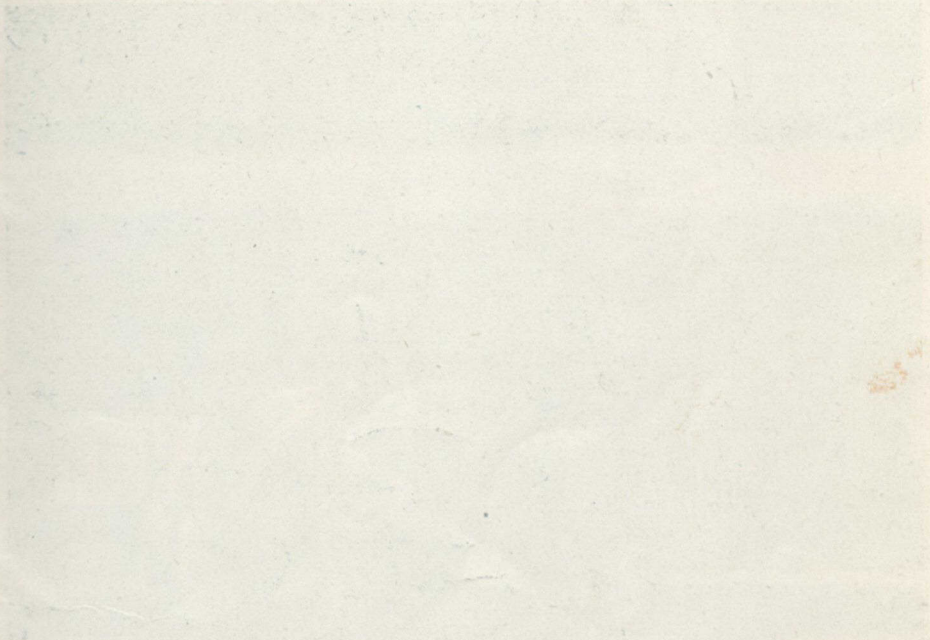


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HORSES FEEDING

From the Painting
by André Lapine



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CANADA'S POSITION IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY HON. N. W. ROWELL,
PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IN the crisis of July, 1914, there was no existing international organization or tribunal competent to take into consideration the grave issues then raised, and there is no finer or more pathetic incident in modern history than the heroic, persistent, but vain endeavour of Sir Edward Grey to secure an agreement of the nations to some conference or consultation before the world should be plunged into the war from which it has so grievously suffered.

The League of Nations is the logical and should be the inevitable development from these conditions and from the loss and suffering the world has sustained through the war. Its great function is to promote international co-operation and to set up such machinery and create such tribunals for the investigation and, if possible, adjustment of international disputes as

will render impossible a repetition of the conditions which existed in July, 1914, and as should render impossible a repetition of this world war. The League expresses the new spirit in international relations.

Participation in the League means a changed attitude on the part of each nation to all others. In the past each nation has regarded all others as potential enemies and that the only course of wisdom and safety was to provide against aggressive attack by defensive armaments to the limit of the nation's ability and to protect against combinations of other powers by similar combinations of at least equal strength. In the League of Nations, each nation is bound to look upon the other as a potential, if not a real, friend, for each is committed to the protection of the other so long as the covenants of the League are duly performed and provision is made for common and united action

for the preservation of the world's peace. For "the balance of power", which, for more than three centuries has been the expedient of statesmen to guard against the ambition and aggression of great powers to increase at the expense of the weaker, it substitutes an agreement among all the nations to secure and maintain international peace. It means the substitution of co-operation for competition and conflict.

Canada's participation in the League means a complete reversal of our traditional attitude toward foreign policy and world affairs. In the past Canadian public opinion has demanded that our Governments concern themselves almost exclusively with our own domestic problems, that we should not mix in the maelstrom of European or world politics, that we should go our own way and live unto ourselves. The war has changed all this. It has shown that no one nation can live unto itself, that that which vitally affects one ultimately affects all; and whether we welcome or regret the prospect we must face the new condition and accept our share of responsibility for international co-operation and world peace.

The formal organization of the League of Nations at the meeting of the Council of the League in Paris on the 16th of January marks the dawn of a new era in international relations and should mark a great advance in human progress. One cannot but note the regret expressed by the statesmen of the world at the absence of the United States from this meeting, a regret which we in Canada, their neighbours, sincerely share. We earnestly hope that the United States will become a member of the League and that the whole weight of her influence will be thrown on the side of the great principles for which the League stands.

The ratification of the Treaty and the inauguration of the League, with Canada as one of the original members, also marks Canada's advent into the family of nations as a member of

the Britannic Commonwealth of free, self-governing states. The British constitution is so flexible in its character, is so easily modified to meet changing conditions, that even we who lie within the Empire are scarcely conscious of the momentous character of the changes which are being silently wrought in its constitution and in the relation of the different portions of the Empire to each other. The British Empire has ceased to be an Empire in the real sense of the term, composed of one central power with lesser powers dependent on her, and has become in a very true sense a commonwealth of free, self-governing nations of equal status, though not of equal power, all owing allegiance to a common Sovereign and bound together by historic ties and by a community of interest and sentiment which are the surest guarantee of its strength and permanence. It did not require any Act of the Imperial Parliament to bring about this change; it has been a gradual development. That such a change has been brought about is recognized by the statesmen of Great Britain and of all the Dominions. The position could not be stated more clearly than in the Report of the War Cabinet for the year 1918, presented to the Imperial Parliament by the British Government, from which I quote the following:

The common effort and sacrifice in the war have inevitably led to the recognition of an equality of status between the responsible Governments of the Empire. This equality has long been acknowledged in principle and found its adequate expression in 1917 in the creation, or rather the natural coming into being, of the Imperial War Cabinet as an instrument for evolving a common Imperial policy in the conduct of the war.

In a statement issued in September, 1919, by the British Government on "National needs and National policy", the Secretary of State for the Colonies defined the national status of the Dominions as follows:

The Peace Treaty recently made in Paris was signed on behalf of the British Empire, by Ministers of the self-

governing Dominions as well as by British Ministers. They were all equally plenipotentiaries of H.M. the King, who was the "High Contracting Party" for the whole Empire.

This procedure illustrates the new constitution of the Empire, which has been gradually growing up for many years past. The United Kingdom and the Dominions are partner nations; not yet, indeed, of equal power, but for good and all of equal status. A time may come when one or more of these Dominions will equal or even surpass the United Kingdom in wealth and population, as they already surpass it in geographical extent.

While this change in our constitutional position was clearly recognized by Great Britain and the other portions of the Empire before the meeting of the Peace Conference in Paris, it was not until the meeting of the Conference that this change was recognized by the other nations of the world. If some outside our borders have been slow to appreciate its significance, it may be due to the fact that the British Empire, as now constituted, is something new in human history. It is a constitutional experiment in free democratic government for which there is no precedent, and if it succeeds, as we confidently anticipate it will, it will express the greatest triumph of the Anglo-Saxon genius in the realm of government. The British Commonwealth is itself a league of nations.

The participation of Canada and the other Dominions in the Peace Conference was naturally and inevitably followed by the recognition of the right of Canada and the other Dominions to become members of the League of Nations with all the rights, privileges and obligations of membership.

Since the signing of the Treaty the position of Canada and the other Dominions in the League has been challenged in the United States and their right to a vote has been denied. Canada initiated the movement which resulted in the representation of the Dominions in the League and she accepts full responsibility for all the consequences of such action. We confident-

ly submit there is absolutely no just ground for opposition to the treaty on this score.

Let me remind you that there are no less than seventeen other American nations named in the treaty either as members of the League or as neutrals who are entitled to become members and not one of these has raised any objection to the participation of Canada or the other Dominions. I would go further and in view of the experience gained at the Washington Conference, would say that I believe everyone of these nations not only recognized Canada's right to representation, but would welcome Canada's presence in the League. No other nation in America, and no nation in Europe, Asia or Africa, has offered objection, from which we are justified in concluding that in the opinion of men of all races Canada is entitled to the position granted to her in the League of Nations. I do not believe that any nation will finally deny to Canada the right won for her by her sons on the field of battle and un-animously accorded to her by the Peace Conference at Paris.

The members of the United States Senate who supported the Administration recognized the right of the Dominion and supported the treaty as submitted to the Senate. The Republican minority on the Committee of Foreign Relations in the report presented to the Senate by Senator McCumber, strongly supported the right of the Dominion to representation and to a vote in the Assembly and pointed out that the United States, in view of her relation to Panama, Cuba and the Central and South American States was not in a position to question the votes in the Assembly of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire.

The treaty has been ratified and is now in effect and the status of the Dominion members has been definitely and finally established. Stripped of all diplomatic verbiage, therefore, the question which we face is, shall the Dominion be forced out of distinctive

representation in the League in order that one of the many objections urged by some members of the United States Senate to the ratification of the treaty may be removed? To that question there is only one possible reply, and that is, a dignified but unequivocal, No.

May I briefly restate the reasons why this should be Canada's attitude. The United States Senate has by a majority approved fourteen reservations to the treaty, commonly known as the Lodge reservations; some of them are mere interpretations of the treaty, others are more substantial, but the one which is of special interest and importance to us is No. 14, commonly known as the Lenroot reservation; under this the position of Canada and the other self-governing Dominions in the League of Nations is challenged. The following is the text of the reservation:

The United States assumes no obligation to be bound by any election, decision, report or finding of the Council or Assembly in which any member of the league and its self-governing Dominions, colonies, or parts of Empire in the aggregate have cast more than one vote, and assume no obligation to be bound by any decision, report or finding of the Council or Assembly arising out of any dispute between the United States and any member of the league, if such member or any self-governing Dominion, colony, Empire, or part of Empire united with it politically has voted.

If Canada has no right to distinctive membership or a voice or vote in the League she has no right to distinctive membership or a voice in the International Labour Organization; and although the Lenroot reservation deals specifically with the League of Nations, it challenges Canada's position also in the International Labour Organization.

This reservation deals with two distinct matters; (1) the general voting rights of the Dominions in the League and (2) the position of the Dominions in case a dispute should arise likely to lead to a rupture between the United States and any portion of the

British Empire. May I say in passing that the question of the votes in the Assembly has been magnified out of all proportion to its relative importance. Anyone who understands the principles and spirit of the League will at once recognize that no question of vital importance ever will be decided by a vote. The importance to Canada is not the question of a balancing of votes; it is a question of our national status and our right to participate in this Assembly representing the family of nations.

Dealing with the second part of the Lenroot reservation, it is said if a dispute should arise between Great Britain and the United States which would be likely to lead to a rupture, and this were referred by the Council to the Assembly under Article 15 of the Covenant, that while Great Britain and the United States would be excluded as parties in interest, Canada would have the right to vote. I do not so read the covenant. Canada owes allegiance to the same sovereign as Great Britain and so long as she continues to do so she would be a party in interest and disentitled to vote. If she disclaimed interest and claimed the right to vote she would thereby proclaim her independence, and this she will never do. Therefore in such a dispute the United States could not possibly be prejudiced. This part of the reservation need not give us particular concern. It is the first part of the Lenroot reservation which challenges the position of Canada and the other Dominions in the League, and is clearly contrary to the express terms of the treaty. One cannot but think that such a contention must be due to a misunderstanding of our constitutional position in the British Empire and of Canada's attitude on international questions or to a lack of appreciation of Canada's part in the war.

Canada is entitled to membership in the League of Nations and to a vote in the Assembly; (1) because she is a free self-governing nation, one of the nations of the Britannic Common-

wealth; (2) because of her proved interest in the cause of Peace and the part she has played in promoting the settlement of international disputes by peaceable means and (3) because of her part in the war and her contribution toward the re-establishment of world peace.

Some have likened the position of the British Empire to the United States and the position of Canada to one of the states of the American Union. No comparison could be farther from the fact or less truly represent our constitutional position. In the United States one Government, the Federal, waged the war, called out the troops, levied the taxation, negotiated the terms of peace. Its jurisdiction extended into every State of the Union and no State had the right to question its authority. In the British Empire on the other hand, six Governments waged war, called out troops, levied taxation and negotiated the terms of peace. Great Britain had no more constitutional right to conscript men in Canada or levy taxes for the purpose of carrying on the war than had the Government of the United States or the Government of Panama. In our participation in the war the Government and the Parliament of Canada were exercising their sovereign rights. The Canadian Government and the Canadian Parliament exercised these sovereign rights in behalf of and responsible to the Canadian people and to the Canadian people alone. A more correct comparison would be between Canada and the United States, our Federal Government corresponding with theirs and our Provincial Governments to the State Governments.

But it is said that Great Britain has six votes and that the United States has only one. This statement is entirely incorrect. Great Britain has only one vote and each of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire has a vote in its own right as an original member of the League. Those who contend that Great Britain has six votes wholly ignore the fact that the British Empire is composed of a

group of free, self-governing nations of equal status though not of equal power and that each of these nations is a member of the League and has a right to participate in its deliberations. Canada's right to membership in the League is well stated in the Republican minority report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States, on the Peace Treaty, prepared by Senator McCumber, to which I have already referred, from which I quote the following:

The situation growing out of this great world conflict is unique. Every nation that declared it was at war with Germany is made a party to this treaty, though such nation never furnished a soldier or a gun, or a single dollar to maintain the war. Hedjaz, with a population scarcely as large as the city of Washington, has the vote of a nation. Panama, with a population scarcely larger, has a vote. Honduras and Uruguay, each with a population approximately half a million, have the same power as Great Britain or France or the United States in the Assembly. None of them did anything to carry on the war. Canada, on the other hand, with a population of nearly eight and a half million people, and which fought valiantly through all the long years of the war, losing hundreds of thousands of soldiers, imposing a mighty burden upon her people for centuries to come, asks that she be given a vote in the Assembly.

After a reference to the part played by Australia and New Zealand in the war and declaring that Canada and the other self-governing Dominions of the British Empire should have a voice in the Assembly distinct from that of Great Britain, the report proceeds:

On the other hand, the European countries could complain with far greater reason that the United States will so dominate every nation in the Western Hemisphere as to have a voting power that would overrule the influence or power of the older nations, than that the British Empire would have a voting power that would overrule the purposes and interests of this country. These nations in the Western Hemisphere which declared war against Germany did so to please the United States rather than for any effect their action might have on the results of the war. France or Italy, or Great Britain

could with as much reason say that the United States in every contest with a European nation will control Cuba and Panama and practically every Central and South American State. But those countries know as we know, that all disputes between great nations will be settled in the council and not in the Assembly.

If representative public men in the United States feel on this issue as the writer of this report evidently does, it should not be difficult for our friends in other countries to appreciate how Canadians feel. What could be the attitude of self-respecting Canadians when it is seriously contended that Panama, whose relation to the United States is suggested by Senator McCumber, with a total population of little more than half the number who enlisted in our expeditionary force, and took no part in the war, should have a voice and vote and Canada have none; and Panama is only one of a number of States all holding a somewhat similar relation to the United States. Canada recognizes the right of these States to a vote, but claims at least an equal right. In addition it should not be overlooked that the League of Nations is not a thing of a day; but is designed as a permanent part of the world's organization for the promotion and preservation of peace. While to-day Canada is a nation of less than nine millions, her territory is larger than that of the United States and potentially she is a nation of thirty to forty millions and will have a corresponding interest in the work and decisions of the League. These facts should not be ignored in considering Canada's position and future standing as a member of the League.

What has been Canada's attitude on international questions? Is its attitude in accord with the objects of the League of Nations?

The objects of the League are:

(1) To promote international co-operation. (2) To achieve international peace and security by acceptance of obligations, not to resort to war. (3) The firm establishment of

the principles of international law. (4) The maintenance of justice and the scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations.

What has any nation to fear from the attitude of Canada on these great questions? Did not the Government of Canada promote the establishment of a permanent Joint Commission between Canada and the United States to deal with and settle international controversies which might arise, not only in relation to boundary waters between the two countries, but to investigate and report upon all questions of difference which may arise between the two countries? The Convention of 1909 was probably the most advanced of its kind ever entered into by any two governments. For more than one hundred years we have lived in peace and amity with our neighbours to the south, and we and they have given to the world an illustration of how possible it is for nations to live at peace and to settle their international disputes by peaceful means. When it comes to the question of maintaining justice and a scrupulous regard for international obligations, what has been Canada's position? When Germany invaded Belgium and thereby violated her international obligations and the principles of justice and liberty, Canada did not hesitate to count the cost; her sons went forth freely to fight and die that international obligations should be respected, justice and liberty safeguarded and peace re-established on the earth. What nation that loves peace and justice and respect for international right has anything to fear from Canada's voice and vote in the League of Nations?

I repeat, those who oppose the claim of the Dominions to membership in the League evidently do not appreciate the part played by Canada and the other Dominions in the war and their contribution to the cause of peace. When the war broke out and when the world's freedom was in jeopardy, Canada threw her whole weight on the side of liberty and pledged her fut-

ure on the issue. It can be truthfully said that our Canadian troops never failed to take an objective and never lost a gun or foot of ground when once consolidated. According to the impartial testimony of General Ludendorff, the Canadian and Australian troops on the 8th of August, 1918, in front of Amiens, gave the German army the darkest day in the war, and with the Canadians as the spearhead of the attack, they started the move-

ment on the Western front which culminated in the defeat and overthrow of the German forces and the final triumph of the Allies.

Canada asked and Canada received no favours at Paris; she sought only justice and fair play, and these have been cheerfully accorded to her by the nations which have ratified the treaty. I believe that Canada will yet receive the same recognition at the hands of her neighbours to the south.

FREIBURG CAMP

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

HERE in the shadows of our cloistered walk
 Where all our life is narrowed to a square
 We prisoners sit; we sleep or read and talk,
 Dreaming of halcyon summers spent elsewhere.
 The towering trees strive upwards to the sky
 In semblance of our spirits' liberty,
 Which lives on recollections ne'er to die,
 Although the earthly body be not free.
 And sometimes through the vaulted, cloudless blue
 There dives with thundering engine, swift as light,
 An albatross, all painted yellow, new,
 Volplaning houstops, vanishing in flight.
 Thus do we pass our close-sequestered life,
 Hoping the hopes of freedom, following strife.

THE MOTHER-WOMAN

BY ANNE ALICE CHAPIN

THE assistant stage-manager was already on his rounds giving the "fifteen minutes' call at the dressing-rooms.

"Oh, Lil," called a feminine voice across to the next room, "lend me your spoon?"

"What do you want it for?" demanded Lil. "I thought you had become an aristocrat and bought yourself a real, gilt-edged, thirty-five-cent stewpan, to boil your grease-paint in!"

"So I did yesterday," admitted Vic meekly. "But the little woman borrowed it to heat the baby's milk in last night and I've not had time to get it back."

"What little woman?" grumbled Lil, tying on her wig-band as though she were strangling an enemy.

"That little mother-woman thing," answered Vic.

"Her name is Norris," called out another of the girls. "Wife of Jack Norris, who manages the lights. You know—the one with the baby."

Lil gave up the tin spoon grudgingly. She was having a hard time with her lips; they *would* smudge.

"Hurry up with it, that's all," she warned. "This beastly cold weather makes it such a job to get any make-up on at all. There goes Gussie's sixth eyelash. Oh, dear! I know that Lemuel will be grouchy as blazes to-night. You'd better look out for him, Regina. You've hardly made up at all."

"You know how much I care what he thinks of my make-up, don't you?"

remarked Regina ominously. Her eyes were particularly leonine. She was one of those rare women who show emotion about six times in their lives, but set the river on fire and stir up everybody when they do it.

"Steer clear of the Empress of China," said Lil. "She's got a grouch."

Regina adjusted a hair-pin with superb indifference to all derision. She not only did not object to being called the Empress of China, but did not notice it.

She was a tall, pale blonde, with smouldering eyes and tragic gift of reticence. She was married to Sandy Cairns, a good-looking Scotsman, who had rather a large part in the piece. Regina, however, was merely one of the extras, except for a short song she sang behind the scenes in the first act. She and Sandy were understood to be on speaking terms only.

"Overture, please!" called the assistant stage-manager, just outside: "Is everyone here?"

"Everyone," called Vic.

"No," added Lil impertinently. "Regina Cairns, the Empress of China, is several miles away; and Miss Lilian Leeds has not been heard from at all. We are afraid she has been kidnapped!"

"A little less noise, Miss Leeds," said the assistant stage-manager tolerantly, and passed on. Lil was a favourite of his. Twice he had told the stage-manager that she was in the theatre when she was really out of town at a house-party.

"Awful rot of that little mother-woman thing to keep the baby in the theatre," resumed Lil, when the assistant stage-manager had gone down to the next landing. "Bad atmosphere for a kid to be brought up in!"

"She's not old enough to be hurt by the atmosphere," remarked Vic, "considering that she's only six months of age! And she hasn't money enough for a nurse to take care of the kid at home."

"Who isn't old enough to be hurt by the atmosphere—the little mother-woman?" demanded Lil.

"You think you're smart, don't you?" said our tough girl, Bird Laffin. "Anyway, the kid's a sweet kid, bless her heart!"

"I hate children!" said Regina, with venom.

They were all silent for a moment. There are certain locked and removed holies in the souls even of extra ladies. Not another of the five girls in the room would have said such a thing. A sort of chill manifested itself in their attitude toward Regina, by far the best-bred and best-educated of them all.

"Hurry up, girls!" exclaimed Vic. "The overture's on. Get down on the floor in a hurry!" And she slid out of the room, and went down the little hallway, toward the stairs, softly humming to herself the air the orchestra was playing.

"I'm done," announced Lil, with open pride. "Managed it in seven minutes this time. Whoopee!"

She plunged out of the room, and was gone. Before the door had had time to swing to, a small, breathless figure dashed in.

"How are you, Mrs. Norris?" said Bird Laffin, cordially. "Holloa! You've brought the kid! How's your health, youngster?"

Mrs. Norris was very little and slight and pink, and looked like a child herself. In her arms she carried a wailing baby, wrapped in a soft embroidered blanket.

"Oh, please," she gasped, looking

from Bird to Regina, and then to silent Gus James in the corner. "Baby's sick again to-night, and—and I have to go on in this act, to-night. Mr. Lemuel just told me he wanted me to take Kate Carpenter's part, for the two nights she's away; I'm little, like her; and I don't dare refuse. Are all three of you on in this act? If not, could—could one of you be an angel, and take baby, just till the first curtain? I—I don't believe she'll be much trouble; she'll get quiet in a moment; she's crying now, because I haven't been able to hold her while I was making up."

Bird and Gussie looked at each other, and then at their slippers. Neither of them was to go on in that act, but one had a date down on the floor with one of the extra men, and the other was in love with the leading man. Therefore neither was anxious to spend the next twenty minutes in taking care of a crying baby. Mrs. Norris straightened up with a flush that showed through her make-up.

"I'm sorry," she said, with a sharp note of resentment in her voice. "I shouldn't have asked——"

Regina turned in a casual way from the particular cracked mirror which she claimed as her own.

"I'll take her," she said quietly.

The others stared. Regina the baby-hater, the cold, the ill-tempered! Moreover, she had her song to sing in this very scene!

"Regina!" exclaimed Bird Laffin. "You're crazy! Don't you remember you have your song?"

"It's sung in the wings," returned Regina, imperturbably. "And I never *have* sung much with my arms."

The two other girls left the dressing-room in silence as she took the Little Mother-Woman's baby into her arms. There was a certain odd hungry element in her manner of grasping the tiny girl that struck the Little Mother-Woman's maternally acute perceptions.

"You—you have a baby of your own?" she ventured shyly.

Regina shook her head fiercely. Then she looked at the other woman with a dumb betrayal.

"It died," she said harshly.

The Mother-Woman put out her hand to touch with an involuntary, greedy finger the white dress of her own living baby; then with a rare tact she turned her eyes from Regina's face.

"I'm going to borrow one of Miss Leeds's long black pins," she said; and the indifferent way of saying it made Regina passionately grateful to her. "She's such a good sort that I'm sure she won't mind!" She turned toward the door quickly. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Cairns," she added, in a matter-of-fact way.

As she stood for a moment in the doorway, Regina, rocking the baby in her arms, could not help exclaiming, hardly realizing what she said, "How little, how awfully little, you are!"

The Little Mother-Woman's forehead grew slightly pink.

"Isn't it silly?" she said; then she added, with a sort of soft shamefacedness, "Jack calls us his two babies!"

She laughed a little and hurried away.

Regina took the now quiet baby and walked slowly out to the head of the stairs, where she could hear what was going on down on the stage below. After a few moments she descended, with a leisurely step, still hushing the baby in the hollow of her left arm. Her right hand, with that soft, accustomed touch of motherhood, caressed the little flannel-shrouded form.

On the stairs she met Miss Bradon. She was leading woman, and a great friend of Eleanor Bridge, the star. Her rouge was badly put on, and made unbecoming and unnecessary high-lights upon her hard, sharp cheekbones.

"Really!" she exclaimed, "a baby in the theatre! This is too absurd! I shall certainly speak to Mr. Lemuel. Is it yours?"

Regina did not even look at her, but walked on down the stairs, look-

ing, with her grave face, tall figure, and pale, clear colouring, not unlike a painted and powdered Madonna. The dress she wore, her costume for the third act, was a ridiculously bizarre one, but nothing could cheapen the soft, new feeling of her face and manner. She passed between three or four young, whispering, gossiping members of the company, who were improving the dusky moments of a dark change by flagrant flirtation, and did not even hear their murmured comments of astonishment.

When she reached her usual place in the wings, her husband was on the stage. He was making love in his usual outrageous fashion to the soubrette who played opposite him; for once, Regina gazed on the scene unmoved. The nightly torture which she habitually went through was for the nonce lifted and removed. She clasped the baby closer to her, and waited, tall and motionless, for her cue.

The situation on the stage required a tender, melting melody, which was supposed to charm the wayward heart of the flirting cavalier into a musical and sentimental channel. The composer of the incidental music had written a cheap waltz song, which Regina had sung each night during the run with a scornful heart and a frigid intonation. To-night everything seemed different. She felt suddenly that she could not sing that trivial, meretricious air; instead, another, long and determinedly unsung, if not forgotten, drifted insistently across her brain. She had not sung it since the first gold-threaded days of her mother-life, when Sandy was still her lover, and her baby lay on her breast. Now, when her cue came, and her trained brain responded, she found herself singing the old dear, foolish little song which on one black summer morning she had vowed never to sing again:

"Look where the little stars play

And call to the flying sun:

'Come back, Sun, from your love, the Day,
For your work is now all done!

Come and dance in the moon-lit sky,
 For the night is sweet and true;
 Come, old sun, and we dare you try
 To dance like us in the pleasant blue—
 In our ball-room cool and blue! ”

It was only when it was all over, and the silenced and bewildered orchestra had taken up the bars of an entrance chorus supposed to follow the little song, that Regina realized what she had done.

She heard the stage-manager say sharply,

“Great Cæsar, Mrs. Cairns, what on earth did you mean?”

But she could not wait for another word. Speechless, she fled through the crowded wings, hiding her head against the sleeping baby. She felt she must go some place where she could be alone; for her newly-awakened self shrank from unsympathetic contact. She turned her hurried steps to the stairway that led down to the big room in the cellar where the good wig-maker and his wife, the wardrobe mistress, reigned supreme.

She met Mrs. Hansel on the steep stairs.

“Ach, it Frau Norris’s baby, ist, *nicht?*” She said. “The pretty *Engelein!* I half not you seen lately. Frau Regina; it iss all vell mit your husband, *nicht wahr?*”

“May I take the baby down to the room?” asked Regina breathlessly. “She is asleep, and I am afraid the noise in the dressing-room——”

“Ach, *warum nicht?* Take her down, surely yess! There iss a pile of silk sashes *fich ve gif out to de girls* for next *Montag*, and dey will make a *gut, hubsch* resting-place for the *lieber kind*—a place for *schlaf und ruh, nicht?*”

“Is anyone down there?” asked Regina.

“*Aber, der iss Fritz.* But do you not him mind, *nicht?* He the *kinder* loves! I go to Miss Bratton. Ach, she iss one old maid!”

Regina ran down the stairs, and, slipping past the excellent Fritz, who was sitting curling wigs in the front

room, installed herself and the baby in the tiny silk-filled back room where Mrs. Hansel kept all her surplus as well as her new supplies.

There, by the light of a dingy gas-burner, Regina made the softest of couches for her small charge. Sashes, kerchiefs, scarves, and even laces, she used to make a bed such as a wee fairy princess might have enjoyed. Upon this rainbow couch she laid the baby, and then, secure from interruption, she hung hungrily over the wee little form, and poured out to it some of the pent-up mother-love which her own baby was too many long eternities away to hear.

And as the little one dropped asleep the minor tragedies of her restrained life since the baby’s death came to the fore with sharp distinctness.

“He never seemed to care!” she murmured, vacillating between tears and hardness. “I could have borne it—oh, I *think* I could have borne it—if he had only seemed to care!”

Upstairs she could hear the tramp of feet. Soon the Little Mother-Woman would come to rob her, the spurious, make-believe mother-woman, of her treasure. She got on her knees and clasped the sleeping baby to her breast. The child stirred and whimpered softly, opening and shutting an aimless hand; its mouth was half-open, moist and as pink as a moss-rosebud. Its scant fair hair, as soft as the fur of a very young kitten, was damp. Still sleepily crying, she cuddled closer into the soft nest of Regina’s bosom and, in a moment, had drowsed off again.

“Look, where the little stars play,”

sang Regina, brokenly, controlling her wild longing to press the sleepy baby closer to her heart.

“And call to the flying sun:
 ‘Come back, Sun, from your love, the
 Day——’ ”

There was a firm and extremely hurried step outside, and a man’s voice speaking a quick word to Fritz.

But Regina did not notice. She laid the baby gently down, singing, beneath her breath,—

“For your work is now—all—done——”

Suddenly there was a shadow at her side; she was caught, clasped, and held hard, hard, against a very stormily pounding heart.

“Regina!”

She looked up, trembling, into the earnestness in Sandy’s face, and, crushing down her agitation at what she saw there, whispered,

“Hush! You’ll wake her!”

The little phrase brought back to them both, with a poignancy that was knife-like, the many times in the past that one had used it to the other, tiptoeing with hushed laughter about their tiny flat, when the baby was asleep and they were helping each other get dinner.

“Regina, I saw you with that baby—” he said again, with a very unsteady voice. “I did not know—I did not realize——”

“You forgot!” said Regina with reproof that was the sharper for its gentleness.

He shook his head, dumbly, yet

humbly, for he knew better than she how near he had been to forgetting. Then with manly determination he said vehemently and contritely,

“I will never forget again, Regina.”

“Hush, hush, you’ll wake the baby!” whispered Regina happily; and Sandy acted the rest silently.

“Oh, Mrs. Cairns,” gasped the anxious voice of the Little Mother-Woman at the door, where is——” Then she caught sight of the heap of silks and what lay upon them, and darted forward, with an ejaculation of relief.

“I—I hunted for you everywhere,” she explained, as she gathered her small daughter into her arms, and looked apologetically from Regina to Sandy. Then she seemed to feel some subtle something that was new and electric in the air. “I—I hope that she has not been any trouble,” she said a little awkwardly, but with a wealth of sympathy in her childlike gaze.

The two women looked at each other, a long, understanding look.

“No,” said Regina, a little breathlessly, and with strangely shining eyes. “No. She—has—not—been—any—trouble!”



INDIAN TITLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY J. A. J. MCKENNA



MATTTEL, in his "Law of Nations", affirms: "The savages of North America had no right to appropriate all that vast continent to themselves; and since they were unable to inhabit the whole of those regions, other nations might, without prejudice, settle in some parts of them, provided they left the natives a sufficiency of land." On this dictum Indian title may easily be disposed of. But our formal adoption of the doctrine might have awkward involvements. Some enunciate an impression upon the principle of a distinguished years for the right of Japan to take possession of the vast unoccupied territory in Australasia. For the doctrine evolves not from the state of savagery, but from the very purpose of creation. A chief of Germania summed it up well when he said to the Romans: "As heaven belongs to the gods, so the earth is given to the human race; and waste territory is common to all." Even then the Germans were moved to expansion.

Perhaps we should praise the wisdom rather than the generosity of the Puritans who, notwithstanding the charter from the King, purchased from the Indians the lands they took possession of in New England. Quite oppositively motived men, the Hudson's Bay adventurers, albeit Charles Second "created and constituted" them "the true and absolute lords and

proprietors of "the territory", and "the courts of law", as Justice Martin has written, "practically found that the proprietary rights of the Company under its charter . . . were valid", the Hudson's Bay Company recognized that, over and above their rights, the Indians had a title in the territory which the King's charter did not destroy. For in the transfer to Canada the Company emphasized that it was not conveying plenitude of title by the proviso that the Indians should be compensated "for lands required for purposes of settlement". And the Manitoba Act made ample provision for complying with that condition.

Many years previously, the Earl of Selkirk, a keen man, deemed it wise before venturing his historic settlement, to have the apparently plenary conveyance to him by the Company confirmed by the Indians through a surrender of their rights to the Crown. And Sir James Douglas, who was never regarded as meticulous, took care to secure surrenders from Indians of British Columbia of lands in respect of which he purposed exercising active possession. Before Confederation, the United Provinces of Canada, by settled practice, extinguished the Indian title in advance of settlement and the making of grants. The Dominion sent commissioners far north and west to the boundary of British Columbia, to free the land for settlement by treaties ceding the Indian right.

The nature of the title of the Indians has been defined in various ways—from the right to hold and use territory “according to their own discretion” to a ghostly claim on “Christian charity”. The law lords of the Privy Council, when they came in contact with what Canada had been scrupulously removing, declared it to be “a mere burden” on the Crown’s “paramount estate”, but, yet, such a “burden” as required to be “surrendered or otherwise extinguished” to give the Crown *plenum dominum*. It follows that the Government of Canada had been not merely politic in its treaty making with the Indians, but, in fact, removed a burden which kept the Crown’s title, useful as it was for practical purposes, from being what sovereignty’s should be.

However opinion has differed as to its nature, howsoever indeterminate the best, one attribute has been definitely defined: Indian title can only be ceded to a sovereign power. And that implies that it partakes of something of the very nature of sovereignty itself. Its origin is in natural nationhood—a nationhood like unto that of the barbaric nations of Europe—the inherent rights of which could only be eliminated by conquest or extinguished through negotiation. They had to be washed out in blood or ceded by agreement. Indian title is not in the nature of a fee. No unearned increment accrues to the land it covers. Neither the passing of years nor work of development adds to it. The value of its removal is to-day what it was at the creation of the colony. And the value stands apart from expenditure consequent upon the demands of public wisdom for the establishment and maintenance of means for the advancement of the natives.

Its extinguishment is an appraisable benefit. The law lords held that, to the extent to which the “benefit . . . accrues to her”, a province must bear the cost. The province in the particular case was Ontario. The deed of extinguishment, the North-West Angle Treaty.

Sir John Macdonald had the treaty made to clear the way for the establishment of Manitoba. He was more of a centralist than a federalist. Autonomous provinces with a considerable realm had to be conceded for the attainment of confederation or we might have had a much more centralized system than we have. He went as far as he could, but he did not go as far as he thought. He believed that Ontario’s jurisdiction and territorial right ended where the purchase from the Hudson’s Bay Company began. The judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the famous litigation which grew out of the North-West Angle Treaty was his first great disabusement. He found he should have had, at least, the concurrence of Ontario in covenanting to carve Indian reserves out of her territory. It never occurred to him to ask her leave. And thereby was woven the tangled web that at every step for long years tripped up Indian administration in a large part of Ontario. It was only got rid of a while before the war came, when Ontario finally agreed to go so far in meeting the obligations of the treaty as to confirm the reserves selected without her consent and transfer them untrammelled to the Dominion in trust for the Indians, the Dominion being left to bear alone and in perpetuity the burden of the annuities, as well as the other financial obligations of the treaty.

The Dominion had learned the lesson Sir Oliver Mowat was so proficient in teaching. Had Ontario been consulted and her necessary co-operation sought—as the law lords intimated it should have been—she doubtless would have done as she did many years after in respect of Treaty No. 9, when she joined in the negotiations, furnished the land selected by the Indians as reserves, and undertook to provide for payment of the annuities, the Dominion bearing but the cost of administration and the expenditures incidental to the other undertakings of the treaty.

The point of all this is that Ontario considered, after taking much thought and much time, that the removal of aboriginal title was well worth paying for, even in these later days when the glory of the red men has faded and their nations no longer inspire fear, as it was in the days of her beginnings when they still, with a measure of force or of fear, could compel recognition of right.

And another point is that Ontario found it good policy to release the stranglehold she had on the reserves constituted under the North-West Angle Treaty, which was like unto British Columbia's reversionary interest in Indian reserves. Like it, her hold kept from settlement and production lands within reserves which the Indians could make more beneficial use of by selling or leasing than in any other way. For the revenue in part or in whole from the sale of land by a province is a benefit but transitory and small in comparison with the permanent benefit that accrues to the commonwealth from its improvement and development.

In the early days of the colony, aboriginal rights were taken seriously. The Colonial Secretary, on the 31st of July, 1858, wrote Governor Douglas "to enjoin upon" him "to consider the best and most humane means of dealing with the native Indians". He went on: "Let me not omit to observe that it should be an invariable condition, in all bargains or treaties with the natives for the cession of lands possessed by them, that subsistence should be supplied to them in some other shape." In the following September he reminded him that the subject of "the treatment of the native Indians" was "one which demands" his "prompt and careful consideration". The latter despatch covered a communication from the Aborigines' Protection Society, in which, among other pregnant remarks, is this: "It would seem that a treaty should be promptly made between the delegates of British authority and the chiefs and their people, as loyal, just, and

peaceful as that between William Penn and the Indians of Pennsylvania, but that more stringent laws should be made to ensure its provisions being maintained with better faith than that was carried out on the part of the whites."

In 1859 Lord Carnarvon wrote: "In the case of the Indians of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, Her Majesty's Government earnestly wish that, when the advancing requirements of colonization press upon lands occupied by members of that race, measures of liberality and justice may be adopted for compensating them for the surrender of the territory which they have been taught to regard as their own."

It began to enter the minds of the local statesmen that the natives had prior and pervasive rights which it would be well to be decently rid of. Land was abundant, and of that they were ready to give portions for the sole use and benefit of the natives. But there was the money difficulty. Then the idea came of asking the good old Home Government, so scrupulous about Indian rights, so sedulous "of diffusing the blessings of the Christian religion and of civilization among the natives", to furnish the cash. The House of Assembly, in 1861, by petition prayed "for the aid of Her Majesty's Government in extinguishing the Indian title to the public lands in this Colony". And in transmitting the petition, Governor Douglas "felt that it would be improper to conceal from" Downing Street, whence its urging came, "the importance of carrying that vital measure into effect without delay". The conversion was not conviction. The old order never gave place to the new. The Home Government curtly refused the funds. "The acquisition of the title is a purely colonial interest," replied the Duke of Newcastle, "and the Legislature must not entertain any expectation that the British tax payer will be burdened to supply the funds or British credit pledged for the purpose." And the colony left it at that.

Whether designedly or by happy chance, British Columbia finally was relieved of the obligation. Probably the question never arose, never was thought of when the terms of Union were discussed and given form. British Columbia was taken with the practical-purpose title she had to her lands, and her whole duty to the Indians was confined to the providing of land for reserves. It followed that, with the Indians, Canada took over all other obligations in respect of them. Whatever other claims they had stood, and still stand, against the Crown as represented by the Dominion.

Aboriginal title is not a claim enforceable at law. The natural law of nations out of which it arises has no court for its enforcement. The law lords in the judgment already referred to might have gone further by way of defining the bearing of the question upon public morality. But questions of that nature are entirely for governments, however poor they be at solving them. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are advisers of the Crown in law, not in morals. They went about as far as they could. They might easily have been more discursive, and made their judgment, in so far as it touched upon Indian title, an immensely more interesting and a much more valuable contribution to history; but they could not indicate means of enforcement or fix the price of its extinguishment. The Judicial Committee have done much for us; perhaps we expect them to do too much. Indian title belongs to the domain of public policy, unimpinged upon by our constitutional law.

The Duke of Newcastle put no hedging of law about the subject. It imposed a burden on the State and the State had to devise the means and meet the cost of its removal. We have learned no more and can learn no

more. Whether he was quite justified in putting the burden on the emerging colony is a question upon which there is room for difference of opinion; but such question has no bearing now.

The transfer from the Hudson's Bay Company did not create the title of the Indians between the mountains and the Lake of the Woods, which the Dominion afterwards extinguished. It simply made it clear that the Company was not purporting to convey what it did not possess. The Company did not have to be told by the courts that its title lay under the burden of the Indian title; nor did the Dominion go to the courts to ask whether the condition as to the claim of the Indians was binding in law, and, if so, what had to be paid to satisfy it. That was a matter of State policy, and as such was dealt with.

The agreement made a few years ago whereby Ontario was so largely relieved of the obligation of the North-West Angle Treaty, was not a complete corollary of the Judicial Committee's judgment. Indeed, it released Ontario in large measure from what their lordships implied she was bound to. It could as easily have been made had they never spoken. It was effected as a matter of policy—and wisely effected. Ontario had a hold in virtue of the Dominion's mistake, and the Dominion gave consideration for its loosing.

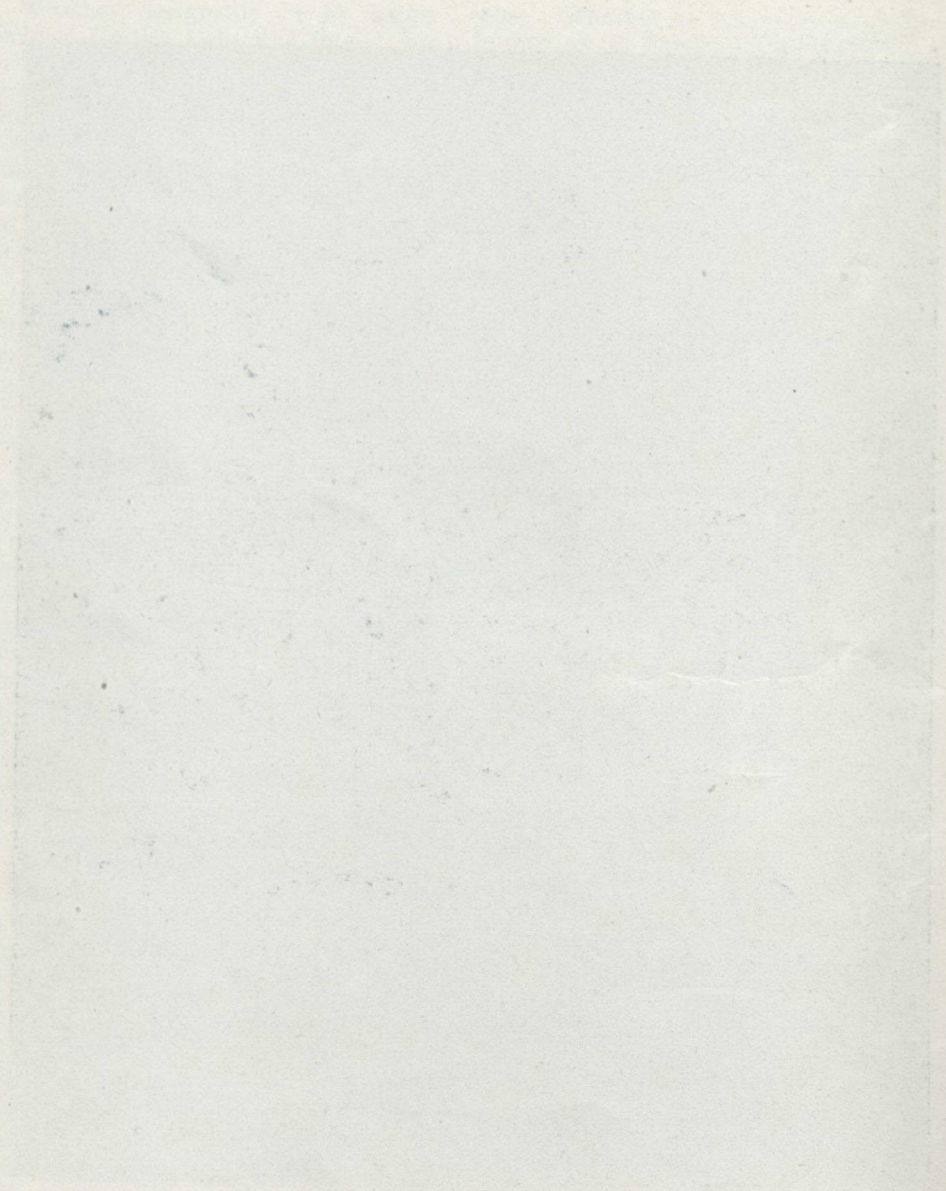
In the end all such matters have to be disposed of on grounds of policy. When British Columbia satisfactorily meets the land requirements of the Indians, she cannot, altogether apart from the terms of Union, fairly in the face of the arrangement with Ontario as to the North-West Angle Treaty, be asked to do more. It is for the Dominion to extinguish Indian title in British Columbia, and in doing so to assume the other obligations which established policy and practice imply.





STILL LIFE ARRANGEMENT

From the Painting by
John Russell.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.



MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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

CHAPTER XVIII



ANY one who has followed this tale so far may think that too many chapters begin with getting out of bed in the morning. Well, we make no apology. Things do begin that way. The newness of every day is such a commonplace phenomenon that we miss the wonder of it. Yet think! Of all the millions of days which make up the million years of the aeons this day which begins when we get out of bed in the morning is the only day which has never been lived by anybody! It lies before us, a tiny fleck of time, virgin as yet of the touch of man or angel. Perhaps in this knowledge lies the source of that imperishable optimism which makes us feel so able to do things in the morning? If so, it is fortunate that our having done nothing special yesterday seems to leave our hopefulness unimpaired.

Rosme loved the morning. She always woke suddenly and completely and when she woke she got up. Usually, that is—this morning was different. It wasn't that she was sleepy or that the room was cold; it wasn't for any particular reason, but just because she had a feeling which she did not analyze that there were things, important things, to think over. One can think with great comfort in a warm bed. Rosme tossed back her hair (it looked rather wonderful against the white pillow) peeped at her watch and drew the blankets up to her chin.

"Now I can think," she decided luxuriously.

Does any girl think when she decides that she is going to? What Rosme really meant was, "Now I can remember," for immediately her unleashed mind raced back through the events of the last few days, pausing only when it reached Milhampton station on a fine, crisp morning after rain.

We have already visited that station upon that same morning and we know all the little trifles that happened there. But then we were with David and now we are with Rosme. Instead of a straight young girl with bronze hair, we see a young man sitting on a baggage truck. He is an upstanding young man with an arresting face which, at first, we cannot decide to call either homely or handsome but which is all the more fascinating on that account. We note particularly the eyes which are deep set and very gray. This young man speaks and we like his voice. We like his voice very much—all kinds of disconnected memories crowd in here—things which the young man said and the way he looked when he said them—a confusion of pictures piling one on another—of the young man's face as he ate a ginger chocolate which he didn't like, of his expression when speaking so briefly of his recent loss, of how he looked when discussing the rights of women, of his trick of rumpling his hair, his habit of blushing—we find Rosme's memory dwelling on all these trifles

and many more, especially the awkward zeal with which he had tried to discover her address. Then, with a bound, it cuts the confusion and presents a very clear-set vision of the arrival in the waiting-room.

That girl!

That girl with her too red lips and her heavy lidded eyes, the ultra fashion of her dress, the slight exaggeration of her hat—her whole indefinite yet damning air of being not the real thing but something just as good! This picture was clearest of all, although Rosme had seen it only in the merest flash—the girl's hand on David's arm with its insufferable air of possession, her "O David!"

What did it mean?

In her wise little head, Rosme was afraid that she knew what it meant. Girls, even girls unrestrained by the dictates of good taste, do not behave so obviously in public places unless they are conscious of a position solid enough to warrant it. Only an engaged girl might act so, but—David Greig engaged to a girl like that! She could not believe it.

She had caught a glimpse of his face as she picked up the dropped suit-case and the thought of it now brought out a reluctant dimple. Amazement, chagrin, fury, but chiefly amazement, had left him staring like an owl caught by sunlight. Why had he been so unprepared? Rosme couldn't answer that, but it opened out new avenues for speculation. Perhaps he wasn't engaged after all; perhaps there was a misunderstanding somewhere? Perhaps it had been a practical joke? This last held an element of possibility. The girl in the big hat had not been alone. Over her shoulder Rosme had caught sight of a familiar face, a face with a mouth which could have belonged to no one save Mr. William Carter Fish, and Mr. Fish, Rosme felt, was capable of any silliness. She had met that gentleman before, had known him, in fact, as the latest and fast vanishing satellite of Miss Mary Fox, once a schoolmate of Rosme's in Milhamp-

ton. For a brief period, Miss Fox had found Mr. Fish useful. "Not anything like so silly as he looks, dear," she had told Rosme. "Quite a duck, really, and knows no end of nice boys."

Was David Greig one of the "nice boys", Rosme wondered. If so, perhaps Mary had already become acquainted with him. She might know all about the girl at the station. But curiously enough this possibility was not pleasant. Rosme rather hoped that Mary did not know David at all. Mary was a dear girl but she was certainly a flirt. Dangerously pretty, too, with her flaxen hair and round childish face with its air of blossoming innocence. A half-formed resolution of calling on Mary faded! Probably the episode at the station had meant just nothing at all. It is often so, in books. People who might have been jolly good friends are estranged through such blind trusting to appearances. She, Rosme, would not be so foolish. If Mr. Greig, when he found out her address, desired to come to see her she would act exactly as if nothing had happened. He would probably explain, if explanation were necessary!

By this time Rosme's wish had so fathered her thought that she had begun to wonder what she had been making such a fuss about. A man can't be engaged without knowing it and Mr. Greig had certainly not looked like an engaged man—not that she cared if he were engaged. She only wanted to be friends and one can have a perfectly good friendship with an engaged person. Certainly. Why not? Well, of course, it isn't quite the same. There is a certain flatness—Rosme sighed.

The sigh proved the end of her reverie, for a certain small person, who had been waiting outside the door for some such indication of wakefulness, pushed delightedly into the room and plunged, head first like a small porpoise, into the warmest place in the bed. The ease of her plunging spoke of long practice.

"Infant! How did you get out of bed?"

"I climbed out. But I waited till you woked. It was a long time—feel my feet!"

"Och!" exclaimed Rosme, "they're like ice. You're a naughty girl!"

"I'm good now," in an injured voice.

"Lie still, then."

"Rosme," in a wheedling voice "will you tell me Peter Rabbit?"

"Are you asleep, Rosme?" Small fingers explored the corners of the girl's closed eyes. "Please don't be asleep! Rosme! Turn round!" The fingers sought and found a convenient handle in Rosme's nose.

"Oh, baby, don't!"

"Does it hurt?" with interest.

There was no answer. Rosme was trying to recapture her interrupted musings.

"Will you tell me about Peter, quick, before Granny comes?"

"I'm so tired of Peter, Infant!"

Two childish eyes opened widely in surprise at the foolishness of this remark.

"But it's not you, it's me," said the Infant reasonably.

Rosme laughed and gave in. But the delay had been fatal.

"Rosme, is the Infant in there?" asked an inquiring voice from the hallway. "Why Rosme," as the owner of the voice followed it into the room. "Aren't you up yet, child? Do you know what time it is?"

The first sight of Madam Rameses was always a shock, especially to any one who had heard her speak before seeing her. Sound creates an illusion of form, and the form created by the voice of Madam was so different from the reality that momentary confusion was inevitable. Madam's voice was sweet, even haunting, Madam's appearance was—well, striking. She was a large woman with a square cut, masculine face, faintly shaded upper lip. Her brow was broad and unsoftened by the gray hair which was dragged back from it and worn short in a fashion resembling a Dutch

cut. Only the eyes seemed to claim remote kinship with the voice, for they were mild and kind with an expression of appeal, almost of timidity, curiously at odds with the rugged face they graced.

Though it was so early in the morning Madam was dressed for the day in a trim, gentlemanly shirtwaist and a tight, short skirt. She practiced an habitual neatness which was a continual shock to those "seekers" whose preconceived idea of a clairvoyant and medium was of something thin and hazy in kimonos. She wore boots, too, although everyone knows that slippers are the proper psychic garb. Slippers which slip, belts which refuse to stay down and hair which declines to stay up are full of soulful suggestion. But Madam would have none of them. Her cuffs and collar were as white and prim as those of a hospital nurse and her skirt never sagged. A woman of curious contradictions was Madam Rameses, spiritualist.

"No, I don't know the time, and please don't tell me," entreated Rosme "I'll hurry."

"Well, breakfast is waiting. You shouldn't indulge the Infant with stories, Rosme, it is only teaching her to climb her crib."

"She hasn't told me a single story!" wailed the Infant.

But her grandmother paid no attention. She was watching Rosme with a curious expression of indecision.

"What's the matter?" asked Rosme, who knew this look well.

"Nothing at all important. But I have a short message for you. Do you care to see it? I know you have no faith, my dear," she went on without waiting for an answer, "but I feel it my duty when a message comes through to pass it on whether the recipient laughs at it or not."

"I'm not laughing," protested Rosme with some truth. "I can't laugh with a tooth brush in my mouth."

"I refer, of course, to your mental attitude," said Madam mildly.

"There was no circle last evening. The message came through by automatic writing while I was preparing for bed."

She spread upon the girl's dressing table two fairly large sheets of rough scribbling paper loosely covered with large irregular writing which straggled anywhere across their surface. The script was so bad as to be almost illegible but Rosme had seen it often enough to be able to read it with some ease.

"Let Rosme tell—to be careful of—"

The blank spaces were quite indecipherable and so were two or three words which seemed to complete the message.

"It is unfortunate," said Madam in her charming voice, "that I was unable to get the remainder of the message more clearly. I am afraid you may find it obscure."

Rosme laughed.

"Well," she admitted, "if I knew whom I was to tell and what I was to tell him, and why he should be careful and what of, the meaning might be slightly clearer.

"Sometimes," went on Madam, her light, blue eyes growing dreamy, "the subconscious mind supplies these deficiencies in the script. I have known seekers to translate perfectly a half finished message which to me was perfect nonsense. It is wonderful what the merest suggestion will do."

"It is," said Rosme, "that is why I prefer not to let it do it."

Madam looked faintly puzzled. "I fear you are prejudiced, my dear. However, there is the message. Shall I tell Maggie to pour your coffee?"

"Yes, please. I'll only be a moment now. Who's going to dress the Infant?"

"Maggie will do that. The water in the taps is not warm enough yet. Did I tell you that I had a message to stop the cold baths?"

"No!" said Rosme, peering through the cloud of her hair.

"Yes, a doctor, Cornelius Brown, who passed over early in the eighteenth century, has sent a warning.

Too great a shock to the system. Surprising, don't you think?"

"Not at all. Early in the eighteenth century cold baths would have shocked many systems. All the same I agree with Dr. Brown about the Infant. I have always thought cold baths for her rather heroic."

"Yes," uneasily. "I thought so too. But I began, you remember, on account of a message from—there's the bell! I'll have your coffee ready." With a word of caution to the Infant to wait for Maggie, Madam Rameses hurried out.

"Now," said a small but determined voice, "you can tell me the story about Peter."

"But if I tell you about Peter, baby, I won't have time to drink my coffee."

"Will that hurt you in your tum-mick?"

"It might."

The ineffable sacrifice.

"Angel!" cried Rosme, picking her up for a final hug, "you shall have Peter to-morrow and the Flopsy Bunnies too, and maybe Jemima Puddleduck, but now I must fly!"

Yet even in her hurry she paused a moment to glance once more at the scribbled message — was that a "D" at the beginning of the undecipherable word? It might be a "D". But it might just as well be anything else. Rosme was quite able to smile at her own absurdity!

Rosme ate her breakfast in record time that morning, conscious of a kindly scrutiny from across the table. Whatever Madam Rameses's professional abilities may have been (and with these Rosme felt she had nothing to do), she certainly possessed an uncanny power of receiving impressions from other people. By the time Rosme decided to tell Madam anything she usually found that Madam already knew. It was a state of things not without its conveniences — usually. But this morning Rosme ate her breakfast in a hurry not all attributable to the fact that she was late.

Perhaps Madam knew this, too, for there was a smile in her light, blue eyes as she watched the girl. She was very fond of Rosme; loved her in fact with the timid, half-hesitating love of one to whom love has not been gracious. Madam Rameses, otherwise Mrs. Plumber, born Anna Wilkes, had led a life which had been singularly loveless. Left motherless when a very little girl, it would have been infinitely better had she been left fatherless too; for Joe Wilkes the father had been at best a bully and at worst a brute. Little Anna early learned fear and hate from him and would have suffered actual abuse had she not possessed, unconsciously, a weapon which he feared from the depths of his ugly, superstitious soul. Anna was a quiet, somewhat stupid child without any of the ordinary prettiness of childhood. ("Ugly little devil," her father called her) and her strange faculty of seeing more than other people saw helped to keep her solitary even in the midst of a kind-hearted community. Mothers of more ordinary children looked at her askance. They were sorry for the child but—one has to think of one's own, and there was no doubt that Joe Wilkes's Anna was a bit odd. Even the children themselves did not take to her. She was too quiet to be a good playmate and she could never return any of their childish favours by inviting them to her home. Her father would allow no children inside his gate.

So Anna fought her silent way into girlhood through what agonies of loneliness no one ever knew. She learned to dread the strange "sight" which made her different from those around her. Desperately she tried to put all that part of herself away, to hide it, to smother it, to kill it if she could; and her square chin, outward semblance of an inborn stubbornness helped her. Only with Joe Wilkes did she use her curious power and often she protected herself against his brutality by a use of it which cowed him utterly.

When she was sixteen, a well grown, homely girl, Joe Wilkes, at that time a contractor in a small way, fell from a scaffold while inspecting a building and was instantly killed. With his death, a great weight was removed from Anna's life. The world seemed kinder, the air purer, now that she was alone. When his affairs were settled it was found that she owned the cottage she lived in and the ground on which it stood, its apple and cherry trees, its useful bit of kitchen-garden and its roses and lilac trees in front. There was a little money in the bank.

Anna drew a long sigh of relief and looked around her. She was not afraid of life. She was young and everyone was kind. The old rumours of her "queerness" had almost died out or were disregarded. There were good friends ready to help the orphan girl. Things looked well for Anna, but calamity was again just around the corner.

In an evil moment, Anna Wilkes met Richard Plumber. He was a man of twice her age, of cheap, good looks and easy manner. He lived in a near-by town where the door of his office bore the word "Broker", a most suitable name if one may be permitted to play upon words. No one knew exactly what he broke, for the pieces were skilfully hidden.

In this man, poor loveless Anna thought she had found love. She was not naturally clever and at this crisis her abnormal faculty for "seeing clear" deserted her. She was an easy prey. When he said he loved her she believed him. When he said that she was beautiful she looked into her mirror through a mist of happy tears and thought that perhaps it might be true.

The story is too sordid to dwell upon. From the standpoint of Mr. Richard Plumber it was a most satisfactory affair. He got the pretty cottage with the useful bit of garden; he got the bit of money in the bank and he got an excellent housekeeper to whom he need not pay wages and

on whom he did not need to waste the time required for deeds of ordinary courtesy. One little child was born to them and here at last Anna found love. The baby was a sturdy little girl with her father's good looks and, as was to appear later, his selfish soul. But to her mother, more homely now than ever, she was a little bit of heaven.

For a while Anna was happy but that misfortune which seems to dog the steps of some with pitiless zeal, was not yet satisfied. With the disappearance of Anna's bit of money and the money from the sale of the cottage, the brokerage business disappeared too. Money grew scarce—and scarcer. A frightened look came into Anna's eyes; a look which never afterwards wholly left them. Then one morning, Richard Plumber, husband and father, was nowhere to be found. He had followed the money and the brokerage business into the limbo of lost articles. He never came back.

Anna Plumber's memory was confused about the time which came afterwards. She supported herself in various ways, including the taking in of washing, and managed to rub along somehow until the baby's infancy was passed. Then to her dismay she found her own strength failing. With poor health she began to "see" again, and, as if fortune had been lying in wait, it was just at that time that she became known to the Rev. Jasper Holmes, a believer in the occult and an eager, if somewhat unstable, psychical researcher. To the Rev. Jasper, who had retired from active ministry in order to give more time to his new hobby, Mrs. Plumber was a "find". Was she not that rare thing a natural medium, an unprofessional, a woman without guile, against whose honesty no word could be said? The little man thrilled all over! and this marvel was taking in washing for a living! Well, the Rev. Jasper could stop all that. He had money and it was always easy to get more for his experiments. The rich are especially subject to psychic spasms.

Anna Plumber "sat" for the Rev. Jasper and his friends and began to find life easy again. She took the change in a bewildered sort of way. She could not see just why or how she was earning this money but it was pleasant to earn it so easily. She was so horribly tired!

One night as she sat beside her table close to her little Anna's bed, thinking of nothing at all, she was astonished to find that her right hand, in which she held a pencil had begun to write quite of its own accord. The writing was large, sprawling and rapid, quite unlike her own painstaking efforts. Fascinated she watched it for a moment and then grew frightened. When she grew frightened the hand stopped. The pencil fell out of it and rolled to the floor.

Shaking a little, Anna picked up the written sheets—she could not read a word of the writing—And yet, it did not look quite like gibberish either. Much perturbed, she spoke of her curious experience to the Rev. Jasper next day. He was much excited.

"Automatic writing!" he exclaimed. "An undoubtedly genuine case. The Society will be delighted. We shall go ahead very rapidly now."

"But," said Anna, "no one can read the writing."

"That is not unusual in the first experiments. You will see that the characters greatly improve with practice. Presently we shall be able to read it with facility.

"But," said Anna, "what is it?"

This was a poser for her patron. He did not know just what it was. "That," he said, "is one of the things we wish to discover. Some say that it is a part of the 'self' of the medium which writes—a part which is ordinarily below the level of every-day consciousness, a kind of inner or sub-conscious 'self' which is mysteriously aware of many things hidden from the ordinary conscious mind."

"Oh," said Anna looking puzzled.

"Others believe," he continued, "that the writing hand is controlled more or less directly by some intelli-

gence other than that of the medium; by a disembodied spirit, in fact, and that this is another agency by which we may be able to get in touch with those who have gone before. In other words it is simply a different manifestation of the same power which takes advantage of your trances to communicate by the spoken word."

"I was not in a trance," said Anna.

"That is a sign of progress," he assured her. "We may soon be able to dispense with the trance altogether. To be frank I have noticed lately that the trances have been much lighter and less productive than formerly."

Quick fear leaped into Anna's eyes. She, too, had been uneasily conscious of failing forces. If the power were to leave her altogether it would take her living with it. Once again she and little Anna would be left to face the world. She said nothing but from that moment there entered into Anna Plumber's "mediumship" an element which had not been there before. Anna began to "fake".

To the eyes of the Rev. Jasper she seemed to improve in facility. The automatic writing came more often and became more readable. But somehow the sitters did not get "results". The communications, though easier to obtain, were more stereotyped and useless. Only once in a while a gleam broke through.

The Rev. Jasper's interest waned. It was time for a new fad anyway and he was not a constant person. Sincere enough in his way he was one of those who pursue strange gods. Psychical research had been a strange god, but now familiarity had bred if not contempt at least disillusion. He became bored.

Anna saw it. She made desperate attempts to hold his interest, but without success. The day came when the circle decided to sit no more and Anna's services were definitely dispensed with. It was done kindly, for the Rev. Jasper was generous according to his lights. He gave her money, which he assured her she had earned, and he gave her letters setting forth

his unshaken faith in her occult powers.

After this Anna had drifted. She tried washing again but could not stand it and the minister's letter provided an easier way. She left Canada for the States and moved from one city to another, sometimes received as a prophetess and sometimes fined as a fortune-teller. It was a life which did not encourage spiritual discrimination. Her real power dwindled, her power of faking increased. Yet through it all she held herself aloof from the "profession". She never availed herself of its friendship or its aid. The crowd of sharpers, card-readers, palmists, clairvoyants and tricksters of all kinds which infest cities were repulsive to her. She was afraid of them. She disliked them. She went her own way, saving money as she could and looking forward to a day when she could retire and live the simple life she liked.

Somehow the day seemed long in coming. Little Anna grew up, a pretty, headstrong girl, extravagant, loud and selfish—her father over again. Her mother often looked at her in puzzled wonder. *Could* this be the baby who had been a bit of heaven? *Could* this be the tiny child whose untroubled eyes had been as pure and remote as summer stars? Where had it fled, the sweetness, the innocency of babyhood? Had it been her fault? Would the girl have been different if the child had been brought up in a settled home under different circumstances? Had Anna, the mother, kept on washing for a living would Anna, the daughter, have obtained a sweeter soul? Who could answer these questions—certainly not poor troubled Anna Plumber.

An end had come to this also. Anna-the-second married. As might have been expected she did not marry wisely; but the man had some money and for a year or two the couple rambled through life, having, according to the young wife "a whale of a time", until nature ordered a temporary stop for purposes of her own.

Anna-the-second was furious. Stop she would not, let nature understand that! Nature did understand it and was outraged. Instead of a temporary check she ordered a period. The unwilling mother went out of life as her baby came in.

Anna Plumber, now, since several years, Madam Rameses, took her tiny grandchild in her arms and went back to Canada. She decided to be known as a medium no more. She had saved enough to live upon if she lived carefully. Fortune had surely done her worst and would leave her alone hereafter. She could settle down.

But when the now long professional Madam Rameses sat down to take stock of her soul, she found a curious state of affairs. She had lived with deceit so long that she had ended by being sure of nothing not even of herself. She hardly knew now what was honest "sight" and what was not. From looking at the rubbish written by her automatic hand with a kind of wondering dislike she had come to view it with a superstition almost as simple as that of her "seekers". Say what you would, it was a mystery how it happened. Even admitting that at times when it had refused to work she had faked its messages, it was still true that sometimes it did work of itself and messages of all sorts, mostly nonsense, "came through". Madam Rameses was afraid of those unsolicited messages. It was as if some one had set up a bogie to frighten a child and the bogie had suddenly *winked*.

So it happened that when, after her daughter's death, she had settled down in a pleasant house in Toronto with the intention of keeping a few "paying guests", to provide her with interest and occupation and to help with the expense, the hand suddenly "brought through" a message to the effect that her "helpers on the other plane" demanded that she should "keep the light burning"—in plain words that she should continue to act as medium.

The demand was a shock to Madam.

It confused her terribly. Had she been mistaken in the belief that she was faking? Were the messages, so many of them products of careful fishing, and close observation, real messages after all? Was there in the small remainder of messages which were not faked and whose origin she did not know, some mysterious avenue of communication with the unknown? Was this the "light" which must not die out? She worried about it for months and, in the end, compromised. She would hold to her decision to retire, that is, she would no longer be a professional. She would no longer give regular sittings for the purpose of making money. But, that the directions in the message be obeyed, she would still sit privately for seekers. It is one thing to be a professional clairvoyant and quite another to be a psychic researcher with mediumistic power. Little Lucie, the grandchild, need not be ashamed of that.

The meeting of Madam Rameses and Rosme had been a fortunate thing for both of them. Rosme had called one morning, in the early days of the struggle for independence, at the office of a ladies' agency whither Madam Rameses had also gone in search of a nurse for the infant. The girl was tired and just a little apprehensive after her initial failure as a school-teacher but no one would have dreamed of anything save content and well-being from the face she chose to turn upon the world. No one, that is, save Madam Rameses.

Rosme, as she waited, became conscious of Madam first as a disturbing influence. There was a drawing power in the gaze of the masculine lady opposite which was almost annoying. The girl grew restless, shifted her position and finally raised her own eyes resentfully—to meet a glance so kind that resentment gave place instantly to wonder.

"My dear," said the masculine lady, "shall you mind if I speak to you?"

A few moments before, Rosme would have minded, minded very

much, but the delightful voice and the kind, blue eyes disarmed her. She even smiled as the lady came toward her and, still smiling, she made room upon her sofa.

Rosme always said afterwards that she was kidnapped, and Madam did not contradict her. Certain it is that when Madam left the agency, having entirely forgotten the business which brought her there, she took Rosme with her. The girl hardly knew how it happened nor does Madam's explanation of her sudden and strong interest in some one she had never seen before seem very illuminating.

"I saw that we were sympathetic, my dear," she said, "and I knew you were alone—as I was once."

What else she may have seen of possible danger or distress or what loneliness she may have sensed under the girl's smile she never said; but the confidence which was established that day had never been regretted by either of them. Rosme slipped into the quiet house of Madam like a bit of the happy youth Anna had longed for and never had; and, in return, the girl found the one thing independence had not given, the comfort and security of home.

(To be continued)

MY DREAMS OF YOU

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

○F light I plucked from fingers
Which trembling held the dawn,
I have woven my dreams of you;
Of white air, white with daisies,
Pale till the night is gone,
I have fashioned my dreams of you.

Of noon beside the river,
Where the still lilies are,
I have woven my dreams of you;
Of iris blossoms blowing
Over a gold sand bar,
I have fashioned my dreams of you.

Of night's first silent purple,
Of stars with glimmering,
I have woven my dreams of you;
And of the silver monlight
Where gleams a fire-fly's wing,
I have fashioned my dreams of you.

ANITA AND THE SEVEN BOYS

BY ANNE WARNER

IMUST begin a little back—about seventeen or eighteen years back.

The missionaries came up the river first and built a chapel; then the fur-traders came next and built a shed for storing skins out of the rain until they could be carried eastward; then the soldiers came and built, first a blockhouse, and then a stone fort; then came the law and the steamboats; and then the settlers—the first towns-people.

They were young married people mainly, people whose lives and plans had been uprooted and whirled abroad by the war. There was quite a colony of them, men of all professions with pretty sweet-faced girl-wives, each seeking *their* fortune, as some one put it.

In January of the following year Anita came, and along through the twelfth month succeeding came the seven boys. Anita and the seven boys were the most important of all the new arrivals, for they were the first white children born in the young state.

Anita and the seven boys were of course intimate friends from the first minute of their respective advents. Their first teeth and their first steps were civic events, their last long clothes and their first short clothes were cherished heirlooms later on. When Anita's great-grandmother in Boston sent her the newest thing in

velvet hoods the mothers of the seven boys all met in a solemn conclave at the residence of Anita's mother and "took the pattern off" so that all the eight babies might be hooded alike. They were also strap-slipped alike, white embroidered-caped alike, baby-cabbed alike, ivory-ringed alike, and—in the second year—they all birth-dayed alike one after another. It was all pretty and delightful—and somewhat pathetic too, for it spoke very plainly of the dreadful dearth of interest in life, when that life could find no wider center than the clothing and feeding of eight babies, whose intelligence was as yet in a very embryonic state of development.

But Time was soon to rectify all that. When Anita had two candles on her birthday cake she had already been entered in the census as one of the nine hundred citizens of her place of birth. When she had five candles she was one of three thousand. Then there was an enormous boom of western emigration and the little girl's twelfth birthday saw her living in a city—a city of paved streets, tall buildings, fine parks, and all other modern advantages. No one would have recognized the sites of the chapel, the shed for storing skins, and the blockhouse; no one would have recognized Anita and the seven boys.

Of course they had all grown. Twelve years has always produced tremendous changes in babies. John had grown so fast that his mother was

very nervous over him, he being her only child. Eddy had grown mainly wide-ways; Tom and Dick were taller than Anita; and Harry and Will were shorter than she was; Francis George (whose mother was a poet) was just her height.

But they still celebrated their birthdays together, Anita always leading off in January. And just as Anita's hood had set the fashion in hoods in days gone by, so now Anita's style of birthday celebration always set the style of all the other birthday celebrations for that year. When Anita testified to the number of her years by a circle of sugar cats instead of candles, Tom (whose fête came next) testified to his by a circle of sugar dogs, Eddy followed with sugar elephants, and so on for that year.

The next year Anita had the requisite number of big pink roses, and Tom followed with red roses, and so on to Francis George (whose mother always liked to produce a novel effect), who had towering spikes of hollyhocks.

Upon the following year Anita suddenly abandoned her cake and gave a dancing party with a monogram and the date and her age done in gold on the back of the programmes. Here was an innovation, but the other seven mothers rose nobly to the occasion—or occasions—and seven dancing parties each with a monogram and age on the programme, all took place in turn.

The next year Anita went away to boarding-school and thus terminated all the happy series of events which had so prettily and pleasantly chained the lives of the eight together. Of course it was inevitable and of course it was sad.

The seven boys stuck together more or less. went to school daily, shot snipe in twos and threes in the snipe season, played football (all but John whose mother preferred that he shouldn't—he being her only child), played tennis, played all sorts of things, and grew up assiduously.

When Anita came home the next summer she was a great surprise to her old comrades.

"Why, she's pretty!" Harry said to Will in most utter surprise.

"How awful old she seems," Eddy confessed to Dick, as they returned from having made an especially awkward call on the especially composed young lady.

"I don't like her as much as I did," Tom thought—but not aloud.

Francis George's mother had him lose no time in sending some flowers with his name and compliments neatly written out on the card attached.

Anita was very sweet and gracious—not to say condescending—to the boys. She talked pleasantly to them when they called, sought for topics of conversation not too abstruse for their limited intellects, and made lemonade for them whenever her mother reminded her to do so. Still, it was not a happy time, and there was no special wrenching of heartstrings when she returned to boarding-school. The sizing-up of the summer was terse and uncomplimentary.

"She's stuck up," Harry said to Will in great disgust, "she thought more of her clothes than of us."

"I wonder if she'll ever change back to like she used to be!" Tom meditated sadly; then remembered with a sudden rush of joy that they were going to have ducks for dinner—and ceased to consider the good or bad possibilities of Anita.

But the next summer was a greater surprise yet, for Anita didn't come home at all. Instead she went to visit a school friend, and then abroad. Such doings! The boys really did not know whether they approved or not.

That January Anita was seventeen. They were all looking forward to being seventeen soon after and going to college the next year. It is pretty hard and absorbing work, that last year before college with its exams and conditions (oh, poor Eddy!)—and very little brain power was spared for Anita and her affairs.

Still they were all glad when they heard that she was coming home the next summer, and when the day and hour of arrival came they went cheerfully to the station *en bloc*, just as they had always gone whenever she was to be welcomed back ever since they were babies together.

Such a lovely Anita as descended from the Pullman! Such a charming, dainty, bright, happy little figure!—not even a trace of the prim young lady who had *froisseed* them all so horribly two years before.

Instead she was all smiles—and even some sparkling tears, and as her feet touched the platform, she threw her arms around her father's neck (he was nearest, first, and dearest, naturally) and kissed him, and then—Wonder of Wonders!—she turned with a little laugh to Tom who was next, and embraced and kissed *him*, and then she absolutely embraced and kissed *them all*.

The effect of this was very curious. First, they fell dead in love with her, and second, they suddenly disliked one another. They each rushed up to call that evening and, so as to be sure to be first in the field, they all went at seven instead of eight. Anita hadn't finished dinner, and they had to wait together in the drawing-room, suffering from a mutual dearth of remarks, and a tendency to stare at Francis George who was wearing his first evening clothes for the first time.

But when Anita did come in she repaid them for all the agony, by being just too jolly and nice for words. She talked with them all, reminded them of loads of good times which they had forgotten, laughed over jokes which they finally became sufficiently unembarrassed to impart to her, and then when it was nearly ten o'clock and they had eaten seven pounds of French candy and had stuffed with lemonade and poundcake galore, she suddenly jumped up from her chair, ran across and squeezed herself in between Tom and Eddy on the sofa, and, taking a hand of each and looking

about at the rest, said, half-earnestly and half-smilingly:

"And now I want to tell you all the secret: I want you to know before anyone else knows. I'm to be married next month and please promise me to be my ushers."

At first they could hardly realize it. Tom bit his lip and Eddy sneezed. Francis George, whose poetic blood couldn't but show in some way, winked back tears, and Harry and Will, who had been coldly distant to one another ever since leaving the station four hours before, clasped hands involuntarily.

"I'm going to be married in the church." Anita continued, oblivious of the mortal blows she was dealing about her. "and I'm going to have five girls from school for my maids, and three men and yourselves for my ushers. We're going to Japan, and perhaps all the way around the world afterwards."

There was a short pause, and then Eddy said, rather haltingly:

"Is he—is he a very old fellow?"

"No," said Anita, "he is thirty-two"; then she added, "Would you like to see his picture?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind," Eddy admitted, and she drew out from her belt what they had all supposed to be her watch, and showed them a handsome gold locket containing a miniature of a good-looking man with a heavy brown moustache. They looked at it one after the other and all resented the moustache and its thickness.

Then Francis George rose solemnly and said:

"Well, I must be going. I'll be very pleased to help you any way I can," he said.

"Oh, yes, we all will," they said.

"That will be so nice and dear of you," said Anita, rising as she spoke. The rest of the company rose at the same time.

"And I—I'm sure I congratulate you," said Francis George, mournfully trying to live up to the dignity of his costume.

"Yes, he—he looks like a real good sort," said Eddy.

"Thank you so much," said Anita.

She offered them more candy, but they refused firmly. The zest had been taken from their appetites. They could only bid their hostess and one another good-bye and depart. The wedding took place the next month and the boys took part and did their duty splendidly, although Tom had a splitting headache and Francis George nearly wept at the altar. The seven mothers sat in the pews just back of the families, and they shared the emotions of Francis George when they saw all the eight together before them. As for Anita's mother, the tears just poured down her face throughout the ceremony, for Anita looked absolutely babyish in her white robe and she wept the more that it was now fully decided that, after Japan, they should go on around the world.

Following the church ceremony there was a splendid wedding breakfast and a big reception and the boys did themselves no end of credit straight through, up to, and including the trying minute when they each threw one of their own old baby shoes after the bride.

Then ensued an interval of peace—and college—for they all entered the next autumn, even to Eddy, who had become quite thin with constant coaching.

At Christmas they heard from Anita, who hadn't gone around the world after all, her husband having decided in San Francisco that he hadn't even time to go to Japan. Grooms do give their brides such little surprises occasionally, and Anita had made up for hers by having her mother visit her, and exhibiting all her happiness to the latter's maternal appreciation. It is really to be doubted which Anita's mother enjoyed most, her visit or the coming home and telling about it. Anita's mother was one of the dearest and sweetest of women but she could not forbear referring frequently in the company of her old

friends to Anita's trials in a house with twelve servants, or to Anita's husband's set ways in never under any circumstances allowing certain of the horses to be driven by the *second* coachman.

"However, I tell Anita," said Anita's mother to Harry's mother, "that no man is perfect, and she must not mind little things like that."

The next summer the world turned absolutely upside down for the boys! When they returned home Anita was already there and—as Heaven is above!—she had a *baby!*

Now of course they all knew that babies were common, ordinary everyday things, but for Anita to have one!—Anita.

"Did you ever think of Anita with a baby?" Harry asked Will.

"Naw—she said she was going around the world," Will replied.

Then they straggled, somewhat sheepishly, up to call on Anita, and were shown the baby, a cunning little tot, with eyes tightly shut, and a dimpled fist in its mouth.

Anita put her hand gently on Tom's shoulder, when it was he who was contemplating the little creature, and said:

"Do you know it seems to me as if he belonged to the eight of us together. Don't forget to set him a good example always, will you, dear, and remember, if lots of trouble ever comes to him or to me, I shall look to you to help us out. Remember."

Tom could not know that some of life's clouds had already begun to gather for his old playmate, but he did feel to put his own hand on hers and press it warmly, while a sharp stab struck him in a vital part and slew his boyhood then and there.

As the summer wore on the strangeness wore off and they all grew good friends with the baby, who in his turn learned to know them all, and reach out his arms to them all, and cry out with joy when they tossed him. Anita's husband did not appear; he was most frightfully rushed with

business, and his wife and child stayed until late October before he had time to arrange for their return.

It was that winter that the terrible financial crash came. Fortunes were lost in an hour, homes ruined, men committed suicide under pressure equalling any in hell, and poor little Anita, just nineteen, came creeping back to her mother in March with a white face, a black dress and veil, no money and her lovely, laughing baby.

By June the worst of the awful grief had been somewhat assimilated, and all the eight mothers were reunited, as they had not been in years, over the cradle that had once been Anita's. Eight great wells of maternal love and human kindness bubbled up around the poor little widowed girl and her child, and only one object seemed to animate them all—the object of lavishing all their best gifts upon the little one and his mother.

When the young men came home from college they found the new order of the day not only inaugurated and working well, but incumbent on every newcomer to adopt. Very cheerfully they adopted it and Anita's baby passed through his second summer without ever guessing that he was too poor to have a nursery maid.

Along toward September a curious phenomenon manifested itself. All the seven decided to quit college and go to work. For reasons best known to themselves two years more of study seemed utterly impossible to contemplate. Never was such a unanimous desire to labour. Tom went out to Denver on his own hook and started in railroading there. Harry studied bookkeeping at night. Francis George sent three poems to a magazine and was so artful as to inclose no address for fear that an address might betray his flights to his mother. Indeed they one and all threw out bait—more or less well-prepared—in independence.

The mothers were much agitated when this state of affairs became known, and John's mother said she

feared his health was giving way, which was just what she had always expected—he being her only child. John's father was not without alarm at this idea, and so John was freed from his educational shackles and made assistant manager in one of his rich uncle's mills. Tom's parents never had been able to manage him, and as he was harder than ever to do anything with now that he was in Denver, they didn't try, and of course he didn't go back to college.

Francis George's mother wanted him to be a diplomat and his father wanted him to be a produce merchant (like himself), and goodness knows what they would have said to this sudden turn in his career had they known of it. But before Francis George thought prudent to enlighten them he fell ill with typhoid fever and that disposed of him for a while.

In the end four didn't go back and three did, and the winter passed smoothly along with all the mothers, except Francis George's (she had her hands full of Francis George and his typhoid fever), very much interested in the baby's progress, and in taking Anita out to drive, and in reminding one another of how like old times it all was.

But poor little Anita didn't appear able to join in any of the pleasant happenings, and as spring began to grow sunshiny she began to grow even paler and whiter than ever—and then almost before anyone had noticed, she began to cough.

There is something furtive and awful about a cough. It may mean nothing or it may mean such a lot. Anita's mother was frightened half to death, the family doctor suggested Colorado, and Tom's mother (from whom he inherited his strength of will) suddenly declared that she was going out to see her boy and that she was going to take Anita with her.

It seemed the only thing to be done.

The morning of the day before they left Harry came and took her to drive.

During the drive he stuttered and stammered and finally succeeded in asking her if she thought—if she ever—if, in short—and so on.

Anita shook her head sadly. Harry said perhaps it was too soon and he should have waited. Anita said that that would never have made any difference. Then she wept and, with the finality of twenty years, told him that she was resolved never to marry again.

On the afternoon of the same day she went to say good-bye to Francis George, who was now convalescing. She found him awfully thin and very poetic. He suggested that as they both appeared doomed to an early death, they pass their remaining days together, but Anita refused this offer too.

The next morning she wrenched herself away from her parents and child and started west with Tom's mother.

Now Tom's mother was a pleasant, practical lady who didn't believe that Anita had incipient consumption at all. They were not many miles on their route before she told her young friend so, and that very frankly. There are few things more cheering than to be assured that you haven't consumption after having been obliged to fear that you have. Anita began to feel better already. She kept on feeling better. Better and better and better. They reached Colorado and they reached Tom. His chief lent him a private car for a week and his mother and Anita went out in it and saw railway construction at first hand. Then they came back and travelled about a bit sight-seeing. Tom joined them when he could for Saturday and Sunday. His mother was radiantly happy; as for Anita, she began to get back her colour.

They went back home for Christmas. The baby had grown, the boys were back from college, it was really a very happy time. Before it was over Will—who would have a fortune—asked Anita to share it, and she shook

her head as before. She saw now that they were all going to ask her the same question and it made her very sad; but there was apparently no help for it.

They all did—all but Tom. Eddy asked her at Easter, and the other two when they first got home in June. Francis George asked her for the second time in July and Harry asked her for the fourth time in August. Other men asked her, too. The truth was she was a dear, sweet little creature, and there was something about her pretty face under her crape bonnet which made all the world want her for his wife. I don't know what the acute charm of a widow's bonnet can be, but we all know how irresistible it is. Perhaps it is the knowledge that there walks another man's wife who is to be legitimately coveted.

Anyway, Anita grew more and more attractive and refused more and more good offers, until finally Tom came home. She had looked forward very eagerly to Tom's coming home, remembering their happy times in Colorado. But Tom came home quite changed. He was tanned, had a beard, and was in town two whole days before he came to her.

She was getting really hurt when he did come. And then when she knew that he was there she didn't want to go down to see him. It was very funny.

Then when she did go down there was no one but himself and herself in the room and he—well, he kissed her, and of course he shouldn't have done that. She had not kissed any of the boys since her wedding-day and never expected to kiss any of them again—not ever.

She blushed dreadfully, and she and Tom sat down on—well, on the sofa—and he took her hand. It was dreadful—but she let him—somehow.

And then he began to talk to her, and he talked to her a long time. And she let him.

And he held her hand all the time. And she let him.

And he told her that he loved her.
And she let him.

And then he kissed her over and
over. And she let him.

"I always meant to marry you
sometime, Anita," he said; "it was so
awful when you went and got married
the way you did."

To this she made no reply.

"Of course we all were fond of
you," Tom continued, "but none of
the others ever thought of wanting to

marry you, and I can tell you honestly
that I have never once thought of
wanting to marry anyone else."

"That's so nice to know," she said.

"And we'll be married very soon,"
he added, "and I'll carry you away
with me when I go back."

And she let him.

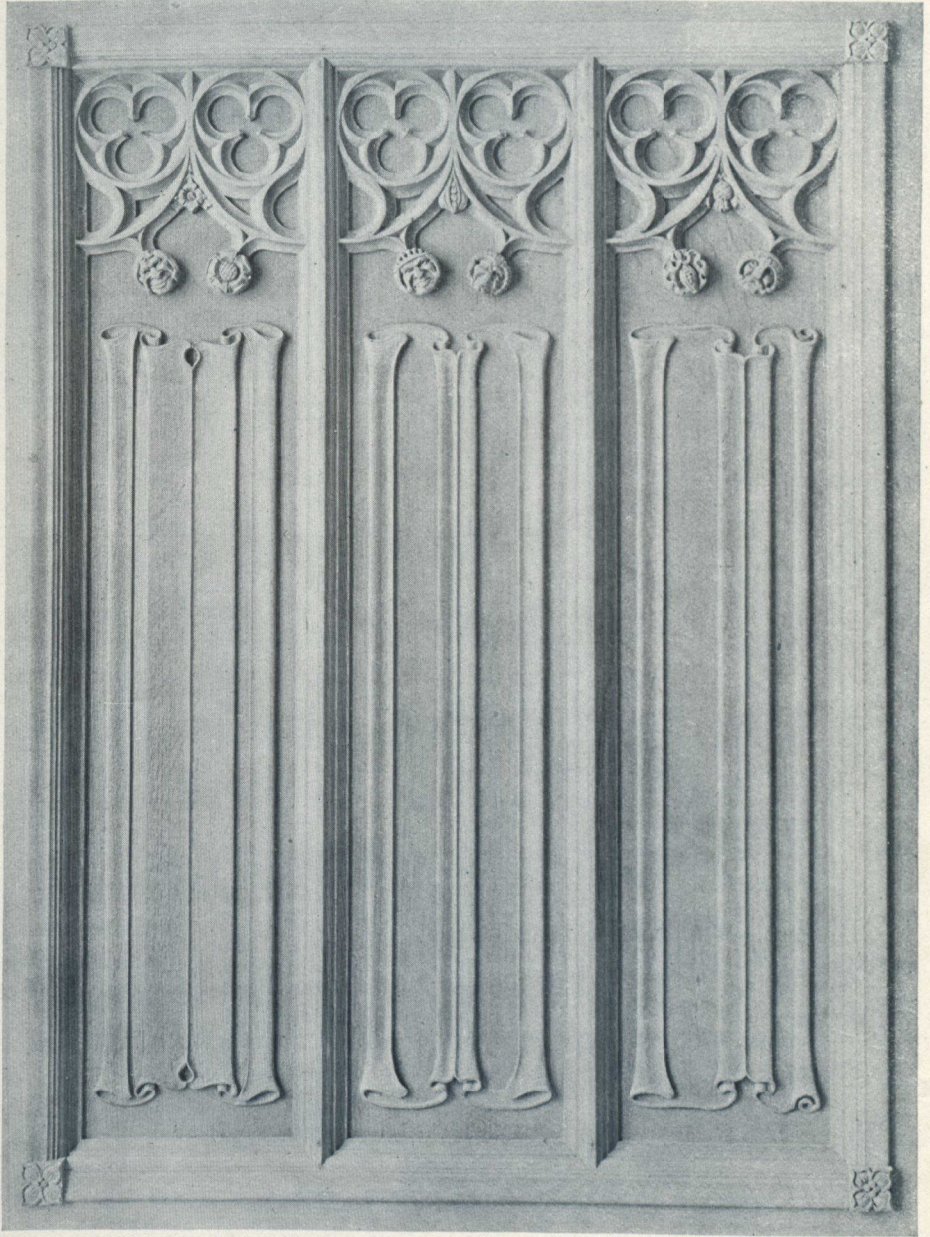
And the other six kept each his
secret, and Anita kept *all* their
secrets. So that her one husband and
and their six wives never, never knew.

RETROSPECT

By CLAUDE E. LEWIS

OF T with her who loved me
I trod the prairies lone—
We heeded not the cruel winds that moan—
We plighted love forever,
And we would part no never,
Till Time had died, and Love had lied and flown.
She clasped her hands above me,
Then pressed her tender lips upon my own.

Years have come and parted;
I sit me now alone—
I cannot bear to hear the winds that moan—
I sit in doleful sorrow,
And dread each new to-morrow,
That may recall a passion all my own;
I sit me broken-hearted,
Till I shall join the roses that have blown.



THE LINEN FOLD

Carved Oak Panels for
Interior Doors of
the new Parliament Buildings
at Ottawa.

INDIAN LORETTE

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



LISH—squish!

Who is it comes so swiftly down the snowy highway? Who is it cuts "eights", "eighty-eights" and Paisley patterns, among the snowbound trees of our northern Canadian forests? Who tames our wild, free, northern country into proper service? Who follows the fur-bearing animals to the death far in these same northern wilds? Who but the man on snow-shoes? And who makes snowshoes?

Dropping down last August for a week at Indian Lorette in the Province of Quebec we found "rooms" in a very quaint, steep-roofed, old house in the Indian village by the Falls of Lorette where dwell the last of the Hurons.

There, we came and went—idling the mid-summer days—down the little lanes in slow and friendly fashion—coming upon children at their games; women in door-yards sewing or embroidering moccasins—ornamenting them with fancy designs in dyed moose-hair and porcupine quills; stepping into rooms where small groups of men, and occasionally a woman, were building canoes; chancing into still other rooms where men were at work making—snow-shoes.

"*Oui, oui, m'sieu, madame*, the Hurons of Indian Lorette 'tis they who make the snow-shoes."

And, who are these Hurons—makers of the moccasin, the canoe, the snow-shoe?

"Oh, *m'sieu, madame*, what will you in one leetle week?"

But at the same time, a week in Lorette is a long time if one gives every moment to it, as we did, scarcely stealing a moment for *déjeuner* or *diner*.

The Indian Village that proves itself only partly French, despite its French name, since it utterly refuses to follow one long street, is not all French nor all Indian, but resembles some little escaped English garden romancing as the capital city of the Hurons—nine miles by the Lake St. John Road out of the city of Quebec.

The English lanes of Indian Lorette all seem to convene at the old church. And that too, strangely enough, gives one the impression of an English village church. Perhaps it is the green in front with the old George III. cannon, that village tradition says "came here after the Crimea". At any rate "the English atmosphere" is there. But the resemblance blends into old Jesuit, once we cross the threshold. If Angleterre speaks in the cannon without *m'sieu*, the dulcet voice of France charms as sweetly within. First, we must see "the little house of the Angels", let into the wall, high above the altar. It is not very big but great significance attaches to it, for this little house was used as an object lesson by diplomatic missionary priests of the early days to drive home to the Indian mind the sanctity of the home and the value of the centralizing agency of a house as against the tepee.

"It is a little figure of the house of our Saviour and Mary, his mother," an elderly Huron woman told us in



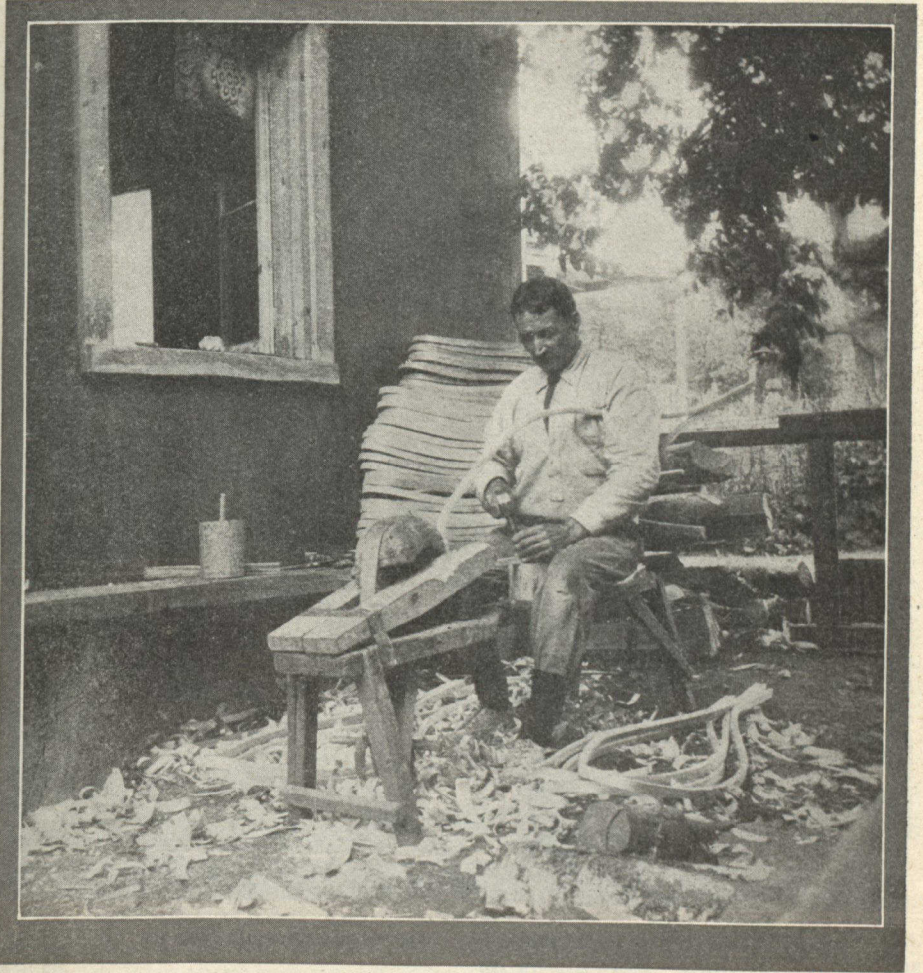
A shady lane in Indian Lorette

a half-whisper, and some bad men stole it, one time, and the people prayed and prayed; and one morning, they got up, and the little house was back. The Angels had brought it in the night."

It is a dear little house in old dull blues, and somewhere about it, lines of ashes-of-roses melt in with the blue, and there's a little touch of real old gold to give values. A bit of art in its simplicity, is this little house from France, "house of the Angels", that won a tribe to architecture and—higher things.

I think the Angels did bring it!
I think, too, they tempered the wind to the shorn lamb in sending "Louis D'Ailleboust, Chevalier, *troisième gouverneur de la Nouvelle France*" to be, as the crested tablet on the opposite walls says, "*Ami et protecteur des Hurons*".

Born at Ancy in 1612, "the friend and protector of the Hurons" died down the road apiece at Ville Marie "*en la Nouvelle France, en Mai, 1660*". So reads the third Governor's life history as here quaintly but all too briefly written.

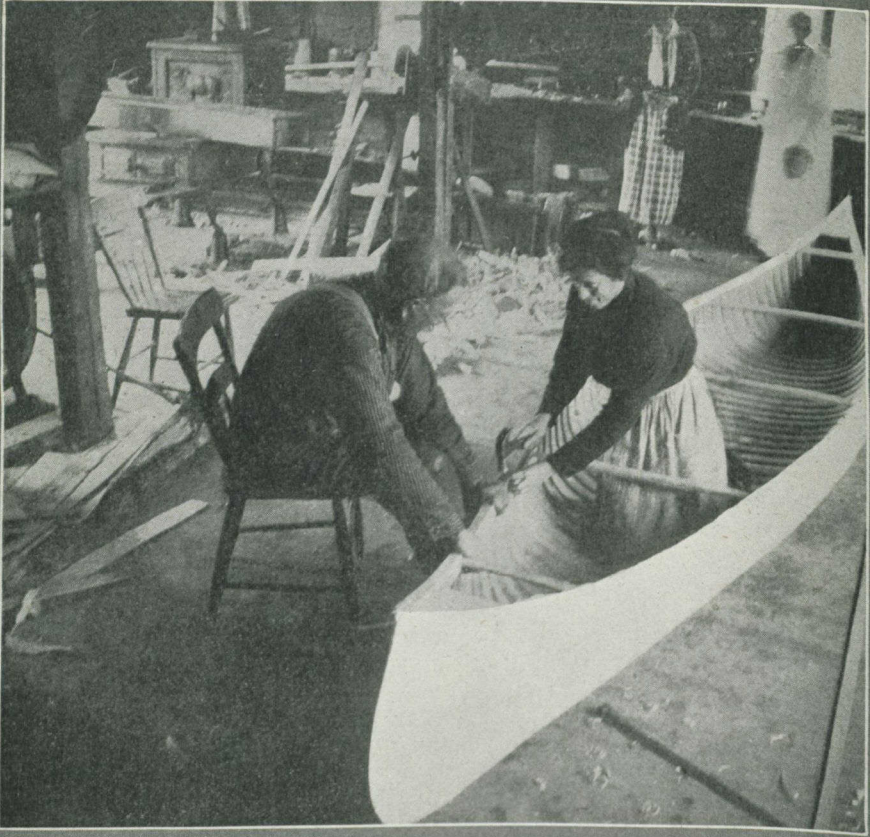


Making Snowshoes at Indian Lorette

One could spend hours in this little church so French within, so English without; weaving with its souvenirs pages of history! For there are many treasures locked up carefully in the sacristy—*anciennes pièces* of old hand-wrought church-silver from France, and many rich embroideries and a priest-robe wrought by the hand of court ladies and presented by the queen of Louis Quartore. "*Ah, oui, oui, madame, c'est magnifique!*" In detail—but who cares for detail? It is sufficient that these valuable relics of olden days are *here* for our modern eyes to look upon, willy nilly on a

summer day, greatly enriching our experience in the worth while. Nevertheless, who would expect this sort of treasure out in Indian Lorette?

To the left of the little "international" church lies the old burying ground where at dusk one parching summer evening we came upon the graceful figure of little Marie watering the precious flowers growing on her "family" graves. Graves with the curious "wooden" head-stones—so popular all through rural Quebec—made by the local carpenter or some member of the family who is also something in the way of a woodcarver.



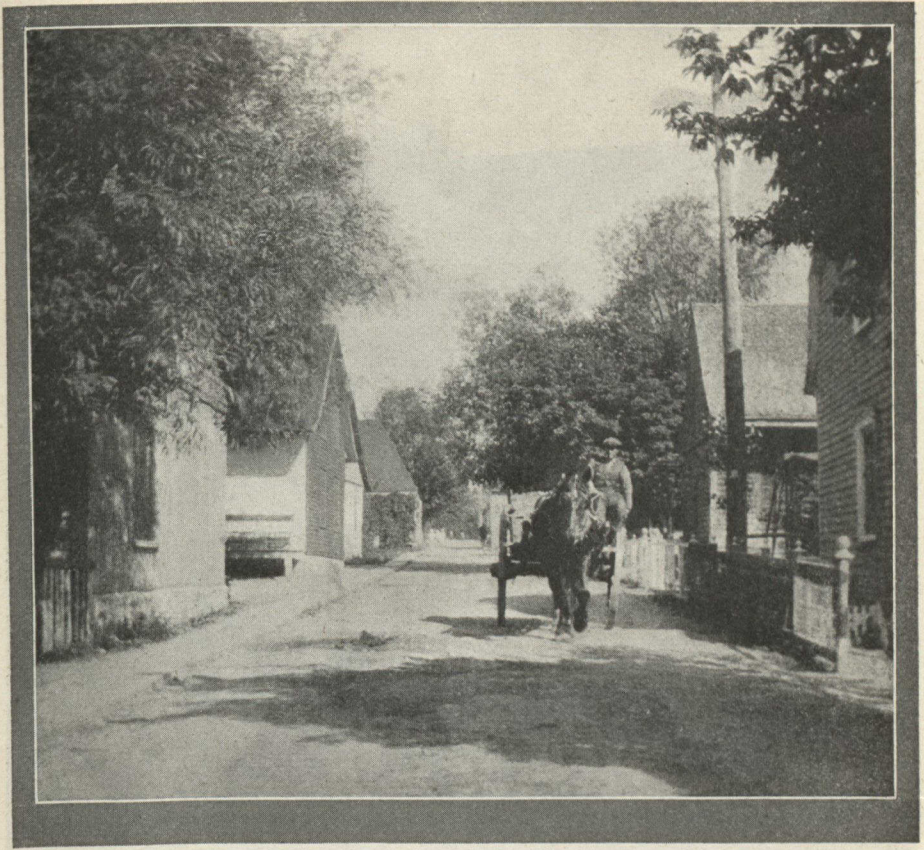
Father and daughter building a Canoe at Indian Lorette

As all Lorette roads lead to *l'église*, so they ramble their lane-like ways away from it, wandering first by the little "village grocery" occupying a cottage—once an old homestead and neat as a new pin—picking a tree-lined way between little whitewashed *maisons* in yards, flower-filled, up to a large *grande maison* with steep pretentious French-roof, vine-covered porch and dormer windows—a house that was once a H.B.C. Post, according to village tradition. One can readily believe it. To speak briefly, it shows the "hall-mark". Nevertheless its pretentious dimensions are as much of a surprise to happen upon here in Indian Lorette as the exquisite embroideries of *l'église*, to which all

that this house suggests of frontier life when this was the frontier appears so entirely opposed and yet, of course, was not.

For in the "olde days" a strange unity often existed between phases of life apparently wide apart, giving zest and ambition to adventure and investing commerce and the early church with the halo of a dramatic interest that still clings.

All over the British Empire are nooks with these touches—the union of the truly great of time and circumstance with little places. Canada appears especially rich and happy in the possession of innumerable villages and towns of this description. One has but to follow



A street in Indian Lorette

“the trail” to discover them everywhere.

The atmosphere of Indian Lorette is not all of the dead and gone variety. “Non, m’sieu, Lorette is still — a stage in the limelight.”

It is “a stage” that has moved forward its appointments in a truly marvellous and skilful fashion so as to link up “the Canada of all time”. For nothing we could name so bespeaks the true spirit of Canada in one breath as do the things found here in Indian Lorette in the full swing of production—the snowshoe, the moccasin and—the canoe.

The canoe, especially is a motif—a giant pattern gliding powerfully through the very warp and woof of the land. To go back—modifications of the canoe were here long before the

Norsemen or Cabot or Columbus. To go forward—who can foresee the canoeless day?

So, stepping up to a Lorette door and over the threshold to happen upon a bright, berry-eyed, deft-fingered woman with sure and certain strokes tacking a canvas over the frame of a canoe, the boat that typifies Canada, was like coming unannounced upon the spirit personality of the land itself.

Ma’am’selle was all graciousness. At the same time artist enough not to lay down her tools but kept at work as she talked—tapping punctuations with her little hammer that had a character of its own taken on by age and much use.

“*Mais oui.*” Many years she had worked at the canoe-making “avec



Old Hudson's Bay Company House at Indian Lorette

mon père. "Mais certainement" she liked it.

Difficile? "Mais non."

The canvas went on as we watched—then the stern bands. Ma'am'selle worked quickly but without haste after the manner of an old hand. The stem-bands in place ma'am'selle rested and began to talk again.

"Would we not see the beginnings?"

"Oui?" "The upstairs, upstairs mesdames." This invitation was accompanied by a slight bow and a sweep with the hammer in hand towards a little pine board stairs. And up we went to make the acquaintance of *le bateau* itself in its "beginnings".

Have you seen a canoe in the making?

The swift manipulations, the decided, skilled movements, in which every stroke counts? Have you seen the surety of the French-Huron hand at work at this inherited trade? How their fingers, guided as if by magic, lay the thin, slim boards in place? How the knives swish through the wood at the desired length? How the little plane disappears in the maze of shavings it has created? A tap here, a nail there and the last plank is on? A moment ago it was a board lying on a bench. Now it is—a canoe!

If you have thus watched, then you know the sensation, as we do, of having beheld a clever trick performed, seen it done but can't tell how. For to say the least, canoe-making at Indian Lorette is a fascinating bit of



The Church at Indian Lorette

sleight of hand! Ma'am'selle says it takes two days to build a canoe. But "the preparations" oh yes, that takes much longer.

We inquired as to the market, where they were sold.

At this ma'am'selle contracted her shoulders in a French shrug, threw out her hands—in the right still holding the hammer—and cried, "*Mais oui*—all over Canada."

Hand-and-glove with canoes and snowshoes goes the moccasin. The moccasin in Indian Lorette is an old, old story—as well as an elaborate one—real and flourishing to-day. It was a surprise to us to find that the Hurons still wear them, in lieu of "shoes", about the daily business. Men and women pass *silently*, up and down these little lanes, with no

need of rubber heels, where the sole is like velvet.

The tannery lies across the bridge above the famous "Falls of Lorette". In the tannery yards moose hides from our Canadian northland flap in the wind side by side with "hides" from Singapore. (For moccasin making here is a business big enough to call for imported skins.) And yet "the factory" is *small*, because most of the moccasin making is done in the homes. The cutting, cutters and machines are at "the shop" but the artistic embroideries in coloured beads and porcupine quills grow under the skillful touch of women and girls sitting on their vine-clad, tree-shaded balconies or while making purchases from butcher's or baker's cart in the shady lanes, moccasin in hand.



Little Marie watering flowers on ancestral graves in the churchyard at Indian Lorette

In this way moccasins enter into the home life of this "remnant of the Hurons" in a most intimate fashion. Even in the days of their prosperity as "a tribe" the number of moccasins made never equalled "the trade" of to-day. Nor was the "market" so large or so far-flung. One hears half a million pairs spoken of with equanimity. One is surprised that so many moccasins find their way to the woods and boudoirs of Canada and the United States. Surprised too, that Indians have "made good" to such an extent from the commercial angle, creating, as it were, their own market.

Followed through all its quills and fancies, it is a pretty, homely story. But after all it is a story that but brings one back to the people themselves. The chief is Monsieur Picard, residing in the old Hudson's Bay Company house. He is a young man who saw service in France. The ex-grand chief—M. Maurice Bastien of maturer years—is actually perhaps the ruling power. Chief Bastien belongs to "the old school" is very dignified, quiet, stands on ceremony, is the real head of the moccasin industry and has the gift of entertaining. He has an exceedingly pleasing personality and can carry solemn

functions through to a successful issue. All the responsibility of doing "the honours" of the tribe to distinguished visitors falls to him. It is he who owns the precious wampum and the invaluable silver medals, gifts of distinguished royal sovereigns to himself and predecessors in office—one medal from King George III, one from Louis Quinze of France, one from King George IV, two from the late Queen Victoria.

Monsieur Bastien lives in a fine house tastefully furnished. On the table in the parlour stands a photograph of Philippe, Comte de Paris, in a blue vellum frame, a simple gold fleur de lys at the top. The Comte presented his photograph to Chief Bastien's father who was the grand-chief on the occasion of the Comte's visit to Lorette.

There are many other valuable souvenirs but we liked best an old oil painting of the pioneer days showing Hurons approaching as visitors to the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. As a work of art it is probably of little value, but its theme—its theme, m'sieu, *il parle*.

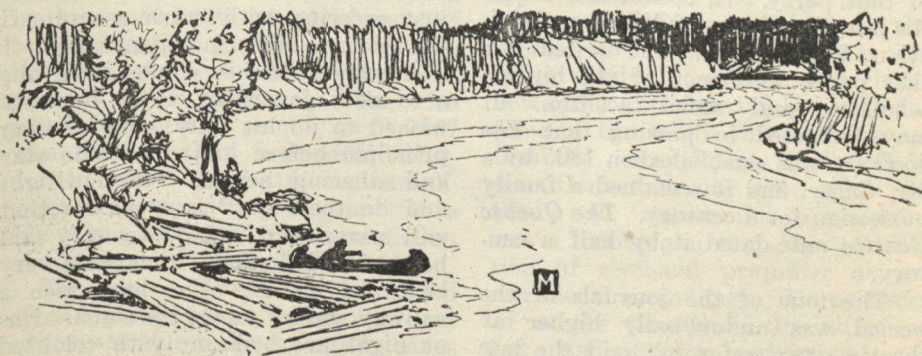
As Monsieur Bastien talks of the past while graciously showing his visitors all these souvenirs including his own feathered head-dress and the

blue coat with its time faded brocade which he wears on state occasions, he he has the true story-teller's art of making the times and occasions live again, so that through the ages you see the long procession of great families—Sionis, Vincents, Picards, Bastines—from the earliest time down to the present—hunters, makers of the moccasin, the canoe, the snowshoe.

You see them off in the northern wilds of the Laurentides hunting the skins that enabled them to fill British Government contracts every fall for several years after 1759 for several thousands pairs of snowshoes, caribou moccasins and mittens for the English regiments garrisoning the citadel of Quebec.

A Sioni is still the central figure in the making of snowshoe frames. Sionis and Vincents are still keen on the chase. 'Tis they who in season guide "the sportsman" from over "the border" to the haunts of the moose and *truite rouge* ensuring plenty of sport.

But at this season of the year the Huron of Indian Lorette is off on his homemade snowshoes far away in the silences of the great fur country and the timber lands of Northern Quebec working for a living—"hunting the fur and the big log, m'sieu".



CHARLES LINDSEY

AN ORNAMENT OF CANADIAN JOURNALISM

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN

SOME time ago a task was committed to me which necessitated the close examination of the files of the newspapers of the old Province of Lower Canada. The search covered the various issues for many years, as far back as the days when *The Mercury* (Quebec) was in its zenith and a power in its particular locality. I was much impressed by the masterly and academic tone which characterized the political arguments of the old writers. The articles reminded the reader of the dignified writings seen in the pages of the highest class of British publication and yet, while argumentative and courteous, they were not sparing in necessary expressive force. I could not help being impressed, also, with the contrast between these writings and the free-and-easy, at times vituperative, attempts of later champions of this or that party. In conversation with the late Mr. Carey, of *Mercury* association, I learned that the writers for that paper were men of the highest scholastic and social position. It may be noted in passing that *The Mercury* was established in 1805 by a Mr. Carey, and it remained a family possession for a century. *The Quebec Gazette* ante-dated it by half a century.

"The tone of the journals of the period was undoubtedly higher at the time you refer to" said the late Mgr. Laflamme, of Laval University, "and rightly so. There is no reason why our press should not be as dig-

nified a calling as it has always been in France, where it is an acknowledged profession and led many of its members to the highest positions. Thiers, Simon, Gambetta, Ferry and a host of others foremost on the page of French history were journalists."

The present year is the centennial of the birth of one of the brightest ornaments of Canadian journalism, one who did more to implant the true spirit of his profession in Canada and keep it in the straight path than any man of modern times—the late Mr. Charles Lindsey. His name and fame belong to the country and not to any locality. His fellow workers, pupils perhaps they should be called, and personal associates are, alas, now becoming fewer and fewer.

It was my privilege to meet Mr. Lindsey shortly after his departure from the editorial chair of *The Leader*, and I can recall with gratitude his readiness to aid, advise and inform a green and callow youth, just entering with "rash assurance" the thorny path of newspaperdom. I well remember his emphasizing the need of a journalist, if he honestly wished to do his duty, ever placing principle before him as a lode star and adhering thereto. "Follow light and do the right," is a maxim that will never lead a boy wrong," said he, and added what I thought a very beautiful simile: "You have seen a railway station where the signal arms at night are brilliant with coloured lights. But the engine driver's eye is fixed on one only, until he sees what it indicates, and not till then

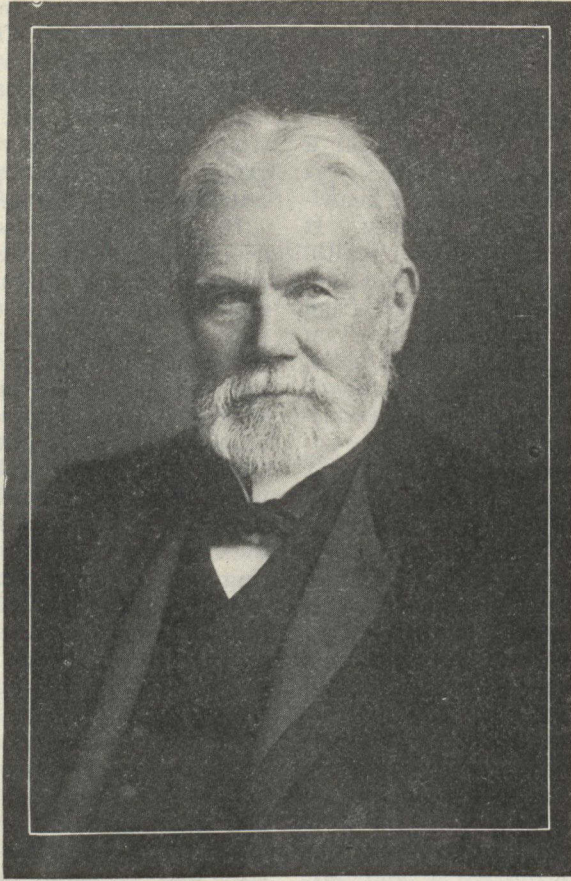
does he move his train. Want of steadfastness would produce disaster and probably loss of life to many." I have never forgotten this lesson from one justly termed the "Nestor of journalism", by a writer, himself a master of literature, but who was glad to drink at the springs of knowledge possessed by Mr. Lindsey. It is no secret that Mr. Goldwin Smith, unversed in the intricacies of Canadian political history, obtained from him much of the information on which was based the able and philosophic conclusions of "A Bystander" and seen in scholarly essays in various other publications.

Mr. Lindsey was born in the year 1820, in Lincolnshire, and educated there, moving to Canada at an eventful period, 1842. The "Union" had just been accomplished, the old Parliament of Canada commenced its experimental career, and years of political turbulence were looming ahead. He found, already in the field, *The Examiner*, a paper established by Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Hincks, in 1838. On the latter taking office in the ministry of the day, he retired from the proprietorship of the paper and Mr. James Leslie acquired it and Mr. Lindsey assumed the editorship. But his great career of public usefulness in journalism and elsewhere commenced in 1853 when he accepted the editorship of *The Leader*, a paper established by Mr. James Beaty, a leather merchant, an Irishman of scant education, good intentions, keen business instincts and strong convictions. This position he held, with marked effect and results, until 1867 when the late Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald paid him the fitting compliment of transmitting to him "as a Christmas present" the commission of Registrar of Deeds at Toronto.

The paper gradually weakened after Confederation though the last editor was able to champion the cause of the National Policy, hail the triumph of Sir John Macdonald, and to see the paper expire in 1878. The

master hand had left the helm. Under his direction *The Leader* was the leader, in fact as well as in name, of the Conservative party, and it is well known that Mr. Lindsey was often consulted by its chiefs who were glad to take the advice of one of so statesmanlike a frame of mind as he.

He assumed his editorial office at a transition period. There were visible political changes afoot alike in the minds of public men and the adherents of party. There had, in fact, practically been as, a modern writer has correctly said, "an annihilation of the two parties which had so long contended for the control of public affairs in Canada, and the dominant party underwent such an organization that it retained few vestiges of the Toryism which had been a distinguishing feature of the Government. The remodelled party by degrees absorbed the more conservative elements in the old Liberal party which had acknowledged the leadership of Baldwin and Lafontaine". The naturally impartial and judicial mind of Mr. Lindsey promptly grasped the situation and saw that the only way which led to the settlement of differences and the attainment of true and patriotic nationalism was opened. *The Leader* supported the coalition of the time and when the Taché-Macdonald Government took office in 1856 it supported this wing of the previous coalition. His editorial counsel at the time bade his readers look forward. He saw that the old lines separating parties were being gradually effaced and that a new order must inevitably be the outcome of the condition of affairs, and that the consolidation of the Canadian Commonwealth upon solid political and commercial foundations was a loftier aim than the gratification of sectional prejudice or any mere local ascendancy. He proclaimed at the time decidedly advanced, but undoubtedly patriotic, sentiments and they were emphasized by him several years later in what may be correctly described as a masterly



CHARLES LINDSEY

whose example helped to raise the tone of journalism in Canada

state paper, which formed the dedicatory address of *The Toronto Mail* newspaper, printed in its initial number. It is applicable to-day as at the moment he penned it. Who can wonder, now, that with a writer of so judicial a mind and possessed of so great a knowledge of political economy, of which he was a profound student, familiar with every known work on the subject in English and French, *The Leader* should have wielded so great and acknowledged an influence for public good? Or that it should have been so bright a beacon during the times when the ship of state was sorely tossed about and the minds of men exercised with

such issues as racial and provincial differences, the clergy reserves, the separate school question, militia, confederation, seigneurial rights, double majorities, representation by population and the like?

Mr. Lindsey steered his ship clear of unthinking partisanship; he made the unthinking think, and proved himself throughout the most critical years of Canadian political life to be an editor of the rare type described as a "literary statesman guiding his paper according to his own opinions though in accord with his political party". He never descended to either the vituperative or the "muck raking" plane; other papers might in-

dulge in such graceful compliments as "viper", "bats", "wretches", "base hound", etc., etc., but he studiously refrained from vehemence in advocacy and unfairness in attack, trusting to argument and lucid exposition. And his first weapon was generally unanswerable and his second too clear to be disputed. Nor did he lay down his pen, albeit for a well deserved respite, until he had seen the Dominion consolidated and safely on her way to the attainment of national greatness.

Regret was freely expressed at Mr. Lindsey's acceptance of office and apparent withdrawal at so early an age from public activities, the more so as the suggestion had been made that he should enter the parliamentary arena. Unquestionably, he was well fitted for the duties. But, though he accepted the position of Registrar of Deeds, he did so without any restrictions and he left himself at liberty to bring his matured judgment and experience into play for the public benefit. And he was soon called upon to do so for a matter of grave importance to the country came under discussion, and into the arena of litigation. The question of the western boundary of Ontario arose. This was an interesting subject historically as it necessitated a careful examination of the old French régime and also of the somewhat nebulous charter granted to the Hudson's Bay Company by King Charles. The services of Mr. Lindsey were secured by the Government as his thorough knowledge of the French language, history and literature were well known. He dealt with the subject in a valuable article in *The Canadian Monthly* and his formal report to the Government stands today a book of inestimable value to the student of Canadian history. It certainly had a great influence on the final rulings of the courts, which gave to Ontario a remarkable extension of territory. Mr. Lindsey also published a history of the Clergy Reserves at the time they formed a subject of dispute. He also made a personal in-

vestigation of the prohibitory liquor laws in the United States and found that, according to his observations, they were a noxious farce and productive of much evil. Another subject, alike very grave and very delicate for those outside the Province of Quebec, arose a few years ago when a very marked assertion of the privileges of the Church, as opposed to the civic power, was advanced. Mr. Lindsey dealt with the subject in a book entitled "Rome in Canada" in a thoughtful and non-provocative manner, and which was approved by influential and representative members of the ecclesiastical authorities. The book cleared the air of misconceptions on the part of extremists on the one side, and showed the undesirable consequences that would arise if the principles of the extremists on the other side were put into practice; and it had a pacifying influence.

But it may be said the chief work from Mr. Lindsey's pen was "The Life and Times of William Lyon MacKenzie". That book occupies the position of a Canadian classic and deals with a momentous phase of Canadian history as, probably, no other could have presented it. As a son-in-law of the Canadian patriot, Mr. Lindsey naturally had access to facts which would not have been within the reach of any ordinary writer.

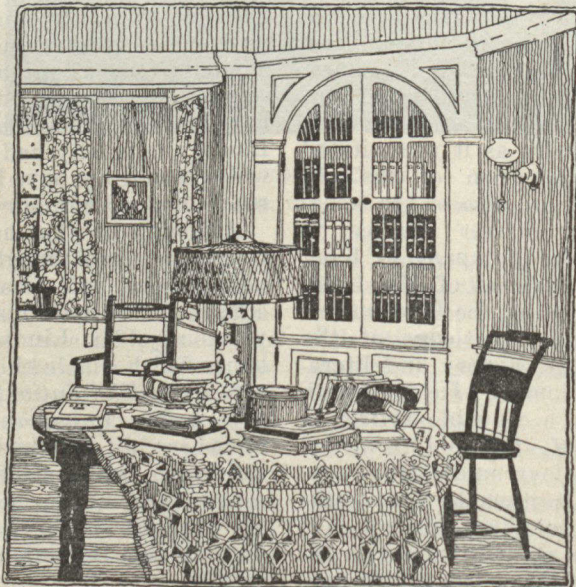
Although in what has been termed retirement, and though his office was no sinecure and was more strictly administered under his direction than previously, Mr. Lindsey found quiet hours which enabled him to contribute articles to *The Nation*, *The Monetary Times*, *The Canadian Monthly*, and elsewhere, all of which exercised the influence inseparable from their source, and as representative of the Government at the Paris Exhibition he did the Dominion a very great service.

His death in 1908 was generally deplored, and the editors of journals of every party and class closed their eyes to local differences and united in their eulogies of the deceased

statesman, scholar and littérateur, who had done so much to elevate Canadian journalism and to make purer and cleaner the field of politics. In this, the centennial year of his birth, the lessons he taught may well be re-studied by public writers and politicians. Many conditions which he seems to have foreseen are now in full operation necessitating more than ever an observance of his principle of steering clear of unthinking partisanship while honestly endeavouring to do justice to the claims of new ideas and the force of progress. But he knew that mere change is not pro-

gress and too often the reverse. Such "progress" is very much the subject of vulgar advocacy and clamour today, and Mr. Lindsey seems to have anticipated the present, when, nearly fifty years ago, he penned the Foreword in the first number of *The Mail* (Toronto), and placed as its keynote the warning of Francis Bacon: "It is good not to try experiments in states except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation."*

*This quotation is from Bacon's Essay entitled "Of Innovations". In full it is as follows: "It is good also not to try experiments in states except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change and not the desire of change that pretendeth (i.e. made a pretext) the reformation; and lastly that the novelty, though it be not rejected yet be held for a suspect and as the scripture saith: 'That we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us and discover what is the straight and right way and so to walk in it.' (Jeremiah VI, 16)."



RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE IRISH ELEMENT



THE Irish forty years ago, as I have said, formed a very large proportion of the population, the labouring classes at that time being almost all of that nationality. They added very much to the humour of the proceedings in the Court when I first occupied the Bench.

Many years ago there was a street called March Street. It was one of the slums of the city, and had acquired a very unsavoury reputation. In order to improve its standing, the City Council changed its name to Stanley Street. The old saying that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet was verified in the opposite sense, for Stanley street smelt as bad as March Street. Another attempt was made to improve it by naming it Lombard Street, and I think that then it was worse than ever, for the old wooden shanties were continually becoming more decrepit.

It was inhabited by Irish labourers, carters, woodsawyers, etc. A well known character named Dan Dwan, a labourer on the docks, was popularly known as the Mayor of Stanley Street, for he had great influence among the residents, and was an active politician. He was a witty, humorous fellow, and well known in the city. I met him once many years ago, long before I was on the Bench and said to him:

"Good morning, Dan. I hope you may live long, and always be "able to

keep a pig, and always have a barrel of whiskey in the corner."

"Well, sir," he replied, "what's one barrel of whiskey in a large family and no cow?"

The jail is situated to the east of the Don River, and prisoners going from court to jail crossed the Don Bridge. About fifty years ago there was a very popular music hall song called "One more River to Cross". One day a couple of young dandies were walking along the street singing it.

Dan looked at them and said:

"Yes, boys, and I know the river, it's the Don."

Another day he was talking to a stranger when the van called "Black Maria" was being driven down to the jail with the prisoners convicted for drunkenness, etc., the usual term being thirty days.

Dan said to the man:

"Do you see that team? That's Curnel Dinnison's team, and they are the fastest in the city."

"They do not look very fast," said the stranger.

"But they are," said Dan. "They would take you as far in half an hour, as it would take you thirty days to get back."

*

JACK O'LEARY'S TRIAL

When I was quite a young barrister I was asked to defend a man named Jack O'Leary for burglary. He was almost caught in the act, being found in a lane in his shirtsleeves,

at the back of the shop that had been broken into, and in the shop was found his coat. There was but little chance of getting him off, but I did the best I could with the jury, making a strong point of the fact that the Crown had not proved that the coat was his, and that there was no evidence that it was his coat. To my amazement the jury acquitted him. I left the Court and O'Leary came after me, and asked me to apply to Chief Justice Draper for the restitution of the coat. I refused most emphatically, and told him to say nothing about it, and advised him to leave the city at once.

The next morning I was passing through the Court House when Dan Dwan came up to me and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Dinnison," and he went on to say, "I was in the Court yesterday. I heard ye pleading for Jack O'Leary. Be japers! Ye did it well. Ye mulvathered that jury till they didn't know where they were at. For he was bloody guilty."

"I am afraid he was," said I.

"Yes," said Dan. "But you know, he had no business to ask for his coat."

I replied: "I refused to apply for it." He then told me that O'Leary had gone in himself, just as the Court was opening that morning, and had asked the Chief Justice to order the return of his coat.

The Chief Justice said: "But you said that it was not your coat."

"No, my Lord, I did not."

"Well your Counsel did."

"No," said O'Leary, "he did not. He only said that they did not prove it was my coat, but I can prove it is my coat."

The Chief Justice said:

"I think this is the most impudent request ever made to me," and he ordered the coat to be sold, and the proceeds given to a charitable institution and ordered O'Leary to be removed from the Court.

I do not think I ever defended another prisoner. I was not pleased with my experience in that case.

MEETING IN DALY'S BACK YARD

Lombard Street reminds me of another famous settlement of fifty-five years ago, principally composed of Irish emigrants from the County of Clare, and popularly known as Claretown. It was situated on what are now known as Ryerson, Wolseley and Carr Streets. The principal man in the settlement was Pat Gibson, a railway labourer, who was known as the Mayor of Claretown. He was a tall, well built, powerful man more than six feet in height.

A man named Standish Wilson, who kept a tavern on the opposite side of Queen Street, was the bailiff or agent of the owner of Claretown. He was a stout old man, with a large way of talking, and sometimes used Latin quotations in a very amusing way. I remember him once telling of a row that occurred between two neighbours in the settlement, and he told me that from what he overheard about the trouble, he was under the impression "that there had been a prior fracas among them, but that they "were of a very pugnacious disposition intirely".

Not far from Standish Wilson's tavern was another small tavern kept by a rival named Paddy Daly.

There was a general election for the old Parliament of Canada about the year 1862. I was then a very young man and was one of the Committee for the Conservative candidate, and John Canavan, a young Irish lawyer, a friend of mine, was another. In those days elections were very different from what they are now. The polling lasted two days, there was open voting, open treating, and almost open bribing. Our opponents in this election had called a meeting of electors to be held at Paddy Daly's, to be addressed by the candidate and other prominent politicians. Canavan conceived the idea of breaking up the meeting and I agreed to help him. Daly's tavern was too small for a meeting, but he had a fair-sized yard at the back of his place with the usual wood shed running along one side of

it. Standish Wilson, and Pat Gibson the Mayor, brought down the male population of Claretown, and they filed into the yard, and took up an advantageous position on the roof of the wood shed. It was a fine summer evening and Paddy Daly had brought out the kitchen table, and placed two candles on it, with a pair of snuffers between them, and two or three chairs for the Chairman and Secretary. The yard was packed, and when the meeting had got fairly started, Canavan stood upon a chair by the table and began to speak and to move a resolution in favour of our candidate. The other side had brought a well-known mob leader named Bob Moody from the St. John's Ward district, with a number of his followers, and as soon as Canavan began to speak, there was a great uproar and Moody got upon the other side of the table. Canavan got up on his and the noise and yelling was so furious, that not a word could be heard from either of them. I was standing right behind Canavan holding him from falling from the table, when Pat Gibson, who was standing at the back of the roof of the shed, said to his Claretown boys, "Make a way for me boys", and he ran down the roof and made a flying leap over the heads of those near and landed on the table, seized Moody in his arms, and they both fell into the crowd beyond. The table was broken and tumbled over, Canavan and I were thrown aside. The chairman ran through the house and away went the candidate after him. The Claretown people cleared the yard in a few minutes, and Canavan invited everybody to go to Standish Wilson's, where he would treat them. When we went up there the place was jammed. Wilson's wife and family were handing out the liquor as fast as it could be done, and Wilson in his shirt sleeves standing with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm holes, smiling benignantly upon the scene. He came up to me and said:

"Mr. Dinnison, did you ever see a

meeting more beautifully cleaned out than that?"

I said I had not.

He replied: "I do not believe, Mr. Dinnison, that in the whole course of my political experience, I ever saw a meeting so illigantly disturbed as that was", and he went on to speak very highly to me about Canavan.

"Canavan is a smart little chap, but I think he is too abusive intirely. He reiterates his abuse "ad nauseam'."

Wilson afterwards asked us to get him some kind of employment under the Government, and we tried to do so. About four years or more afterwards I met him one morning in the street with a bundle of papers in his hand. He had been appointed a census enumerator. He held the papers up for me to see and said:

"There, Mr. Dinnison, after waiting four years 'ridiculus mus nascitur'."

This all happened when I was quite a young man long before I was a Magistrate, but I have described the event as throwing light upon a method of electioneering which has long since disappeared.

*

JOHN MAHER

A WELL known Irish character some years ago was John Maher. He had been employed in a book shop on King Street, and I often saw him there. I think his people in Ireland had partly educated him for the Catholic priesthood, but from his after career, I do not think that that was his natural calling. He began to drink too much, and soon lost his employment, and was often sent to jail for drunkenness. In time he came to look upon the jail as his home. The jailer treated him very well, for as I have said he was fairly well educated, and pleasant in his manner. When in jail, he was generally employed as a clerk in the office, and was very useful.

When he would come out of jail on the conclusion of his term, his friends would treat him too well, and

in two or three days he would go down again. After a time he would sometimes not take the trouble to get drunk, but would give himself up as a vagrant, and ask to be sent down. I would always ask him how long he would like, and give him the number of months he indicated. Sometimes he would be out for a day or two and would be up again for drunkenness, and would say:

"Give me another chance this time, Colonel. I have a few friends I want to see."

I always gave him the chance.

When he would come up for drunkenness, he generally made some very humorous remarks. On one occasion when I asked him if he had been drunk, he said:

"I was, Colonel, but I could not help it. They had set me to make out the Criminal Statistics returns, and I worked hard at them for a long time, and it was the driest job I ever had. You have no idea how dry they are, and when I came out I naturally had to take a few drinks. I plead guilty."

"Well, Maher," said I, "you will not have any more statistics for awhile to work at, so you can go but try to keep sober," which he did for a day or two.

On another occasion, when I asked him when he came up if he was drunk or not, he replied,

"Yes, Colonel, I was. I happened to get a copy of that last article of yours in *The Westminster Review*, and I got so worked up over it that I took a few drinks and here you see I am."

I said, "Well Maher, I don't blame you, that article was enough to drive any man to drink. You can go, you are discharged."

About eighteen years ago, I published a volume of my military reminiscences, under the title of "Soldiering in Canada". Maher had been in the Toronto Field Battery in his early days; I first knew of him in that capacity, for my corps was brigaded with the Battery, in the old Active

Mounted Force of Toronto. While in jail Maher happened to see a review of my book, so he wrote me a note saying that he was very anxious to read it, and asked me if I would lend him a copy, which after reading he could return to me by the policeman driving the van. I sent a copy to him, which he returned in a couple of weeks with a warm note of thanks. The police and the jail people were much surprised at the friendly relations between the magistrate and probably the most impecunious tramp in the city.

*

HARRY HENRY

ANOTHER very well known character in the olden days was Harry Henry, whose record of convictions far surpassed that of any other offender. For a great many years he was constantly spending his time in jail. He would serve his thirty days, get out for a day or two, and go down again year after year for more than forty years.

When I first went on the Bench he was still coming regularly. He had hundreds of convictions recorded against him, 300 or 400. The first time I sent him down he told me that he had many times been sent down by my grandfather, and my father, both of whom in their day, as Justices of the Peace, had often sat on the Bench before the days of Police Magistrates. Harry Henry really looked upon the jail as his home, and was always employed by Governor Allen of the jail as a butler, and the strange thing about him was, that he was absolutely reliable for he had charge of the Governor's sideboard and liquors. The Governor used to send him into town sometimes on messages, and he would carry out his errands with strict care and return promptly. On one occasion Governor Allen sent him into the city with a new turnkey, or guard, to make some purchases and bring them back to the jail. The guard was very uneasy and anxious, and watched Harry with such close care, that Henry became annoyed, and

watching his chance, gave him the slip, and made his way back to the jail as fast as he could go. The guard was very disturbed, and hunted about and searched for him for some hours, being afraid to return without him. When he did return he found his escaped prisoner quietly waiting to welcome him.

A few years after my appointment some of his friends made arrangements for Henry to be cared for, and the last two or three years of his life he was quite comfortable, and lived as a respectable citizen. A short account of his life was published, and I believe had a large circulation. Harry Henry and Doc Sheppard were the only two of my regular customers who were distinguished by having their biographies published in their lifetime.

*

MAURICE COSMER

COMING out of my office one day, an Irish labourer named Maurice Cosmer spoke to me and said he was anxious to get a man out of jail.

"What is he in jail for?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it was for threatenin'."

"I suppose he was ordered to find sureties to keep the peace," said I.

"Yes sir, he was to find one surety in \$100.00."

"Well, if you get a man who will go surety, I will arrange it."

"Would your Worship take me for bail for Rooney?"

I replied, "I would like to know who he was threatening?"

"It was me, sir, he was threatenin'."

"And you will go bail for him?"

"Yes," he replied.

I took him into the Clerk's office, had a bail bond drawn out, took his bail, gave him a warrant of deliverance, and told him to take it to the jail, and the jailer would let Rooney out, but I said, "Remember if he beats you now, you will get the beating, and may have to pay the \$100."

"Well, sir, I don't care if I do. Rooney has a wife and childer, and

they want him, and I would rather take the bating than see them "wanting", and he went off and released his enemy.

Some months after Cosmer was up before me for being drunk, and pleaded guilty. I said to him, "I remember you, Cosmer, you are too good hearted a fellow to send to jail, go home and try and keep sober in future."

*

THE FAIRBANK MURDER

A CASE that impressed me very much was a charge against Edward Hancock and his wife for the murder of their daughter, which occurred on the 16th of July, 1891, in the village of Fairbank, about three miles north of the then limits of Toronto. Sophia Hancock was found in the little shop which was the front room of the residence, dead with a wound in the head, that looked as if it had been cut open with a lath hammer, the skull being cut open in a break about two or two and a half inches long. The father said he had been working in the garden, and on coming into the house had found his daughter lying dead on the floor. He had seen no one passing along the road, and had heard no noise, but this might be explained by the fact that he was rather deaf.

An inquest was held which did not result in any satisfactory solution of the mystery. Then the newspaper reporters went on investigating, and the detectives took up the case with the result that the father and mother were arrested for the murder. When Hancock was arrested he said, "Well, I can't help it, God has taken care of me in the past, and will in the future. I am not guilty." When he was brought into the Governor's office in the jail he said: "This is a terrible business but the Lord knows that we are innocent and He will not desert us now."

A number of points of evidence were brought up, and it was shown that there was an insurance on the

young woman's life. When all the evidence was in, there was enough for me to commit the man for trial—but I remember how puzzled I was. I asked Deputy Chief Stuart, who had a lifetime's experience in criminal cases, what he thought about it. His reply was that he was quite puzzled. I said, "My feeling is very curious. I can generally feel that after I have heard the evidence I lean a little to one side or the other in criminal cases, but this is almost the only one I remember where I could not say which side I could lean on." The Deputy said, "The same idea has impressed me."

A very careful search had been made to find a lather's hammer, but it could not be found. After the man was committed for trial, Mr. Murdock, who was employed to defend him, obtained an order for the exhumation of the remains, and had a very minute examination made of the

skull. The break was found to have on the edges two or three small traces of lead showing that the blow was not done with an iron weapon. Then the question of a pistol shot was considered, and it was found that a glancing shot on the head might have ploughed the break in the skull. A careful examination of the room then resulted in the discovery of a pistol bullet imbedded in the plaster of the ceiling at the back end of the room. This indicated that a pistol was fired at the woman from just inside the doorway—which broke her skull, and glanced upward into the ceiling. The result of the trial was the acquittal of the prisoner. It was the general belief that a tramp who had been seen in the neighborhood had walked into the shop and shot the girl, who was alone in it, and having taken what was in the till, got off without being seen, for it was at that time a lonely locality.



A RIVER OF ONTARIO

BY M. O. HAMMOND



THE Grand River epitomizes Old Ontario. Lacking the unruly temper and wild beauty of its northern brothers, it goes more evenly upon its way, first through lazy swamps, then over limestone ridges, and finally waters the fat lands of the wealthy southern counties. On its banks a cross-section of the history of Ontario has been written. The story runs from the days of the aborigines and the French explorers, on to the settler's cabin, the pioneer's mill, and to a new era. Here you find deserted villages, and there thriving towns and cities, full of the life of a new industrial age. Like the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and the Richelieu, it was the great highway before the railway; when came the steel chariot the glory of the Grand departed, and its song to this day seems a lament for past glories. If its currents at times seek lost mill wheels, its valley is traversed by uncanny poles and wires bearing the energy of a mightier river, and turning a thousand wheels in a newer life of industry. Once its banks were lined with little mills, making the leather, the clothing or the whiskey for a neighbourhood. Now within the limestone walls of great factories are made the reapers, the boots, or the woollens which go half round the world to markets beyond the dreams of the pioneers.

On its banks near the site of the present city of Brantford, Louis Joliet discoverer of the Mississippi, met La Salle, his rival, in 1669, and their meeting place, near where stands the

Mohawk Church, built in 1785, carries the association down to the present with heightened interest. La Salle was on his way west, but turned and his movements are lost for a time. Joliet was returning from discovering Sault Ste. Marie, his home journey leading him through Lakes Huron and Erie, to the mouth of the Grand, which he ascended. La Salle had coasted Lake Ontario to Burlington Bay, where he heard from the Indians of the presence of Joliet. Galinee, detaching himself from La Salle, spent the winter at what is now Port Dover, subsisting on nuts, plums and game, and next year explored the Erie shore to Detroit. Thus the earliest record of the Grand is connected with three noted explorers of the French régime. Outside the adventurous lives of the Hurons and their missionaries, beyond the source of the Grand, its history is then left to darkness until the American Revolution peopled its lower valley with the Six Nations Indians, who for their loyalty to Britain in the crisis were given by Governor Haldimand in 1784 a strip of land twelve miles wide, from the mouth of the Grand to its source. This was one of many instances of excessive generosity with lands in the early history of Canada. There were not enough Indians to use this great tract of 693,000 acres, and it was not long before large areas were sold for a song to speculators, or surrendered back to the Government.

To-day the descendants of these red men, surrounded and crowded by the more aggressive whites, are hived in a reserve between Caledonia and Brant-



Aeroplane view of the Grand River at Paris

ford. They make a brave attempt at agriculture, and some labour far afield in the fruit season. They are the last remnant of the race of Iroquois, who, from their former camps in the Mohawk valley south of Lake Ontario, made savage warfare on the Hurons and Algonquins of French Canada. They are of the race of Joseph Brant, who held his head with the most exalted whites and sat with kings. They gave to Canadian literature Pauline Johnson, who not only wrote the red man's protest in passionate verse, but interpreted the Canadian river and plain in lines that all the world reads. Four of their chiefs visited England in 1710, and Queen Anne gave to them a communion service of solid silver which has passed through succeeding generations in their old home and their new, and is still used in Mohawk Church. This oldest of Ontario church buildings, small, wooden and almost hidden by locust trees, is precious to the red men of the Six Nations. Brant is buried here, fittingly, for he built the church with funds raised on a visit to England. When the writer visited the scene, a mourning dove was sounding his dole-

ful notes from a nearby wood, as if to emphasize the sorrow of a vanishing race.

Three miles to the south-east, lodged in a sweeping bend of the Grand, is Bow Park Farm, where George Brown retired after Confederation from the storms of active politics and gave of his surplus energy to the making of a fine herd of Shorthorns. The cottage in which he spent here many days still stands, and its modesty gives hint of the greatness and simplicity of the man. Farther to the west a few miles, on Tutela Heights, Alexander Graham Bell made the first experiments resulting in the invention of the telephone in 1876. Here, he,

“With a cunning nearer the divine,
Let out across the void man's living
voice.”

Looking to-day at the shallows and windings of the Grand, it is difficult to believe that steamers once ran from Lake Erie to Brantford. It was an instance of the old era overlapping the new. Settlers had followed the red men into the valley of the Grand, and hamlets on both banks reflected the developing life of the pioneers.



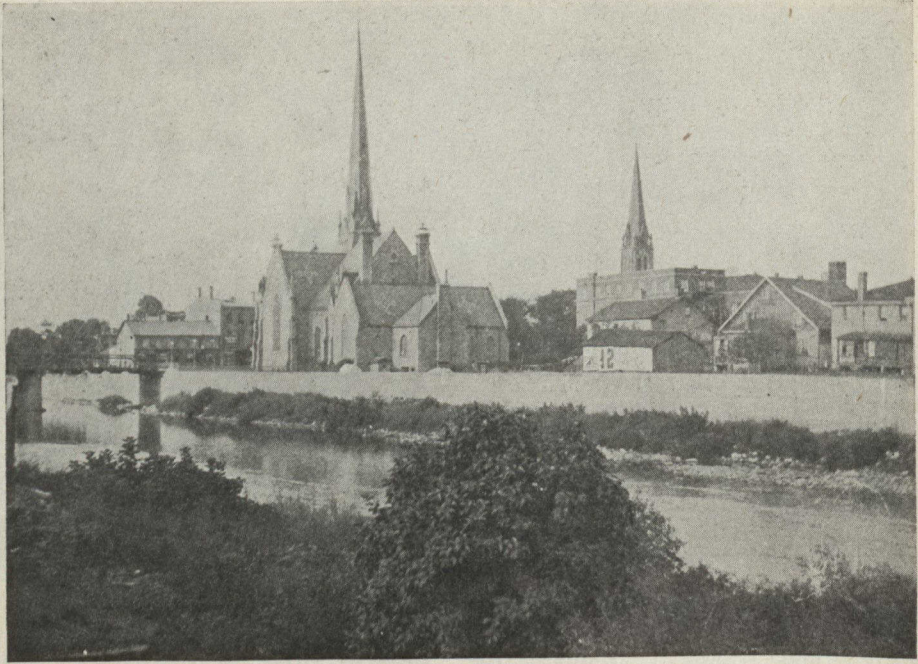
Aeroplane view of the Grand River at Brantford

Lumbermen sought the pines of the southern townships and the hardwood of the higher altitudes. Port records of the fifties tell of the commerce for British and foreign markets, which grew as the forests yielded to the white man's axe. The Welland Canal was commenced in 1824, and a few years later the Grand River Navigation Co., in which the Six Nations Indians held most of the stock, undertook extensive improvements to enable vessels to reach Brantford. Eight locks were built to cover the fall of about sixty feet in sixty miles to Lake Erie, and around these clustered villages which have fallen into ruin or been obliterated; some of them forgotten. While the Welland Canal was made over later, and is now being again replaced by a still larger channel, the death knell of the Grand River system came with the building of the railway from Hamilton through Brantford in 1853. The Welland was national; the Grand was local; the railway might fight both, but the national need could not be overcome.

In the heyday of Grand River navigation, business flourished and hopes soared. Seneca, York and Indiana

were examples of the villages then boasting flour mills, sawmills, and cloth factories, and which have almost disappeared.

North from Brantford was a new land with a character of its own. Settlers had begun to arrive soon after 1800, and the Canada Company played a large part in its early development. John Galt, the Scottish novelist, was for years Superintendent of the company, and in addition to impressing the character of the valley with sturdy Scottish settlers, he bestowed names on many of the townships and villages. His novel, "Lawrie Todd", records his exploration of the Grand River. Galt, Elora, Fergus occur as the river is ascended, and recall the Scottish foundations of the townships. The character of the river changes in its northern course. It is tortuous, and its fall of 600 feet below Elora led Galinee to name it La Rivière Rapide. Limestone beds for a distance above Galt give place in its upper reaches to fens and dark forests in Dufferin, where it rises with a perfect nest of rivers in the hills skirting Dufferin and Grey, more than 1,600 feet above the sea.



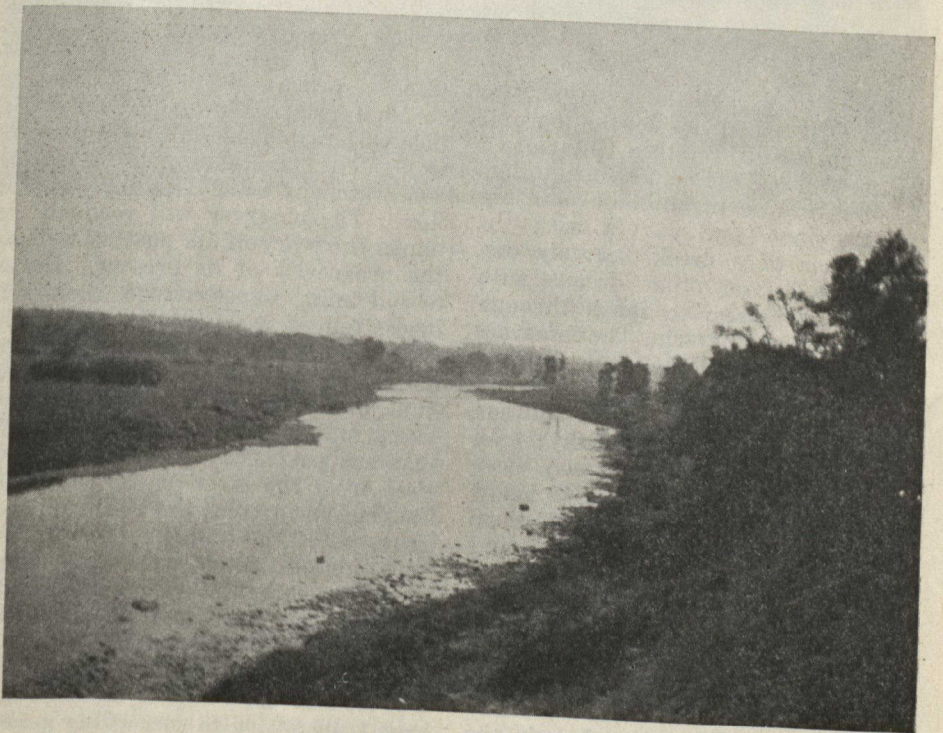
The Grand River as it passes through Galt



The winding course of the Grand River—between Galt and Kitchener



The Grand River at Dunnville



The Grand River at Doon



The Grand River—near Elora

To-day the Grand takes its winding course through a rich developing and changing belt of Western Ontario. In the north it has the modest beginnings of all rivers at the highest point in the Province, and curves with the dimensions of a creek, scarcely distinguishable from other streams with not half its claim to fame, through the swamps of Dufferin. The tamaracs soon give place to the open country of North Wellington, and at Grand Valley we see broad lands between low hills, with a sweep worthy of an artist's canvas. But this easy pace soon changes to the gorges below Elora, where the springs and freshets have chiselled endless caverns and recesses. There is a drop of 270 feet between Grand Valley and Elora, and another 300 to Breslau in Waterloo. Limestone cliffs hem in the river, and rocky islands break its course. This fretful portion of the river's journey is soon passed, and it wanders in the

utmost peace and often isolation through rich pastureland and grain fields. Great herds of cattle pasture in its flats, and at mid-day seek the cool waters in relief from myriads of flies. The observer will read on its banks the story of its past as well as the prosperity of its present. Ruins of old mills, sometimes of whole villages, tell of the pioneers and their little industries. Glance at Glenmorris, as the trolley hurries by, and you can discern in its crumbling limestone foundations the tale of a life that has passed. If a sandhill crane rises from the river at the sound of the car, you realize the quiet and remoteness of the valley. Everywhere the pioneers have gone, but they have bequeathed a rich countryside through the wise location of their settlements, and the patient toil with which they laid the foundations for a great Province. Their message has been transmitted to succeeding gener-



The Grand River as it passes through Elora

ations by men who understood, like Alexander McLachlan, the Scottish poet, who lived near the Grand in Dufferin, and Homer Watson, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, whose paintings, made by the Grand at Doon, tell the story of early toil of the founders of the valley.

In autumn the valley of the Grand is seen in all its "mellow fruitfulness." Its woods are a very tapestry of colour, from the upper reaches, on past the wonderful Attiwandron Park, between Doon and Kitchener, to the flat lands of the Erie shore. Falling leaves reveal the fruits of the field and orchard, tomatoes are ripen-

ing on the back stoops, and even the golden rod lingers with its opulent brush. The silos stretch out their mouths for winter stores, and the farmer feels more than ever confidence in his own future, despite the world's unrest. Even the towns and cities are changing, and, if in the lower miles of the river, industry has not yet been firmly established on its modern basis, the factories of Brant and Waterloo are humming with the prosperity of a new electric energy and the discovery that the world needs the products which their raw materials and their trained hands and brains can supply.

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

IX.—REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON



PUNSHON was born in England. He grew to manhood and laid the foundations of his fame in the land of his nativity. His claim to rank among the orators of our Dominion is due to the fact that long after he had established a permanent reputation in England, he forsook the land of his birth and for a brief, yet memorable, period came to dwell in Canada. To the people of this country he gave the very flower of his greatest days, and he reared in the land of his adoption memorials of his genius which are destined to endure for many years.

English works of reference contain extensive accounts of his career beyond the seas. On this side of the Atlantic he has long since been accorded the rights of a native, and he has given in our annals a position quite equal to that which is generally reserved for Canada's greatest sons.

He was born in Doncaster, in Yorkshire, on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1824. His father was a lumber merchant, and carried on a lucrative and extensive business. His mother belonged to an excellent family of the name of Morley, a name which has always been highly respectable in England.

In the year 1845 he received the appointment as a probationary Minister of the Gospel. The term of probation in those years was protracted, continuing for four years, although a much shorter period has been found adequate for the same purpose in

later years. Punshon's four years were spent, one half in Whitehaven, and the other half at Carlisle, renowned as being the scene of a great portion of Scott's famous romance, Marmion. On the first day of March, 1849, Punshon received ordination. At once he leaped into renown. Instead of developing his genius as did Douglas in obscure and unknown places, until the heart had become sickened with prospects deferred, and the mind had languished in congenial atmospheres, great charges of English Methodism engaged in an unusual but friendly rivalry for Punshon's services.

It was when Punshon's reputation was at the height, that his powers were destined to become familiar to the Canadian people. A custom existed in those days, whereby the Methodist Church in England appointed one of its members to the office of President of the body in Canada. In 1868 Punshon received the appointment. By that time, as had been seen, his fame in his native country was upon the meridian, and he also enjoyed a favourable reputation afar. His coming to Canada was hailed as an event of exceeding importance, and the Canadian people, then a much more compact nation than they have since become, awaited his arrival with much expectancy. His first appearance in the new world dispelled all doubts regarding the powers which he possessed, and for nearly six years his marvellous genius blazed forth with a fascinating and sustained splendour in many parts of the American con-



WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON
A Great Canadian Orator

minent. He was a prince of both the pulpit and the platform, and his vast audiences were electrified by the magnetism of his oratory. Public speaking in those days meant much for mankind. The newspapers were not numerous, nor were they very widely

circulated. The electric telegraph was little more than a novelty. The telephone was unknown. Even the express train had merely reached a certainty. England too was experiencing one of its fitful recurrences of oratory. Peel had expired in a

blaze of oratorical splendour. Lyndhurst and Shiel had risen to great eminences in parliamentary debate. Macaulay had moved with wizard brilliance across the oratorical arena. The lightning flashes of Palmerston, Cobden, Derby, Brougham, Disraeli and Gladstone were illuminating more than fitfully the whole of England. There was a massive potency, a literary culture, a finished refinement, about the oratory of these men, which are not to be found in the unmethodical platform efforts of the last quarter of a century. The oratory of these men is imperishable English literature. The oratory of their successors Churchill, Asquith, Carson and Redmond is just one elevation above mediocrity. Punshon had caught the spirit of his generation, and the high plane of his stately eloquence charmed the hearts of countless refined and educated people, who eagerly heard him. These people welcomed to Canada a master of the royal art of speech, whose mind moved along exalted literary pathways, to which they had been long unaccustomed, and which had almost wholly perished from prolonged abasement or disuse.

He also preached and lectured in the United States, where he was constantly greeted by audiences similar to those with which he had been familiar both in England and in Canada. He created an immense impression in the land of Sumner, Webster, Conkling and Beecher, and won, with his accustomed ease, and by virtue of his genius, the hearts of the people of the great American Republic.

On five successive occasions he was re-elected President of the Canadian Methodist Conference. While in Canada he induced his people to purchase the happily located block of land upon which the Metropolitan Church now stands, and proceeded at once with the erection upon the newly secured site of that most elegant and artistic sanctuary. It was completed during his residence in Canada, and he was the first occupant of its pulpit. There he preached during the closing years

of his Canadian career, and there thousands gathered and listened with rejoicing to the silvery tones of his pleasant voice.

Those were marvellous days in Toronto when Punshon saw the shining towers of the new house of worship swiftly springing from the ground as if they eventually aspired to hide their carven summits just beneath the canopy of the skies. A majestic building is that church, conceived in a style of architecture which was popular in the golden days gone by, when the exigencies of business had not yet overwhelmed the sacredness of art, and when there was still left some room in a great metropolis for the enthroning of loveliness and beauty. There, a little way back from Queen Street, within the massive iron fence surrounding its four acres of land, it nobly stands, immune to change, while almost revolutionary changes have transpired on all sides of it, while merchants have driven residents from its vicinity, and while factories, office buildings, industries and hospitals have established themselves on every hand. There it stands, and those whose eyes are not blinded by the prosaic commerce of this exacting age, may view its graceful pillars and its bending arches, and behold in their picturesque curves and stately outlines some of the perfect poetry of an almost vanished art, when builders strove to delight as well as to construct, and when men translated lifeless limestone and inanimate bricks and mortar into almost articulate symmetry, and a harmony that nearly lives and breathes.

And there within those elegant walls Punshon preached to anxious multitudes an unsensational gospel. There the souls of men, who hungered for spiritual nourishment were sublimely satisfied. There, too, truths were taught with impressive sincerity. There likewise the old religion, unadulterated with the fleeting folly of a speculative higher criticism, entered gloriously into the hearts of men, to create a transformation in their lives,

and lastingly influence great numbers of people because of their beneficial transformation.

In 1873 Punshon returned to England, where his fame was unforgettable, and his popularity still abounded. The high dignity of the Presidency of the British Conference was conferred upon him in the year after his return to his native land. In 1875, much older than his years, because of the tireless demands which he had made upon his powers, he withdrew from the pulpit, and became Secretary to the Methodist Missionary Society of England. His brilliant lecture on "The Huguenots" produced sufficient money to free one of the oldest Methodist Churches in old London from its weighty burden of a longstanding indebtedness.

Punshon did not know his physical limitations. He toiled on with tireless industry and a perfect heedlessness of consequence. No labour was too arduous, and no demand was too exacting for his always ready and willing spirit. But the penalty for undertaking more than he could accomplish had to be paid, and the debt was exacted all too suddenly. With the achievements of a much greater lifetime than his own compressed into fifty-seven years, he died in the year 1881, while the reverberations of his thrilling eloquence were still echoing throughout the land. In his death a mighty man moved off the scene, and the people of two continents bitterly lamented his passing away from them. After a lapse of nearly forty years, men, still living both in England and in America, and who heard him in his greatest days and in his most phenomenal triumphs, delight in recalling that powerful oratory, born in sincerity, and used for lofty purposes, which flowed in a lava-like stream from his lips and which repeatedly held many thousands of people as if they had been bound by a mystic spell.

After Punshon ended his pastorate of the Metropolitan Church in Toronto, he was succeeded by John Potts, an Irish-Canadian preacher and ora-

tor of high renown, although not the equal upon the public platform of his illustrious predecessor. Potts remained in that charge for three years, and when at length he retired, Rev. William Kettlewell, a man of many high personal and mental endowments, for a short time occupied the famous pulpit. Punshon and Kettlewell were intimate friends, and the latter's recollections of the great orator, as follows, are of peculiar interest:

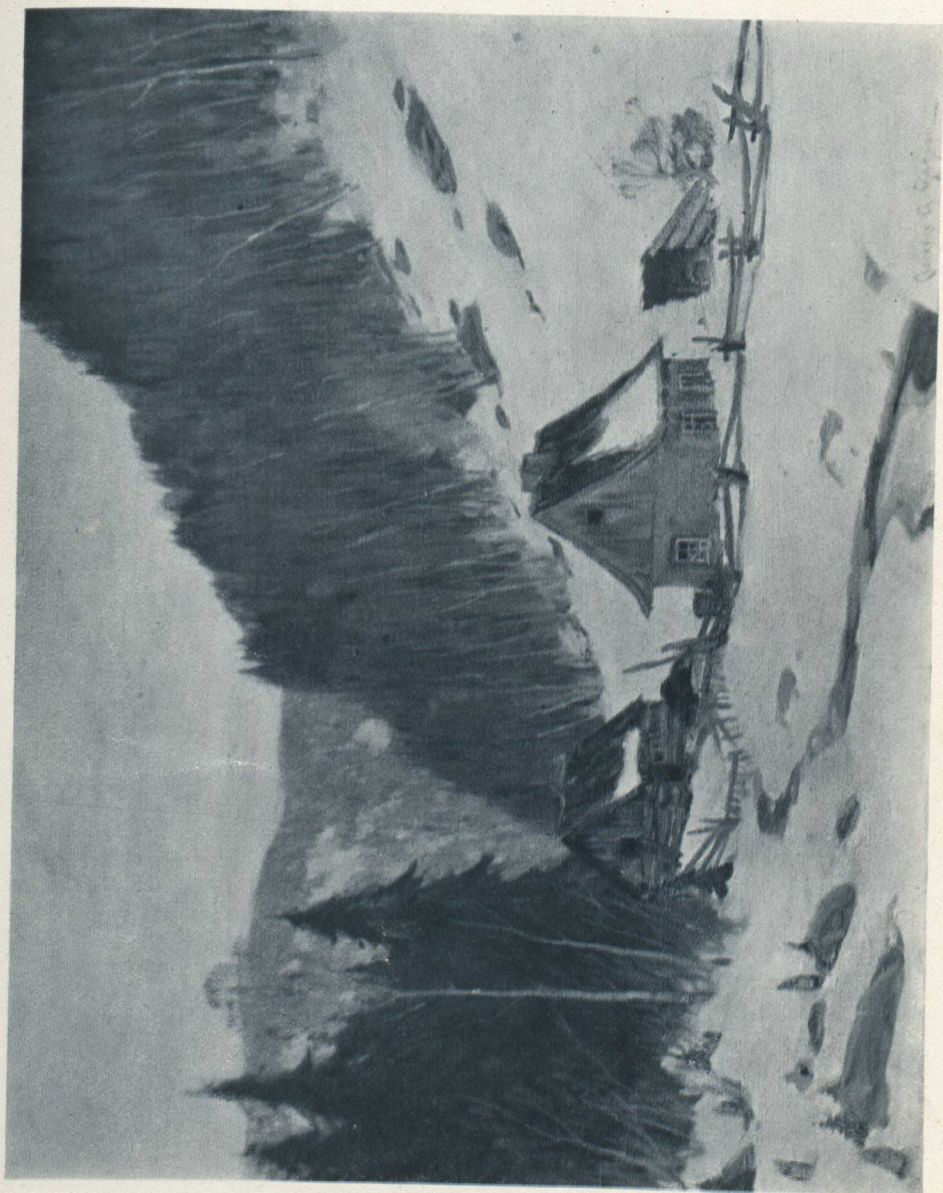
"Morley Punshon is universally recognized as the most finished pulpit and platform orator that British Methodism has produced. He had a somewhat massive presence, a strong personality, and a voice that in its first sentences was a little husky and a disappointment to those who heard him for the first time, but before many sentences were uttered his voice became flexible and resonant, lending itself to all the various emotions of the speaker, and his hearers felt themselves under the spell of a master. He memorized all his productions, made sparing use of gesture, had nothing of the theatrical in his style, his dramatic power resting almost entirely in his faultless elocution, his unrivalled choice of language, the beauty and rhythm of his periods, and his ability to rise to matchless heights of climax. When in his prime Exeter Hall was the supreme test of an orator's powers and it was there that Punshon had his greatest triumphs. I think that probably he has been the only Methodist minister in Great Britain since the time of Wesley that could command to any extent the patronage of statesmen and of the English nobility. He seldom lectured in a Provincial town without attracting scores upon scores of the aristocratic families from the country seats for miles around."

"Punshon was of the thunderous type of orator. His set speeches were commenced in a quiet and slow, but distinct and emphatic manner, aggressive, convincing and earnest. As he proceeded his voice grew louder, and his utterance more rapid. In the more important parts

of his orations, which he desired most emphasized, his voice swelled with thunderous sound, as Macaulay says Chatham's tones resounded in his orations on the Stamp Act and against the coercion of America, or as Chief Justice Pratt says Webster's notes pealed forth when he delivered his world renowned reply to Hayne, or when he defended Dartmouth University against the attempts of his enemies to destroy it. But although Punshon's voice rolled and thundered through nearly a thousand churches, lecture halls and auditoriums, he never lost control of himself for a moment. For his most memorable rhetorical efforts were not only methodically prepared, but were carefully memorized. In his mightiest flights of oratory, and in his peerless perorations, the swelling and the subduing of the tones were, not the unconscious inspiration of the passion stirred advocate, maddened by the injustices which he was arraigning, or delighted by the truths whose triumphs he saw at hand. They were the dramatically staged performances of the skilful elocutionist, who knew every advantage of his art that might be taken in order to move to kingly action the wills and the feelings of great audiences."

There remain to be considered the style and literary finish of this great man's pupil and platform performances. Very few of the world's illustrious orators have left behind them a style that is wholly free from objections. Almost every famous orator has at some time or other in his career grandly risen to lordly heights of sparkling oratory and dazzling eloquence. Almost every renowned orator, either with burning spontaneity or with studied deliberation has occasionally spoken literature, which is destined to live on in other generations when feebler performances shall have drifted into dust. Chatham, Pitt, Emmet, Burke, Grattan, Flood, Shiel, Erskine, Macaulay, Bright and Gladstone have uttered before great audiences, marvellous passages of almost unrivalled sublimity

and splendour. The English language on the lips of these and of other illustrious orators has budded and blossomed into loveliness and beauty like the flowers of a garden when transfigured by the dawn. These men have painted joy and passion with the colours of the rainbow, and have enshrined the soul's deep raptures in a wealth of gorgeous speech. The wondrous tongue of Shakespeare and Milton grew magical with almost transcendent possibilities, when the captivating eloquence of these tribunes rang through the vaulted auditoriums of the world. Paragraphs which, upon occasions freighted with inspiration, these marvellous men delivered, and which are all luminous with the blinding flashes of genius, seem to be passing like flaming revelations down the aisles of sunless centuries to give light and knowledge to generations yet unborn. Punshon had his moments of literary inspiration when he rose to dizzy pinnacles of oratorical achievement. He was a student of the oratory of other centuries. Macaulay with his splendid diction was a model and a master whom Punshon worshipped and adored. The pupil's oratorical style bore much resemblance to the style of the teacher. The classic language, the stately structure of the sentences, the rhythm of the movement, the choice selection of the word, the pungent touch of satire and the withering blast of scorn, the buoyancy of the mirth, the echo of the laughter, the loftiness of the ideas, the elevated tone of the entire theme are common to both Punshon and Macaulay. The true orator was present in the great preacher, who for all too brief a span of years was a splendid sojourner in our land. Thousands bowed in willing homage before that man, who, in the pulpit and on the platform, lifted multitudes of people to ideal heights of being, and left behind him an influence, which, after the lapse of many years is still as fresh and green as in the golden days of yore, when his silvery voice rang out upon Canadian air.



LAURENTIAN HOMESTEAD
—WINTER

From the Painting by
Clarence A. Gagnon.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy of Arts.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

THE United Farmers display genius for political organization. Even in providing for the cost of elections they are teaching wisdom to the "effete old parties." In the famous bye-election in Assiniboia a few months ago groups of ten farmers each of whom had contributed towards the expenses of the contest were permitted to choose a delegate to the nominating convention. Only farmers who had contributed were eligible for selection. In this way a fund of at least ten thousand dollars was provided. Three months ago it was announced that the Grain Growers of Saskatchewan had collected \$50,000 for political purposes and according to the secretary for the Provincial organization "it would take all winter to complete the canvass." A dispatch from Winnipeg states that the Grain Growers of Manitoba have entered upon a canvass which it is expected will realize \$300,000. It is explained that every member of the Association will be assessed \$6 and that \$200,000 of the amount collected will be devoted to organization for the next federal election.

A Fund for
Farmers

The estimate for Manitoba may be excessive but it is probable that the United Farmers of the three Prairie Provinces will provide a political fund of \$400,000 or \$500,000. If Ontario and the Atlantic Provinces contribute proportionately they should have at least \$1,000,000 for the federal election. The amount will be even larger if Quebec and British Columbia give any general support to the farmers' movement. If the Unionist and Liberal parties should be as well equipped the expenditure in the next election will be \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000. Adding to the general fund the spendings of many individual candidates which cannot be controlled by any central organization, the total probably will run to \$5,000,000 or beyond.

No sound objection can be taken to the method of raising money which the Farmers have adopted. In Canada as in many other countries the bulk of the people have refused to bear any portion of the cost of elections. They have expected a central organization to levy upon contractors, corporations and special interests, upon the few who have wealth, the few who are freehanded, upon those who give for sheer "love of the party" and those who give in expectation of a generous return. Even Senatorships have been made to provide revenue. Titles also in a few cases, perhaps, but like lieutenant-governorships titles are not an asset but a liability. There

can be no doubt that if the people do not provide money for elections directly they are required to make the provision indirectly. And the indirect method is often corrupt and always costly.

The method of the Farmers is consonant with democracy although in cases an obligation may be created not altogether compatible with freedom of action on the day of polling. If one should finally cast his vote against his contribution he might feel that he had thrown away his money. Possibly in cases individual farmers may feel that they cannot afford to deny support to the candidate of the class to which they belong, although in the secrecy of the polling-booth they may vote otherwise. But at least it is better to exact \$5 for the campaign fund than to draw \$5 out of the fund for "the freeman's vote" which we are told is "the crowning fact, the kingliest act, of Freedom."

There is forehandedness in the early accumulation of an adequate fund for the federal contest. With such a fund all necessary literature for the education of the people can be provided and the most complete organization of the party effected. Apparently the United Farmers even in what the older school of politicians called the "sinews of war" will be as well equipped as the other parties and they will have an army of voluntary workers such as Liberals or Unionists cannot hope to equal. The Farmers discover that a great deal of money can be spent legitimately in a general election. And a good deal can be used for "contingencies". There have been heavy expenditures in more than one federal contest in Canada by both the old parties but few of us have such faith as to believe that all was spent for "legitimate purposes".

II

British and
American
relations

ALTHOUGH it was not expected that the United States Senate would refuse to ratify the nomination of Mr. Bainbridge Colby as Secretary of State there are many evidences that the appointment is unpopular alike with Democrats and Republicans. It has been said that a public man can change his political allegiance once but that to change twice is dangerous and often fatal. It is said, too, that a man who deserts a party in office may be a patriot but one who goes over to a party in power is a mercenary. But Mr. Colby has defied all the traditions and all the maxims. He began as a Republican, became a Progressive with Roosevelt, was appointed to the United States Shipping Board three years ago as an Independent, and now apparently is a Democrat. At times Mr. Colby has manifested sympathy with William Randolph Hearst and as a member of the Shipping Board opposed selling vessels to Great Britain. Even now a writer in *The New York Times* suggests that his political creed is as much a matter of debate as that of Mr. Hoover and both Democratic and Republican Primaries seem willing to accept Mr. Hoover as a Presidential candidate. Compared with William H. Seward, for instance, or James G. Blaine or John Hay neither Mr. Colby nor Mr. Lansing whom he succeeds seems to be of

adequate stature for the great office which has the immediate direction under the President of American foreign policy.

It is whispered that Mr. Colby is in sympathy with Hearst's attitude towards Great Britain but in a public address at New York city a few weeks ago he said: "The great trade of England in every sea and in every land is not the result of her great merchant fleet, but the occasion of it. The foundations of that trade are laid in the culture of England, are laid in the roaming propensities of her people, in the brave and self-reliant way in which she sent her best brawn and blood to the uttermost corners of the earth, there to drive in their stakes, to study alien people, learn their wants, identify themselves with the life of those distant people and those distant climes, and first by establishing agencies, and then by accurate reports, and then by establishing banking facilities and connections, finally developing a commerce which required carriers to conduct it, and then passing into that political and commercial interdependence that completed the warp and woof of that extraordinary empire."

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Colby is in complete agreement with President Wilson's demand for ratification of the League of Nations and, therefore, on the supreme question of foreign policy is not hostile to Great Britain, nor in alliance with the forces in the United States which would create bad feeling between Washington and Westminster. There was apprehension when Roosevelt became President that he would be dangerously aggressive and perhaps unfriendly in dealings with Great Britain but his Administration was distinguished for increasing confidence and understanding between the Republic and the Empire and he was foremost in leading the United States to the support of the Allies in the great conflict in Europe. Cleveland had in peculiar degree the respect and confidence of British statesmen but he issued the Venezuela message. There is no ground of quarrel between the British and the American people. There is a mighty reserve of sanity in the United States as every crisis in its history has revealed. Mischief makers may excite the gallery now and again but the great silent and responsible forces have honest respect for Great Britain and even an affection deeper than they display. It is better to trust than to doubt for surely sooner or later the English speaking peoples will establish an understanding, if not an actual alliance, more effective than all other conceivable influences to hold the nations in peace and security. In the field of international relations the British people practice restraint as it is practiced by no other nation and Canada can follow no better example.

III

IN the American press there is general censure of President Wilson for his harsh and discourteous dismissal of Mr. Lansing, whom Mr. Colby succeeds. There is no doubt a deeper displeasure among Democrats than is expressed. But on the eve of a presidential election discipline is maintained in the general interest. It would seem that during the President's illness Cabinet Councils were necessary if there was to be any

Mr. Colby on
Great Britain

Autocracy at
Washington

Mr. Wilson
an autocrat

effective and continuous administration of public affairs and it is inconceivable that Mr. Lansing's relation to such Councils could justify his dismissal. Possibly in time other and graver reasons for Mr. Wilson's action may be disclosed. But whatever may be his virtues and services Mr. Wilson in office seems to be even more autocratic than was Cleveland and apparently demands from his colleagues a submission which approaches subserviency. In his "Reminiscences" Mr. Henry Watterson says, "Taken to task by thick and thin Democratic partisans for my criticism of the only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the War of Sections, Cleveland and Wilson, I have answered by asserting the right and duty of the journalist to talk out in meeting, flatly repudiating the claims as well as the obligations of the organ-grinder they had sought to put upon me, and closing with the knife grinder's retort:

Things have come to a hell of a pass
When a man can't wallop his own jackass."

Mr. Watterson says of Mr. Cleveland that "He was a hard man to get on with, over-credulous, though by no means excessive in his likes, very tenacious in his dislikes, suspicious withal, he grew during his second term in the White House exceedingly 'high and mighty'." He declares that Cleveland "posed rather as an idol to be worshipped than a leader to be trusted and loved. He was in truth a strong man, who, sufficiently mindful of his limitations in the beginning, grew by unexampled and continued success over confident and over conscious in his own conceit. He had a real desire to serve the country. But he was apt to think that he alone could effectively serve it." In "The Education of Henry Adams" it is said that a Senator described Mr. Cleveland as one of the loftiest natures and noblest characters of ancient or modern time but added "I prefer to look on at his proceedings from the safe summit of some neighbouring hill." Adams himself says of Harrison and Cleveland that "whatever harm they might do their enemies was as nothing when compared to the mortality they inflicted on their friends."

Of President Wilson Mr. Watterson says, "When the history of these times comes to be written it may be said of Woodrow Wilson: He rose to world celebrity by circumstances rather than by character. He was favoured of the gods. He possessed a bright, forceful mind. His achievements were thrust upon him. Though it sometimes ran away with him his pen possessed extraordinary facility. Thus he was ever able to put his best foot foremost. Never in the larger sense a leader of men as were Chatham and Fox, as were Washington, Clay and Lincoln; nor of ideas as were Rousseau, Voltaire and Franklin, he had the subtle tenacity of Louis the Eleventh of France, the keen foresight of Richelieu with a talent for the surprising which would have raised him to eminence in journalism. In short he was an opportunist void of conviction and indifferent to consistency. The pen is mightier than the sword only when it has behind it a heart as well as a brain. He who wields it must be brave, upright and steadfast. We are giving our Chief Executive enormous powers. As a rule

his wishes prevail. His name becomes the symbol of party loyalty. Yet it is after all a figure of speech not a personality that appeals to our sense of duty without necessarily engaging our affection."

How far this may be the ultimate judgment of history one need not speculate. There are those who think that the great old Southern journalist who has just passed his eightieth birthday has himself some of the quality of an autocrat. He separated from Cleveland; he has not been obedient to Wilson. But it is remarkable that the only two Democratic Presidents since the Civil War in an office which confers autoeracy and breeds autoeracy should be peculiarly distinguished for the characteristics which are naturally associated with absolute personal sovereignty. Almost unconsciously one turns to Mr. Taft, deserted by Roosevelt and defeated by Wilson, but serving his country and serving mankind with simplicity, dignity and a great magnanimity. A week before the polling in the Presidential contest of 1912 I sat in a hotel at Denver and heard three rough whiskered natives of Colorado discuss the Republican candidate. One said, "Why do you vote for Taft?" The second answered "Because he is a good man." The third remarked with judicial deliberation and gravity, "Yes, he is a good man, but he is the damndest excuse for a vote-getter the world ever saw." The election seemed to support this judgment and yet it is doubtful if any other man living holds in greater degree the respect and affection of the American people.

IV

MR. THOMAS O'HAGAN in a contribution to *The Canadian Magazine* and in a letter to *The Globe* challenges a statement in my "Reminiscences" that "in Ontario if a school section contained only a single Roman Catholic child it could attend the public school without impediment or embarrassment; in Quebec there were and there are still whole counties where absolutely no provision exists for the education of isolated Protestant families." What was said in the "Reminiscences" was not written in the temper of controversy nor was it intended to attack the educational system of Quebec. There is a sentence which Mr. O'Hagan might have quoted, "The compact with the Protestant minority has been generally observed and respected by the Legislature of Quebec." The public schools of Ontario are neutral, the schools of the majority in Quebec are denominational. In those schools Roman Catholic doctrine is taught, and against that condition there was no intention to protest. No doubt English Protestants could be admitted to the classes and yet not be required to attend religious instruction. But these schools are also French and even English speaking Roman Catholics find that the language constitutes an "impediment" and an "embarrassment". A Separate School in Prescott or Russell with French teachers, French textbooks, French teaching and Catholic religious exercises could not be regarded as a provision for the education of isolated Protestant families. One would not expect Protestants to attend Separate Schools

School in
Quebec and
Ontario

in Ontario nor should Roman Catholics be required to attend purely Protestant schools. In the schools in the French districts of Ontario bilingual teaching is provided. There are 30,000 Roman Catholic children in the public schools of Ontario and many Roman Catholic teachers are employed. These facts are stated in the interest of historical accuracy and not as constituting a reproach to Quebec or a grievance for Quebec Protestants.

V

Farmers and
daylight

IT is a pity that the farmers of the United States and Canada have taken such resolute ground against "daylight saving". There is no doubt that the indoor workers of the towns and cities greatly valued the additional hour of daylight for recreation and gardening, for leisure in the open spaces, for relief from the roar of the downtown streets and the noise of the factories. It may be admitted that the farmers are less affected by these considerations and that they suffer some inconveniences by early train services and early marketing. Probably many of the towns and cities will be disposed to adopt "daylight saving" even if the rural communities resist the regulation. But experience goes to show that, unless uniform time is maintained by town and country inconvenience and confusion result which largely offset the advantages. If the towns are not too contemptuous and arrogant possibly there may yet be a general acceptance of daylight saving. Coercion breeds only hostility and resistance.

The New York Times gives a woman's protest against daylight saving in which there is a real sense of grievance and a viewpoint not to be wholly ignored. She says: "Our neighbours won't turn their clocks along; we have to, for the man of the house has to go to town at 7. We have a small farm. I know people in the cities don't think much of it. One woman said she goes to work before daylight and gets home at 6.30 It makes me ugly. The Lord's time is plenty good enough. They can't change the stars, the sun or the moon. I can't see any use in making so much trouble."

The Times also quotes a few sentences from a speech delivered in Congress by Mr. Candler of Mississippi, who has, it thinks, a suggestive name for a reluctant daylight saver: "God's time is true. Man-made time is false. You make the clocks by this law proclaim a falsehood. Let us repeal this law and have the clocks proclaim God's time and tell the truth. Truth is always mighty and should prevail. God alone can create daylight."

Unconvinced the writer in *The Times* asks if Mr. Candler has never heard that the farmers in Eastern Ohio keep their clocks an hour ahead of the farmers in Western Ohio, that there are four of these zones which differentiate time in different sections of the country, and that near neighbours on the borders of these zones get up and go to bed and have done so for many years by clocks that do not agree by sixty minutes. But one suspects that for 1920 neither the Parliament of Canada nor the Congress of the United States will sanction daylight saving.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



HE author of "Literary Lapses", "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," and other works satirical and serious, who is also Professor of Political Economy at McGill University, in this book makes an attempt to analyze what is happening socially in many parts of the world at the present moment and to estimate what is possible and what is not possible in the social reform. Economists, as is perhaps quite natural in the circumstances, have been prone to regard him as a first-class humorist, while humorists accept without hesitation any statement upholding him as an eminent economist. Like the circus performer, he has had to ride two horses, and he has ridden them successfully for fifteen years, even if at times one of them seems to get a little ahead of the other. But, like many another humorist, at times he becomes very grave and very serious and sees some things other than the highlights of life. In this particular book he makes a clear exposition of social conditions generally to-day, dismisses the Utopia of the Socialist as a beautiful dream, and repudiates with equal assurance the doctrines of every man for himself. He looks forward to the time when every child will have adequate food, clothing, education, and opportunity, when the conditions of existence generally will be ameliorated, when widespread misery will be

alleviated if not entirely obliterated. He sums up as follows:

"But the inordinate and fortuitous gains from land are really only one example from a general class. The war discovered the 'profiteer'. The law-makers of the world are busy now with smoking him out of his lair. But he was there all the time. Inordinate and fortuitous gain, resting on such things as monopoly, or trickery, or the mere hazards of abundance or scarcity, complying with the letter of the law but violating its spirit, are fit subjects for appropriate taxation. The ways and means are difficult, but the social principle is clear.

"We may thus form some sort of vision of the social future into which we are passing. The details are indistinct, but the outline at best in which it is framed is clear enough. The safety of the future lies in a progressive movement of social control alleviating the misery which it cannot obliterate and based upon the broad general principle of equality of opportunity. The chief immediate direction of social effort should be towards the attempt to give every human being in childhood adequate food, clothing, education and an opportunity in life. This will prove to be the beginning of many things."

It is one thing to diagnose the case. Will some one now come along with the cure?

*

THE HARVEST HOME

BY JAMES B. KENYON. New York: James T. White and Company.

IN the foregoing review of Mr. Gosse's latest book mention is made of the author's remarks on the changes in literary fashions. Here in this book we find another instance, and although it is not so remarkable as this instance of Sully-Prudhomme, it bears out the argument. For the author of this volume of what is indeed authentic poetry is not of the present

school; in other words, he cannot be classed with the poets who are being noticed to-day, especially by themselves, in either Great Britain or the United States. For there is nothing in his work that would be placed in the category of *vers libre* and unless one write this so-called free-verse nowadays one is old-fashioned and looked on with disdain by the "new poets" and their following. Nevertheless even though Mr. Kenyon might rightfully be rated as Victorian in style, he is a poet, an admirer and dispenser of beauty and the greatness of love. For many years his work has been before the American public in magazines and books, and now this volume brings practically it all within one covering. The book is one that can be read with genuine pleasure by all who are not too advanced to enjoy rhyme, beauty of phrase and sentiment and real lyric quality.

A poem that stands as a fine example of Mr. Kenyon's nature verse, and which has his characteristic felicity and fanciful touch, is "An Oaten Pipe":

"The summer's surf against my feet
In leagues of foam-white daisies beat;
Along the bank-side where I lay
Poured down the golden tides of day;
A vine above me wove its screen
Of leafy shadows, cool and green,
While, faintly as a fairy bee,
Upon the murmurous silence fell
The babbling of a slender stream
In the sweet trouble of its dream.
Then as the popped noon did steep
The breathing world in fumes of sleep,
I shaped with fingers drowsed and slow
An oaten pipe whereon to blow,
And in the chequered light and shade
Its wild, untutored notes essayed;
But in the larger music 'round
My slender pipings all were drowned."

*

LEGEND

BY CLEMENCE DANE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A WOMAN of genius, big of heart and mind, impulsive, prodigal of herself and her wonderful gifts, here has her posthumous life story told and her visualization made clear through the eyes of others. The

reader is not permitted to see this woman of great charm, even great genius. He imagines her by what others say of her. An ingenious method for a novelist, one must admit, a very effective method. For Madala Grey is a very vivid character, even though another woman, jealous of her qualities, endeavours to smudge the legend—her personal history.

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SOME DIVERSIONS OF A MAN OF LETTERS

BY EDMUND GOSSE. London: William Heinemann.

FOR the one who is interested in literature, or indeed, the one who is interested at all in art and in life, few more entertaining books than this could be recommended. For to this book Mr. Gosse brings all the appreciation of his fifty years as a literary critic and writer. He discusses in a most delightful style and intimate knowledge many notable literary figures and literary movements. The first chapter, which is in a sense an introduction to the others, or at least is a preface, he considers fluctuations of taste and sets the question, or rather, repeats Mr. Balfour's question, "Is there any fixed or permanent element in beauty?" Mr. Balfour's conclusion is that there is not. Mr. Gosse gives one outstanding instance of change in public opinion, the instance of Sully-Prudhomme, who in his own day was rated by critics in unison as the greatest of all living lyrics, but who, immediately following his death, was berated or disdained by the younger generation. "If Théophile Gautier was right in 1867," observes Mr. Gosse, "Rémy de Gourmont must have been wrong in 1907; yet they both were honourable men in the world of criticism. Nor is it merely the *dictum* of a single man, which, however ingenious, may be paradoxical. It is worse than that; it is the fact that one whole generation seems to have agreed with Gautier and that another whole generation is of the

same mind as Rémy de Gourmont." Mr. Gosse records his own opinion:

"It must be admitted that there seems to be no fixed rule of taste, not even a uniformity of practice or general tendency to agreement in particular cases. But the whole study of the five arts would lead to despair if we allowed ourselves to accept this admission as implying that no conceivable principle of taste exists. We may not be able to produce it like a yard-measure, and submit works of imagination to it, once and for all, in the eyes of a consternated public. But when we observe, as we must allow, that art is no better at one age than at another, but only different, that it is subject to modification, but certainly not to development; may we not safely accept this stationary quality as a proof that there does exist, out of sight, unattained and unattainable, a positive norm of poetic beauty? We cannot define it, but in each generation all excellence must be the result of a relation to it. It is the moon, heavily wrapt up in clouds, and impossible exactly to locate, yet revealed by the light it throws on distant portions of the sky. At all events, it appears to me that this is the only theory by which we can justify a continued interest in literature when it is attacked, now on one side, now on another, by the vicissitudes of fashion."

*

PEACE IN FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE

BY ZONA GALE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MISS GALE'S return to Friendship Village for the scene of her new book will be welcomed by the many people who have derived pleasure from her earlier pictures of life in this town.

Calliope Marsh, pleasantly remembered from other volumes, tells the story in her inimitable fashion; and besides Calliope there are other people, first met in other books of Miss Gale's, with whom it is a pleasure to renew acquaintanceship.

Vividly and accurately has Miss Gale portrayed life in a small town. With keen sympathy has she caught its humour and its pathos. It is a book which only one who has lived in a little village on intimate and friendly relations with its inhabitants could have written, but which has an appeal that is universal.

STORIES OF THE SHIPS

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN, R.N.V.R.
Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

OF the many books that have been written about the British Navy this is one of the most readable, written by the official press representative with the Grand Fleet. It describes life in the Fleet, gives a vivid picture of a battleship at sea as well as a recital of incidents attending a North Sea sweep. Considerable attention is given to the American ships, and an attempt is made to tell what the British bluejacket thinks of the Americans and of what the American bluejacket thinks of Britain and the British.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY EDWARD JENKS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is an admirable book for many persons who would like to have an intelligent idea of British institutions and yet who have neither the leisure nor the inclination to study the subject to the length that is demanded by most of the standard works on it. It begins with a consideration of the place and powers of the King-Emperor, and continues with chapters on "The United Kingdom and the Self-Governing Dominions", "The Crown Colonies and British India", "The Imperial Cabinet", "The Imperial Parliament", "The Fighting Services", and the various branches of the Government, including the government of counties and boroughs.

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A CANADIAN CALENDAR

BY JOHN MURRAY GIBBON. St. Anne de Bellevue: The Canadian Bookman.

THIS is the first of a series to be known as "Canada Chapbooks." It certainly is a good beginning. Mr. Gibbon, who was already a writer of established reputation, with two excellent novels, "Hearts and Faces" and "Drums Afar", reveals himself

as a poet of fine discrimination and exquisite fancy. There is a poem for each of the twelve months. Rhyme has been avoided, but there is rhythm and veritable poetry. We quote the poem on April:

Bobolink and thrush,
Aerial pilgrims,
Chant in the orchard
Plainsong of spring.

Is there in the South
Altar more beautiful
Than apple branches
Twined in reredos
Of lilac and maroon?

And now the river
Bursting forth its cerements of ice
Reverberates
Gospel of resurrection.

Here, here
In April
Are the stairs of Heaven.

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THE WORLD OF WONDERFUL REALITY

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

THE author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" it at once suggested by the title of this present book, which has been described as the "Peter Pan" of youth.

John Grey, poet, idealist and struggling young author, is deeply in love with Jill Dealtry. Jill loves him too, but—John is terribly poor, and Jill, well-brought-up daughter of a once wealthy family, knows that her parents are dependent upon her marrying money in the person of Mr. Skipwith, a kindly, vulgar old soul, her father's friend. Won by John's tenderness and the intensity of his love, Jill promises to marry him, but she is haunted by the thought of her duty to her family. John pleads for love and freedom with golden words and all youth's passion. With inimitable skill, Mr. Thurston traces the battle in the girl's soul, showing how materialism and idealism fought for supremacy, while events shaped them-

selves for the inevitable climax. Throughout the book, like a golden thread, runs the voice of John speaking for that "wonderful reality" of life which youth glimpses so clearly and which most of us have lost or forgotten until a story like this brings it all back again.

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THE SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MANY readers will remember Mr. Williams's excellent sea story, "All the Brothers were Valiant". This book is in the same class, a story of the sea, having to do with the stirring events that took place on a whaling voyage. Captain Noll is a hard-hearted, unprincipled tyrant. He rules his crew no less than his wife with a cruel hand. Ultimately, however, comes Brander, a sailor picked up by the ship on an island. Honest and fearless, he saves the situation and works out a solution which is as satisfactory to Faith, the captain's bride, as it is to the reader.

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THE BLACK DROP

By ALICE BROWN. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

AS there is a black sheep in many families, so there is in many persons a drop of black blood. In a family all of whose members are cultivated, kindly, and loyal, there is one, perhaps the strongest personality in ability and force, who is unprincipled, ambitious for money and station, and a dangerous enemy of society. It is he who precipitates the problem of this novel. His nefarious scheming gives rise to a series of dramatic incidents, which lead inevitably to a climax involving a brother, a father and mother, a wife and grandfather. It is a moving climax; and Miss Brown, who is known for her appealing situations, has seldom equalled this one in intensity and absorbing interest.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THIRTY years ago the storekeepers used to throw in a pair of braces with every suit of clothes. If the suit cost as much as fifteen or twenty dollars you stood a chance of getting a necktie into the bargain or a pair of kid gloves for the missis. Of course that was in the days when braces were not a luxury and when real kid gloves at a dollar a pair could be seen on the street every Sunday. If the missis bought stuff for a dress, silk or cashmere or henrietta, it was common knowledge that the thread and buttons and the lining and the binding for the bottom of the skirt would be thrown in. As to that, there never was any wrangling. Whatever wrangling took place it was during the negotiations for the purchase of the stuff itself. It was your privilege, and in particular the privilege of every woman, to beat down the price. If the storekeeper asked a dollar and a quarter for silk that could not be bought to-day for three dollars you would be regarded as a pretty easy mark if you could not haggle until the price would be reduced to one-fifteen, which very likely, after all, would be the storekeeper's inside figure.

Those were the days when everybody asked more and took less. All kinds of small merchandise were thrown in to clinch a bargain or to induce you to come back again. If it wasn't a box of paper collars, it might be a straw hat or a silk handkerchief with an initial letter done in colours on one corner. But everybody hoped to get something for nothing, and I am not sure that everybody's hope has changed from that time to this. For that reason I regard the trifles I write here as something thrown in, something of an unexpected or unnecessary character, something that may be valued because it costs nothing—little conceits that once in a while may cling unobtrusively to the almost complete investiture of the important writers who go before.

Perhaps it is the high cost of living to-day that causes me to think of the value of commodities of trade thirty to

*The Good
Old Days*

*Values then
and Now*

*Butter and
Eggs the
Standard*

forty years ago. In Huron county, which was, I suppose, an average county in Ontario, we used to believe that butter at sixteen cents a pound was almost as high as sometimes it smelt. Eggs were common tender at one cent apiece. Indeed, butter and eggs set the standard of values. A dozen eggs would buy a yard of shirting, and a pound of butter was worth three pounds of granulated sugar. Now, however, a dozen eggs will buy almost two yards of shirting, and a pound of butter is worth four pounds of sugar. All these everyday commodities have advanced greatly in price, but the butter and the eggs have advanced more than the shirting or the sugar.

I am reminded of the old Scotsman whose wife sent him to the store to get an egg's worth of darning-needles. In those days the general store prevailed, and the stock in trade frequently included whiskey and other strong liquors. The storekeeper whom the Scotsman approached had "given out" that he would treat every customer. Sandy obtained the needles, then waited with some patience for the treat. At length he was constrained to remark:

"I'm hearin' ye're giein' a treat to every customer."

"You'd hardly expect a treat with an egg's worth of darning-needles," the storekeeper replied.

"Ah, weel, bit ye canna draw the line too close—a customer's a customer."

"All right. What'll you have?"

"I'll take a bit whiskey."

The storekeeper poured out a horn of whiskey and laid it on the counter.

"I'm used to haein' a bit sugar in it," said Sandy, smacking his lips.

The storekeeper opened the bin and dropped a lump of sugar into the glass.

Sandy looked at the concoction, hesitated a moment, and then spoke again.

"I'm used to haein' an egg in it," he ventured.

The storekeeper reached behind and took from a shelf the very egg that Sandy had traded. He broke the shell and let the contents drop into the glass. And, wonderful to behold, there were two yolks. Sandy looked on, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he raised the glass to his lips.

"I'm thinkin'," he said, "there's anither egg's worth o' needles comin' to me."

*He was from
Aberdeen*

I suppose there are good reasons why the things that came into town for use and consumption by the townspeople and farmers have not advanced in price proportionately as much as the things that were hauled in by the farmers. The economic system has changed, as well as the means of transportation and the facilities for shipment abroad. In those days a few farmers sold milk to the cheese factories, but the exchange for it, either in cheese or cash or whey, but mostly in all three, was just enough to be an aggravation. Creameries such as operate to-day all over the country were unknown, and their splendid products were yet to bless a later generation. And while butter was common barter, there was no standard of quality. All went at one price, for no storekeeper could give Mrs. Jones fifteen cents in trade for butter, and Mrs. Brown only fourteen cents, and go on keeping store. Whether Mrs. Brown's butter was the best or the worst, she received fifteen cents for it in barter, just the same as all the others. The theory was, literally, that all butter is born equal, which is the same as to say that all customers must be treated as if equal. Here, then, in a crude sense, was the equality factor in Socialism put into practice. But it was a practice that could not last, for while it prevails to a very slight extent in some places, even to-day, it is not the basis of trade in our towns as it used to be.

I have remarked that the butter was not all of standard quality. Some of it was not as good as it looked. I recall one woman who used all her own butter on her own table. But one unfortunate day she discovered a dead mouse in the crock of cream. Not daunted, however, she did the usual churning and produced a fine-looking roll of butter. But she couldn't eat it herself. She knew the butter was really all right and would taste good to anyone who did not know about the mouse. So she took it to the storekeeper, told him the truth, and asked whether he would exchange it for a roll from his cellar.

"You know," she said, making a slight misquotation, "for what the mind doesn't know the heart won't grieve for."

"Oh, that's all right," said the obliging storekeeper, "I'm pleased to accommodate you."

He disappeared into the cellar and a moment later reappeared with a roll of butter that you scarcely could tell from the one he had taken down.

*All Butter
Born Equal*

*A Mouse in
the Cream*

Where
ignorance is
Bliss

The woman thanked him and departed. A few days later she was in the store again.

"How did you like the butter I gave you the other day?" the storekeeper asked.

"It was just lovely," said the woman, "just lovely. I couldn't have told it from my own."

"Neither could I," said the storekeeper. "You know that what the mind doesn't know the heart doesn't grieve about. That butter *was* your own."

The farmers, or usually their wives, used to drive into town with their butter and eggs, which were known as "produce". They would stop in front of some store, dry goods or grocery, as indeed they sometimes do nowadays, and have the crock of butter or basket of eggs carried in, to be weighed or counted. Then, having agreed to the weight or count and the price, they would proceed to "take it out in trade". Now the trading, both as to price and method, was so different from what it is now that one scarcely can refrain from reviewing it.

A dozen eggs, as we have remarked, would buy a yard of shirting. It was shirting of cotton material, mostly blue on a white ground, in either plaids or stripes, and the usual price was a York shilling a yard. The price for the shirting now is fifty cents a yard, and the eggs fetch more than that a dozen, so that the advantage is still with the farmer.

The trading was not done in those days with the same facility as it is to-day. Half a cent a yard was worth haggling over. And haggle they did, the customer framing a variety of reasons why she should not buy at the price, and going so far as to say, as I heard one woman say, that the shirting did not look like her Henry. The merchant, of course, had his arguments well seasoned, the chief ones being that the goods were the best that could be produced for the money and that while any shirting was bound to fade sooner or later, the kind under consideration would hold its colour almost as long as the shirt would last.

A pound and a half of butter would buy a yard of cottonade at twenty-five cents a yard. The same goods now sell at seventy-five cents a yard, and the butter at sixty. So that we see again the advantage with the farmer. Printed cotton used to be a great thing for summer dresses. A dozen eggs would buy a yard that was guaranteed not to fade. Now the same dozen would buy two yards at thirty-five cents a yard. Again the farmers gets the draw.

The Farmer
gets the
Draw

That fine old historic stuff gingham used to sell at twelve and a half cents a yards, and naturally one dozen eggs would buy one yard. Now it sells at forty cents, and a dozen eggs buys almost two yards.

*Gingham at
Twelve Cents*

Every little while someone would want a bundle or two of cotton warp. It was used mostly in coarse weaving and as a binding for rag carpets and mats and sold at a dollar a bundle. Now it is worth at least four dollars a bundle. Here, then, we have an item that has advanced to the disadvantage of the farmer, but as practically none of it is used nowadays the result is as nothing.

We should remember that I am writing in the month of March, in the "winter of our discontent", and that the farmer does not get as much for his butter and eggs in the summer months as he does now.

What a splendid place "cashmere" took in the economy of those days! Do we remember the stuff that used to sell at sixty cents a yard and that was of exquisite quality at a dollar? A black cashmere dress always was in proper place, even at a picnic, and it was very handy in case of death in the family. It is almost off the market now, and if a woman to-day buys the kind that used to cost her a dollar a yard she pays four dollars for it. But she doesn't buy any, so where's the difference? Cashmere stockings that used to cost forty cents a pair now cost \$1.25, and one almost has to wear them these winter months.

But we are harking back to the good old days when flannel was in the heyday of its respectability. A silk stocking or a silk "undie" was mentioned only in connection with royalty, and one silk dress was supposed to last a life time. But what a change! For now everybody wears silk wherever it can be worn, and the lady, especially the young one, who appears formally in anything but silk unmentionables is regarded as far from being smart and indeed almost as *outré* as if she were to appear in evening dress wearing a wrist watch.

But flannel! Who would be so careless as to wear it for any practical purpose nowadays? Still it has had its day of glory. Who can remember the lovely soft cream-coloured flannel that used to cost only from forty to sixty cents a yard? It was smooth enough for the baby and costs to-day from a dollar to a dollar and a half a yard. And all-wool gray flannel that might shrink a little you could get for forty cents a yard or in exchange for two and a half pounds

*The Heyday
of Flannel*

*Red Flannel
and Lumbago*

of butter. It was good for all members of the family, not quite so good, however as the red kind, which had a soothing influence on sore throat, rheumatism and lumbago. It was good also for chest and lung troubles, and if worn next to the skin had acknowledged curative properties.

But silk, at last, has come into its own. Silk nighties, silk petticoats, silk camisoles, silk combinations and silk shirts are as common as linen or cotton and flannel used to be. Proportionately silk does not cost as much, and who is so unhuman as not to like the soft feel of it, its swish and its beautiful sheen?

It used to take eight dozen eggs to buy a yard of good silk. To-day four dozen will do the trick. Do you wonder, then, that the farmer's wife turns to silk stockings if she can get a pair for two dozen eggs when thirty years ago the same pair would have cost a whole summer's laying? You were among the best customers and in easy circumstances, if not in affluence, if you paid as high as \$1.25 for a corset or a pair of kid gloves. Whether rich or poor, your ticking cost twenty-five cents where to-day it costs seventy-five. Your towelling cost twelve and a half cents where to-day it costs forty-five. Your sewing cotton cost four cents where to-day it costs ten. Your man's "ganzy" cost \$1.25 where to-day it costs \$3.25. Your floor oilcloth cost fifty cents where to-day it costs \$1.50. Your ribbons cost twenty-five cents where to-day they cost seventy-five. Your table linen cost one dollar where to-day it costs four. Tobacco was ten cents a plug, with a clay pipe thrown in.

In most of these things, as you can see, the comparative increase is in favour of the butter and eggs. But if I were a farmer I should be just as annoyed as all farmers must be who read this article. For nothing has been said about the chief products of the farm, about grains and fruits and vegetables and roots and live stock. But I have the defense that these important things were not in those days, nor are they to-day, articles of direct barter. They were given in exchange for the common legal tender, and therefore do not enter our present consideration. Anyone can see, nevertheless, that if all farm products have advanced in the same proportion as eggs and butter, the farmer should not fare very badly, even now. After all, everything falls back on the ultimate consumer. He is the one who takes the brunt in all instances of high prices, present company, of course, excepted.