these almost empty crimson quarters, to speak aloud seemed a sacrilege. Paintings of grim statesmen of the past looked down from the corridor walls and seemed to impose the reverence of a sterner age. Octogenarian Senators basked in slippers ease in comfy rooms or delved gently into current literature in the reading-room, but it all seemed unreal in the

world of an energetic and pushing nation. In session their speech was measured, respectful and slow, compared with the feuds and scimmages of the House, except once in a decade or so when one Nova Scotian dared to call another "an old viper".

And on either side, when the membership changed, the traditions of the building were nobly upheld by the officials thereof. Lieut.-Col. Henry Smith has sat in the chair of the Sergeant-at-Arms since 1872, and his threatening exterior is but a cloak for a genial soul that relishes to recite "Jim Bludso" on occasion. Door-keepers at strategic points were fixtures for years, and were even acquainted with the chief lobbyists. The Commons' reading-room was piled with newspapers, which furnished extracts for many a hot debate before they kindled the flame that like Latimer's fire was felt for many a long day to come.

It would be, however, a wholly inadequate view that would dwell only on the architectural charm of the lost capitol. It has been the centre of the country's history ever since Canada passed the "foundation" period. Here the policies were made, legislation shaped on the statesmen's anvil, here moved at one time or another almost every Canadian of the era with any claim to national prominence. Just as every American boy is a potential president, so in Canada every man who enters public life by the way of the school board or the township council may some day find his way to Parliament Hill. Here is the acid test in fitness for public affairs, and many are the reputations, local or provincial, that have perished in the process. The House of Commons, with all its democracy, is a jealous body, and it loves nothing better than to destroy, or at least set back, the favourite son or the political bully, who comes determined to "show them". On the other hand, true merit tinged with modesty is quickly recognized.

When the Parliament Buildings were opened, Ottawa was raw and the country was raw. On warm summer days cattle grazed on the square in front of the buildings, and on alarm galloped across Wellington Street and Sparks Street to the fields beyond. Nova Scotia had been an unwilling partner in the federation, and for years afterward flirted with her old and adjacent friends of New England. The construction of the Intercolonial Railway, opened in 1876, and almost always run at a loss, was one of the prices paid for cementing together the string of fishing rods which, as Goldwin Smith used to say, constituted the settled parts of Canada.

Just here it may be pointed out that railways constituted, even more than the race question, a serious Canadian problem. Hardly was Confederation accomplished before British Columbia was knocking at the door, entering the union in 1871 on the promise that a railway would be built to the coast within ten years. The corruption known to history as the Pacific Scandal, resulting in the defeat of Sir John Macdonald, and the shuffling and hesitation of years before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885, are part of the price paid by the young federation for its expansion. Repeated financial crises occurred, and the corridors on Parliament Hill were filled with the railway lobbyists appealing for more aid. The stagnation which followed the optimism of the early eighties changed to the golden era of development and the full flowering of the railway promoter. Charters were as plentiful as knighthoods are today, until on paper the country was gridironed with steel highways.

Then came the prodigal days of the first years of the new century. The despair and cheese-paring of a decade earlier was succeeded by optimism and lavishness. "Nothing can stop Canada; full steam ahead," was the order. Western granaries were burst-



LOVER'S LANE, OTTAWA

Showing in the background the Tower of the Parliament Buildings

ing, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier said Canada needed a second transcontinental, if not a third, at once. The country took him at his word, though the legislation produced a momentary crisis. The Honourable A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways, differed with his chief on the construction of the National Transcontinental and quit the Cabinet. He announced he would stump the country against the scheme, but he never did. The Conservative Opposition criticized the policy in some details, but it went through. Before the railway was finished the Quebec bridge fell, the war came, immigration almost ceased and the public is now anxious as to whether the railway can be profitable for years to come. Meantime the third transcontinental came to maturity

during the succeeding Conservative regime. The people were apparently tiring of corporation demands on the treasury, and though the tireless Canadian Northern Railway agents secured the aid asked, because failure, it was feared, would hurt the country, it was only on a basis by which the country became a partner in the enterprise. Thus has the Dominion railway policy evolved and become a prime factor in development.

Lobbyists, in fact, might be termed the Fifth Estate on Parliament Hill. They flourish there as the promoters of private legislation. Some of them are Ottawa lawyers and are always near by. Others come from distant cities when needed. They are attorneys for the pro-

secution, as it were, and too often the defence is not represented and judgment is given without a proper hearing. In many cases their achievements are prejudicial to the public interests, but they have been part of the era of Canadian expansion. Almost anything that would develop the country was forgiven. Some of the lobbyists were worse than others, but they were all "good fellows".

Kings and princes among the rulers of men have come and gone with the mutability of human things during the half century under the "crowns of towers". The epoch opened with a residue of great figures from the days of the old Province of Canada. Most of these are known to history as "Fathers of Confederation". The construction era through which they had passed developed their capacity in many cases and enhanced their reputation. Sir John Macdonald, the outstanding figure of the day, was invited by Lord Monck to form the first Confederation Cabinet, and his star shone resplendent until his death in 1891, except for the five years of the Mackenzie regime following the Pacific Scandal revelations. George Brown, his great rival, whose co-operation had gone far to make Confederation possible, was defeated in 1867 and withdrew from the Commons, to be appointed to the Senate in 1873, but took no prominent part in its deliberations. The human qualities of Macdonald and the earnestness of Brown made them contrasting but memorable leaders.

Joseph Howe, whom Laurier described the other day as "perhaps the brightest impersonation of intellect that ever adorned the halls of the Canadian Legislature," had been the idol of Nova Scotia, and when Sir Charles Tupper was the only pro-Confederation member elected in 1867 from that Province, trouble threatened. The masterful Tupper, however, found a solution, for in

1869 Howe entered the Macdonald Cabinet. He secured better terms for his Province, but the hostility he met at home broke his health, and he retired to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia in 1873.

Sir George Cartier was a dominating figure in Quebec, and in the days leading up to 1867 had virtually forced that province to accept Confederation. Though Sir Narcisse Belleau, a mediocre French-Canadian, was Premier from August, 1865, to 1867. Cartier was tendered a great welcome when the Government moved to Ottawa in October, 1865. In an address at that time he said of the new Parliament Buildings: "They appear worthy of being the meeting place for the wise legislators of a country which will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific". He afterwards, with the Honourable William McDougall, arranged the purchase of the Northwest from Hudson's Bay Company in 1869, and in 1872 piloted the first Canadian Pacific Railway charter through the House of Commons. The Pacific Scandal revelations later probably hastened his death, in May, 1873.

Sir Charles Tupper similarly had been the champion of Confederation in Nova Scotia and later was conspicuous in carrying through the Canadian Pacific Railway project. He was in public life almost continuously from 1855 to 1900, was in the Commons for years after Confederation, was Premier for a short time in 1896 during a Conservative break-down, and was famed above all else for his downrightness and courage. His death in 1915 removed the last Father of Confederation.

Sir Leonard Tilley was another provincial champion of Confederation, having been Premier of New Brunswick. He was in the first Confederation Cabinet and lived to formulate the National Policy as Minister of Finance in 1878.

The Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, the only Liberal Premier

since Confederation, except Laurier, was a simple and honest stonemason, a good Parliamentarian, but an administrator who wore himself out by unnecessary attention to detail.

Sir A. A. Dorion, Sir A. T. Galt, the Honourable L. S. Huntington, the Honourable E. B. Wood, and the Honourable William McDougall belonged to the same era. Dorion was a great lawyer, but a quiet, reserved man, who did not seem at home in politics. Galt was one of the greatest Finance Ministers the country ever had. He was a perfect wizard with figures. Huntington was a well-informed parliamentarian, a clear thinker and an attractive personality. Wood was a man of great talents, especially as a campaigner, and on account of his strong voice he was popularly known as "Big Thunder". McDougall was a man of unexampled poise and a keen, incisive speaker.

The Honourable Edward Blake possessed perhaps the greatest intellect that ever adorned the House of Commons. This was his strength as well as his weakness, for while he compelled much admiration Macdonald commanded keen personal affection. Blake's speeches were so exhaustive that he left nothing for his followers to say. He lived in a remote mental atmosphere and had none of the graces and small talk which are necessary between man and man.

Sir Richard Cartwright was a more popular orator. He appealed to the crowd in Opposition days by his smashing arraignments of the Government. He was a dispenser of distilled English, and a parliamentarian of capacity but not a popular leader. The Honourable G. W. Ross was a still more popular orator and was probably the best campaigner Ontario ever produced. He had the gift of poetic imagination as well as qualities of constructive statesmanship.

A list of conspicuous figures in Parliament in the last generation might be indefinitely extended. During much of that time the tall spare

figure of Laurier casts its long shadow. Entering forty years ago already with a reputation for eloquence, the image of the orator gradually merged into the larger image of a constructive statesman, a leader of men, a world figure. The cooling shades of Opposition, the trials of war have but revealed the temper of his mettle, and he remains a counsellor and support to his successor. Outstanding men of the Laurier regime have largely passed from the scene. The meticulous Mowat brought the prestige of more than twenty years as Premier of Ontario. Fielding after an unrivalled career as Finance Minister, with mounting revenues and the manufacturer and farmer both content with his tariff, went down on the principle of reciprocity with the United States. Sifton, after organizing the greatest machine for the development of the unsettled lands the country had ever seen, disappeared in the pursuit of his private enterprises. Mulock, after rescuing the Post Office Department from its accepted career of deficits, and establishing two-cent postage, retired to the Bench. In Opposition the Liberals are seeking to reconstruct their party and be ready for the places of responsibility that they believe will come in a few years as sure as comes to-morrow. In their ranks are the fighting Carvell, the efficient Pardee, the persuasive Lemieux, the brilliant Boivin, the epigrammatic "Red" Michael Clark, and many others.

While the Laurier group in office was heading, unconsciously no doubt, for its downfall, the Borden party was as steadily preparing for its "place in the sun". Mr. Borden as Leader of the Opposition had all the troubles which that office in successive defeats involves. Impatient henchmen contended after each failure that he would have to go. But he remained, and his day came in 1911. The men whom he had schooled for years in Opposition by assign-

ing them to watch different subjects and departments were now at his disposal, and his Cabinet was soon constructed. Looking back at it now, there could be only one Minister of Militia, for Sir Sam Hughes, with all his irritations, breathes powder and is the incarnation of the Canadian war spirit. Sir Thomas White has risen to the great responsibilities of financing the war with resourcefulness and an appreciation of the fact that he represents all the people. Sir George Foster, a painstaking administrator, has carried the magic of his eloquence far and wide to a people demanding light and leading on the war.

But if the charred timbers on Parliament Hill were asked to yield their memories they would not speak only of the men whose fame may bring them lasting bronze in the Pantheon above the Ottawa. They would whisper, too, of personalities and scenes that will not be recorded among the deeds that made Canada or saved the Empire. They would tell of rough and ready Joe Rymal, a real character of the seventies. They would speak of William Paterson, whose roar against crimes of the Tory Government excited righteous indignation in many a constituency, and whose role as a defender in office was never quite a happy one. They would recall the consequential Bourassa, whose golden voice, magnetic gesture and pitiless logic never lacked a full House, though his course was obviously in the wrong direction. They would not forget a hospitable soul like Prefontaine, ready to spill money's liquid equivalent for all and sundry who might be gathered in the scenes of baccanian revels. Nor his antithesis, silent Thomas Greenway, former Premier of Manitoba, of whom someone said that no one could ever be as wise as he looked. Nor another sombre figure, John Charlton, masterful in debate and the articulation in Parliament of the Presbyterian conscience.

There have been many memorable

episodes in the House of Commons and none more so than the crisis precipitated by the Pacific Scandal charges in 1873. The Honourable L. S. Huntington read his allegations with an air of exultation and timidity, and when he sat down not a sound disturbed the silence of the place. Months of jockeying and inquiry followed until at the end of October the debate closed. Sir John Macdonald spoke with confidence, even bravado. Then Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, a strong supporter of the Government, was on his feet. His first words were non-committal, and as he neared his conclusion both sides were on edge. He did not think the First Minister took the money with any corrupt motive, he said. "He would be most willing to vote confidence in the Government (loud cheers from the Government side) could he do so conscientiously" (great Opposition cheers). The die was cast. The House was wild with excitement. In a few hours Sir John Macdonald was out of office, and the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie was Premier.

The incident had a thrilling sequel five years later when, on prorogation day, the feud which began between Smith and his erstwhile associates broke out anew. While the House awaited the summons of Black Rod, Donald A. Smith rose to reply to some remark previously made concerning him by Sir John Macdonald. A violent row followed, which was only closed by the repeated rapping on the door by Black Rod himself. In the course of this unseemly scene Macdonald, Tupper, Bowell, Dr. Sproule and other Conservatives joined in hurling epithets at Smith. "Coward," "treacherous coward" were shouted at him, and the colloquy ends in Hansard with a remark by Sir John Macdonald: "That fellow Smith is the biggest liar I ever met".

* * *

Race and creed troubles have rais-

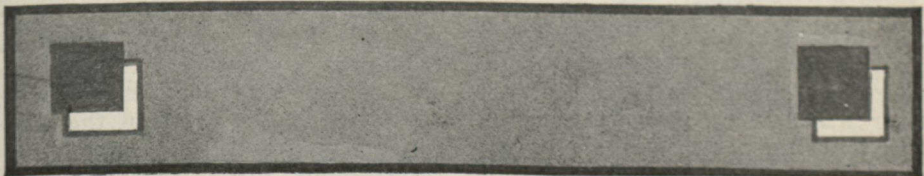
ed their hissing heads on several occasions at Ottawa, but except for the agitations of Bourassa and Lavergne in Quebec they were latterly thought to have died down. The rebellion of 1885 and the punishment of death meted out to Louis Riel, its leader, provoked bitterness among his compatriots in Quebec, but it soon passed away. The Jesuit Estates bill in 1889, by which lands were restored to the Jesuit order, caused strong resentment in Orange Ontario owing to the prejudice thought to be suffered by the Protestants of Quebec, but Sir John Macdonald, who always had good control of that Province, refused to interfere. There is a story that at this time Premier Mercier of Quebec, pale and anxious, came to Ottawa to ask Sir John if he intended to disallow the bill, and met the relieving reply: "Do you take me for a damn fool?" The same force of Orange Ontario had much to do with the defeat of the Conservative Government in 1896, when Sir Charles Tupper insisted on passing a remedial measure for the relief of the Catholics in Manitoba in school matters. The Parliamentary term was exhausted by a Liberal filibuster lasting a full week, night and day, and the courageous Tupper was unable to stem the adverse tide which swept the Liberals into power. Once again the creed question showed itself on Parliament Hill when in 1905 the new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were constituted. The clause in the autonomy bill permitting schools for minorities caused the resignation of Mr.

Sifton from the Laurier Cabinet and raised such a storm of protest that the Government to avoid a wreck made a compromise and the agitation ceased.

* * *

As a social institution the Parliament Buildings were pre-eminent. They formed a gigantic club and the disappearance of this caused the greatest inconvenience after the fire. Sessions have grown so long and many members travel so far to attend that a member of Parliament now has very little other life. Work and congenial company result in almost continual attendance. Party rooms, rooms for groups and for individuals stimulated camaraderie, which is that priceless quality for the man who depends on the votes of his fellows. Whether in the noisy café, the stately dining-room of the Speaker, or among the slippered elders on the Senate side, the spirit of good fellowship reigned constantly, overstepping party lines.

So when the bitter winds of February, 1916, swept down from the Laurentians and stirred the ashes of the fallen capitol they mingled strange tales of a young nation's history. Timidity had given way to confidence; provincialism had been replaced by internationalism; party rancour had been succeeded by the struggle for a world ideal of liberty. And the leadership of Parliament in the country had been regained, and all parties went forward in chastened and sincere public service.



PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN CANADA

By Day Allen Willey

JUST north of the boundary line, in the south central part of Alberta, is an area of level land dotted here and there by small lakes and until recently covered by luxuriant grass. A few years ago it was found that the soil would produce enormous yields of small grain, and since then settlement has been so rapid that now very little homestead land remains unoccupied, except remote from railroads.

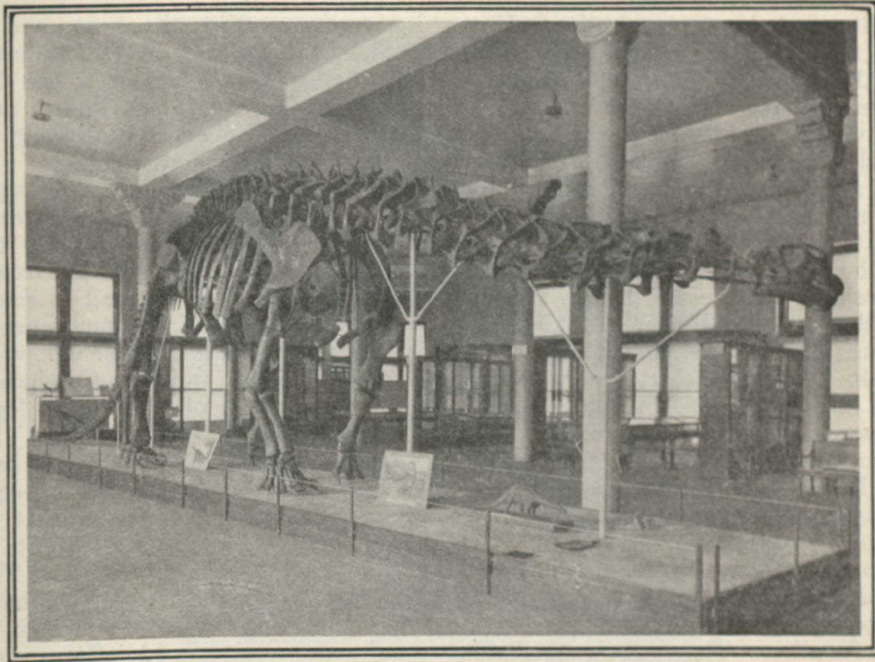
These fertile prairies are drained by many small rivers, which unite to form the Saskatchewan. One of its chief tributaries is the Red Deer River, rising in the snow-clad Rockies just north of Banff. Uniting with other lesser streams in the foothills, it forms an irresistible force which has cut through the soft sediments of the level prairie land and formed a miniature Grand Canon, a mile wide at the top and three to five hundred feet deep.

In places the walls of this great gorge are nearly vertical, and the river winds in its narrow valley below, touching first one side, then the other, but ever cutting and disclosing to view treasures of prehistoric life—fossil bones, shells and leaves.

By the study of these remains it is possible for scientists to determine the forms of the various animals, to reconstruct their skeletons and probable appearance in life, and to picture the conditions under which they existed, in those remote periods. Species of the same genus frequently differ in accordance with their positions in the rocks that entomb them. They may show different origins or forms of deposition, so that for the sake of convenience the rocks are classified and names have been given, sometimes in keeping with the nature of the locality where they were first recognized.

The extensive deposits were first discovered by members of an expedition of scientists sent to this region by the American Museum of Natural History of New York, in 1909. An expedition has been sent from the museum every year since then to secure the literal horde of fossil specimens, and as a result the Museum has one of the most complete mounted collections in the world of the skeletons of prehistoric animals.

Travelling down the Red Deer River four distinct geological formations may be recognized, one overlap-



COMPLETE SKELETON OF THE BRONTO SAURUS EXCELSUS

A prehistoric monster

ping another like shingles on a roof, and each containing characteristic fossils. Were the canon deeper near the mountains, these divisions would show one on top of another. As it is, a journey of three hundred miles down the river is necessary in order to see a full section of the different formations.

In those swampy glades of prehistoric days dwelt a host of reptiles, large and small and of various forms, flesh-eaters and herb-eaters, but all sharing certain characteristics in common and known as dinosaurs. They were the dominant creatures of the day, for the warm-blooded mammals were as yet small, the largest so far known not exceeding the size of a house cat.

The dinosaurs were not closely related to any modern reptile, but they share some characters in common with lizards and crocodiles. Some, if not all, laid eggs, but the very young are rarely found.

One of the most abundant of these remarkable reptiles is the trachodon, a creature well known to museum visitors. It was a herb-eater of large size, reaching a maximum of thirty-five feet in length and seventeen feet in height. It was kangaroo-shaped, having long hind legs, on which it walked chiefly, and shorter front legs, with feet probably webbed. The body was covered with scales, like some of the modern lizards, but they were not overlapping. The head resembled that of a duck, with a broad duck-like bill, covered with a horny sheath, hence the name "duck-billed dinosaur".

Probably the most striking feature about this huge creature is its teeth, of which there are more than two thousand in each individual.

Among living saurians, the small South American iguana *amblyrhynchus* may best be compared with the trachodons, notwithstanding their difference in size. Their feeding

habits probably were similar. Having no means of defence, they lived in the water, where they were free from the attacks of flesh-eaters. It is evident that great numbers lived in the prehistoric marshes, for there are numerous quarries along the Red Deer River, in which bones of these creatures have been found.

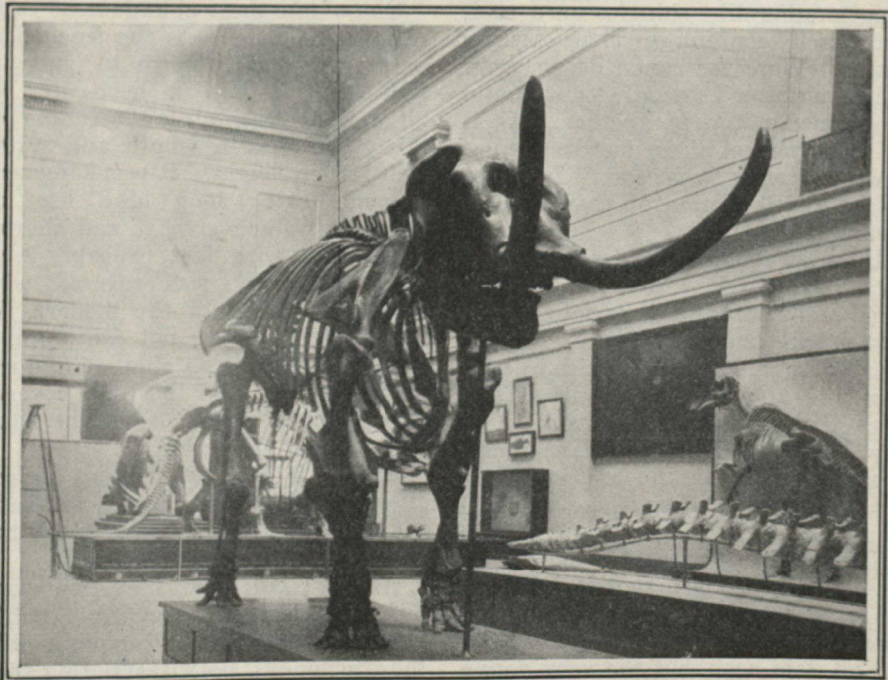
The skeleton of a new genus closely related to the trachodon was recently put on exhibition, in the Dinosaur Hall of the museum in New York. In structure it closely resembles the trachodon, but it is distinguished by a great bony crest which extends upward from the back of the skull and which in life evidently supported a flexible membrane, similar to the living basiliscus.

On shore there were other hoofed quadrupedal species, with large heads protected by horns—the monoclonus and its allies. They were remarkable for their enormous skulls, frequently five feet in length, and four feet across the frill portion, with a long

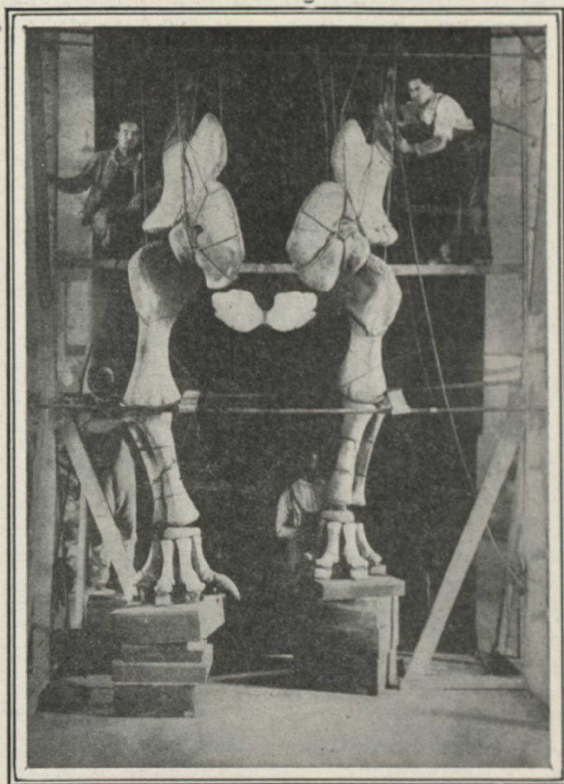
horn surmounting the nose, and a small horn over each eye. The brain was smaller, in proportion to the size of the skull, than in any known animal, above the class of fishes, and of a very low type of structure.

But most striking and grotesque of all was the ankylosaurus. Covered with armour-plate from nose to tip of tail, it was the veritable Drednought of the swamps, and it could bid defiance to the contemporaneous flesh-eaters. It was a herb-eater, with very small teeth and a turtle-shaped beak. It walked on four short legs, and was about fifteen feet long.

In the middle of its body, it was wider than the mastodon, and so covered with large flat plates that it could well have been indifferent to the attack of the flesh-eaters. The ribs were solidly united to the back bones, and the tail terminated in a ponderous, club-shaped affair, similar to the glyptodon, which it resembles in many ways, though in no sense related.



SKELETON OF PREHISTORIC ELEPHANT, AS FOUND IN NORTH AMERICA



MOUNTING THE FORELEGS OF THE BRONTO
SAURUS EXCELSUS

The carload of fossils collected last summer in the Belly River formation includes nine skulls and three partial skeletons, with sufficient supplementary material to mount these three skeletons. A fourth skeleton, now being prepared, was collected last year. As soon as a new hall can be provided, in which to exhibit them, the museum can exhibit skeletons of the characteristic large cretaceous dinosaurs—prosaurolophus, monoclonius, ankylosaurus, and dryptosaurus.

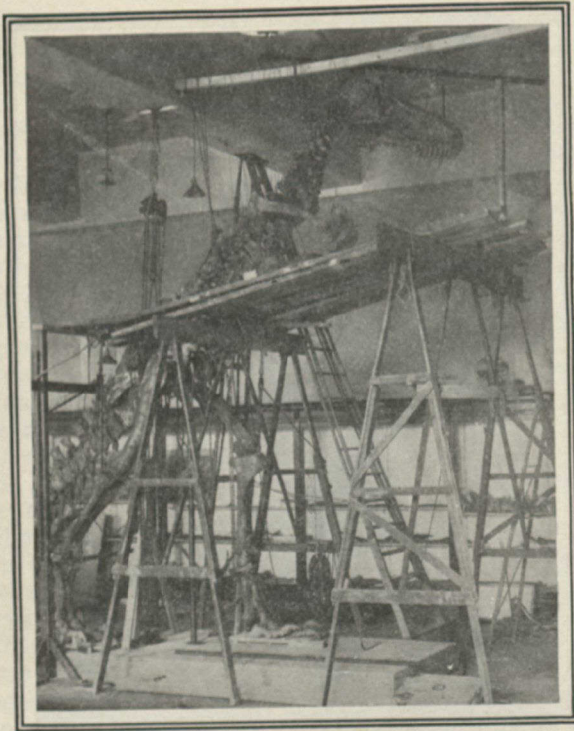
Some of the skulls represent new genera and species not heretofore known to science. Others were known previously only from fragments. American museum parties have collected three carloads of fossils from this locality, yet the field is by no means exhausted; there erosion is so rapid that for all time the Red Deer

river will be a famous hunting-ground for cretaceous dinosaurs.

Broken fragments of bone washed down the hillsides are traced up to where the remaining parts protrude from the bank; all pieces are carefully collected, and when the remaining bones are uncovered they are hardened with shellac. If the specimen is any considerable part of a skeleton, it is next determined where to break it with the least damage, and the various sections are covered with plaster of Paris reinforced with burlap.

The various sections are then numbered, and a strong box is made for each large block, which is packed carefully in hay to insure its safe journey to the museum.

In mounting these prehistoric creatures, two processes are required



SKELETON OF ANOTHER PREHISTORIC MONSTER

—preparing the skeleton and modeling it. In collecting fossil skeletons it is usually necessary, as some parts are missing, to have them supplied in different ways. Sometimes it is possible to obtain these parts from another, and perhaps less complete, skeleton of the same species.

If these natural bones cannot be secured casts are made of such bones as are needed to complete the skeleton. If neither the bones themselves or casts of them are available, the method employed is to model out, in plaster, the missing parts, the plaster being tinted, nearly the colour of the real bone, but left a shade or two off, so that it may be readily distinguished. The natural bones are never coloured.

Sometimes a complete model is made of modeling clay, on a prepared frame of wood and iron

rods or sometimes, as in the case of life-size models of the heads of large fossil animals, an exact model of the fossil skull is first made, and then the flesh and skin are modeled out on this artificial skull. The clay models are cast in plaster as soon as the artist completes them. By this plan the artist can readily adjust the pose of these miniature models, in a natural, satisfactory attitude, and then employ them as a guide for mounting the actual skeletons themselves, which are very heavy and unwieldy, and not as easy to experiment with as to pose.

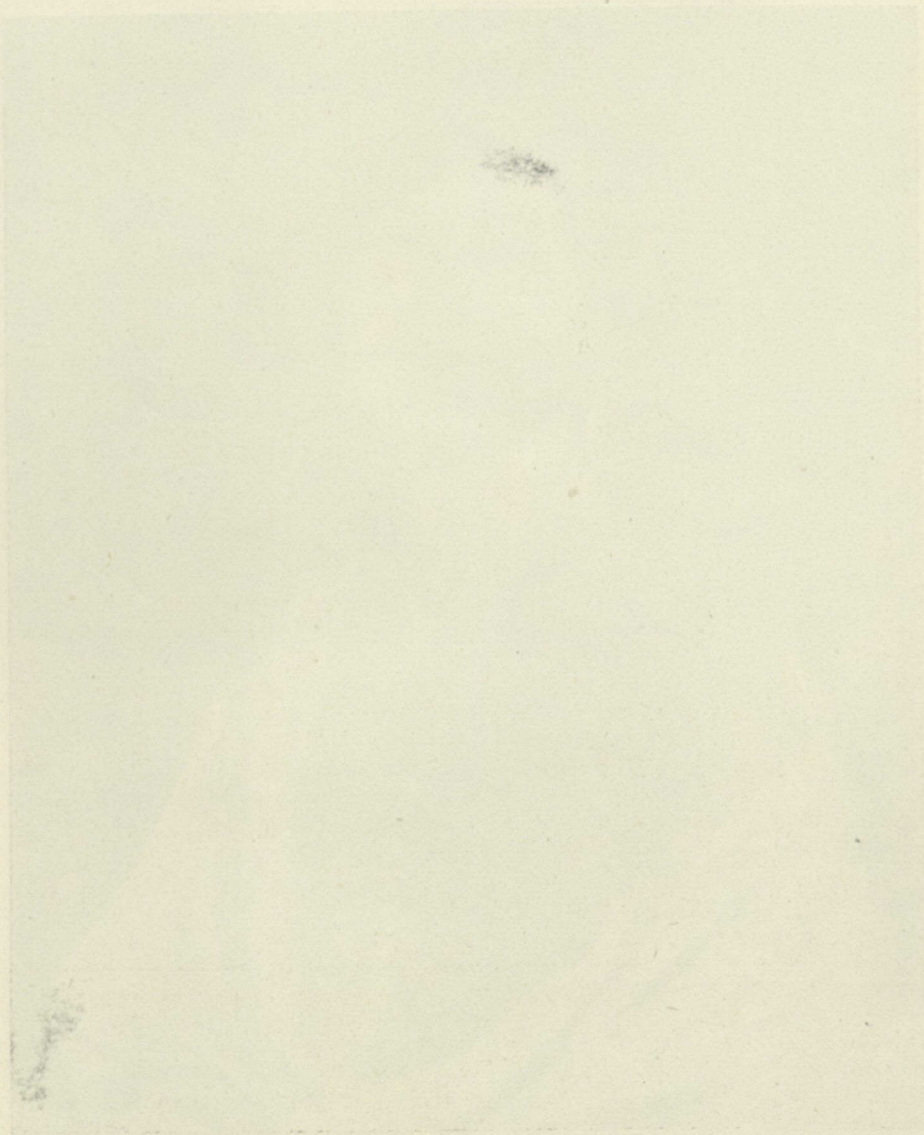
As the illustrations show, the bones are placed in position to be set together, by ropes and pulleys, steel braces and other mechanism, to lift and keep the heavy weight of the fossil sections in position while the parts are being joined together.



JOYCE

By Howard Somerville

One of the British Paintings
exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition



RICHARD HAKLUYT:

The Spirit of our Race

By Professor H.P.M. Kennedy.

M.A., F.R. HIST. S., (ENG.)

By those adventurous ones who went
Forth overseas, and, self-exiled,
Sought from far isle and continent
Another England in the wild,
For whom no drums beat, yet they fought
Alone, in courage of a thought
Which an unbounded future wrought.

—Lawrence Binyon.

“ONE deep calleth to another.”
The sea is the greatest and most comprehensive symbol of daring. It conjures up for us all the romance of adventure in literature and in history. We cannot gaze on it without recalling Merlin and the Gleam, King Arthur's Knights and the Holy Grail, Abraham going forth knowing not whither he went, the Wise Men led by a star. The past and present and future of human endeavour come to us from the ocean. The mystery of bygone generations belongs to its secrets; the glowing hopes of to-day are its burden, while to it the coming years will be but different forms of the great human fact that men are adventurers, are gamblers, to whom the inscrutable sea brings the call of the unknown, the dice of life's age-long game of chance.

The sea and shipping are in British blood most of all. They are part of our race. And so it has remained for a writer of foreign birth—Joseph Conrad—to give us the first *real*

literature of the sea in the English language. We need no such literature, because each one of us has the spirit within him. The most unob-servant of travellers must have noticed how different men of our race are from those of other races. For example let us recall some ocean voyage. What a vital interest we take in the ship and all that belongs to her. The log! The boatswain's whistle! The changing of the watch! The navigating officer at work! Fire drill! Lifeboat drill!

Our travelling companions of other nationalities are frankly bored by these things. To them they are so much detail, meaningless and unreal; to us they are as intimate as our own personalities. We find emotions within us to which they make an irresistible and immediate appeal. It is just the same when a distant sail or a thin trail of smoke darkens the long verges of the sea. We rush to the ship's side. We chatter of enterprise and of commerce, of hazardous deeds and stern struggle. We go back to the ordinary routine of the voyage, conscious that we have touched hands with kindred men, that from out the limitless waters a message that we can understand has reached us, more real than “flag-signal” or “wireless”.

"One deep calleth to another."

And there are our companions from other lands—listless and unconcerned. We cannot understand them. A lackadaisical hand has lifted a pair of glasses to sail or smoke, and a muttered "we're in the trade routes" or some such platitude has accompanied the conventional action. The deck-chair has not been thrown aside as something which besets! The deck-quoits continue uninterrupted! For us—we cannot understand it—we have heard a call! A hand has motioned us! All else yields to the spirit of romance! The sea—the sea is in our blood!

It is the same when we touch a foreign port. To others,—strange faces, strange fashions, strange customs are the predominating interest; but we love to watch the shipping. We love to study the lines of boats and ships and steamers. We conjure up pictures of lonely vigils, of heroic endurance, of gambling chances, of human skill at war with the alluring ocean, and spell-struck by the spirit of the sea. We push aside the lace merchant, the bead vendor, the curio retailer—who crowd the ship's decks through the traditional courtesy of the captain. We have no interest—more than passing—in such things. There lies a "three-master," where hammers ring, where paint brushes wobble, where knife and shears are busy on new ropes and new sailcloth. "She has had a long adventure," we say to ourselves, and we fill out the story, not really with our imaginations, but out of the racial traditions stored in our own inner consciousness. There is a battle-ship—emblem of greater daring still. And we picture the ceaseless watchings that go out like electric flashes from Dover and Portsmouth and Rosyth to the utmost bounds of Empire. Nelson, Collingwood, Jarvis, Sturdee, Beattie, Jellicoe—they are all our brothers! Night on the sea's lonely trail! Silent watchings and the challenge to friend and foe! The dark

of storm and the gloom of starless, moonless blackness with a battleship at full speed and all lights out! Others cannot understand, others cannot share our life. We are of the sea. Adventure is in our blood. The unknown calls us! A half-developed school boy holding a lonely post on the farthest reaches of the world; a rough stern man fighting the tempest, or manoeuvring to catch an enemy's submarine; a panama hat, a khaki suit, a hand-shake, and the closing doors of the pathless forest or of the jungle pregnant with fear—these are our heritage and our joy. We do not reason of them—they may be foolish—but what of that? They are the warp and woof of the heroic web. A Gordon; the Berkshires in Afghanistan—"It's all up with the bally old Berkshires". Hopeless bravery and hazardous glory! We cannot help it. We lose Spion Kop yesterday, tomorrow we shall lose again; it is the spirit of the sea, the true insignia and armorial bearings of our race.

The real origin of this spirit is to be found in Elizabethan England, and many of our modern writers and artists have tried to reproduce it with pen and brush. "The youth of Raleigh" is an attempt to embody it in colour. There is the long low beach at Budleigh-Salterton in Devonshire, and the artist has caught the far-away wistful look in young Raleigh's eyes as he peers out across the Channel and plans his future in the world of adventure. It is the same inspiration which lies behind Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum":

Drake he's in his hammock till the great
Armada's come,

(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for
the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the
sound,

Call him when you fail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' and the old
flag flyin'

They shall find him ware and wakin', as
they found him long ago!

Elizabethan England was the England of visions, of dreams, and in those "spacious days" we must look for the birth pangs of the spirit of our race. Elizabethan Literature with all its magic admits us but feebly into the new atmosphere, and for myself I have always found it most fascinating, most alluring, most wonderful in Richard Hakluyt's "Voyages". Here is the true imperial idea, here is the true Elizabethan spirit, here is the cradle of our adventurous nation, the nursery of national daring.

Everyone knows the occasion which produced Hakluyt's work. During a visit to Paris he was annoyed to find that his countrymen were slighted as insular and spiritless, and he determined to use his pen "to stop the mouth of our reproachers". In fact, his determination joined him to the army of national defence. But this visit to Paris was only the occasion of the "Voyages". There lies behind a story not so well known, but as romantic in its way as the voyages which he records. And here we must bring our historical imagination to bear on our subject—for without it history is more or less a mere chronicle.

It is Elizabethan London. The inns, the colleges, the drawing-rooms, the streets are full of a new spirit. Englishmen are more alive than ever before. On all sides we hear the problems of a wider world being discussed. We listen to romantic plans for colonization. We feel the salt of the ocean in the air. We hear all around us the passionate language of the sea. Men move on London streets, more adventurous than ever before with the lurking magic of discovery. Groups gather in which a newer, richer, fuller English is spoken. England has burst her bounds. Along these palpitating streets of the newer London, comes Saturday by Saturday a Westminster schoolboy—Richard Hakluyt. He is just an average English boy, full of all the characteristics of his years and nation. He loiters

here and there on the edge of gossiping conversations. He sees ships and sailor folk and merchants, and nobles and courtiers as he lengthens his walk along the Thames, until he finds himself shyly moving amid the quiet and reserve of the Middle Temple, where his cousin lives and practices law. This cousin deserves our undying thanks. He seems to have had the heart of a boy—a true Elizabethan heart—and he took pleasure in providing a weekly object for young Hakluyt's Saturday wanderings. What a room that was in the Middle Temple! Wig and gown lie careless on a Spanish chair, the treasure-trove from some southern sea. Here are Glanvill and Bracton rubbing shoulders with Cabot's maps! Here a half-mastered brief lies across a globe figured out with the New World! Here a work on navigation is held open with the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity! Here Peter Martyr's "Decades of The New World" is propped on Fortescue! Here are compasses and charts and all the paraphernalia of sea craft mingled with the life-in-death of legal lore.

Young Hakluyt comes as no budding lawyer, full of visions of the days when he would meet "Mr. Secretary Cecil" in the Court of High Commission, or Lord Treasurer Bacon before the Committee on Privilege. I like to think of his cousin, too, as a very mediocre lawyer with a not very remunerative practice. But what high pleadings he did in geography and cosmography! What cases did he win in the High Court of Navigation! A Bencher in the Temple of Adventure! And so we imagine a room—just a step removed from the bustle of Elizabethan London—full of globes and charts, and all the literature of new scenes and new lands, and we imagine an Elizabethan school-boy catching the new spirit, and an Elizabethan gentleman full of the new enthusiasm filling the youth's young heart with all the big and wonderful ideas which

were abroad in those elder days. Thus the lessons go on week by week until Richard Hakluyt becomes characteristic of his age; until one historic Saturday when the human lawyer reaches down the Great Bible, and opening it points to his young nephew: "they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy the great waters; they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep". The spell is on the lad. He tells us that from that day things of high and rare delight moved his young nature. He resolved to give his life to the literature of adventure.

Our imagination now follows him to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he more than carried out his resolution. He read everything which he could obtain, not only in English but in other languages, in the new romantic literature of seamanship. He lectured with zeal and enthusiasm on his work, and at times moved his audiences to practical pity by his pleas for the teaching of navigation through which "many more of his countrymen might not be drenched in the sea". What a picture it all makes! The festal lights in Christ Church Hall, and Hakluyt lending the glamour of romance to the dinner-table conversation. What a breadth of vision moved across the new Oxford life, as the young enthusiast worked up his companions with glowing tales of adventure and daring. Literature took another colour; history expanded into limitless realms of endeavour; science broadened out from its conventional round, when Hakluyt became, as it were, Oxford's point of contact with the dreams and visions of Elizabethan England. If ever student-life had its "figured flames" it was in these almost inconceivable days. The age of knighthood had come back in an intenser form. The crusades were again possible. And we can enter into those far-off Oxford days, because they are in reality our own. We can picture the Elizabethan students

moved to high emprise by Hakluyt's tongue, or matured in the idealized atmosphere which his studies created. The palm-lands called them—their own adventurous sails grew big-bellied in the new spirit's breeze—the lone ice-fields beacons them. It was something to be a young man then. A thousand projects were abroad, and the call went forth to young Britons:

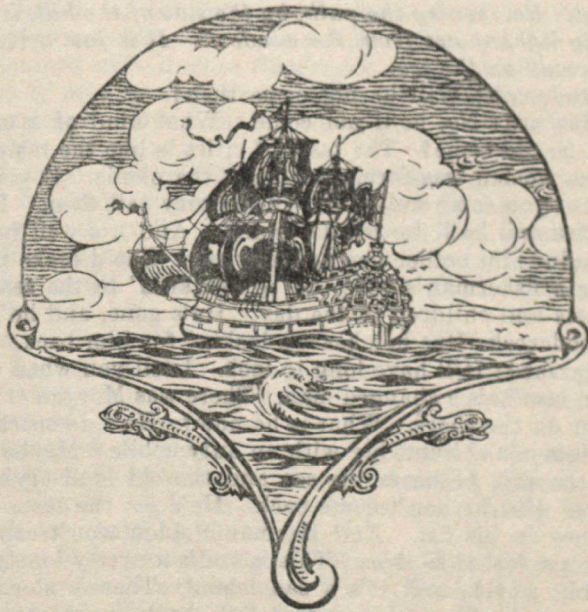
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch't sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Hakluyt's "Voyages" breathe the very spirit of national pride. Nothing is too minute, nothing is too insignificant in connexion with any voyage of discovery. He approaches his subject with real love. He writes as a lover, and as a consequence he takes a lover's delight in recording small episodes and casual remarks which to another man would appear of little moment. Thus, from this point of view Hakluyt's work belongs to the literature of affection. Here is a man to whom adventure is a mistress, and his joy is to write of her from every point of view. He may be only a collector and an editor, but this fact only enhances our conception of him. From another point of view Hakluyt is a typical Elizabethan. We try to throw our minds back, to catch his outlook, to formulate an idea of Elizabethan England, when the national horizon had become almost inconceivably broad. There existed in Hakluyt's day a new spirit of daring, of taking risks, of answering the call of the sea, of seeing visions—a spirit impossible to the older generation. In the midst of all this, Hakluyt lived and worked. Yesterday brought to him a new island, or a new sea; tomorrow might bring to him a new continent or a new ocean. A ship was no longer a mere convenience for travel or commerce, it became the portent of a great romance. And so, from this point of view, Hakluyt's

"Voyages" are a glowing panegyric of adventure. In them, will be found in all its simplicity, the secret of the British spirit. And it is for that alone that we must read them. Hakluyt had little thought of literary fame, and he never tried to develop originality. His work is an artless and composite epic, and occupies no place in the development of English prose. In places, however, there is much dignity, strength and vigour in his style. He has caught something of the seaman's character, with its businesslike qualities of energetic reserve. There is the touch of the Elizabethan captain in his form.

These aspects, however, need not worry or distract. We go to Hakluyt because we feel in his "Voyages" something which is our very own. He brings to us example after exam-

ple of all our own personal feelings—worlds which we conquer in thought—seas which we sail in dreams. I know no finer book for the young student. If he gives his days and nights to Hakluyt he may not, certainly will not, learn an English style (if that can ever be learned), but he will find his outlook widened, he will learn something of the insatiable thirst to find out, which is an essential in all education, and above all he will learn to walk with pride in the national nursery of his race's adventurous spirit. He will learn that progress is more than prosperity; that empire is more than satisfaction—that everything of value demands self sacrifice, demands risks—in a word, that he belongs to the ancient stock of high adventure, and that his place is on the high seas!



A WOMAN'S HEART

By Arthur L. Phelps

A SHORT PLAY IN THREE SCENES

CHARACTERS: Thomas Hazzard, a man hard cheeked and keen eyed with much seafaring, but getting old; one-armed. He walks with a peculiar accompanying twist of his head forward and to one side. Mrs. Jane Hazzard, his wife, a bent, thin-faced, broken-looking woman. Mary, their daughter, calm-featured, tall, fair-haired and clear-eyed; of upright, resolute bearing. Burton Goodrock, the friend of Thomas Hazzard, a bent but alert old man who walks with a cane; he is continually tapping with the cane. Sherwood Dunalk, a tall young seaman. Other people mentioned in the play: Jamsie, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hazzard, and Herman Poldon, Mary's one-time lover, who has left the island and has not up to the present returned.

SCENE I.

SCENE: Two old men are coming up a path from the sea on the Newfoundland coast. Farther up the path, by the side of the hill, is a small brown cottage. Ruddy light shows from the windows. It is just after sunset. Glow is yet in the air and on the sea.

Burton Goodrock: Will he not come then?

Thomas Hazzard: No, he'll not come. What kind of a man would you take him for if he did come? The taste of cities is like the taste of them little green things the women was forcin' on us at the picnic. It grows on a man; bitter at first but you come to like it. Olives they call them. He'll not come. He's tasted cities and he'll forget the island. And it's well he should. We wouldn't be havin' him bother her now anyway. She'd make no city woman. She's made for a fisherman's wife—to be hearknin' to the sea at night, and lookin' after nets and children in the day. He's gone, and he'll stay gone.

Burton Goodrock: But her heart's lookin' for him back.

Thomas Hazzard: It'll have long to look. I tell you when a man gets the taste of cities in him he's a changed man. There was Morgan O'Neill, who was ship's carpenter on the shore. What is he now? He's a contractor, they say, away off in Calgary, an' livin' big with an autymobile. Maybe at night when the wind's in the sky, he hears the sea and the old loud cryin' high in 'the riggin' of ships. But he don't come back. He's got the taste of cities in his blood, and money in his fist. And Herman Poldon won't come back either. And I guess he's a fool if he does. This island's a pretty lonely island, times, far from the big world; and it's a sad island. There's storm in that sky, Burton. Did you see the sun hounds awhile back as we came up from the nets? I wish young Jamsie would come in from the sea. He's far out, and the sky is forming, and his mother will be watching. Did you hear that? It's the wind rising. There'll be black storm this night again the third time in

the week. So come along up the hill and to the house, Burton Gooderock. You'll not be starting for Broken Cove this night. You'll be sitting in chat by the fire awhile, and then you can sleep in the loft with the lad (*looking, hand over his eyes*). I wish he'd come in off the sea. My age is making me full of fears, Burton. For when I was a lad myself all times I would be on the sea, and careless of the wind. But it's rising hard to-night. Come along in to the house. There'll be supper under the lamp.

Burton Gooderock (*pausing at the door of the cottage*): I'm a silent man, Thomas, and no meddler. But the girl's heart is a sad heart this day. She loves the lad Herman, and she has his promise to be coming back again. And she's not wanting to marry Sherwood Dunalk, though it's a very good match every outward way. But love's an inward thing, Thomas. And it's a woman's heart that knows it all the while. I'd be letting her have her heart's way a bit longer and not be urging her even it is a poor year, and the mouths hard to feed. A woman's heart is a strange, strange thing. It's as strange as the sea. And the sea will have its own moods, and no man will gainsay them, even he would with all his strength.

Thomas Hazzard: It's right you may be, Burton. But it sounds like nonsense. What for would he be coming back? It's foolishness thinking he would after these two years and no word at all—only a dead promise decaying in our hands; (*grimly*) though mayhap she keeps it fresh with her salty tears (*there is lightning and thunder, and a splash of rain falls*). Come in, come in. There's the storm breaking. And the lad not in off the sea.

(*They enter the cottage. The night has blackened down about them as they talked, and the door opening and closing makes a fleeting golden splotch of light in the dark as they pass within.*)

SCENE II. TIME: Next morning.

SCENE: Outside of the cottage. Grouped about the door and looking every now and then uneasily out to sea, are Mrs. Hazzard, her daughter, Mary, and Thomas Hazzard with Burton Gooderock. There can be heard the sullen, sodden booming of abating seas along the rocks beside the path.

Burton Gooderock: It's a raw morning yet. And the yellow clouds are ragged before the sun.

Thomas Hazzard: Yes, you'd better not be away yet. You must wait till the lad comes. Maybe he spent the night in Silver Tickle.

Jane Hazzard, the wife: But would he not run around home now in the morning when the storm is clearing? He could have been long here (*throws her apron to her eyes*). It's lost he is. He's lost! He's lost! The sea has taken another one!

Mary Hazzard (*speaking firmly and coolly*): Mother, maybe the sea has not. We have no sureness yet. Father, could he be picked up by one of the fleet? They started out last evening and they did not all put back when the sun hounds thickened on the sky.

Burton Gooderock (*who has been peering down to the shore to something he sees to the left of the nets and the landing beach*): That may be just what has happened. You all stay here if maybe he comes along by land, and I'll go see if there's any word by the shore.

Mary (*to him as he passes her going down*): What do you see?

Burton Gooderock (*hurrying by*): Wait! Hush!

Thomas Hazzard: There goes a friend of life. But he's always too much given to hopes and dreams. (*Despairingly*) The lad is lost. He was alone in the little boat when the storm broke. Fool that I was not to go out to him.

Jane Hazzard: You could not go on the sea in storm. With your arm

gone how could you? And all the other men were with the fleet. And Burton Gooderock is too old for brooking storms. (*In a sort of abandoned grimness*) Jamsie was in God's hands on the sea. And if there's hurt, God did it. God loves the sea, I think. It's a thing He keeps to break strong men and boys with. * It's a thing He keeps to hurt women with, when He lets it whiten over the rocks in the black night with only one star shining.

Mary: There was one star high up over the sea last night. I saw it rocking in the black wind while I sat by the window.

Jane Hazzard: One star, did you say, one star? Then it's true. That was Jamsie's soul. God took it for His Heaven, and He's left us lonely now; and no lad growing up to be strong bringing in the fish harvest from the sea. God's selfish the way He uses the sea. I cannot cry any more. My eyes are the eyes of a dry old woman. I can only talk about the sea and the Hate of God (*her voice rising in hysteria*). That's what it is, the Hate of God (*her eyes are staring with a distraught look in them. Thomas is bent with face averted from the sea, leaning hard against the cottage door*).

Thomas Hazzard: I was born right yonder in the tumbled house beside the sea. And I've followed the sea all my days. I've seen one lad go overboard off a slippery deck in the black o' midnight; and another die of fever on the land. And now the lad himself is gone, the young lad, gone the way of the sea. Come inside, Mother, the morning's raw and the way there's sobbing of old waves down along the rocks I don't like to hear it.

Mary: You're too certain of sorrow. You should wait awhile to be sad. Jamsie's maybe safe and waiting somewhere only to be let hurry home when the sea's down, or the tide's out along the path by the shore. Set you the fire going, Mother, with the wood he gathered, to brighten the house and warm the corner, and I'll watch by the door till he surely comes.

(*They go in and, as Mary watches, Burton Gooderock appears coming slowly up the path from the sea.*)

Mary: Any news?

Burton Gooderock: Where are they?

Mary: Inside. What have you heard? Did you see anything down by the shore?

Burton Gooderock: The sea's took him. I was seeing before when you were all talking, a little boat by the left shore. And I climbed along the slippery rocks, and it's his boat.

Mary: Then God this one time has been cruel. He took our Jamsie. Our telling them will be no new tale. They're believing sad truth already. But Burton Gooderock, God is not always cruel, is He? Won't He send my lover back again, and won't he follow the sea for us in Jamsie's stead?

Burton Gooderock: I'm thinking He may, Mary, though it's a sad, sad world this raw morning with the yellow clouds in the sky and the waves sobbing, and the wind still crying.

(*They turn and enter the cottage. As the door opens the fire of Jamsie's gathered sticks is seen crackling cosily.*)

SCENE III. TIME: A week later.

SCENE: *In the cottage. The mother ill on the bed. Thomas Hazzard standing by the fire on one side; Burton Gooderock beside him. In the centre of the room Mary is standing with Sherwood Dunalk near to her.*

Sherwood Dunalk: Then will you not marry me, Mary?

Mary: Sherwood Dunalk, how can I? I hated you once for your forever urging when you knew my heart was with him away. But I don't hate now. I believe you love as I love, impossibly; and 'tis a hard way to love, and I am

sorry for you. You're a good man, Sherwood Dunalk, but how can a woman wed with the best good man when her heart's away in other places? I'm seeing cities all whiles and him in the streets of them, and in the stores, and in the business places. It's not that I'm wanting my heart to be seeing such things. But my heart goes its own way, like a woman's heart, I suppose, always.

Thomas Hazzard: A woman's heart is a fool's heart, Mary; that, I'm thinking, is true. Why can you not take the man who loves you? He'll be kind to you, and to us all. And he's a strong man, God grace him, with hands made for the sea and the hauling of nets in the chilly weather of dawn.

Mary: I'd be wanting to see *his* eyes in the heads of your children, Sherwood Dunalk; and to hear his voice when your children talked first to me in the night hours with you away on the sea. Would you be content with a woman the like of that in the house? You'd be hurt too much by my wandering heart, Sherwood, I'm thinking; in the night time always, and in the day when the sun is bright and shining over far cities, and I'm remembering.

Jane Hazzard calls and speaks from the bed: Mary, Mary, hearken; I've a woman's heart, and its love is for Thomas Hazzard, your father. But a woman in some cases has more to do than follow the love of her heart. That often happens in our island when the sea takes first loves away. Marry the lad, Mary. For he loves very greatly, and he's a true, strong man. And a true strong man makes a good life for a woman always. And surely never the other lad will be coming back again.

Mary (*speaking very slowly in a clear, low voice*): I always said he would and believed he would, Mother, till the sea took Jamsie. God seems to be letting the world be cruel since then. The sea was crueller than I thought 'twould be. And, maybe he is crueller, too, than I think he is. God is letting him be. But that's no matter! I am his woman always.

Burton Gooderock: He will not come, Mary. I have here a bit of a newspaper. It travelled from his city. And it says he will not come.

Mary: What? Let me see! Is he dead?

Burton Gooderock: No, he is not dead, Mary, but—

Thomas Hazzard: Married, is he? I thought as much. And why shouldn't he? He's got the taste of cities in his blood.

Mary: Father, don't—

Sherwood (*with his head bowed and speaking very slowly*): A woman's heart is a strange thing, Thomas Hazzard—strange, indeed, as the sea; as uncertain and as sure. Let her be. 'Tis the way of her heart that compels her. But I'll be this house's man. And you'll not starve by the winter shore in the cold months. There'll be fire and food. For my love also is the love of a man forever. And though she'll not come to me—because she cannot—yet I'm her man in my own heart forever. And I'll care for her and for all of you here in the cottage where you live. (*He goes out.*)

Mary: And he'll do it, too. For he is a true strong man. And you won't need to fear famine and cold because no man is for you on the sea. And some day, some day, from the far cities he will come—perhaps—and, if he does not come, there'll be nights anyway when he'll be wanting to come, and to hear the sea. A man never forgets the sea. There'll be nights he'll be wanting to hear the sea. There'll be nights he'll be remembering our talks together by the shore in the red sunset, and when the moon was white in the sky, and when the stars were whispering. What nights he does that he'll be my man even in the far cities. He'll be my man then. And I'm his woman forever.

(*Curtain.*)

THE MYSTIFICATION of WENTWORTH

By Frank X. Finnegan.

RALPH WENTWORTH, young, handsome, twenty-six, sat in his bachelor apartments staring in amazement at a letter he had just opened and at the check which had dropped from the envelope. With puzzled brow he looked from one to the other, but there was nothing there to enlighten him. The letter was addressed in his name and to his rooms. The check was made out in his favour—both were very evidently meant for him.

But the puzzled expression of his face only deepened when he read the letter through a second time:

Office of The Planet.

Mr. Ralph Wentworth.

Dear Sir:—We are glad to inform you that your story, entered in our prize competition that closed November 1st, has been awarded a prize of \$250, and we take pleasure in handing you herewith our check for that amount. Hoping we will be favoured with other contributions from your pen, we are

Yours sincerely,
PLANET PUBLISHING CO.,
Jerely Adams, President.

Mr. Ralph Wentworth.

What did it all mean? Wentworth had never written a story in his life—of that he was positive. The writing of a letter was to him a dreaded ordeal, postponed as often as possible. He had never even heard of the *Planet* competition until he opened the letter in his hand.

Yet here it was, addressed to him, and here was the \$250 check. That,

at least, was real. The Planet Publishing Company he knew to be a substantial corporation with a big bank account. The check was made out in his name on a reputable bank and was even certified, that there might be no doubt of its validity.

It looked to Wentworth at first blush as though he were two hundred and fifty ahead without any effort on his part. But the next moment he felt ashamed of the thought.

“It belongs to some other Ralph Wentworth, of course,” he said to himself, “some poor fellow who forgot to enclose his address in his excitement when sending them his story, and the *Planet* people probably got my address in the directory and decided it must be me. I’ll send the check back with a note of explanation.”

He felt so virtuous over the renunciation of the substantial prize that had dropped into his hands so unexpectedly that he started at once to write the note to *The Planet*.

But on second thought he stopped. “Hold on a minute, son,” he said to himself, “there’s no rush about it, and I’ve got a queer notion that there’s something odd behind all this. I believe I’ll go down to the *Planet* office and look into it a bit.”

In ten minutes Wentworth was in the street, headed for the newspaper office and still revolving the amazing situation in his mind.

He could not reconcile the oppos-

ing features, try as he would. It seemed ridiculously simple at first glance—he had not written a story for the prize and therefore the prize could not belong to him. But why had he received it? That was the point that could not be explained off-hand, and before he reached the newspaper office he had decided upon a plan of action that would set all doubts at rest.

He would ask to see the manuscript of the prize story—merely through curiosity, he was forced to admit to himself. By no process of reasoning could he bring himself to hope that his mission might result in profit to himself.

At the office of the Planet Publishing Company he was met by a suave young man, solicitous to serve him.

"I am Mr. Wentworth," said Ralph, expecting the *Planet* man to be properly impressed.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "what can I do for you?"

"I received this note from *The Planet* to-day," said Wentworth, producing the mysterious letter. The clerk read it through, and his manner changed at once.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Wentworth," he exclaimed, "how can we serve you?"

Wentworth grew a trifle embarrassed.

"Well, the fact is," he stammered, "if it isn't too much trouble I would like to have a look at the original manuscript of the—of my story. You see, there's a point or two about it that I have been—er—rather hazy about in my own mind, and if you could oblige me with an opportunity of—well, studying it a bit, I would consider it a great favour."

The prize winner was a bit red and disconcerted when he had stumbled through this speech, but the *Planet* man did not notice it. He was overcome by the honour of personally addressing the winner of the prize story competition concerning which he had heard and talked so much.

"Certainly, Mr. Wentworth," he said, "I have no doubt that can be arranged. If you'll be good enough to take a seat and wait a few moments I will speak to Mr. Adams."

Wentworth sat down near a window and the polite young man disappeared into an inner office. In a few moments he returned with a small packet of manuscript.

"There you are, Mr. Wentworth," he said, handing him the story, "I suppose you must think pretty highly of that."

Wentworth said nothing, but bowed his thanks and reached rather eagerly for the manuscript. Then he turned to the window, took one glance at the first page and started in disbelief of his own eyes.

It was in his handwriting.

He sat down with his back to the obliging clerk, and, with the manuscript on his knee, looked at it again. There was no doubt of it. Either he had penned those pages or the other Ralph Wentworth carried out the duplication of personalities to the absurd length of duplicating his handwriting.

With his brain in a whirl of amazement and a rather creepy feeling in his spine telling him there was something uncanny about the affair, Ralph looked for little peculiarities he knew his handwriting possessed—the crossing of "t's" and the making of final "d's" and "e's." They were all there. Beyond the shadow of doubt he had written the story.

But how? Under what supernatural circumstances had he written a prize story—he who had never in his life written a letter more than three pages in length? How had he addressed and mailed it without the facts leaving the slightest impression on his mind?

"Well, let's see what it's about," he said to himself, and with a strange feeling of unreality possessing him, quite as though he were someone else and knew it all the time, he turned to the first page of the manuscript

and, under the title, "The Thing That Moved," read as follows:

Dr. Chester slowly stirred his coffee, and remained silent so long that Holabird, sitting opposite him at the table, playfully snapped his fingers to bring him back to earth.

"Come, come, doc," he said, "this won't do. Wake up. What were you dreaming of? Some fair charmer of the past?" So saying he filled a tiny glass with brandy and pushed the decanter toward his companion.

With a start the doctor had roused himself from his reverie and, sighing deeply, rubbed his eyes as though he would brush away the memories that had enthralled him.

"Holabird," he said, after a moment, "this is the anniversary of the affair that saddened my whole life, cut short my career as a physician and made me what you have found me—a purposeless, roving spendthrift without an ambition in life."

"And what was this affair that had so disastrous a termination?" asked Holabird lightly. He had not noted the serious tone in which the doctor spoke, and expected a jest.

"The death of my wife," said Dr. Chester gravely.

"Your what?" he demanded sitting up suddenly and staring at his friend. "When did you have a wife?" He broke off suddenly when he saw the seriousness of the doctor's face, and then added:

"I beg your pardon, doctor. I am a fool. I might have known that since much of your past life is unknown to me there might have been——"

Dr. Chester raised his hand.

"It's all right, Tom," he said, "there is no need of any apology. It is a chapter in my life that has been closed so long and at which so few of my friends have even had a glimpse that you could not be expected to know anything about it. In the circle in which I have moved for the last ten years I pass as a bachelor. I am better satisfied that it is so. It

saves me the pain of making explanations. It prevents the re-opening of the old wound. When I met you a few years ago I saw no reason for making an exception of you and letting you know there had been a romance and a tragedy in my life.

"But as our acquaintance ripened and we grew closer and closer together, I have frequently been on the point of telling you the story. To-night, the anniversary of Mildred's death, the mood is upon me again. I have thought of it all day. That was why I was so preoccupied at dinner to-night. Had I not determined to tell you the story I would not now have mentioned the subject which has been ever present in my mind for more than a decade of years."

"Whatever you say, doctor, I shall, of course, regard as a sacred confidence," said Holabird solemnly.

"I know that, Tom," said Dr. Chester warmly, "or I would still remain silent."

He poured out a glass of brandy, tossed it off and began his story, to which Holabird listened with absorbed interest.

"When the World's Fair was at its height in Chicago," began Dr. Chester, "I came here from New York as a pleasure-seeker. I was wealthy, happy and independent. After graduation from two of the big medical schools in New York I rapidly acquired a large practice, and its returns, together with my private fortune, made my lot envied by the struggling young physicians who had attended the medical college with me and whose lines had not fallen in such pleasant places.

"Until I came to the World's Fair I had never looked on a woman with more than passing interest. By some chance I had escaped the usual juvenile love affairs through which most young men pass in their callow days, and I flattered myself I was proof against the attractions of the sex. I had not met Mildred then. One night a Chicago physician, one of my old

school friends, invited me to spend an evening at his home. That night the whole course of my life was changed. The woman whom fate had reserved for me was there. She was his sister, Mildred Atherton."

Dr. Chester paused to pour another glass of brandy, and Holabird relighted his cigar.

"I will not bore you, Tom, with a description of her beauty," the doctor went on, "or of my enchantment when I found she was disposed to look upon me with favour. Enough to say that after a brief and somewhat impetuous courtship Mildred consented to be my wife. Before the close of the Exposition—less than three months after I first saw her—we were married.

"Of course, I was supremely happy. Like a boy on his first holiday, I planned a lengthy bridal tour which included not only the traditional swing around the circle of the great eastern cities, but a week of perfect rest and quiet at my father's farm in central New York. Mildred was delighted. Travel was her hobby, but, pleased as she was by the novel sights of the seacoast cities, she was even more charmed with the unusual surroundings of the dear old farm I had always called 'home.'

"Reared in a city, and knowing nothing of the delights of country life, my bride revelled in the peaceful delights of the farm and its surroundings. Chiefly she loved the old well—my boyhood's friend. Night after night, hanging on my arm, she would stroll down the shaded walk to the old mossy well, and, leaning over the curb, watch the bucket as I sent it down, down, until it plunged into the ice-cold water. Then, with smiles of childish delight, she would watch its ascent until, brimming with the clear water, it rested on the curb. Then she insisted on drinking from the battered old bucket, declaring that a cup or a glass took away the freshness of the water, and in this I smilingly humoured her.

"Well, at last the week on the farm was over and we came home to the house I had ordered prepared for my queen in Chicago. Everything was as I had directed. Nothing was lacking to make the little home a miniature palace, and Mildred was as delighted with it as she had been a few days before with the homely comforts and rude surroundings of the farmhouse.

"But before a week was out I saw a change in my girl—the first shadow I had ever seen upon her brow. I noticed that she seemed worried and abstracted when she thought I was not observing her, and when I questioned her she insisted she was not worried by anything in the world. She strove in every way to allay my anxiety, but, despite her best efforts, I saw that her mental trouble increased. Sometimes she would sit staring out of the window as though she were witnessing some great catastrophe in the street, and when I sought an explanation she laughed at my inquiries and assured me nothing was wrong.

"At first I ascribed it all to nervousness and hysteria and I applied all my professional skill to diagnosing the case. But as the days went by she grew more and more worried, and at length, one night, she admitted there was some mysterious trouble with her throat that was annoying her. With all my fears aroused I at once made a most minute and searching examination, but at its close I was forced to confess myself baffled. I could find absolutely nothing abnormal—nothing that should have given my wife the least trouble.

"I tried to explain to her that her trouble was purely imaginary and advised a change of scene to get her mind on other things. I planned a trip to Cuba for the winter, but she responded apathetically and seemed to grow more worried and abstracted.

"The mental strain began to tell on her appearance. Her sprightliness was all gone. She was pale and languid, with a scared look in her eyes constantly, except when she strove to

banish it while talking with me. She took no interest in anything—theatres, society, drives, books—all were put aside. I grew alarmed lest what my professional training told me must be imagination should develop into a real malady.

"One night as I was dropping off to sleep I was startled to observe that Mildred appeared to be trembling beside me. I turned and saw that she was in a paroxysm of fear, and that both her hands were clutching at her throat. Springing from bed I turned up the light and begged her to tell me what had startled her. In whispers she finally told me the awful fear that had been clutching her heart with a hand of ice. She believed there was something in her throat *and she believed it was alive.*"

Holabird started from his chair, staring at Dr. Chester in horror and amazement.

"Alive?" he repeated.

"Yes," said the doctor, "that was her ever-present nightmare. I was in despair. All my arguments, all my scientific explanation, were of no avail. Little by little she told me how the Thing felt, to her disordered imagination. At first, she said, she noticed a slight tickling sensation in her throat and tried to remove it by coughing. When she coughed it would disappear, but after a time it was present again, and sometimes in a different place. At the beginning her nervousness was caused by fear that she was becoming ill—developing some throat or lung trouble that might become permanent. But one afternoon, while she was lying on a couch, the horror of her life came upon her suddenly.

"She felt the Thing moving in her chest. Clinging to my arm while she told me, my unhappy wife described the frightful agony that convulsed her that day as the moments slipped by, and as with each one the Thing seemed to move closer to her mouth. Finally, she said, she burst the spell that seemed to hold her and rushing

into another room, fell upon her knees and prayed. The sudden action brought relief, for, when she was able to collect her senses and fix them upon the horror, the Thing had gone. There was no movement there.

"Even after that my professional training scoffed at her story of despair. I could not bring myself to believe there was anything in the case but disordered nerves and an over-taxed brain, and I prescribed the physician's only remedy in such an emergency—change of air and of scene. I dropped everything and took her on a long tour, but I might as well have remained at home with her. The Thing travelled with us.

"It never left her mind for an instant, and at night she would startle me by clutching my arm suddenly, grasping at her throat and whispering that it was there. I began to fear her mind would give way under the strain, and after our return home, to satisfy myself and leave no means untried, I summoned in consultation two of the most noted physicians in the country. I told them everything, and begged them, as brother practitioners, to give my unfortunate Mildred the most careful and painstaking examination possible.

"At its close I was as much in the dark as ever. Dr. Rupert and Prof. Hathaway agreed there was nothing—absolutely nothing—about my wife's throat that should cause any such hallucinations, and their judgment coincided with mine, that the trouble was purely one of the brain and nerves, and should be treated accordingly. I told all this to Mildred, who had failed away to a shadow and had a stare of horror in her eyes.

"A week later she awoke me one night with a frenzied shriek of despair and agony. I sprang from bed to turn up the light, and when I turned toward her again she was dead."

"Dead?" ejaculated Holabird, who had half risen from his seat and was staring at the doctor.

"Dead," repeated Dr. Chester quietly. "I called for help and dispatched servants for Dr. Rupert and Prof. Hathaway. When they came I had given up hope and was sitting like a statue, staring at the dead face of my wife. Both physicians made a brief examination of the body, and after assuring themselves that Mildren was dead, led me away to another apartment. I was calm, but it was the calm of a dazed man, and the two doctors decided to leave me alone.

"For an hour I sat there, stunned and motionless. Then I was seized with an insane idea that I could yet resuscitate Mildred—that hope was not gone, that there was still life. I rushed to the room where she lay and flung myself upon the body, in an agony of grief, my face pressed against her beautiful white neck. As I lay there my numbed senses were suddenly startled into activity by something which perhaps appealed principally to my trained professional sense. Her throat beneath my cheek was throbbing with faint, regular pulsations!

"Instantly I arose and stared at the dead face. There was no hint of life. I applied my ear to the heart. All was still and pulseless. But when I placed my ear directly upon the spot on Mildred's neck where I had first discerned the movement I again discerned a rapid, rhythmic pulsation!

"I shouted aloud for help, and when a servant came in, trembling, I sent him for the two doctors, who were smoking and talking in an upper room. Barring the door behind the gaping servant I told the physicians of my discovery. In amazement they tried the experiment, and each distinctly felt the movement. Prof. Hathaway looked at me rather pointedly after he had examined the body and said:

"'Chester, there is one method of solving this riddle. Do you object?'

"'To a post-mortem examination?' I asked.

"He nodded and so did Dr. Rupert. I hesitated a moment.

"'I do not object to an examination,' I said, for I felt I was on the threshold of a solution of the mystery, 'but I will not be present. I will leave it in your hands.' I hurried out of the room, and in half an hour Prof. Hathaway sought me out.

"'Chester,' he said, 'the examination is over.'

"'What did you do?' I asked, half fearing to learn.

"'We made a small incision in the throat where the strange signs of life developed,' he said.

"'And you found——?' I demanded.

"'This,' he replied, holding forth on his hand the Thing that had hounded my Mildred to the grave—a small, green water-lizard.'

"'What?' cried Holabird, springing up, 'alive?'

"'Alive,' said Dr. Chester. 'The poor girl had undoubtedly swallowed it in embryo while drinking at the old well on the farm, and it had lived and grown in her stomach.'

"'And that,' said Holabird, with starting eyes, 'was the Thing——'

"'Which cost her life,' concluded the doctor, 'that's all my story, Tom. Pass the brandy.'

The thing was positively uncanny, and it was a solemn and rather scared face Wentworth presented to the clerk when he handed back the manuscript.

"'Find what you wanted, sir?'" asked the clerk brightly.

"'Oh—er—ah—yes, I found it,'" stammered Wentworth, "it's all right, thank you. I'm very much obliged for your kindness."

"'Not at all. Come in again, sir,'" said the clerk affably.

Wentworth stammered something incoherent and stumbled out of the office in a daze. The thing was fast getting possession of him. What did it all mean? he asked himself for the hundredth time. There was no ques-

tion now that the check was intended for him—that he and no other Ralph Wentworth had won the prize. But how had it happened?

Unable to frame a logical answer to his own question, he reached the street in a dreamy, unbelieving state of mind, and instinctively turned the right corners and dodged the vehicles until he found himself at his own door. His valet, quiet, imperturbable Johnson, admitted him. Johnson took his hat and coat and deftly wheeled an easy chair to the fire. Wentworth watched him absently.

Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Johnson," he exclaimed "have you ever seen around here a long envelope—one of the sort they call document envelopes—I mean one with anything in it. Big and bulky, you know."

His valet studied a moment, while Wentworth watched him anxiously.

"You mean like this, sir?" he asked, going to a cabinet and producing a packet of long envelopes.

"Yes, yes," said Wentworth eagerly, "that's the sort. Did you ever notice one of those with anything in it?"

"I think I did, sir," said Johnson.

"When?" demanded Wentworth. "How was it? What did you do with it?"

"The one I saw I mailed, sir," said the valet, "I hope there's nothing wrong, sir."

"Mailed?" echoed Wentworth, "to whom? How did you happen to mail it?"

"I don't remember now how it was addressed, sir," said Johnson, "but I remember one morning I found one of those big envelopes with a letter in it all sealed and addressed and stamped on your desk here, and I mailed it. You always leave any mail here for me to drop in the box if you have been writing late at night, sir, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Wentworth eagerly, "but how do you hap-

pen to remember this special letter?"

"Well, sir," said Johnson, "it had three or four stamps on it and it was so big and bulky and heavy, sir, that I sort of kept it in mind. I never had a letter like that here before, sir."

Wentworth was pacing the floor excitedly by that time. The trail was growing warm.

"Now, Johnson, try and think," he commanded, "can't you remember when it was you found that letter here?"

"I'm almost positive, sir," said his valet, "that it was the next morning after you came home so late from Mr. Holroyd's bachelor dinner, sir."

Wentworth suddenly ceased pacing the floor, and clapped his hands together with a mighty smack.

"That's it," he cried excitedly, "that bachelor dinner brings it all back to me. That's where I heard it. By George, that's right. Doc' Baldwin told the story. That's the very thing."

"Yes, sir," agreed Johnson, who had been watching his master's antics in some alarm. Wentworth stared at him as though he had just become aware of his presence in the room.

"Johnson," he said suddenly, placing both hands on the shoulders of his servant, "did you see me when I came in that night?"

"I did, sir," said Johnson simply.

"Tell the truth now, Johnson," commanded Wentworth, "was I drunk?"

"No, sir," answered the valet, "I should say you were a bit excited, sir. I helped you off with your clothes and you went right to bed, sir, inside of five minutes."

Wentworth stared at the floor a long time, and then his face slowly cleared.

"By George!" he muttered at length, "I got up in the night and wrote that in my sleep!"

"Yes, sir," said Johnson, "what will you wear this afternoon, sir?"



CAP ROUGE, FROM THE LOOK-OUT

HISTORIC CAP ROUGE

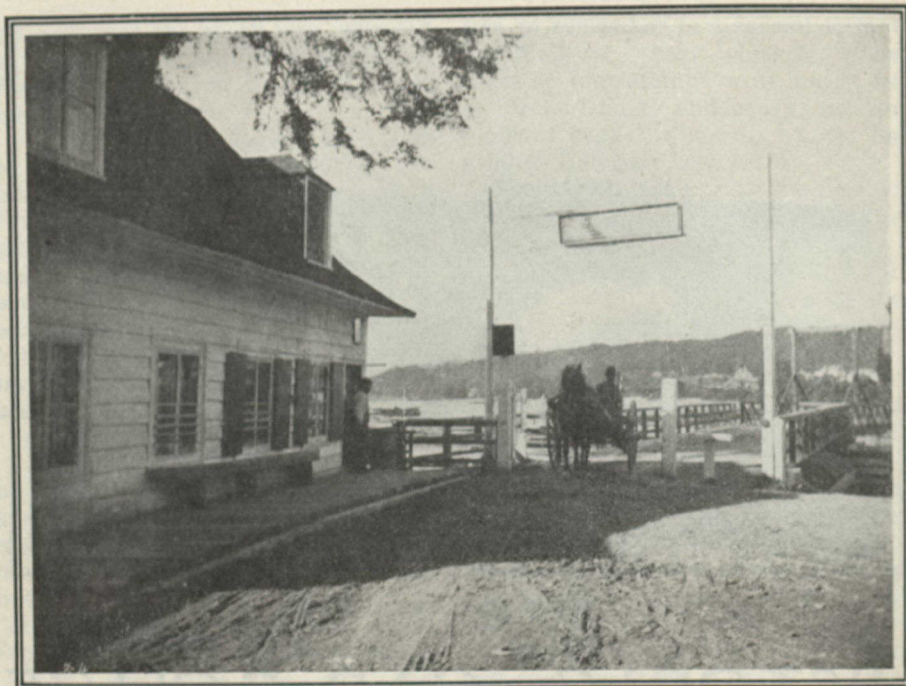
By Q. Fairchild.

THE St. Louis Road, leading out from the city of Quebec along the high shore of the St. Lawrence, comes to a sudden end at the Cap Rouge, and a long hill street dips down into the village beneath the red cliff.

Across the bridge over the little Cap Rouge river, which after wandering through the narrow valley here meets the tide of the big river, the house-bordered road continues until the opposite height is reached, that of St. Augustin in the next parish. Looking down, one sees church, convent, and clustering cottages. Looking off, one sees the mile-wide St. Lawrence flowing between high-wooded shores that must have looked the same to Indian or voyageur paddling silently by in canoes as do today passengers on great ocean liners.

No more beautiful or peaceful spot than Cap Rouge can be found in all the Dominion; the stirring events of early history have left no traces, no scars, and no tall shaft of stone or bronze records them, as might well be expected when we realize that we stand on the spot where the first attempt was made to colonize North America, although St. Augustine in Florida claims the oldest *permanent colony*. That the promontory, now the city of Quebec, should have been the choice of Champlain was certainly as great a point of interest for the infant colony as it is to-day for the picturesque old French Canadian city.

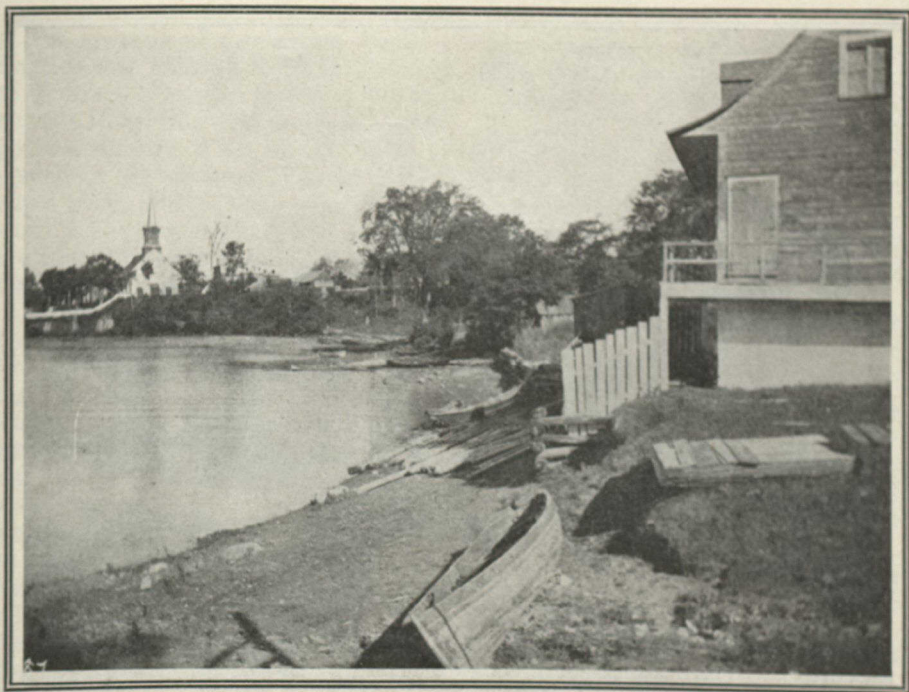
Quebec boldly faces all who sail up the great river, and very bleak and high the gray rock must have seemed to those on board the small ships no bigger than our most insignificant



THE TOLL-GATE AND BRIDGE, CAP ROUGE



THE BACK ROAD, CAP ROUGE



THE COVE, CAP ROUGE



AN OLD HOUSE AT CAP ROUGE



MEN'S HUTS ON A PINE RAFT AT CAP ROUGE

modern sailing craft. No doubt to Jacques Cartier the little cove of Cap Rouge looked a more snug spot, at the first break in the high shore line above Quebec of the western end of what now appears like a dry island, as if in ages gone by there had been water on both sides of the high and narrow land, where to-day there is a big swamp below Ste. Foye; then the uplands again, and the background of all, the Laurentian Mountains.

After Cartier's two voyagers of discovery, the King of France with great flourish of titles, proclaimed for the New World a viceroy in Jean Francois de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, Lord of Novembeque, who was also to be his "Lieutenant General of the Armies in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Labrador, The Great Bay, Baccoloës, and Cap Rouge".

This grand order for a colony was given in 1540, but such trouble was found to get anyone to compose the

"Armies of Canada" that the most desperate characters were liberated from prisons to take their chance of life or death on the hazardous expedition. What with the difficulties of procuring men, ships, and supplies, it grew too late in the season to get up the St. Lawrence. Jacques Cartier was then put in commission as Captain General and Master Pilot to go with Roberval; but the Viceroy still delaying, Cartier started out alone, in 1541, and finally reached Cap Rouge, where he moored his ships and unloaded two that were to be sent back to France.

Knowing every inch of Cap Rouge ground as I do, it is almost like looking at a picture, to read of the comings and goings of Cartier's little band up and down the cliff, on the point of which they built a fort, while below in the valley they cleared enough land to sow a few vegetables. Roberval did not arrive, and the winter must have been terrible, so that

at the opening of navigation Jacques Cartier saw nothing to do but return to France. On the outward voyage he met Roberval, who ordered him to go back again. With the winter's experiences all too fresh, Cartier refused to obey, and as the easiest way of ending the argument, slipped away the first dark night, with all sails set for France.

Roberval continued on up the St. Lawrence, to found his colony at Cap Rouge; and, being better equipped than Cartier had been, he started at once to make more comfortable quarters for the winter. Another fort was built, described as "beautiful to look upon and of surpassing strength within, with two *corps de logis*, and an *annex* of forty-five by fifty-five feet in length, containing kitchen, offices, and two tiers of cellars. Near there he built a bakery, a mill, and dug a well. Close beside his ships Roberval built a two-story house, for the provisions of which he was to

know the lack, although a couple of ships were sent at once to France for more and the colonists put on a strict allowance. France Prime was to be the name of the country, and Cap Rouge was to be known as Charlebourg Royal.

That they had an appalling time among themselves might well be expected from the bad characters chosen to come out, and one man named Gaillon was hanged for robbery, while others were chained, and a woman whipped as a common scold "so they could live in peace and quietness," as the old chronicler of the colony puts it. Scurvy carried off fifty people. When the spring came Roberval followed Cartier and returned to France. For sixty-five years Canada was forgotten—then Champlain came to Quebec, in 1608.

In the old records we learn that a road was cut out to Cap Rouge as early as 1638, and a few families settled in the sheltered valley, where



"RAVENSCLIFFE," CAP ROUGE

they took their chance of Indian raids. The life of Cap Rouge from that period was just that of any little parish until the dread of English invasion, 1759, made the cliffs of Cap Rouge a military outpost of great importance; for General Wolfe, repulsed at every attempt to land his troops below Quebec, made a bold move, and passing the city one flood-tide, anchored off Cap Rouge.

Several feints were made to test de Bourgainville's strength, and, finding Cap Rouge too well guarded, knowledge was gained of a path leading up from what has since been known as "Wolfe's Cove" to the Plains of Abraham, outside the old walled city. From the dark shadow of Cap Rouge, Wolfe's troops were rowed away to victory when dawn broke of the glorious 13th of September, 1759.

While Quebec, the key of the situation, was in the hands of the English, the surrounding country was still capable of supporting the French troops, and again, in the following spring, Cap Rouge played an important rôle, when Levis there rallied his army, marched on Quebec, and would undoubtedly have retaken the city but for the timely arrival of English ships. Once more the French retreated across the little valley of Cap Rouge, never to return, and the country grew accustomed to English rule.

When the Americans came under Arnold, to besiege Quebec, they first took Cap Rouge and Ste. Foye, and during the winter foraged all about the neighborhood: even the summer house of Governor Cramahé was totally at their mercy, although an old caretaker tried to do her share in defending her master's property by coaxing a party of looters down to the wine cellar, where she would have trapped them, but for the sudden distrust of the Sergeant. The story is told by a young soldier named

Henry, who afterwards became a United States judge.

Since the repulse of the Americans in 1776 no enemy has possessed our heights, and the picturesque cliffs, seven miles from the city, became the favourite *rendez-vous* of Quebecers, and wealthy merchants built homes whose beautiful lawns overlook the St. Lawrence. The coves below were the scenes of great lumber shipping until the trade has dwindled down to a raft or two a year, and the riotous gangs of raftsmen no longer make the cliffs ring with their wild songs and shouts. Where Cartier's and Roberval's ships were wintered, a shipyard launched a brig named the "Cap Rouge" which sailed safely to British Guiana.

Artists have painted our beautiful views, and authors written of our history or found characters for their books among our simple *habitant* folk, as did Sir Gilbert Parker. Those who are more scientifically inclined can read of the great trestle across the Cap Rouge valley, or of the St. Lawrence Bridge being rebuilt after the first terrible disaster.

The bells of St. Nichol's church, on the very edge of the opposite shore, come faintly or clearly, solemnly or gaily, across the water, and our own village bells make answer at the same hours of the ringing of the Angelus. The St. Lawrence in all its phases is part of the very life of Cap Rouge: at night it becomes a mysterious thing like some great creeping creature, while in moonlight from the cliffs, with only the murmur of the pine trees, the river looks like a beautiful dream, and if from out the darkness a lazy square-sail *bâteau* drifts into the mile-wide band of light, and a snatch of song floats up to us from some lonely *bâteau*-man, we hold our breath as if, with the songs ending, the whole scene would melt away.



AN IMPERIAL DAUGHTER

By Ethel Cody Stoddard

WHEN kind fate sent Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon, then widely known as "Lally Bernard," to the coronation of Edward VII., it thrust honours into her hands. She was the only woman correspondent in the press gallery on that historical occasion, and was the only direct Canadian correspondent sent to the coronation by any newspaper in the Dominion. Later, in the official history of the event, her letters were the only ones mentioned.

Again, at the coronation of King George and Queen Mary, Mrs. Fitzgibbon was a special correspondent, and thus holds the distinction of being the only Canadian woman correspondent who has been at two coronations of Kings of England.

These two visits to England led to many others, each one of which helped to forge a strong link between Canada and the Mother Country, because being a keen Canadian, Lally Bernard could not refrain from telling the Old Country people about the broad and wonderful colony across the Atlantic. She spoke on the public platform and in private, and wrote till her name became as well known in England as in Canada, and always her theme was the Dominion.

She undertook Government work in the way of speaking and writing, and also did the same kind of work for the Canadian Pacific Railway. But one of her boasts is that she never took money or transportation from either source, because, as she naively puts it, "if I did I could not say just what I wanted to and be free in all ways".

In 1900 Lally Bernard was sent to the West to write what she could about the great Doukhobor immigration to Canada at that time. She went to Winnipeg, and expected that in the immigration sheds there she would find out all she needed.

This peculiar people, however, proved to be more fascinating than she had anticipated, and in order to gain all the knowledge that she required, there was nothing for it but to follow them farther westward. This she did for three months, and even at the end of that time she found it most difficult to tear herself away from them.

The troubles and trials of these wonderful people bore so heavily on her feelings that when she returned to Ontario she determined to help them in some way if at all possible. While in Hamilton she happened to

attend a meeting of the Local Council of Women, and someone, seeing her, asked her to say something about her trip. She felt it was her opportunity, and she stood for more than an hour before those women, and with tears streaming down her cheeks she told them much of what she knew. Womanly sympathy was quick to respond, and there were not many dry eyes in the house that afternoon.

Right there began the encouragement of Doukhobor industries in Canada, industries which to-day are widely known, and until her return to the West a few months later, Lally Bernard's home became a depot for patterns, suggestions, models and even personal aids for the Doukhobor women. These she took back to the people, and brightened the lives of the women especially, by helping them to do work which in some cases they had never hoped to do again.

Voicing her Imperialism by platform and pen, Lally Bernard has done more for Canada than most people realize. Her special aim has always been to bring thoughts and words into action. And it was while visiting in British Columbia, several years ago, that a plan which had always been in her fertile brain, became so insistent that it would not be held back any longer. Accordingly, when shortly afterward she was again in London, England, she laid her plan before Lord Strathcona, who heartily endorsed it at once.

She had through keen observation always thought that the sister of the man who comes to Canada to carve out life and fortune should (if she comes along, too) receive a fair chance to cope with conditions which are in the average case at least very different from conditions in the Old Country. Her idea was, therefore, to found a hostel in a like climate to England, if possible, where women could come and for a small fee learn how to become Canadian housewives.

Queen Mary heard of the project and became so much interested in the

idea that she requested that when the hostel should be founded it should be in the name of her coronation. In Vancouver Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon found what she deemed to be the ideal spot for her pet scheme. The climate, people and conditions in general seemed to be just what was needed. So the Queen Mary Coronation Hostel was founded last year, this being made possible through the generosity of the late Lord Strathcona.

Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon considers that the founding of this hostel is really the culmination of all that she has ever said or written. Here the East is brought into the environment of the West, and Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon's strong doctrine of ever levelling up and not down is being put into active practice.

In this home girls and women, upon payment of a small fee, are taught to become competent housewives, not along domestic science lines, but along what Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon considers to be good, practical, homespun lines. The pupil is taught to use an ordinary stove, and burn wood in it as well as coal. She is taught to go out and split the wood for her fires, and oftentimes she is allowed to find nothing but wet cedar, which she must cut properly in order to get the dry heart.

Close by the main house and on the same property there is a real Western shack with a common little cooking stove, and ordinary household paraphernalia. Here the student learns practically by actual experience just what she would have to do if she lived in such a house, miles away from everybody, with only her own resources to depend upon.

A delightful incident is told of a young woman transported to Canada because she and her brother were alone in the world. He had a fairly good position, but she had never been taught to do anything, much less housework, or to know it had to be done, her position in the Old Country having been that of a daughter of a

professional man. In Canada she boarded in the same house with her brother, though as a matter of fact they saw little of each other.

One day the girl met Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon, and recognizing the great heart of the woman, explained that she was idle, lonely and unhappy. Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon persuaded her to take a course at the hostel, which she finally did, to the disgust of her brother, who had his doubts.

How that girl did have to work! Every day of the first six weeks she determined would be the last. But somehow she kept on till burnt fingers, a scorched face, spoiled food, crisped cakes, balky fires, ovens that would not remain hot, and such like discouragements and discomforts became things of the past.

When she emerged a qualified housekeeper, she wanted to take a position. Again the broad knowledge of Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon came to the rescue. The girl was advised to persuade her brother to take a flat. After much persuasion this was done, and then life really began for those two young people. The brother entered into the spirit of the thing and soon became very enthusiastic as well as appreciative of the new order of living.

It had never occurred to that girl that she could keep house for her brother, answer her own door bell, do her own household laundry work, take parcels from tradespeople, and do all the things that a Canadian housewife can and does do, and still keep her dignity and sphere. But Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon showed her that it could be

done, and Canada does not to-day hold a more happy or more transformed girl than this one.

This is only one of many such cases in which Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon has been able to set the right feet on the right pathway.

In the hostel, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon has had but one motto put up, and it is characteristic. It is: "Take Your Fences".

This hostel, be it known, is the only one of its kind in the world, a fact which shows that the Lally Bernard individuality has by no means evaporated with the years.

Outside the interest she takes in the hostel, the war has given her a splendid chance to work out all the Imperialism that has not had any previous outlet.

She has organized the Admiral Jellicoe Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, with one hundred and five members. Lately she has been very busy organizing groups of workers to assist in collecting for our men imprisoned in Germany, and as usual is throwing all her wide experience and stirring personality into the work.

Lally Bernard's writing is largely taken up along the line of Imperialism these days, and much good she is doing in that way. But writing for her beloved public is still strong in her heart, so that those of us who remember, admire and wish for more reading from her virile pen, will yet have many opportunities in which to renew acquaintances by the printed word with "Fitz-Clare," "Citoyenne," and "Margo Meredith".



THE DANCING BEAR MAN

By Marjorie Cook.

LIZETTE, seizing a moment when her step-mother had gone out to the dairy, lolled in the kitchen doorway and looked longingly across the daisied fields to the sunny blue river, wishing with all her heart that she were only a summer visitor at Ste. Clorinthe and could idle as she pleased all the day long.

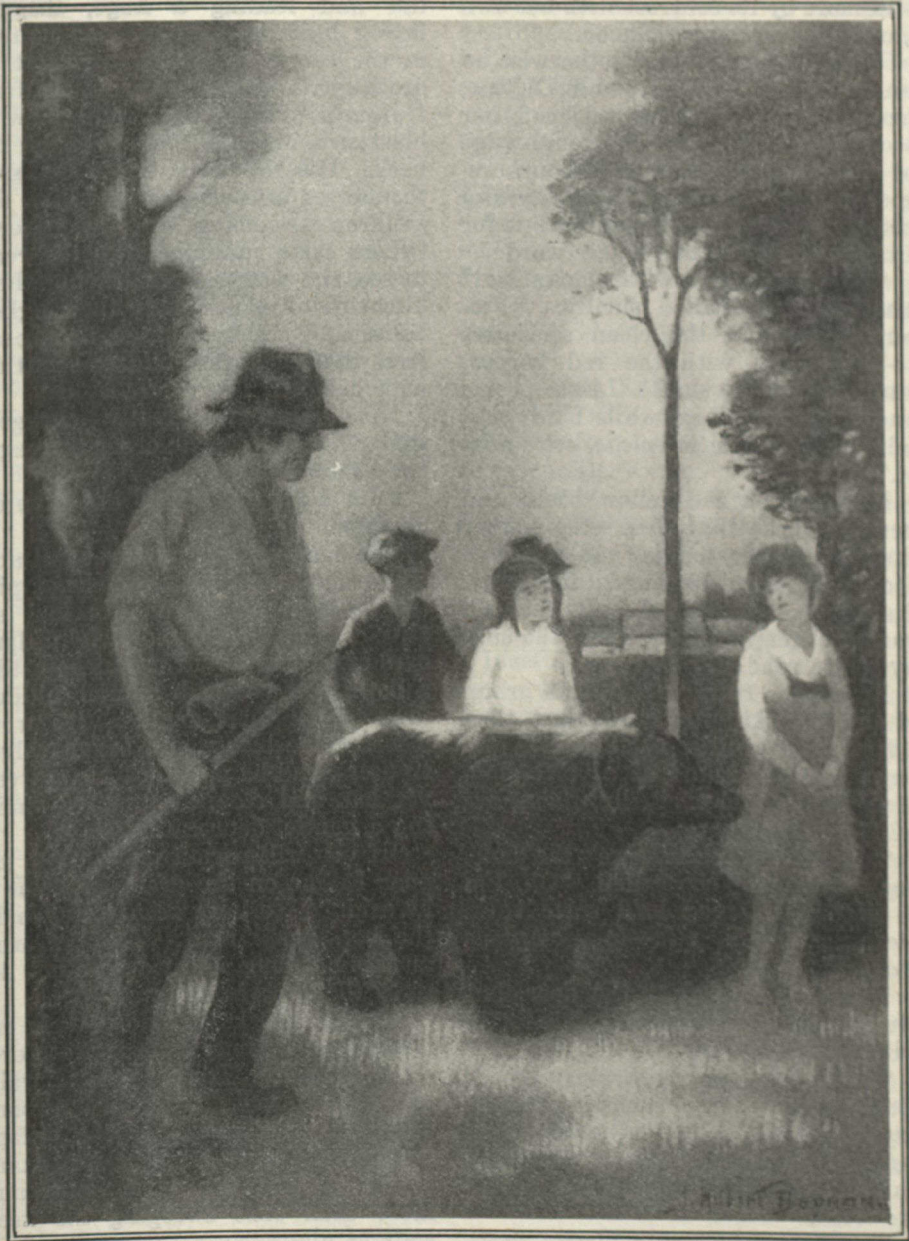
She was tired of work. She hated setting the long tables for the exacting English ladies, who came back year after year to Mme. Dufour's admirable *pension*. She hated waiting on them and running in and out of the hot kitchen with plates, in response to their endless demands. She was tired of making up their rooms with the thoroughness demanded by her step-mother, and very tired of fetching them sufficient hot water to satisfy them. One would think that once a day might be enough, added to their unaccountable habit of dipping themselves daily in the sea, but it never was. On the slightest provocation they called for hot water, and some of them even drank it!

Lizette was tired of the English ladies and tired of being ordered about. She was, above all other things, tired of her step-mother's voice, which broke in upon her idle moment now with a sharp reprimand and sent her sulkily back to laying the spoons and forks and glasses on the dining-tables. Victorine, a great heavy country-girl, was slowly putting down the plates.

Mme. Dufour bustled about her kitchen, occupied, as were most of the other women of the village towards midday, preparing dinner for her ladies, who would soon be coming up tired and hungry from the beach.

Mme. Dufour's house was famous for its excellent meals, and madam prided herself greatly on this and on a reputation for even more spotless perfection of house-cleaning than her neighbours. She was aware that she was described by them as *une vraie vieille fille*, and the fact that this was true added to her zest to outdo everyone else. She had been a *vieille fille* in all respects for a good forty-eight years before she married the *veuf* Dufour and took over the management of his family and his summer *pensionnaires* in an extremely capable manner, without losing any of the characteristics that had belonged to her former estate.

The step-children were all married and away now but Lizette, the youngest, aged sixteen, and Lizette à Ferdinand had been the most troublesome of the lot. With Lizette she had never got on, and she had brought her up on incessant slaps and scoldings, quite unconscious that jealousy lay at the bottom of her harshness. As a baby the child had constantly reminded her that she was a *vieille fille*, although a married woman, and the supple, vivid beauty of the growing girl, which drew the eyes of the village youth irresistibly, angered her



Drawing by J. Hubert Beynon

"In the middle of the group stood the bear-tamer

still more by its contrast with her own gaunt and solitary girlhood.

Mme. Dufour was not otherwise an unjust woman. Ferdinand Dufour, her husband, sincerely enjoyed her society and never felt the rough edge of her tongue. Her neighbours respected her honesty and capacity and her almost inspired meanness, but for Lizette she never had a fair word.

"Be quick there with the tables!" Mme. Dufour called shrilly. "Victorine, put out the clean serviettes to-day—those with the red border, stupid, from the shelf! Lizette, come and beat up my eggs while I tidy myself—*bête comme ses pieds, cette fille-là.*"

Lizette took the yellow basin and pewter fork that her step-mother thrust into her hands, and stood in the doorstep, beating vigorously. Suddenly she stopped and listened, gazing eagerly up and down the sunny white road.

Round the turn came a little group of children skipping in the dust, then some older people, chiefly men and boys, and the sound of a voice singing. She stared excitedly, then gave a little jump.

"Maman, Victorine, here's the dancing bear man!" she called. "Oh, I'm so glad! I hoped he'd come back. Here he is—*le v'la—le dompteur d'ours!*"

Victorine ambled to the door, but Mme. Dufour drove them inside forthwith.

"Back to your work, lazy good-for-nothing! Any excuse, any idle vagabond will take you away from that, of course! Go on! I'll have no crowd collecting about my door!" she cried.

"I will see him," said Lizette, jerking herself free from her step-mother's hard grasp and escaping again to the door-step.

The crowd came nearer, the bare-foot children kicking up the fine white dust in a cloud in front, and in the middle of the group of men strode the bear-tamer, carrying a spiked

taff and leading a huge, shaggy, brown bear on a chain. He paused in the centre of a triangular bit of green grass, directly in front of Mme. Dufour's kitchen door, and blew a blast on a brass horn slung round his neck. His followers began to seat themselves in a circle round him, the children swarming up the gallery. Others came running down the road to see, the women even leaving their kitchens. And suddenly the English ladies and children began to appear from the beach, the children shouting with delight.

Mme. Dufour, greatly enraged, stepped to her door to order the vagabond showman off.

"Not here, not here!" she shouted harshly.

The dancing bear man was tall and slight and bore evident marks of picturesque vagabondage. He had an olive-coloured face and bright dark eyes of almost liquid melancholy like a dog's, but yet with human, hidden laughter in their depths. He wore a loose blue blouse and baggy velvet trousers, and he pulled off his old velvet hat and stepped forward, smiling a gentle, deprecating smile.

"If you will permit me to show my poor Rufine on the grass, Madame!" he said. "We have been so much in the hot, dusty road. The performance is not long, and we shall not destroy the grass in any way."

The English ladies added their entreaties, and Mme. Dufour was forced to consent. The bear-tamer waited for a few moments like a born showman, while most of the village assembled, flinging a humorous remark to the children or young lads, and more than once sweeping his keen smiling glance over Lizette.

She stood against the wall of the cottage, slim in spite of the big blue-checked apron that enveloped her, with the sun falling on her shining hair, her face flushed with a child's eager expectation of a treat, watching everything he did. Once the year before she had seen him, and had

watched the antics of the bear with the unthinking rapture of a child, but now her gaze fell on the *domp- teur* himself. Every time his daring glance met hers, a queer little shuddering thrill went through her.

"Rufine, salute the ladies!"

The bear drew its clumsy bulk upright and raised a huge paw to its head, jerking it stiffly down again, like a military salute, to the huge delight of the little boys.

"*Ton père et ta mère sont sur les montagnes,*" said the dancing bear man in a soft sing-song voice. "*Fais comme ton père et ta mère!*"

The bear reached to the extreme length of his chain, then faced his master and advanced slowly and warily, watching his face and growling. The bear-man raised a short stick to his shoulder like a gun.

"*Ton père et ta mère sont sur les montagnes,*" he chanted.

The bear growled and sprang, he affected to shout, and the massive dusty creature rolled over and over on the grass. Lizette was breathless.

Rufine shouldered his stick like a musket and marched to the sound of the bugle. He said his prayers, and then he danced while his master sang a little refrain in a soft, monotonous beat over and over again:

Les pastilles sont pour les jeunes filles.
Les bonbons sont pour les garçons,

Rufine turned his great body round and round in an absurd travesty of dancing, grotesque and pathetic.

"*Embrassez—moi!*" called out the dancing-bear man suddenly, and the bear opened his shaggy arms and received his master into them.

Lizette gave a piercing scream and shrank against the cottage, letting the yellow bowl slip out of her fingers and roll off the gallery, the batter making a stream down the steps. The bear-man emerged safely from the capacious embrace, Rufine dropped fatiguedly to his four feet, and the crowd clapped and shouted.

Lizette leaned against the wall.

The bear-man picked up the bowl and handed it to her with a smile.

"You are afraid of my Rufine," he said in his soft voice. "But he is not dangerous, Mademoiselle—and see, the bowl is not even cracked!"

He looked at her with a dangerous softness in his glance, then with a flourishing bow he went round with his old velvet hat. He thanked everybody with his gracious flashing smile, and then led his great brown bear thudding patiently down the road.

When the English ladies had gone in, calling to Victorine for hot water, Mme. Dufour suddenly cuffed her step-daughter's ears.

"Careless, stupid little idler!" she raged. "Throwing my good food about because you have attention only for amusement, and eyes only for men—even good-for-nothing animal tamers, thieves most likely!"

Lizette escaped into the dining-room with blazing red cheeks and wet angry eyes. A sudden thought flashed into her mind. She would run after the bear-man and see another performance. She was not going to be scolded and made to work for ever. Victorine could do her best to wait at dinner without her, for once. She would go. She didn't care what happened.

She snatched from the table one of the vases which it was her duty to keep filled with fire-weed and golden-rod for the ladies, who seemed to think that such things added to the pleasure of Mme. Dufour's good meals, and darted past her step-mother down the road in the direction the *domp- teur* had taken. She was possessed by a desire to see the dancing bear man again, to meet the strange bright glance that made her veins run quicksilver, to hear the soft foreign voice that lingered like a charm in her ear.

She saw the performance through at the post-office, and again two miles farther on in the field of old Baptiste, and by then nothing occupied

her mind except the amusement of dawdling down the sunny road with the village stragglers, and the excitement of feeling the *dompteur's* eyes upon her. She hid the vase behind a hedge, and let care fly to the winds.

The whole long, hot afternoon she followed the dancing bear man through sun and dust, watching his wary gentleness with Rufine, and listening to his singing voice, knowing that he looked for her every time he blew his bugle and found her unsurprised. And while she laughed aloud like a happy child at the clumsy antics of the bear, she was thrilling like a woman drawn more swiftly than she wants into the mysterious future.

By sunset she was ten miles from home, and she knew his name and some of his history—Rémi Arel of the Midi, twenty-seven years old and of the same profession as his father and his grandfather, a *dompteur d'ours*, which he flung to the crowd in a joking speech while his eyes were fixed on her.

Gradually the crowd fell off, and as they neared the village of Cap de la Viérge, Lizette realized with a shock of awakening that she was alone on a lonely road, and that the village lights meant that it was late. She fell back frightened and irresolute, and Rufine and his master disappeared from view. Lizette began to feel tired and hungry, and was surprised by sudden shame. She was a long way from home. She had followed a vagabond bear-tamer about all day like an idle girl who has no self-respect. Now she must find her way back in the terrifying dark alone somehow, and face her step-mother's rage.

The cheerful note of the *dompteur's* bugle sounded three times, and Lizette folded her arms across the log fence and laid her head down, sobbing out loud like a child. The lovely, foolish day was over, and the thrilling sweetness of it had meant nothing, nothing at all. All that

awaited her was scolding and shame. She heard a footstep and turned to run, to find herself face to face with the vagabond she had followed all day. He carried a paper parcel and spoke at once with great cheerfulness, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to find her there in tears.

"Ah! one is hungry and tired naturally, and one must eat," he said. "Rufine is eating in the village, and our supper I have brought out here. Let us sit down at once, Mademoiselle Little-Nameless-One."

They sat down against a bank of grass, and he opened his parcel disclosing solid sandwiches of bread and meat. Lizette sank down with a sigh of comfort, and munched quite happily, and the dancing bear man scarcely stopped chattering about himself and his adventures, and made her laugh out loud once or twice. Then they sat still for a few minutes, till he jumped to his feet.

"And now I must see Mademoiselle on her homeward way," he said, "and return to see what the inquisitive people have done to my poor Rufine."

They walked a little way in the dusk, with the distant sound of the tide flowing out in their ears, and the salty smell of wet beach and seaweed mingling with the warm breeze blowing across the daisied fields. Then they stopped and looked at each other, Lizette waiting and trembling, and the dancing bear man with a kind of wonder and longing that held hidden fires.

"You have given me nothing yet," he said, laughing a little. "You put nothing in my hat, Little Nameless-One, though I held it out to you!"

Lizette blushed, half-startled.

"I have no money," she faltered. "But take his—from Lizette." She whispered her name. She slipped off a little silver medal that she wore beneath her dress, and gave it to him warm from lying on her neck.

He kissed it and put it gravely in his pocket, still looking at her.

Then he put his arms round her very lightly, and bent her face back to make her look at him, and spoke in a voice of deep compelling gentleness, very low and soft:

"But give me something that will bring me back to you, my little one, from the ends of the earth."

She let him hold her, and he kissed her till her veins turned to quicksilver and flame from the divine fires in his. Then he let her go, and she ran, ran, ran down the lonely road.

The summer visitors went away, and the village began to resume its ordinary life. The men were off at far-away farms, and the women made *grand ménage* in their houses, scrubbing floors and walls and ceilings as if the English visitors had had the plague, washing the *cataloigne* carpets and sheets and blankets and locking up the unused rooms in their houses. Mme. Dufour and Lizette and Victorine were hard at work turning out their rooms, airing and beating, and appraising damage to chairs and tables and carpets.

Lizette worked so well that her stepmother had no fault to find with her, and had to fall back on the dreadful scandal of the day she had shamelessly followed the vagabond bear-tamer and brought disgrace upon the name of Dufour for ever.

Lizette said nothing. In her secret heart that hot and dusty summer day, the fatigue and fear of her lonely walk home, the subsequent disgrace, remained a half-forgotten background for a sort of leaping delight that she could only let herself think of when she was alone and free. Then she remembered the colour of sky and field and hedgerow, the sound of the tide, the sound of a singing voice. She could shut her eyes and see the dancing bear man's strange eyes very near her face, and hear the magic of his compelling low words, and hold herself still in the shivering ecstasy of his holding.

October drew to its splendid close, and though Lizette looked every day

up and down the white road, no easily-strolling vagabond came in sight.

Lizette was so quiet that Mme. Dufour began to think that she was becoming permanently docile, when one day she fell into disgrace again.

Mme. Dufour returning late one afternoon from a day spent with a sick neighbour, found Lizette dreaming with her elbows on the kitchen table, unwashed pots and pans all round her, the stove out and uncleaned, and everything as slovenly and untidy as it could well be in her immaculate kitchen. She stood looking about her in petrifying fury. What if a neighbour had happened to come in, and had seen such a state of affairs? Would she ever have held up her head again? Why did the good God afflict her with such a good-for-nothing little sloven of a step-daughter?

"Look at my kitchen? What have you been doing. I ask you?" she cried. She whirled her to her feet, and shook her violently.

"Get out of my sight, I will do my own work—*menteuse, paresseuse, voleuse!*" She shook her again, and opening the door thrust her down the steps with such force that Lizette fell half-way across the road. She picked herself up with angry tears smarting in her eyes, and ran uncertainly on, beginning to cry blindly with the pain of her twisted arm. Presently she fell into a walk and her sobs grew slower. She lifted a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes.

Round the turn of the road by the clump of rowans still covered with their scarlet bunches came an easily-strolling vagabond. She gave a little gasp.

"Oh!" she said reproachfully, "I was crying."

"For me?" said the dancing bear man, laughing a little.

A light came into her eyes, and colour flooded her cheeks.

"No," she said hurriedly. "Not for you. Where is Rufine. And why have you come back?"

"Rufine is well," said the dancing bear man, "And I have come back because something brought me back, though I hadn't got quite to the end of the world. I have come back for you. I want you to sing for me and dance for me and laugh for me—never to cry for me, my little Lizette."

Suddenly he took her in his arms, and spoke in the voice that stirred all the longing and imagination of her heart.

"Will you come with me?" he said. "Away from the house where you are made to cry, away to my country where you will be happy and gay and beloved? Down the roads of the world, with my heart to shelter you? Come now. Don't be afraid; you won't have to cry or to fear. And in the summers we can come back."

Lizette looked into his strange eyes and yielded to his arms as in a dream. His look, his soft, odd voice made reality very far off and faint. Duty, kinship, everyday life became shadows, nothing existed but the

strength of his arms holding her, nothing called or compelled but his foreign, low words.

She put out her hands, with shining eyes.

"Yes, yes," she breathed. She must go, she must go now. She must do what he willed wherever, whenever he spoke. She was his absolutely. She must follow down the roads of the world.

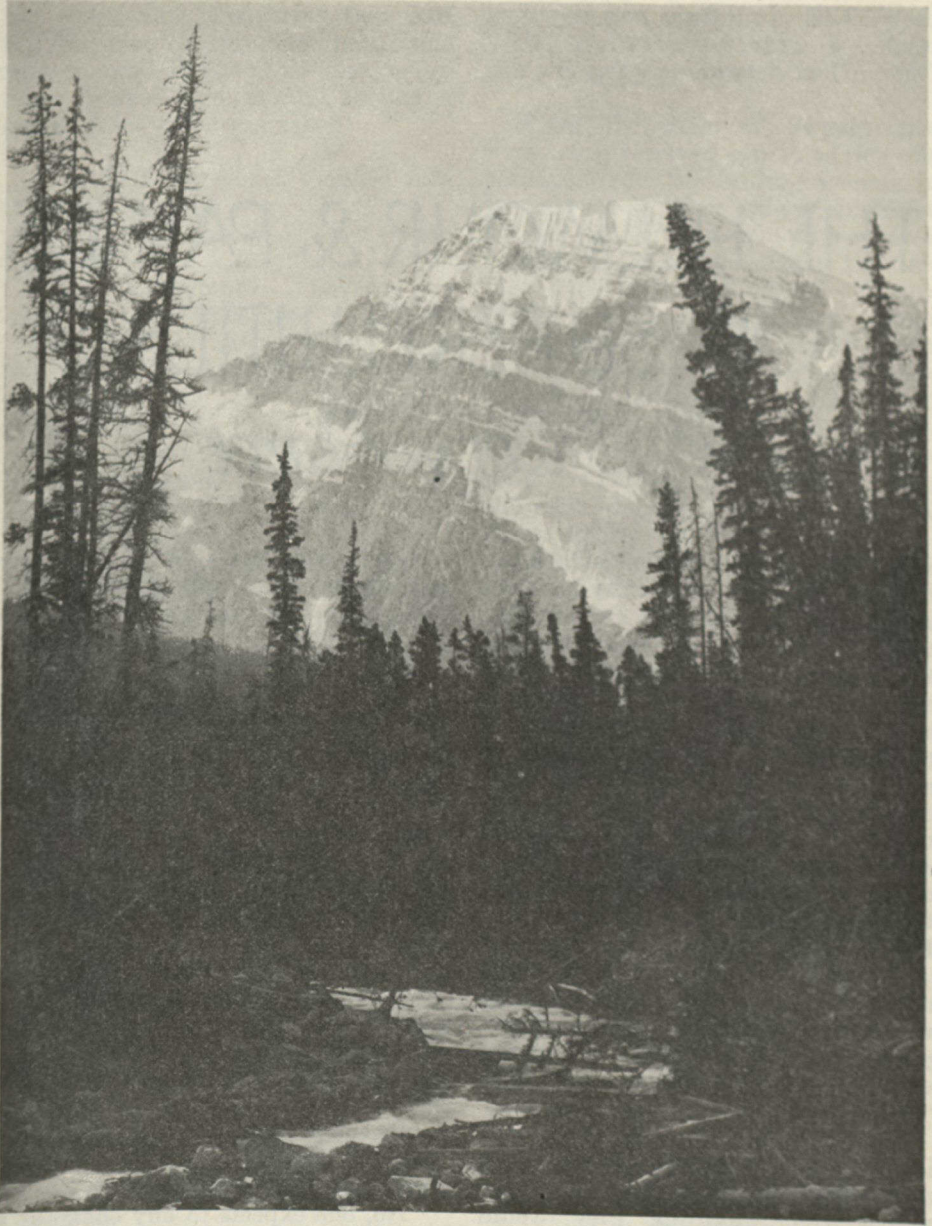
It was many summers later.

Along the sunny road in dust and sunshine came three figures. The man, bearing evident marks of picturesque vagabondage, led a massive brown bear on a chain, and blew a blast on a brass horn that he wore slung round his neck. An old sunburnt draggletail of a woman followed a little way behind.

The village assembled to see the performance, and word flew from neighbour to neighbour:

"*C'est Lizette à Ferdinand! Viens donc la voir! Ah! Mon Dieu! Créez!*" they said. "And she looks happy!"





Photograph by courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway

MOUNT CAVELL

This magnificent peak in the Canadian Rockies has been renamed so that it may stand as a monument to the English nurse who was shot by the Germans

THE HUMOUR & PATHOS OF SUPERFLUITIES

By Henry Pearce

AN attractive method of helping the Red Cross Society has been used at Victoria, British Columbia, with results that have been at once humorous and pathetic. It occurred to someone that if the people of Victoria would give a portion of their superfluous goods a place of sale could be found, and likewise buyers. Accordingly, the plan was announced to the people by letter, and every letter carried with it a postcard. On the postcard was printed: I wish to give..... Please collect at.....

A little boy who had been reprimanded by his grandmother, no doubt with very good cause, got hold of the postcard and filled in the two blanks with the words "Grandma" and "once".

Some people seem to have a weird idea of helping the Red Cross. It is most extraordinary, but even if they really want anything they would rather pay double the price for it at a shop, and it seems impossible to reason with them.

Enter a lady, very well dressed.

The Lady: "I want a pram, and I have come down to buy at the Superfluities Sales, because I want to help the Red Cross."

The Red Cross helper: "Yes, mad-

am, we have one. Will you come downstairs and I will show you?"

They go downstairs.

"How much?"

"Six dollars, madam."

"Oh, that's far too much. I can't pay that; I want to help the Red Cross, but I can't pay more than four dollars. Why, I can get a new one exactly like this at the store for twelve dollars."

"Well, this is just as good as new, we could perhaps get more than six dollars if we put it on any auction sale."

"So you might, but at a sale there might be any amount of people wanting the same thing. I shall go round to the store and buy one there if you will not sell it to me for four dollars."

"But you will have to pay them twelve dollars! Why not buy the same thing here for six dollars?"

"No, one expects to buy cheap at a sale like this, a Superfluities Sale. I want to help the Red Cross Society, but seemingly you won't let me do it."

Happily this lady, it has been found, is the exception, for on more than one occasion, however, people have come to the store and said they had bought something at the Auc-

tion Sales, and considering they had bought it too cheaply have paid some more money. In the shops also, many times, people have offered to pay a bigger price than was asked.

A hobbledehoy youth lounged into the shop one day.

Hobbledehoy youth: "How much them skates?"

Lady Attendant: "Seventy-five cents, they are quite new."

Hobbledehoy youth: "Why, I can buy them in a shop for two dollars, they didn't cost you nothing. I'll give you four bits."

Lady Attendant: "No, the price is seventy-five cents."

Hobbledehoy youth: "Well, I call it a beastly shame."

The youth departed. Next day he returned and said he wanted to help the Red Cross, so would pay the seventy-five cents. He was told that the skates had been sold. Then he became indignant, said he always knew this Superfluities business was a swindle. He must have skates, and would now have to pay two dollars."

It seems hard for some people to realize that all the workers at the Superfluities sales give their services free. One little gentleman came in the early stages of the work and offered his services to the Red Cross for that day. Anything from shorthand writing to light porter's work. He has never left us and has worked steadily every day from nine o'clock in the morning to six o'clock at night. He loves the work, and we love him. I think he must be the re-incarnation of Trotty Veck and the Admirable Crichton.

Dear Motherly Old Lady, to Lady Attendant: "Do you do all this work for nothing, my dear?"

Attendant: "Yes, and we all quite enjoy the work. We have made nearly five thousand dollars for the Red Cross."

Motherly old Lady: "But don't

they give you anything? No? Well, Well! Well! Never mind, my dear, you will get your reward in Heaven."

When the gifts of Superfluities were being received expert advice was obtained from the leading valuers in the city as to what prices should be asked. At the first sale there was a rumour that a solid silver tea service had been sold as an electroplated one for three dollars. Later it was found that six small silver spoons had been sold as electroplate for three dollars, but as the retail price of these six spoons in solid silver was three dollars and twenty-five cents the management realized that at the most they had not lost the Red Cross Society much.

At the first sale held it was impossible to sell that day all the goods catalogued, but the auctioneer said he would put up any particular article if anyone wished to start it with a fair bid.

There was a beautiful dressing-case, the last price of which in London was forty guineas. A young man was very importunate in having his request to have this case put up for auction. His bid was three dollars, and he would not go a cent more!

Of course, there have been some bargains, and perhaps mistakes, but not many mistakes. What was thought to be a silver gilt medal was vainly offered for two dollars; it was learned in time that there was more than twenty dollars worth of pure gold in it.

Enter a coarse-looking, well-dressed man with a cigar stuck in his face. He walks to lady attendant standing by show-case.

The Man: "How much that tea coffee service?"

It weighed about one hundred ounces.

Lady Attendant: "The whole thing, complete with tray, twelve dollars."

The Man: "Is it sterling silver?"

Lady Attendant: "No, sir, it cannot be at that price."

The Man: "Humph. Show me that ring. How much!"

Lady Attendant: "Twenty dollars."

The Man: "Is that a ruby?"

Lady Attendant: "No, I am told it is a re-constructed ruby. If it was real the ruby alone would be worth one hundred dollars. The diamonds, I am told, are worth twelve dollars wholesale, and the ring is 18-carats gold."

The man, after asking the price of a dozen other things, examined a gold lacquered Japanese cabinet, and turning abruptly to the lady, said: "Look here, I want to give something to the Red Cross Society. I will give you ten dollars for this cabinet; I suppose that is not sterling silver, re-constructed rubies, or solid gold."

"No," said the lady, "it is what is called a gold lacquered cabinet, and is already sold for three hundred dollars."

The man, without removing his cigar or his hat, removed himself.

The above-mentioned cases are very exceptional. In nearly every case great kindness and consideration have been shown to our lady helpers.

Little Old Lady: "I have brought in a few pieces of Dresden china I have had in my possession for fifty years. They might fetch something."

Lady Attendant: "Thank you ever so much! I will give you a receipt for them. What name, please?"

Little Old Lady, who looks like a piece of Dresden china herself: "Oh, never mind the receipt, thank you; I just want to help. I am sorry I have no money to give the Red Cross so I thought I would bring these. The china is good and, I think, quite valuable."

Lady Attendant: "I hope we shall be able to get a big price for them. Thank you again so much."

Little Old Lady: "Oh, it doesn't matter what price you get. If it is

only a few cents it will be something, and will do something. Thank you so much, it is such splendid work you are doing."

There was one sweet-faced young lady who came in every week and bought something to the value of a dollar or a dollar and a half.

In the course of conversation it came up that she was in domestic service and spent her savings each week in buying something from the Superfluities Shop. She said she did not particularly want the things she bought, but she wanted to do her share in helping, and at the same time have some little memento that she could always value, not for its intrinsic worth, but for its association.

A lady came into the shop a little while ago and looked at the different gifts, and said to the attendant: "But you don't mean to say that people gave those things; and they are quite valuable. They are not superfluities."

She was told that many ladies who gave these presents had not any money to give, but they wanted to make some sacrifice, and so they gave something that they could possibly do without. Perhaps they had a sense of gratitude to the brave fellows fighting our battles and undergoing hardships on our behalf. Perhaps they had a sense of duty that they should do their share by parting with some of their valuables.

"I never thought of it in this way," said the lady, and next morning she brought in quite a valuable present.

A stranger came into the shop one day and asked to see the organizer of the scheme. He was very effusive in his congratulations, said what a splendid idea it was and how well organized, but at the finish he added, "What a pity it is that you have to publish that rotten poetry about superfluities. Who writes it?"

The organizer had imagined he was an embryo Kipling, and had perpetrated the doggerel himself!

A sturdy little chap, with his bright brown eyes lighting up with the thought of duty, brought into the rooms a toy gun. He said, "I've brought this for the soldiers at the front."

As he was leaving the room he cast a very wistful eye at the gun, and I said to him, "Well, sonny boy, you are getting too old for toys now, eh?"

"No," he replied, "I like that gun; it's a wonder, but although I am too young to fight I am not too young to give," and with a last longing look and a grip of his under-lip he stalked off, winking away a tear.

Two very flightily-dressed young girls came in and were interested in the jewelry. They asked was it really true that all these things had been given, and when they were told that it was one said, "Some people must have more money than sense. Why, you could go round to the pawn-broker's and pawn some of these things for twenty dollars."

A gentleman stopped one of the superfluties workers outside the Club and said, "I have just won a bet of ten dollars. What do you think of that?"

"I think its a superfluity.

"Right you are. Here it is."

This same gentleman was indefatigable bidder at the auctions. I knew him to be a bachelor and only on a visit to Victoria. He would bid for anything from a piano to a perambulator; there was no stopping him. Considering his recklessness, he got off very lightly, but he used to frighten me out of my wits. An amateur auctioneer was selling an old-fashioned pianola, one of those you have to push up against a piano. The bidding stopped with a stranger at

about fifteen dollars, and was about to be knocked down when my friend came into the room and without the least knowledge of what was being offered, started to bid. He ran the bidding up to about forty dollars, a tip-top price. Then he stopped. The bidding went on, and just at the last moment up pops my friend again. Ultimately the pianola was sold for sixty dollars—to the stranger.

Taking everything into consideration, we have got splendid prices, and are continuing to get them. It is astonishing how many strangers come to buy, and when the tourists start coming to the city we shall be able to make quite a large sum of money for the Red Cross Society, if the people of Victoria will only continue to send their gifts. The organization is quite simple, and the Superfluties Shop is so well known that there should be no difficulty in selling anything. If people only know that their gifts will not be sold at an absurd sacrifice we feel sure they will give more willingly.

One lady gave a Japanese scroll which was sold on auction for twenty dollars. She was so pleased at the price it obtained that she then gave goods that were sold for three hundred dollars.

Another lady whose silver tea-set was sold for thirty-five dollars, next day brought in some more pieces of silver. These were sold for more than one hundred dollars.

A set of Shakespeare was sold for twenty dollars. The donor was highly amused with the fact that these books had been kicking about an attic for years, not supposed to be of any value, and was greatly pleased that through this medium he had been able to contribute twenty dollars to the Red Cross fund.

A very large quantity of novels were given to us, and I was told by the dealers that we should get prac-

tically nothing for them. At ordinary auction sales they were generally put up in bundles of about twelve books, and fetched about twenty-five cents to fifty cents for the lot.

A dealer offered us ten cents for the pick of them, and I said I would consider his offer. Shortly afterwards this dealer came to me highly incensed, and said he would withdraw his offer because he had seen a man picking the books over. It appears I had let a man take his choice of a dozen books for the reason that he was presenting them to the Convalescent Home.

We then set out to sell the books in our own way, singly or in small lots. We sold them all and averaged a price all round of thirty-two cents each!

A little fellow who used to call regularly at the shop and ask, "Are there lots of superfootys coming it?"

I told him a few days ago that I was very sorry they were not coming in as fast as I should like."

The boy said, "Too bad, too bad! Do you think you tell 'em enough? Perhaps they don't know. Tell 'em all about our soldiers,—and *keep on telling 'em.*"

Would that I had the power keep on "telling 'em"! I should tell however well supplied the Royal Army Medical Corps may be, that Red Cross work is a message of love and sympathy, and that an opportunity is offered through the Superfluities Sales, of sending that message of love, by simply parting with some-

thing that is of no immediate personal use or ornament.

I should tell them how the demands of the Red Cross Society increase with every day of the war. It is so little to ask, after all. Give what you can do without. That piece of silver you never use, that trinket you never wear, that curio you do not want—that something that you really, honestly, and conscientiously should not possess if by parting with it you can do your "little bit".

You do not mind parting with a superfluity. It is simply the trouble of bringing it down to the store.

Dozens and dozens of times I have been told, "I am always intending to send you down something for your Superfluities Sales, but I always forget, and I really want to help the Red Cross."

Answer: "Why not really help by—remembering?"

If it were only possible to tell you the need of the Red Cross—how much pain and suffering can be saved! If it were only possible to explain direct to every man who has not the glorious privilege of taking an active part in the Empire's work how superfluities can be put to immediate use.

I can just hear the remark that would be made: "Good Lord, if I could help our dear fellows at the front, you may have anything in my house. Do you think I would keep any one of these little things I own if I knew that by giving it I could alleviate the suffering and pain of one of our men? Do you think I would keep it? No; take anything you want!"

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

VERDUN, like Ypres, has passed into military history. The big German drive at the French lines, with the element of surprise to the enemy's advantage, has reduced the manhood of Germany by nearly a quarter of a million military effectives and brought no compensating gain for this orgy of blood and iron. The Crown Prince had long been comparatively inactive in this region, but this irruption has not won him the fame and glory which he no doubt hoped to grasp over the dead bodies of a scientifically computed percentage of his effective forces. Verdun has come and gone and France has reaped a rich harvest of German dead—two hundred thousand sons of the Fatherland who marched bravely "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell", at the word of command. Line after line, regiment after regiment, wave after wave of humans passed from life to death with the same punctilious regard for appearances that marked them on the barrack square under the eagle eye of the military instructor. Bravery is not the monopoly of any nation. Whatever we may think of the system that drilled and trained them for the gladiatorial ring, or of the moral tone of the German army, we must take our hats off to the German soldiers who march to certain death when the order to advance rings out. If the bravery of her soldiers could

save Germany her salvation is assured. But animal courage alone, acting under the lash of an iron discipline, is not enough in these days of scientific slaughter. The Allies are equally brave in battle, and they possess what the enemy long ago must have lost, the confidence born of an assured superiority in men and guns. Verdun is another test of the relative strengths of the opposing armies, and France emerges triumphant. The spirit of the new France shone through the terrible nights and days of gunfire that searched every foot of the line, and when the end came the German offensive was broken against the steel wall that barred the enemy's advance. Verdun was the promise of a spring which has begun auspiciously for the Allies.

While the French were beating back the German offensive at Verdun, the British took advantage of the concentration of German troops against Verdun to rush the enemy's lines in the Ypres region and recapture trenches which had been lost several months previously. According to the English Press the turning point for the British armies has come at length. On January 27th last an Order in Council was published which must have caused the enemy greater anxiety than anything that has transpired in England since conscription was put into operation. The

new Order in Council stated that "the Chief of the Imperial General Staff shall, in addition to performing such other duties as may from time to time be assigned to him under the Order in Council dated the 10th of August, 1904, be responsible for issuing the orders of the Government in regard to military operations". In the opinion of military men this seemingly unimportant regulation makes all the difference between victory and defeat. Since 1904 the British Army has been under dual control. The Secretary of State for War and the Army Council have been the responsible heads. Under this dual system delays were unavoidable. There was no military head to whom the Army and the country could look for efficiency. The duties of the Chief of Staff were confounded with the functions of the Minister of War. Immediately preceding the war Lord French, who was Chief of Staff, resigned over events in Ireland, and his successor had scarcely time to assume his new duties when war was declared. The whole subject is reviewed at some length by General O'Moore Creagh in the February number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*. The reorganization of the General Staff under the new Chief, Sir William Robertson, is regarded by experts as a turning point in the war so far as Britain is concerned.

"Wayfarer," in *The London Nation* is not far from the mark when he says that one's view of the war brightens in proportion as one looks at it through the eyes of soldiers on leave. They are almost unanimous in reporting that surrenders of Germans are fairly frequent, that the prisoners exhibit great weariness of the war, that the bomb-throwing in which British soldier-athletes have become so expert causes serious loss and demoralization in the German trenches, and that the army in general considers the German troops inferior to our own, and has no doubt of its power to dislodge them when the word is given.

Reports of great activity in German naval circles are more frequent. The inaction of the German navy locked up in the Kiel Canal is at last having an effect on German opinion. *The Berliner Tageblatt*, which recently published an article to show that the German navy, by remaining in the Kiel Canal, was doing just what it was built for, has now altered its tone. It now remarks that unless Germany's sea power has been absurdly over-rated, "Germany's sea dogs cannot content themselves much longer with merely showing their teeth". It further admits that the British navy is not a power to be scoffed at, but "all the same, for our fleet to remain much longer hidden away in the canal will soon make it look ridiculous. It is better to dare and die than skulk in safety". Lord Fisher has again been admitted to the deliberations of the British War Council. His name has been bandied about in the press lately, and in Parliament. Colonel Winston Churchill called for his return to the Admiralty. Churchill's theatrical return from the trenches to attack the administration of the navy under Mr. Balfour was a painful episode for his old friends.

The political correspondent of *The Weekly Dispatch* says that on their way back from Paris last month some of the politicians who have been in France for a conference went to the front, and held a consultation with Winston Churchill. The idea of an alternative Government, consisting of Mr. Bonar Law, Sir F. E. Smith, and Mr. Churchill as the heavyweights, still survives, but neither Sir F. E. Smith, who succeeded Sir Edward Carson as Attorney-General, nor Mr. Bonar Law, who has greatly enhanced his reputation by his loyalty to the Coalition Ministry, is likely to wreck his future by retiring to the cave of Adullam with Winston Churchill.

Circumstances have conspired to revolutionize Britain, socially and politically. Mr. Walter Long, in an interview with a New York correspon-

dent, makes some striking comments on the effect of the war on life in England which will interest Canadians. To those who know England what could more graphically recall the revolution which war has accomplished than Mr. Walter Long's assertion that when peace is declared "the male domestic will utterly disappear. We shall no longer see an able-bodied footman, capable of man's work, handing round teacups in a drawing-room".

As to home politics he is equally emphatic:

"I do not think we shall ever get back again to the Liberal, Conservative, even the Labour Party, in the sense I have always known them during my thirty-six years in the House of Commons. The recent association of the leaders of the different parties during the past eighteen months has undoubtedly altered the attitude of all towards many hitherto pressing problems. Working together, men quickly find how much they have in common. And, after the war, we shall find ourselves confronted with a new and entirely different set of urgent questions which will strike clean across the old party divisions.

"Moreover, I think even our Parliamentary system will have to undergo a change. Above all, I think there will be a general desire for closer association with our oversea Dominions apart from the feelings of gratitude we have for the enormous sacrifices they have made for the Mother Country. For this we shall have to work on definite lines.

"But as regards the present, one thing is clear. We have a Coalition Government, and we cannot have anything else but a Coalition. There is no alternative."

One of the great surprises of the war has been the unity of spirit of the British people. Asked if this war is likely to leave a lasting mark on the life and people of Great Britain Mr. Long replied:

"Inevitably. Already it has practically accomplished one great thing, in that it has almost completely broken down class distinction. I doubt if the working classes of this country regard any more the aristocracy as an effete race of parasites battenning on their labours. And, on the other hand, the aristocracy more than ever before realizes the magnificent qualities of the British

workingman, and what the nation owes to him. I think the common sacrifice has brought all classes together in a manner that has not existed since the Napoleonic wars. The common peril has reunited the country.

"Furthermore, all our standards of life are changing, and must continue to change. The nation must go back to the simple life, to the less luxurious method of our ancestors.

"This war is going to be the great leveller. Money must no longer be the criterion of power. Wealth must no longer be the proof of superiority. Henceforth the citizens of this country have to pull together.

"Already we see the signs of the change in living that the war has wrought. We have changed all our habits in eating and drinking. We no longer buy expensive clothes or expensive cars. The man who formerly would not go to dinner at the Ritz unless driven there in his own car now contentedly takes a penny omnibus. Another man who would not be seen smoking anything but expensive cigars now walks the streets smoking a pipe."

The advance of the Russian army in Asia Minor will certainly improve the outlook of the Allies among those peoples who were inclined to think that the ability of the Entente Powers to win the war was doubtful. The whole campaign of the Russians in this quarter, faced as it was with immense difficulty of country and abnormal weather, reveals the new Russian movement as one that must be taken seriously into consideration. The fact that the Turks have been driven from one of their great strongholds will circulate among the Eastern races in the curious manner that such things do, by a method unknown in the West, and will convey a good impression. The fall of the place is both incidentally and directly a blow to Germany, for it was reorganized and rebuilt under the direction of German army engineers and manned with big Krupp guns.

The fall of Erzerum should have a considerable effect on the British campaign in Mesopotamia. From Erzerum in all probability the Turks farther south secured their supplies, these coming in the first instance from Trebizond. Erzerum is the capital

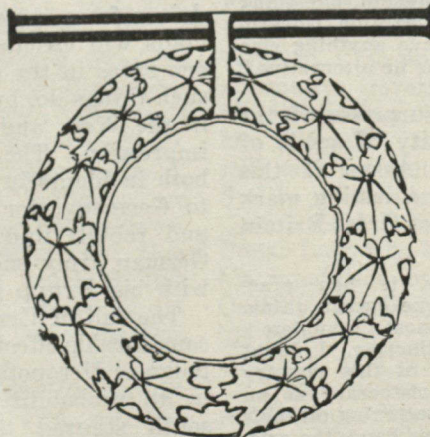
of a vilayet with an area of 27,000 square miles, and a population of 500,000. The town has a population of about 40,000 people, and is irregularly built, with narrow, dirty streets. The Moslem element prevails over the Christian, although Erzerum is the metropolis of the Armenian Church in communication with Rome.

The fall of Erzerum had a marked effect on the value of the German mark at Amsterdam. There was a record fall, from 43.60 to 42.60, while French and English currencies maintained their former quotations. Dutch financiers are of opinion that the mark will fall heavily for some time to come, the recent rise having been purely artificial.

"More houses and cities have perished at the hands of man than storms and earthquakes combined have destroyed." So wrote Sir John Lubbock in "The Use of Life". Mesopotamia proves the rule. Babylonia and Assyria, now known as Mesopotamia, were extensive and fertile territories and thickly populated thousands of years before Christ. The splendour of their cities and the high culture attained by their people are now buried in the sands, the ruins of ancient civilizations that remind the world to-

day of the wealth and greatness that once made these waste lands famous at a time when Babylonia and Assyria divided with Egypt the empire of the world. The only signs of the past that exist to-day are the immense mounds along the courses of the Tigris and the Euphrates. These mounds mark the graves of ancient cities such as Ur, Babylon, Nippur, Ashur, and Nineveh. Explorers have laid bare some of these old civilizations. We can people these ancient towns and cities once more and catch something of the social and political activities of those intensely interesting times.

These civilizations made possible the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. And now British and Russian armies are marching over the spots where Babyion and Nineveh once flourished, and modern guns and high explosive shells are ringing in the ear of the Turk the knell of his approaching downfall in this birthplace of human history. And the stoical Bedouin sees in the coming of the Occident the end of his nomadic existence, the re-peopling of Mesopotamia, the building up of a new civilization on the ruins of the old and the waste places once more blossoming into a fruitful land.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

CANADA IN FLANDERS

BY SIR MAX AITKIN, M.P. Toronto:
Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN the Canadian Government appointed Sir Max Aitkin Official Observer at the Front, the average man was inclined to think that it was a means merely for a rich man to get near the Front without having to fight. The volume before us, however, shows us that the appointment was accepted seriously, that it involved great responsibility and danger and, furthermore, that Sir Max Aitkin was able to fulfill all its demands. For this volume, which is the first of the official story of the formation and operation of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, is an exceedingly able and interesting account of the great part the Canadians have played in that part of the war that has been fought in Flanders.

At the outset Sir Max makes one observation that should be of peculiar value to all who oppose compulsory military training in any form. He observes that some men, in doubt, have asked, "Can civilians, however brave and intelligent, be made in a few months the equal of those inspired veterans who are swarming in triumph over the battlefields of Europe? Can Generals and Staffs and Officers be improvised, able to compete with the scientific output of the most scientific general staff which has ever conceived and carried out military operations?" As to these questions, Sir Max says, very pertinently, that the "story of Canada in Flanders, however inadequately told, will make

it unnecessary ever to ask them again".

The book gives a vivid picture of the plan of campaign, and many a Canadian, having read it, will have a comprehensive and intelligent idea of how the Canadians went into battle and how they fought. We quote a few descriptive paragraphs:

You must picture the British army in the field, spread out like a fan. The long, wavy edge of the fan is the line of men in the firing trenches, at the very forefront of affairs, often within a stone's throw of the opposing German line. Some hundreds of yards behind this firing line lie the support trenches, also filled with men. The men in the firing and supporting trenches exchange places every forty-eight hours. After a four days' spell they all retire for a four days' rest, fresh troops taking their places as they move out. At the end of their four days' rest they return again to the trenches. All relieving movements are carried out in the dark, to avoid the enemy's rifle fire.

Further back, along the ribs of the fan, one finds the headquarters of the many brigades; behind these, headquarters of divisions; then headquarters of army corps, then of armies—the groups becoming fewer and fewer in number as you recede, until, at the end of the fan handle, one reaches the General Headquarters, where the Commander-in-Chief stands, with his hand on the dynamo which sends its impulses through every part of the great machine spread out in front.

From General Headquarters the movements of the entire British army, or rather of the several British armies, are directed and controlled. It is a War Office in the field, with numerous branches closely co-ordinated and working together like a single machine. Here is the operations office, where plans of attack are worked out under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief and his staff.

Near by is the building occupied by the "signals" branch, which with its nerve system of telegraphs, telephones, and motor cycle despatch riders, is the

medium of communication with every part of the field, and also with the base of supplies and the War Office of London. "Signals" carries its wires to within rifle shot of the trenches, and every division of the army has its own field telephones from battalion headquarters to the firing line.

Close at hand is the office of the intelligence branch, which collects and communicates information about the enemy from every source it can tap. It receives and compares reports of statements made by prisoners, and interrogates some prisoners itself. It goes through documents, letters, diaries, official papers, captured in the field, and extracts points from these. It collects news from its own agents—it is only your enemy who calls them spies—about events that are happening, or are likely to happen, behind the screen of the enemy's lines.

At General Headquarters you will find the department of the Adjutant-General, who is responsible for the whole of the arrangements—keeping the army in the field well supplied with men and munitions of war, for the transfer of all prisoners to the base, for the trial of offences against discipline, and for the spiritual welfare of the troops.

From a neighbouring office the Quartermaster-General controls the movements of food and fodder for men and horses, and all other stores, other than actual munitions of war.

Still another branch houses the Director-General of Medical Service, who supervises the treatment of the wounded from the field aid post to the field clearing station, from there to the hospital train, and thence to the base hospital in France or Great Britain.

The complete efficiency of the men is largely due to the excellence of their food. The army is, in fact, healthier than any other army that has ever faced war. Typhoid is almost unknown. The amazing record of health owes much to the sanitary precautions which are taken. One of the most remarkable of these is the system of hot baths and the sterilizing of clothing.

Bathing establishments have been put up in various parts of the field, and the largest of them is in a building which before the war was a jute factory. Every hour of the day successive companies of men have hot baths here. They strip to the skin, and while they wallow in huge vats of hot water their clothing is treated with 200 degrees of heat, which destroys all vermin.

At first the small towns, the villages, and the many farmhouses and cottages within easy reach of the firing line provided all the rest billets. A great many men are billeted in this way still. I found,

for instance, a company of the Territorials snugly resting in a huge farm, the officers having quarters in the farmhouse on the other side of the yard; but recently a large number of wooden huts have been put up in various places across the countryside, and here the men come back from the trenches to rest. They are tired when they come "home," but a sound sleep, a wash, a hearty breakfast, and a stroll in the fresh air, out of range of the insistent bullets, have a magical effect. In the afternoon you find them playing football as blithely as boys, and those who are not playing stand round and chaff and applaud. I saw as many games of football one day, in the course of a motor run behind the lines, as one would see on a Saturday afternoon in England.

Every day brings its letters and newspapers—every railroad has its little travelling letter office shunted into a siding. Here the letters of a division are sorted. They average more than one letter a day for every man in the field. That is another reason why the army is in good spirits. No army in the world ever got so much news from home, so regularly and so quickly. Besides this, drafts of men are constantly being sent home—across the Channel—for five or seven days' leave.

*

NEW POEMS

By ARTHUR K. SABIN. East Sheen,
London: Temple Sheen Press.

A DELIGHTFUL book, even to handle, is this volume of hand-printed poetry by the author of "The Wayfarers" and "Five Poems". It is full of sweet thoughts and sweet music. There is not a jarring note in the whole volume. The poems are without title. We quote number twenty-three:

One golden afternoon, beneath
The odorous pines, upon a heath
Ringed by gray distant hills, we spent,
In lonely tremulous content,
With hearts too near our hands, and eyes
Grown fearful in their deep surmise.
Around, the heather-bells with bees
Were murmuring; the murmuring breeze
Moved the dense bracken scarce at all,
Yet made the pine boughs rise and fall
In haunting rhyme, monotonously,
Like echoes of a far-off sea.

I told of heroes, ancient gods,
And long-forgotten periods,

How earliest man, communing, caught
From thought for others passionate
thought

Inspiring and creative, till
His hands, obedient to his will,
Had built a domed roof, to form
For loved ones shelter from the storm.
Then, how he taught the stubborn field
To understand his need, and yield,
Sweet food and raiment; how he bent
Each age beneath the wonderment
Of Beauty, labouring to prove
That all Life ministered to Love.

She told (ah, sad the tale!) how years
For woman brought grim pain and tears.
Domed roofs beneath a sky-domed sky,
Love builded, sheltered her, to lie
The lonely victim of a strife
With Death, for more than woman's life.
Man, ever dreaming, tolling, saw
In dream and toil the eternal law,
And for his loved ones and his kin
We shaped the world they sojourned in.
But woman by fierce suffering
Alone could her great tribute bring
To Life, who triumphed over her,
And over Love, his minister.

And the wide, undulating heath
Lay silent, slumbering beneath
The late hot afternoon; and we
Lay silent, musing drowsily.
Now blue haze on the hills gray-blue
Was scattered softly; one lark threw
His quivering rapturous heart in song
Suddenly downward; soon the long
Sweet day toward its closing turned.
Duskily red the big sun burned
And vanished. Then our way we went
Homeward in tremulous content.

*

IF A MAN SIN

By H. A. CODY. Toronto: William
Briggs.

THIS new Canadian novel reflects the atmosphere of the Canadian north-western frontier life with what we take to be accuracy and sympathy. Not having known by personal experience what the life on the Peace river and in the Mackenzie valley generally is like, we are compelled to judge by the various impressions previously gathered, and by the consistent and convincing quality of Mr. Cody's work, that his descriptions are reliable. As to the story, it is all very well for those of a religious or moralizing turn of mind, but even readers

of this class must find it difficult to regard the plot as logical. A young preacher, having committed "a very serious offence"—so serious in fact that Mr. Cody dare not even hint at what it was—is disgraced by the Bishop, breaks the hearts of parents and fiancée and goes to the far north to repent and be forgotten. He rescues a white girl baby, orphaned by accident in the north, from a life among the Indians, goes with her to a fur-trapping shanty, and brings her up as his daughter. The affectionate relations between the two are charmingly portrayed. In the end they are forced to meet white people again. The girl marries a young Canadian hero, and the man finds his former fiancée and marries her. It is a simple book, almost naïve, yet full of a sturdy and homely Canadian love of virtue. It is wholesome and interesting reading, for young women especially.

*

THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET

By RUDYARD KIPLING. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS little book, to be sold for a shilling, begins by comparing the navy of to-day with the navy of a hundred years ago, when "the narrow seas were full of single-ship actions; mail-packets, West Country brigs, and fat East Indiamen fighting for their own hulls and cargo . . ."

"It was a brutal age, ministered to by hard-fisted men, and we had put it a hundred decent years behind us when—it all comes back again! To-day there are no prisons for the crews of merchantmen, but they can go to the bottom by mine and torpedo even more quickly than their ancestors were run into Le Havre. The submarine takes the place of the privateer; the Line, as in the old wars, is occupied, bombarding and blockading, elsewhere, but the sea-borne traffic must continue, and that is being looked after by the lineal descendants of the crews of the long extinct cutters and sloops and gun-brigs. The hour struck, and they reappeared, to the tune of fifty thousand odd men in more than two thousand

ships, of which I have seen a few hundred. Words of command may have changed a little, the tools are certainly more complex, but the spirit of the new crews who come to the old job is utterly unchanged. It is the same fierce, hard-living, heavy-handed, very cunning service out of which the navy as we know it today was born."

*

THE ANVIL

BY LAURENCE BINYON. London: Elkin Mathews.

THIS is a chaste little volume of chaste verse by one who always seems to exercise the real poetic instinct, whether he takes as his subject a vision of London in time of peace, or in time of war. We give an example of the latter in "The Zeppe-
lin":

Guns! far and near,
Quick, sudden, angry,
They startle the still street.
Upturned faces appear,
Doors open on darkness,
There is hurrying of feet.

And whirled athwart gloom
White fingers of alarm
Point at last there
Where illumined and dumb
A shape suspended
Hovers, a demon of the starry air!

Strange and cold as a dream
Of sinister fancy,
It charms like a snake,
Poised deadly in the gleam,
While bright explosions
Leap up to it and break.

Is it terror you seek
To exult in? Know then
Hearts are here
That the plunging beak
Of night-winged murder
Strikes not with fear.

So much as it strings
To a deep elation
And a quivering pride
That at last the hour brings
For them, too, the danger
Of those who died,

Of those who yet fight
Spending for each of us
Their glorious blood
In the foreign night,
That now we are neared to them
Thank we God.

There are better poems, but they are too long to quote. "Fetching the Wounded," "The Ebb of War," "The Antagonists" and "Edith Cavell" are all vivid impressions of the great struggle.

*

FIELDS OF FAME IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

BY J. E. WETHERELL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A PART from its general interest, particularly just now, when comparisons are prone to be made, this book should prove to be an excellent supplementary volume for use in schools. It describes in a succinct, yet interesting manner famous battlefields such as Hastings, Flodden Field, Culloden Moor, Bannockburn, Marsten Moor. Much of the space is given to the wars of the Roses and to the great civil war in England. It begins with the battle of Hastings and ends with the battle of Culloden. There are numerous illustrations

*

THE BELFRY

BY MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ALREADY the war is being used by the novelists, and although this is not a novel based on the present great struggle its climax is reached in incidents based on it. It is a very long novel, and while it seems to drag in places one overlooks that in view of the fine characterizations of Tasker Jevons, the struggling, impudent yet enjoyable Cockney, and Viola Thesiger, a complex and attractive heroine. But it is in the style of the writing that its appeal mostly lies, and the book will be read and enjoyed for that, if for nothing else.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

TAKING A RISK

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug-store?"

"Perhaps; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam."

"Don't you know you might poison some one?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it doesn't look right."—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

*

Dinah Snow was a coloured cook in the home of the Smiths. One morning on going to the kitchen Mrs. Smith noticed that Dinah looked as if she had been tangled up with a road-roller.

"Why, Dinah!" exclaimed she, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Was me husban'," explained Dinah. "He done went an' beat me ag'in, an' jes' fo' nothin', too!"

"Again!" cried Mrs. Smith with increasing wonder. "Is he in the habit of beating you? Why don't you have him arrested?"

"Been thinkin' ob it several times, missy," was the rejoinder of Dinah, "but I hain't nebah had no money to pay his fine."—*Atlanta Journal.*

LIFE

Chapter I

"Glad to meet you."

Chapter II

"Isn't the moon beautiful?"

Chapter III

"Oozum love wuzum?"

Chapter IV

"Do you—"

"I do—"

Chapter V

"Da—da—da—da!"

Chapter VI

"Where the samhill's dinner?"

—*Chaparral.*

*

A REBUKE TO PRIDE

A young American artist who has just returned from a six-months' job of driving a British ambulance on the war-front in Belgium brings this back, straight from the trenches:

"One cold morning a sign was pushed up above the German trench facing ours, only about fifty yards away, which bore in large letters the words:

"*Gott mit Uns!*"

"One of our cockney lads, more of a patroit than a linguist, looked at this for a moment, and then lamp-blacked a big sign of his own, which he raised on a stick. It read:

"*We got mittens, too!*"—*New York Evening World.*

*

FAR FROM IT

Dark Wayfarer: "Does I know where de fo'th Nat'nal Bank is? Why, boss, I don't even know where is de first nat'nal bank!"—*Life.*

TAKING NO CHANCES

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the post-office and yelled out:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for John Murphy?"

"No, not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Denis Murphy, nor Peter Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, naturalized or otherwise, soldier or citizen. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment. "Please," she said, "will you see if there is anything for Bridget Murphy."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

THE EXPERTS.

"Them Turks is certainly raisin' all kinds of tarnation with the Germans," said the Tall Thin Man on the car.

"They ain't Turks," said the Short Fat Man.

"Thunder they ain't," said the Tall Thin Man.

"No, they ain't Turks," volunteered the Conductor. "They're Turkos."

"What in blazes are Turkos if they ain't Turks?" said the Tall Thin Man.

"They ain't never saw Turkey," said the Short Fat Man. "They're a wild tribe of Zouaves from Zanzibar."

"Anyhow," said the Conductor, "it don't matter where they come from. There are a lot of 'em that ain't going back."

"How long is this war going to last?" asked the Fat Man.

"It is going to last until somebody takes Pryzzzezzzemyl, and takes it good. I am sure of that. Pryzzzezzzemyl seems to be the only thing they are fighting for."

"I only hope the Belgians will take Moscow. I feel sorry for them folks," said the Conductor.

"Yes, I hope they take it, too. And I hope they win out in Servia. I think the Belgians ought to lick the Servians. I would like to see 'em lick somebody, even if it is only the English," said the Short Fat Man.

"Me, too," said the Tall Thin Man, "but I don't think they got a look in since the Russians took Ijininiskiovitchehaninoskiovitcheh."

"Where in thunder is that place?" asked the Short Fat Man.

"It is a strategic position in Southeast Montenegro."

"Ah, that is where those negroes come from," said the Short Fat Man.

"No, you bonehead," said the Conductor, "Ijininiskiovitchehaninoskiovitcheh is the capital of Bulgaria. It used to be Sofa, but they changed it to something that would sound French because they are with the Allies. Sofa was too easy. Anybody could fall on that in a minute, so they gave it a name nobody would dare tackle."

"Well, anyhow," said the Tall Thin Man, "my sympathies are all with the Swedes."

"Why, the Swedes ain't in this war at all," said the Short Fat Man.

"That's why my sympathies are with them," said the Tall Thin Man.

"Has anybody took Prezzzezzzemyl yet?" asked the Conductor.

"Has anybody took it?" snorted the Short Fat Man. "Everybody has took it three or four times, but they all gave it back. They can't telegraph home that they have got it and make anybody understand what they have got."

"End of the line, a-l-l o-u-t," yelled the Conductor.—*The Times*.

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE ADVANTAGES OF INTERNAL BATHING?

THE DANGERS OF AUTO-INTOXICATION EXPLAINED

In these days of super-activity in business and social life, when we all—men and women—are burning up our vitality and nervous force in the endeavor to keep up with the taxing pace, it is a welcome sign that men and women are entering upon an era of common sense in the care and preservation of their physical selves.

Less and less do the great mass of intelligent people place dependence on nostrums and drugs. On every hand, often in our own intimate circles, we witness convincing demonstrations of the uselessness of hoping for real relief from such harmfully stimulating, unnatural means of combating the hundred and one ailments so common.

Your physician will tell you, in case you have not yet realized it yourself, that probably fully 90% of the ills and diseases from which we suffer are due to the clagging of the system by waste and poisonous matter that should rightly be eliminated immediately if we would remain in health and escape even more lasting evils.

By the way in which we live our lives, the demands of unnatural convention, the forcing of our bodies to try to adjust their activities and functions to the call of personal convenience—the forming of unhygienic habit, in short—is yearly exacting a terrible toll in suffering.

If you are run down, tired out, lacking energy and vim; if your nerves are “all gone”; if you are bilious and headachy; if everything is

a burden and an effort; if your physical condition tells you all too plainly that you are even more seriously affected, you may be quite sure that you are paying the penalty, either directly or indirectly, of a system that has been mismanaged. You are no longer paying yourself dividends in health; you have no surplus in vitality—you are exhausting your capital.

And all these things because you, like nearly everyone else in a similar plight, have paid the least attention to the part of your body that needs it most, for, as Professor Metchnikoff, the world-eminent scientist, states, it is the insidious, health-destroying, disease-breeding germs generated in the lower intestines that are the chief cause of our premature old age, and, of course, are responsible for the many bodily disorders that cause it, by reason of the poisons that cause them to deteriorate.

Your own physician, when he comes to you in illness, first makes sure to thoroughly purge your system of the accumulated waste—he knows he cannot help you until he has done so, just as he knows that if you had kept your intestines hygienically clean there would have been no need for his services.

And that is why the internal bath is the natural, the logical, the ideal way to eliminate this waste matter, and by eliminating it remove the source of most of our ills. It does not

drug your system; it is not a violent, system-racking thing, but a pleasurable, scientific, efficient adaptation of a curative method that is as old as civilization itself. It corrects the very conditions that give the blood a chance to absorb these poisons. It keeps you clean inside by removing waste matter, prevents the blood from having a chance to carry them to the organs and tissues of the body, infecting them and starting that lowering of bodily efficiency and vigor which makes us miserable and unhappy, even if it does not pave the way for more serious ills and diseases that endanger life itself.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 531, 257 College street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canadian Magazine.

Like all really worth-while things, the internal bath is as simple as

nature's processes always are. You will find in its use a new freedom from the effects of drugs that at best can but temporarily, and then only partly, aid nature in freeing the system of its waste. It is above all else thorough and rational and right, and in accord with the laws of health. And it is something beyond even this. It is the means of keeping your body at par even when you are not suffering from any particular organic disease. It enables your system to do its work fully and freely under all conditions. It is a wonderful tonic—a tonic that braces without artificial stimulation or any harmful results. It keeps you free from the risk of disease that gets its start from accumulated waste; and by keeping the intestinal tract always hygienically clean prevents the blood from absorbing poisons that otherwise reach every organ of the body through the circulation. It can never become a habit, something one cannot say for drugs. What the internal bath has done for so many thousands of grateful men and women it can do for you. We believe you will be interested in reading a more thoroughly discussion of the subject than is possible or advisable here.



Except in the bottle---

No! You cannot get real Bovril except in the Bovril bottle. Bovril is so strong that it cannot possibly be manufactured in cheap cubes. It takes the beef of a whole bullock to make a dozen bottles of Bovril. Add Bovril to make your cookery more nourishing and to save butchers' bills. But it *must* be Bovril,

S. H. B.



THE Ingersoll TRIO

MADE IN CANADA

Delicious and Appetizing

Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Consists of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. In packages 10c. and 15c.

Ask Your Grocer

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

—is superior to any ordinary cheese—in flavor—in rich creaminess—in nutritive properties. It spreads like butter, never loses its freshness and is highly economical. In packages 15c. and 25c.

Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Ingersoll Cream Cheese blended with California Chile. Piquant and delicious. In packages 15c.

“Spreads like Butter” 07
The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
Ingersoll, Ont.



Her Second Childhood

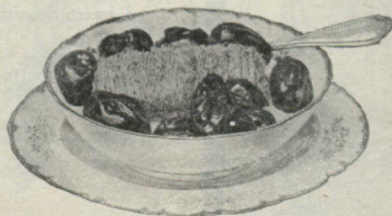


Eating the simple, nutritious foods that keep the mind buoyant and the arteries soft and pliable is the surest road to the bounding, exuberant health of children. You can postpone Old Age through the constant companionship of children and through eating the simple, natural and well-cooked foods.

Shredded Wheat

supplies in well balanced proportion the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It contains all the material for replenishing the daily waste of tissue and at the same time supplies a laxative element that keeps the colon clean. A food for all ages—for babies, mothers and grandmothers—for invalids and athletes—for outdoor men and indoor men.

Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, it is easy to prepare with Shredded Wheat a delicious, nourishing meal in a few moments. Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore its crispness. Serve with hot or cold milk, adding a little cream and salt. Delicious for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fruits.



"Made in Canada" by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office, 49 Wellington Street East

Worth Looking Into!

The choice of a table beverage frequently has much to do with the health and happiness of a family—both children and grown-ups.

Some persons seem to get on with tea and coffee for a time, but they both contain a drug, caffeine—from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 grains to the average cup—which generally gets in its work sooner or later.

Those who desire to play safe with health will do well to quit both tea and coffee entirely and use



Instant Postum

This famous pure food-drink is made from whole wheat skilfully roasted with a small portion of wholesome molasses. Postum has fine color and aroma, and a delicious, snappy flavour, and is free from the drug, caffeine, or any other harmful element.

There are two forms of Postum. The original **Postum Cereal** must be well-boiled. **Instant Postum** requires no boiling—a level teaspoonful in cup with hot water makes a delicious table drink—ready instantly. The cost per cup is about the same for both forms.

“There’s a Reason” for POSTUM

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark
which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited
CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY
SHEFFIELD - - - ENGLAND

CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

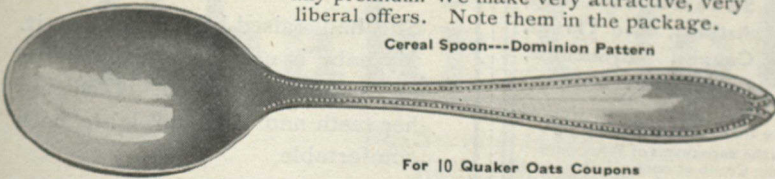
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We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Cereal Spoon---Dominion Pattern



For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

Silver Plate
Jewelry
Aluminum



To Make Folks Love Oats Better To Revel in This Vim-Food

This is to mothers who are anxious to make a dainty of this energizing oat

The way is this: Get the large, white, luscious flakes. Get them unmixed with smaller flakes, for little oats lack flavor.

Serve none but Quaker Oats.

On some oats Nature lavishes enjoyments. Some oats in the same field she neglects.

We pick out those favored oats for Quaker, discarding all the rest. Only ten pounds are obtained from a bushel. It is worth the pains

to get these queen oats. It brings a double welcome to this spirit-giving dish. And you pay no extra price.

Quaker Oats

All the Little Grains Omitted

Some things we know, and some we don't know, about oats.

We know they are rich in phosphorus and lecithin, the brain and nerve constituents.

We know they are 75 per cent energy food, and 15 per cent nitrogenous. And that two per cent is mineral food we need.

But we don't know why they so excel in vim-producing power.

In this respect, for all the ages, oats have stood supreme. And oats will always be the king food where vitality is prized.

That's why we urge this method of making oats delightful.

Regular Package, 10c

Large Round Package, 25c

Except in Far West

Peterborough, Ont.

The Quaker Oats Company

Saskatoon, Sask.

NEW ROUND 25c PACKAGE

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package.

[1253]



Vapo Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

For Whooping Cough,
Spasmodic Croup,
Asthma, Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by all Druggists.

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

The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

"My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,
Woodland, California.

**Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup
For Children Teething**

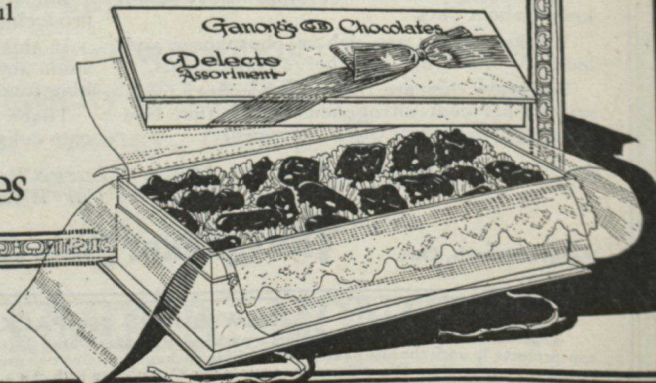
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Delecto Assortment

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

An unusually delightful assortment.

Ganong's 
Chocolates



To Military Tailors

Khaki Cloths

For Service Jacket
Riding Breeches
Army Greatcoat
British Warm

The stock we carry in Khaki Cloths includes all the weaves required for British Army Officers' Uniforms. Fine Worsted, Cheviots, Whipcords, Baratheas, Bedford Cords, Meltons, and Frieze manufactured by the most reliable makers, and lines that we know to be correct in shade and made to stand wear. Also Shirting Flannels and Cotton Ducks and Drills.

Officers' Caps
Sam Browne Belts
Fox's Puttees
Leather Leggings
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES OF KHAKE CLOTHS

Nisbet & Auld, Limited
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RUSTABLE

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CORSETS

The War tax on corsets adds nothing to the retail price of a D & A or a La Diva Corset

because they are Made-in-Canada—But, about fifty cents, out of every dollar paid for imported corsets, now goes for customs duties and profits on them, which add nothing in corset value.

2-15

“BUY MADE-IN-CANADA CORSETS”

Made by the “Dominion Corset Company,” one of the best equipped Corset factories in the World.

IF BABY IS UNDER-NOURISHED GIVE HIM

ROBINSON'S “PATENT” BARLEY



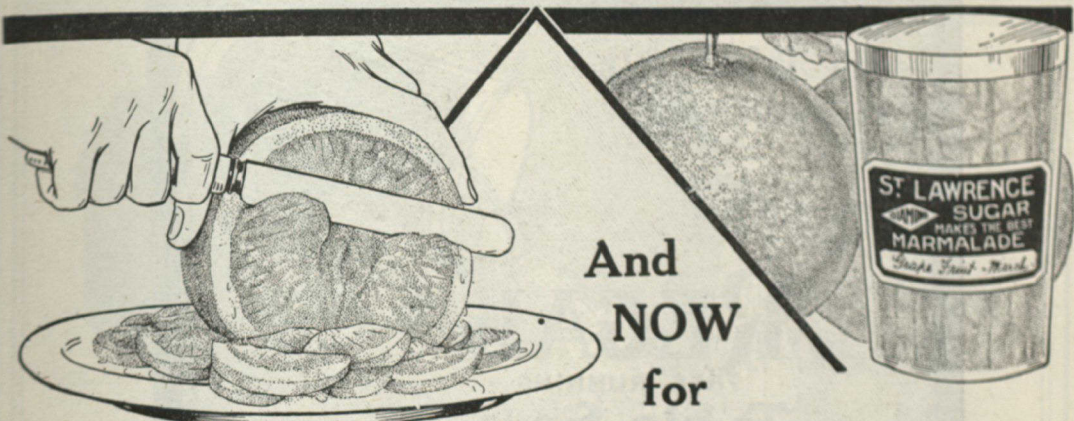
Is your baby peevish and irritable? Is it under-weight and not gaining strength or weight? Is it restless at night, constantly crying and unable to retain food? Any of these symptoms would indicate that baby is not getting the right food. There is nothing better to nourish and strengthen your children than Robinson's “Patent” Barley. It is easily digested and readily assimilated. Read what Mrs. Moore of Yew Tree Farm, Pleasenhall, Suffolk, England, says about her boy (whose picture is shown), “He was brought up entirely on cow's milk and Robinson's “Patent” Barley until he was 14 months old.”

Send today for our invaluable little booklet, entitled
“Advice to Mothers

MAGOR, SON & CO., LIMITED, *Sole agents for Canada*

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NOW
for

MARMALADE!

It's the season for Bitter Oranges and Grape Fruit. Make your Marmalade with **St. Lawrence Granulated Pure Cane Sugar**

Being absolutely pure it assures best possible results and removes all risks of fermentation.

 A large, black, rounded-bottom pot with two handles on either side. The words "ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR" are printed across the front of the pot in a large, white, serif font. The pot is positioned at the bottom of the advertisement, with the diamond-shaped frame from the top section extending down to its rim.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR

FREE Upon request we send excellent orange and grape fruit marmalade recipes and 30 marmalade labels for home use—Address

**ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED,
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The Table Salt
without a fault



REGAL
FREE RUNNING
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Flows Freely From
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MADE IN CANADA THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED.

CASH for WASTE PAPER

YOU WILL GET THE HIGHEST PRICE
BY USING A

CLIMAX ALL STEEL FIREPROOF BALER



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reduce your fire risk.
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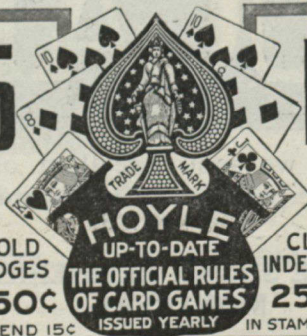
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The finish makes dealing a pleasure.

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"Go Get Your Own Puffed Wheat"

Every child has dainties she dislikes to share.

You did and we did. Children always will.

And in every home that serves Puffed Wheat, that dainty is among them. We have often watched it. With a great big dish, and a package-full in waiting, one hates to share a taste.

Flaky, Flavoury Bonbons

These bubbles of wheat look and taste like confections. Children love to eat them like peanuts—carry them in bags when at play.

Adding cream and sugar makes a breakfast dish with which nothing else compares. And they are about as delicious as a good-night dish, floated in bowls of milk.

Another pleasant fact is that at any hour one may eat his fill. For these thin, crisp morsels are simply whole wheat puffed. Every food cell has been exploded. So, beyond all other grain foods, Puffed Wheat easily digests.

It is quite a mistake to be sparing of a food so fascinating and so hygienic.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c



These are the foods in which Prof. A. P. Anderson solved the problem of perfect cooking.

In other forms these grain foods are cooked or baked or toasted. Thus part of the food cells are broken, but rarely more than half.

In Puffed Grains alone is every food cell exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in each Puffed Grain. Thus every atom of every element becomes available as food.

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Practically every grocer in Canada has **BENSON'S**



My Pet Corn

Ended This Way

Written by a Blue-Jay User

I had a corn which bothered me for years. It spoiled a hundred evenings. Nothing in my life had yielded such a sum of pain.

I did what all do—pared it, daubed it. But I caused more soreness than I saved in pain.

And the corn remained.

Then I read of Blue-Jay. One night I applied it and the pain forever stopped. In two days I removed it, and the corn was gone.

Never since, believe me, have I let a corn ache twice.

No friend of mine now ever has a corn. I told them all of Blue-Jay. It has never failed—I know it cannot fail.

Now I write this to say to every woman that corns are out-of-date. The pain ends instantly with Blue-Jay. And the corn soon disappears.

Once prove this and you will keep as free from corns as I do. And it is well worth while. Try this way tonight.

15c and 25c at Druggists

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Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Ends Corns



KELSEY

ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

THAT'S THE POINT

They heat ALL the rooms ALL the time

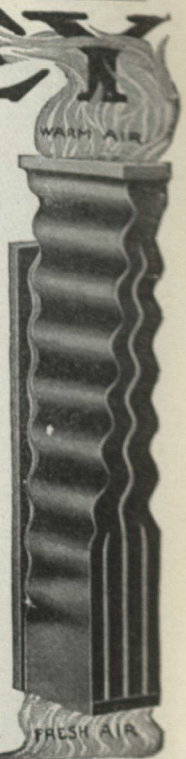
No cold corners or draughty hallways. Every part of the house is kept equally comfortable and cheerful.

The Kelsey is the heater that gives large volumes of warm, pure, fresh air, rather than a small quantity of dry superheated air. It is easily and economically managed and is gas, smoke, and dust proof.

Flowers thrive in the home heated by the KELSEY the same as they do outside in the summer. The air is heated but not enough to take the moisture out of it.

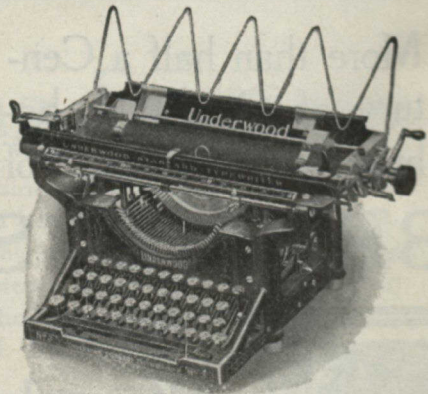
Now is the time when you are using your furnace, to consider your heating arrangements for next year. If you will send us a card, we will send you full information about the Kelsey system.

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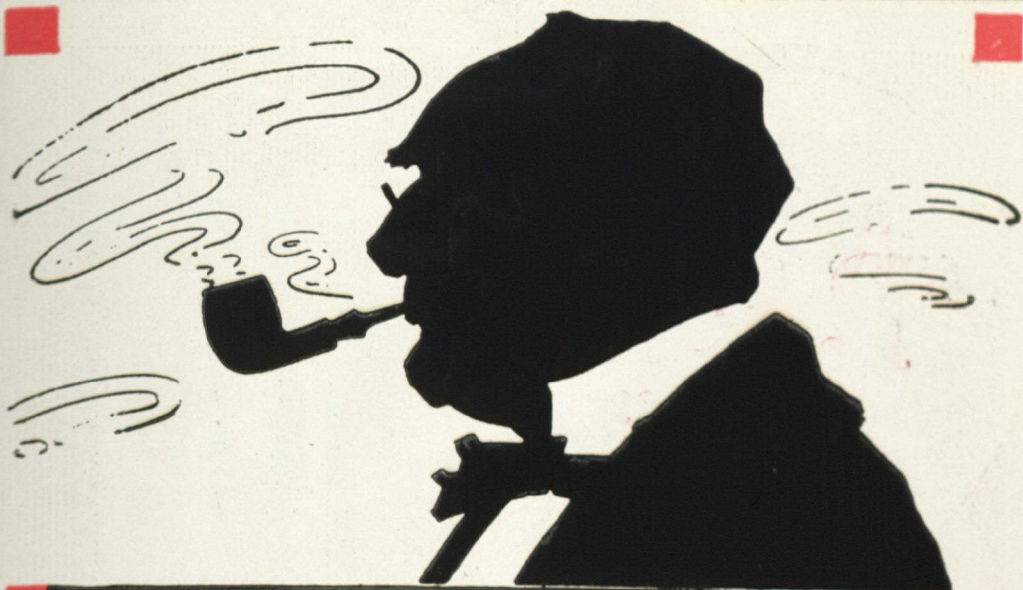


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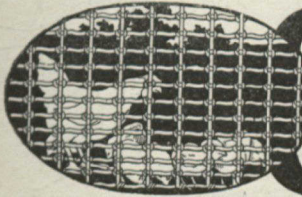


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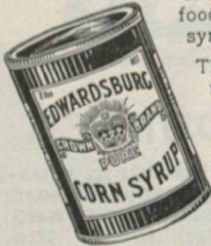
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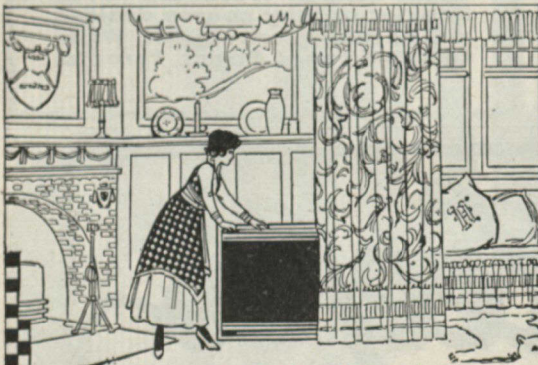
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Intelligent piano selection will do well to consider thoroughly the perfected mechanism which makes this piano action so responsive.

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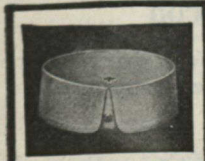
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In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound cans.
Whole—ground—pulverized—
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There is nothing quite so ap-
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The monthly waste of garage rent alone would long ago have given you the convenience and security of a worth-while garage all your own. No more rent paying. You're the garage boss and put the rent back into your own pocket.

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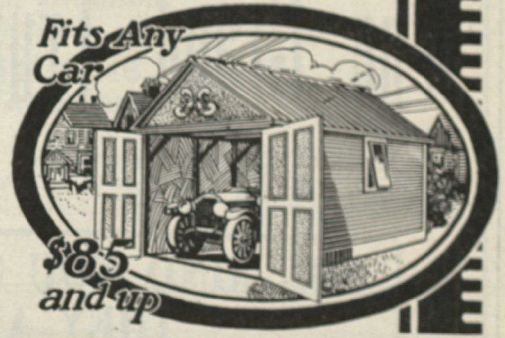
make it easy to own a garage you'll be proud of for years to come. Made of sheet metal and in sections, it is absolutely fireproof and easy to erect yourself in a few short hours. Artistic in design, they lend a note of distinction to the grounds of any home. Made in various styles and sizes to suit any car. Why not end the waste of garage rent today, by getting one of these practical and durable Pedlar Garages? Write now for the Perfect Garage Booklet C. M.

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MUSKOKA LAKES—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.
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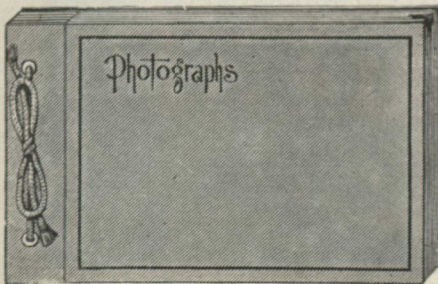
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So much of the pleasure travel being on this side of the water during the war time emphasises all the more the utility of the "Rite-hite" Wardrobe Trunk as the indispensable travelling requisite.

☐ All the good points that could be concentrated and conserved into one bit of "luggage" would seem to be included in this most worthy trunk.

☐ Greatest in capacity. Most perfect in appointments. Most generous in convenience. Fine in appearance, and of great strength.

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Always sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. At all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-47"

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The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

Back in 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario was possessed of a concern called the Walkerville Wagon Company.

If, on some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. McGregor, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes by the factory clock.

Nobody would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop into the largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square feet and making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire. But so it has come to pass.

Through the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has been turned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

The factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

Here are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into the building of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

Here are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the industrial world.

Many of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or so. But because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

Here a new Canadian Ford car is born every three and one-half minutes.

Here workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars may keep pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs of men were not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

Look in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. What a contrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel of a Model "C" car!

In the immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of steels, is heat-treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the stress and strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

The machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows of very expensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48-cylinders at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from sides, top and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

Then there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. In all there are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support.

In this plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as mentioned above, is refined here.

Furthermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but \$16.88 worth of material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here in Canada. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford car.

Consider what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense purchases as 25,000 tons of

steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over \$1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory, until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on, the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being constructed and installed.

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No stops have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this \$652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced \$120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	- -	\$480
Ford Touring	- -	530
Ford Coupelet	- -	730
Ford Sedan	- -	890
Ford Town Car	- -	780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario		



All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.



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Dunlop Traction Treads was "just fine and sure!"

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In short, it is just another striking example of what our large production enables us to do.

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That *Well-to-do* Feeling

IT'S Big Ben for the man who likes to kick off the covers before the last call for breakfast.

Who enjoys a splash in the tub—a comfortable shave—a hot breakfast—and a minute or so with the family.

It's Big Ben for the man who likes to take it easy on the way to work—to know the well-to-do feeling of ample time.

Who likes to have a little while to himself to set things right before tackling the day's work.

It's Big Ben for you, to let you know the joy of unhurried mornings and well started days.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, well built, handsome, punctual, with a big dial, a cheerful voice, comfortable keys, a light running movement. Calls steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten.

For light sleepers, Baby Ben—a quarter size reproduction of Big Ben, 3½ inches tall—keeps the same good time, calls the same punctual way, a handy clock for the traveling bag, the desk or the dressing table, or any place where attractiveness, dependability and small size are desired.

Each is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, price \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer does not stock them.

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Grape-Nuts with cream
Soft boiled eggs
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